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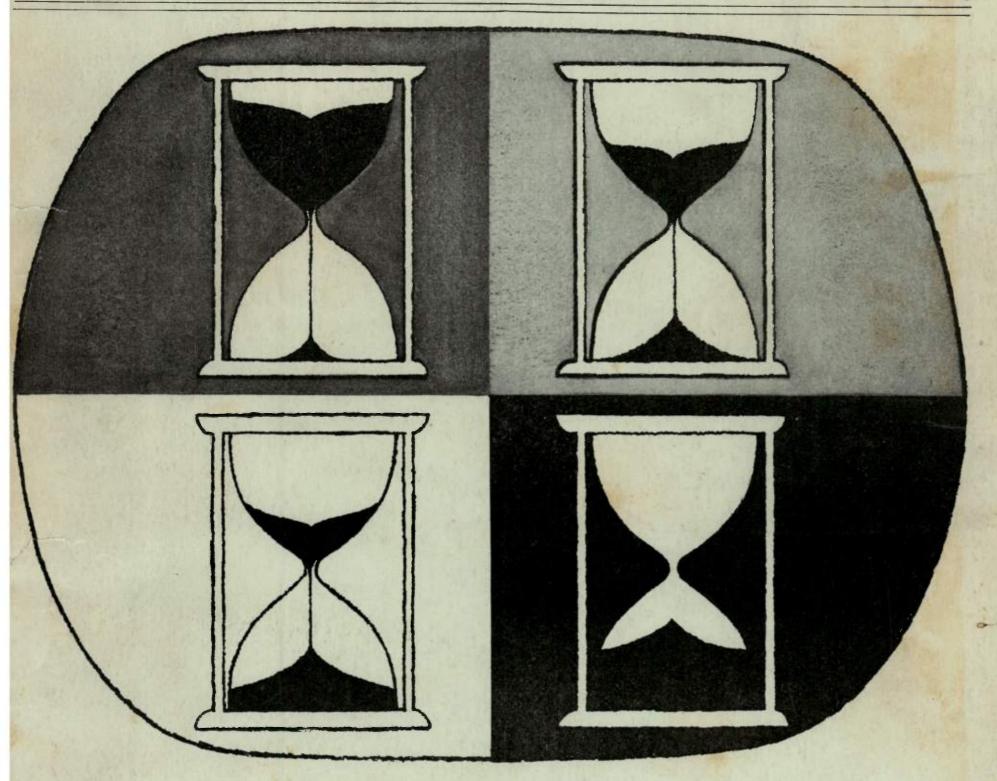
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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1961

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4 hours of Golor a day!

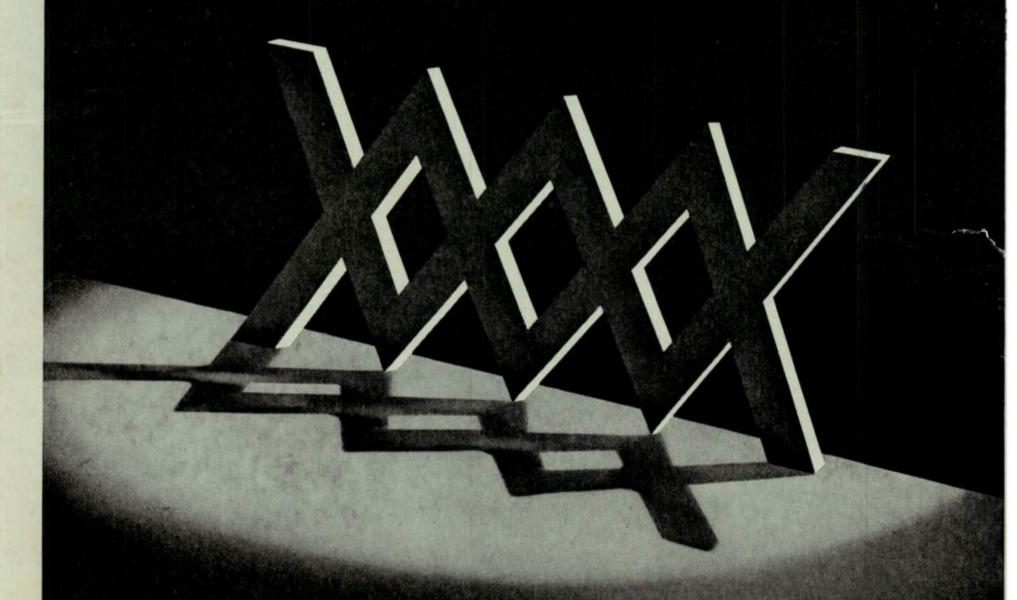
That's the average for the first quarter of 1961! Over 32 hours of network color TV a week already on the books . . . 70% more than the same period last year! Color TV is growing, growing, GROWING! In the variety and quality of its entertainment. In sponsors. In technical improvements that make the receivers themselves better than ever. And especially in audience! Color TV—the most exciting thing in show business today—is equally attractive to those who see it and those who are seen on it. You don't know what you're missing 'til you get RCA Victor Color TV!



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Moonbeam, Mrs. Pat and Bernard Shaw By GEORGE MIDDLETON.

Moonbeam, a tiny white Peki-nese, belonged to Mrs. Pat Camp-bell, the glamorous English actress whom Bernard Shaw once loved. For years, with lapses, Shaw shared in her personal and professional life; she had made famous his "Pygmallon," from which some 45 years later, "My Fair Lady" was born. Yet oddly enough, it was Moonbeam who was to play the decisive part in a grief during the Moonbeam who was to play the decisive part in a crisis during the bleakeast days of her long career.

The dog, in fact, is indexed in the published record of the Shaw-

Campbell correspondence. The last sentence of her last letter to Shaw refers tenderly to her pet. And in his last few lines to her he blamed "that wretched animal" for the straits she was in.

It was during these hard days for her in Hollywood that I was to play a small part in her life. When I was a supervisor at Fox and my boss was Winnie Sheehan, I was called to his office. I then had charge of a dated English drama, "The Dancers," which we were remaking as a talking picture.

"George, I want you to make a place in the picture for Mrs. Pat Campbell."

I gasped. I knew the celebrated

Chicago, With Memories Of Film Biz's Pioneering, Rolled Several In 1960 By JACK PITMAN

Was 1960 the year that the seed of regrowth was planted? Meaning, can Chicago come back as a film production centre? Youthful readlaugh at their own peril. This is the original range of Bronco Billy Anderson. Here began the filmic career of a music hall comic named Charles Chaplin. Here, too, many another later, boxoffice figures like Gloria Swanson and Wallace Beery (once Mr. and Mrs.) began. Moreover it was in Evanston, no further away than five gallons of gasoline in a Cadillac, the war between the North and the South was photographed in a 12reel silent epic known to history as "The Birth of a Nation."

Chi's latterday feature produc-tion has little of that early experimentation and excitement. projects here are frankly catch-ascatch-can. This may be said of the first couple of ventures shot here in '60-and at this writing the only ones available for judgment—they bear absolutely no kin-ship to the "new wavers" in France, (Continuer on page 51)

Yea, Verily!

Hollywood. "I have always wondered who made up that great phrase, 'The Show Must Go On!'," observes Dean Martin.
"I finally found out—the bosses!"

Vital Future Cue Awaited: Readying **Anglo-Franco Tie**

By HAROLD MYERS

History is in the making. Sometime in the first quarter of 1961, cameras are expected to begin rolling on the first Anglo-French coproduction. It is an event of considerable significance with the control of the contr siderable significance which may eventually change the pattern of film making in Europe.

This one has been a long time coming. It was last March when English actress was gliding about Hollywood, with her Pekinese and a quiverfull of poisoned darts she would casually let fly with her charming smile. Ignoring my sputtering protest, Winnie went on:
"Make her somebody's aunt or something. Two or three scenes will be enough. It will be her first (Continued on page 290)

This one has been a long time coming. It was last March when the British government finally approved the new Quota Act which gave the greenlight for coproduction with European countries, subject to certain obligations being met. The labor unions on either side of the Channel were hesitant and needed considerable reassurance, and it is their caution more than any other single factor that and needed considerable reassur-ance, and it is their caution more than any other single factor that has delayed the operation of the 1960 legislation.

Now, after months of patient negotiation and consultation, the unions in Britain and France are reaching agreement with their reproducing organizations to get the scheme going on a trial basis. If it works for the benefit of (Continued on Page 84)

TIJUANA'S 31 NITERIES AND 40 BARS SWINGING By EMIL ZUBRYN

This border town, while on the surface not as wide open as it has been in past years, is by no means a bluenose paradise, the local Chamber of Commerce to the contrary. There are still 40 or so cantinas and bars and 31 night clubs going full blast.

While this frontier metropolis has been labeled both a "tourist heaven" or "hell," it does not wholly merit the one or the other. There is, and always will be a driving drug traffic, especially with "Dona Juanita" as marijuana is known. You can still pick up the stuff without too much difficulty.

There is, and always will be the strip joints and vice centers, not only here but in nearby Santa Rosalia and other sucker traps in the vicinity. Here there is a blatant appeal to the "gringo" tourist and New York and other centres. They so that the sucker on the prowl (Continuer on page 51) (Continued on page 290)

SUMS UP 1960 IN

By ABEL GREEN

Television being so important, future Presidential losers will con-sole themselves with "Well, that's

In other ways politics and show business were fellow-travelers, ex-

cuse the expression, in 1960.

The influence of showmanship on statesmanship manifested itself in global sectors remote from Nixon-Kennedy, such as in the inter-nal Turkish and French-Algerian strife; in the new, war-torn Afri-can states; and toujours the Cas-

tro-Khrushchev capers.

Khrush just about nosed out Castro, and both topped Nixon and Kennedy in the 1960 Passing Show on tv, more than ever substantiating the Bard's prophetic crack. All the world was truly a stage, thanks to the spreading video medium. It was everything from the Olympics to Beverly Aadland.

Even before the near-dead heat results, show biz took solace that both Nixon and Kennedy are theatre fans, in marked contrast to President Eisenhower who de-pended on tv westerns for his personal entertainment when not making with the niblick. The new ing with the niblick. First Lady has already announced

(Continued on page 52)

W. German Tele: **Politics Prevail**

By HANS HOEHN

West German television is passing through a considerable transition. The medium, a state institution, has had only one channel for 10 years-but now it is getting a sec-

Hopes were nurtured that the to back it and Federal government first approved this intention. Then Chancellor Konrad Ade-nauer changed his mind. He founded the Deutschland-Fern-sehen (Germany Television) with one of his ministers, Fritz Schaeffer, as managing director. Bonn government holds 51% and 49% has been assigned the Laender (districts). Latter no like, object-(Continued on page 290)

Early Press Time

Because of its size, this 55th Anniversary Number went to press several days ahead of the normal Tuesday closing deadline.

Certain news departments are combined, i.e. Television with Radio, Tollvision with Pictures, and the like; and certain other departments are omitted for this one week only.

Name Stars Plus Bellydancers For Oil-Rich Arabs' 'Marriage Circuit'

Subtle Hint

When the Orpheum, Lincoln, Neb., played vaudeville regularly back in the '20s, the management had a sign hung prominently backstage as a warning to all the "Artists." It

"Please don't ask for passes for your friends. If they won't pay to see you, who the hell will?"

Paris' Noon-to-7 Prod. Schedule's Okay By Yanks

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

The glory which was and is France finds its supreme sheen in this city of Paris. And to Paris has come many an American location unit to shoot glamorous backgrounds. Oddly enough the same films have often completed

their interiors elsewhere, perhaps in Rome, perhaps in Hollywood.

But Paris backgrounds are deemed surefire appeal for the vast number of Americans, GI's and tourists, who love right and left banks and Montmartre.

banks and Montmartre, too.

Part of the reason for ducking the French film studios when the interiors had to be faced has been (Continued on page 47)

RUSSO 'BIG BROTHER' BIT EVEN ON BOOKS?

Edinburgh.

row from public libraries have a in front of the big white frame second channel would be private. Industrial interests were supposed take out, M. C. Pottinger, librarian of the Scottish Central Library, said in a report on his visit to the Soviet Union.

The Russian reader, according to Pottinger, is issued with a ticket on which he records his name, nationality, party-membership, oc cupation, education, private address, place of work, telephone number and identity paper particulars. The inside of the ticket has columns for details of books bor-

rowed. Records are periodically analyzed by the librarian.

Commented Pottinger: "To me, and I think to most of us, the whole idea of this is repugnant. I don't want any official checking up on the last 50 books I have borrowed. What a man chooses to read is essentially a private and personal affair, but the Russians think otherwise."

He said he had been told these records were an aid to book selection and a guide to subjects for lectures in the library. By ROGER BOWER

While the bigtime circuits are

just a memory, and the acts frequently subjects for ill-conceived jests on tv, one venerable circuit is still operating in Ancient Araby

—The Marriage Circuit. The
bookings are one-nighters and the
jumps are sometimes long, but the money is good. The shows are those staged on wedding nights; the size of the show and the stature of the stars is geared to papa's bankroll.

To give you the background, mar-riage is still a business here. They don't waste much time on preliminaries—you've seen the product so let's get that contract signed! The divine passion still sparks romances but it runs a poor second in the market and many a lovesick cou-ple doesn't set up that little vinecovered apartment because swain couldn't compete with the high bidders.

When the terms are agreed on in principle, the engagement begins. The girl gets a simple gold wedding band which she wears on the third finger of right hand until the knot is tied, then it gets shifted to the conventional finger. The engagement lasts anywhere from six months to two years or more. That's supposed to let the couple get to know each other. That may

(Continued on page 51)

Kennedy's TV Success Dates as Far Back As Cape Cod in 1952 By CHARLES VON FREMD

(CBS-News Correspondent)

It was a Cape Cod day, sunny but

with a cool breeze off the Sound. Book readers in Russia who bor- The waves rolled up on the beach house which was a part of what the natives call "the Kennedy com-pound." A group of reporters, including this correspondent, were sprawled on the lawn, baking in the sun and idly speculating on what the man we were covering was doing inside. Moments later, the familiar, slim figure bounded down the step and we leaped to our feet. Said John Fitzgerald Kennedy: "I've just challenged the Vico President to a series of nationwide radio and television debates.

It was a big story but it's doubtful many of use knew then just how big it was destined to be. For as Bobby Kennedy said the day after it was all over: "It wouldn't even have been close without the debates." The President-elect's after it was all over: "It wouldn't manager was merely reflecting the view of almost every political observer: the debates made the difference. Had the two candidates faced each other under identical

(Continued on page 51)

Love Those Critics! A Producer Looks At Dramatic Criticism

By LAWRENCE LANGNER

This is not a subject which I particularly care to discuss. It was chosen for me. One of the main reasons I have survived for over



Lawrence Languer

45 years as a producer American theatre is be-cause I never argue with the critics. I do my job and they do theirs. They are, in New York New York
City, the last
obstacle to
a playwright's
success. Why

make the going harder by arguing with them? They have the right to their opinions and are paid to express them, and I have the right to mine. The producer who wishes to continue producing will do well to remember that the critics always

have the last word.

If you think this is a cowardly attitude, why don't we quarrel with the hazards at the last round of a golf game? If we can't take the tricky task of trying, at short hazards in our stride, we shouldn't notice, to book an hotel room for

critic. If he be sadistic, or a smart alec, or a dullard, or a hater of the news, therefore, that the hotel situtheatre, he can do far more harm ation is stirring somewhat. Any than merely destroy a few plays, actors, directors, etc. If attached to a great newspaper, he can actually affect the cultural life and prosmoved in with the Carlton Tower, perity of a great city in a way the casual reader never dreams of.

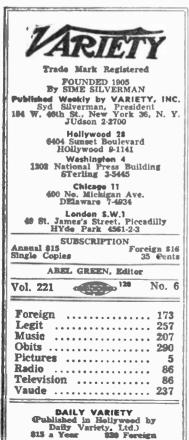
Let us consider what happened recently with the closing of all the theatres in New York City by the actors' strike. Not only were the theatres affected, but also the restaurants, the hotels, the visits to the museums, art galleries and all the other cultural activities of the

community.

Had this continued for a long period, New York City would have been reduced to the cultural level of a huge village. This is what is happening in some of the other large cities of the United States, where the closing of theatres has been due not to strikes, but to the continued savage attacks upon plays and players by critics who dislike the theatre and show this by their readiness to highlight all they dislike about a play, and to play down what they like.

We in the theatre can always recognize this kind of critic—they usually headline their hatreds! The theatrical producers are quick to learn the habitat of such critics, and when they come to book their plays on tour, they usually try to havid alwing such cities. avoid playing such cities. As a direct result, the theatres do not book enough good plays to survive, and soon begin to book motion pictures, or are torn down and turned into parking lots. I know

(Continued on page 43)



You Name It

Vienna. Latest one on Herbert von Karajan: The conductor and director of the Vienna State Opera jumps into a taxi, sits down, but doesn't say a word.
Asks the taxi driver: "Airfield? Western or Southern
Railroad station?" Answers
Karajan: "Take your choice, I have engagements every-where."

At Last—London **Building Hotels**

By DICK RICHARDS

The words "No Room At The Inn" are seared on the soul of every frustrated character here who play golf.
On the other hand, let us not minimize the power of the dramatic of all in new hotels for the thouse sands who pour in weekly. It's good ation is stirring somewhat. Any

> moved in with the Carlton Tower, just about to open its doors in Bel-gravia, which can now give May-fair a hint or two at the art of being London's most swagger area. The Carlton Tower is London's first skyscraper caravanseral, with 18 floors, though they only admit to 17 on account of the superstitious.

(Continued on page 49)



PAUL ANKA

Extends Season's Greetings to all of his friends on SIX CONTINENTS — NORTH AMERICA, SOUTH AMERICA, EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICIA and AUSTRALIA.

SPEAKEASY, **CIRCA** 1961

By ABEL GREEN.

The ultra refinement of the Prohibition Era's speakeasy which, for a time, evolved into the postprandial bottle clubs (illegal afterhour boozing, utilizing a "liquor locker" gimmick) sees its ultramodern refinement in the presentday key clubs.

Strictly a snob appeal, paying \$1.35 (since hiked to \$1.50) a copy for a drink—same price for any drink, whether Pepsi or champagne, cognac or Scotch—the "membership" gag is paying off across the country.

The Gaslight Club started it as high heights and now

big business, in Chicago, and now (Continuer on page 51)

'Variety' and the Years Ahead

January 4, 1961

As a new political administration takes hold in American affairs, global diplomacy will have a perhaps more direct bearing on global show business. Cultural exchanges between East and West undoubtedly will be accelerated, at least in theory if not

The new First Lady's declaration of active support for the Lively Arts augurs that Washington may be more of a show biz dateline than it has in the past eight years.

White House enthusiasm for the theatre and its people, if materializing, will be part of a new frontier of the performing arts. More to the point of prophecy, electronics and mechanization seem likely to create a natural evolution—the revitalization of "round" actors.

The hunger for in-person thespianism is vivid on Broadway and "the road," both of which are far from being invalids despite the unimpressive status of the past season's entries. Admitted, there is a deficiency of creative artistry, perhaps perverted by a curious brand of boxoffice support that favors either the lavish (musical) or the lascivious (drama).

As the electronic platform for the lively arts extends itself, so will the world markets. Syndication of taped videntertainment already is a constantly flowing commodity from Down Under to far below the Rio Grande, from the Far East to the Western European markets.

It is because of this that the still No. 1 citadel of global mass entertainment—Hollywood—is already beginning its renaissance. Whatever inroads nationalistic film production has made on Hollywood's heretofore dominance of motion picture marketsand there have been severe encroachments, from Hong Kong to the Via Veneto-America's film capital is hitting its stride anew on two fronts. One is the constantly expanding telefilm production, of a calibre and quantity as to amortize the overheads; and the other is the new highpowered if numerically fewer brand of features. Whether all self-nominated blockbusters are worthy of hardticket admission scales is a merchandising problem. Some pix nowadays deliberately aspire to the imprimateur and stature of "hardticket" entry without an eye to the more realistic massrelease phase.

As for Variety, on its 55th anniversary, it has been the interpreter, the handmaiden, often the conscience of an ever-exciting, constantly-shifting, alway-adventuresome business there is no business like. To maintain this detached, sideline vantage point, and to report objectively from it, will be our continuing goals.

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Those First Night B'way Turncoats

By NAT DORFMAN

On the whole, First Nighters are an enthusiastic audience, but almost completely untrustworthy. Give them a show they just adore (or dislike) and their eestacy (or displeasure) will linger only as long as it takes for the reviews to come hot off the presses. Once they have absorbed critical dictum in type, they do a faster flip than a trained seal. The show they enjoyed only a few hours back is suddenly a dreary exercise, and the show they frowned upon suddenly becomes the brightest rigadoon since the advent of a first baby to grand-parents. The same holds for per-formances and direction. It's really extraordinary to witness the mental contortions of the premiere purveyors who retreat to their altered opinions as if they never held a contrary view in the first place.

I have handled upwards of 300 Broadway shows over the decades—possibly a record—and have sat in on hundreds of other first nights, and I have seen the turn-coats in action. They vary from friends of the author, the producer, scenic designer, director and actors to the merchants who supply the materials for the costumes.

They're all of a breed and they feel their status will somehow be impaired if they are in error. And since the critics are their gods, they live by their judgment. It isn't a relishing sight to see nice. well intentioned people eat their words. But how their stomachs can digest their reversals—all in one night-is something for psychiatrists to ponder.
First nighters are a breed unto

themselves. The curtain has barely descended when they swim backstage to handshake and kiss everyone in sight including the stagehands. Deceit in some instances begins here for not everybody thinks the show is a hit—or hopes it isn't! But you can't tell it from the gushing.

Later they gather at Sardi's or other inns along the Broadway eanyons to discuss the play either in praise or dispraise. The negative

(Continued on page 56)

George H. Mitchell 41

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SHOW BUSINESS IS A BUSINESS LET'S CONVENETO TAXES COMING UP:

By BOB HOPE MARKETINE

Hollywood. My mother, with that wonderful foresight that all mothers seem to have, was the first to support my have, was the first to support my enthusiasm for entertaining. As a boy she took me to local theatricals and loudly proclaimed that "her boy could do better." But my father, with a wage-earner's typical skepticism, kept urging me to get interested in a "business."

Today it gratifies me to know that I have fulfilled both their de-sires; for mother I am in show business, for father, in "business." Because today "show business" is a bigger business than steel, or automobiles, and entertainers who have had a little luck over the years spend more time with their tax man than they do with their make-

I served an apprenticeship exactly the way my brother who owns a meat company worked in a butcher store. My "store" was hundreds of drafty little theatres. I may not have worked days, but I sure worked nights. And just as in any business there were setbacks and defeats. They have happened to every entertainer in the business. But we have a magic ingredient in our industry, enthusiasm, that can carry a performer from today's failures to tomorrow's promise.

Like any business I invested in some things that paid off, and some that didn't. I experimented with jokes, routines, partners, dancing, singing, blackface. And through the year's of experimentation I developed my product, polished it, revised it and nurtrured it as carefully as any manufacturer of "hard goods."

So today, due largely to good luck and a lot of help from num-berless friends along the way, I (Continuer on page 51)

Letdowns of 1960 At U.S. Pay-Box

The year's disappointments in the domestic market included: William Goetz's "Mountain Road," James Stewart starrer, which looked like a big one on first appearance but now promises to take a moderate \$1,500,000 in domestic rentals; "Surprise Package," a Stanley Donen production that seemed like fun in script stage, but didn't turn out that way. with gross figured at \$1,100,000;
"Song Without End," this being
the well-publicized story of Franz
Liszt that can't get above

\$1,500,000.

"Crack in the Mirror" from Darryl Zanuck threw off indications at the start that it would be top-drawer, surely stronger than its \$1,000,000. Joseph E, Levine's British import of "Jack the Rip-per" is doing about \$1,100,000, which is hardly in keeping with

which is hardly in keeping with million-dollar-campaign Levine.

"Sons and Lovers," after all the fuss, and rated "Best" by National Board of Review, is under the wire at \$1,500,000; "Sleeping Beauty," come up with a definitive book on the Russian and Soviet film the from 1896 to 1958. Leyda is a which got around more fully in 1960, might reach \$4,200,000 via areas where it has played only 70m bookings and has yet to go 35m; still short of original hopes.

These are some of the less-thanexpectations entries, every company apparently had its

Producers Guild's Diplomatic Team

Hollywood. Screen Producers Guild has named the four of its members who will become members of the boards of the Motion Picture Assn. of America and its west coast organization, Assn. of Motion

Picture Producers. Four are SPG prexy Walter Mirisch, William Perlberg, Jerry Wald and Pandro S. Berman.

Move is designed to give SPG a greater voice in operations of MPAA and AMPP.

William Periberg. Jerry ture of the film given in the index ture of the film given in the index by Maxim Gorky, Leo Tolstoy and Vladimir Mayakovsky.

MPAA and AMPP.

Mosk.

Far Eastern Product

Honolulu.

In an effort to combat tv's late shows (and late late shows), Isle theatres are resorting increasingly to Far Eastern product.

Of 20 theatres listed in a newspaper entertainment guide one day last week, eight were playing Japanese films and two were showing Filipino

Blockbusters Of 1960; Emerging 'New Economics'

By GENE ARNEEL

The rental statistics on the picture business of 1960, as presently available, can tell only a partial story, for the jury is still out on who's to rake in the chips anent the biggest gamble of them allmeaning, the profits and losses accruing to the bluechip investors.
The blockbuster negative costs were in abundance over the last year, perhaps as never before. At year's end "Pepe," "Exodus," "Spartacus" and "Alamo" are standout.

While awaiting the boxoffice verdict attention must be called, pronto, to the fact that the most costly and longest of the 1959-1960 crop, namely "Ben-Hur," is the dollar winner.

Actually, this production by the late Sam Zimbalist, who seemingly never has gotten full credit as the man who called the production turns (all due credit to the work of direct William Willer William Willia work of director William Wyler et al.), was placed on the market in Thanksgiving, 1959. But it hadn't been around enough for inclusion in Variety tabulation in last year's

As a matter of fact "Hur" still is not around sufficiently for little more than guesswork so far as full domestic playoff potential is con-cerned. It's clocked herein as already having grossed \$17,300,000 in domestic rentals, this figure being regarded as an on-the-beamer, or close to, by even rivals of distributor Metro. The first-time-around anticipation of \$33,000,000 ought to be close, they say how-ever. And then there's the big reissue money. Obviously it's whammo, and figures to be for some

Analysts of the film trade in (Continued on page 47)

DEFINITIVE BOOK

'Kino' A Comprehensive Volume

Yank who studied in Moscow in prior to preliminary balloting on 1934-37 and was a U.S. film critic nominations but they're running and specialist on the Soviet film with English book compilations and translations of Sergel Eisenstein's essays, "Film Form" and "Film Sense," to his credit.

Leyda gives the first appearance of moving pictures in Russia and then its growth, first films etc. This is done with fine research and gives a view of a period of the Russian film development which is little known. It goes into the beginnings of the Soviet cinema after the revolution and its history through its good and bad times. It is objective and informative and a must for buff and pro film people libraries. It is well illustrated and annotated with interesting viewpoints on the meaning and fu-

By HARRIET F. PILPEL

Let's have a Copyright Convention. I don't mean a Copyright Convention you belong to, although I'm thoroughly in favor of that too. I mean a Copyright Convention we can all attend and high time it is for that kind of Convention, too.

All people interested in the protection of literary property breathed a great sigh of relief—and well they might have—when in 1955 the United States finally adhered to the Universal Copysish Convention popularly known right Convention, popularly known as the U.C.C. This country, which accounts for such a considerable proportion of the contents of the mass media of the entire world, should long before that have joined forces with the other leading na-tions throughout the world in their efforts to reinforce protection of literary and intellectual property across national boundary lines. Before 1955, however, we had adhered only to inter-American Copyright Conventions and, of course had had diplomatic arrangements with individual nations, calling for reciprocity of protection between them and us. But we didn't—and we don't now—belong to the Berne International Copyright Convention, and, of course, our friends, the Russians, have remained outside the sphere of international copyright protection.

How important the industries involving copyright are to the U.S. economy was made clear last year when the U.S. Copyright Office reported—and the news was featured in VARIETY as elsewhere industries based on copyrighted works account for over six billion dollars of our total national income, more than mining or banking or electric and gas utilities. And the influence of these copyright industries on our minds and thinking and throughout the world in terms of the public image of the United States and its people, is of course incalculable in dollars and cents and incalculably important. Our movies, our books, our magazines and newspapers, our

Yet the source of protection for all this-the basic law which says (Continued on page 36)

If Hard Ducat, Year-Enders Run Oscar Hurdle

"Pepe" and "Exodus" for technical "World of Suzie Wong," etc. All branches of the Acedemy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences nominations but they're running into knotty problems.

End-oy-year release of big pix. normally regarded as an asset in Academy voting, becomes a prob-lem, it's discovered, when pix are being shown on hard-ticket basis:: suitable showcases are scarcer and, when picture's in its holiday run it's economically impractical to take over large blocks of seats at regular performances.

To overcome difficulty, studios are trying to set up screenings at unusual times—such as Saturday morning—sufficiently in advance of the Jan. 9 ballot deadline to assure the big pictures a fair hearing and are connecting a trade ad

cull nominated pix down to ten.

Real Bonanza For the CPA and Tax Lawyers —Inequities Of the Law

Nov. Dividend Pace

Washington.

Dividends by motion picture companies totaled \$1,704,000 in November to remain well ahead of last year's pace, Commerce Dept. reports.

The November melon, accounted for by seven companies, compares with \$1,312,000 in November, 1959, when five companies reported dividends. The cumulative total through November was \$22,049,000 as against \$20,643,000 for the same 1959 period.

DeMille & Bible **Nudging Selznick**

Backed by a new selling and ad campaign, the late Cecil B. De-Mille's "Ten Commandments" in its 1960 marketing grossed \$2,200,-000 in domestic rentals, thus bringing the Biblical spectacular to the top of the list of VARIETY's alltime outstanding money-makers. The total for "Commandments" is now estimated at \$34,200,000, compared with the \$33,500,000 indicated for David O. Selznick's production of "Gone With the Wind."

"Wind," a Metro release, had been the smash b.o. performer since first unveiled in 1939. It's a deposed champ that could conceivably recapture the crown, for the reissue value has proved itself beyond question; it's good for an added few million at the rate of about once every five years of about once every five years.

A definite threat, too, is M-G's "Ben-Hur," which already has slightly over \$17,000,000 in the till and could come close to doubling this figure upon its entire initial places. music (especially our popular music), our television programs, and increasingly our art, are of major interest and influence throughout the world.

The stand conductive television doubling this figure upon its entire initial playoff. Importantly, Paramount's release of "Commandments" and "Wind" already have the revenue in the house, have the revenue in the house, whereas "Hur" is called upon to continue its blockbusting pace throughout the full playoff.

The market has changed considerably, obviously, since Rhett Butler and Scarlet O'Hara first came into view in Civil War south. The current epics play out on a two-for-one basis—that is, hitting the 70m situations on usually a roadshow basis and then being brought back almost immediately to the conventional 35m theatres.

Many pictures went into re-lease too late in 1960 for accurate determination at this time as to Hollywood.
Columbia and United Artists and to screen (respectively)

Hollywood.

Where they rate in the all-time roster of \$4,000,000-and-up clicks. There's just no telling about "Exodus," "Alamo," "Pepe." are in line for attention next year.

DEFER TO GOLDWYN

Metro's Novel-Based Pic Drops 'Dallas' From Tag

because of the similarity.

Move is interesting in that Metro's pic is based on Wirt Williams' book, "Ada Dallas," and since title is taken from copyright

London, famed for his practice.

London, famed for his practice. since title is taken from copyright material, studio would have had a strong chance to win rights to title cle" and "Lady Chatterley's Lover"

Martin starrer.

By J. S. SEIDMAN, C.P.A. (Seidman & Seidman)

Fred Allen once said that the income tax forms should be printed on kleenex, since we have to pay

near true.

With income tax rates running up to 91%, we're at the stage where our incomes have really become a collector's item. Even a patriot feels bled, white and blue!

through the nose. Funny, but darn

The most serious part of all this, even beyond the sky-high tax rates, is the tremendous drain of time and energy devoted to taxes that could otherwise be put to more productive use. With taxes grabbing off up to 91% of our income, we are in the weird situation where there is 10 times more to be gained by saving a dollar of tax than to earn a dollar of income.

In other words, tax saving has become one of the most profitable uses of talent and thought today. If we pick up the tax law, and read the cover, the title says: "An act to provide revenue for the United States." A much more honest and realistic title is: "An act permanently to relieve unemployment among CPAs and tax law-yers."

What's to be done. That depends on how sincere and determined we all are to do anything about it. Wilbur Mills, the No. 1 tax man of the Congress, as chief of the House Ways & Means Committee, has told us how much can be accomplished. He says if we get rid of the special doodads in the law, Uncle Sam could still raise the same dough with rates of 9-to-41%, instead of the present 20-to-91%.

Rates of 9-to-41% begin to make sense. Let's therefore take a look (Continued on page 43)

British Cinema Upbeat Falters

London.
The upward trend in attendances at motion picture theatre, which collared a lot of trade and press attention, appears to have been shortlived. The latest returns for September and October show a marked downward tendency.

In August last, paid admissions jumped by about 20% to a weekly average of 12,100,000, but they fell back in September to a weekly count of 10,400,000. There was a further drop in October, off to 9,700,000.

The figures are released in the latest issue of the Monthly Digest of Statistics published by Board of Trade. They are based on a sample of more than 3,000

Ephraim London Proves Law Can Be Fun: In 2 Vols. By VINCENT CANBY

In the perhaps too formidably titled "The World of Law" (Simon & Schuster), attorney Ephraim London has compiled and edited one of the biggest (two vols., 1,434 pages), most expensive (\$17.50, boxed) anthologies of fact and fic-Hollywood.

Metro's title switch from "Ada Dallas" to "Ada" was made in deference to Samuel Goldwyn who in 1937 filmed "Stella Dallas," it was revealed yesterday. Metro asked no questions in changing tag because of the similarity.

pages), most expensive (\$17.50, boxed) anthologies of fact and fiction to come on the market this year. It is also one of the most interesting and colorful of literary kaleidescopes wherein "Daddy" and "Peaches" Browning rub shoulders with such diverse types

even if protested through MPAA's cases), is a notably inobtrusive ediing and are connecting a trade ad campaign to the screenings.

Art directors, cameramen, costume designers, film editors and composers start voting Dec. 28 to

(Continued on page 49)

'GOODBYE YOU PRIZE PACKAGE OF HUMAN STUPIDITY!

By ARTHUR KOBER

Dear Artie:

First off I want to thank you for the letter which you wrote whilst I was in the hospital recuperating my heart condition which, knock wood is now O.K. Yes, kid, my



Arthur Kober

doctor tells me I am once more on the brink of good health, the same Benny Greenspan heartwise like be-fore, else this here letter would be knocked out by some ghost writer. You dig?

Second off you must think, oh boy, some fine guy Benny Greenspan. Here you go ahead, you sit down and write him a long letter and not even the common curtesy of a four cents postage stamp. Not the case believe me. In fact the past week my secretary Gussie, she's been laid up with a bad case flue and rather than wait she

should come back, I'm sitting down writing this here letter all by myself which will probly be full of all kinds of laughible mistakes, but what the hell kid, I am not a public steno which is why a public steno knocks down the type dough she gets whereas yours truly, Benny Greenspan I got my own talent agency and considering the way current conditions are today here in Hollywood, namely even more quiet than a door mouse, all the same I could be doing a lot worse which, thank God I am not. You dig?

Artie, in your letter you inquired what happened, if my Artie, in your letter you inquired what happened, if my heart condition is something gradual or did it come on all of a sudden? For your information all of a sudden. One day I'm sitting in my office, I'm busier than a one eyed paperhanger with this, that, the other, so without the least bit warning, from left field you might say, I get a terrible stich in my side and I keel over. I yell out "Gussie, Gussie" and Gussie comes busting in and right away she calls up my personal doctor and the next thing you know I am hustled away in a butcher wagon and I wind me up like you read in the Hollywood VARIETY. wind me up like you read in the Hollywood VARIETY, namely a private room in Cedars of Lebanon. Now that the whole thing is passed and forgotten I think it was pure and simply a bad case aggravation and the one guy responsible, he's a certain English creep who goes by the name Reginald Metcalf. Maybe you are personally acquainted with him. God forbid for your own sake.

It all started with my client Hal Richards who I got set to direct a picture over at Regal which Mannie Farber is the producer of. Anyhow one morning Hal comes breezing in my office very excited like, he is in a jam. What's the matter? He is supposed to start shooting next week and what he needs very despirit is a writer who could do a quick polishing job on the script. Have I got anybody available who could make some fast changes and still and all stay a couple days ahead the camera? Then he goes and explains me the story, all about King Arthur and the knights who sit around the table. I gather it's one of them costume Westerns whereby the characters all dress up in tinware and ride patted horses, only instead of guns they carry long spears instead and they talk a very high class type English. You dig?

Perfect Casting

Anyways I remember a certain client I represent who Anyways I remember a certain client I represent who knows the background thoroly like a fish being he was born over there in England and being he knocked out a couple history type books where everybody when they wrote, they used feather made pens. So I tell Hal I got the perfect writer, namely Reginald Metcalf, and he should go and set me up a date tomorrow with Mannie Farber at the studio and I will bring my client there unless I communicate him otherwise municate him otherwise.

Well, kid once Hal blows I call up Reggie and I tell him he should drop whatever he's doing, it's absolutely imperative he sees me right away being I got something highly important to discuss. So that afternoon he comes to my office and I go and explain him he can pick up maybe five-six grand on a quick polishing job. Right away he answers me he can't, being he's supposed to take his family back to England where he's got a commitment to get his new book published and a lot more dribble like that. So I say to him why not postpone his trip two months the very most, and still in all he can take his family and his book back plus five-six thousand smackers American money besides? "Believe me, Reg," I says "with all that dough you can afford to buy plenty raincoats for your whole entire family to use back there in London where it knows constantly required with their "! where it keeps constantly pouring with rain all the time."

Artie, I had to talk myself black and blue in the face before I could convince this here broken down Noel Coward, which I finally did.

Almost a No-Sale

So the next day I am in Mannie Farber's private office with Hal while Reggie is cooling off his heels in the outside office. Meantime Mannie must of looked up Reggie's screen credits on account now he is not so sure my client is right for the job. Maybe the two writers who knocked out the screenplay should do the brush up work. "Look, Mannie" I says to him. "I'm sure you're two writers must be pretty good else you wouldn't of used them in the first place. But leave us face it. They are strictly Americans. If this here picture was a Western, if it was about juvenile delinquince" I says, "these here boys would be great. But this script has got an English background so what you need is a native born Englishman. After all," I says, "when you're dealing with an English king you need somebody who knows the King's English back and forth which is why Reginald Metcalf is positively your man. Don't take my word," I says. "Why not call him in here and you will see for your own self what a zauve type man he is and you will hear somebody talk a beautiful grammar which he does.'

So Mannie calls him in and once Reg starts giving out with his English broge and talking all about the knights way back there in the olden ages, I know we are in I'm watching Mannie from the corners of my eyes and no kidding. Artie he sits there hanging with his tongue out. All I can tell you is that Mr. Reginald Metcalf goes on salary as of that very day.

Well, sir, a week maybe 10 days later, I am at the Regal commissary concluding my lunch. I figure being I am on the lot why not drop by Reggie's office to see how things

Jack Warner Taps DFZ

In looking back over the years, probably the most interesting event in my career occurred when I was 23 years old and Jack Warner sent for me to his office to inform me that I was being appointed head of production at Warner Bros. The last story I had written was a disappointment and I felt that I was written was a disappointment, and I felt that I was going to get the pink slip. We talked for a long while and, for some unfathomable reason, he had confidence in me-in addition to which he wanted to go on a

His father always sat in the lobby of the Sunset studio, and when I emerged from Jack's office he was there. I stopped to chat with him, which was my usual custom, and when I told him what I had just been ap-

custom, and when I told him what I had just been appointed production head of the studio, he burst into laughter and thought it was a great joke!

That night I began to worry—perhaps it was a practical joke. When I entered the studio the next morning I did so with timidity and hesitation. My name had already been painted on the door of my new office, and for the first time I believed it.

When I finished work that evening I again encountered the father of the Warner brothers, who was a devoted, orthodox Jew and greatly interested in raising funds for a new synagogue. He said to me: "Now that you've got a new job, I want you to buy 10 tickets for the Passover services." He obviously thought I was Jewish. I hesitated a moment, wondering if I should tell him that I was a Protestant. I decided to buy the tickets, When, later on, I told the story to Jack he burst into laughter and offered to buy the tickets back from me. With my usual shyness and humility, I declined the offer. Darryl F. Zanuck.

are getting along. So I drop by his office and I take one look at the guy and I see his kisser is at half mass and his chin is up against his knees. Before I could even get a "Hello, Reggis" out of my mouth he lets go with a blast all against Mannie. "That stupid incomepoop!" he yells on me. "That stupid bandit! Why don't he go to some emmanuel training school and learn a useful occupation instead he should tell writers how they should write?" You hear? That's some fine hello I must say.

English as She Is Spoke

Then it comes out he and Mannie had a conference that morning whereby they went over the new stuff. According the way Reggie tells it Mannie sits there reading the pages, and then finally opens his mouth and says to him very sarcasticlike "Mr. Metcalf, in this here picture King Arthur is supposed to be an Englishman. Correct?" Correct. (Reg's answer.) "And the knights around the table they are likewise Englishmen. Correct?" Correct. (Reg's answer.) "In other words," says Mannie "they are not Americans, and being they are all Englishmen they don't go round speaking American slang. Now do they?" They certainly don't. (Reg's answer.) "O.K." says Mannie and according to Reggie he jumps up and starts screaming and according to Reggie he jumps up and starts screaming and waving the pages in his kisser. "Then why the hell do you have the knights saying Yes, sirree and No, siree to the king? Yes, sirree and No, sirree that's strictly American talk."

So very easy and slow-like Reggie explains him that the words in the script are "Yes, sire" and "No, sire" which is how the knights talked to the king in those old time days. If Mannie will go and look up "sire" in the dictionary on the desk, he will see for his own self that it is a term for respect. I guess this must of taken the sails right out of Mannie on account he calms down and sails right out of Mannie on account he calms down and tells Reggie after all he read the pages very quick and didn't have a chance to digest same which he will do later

on and let him know.

But Reggie, he is burnt to a crips over this and all he wants is to quit right then and there. He tells me he don't want to work for a man who is supposed to be a producer and can't even read simple everyday language without he should scream and yell and carry on like some common hog carrier or other. "Take it easy boy," I says to Reg. "After all we are only human and we all make mistakes else they'd be only winners at the race tracks." To tell you the honest truth Arthie if I head?" you the honest truth, Arthie if I hadn't of heard with my own two ears I'd never believe a tea bag dipper like Metcalf could blow up like the way he went and did.

But I should of guessed this was only the beginning of But I should of guessed this was only the beginning of my troubles. About two weeks later I get a call from the Regal story department and like a bolt from the blues they inform me that Mr. Metcalf is no longer on the payroll as of that day. You hear? Naturally first thing I asked is why, but nobody there would go and give me a simple little because simple little because.

Exit Laughingly

No sooner I hang up the phone but who should come breezing in except Mr. Metcalf himself and he is grinning from one ear to the next. He hands me a check for my commission and he thanks me very heartily. Being I got him four weeks work at Regal he can take his family, his cook the haby's pure (the pinny he call her) and his reter cook, the baby's nurse (the ninny he call her) and his pets, he can take them all over to England w and finish his book without no financial troubles whatsoever. "Believe me, Benny" he says, "I appreciate it very much." Me, I am not one wit interested in his apprecia-All I am interested is what happened between he and Mannie which he goes and informs me about.

That morning he is on the set with Hal who is shooting a scene whereby the king speaks to the heavy. Next thing you know there is Reggie scramming the hell over to Mannie's office and he is starch raving mad. But Iurious. The minute he sees Mannie he wants to know why they changed his line from, and I quote "Let's have no more of yesterday's pleasantries" to "unpleasantries"? Because, says Mannie in the previous day's shooting the king and the heavy had a big argument and to him a big argument is not pleasant but unpleasant. "Mr. Farber," says Reggie and he commences making with the heavy British accent. Mannie's office and he is starch raving mad. But furious. and he commences making with the heavy British accent. 'Mr. Farber," he says. "If you were acquainted with the English language which apparently you don't know from English language which apparently you don't know from Adam, you will find the word unpleasantries not even listed in the dictionary." Right away Mannie reaches for the book on his desk. "Go ahead," says Reggie. "And whilst you are looking up a word which don't even exist I will go and make me plane reservations back to England." He goes out of the door but in a second he is right back. "The word you have in mind Mr. Farber, is not unpleasantries. It is unpleasantriess. Goodbye, you prize package of human stupidity!" package of human stupidity!"

Artie, when I heard how this cluck writer who is on a

week to week basis without no guarantee whatsoever, how he spoke so fresh to Mannie, no kidding if I had a gun in

THE JOKE I NEVER TOLD

- By EDDIE CANTOR -

Hollywood.

In the summer of 1909, I told my first joke. I fractured the folks when I said, "There are three means of communication: telephone—telegraph—and tell-a-woman." Remember, this was 1909! Since then, I've told—oh, I don't know how many gags—but if they

were all laid end to end, it would be the biggest omelet in the world!



Eddie Cantor

Many may find it difficult to believe that in almost 50 years of peddling puns, punchlines and out-and-out gags, there was one I always avoided. Early in my career, I junked all mother-in-law jokes. Not that I wasn't up to them. I learned to read Joe Miller even before I knew about McGuffey. And, as a youngster in show business, standing in the wings listen-ing to other acts, I'd hear things like:

"Doctor, please hurry to my house. My mother-in-law is at death's door and I want you to pull her through."

or
Comedian: "Bartender, I want some mother-inlaw whiskey."
Bartender (surprised, as if he'd never heard the
line before): "Mother-in-law whiskey?"
Comedian: "Yes—Old Crow."
Or, there was the sketch where the mother-in-law, in a

squabble with her daughter's husband, said: "Oh, if you were my son, I'd give you poison." Reply from the son-in-law: "If you were my mother, I'd take it."

Oh, yes—I know them. As Durante would say, "I gotta

million of 'em," but I always refused to include any in my act. The way I look at it—every mother-in-law is someone's mother - and who am I, to get a laugh at the expense of your mother?

When I went into radio, back in 1931, the writerstaking the easy way out—would bring in a flock of mother-in-law jokes. I turned them down, explaining that from an economic standpoint, it would be bad—that the advertising agency and rating service had told us we were No. 1 on the lists, with a listening audience of almost 40 million people. I pointed out that, in many a home, the mother-in-law did the buying of the product we were trying to sell. Why antagonize her? I was credited with good thinking. In a way, it was. I had hit on the only argument that would forever discourage mother-in-law gags.

Mothers-in-law can be pretty nice people. My own case may have been exceptional, but I doubt it. Ida's mother as a cook-would have been tough competition for Oscar of the Waldorf. She passed all her secrets on to Ida, saying: "Eddie has a sensitive stomach—he needs good food—and go easy on the spices, they're not good for him." Because I loved a certain type coffeecake, once a week, for many years, Ida's mother would spend hours baking one—then travel another hour on the subway to bring it

In family arguments, it was two-against-one-my mother-in-law and me, against my wife. Poor Ida, she never had a chance!

A few weeks ago, in a hospital lunchroom, my doctor introduced me to a young couple who were having a sandwich and a cup of coffee. The doctor informed me that the lady had just given a blood transfusion to her mother-in-law. I said to her, "That was wonderful—giving your mother-in-law a transfusion." She put her arms around her husband's shoulder and said, "Not half as wonderful as what she gave me."

Further proof of my point, is one of our most popular television shows—"December Bride"—which glorifies the

We have a "prune week"—a "dunk-your-doughnut week" -a "be-kind-to-homeless sardines week"—all silly stuff. Of course, we also have two very important days (outside of national holidays)—"Mother's Day"—and "Father's Day." But I believe that the man who will introduce a bill in Congress that will give us a special day to honor the mother-in-law-say, y'know something-that man could run for President!

my hand I would of blasted the creep. Anyways I rush out, jump in my car and in no time flat I'm over at Regal. When Mannie's secretary tells me to go right in without waiting, I know right away I am in trouble, which I was. Yes, sir, for one solid half hour I was like standing in a street shower only instead of rain water pouring over me it was words. The insults, the abuse, the curses this man came down on me with, Artie you simply got no idea. And to cop the climax he tells me from now on I am barred from the lot for recommending a no-good limey who is not a writer but a teacher who belongs in some classroom with a piece chalk, and I should get the hell out. What could I do? I got the hell out.

Yes, sir for one whole entire week I couldn't hardly close my eyes. Kill me, I just couldn't get me no sleep. And when it came to food, you should excuse me, I simply could not hold same. After all, Artie a person like Mannie Farber is the Jerry Wald of Regal who makes three-four pictures a year whereby he uses plenty talent. So now I am blacklisted from the studio. Well, with one thing on top another praying on my mind it is no wonder I keeled

I must say after I was in the hospital Mannie behaved a perfect little gentleman. Very nice. He sent me a gorgeous basket fruit and then he come up to see me. He's very sorry he blew his top and he don't blame me one bit. In his estimation it's all Metcalf's fault. In fact if beanbag wasn't now in London, he says, he would go ahead and get him deported over there. Which is likewise

Well, Artie thanks a lot for writing me. You are a good friend even if you are a bad client. (Only kidding) My best to you always.

With kindest regards

Benny Greenspan P.S. Mannie's research department informs him "unpleasantries" is so listed in the big dictionary only it's an old word, not modern. Inasmuch his picture takes place in King Arthur's time it wasn't necessary he should go to the expense reshooting the scene which he went ahead and did. It all goes to prove that smart Alex exist all over the world, especially if they are English.

STUDIO EXECS ALL AD 'EXPERTS'

'Gotta Have Taste'

Let me tell you just a short tale about a certain producer's contribution to advertising:

Once there was a producer distributing through United Artists who delivered to us a picture based on one of the literary mon-strosities of our time, but which, nevertheless, sold millions of copies. It was a good, sound, All-American picture, full of vio-lence, brutality, sex, murder, innuendo, quadruple entendre, and other minor vices.

The craftsmen (and I say "craftsmen" deliberately) in the advertising, publicity and exploitation department prepared a good, sound campaign on the picture. They presented roughs to the producer, who walked around the room, surveying each one of the layouts just as I came into the room. His reaction was neither pleased nor pleasant. He raised his voice several decibels and shouted in a most controlled manner, "These ads have absolutely no taste." This, in spite of the fact that the picture and the book upon which it was based will unquestionably go down in history as one of the most tasteless products of American culture. He then caught my eye and noticed that I was about to break into uncontrollable laughter. Immediately changing his approach, he said "Max, you know you understand this picture thoroughlyyou have been in it from the beginning. The ads have to have taste," he said, and then added, "I don't care whether it is good or bad taste, as long as they have taste."

Even I had to stop laughing at that point and proceeded immediately to the Fort Knox of Milltown which I keep in my desk drawer for just such situations. You see, it's a magic kind of drawer. It only opens after meeting with exhibitors and producers on advertising, publicity and exploitation matters. Small things like the hydrogen bomb don't upset me at all.

I can't tell you with what anxiety I look forward to the great contribution that will be made by the exhibitors and the producers.

cers in improving advertising, publicity and exploitation on mo-

There is much that is wrong with the way we advertise, publicize and exploit pictures ,but it is the men who are working as craftsmen on a day-to-day basis, who, in my opinion, will solve it, and not the kibitzers playing with other people's money, time and Max E. Youngstein

BLOOPERS I HAVE

By PETE SMITH

Hollywood.

Most of us like to recall highpoints of a career. But more fun is thinking back at the times we goofed.

For instance, as m.c. at a Cameramen's Ball, I once introduced a curvy starlet as. "A little lass from Canada." If you'll say "little lass" fast, you'll know why I got a big, fat unintentional laugh.

Mispronouncing the name of the town of Muscogee on the sound-track of a Pete Smith Specialty brought me hundreds of letters, telegrams and phone calls from irate Georgians. And when I tried to show Dave O'Brien (in front of the entire company) how to take a certain fall, I sprained an ankle. And walked with a crutch for a week.

Lives there a radio announcer who has never pulled a "Hoobert Heever"? In any case it was the introduction on a national radio network, of Major Bowes. I re-ferred to him as Bajor E. Mowes.

In presenting the guest of honor at an MGM dinner I made three unsuccessful attempts to pronounce the name of the Polish gentleman. Red up to my receding hairline, I finally introed him merely by his official title.

At a big MPTOA banquet given by the major studios, I served as anchor man on the dais. My function was to introduce the various emcees who in turn, introduced the acts from their respective studios. I was just concluding the evening's festivities with a few appropriate when I felt a tuo sleeve. It was Dick Powell. "You forgot Warners!" he stage-phispered. (Powell was then a WB star).

In truth my notes had become mixed and I had completely over-looked a segment of the show by the brothers Warner. Of course, I tried to laugh it off by announcing I was just ribbing Powell, But my stomach tied itself into a knot that took days to unravel.

The times I inadvertently walked through the background of a scene being photographed and the occasions I was bawled out for same, were not a few. As a result of one of these lapses I got into a hassle with husky unit manager Red Golden. In the heat of the argument I invited Red outside to settle it. Lucky for skinny me, Golden refused with a smile. He could have licked me with both hands tied behind his back.

In a publicity tieup for "The Fire Brigade" I had a number of films threefold.

fire chiefs meet with Louis B. Mayer. For the press photographers, Mayer and the head man of the fire chiefs group started to shake hands. At this point I snatched a fire helmet from the cranium of another chief and plopped it on Mayer's head. Unfor-tunately, the helmet was at least three sizes too small for my boss. But before I could remove it, the cameramen had snapped the picture. In the papers the next day, Mayer looked like a cross between comedy fire chief Ed Wynn and Smokey the Bear. I avoided Mr. Mayer's office for a day or two.

A blooper I'll never forget happened during the filming of "The Rogue Song." I (out of scene) had thoughtlessly placed an empty wine glass on a steep nearby stairway (in scene). The great Law-rence Tibbett was singing the finale of his big number as he climbed the stairs. Just as he hit a high note he stumbled on the wine glass turning a romantic scene into slapstick. "Who the hell put that glass there!" exploded Tibbett, looking right at me. A I slunk off the set I could feel Larry's glare burning a hole in the back of my

Korea Uptrend **B.O.** Tax; Protest

Government of Republic of Korea is now studying a request made by the American Embassy here for lowering rate of the commodity and admissions taxes for U. S. films. In its request, Embassy pointed out that existing tax rates run contrary to the terms of the U. S.-Korean treaty of commerce and navigation, in which most favored national treatment is promised to U. S. pix in Korea.

Existing rate of admissions tax for U. S. films at firstrun theatres in Seoul is 23% of the admission price and the commodity tax on feature films is 750 ven per meter.

Embassy is understood to have grave concern about the recent decision of the House Financial and Economic Committee to increase the admissions tax and the for an ad campaign, a good promo-film commodity tax for foreign tion or copy lines. "The promotion

STOP REFORMS

By HY HOLLINGER

superficially appraised in the general meatmorphosis of production and distribution is the transition that is taking place in today's advertising and publicity. The changes may not be as dra-matic and may be having more difficulty rising boldly to the surface, but there is nevertheless an awareness on the part of the publicity and advertising personnel that the functions of their departments' needs must be modernized to conform with the "new" motion picture industry that is presently emerging in this era of television and suburbia.

Exhibitors and individual producers are quick to place the blame for allegedly antiquated publicity and advertising practices on the film company pub-ad departments. Witness the statement issued by the Screen Producers Guild and Theatre Owners of America following their Coast meeting prior to the TOA convention in September: "Our industry's advertising not only is sterile and antiquated, but is one of the worst ad programs of any American industry."

If such is the case, a number of pub-ad chiefs maintain, a large portion of the rap must be shoul-dered by these same producers and exhibitors. For example, Roger Lewis at United Artists charges that the inability to mod-ernize advertising practices and techniques is due to the prevalence of an old theatrical — "too many people in the act."

Without naming names, Lewis contends that in some companies everybody from the president down, including members of the board of directors and certainly the sales department has an opinion on what constitutes a good advertising campaign. Augmenting this background chorus of secondguessing is a large group of independent producers and theatremen, each regarding himself as an advertising expert. Under the industry's present setup, Lewis points out, a "producer" can be anybody—a star, a director, a writer, or a businessman-but the moment he receives the title of producer he automatically becomes an authority on publicity and ad-

Bigger Bosoms

Theatremen, Lewis states, are always johnnies-on-the-spot when it comes to criticizing ads, but "If you ask them for a suggestion all they can come up with is a worse alternative — they want bigger bosoms, more sex, more action, more violence.

"The only mistake an advertising man can make in this business," says Lewis, "is to have an idea. If he sticks to the traditional lines—action, violence, sex—he's safe. You have to be brave to have an idea.

The UA executive contends that Frequently, according to Lewis, a producer walks into his office with the stylized Container Corp. of America ads and asks "why can't we have ads like these?" With the exception of Saul Bass, Lewis says, there are no established advertising designers working in the industry. If a film fails because an avant garde ad is employed, the approach is immediately abandoned simply because if failed the last time out, Lewis asserts.

Held In Disdain

Another Lewis beef is the general disdain the industry holds for the publicity and advertising men. He notes, for example, that the industry hands out awards for al-most every field of accomplishment, but that there are no awards

(Continued on page 36)

CRITICS OF COPY | A Playwright's Cradle Days

- By ALBERT HACKET -

VARIETY was starting, I was starting. I was playing in "Lottie The Poor Saleslady, or Death Before Dishonor." VARIETY has changed a lot since. So have I. I was play-

gle out from under the leading lady who had collapsed with grief on top of me, and rush offstage. There, someone would adjust feathery wings over my long nightgown, lift me on to a kitchen table, I would clasp my hands in prayer. A lantern slide would project moving clouds onto a drop behind me and, on cue, an oval cutout would open and the audience would see me winging my way to heaven. Cheers and whistles and I was through.

Not completely through as I used to help our crew who travelled with us. I used to hold a smoke pot in the fire scene. I also rolled buckshot on a drumhead in the storm scene. I threw up rock salt in the dock scene when the hero plunged in after "Lottie." The local crew would ask to see my union card. I had one. Our carpenter gave me an old IATSE card of his and that settled everything. Company carpenters were always my friends. In one company the carpenter made a large black bag for me to put my Flexible Flyer in, so I could carry it on the train with me and not have to check it through with the baggage.

On one-night stands most of your life was spent on trains. When you veren't on one you were waiting for one, or you were getting off one to get on another. I got so that I could sleep anywhere and through anything.

VARIETY was four and I was nine I couldn't seem to get a job. I was sent to a convent. There at night whenever there was an electric storm the nuns would get all the boys up out of their beds and into the hall. There we would kneel and pray. When the lightning flashed and the thunder boomed it was like old times to me and I'd fall to sleep, to be wakened by a whack on the head and an order to pray. They seemed to be afraid of thun-der and lightning. The only thing bad about it that I knew was it could ruin a performance if you weren't careful. Particularly thunder-you had to hold back a line sometimes 'til the noise was over, or even say the line again.

300 One-Nighters

One season I played 300 onenight stands. I remember more main streets and stagedoors and dressingrooms that are completely unrelated. Poughkeepsie N.Y., very vivid and yet very vague to me. I remember the mailbox directly the stagedoor.

The morning of the day we were to play there, we went in to unpack, to see if there was any mail. if a new advertising approach is Smith Bros. had their factory attempted and the picture fails to there. For publicity they sent every By U.S. Embassy attempted and the picture fails to score at the boxoffice, the ad concept is immediately blamed. "They don't seem to realize that the same of the cast a package of Smith Bros. Cough Drops. I had a don't seem to realize that the same picture might have failed with a traditional campaign," he notes. In same picture might have failed with a traditional campaign, he notes. Since the same picture might have failed with a traditional campaign, he notes. fine time. I not only ate my own extras without fee wearing old 1896 had been thrown away. From then on things are vague. I remember people working over me trying to get me to wake up; a doctor standing beside me in the wings; of going on and getting my lines out and drawing a blank again.

> I remember another time going along a particular main street. have no idea whose main street it was. I remember horses and carts. a few parked automobiles, the drug store, the five-and-ten and the Nickleodian. This was what my sister and I were looking for. I don't remember the title of the picture they were playing. It was a Biograph picture with Mack Sennett and the pier at Santa Monica. The Nickleodian was a very small place that had once been a shop. My sister and I were about of a an active production centre.

Fiftyfive years ago when size except that she made two of me whenever there was a situation.

The boxoffice girl looked down thrugh the opening in the glass at us as we came up to her. My sisa lot since. So have I. I was playing a little girl.

I don't remember much about my part except that I died in the second act. As the curtain came down on that scene, I would struggle out from under the least of the little wooden cover beginning a little wooden cover beginning as we came up to her. My sister spoke up. "May I see the manager, The girl stood up to see us better. "You mean Mr. . . ?". She gave his name. My sister said yes, the manager. The girl put a little wooden cover beginning a little wooden cover beginning a little wooden. girl put a little wooden cover before the wicket, left her glass bowl and went into the dark theatre to find the manager. He appeared and looked down at us puzzled. "You want to see me?," he said. "Do you recognize the profession?," asked my sister. The manager more puzzled than ever. You could see he was thinking hard. "Profession? What profession?," he asked.

"We are playing at the Grand Opera House in "The Traveling Salesman . . ." My sister did not have to say another word. The manager's face lit up in recognition. "Oh, you want to see the show?," he exclaimed. "Go on in. Go in. Glad to have you." And in we went Those were the days we went. Those were the days.

Greece Peps Up As Prod. Centre

Much was heard during 1960 about the flight of Hollywood production to foreign climes. This was hardly a new thing, but somewhat intensified. It was accompanied by trade discussions on international financing of such films with special emphasis upon the so-called "soft currency" situations in Spain currency" situations in Spain, Italy and Yugoslavia. But no real-A couple of years later when istic reportage of 1960 could omit some attention to the special case of the Kingdom of Greece.

> Foreign producers, and especially Americans, are indeed welcome here. The Ministry of Industry encourages companies to shoot here, pointing to generally low shooting costs and generally fine weather. In the summer rain is absent altogether so that a schedule need lose no time at all. The Grecian landscape abounds in classic ruins and rugged terrain and, with the bright Mediterranean sun, is ideal for color photography.

Recent Features

The last foreign picture which was shot here was the API-20th Century-Fox release "It Happened In Athens" directed by Andrew Marton with Frank Parmenter as an active producer and production manager. This tells a love story written by Laszlo Vadnay and based on the life of the first Olympic champion and marathon runner Spyridon Louis played by Trax Colton and Jayne Mansfield, Nico Minardos, Bob Mathias and introducing Greece's Maria Xenia to the American audiences.

Shot here in Athens last Autumn in fine weather, the film contains spectacular scenes in the Athens Stadium with the participation of 55,000 Athenians who worked as which solved a serious budget problem. It dramatizes local concepts of "cooperation."

A second film which 20th Century is shooting in Greece is the drama. "Lion of Sparta," which started rolling in November. It is produced and directed by Rudy Mate with Bill Eckart as production manager.

Spyros Skouras, 20th Century-Fox chief, disclosed on his recent visit to Athens that his company will shoot another picture in Greece next spring, "The King Must Die." He also talked about his intention to ultimately build a big studio here.

Carl Foreman is planning to shoot another picture in Greece as well as other American, Italian, There was a small ticket booth surrounded by glass with "Admission 5c" painted in large gold lettering. Looks like Greece should become

Pappy Was An Impersonator

A Zany Reminiscence (Hallucination?) By the Author of 'My Brother Was an Only Child' and 'Never Trust a Naked Bus-Driver'

By JACK DOUGLAS

My father was a professional female impersonator long before Julian Eltinge or T. C. Jones or Eartha Kitt ever thought of it. Dad was a female impersonator for almost 65 years and had appeared on the stage of every famous



Jack Douglas

theatre in the world. He finally quit with the advent of short skirts. They just didn't become him. Poor Dad. His

just didn't become him. Poor Dad. His knees were turning gray (which was quite all right for the "September Song" but out of place during Dad's finish, which was the Charleston).

Actually, my father didn't quit show business. He was forced out of it. It all happened during World War I. My father, unfortunately, was breaking in a new female impersonation act at the Moulin Rouge in Paris. tion act at the Moulin Rouge in Paris. I say, unfortunately, because my father, in order to give his act an

entirely new flavor had changed his name to Mata Hari. In no time at all, a mixed-up corporal by the name of De Gaulle mistook Dad for the other Mata Hari and three days later, Dad was facing a firing squad, where he refused a rose-colored blindfold because it clashed. And he also refused a cigarette, because he had promised his mother. All this refusing of course, had a tendency to shorten the proceedings, and Dad found himself suddenly porous.

Thus ended a long and lacey dynasty.

Before going on, I must explain that in Dad's day female impersonation was an honorable profession, like tsetsefly-breeding is today. I use tsetsefly-breeding as an example of what I mean, because not so long ago tsetsefly-breeding was looked at with a jaundiced eyed (particularly by people with liver trouble). Now, of course, anyone with a spare bathroom (to insure a steady supply of running vater) can, and does breed tsetse flies, usually to augment their income (a good pair of tsetse-breeding flies who like each other) can bring as high as \$50. Incidentally if you are considering going into this thriving little sideline don't forget the running water. Tsetse files will breed only under a turned on tap (and they have to be damned quick about it or down the drain they go). But that's the story of the whole world today. "Dangerous sex" seems to be the rule rather than the exception (in the California papers

Getting back to Dad and his frilly career. Dad started his female impersonation act, at the turn of the Century (which may have had something to do with it). Tony Pastor spotted Dad, strolling up the avenue, carrying a large pink parasol, and asked Dad if he had ever considered the stage. Dad, peeping at Mr. Pastor over his Japanese fan, asked him what he had in mind, and Tony said that the public had become tired of Lily Langtry and Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Lillian Russell and Perle Mesta and Sir Herbert Beerholm Tree and Lad—a dog—and that the public wanted to see new faces, so Dad said okay he'd take the job and over night he became a star, and Tony Pastor put his name up in candles.

Dad, it turned out, was the best female impersonator the world had ever seen, in spite of the fact that he wore a full beard. Dad's beard was very full and very long, so to complete his female impersonation, he used to tuck it under his gown and lump it in the right places. Of course, being a female impersonator with a full beard sometimes did confuse people. They thought it was Charles Evans Hughes on his way to the "April In Paris" Ball.

According to Chapter 3, Volume 6, in Pinky Lee's Lifetime Reading Plan female impersonation is the world's 86th oldest profession. It comes right after beaded bag beading and snake-cooling (snakes are born hot, you

It Figures!

The first female impersonators were, of course, women. This led to a great deal of confusion, and embarrassment, especially on the small French island of Les Bos. Les Bos is a small French island off the coast of Westport, Connecticut, or I should say it was a small French island off the coast of Westport, Connecticut. It's not there anymore. They broke it up to make room for water skiing

Well . . . after my father had been executed as a spy, The National Spy Club of America erected a monument to him in Central Park, which d'dn't work out too well, because it was a huge bronze horse with Dad's face. The reason Dad was honored in the shape of a horse was because another group, The "Let's Keep The Civil War Green" Association had picked the same location for a monument. That's why Dad's got General Robert E. Lee on his back Visit this menument corrections. his back. Visit this monument some time. For AA's it's part of the cure.

Dad had started his career in Holland selling Dutch Postcards (pictures of dirty tulips) then he had gone to night school and studied Volkswagen stealing, at which he was quite adept even before he went to night school. After this, while still living in Holland he became a dike finger distributor. Dike fingers were part of living in Holland, because of the numerous leaks that always seemed to be springing up. Dad's line features two kinds of dike fingers. With or without small boys. Actually, the story of the small boy sticking his finger in the dike and saving all of Holland from inundation is fiction. What really happened was this small boy spied a leak in the dike, and instinctively put his little finger in it and got the shock of his young life. There was another little finger on the other side. The small boy immediately got the hell out of there and Holland quickly became the North Sea.

Ever the Lammister

In his travels about the world, Dad saw many curious things (besides Dear Mother). He saw the Taj Mahal, and the Maj Tahal, and the Jat Laham, and the Inkspots, all by moonlight.

He saw the mighty Krine River which rises in Tule Lake and empties into the Maharajah of Ranjiput's washroom (giving him the only indoor plumbing east of Suez).

He saw the condensed version of the Dead Sea Scrolls

(shoved into a small jar by the Reader's Digest). He visited Buda and Pest. He studied Budism and Pestism.

In Germany he had Rhine maidens on the rocks, and rock maidens on the Rhine. Dad always said you haven't lived until you've tried everything once, so he tried knockwurst and icecream. Once. He liked it, and so did Mother. She died from it but she liked it.

After Mother had gone to that big Laundromat-In-The-Sky, like they say in children's stories, Dad started playing the field and in no time at all he was in love with a meadow. But he married a fork in the road, because he thought it was sexy. This led to frustration and the pyschiatrist's couch. With the aid of pentathol Dad admitted he had always hated his mother but he had done something about it. He had killed her—by stacking the Encyclopedia Britannica, then having her pull out the bottom book. The jury decided that the Ensyclopedia could not be considered a dangerous weapon, except in certain situations, like Tennessee Williams, or Clifton Fadiman, and Dad was exonerated, and also given the Ruliger Price (in those days they gave one for ingenious Pulitzer Prize (in those days they gave one for ingenious homicide). The Pulitzer people have since discontinued this particular prize, because they were going broke.

After a year or two with Dr. Oom, the psychiatrist, Dad was more or less cured. He still chased cars, but only on weekends or when someone left the gate open.

It was about this time that Dad wrote a bestseller: "How To Lose A Thousand Dollars In Real Estate In Your Spare Time." From the proceeds of this book he started a winter theatre. In Nome. With the winters being what they were in that part of the world, Dad figured he could put on something by O'Neill, and not run out of night.

It was at this little Off-Broadway Icebox that Dad discovered much of the great off-Broadway theatrical talent covered much of the great off-Broadway theatrical talent that is around today. Names like Dody Mumphy, the titillating comedienne and leper. Clarence Curd, the famous off-Broadway playwright, who penned such off-Broadway masterpieces as: "Toys In the Basement," "The Tenth Man Upon A Mattress" and the never to be forgotten "Long Days Journey Into The Tomb At The Top" (a musical smash). Dad also discovered that dimpled daring the formula of the Broadway at the formula talking dog of the off-Broadway stage, Trixie, the famous talking dog and producer. Trixie was first discovered on 59th Street, near the Plaza Hotel, walking a blonde. From there, Trixie went directly to a headline spot in Dad's Nome Playhouse. First she did Sadie Thompson in "Rain." Then in no time at all Trixie was the star of "The Visit," playing both parts.

A Man of Many Parts

Dad, in his time, had been many things. President of General Motors, Standard Oil and DuPont. Premier of France, and for a short time, Queen of England (he gave up the throne because he couldn't stand Danny Kaye).

Always far advanced in his thinking, Dad, although he didn't invent the automobile, knew that something had to be done to get rid of pedestrians. And it's really working out nicely.

Other kids sometimes never get to know their fathers. But I did. I got to know my father very well. We were more than father and son. We were pals. Almost every night we'd lie on the floor in front of a roaring fire and read the Boy Scout Instruction Book. Then one day, we went to his lab and took a Boy Scout apart and put him back together again. We lost some of him through care-

Dad took me everywhere with him. Fishing. Hunting. Hiking. He even took me with him the day he bombed Disneyland (in a rented Piper Cub).

Even though Dad's gone things are just as he left them. The walls of his den are still covered with the mounted trophies of the hunt. Gun Bearers. Guides. Guides' wives. Assistant Guides. Assistant Guides' wives. Innocent by-standing pygmies. Tourists (still focusing their Polaroids), Watussis, Wahutus, Zulus, Mangbettus, Kanuris, and a stuffed ant-eater (which had been killed un-premediatedly by a cornered ant).

In the bathroom, Dad's favorite toothbrush still stood in his favorite glass, along with Dad's favorite teeth. The bathmat, which had been woven especially out of thin water repellent former Broadway pressagents. And the bathtub was still filled with water and a nude Miss America of 1908, whom Dad had always kept in the tub, because as he explained, although she was deaf and dumb, she was a lot less slippery than a bar of soap. This explana-tion actually doesn't make a helluva lot of sense, but Dad always felt he should say something to the press during those bathroom conferences.

Home Is What You Make It

Nothing in Dad's bedroom was touched either. The Rockettes were still there in the kingsize bed. Still trying to kick their way out. The June Taylor dancers were warming up in the closet, and Leonard Bernstein was still posing his baton in front of the orchestra, waiting to give the downbeat at a signal from Dad. A signal, that alas, would never be given again. Leonard Bernstein may be just sprayed with a fixative and left there (if all goes well).

And in the combination barn-garage, six black shiny Budweiser Beer horses stood ready to pull Dad's shiny gold Valiant in the Mobilgas economy run (Dad always won it).

The old slave quarters was just as Dad had left it. Full of slaves. The last batch having been brought over on the Ile De France.

The old Mississippi River steamboat that Dad had worked on as a boy was still there in the swimming pool. Dad had known Mark Twain when his name was Melvin Gleckle. Dad bought the old Mississippi River steamboat and put it in the swimming pool just in case Mark Twain ever visited him. He wanted to give him a surprise (the gangplank was sawed half way through). Dad had a lot of humor to him.

But Dad is gone now. The greatest female impersonator the world has ever known. Laid to rest in the tomb of the unknown sailor (bunk slabs), but his magnificent spirit lives on in his only son, my brother.

Chevalier's Tall Memory

Paris.

The first time Irving Thalberg came in 1928 to visit me with his lovely wife, Norma Shearer, in my dressingroom at the Casino de Paris, I thought he was bluffing me because he looked to me too young for a big Hollywood producer. So I almost smiled him off. I attack we have warm failed in Hollywood. him off. Later we became warm friends in Hollywood and after my five years at Paramount I signed to work for him at MGM.

We made "The Love Parade" together (with Ernst Lubitsch) and after I refused to see eye-to-eye with him for a picture he wanted to make with Grace Moore —it was actually because of a rather jambon (French for "ham") problem of billing—I went back to France, troubled. To this day I wonder if I was wrong not to have accepted his judgment and not to have continued accepting his advice which had been so sound. This is separate and apart from the fact that Grace Moore later did make a fine musical film although it was not for Metro but for another company,
Columbia Pictures. I still have a soft spot of sadness
in my heart about it. Maurice Chevalier

R.I.P.: The 'He-She' Brand of Comedy

A Doddering Character Weaned On 'Madison's Budget' Mourns Its Passing

By BENNETT CERF

Where, oh where, are the "he-she" jokes of yesteryear? The magazines that featured them have folded. Vaudevillians who purveyed them, under the guise of hayseeds (remember Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry?) or blackface comics, or spluttering Germans (with



pillows strapped under their vests and square whiskers under their chins) disappeared along with the medium that sustained them. Timid tv sponsors, even when offending accents are eliminated, will have none of them. Madison Avenue has supplanted Madison's Budget. ("Madison's Budget," published profitably for 50 years by James Madison, was a paperbound book filled with corny but surefire

"he-she" material).

Only in a few hardy campus "humor" magazines do "he" and "she" still exchange brickbats, and even there, trusteeintimidated faculty advisors rigorously restrict the field

of operation.

The "he-she" joke's death warrant was really sealed, signed, and delivered by one man: the late Harold Ross, inspired and unfathomable founder of the New Yorker Magazine. Ross sensed the fact that a more sophisticated approach to American humor was in order. Under his leadership, captions for cartoons were reduced from an average of five lines to an average of five words; "jokes" were replaced by "anecdotes"; and such hitherto flourishing periodicals as Puck, Judge, and Life withered and died.

Puck succumbed first. It achieved national prominence by its satirical thrusts at a ready-made traget—the corrupt Tammany machine—and reached its zenith under the editorship of John Kendrick Bangs who first printed the work of such future greats as Franklin P. Adams, George Jean Nathan and Ralph Barton. By 1917, however, it had run its race. The name Puck was acquired by the Hearst organization, and used for years for a weekly comic supple-

Life went next. Founded in 1883 by two bright Harvard graduates, Life thrived via the efforts of Oliver Herford, E. W. Kemble and Charles Dana Gibson, whose stately "Gibson girl" first appeared in Life's pages. After World War I, the late Robert E. Sherwood gave the languishing magazine a temporary shot-in-the-arm, but the top-grade contributors drifted New Yorker-ward, and by 1936, all it had left was its name, which was sold to Time Inc.

Judge hung on until 1939, but it was a losing battle all the way, and the remnant of the "he-she" type of humor was interred with its bones. High time, too, you may say after running your eyes ove these typical examples:

- 1. HE: Do you like winter sports? SHE: I certainly do. Especially if they have money.
- 2. HE: Have you a hobby? SHE: No. Ay bane single.
- 3. HE: Have you heard about my friend Kerch? SHE: Kerch who? HE: Gesundheit!
- 4. HE: I'll stick to you like glue. SHE: The feeling's mucilage.
- 5. HE: I will now play the Hungarian Rhapsody by Goulash. SHE: Goulash is a stew.

HE: So he drinks! Who cares? He writes swell music.

6. HE: I hear you neck.

SHE: Pardon me. I'll be more quiet next time. 7. SHE: Have you done well with your bees this

HE: Yes and no. They haven't given much honey, but on the other hand, they stung my mother-in-law.

8. HE: I'm glad I'm not a Frenchman.

SHE: Why?

HE: I can't speak French.

9. HE: Why were you hanging around so long at that steamroller accident? SHE: ! was just scraping up an acquaintance.

10. HE: Where do all the bugs go in winter?

SHE: Search me.

HE: No, thanks. I just wanted the information. A parting thought: could it be that those comedians who have been struggling so desperately in "situation series" on tv aren't so bad after all?

Let's give that little old knob another turn!

YEAR THERE WASN'T ANY CRISIS

Hollywood Studios

By TOM PRYOR

picture motion Overall total for the country probably was somewhat higher, how-ever, due to sporadic production in the way of feature production

indeed tightening to the point of actual hurt for thousands of production crew workers fortune. bit players, extras, and studio administrative personnel. Dormant studio stages are not easy to conceal, and there were long stretches when some big studios did resemble ghost towns.

On the other hand, and strictly from the numerical point of view Hollywood sponsored pictures held up surprisingly during the last 12 months, considering delays caused by the crippling actors and writers strikes. The total 1960 score was 163 pix started (including those filmed abroad), or only 17 fewer than were put before the cameras the preceding year, when there was not so much corcentrated "loss of identification" talk.

The phrase conjured up a dramatic urgency, to be sure. How-ever, a strong counter argument might have been made on the basis that in going outside the United States to produce at least 47 fea-tures the Hollywood image was being enhanced by bringing more and more Hollywood personalities into direct contact with audiences in such widely separated areas as Europe, the Near East and Asia. That there may be a certain pro-motional value out of such contact is not to be denied.

Nor, as Eric Johnston, Motion Picture Assn. of America prexy, and others have pointed out, can the American film industry expect to operate on a strictly one-way basis in international economics. Despite the drop in production here, Hollywood still grabs the bulk of the foreign audience expenditure on film entertainment. And it doesn't hurt on the government level in such countries as England, Germany, France, Italy, Japan, etc., to provide some em-ployment for their nationals in the making of pix.

Crafts' Slant

Naturally, American film unions are primarily concerned with pro-viding jobs for their dues-paying members, and they have become increasingly disturbed as more fea-ture production has transferred out of Hollywood and the country. However, unions, from IATSE prexy Richard Walsh down the line, have not been blind to either the foreign currency situation or dramatic requirements which necessitate, or make it desirable, to produce certain pix outside Hollywood. Their chief concern, and it hard to argue with this, involves filming abroad of pix, which could just as easily be made here, to satisfy personal whims of stars, directors or producers.

Studio management also shares concern over the declining scale of production in Hollywood, although it can be more profitable from the corporate viewpoint in some instances to make pictures abroad. However, experienced studio operators say that all things considered it is more advantageous to keep stages here busy. For one thing, the more filming activity the lesser the load of overhead charges an individual pic has to carry. Equally important, for the future, is re-plenishment of technical manpower (not to mention talent), and it's not possible to make any progress in this direction when there isn't enough work to go around.

While television has contributed greatly to the drop in feature production, it has helped conversely, to keep open studios which otherwise would be without any activity,

Hollywood. | and it has put a floor under the Concern over Hollywood's "loss Hollywood labor market. Without of identification" as world leader the latter, the job situation here production would have reached crisis proporreached an alltime high in 1960 as tions last year. But all is not rosy filming here hit an alltime low. in this respect either. The unions Only 103 features were made in view with mounting alarm growing this country, mostly in Hollywood, indications of plans for going outby the principal producers of mo-tion picture entertainment, both major studios and independents. side the country to make tv films as well. Fortunately, up to now there has been more talk than side the country to make tv films action by producers in this respect.

What 1961 holds for Hollywood by a number of low-budget indies operating outside of the so-called Hollywood orbit.

Next of the control of the so-called ever. 20th-Fox and Market of the control of the Most of the talk about "loss of were the largest individual pro-identification" was generated, of course, as a result of the realiza-

American-International — Hollywood, one: overseas, four,

Columbia-Hollywood, 11; overseas, six.
Walt Disney-Hollywood, two.

MGM-Hollywood, seven; overseas, two. Paramount - Hollywood, 11;

verseas, three. 20th-Fox-Hollywood, 28; over-

seas, nine.

United Artists - Hollywood, 20; overscas, 13. Universal — Hollywood, seven;

overseas, five.

Warner Bros. - Hollywood, 10; overseas, two.

According to production charts maintained by this paper, there was only a drop of five pictures last year, as against 1959, in the number of indie films which had their origin at least in Hollywood. The 1960 score stood at 46, and all but 13 of that group were made under the UA banner.

While there is cause for concern about the slowing production pace, chances of Hollywood losing its identification in the world market seem somewhat remote as long as it can continue to put upon the screen, as it did in 1960, such

diverse and well made pix as:
"Exodus." "Pepe," "Inherit the Wind," "The Apartment," "Elmer Gantry," "Sons and Lovers" and "Sundowners" (last two were made, respectively, in England and Australia but conceived by and carried out by Hollywood creators); "Spartacus." "Cimarron," "Bells Are tacus." "Cimarron," "Bells Are Ringing," "Psycho," "Suzie Wong," "Facts of Life" and "Sunrise at Campobello." Others could be named as well,

but this sampling is indicative of that well established Hollywood tradition of being able to stand above all competitors in turning out quality and mass audience appeal pix on a large scale.

LUTHERAN CLERIC'S WOE UNDER REDS UPCOMING

Lutheran Film Associates, group which hit the critical jackpot with its "Martin Luther" film about seven years ago, is now prepping "Question Seven" for early thea-trical release. Film, which tells of the pressures brought against a pastor and his son in East Germany, was produced by Louis de Rochemont Associates, which will distribute the new pic, as it did "Luther."

"Question" was produced for de Rochemont by Lothar Wolff, di-rected by Stuart Rosenberg and by Allan Sloane. Britishactor Michael Gwynn stars. Filming was done in Germany.

Show Biz Employment

Hollywood. Entertainment industry employment in the Los Angeles area is running 61/2% ahead of the corresponding period last year, according to the California Dept. of Employment Statistics.

The statistical analysts fig-

ure that a total of 39,700 people were employed in October, compared to 40,100 in September and 39,200 in August. The comparable figures for last year were 37,790, 37,500, and

By JERRY WALD

Hollywood.

The day after the first of the Great 1960 television debates between Kennedy and Nixon a trade pundit reported that motion picture theatres throughout the counry faced one of the most serious crises in the history of motion pictures. For the one hour that the two national figures were on the air, the business dropped off more than 70% at the film box office. The interest of the public in the verbal tilt between the two principals would do irreparable damage to movie-going habits.

In this manner the film industry faced the latest in an endless succession of crises.

Well, we live in crisis—not only in the film biz, but in the world which surrounds us. And we ought to take it from there. Crisis is endemic. We operate on the edge of daily panic. And it has been this way in show business since the first players of Athens held masks in front of their faces in the Greek theatre. We are not turning out die-stamped nuts and bolts.

I am not moved or perturbed by reports of Crisis. We have weathered many storms — ecopressure-group, artistic, financial and technical.

In 1932 when I first came to Hollywood as a writer for Warner Brothers, I faced a personal crisis within one week after my arrival: the industry called upon all employees to accept a voluntary 50% payout as a means of stabilizing bolstering the film economy. Quel crisis; others to follow.

In 1934 the industry faced a monumental crisis compounded of confusion and enthusiasm; we were organized according to National Recovery Act standards, and the emergence of labor as an important factor in our film economy.

Check-List of Woe

The Manchurian incident in 1935 and the Civil War in Spain in 1936 were to be the prelude to a series of European crises which culminated in World War II in 1939. The War itself proved to be a Crisis, although picture-making flourished.

The years from 1939 to 1945 represented a series of crises. Military disaster provoked one kind of crisis-thinking; military victory provoked another.

With peace arose the worry—what would happen to the backlog of war pictures?

When rationing ended there was economic fear of inflation. "Boxoffice First to be Hit" was the promise. It wasn't. In 1947 Great Britain went off the gold standard. froze currencies, and this proved

to be a fresh anxiety.
Wide-screen and Three-D provoked consternation. Khrushchev's trip through the United States in 1959 hit box offices all over the country hard: so did the 1960

Olympics.
What all of this recounting proves is that Hollywood and the rest of the motion picture industry has developed a self-induced affinity for depression about almost

Gloom and Doom peddlers are always looking through the entrails for auguries of misery and disaster. There is too much Nay-Saying in an industry with a potential of 300,000,000 customers a week. 'What are we doing to get our share. Are we thinking about these weekly visitors, or are we concerned with imagined hurts

Industries which depend on governmental subsidies wave as a shaft of wheat in the wind. We are the only motion picture industry anywhere in any country which receives no government subsidy of any kind. This is a signal of our strength as well as a reflection of our growth.

The only crisis we ought to face is a lack of houses in which to play our product.

IT'S UNRECORDED THE ILLOGIC OF LAUGHTER

≈ Bv JOHN McCABE ~

(Associate Prof. of Dramatic Art, New York University)

have

talking come-

Prof. John McCabe

dy the two of us, for the last year and a half, and yet I have never had the elemental good sense to ask you what the heck comedy is? Let's backtrack to the beginning. Just why do people laugh?

The innocent eyes of one of the greatest comedians in the world widened in astonishment, not unlike the slow eye-blink of his screen character. Without a mo-ment's hesitation, he reached over and switched off the tape record-

"Why do people laugh?" he said. "How the devil would I know?"

This absolutely unself-conscious reply, given in deadly earnest, suggests that element of comedy which has always puzzled its practitioners—its unvarying and quin-tessential unpredictability. What are the rules of comedy please? Stan Laurel knows that he knows how to make people laugh; as to why they laugh, that he leaves to people like this writer who, sooner or later, usually abandon the search for an answer to the "why" and beg leave to concentrate on the "how." But just to take a part-ing stab at the "why". . .

George Meredith ("The Idea of Comedy," 1877) and Henri Berg-son ("Laughter," 1900) are the leading philosophers in the field of comedy analysis. Meredith asserts with some emphasis that the best in comedy is that which is critical in spirit (shades of Mort Sahl!). He pleads for more laughter of the mind (i.e., Moliere, Aristophanes) because of its undoubted value for mankind, but he doesn't know quite how to make good use of what might best be called the laughter of the heart-that almost indefinable kind of comedy that has given us Falstaff, Laurel & Hardy and Chaplin. Bergson continues on in the same vein making the point that laughter as such appeals primarily to the intellect because, as he attempts to prove, there is an absence of feeling that accompanies laughter. Good comedy, he says is corrective: it asserts itself instructively, and to the degree which it does not do so, it is imperfect. Comedy, he goes on, cannot be kind; there is ever a therapeutic harshness to it which cleanses as we chortle.

Cases To Prove The Point

How about that? The resounding recent successes of Sahl Bob Newhart and Mike Nicholas & Elaine May would suggest that Meredith and Bergson were on the right track. All of these currently "hot" comedians appeal, in main, to the mind. They suggest, with

A Nickname Is Born

When I had my first big success in Boston, a documentary of Japanese atrocities against the Chinese called "Scorched Earth," I was approached by other exhibitors to book the picture. Not being too familiar with the technicalities of the film business. I took all the dates I could, but neglected to do one thing-and that was order prints.

Came the day the openings

were scheduled and I found myself in the embarrassing position of having only one print, and that is how I got the nickname around Boston of "One Print Levine."

Joseph E. Levine

One pleasantly torpid day in devastating accuracy, that this is Malibu when I was tape-interviewing Stan Laurel about his particular usages of comic device, their origin, their develop- blessing to the universe. And so ment and their say we all. But somewhere the extension, a lingering thought persists — what thought obtruded which stopped the ina lingering thought persists terview cold. With all its attendant benefices. To they do any catharizing or mores-bettering? The latterday Chaplin, somewhat, certainly, but at have t we at his height what was he particubeen larly setting aright?

PICTURES

And we have much need today of Messrs. Chaplin, Laurel, Hardy and Falstaff. The great success of "When Comedy Was King" and "The Golden Age of Comedy" emphasizes a melancholy fact—that for many years now no one has been roaring in the picture houses. These two pictures, almost alone, brought gasping wheezes of laughter back to the movies. And, in returning to our point of beginning in this essay, how is it that these two seemingly divergent camps of comedy flourish at the same time? Does this fact give us any clue as to why people laugh? Perhaps, but it is a faint one.

The boys at Lindy's have been disputing the why and how of comedy for decades now, and perhaps one can assess the sum of their argument as this: laughter, like taste and God, is indefinable. Whatever it is or is not, it illuminates life for us and it bears the remarkable distinction of being one of the two things that no normal human being can possibly live without. The other thing is its companion, sidekick and closest relative, love.

(John McCabe, an associate Professor of Dramatic Art at New York University, has been a pro-fessional actor for many years, and for six of those years he was producer-director at the Milford (Pa.) Playhouse .- Ed.).

Hendel Sounding Happy Note For Allied, New Prez

Pittsburgh

"Not only do we not regret coming back in but we are very happy about it and look forward to a stronger and more revitalized organization after the meeting in Milwaukee on Jan. 14 and 15."

Thus did Harry Hendel, chairman of the board of the Western Pennsylvania Allied Theatre Owners and treasurer of the national body, take umbrage at Variety's inference that his group was not too happy now that they are back in the fold.

Hendel talks of vitalized org in Allied. With a new president to succeed the ailing Jack Kirsch, there will be "new blood that will give us a vital and fighting organization."

He also said that Allied will continue to break the nation's "undesireable habit today of not attending movies."

"Allied is for the little guy and that's why I'm for Allied," continued Hendel. He also passed along the information that Alec Moss of COMPO had been ailing and would be replaced on the next two pictures in the area Marcus plan by Phil Katz, Stanley-Warner publicist now in the ad agency business.

Hendel said the COMPO-Marcus plan had been very successful on "Jungle Cat" (BV), "I Aim At Stars" (Col) and "Facts of Life" (UA) and exhibs in area were looking forward to high grosses on next selection, "Wackiest Ship in Army" (Col).

THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

(Several of Them)

- By LESTER COHEN -

Some sort of charity was to be staged, and Dorshka Raphaelson, wife of the playwright, was to get in touch with Joan Crawford. Dorshka didn't quite know how, looked Miss Crawford up in the telephone book.

Sure enough, there it was: Joan Crawford. But, Dorshka, could it be the real Miss Crawford? After all she, Dorshka Raphaelson, had an unlisted num-

But she dialed. A voice that sounded like Miss Crawford answered but how could one be sure? She, Dorshka, had servants who answered. So—"Is this Joan Crawford?"

"Joan Crawford, the actress?"

The answer came in Miss Crawford's managed

drawl:
"Well, I try"...
Which might be a motto for all of us... and Dorshka tells the story on herself,

Dorshka to Ratoff

I have known three men of theatre who could do a scene right under your nose, any time of day and night, and with utmost reality: David Belasco, Lionel Barrymore, Gregory Ratoff, I gave Ratoff his first serious part in motion pic-

tures; he was to play Ullman, ultimate owner of the department store of my book "Sweepings," which I transferred to the screen.

Lionel Barrymore was to play the protagonist, the man who created the store, and who because of grief over his children, gave the store to his hard-working manager, to be played by Ratoff.

The most moving scene of the novel "Sweepings," and I suppose of the picture, was the death of the

protagonist and his denunciation of ill-starred sons and daughter. We might call it the climax of the second act.

Every day as I was writing the picture there was a rap on the screen behind me, which was off the main drag of RKO. There stood Ratoff, face all sqoonched up between smiles and anxiety, handkerchief about his collar the was playing another thing on the lot so we could hold him till "Sweepings" got under way) and every day he asked me the same

question:
"Lester, my boy, Barrymore dies . . . und I play
the feeneesh?"

And every day I assured him, that's the way it was going to be.

Trailblazing Maugham

We were making "Of Human Bondage." which I had tried to get on the screen. Refused a seven-year contract to do other things, went off salary— "What are you going to do?" Pan Berman said. "Go back to New York."

"Why?"

"Because I can't get to do something good."

"What's that?"

"For the steenth time, 'Of Human Bondage.'"
"Never heard of it."
"Pandro," said I, "you are a man of talent, you should read books"—a highly disagreeable idea to most producers.

Six weeks later Pandro called me in New York.

"Lester, I've read that book."
"What do you think of it?"
"It's got 700 pages and no story"—but I tell this with nothing but admiration for Pan Berman, for

he followed up by saying:
"Come out here and try it for six weeks." It took longer than that, but without Berman's faith, and David Selznick's, it could not have been made in

No one else I knew believed in it. except—"Leslie," I said, seeing Leslie Howard on the lot, "if I get to put 'Of Human Bondage' on the screen, will you play Philip?"

"Yes"—and that was the moment the dream took

on reality.

Couldn't Get Myrna Loy

Howard did the picture for \$25,000—his next was \$75,000, then top money. And Bette Davis—if we had had the money, if "Bondage" had been made for more than the price of an average western, we would have had to have Myrna Loy-she did "odd" girls.

we couldn't pay Myrna Lov's salary-Miss But Davis, I think, was getting \$200 a week at Warner's,

her next salary was \$5,000 a week.

But she almost wasn't in the picture.

Leslie Howard's real name was Steiner. He was a German Jew and a bank clerk who went to England to be an actor and an Englishman—and who died, ultimately, in the service of England.

He had a natural gentility, and a natural Englishness, shall I call it, of manner. He was more English than many an English person I have known, and could lend reality to any part I ever saw him play, except "Hamlet."

"Hamlet" broke his heart . . . and Bette Davis

We were rehearsing "Of Human Bondage" and Howard, seeing me on the lot, stopped me, gave me that look of strategic concern and said:

"That girl's awfully good!"

My heart sank, but trying to assume the mantle of the philosophic and unperturbed "Leslie," said I (we were friends) "don't you think everyone in the picture should be good?"

Mr. Howard looked at me as if to say: she's un-

necessarily good.

He was too decent a guy, too much of a gentleman to stand in the way of a young actress—all the

same, as soon as I could, I got hold of Miss Davis. We were standing in the sun, by the main building of RKO (Lucille Ball, then getting \$75 a week, now owns the joint), Cliffy Reid's office on one side (he made "The Informer") and Connie Bennett's dressingroom on the other — Miss Davis wearing black Chinese pajamas and a little round black Chinese hat, her pink frizzy hair straying beneath-

"Miss Davis," said I, "if you stay in this picture, you'll be a great star."

"I know it"-in that breathless whisper.

"Well don't be so good in rehearsals," said I, "play it down till we start to roll."

Those alert, glistening, bulgy blue eyes in a fixed intensity that said: I get it!

Nothing could have kept Miss Davis from being a star; she would have been a star had she not re-mained in "Of Human Bondage," but it is to everyone's glory that she remained.

It was only one of a hundred times that it seemed the picture might not be made, or properly made. Our great obstacle was the foot—as you know, the hero of "Of Human Bondage" limps.

"You're not going to make it with the foot?"someone on the lot asked me that every day.
"With the foot," said I, for Selznick and Pan-

dro Berman had agreed.

But the Hays Office, as censorship was then called, objected. Joe Breen was head of the Hays office, the censor censorum of Hollywood.

The Original Mister Clean

Joe Breen was an odd character. We were to be neighbors at Malibu, I got to know something about him and his family.

Breen believed in God, he was a devoted family man, he could be seen, night after night, walking with his wife, he made "retreats" to religious institutions-

But Joe Breen had a suspicious mind. He had a tendency to what Bernarr Macfadden of whose Graphic I am an alumnus) used to call "Prurient

"Why do you have to make it with the foot?" he would say in those everlasting conferences before

we could make the picture.

"Mr. Breen," I would say, "this is a classic of English literature, and we are going to make it nearly as possible like the book."

But Joe Breen, looking at me, trying to outstare me, suspected I was lying.

Mr. Breen never used bad language. Those who

were in conference with him will remember his curious substitute-words. "Does he skizzle the girl?" said Mr. Breen.

"Why no," said I, "Philip and Mildred never have

any physical intimacy beyond a few kisses."

"Then why does he have to have the foot?"

I could not penetrate the cloudy content of Breen's mind, one day the lightning flashed through:

"Does he," demanded Mr. Breen, saying something truly shocking?

"WHY MR. BREEN!" cried I, at that moment as moral and thunderstruck as my Aunt Sarah—in-deed Joe Breen had lived a far "cleaner" life than I. At least I suppose he had—but his suggestion to

me was as startling as abominable.

I think the indignation that burst out of me, my love of the book, my feeling about the terrible feet for thoughts) of clay in minds everlastingly looking for abominations in others—all this somehow dispelled the censorship storm.

I tell the story not with regard to Joe Breen, who did his level best to be a good husband, a good father, and right in the eyes of the Lord—but as an

index to the chains with which Hollywood bound itself, and that ultimately dragged it down.

I believe Hollywood, where pictures were once the fourth or fifth industry in the United States, bound itself to two things that all but destroyed it -censorship and the star system.

That can be argued for a long time, but the greatest pictures, from "Birth Of A Nation" to "Gone With The Wind" and "From Here To Eternity" were based on story, and great stories made stars. Great stories had wonderful ideas and characters that censorship strove to make small

A 'New York Writer'

When I first came to Hollywood I was a young author of two successful novels. I was asked there in a troupe of seven "New York wrtiers" by Herman Mankiewicz for Paramount. It was the only time I was paid for not working . . . and I regret the passing of such pleasures.

The seven of us were brought out to "learn motion pictures" and paid a weekly salary far beyond what we ever earned by working. And should we think of an "original"—that was thousands of dol-

I d'd one thing to be agreeable in this Paradise; I wore the Hollywood uniform, white pants and camelhair coat. It was a pretty uniform, and I didn't mind, we all looked, in the sunlight, like huge patches of icecream, walking.

And I drove a "big open job" and exchanged wisecracks with Bill Mizner, and went to parties

every night (the missus was in the east) and got to know people like Bill Powell (then a minor star) and Jo von Sternberg (who was directing "Underworld") and Evelyn Brent who was one of the most beautiful and talented girls ever on the screen (I hope to bring her back in a picture I want to make) and Clara Bow the "It" girl, and I flew around on an odd mission with Gilbert and Garbo and I came to know mad lovable Bill Wellman, and that doll Loretta Young was on the lot, and Emil Jannings, and Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland who was to do

(Continued on page 12)

'Station House'

Hollywood.

L. B. Mayer had signed a distinguished German author to a contract while in Europe. When he arrived at the studio, he was assigned an office, complete with secretary, and told him not to write until he got his assignment from Irving Thalberg.

He tried for three weeks to see Mr. Thalberg, while collecting \$2,000 per week. The fourth week he got angry at Thalberg's secretary and told her that if he didn't see the boss by the end of the week, he'd report him to L. B. When no call came from Thalberg, he told his secretary he was going home.

Three months later, in a beerstube in Germany, he thought about blowing the 2G a week and decided to return to America, apologize, and get his job back.

Arriving at the studio, his secretary asked him where he'd been and he answered, home. She told him she had tried his home for months and got no answer. He did a slow 'take' and softly asked, "Did Mr. Thalberg send for me?" She said, "No, but you're lousing up our bookkeeping department by not picking up your checks."

Benny Rubin Benny Rubin

FOOTNOTES OF 1960

November 9 was wild-and-wacky For Pat-and-Dick and Jack-and-Jackie. The latter won by a small amount, Proving Experience Doesn't Count. So on its heaven-knows-what Anniversary, The White House will contain a Nursery.

The Pittsburgh Pirates came alive. The Market took a Minor Dive. ASCAP writers' checks were slit.1 Hit shows didn't have a hit.

Rock 'n' Roll pollutes the nights,—
Now everybody sings and writes . . .

Above the Din, beyond the Slop, Cole Porter's songs are still the Top.

Most Show Producers aren't whinin' Since London reclaimed Kenneth Tynan, Though more than quite a few are smartin' From barbs inflicted by McCarten.

Brooks Atkinson, the analytic, Now's a Theatre, not a Critic. B'way and Movie b. o. rolled From Wholesome Whores with Hearts of Gold.

The Nation's English isn't good Since Winston tastes like a cigaret should! The newest Trend in movie shows is Bible stories. Holy Moses!

Took from the Pot 450 grand out. Biz is down in Record Singles The catchiest tunes are still the Jingles.

The ASCAP List (or Prestige Handout)

Casey was fired, Weiss "resigned."
Ray Charles had Georgia on his mind.
New York Racing—an Institution—
Got my Annual Contribution.

Jack Paar "returned" to the TV scene After shedding tears on my TV screen; But gone are the Garden TV fights, Like the 7:30 curtain on Wednesday nights.2

A lot of Comedians weren't funny, Debbie Reynolds found a well-heeled honey.3

I asked the girl for my money back.4 After I'd seen "I'm All Right, Jack."

That Summer Divertisement after dark, The Bard-of-Avon-in-the-Park, Allured me when I didn't go To Yonkers for the Trotting Show.5

Some movies tried it with perfumes; The Roxy yielded to office rooms. The proposed new Garden for fights and meets Will accommodate more empty seats.

The Tome which all the critics like Is "Rabbit, Run" by John Updike; And filled with lovely, lit'ry cracks
Is S. N. Behrman's: "Portrait of Max."

The next book we may have to face Could be Gunther's "Inside Outer Space"; And Gallico, no doubt, may soon 'Ave Mrs. 'Arris on the Moon.

The Queen of Song was little Connie. Beebee⁶ doesn't speak to Bonnie.⁶ "Cliffhanger" was the Word of the Year, Exhumed from Days7 so Dead and Dear.

The way his cashbox ring-a-dings Shows Racing is the Sport of Kling's, I should've, p'raps, but didn't sob When Leo didn't get the job.8

Hartack, the Jockey King, was crowned. The View from my Window's a hole in the ground. For Xmas Day I sent out Cards Containing Rhymes from Rival Bards. The Missile has replaced the Gun . . . Happy Nineteen Sixty One.10

- 1 Some insisted it was their throats.
 2 Two shows changed back again.
 3 A Shoe Magnate.
 4 i didn't get it.
 5 Which was very seldom.
 6 Bourne, that is.
 7 Of silent pictures, specifically "The Perils of Pauline."
 5 As m'g'r of the Giants.
 7 They dug a half-a-block hole on 51st St. off 6th last year, and it's still there.
 10 We should live so long.

SO. AMERICA BECKONS TO FILMS

There's More to See, In Washington, D. C.

By LARSTON D. FARRAR

to Washington, Va., or Washington, like this: Pa., or Washington, O., or whereever, is a strange town. For in-stance, it is the only town in the U. S. with my name in the telephone book, and, although there are thousands of writers in Wash-me. In our agency, there is an U. S. with my name in the teleington, I am the only one listed as

The others are listed as columnrelations men, administrative assistants, liaison officers, commeninformation specialists, communications counselors, whatever. There's just one big difference between them and methey eat steak. It's natural that they should take titles other than writers, in Washington. Here, a janitor is not a janitor but an assistant to the administrative director of maintenance operations.

Because I am listed as a writer, people are always asking me for advice about writing. I give them all the advice I know, in a few well-chosen words, and sum it up with one admonition: "If you persist in trying to make a living in this crazy game, remember my advice: Get out."

The Washington telephone book is quite revealing. It shows that Washington has terrific unused talent for both show business and the literary field. You can find Dora Schary's name there, and Gerry Wald's, and even Lilly Wilder's. Also, Louella Kilgallen, Frank Hemingway and Joe Faulkner. I understand that Clark Gabriel is the most popular guy up around U Street, being pursued by all the gals. Real talent, that fellow. And if you want to see a well-built doll, just look up Janet Mansfield. Wow! Seriously, Thomas Wolfe is a reporter on the Post and they are going to put a plaque where John Charles Daly used to stand when he was a bus dispatcher for the old Capital Transit Co. Washington is a city filled with brains, although I admit it is difficult to find much wisdom there.

In Washington, you can hear politicians all talking about overall figures, but not a single one of them has a pair of overalls. In fact, my wife says that few of them have

Washington is filled with insurance men who will sell you blanket coverage—if you will just sell your blankets and pay them cash.

Ditto In D. C.

In New York, a lot of rubes have purchased the Brooklyn Bridgepaid for it in cash, I understand. But in Washington, all the rubes have bought everything they see. Unfortunately, the tourists can no more move the various monuments and marbled buildings, which they 'own," than can the people who purchased the Brooklyn Bridge. In fact, if a taxpayer even loiters around one of his own public buildings in Washington, past visiting hours, he's liable to be arrested by one of his own policemen. The White House, in which the peepul not even fully open to the public. The average man can see only a part of it by executive order—the part the President seldom uses, or even sees. And every executive gives the same orders, believe me.

Or you pick up a newspaper on another day, in case you can read, and someone leaves it on the seat beside you. Another headline catches your eye: "Ideal Bank Teller Arrested As Thief." The story tells how this teller was yoted the "ideal" bank employee for these yours and property the for three years, and now, in the fourth year, was arrested for em-

You don't blink your eyes-in Washington—at such things. It's perfectly normal for a devoted father to kill his wife and children.

Washington, D. C. | people-and even before you take Washington, D. C., as contrasted a drink, you hear a conversation

"Are you a Secretary or an Under-Secretary?"

"I'm the Secretary of my divi-Under-Secretary who has several secretaries under him, and he has a secretary. Each Secretary also ists, reporters, journalists, public has a battery of secretaries. That's why I worked so hard to get this job of Secretary and why I'm angling for the post of Under-Secretary."

It made sense to me, for I took a course in Government in college. In Washington, the winning candidate is the man who has stood

up to be counted—on both sides.
It's not farfetched—to those who will stand off (without being standoffish) and view the nation's capitol figuratively from a distanceto understand why I say that Washington is the most beautiful stage in existence today. For one thing, it undoubtedly is the most costly. A cool estimate is that the people have billions invested in Capitol Hill alone, and this does not include all the monuments and marbled buildings within just a few miles of the Capitol. In Washington, everybody is try-

ing to cut down the other fellow, while smiling at his opponent in public. Or, as Confucius say: "Cannibal who persists in decapitating victim only trying to get a head."

People in Washington have various goals. A lot of people who look like tourists line up to get into the Department of Justice every day. Others, who look like tourists, are trying to get away from the Department of Justice.

Many of both groups look like candidates for the 10 most unwanted persons in the country, and most of them, wanted or not, have

(Continued on page 56)

By KAY CAMPBELL

South America is a continent of contrasts as sharp as the brilliant sunlight and wind-lashed sleet which, within an hour, can alternately spotlight or dim the glaciers fingering their way down beaches in the Strait of Magellan. It is an awakening giant whose Rip Van Winkle-like slumbers Winkle-like slumbers were disturbed by dreams that warped into nightmares. And its attractions for show biz are as numerous as the miles that span its great land mass.

Lying right at our feet, the enclave of nations south of the equator offer an unexplored wealth of opportunities for fun and filmmaking. 'Tain't necessarily so of the countries north of the "line." Adverse economic political and climatic factors make this a spotty region for any American tourist activities.

Nowhere in the world can the sport fisherman find the waters so replete with tarpon, marlin and other fighting fish as in the "world's greatest fishing grounds" off the coast of Lima. Here, millions of big and little birds feeding on anchovies, which blacken the waters, form islands five and six miles long. And few places can offer better winter sports than the Chilean Andes, while the Bariloche lake country on the border of Argentina and Chile provides the tops in hunting and fresh-water angling for other outdoor enthu-siasts. The film festival at Punta del Este in Uruguay lures celebrities from Europe as well as the U.S.; and the gambling casinos at beach resort Vina del Mar, and Mar del Plata are among the most luxurious in the world. Horse races are the number one hobby of Brazilians and the total acreage and facilities of Santa Anita, Hollywood Park and Del Mar could be hard time getting a glimpse of Edgar You-Know-Whom. There's sign at the Internal Revenue are held twice daily. In the cities,

(Continued on page 59)

LATIN LANDS ARE | Economic Basis for Israeli Film Industry Lacks 'Payoff'

By MEYER LEVIN

Tel Aviv. Every Israeli hanging around the lobby of the Dan Hotel on the hunt for Americans with money has a scheme for either raising cattle or seem that Israel is at the stage of costs by carrying off actors and Hellywood in 1915, and one might Hollywood in 1915, and one might get the same impression from a recently made local film, "Rahel," the tale of a girl from the country like a kibbutz. (not even a kibbutz-a farm) who runs away to the big city (not even Tel Aviv, but Haifa) and gets involved with dope peddlers, but is finally redeemed and sprung by a cop who has fallen in love with her. It was a Dan Hotel visitor who helped finance this one.

Some of the prospectors don't wait around the Dan. One enterprising real estate vendor has been touring the world's posh hotels for about 10 years, selling lots in a "Cinema City" near the beach at Ashkelon, where you can retire and spend your time watching movies being made in the studio next door. The studio exists on paper.

And yet several competent filmmakers, obsessed with creating THE Israel film, have been hard at it, and two local features—the most ever to appear in a single season—are opening during the holidays.

'They Were Ten'

One is "They Were Ten," directed and produced by Baruch Dinar, a most serious and talented Israeli who learned his technique on a series of better-type fund raising shorts, Dinar had a hand in writing the story of "They Were Ten," too. It deals with early settlers, at the turn of the century, a group of half a dozen men and one girl, who come out determined to make the barren hill flourish.

Dinar raised part of his money in the United States and in England. He hoped originally to pro-

duce a true, bucolic version of "The Story of Ruth," on which he had been working for years, only to have 20th Century-Fox jump into production with its "Ruth." So Dinar turned to his pioneer making movies. By that it might story, minimizing his production of Upper Galilee. A cabin was built, a cook was imported from Acre, and the film-makers lived

Brought in at around \$100,000, "They Were Ten" hopes to recover the greater part of its cost in Israel alone, if the government will finally consent to return to producers, as an encouragement, the total amount of the heavy tickettax. So far only half is returned, by an arrangement through the Dept. of Commerce, which has a special section to encourage film production, headed by Asher Hirschberg, who helped "Exodus" via a very high dollar exchange rate for Otto Preminger.

It is the limited optimum intake at the Israel boxoffice that hamstrings a native film industry.

Israel, with a population around 2.000.000, even though it has one of the highest film-attendance averages in the world, cannot bank on this arrangement. Though new posh theatres go up, built largely with blocked currency by American distributors, the local film-makers have to scratch for it. A better idea might be for the distributors to use their money to bankroll some of the local talent in co-production of low-cost quality films aimed at the art theatre market, world-wide.

Israelis have tried to break the impasse with low-low budget pictures. One of these brave fellows is a tall, handsome American, Larry Frisch, son of a prominent Zionist, and one of Preminger's top assistants on "Exodus." Frisch has made two films, each for under \$30,000, "Tel Aviv Taxi," and "Pillar of Fire." Both looked it, were rather sneered at by Israeli critics, who judged them alongside the world's top product.

Other Plants

Aside from Habib's home-made plant, there are two operating studios each with a single sound stage and a laboratory. The older, in Herzlia, called the Israel Motion Picture Studio, is headed by a dynamic authoress and spiritualist named Margot Klausner, a hot promoter who is always cooking on a dozen burners. Mrs. Klausner galavants around Europe rounding up co-productions that keep falling apart, but among them is one which may still be put together again, "Kilometer 95," a tale of a border settlement, for which French director Christian Jacques twice came to Tel Aviv. When last heard of, the script was being re-done by George Tabori with a promise of Metro participation if they like it.

A \$250,000 French-Israeli co-production has been "announced" for shooting next month, involving he rival studio. Geva. situated in Ramat Gan, a suburb of Tel Aviv. (Both studios cooperate on Israel newsreels). Geva boasts the latest in film laboratory gadgets, acquired through reparations deals with Germany. The proposed story is about a Jewish girl forced into prostitution by the Nazis, and rehabilitated as a student at the Hebrew University. She is pursued by a German officer who had fallen in love with her. Emanuella Rivas, star of "Hiroshima Mon Amour," is in prospect.

Meanwhile, Geva has participated in "I Like Mike," a stage comedy by young Israeli writer Aaron Meged, filmed by the American director, Peter Frye, who has been over here for years doing plays for Habima. "I Like Mike," locally financed, costs about the same as the Dinar picture, and likewise hopes for a terrare likewise hopes for a tax return deal plus art theatre distribution abroad. It boasts a longer shooting schedule than "Exodus."



JERRY WALD

Jerry Wald Productions, Releasing through 20th Century-Fox. 1960-1961.

Jerry Waid Productions, Releasing through 20th Century-Fox. 1960-1961.

Clifford Odets' WILD IN THE COUNTRY, directed by Phil Dunne — Grace Metallous' RETURN TO ror for an ideal bank teller to be caught stealing. That's just the way things are.

You go into a bar—you must go to a bar, if you expect to retain your sanity, or to see any other

Jerry Waid Productions, Releasing through 20th Century-Fox. 1960-1961.

Clifford Odets' WILD IN THE COUNTRY, directed by Phil Dunne — Grace Metallous' RETURN TO PEYTON PLACE, directed by Jose Ferrer — Danny Fuchs' and Lloyd Shearer's HIGH HEELS, directed by Robert Parrish — William Inge's CELEBRATION, screenplay by Alfred Hayes — Edward Streeter's MR. HOBBS TAKES A VACATION, screenplay by Nunnally Johnson — Paul Bowles' LET IT COME DOWN, screenplay by John Cheever — Ernest to a bar, if you expect to retain your sanity, or to see any other

Jerry Waid Productions, Releasing through 20th Century-Fox. 1960-1961.

Clifford Odets' WILD IN THE COUNTRY, directed by Phil Dunne — Grace Metallous' RETURN TO PEYTON PLACE, directed by You per some particular of the per some particular

BRANDY AND CIGARS RETROSPECTIVE

By HERMAN G. WEINBERG

Colloquially Yours

One of the season's biggest unintentional laughs occurs in "Song Without End" when Liszt, greeting a group of visiting friends at his home, among whom are Chopin, George Sand, Liszt's manager, etc., sticks out his paw at George Sand and exclaims, "Hello, George!" N/E

Mistresses

There used to be an ultra-exclusive private club in pre-World War I Budapest that had a small, discreet sign over the cloakroom: "Members may not bring their mistresses as guests unless they are the wives of other members." (I think it was the Club Pegaly. Anyway, it was a whole Lubitsch comedy compressed in one sentence. Which reminds me of what Melchior Lengyel, the playwright-author of "Ninotchka," etc. once said: "Kissing a woman's hand is never the right thing to do; it is either too much or too little." Ah, those Hungarians!)

A Premature Moslem

Hugh Griffith, the Arab horse dealer in "Ben-Hur," exclaims at one point, "By the beard of the Prophet!"—despite the fact that the Prophet he refers to, Mohammed, did not appear until some 600 years later. There was no Mohammedan religion at the time of Christ.

Chaplin and Debussy

Few people know that Chaplin and Debussy once met. Chaplin was visiting Paris with the Fred Karno Co. where he did a turn dressed as a little dog. In the audience was the great French composer, to whom Chaplin was later presented at the composer's request. Debussy kissed him on both cheeks and told him how delighted he was.

Speaking of Feats

One of the great musical tours-de-force of our century was that of Darius Milhaud, the French avant-garde composer now teaching in California. He wrote a double string quartet, which can be played separately as two individual string quartets or together as a string octet. (If you don't think this teach to the try it semetime) is hard to do, try it sometime.)

Familiar Befrains

Erich von Stroheim once ruefully commented that "in Hollywood you are known by the last thing you've done," unknowingly echoing what Oscar Wilde said to Andre Gide after being released from prison: "The public is so dreadful that it never knows a man except by the last thing he's done."

Origins

The recent Manhattan appearance of Marcel Marcau in his pantomimic drama based on Gogol's "The Overcoat" recalls Dostoievski's statement about this memorable short story. "We all came from under Gogol's overcoat." (Sudden thought: could this have been the genesis of Karl Mayer's story for the famous Murnau-Jannings film, "The Last Laugh"?)

Art Resists Dubbing

Apropos the recent controversy about titling vs. dubbing foreign films, would it really have been possible to effectively dub such American films as "Twentieth Century" and "All About Eve" without losing almost all their character in French, Spanish, German or Italian any more than it would have been possible to dub "Carnival in Flanders" or "A Nous la Liberte" into English without sacrificing almost all their character? The more individual the film work, the more it resists dubbing.

If You Know Sources

There is little new under the movie sun: The plot, such as it is, of the Mark Bros.' "Duck Soup" was first told by R. L. Stevenson in "Prince Otto," and that author's stories about King Florizel of Bohemia were the geresis of the "kick-off" for Chaplin's "A King in New York." And there was even a real-life counterpart for Tennessee Williams' Sebastian Venable, the rich young homosexual of "Suddenly Last Summer," flinging money to a bevy of street arabs, in Oscar Wilde similarly comporting himself on a visit to North Africa. Even so original a film artist as von Stroheim took his masked musia film artist as von Stroheim took his masked musicians in "The Merry Widow" from Casanova's description of a fancy bordello he once visited, and the incident of the girl who loses her underpants while watching a parade, in "Queen Kelly," from Carl Sternheim's play, "Die Hose" (The Pants), written a seneration before written a generation before.

Malraux on Hollywood

Andre Malraux' one word description of Holly-ood's "re-discovery" of realism: "Neon-realism."

Conundrum

What do George Balanchine, Virgil Thomson and Jean-Louis Barrault have in common? (Ans. They are all ex-movie pianists.)

During the time when "The Lovers" and "Private Property" were simultaneously on view on N. Y. screens, the ads of "The Lovers" quoted one review as saying, "As close to authentic amour as is possible on the screen." While the ads for "Private Property" quoted another review saying, "More realistic and incisive than "The Lovers." (Reminds me of a passage in one of Schumann's piano sonatas marked, "As fast as possible," which is followed a few hars later with the admonition. "Faster.") few bars later with the admonition, "Faster.")

A Billy Wilder

Billy Wilder startled UA execs with the plot of a film he wanted to make. It was about a Jewish cop, he deadpanned, who not only insisted on work-

ing on Rosh Hashonna but wanted to be assigned to the United Nations during a conclave of big wheels. "And I've got a swell boxoffice title for it, too," he opined, "Rosh Hashonna Mon Amour."

The Artistic Complex

James Joyce used to tell the one about the highliving Irish medico who used to like to hit the bottle and go out with the girls. Warned by his colleagues that this was no way for a doctor to carry on, he'd answer, "I, hic, know more about medicine, hic, drunk, hic, than you do sober, hic." Coming upon a crowd surrounding a man lying in the street one day, a blonde on each arm and squiffed to the gills, the confident medic edged his way through the crowd, announced he was a physician, and took the man's pulse while everyone waited with bated breath. "Well?" finally said someone. "Well," smiled the proud medico, making the most of this moment, "The man's dead, but I'll see what I can do."

. . . Two Hardy Perennials

Two of the longest careers in film business are those of cameraman William Daniels, who was cophotographer with Ben Reynolds on "Greed" (1923) and photographer of "Can-Car" (1959), and art director Richard Day, who designed the sets for "Foolish Wives" (1921) and "Exodus" (1960).

Strange Coincidence Dept.

Strange Coincidence Dept.

Sean O'Casey doesn't have to crib from anyone, being our most incandescent playwright, but how account for this curious coincidence? In his play, "Bedtime Story," Angela says to Mulligan: "Angela's bright eyes, her scarlet lip, fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh have lost their charm for Mr. Mulligan..." Now hark to these lines from Shakespeare ("Romeo and Juliet," Act 2, Scene 1):

Mercutio: I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes.

eyes, By her high forehead and her

scarlet lip, By her fine foot, straight leg, and

quivering thigh . . . * *

Did You Know?

It - Pays - To - Be - Ignorant - Dep't. Tolstoi, Ibsen, eine. Maupassant, Nietzsche, Gogol, Voltaire, Heine, Maupassant, Nietzsche, Gogol, Voltaire Stendhal, Schumann, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec Semmelweiss, Tausig, Smetana and Ruskin all died

The Hollywood Story

Continued from page 10

"Tobacco Road," and a thousand others, and B. P. Schulberg.

B. P. Schulberg was Production Chief at Paramount; he "made" 78 pictures a year, that is he was the overseer of a bunch of "supervisors" who turned out one-and-a-half pictures a week.

B. P., who was later to be a friend, was the first Hollywood tycoon of whom I ran afoul. It was in his office at Paramount, a sort of sunken garden with cactus and banana plants and a small stream winding in and out, that I attended one of the oddest conferences ever.

The seven "New York writers" were being introduced to the supervisors; the writers sat on one side the supervisors on the other. This was after a number of weeks in which little attention had been paid to us, except we had entree to all the stages on the lot, were asked to a continuous round of par-ties, some of them at the studio.

One Worker's Wrong Dialog

This might be said to be our first serious meeting. We were being initiated into the mysteries of scripts. It was 1928, sound had already come in, but Paramount was reluctant about it. As the writing of scripts was being discussed, I said:

"With dialog?"

A terrible silence fell, I had asked the unwanted question.

"No," said Mr. Schulberg, "no dialog". . . a few weeks later the joint was being overrun with dialog. log directors, dialog writers and actors who could

But from the moment of my question I was odd man out. When option time came J. G. Bachmann went to the mat for me. Mr. Bachmann had been Schulberg's partner in Preferred Pictures, which "found" Clara Bow. Clara came to Paramount on a deal that made Mr. Schulberg Chief of Production; he took his old partner Bachmann along as Super-

Jack Bachmann was an intellectual. He could spend the night discussing Dostolevski then announce a conference at the studio next morning, "11 o'clock," he would say, "the crack of dawn."

At the studio he would begin as follows:

"We FADE IN on a catcher's mitt, Richard Dix

is the catcher."

But he wanted me around, maybe to discuss Dostoievski. I had already proved some virtue by dreaming up an "original" for Clara Bow. Bachmann went to Schulberg, and knowing Schulberg had a very low opinion of me, Bachmann granted I was no kind of writer at all. "But," he said, "the guy's got a critical mind."

"I got 78,000,000 critics out there," cried Schulberg pointing to the window, "I don't need him!"

And now, after swearing off for years, I want to make a picture. From my book that sold 1,000,000 copies, "Coming Home." Only I want to call it "My Body." And I believe I've found a girl who will be

a great star. And that's the Hollywood story.

A Lawyer's Prayer

I would pray, O Lord, never to diminish my passion for a client's cause, for from it springs the flame which leaps across the jury box and sets fire to the conviction of the jurors. At the same time I pray that that flame never turns inward into my heart to inscribe venge-

fulness and bitterness which my client may feel against his adversaries. For when a man has no charity in his heart, he is suffering from the worst of all heart ailments.

I would pray, O Lord, to increase my capacity for work particularly during those lonely hours of creative thought. So that I may "plow deep while sluggards sleep." Help me, O Lord, not to suffer the fatigue of thought. And make me unafraid of the violence of the stretched mind. At the same time see to it please, O Lord, that the weight of work does not interfere with the lightness of a soaring imagination and the poet's insight, which are the essence of true advocacy.

Louis Nizer

I pray Thee. O Lord, to give me good health with which to resist the rigors of the most arduous of all professions. For no matter how successful we may be, money is most envied and gives us least pleasure; whereas good health is least envied and gives us most pleasure.

I beseech Thee, O Lord, to give me equanimity, so that I can have a large perspective, undimmed by impatience and irritation. Teach me self-disciplined serenity, which gives calm and confidence to all about me and enables me to balance like a gyroscope during the storms of contest. Diminish my worries, particularly those anticipated worries which cause me constantly to pay interest on debts which never come due. Give me peaceful sleep, for while I keep my mind on my work, I must learn not to keep my work on my mind.

Touch my words with eloquence; not merely in form but in the true meaning of oratory, the warrior's flashing eye under the philosopher's brow.

I would pray, O Lord, for increased powers of concentration so that such gifts and talents as I have may be brought undilutedly to the solution of legal problems. But above all, see to it that I am not so absorbed by my work that I fail to enjoy the full life; the uniqueness of love; the warmth of friends, and appreciation of the beauty of the of love; the warmth of friends, and appreciation of the beauty of the cultivated mind. The complete life includes not only vertical religion, my obeisance to You. but horizontal religion, my service to my fellow man; the bringing of all the gifts that my profession trains me for—to good citizenry, to all the charities, and to good deeds. For while I cannot control the length of my life, I can control the width and depth of my life. A useless life is an untimely death, so make it possible for me to live a long life in a higher sense than more years more years.

I want to thank You, O Lord, for the blessing You have conferred upon me in casting my life's work in the noblest of professions. For justice is truth in action, imbued with the sanctity of reason. And all the services in my profession are by wonderful alchemy turned into high character, the greatest of all treasures for man or advocate.

Finally, O Lord, if ever honors come to me, I pray that my overflowing heart of gratitude be equalled by my humility. For I know that when You examine me, You will not look for awards or medals or diplomas or degrees. You will look for scars—the scars suffered in the doing of good deeds.

The law has honored me. I pledge You, O Lord, I will always honor the law. For all of this I beseech Thee.

(Show biz attorney is senior partner of Phillips, Nizer, Benjamin, Krim & Ballon, two of whose firm members, Bob Benjamin and Arthur Krim, are respectfully board chairman and prez of United Artists. Louis Nizer's autobiography will be published next year by Doubleday.

The Litmus Paper Man

- By HAL KANTER -

Place: A Hollywood Studio office.

Time: Today.

Scene: O. P. POTTS, an intense young man, paces the floor of his office, whirling his new Playboy Club key as he talks. Potts is one of the independent young producers of our town and he is talking to Samuel Tarkington Carbon, one of the dependent old writers of the industry. **POTTS**

As you know, Sam, modern science has methods of measuring audience reaction to any property. The Sindlinger people can tell you, within a hundred dollars, how much your picture will gross, so I figure if they can do this after the fact, why not before. Right?

CARBON

I'm not sure I follow you, O. P.

POTTS

Look—if we could run a Sindlinger test on our material before we make the picture, we can determine whether or not it's worth pouring a million six into. CARBON

Oh, I see. But how do we do that? POTTS

That's why I called you in, Sam. I've had Sindlinger screen his organization and come up with an average consumer—a run-of-the-mill moviegoer—a one-man sheet of litmus paper. He's here now—Mister Average Man. We see how he responds to the material and then decide whether to go ahead with the Peck project or not. CARBON

Damn smart idea, O. P. It's time we got a little science into this business. Where is he?

POTTS

Waiting outside. (into an intercom) Miss Flynn, please send in Mr. Smith. CARBON

POTTS

John J. Smith—an average man with an average name. The J. stands for Jones.

SMITH, the average man, enters. on average hat in his average hand. **SMITH** Mr. Potts?

POTTS

I'm Potts, Mr. Smith. This is my writer, Sam Carbon. CARBON

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Smith.

SMITH

Pleasure to meet you gentlemen. Now just exactly what sort of guinea-piggin' does Mr. Sindlinger want me to do for you? POTTS

Have a seat, Mr. Smith. He indicates a large leather chair. Smith eyes it professionally! (Continued on Page 24)

DEFEND FILM SALES STATUS QUO

Honest John Wayne

By TERRY TURNER

I had never met John. He was en route to Boston with Jesse Lasky and Anthony Quinn to appear at the Boston Gardens at a shindig for the Hearst Newspapers, exploiting the opening, the following day, of "Back To Bataan," an RKO Radio Picture.

While I had never met John, I did know Jesse Lasky. Jesse liked me and when Jesse liked you, there were no limits to his exaggerations about you. According to Jesse, Turner could outdo any other press agent at anything, anythime.

"How about drinking?" growled Wayne, by this time sick of the name Turner.
"That too," answered Jesse.

On their arrival at The Ritz, well-oiled and riled, Wayne opened up:

"So you're Turner, and they say you can drink?"

Not knowing what it was all about, and to go along with whatever the gag might be, I allowed I could drink.

"Is zat so," growled Wayne. "Well, I'll drink you under the table!"

"Is zat so," growled Wayne. "Well, I'll drink you under the table!" The press filed out later, and, alone with Wayne, he growled again: "Now, what'll it be?"

I meekly replied: "Grand Dad," and with bottles and ice arranged,

As I said at the beginning; "Don't tell me John Wayne ain't honest", and I should have added "naive" because he let me do the pouring. I drank ginger ale straight while I poured John the hard stuff.

The next morning, John, who shared a suite with Jesse Lasky, awakened with a slight hangover and a genuine feeling of remorse. "Jesse," he said, "I should not have led that Turner along. Call him and see how he is."

"Turner is okay," Jess answered. "He was in here at 8 o'clock this morning to inquire about you."

John never knew about this until we worked together again on "The Conqueror."

I had to tell him, because, this time, John was pouring.

In Paris Critics Make It Big

(And Directors, Too)

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

rector immediately jumped on the bandwagon and plumped and thumped for him and eventually

got him into regular firstruns and public as well as buff ken. So Alfred Hitchcock, Nicholas Ray, Robert Aldrich, Howard Hawks, Samuel Fuller, Anthony Mann,

Samuel Fuller, Anthony Mann, Fritz Lang, Joseph Losey, Orson Welles, Gerd Oswald, Edgar Ulmer, Vincente Minelli, Stanley Donen and others have a much more secure name reputation than they have a better that IVS

True most of them are solid workers in the US scheme but here

they have been blown up to great

directors and in these days of foreign shooting of US pix and

coming coproductions they are in

demand. So if French esoteric

criticism sometimes goes off the rails in overdemands on form and

personal quirks over meaning, con-

tent and attitudes it still does get

films a greater public interest which is always helpful in these

times of changing film fortunes

with the advent of television abroad as a looming competitive

factor. It could be zany but it did lead to the "wave" which gave

some new talents here.

they have in the US.

Paris.

To most film people around the world, the highbrow film critics are a sort of necessary evil. Oc-casionally they can do some good by helping to turn a lowbudgeter into a moneymaking sleeper, but usually they are not very important. This is especially true in the U.S., though in England they may have a little more influence. In France, however, they are ex-tremely important. They can (and do) turn a noncommercial pic into boxoffice spectacular. More re-cently, the ranks of the highbrow have supplied some of France's most exciting new production talent. Why the difference in France?

To help answer this some generalizations are in order on the film scene in France and particularly in Paris where most films are made. Usually as Paris goes, filmwise, so goes most of France. This can vary but the fact that about 30% of the gross comes from Paris firstruns and the Paris area is another important factor.

The general French public are usually more interested in the creators of a film than the stars. Of course the latter are important but in most cases the director gets equal marquee billing with the stars and, in many instances, big-

ger billing.

The "wave" b.o. here was strictly on content and directorial pull. Yet filmgoing in France is the lowest per capita in Europe. It keeps falling but it has been noticed of late that the so-called adult offbeat pix are gaining at the b.o. while the "bread-and-butter star" items sometimes go a-begging.

A glance at the list of last year's top grossers has many adult and "wave" pix on it. However the big scale epic pix, solid comedies and noted name opuses hold their own but plenty of pix considered practically anti-commercial have turned out to have substantial careers here and this was mainly due to the work of these highbrow critics. But the regular workaday critic still has the main pull while the former can eventually make their niche as more specialized demanding audiences grow.

Most of these have come from the glossy, opinionated monthly Cahiers Du Cinema from whose ranks came the flock of "wave" directors like Francois Truffaut, Claude Chabrol, Philippe De Broca, Eric Rohmer, Jacques Rivette, Jacques Doniol-Valcroze. They attacked films from a mainly personal point of view and usually preferred form over content which is quite different from the Anglo and Yank points of view.

This group when they saw something personal in the style of a di-

Are methods of motion picture distribution as outmoded and archaic as some film peopleusually indie producers concerned only with the marketing of one film at a time—like to point out in well-publicized blasts? Is there any practical way to "revolu-tionize" distribution as long as the film business is constituted along current lines?

Twentieth Century-Fox's general sales manager Glenn Norris, who presides over one of the largest (approximately 900 employees) and most extensive (38 branches) domestic distribution systems in the industry, doesn't think so. Present system, he says, still is basically the cheapest possible way of getting quality entertainment to the public via 12,623 theatres throughout the U.S. and Canada.
While other majors have closed

domestic branches (some of which they found they had to reopen again—for efficiency's sake), 20th has maintained a comparatively even selling keel. Company has opened and then closed just one branch in recent years—in Houston. It's total of 900 employees around the country is only about 100 less than were employed five years ago. In the face of dwindling admissions and narrowing profit margins, this might seem strange

According to Norris, however, the very fact that the market has tightened and become more competitive requires that the distrib maintain the maximum amount of services necessary to get the most sales per picture. While other companies have eliminated personnel and brought total distribution costs down appreciably during recent years, 20th's overall costs have run along without too much

Curtailing Expenses Costs Vital Services

In Norris' estimation, though, the companies which have thus brought their costs down have eliminated vital services which, in turn, are reflected in fewer sales. Mostly, he suggests, they have cut down on field reps, and he adds: "20th's salesmen today are better equipped to sell than ever before, and they function with more efficiency."

Exec is quick to say that he doesn't mean that 20th isn't

(Continued on page 59)

NORRIS OF 20TH: FRISCO FANTASIA

NEED BRANCHES

Golden Gate's Shoddy Glitter Under the Jaundiced

Township of Cothamite Eye of One Transplanted Gothamite

By TED FRIEND

San Francisco.
There is, plainly, a fashion in cities as there is in women's bras, food, automobile, and women's

Currently San Francisco is a darling of those who don't live here. Miriads of scriveners extol its virtues, accomplishments and glories, in song, story and picture.

coiffure.

After a dozen of partaking the pleasures of this "Pearl of the Pacific," we have a word for New York. It can relax. San Francisco is not about to nudge New York out of first place as either a manufactory of culture or a repository of vital living.

San Francisco is content to

mince along, happily in love with itself, and sufficiently dazed by its bay and hills (as if it had bestowed them on itself) to ignore its minor, if raucous, achievements in the so called arts-lively and otherwise.

Its Chinatown, touted as the largest in the world, and of considerable tourist appeal, is now 85% slum. Architectually, Francisco can pinpoint perhaps five buildings of merit, including the Palace of Fine Arts which is being restored by a charitable con-tribution, and The Old Mint, which is fighting a last-stand battle against demolition. Sanitation-wise it can boast of being the only alleged major city in the world which allots its garbage collection chores to the whims of privately operating "scavengers," as it so lovingly terms them.

San Francisco has exactly one nightclub which feautres major talent (the hungry i); one supper club which runs a close second (The Fairmont Hotel); and one nightspot specializing in standard acts (365 Club) for visiting firemen and local yokels.

Music and Writers

True there's a symphony orchestra, an opera company, and three art museums. Each is a manifesta-tion of local "society" pressure in one form or another, notably reeking of petty internecine conflicts of "Society with a capital-S." Net result: San Francisco's opera runs a soft second behind Chicago's, its symphony is a hot competitor to Cincinnati's, and its art museums are a short stepdown from St.

There are, of course, the writing

skills. Once the home grounds of Bret Harte, Jack London and Frank Norris, and more latterly of Sarovan and Steinbeck, the City by the Golden Gate now be-guiles itself with the scrivenings of such literary giants as Lucius Beebe, who smears his gay ver-balisms across the better part of a page each week in the San Francisco Chronicle, and the more or less trenchant William Randolph Hearst Jr., who does the same, only more so, on the front page of the competitive San Francisco Examiner.

Yeh, It's Got the Jints!

But San Francisco does have the New York Giants! In spades, it's got the New York Giants, some \$15,000,000 of them in the form of a stadium erected in the wrong place, facing the wrong direction, ideally calculated to make playing ball a hazard to the life and limb of the hired hands most of whom want "out" if not because of the inclement weather then because of the inclement fans. San Fran-ciscans, who helped ride hapless manager Rigney out on a rail, are fervently disliked by the players who curtly dismiss the bulk of them as "sports, not sportsmen." The citizenry staged parades when the Giants became the "home but since not quite making it the first year and failing to win the pennant the second or third years, the Giants, from Willie Mays to Horace Stoneham, have

become croppers. And vice versa.

Ah, yes, but San Francisco has the finest restaurants in the land, right? No, wrong. Enormously wrong. David's Kosher Delicates-sen, Trader Vic's Amelio's and Jacks, in that order, are comparable to their New York counterparts, but of the others that train behind the less said the better said.

French cuisine? A memory only. Finally, what of its theatres? It will take but a few short sentences to clarify that detail. There are three legitimate houses, two of which are dark much of the time. To these come some, though not all, of New York's better publicized if not better offerings, sometimes with tampered-with "original casts," often as "national companies" with lesser stars and shoddler stage sets. To further brighten the scene, there is the provender of the Civic Light Opera deal, which is an extension of the identically operated compote in Los Angeles, neither of which is bigtime in terms of New York's Broadway. As for live radio and tv, its few items can be counted on the fingers of one hand, providing that one's hand has only three fingers.

But is all lost? Not by any means. San Francisco has its charms, nor is its narcissus complex entirely misplaced. For example, it has the setting sun—as which city hasn't? It has a neutral, if adenoidal, climate. It has as dull a main-stem (Market Street) as Chicago's State Street, which is a lot of dullness. And it has practically no flies, mosquitos or cockroaches. Instead, it has termites, lugs and earwigs, which latter are cockroaches with two tails. Also, in the outlying country, should you chance a stroll through the hills, it has poison

Recently the brave souls who devised and carried through the International Film Festival—with a \$5,000 bounty from the city—bethought themselves: "We must have someone of international repute to act as host of the festirepute to act as host of the festival. Who withing our dear city is important, nationally that is?" And they huffed and they puffed and came up with the name of Mary Pickford—of Los Angeles!

Undoubtedly this missive will result in my being accosted any

moment now with the angry query: "Well, if you don't like it here, why don't you go back where you same from?"



GOTHAM'S NEW FACADE

Rockefellers, Uris Bros., Zeckendorf, Hilton, Loew's (Tisch), Admiral Bergen, 1964 World's Fair, Lincoln **Center Keys To the Shifting Scenes**

By ABEL GREEN

for the yesteryear glamor that was Broadway will, if they live long enough, perhaps see a redevelopment and a building renaissance which may more than make up for the open-front raucous record shops, catch-penny carnival game parlors, cafeterias, clothing stores, juice stands and the like.

At long last both 8th Ave. and 6th Ave. (or as the late Mayor LaGuardia dubbed it the Avenue of the Americas) may be rehabilitated. What Martin Beck, William R. Hearst, Arthur Brisbane and Marion Davies couldn't achieve more than third-of-a-century ago, with their advance-of-the-times playhouses west of 8th Ave., at Columbus Circle, and on 6th Ave., is now being consummated by Loew's Larry Tisch, realty developer Irving Maidman, the Zeckendorfs (Webb & Knapp), the Uris Bros. and the Rockefellers.

This doesn't include the past decade's complete facelift of Park and Madison Aves., with luxury apartments giving way to tax-deductible GHQ airconditioned office buildings for Big Business. Not to mention the slowly-readying Lincoln Square cultural centre; the boom that will stem from the 1964 N.Y. World's Fair; and the just-an-"more glamorous than nounced ever" new Madison Square Garden, with its multiple arenas, theatre, swimming pools, icerink etc., as detailed below.

Circa 1960 has seen the start of perhaps the most dramatic moves to rehabilitate the Times Square adjacencies. Loew's is constructing the new 50-story, 2,000-room Americana Hotel on the 52d St. and 7th Ave. corner, formerly the site of the Manhattan Storage Warehouse. It has another blockfront on 8th Ave., between 48th and 49th Sts., for a possible motel. The former Loew's Lexington Theatre will house the 800-room Summit Hotel. Still another former Loew site, its 72d St. Theatre, will become a 33story cooperative apartment house from which the theatre chain will derive \$200,000 per annum for 99 years, as against the \$30,000 to \$100,000 operating profit it derived from the hit 'n' miss Loew 72d St.

Expanding Rockefeller Center

Like the old New Yorker cartoon about "L.A. City Limits" winding up near an Alaskan igloo, Rocke-feller Center is now sprawling north and west and may stop only at Central Park South.

When the Zeckendorfs' "hole in the ground" that was to be "the tallest hotel in the world" was taken over by the Uris Brothers Building Corp., for an office building—it will be the 43-story Men's Fashion Bldg. in two years—the Rockefellers joined with them in this project. The Rockefellers and the Urises also combined (later joined by Conrad N. Hilton) on still another undertaking two blocks further north on 6th Avenue (Avenue of the Americas), between 53d-54th St., a 45-story hotel (it started out originally as only 38 floors).

Fashion Bldg.

to have been the Zeckendorf Hotels Corp.'s new flagship. It was for this venture that Webb & Knapp (parent of "Z" Hotels) had signed Claude C. Philippe as banquet manager and general consultant. Since then Philippe had become v.p. and g.m. of the Hotel Commodore, still another Zeckendorf hostelry and early in '61 makes still another shift, as an exec for Tisch's Hotels. (Incidentally, to make room for the pro-posed Zeckendorf-now-Uris site on 6th Ave. and 51st St., Toots Shor finally sold his landmark at 51 W. 51 for \$1,500,000 and found himself "out of action" for almost two years until his present West 52d St. new maison Shor's (next to "21") was finally located.)

Further adding to the new facade of Gotham will be the CBS Bldg. on 6th Ave. from 52d-53d St. (east side of the Avenue of the Americas, to give it the formal tag), and of

time Roxy parking lot.

The Roxy, the once proud "cathedral of the cinema," meantime has become another building casualty. It is being demolished for still another Times Square office struc-ture. For a time the Roxy was proposed as a 1,000-room wing addition to the adjacent Taft Hotel but a New Jersey syndicate bought the theatre and ground for an aircon-

ditioned office building instead.

That 38-story hotel, which will now be 45 floors in height, comes under a revised deal for a triplepartnership among the Hilton Hotels Corp. with the Uris Bros. and tels Corp. with the Uris Bros. and the Rockefellers. Hilton now has joined the venture (1) as the operating partner; (2) permanent financing from the N. Y. Life Insurance Co.; (3), enlarged land, increased from 80,000 to 92,000 square feet; (4), heightened from 38 to 45 stories, now redesigned so that all are "outside" rooms 2f. that all are "outside" rooms affording a skyscraper panorama of New York; and (5) increasing the guest rooms to 2,200 which, incidentally, because of the added acreage will permit larger rooms per unit than planned heretofore.

While it doesn't top the Americana's 50 stories in height, it does shade the Tisch-Loew project's rooms and 2,500-capacity ballroom. Hilton claims the convention and banquet facilities will permit 4,200 seats at a dinner and more than 5,000 at a meeting. It will have 34 additional private diningrooms and function rooms seating a total of 2,500. Hereto-fore, the Hotel New Yorker with its 2,004 rooms enjoyed "the largest" distinction.

New Madison Square Garden

Like the Tisches' Americana, an autolift will permit fully-loaded trucks docking at main exhibit areas, thus eliminating double-handling of exhibits.

Motorists will not have to come into the main lobby; they can check-in within the hotel's 350-car garage and go directly to their rooms while their cars are being parked. This makes the fourth Hilton link in New York—he operates the Waldorf-Astoria, Savoy Hilton and Statler Hilton — and is the 41st link in the global network of Hilton Hotels besides the 13 under construction and 15 under contract.

Still another keystone Manhattan project is being sparked by hotelier Rear Admiral John J. Bergen, board chairman of the Hotel Corp. of America (New York's Hotel Plaza is the flagship) as well as chairman of the board of Madison Square Garden Corp. and the Graham-Paige Co., a closed-end investment company, besides being prez of the N. Y. Rangers hockey club.

This is a new super-duper Madison Square Garden under the umbrella of a new corporation to be called the N. Y. Sports & Enter-tainment Center Inc., a wholly owned subsidiary of Graham-Paige which will retain the worldfamed MSG tag, as and when the proposed new \$38,000,000 amusement centre Fashion Bldg.

The ex-Zeckendorf, now the Urisis opened. This will include the enlarged "and much more glamorous Rockefellers Fashion Building, was new" Madison Square Garden, two smaller arenas, a theatre, an auditorium, two restaurants, two outdoor swimming pools, one indoor pool, an outdoor skating rink, bowling alleys and indoor parking space for 3.000 cars.

The site, kept secret for the nonce, has been variously reported as being directly west of the present Garden on 8th-9th Aves., 50th-51st St. although the N. Y. City garage on 9th Ave. between 53d-54th St. may also be a partial site. Evaluation of the present MSG is pegged at \$8,000,000-\$10,-000.000.

Along with the Lincoln Center redevelopment and the N. Y. World's Fair 1964 (believed good for a second year) these will be the three major facelifts to the new Gotham look. (If Freedomland in The Bronx, ever catches on as "the Disneyland of the east" it would be still another factor).

Zeckendorf's Rockefeller Center this week.

Sentimentalists who shed tears or the yesteryear glamor that was broadway will, if they live long nough, perhaps see a redevelopmout and a building repaisson. drinking-dining facilities," since the Zeckendorfs envisioned its new super de luxe grand ballroom, seating 5,000, as not only "knocking off" the Waldorf's banquet business but being able to absorb that of the Astor as well.

Irving Maidman like another stagestruck theatre operator, David J. Cogan, the accountant-producer 'A Raisin in the Sun")-turned theatreowner - meantime has the nearest-to-Broadway, off-Broadway theatre. It's called The Maidman, on West 42d St., between 9th and 10th Ave., where, also, he recently opened a drive-in hotel, which is more of the shape of things to come in the constantly changing New York facade.

The 1964 N. Y. World's Fair has also accounted for the 18-month advance on the La Guardia Airpert advance on the La Guardia Airport "and this guy says the thing can rehabilitation, and general influx of tourists is anticipated. Comes there!" '64, Gotham's hotel and garage space will be at a premium.

Continued Diversification

This sort of diversification and aggressive, longrange planning where the picture companies' realty is concerned is what has given Wall Street a new and healthier respect for the film industry generally and certain show business entrepreneurs in particular.

Barney Balaban set the pace with Paramount's diversification. Spyros Skouras' \$43,000,000 Webb & Knapp realty deal for a chunk of its BevHills studio is another manifestation. Columbia Pictures sold off part of its Burbank ranch for \$1,750,000. Joe Vogel has expressed similar plans for the Metro realty in Culver City.

The theatre chains converting the sick theatres into healthy rentals from mundane enterprises, be they bowling alley, stores, office sites and the like, is the pattern along the eastern front.

As a corollary to the changing facade of the midtown Park, Madison, 6th, 7th and 8th Avenues, the weight is in favor of office space. Displaced population, much of it shifted to suburbs, has also shifted nitery, restaurant and tavern catering—and has also boomed other new enterprises.

The reversal of population, from urban to suburban, has had its effects on any number of contiguous businesses. This reverse-traffic is part and parcel of the overall real estate boom that is giving not only New York but the U.S.—and Canada as well-an overall new facelift. Time will tell if it's for the better.

One thing seems sure-Times Square remains a nondescript, honkeytonk, tawdry environment. Its once famed 42d St. is a blight on the community. West of 7th Ave., on some nights, it is an ugly, perverted, frequently downright dangerous thoroughfare in the late

'EXODUS' MOMENTUM

Hollywood.

United Artists ran up the greatest advance sale of any pic locally -\$132,000-for "Exodus" entirely without the benefit of company's usual television - radio - billboard It's a time to cry, you know, if bally, which may not set a pattern I wanna make this broad. I can't for future openings but nevertheless points up the value of a wellplanned campaign.

Only media utilized to advertise opening at the Fox Wilshire, where Otto Preminger production is in for an extended hardtic run-was the publicity campaign which had been progressing since film started shooting in Israel, and local newspaper ads.

TV, which in recent years has played a potent factor in sounding new pix to the public, will not be n as used, according to UA, nor will it billboards. Only additional medium will be radio, which is now starting

THE MEMORY BIT

a song. The moment they strike, the same memory comes up every time. It never varies. The people



same. If a name is mentioned in table conversation, the same thing happens. One prime memory comes to the surface at once. It is as though the memory file full of com-

plex trivia about people and events and songs, sends one up to the conscious mind, hanging onto all the others until asked for more.

Mine isn't a great memory.

Sometimes I think it isn't even a good one. But what it remembers it does with fidelity. Take a handful of people, one at a time, and I'll give you the memory that pops to the surface:

JACKIE GLEASON: We were passing a birdcage in his apartment and I asked if it was a parakeet. "Somebody gave it to me," he said,

EISENHOWER: We were in his office, talking about a book called "The Day Christ Died." "When I was a little boy in Abeline, I used to study the bible from cover to cover. I really knew the subject. Then, in the war, I flew to Jerusa-lem and everything seemed small, sort of pushed together. I thought that the Mount of Olives would be a mountain. It's a hill. Bethlehem is only five miles from Jerusalem the G; arden of Gethsemani is only 800 feet from the walls of the city. Did you get the feeling that it was all kaleidoscoped into a small space?"

NIXON: At a cocktail party at Marshall Field's home: "I start off second. Not first. A lot of people try to make me think I'm starting off in front. This isn't so. There are more Democrats than Republicans. I need the whole Republican Party—every wing of it—and then I need some independent Democrats. Otherwise, I can't win."

KENNEDY: Standing beside an open car door in Beverly Hills. "None of it is going to be easy. The nomination is one thing. Getting elected is quite another. I'm going to fight hard and, I hope, fairly. Mark my words: on Election Night we'll be sitting up until all hours trying to find out who got what."

POPE PIUS XII: At Castel Gondolfo, turning to a lady on my left. "You must be very proud of him." The woman shook her head. His Holiness had thought this woman was my wife. "Oh," he said. "Excuse. Excuse." He had inadverdently married me to Mrs. Thomas Dodd, wife of the Senator from Connecticut.

ANN SOTHERN: At the Plaza Hotel, in New York. "I'm getting tired of working. I mean it. I produce my own stuff, I star in it, and I've got other business interests. Then there's Tish. She's 16 and when I open the door and see some of those rock 'n' roll boys or whatever you call them-with the sideburns and the dungarees, I'm scared. I mean scared.

RODDA Speaking HACKETT to Jack Gleason. "I'm dying to make this girl in Brooklyn and she won't give me a nod. After all, I'm just a fat kid from around the corner. One night she meets me on the street and tells me a sad story. Her old lady went to the hospital. shed a tear. So all of a sudden I think of something. I reach up into my nose and pull a hair."

JACK PAAR: At the Key Bis-Biscayne Hotel, Miami: "We do this every Christmas. I don't know why. We're not sentimentalists. At least I don't think we are. But Miriam and I take one look at the tree and we're dead. We're ready to burst into tears. Why is that? Whatever it is, we have to get out of the house, and take Randy down here.'

FRANK HAGUE: On the phone. "I just wanted to tell you that I'm quitting politics. For good. No, my mind is made up. I have never Kaimuki Theatre.

It is like the opening chords of been beaten twice before. It's curtains. I told Mrs. Hague that I'm getting out for good and I just thought you might like to know. and setting it's been a long time. Maybe I are always the stayed around a little too long."

Jayne's Ideas

JAYNE MANSFIELD: "All my life I wanted to be a star. Not just an actress. A real star. You know, with a hig house in the hills and lots of grounds and a pink swimming pool with tiger cubs sitting around the edge and iced champagne, It's dreamy. I have everything any American girl could hope for. Have you seen Mickey's pectorals. I mean, really seen them?"

PHIL SILVERS: At a rehearsal, took one look at Jackie Gleason, and burst into laughter. "Gleason hasn't said a word yet. You know why I'm laughing? He thinks funny."

SERGEANT McKEON: At his court martial: "I wish everybody would stop hoping for acquittal. How can I ever get those six dead kids out of my mind if they acquit me? I never tried to hurt any of them, but if it will get the six of them out of my mind, let the punishment ccme."

KIM NOVAK: In a bungalow at Malibu: "It isn't easy to tell. You have to know a person a little, trust a person. Not many people can understand what it is like to be 14 and have pimples. The boys used to wait for me to show up at highschool, not to make passes, just to laugh."

LIEUT.-GEN. BEN SHRIEVER: At the Missile Research Center in Inglewood: "You don't aim the bird. All missiles must go straight up. It's the shortest way out of the atmosphere. Once they're outside, they turn toward the target. We have a bird that does its own navigating. It homes in on two stars, thinks its way to the target, and, if antiaircraft fire is heavy, it will bypass the target, turn around, and clobber it from around, and clobber it behind."

TALLAHASSEE SHERIFF: At the rape trial. "Your honor, we have all the people we can handle in this court. We can't have any more. With your honor's permission, I'm shutting the doors. All the Whites is downstairs; all the Colored is in the balcony. If that balcony collapses, your honor, we got integration."

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST JR. At his office in New York: "I don't care what the old system was. We have no policy. Just go out and get the story. Whatever way it falls, that's the policy. It doesn't really matter what I think, or even what you think, the story is the most important thing in the world and we've got to go out and get it."

ADMIRAL ARLEIGH BURKE: At the Office of Chief of Naval Operations. "He has got some very good advice on how to wreck his country and wreck ours too. He is not doing anything except to destroy. He is not trying to build Cuba; he's out to help the Communist Party. He's out to bitch up the whole Western Hemisphere. We're not moving. Not one inch. There are certain things you just don't compromise on. This is one

FRANKIE WESTPHAL: Eleven years old, dying in a hospital: "Am I dying? I don't feel like I'm dying. Then why are mommy and daddy crying? I feel okay except there's something on my chest. If the nurse takes it off, I'll be fine."

It is, as I said, a ridiculous type of memory. If someone mentions Jack Paar or Frankie Westphal or Eisenhower or the Pope, the same memory comes back each time, the same setting, the same words. Once the event has passed, some of them would be nice to forget.

Both Presleys Dated

Honolulu.

Elvis Presley is compaing with Elvis Presley during the school kids' vacation season. Consolidated is first-running "Flaming Star" (20th) at the Hawaii, Kaimuki and Drive-in Theatres.

Rival Royal circuit is showing "GI Blues" (Par) on a second-run basis at the Queen theatre, just a block away from Consolidated's

Film Myths Not To Live By-

(1) That Patriotism Alone Will Save Hollywood

Sensing the extinction of their buffalo-based economy in the 1880s, the Indian tribes of the prairies developed some mighty peculiar campfire choreography. Their war dances of more confident times degenerated into a sobbing danse macabre in funeral makeup. It may be put down as human nature that rising insecurity disturbs the id. Take the more contemporaneous case of the California film colony and its Manhattan brethren. They, too, worry about the disappearing herds-that once wandered the streets in quest of a box-office.

Part of the anguish today is that our streets are now highways and our theatres parking lots. With traffic in an explosion, closely followed by explosions in the maternity wards, nothing is quite as it was in the happy hunting grounds of yesteryear. You feed divorcement, television, bowling alleys, power tools and mortgages into the IBM thinking machine and out comes the answers: fewer pictures, fewer customers, higher admissions, greater risks.

In consequence of the multiplying anxieties of the age a number of curious myths have acquired some currency in the harassed American flicker trade. Future antropologists may be considerably perplexed by, to start with, the latterday evocation of patriotism as an answer to what ails

It's the Overhead

Hollywood may well survive. Indeed it is surviving and there is evidence that the worst convulsions are past. Even so, whatever threats remain will hardly be exorcised by the mere chanting of booster slogans. With the product of Hollywood itself dependent upon foreign playoff for profit, there is something basically a bit awkward about "America Only" preachments. It is to be doubted that words are the magic. Action is more to be desired. Pray for cuts in studio overhead, not higher patriotic temperatures. Columbia Pictures' own faith-by-deeds-instead-of-slogans is to be recommended: its reduction of overhead to 221/2% of negative cost.

The natural duty of a business agent for a craft union is to view with alarm whatever diminishes or threatens Jobs. It's been pretty nice for a long time out there on the Coast. Meanwhile all is silence on the delicate themes of jurisdiction, over-time rules, the dictated abolition of Saturday, and so on. Yet these played some part, along with other equally important inflationary influences, in inculcating the inclination of producers to "run away."

Mike Curtiz's Jibe

From the safety of Assisi, Italy where he was directing a "runaway" feature, which could certainly claim a need for authentic settings, Michael Curtiz dared to assert, late in 1960, that those in Hollywood rapping foreign production by Americans were themselves contributors to the causes—the stars, their agents and the crafts.

Here, precisely, may be the point to remember the new "anarchy" of the independents, with stars turned corporation presidents and a lot of directors their own producers. Once upon a time the American film industry enjoyed (and enforced) a certain unity which has since ceased to be a condition, and perhaps even a possibility under the Dept. of Justice rules.

"Competition" has been imposed on the film industry, coincidental with the rise of television. Other kinds of commerce get away with mere lip service, or token, com-petition in the present era of "administered prices" but each feature film today must stand on its own bottom. The resultant rampage of rival self-interests in Hollywood has embraced the craft unions, too.

Back Home, and Glad

A characteristic publicity handout of 1960 was from the directors (like George Seaton and Bill Perlberg) flying home from overseas. Lavish praise for good old Yankee crews. Touching nostalagia for Hollywood. Planning to shoot on the Coast indefinitely, until further notice. Do you take it straight, or with a splash of club soda?

So who was doing anything tangible about keeping production at home by making it easier to produce, and finance? Boosterism is great, but not negotiable at the bank. American producers have not necessarily run "from" Hollywood but rather "toward" easier credits and operations and operations are produced by the secondary is the convenience. tions overseas. Not patriotism but economics is the crux.

The scenery is a factor, but not always an essential to story-telling. A "Francis of Assisi," yes. That needs the basilica. Italy is a must for Plato Skouras. So, too, for Samuel Bronston's "El Cid"—there's no substitute for the ramparts around Seville and Granada.

Foreign scenics similiarly was of the essence of "Exodus" (UA) but Arizona will make-do as the Holy Land for George Stevens' "Greatest Story Ever Told" (20th). Native backgrounds serve a more basic financial purpose for many a producer. They pump-prime cooperation of great monetary value from grateful governments, per Carl Foreman's "Gun of Navrone" (Col) which excited Rhodes and Greece during the year.

To sum up, "runaway" is a complicated problem. It will not disolve in a chemical bath of public relations slogans. Or running Old Glory up the flagpole to see who salutes.

(2) That Department Stores Are Smarter Showmen

Go on to another curious myth of 1960 expressed in the conviction that department stores represent the be-all and end-all of promotion, ballyhoo and showmanship. Fellows, relax. It just isn't so. The stores themselves do not claim such superiority but instead widely borrow and adapt from their theatre chums. But it is sufficiently odd that the idea of mercantile originality and leadership over film sell has taken root, and finds intermiftent expression.

On a fraction of the advertising outlay, the Radio City Music Hall is as well known as Macy's. What can Gimbel's display in its windows which will draw so well as a simple neon sign over a marquee reading "Ben-Hur" or "Exodus"?

Part of the tendency to down-grade the film industry's own selling talents plainly reflects insecurity feelings in a period of transition. Producers who are, as a breed, notoriously reluctant to assume the blame for their own flops have been laying on the lash of late semesters at the expense of the ad-pub chaps. But disappointments in

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

blockbusters that don't quite detonate hardly proves that film promotion has suddenly gone sick or that department stores shine by contrast. It still can be maintained the other way round.

The stores look great at Christmas time. They prepare their ribbons, wrappings and decorations in May, their catalogs a year ahead. The aisles are jammed. But hark to the simple reminder that the stores did not invent, though they do exploit, folkways, gift-giving, parental love. Nor are the stores the sole illuminators of Yuletide cheer. Theatres, banks, churches, office buildings, restaurants, hotels fully participate in the gala atmosphere for which mommy and poppy, with small fry in the back of the car, tie up traffic.

The Christmas shopping period from about Nov. 10 to Dec. 24 accounts for 32% of annual gross revenues in the stores. Naturally they look good then. Toys rack up 75% of their total at that time. But come July the toy department has shrunk to a broom closet next to tennis racquets and the vaunted mercantile flair is in camphor.

Theatres have less than two weeks of Christmas bonanza, since the fortnight immediately ahead is usually very poor. The big Christmas week is possibly double an average good July or August week for the film houses. On perspective it would appear that the theatres, though victims of the calendar, too, do as well or better, proportionately, than the stores.

Probably part of the reputation for originality and leadership among the merchants stems from the susceptibilities of Texas and Oklahoma families to the admittedly bizarre blandishments of Neiman-Marcus in Dallas. Or the compulsive stunting (in New York) of the Allentown, Pa. heir, Max Hess. Rich's in Atlanta, J. L. Hudson in Detroit, Jordan Marsh in Boston, the dazzling windows of Lord & Taylor and Saks 5th Avenue—these, too, foster the legend.

Always the spotlight is on Santa Claus. Convert the

AN OPEN LETTER TO MY BROTHER(S)

- By STUART SCHULBERG -

Dear Budd:

The trip from the studio to the hotel leads through the old Hollywood—past the landmarks by which our youth was navigated. Some of the ancient institutions have disappeared, swept away by the restless hand which is re-shaping all Los Angeles. My old Progressive School, for instance, is now a giant parking lot (which may be what some of the less dotting parents always considered And the Vine Street Derby is no longer Brown-it's gold. But the Satyr Book Shop is still here, and Barney's Beanery, and most of the other memorabilia of this family's past. Thomas Wolfe was wrong—you can go home again.

And what do you find when you do? That nothing has changed and everything has changed. The fact is, the second generation has taken over where our fathers left off. Sometimes, as I leaf through the still unlisted phone numbers, I feel I am using Dad's old address book. The names are the same—only the Juniors have been

Thirty years later, our playmates gave grown into mature executives. Stromberg, Bachmann, Cohen, Rapf—it sounds like the guest list for an Academy dinner, circa 1932. Except these academicians—Hunt Jr., Larry, Bobby, Matt-have gone to college. The rough edges of the pioneers have been sanded smooth by education and security. Where they shone with a rare patina, we

must be satisfied with a ready-made gloss.

We are dressed by Brooks Bros. now (or perhaps by the sons of the Brooks Bros.). Yes, you can strike the yellow angora socks from the script. Today, Sammy Glick would not tell Al Manheim that it's smart to dress like a writer. Now it's smart to dress like an investment banken. It's street to ellect Bould's instead of debts at banker. It's smart to collect Roualts instead of debts at the Clover Club. In the 1960s it's a box at the Hollywood Bowl, not ringside seats at the Hollywood Legion. Only the shoes here are a throwback to the past-alligator loafers or lean, racy Italian imports. Dad would have said, "Plus ca change, plus c'est the men's shoes."

With the civilizing effect of time and temperance has come a new era of businesslike behavior.

The young, fascinating flair of the fathers has been

replaced by the equilibrium of old and reliable sons.

We work by reason—they worked by instinct. We speak to each other in clear, modulated tones they shouted their beautifully profane message to

We are the businessmen-they were the showmen. And one day we may all an out of business because we have lost their faith in the show itself.

If they went from Poland to polo in one generation, let's make sure we don't go from polo to pinball in the next.

The New Vitality

And yet, here is a sheaf of phone messages with an indelible vitality of their own. Call Hunt Jr. about our "Everglades" tv series (Shouldn't we try to line up Phil Reisman Jr. and Bob Dozier for the scripts you don't write?). Call Sammy Goldwyn Jr. (Couldn't he help us get Archie Moore for our G-E "Memory in White"?).

There is no escape from our community past-there is no running away from the values, good and/or bad, which formed us all. In the second generation we speak a different language, run at a different pace, and our drives are dressed in different clothes, cut to the latest style. But we are still our fathers' sons—and their industry is still ours, to make of what we can.

Let's win one for the Gipper (or is it kipper? Or is it tipper?). It's time to turn the lock on the psychoanalyst's office, stop looking backward to Hollywood & Vine, and go to work. Tomorrow's call is for 7 a.m. That's an unearthly hour for any generation, but I think we can count on Sammy to be at Wardrobe on time. Sammy Davis Jr., I mean. Or should I call it Show Biz II?

Fraternally.

United States to the Moslem faith and the big shopping period (and a big film-going period) would automatically fall in October after the Fast of Ramadan.

Department stores ride on the ad-money of their manufacturers like first-runs ride on the ad-money of the film distributors. It is perhaps titilatting to mention that one department store celebrating 100 glamorous years of mark-up mustered all its buyers for a mass assault upon the manufacturers to pony up for a whopping promotional fund. The store got the money—also a summons from the Federal Trade Commission.

(3) That An Adult Film Deviates Sexually

One final myth of 1960, about which it is not possible to be quite sure what is on or in the minds of some of the film showmen. The laudable purpose of upgrading features so that each may indeed stand on its own bottom recognizes a changed world and assumes a more "adult" status for the screen and for its clientele. How do you wrench them away from the television set or the base-

ment rumpus room in the new split-level cottage?

There is evidence that certain producers have been revamping Shakespeare's dictum that the "play's the thing." It now emerges as a Kraftt-Ebing adage, "the psychopathology makes the drama." But does it?

Literature has a number of near-classics dealing with the authentically dramatic sufferings and complications of addicts, misfits, obsessed and deviated personalities. Certainly no opponent of censorship would argue that these characters should not be treated fictionally. As usual it's not the license but the flood which causes the trouble. There were serious omens during 1960 of an organized opposition to themes translating "adult" as "abnormal." Have certain producers succumbed to the fantasy that

of assorted aberations? If so, like all over-doing this will collide with a reaction. What perhaps needs to be said is that the true dramatic content in psycho individuals is relatively shallow. This is proved again and again with attempts to make melodrama out of unmotivated psychopathic killers. Such figures create suspense, but hardly anything else. So, too, with sick-sick types out of the Southern swamplands or the city slums. They yield sensation rather than spectator satisfaction. What is insufficiently hammered home in the reviews is that neither the average screen author nor the average screen director has the sheer humanity or artistry to handle certain of their calculatedly-lurid subjects. Hence they produce as much embarrassment as entertainment.

After a time who's really interested in the love-life of a rhinoceras except other rhinocerases?

7 Hopes For The 7 Lively Arts

Distinguished Lawyer and Author's Platform For the Future

By MORRIS L. ERNST

Here are a few hopes for the coming years. Some are old, some new.

1. Our Republic should start at once an investigation as to the advantages and dangers of the facsimile printing

of newspapers throughout the United States. Unless we are farsighted this exciting process will soon be so in-expensive as to produce a vast in-

crease of overwhelming orthodoxy.

2. I am still bewildered that, in the recent census, there was no question dealing with theatre, books, magazines, movies or other culture media. Why were the questions directed only the course to state the contract of the course of toward toilets, running water, tv sets, deep-freeze and the like? In January 1961, a joint committee of all culture

Morris L. Ernst

groups should prepare for the next census. Or is the mind less important

than material possessions? 3. The market place of theatre, movies and tv is peculiarly dirty, since many lawyers act as agents and agents act as lawyers. Surely if we are concerned with conflicts of interests of officials in our Government, we should be even more disturbed by the condoned conflicts of interest in the entertainment field.

4. For about 80 years, newsprint has entered our shores free of tariff, but there is a tariff on book and magazine paper. In 1961 I hope to get the answer to this unconscionable and irrational discrimination.

5. I am delighted that at long last publishers and writers of music have been alerted to the vast tax savings that can be honorably procured in that portion of our culture. Holders of patents are tax preferred compared to holders of copyrights. This discrimination against the mind of man can be easily eliminated by the leaders of our culture. President-elect Kennedy stated:
"I think we can do better than that, if only by

alleviating the unfair tax burden borne by writers, painters, and other creative artists. They may exist on small incomes for years to perfect their skills, and then be plundered by the Treasury in a single year of

6. Russia has threatened to join the Copyright Conven-tion in order to prevent the translation into English of its increasingly great list of technical scientific books. Our nation and the leaders of the publishing business must be ready for this attack on the free market place of thought

by the communist dictators.
7. One of the great burdens on much of the entertainment in our land results from the historically explainable pursuit of unions to procure spread of employment and pensions for the aged through burdening industry with excessive payrolls, which in turn raise prices and reduce audiences. I trust that in 1961 some leadership will develop to call a Convention of all these unions so as to take care of the proper objectives of workers by machinery other than by boondoggling-which raises costs and reduces audiences.

THE ONE AND ONLY, UNIVERSAL, ALL-LOVING LANGUAGE

By ROBERT GESSNER

(First Professor To Teach TV, New York University)

TIME: October, 1976. PLACE: The White House.

President is running for reelection to make a second

leg of eight years in the White House. Due to the Anti-F.D.R. Amendment, forbidding more

than two successive terms, he had time out to recuperate in 1969-72.

The scene is the East Room office of the Presidency. In the centre is a desk on which there are no papers. Overhead are batteries of lights suspended on cables. Three unmanned cameras, nailed to the floor, are marked Closeup, Medium, Zoom. On the floor are chalk marks outlining various positions Along the walls are batteries of monitors on rollers. Over the door is a glass sign, now unlit, which reads:

a glass sign, now unlit, which reads:
Quite On The Air. The only decoration is behind the
desk, a flag which now has 60 stars.
AT THE RISE: President Kennedy enters, followed
by Pierre Salinger. The President has acquired considerable girth and faintly resembles William Howard
Taft. Salinger has lost weight and resembles a gaunt
version of lim Hagerty.

version of Jim Hagerty.
SALINGER (reading clipboard): "Your speech to the

Republican Atheists For Kennedy topped by 3.7 Rocky's speech to the Independent Catholics For Rockefeller. Your Trendex is up for the day, Chief."

THE PRESIDENT: "Ah, Pierre, it was easier in the old days. Remember back in '60 when we used to get around the country, see the sights, ride in parades, sleep the sights." in airplanes.'

"Those were the good old days. (frowns)

SALINGER: "Those were the good old days. (frowns)
Rocky again, Chief. I can't keep him off."
THE PRESIDENT: "You know my ruling on that! No

"But Rocky proposes to wear makeup."
ENT: "He's that anxious?" SALINGER:

THE PRESIDENT:

SALINGER: "Chief, he's desperate. He'll even let you pick the makeup man."

THE PRESIDENT: "Tempting. But no, the answer is still no.'

Secretary enters, saying: "Bonn calling, Mr. President."
The President presses button marked "61" as secretary
wheels forward monitor labeled "61." Another secretary presses master control for cameras. The lights are lowered and illuminated, the mike is lowered. The light over the door flashes, the sign reads: Quiet On The Air. A rear screen is rolled behind the President on which, during the overseas conversation, are flashed colored pictures of factories belching smoke, wheat fields bending in the wind, superhighways with speedy cars, skyscrapers,

etc.
THE PRESIDENT: "I wonder what the Old Fox wants this time.'

A picture of Chancellor Adenauer comes into focus. He

looks quite chipper, though over a hundred.

ADENAUER: "Good morning, Jack. How's the cam-

THE PRESIDENT: "Looks close, C.A. I wish I had your sex appeal with the younger vote. How's the crisis?"

ADENAUER: "The same. How's the gold holding

THE PRESIDENT: "Wait till I check."

The President presses button marked "Fort Knox." Secretary wheels forward monitor marked "Fort Knox." On the tube comes into view an enormous room, empty except for one hand truck on which are a dozen gold bars. A detachment of marines are standing guard. The President presses button, picture fades. He turns back to camera.

THE PRESIDENT: "Mr. Chancellor, don't you worry.

We're still in business."

ADENAUER. "Glad to hear it, Jack. I'll cancel my

flight reservation, I had an invitation to view gold-plated china collection in the Kremlin. 'Bye, 10 w. Auf wieder-

The picture fades, the cameras are turned off, the

rear-view projection stops.

SALINGER: "Mr. President, the Cabinet is waiting, the weekly meeting. We're minus thirty."

The President advances to a chalked outline of his

shoes, takes position. The lights are turned on, the red light appears on camera marked Closeup, the camera used exclusively during cabinet meetings. On the rearview screen, during the meeting, appear enlarged portraits of the Presidents, beginning with Washington, Adams, Jefferson, etc., each given a 10-second exposure. Monitors have been wheeled forward to form a U-shape as though seated at a table with the President at the head. Each monitor has a label over its glass, marked: Secretary of State, Secretary of Treasury, Secretary of Commerce, etc. Salinger (counting): "... four, three, two, one. The

weekly Cabinet meeting will now come to order. one."

THE PRESIDENT: "Gentlemen, I ask you to note the wall screens in your respective offices. Ready? (snaps fingers) Roll the tape for the G.N.P. report."

All Secretaries, as seen in their monitors, lift their heads at similar angles to view off-frame screens.

SALINGER: Chief, Puerto Rico is waiting. We're

minus 25, five seconds behind schedule.

The President moves to another chalked outline of his shoes, takes position. The red light appears on camera marked Medium, which is used exclusively for the States.

A monitor marked "51" is wheeled forward.

SALINGER (counting): ". . . three, two, one. The

Puerto Rico Hour, our Southern-Most State, is now in session. Take two."

THE PRESIDENT: "Fellow Americanos, as the First Lady says, "Amigos, buenos dias . . . si . . . gracias . . . buenos noces." (snaps fingers) Roll tape for the Tourism

On Monitor 51 the Governor and his aides raise their heads to view off-frame a screening of "Prospects for Tourism: Season of 1976-77, the Bi-Centennial of the American Revolution with Live Tableaux Imported from

Disneyland, Freedomland, and Macy's Parade."
SALINGER: "Mr. President, the Congress is waiting.
We're minus 20, five seconds behind schedule."

The President moves left to a different chalked outline

of shoes and takes position. The red light appears on camera marked Zoom, which is used exclusively for the Congress. A monitor with a huge 200-inch glass, marked "The Congress," is wheeled forward.

SALINGER (counting fast): "... two, two-and-a-half, one, one-and-a-half, let 'er rip! The 99th Congress convenes in The Congressional Cavalcade. Take three.

THE PRESIDENT: "Senators, Representatives, Lobbyists, lend me your ears. (As the President speaks b.g. music begins softly with Brahms' Lullaby. On the rearview projector begins a series of peaceful, pastoral scenes of clouds and sea and gentle hills). I come not to bury the budget, but to praise it. (snaps fingers) Roll tape for the Budget Report."

On the 200-inch picture the Joint Session of 120 Senators and 500 Representatives turn their heads in unison to view the Budget Report for 1976-77, superimposed on landscapes and seascapes.

SALINGER (frantically): "Mr. President, we are falling behind schedule again. You must change to a fresh blue shirt. Coming up is NATO Noontime—I mean Asia in the A.M., followed by Africa Assembly in the afternoon, Baghdad Pact in the P.M.—"

THE PRESIDENT (interrupting): "I can't take it anymore, Sal. Oh, those four golden years-ages agoback in '69-'72 when I went back to writing thise books—
'Sideview of Courage,' 'The Full Face of Truth'—the
author's life for me! Even if people don't read anymore."

SALINGER (hysterical): "But, Chief, Asia in the A.M. is standing by—we're fouling up the long lines—networks—schedules—."

THE PRESIDENT (suddenly inspired): "I tell you what, Sally. (snaps fingers) Get Rocky on the phone. Ya, tell Rocky he can have his debate—but this time I'll wear the makeup!'

FADE OUT

The Horse On The Expense Account

- By AL MORGAN -

Having wrung the last headline out of poking an investigative nose into the isolation booths of America and exposing the rather personal old age security plans of our top disk jockeys, it's only a question of time before some



Al Morgan

Congressional body really rocks the gravy boat by examining the expense accounts filed by two generations of toilers in the vineyards of the com-munications industry. For all I know, there may be some unsung and confused senator even now scratching his head in bewilderment over the vouchers filed for a sixmonth period in the late 1940s by one enterprising member of the Radio Writers Guild. For the sake of our story and with one eye on the libel laws, let's call him Harry. In this particular case only the name has been changed to protect

the guilty and besides, if and when that black day of investigation arrives you'll be seeing him on your television screens. He is a cinch to be the star witness.

Not, I hasten to add that his swindle sheets (it's just part of the jargon of the trade, Senator, it doesn't necessarily mean that there was anything crooked about them) were any more outrageous than most. They were, I'll admit, originals. In some circles they are still spoken of with reverence as masterpieces, lifting the humdrum docu-ments listing taxi fares, entertainment and tips to the level of an art form. There are some who contend with, I think, some justice, that they deserve being preserved in a time capsule the next time we get around to having a World's

Until he got out of the Army in 1945, Harry had never had a restaurant meal that cost more than a buck and a half. He'd never been in a restaurant, where the napkin wasn't made of paper. His normal means of transportation was the subway and that only when his destination was more than four miles away during a blizzard.

Before the war he had worked as a copy boy on a weekly newspaper in his hometown in upstate Minnesota, During the war he had been assigned to the Press Camp of one of the armies as a typist. With this training and background he was, of course, hired immediately by a major radio station to be one of a staff of four highly skilled, highly competent, trained reporters on a new show that was going to cover New York the way the seven newspapers never had.

Made-to-Order

Harry loved the idea. He bought a civilian hat with a brim that went up in front and a wide band to hold the brand new press card they gave him. He even had a hand in writing the opening copy of the show which was spoken in a hard hitting, highly skilled, competent voice over a fanfare recorded by the combined Army-Navy-Marine Corps Band. The copy read: "Last night while you were sleeping we were wandering the avenues up and down and the streets across in this biggest of all big cities, to bring you the heartache and the l ughter that n .. New York."

Harry met the program director for the first time when he submitted the copy. The program director came in with indignation coming out of his pores. "Who wrote this drivel?" Harry, the last one hired, took the rap. "I did," he said. And then he added "Sir." "For God's sake," said the program director, "Any fool knows the streets go up and down the avenues across." "Depends," said Harry. "On where you're standing." The Program Director, who was really a very insecure man thought it over and said. "I like somebody who has the guts to stand up for something he believes in" and left.

The second time he met the Program Director was at the first staff meeting before the show went on the air.
"Nobody on this show is on the take," said the Program

Director (Who sometimes had to hire two moving vans to take home his Christmas loot). "The first time I hear about any of you guys letting a pressagent buy you a drink or letting a night club owner pick up a tab, that guy gets fired. You will all have ample expense accounts. Use them."

Harry heard the speech in the following order of importance, 1. Night club 2, Expense accounts. 3, Use them. Up until then the most important discovery he had made, in order of importance was, Cokes and doughnuts (Continued on page 40)

From The Files

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

When sound was in the process of revolutionizing our business there were many in Hollywood who not only disapproved of this mechanical monster but who thought it was just a passing fancy.

Recently in my files I came across a letter written 32 years ago from an actor who, at that time, had been under contract to me for several years and to whom we had sent an amendment to his contract to cover sound pictures. This is what he wrote:

"5th August, 1928

"My dear Sam:
"With reference to the additional clause to the contract— I would rather not sign this, at any rate just at present. Except as a scientific achievement, I am not sympathetic to this "sound" business. I feel, as so many do, that this is a mechanical resource, that it is a retrogressive and temporary digression in so far as it affects the art of motion picture acting.—in short that it does not properly belong to my particular work (of which naturally I must be the best judge).

"That the public are for the time being demanding this novelty is obvious, and that the producer is anxious to supply it is natural, and for the actor to dispute this situation or contend against it would be foolish. After four years' experience with myself, the firm should have no doubt as to my reasonable cooperation in this matter-as in others.

"For me to function conscientiously before the microphone is one thing, but to sign a legally phrased document authorizing this is a very different matter and would logically presuppose my approval of this mechanical ac-

"I hope I have made this clear, Sam. May I request that the company will respect these convictions and leave the matter where it is.

"Kind regards always,"

Now who do you suppose it was who had these feelings that sound was just a "retrogressive and temporary digression"? Who do you suppose it was who could not express his approval of this "mechanical accessory" to his work? What actor of that day would feel that sound did not belong "to my particular work"?

Well, I won't keep it a mystery any longer. Curiously enough, it was an actor who was not only outstanding in silent pictures but who turned out to be superb in sound who, almost 20 years later, won an Oscar as Best Actor of the Year. It was someone who, in addition to being a fine actor, was a fine gentleman, and whose memory, both as actor and man, we all revere-Ronald Colman.

I can also tell you that at just about the same time a leading film executive said to me:

"Sound will never last in pictures. You see, people like to go to the movies to take it easy. A man goes into a picture house, smokes a cigar and sometimes takes a nap. He'll never be able to do that with all that sound going on.

I won't tell you who said that, however. He is still around, and still making pictures—with sound!

TIME GALLOPS ON

By HOWARD DIETZ.

Now that Time, the master critic, has stopped marching on but has taken to galloping, we find ourselves turning first to the obituary page, playing a morbid guessing game on the way. Will there be someone we know? We die vicariously almost every morning.

Among those we hope to meet in Valhalla, if we are tapped for it, are the following from the class of 1960.

Franklin P. Adams, most admired noble columnist and mentor to many writers who made the grade. It is years since those pithy notes in green ink were received from the pen of F.P.A. Newman Levy, the barrister and man of letters, noted contributor to "The Conning Tower" is hatching a biography of The Boss illuminated with light verse culled from the archives of the contribution.

Edwin Justus Mayer. Poet, playwright and screen writer, disciple of Lord Byron whom he could quote almost completely. Indeed Eddie was an authority on any subject that began with the letter "A" or the letter "B." In his youth, he had been presented with a work called Nelson's Encyclopaedia and he had memorized everything as far as "C." Eddie was a bohemian who had revolted from materialistic environment and moved to Greenwich Village. His pursestrings were generally in shreds and he came to us for a job in the then Goldwyn publicity department. We offered him \$25 a week. snorted. "I can borrow that much a week."

Walter Catlett. We met Walter during a first hazing in the theatre where we had written the lyrics to the Jerome Kern show entitled "Dear Sir." Catlett had been triumphant as "Big Hearted Otis" in "Sally" and our show turned out to be a whistle-stop on his way () "Lady be Good." His picturesque language was noticed by that compiler of slang, the late H. L. Mencken. On being introduced to us, Walter put out his hand and said, "Press the flesh—give me five." He was an inventor of many cliches which would not have become cliches had they not been so original.

Clark Gable. The Moose, as he was called by some, accompanied by his best friend, Howard Strickling, arrived in New York and was escorted to the St. Regis Hotel. It was early in the morning. The suite hadn't been freshened up from the guest before, and the chambermaids with pail and mops were the reception committee. were properly girlish and excited at the sight of their star. Clark was everyone's star and becomingly so. He lifted the two ladies in his arms and planted solid kisses on their blushing cheeks. Like Cromwellian scars of battle, we are sure they were never washed off.

Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. The most universally liked in show business, and most admired for his song lyrics and touching librettos, was consulted by Lucinda Ballard who was designing the costumes for "Allegro." A sexy nightgown was required for Jan Clayton. "I suppose nightgown was required for Jan Clayton. "I suppose you'd like black lace with flesh chiffon," said Lucinda, Oscar spoke up quickly. "Not at all. White muslin with blue ribbons."

Hemlock On the Rocks

The 55th anniversary of Variety puts me in a reminiscent mood-so let's go back a bit to the year 15 B.C. (before commissions). What great acts we had -Androcles and his trained lion. Marc Plant Antony and that great female impersonator Ben Hur. And how can we ever forget Marcus Brutus-the greatest knifethrower in show biz.

And I'll never forget that great monologist, Socrates, who after getting a bad notice in VARIETY took poison. So please, be fair, I don't like hemlock on

ENTER HERO

A Showmanly Dissertation On The Good and Bad Guys

By ERIC AMBLER

Hollywood.

A duchess once tried to persuade David Garrick to hire a young man named Collins as an actor. Garrick's reply, the sense of which may be summed up as "don't put your boy-friend on the stage, Your Grace," was elaborately courteous up to a point. Then, as he recalled his interview with the unspeakable Mr. Collins, his 18th century respect for rank and sensibilities of great ladies wore thin. He spoke his mind.

His list of Mr. Collins' disqualifications for the stage was brief and brutal. He went on venomously to give it as his opinion that "a small pair of unmeaning eyes in a small unmeaning face are scarcely suited to the playing of heroes and fine gentlemen."

Mr. Collins disposed of, he went on cheerfully to assure the duchess of his and Mrs. Garrick's deepest respect and that they were much flattered by Her Grace's condescen-

I quote this letter not simply for the pleasure of writing "a small pair of unmeaning eyes in a small unmeaning face," but to make a point. Garrick did not have to explain what he meant by "heroes." In that respect, at least, he and the duchess understood one another perfectly. Their definition of a hero was the same as the current Webster's: "The principal male personage, usually of noble character, in a poem, story, drama, or the like."

But they had no need to qualify the term. We do.

A present-day Mr. Collins might claim that he did not want to play heroes or fine gentlemen, but real people, and that any evening spent watching television would prove that small unmeaning eyes and faces were just what the audiences seemed to go for. He would have a point.

The hero-idea has become discredited and the word itself polarized to the point of debasement. "Okay, go ahead, be a hero." It can imply self-deception or even conscious deceit. It can argue the futility of war, make patriotism suspect and convey the smell of ham acting. Even in the context of the simplest Western, the word is usually avoided. "Good guy" has the same number of syllables and makes you think of John Wayne; "hero" makes you think of Francis X. Bushman.

Heroes Through the Centuries

This is all very understandable. The heroic view of history, with its cavalcade of great men, was suspect long before Tolstoy wrote "War and Peace." Nowadays, it is meaningless; in our free society at all events. We know that Columbus was an extraordinary man; but we also accept the fact that America would have been discovered even if he had died in his crib. Our sense of the fitness of things is not outraged by the knowledge that brave men can be cowards also, and that virtuous men can be corrupt. Ambivalent feelings are no longer necessarily intolerable. The sight of a pair of clay feet may cause amusement or possibly annoyance; it no longer produces consernation.

True, there are those who point out that cynicism is not insight, that disenchantment nourishes its own illusions, and that, if no man is a hero to his valet, that may be not because the man is no hero, but because the valet is a valet. However, in a sense we are all valets now, and it is no use asking us to take Our Hero on trust. In fact, if you're not very careful, boss, we'll all be rooting for the bad guy. Why? Because he'll be more entertaining.

Debased, demoted or just a little roughed-up, the hero is still an indispensable element in the construction of an entertaining story. There must be someone in it—short or tall, black or white, pearl or plain—some person, with whom and for whom the audience can fear and hope, fall and rise again, win or lose, and enjoy the experience. For the moment, it is still necessary that this person be a good guy or a bad-good guy or a good-bad guy. The common denominator is still "good."

Good Guys Don't Aways Score

Goodness in this context is hard to define. Any man with even a rudimentary superego formation would seem to qualify. Probably, it is in their relationships with and attitudes towards women that heroes are most relevantly categorized.

The Greek heroes, almost without exception, had terrible time with their women. Oedipus, a good guy if ever there were one, brought it on himself, of course; but most of them were just unlucky. Even a slick bad-good operator like Odysseus (remember the way he treated poor old wounded Philoctetes?) couldn't seem to handle them. Rejected by Helen, he still had to go to war for her. Then Circe changed all his men into swine and tried to do the same for him. Even when he did get home, he found his wife Penelope with "suitors" who all had to be killed. Finally, he himself was killed by one of his own sons-the lad's mother. Circe.

As for Jason, an Errol Flynn type, he may have won the Golden Fleece, but he collected Medea along with it; and even though she did restore his father's youth by boiling the old gentleman in a cauldron with some herbs, her habit of murdering people (including her own children)

Africa In Not-So-Slow Motion

New Countries Incline to the West (Certainly in Film Fare) But Yen Greater Variety Than Westerns

By ERIC JOHNSTON

Washington.
In the Olympic games in Rome, I'm told, one of the ellar events was the hop, step and jump. I wasn't in stellar events was the hop, step and jump. I wasn't in Italy at the time, so I can't recall who won that event. But I suspect that the world's real champion hop-step-and-jumpers were not in Rome at all,

Eric Johnston

but where I was—in Africa. They were in Africa, performing their agile best in a field that interests me especially—the theatrical exhibition of

motion pictures,
Africa today, I discovered on my
five-weeks' tour there, is Exhibitor's Paradise. The audience interest in films is intense. It was never more intense in our peak boxoffice days at home, in the immediate postwar years, when perhaps up to 90,000,000 Americans a week were attending movies.

Today in Africa, all an exhibitor has to do is thread the film into his projector, open the boxoffice—and then hop, step, jump and leap back from the crowds waiting to rush in and fill up his seats!

No one over in South, East, West and Central Africa longs for the good old days in motion pictures. It's the "good old days" now—and they can get far better.

In every country I visited-from Nigeria to Tanganyika, from Ghana to Kenya to the now unfederated Mali Federation—the appetite for films, especially American films, is constantly on the rise. All that is holding back a doubling or tripling of present attendance records is the lack of enough theatres to house the audiences; and of improved distribution of films.

What kind of films do the new African citizens like most? The accent is clearly on action. The oversubtle or talky film won't have much appeal here, not for quite a while. Our Westerns are decidedly popular, old or new. Among more recent films, "Ten Commandments" and "Helen of Troy" have been boxoffice favorites.

In Ghana, I saw "Helen of Troy" turn up one of the

most wildly enthusiastic, standing-room-only audiences

I've ever seen anywhere.
In Nigeria, a cabinet minister told me that he wished the United States would send his country a greater variety and diversity of films than Nigeria receives at present.

He said that the only United States films he and his

family have seen are Westerns, and that his four-year-old son, a fan of Westerns, usually greets him with "Daddy, stick 'em up!" He felt that this might possibly be too much of a good thing.

Celluloid by the Bale

The African audience, I found, wants quantity, not merely quality, in its filmgoing. Although the open-air theatre has only one screening a day, around 9 o'clock when the sun is down, the audience insists on double features—the longer, the better.

It also demands a change of bill at least a few times

when things weren't going the way she wanted can't have been easy to live with.

In the age of chivalry, matters improved. The romantic Arthurian hero with his knightly purity and shining armor seems to have evoked a new kind of heroine. Queen Guinevere is a fair sample. She is King Arthur's wife and Sir Lancelot's lover; though not apparently his mistress, even with Arthur away at the wars. On the death of Arthur, Sir Lancelot quite understands when she calls the whole thing off and takes the veil. Not to be outdone, he becomes a priest.

It is like that with most of the Arthurian legends. The knights all have their loves and are always fighting fiercely over them; but the girls are as wistful as golfing widows, and you gain the impression that what the boys are really after is not sex, but plenty of sound, knightly excuses for riding off to slay giants, dragons and one another.

It was not until the Renaissance that heroes began to be recognizable as human beings. They were still knightly, of course—most of Shakespeare's heroes are kings and princes—but you no longer feel that sex was something that only peasants knew about. Chivalry, once a code of ethics, was becoming a code of manners. By the time of the Restoration, heroes were shedding inhibititions right and left, and admitting with shameless leers to the basest motives. Husbands were being cuckolded, virgins were being abducted, fortune-hunting was rampant.

Romantic Two-Timers

But these heroes were still gentlemen, "blades"—Lord his, Sir Toby That—and their behavior, however questionable, was still courtly. The ladies obviously enjoyed the change and played-up magnificently. "Fie, sir! A pox take you for a wenching rascal!" A good time was had by all. And with the great comedies of manners, heroes acquired wit as well. When Garrick wrote of "heroes and fine gentlemen" the only distinction he was making was between leads and small parts. Even footmen had to be gentlemanly then

The Industrial Revolution and the 19th century changed all that. The image of the hero fragmented into new stereotypes-Victorian father figures like Mr. Rochester, paranoid romantics like the Count of Monte Cristo, and poor but honest orphans who achieved distinction through nobility of character. Of these insufferable prigs, Mrs. Craik's John Halifax may well have served as an inspiration to Horatio Alger. And along with it all went Tennyson's Arthurian revival, Little Nell and the shade of Sir Walter Scott.

No more wenching. The Round Table was back. Heroines agonized and languished. David Cooperfield moralized. It was the day of the character men. Of this century's two great hero innovations, one was a boy, Huckleberry Finn; the other was the first private eye, Sherlock Holmes. Holmes-frankly didn't like women. He didn't dislike them though. He just couldn't be bothered with them. Sex was bad for thinking.

It took a long time for motion pictures to wade through the heros of the past-the sufferers, the protectors, the a week, if not every night. Nobody wants to sit through the same double feature two nights in succession. But avid moviegoers will return again and again to see re-runs of films they like. In French Equatorial Africa I was told that one film had been re-run 164 times—and that one all-out fan had paid to see an American western 59

times. It was, I gather, his favorite.

When you attend a screening in Africa, you feel the same vociferous zest for the movies—almost any movie —that we experienced in our own country a couple of decades ago. They cheer for the heroes and their disdain for the villain doesn't stop with a polite razzberry. The audiences tend to throw so many Coke and beer bottles at cinematic villains that most open-air theatre managers have put up wire mesh screening over the pit for the general welfare of the place. for the general welfare of the place.

Indian Films' Advantage

Africa is becoming the film-crossroads of the world. Indian films, although they are not dubbed in the accustomed French or English language for Africa, are very popular there. The tendency of Indian films to run long adds to their popularity, rather than reducing it. Moreover, African audiences feel they can identify with the hardships and hazards and hopes of Indian life at they can it in these films. as they see it in these films.

The Soviet Russians have been pushing the export of their motion pictures to Africa, although without great success so far. Most Africans consider their films too slow, preachy and monotonous. They come to see a story acted out as in real life, not to hear a message hammered home.

This should encourage us because message-sending and doctrine-preaching has never made headway in United States films. Our films set out to entertain, and in the process of entertaining, Africans get the sense of a nation that is free and a people who are independent and able to speak their minds, even in criticism of their own Government.

But if our films are more popular than Russia's in Africa, it is still a tenuous victory, a victory created by Russia's dialectic foot-faults rather than by our imagination. tive efforts to get the best of American films to that continent.

I know the beneficial effect that such a film as "The Defiant Ones" or "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," or any number of top American product, would have in Africa. They would show, not preach, our underlying concepts of brotherhood.

Africa is by no means in slow motion as it emerges from the bush and veldt into the 20th century. It is in hectic, often violent motion. What drives and inspires the new Africans is to see the world and learn about the world. And what better way is there to see how other people live and are, than through the motion picture?

I can think of no better instrument than the motion picture by which America can reach out its hand in encouragement and friendship.

swashbucklers, the gallant self-renouncing knights, the gentlemanly cads. When, in 1935, James Cagney in "Public Enemy" slapped Mae Clarke in the face with a grapefruit, people were relieved. I think, as well as startled. The age of chivalry had ended so very long ago, but nobody before had cared to hint at the fact so breadly. It was quite a had cared to hint at the fact so broadly. It was quite a breakthrough.

And now the knights are back again in "Camelot." Oh well, never mind. Maybe some of them will take time out to see "The Apartment."

I'll Never Forget

By GEORGE OPPENHEIMER

When Horace Liveright produced "Dracula" in its stage version, he planted a doctor and a nurse in the rear of the house for any hysterical members of the audience. He also employed, in the Atlantic City opening, a Great Dane who was to be made up as a werewolf. The great scene came in a dark study when the dog was supposed to make his awesome entrance through a secret panel and advance on the beleagured heroine. Right on cue the Dane entered, his teeth treated with luminous paint and a couple of fangs put in for good measure. There was a terrified gasp from the audience and a couple of hearty screams, while the doctor and nurse strained forward eagerly to be of service. They never got to do anything. A roar of laughter interrupted the horror. The dog emerged fully and was the happiest werewolf that ever lived, his tail wagging like mad. P.S.—He lost the job when it opened in New York.

In 1934 Goldwyn was making a big spectacular musical with Eddie Cantor called "Kid Millions." One of the scenes was a huge minstrel show and involved all the Goldwyn girls. Unfortunately there had been a big party the night before and a great many of the girls had good-sized hang-overs. One of them, in fact, was missing. They hunted for her everywhere, since they were all ready to do the number and time meant money-lots of it. Finally a tough unit manager found her asleep behind some scenery on the sound stage. Infuriated by all the delay she had caused, he shook her until she woke up.

"Get on that stage," he ordered angrily. "Do you realize the money you've cost Mr. Goldwyn?'

The girl looked up at him with her large beautiful eyes. yawned and said sweetly, "Let's not talk shop,"

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Finally, for good measure, Vincent Sherman once directed a picture that I had written and so distorted it from the original that some wag on the Warner lot, tired of my wails of pain, christened the movie, "Sherman's March Through George."



Putting The Pieces Together

Seasoned Show Biz Boswell Details Travail Of Writing Authentic Biography

By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

"It is as difficult to write a good life as to live one," Lytton Strachey once said. It is particularly difficult, I believe, to write a good life of an ac-



Maurice Zolotow

tress or actor. When it is authentic, theat-rical biography does not differ in technique from biographies of generals, statesmen or scientists. There are the essentials of research and

documentation, analysis, and the putting all of the pieces together into a significant pattern. Biography is history. The history of an unusual person, the events of whose life are heroic and consequently set him above the general run of human beings.

The "good life" seeks to convey the nature of the personality: to paint a portrait, first of all. But more than that, the "good life" will show us the hero against the background of his time; the forces of society and his psychology that formed him; and the inner dy-namics of his character. The au-thor distills from the mass of materials the meaning of a particular human life he has undertaken to render. Therefore he not only paints the portrait, but he shows us how the figure on the canvas came to be, how it grew, changed, developed, disintegrated, triumphed, mutated. He will critically evaluate the hero's work as well as his life.

To set down some of the essential qualities of good biography—from Plutarch, Suetonius, Boswell to Strachey and Maurois-is to recognize how few out of the great number of theatrical life stories published each year even aspire to fulfill these essentials of biography. It is not that such books fail in attempting, but they evade the challenge, usually by employing the autobiographical form. In this way, there is no need to un-derstand a life, to evaluate, to chart an evolution, to describe the inner meaning of a human drive. One does not have to assemble a variety of data, to collate opposing viewpoints, to interpret, to paint the portrait of the actress and outthe cultural environment in which she' works out her ambitions.

Show Biz Biogs

The show business autobiography, "as told to" one of the many artful manufacturers of this popular publishing commodity, is not written, usually, with a desire to treat life in terms of reality; it treats life in terms of make-be-lieve; it is written to entertain, to amuse, to shock, perhaps to terrify.

It is not "easy" to write. Are there any books easy to write? In the hands of the more polished craftsmen, the "as told to" product is an amiable diversion; that is what it wants to be, after all— entertainment, a sub-species of al-most fictional or semi-fictional story telling.

The goal of authentic biography is something else again. The reader may feel pleasure in reading a good life but the pleasure comes, not only from the rush of the narrative or the humor of some of the incidents, but also comes from his perception of the truth and reality of the life-story. The bingrapher is after the truth, or what he finally sees to be the truth of his subject.

What special problems face the which the book is made. In preparing the biographies of other persons, the biographer will usualaccess to innumerable journals, diaries and letters to and from his subject. But in writing about theatrical celebrities, there is a scarcity of correspondence and other first-hand material which would reveal your heroine to you of a particular actress is a darn as she felt at certain crucial points in her life and how she saw cer-

happening to her.

Actresses, as a rule, do not write long revealing personal letters to their friends and lovers. Being creatures who express themselves by means of their bodies and their speech, they are not in the habit of sitting down and pouring out their hearts in letters. If they wish consolation in a time of troubles or to share a joy with a friend, there is always the telephone around and they may call Holly-wood from Rome and speak for an hour, but that does not help the writer who is trying to travel backwards in time and space to resurrect the fragments of a life. The words on the telephone are lost forever; the best you hope for is that they may be remembered in some vague sort of way.

No Diaries, No Nothin'

Nor do actresses, alas, keep journals and diaries or mingle so-cially with persons who keep journals and diaries. (Mary Astor is an exception, of course, and not only in this respect, for she has some literary skill and wrote her autobiography without a ghost and has published a novel recently. Ruth Chatterton is another literary actress; two novels to her credit.)

After the actress has achieved her identity and made her first success in a play or a movie, when in other words, she is already completing the process that changes her from the girl or the woman in whom disturbing dreams and de-sires have been seething, into the mysterious entity: the star—why then, she becomes a subject of interest to newspaper reporters and feature writers.

She is interviewed in the daily The fan magazines publish long, detailed and often imaginary essays about her love life. The columnists tell us of her thoughts and sensations, her current artistic problems, her private life, her witty remarks (which are often concocted by her pressagent), and they report anecdotes, both trifling and significant, about her experiences with directors, producers and acting colleagues.

MM Myth—the Sex Symbol

The national magazines assign researchers and writers to dig into her past and glowingly paint her present. And now a myth begins to be formed about her. Gradually it crystallizes and finally hard-

In the case of Marilyn Monroe, it was the myth of the sex symbol, the nude calendar model, the beautiful-but-dumb blonde, given to making naive but wicked jokes.

"I don't go in for sunbathing. I like to look blonde all over.") A sort of Lorelei Lee character—which incidentally Miss Monroe played to perfection in Howard Hawks' musical version of "Gentle-men Prefer Blondes."

There is, in one of my filing cabinets, an entire drawer-a long long drawer—filled to the point of bursting with newspaper clippings, magazine stories, columnar items about Miss Monroe. They are all from 1951 on.

1951. she Of the years between 1951 and her being born, the years of her childhood, her adolescence, the beginnings of her striving for glory, the failure of her first marriage-of all of that which would give auguries, hints, explanations of the formative years and the future, there is nothing on paper, nothing that had been published and nothing in letters, journals, diaries— and even for the years after 1951 there is nothing of this sort availtheatrical biographer? The first able, nothing to record her imme-problem lies in the difficulty of diate recollection of things hap-mining the raw materials out of pening at the time they were hap-

> Therefore, one goes about collecting information from friends, from those who knew her family when she was little, from those who had any contact with her during the formative years. One goes to the actress herself. Now to try to formulate the nature complicated task.

The actress is an elusive per-

tain events at the time they were sonality and almost defies you to happening to her. home in your net for further examination. By reason of her nat-ural gifts and professional habits, she is able to wear many masks. We all wear masks, but actors have more of them and are more adept at taking one off and putting another one on. Not to receive or confuse, but because she can't help but play roles, can't help but enjoy the mood of a scene, an offstage scene, a real scene in her non-professional life. She changes faces so suddenly, so convincingly, that each one who has had a contact with her, whether intimate or a mere brush of the soul en passant, sees a slightly different personality than the friend before or the friend afterward.

> For instance, Josh Logan and Billy Wilder directed Miss Monroe in three of her most artistically and commercially successful films. Each lived arduous months working closely with her. Yet each man, if you interview him as I did in both cases and for many hours, will give you almost a different human being, though both men are not only sharply perceptive but not only sharply perceptive but quite blunt in expressing their honest opinions. Those who have played with her — Jane Russell, Robert Ryan, Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, Tony Randall, Yves Montand—each of them experienced somebody different.

Putting the pieces of conflicting information together-making the jigsaw pieces assemble themselves into a recognizable human portrait, psychologically valid and sociologically true, is a terribly hard business. You will, as I did, seek the "truth" from Miss Monroe herself, but here again, the self-dramatiz-ing genius of the actress comes into play, above all in an interview situation, and so now you have additional pieces that suddenly do not fit into the scheme that had seemed to be emerging and you are not only back where you started from but in a much more disoriented state.

I had begun collecting fragments about Marilyn Monroe back in 1952—or rather the pieces accumulated almost by themselves, rather like the nacreous layers that grow up around the little sandy grain of irritation in the oyster's belly. In my case the little grain was an almost unbearable itch to out who Marilyn Monroe 'really" was, how she had become what she was, and where she was

I had first seen her, face to face, at a banquet the Los Angeles Press Club gave for Walter Win-chell at the Ambassador Hotel. I tried to write a short story about her in 1953. I tried to write a biography of her in 1955 and after putting 150 pages through the typewriter only to see the pieces, which had been slowly collecting inside me, disintegrate and scatter instead of coalescing into a whole. In 1956 I attempted to write a novel about her, but this did not work either and I gave it up after the fourth chapter. Finally I packed all the pieces away and tried to forget them.

Lunt & Fontanne Biog

Instead I resumed work on a project that had also been agitating me for a long time, since 1942 in fact, when I had had a long conversation with Alfred Lunt while he and Miss Fontanne were ap-pearing in "The Pirate."

Yes, this particular oyster had another irritating grain in his mind and now layers of nacre were forming on this second seed pearl. Finally, in 1959, when I thought there were enough pieces, I began to write the biography of Lunt & Fontanne, and immediately encountered fresh difficulties in painting their portraits. I had just returned from a research trip to England where I had sought and captured what I thought were the final missing pieces and then I began to put them together and they insisted on flying apart.

At a stage of creative futility, filled with frustration, anger, desperation, fury at myself, the tele-

(Continued on page 51)

'But It Also Rained Across The Street'

The weather, Lent, pre-Xmas, the economy, anything and everything has been a time-honored show biz excuse for poor business. When an RKO theatre manager once submitted a report

blaming the weather for the bad b.o., RKO prexy Sol A. Schwartz (who knew how well his opposition had done in the same town the same week), wrote back, "But it also rained across the street."

This reminded a vet legit showman that Al Woods once wanted to know why one of his shows was faring so poorly in the West End. The proper London manager told him, "Well, the King is sick and people aren't of a mind to go to the theatre." He and his house manager walked down the Strand and looked in on "Funny Face" where the Astaires were standing them up. Woods query-Face" where the Astaires were standing them up. Woods queru-lously observed, "My, don't all these people know the King is indisposed!"

Nothing Is Necessarily So; Aphorisms Are For The Birds

By HARRY RUBY

principal—which can also be said about mottoes, maxims, aphorisms, adages, apothegms, etc. In other

words, if other words are needed, while some of the sayings we live and think by are the eternal verities in pill form, many of them may do the thinking for us but they are not neces-

sarily so! When I say don't agree with some of the things that were said, just because they were said by great men like Shakespeare, Emerson and Dickens, to mention just a few, I expect some one to jump up and yell: "Who are you to not agree with those great men?" Who must I be

to disagree with them? Let's start with something that was said by the great Dr. Samuel Johnson: "Public acceptance is the on, yeah? Evidently the good doctor never got to read "Forever Amber." And it's a cinch he never heard a song that was a big hit a few years ago, entitled: "You're Nothing But a Hound Dog."

The man who said "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," left town right after he said it and hasn't been seen—or heard of—since. A wealthy industrialist I know, whose name must be withheld, never gets to his office before 2 p.m. He hits the hay way after midnight and sets his alarm clock for 11 a.m.

Irving Berlin, the Babe Ruth of songwriting, rarely ever gets up before noon. An uncle of mine, whose name must also be withheld, got up every morning at the crack of dawn. He had trouble writing his name, and passed away recently owing me \$14.

I cannot remember the name of the savant who said "Every age" has its compensating features," but do recall the name of the famed Roman philosopher, Lucius Seneca, who hit the foregoing saw on the head with his saying: "Old age is an incurable disease." See what I

You still hear people say "A barking dog doesn't bite!" I, too, used to say that until I had a traumatic experience I'll remember until the day I stop breathing for good. It happened during my songplugging days at Loew's Lincoln Square Theatre, where I was sent to land an act on a song the music house I worked for was plugging at the time.

M.D. Spells Mad Doctor

Just as I entered the stagedoor, a dog act, consisting of six fox terriers, came offstage after taking their final bow. At the sight of me, they howled, yelped and barked, then started for me. As I turned my back to make a dash for the door, they leaped on me, tore my clothes, and bit me in several places. I would have been torn to pieces but for the trainer of that act who entered just in time to call the dogs off.

Dubious as the distinction is. I am the only songplugger in the long history of Tin Pan Alley who was bitten by an entire dog act. Even though it doesn't belong in this story, I have another distinction which isn't dubious: I am the only songwriter in the History of Tin Pan Alley who went to bat against the one and only Walter

Johnson,) There is the case of the man who show.

believed "An apple a day keeps the A slogan is not necessarily a doctor away." He was fooling incipal—which can also be said around with a doctor's wife—and believed that by eating an apple a day he'd never be found out. However, one day the doctor came home unexpectedly and the phil-anderer learned his lesson the hard way: The doctor used his scalpel for purposes other than surgery.

Ralph Waldo Emerson tells us that they'll beat a pathway to your door if you come up with a better mousetrap. That one, too, ain't necessarily so. How come Alexander Graham Bell had such a hard time getting people to invest in that gadget he invented called the telephone?

And why was there so much opposition to Thomas A. Edison's phonograph record. And how come Leonardo di Vinci nearly got his brains knocked out when he showed his fellow-Florentines his design for a thing called a water closet? (Lest my millions of readers think this is another Jack Paar gag which it sounds like, I hasten to point out that it is true.)

Now let's mention some of the saying that are necessarily so . . like, for instance, Shakespeare's The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with the bones." Alas! how true that Alas! how true that one is!

I have yet to hear anybody talk about the time I helped an old lady across the street on a cold and rainy day on Broadway and 42d Street. No one ever talks about this thoughtful and unselfish deed, but

Back in 1931, while playing second base for the Washington Senators in an exhibition game against the Baltimore Orioles, I loused up a double-play. This, I will never hear the end of. No one ever considers that there might have been extenuating circumstances. (Al Schacht, who was coaching at third in that game, made a reputation for himself telling that sad story.)

An Original Harry Ruby

Another saying that is an axiom is Benjamin Franklin's "Fish and house guests begin to smell after three days." And "leave" us not leave out Oscar Wilde's "It is al-ways with the best intentions that we do our worst work." And one that I made up which I am sure will some day be credited to someone else; someone who is no longer with us, and who has a reputation for this sort of thing: "The best bridge between despair and hope is a good night's sleep."

Time, which plays havoe with hall things, also has its effect on sayings. Things that once were accepted as self-evident truths, have lost their meaning because of changing times and conditions that no longer prevail. Anything like "There'll always be vaude-ville" must give way to "Nothing is forever" or "Change is the only thing that's permanent" . . . which reminds me of a once-famous slogan we no longer hear:

Way back in the so-called good old days of Tin Pan Alley, in the twenties, one of the bigger music houses had a slogan: "You can't go wrong with a Feist song!" This slogan, with the possible exception of "Remember the Maine," the most popular one that show business, which the music business is a part of, gave to the world.

It looked like it was going to live forever. However, one Monday matinee, at the Colonial, B. F. Keith's ritzy theatre, I was present when a certain actor, breaking in a new act, opened with a Feist song. To make a long story short, he was canned right after the first

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A Hollywood Rancher's Travail With With 'Dousers' and 'Witchers'

By CLAUDE BINYON

Hollywood.

This is a factual account of my search for water. You may ask why such a report appears in VARIETY, a publication concerned with show business. In your question. Show business is

people, and people cannot live with-



Claude Binyon

In 1947 I bought a ranch near Los Angeles, 60 miles to the north as the California car flies. On it was a fine water well, pumping more than 550 gallons per minute and irrigating 58 acres of pasture and alfalfa with fluid ease. Next I acquired a herd of registered Aberdeen-Angus cattle, and they ate the crops and drank the water and I shared the water and ate a few of them.

didn't come, and by the summer of 1960 my well was producing less than 100 gallons per minute. The sprnikler system would not function, and my alfalfa and pasture died, and my cattle and I had a problem. It was a time for action; a time, as I was to learn, for weird, mystic action. I had to locate what is known as a douser, who in turn would locate water beneath the ground for me.

I found such a man by telephone, and he came to the ranch by appointment. He stepped from his car and walked toward me; a man beyond 60, wearing khaki knickerbockers and wool stockings and high shoes and a khaki Norfolk jacket. He had a round face and a round khaki hat, and he was carrying a large, Y-shaped contrattion of brass tubing contraption of brass tubing.

"We will go inside," he said," and you will show me a map of your ranch. I will locate the water on the map. This will save much walking."

map. This will save much walking."

This seemed idiotic to me, but I had been told it is not good to argue with a douser. So we went into the house and I gave him the map, which he spread before him on a table. "Now I will need a thin thread," he said, "and a button." I said nothing, just got thread and a button. He tied the button to one end of the thread and dangled it over the map. As he moved it about the button sometimes circled, or swayed back and forth or up and down. I watched, fascinated, and started to light a cigaret

"Don't light the cigarette," the douser said sharply.
"If you do I will be dead on one minute." I blew out
the match. He made marks on the map as the button
gyrated, and finally he pointed. "Here is where your well
will be," he said. "Now we will make sure by checking
on the spot." Mutely I followed him out of the house
and into his car. He started driving toward the spot he
had marked on the map.

"Do you see many flying saucers up here?" he asked as he grove. I said no, I hadn't seen any. He asked if I ever looked for them. I said no, and he shrugged as if to say that was why. "Last week a big flock of flying saucers came in from the ocean over Santa Monica and circled all around. The Air Force planes went up to chase them but the saucers made monkeys out of them and flew back over the ocean. They started circling over Santa Monica again, but the Air Force was tired and didn't go up because they knew they couldn't catch the didn't go up because they knew they couldn't catch the saucers anyway.

He stopped the car. "Here is where we will check for the water," he said.

Douser Becomes a Flipper

We stepped out of the car and started walking, he with his brass tubing held out in front of him. Suddenly the tubing flipped downward, and he drew a line in the dirt with his right shoe. "The water starts here, just as on the map." he said. He continued walking, and the tubing suddenly flipped upward. "Here is where the water ends," he said.

"Get a large rock." I got a large rock, of which we "Get a large rock." I got a large rock, of which we have plenty, and he placed it in the center of the lane he had marked. "You will drill here," he said, "to a depth of 400 feet. You will get 600 gallons of water, per minute, and it is understood that I get \$1 per gallon per minute for the average after the well is drilled and pumping." I could only agree, and we walked back toward his car.

"I am sorry about your cigaret," he said. "But if you had lit it, it would have killed me in one minute."

"I understand," I said, although I didn't. He said: "I used to smoke 20 packages a day until I got nicotine poisoning. I realized that I was dying, and cured myself of the poisoning, but this has left me allergic to cigarets. One breath of smoke will kill me. I have also cured myself of cancer, tuberculosis and pneumonia after doctors had given me up.

"That's wonderful." I said, getting into his car. We drove back toward the house and I eyed him curiously. "How long have you been a douser?" I asked.

"Four years," he said; "but I have been many things before that. I have been a pre-birth sex predictor, a finder of lost persons, and a recoverer of lost things." He held up his brass tubbing with one hand as he drove. "But always with this," he said.

He stopped his car in front of my house and I got out. "You owe me \$50 deposit," he said, so I gave him \$50. "I am sure," he said, "that you are an honorable man and will let me know about the well."

"I will," I said. That afternoon I called a well driller in Bakersfield, and when he came to the ranch and I showed him the rock in the field. "We will drill here." I said, "and at 400 feet you will hit 600 gallons of water

"Oh, you had it witched," said the driller. "No," I said, "I had it doused." The driller thought for a moment. "In that case," he said, "I should just drill a test hole. That will cost you only \$3 a foot."

"Why should we just drill a test hole?" I asked.

"Because I don't have any faith in dousers," said the

You Can't Live Without Water Vet Showman's P.'s & Q.'s For Future B.O.: 4 T's, 4 S's & 4 P's

Film Exhibitor-Distributor-Producer Reviews How the Industry Has Been Moulded and Remoulded In the Past 10 Years And Proscribes Savvy Pattern for Future

By ARTHUR L. MAYER

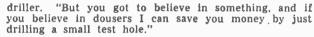
Four Ts have shaped the movies' past. Four Ss dominate their present. Four Ps constitute their best hope for the

In the last 10 years motion pictures have been moulded

and remoulded by Television, Trust decisions, Tax laws and the Temper of the Times. Television confronted the theatres with an unprecedented form of giveaway competition. It cut attendance in half and in the process eliminated a large percentage of exclusively escapist-minded entertain-ment seekers, thus enabling picture producers to aim at more sophisti-cated audiences sometimes with ex-cellent results and sometimes not so

The Government victory in its anti- $T\tau ust$ suit against the major picture companies, destroyed the industry's established methods of conducting its business. As a consequence of compulsory theatre divorcement, the introduction of competitive bid-

ding and the elimination of blockbooking, the number of features produced annually fell from over 400 to approximately 200, production and distribution costs soared like sputniks, carrying in their wake the twin diseases of higher



I considered for a while, weighing my faith. "All right," I said, "just drill a test hole."

Six days later the driller came from the field to my house. "I have drilled 400 feet," he said, "and you have a dry hole. "What do you want to do now?" I had no idea. "What would you suggest?" I asked. He said: "First give me \$1,200 for the dry hole." I wrote a check for \$1,200. "Now," he said, "I think you should forget all about dousers and hire a witcher. A witcher will find you water.'

"How is a witcher different than a douser?" I asked. "A witcher," said the driller, "doesn't do crazy things with maps and threads, like he was a magician. He just goes out in the fied with a crotched willow twig and finds water. He's a plain fellow, like you and me, except that he has this gift."

"Well," I said. "I sure need water. Do you know a witcher?" The driller nodded. "He works in a bakery," he said, "so he can only come up here Sunday. I'll bring

him up, and he'll witch for you. If we don't hit water where he says, you don't have to pay him."

"That sounds very fair," I said. The following Sunday the baker came up with the driller, and the bake of the car was loaded with forked twigs. The baker-witcher was a dark haired man of medium height, seeping almost was a dark-haired man, of medium height, seeming almost normal until he spoke. "I carry so many twigs," he said," because I get too much action. When I walk over water because I get too much action. When I walk over water they flip around so fast they break in my hands. I could work without the twigs, with my bare hands feeling the water down below, but people would think I was crazy." He held out his hands, palms down. "There's water right here," he said. I told him he was standing over our cesspool. He frowned at me and asked where the douser had told us to drill, and we took him to the dry hole. He walked back and forth with his forked willow twig for a while and then asked: "What did he say you'd get?"

I told him the douser predicted 600 gallons per minute at 400 feet and he chuckled tolerantly. "He should have told you 65 gallons per minute at 700 feet," he said. I told him that wouldn't solve my problem and he nodded sagely. "The trouble with dousers," he said, "is they get delayed reactions, and this makes them very confused. I'm not saying anything against dousers, but I wouldn't trust one to find the Pacific ocean in broad daylight, standing on the beach. Now I'll find water for you."

He finally told me to place a large rock on a spot only 30 feet from the house. "You will get 800 gallons of water a minute or better at 586 feet," he said. "And to show you I'm not doing this for the money, don't pay me anything until you hit the water."

"How much should I pay you after I hit?" I asked.

"You really need water," said the witcher.

"Yes," I said.

"In fact, you're dead without water," said the witcher. "Just pay me what you think it's worth not to be dead,"

Monday the driller started drilling, and I went back

to Los Angeles to earn some more money for the drilling. Tuesday night he phoned me: "You have kind of a problem," he said. "At 156 feet I hit, oil. What should

"I don't know," I said. "What we really need is water. Do you know somebody who can find water for us?" He was silent for a while. He could afford to be silent, because he had placed the call collect.

"There's a fellow who drives a school bus," he said

finally. "He's a witcher, too, but he works with a crowbar. He walks along with this crowbar balanced on three fingers, and it moves around and up and down and tells him where the water is, and how far down, and whether the drilling will be hard or easy."

"He sounds like the man we're really looking for," I said. "Bring him up."

So we are drilling again, in a spot located by the witcher with a crowbar. I can only defend my part in this with a flat, irrefutable statement: you can't live without water.

film rentals and higher admission prices. At least 400 of the old four-wall theatres have been forced to close, ruining a large number of the very exhibitors in whose behalf the good judges thought they were intervening.

Independent production stemmed partially from the inability of the studios to retain their stables of contract performers under these new conditions and partially from our strange Tax laws under which 90% of what a man earns as a salary, if he is in the highest bracket, goes to the Collector of Internal Revenue, but only 25% or even less if he holds stock in an enterprise and sells it at a profit. Hollywood's top money makers scarcely required their financial analysts or their psychoanalsts to advise them that it would be desirable to cease to be downstrodden wage slaves and to become producers. For better or for worse, probably a little of both, independent programments has almost completely replaced main comments. duction has almost completely replaced major company filmmaking and so-called Hollywood productions are as apt today to be shot in Hong Kong, Hawaii or Hoboken as on the west coast.

Lastly, the transformation in the Temper of our Times tolerates, almost dictates, a frankness and explicitness concerning the intimacies of sex that would formerly have been regarded as suitable only for stag party indecencies, "The Moon Is Blue" which seven years ago was refused a Code seal, would today be unhesitatingly accepted as a pleasant little bedtime story for the kiddies.

The 4 S's

As a direct result of these four T developments, movies have entered into their 4 S stage. Spectacles, Sex, Sadism and Stars have become the prime ingredients in their boxoffice appeal. Of course it is not necessary to have all four. Combine any three or them and you have a blockbuster of "Ben Hur" or "Ten Commandments" proportions. Indeed, the presence in any picture of two \$5 constitutes a reasonably safe insurance policy. "Butterfield 8" has Liz and lust. "Solomon and Sheba got by on a maximum of big sets and a minimum of feminine apparel. "Psycho's" tremendous grosses can be attributed to horror and Hitchcock. On the other hand, pictures which rely on only one of the four Ss have a hard road to travel. "The Bramble Bush," for instance, busting with Sex, needed a few big busts to sell it. "Let's Make Love," forfeited with Marilyn Monroe, placed its faith excessively on oldfashioned romance rather than new-fashioned premarital intimacies or postmarital promiscuity.

The 4 P's

Looking towards the future, I think we must turn for our salvation to the four Ps: more Pictures, improved Personnel, better Publicity, revised Policies. The industry cannot—unless it is prepared to capitulate to Toll TV and to rely on little livingroom boxes to adequately display its wares—fail to supply enough *Pictures* to keep its old exhibitor customers alive and kicking. (If alive, we know they surely will be kicking.)

We have failed and are continuing to fall to recruit fresh, young *Personnel*. We must attract and train new talent and by talent I mean not only actors, writers, directors and producers but technicians, salesmen and homeoffice executives. Badly as we need new stars, we also need new advertising men and women to tell the world how glamorous they are.

As for Publicity, I do not think I am a nostalgic oldtimer when I dismiss our current advertising, exploitation and public relations as far inferior to what prevailed 25 years ago. Where formerly we were pioneers, we are today on a par with drugstores and shoe emporiums. The descendants of the medicine men now look and talk like Madison Avenue commandos.

Finally, it is high time that we reexamined and modernized many of our Policies inherited from nickelodeon

Heritages of Another Era

Must we continue indefinitely to maintain the expense of exchange centres in over 30 cities?

Must we have firstruns followed at a substantially later date by subsequent showings?

Must the value of the bulk of our advertising be ex-hausted long before our pictures are shown in the majority of theatres?

Must we continue to neglect to produce moderately budgeted pictures, formerly the life blood of the industry?

Must we continue to rely for most of our important product on successful plays and bestselling novels both eplete with badly digested Freud and well-digested four letter Anglo-Saxon words?

Must we invite a revival of censorship all over the country by continuing to show such pictures to children? Must we antagonize the public by trying to merchandise good program pictures as hard ticket attractions?

Must we continue to show double-features when there is a scarcity of adequate product?

Must we put our faith in pop and popcorn rather than in good projection and sound, fresh paint and clean rest-

Above all, one Policy that must be abandoned is our ancient feud between producers and exhibitors. Maybe once upon a time we were rich enough and powerful enough to afford such childish vendettas. Today, however, besieged by television, rising costs and competitive appeals for the public's leisure-time dollars, we can no longer tolerate such extravagances.

For years I have been saying (without anyone paying attention to me) that we must all hang together or we wil' all hang alone. It now appears we must all do a lot mo. than merely hang together. We must push, pull and plan weether or we will all go phffft together.

THE COPY-HOOK

The Whyfor of a Cherished Possession, H.L. Mencken's Symbol of His Youth

By H. ALLEN SMITH

tried to throw it away today. This is the second time it has happened. Our regular cleaning woman was

halfway to the garbage can with it when I caught her and snatched it out of her hands. It is the only keepsake, or me-mento, that I own and it is probably my most cherished possession; yet



H. Allen Smith

everybody who sees it in my office says, "Why in the world do you keep that old thing around here?" It probably cost, originally, 10c or maybe as much as 15c.

It is a gnarled, fire-scarred, twisted bit of metal called by some a "copy-spike" but known to its former owner, Henry L. Mencken, as his "copy-hook." Any newspaper city room contains a forest of such copy-hooks. This one was the first item released by the Mencken estate following his death in 1956. 1 inherited it.

It may be an ugly, misshapen thing, but for me it has a fasci-nating history and a sentimental significance. I knew Henry Mencken for 30 years and he was al-ways a hero to me, and always kind to me, even when I was a dirtyshirt reporter with a residue of moisture behind my ears. I knew about his copy-hook, which stood on top of a bookcase in Mencken's workroom at the famous Baltimore address, 1524 Hollins Street, where he lived all but the first three years of his life and where he died in his sleep. I knew the story of that copy-hook and the reason he kept it always in view when he was working. It was an important symbol to him.

Its story goes back to a February morning in 1904 when Henry Mencken, at the age of 24, was city editor of the Baltimore Herald. On that historic morning the greatest fire in the city's history swept downtown Baltimore and before it had burned itself out, it had de-

Year Ahead Okay For Germany

By HAZEL GUILD

Frankfurt.

Leo Hochstetter, head of Motion Picture Export Assn. in Germany, until his very recent shift to succeed Frank Gervasi as Rome boss of the MPEA, foresaw few clouds for the American film-makers in West Germany for the next year.

"We're an industry that is going foundation."

As for 1960, it proved all the gloom-casters wrong in West Germany, Hochstetter noted. "1959 was what the tourists call a good summer and movie men sav a bad summer, with extreme heat. And 1960 was just the reverse," he said. The long rainy summer kept people close to the movie houses.

Although the final 1960 statistics noted that the MPEA member companies are roughly maintaining the same business level in the German market, and will maintain its income of the previous year.

Grosses in Germany for the cal-85,000,000 German marks (about \$21,000,000) he predicted, and the pattern remains pretty steady in that the MPEA-ers continue to hold about 30% of the German market, with an especially big appeal in the urban centres.

The substitute cleaning woman stroyed a square mile of the busi-that if I would send along Henry's ness district.

Mencken and his staff, forced to evacuate their own building, went

to Washington and used the facili-ties of the Post to get out a four-issued by the Mercantile Safe paper; then they traveled to Philadelphia, 100 miles from Baltimore, and put together the Herald in the plant of the Evening Telegraph for the next five weeks.

"It was brain-fagging and backbreaking," Mencken wrote years afterward, "but it was grand beyond compare-an adventure of first chop, a razzle-dazzle superb and elegant, a circus in 40 rings.

In the month following the fire the young city editor, destined to become one of America's greatest literary stylists and the nation's most flamboyantly acerb critics, made his way back to the blackened and gutted Herald building. Its frame was intact and Mencken managed to shinny up to the fifth floor where the city room had been. "It was easy to find the place where my desk had stood," he recalled, "though the desk itself was only a heap of white dust, for its hardware survived and so did the frame of the gooseneck-light that had stood upon it. I also found my old copy-hook, twisted as if it had died in agony. . . ."

A Memo From Mencken

He described his adventures during the great fire, and his return to the Herald city room, in one of his autobiographical books, "Newspaper Days," published just 20 years ago. Shortly after that I would greatly enjoy having that convinces to him and hinted that I would greatly enjoy having that copy-hook some day. Promptly came his reply:

That copy-hook will become yours the day I am translated to bliss eternal. I have left orders that my carcass is to be stuffed and deposited in the National Museum at Washington. I had planned to ask the taxidermist to put the copy-hook in my hand, but that request is now canceled and you will get it in due course.

When he died five years ago I was so upset that a month passed before I remembered the bequest. I wrote to his brother, August, who a carbon copy of Henry in physical appearance and caustic manner of speech, and told him about the copy-hook.

Back came a letter from August. telling me that the executors of Henry's estate, the Mercantile Safe Deposit & Trust Co., had instructed him to let nothing go however small—that it would take about a year and a half to wind up the estate. August suggested, however, I live.

letter, the Mercantile Safe Deposit & Trust Co. might unbend a bit. And so I did. Thus it came about issued by the Mercantile Safe Deposit & Trust Co. releasing into my custody and ownership, one crippled and fire-scarred copyhook, relic of the Baltimore fire of 1904.

now had August Mencken trouble finding it. After about a week he wrote to me that he had located, in Henry's workroom, paper spike which is made up of a wire spike fixed to a small cast iron base and which looks as if it had been through much worse things than the Baltimore fire." He wondered if this could be my inheritance. By return mail I informed him that it was and he, an amateur cabinetmaker, constructed a neat little crate to hold it and shipped it off to me.

It stands today on a shelf in my office, not far from a panel con-taining two photographs of its former owner—a Pinchot portrait he gave me off his parlor piano in 1935, and the last photograph taken of him before his death, sitting beside his famous woodpile in the backyard of the Hollins Street home.

There remains only the need to outline the symbolism of the copyhook. A few months after his death the CBS Radio Workshop did a fine half-hour program, written by Allen E. Sloane, dramatizing the fabulous career of Henry Mencken -the copy-hook serving as a device through which the old and dying Mencken remembered the glorious time of his youth. Standing there in his workroom where he turned out such prodigious quantities of slambang, iconoclastic prose for so many years, it reminded him of "how full of steam and malicious animal magnetism I was when I was young."

But more to the point, the copyhook was emblematic of a transition that came to him with the Baltimore fire; it was a sort of badge representing the time when he reached maturity. He said that he had gone into the disaster a "and it was the hot gas of youth that kept me going." When he came out of it at last, "I was settled and indeed almost a middle-aged man, spavined by re-sponsibility and aching in every

For several years I spiked no single piece of paper on that copy-hook. But now it carries a piece of white cardboard on which is printed this warning:
DON'T THROW THIS OUT!

It will stay with me as long as

The Litmus Paper Man

Continued from page 12 🚃

then eases down into it, somewhat like a test pilot. He pats the chair and nods approvingly.

SMITH

to survive through better pictures
—that's a cliche, but it wouldn't
be said so often if it were without
foundation."

Nice fit. Comfortable back. A little pinchy in the bottom, but it
should sell pretty well in the upper middle class income groups
purchasing on the installment plan.

POTTS

Smith, you're not here to test chairs.

SMITH Oh, good. I've hated furniture research ever since an accident I had with a neurotic bridge table. CARBON

We want you to test a new movie, Smith. You are an average moviegoer, aren't you?

SMITH

Oh, I'm the average moviegoer. I see three-point-six movies a month. **POTTS**

Three-point-six?

Yes, sir. Three in hard top theaters and six-tenths of one in a drive-in. are not yet available, Hochstetter That drive-in figure is average for a middle-aged man, you know. CARBON

Who are your favorite movie stars? SMITH

Male, Rock Hudson. Female, Doris Day. POTTS

That checks out with Photoplay. SMITH

Grosses in Germany for the cal-endar year 1960 will thus be about one of them buttered, one of them oleo-d, the half dry.

POTTS

That checks out with the Skouras figures. SMITH

In the drive-in, I eat three-fifths of a pizza. CARBON

Three-fifths?

The other two fifths I break into small pieces to mark a trail back

to my car from the restroom.

POTTS What kind of car do you drive?

A compact Ford.

SMITH

Oh, a Falcon? SMITH

No-a Fairlane. I had an accident. A Volkswagen got into my trunk and rammed me into a fat lady. POTTS

Well. Smith, there's no doubt you're an average moviegoer, so we want to get your reactions to this production.

(shrugs) Anything Mr. Sindlinger wants me to do-that's what I get paid for. **POTTS**

Yes. Sam-give Mr. Smith the titles first, see which one he responds

We've got several titles, Mr. Smith—and we want you to decide which one we'll use. "The Cowboy and The Sexpot" . . . "The Sexpot and The Cowpuncher" . . . "The Sexpuncher and the Cowpot" . . . "The Potboy and The Sexcow" . . . or "Sink The Bismarck."

POTTS

Which one of those tweaks you?

SMITH

Well—as a family man—I'd like to see something with "sex" in the title, but I wouldn't let my children go. If you don't mind a suggestion— POTTS

Certainly, certainly—that's why you're here.
SMITH

Well-a good, wholesome title that would appeal to me and my children, I think, would be-ah-POTTS

(to Carbon)

Write this down.

Ahh . . . mmm . . . Yeah! "Punch My Cow, Boy, And I'll Sink Your Bismarck!"

Potts and Carbon look at each other and nod agreement. Carbon writes it down.

It's different. Now tell him the story, Sam. SAM

Yes. Now, Mr. Smith-our three leads are played by Rock Hudson, Doris Day and Gregory Peck. **SMITH**

You don't need Peck.

No Peck. Make a note. Call MCA. Go ahead, Sam. CARBON

Okay, Rock plays both male parts then. He's a cowboy at the turn of the century, and he drifts down to Mexico to find the man who killed his father. When he gets there, he meets Doris. She's a dancer in a cantina and they fall in love, even though her boss wants to marry her. She's afraid of her boss and tells Rock to take her away, so he does. The boss follows them and shoots it out with Rock. The boss gets killed and Doris and Rock go back to the little Mexican town —Bismark—and take over the cantina. And they find out the boss has been the front for a dope ring smuggling heroin to high school kids in San Diego. They wrestle with their conscience—and in a powerful scene decide they can't let a good thing go, so they take over the dope smuggling themselves. That's when Rock's father shows up—he was just pretending to be dead to see what his son would do—only now a Government agent, so he arrests his own son. Doris shoots him dead and turns herself in so she can spend the rest of her life with Rock in jail. See? It's a slice of life.

Smith thinks about the story as they wait for his answer. POTTS

(finally)

Well, Mr. Smith-?

SMITH

I like it.

POTTS & CARBON (to each other; jubilantly)

He likes it!

Just a suggestion . . . POTTS

By all means! Get this down, Sam. Yes, Mr. Smith? SMITH

I'm just an average moviegoer, you understand . . . POTTS That's why you're here, Smitty .

SMITH

Well, I've seen enough shooting and dope smuggling and like that, well, I've seen enough shooting and dope smigging and like that, so I'd make Rock a prizefighter who likes to paint and he meets this pretty schoolteacher, Doris, in the museum one day and they fall in love and get married and go to Mexico and get in a fiesta and dance and sing and he paints her picture and Rock's father is an oil millionaire who uses the picture on all his calendars from the oil company and she gets to be a famous calendar girl and Rock goes to Paris to paint and forget her, only he can't, so she comes to Paris and they visit Spain and get in a fiesta and dance and sing. Now that's a picture I'd go see. picture I'd go see.

POTTS You'd go see that?

SMITH

I'd take my whole family.

CARBON

POTTS

You're sure, Smith? SMITH Positive—and I'm average, remember. Multiply me by 175 million moviegoers, you've got yourself a certain success.

You can't fight science.

CARBON No, we can't fight science.

POTTS

That's the picture we'll make. Thank you, Mr. Smith, and what do we owe you?

Oh, Mr. Sindlinger will send you his bill. I just work on salary.

Well, I'd like to give you a little something extra-SMITH

No, no-I've enjoyed this, thanks. First location job I've had in

four years. CARBON Location job?

You know, like when you travel. For four years now, I've been stuck in the office in St. Louis, guinea-pigging canned peas . . . soft candies ... neckwear ... surgical dressings and like that. I've enjoyed getting away again.

When was the last time you got away?

SMITH

Four years ago—when I was sent up to Detroit. I did the guinea-piggin' that put the Edsel on the market!

A THOUGHT ABOUT FRIENDS

By RUBE GOLDBERG

Last year I received the Banshees award which is a Hearst citation for work in journalism. The occasion was a luncheon in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf in New York. I had prepared a fine speech of acceptance. After



Rube Goldber

being introduced by Bugs Baer, the master of ceremonies. I looked into the friendly faces of the 1,200 guests and all my fine words of appreciation suddenly evaporated. I was left with a lump in my throat that squeezed the life out of all my well-turned ghrases before they had a chance to turn.

But in the sputtering incoherence of my expression of thankfulness I said something that brought a round of applause and was later repeated as an observation both sage and significant. I cannot remember the exact words because I was under the strain

of galloping emotions. But what I said went something like this:

I always wake up in the morning mad. I am mad at Khrushchev, I am mad at Castro, I am mad at a frenzied radio announcer who gleefully announces bad weather in Phoenix, Arizona, and Bergen, Norway. I am mad at the slippery rug in the bathroom, I am mad at politicians who promise to feed the starving and clothe the naked all over the world in no time at all, I am mad at a button off my favorite shirt and I am mad at my wife for dialing a friend on the telephone at the early hour of 7:10 a.m. when she knows full well that the friend doesn't wake up till 11.

After sober reflection I still believe that the proper way to wake up is to wake up mad. It gives you an incentive to do something during the day to make yourself a bit happier. You have somewhere to go with your disposition. By the afternoon, having disposed of your own troubles and those of the world, you are ready for a few cocktails which are bound to make everything around you look pretty rosy. You have forgotten most of the things that made you mad in the morning.

But there is one source of my morning anger that I find increasingly difficult to overcome, the obituary page of the N. Y. Times. I feel a compulsion to turn to this page every morning even before I look at the weather or read my favorite column in another paper telling what Zsa Zsa Gabor thinks of the situation in Leopoldville. I turn to it like a dipsomaniac grabbing a bottle of strong rum knowing that it is bound to bring him grief and disillusionment.

I first look at the ages of those who have shuffled off this mortal coil. The figures are strangely varied, running from about 24 to 96. Teenagers seem to make no impression on the ghoulish editor who prowls the typographical graveyard.

After I have digested these varied ages and taken some satisfaction in the fact that the grim reaper is not necessarily partial to old age, I look for names of people I know. As the years pass with their increasing speed I find more and more of these names—those whose friend-ships I have cherished and those with whom I have been less familiar—some in large type, some in small type, and ethers with barely a mention.

'Wrong Man Again!'

Oliver Herford, a noted wit of his day, would stop at the bulletin board in the Players' Club and read the name of a member who had just passed on. He'd invariably walk away muttering, "Wrong man again!" It's always the wrong man with most of us.

I sometimes wonder whether I haven't more pals who are dead than those who are alive. When I am called upon to be a pallbearer I acquiesce with a slight feeling of shame. Why am I, normally active and strong, asked to stand in superior smugness before the bier of a nice guy who has as much right to be just as active and strong as I? Why do I presume to hang around in front of a house of worship or a funeral parlor after the inadequate services and visit with friends of the deceased and talk about baseball and war and politics with hardly a mention of the star of the proceedings? The fact is we really can't think of words that will do him justice because words on such occasions are hollow and meaningless.

There is much ado in this country today about people who are afflicted with the infirmities of old age and unable to cope with the financial responsibilities of daily living. Both political parties are trying to outdo each other in making it easier for the aged to slide gracefully into the winter of their lives without being engulfed in the snows of poverty and despond. Social security, medical aid, pensions and all kinds of therapies including square dancing. The vacuum of financial inadequacy is being filled.

Rapidly Growing Bankrupt

But nothing is said about the gentleman who is financially sound and physically hearty but who is rapidly growing bankrupt in close friendships. He, too, needs a pat on the back. He needs to look into faces that reflect his own lust for living over a period of years. He looks around the table and sees nothing but strangers. He is alone in the company of ghosts.

My indignation over this utter disregard of the man whose friends are marching over the hill in sombre formation is not entirely objective as you have probably guessed by now. I am up there in the 70s myself where the laughs are spread rather thinly by the politicians and the do-gooders. They can replenish older people's bank accounts, feed them vitamins and revitalizers and lull their harried spirits with classical music. But they cannot stop the erosion of diminishing friendships.

So we must try and do something about it ourselves. There is no other way. Perhaps we can make new friends. Perhaps we can turn to religion or keep busy with fresh diversions.

But, most important of all, we must try not to dwell too much in the past. We must look ahead, not back. Tomorrow there will be another cocktail hour when we can grow mellow and contemplate the good things in life. Yesterday is gone. Tomorrow can always be ours.

The Big Stake in Paperbacks 280,000,000 Annual Sale

By WILLIAM C. LENGEL (Editor-in-chief, Fawcett World Library)

This year, 1960, marks the coming of age of paperbacks in America.

It was just 21 years ago that Robert DeGraff started Pocket Books with 10 titles. His output for the year was

only 34 titles. The average print order was 10,000 copies, as contrasted with today's minimum print order on mass market paperbacks of 150,000 copies.

In 21 years, a shoestring investment of \$30,000 in Pocket Books has grown into a multimillion dollar industry. In 1959, some 280,000,000 paperbacks were sold.

Naturally, the immediate success of Pocket Books brought a host of competitors, the first being Avon, followed by Bantam, New American Library, Dell, Popular Library, and sometime later by Fawcett. Some 30 new companies in all entered the field.



Bill Lenge

Paperback publication is not new in this country. As far back as the 1820s American publishing houses brought out paperbacks, but the life of these ventures was fairly brief.

In 1841, enterprising newspaper publishers brought out paperbacks as special supplementary features. These supplements were printed in book form, but were unbound and distributed under newspaper mailing rates.

But in 1845, when the Post Office ruled that these unbound books were not entitled to newspaper postal rates, this venture came to an end.

Another, and the most successful foray into the paper-back field, to that time, was started in the '70s. These publishers had available the vast output of British and Continental literature—all unprotected by copyright. This feast ended in 1891, when the International Copyright Law was enacted in the United States.

Saturation Sales Outlets

Of the several ventures into paperbacks in this country, most failed largely through overpricing and lack of distribution facilities. Today, with more than 100,000 outlets in drugstores, supermarkets, newsstands and stationery stores, paperbacks are available in the smallest of towns. So people who never read books now have a choice of paperbacks to satisfy a wide reading appetite.

A more recent development is the store devoted entirely to paperbacks. And, bigger outlets—Brentano's and Doubleday in New York, and Kroch-Brentano in Chicago—who carry an extensive line of paperback titles, indicate how important the paperback market has come to be regarded.

The bigger problem now facing the paperback publisher is no longer one of distribution, but one of supply and demand of literary product. Pocket Books and its early competitors had access to the literature of the world. At small cost, too. Editors had only to reach up into an overburdened tree and pluck the choicest fruit. Now that source is drying up. No more reaching up into that burdened fruit tree for choice fruit. Even the fair-to-middlin' windfalls are scarce.

As far back as 1952, Freeman Lewis of Pocket Books, in his Bowker Lecture, viewed with alarm his estimate that of "the big bid books of the past two years (1950-1951), that is, titles which were acquired for reprint with guarantees of \$15,000 or more, less than five will even earn out their minimum guarantee."

"If the present situation continues," warned Mr. Lewis, "all paperback publishers may be forced to seek either a change in the terms and methods of contracting for reprint rights or a change in the sources of supply."

Gold Medal Books, Fawcett's original paperback line, was the first to initiate a change in "the sources of supply." But more of that later.

Some Real Fancy Advances

Contrast Mr. Lewis' \$15,000 with more than \$250,000 paid by Dell for the reprint rights to "Return to Peyton Place," which, incidentally, had no appreciable sales in hardcover, Mr. Lewis' own Pocket Books paid over \$160,000 for "Advise and Consent." But the New American Library took the first plunge some years ago, paying more than \$100,000 for "From Here to Eternity."

No wonder that hardcover houses are sitting back

angling for bids that still shock Mr. Lewis with his "\$15,000 tops" of less than 10 years ago.

But is a hardcover publisher to be blamed for exacting all he can get for reprint rights?

Well, he would find it hard to exist without the income from subsidiary rights—the major portion of these subsidiary rights being in the income from reprints.

Why should reprint publishers pay such high prices,

Why should reprint publishers pay such high prices, now the order of the day? Why reach out for these few choice items?

Because every reprint house must have Best Sellers as leaders; a hungry public is waiting for these \$4 and \$5 books for 25, 50, 75 and sometimes 95c—window dressing.

A look at the supply for reprint of hardcover books, as represented by the Best Seller List, reveals that of approximately 3,000 fiction titles published in the period from Jan. 1, 1958 to July 1959, or 18 months, there were only 36 novels that dominated the Best Seller List. That means an average of only 24 big novels a year.

There are now 12 recognized, reputable publishers of reprints—all seeking, searching, scrambling for titles. Five of these houses might be called major reprinters—Pocket Books, Fawcett, Dell, New American Library and Bantam. Also in this highly competitive field are Popular Library, Avon, Pyramid, Ballantine, Berkley, Ace and Monarch.

So 12 reprint houses must vie with each other to acquire their share of those 24 outstanding Best Sellers of the year.

However, many of those Best Sellers are already under option to various reprint houses who published an author's previous work, which lessens even more the books available.

Of course, there are some 60-100 other novels that make the Best Seller List for a brief period, and fade away quickly. Still these secondary books have publicity value for reprinters. They can be promoted as "Best Sellers."

But consider the limited number of choices of true Best

Sellers and the scramble for them in competition. Here is how it works.

A Best Seller is on the market. The hardcover publisher calls the various reprint houses and announces that bids are in order. They expect to close a deal within a week, or sometimes within a few days, often overnight.

What happens in the offices of the reprint houses? There is a conclave of editors, production people and sales executives, examination of charts showing costs and what the reprint may earn if it sells X number of copies. How much to bid! How much to bid, that is, and come up with a profit

And in every office each prospective bidder is wondering—and worrying—what his competitors may bid. It's all a game, a gamble, a big gamble.

At Fawcett, for Crest Books, I believe we have acquired our share, or maybe a little more, with such outstanding titles as "By Love Possessed," "Lolita," "Please Don't Eat The Daisies," "The Ugly American," "Poor No More," and "The Longest Day." Fawcett also contracted for the reprint rights to "South of the Angels," "The Distant Trumpet" and "Folk Medicine."

Hollywood Angles

Incidentally, another factor that affects the bidding is the sale or ripe possibility of the sale of a motion picture from a hardcover book. A big, spectacular picture will stimulate sales of a paperback. (Crest's "Psycho" went to press three times in less than two months). It's still a guess as to whether an average picture will promote the sales of an average book.

Movie tie-ins are also important to Fawcett's original paperback line. Gold Medal, during the past year, has published novelizations of such films as "Pillow Talk," "It Started In Naples" and "Hell To Eternity," with considerable success. Needless to say, movie paperback tie-ins do a fine pre-selling job for films.

It is the sleepers in hard covers, the accidentals, that bring satisfaction to a reprint editor. Several years ago my eye happened to fall on an inch ad in a newspaper. In bold type was the word "Mandingo" and in smaller type, Denlinger, Publisher, Richmond, Va. God knows what made me request a copy of this book, issued by a publisher practically unknown in the trade field. The novel came in, 650 large pages.

I hefted it in my hand and said, "Ah, a vanity job." The author probably stood the cost of printing. At least, this was my suspicion. Well... at least I'd pass out the book for an opinion. The reader's report was scathing. The book wasn't worth consideration for reprint. Any novel that excites such a vehement, adverse report naturally stimulated my interest.

Those 'Sleepers'

I read the book. It was almost unbelievable . . . an extraordinarily exciting piece of work. A man, who had written many books on the breeding of dogs, had written a fascinating, horrifying story of a Southern slave humanbreeding farm in pre-Civil War days.

We bought "Mandingo" for Crest, with a lot of fear as

we bought "Mandingo" for Crest, with a lot of fear as to its public acceptance, to say nothing of censorship! The hardcover book, as I mentioned, bulked out to 660 la 26 pages, almost 400,000 words. In order to get the reprint within the widths in which a paperback can be bound, we did a delicate job of condensing.

We cut something like 92,000 words. Even so, the Crest paperback edition in our format ran to 640 pages, 265,000 words. It was Fawcett's first 75c title.

In order to comply with a Federal Trade Commission ruling, we had to label the book "an abridgment," a risky thing to do. The public might feel cheated. But I think we took the curse off the word "abridgment" by calling it "Uncensored Abridgment." Uncensored Abridgment! That innocent little phrase has achieved international attention.

attention.

When "Mandingo" was published in England a subscriber wrote to The Bookseller in London expressing some puzzlement over the phrase, Uncensored Abridgment, used by an American publishing house. The Bookseller turned for an interpretation to Frederic Warburg, the distinguished British publisher. Mr. Warburg submitted this bit of erudite enlightenment:

"To a publisher the explanation is simple. 'Uncensored' means 'We have left the dirty bits in'; 'abridgment' implies 'We have left the dull bits out.'"

It is likely that the phrase Uncensored Abridgment excited more reader curiosity than the usual gimmick of Complete and Unabridged.

Some time ago, Sterling North in the N.Y. World Telegram & Sun wrote, "People who make a fortune in the literary world are as rare as gamblers who break the bank at Monte Carlo." Mr. North continued, "Generally speaking, from my own observation I would say that writing (along with painting and acting) is one of the three most hazardous careers ever invented . . . of the more than 10.000 books published each year less than 500 pay reasonable returns on the time and energy invested."

Mr. North was shocked by a publisher who told him that he doubted if the average novel sold 5.000 copies, which would mean, on the first royalty basis, that the author earned about \$1,500 for a year of hard work.

Here is where Fawcett and Gold Medal came in to make a change in the sources of supply as predicted by Freeman

To enter the paperback field was no sudden decision on

the part of the Fawcetts.

As far back as 1943 Ralph Daigh, Fawcett's editorial director, assigned me to make a survey of the paperback reprint field. Only the wartime lack of paper, which Fawcett needed for its many and successful magazines, postponed a decision at that time. However, Fawcett did enter the field by taking on the distribution of Signet, Mentor and Key Books, published by the New American Library.

This distribution was a lucrative business, so when Fawcett later made a move to go into reprints, the New American Library complained that this would put us in direct competition with them for acquiring reprint rights.

In order to avoid this competition and the loss of profit-(Continued on page 58)



Religious Dimension In Today's Scripts

(Mal Boyd left the entertainment industry in 1951 to begin his studies for the Episcopal priesthood. He studied for three years in a seminary in Berkeley, had a year's graduate theological work at Oxford University in England and the Ecumenical Institute of the World Council of Churches in Switzerland, and received his S.T.M. degree from Union Seminary in New York City. Father

from God, lovelessness toward others and a fierce loneliness within one's own personality, are being given us by the best films and plays.

Man's engulfment, his continued yielding to passion or panic, to sadness or futility, is clearly reflected in these films and plays. These art forms mirror man's anxiety and grief, his knowledge of himself as finite and also seemingly without hope. Therefore, these films and plays possess profound religious dimension and meaning.

Tennessee Williams is a playwright who has written profusely, expressed many conflicting images of life, and given us certain rock-hard transparent statements which seem to sum-up sharply certain basic facets of modern life. Williams has bequeathed to us a classic statement of "Art of the Fall," that art mirroring man's self-awareness of a seemingly unredeemed, agonizing human condition, in a speech (by Tom) in his play "The Glass Menagerie:" "I traveled around a The cities swept about me like dead leaves, leaves that were brightly colored but torn away from the branches. I would have stopped, but I was pursued by something."

Self-Awareness of Man

If one wishes to read into the meaning of Tom's pursuit the strong force of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," one can say that the play "The Glass Menagerie" points the way toward "Art of Redempton of the strong force of t tion," that art which mirrors man's self-awareness of the fact of God's love and (related to it) man's love, poured out in concrete acts of a redemptive nature restoring to "lost" humanity the vision and the actuality of personal dignity, beauty and hope.

In another play by Williams, "Camino Real," one can cite a speech (by Don Quixote) which represents "Art of Redemption" "In a place where so many are lonely, it would be inexcusably selfish to be lonely alone. . . " Yet the play remains a picture of hell, in the tradition of Sartre's one-act "No Exit" or Federico Fellini's motion picture, "La Dolce Vita."

Why must simple definitions elude us, so that we are caused such seemingly endless difficulties? One very simple definition, that of a religious play or motion picture, has become quite hopelessly confused in the public mind. A religious play or motion picture must possess valid religious dimension, being concerned—in motivation and technique— to depict honestly the human condition as it is existentially experienced in the world created and redeemed by God.

When an art medium is fettered and perverted into channels of expression which represent prostitution—as in the case of the traditional Hollywood "religious" movie—we are confronted by the grotesque and the hideous, deceptively cloaked in accepted religious symbol and reeking of the cheap perfume of whoredom, Babylonian or otherwise. It is not enough to mix a stack of recognizable religious or Christian symbols with a stack of proven commercial gimmicks in order to produce a religious work of art.

Drama Always 'Personal'

It was Elia Kazan who, talking about art, said that it is nothing if it is not personal. "It can't be homogenized. By its nature, it must disturb, stir up, enlighten, and offend." Man has had only sporadic successes, in the art medium of the feature film, in his search to find himself. He cannot realize his own identity or the meaning of life itself in homogenized, impersonal, dehumanized movies which are pasted together for mass consumption and altogether lacking in artistic integrity. However, there have been great movies—and simply good ones-which represent the fulfillment of the motion picture's promise as an art medium.

We have seen several of these quite recently. Francois Truffaut's "The 400 Blows" depicts the experience of hopelessness in a lad's life, yet coupled with the final awareness that life does not contain its own finality and must continue. Alain Resnais' "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" brings us into contact with two persons who share intensely an experience of searing reality which flows in and out of an existential stream of consciousness. Each person hears wounds and shelters hurte stream of consciousness. Each person bears wounds and shelters hurts deeply imbedded in the spirit; each cannot be simply a "or" but is marked as an individual with a corporate sense of identity.

Fellini's "La Dolce Vita" employs cinematic originality and resource-fulness to pose the question. "What does it mean to be human?" For it is not so much a matter of the fleshly orgies which Fellini presents in his film tableau as it is a question of the decadence of the will which points the way to orgies, sexual or spiritual. The decadence of the will marks our aristocracies, intellectual and social, far more than we have thus far permitted ourselves to admit.

Our Photographic Age

Fellini goes further and gives us on film one of the most telling portraits of "mass media" corruption that we have yet seen. Time after time, whether for the arrival at the Rome airport of a Hollywood sex goddess, a sensational religious healing event or a personal tragedy, Fellini's camera catches the unforgettable picture of photographers, dozens of them, running and pushing and assuming grotesque poses to take their photographs which will tell a superficial story—impersonally, of course—without the whole truth ("are you still beating your wife?") as well as without the dimension of the suffering underlying the photograph, be it a flash-shot of smile or exterior pain.

The Savage Eye' shows us a woman who is trying to commit suicide all the time, spiritually, and then she finally attempts It physically, in an automobile. The Swedish film craftsman, Ingmar Bergman, is working always just underneath the level of conscious perception, utilizing images sharply and superbly, carrying us swiftly and unsuspectingly into the stream of consciousness of his characters, then as suddenly freeing us from an absorption or a loyalty and casting us adrift on the shore of a new problem or situation absolutely alien

Much of the contemporary theatre is meant to be less an entertainment than a statement about life, Last summer, in London, I saw Joan Plowright in Arnold Wesker's "Roots." Not only does Wesker Not only does Wesker 'preach" throughout his play; he has Beatie Bryant (played by Miss Plowright) literally stand up on a chair on the stage and "preach" too ---about life values.

In London, too, I saw Sir Laurence Olivier brilliantly enact the role, in Ionesco's play "The Rhinoceros," of the last remaining man after everybody else has changed into a rhinoceros. It is, of course, a study in conformity and non-conformity. The theme of the play is related to all human attitudes and actions which fail to see mana man, any man—as bearing within his life the glory of having been created in the image of God.

Two other London plays possessed, I felt, profound "religious" meaning. I saw the controversial, brilliantly conceived new play by Harold Pinter called "The Caretaker." It is a study of human loneliness and the inability to communicate with other persons—especially while one is talking. Sir Alec Guinness played the part of Lawrence of Arabia in "Ross" by Terence Rattigan, a theatrical piece which

Boyd, after two years as parish priest of an inner-city church in Indianapolis, has now begun his second year as Episcopal Chaplain at St. Paul's House, Colorado State University, Fort Collins. He was formerly with Foote, Cone & Belding, Republic Pictures, Samuel Goldwyn Productions and Mary Pickford, and was first president of the Television Producers Assn. of Hollywood).

So many portrayals of life within the hell marked by separation depicts the savage breaking open of a human life, followed by an common God, lovelessness toward others and a fierce loneliness within abortive healing effort and concluding with only a question about the

The Sense of Sin

The New York off-Broadway plays possess the incredible value of being frank, searching, uncompromising excursions into experiences of barren human life. In Jack Gelber's play "The Connection" men are sitting in a room waiting for a narcotic fix; a character called Cowboy is coming and he will bring with him enough dope for a moment's release from the hell of simply waiting for a moment's release. In Jean Genet's play "The Balcony," the setting is a house of prostitution; we witness an almost unbelievably accurate portrayal albeit a dramatically heightened one—of the role-playing in which all of us daily indulge in life.

The Zoo Story" by Edward Albee is a play in which a man, sitting in the park and trying to read a book, is suddenly confronted by another man and catapulted into the tragedy and intensity of his life. It is a situation in which superficiality is dropped like a mask, and the raw fibre of life violently exposed. Samuel Beckett's "Krapp's Last Tape" is a monologue of sound and fury signifying loneliness, lost moments which were neither retrieved nor redeemed, and a

A religious dimension or quality in a play or motion picture is not limited to the portrayal of a biblical character or the telling of an explicitly "religious" story—in fact, such a portrayal or story may well not be genuinely religious at all. The closest we have come, in the theatre and the motion picture, to a genuinely religious expression has occurred when man's life under God has been most honestly and profoundly portrayed in devastating simplicity.

A Many-Splendored Cinema Temple; The Glory That Was Grauman's

By STAN DELAPLANE

opened its many-splendored doors on Hollywood Blvd., May 18, 1924. "The Little Cathedral of the

Industry," said Sid Grauman rever-It opened with a grand premiere

of Cecil B. DeMille's "King of Kings." And for a decade thereafter, studios fought to get their pictures launched at the Oriental film palace.

Each picture ran EXCLUSIVE-LY for three to six months. In front of them showman Grauman exhibited lavish, live prologs of stars, singers and dancers.

Seats sold at legitimate theatre prices. And patrons were seated by the corps of 30 usherettes (a daring novelty), dressed as Chinese sing-song girls.

I was talking to Brig Townsend, the publicity man, and Bob Frankel, the king of ticket brokers, about those golden days.

"The Chinese Theatre was an idea thought up by Grauman and Joe Schenck and Charlie Toberman," said Brig. (When the theatre man," said Brig, (When the opened, Brig was one of the inscrutable Oriental doormen.) ought to go up sometime and see Charlie and see the original plans.

He said that all three agreed that this was to be the most elegant, the most authentic, the most most, ever seen in Hollywood.

"Charlie Toberman was the most enthusiastic. He kept enlarging the plans until finally Grauman and Schenck were worried. "They said: "Charlie, the thing

to do is for you to go to China and do some real research. Bring back the real dope.

"So they put him on a slow boat for China—there weren't any planes then. And he researched and came back with even bigger plans. Temples and all that.

"'Charlie,' they said, 'a terrible thing has happened. You were gone so long. Charlie, we had to go ahead and build the theatre!' And that was what they had done," said Brig. "It was all built. But you ought to go up and see the plans. It was kind of a funny story in a way."

The Chinese was as authentic as Grauman could make it—he had a great regard for Chinese showmanship. He had been a guide in San Francisco's Chinatown when tourists were ushered shuddering through "opium dens."

"We just gave them a quick," peek," Grauman told me once. Then I had a fellow on the outside hammer on the door. 'The cops!' I would yell. 'Let's get out of here!' And the tourists would come boiling out with a great experience to tell the folks back

The Chinese was built as

Theatre multiple-pagoda temple. An au-ed doors thentic "Heaven Dog" stood beside each door and the entire staff was garbed as attendants to the Dowager Empress.

Blue, purple and violet lights played over the facade. And rare Oriental plants dripped over the rooftop.

There were lifelike waxworks of famous Chinese (Grauman's Hall of Chinese Fame included the "Mayor" of New York's Chinatown, silent screen star Anna May Wong and the Dowager Empress of China as a girl).

The most imposing work of art in the foyer was a huge oil painting done by a 13-year-old boy: "Holly-wood Comes to the Aid of Napoleon."

It shows Napoleon through the battlefield of Austerlitz. He is surrounded by a staff of officers whose faces were recognized at once by every fan: Douglas Fairbanks, Adolphe Menjou, Joseph Schenck, Eric von Stroheim.

On the ground, wounded Charles Chaplin is nursed by Marion Davis who wears a Zouave uni-

The picture, Grauman and nounced, was worth \$25,000!

There are a lot of theories about what happened to those glamorous days—the banks took over, the movie studios became cautious; Grauman, the great showman, died.

Anyway, they are gone. Leaving the water-filled footprints in the lobby, the Chinese waxworks and a Hollywood of braver days still coming to the aid of Napoleon.

ownership has changed hands several times and the great prologs and premieres died with Grauman

I drove by the other night when they had a premiere. It hardly drew a corporal's guard of fans to watch the limousines pull up.

Both Brig and Bob Frankel re-call when "Hell's Angels" with Jean Harlow filled Hollywood Blvd. with 20 solid blocks of screaming, fainting viewers.

No, it wasn't that there aren't great press agents today—though Frank Whitheck who handled "Hell's Angels" was certainly a genius. Just something has gone that used to be there, they said.

Over in the palm-fringed fover, a handful of tourists wander around each day. Looking at the concrete footprints of the past great.

John Barrymore pressed famous profile in the cement. Shirley Temple's little girl hands are there. Betty Grable put in a lasting print of a famous leg.

One lady star sat in the concrete. And her posterior is there for all posterity. So ended the era.

12 Writing Names **Guide Tyro Scribs**

By MORT FREEDGOOD

The Groves of Academe (correspondence school division) have been invaded by two of the brightest voung litr'y lights in the field of popular writing—Max Shulman and Rod Serling. The pair, all dolled up in figurative gown and mortar-board, are fullfledged pro-fessors on the staff of the Famous Writers School of Westport. By official designation, they're members of the 12-man Guiding Faculty of the School, which is a sister to the Famous Artists Schools.

The Famous Writers School currently enrolling its first students after a three-year period of preparation involving the writing of millions of words of textbooks and supplementary teaching materials, is the brainchild of Albert Dorne, creator of the Famous Artists Schools. Director of FWS is Gordon Carroll, a knowledgeable old pro, who has been an editor of Reader's Digest and Time and edi-tor-publisher of Coronet.

Big selling point of FWS, as with FAS, is the high voltage appeal of its Guiding Faculty. In addition to Serling and Shulman, this consists of Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff, Mark Wiseman, Rudolf Flesch and Red Smith. As with FAS Guiding Faculty of top name artists, FWS' big dozen is considerably more than frosting on the cake. Each of the 12 contributed substantially to the preparation of the textbooks used in the various writing courses, and each has a continuing function as a "teacher's teacher" — participating in periodic get-togethers with the school's instructional staff

According to Shulman, this active participation of the members of the Guiding Faculty is an "article of faith. Back in the days when the school was being formed, a well-known journalist who had been tapped for the Guiding Faculty was quickly untapped when he said that he couldn't get involved beyond the lending of his

The answer to the obvious and not necessarily invidious question of why Shulman and Serling—whose professional writings earn them more money than they could hope to make by devoting themselves full time to counterfeiting —have become involved with FWS. is one of mixed motivation. Shulman, queried in Westport-where he makes his permanent home between frequent visits to Hollywood for work on his Dobie Gillis tv series-broke it down as follows:

"First, security, Second, the hambone in all of us. And third-don't laugh-empathy for the agonies of the beginning writer. I think these are roughly the motives of all of va. At any rate they're mine."

Security? says Shulman. "We're making a dollar. But writers aren't on any kind of pension plan, and who knows, maybe one day you run out of jokes, or as in Serling's case, twilight. Well, each one of us owns an itty-bitty piece of the Famous Writers School. If it's only half as successful as the Famous Artists, then each of us have a nice annuity. It's not an unreasonable incentive."

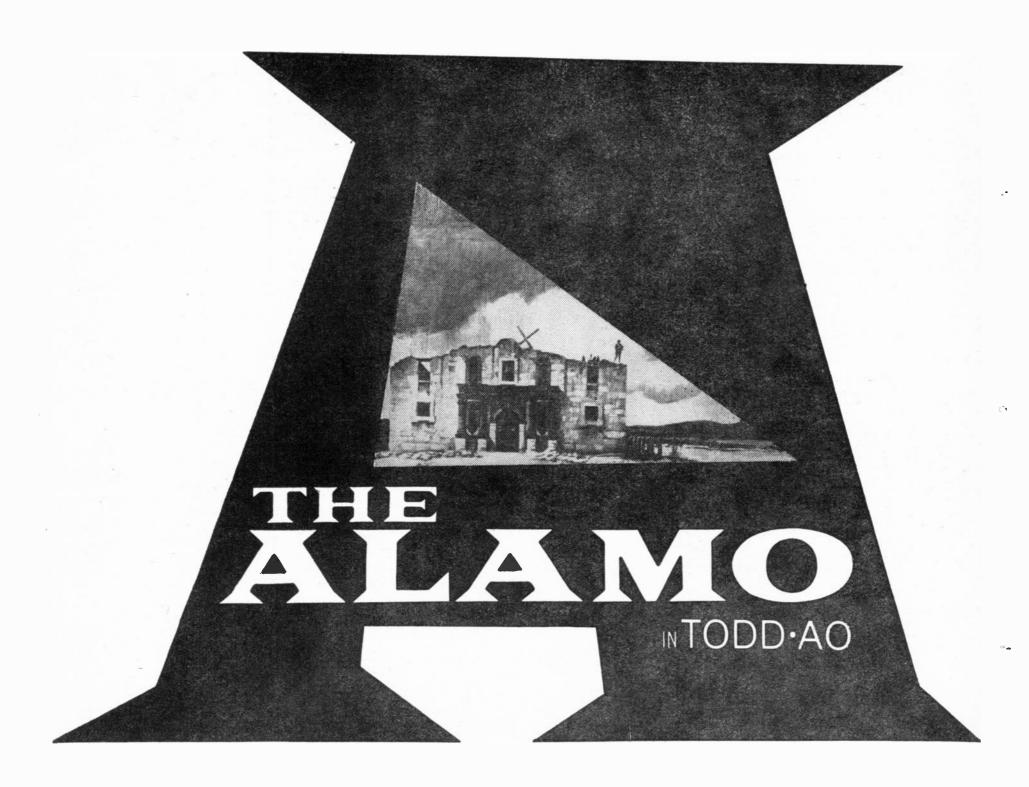
second "motivation." On the Shulman says:

"Which of us hasn't got a touch of the ham in him? Imagine, me-Herr Professor Doktor Shulmansounding off on the art of writing, expounding principle, exploring theory, advising on this or that practical point, while thousands hang on my every word! You have to be made of pretty stern stuff to resist anything as attractive as all that. Who's resisting it?

"And finally, I carry around a permanent lump of sympathy and affection for every poor soul who has decided to enter the unequal struggle against a sheet of blank paper.

Famous Artists Schools, a phenomenon of the correspondence teaching business, started 12 years ago, and has enrolled some 80,000 students over this period. Dorne. president of both FAS and FWS, is confident that, in the fullness of time, the Writers School will outstrip the Artists in total enrollment.

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TOYS IN THE ATTIC

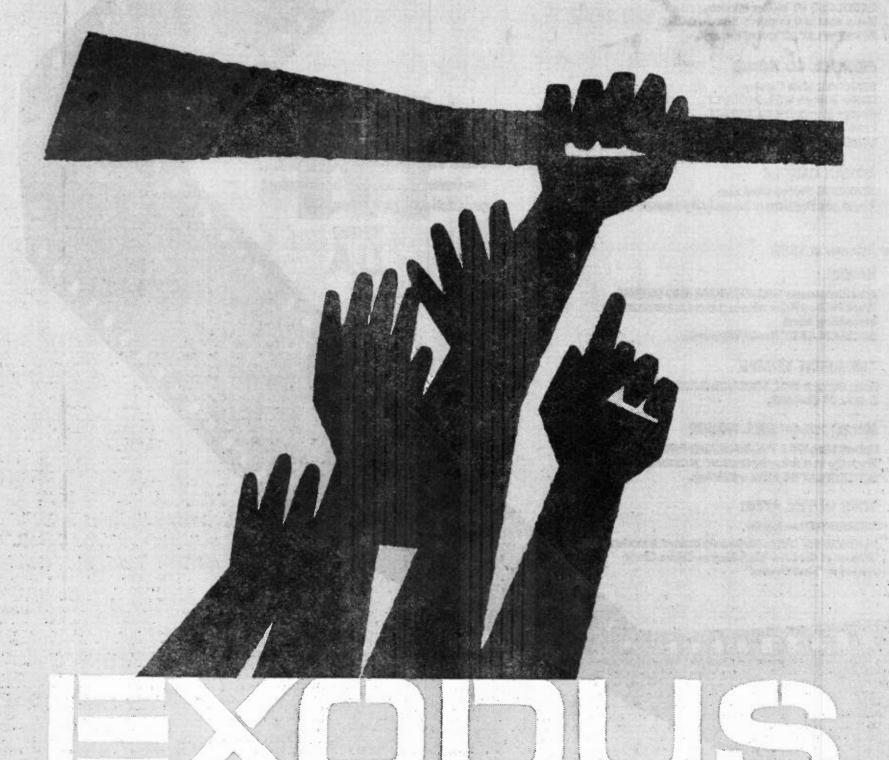
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THRU



OTTO PREMINGER PRESENTS



CURRENT: CRITIC'S CHOICE (ON BROADWAY). FUTURE: BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING (COLUMBIA), ADVISE AND CONSENT (U.A.), THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS (U.A.), THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN (COLUMBIA)

It's Mike Frankovitch's true tale about the smooth-tongued Hollywood producer noted for his Hollywood parties, who threw the bash regardless of his personal bank account. A few years ago, the morning after the costly blowout, Frankovitch returned to the producer's house to retrieve a forgotten overcoat and heard loud voices wrangling in the livingroom. Although he wanted to grab his coat and go, the butler insisted that he remain to "say hello to Mr. Producer." Mike waited nervously in the hall as the angry voices continued the quarrel, and realized eventually that it was the Los Angeles County sheriff and some of his men who'd come to collect the producer's furniture because of overdue bills.

As the words flew, the producer's golden tongue came to the fore —and half an hour later, when the producer helped the men of the law into their overcoats, the sheriff and his crew not only left the furniture-but the sheriff himself had invested \$150 in the pro-Hazel Guild

MAKE ROOM FOR THE PLAYERS

Misfits Have No True Place In the Business There Is No Business Like

By HARRY HERSHFIELD

A genuine actor, the thespian hour!" "That's all right, this will who lives and breathes "the thea- only take me 40 minutes!" tre," is a dedicated being. Like the slogan of those latterday Confederate soldiers (the Post Office boys in grey)—"neither rain nor snow nor gloom of night," etc.—so can't circumstances halt the "route" of the ambitious player as he treks the round of booking agents and theatrical managers' offices.

Hunger can either turn one to being a panther on the prowl or bring out the spiritual, fatalistic true being. As was beautifully exemplified by the poor man of the cloth, in an impoverished ghetto House of Worship, when asked how he was able to sustain himself under the circumstances. He replied, "Lucky that I'm a very religious man-if I didn't fast three times a week, I'd starve to death!"

The actor is emotional from the moment he decides to be "of the theatre." In fact, he wants to live in the tradition; reading how this and that great star, deliberately suffered, to finally make his or her mark in the world of makebelieve; or suffer beyond the call of traditional duty, so it will make dramatic reading later, in the biog-

Some will accept nothing less than complete suffering, even turning down small parts because it's beneath dignity not to be "hurrahed" in a stellar role. And with the burning zeal of hate against those "who refuse to give me the chance," they do not suffer in silence. As said about one actor: "He minds his own business at the top of his voice!" Illustrated by the fellow just evicted, and sitting on the curb, during a snowstorm. A good samaritan, passing, asked him for the reason of his plight, and got this answer: "I'm out of a job and can't pay my rent and the hard-hearted landlord just threw me out into the street!" The kindly man assured him, "Don't worry, I own a big factory and I'll give you a job-and then you can pay your rent and get out of all this!" "No, I don't want it—I'd rather have my grievance!"

Victims of the Racket

Little does the novice actor know of the heartaches of success in his chosen profession. Performers who have amassed wealth but not wanted any more in the theatre, although surrounded by wordly goods they learn that "money talks but doesn't applaud." Also been said: "The saddest thing in nature is when desire outlives ability." That is why many a rich aging star often produces his own play. Anything to get back into hearing: "15 minutes," again shouted into his dressing room.

Of course an advantage of wealth is that you can afford anything that isn't good for you. Let's go back to the truly struggling ones of show business, such as the case of the novice playwright trying for a chance to read his play to a certain producer who so far successfully avoided him. One day, however, the persistent "author" read that this producer was ill. This was the novice's big chance—the moment of moments. He rushed over to the hospital and sneaked into the producer's room, locked the door, pulled out his play and went to the bedside of the ailing producer and cried: "Let me read my play to you!" "Please, please, "pleaded the producer, "the doctor says that I'll be dead in an

This is no intent to discourage the courageous and talented in this quicksand form of livelihood. After a few years in show biz, the smarter ones start taking up a "sideline." Can give you a long list of even successful actors, during their fame, who hooked-up with other, more solid endeavours, to ease the decline in their later years. They're in the stock market, in realestate, and in multiple commercial enter-

The performer who insists and making "the theatre" his only source of endeavour and income will end up as strictly "ham;" as in the venerable example of the chicken and pig (the latter, not meant as an appelation of the actor, but only symbolic of the point of the story). The chicken and the pig were in a cart driven through the streets. Every restaurant they passed displayed a sign "ham and eggs." Said the chicken to the pig, "Look, we two are the headliners—ham and eggs!" To which the pig replied to the chicken: "Listen, jerk, with you it only means a little extra 'stretch' -with me, it's a supreme sacri-

The person who remains in show business, even if a failure, because of a burning conceit, is his own problem. This type can take all the pans of the critics and still feel that the latter are wrong, with a thousand-and-one alibis for himself. Keep his name on the theatrical page, or first page, because of some dereliction, and there is nothing wrong with his world. There's the classic example of the conceited "ham" who had been an expert engraver in his earlier days. He resumed his work—but this time as a counterfeiter. He started off by making the most perfect \$5 bill. But they caught him right away—instead of Lincoln, he put his own picture on the bill! Anything to be noticed! It's like the actor who received a terrible notice in the newspaper. He called up the editor and yelled: "How could you say that about me?" To which the scribe retorted: "Well, you are a horrible, no-talent per-former and don't belong in the theatre—so now, what's your com-plaint?" "That you should have put that 'knock' on your theatrical page—you had it in the column called 'Public improvements'!"

And maybe that puts yours truly in the right perspective. In this article, am only "riding" those who do not belong in the ancient and revered art of the theatre. The sooner these no-talents vamoose, the better. Leave the theatre to the real talents. We have thousands of real actors around who find it tough enough to show their wares. These are the people who make our lives the happier. In their able "make-believe" trayals they make harsher realities the easier to bear. We need our gardens; take out the crabgrass that choke of the finer, more beautiful flowering. True, eliminating certain inept ones may raise a hue and storm from the "free-enterand storm from the "free-enter-prise" committees: "Who has the right to direct him and her here and there?" There is reason to that, we admit. But we also have the right to stop some driver from going wrong on a one-way street. And the one-way street of the theatre is for those of genuine talent and true dedication.

Always A Great Promoter INCOME WITH A FUTURE

Several Methods to Share-the-Wealth (With Uncle Sam) Yet Shave The Tax Rap

By BEN LAURENCE SOKOLOVE

(Tax Planning Specialist)

tially completed tax form that lay before her. Was it really smart, might have received recommenda-she asked herself, to fill out her tions for other than salary arrangeown tax form even if she was good at figures, even if it meant a considerable saving to do the job herself, rather than secure the services of an accountant or tax consultant?

"Yes," a confident inner voice assured her. "Why not? Mine is a simple case. I know my exact earnings for the year. I earned it all from royalties on the sale of my recordings, through salaries for personal appearances on tv and in nightclubs and that one movie I did. The total is accurate. I ought to know. Didn't I teach mathematics in junior high before I became a song-stylist? I can add as well as anyone and I can read. The instructions clearly state that I am allowed to deduct all my legitimate expenses. That means I can deduct what I gave my agent, what I spent for traveling, for special arrangements and so on. I've got the figures all here in my account book."

Suiting the action to the thought, Dulcey added her deductible expenses to their total and subtracted that from her gross earnings. sudden frenzied frown distorted her pretty face as she consulted the appropriate line on the tax rate schedule. The amount listed there for tax payment on her net income was staggering. She scrutinized the chart again to make sure she was on the right line.

Yes, there it was plain as day. On net earnings of \$100,000 for single taxpayers, the tax was \$67,320 plus 89% of any amount earned in excess of \$100,000. She groaned explosively. "Over \$67,000!" she cried. That leaves me less than \$33,000 out of gross earnings of \$140,000. It isn't fair! It's highway robbery!" Her glance shot to the tax schedule for married taxpayers. The tax there for \$100,-000 was \$53,640. "It would almost pay me to get married," she mused unhappily. "I could save almost unhappily. "I could save almost \$14,000 more. Yes, but supporting a husband would probably cost more than that," she answered herself.

With sinking heart she returned to the business at hand. Right now she was expected to make a tax payment of \$67,320. Reluctantly she reached for her checkbook. The balance showed some \$85,000. She did some fast mental calcula-After paying her taxes all she would have left would be some \$18,000. That was all she would be able to save out of \$140,000. "And I've lived pretty economicalshe murmured unhappily. I'd bought that mutation mink coat I wanted so badly I'd be down to nothing. tI doesn't seem fair to earn all that money and have so little to show for it."

Dulcey's Problem

earnings as I went along? I'd be in a real mess now." With sudden decision she began completing her pauperism, but with the added for her recordings. Let us suppose, tax return. As far as she could ignominy and irritation of being see no accountant or tax consultant could save her any money. That special tax advantage — capital gains — didn't apply to her. Her income was all from regular earnings. What any accountant could do for her she could do herself. His fee would only diminish her savings still more.

"Yes," she reassured herself, "it is smart for me to do this job myself.

Dulcey's decision is at least debatable. Whether it was good or not depends on several factors: whether or not she was satisfied with a mere saving of \$18,000; whether or not she could have improved her tax situation by competent advice. It is probably true that an accountant, at that stage of the proceedings, couldn't have

helped her much.
In one way, however, Dulcey
Jones had been wise. She had put

ments for some of her commitments and for investments that might have produced capital gains at much smaller tax rates. In that way she might have greatly increased her net savings. Also she would have received advice in connection with the building and accumulation of her estate. For it should be remembered, in this connection, that there are taxes other than those for income-such as inheritance taxes and gift taxes which it is well to anticipate. The estates of many people dwindle because of the lack of proper plan-

Building an estate for future self-use, or for those who may inherit it, is a prime requisite of modern living, particularly by those in temporary high income brackets where Lady Luck's favora short time, even turn into a scowl.

'Specially In Show Biz

As with every phase of living, the wise thing is to plan—to look ahead, to anticipate future contingencies, to seek some measure of future financial security. Too many of us, like Topsy, "just grow," and that can mean a pretty weedy process, with roots shooting out in every direction and the main core of the human plant sapped of its development because of a lack of proper planting, caring and pruning.

Such a plant to reach a satisfaclory maturity, must have the onein-a-million luck of a sweepstakes' winner.

Especially is this true with those engaged in the entertainment field. The high-yield years of even established stars are very limited. With very few exeptions, the high point of their earning capacities rarely extends for a period beyond 10 years. After that, assuming that they can find employment, with new talents pushing into the star arena with greater and greater frequency, their earnings are on a tobogganing slide downward. At the end of the slide might be character of bit parts or no parts at all—with many years of life still to be lived. It is for those years

provision while the going is good.

If, anticipating the lean years,
a topflight entertainer (or any transient big-money maker) has planned ahead, he can at least look forward to a measure of financial security that will somewhat lessen the pangs of his loss of fame and applause. If not, he is merely left with memories of an irrecoverable past-memories that are as unsatisfactory as a remembered good meal to a hungry man without the

present funds to pay for another.

Consider the much publicized A sigh of resignation escaped Dulcey Jones. "But I guess I could be worse off. Suppose I hadn't put aside that tax money out of who, having earned fabulous fortaxes of the good years: taxes that inexorably keep increasing year by year with continuing interest charges. Competent taxwise planning could have avoided those un- have flowed from capital profits. happy plights.

There are two ways one can seck tax advantages—the right way and the wrong way. The right way envisages careful planning based on expert knowledge of taxation. The wrong way embraces the attempt to circumvent the tax laws by trickery, concealment, and false returns. That way leads sooner or later to still greater financial penalties-they can be more than double the original rightful tax payments—or even prison
In this regard it should be noted

In one way, however, Dulcey Jones had been wise. She had put aside out of her carnings the money she would need for the tax is a highly specialized field which like the same of the seathings by other in the salary or royalties, and in lawyers and accountants are not so doing add not only to the Fednecessarily tax experts. Taxation eral treasury, but to one's own

Dulcey Jones held her gold ball- payment. But, long before she goes far beyond mere figures or point pen poised in midair momen-tarily looking away from the par-return, had she had the advice of tax consultant is to tax problems a competent tax consultant, she what a medical diagnostician is to physical ailments. After analysis and planning he points the way for others - competent lawyers and accountants - to carry on with their specialties.

The basic idea behind taxes is simple. Our annual government expenses equal X dollars. must therefore be levied to provide that number of dollars. That they haven't been doing so for a number of years is painfully evident by our ever-increasing national debt which is more than 200 billion dollars. It is easy to imagine how we would react if some real attempt was made to decrease our national debt by tax increases beyond what they are now.

Yet there is no way-other than taxes—that our Government can raise its spending money. Savings Bonds only represent Government borrowing from the people, and the compound interest paid on ing smile is liable to linger but them only add to our national a short time, even turn into a expenses and must also be paid out of taxes.

It was to raise additional taxes, without increasing rates, that the capital gains transactions were created. They are a form of in-centive for greater investment. They offer special inducements to big-money makers to invest their idle capital in ventures outside of their regular lines of business by giving them special low-rate taxes on any profits derived from these capital investments.

Because of that inducement many millions of dollars that might be lying unused in banks and elsewhere have been added to the national income. Out of that profit some 25% has gone into our national treasury. It is a channel open to all who are in high-income brackets. But like an expensive yacht or ocean liner, the one who navigates these waters should be a good pilot—a tax consultant—because there are many shallows and sandbars in this channel which can ground you and leave you worse off than before you ventured into it.

Legitimate Enough

It has always been perfectly legitimate and proper for any tax-payer to seek the best advantages that an entertainer in the glow of success should seek to make some provision while the going is himself of that to which he is entitled. An example of this latter case might be that of Miss Dulcey

Jones previously mentioned.
Out of the \$140,000 she earned during the year in question, she was only able to save some \$18,000. Her tax return increased the Fed-

eral treasury by some \$67,000.

Now let us take the case of another hypothetical vocalist with exactly the same potential earnings and expenses. Let us suppose that, acting under the advice of a tax consultant, the arrangements for her appearance in the movie had been made for other than a straight salary. Let us also assume that too, that some of her earnings durconstantly hounded by the Internal ing the year had been diverted to Revenue Department for unpaid possible capital gains investments. It is not inconceivable that such a procedure might have increased her total annual earnings to \$200,-000 and that half of that sum might

Under such an arrangement, fter taxes, she might have been able to retain a gross of \$100,000 as compared with Dulcey Jones' gross of \$33,000. Even after the purchase of a mink coat, Miss Hypothetical could still have had a balance in her bank account that would dwarf that of Dulcey Jones. And under such planning the Federal Treasury could have been enriched by an additional \$25,000 beyond the taxes they collected from Miss Jones.

In other words it is possible to that just as every doctor is not increase one's earnings by other

Glamor Authors Have No Copyright OUT WHERE THE EAST BEGINS On the New Good Writing In America

By THEODORE PRATT



centration on these fields. a handful of writers (for exclusion of most other

writers from consideration, can result in a ludicrously distorted picture of the American literary situa-

This has for long been known to intelligent persons in the American literary world, but seldom has it been put as succinctly. And it has a good many overtones, to say nothing of undertones. Some of them can be applied to the entertainment field as far as making writers known to the public who will patronize plays, pictures, and tv shows made from their works.

It is a fact that the star system is as vicious in the literary field as it is in the movie field. In the writing world they're known as the personality boys. Such as Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, Sandburg, and O'Hara, When any writing evalua-tion of the American scene comes up it usually starts with these and a few others. And usually it stops right there, too, as if they were the only American authors putting down words on the American

This is not to disparage these boys, at least too much, though there are quite a few times when, instead of making themselves good copy at 21, they should be home writing, where they belong. It is simply to point out, as Swados intimates, that too much emphasis is put on them, to the detriment of other authors and American writ-

Many excellent writers, sometimes better than the glamor boys, get polite or even rave reviews in the leading review media around the country and then, because they don't have newsworthy person-alities to go with the high quality of their writing, are forgotten until they bring out another book, when the same absurd procedure is followed. Between times no one ever hears of them or their work.

Vicious Cycle

The news boys are as much at fault about this as the critical fraternity. Among both are too many disappointed writers, that those who wanted and tried to be authors and failed. When a big success comes along, and especially when they have personal contact with it, they follow the cult of success. They wish they had this and this is their way of achieving it vicariously. They hitch onto the bandwagon to the exclusion of others who are writing just as well if not better.

The procedure boils the attention given writers down to too few. It creates almost too great values in their properties for other media to the detriment of building some in those w

It is true that from time to time even a first novel will command passing big attention and a big price in the subsidiary markets and this is all to the good and there should be more of it. But the general rule is to stick to the glamor boys, even when they're played out ard writing second-rate or worse stuff.

The neglected author cannot very well speak up for himself. If he does it gives the impression that he is claiming to be good. It also gives the impression that he is a case of sour grapes. But to prove the validity of how he feels about it all, simply take the output in any given year of the boys who get all the attention and then take the output of the best of those, in like number, who don't get the attention. Take the names off the books and read them. be careful or and read them.
you might drop dead.

Because of this topsided manner will stop everyone, including the thought.

lege, made an interesting point in a recent article in regard to the star system as a pplied to a pplied to the public to draw their patronage to their works in their own field or in that of legit, pictures, and tv. Critically, this is a sorry American au- state of affairs. Economically, it is thors. Swados shortsighted, for if established on a wrote: "The broader scale it would mean more business at the boxoffice in all

> Gentlemen of the press, news and critical, let's have more attenreasons all too tion given to American authors often nonliter- who don't rate as stars, in both rather than merely that of a tired ary), coupled hardbound and softbound fields. with a massive Every year there are excellent ican literary situation.

Harvey Swados, author and pro- of things, there are only a few au- books written in both that the pub-fessor at San Francisco State Col- thors whose names mean anything lic hears little or nothing about lic hears little or nothing about. The authors of these works are worthy of being written about and evaluated more often than simply the publication time of their books. Mention their names, if only in a whisper, at the same time the glamorpusses are mentioned.

American writing, authors, publishers, picture and tv producers, would all benefit in having a broader consciousness of writing handful. Let's undistort the Amer-

APROPOS LA GUERRE

_By COL. BARNEY OLDFIELD.

gown, is usually a production. It is passengers also a party to the apt to get so involved with Gallic embellishments (including wine all around), it is small wonder that the locale ever recovers from having been the scene of one.

Josef Than, the writer-producer, was really the start of this one in 1952 because he had written a film script, "Jeune Maries" (the Newlyweds). It was partly designed to make the USAF presence in France a little better accepted and understood, and partly to make him money—last reason first.

He had cast Francois Perier (no relation to the fizz-water people) as the comedy lead, and Ann Vernon as the lady fair. For setting, he trundled his little company to a small village called Moulins, a benzine stop en route Paris to the Riviera. The crew and cast was complete on arrival except for Perier, who was to come in on the night train from Nice around 10 p.m. He had been the star of a Gala down south.

Moulins was the site of a subdepot supplying airplane parts for jets in NATO. The town, plus the unlimited supply of American uniformed blue-suiters, provided both climate and cast augmentation for this combo bedroom farce-international misunderstanding.

Philip Reed was the only American in the cast who passed for a Hollywood type "name." Than had trapped him on Avenue George V by waving a sheaf of French francs under his nose (485 to the \$), because he could not only suit up like a USAF colonel, he could speak lines, too.

Reed took one look at Moulins, and was grabbed by melancholia. The Parisians were finding it far from just dandy, also. The wheels of devilment began to turn, and Perier was selected as the target. He wasn't there to defend himself and no better way has ever been found to provide goat meat.

The next thing I knew, the following things had been done:

The local French postoffice band had been hired and told to report to the wine-spigot across from the train station in full uniform. Drinks were free. (No band ever formed up fas-

-- A search of the town uncovered a cache of fireworks, Bastille Day that past summer. The entire supply was purchased.

-Permission in writing had been secured from the station master for the right to shoot off fireworks on the station platform as the passengers would be disembarking. This was made possible only after a long harangue with the local gendarme who was put behind the bar with free access.

The script for the rib ran rough ly: train arrives, 10 p.m. On it, Perier very tired, too much night life in Nice. He hates to think of Moulins, windows shuttered tight at 8, streets unlighted and spooky. He will be first off the lit up and awakened, he did the train, as he is a celeb, others will only thing a conservative man hang back, Alors! Fireworks will caught could do. be lighted and fired, preferably He fainted dea upward. Perier dismounts into this train vestibile, and it was some-pandemonium of poofs, pops, and time before he was revived. The upward. Perier dismounts into this

A French rib, like a Givenchy engineer, making the sleepy train welcome.

As the wordy rehearsal was in process, additions and subtractions being made without anyone paying particular attention to what is still in and what is out, the stationmaster reported the train would be a "little late." Long hours of preparation (and drinking) and getting tired of the drab surroundings (and drinking) made this a depressing bit of information.

The band was so swizzled, all the uniform coats were off. The room was full of fetid breath with stale, cheap wine on it. Then somebody had the horrid thought that Perier might have enjoyed Nice so much, he would have contrived to miss the train and come later.

The more they thought about Perier not coming to Moulins, the more they were sure he would deliberately avoid the place to the last. Voila! The investment in the prank was about to be a total loss unless there was an alternate plan. Reed made the suggestion that if Perier did not get off first, they would save the day - and have more fun — by giving the first man to get off the full treatment.

The participants began to like this even better than Perier. They all began to sketch in mind's eye what the sub might look like, and to gleefully visualize the impact of the spectacle on the unsuspecting recipient of the honor!

The train came wheezing in finally, and the platform of the station sprang into fiery dots of pyrotechnic life. Matches were struck, held at the ready for the triggering dismount. It was Perier, after all. Rockets whizzed in all directions, Roman candles sent trajectories of flame into the night, pinwheels whirled on every post. Very few of the projectiles went up, but scooted in ricochets down the platform and back and forth between the rails.

The band, more accustomed by now to lipping a winebottle than a mouthpiece, did a rather sorry but faintly recognizable rendition of the anthem. Everyone stood respectfully, if soggily at attention—all except the gendarme who was still sleeping where he had fallen behind the bar, affirmatively

ne band lined up in column of twos, with Perier enclosed, and they marched out onto town which rapidly became unshuttered to see what was amiss.

Back at the station, the train remained because there was trouble. Two other people were slated to get off that night in Moulins besides Perier-one being Moulins' most respected businessman who was bringing in a new mistress from down Riviera way. hoping to install her in the quiet and darkness traditional of Moulins in normal times at that hour of the night.

When the fireworks went off, the band played, and the whole town

He fainted dead away in the

-By CARL FOREMAN-

in thousands of x-rays in Wilshire Blvd. medical offices. But the tortured duodenum hasn't even begun to know agony until it is transported from the familiar environs of Gower Street to an island like Rhodes, in the heart of the Aegean

For, while the word "Colossal" was born there as a memento of the giant statue which once straddled its harbor, Rhodes is about as far away from films and film-making as you can get above the Equator and still keep in touch with Western civilization.

I shall never be sorry that we decided to make "The Guns of Navarone" in Greece and will be ever grateful to the wonderful people, in government and out, with-out whose friendship and encouragement, nothing would have been possible.

But anyone preparing to shoot a picture in a foreign clime—particularly one where only few pictures have been made before-had better prepare himself for reorientation and the necessity of adjusting his techniques to the local lack of knowledge about films and the different values which

Turkish Coffee

The West ends and the East begins in Rhodes. Mosques still rise above the battlements of the old city built by the Crusader, as a reminder of long years of Turkish occupation. In common with other Mediterranean lands, things move a little slower there than we'd like them to for who's in a hurry except the mad Americans. It's a matter of capturing the rhythm. Once this is mastered, things get done but the ground rules are established by the home team.

Any conference, for example, must be preceded by a traditional cup of Turkish coffee and an exchange of pleasantries. Then, always courteous and without any sense of applying pressure, you take up the business in hand. It's gracious and civilized and we could learn from this, but it's not easy when you've got 500 extras called and expected supplies required for the scene to be shot tomorrow, have not yet arrived.

The importance of the telephone in the making of a picture doesn't begin to be realized until one tries to make these calls from a sea-encased location like Rhodes. Every call is the equivalent of a transatlantic effort. In addition to the usual sunspots, cable breaks, cluttered lines, there's the language barrier. Matters involving stars which could be settled at home in five minutes with a call to MCA or William Morris can and have taken two or three days.

Language, Yes

With reference to the language differences, many Greeks talk English, some of them quite fluently. But not all who talk it, understand it. And the Greeks are a very proud people, sometimes reluctant to admit their inability to com-prehend. Until we realized this, we suffered through more mis-understandings than the members of an Israeli-UAR committee.

In fact, we invented a reverse Josef Than did the traditional buss on either cheek welcoming in the side pocket." It went like we'd say, First "I'd like coffee without cream." Nodding brightly, the waiter would say, "Yes." Then for assurance, we'd invert the question. "You're not going to give me cream in my coffee, are you?" When the waiter nodded again effusively, we knew we had it and called in a Greek friend who taught us that "mavro" was black.

This happened with even the most cultured Greeks. Our representative in Athens spoke French, German and Italian fluently. He also seemed to talk English as well. Worried about a complication with our rushes which had developed at the Athens airport, we called him. He listened to our plaints and said, "Be quiet." "But this is important," we sputtered. "Be quiet, be quiet," he persisted. We'd decided he was being unnecessarily rude but the connecpropulsion. The postoffice hand mistress was delighted. There was strikes up the "Marseillaise." This more life in Moulins than she had an hour to report the matter was in hand. It was only then we

The ulcer-quotient of film-making in Hollywood is recorded calm," or, in other words, keep your shirt on.

Rushes By Plane

Speaking of rushes and ulcers, what could be more harrowing than flying the negative, literally on a wing and a prayer, to a laboratory in England, Munich or New York? Any accident to the plane or a foul-up in handling the cans and three or four days of heartbreaking work would have been destroyed. So you had to sweat it out until a cable arrived confirming delivery.

And you never saw the rushes until three or four days after you'd changed the setup, not exactly the most comfortable way to make moving pictures.

One should beware of placing too much reliance on the fact that the country in which you're filming has an industry of its own. This doesn't necessarily mean that equipment which you might need would be available.

It isn't until you actually get into work that you discover that movieolas are in short supply; that local processing is unpredictable; and that their sound systems are based on 171/2 mm. tape, rather

than the 35 we're used to.

The only projection facilities we were able to find were in a large hall at the local police station. The acoustics defied anyone to understand the dialogue. We'd arranged to bring in the latest British and American movies from Athens for the benefit of the crew. The only ones who could follow them were the Greek members of the company. They at least could read the titles. But don't get me wrong, I love Greece.

I'd go there again tomorrow if I had a picture which could use the background. The people are warm and hospitable, remarkably adaptable, and willing to perform superhuman feats in order to please. The government, the airlines, the hotels, all contributed more in the way of service, materiel and personnel than any production company could afford to buy, even were it available.

V.I.P.'s on Set

Personal interest in our picture expressed itself at every level, from the crowds in the street wherever we shot to the Greek Royal Family who visited us at Rhodes, and His Excellency, Constantine Karamanlis, Prime Minister of Greece, who became our strongest booster.

We very nearly made the pic-ture on the island of Cyprus before we decided to deal with Greece. Now I'm glad we didn't, in view of the extraordinary help we received on Rhodes. But there were other reasons, one being the political insecurity prevailing on Cyprus late in 1959.

Our last visit was a year ago, October. Archbishop Makarios, returned from exile, was installed in his Palace. A provisional Cypriot government had been appointed and the British, under the leadership of Sir Hugh Foot, were preparing for a graceful and efficient handing-over of responsibilities when a new Constitution was approved and when elections were

Our company, Open Road Films, is an Anglo-American firm and it was our intention to make "The Guns of Navarone" so that it could qualify for the Eady Plan, a British government subsidy. To do this, something like 80% of our budget had to be spent in sterling.

A 'British Agent'

Cyprus was about to cut itself off from England but to what extent? Would it at least remain in the sterling area? The British were more anxious than anybody to know this but His Beatitude, the Archbishop, wasn't committing himself. I had an audience with him and, answering his query as to whether we would film in Cyprus, I explained my concern about Cyprus remaining in the sterling area so that the considerable monies which I would spend there would be counted in the Eady Plan reckoning. Rest assured, he told me, Cyprus would remain in the British financial community.

I suspect he was using me as a messenger to the British for he never indicated that I shouldn't pass the information on. When I

(Continued on page 36)

Francais Go Home!

Novelist ('Paris Blues') and TV Scripter ('Wide, Wide World' Etc.), Longtime Resident In La Ville de Lumiere, In Pitch For Paris As A Paradise For the Non-French

By HAROLD FLENDER

Yes, please, go home! And leave Paris to the tourists, the foreigners, the Americans! Paris would be such a paradise, except for one thing—the Parisians!

Paris has long been known as a woman with flowers in her hair. But lately one sees so many odd types around that it may soon become known as a man with flowers in

One of the reasons I don't like Parisians is that they all speak English. You see, I was sent here on a Fulbright Grant and one of the things I'm supposed to do is speak the native tongue. But how can I, when nobody gives me a break? Each time I go into a store and demand: "Combien ca coute?" the clerk answers: "Do you intend to pay in American travelers' cheques?"

Naturally, I don't mind speaking English to Americans, but sometimes it's hard to tell Americans from French-men. For example, at a reception for Fulbrights at the home of the American Ambassador to France, I assumed that the footman who greeted me at the door was an American. So I asked in my best New York accent: "Where is the reception for the Fulbrights?" He indicated that I should follow him, and led me to the main hall where there were assembled over 100 Fulbrights and various American and French dignitaries and officials. In a loud, clear booming voice the footman announced my name: "Meeeeeeeester Fulbright!" The Ambassador couldn't make up his mind whether I was a wise-guy, a lunatic, or the Senator, while among the crowd I heard faint murmurings of "nepotism . . . nepotism . .

The only place I don't mind speaking English to Frenchmen is in the Metro. When I give a lady a seat and she says, "Merci, beaucoup!" I answer in a loud and clear voice: "You are very welcome, my good woman!" It's then that I want to be sure they know I'm an American.

Prices in French restaurants grow larger and larger as portions grow smaller and smaller. No wonder the average French girl is thin. It's not that she wants to be. It's just that she doesn't get enough to eat. The sauces are marvelous, but what's under the sauce is important, too, and I find it annoying that every time I go to a restaurant I have to take along my large magnifying glass to make sure I've been served what I ordered.

Those 'Extras'

And everything is extra. The cover is extra. Bread is extra. Butter is extra. Service and taxes are extra. In some places, like the Maison du Cafe, even sitting down is extra. Pretty soon the price on the menu will be for just looking. Actually eating will be extra.

And who ever heard of paying just to sit in the park and look at the grass? In Paris you even have to pay for the air you breathe. For with all the pollution of the city atmosphere, the only place you can get fresh air is at one of those oxygenation booths, like the one at Le Drug Store, on the Champs, where, for 100 francs (20c) you can breathe

it for 60 seconds through a rubber mask.

Probably Paris' most disgraceful charges are for art exhibitions-500 francs (\$1) to see Poussin! Strictly for the

tourists. No self-respecting Frenchman would pay it.
"Give me some light!" screamed Iago. He must have been thinking of Paris. It's the City of Light only on weekends—and then only until 11:30 p.m. And how is the poor visitor to know that the light in the toilet goes on only when the door is locked? It took me several months to find out.

And Le Striptease

And who needs all the striptease joints? Americans used

And who needs all the striptease joints? Americans used to love to come to France because the national sport was "Cherchez la femme!" Now it's "Voyez la femme!" Look, but don't touch. France is becoming a nation of voyeurs.

The striptease has not only become an integral part of theatres and nightclubs, but has invaded the French films. All the movies of Raoul Levy and Roger Vadim are nothing more than celluloid stripteases. Once again, it's look, but don't touch. This leads to passivity in other areas. For this reason, Levy and Vadim are much greater threats to the security of France than the FLN. security of France than the FLN.

And when you French go home, there will finally be an end to your endless handshaking. I've become so condi-tioned to it that when I come home at night, instead of kissing my tiny baby daughter, I shake her hand. I know that when clochards stick out their hands, they want money, but all they ever get from me is a warm hand-clasp. When I come across a friendly dog, instead of patting him on the head, I shake his paw. When my wife and I go to the movies, we never hold hands any more we shake them.

And Le Radio et La TV

French radio and television are very good indeed in terms of classical music, poetry, art and plays, but your information programs are the greatest argument I can think of against government control of the airwaves. Discussion programs, such as we have in the States, where minority points of view can be presented, are completely unknown here. And the nightly news programs, instead of news, are pure propaganda, expressing only the official government position. And if not sure of the official government position, they express nothing. The most amusing instance of this came during the Jan. 24, 1960 uprising of the ultras in Algeria. For a few days, uncertain as to which side would win, the newscasters tried to be as noncommittal as possible. If the side they favored turned out to be the losing one—they would be out their jobs at the very least. You could hear the trembling in their voices on radio. You could see the sweat on their faces on television. Never was there so much talk—and such a great silence.

Paris is still the most beautiful city in the world. There is nothing comparable to Montmartre, the Tuileries, the Jardin du Luxembourg, the Place des Vosges. So please, Francais, go home and leave your magnificent city to us tourists, foreigners, Americans to enjoy!

With the arrival in Washington of the Kennedy-Johnson team, show business laid a wreath on the tomb of one of its most dependable standbys, a true and tried chum of a long

UNDERSTUDY FOR THE LEAD

TV Puts an End to 'Throttlebottom'—Jokes and Comedy

About the Veepcy Now Part Of the Yesteryear Lore

By BURNET HERSHEY

succession of playwrights, lyricists, gag writers, comedians and wits—the late Alexander Q. Throttlebottom. True, that chuckleheaded running mate of Candidate Wintergreen had been partially interred some time ago, but Inauguration Day '61 is also Tombstone Day in Washington. From henceforth we are all going to hear no more new jokes about vice-presidents. We'll just have to hold on to the old ones. The new Vice-President of the United States will take over an office which has just undergone a dramatic transformation. The next Veep inherits a working job, invested with new and rugged contours, more personality, and greater power. He will occupy a chair from which the bulky shadow of Alexander Throttlebottom has departed for good.

When Harry S. Truman became President of the United States upon the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, many citizens suddenly awoke to the fact that vice-presidents, like theatrical understudies, who constantly train for the time they might have to fill a star's shoes, should have qualifications equal to their acting Chief. The instant replacement must cause as little stir as possible and give the country confidence that it still is getting its money's worth. The Truman succession to the presidency was the seventh event of its kind in American history.

With the inauguration of Kennedy and Johnson, the vice-presidency, long a legenderally retarded stepchild among executive offices, finally comes of age. Too often had weary delegates, in the closing hours of past conventions, carelessly tossed in a second-placer for vice-president and lived to regret it for long years. Inefficient and lack-luster leadership clouded the records of the six vicepresidents who, prior to Truman, served out a president's unexpired term. With the exception of Calvin Cooledge and Theodore Roosevelt, these "superfluous excellencies" Theodore Roosevelt, these "superfluous excellencies" couldn't even obtain the nomination of their own parties after their "free ride" in the executive chair.

But ever since the Truman regime, a new concern has confronted the party wheel-horses in both camps. This is the era of America's political maturity and expanding world responsibility. The law of succession still requires the vice-president to succeed in the presidency in the event of death. The discernible popular yearning for an insurance policy protecting the Chief Executive's office against the "risks of mediocrity" led to a more careful selection of a running mate and to a planned grooming selection of a running mate, and to a planned grooming after he took office.

Henry Cabot Lodge was that sort of timber and Nixon had grandiose plans for him. Kennedy has recently said that Senator Lyndon Johnson was equipped to be "the most effective Vice-President in the history of our country."

The First Throttlehottom

But it was not always thus. John M. Adams, who was the first Throttlebottom, wrote his wife that the U.S. vice-presidency "is the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived." The "dreary panorama of mediocrity" which followed Adams in that job finally led to the adoption of the v.p. character by show-business and his inclusion in countless songs and quips as a likable shnook. For years the office, and the man, was disdained and disparaged, breezily scoffed at and cruelly lampooned on the stages and screens of the nation.

Even Alben Barkley, the "New Model," before he accepted the democratic nomination, referred to the vice-presidency caustically as a "cold biscuit." Jack Garner described a vice-president as " a guy whom you wouldn't know was on his vacation if he didn't come back." And Vice-President Curtis (remember?) said that a vice-president either got himself elected and had nothing to do, or was defeated and went back to work.

Daniel Webster was offered the job. In disgust he spurned the deal, saying: "No thank you. I do not propose to be buried until I am really in my coffin." Nelson Rockefeller more recently said the same thing differently. Apparently no one has sensed the awkwardness of their situation better than the hamstrung incumbents themselves.

Though vice-presidential jokes are now a bit outmoded, they still surely remain part of our folklore. Mark Twain contributed his share of vitriol to the treasury of Vice-Presidential gags from which musical comedy borrowed until it was minted into a perfect form known as "Throttle-bottom" in "Of Thee I Sing," the first musical to cop a

Before Alexander Throttlebottom, a long line of vice-presidents slunk through office, treading delicately, behaving circumspectly, and always avoiding the error of emphasis and the political crime of intellectual conviction. Most of them had a vast capacity of keeping aloof from the strife and aims of the hour. Usually, they were more distinguished for what they had previously accomplished in private life than for anything they contributed to Government during their terms of office. Chiefly, they broke into print over minor items of personal concern: as illness, a hunting or fishing trip, perhaps a marriage in the family and, of course, the occasional cornerstone ad-

After leaving office, they were most often impiously remembered for some personal absurdity: Curtis, because he was part-Indian and had a half-sister named Mrs. Dolly Gann; Charlie Dawes, because of his profanity and upsidepipe; Elbridge Gerry, because he indulged in a form of politicking known later as Gerrymandering: Levi Morton, because he was extremely rich and hung around till the age of 96; Dallas, because he had a city named for him; and so on.

With two exceptions, nobody remembered exactly who the current vice-president was nor what he was expected to do except look solemn and keep his mouth shut unless called on perhaps to break a tie-in vote in the Senate. When the name of William Wheeler, Rutherford B. Hayes' running mate in 1875, was mentioned to Hayes shortly before the convention, he asked quite simply: "Who the hell is Wheeler?"

Teddy Roosevelt was never gagged by the v.p. tradition. Nor was he in any other way a typical vice-president. He

had been given the vice-presidency because New York's Boss Platt felt the young man would do "less damage there than any other place we could put him." Martin Van Buren was another maverick who refused to grow moldy in office. Originally a member of the Kitchen Cabinet, he was groomed by Andrew Jackson at the outset to be his successor and carry on the march of Jacksonian democracy.

Unfortunately, and for a long time, for each vice-president who raised the prestige of his browbeaten office, there were those who tarnished its reputation by ineptitude and inefficiency. The list highlights such men as John Tyler, who succeeded William Henry Harrison on the latter's death; Millard Fillmore, who was thrust into the presidency by the death of Zachary Taylor; and Andrew Johnson, who carried on after Lincoln's assassination and was drunk the night he took office.

Another Real-Life Victor Moore

William Rufus King (v.p. under Pierce) took the oath of office in Havana, failed to show up in the Senate to act as President of that body and (through no fault of his own) died the same year. And, although James A. Garfield's successor, Chester A. Arthur, proved a better president than his previous record promised, he met with defeat when he lost the support of the machine politics which made him. "Chet Arthur! President of the United States! Good God!" was the tart comment of an 1881 Republican party boss when he learned that Garfield had died from an assassin's bullet.

Whatever sterling qualities of mind and manner the 1960 vice-president has over his more shady predecessors, he will be a dead duck unless he possesses one virtue—the ability to open his mouth. Even the most casual survey of past specimens of the breed reveals that their cardinal weakness was a habit of maintaining a Sphinx-like silence at moments of grave crisis and, in general, an overall reticence which would be the envy of Harpo Marx.

Fairbanks—Who He?

According to the present-day yardstick for choosing a vice-president, it is unlikely that party managers would pick a man like Charles Warren Fairbanks, Teddy Roosedistinguished in Washington for being the tallest man there during that administration. Mr. Fairbanks added little, if anything, to the political enlightenment of the nation. In his own state, Indiana, he is today perhaps remembered only because he owned the state's most powerful newspaper, a fact carefully concealed during his life-time. This device enabled Mr. Fairbanks to knife a num-ber of his supposed political allies and friends through his hidden editorial control, while blandly disclaiming all responsibility.

Fairbanks' successor in the Senate Chair may have had fewer post-mortem enemies, but he was no more voluble in office. Mr. Taft's vice-president, James Schoolcraft Sherman, was an owlish man whose appearance should have indicated wisdom. Perhaps he possessed it. There is nothing to the contrary in his record during the four years he and Mr. Taft were the executive heads of the United States. However, all one recalls today about Mr. Sherman is that he fled, or was politically trampled, at the onrush of that shortlived political terror—the Bull Moose—leav-ing no memorable echoes of himself in the vice-presidential chamber.

Silence Not Golden With TV Here

Silence is sometimes a good political tactic but it is a bad Governmental policy on which to build for prosperity and lasting peace. Today with television and radio it is more out of place than ever before. In the case of a vicepresident who may be destined to occupy the White House, it can be particularly damaging.

Tom Marshall, Woodrow Wilson's twice-elected running mate, of all latter-day vice-presidents, had the greatest chance to smash tradition and change history. But true to the unspoken motto of "seldom seen and never heard," remained silent when his voice might literally have echoed around the world and down the corridors of Time.

His disparaging estimate of his own office is his main contribution to vice-presidenciana. He once remarked to a Secret Service member of his escort: "Who would ever take the trouble to shoot a vice-president?" Today, all that anyone remembers of Tom Marshall is his wistful plea for a "good 5c cigar." Yet, behind the mute vice-presidential mask imposed on him, Mr. Marshall was neither wistful or did he desire any better cigar than he could get for a nickel back in 1917 in Indiana.

"Silent Cal" Coolidge becomes not just a historical accident but a vice-president who made a potential and actual president. As vice-president, Coolidge was the epitome of the taciturn tradition. The fact that he was terse by nature and carried his laconic habit with him to the White House does not impair his rank as the Most Curt of all Vice-Presidential Monosyllabists.

Cal Coolidge's Quip

Coolidge didn't let Will Rogers tell all the v.p. jokes. He used to relate how he was caught in a Massachusetts hotel fire and told to use a certain exit. "But I'm the Vice-President he insisted. "All right, go ahead," said the man in charge. Then he hailed him again, giving him a questioning look. "Whaddya mean, vice-president?" Coolidge explained he was vice-president of the United States. "Oh," said the gent in charge. "I thought you were vice-president of the hotel. In that case stay right where you

In spite of his rockbound insularity, Coolidge was a shrewd man and he must have foreseen part at least of what was going to befall in the late autumn of 1929. It would have been presidential wisdom to forewarn us, but nature and his held-over vice-presidential tradition kept Coolidge mum.

After Coolidge we had a series of "strong men" in office who startled the vice-presidency out of its 100-yearold slumber. First of the new crop was Henry Wallace who refused to be overshadowed by the towering personality

(Continued on page 58)



PARAMOUNT HAS MADE 1960 A GREAT

rat race





THE NEW YEAR SHAPES UP EVEN



THE WORLD OF
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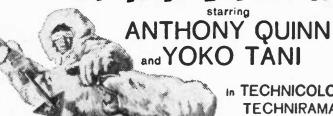
IT STARTED IN NAPLES

G*I*BLUES

GREATER... AS THE BIG ONES...

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THE SAVAGE INNOCENTS



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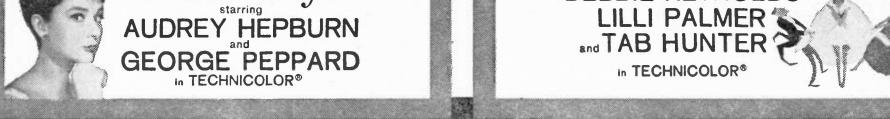
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GOLDFISH BOWL · MELODY OF SEX · APPOINTMENT IN ZAHREIN ·KOWLOON · MY GEISHA and a great, great lineup of top productions!

Copyright — - \$6 Billion Biz

Continued from page 5

how long and by whom, what types of exploitation will be legally protected, and all the rest—this basic law, most of which derives from the Copyright Act of 1909, is regarded as inadequate and unsatisfactory by virtually all branches of the entertainment and literary and musical and artistic world which it is supposedly designed to serve.

And the law would be so regarded by the public also, if they knew how it worked. Much of it is so technical and silly that even to question how many angels can stand on the point of a pin makes more sense. To mention only a few of the major "beefs": An incorrect or misplaced copyright notice may forefeit all of a writer's rights in his work. The rules applicable to translations and works first published abroad are, to say the least, obscure. The composers and pob-lishers of music don't really know where they are in terms of whether a recording of a song is or is not a publication of it. Sec. 1(e) of the Copyright Act of 1909—with its so-called "compulsory license" provision as to mechanical recordings may have made sense when it was passed in 1909 but ouer (1) it do so today. And the "jukebox" exemption from the requirement that those who use copyrighted : profit should pay 107 (-well there's little that any one except the jukebox people them-selves have to say in defense of

The originators of ideas for programs or books or plays which may make millions of dollars and the creators of titles as to which ditto are left to the inadequately charas of the genera implied contracts and unfair competition when they attempt to delineate their rights.

Paradoxes

The whole distinction between copyright on unpublished versus published works tends to lose its rationale in the mists of the past and no one is quite sure why an unpublished play or lecture is entitled to receive statutory copyright protection when an unpublished novel, essay or magazine article is not. The question whether copyright is divisible or not has been left largely to the courts to decide in tax contexts—which may not be the best context in which to resolve basic concepts of copyright law and protection. And the very basic questions of registration, deposit, notice and—above all length of term and renewal are under constant discussion, with the present provisions affecting them under constant attack from virtually all quarters of the literary. musical, artistic and entertainment

And so I say again: let's have a Copyright Convention—I mean not the kind of convention you sign but the kind you attend.

Copyright Office of the United States Government has over a long period of years stimulated, cooperated in and published learned and extraordinarily useful studies of the various areas of the copyright domain for the study and perusal of the creators and exploiters of copyrights. But so far neither they nor their lawyers have done much about these except read them and weep—and maybe think. There has not so far resulted any groundswell of demand for an overall discussion of what's wrong with our copyright law and what we should do about it.

Doing a Good Job

The Copyright Society of the U.S.A. has similarly labored to clarify the existing law and to expose some of the areas which most seriously need change and adaptation to our current needs. But neither the Copyright Office, the Copyright Society, the relevant committees of the Bar Associations which are concerned with this area nor the interested industry groups —which tend to leap into action only when they think something they have under existing law is threatened by some new proposal—can really separately accomplish anything fundamental.

All interested groups—and when I say all, I mean all—should get together in a convention. All points of view should be aired. The studies already made by the Copyright Office and the publications of such groups as the Copyright Society constitute a vast stockpile of relevant information on which special plagiarism.

what may be copyrighted and for committees could draw for the practical and theoretical background they need as the foundation of the new proposals which would inevitably emerge from such a convention.

And why not such a convention? In view of what's involved- the billions of dollars, the protection of our total intellectual and artistic output and the contours of the face we present to the rest of the world -why not such a convention?

It is no answer to say that the various interested groups have basically different and often opposing interests to maintain. This is always true when an attempt is made to erect a fundamental legal structure that will last and that makes sense. Obviously, we have a much less difficult and confusing assignment than our Founding Fathers had in 1789, but it is none-Founding theless an assignment which is an important one, financially and an even more important one ideologically in a world where as in 1789 ideologies rather than force or astronauts or anything else are apt to decide the issues of what kind of a world we're going to have, if indeed any at all.

It may seem a far cry from such questions to a revision of the Copyright Law but the problems confronting the world today are so complicated and enormous that lots of starts have to be made in lots of special fields in the hope that all together they will add up to some-thing that will point the way to

Let's have this Copyright Convention-the sooner the betterand let's see whether we can in this limited but vital field fashion a document that will wear as well, and as long, as that memorable Charter which emorged from the Philadelphia Convention in 1787. Even if 173 years from now, there will have had to be engrafted upon it an equal or greater number of amendments than the 22 which are now part of the U.S. Constitution, if we come through in this limited field with anything nearly as good as the did in a much more fundament way, well, why not? Let's

The above was written before the cause of copyright reform suffered the tragic and irreparable loss represented by the death of Arthur Fisher, its chief and most effective protagonist. Such a convention as I have suggested would now be a memorial to him as well as a lasting step toward the goal which he so ardently desired and did so much to achieve.

Where the East Begins

Continued from page 32

did the news was greeted with such effusive appreciation that I was made to feel that I had pulled off an intelligence coup unrivalled the Japanese code was

At a press conference the next day I was again asked about our plans for filming in Cyprus. As a visiting American I thought it hardly my place to be the first to announce to the Cypriot press that its country was to remain in the sterling area. So I hedged, saying nothing of my visit with the Archbishop. That would be determined when it was learned what Cyprus' financial future would be, I replied.

use Cyprus was still somewhat unstable there was some concern about whether or not insurance companies would permit us bring stars like Gregory Peck. David Niven and Anthony Quinn, worth a couple of million dollars in risks, to that troubled place. Accordingly we visited Yugoslavia, after leaving Cyprus, to discuss production possibilities there.

Three days later we returned to London to be greeted by a story in the News Chronicle from its Cyprus correspondent. It was headlined, "Our Man In Nicosia?" Quoted were the two Communist newspapers in Cyprus. "There is no such thing as a contemplated film called 'The Guns of Navarone.' It is all an elaborate cover for that British agent, Carl Foreman, whose only point in coming to the island is to learn whether or not Cyprus would remain in the sterling area."

Keeping the Film Script 'Factual'

By WERNER S. HAAS

In a recent issue of a "snobbish" weekly magazine there appeared a story about a feature, produced two years ago in which the line "Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane" appeared; which linebeing subtitled for foreign export, was translated as "Merrill Lynch Pierce Fenner and Smith" before being shipped for screening in Bolivia.

I realize that, being a land-locked nation, Bolivia receives many of its imports by air, including, I presume, Hollywood motion pictures. I wonder, though if our movie barons, attuned as they must be to public events, were quick enough to realize many months ago when this particular picture was shot, that Mr. Beane would be merely a memory, and Mr. Smith elevated from cough drop jokes to senior partner.

Hollywood, as you well know, is constantly bustling to remain "ahead of the times" in fashion, decor, and outdoor appurtenances (although I have yet to see a mobster make a getaway in a now-defunct Edsel. I suppose those scenes have been reedited.) I can, therefore, only deduce what must have happened in various parts of the world what—in fact, may be happening this very moment my keys strike the paper in order to insure that our movie exports will be truly "up to date."

Research Apprentices All Over the Premises

Vassar or Barnard girls, Princeton or Yale men all encumbered with horn-rimmed glasses, an in-bred scowl and a desire to "make good despite Hollywood" are honeycombed throughout production offices on both coasts researching possible defunct props or proposed locations.

"Who Was That Lady?" felt reasonably safe photographing the Empire State Building. And, the Staten Island Ferries will not be replaced in the near future by hydroplanes. And, probably the Guggenheim Museum (a sort of Adult Disneyland, East) is safe for a generation. But, New York's ever-changing skyline presents problems in almost every other location.

But, movie-makers of today must be guided by the collective shudders they have when viewing movies made only a few short years ago-those showing racy Packard motor cars, ballerina skirts, sack dresses, page-boy hair-do's, razors without little adjustment dials on them elevators run by operators instead of automatic, street-cars, taxis with gear shifts, double-breasted suits, and so many more.

Maybe Andrew and Virginia Stone have the answer. When some landmark (or sea-mark, viz. Ile de France) is to be removed, write a scenario around it, and kill two

CHANGING PRACTICES IN FIRST RUN BIDS

Minneapolis.

Whereas less than two years ago weren't permitted by any of the siderable part as the population shift to the suburbs continues.

Three uptown theatres currently are classed firstruns. Moreover, they're grabbing off a goodly share of the very top product. This holiday season, for example, they're coming up with such boxoffice aces as "Never on Sunday," "Facts of Life" and "The Entertainer."

"It's being demonstrated more and more convincingly to distributors that there are neighborhood theatres here now capable of providing them as good, and in some instances, better rental returns than the previously favored loop firstrun houses which formerly theatres.

Studio Execs All Ad Experts

in the industry," he declares. "The salaries are laughable compared to what admen receive in other industries and at ad agencies. The industry still doesn't realize the importance of merchandising. Millions may be spent on advertising, but what do they pay the guys who create?"

The UA admen maintains that the industry doesn't spend enough money for the making of trailers and tv spots. These activities are often sloughed off. Compare what television advertisers spend for their filmed commercials. "Sure tising, the discriminatory advertisthey can use their commercials ing rate structure, and the slough over and over again, but the film off in editorial coverage as comcompanies have to do the job in pared to television. Lazarus' outso little time. Their trailers and tv spots have to be so much better."

Lewis complains that too little credit is given to the admen and all they are subjected to is criticism. "Everybody is an expert. The failure to alter the sales technique is often a handicap. There is resistance from the big circuits and you're not free to merchandise the pictures as you see fit. You are subjected to all kinds of restrictions."

Einfeld Slant

Charles Einfeld, 20th-Fox's veteran pub-ad v.p. who has had a hand in training a surprising number of today's pub-ad executive talent, believes that a major change that has taken place in film advertising concepts in that exhibitors are no longer buying pictures but the publicity and advertising campaigns. "They don't even have to see the picture," he says. "It's like selling soap. A supermarket will stock a brand of soap if it's convinced the manufacturer is backing his product with a big ad campaign. That's what is happening with pictures. It's a tremend-ous development."

The disappearance of the Main Streets and Broadways of America. Einfeld feels, has had a profound effect on film merchandis-ing concepts. The campaigns must consider the decentralization of the population, he contends. The 20th executive maintains that under present marketing conditions it is too expensive to merchandise a single run in a single downtown house. "You can't come out ahead no matter what you get in film rental," he points out. Einfeld explains that newspaper rates are up and the cost of other merchandising functions have increased. "The only way a film company has a chance to come out ahead is to increase the number of first-run dates in a particular area," he asserts. He contends that a modified form of saturation booking is needed to reach the people with a merchandising campaign that is realistically economic.

Einfeld believes that different advertising approaches are required for drive-ins and the hardtops. The drive-ins, which cater to the family trade deliver so much business, the 20th ad chief says, that the advertising for these situations should be de-sexed as much as possible. "It must be done subtly so that the younger generation won't catch on. It must be so conceived that it embraces the family trade," Einfeld maintains.

In point of industry service Paul local neighborhood theatres Lazarus, Columbia vice president, school girls and students at the falls somewhere in between Einfeld and Lewis. Similar to his colmajor companies to bid competi-leagues, he believes that the tra-tively against loop houses for first-ditional concepts of merchandising runs, the ban now is lifted in con- pictures are being broken down, and that each picture must be sold individually to a specific audiences. Moreover, Laazrus contends that each picture responds to different media. For example, Col's "Song Without End" was sold primarily via radio. Newspaper advertising, according to Lazarus, serves a function, but it is not the end all. He said the film companies became aware of this situation during a New York newspaper strike. In addition, the Col exec sees the development of new media. For example, he is considering advertising on shopping carts in supermarkets. This technique, he feels, can be very effective for mass bookings in one territory or would remain in the sterling area."

Some day I might use this as the basis for a film if I could be sure basis for a film if I could be sure by Harold Field, owner of two of rus strongly maintains that mer-Graham Greene wouldn't sue for the local neighborhood firstrun chandising concepts will undergo by. Winners each received \$500 as revolutionary changes when the top prize.

guy is the most kicked around guy | present distribution pattern, which he feels is slowly changing, is modernized.

> Lazarus is the industry spokesman who told the newspapers off. Speaking with the approval of his pub-ad associates the Motion Picture Assn. of America, and the Council of Motion Picture Organizations, Lazarus told the newspapers in an address to the Newspaper Advertising Executives Assn. that the film industry is unhappy with the treatment it is receiving from the dailies. The Col official touched on three industry beefs spoken comments was the first time that the industry has taken such a strong official position against the newspapers. Previously the industry's attitude was that you can't win in a fight against the

> The Lazarus blast brought widespread support from various segments of the industry. In addition, Lazarus received letters of commendation from other industries which have experienced similar abuses, especially in the area of discriminatory ad rates.

> As a follow-up to Lazarus' icebreaker, the industry is in the process of surveying the country to find a few spots where the abuses are most severe. According to Lazarus, these situations will be used for test cases. He feels that whatever progress can be made locally in ameliorating the abuses can be translated to a national level. He feels the ad censorship issue, since it varies from city to city, is strictly a local problem. He places the rate structure problem as the primary fight and the development of a better relationship on editorial support as a byproduct.

In his speech to the newspaper executives Lazarus pointed out that the industry spent \$35,000,000 annually in newspaper advertising and that the film companies contributed \$22,000,000 of that amount, mainly through cooperative advertising.

Whoopla, Contests Mark 'Exodus' Start in K.C.

Kansas City.

"Exodus" opened at the Empire here amid extraordinary exploitation, contests, and general buildups. Event was double-barrelled in that date also marked the opening of the theatre, recently given a major make-over by the Durwood circuit.

Theatre itself was opened Monday afternoon with Otto Preminger, film's producer, on hand to help with ribbon cutting in ceremonies which included Mayor H. Roe Bartle and Stanley Durwood, president of the circuit. Ribbon in this case turned out to be strips of film, and following the ceremony, Durwood and others of the staff conducted tours of the theatre for the 25 special guests.

Wednesday night opening was bought out by the Kansas City Young Matrons, which reported making about \$2,000 on the affair, to be used in its educational program for scholarships for high v of Kansas City Hniver

Thursday night's showing also was a buy-out, this time by the United Jewish Appeal which packed the house (1,288 seats). No figures were given on the results of this benefit.

Also sparking interest in the twin events were a pair of contests, one to select an original musical composition, and another to select an original art work. Paintings were turned in by 26 area artists, the top award going to Louis Marak. Winner of the musical composition award was Dr. Vincent Williams, phasen from among 18 Williams, chosen from among 18 entries in this class.

The theme of both contests was "Man's Struggle for Freedom and Dignity." The music was played during intermission opening night by Robert Brown, student at the

Italo 'Sweet Life' **Fave With Swiss**

By GEORGE MEZOEFI

For the first time in years, an Italian entry emerged as the year's top grosser in Switzerland: Feder-Fellini's "La Dolce (Sweet Life). Its phenomenal total playing time—45 weeks in the five key cities of Zurich, Basle, Berne, Geneva and Lausanne — and un-usual staying power—15 weeks in Zurich alone — are attributed to three factors: (1) lots of advance publicity from Italy where the feature's launching was highlighted by scandalous incidents and the disapproval of the Church; (2) curiosity-exciting local reviews.

Yanks made their best showing in 1960 with Samuel Goldwyn's "Porgy and Bess" (Col) which was considered by many Swiss as the proverbial exception to the rule that musicals are b.o. poison in Europe (as witnessed once again by 20th's "South Pacific," a b.o.

other U. S. winners include UA's "Solomon and Sheba" and "On the Beach," Col's "Suddenly Last Summer" and, to a lesser extent, Alfred Hitchcock's "North by Northwest" (M.G.) With five size. Northwest" (M-G). With five successful pictures. American product thus garnered 25% of the year's Top 20.

Swiss Production Up

Swiss film production had one of its busiest years, with five re-leases and three more ready at end, probably an alltime high for home-made product. Of the five released films, two ("Be-hind the Seven Rails" and "H. D. Laeppli") racked up hefty coin; one ("The Man in the Black Bowled Hat," an attempt at satirical comedy) did satisfactory biz, whilst "Hast noch der Soehne ja' flopped completely. Remaining entry, "Anne Baebi Jowaeger," based a popular peasant novel by Swiss 19th century writer Jeremias Gotthelf, only got started towards the end of the year, but looks promising b.o.-wise. The looks promising b.o.-wise. The three upcoming Swiss films are: comedy-fantasy "Der Teufel hat comedy-fantasy "Der Teufel hat gut lachen" (The Devil May Well Laugh), a Swiss-German co-pro-(Gloriafilm Zurich-Deutsche Film Hansa Hamburg); first "authentic" picturization of first "authentic" picturization of the Swiss national hero "Wilhelm Tell," based partly on the classi

cal Friedrich Schiller drama, partly on old chronicles and filmed at historical sites; and an outdoor drama set in Swiss mountain re-gion of Valais, "An heiligen Was-sern" (By Sacred Waters), based on a J. C. Heer novel, Latternamed two pix are in widescreen and Eastman Color.

'Mein Kampf' Clicko

A surprise hit was registered by Swedish writer-director documentary, Leiser's Kampf," compiled from footage found in East Germany. At Zurich smallseater Studio 4, it broke the b.o. record held formerly at this theatre by Germany's "Aren't We Wonderful?

As usual, French films made some impressive showings both in German and French sections of Switzerland. Most of the French winners, incidentally, depended mainly on starpower: not less than four Jean Gabin starrers ("Le Baron de L'Ecluse," "Maigret et l'Affaire Saint-Fiacre," "Les Vieux de la Vieille" and "Rue des Prairies") are included in the winning circle, plus one Brigitte Bardot ("Come Dance With Me") and one Fernandel ("The Cow and the Prisoner") entry. Only one offbeat-er sans stars, "Hiroshima, Mon er sans stars, "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," made the grade, although it did so with uneven results despite rave reviews. Typically, it made its best showing by far in a tiny Zurich arthouse, Studio Nord-

of the Forests) picturization the Thomas Mann novel, "The Buddenbrooks" Heinz Ruehmann starrer, "Der Jugendrichter" (Judge for the Young); the highly touted war offbeater, "The Bridge"; plus a musical, "Ich zahle taeglich meine Sorgen" (I Count My Worries). Britain had nothing to equal its last year's b.o. winner, "Room at the Top." Not a single British entry is included in this year's Top 20 here.

Mexico's Government Control Hangs Fire: First 'Nationalization' Since Hitler's Era

Mexico City.

The main preoccupation of the Mexican motion picture industry for almost a year has been the pending new Film Law, still in process of enactment. Now looks as if the measure will not receive Congressional attention until late in 1961.

Meanwhile, there has been a rumor, conjecture and diversified speculation as to the legislation. There are those who see the law, energetically complied with, as the "open sesame" for a tremendous financial and artistic upsurge of the Mexican industry. But pessimists hold that the law will inaugurate the "tight yoke of nationalization." The Government will decide what pictures are made, by whom, what talent is used, etc. Even salesmanship would be controlled both internally and internationally, by Federal bureaucrats.

Neutrals reserve their comments. This is perhaps the first official attempt to control a film industry since the days of Hitler and Mussolini, (Argentina meanwhile has largely restored private enterprise in its own film industry, once one of the Peronist rackets.—Ed.).

With enactment delayed there is a field day for rumors of the wildest ort, little based on fact. Thus the government allegedly has bought in or bought out one or more exhibition chains, including the Theatre Operating Co. and the Luis R. Montes chain. It is also alleged that Alarcon's Gold Chain will come under federal control. But exhibitors Manuel Espinosa Iglesias and Gabriel Alarcon persistently and angrily deny losing control of every 600 boyees. Time persistently and angrily deny losing control of over 600 houses. Time will tell the true story now obscured by a cloud of contradictory rumors.

Churubusco Studios Buy-Out Serves As a Hint of Trend

Earlier there were contradictory rumors, too, about ultimate buying out of the Churubusco Studios. But the Film Bank, through Federico Heuer, finally did confess the purchase, involving a sum of approximately \$5,120.000 (U. S.) for studio installations and land. Minority interests headed by Cesar Santos Galindo were recently turned over to the government for \$1,120,000 of total sum expended.

The pattern of government intervention in the Mexican motion picture industry is apparent through moves of the three major official distributorships: Cimex, Peliculas Nacionales and Peliculas Mexicanas. Cimex has housecleaned its European operations and is entering on a policy of leasing or buying, and possibly building houses in key European cities to assure stable exhibition of national product. Peliculas Mexicanas already has 30 houses spotted throughout Latin America and Juan Bandera Molina, head of Pel-Mex, is also readying construction or leasing of additional theatres in other territories to broaden the Latin American market. Peliculas Nacionales, handling internal distribution, does not control any houses in Mexico. but there's the question mark as to whether rumors of buy-ins of exhibition chains are to be confirmed.

Boxoffice Admissions Kept Low For Years By Fed Dictate

The boxoffice admission situation has been an industry sore point for years, full of anomalies. For example, while top is but 32c for first runs in the Mexican capital, the admission fluctuates between 40 and 48c in Acapulco's two new modern houses, the Playa Hornos Theatre and the Variedades. In other provincial centers admission is generally 40c in deluxe houses, although they do give two features for this. Only exception is when pictures such as "War and Peace" or "Around the World in 80 Days" is screened, with houses simply running the picture and no short subject trimmings for the same boxoffice.

It's believed that when the government unveils its ownership of a chain or chains, boxoffice prices will be "adjusted" upwards.

There never has been a bona fide, accurate census of motion picture houses in Mexico. Various sources give incompatible figures. The low estimate is 1,475 situations per Dept. of Industry and Commerce, which pegs boxoffice annual income at around 750,000,000 pesos (\$60,000,000 U. S.). The approximately 130 houses in the Mexican capital account for about \$17,000,000 of total boxoffice income.

Other sources list Mexican film houses up to 2,480 in number, including roadshow facilities and parttime houses as well as "theatres" in schools, churches, etc. which show entertainment releases occasionally.

Erwin | Situation Remains Mysterious "Mein | Who-Controls-What-Number? Situation Remains Mysterious

Mexicans are very secretive on data. Figures are obscure about number of theatres controlled by chains, with Theatre Operating Co. and the Gold Chain, however, as far as can be ascertained, owning or leasing a total of over 600 theatres. Further, majority of independents have had to align themselves with one or another of the chains in informal pacts so that they can be assured of product.

Chains generally receive 60% and turn over 40% to producers. Independents, however, even though having an "agreement" with major chains, receive only 40% of receipts, with 60% going to

From time to time the two big chains and William Jenkins (who allegedly is power behind these although publicly he pulled out of the motion picture business years ago) have had "monopoly" charges hurled at them. There has been pressure for federal action but, after the first heat of accusations has worn off matters have returned to status quo. The reported federal stepping into the exhibition picture is for the express purpose of curtailing the monopoly, according to official quarters, though latter are not eager to talk for publication.

And I got to see every picture free. If it was an especially good film, "Pagan Love Song," maybe, customers groped for seats unless quarters, though latter are not eager to talk for publication.

I suspected the manager was making the monopoly according to official quarters, though latter are not eager to talk for publication.

Value of motion picture theatre investments is placed at over \$70,000,000; studios at \$7,200,000, with the Churubusco facilities accounting for over \$5,000,000 of this cash total although accountants tally actual worth as more. Balance in the San Angelin Studios and America Studios, latter exclusively for production of short subjects and material for television. Distributorship investment is upwards of \$4,000,000 and there is an undisclosed investment in movie houses in Latin America and Europe.

16 stanzas.

West Germany scored this year with a folksy epic, "Und ewig singen die Waelder" (Eternal Song of the Forests) pintumization of the forests of the forests of the forest of the fo

Mexican Product in General Too Light for Foreign Marts

The marking time in construction of theatres reflects uncertainties as to the new film law.

In Latin America Mexico is slowly recovering lost ground. Juan Bandera Molina, head of Peliculas Mexicanas, in a recent report, said receipts are in excess of \$15,000,000 from Central and South America, with this representing 82% of Mexico's foreign boxoffice receipts. Molina is confident that total receipts can cross the \$20,000,000 mark, with this representing 82% of Mexico's loreign boxonice receipts. Molina is confident that total receipts can cross the \$20,000,000 mark, beginning in 1961.

On the European front the situation is still cloudy, and the problem of opening up this major market is complex. Mexico, like other nations,

has, to face the competition of locally-produced, relatively low budget films, which citizens of respective nations seem to favor. Super-productions are outside the fiscal realities for Mexico except in coproductions, such as the recently completed Arlington-Bueno coproduction pact.

The average Mexican film is not suited for the European market for various reasons: weak scripts, poor acting, directing, etc., photography, and so forth. There have been exceptions where themes are truly international, replete with human interest or tackling a social problem universal in scope. Even so, most Mexican films have been viewed with a certain curiosity, even rating as festival prize winners. A festival winner such as "Mecario," "Simitrio," "Nazarin," etc. generally does get a fair boxoffice play, and have been instrumental in opening up

But the average "charro" of Mexican oater, replete with so-so singers, the so-called comedies, farces and melodramas, heavy on tear jerker situations, cannot make the grade.

Ushering Used to Be Fun

-By WALT CHRISTIE-

Honolulu.

summer of 1960 referred to the job of theatre usher as being about the lowest thing around the thea-"barring possibly the role of washroom janitor."

Maybe so, but it wasn't that way when I was a boy. That was in an era both long gone and, viewed in retrospect, Real Gone. I'm thinking back to those wonderful years when silent pix were giving way to "talkies." Remember? Out our way, vaudeville was still alive via the Orpheum, Pantages and Fanchon & Marco time, but the handwriting was on the wall.

A Fair Swap

I became an usher by swapping jobs with a pal. I took his job as usher in the nabe Oaks theatre in the quiet (then), erudite (then) college town of Berkeley, Calif. And he took my pay route. The swap worked out about even, paywise, but it represented my introduction to Show Biz. With capital letters.

The night I started work, I showed up an hour before the I struggled into theatre opened. the uniform that had been handed down by my predecessor. I had to roll the pants cuffs up four inches in order to avoid tripping; one of the brass buttons on the doublebreasted jacket was missing; the prison-gray pants had gaudy red stripes down the seams. And how proud I was of that uniform! And how impressed I was with my salary-five bucks per week!

Remember Dish Night?

I only had to work six nights a week including a split shift on Sundays, plus the Saturday mat-inee. During the Dish Night years, I had to unpack barrel after barrel of awful crockery in spare time. Bank night, the manager took care of himself. And on the final night of any program, I had to change the marquee. I worked like a dog, but I loved every minute of it. For this was the glamor of show business, even when viewed mostly from a balcony usher's post.

Yes, a salary of \$5 a week, plus four passes. If I needed a little extra cash, I peddled those passes to my friends at cut-rate prices. And I got to see every picture ing his once-a-night rounds to see if I was standing or sitting in the seat closest to the balcony foyer.

Opposite Sexettes

Downstairs, we had a crew of usherettes. And even at the tender age of 15, I began to appreciate backstage life for the usherettes had their quarters on one side of the stage, the ushers on the other.

The manager finally brought me downstairs, as head usher, riding herd over the usherettes, though I still had to change the marquee three or four nights a week. I was one of those who put up in lights those still exciting words: "Garbo Talks!"

I thought it might be a good idea to see how other theatres functioned so I exchanged jobs,

vance and which one was the first Scully's Scrapbook, during the to phone accusations of spy-plant-immer of 1960 referred to the ing first, I never learned.

The doorman-why did they always seem to be Nice Old Gentlemen in their 70s?--quit a year after I started, so I became doorman. Same uniform, same hours, BUT \$7.50 a week salary AND eight passes a week. Oh, happy days and more happy evenings!

The transition from silent screen to sound was hectic, as it was everywhere. Will you ever forget those oversize recordings the early Vitaphone process utilized? Picture and sound were out of sync maybe a fifth of the time, sometimes by a minute or so. Once or twice the projectionist managed to show Reel 4 ahead of Reel 3, but after all, the screen talked, if only in a tinny voice. And if you remember those "Gold Diggers" of '29, '33 and '35 vintages, reel sequence didn't matter too much, anyway.

We went through a number of organists before "canned music" became the exclusive policy. had male organists, female organists, and a couple of you-can't-tells. One of the organists (female, but definitely!) took a liking to me, That, of course is another story entirely and not at these

And what became of theatre organists?

For that matter, whatever became of theatre ushers? I read recently the Roxy alone once had a staff of 108 ushers, each precisiondrilled by a former Marine serg-eant. And whatever became of the Roxy, as if everyone doesn't

Popcorn Verboten

Alas, excitement has gone out of motion picture theatres. There seems to be an aura of discouraging, disheartening disenchantment. There's no time for "exploitation" (but still too much time to pop popcorn). During my doorman days, there was a rigid house rule: don't let in anybody who's carr ing a bag of popcorn. Times DO change.

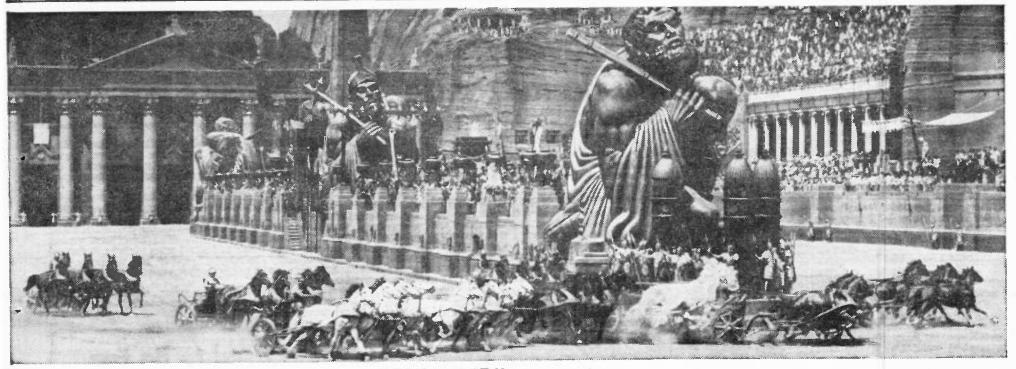
But I'm not at all sure times have changed for the better. Maybe the teenagers of my generation were naive. But there was just as much excitement and fun then as there is in these "hep" years.

And maybe if the circuits would start giving managers some leeway, some opportunity to exploit, some chance to use a little agination and take a little initiative, some of the long-lost glamor would return to the nation's showhouses. Maybe it could be made fun-and even exciting-to in" a good movie again. Maybe energetic enthusiastic teenagers might decide there's no business like show business after all and be willing to work for minimum wages in theatres.

Panamanian to Ecuador As 20th-Fox Manager

Eugenio Aguilera has been appointed 20th-Fox manager of Ecua-

Aguilera, a Panamanian, who has worked in film exhibition-distribution in Latin America for last 20 years, succeeds Carlos Becerra who was recently killed in air crash in Ecuador, He'll also handle Metro



"BEN-HUR" (Camera 65 - Technicolor)

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents William Wyler's production of "BEN-HUR" starring CHARLTON HESTON • JACK HAWKINS • Haya Harareet • Stephen Boyd • Hugh Griffith • Martha Scott • with Cathy O'Donnell • Sam Jaffe • Screen Play by Karl Tunberg • Music by Miklos Rozsa • Produced by Sam Zimbalist.

M-G-M...EVEN GREATER IN

"GO NAKED IN THE WORLD" (Cinema Scope—)

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA • ANTHONY FRANCIOSA • ERNEST BORGNINE in An Arcola Production "GO NAKED IN THE WORLD" with Luana Patten • Will Kuluva • Philip Ober John Kellogg • Nancy R. Pollock • Tracey Roberts • Screen Play by Ranald MacDougall • Based on the Book by Tom T. Chamales • Directed by Ranald MacDougall • Produced by Aaron Rosenberg.

Continuing its success story with current and coming attractions like these!

...and this is only the beginning!



(CinemaScope—Metrocolor)
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents A Euterpe production
"WHERE THE BOYS
ARE" starring Dolores Hart
George Hamilton • Yvette
Mimieux • Jim Hutton
Barbara Nichols • Paula
Prentiss with Frank Gorshin
and introducing Connie
Francis • Screen Play by
George Wells • Based on the
Novel by Glendon Swarthout
Directed by Henry Levin
Produced by Joe Pasternak.





Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents David O. Selznick's Production of Margaret Mitchell's Story of the Old South "GONE WITH THE WIND" starring Clark Gable • Vivien Leigh Leslie Howard • Olivia deHavilland • A Selznick International Picture • Screen Play by Sidney Howard • Music by Max Steiner • Directed by Victor Fleming.

"BUTTERFIELD 8" (CinemaScope-Metrocolor)

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents ELIZABETH TAYLOR LAURENCE HARVEY • EDDIE FISHER in A Pandro S. Berman production of John O'Hara's "BUTTERFIELD 8" co-starring Dina Merrill with Mildred Dunnock • Betty Field Jeffrey Lynn • Kay Medford • Susan Oliver • Screen Play by Charles Schnee and John Michael Hayes • Directed by Daniel Mann.

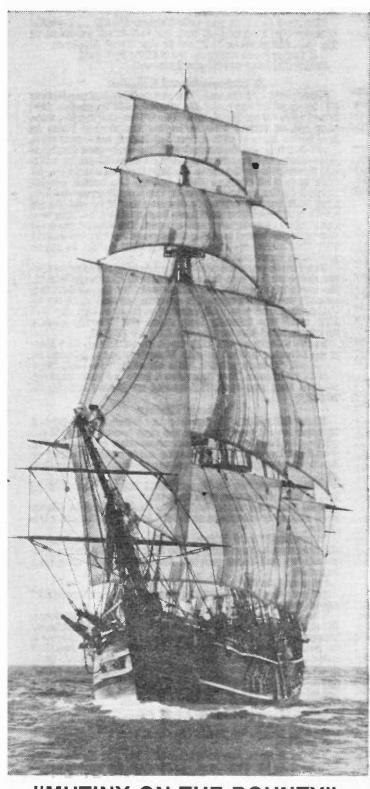


"GORGO" (Technicolor')

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents "GORGO" starring Bill Travers • William Sylvester • Vincent Winter • Bruce Seton • Joseph O'Conor • Martin Benson • Barry Keegan • Dervis Ward • Christopher Rhodes • Screen Play by John Loring and Daniel Hyatt • Directed by Eugene Lourie • Executive Producers Frank King and Maurice King.



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"MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"

(Camera 65-Metrocolor)

Ietro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents MARLON BRANDO 'REVOR HOWARD in an Arcola production "MUTINY ON 'HE BOUNTY" with Hugh Griffith • Tim Sealy • Keith McConell • Based on trilogy of novels (Men Against The Sea; Mutiny n the Bounty; Pitcairn Island) by Charles Nordhoff and James lorman Hall • Screen Play by Eric Ambler • Produced by Aaron Rosenberg • Directed by Sir Carol Reed.



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents Edna Ferber's "CIMARRON" starring GLENN FORD MARIA SCHELL • ANNE BAXTER • ARTHUR O'CONNELL • Russ Tamblyn • Mercedes McCambridge•co-starring Vic Morrow•Robert Keith•Charles McGraw•with Henry (Harry) Morgan • David Opatoshu • Aline MacMahon • Lili Darvas • Edgar Buchanan • Screen Play by Arnold Schulman • Based on the Novel by Edna Ferber • Directed by Anthony Mann • Produced by Edmund Grainger



"FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE"

(Cinema Scope—Metrocolor) • Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents a Julian Blaustein production "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE" starring GLENN FORD • INGRID THULIN • CHARLES BOYER • PAUL HENREID PAUL LUKAS • YVETTE MIMIEUX • LEE J. COBB • Based on the Novel by Blasco Vincente Ibanez • Screen Play by Robert Ardrey • Produced by Julian Blaustein • Directed by Vincente Minnelli.



"KING OF KINGS" (70mm Super Technicama—)

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents Samuel Bronston's production "KING OF KINGS" co-starring Jeffrey Hunter • Siobhan McKenna • Hurd Hatfield • Ron Randell • Viveca Lindfors • Rita Gam • Carmen Sevilla • Brigid Bazlen • Rip Torn • Harry Guardino • Frank Thring • Robert Ryan as John The Baptist Screen Play by Philip Yordan • Directed by Nicholas Ray.

Lend Me My Ears

By JULES ARCHER =

You can always recognize a writer by his bent ears. Everyone assumes that because you write, you have a moral obligation to listen to their life story, which is all yours for 50% of the royalties and 40% of the movie sale—or preferably a flat payment of one free lunch plus the promise to spell their names right. This would be no problem in a less inhibited society. Trouble is, everybody is so darn polite.

I'm frankly worried that my kids might catch good manners from other kids in the neighborhood. These days it's tough raising youngsters with a fine old nasty disposition. They just don't understand. They want to be polite like everybody else.

Every time I open my mouth to be polite, somebody else sticks his foot in it. I don't mind inviting people over to dinner, for example. But they always accept. Don't they know what happens to husbands who have to go home and tell wives that people are coming to dinner?

The irony of it is that people don't really want to come. They just don't know how to squirm politely out of a polite invitation. So there we are, stuck with each other for a desperate evening of staring at the ceiling, just because neither of us has the basic intelligence to be rude. Even after 10 o'clock mercifully releases both them and us, I still have to answer for the whole miserable business to my wife.

Who does have the intelligence to be rude.

All my life I have been apprehended by vaguely familiar faces which have blocked my path as I raced home, half an hour late, with meat under my arm. Paralyzed by good manners, I've had to submit to a pointless tetea-tete, pretending I knew who they were and what they were talking about.

In self-defense I finally hit upon an ingenious remedy I call the Archer Technique for Giving A Fast But Friend-Brushoff to Buttonholers. (Pat. pend.) It works like

"Hey, Archer! Well, doggone, you old son-of-a-gun!

"Well . . . of all people! Say, old man, you're getting fat as a pig!" You pause, but only long enough to poke him playfully in the stomach. Then—mark this well! you keep right on going. As you sail past, you give him a great, big friendly grin over your shoulder. And you shout back, "Look out or they'll be serving you up with an apple in your mouth! Ha ha. So long—give my love to everybody, don't forget. Wunnerful'v'seenya!"

Time: eight seconds. Exit fast, and exit laughing.

Isn't that slick? Foiled, the buttonholer gazes after you, mystified by your adroit escape, yet forced to grin at your little joke. Everything nice and friendly. Of coure, he might be the tenacious kind who yells after you, "Hey, wait a minute— I want to talk to you!" If this happens you simply jump into the nearest cab and head for Mexico City.

NSG Chez-Nous

This technique, I'll admit, is useless for protection in the home. The home has doors. People keep coming in the doors. There is always the back door to sneak out of, of course. But people keep coming in that door, too. Once in a while they knock first. I like people who remember to do that. It gives my wife and me time to race upstairs and hide under the Hollywood bed.

We've tried answering the front door in our coats. The old oh-what-a-shame-we-were-just-going-out technique. It worked twice on one neighbor. The third time she just came in and sat down.

"Oh. well, I don't have anything to do," she said blandly. "I'll just sit here and wait until you come back."

We had to drive around in a snowstorm for six hours. She was still there when we got back. Fortunately, by that time I was able to go right to bed with double pneu-

My wife and I take turns slinking into the village to do the shopping. A dozen eggs cost a five-minute walk, 85c and four hours of conversation. We're trying out a new tactic. "We'd love to have you over for tea some afternoon," we twitter as we fly past. "Please give us a

We'll have to think up something else if we ever de-

cide to install a phone.

Our most prized acquisition is an old leather armchair we picked up at an auction for 35c. The coils come through the leather, and we sharpen them from time to time. We keep this guest chair near a giant cactus plant that spreads at ear level.

It's a favorite with our widowed neighbor, Oscar Moibles. Rumor has it that Oscar has a house of his own. An unnecessary extravagance, if true. Oscar is fond of dropping in on us five minutes before breakfast, lunch and dinner. (I once tripped over him in my pajamas on the way down for a midnight snack.)

Can't Out-Wait 'Em Either!

We've tried waiting Oscar out, but starvation licked us. Once my wife emptied a pepper shaker in his soup before serving it. Oscar asked for a second helping. A little desperate, she managed to spill half of it in his lap. He simply picked the noodles off his serge and dangled them into his mouth.

Smoking my cigarets and drinking my beer, Oscar confides, "I really can't afford to spend as much time here as I do, Archer. But you're pretty nice folks, and I'd feel mighty bad if I just wasn't rightly sociable with you."

Now I know what's wrong with the Good Neighbor

I've tried being subtle. One night Oscar told me, "I had a headache when I came over, but it's gone now."
"Don't worry, it's not lost," I assured him, "I've got it."

That merely encouraged him to remember headaches he used to have as a boy, when winters were really winters. This unbroken narration lasted from all through

Playhouse 90, and was somewhat less edifying.

"Why don't you," my wife mused in one of those rare moments we managed to be alone together, "just throw him out?"

I laughed hollowly. "Oh, yes—just throw him out! So that Oscar can spread the word that the Archers are in-hospitable, rude and stuck-up. Dirty glances from the tradespeople. Other parents refuse to let their kids play with ours, and ours grow up with inferiority complexes.

Our taxes increase mysteriously. Somebody sets fire to our house. The Fire Department gets here by way of Vancouver and Rio de Janeiro-

"I've got roast beef in the oven," my wife interrupted breathlessly, dashing for the kitchen. "Oscar doesn't like it too well done."

Bad Propaganda

My wife's own albatross is a neighbor named Mrs. Amarantha Twell. Not one to waste time chattering idly, Amarantha brings over her knitting. A tolerant soul, she is undisturbed by the needs of our household with its hungry husband and progeny.

"Eh! Let them look after themselves," she advises my wife. "Why be a slave to men? Rest yer bones, dearie!"

Trouble is, the idea's beginning to appeal to my wife. In self-preservation, I have drawn up 10 new amendments to the Book of Etiquette which I hope to persuade Emily Post to accept. If Emily gets hoity or even toity about it, I might just take my knitting and keep showing up at her place every day five minutes before dinner. little taste of the old good neighbor treatment, and Emily will come around pronto.

Here are the Archer postulates for improving human relations

- Let go of the other fellow's ear.
 Pay no attention to his invitation.
- 3. Never speak to anybody else.
- 4. Never leave your own home, except during floods.
- 5. Don't go inside houses that don't belong to
- you.
 6. If you think you're imposing, go away quick-
- 7. If you feel sure you're welcome, go away
- quickly.
 8. Go away quickly.
 9. And don't come back.
- 10. This means you.

If we could just learn to hate each other a little bit more, what a wonderful old world this could be!

Horse on Expense Account

Continued from page 16

are free at the USO to anyone in the uniform of the Armed Services. He suddenly saw New York as one great big USO and the upturned brim and the press card was his

He discovered taxicabs. Well, he didn't really discover them. He was forced into them. On his first assignment, loaded down with a wallet full of the network's advance on his expense account he was the victim of a pickpocket and vowed never to go below ground again. Once having discovered cabs, he wallowed in them.

Even a Taxi to a Taxi

He was probably the only man in New York to take a cab the was probably the only man in New York to take a cab to a cab. His second day, covering a luncheon meeting at the Astor he got into a cab on the feed line and reading the cab driver's license he opened a conversation with him. He believed that New York cabdrivers were the wisest, wittiest and most entertaining men in the world. In the course of the discussion he discovered that this particular achievements from the course of the discussion he discovered that this particular cabbie came from a town just four miles from his own hometown in Minnesota. So, it was natural when he was sent to cover something he would hail a cab on Madison Avenue, ride in it to the Astor and wait for his friend to return to the feed line before the final destination was sometimes only three blocks from where he'd started on Madison.

He learned a lot of other things. Like menu French and the names of the highest priced brands of Scotch. If he felt like having a hamburger he bypassed Rikers and headed for "21.

Out-of-town he learned to order shirts, ties, socks and an occasional suit and had them delivered to his hotel and charged to his bill. Somebody told him that nobody ever questions an expense account item as long as it's on the hotel bill. Everything he spent was put on the expense account. He reasoned that after, all he was covering New York . . . the people . . . the stories, the heartbreak and the laughter and you can get heartbreak, laughter, people and stories from the checkout clerk at the supermarket as well as at police headquarters. He even began reading the real estate sections of the Sunday Times and had his eye on a piece of property in Fairfield County that might just be bought on the money saved by bypassing "21" for Rikers without letting the expense account in on the change in eating habits.

A Real Pro by Now

In short, in a little over a month, Harry became a hard hitting, highly skilled, competent expense account filer. By the fifth week he even got over expecting to feel a hand on his shoulder when he went up to the cashier's office to collect on the voucher.

He sent three dozen roses to a member of the chorus in a night club. He had heard that ladies like to receive roses and it softens them up and makes them talkative enough to tell the stories . . . the heartache, the laughter that make New York . . . New York It was a perfectly legitimate expense. Having listened to the lady for a week and a half he switched to booze, which seemed to be even more effective in eliciting the heartache, the stories, the laughter and a few subsidary things he had somehow forgotten to write into that opening copy. When he hired a hansom cab to take the lady to and from her nightclub (It was cheaper by the week and after all he had some responsibility about saving the network money) he got his third visit from the Program Director.

The Program Director was indignant.
"I don't mind a little chiseling," he said. "But your expense accounts are ridiculous."

Harry knew when discretion was the better part of valor. He knew when to back down. He changed the opening copy in the show to read: "The

streets up and down and the avenues across."

And he got careful. He only sent two dozen roses.

He made a down payment on the property in Fairfield

County instead of waiting a year and buying it outright.

And nobody questioned his expense accounts.

Then, as it must to all heros, cockiness came to Harry.

He had to crow a little and show off.

He made a study of the carbons of all his expense accounts and discovered a secret. The one that had brought on the Program Director's third visit was for \$5 more than any he had filed. He reasoned that he must have gone over the ceiling and decided from then on to stay under that high water mark. He pointed this out to his fellow hard hitting, skilled, competent reporters. He also contended that all they had to do to stay out of trouble was stay under his highest figure. "Nobody," he said with the air of a man pronouncing a great truth, "ever reads an expense account. They just check the final figure and if it isn't out of line they OK it." He pointed out that there had been no mention of the roses, the booze or the cab to a cab. One member of the staff (the one who carried a little black book and every expense from a newspaper purchase to a subway token used in the line of duty) doubted his statement. Harry said, "I'll prove it."

And he did.

Forest Lawn Brigade

The next week's expense account contained only the names of famous dead people. "Ill really play fair," he said. "I'll put down dead people even the Program Director knows are dead people." His expense account that week looked something like this:

Taxi fare: Arlington National Cemetery return.....\$ 7.50 Entertainment: Theodore Roosevelt\$16.00
Taxi fare: Grant's Tomb & return\$4.20
Entertainment: Josephine Bonaparte\$11.00 Taxi fare: Woodlawn Cemetery & return .\$ 6.25 Entertainment: Bruno Richard Hauptmann \$ 5.50 Taxi fare: Rector's & return \$3.10
Entertainment: Lillian Russell \$.85

He submitted it at the end of the week, it was returned with the Program Director's initials and OK and paid by the cashier.

The following week, to give his adversary a fighting chance the expense account included only members of the Program Director's immediate family, including an Uncle who had been killed in the Spanish-American War.

The next week Harry concentrated on dead presidents. He entertained John Quincy Adams (big appetite, \$21.50), Grover Cleveland (on a diet), \$9) Warren G. Harding (\$19) and Herbert Hoover (2.25).

The next week it was prizefighters (dead) . . . public enemies No. 1 (deceased) and the individual members of the U.S. Chess Team as listed in the World Almanac.

All the expense accounts were OK'd and paid.

And then Harry overstepped himself.

A Thoroughbred Chiseler

"From now on," he said. "I'll put nothing but racehorses on my expense account." He started with Equipoise, followed with Count Fleet, and Man O'War and finally, running out of names took to buying the Racing Form to

familiarize himself with a few fourfooted contemporaries.

He began to get fascinated with the daily past performance charts and just to pass the time away began to make imaginary bets on the races. He kept track of his choices in each race and checked them against the actual results printed in the early editions of the morning papers. The first week he was amazed to discover that if he had put \$2 on each of his choices he'd have been \$128 ahead. This was even better than the expense account. The second week he was only \$42 ahead and the third week he lost (on paper) \$10. That added up to a comforting \$160 dollars in paper

profits in three weeks.

The fourth week he talked to a friendly elevator operator at the station who introduced him to a friendly bookie. He made his first bet the fifth week. By the end of the seventh week, he pushed his expense account right up to the ceiling and was still missing a meal a day. By the 10th week the friendly loan shark the friendly bookie had introduced him to was into him for \$975.42.

In the middle of the 11th week he was fired. The Program Director walked in with Harry's expense account in his hand. "I don't mind a little chiseling." he said. "But this is ridiculous. You have down here on your expense account that you took that starlet to dinner last night. Right?"

Wrong Timing

Harry felt secure. He actually had taken the starlet out to lunch and it was probably the first honest piece of reporting he had done (expense account-wise, as they say) in months. Of course he'd made the entry dinner instead of lunch because you can add a couple of extra bucks that

way.
"Sure, I took her to dinner," said Harry. "You told us

not to let a pressagent pick up a tab."
"Did you read about that plane that crashed in Cleveland yesterday afternoon at 5:30?" asked the Program Di-

"Cleveland!" said Harry. "Anything above Yonkers is all Bridgeport. New York is the biggest of big cities. The streets up and down and the avenues across," he added

"She was on it."

"What were you doing reading my expense account?" asked Harry indignantly.

The Program Director blushed. "I have an aunt in town.

I was looking for a nice place to take her to dinner. I know you guys know all the best places . . . I was just checking to get the name of a good restaurant. Then I saw her ... Right below Bally Ache and Dotted Swiss. God, don't they give them movie stars crazy names these days? Anyway," the indignation returned. "There she was . . . dinner. Just when you were supposed to be feeding her dinner she was being carried off a hilltop.

"What hilltop? Cleveland's a very flat city."
"You're fired."

And so Harry, "\$1,130.42" in hock to a loan shark was out of a job.

Far be it from me to finger him for the Senator but he's back in his hometown, working on the weekly newspaper . . . no expense account . . . and still paying off the loan shark at five bucks a week.

He's a bitter man.

"Honesty definitely don't pay," he says. "Sitting here in the smallest of small towns, wandering the paths across and the alleys up and down, I know, honesty don't pay. Just don't forget," he says to the copyboy, leaning on his broom and listening with adenoidal open mouth to him.
"If you ever get the chance to go to New York, the biggest of big cities to cover, the people, the stories, the heartache and the laughter and get an expense account, don't get touted off putting horses on it.

"No damn fool horse is going to get himself killed in no plane crash."

A Valentine To Show Biz

By NED ARMSTRONG

I've met and know a lot of peo- | not to be exchanged for all the

Some were successful, some failed. A few were grand figures, many were self-made nobodies. I've seen talent rewarded and talent unrewarded. I've seen luck befall the the mean and ill-fortune strike the well-intentioned.

But in all these years while watching this parade I've never once seen anyone who was really a part of show business who felt anything but love for the game.

I've watched as cunning and shrewed a manipulator as ever sold 200% of nothing, or rolled a bright pitch into a smart bankroll, come up to his great genuine chance for success and make the mistake o' hedging on a sure thing.

I've known a producer who devoted five years to cultivating & great literary property for Broad way come down to the final days o financing only to sell out all but 5% of his interest in order to get the play produced.

But I've never heard anyone who was really a part of show business once say he'd rather do anything else.

I knew a talented young pop singer who was starving from anonymity and public neglect suddenly land in a slick agent's lap and in two years become the biggest recording artist in the country.

And I knew what the general public didn't know-that on the way up he sold so many pieces of himself to so many people that when he got to the top he was a

quarter of a million dollars in debt. But I never once heard him complain of the financial jungle which fame and prosperity had brought to him.

I know a manager who would have difficulty—after 40 big smash hit years in show business—raising \$5,000 if he needed that much cash in a hurry. But every time I visit with this wonderful old man his eyes mist up and his voice develops a quaver as he recalls the grand days of Dillingham, Ziegfeld and Sam Harris.

I knew a pressagent who never had anything to offer but his daily complaint, who was celebrated complaint, who was celebrated from coast to coast for his unusual economies, which more than once included sleeping part of a night in a railroad station. But he loved show business and, despite an accumulation of \$250,000, could never be lured into retirement and died with his shoes on—still com-plaining that some printer made a typographical error in his last published advertisement.

I knew a producer from Kansas who may well have been the most poorly qualified man to negotiate the tidal waters of Times Square. He disliked nearly all the people with whom he daily associated, he disapproved of 99% of the men and women he collaborated with, he was penny-pinching beyond belief in a world of luxury and extravagance.

But he loved show business and nothing, but nothing, could have induced this Grand Misfit to change his chosen profession. He proud of being called a Broadwayite even though many of the sights and sounds of Times Square sent chills down his esthetic

afoot to give aid and assistance to the world of show biz.

Much of this scheming and plotting is nobly inspired and nearly all of it is well-intentioned.

The Only Real Lifeline

But there is only one lifeline which is the dependable substance of theatre and that is the love and devotion of the successes and failures who make up the world of

By some magic formula which is entirely too complicated for my limited perception, the fertile world of show biz is the magnificent chemistry of hope and despair, achievement and defeat, judgement and gamble.

Although to some it pays off like a Cornucopia gone mad and to others it pays off like Scrooge the day before Christmas, show business is to those who love it the only sane way of life, and, regardless security on earth.

It may well be the place where the man who seeks your aid and advice one day, next day cuts your throat, and it may equally well be the place where your worst enemy turns out to be the friend who helps you put the deal over.

But, that is show business, and, if you are really a part of it, you wouldn't trade its contours and deadfalls, its false faces and fake smiles for all the hidden loot in the Swiss banks.

Because, if you are really a part of show business, you have, in the course of becoming a true member of this rare fraternity, practiced every wile and guile of the game, your own passport is your ability to appreciate and under-stand show business for what it truly is-and still love it.

Prudes, stiffnecks, Puritans and Mecca-bound Pilgrims are early discarded like cottonseed from the revolving gin of show business, and the ones who last are those who belong-not because they succeeded or failed-but because they fell in love and neither achievement beyond their wildest early dreams, nor disappointment beyond belief, could alter the pound of their pulse or the beat of their hear.

Show business is the only profession in the world wherein a man can lose a fortune and still be rich-if he hasn't lost enchant-

As long as he loves he lives, and is welcome wherever real members of the profession foregather.

Ninth Texas Drive-In Rally Seen Drawing 500 Dallas.

It is contemplated that more than 500 exhibitors will attend the ninth annual convention of the Texas Drive-In Theatre Owners Assn. to be held Feb. 7-9 at the

Sheraton Dallas Hotel. percentage of booths sold than ever before at this time and ads for the program book are pouring in."

EAST GERMAN DEFA NOT INTERESTED IN GAINING INTERNATIONAL RECOGNITION

Berlin. outfit in Soviet-controlled East Germany, Defa, and there is only one distributing unit, Progress. Both companies are state-owned. During the 15 postwar years, Defa has turned out about 200 films. Its earlier ones still rate among the best. Such features as "Affair Blum," "The Murderers Are Among Us," "Marriage In the Shadow" and "Rotation" have even found international acclaim.

But Defa's "good years" have long been over. Very few attentiongetting features have been made within the last few years. Most of the East German films can only be regarded as second-rate items, internationally speaking. The reason for the artistic decline lies in fact that the product has gradually become a major Com-munist propaganda instrument. Artistic creativity has been sacrificed to serve the party line.

Resultantly, E-German films mean very little on the international market. As a matter of fact, they are not even very popular on their own homegrounds. Slanted propaganda doesn't make for good entertainment. And entertainment is what the majority of cinemagoers want, there as elsewhere.

Defa's major dilemma mainly stems from the fact that it has to follow the regulations issued by the Central Committee of the Socialist Unity Party (SED), the Red party in E-Germany This committee advised the Defa in 1958 that two thirds of its annual output had to be socalled "films of the present," that's to say films that concern topics of the political

It is believed that East Germany's top authors have—despite lucrative salaries—withdrawn from the film industry. As a con-sequence, the bulk of scripts are now being written by lesser talents. Defa operates under working groups true to the methods of Sheraton Dallas Hotel.

Ben Waldamn, executive secretary of the organization, says "Already there have been a larger"

Socialist collective work. In order to become familiar with "real life," dramatists, as well as film directors, must work in factories and on farms. The question remains whether such methods pay off. Discussions with East German workers kids to college—now they have to and farmers may only reveal the save up to send them to the movies.

latter's poor life. On screen, they kratische Republik, as the East There is only one film producing can either idealize this life or treat it realistically. Either form would not be well accepted. The E-German populace won't accept idealized masks for reality. And as to true reality, they would probably "We have enough of that all day long. In the evening, we want to see something different."

Heaven Or Hell

Reflecting upon the Defa pix re-leased last year (1960), the message has mostly been this: It's heaven to live in a Socialist country and hell for those who live in a capitalistic land. The greater part of the productions contain anti-stuff (anti-Capitalistic, anti-West Germany, anti-American, etc.) Films such as "Before the Lighting Strikes" or "An Old Love" aim at encouraging in comedy form peo-ple to work hard for the benefit of the Socialist regime. People who reached some prominence include are willing to do so are generally butters, natch, narrow-minded. Fun is poked at the bourgeoisie and Babbitts. This was very evident in the film, "May Bowl." "White Blood" contains strong anti-American and anti-West German sentiments. It concerns a soldier of described as progressive, the sentiments. It concerns a soldier of the new W-German army who while

Helberg and Slatan Dudow.

There is no denying that the the new W-German army who while training in the U.S. received by Defa has a satisfactory number of accident deadly atomic radiation able players and directors at its during training. "May A Good disposal. If they could work as Germany Flourish" is a documentery please, they would probably tary celebrating the 10th anni of come along the socalled DDR, Deutsche Demo-better product.

German Commies call their sector.

There are annually shown about 130 features in E-Germany—as contrasted with around 600 in W-Germany. Most exports are from Soviet Union and the Satellites. Some West German films and German oldies are also unreeled if found harmless by the authorities.

Here is the East Berlin film situation during the 1958-1959 season: 24.7% of the pix released there were of Russian origin. Then came East Germany (18.6%), CSR (11.2%), Italy (8.7%), West Germany (7.6%), France (4.4%), Hungary (3.9%), Bulgaria (2.6%) and Yugoslavia (2.6%).

There is no "star cult" in E-Germany. Practically all of the established German pre-1945 stars have gone to W-Germany. Lineup of East German players who have Annakathrin Burger, Guenter Simon, Wilhelm Koch-Hooge, Horst

along with considerably

GIVE UP THE SHIP' DON'T

[Not from the picture of the same name]

By JERRY LEWIS

Hollywood.

With televesion now in its sec-Hollywood," I think it is time we had a "fireside chat" on conditions in the film industry.

The 27-inch tube has put wrinkles in film producers' faces, wrinkles deeper than those made by a motorcycle in a muddy road. Things have sure changed. Years ago parents used to save up to send their

Business is so bad in Hollywood that the other night when I 'phoned ond decade and the smoke still ris- a local theatre and asked the maning from the ruins of the "Old he said, "With things the way they are this could be it.'

One thing that has hurt business in Hollywood is "trend" movies. This year it's biographies. They're doing "The Fanny Brice" story, "The Red Nichols Story" and "The Marie McDonald Story." This one they are having trouble with. Her story keeps changing.

In a desperate measure to raise money for the payrolls, Paramount sold its backlog of pictures for \$50,-000,000. They wanted to throw the studio into the package, too, but decided against it. They were afraid it would bring the price down. couple of the studios are looking for new executive heads, but they can't find anybody. Amazing! Whoever thought the motion picture business would ever run out of relatives.

They have tried everything to bolster the boxoffice. They built up the screens, made pictures wider, and the pictures longer. Then one day somebody came up with a revolutionary idea. Let's make them better. He was fired immediately. In this business there is no room for a trouble maker!

The favorite game in Hollywood is recalling "the good old days." They remember when Greta Garbo moaned, "I vant to be alone." Now she can go into any theatre and get her wish. And the way pictures have changed. When I was a kid. in the middle of the picture they would flash a sign on the screen, "Baby crying in the balcony." Nowadays they flash a sign on the "Manager crying in the screen, lobby.''

The changes are really fantastic. For the new picture in Cinemiracle "Windjammer" they have a screen around the stage and onto both walls. I saw the picture five times. I didn't remember what part of fife screen I came in on!

Things have gotten so bad out here with motion picture producers, Boris Morros had to take a job as a spy.

There have been many improvements in the picture business since the early days. With the modern freeway system we have, now you can get to the unemployment fice in no time!

When I made my new Paramount comedy, "CinderFella," everyone thought I should have made a picture like DeMille. I'd like to make pictures like DeMille, but he had

dibs on the Bible. Meanwhile, back at NBC . . .

DEBUNKING THE MYTHS ON:

The Death of Thomas H. Ince

(To this day lurid whispers circulate concerning the death of the pioneer film producer, Thomas Harper Ince. Often his demise is attributed to a bullet aboard his yacht. The passenger list seems to have been sufficiently celebrated but to have expanded in the telling through the years. The following low-pressure account of how Ince died was part of an immensely-detailed account of his career printed in the October issue of Films In Review, organ of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures Inc., of which Henry Hart is editor. Interestingly, the author of the piece excerpted below is a Major in U.S. Counter-Intelligence but by private enthusiasm a film historian.—Ed.).

By GEORGE MITCHELL

Late in 1924 there were rumors his yacht in San Diego harbor Sunthat Ince was about to conclude a very lucrative deal to produce the Marion Davies-Cosmopolitan Films. celebrate his 43rd birthday with a

It was probably this prospective association with Hearst, plus the gone so far as to claim that Ince when he was fatally stricken that gave rise to many misleading and dolph Hearst is mentioned as one Every so often there are plans inaccurate stories about Ince's socalled 'mysterious deatl sensation-seeking writers have even ager of Cosmopolitan Productions, gone ot far as to claim that Ince was murdered.

> This story was started by a rival of Hearst's Los Angeles newspaper which published a number of suppositions and innuendoes immediately following Ince's death. These irresponsible charges were never substantiated nor was any evidence ever presented to the authorities to prove that Ince's death was the result of foul play. In view of the number of persons involved, it is difficult to believe a giant cover-up could have oc-curred and been perpetuated for 35 years.

Ince was fatally stricken while on a week-end cruise to San Diego on his yacht "Oneida." Hearst, Marion Davies, and other celebrities were guests.

day night [November 16] when celebrities gathered to help him party that sent him to his berth racked with pain. Marion Davies, Seena Owen and lesser lights were in the gay party . . . William Ranof those present . . . Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman, West Coast Mansaid to have the backing of Hearst, was another . . . Monday morning a tender from the "Oneida" landed at the West Santa Fe dock and Ince and two others got out. They went to the railroad station where Ince and Goodman, as his com-panion, boarded the train. The other member of the party did not go with Ince and Goodman. When the train reached Del Mar the porter summoned a car to take the sick producer to the Stratford Inn. It was hinted that he had suffered an attack of indigestion while on a hunting trip in Mexico. "At the Stratford Inn a physi-

cian (Dr. Truman Parker and later Dr. Horace Lazelle, both of La Jolla) was called and when he responded Ince told him he had been on a party in a yacht in San Diego sane way of life, and, regardless The San Diego Union of Nov. harbor. Ince, it is reported, told of its loaded dice, marked cards and roulette-like fortunes, a world follows: "Ithel illness... began on heavily and smoked a great deal.

He complained of terrific pains in the abdomen. He is also under-stood to have said there was plenty of liquor and that the man who furnished it could well afford to get the best. "The doctor called again Monday

night and found Ince greatly improved. There was no evidence of food or liquor poisoning, he said, but he advised the producer to stay and rest several days. The doctor then left saying he would call Tues. (Nov. 18) morning.

"But in the meantime Mrs. Ince had arrived by motor car with her 15-year-old son, William, and went to the bedside of her husband. Later Monday evening Dr. Ida C. Glasgow, said to be the Ince family physician, came to Del Mar in response to a call and the local physician was told his services ere no longer need

"Despite the (local) doctor's advice to rest for several days, arrangements were made to take him north. A special car was attached to the train leaving San Diego and an ambulance was dispatched. The ambulance took Ince to the special car which arrived attached to the Santa Fe train. On this car Ince made the trip to Los Angeles Tuesday and reached home early in the afternoon."

He died at five o'clock in the morning on Nov. 19, 1924, in his home, "Dias Dorados" (Golden Days) in Benedict Canyon, Beverly Hills. At his bedside were his wife, his three sons, William 15, Thomas Jr, 11, and Richard 9—and his two brothers. According to his own physician death was due to angina pectoris induced acute indigestion.

A small street in the rear of his old studio in Culver City has been named Ince Avenue.

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guest who
wants to
play house...



JEAN SIMMONS



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with some playful
ideas of her own!

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Music and lyrics by
NOEL COWARD

Love Those Critics

Continued from page 4 =

drama critics on some influential are as much a topic of conversation newspapers were responsible for the closing of the sole legitimate theatres in the cities in question. The civic life of one of these towns, which once attracted artists, musicians and educated persons, has now completely changed. It has become a Convention City, and the hotels are filled with ticketed conventioneers waving emblems in convivial inebriation.

Of Course Not!

This is a good moment to ask, do producers desire critics to give good notices to all plays Nothing could be more absurd. Producers ask only that critics who earn their living writing about the theatre should care about the theatre and write about it with contagious enthusiasm. Fortunately, most of the eritics in this country come urder this category. For every malevolent smart alec or destructive critic, there are at least 10 who love and admire the theatre and its artists, and communicate their excitement to their readers by emphasizing the affirmative instead of the nega-

How does the critical climate affect the health of the American theatre? At its zenith, 25 years ago, the period of O'Neill, Sherwood, the period of O'Neill, Sherwood, Maxwell Anderson and others, there was a magnificent group of critics in New York City. This galaxy included Gilbert Gabriel, Stark Young, John Mason Brown, Richard Lockridge, John Anderson, Joseph Wood Krutch, Heywood Broun, Alec Woollcott, Burns Mantle, Percy Hammond, Wolcott Gibbs, S. Jay Kaufman and George Gibbs, S. Jay Kaufman and George Jean Nathan.

And that particularly bright star, Brooks Atkinson, whose partial retirement has been a calamity for the theatre, leaving of this brilliant array only the excellent John Chapman, Richard Watts, Whitney Bolton and Tom Dash to remind us of this heyday of newspaper done, which is one reason they are dramatic criticism.

Great Stimulus

These critics stimulated the writing of important plays, and contributed liveliness to the contemporary theatre which made theatregoing an exciting experience. While they strongly disliked individual plays, they nevertheless sold the theatre as a whole to the public.

We still have such men in New York-men with a sturdy individual viewpoint, who love the theatre and have the background, knowledge and ability to communicate their love and excitement to their readers. We also have a new body of critics, the radio and television critics and commentators who show by their excitement in their voices how much they enjoy a play, and since they are not hampered by the straitjacket of the written word, they can utter their enthusiasm or lack of it with far greater freedom than the newspaper critics. Since these men have usually been subject to the boredom of radio, they are generally appreciative of the good things in the theatre. They are doing a fine job right now in increasing New York theatresoing, and I hope that the status and importance of such critics can be recognized more fully by producers and the public at large.

Such critics are seldom dulland dullness is one of the greatest United States on two of its three crimes in criticism. Indeed, a dull, newspapers—men who were jealverbose critic on a great newspaper verbose critic on a great newspaper ous, envious and often sadistic. can do as much harm to the theatre "For heaven's sake, let us not play as a whole, as a sadistic or is fortunate that the western, southern and most m'd-western cities are manned by critics who love and are excited about third would have gone but for the playgoing, or the rest of the country could be almost as badly affected as New York was by the recent strike. They are mostly excellent cellent men, literate and helpful to the theatre.

Boston, A Shining Symbol

Because of my experience as president of the American Theatre Society, with organized audiences in over 20 cities from coast to coast, I should like to contrast two important cities in the United States, and the effect of the critics on theatregoing in them. The first is Boston, with the most active alert body of theatregoers in the delphia and Washington, In Boston we have a body of critics who

as those that do.

The critics there include Elliot Norton, Elinor Hughes, Cy Durgin and others, all excellent writers and enthusiastic for the theatre. The dean of the critics is Norton, in my opinion one of the best in the United States, and he sets a high standard. He knows that a critic's job is not merely to assess a play, but also the performers. Often a play appeals to him because of the opportunity the author has given for fine performances. Some critics write of a performance as though the actor had written his own part. Remember that two American theatre classics were never good plays, but had great parts. These were of Monte Cristo," acting Count with O'Neill, and "Rip Winkle" with Joe Jefferson. These plays ran for decades—and who is to say that great acting is not often as much a part of theatre enjoyment as great writing — certainly great writing poorly acted is seldom enjoyable by my book.

Not So Good Playwrights

But let us return to Boston. You can receive thoroughly bad notices there if the play merits them. It is the critical climate which counts, the attitude towards the theatre in all its aspects. Perhaps the critics realize that in a country of over 180,000,000, there are not 20 good playwrights, so they adopt what is called in English patent law, "benevolent interpretation," rather than "malevolent."

This is because inventing, like writing, is creative work, so the British judges are required to give the benefit of the doubt to the inventor. Some of the best benefits for the American theatre derive from the Boston critics because of decide what rewriting must be done, which is one reason they are respected by writers and manage-

I also suggest that the Boston critics are shrewd enough to realize that their readers are more interested to know first what was likeable about a play, rather than the opposite—so they will usually spotlight the good things, and come to the bad later. This also ensures a reading of the notice, for who would want to continue reading when the notice begins, "Last night a thoroughly bad play opened at the Colonial Theatre." Baseball or prizefighting sounds far more interesting. Thanks to the Boston critics, theatregoing is a lively part of the life of the town and all the other arts flourish. The restaurants and hotels are crowded, not merely with conventioneers, but with people from all over the outlying su-burban cities who come in for the plays, so that Boston is again becoming a cultural Mecca, as it was years ago.

Philadelphia and Washington possess large audiences who are also theatre lovers and thanks to their intelligent critics are en-couraged to go to the theatre, so that it becomes part of their lives.

But In Contrast!

Now let us take a contrasting city, which I shall call "A." It used to have the sourest critics in the newspapers-men who were "smart the town of 'A'," was the general hat the cry of actors, authors and managers. Two of the three theatres have since been torn down and the merciful fact that new critics have replaced the old ones, and the city is beginning to respond to the fact that these new critics really love the theatre.

> In passing, it is a pity that some of the critical climate which exists in Boston could not be wafted to New York City. Too often it has become the habit of our newer New York critics to perform the role of "schoolmaster" rather than that of critics who are dealing with a lively living theatre.

Much as the public may be interested in their literary and analytical knowledge, theatregoers are country, followed closely by Phila- more eager to know if the critic

much literary effort pointing out how the play could have been im-proved. A recent play which re-ceived accolades of praise from the Boston critics and was visited three times by Elliot Norton, who wrote more than one town where sadistic plays which do not quite make it an enthusiastic review, was subjected to this "schoolmaster" treat-ment in New York with the result-ant immediate closing of the play. Of course the more mellowed and experienced critics, such as John Chapman, take the same point of view as Norton, and do not waste their time showing off or exhibiting their erudition. They don't have to.

One final word on the subject of the theatre and the value of the critic in shaping public taste. Bernard Shaw stated correctly, "This writing of plays is a great matter, forming as it does the minds and affections of men in such sort that whatsoever they see done in show on the stage, they will presently be doing in earnest in the world, which is but a larger stage."

Shaw, a great dramatic critic as well as a great playwright, pointed the way to his own generation. We need similar leaders among critics to point the way for the young playwrights of today and tomorrow and to lead our audiences to an appreciation of man-kind's potentiality for greatness, which is as strong today as it ever

Don't Discount Barcelona for Spain's Distribution; Madrid for Production

By JOAQUINA CABALLOL

in Spain, and in the international offices of the American distributors located in Manhattan, as to the supposed oddity of the film distribution offices being situated here in Barcelona rather than in Madrid the capitol. This never seemed particularly "peculiar" seemed until late years and the rise of Madrid as a production center.

Barcelona's leadership as the distribution capital of Spain dates from 1923 when Universal Pictures opened here. But Pathe had pre-ceded it. Ditto Gaumont, Juan Verdaguer, Jose Gurgui, Seleccine S.A. (for Italian, French and German product).

It needs to be emphasized that Barcelona, the seaport, has tra-ditionally been the New York of Spain whereas Madrid compared to Washington as a city devoted to government rather than commerce. This is less true since the far greater centralization which fol-

lowed the bitter civil war. If sea-Talk continues to be heard with- ports diminish with the rise of airports, it is also true of a George Ornstein, chief of United Artists in Barcelona that he must now travel much to Madrid because of his auxiliary duties as UA's supervisor of films in production. This is a phenomenon of the era since World War II.

> To produce motion-pictures in Spain one requires the sanction and cooperation of the government. That gives Madrid a new advantage. Add that many believe Spain's own industry is invigorated by American producers, who all go to Madrid. Though Madrid has but three studios to Barcelona's, two, its dominance in the devolping "coproduction" phase must be conceded.

> Production was also one of Barcelona's assests at one time. Spain's first picture studio opened here, though of small importance. It was not until 1939, that is after the Civil War, that Madrid's studios flourished, beginning with Chamartin. Lack of American product during World War II helped Spanish production. In Barcelona we have the IFI Studios belonging to Ignacio Iquino, which also made good business at the time and now still exists, and also Orphea Studios, but the Madrid Studios have prospered much more thanks to the American producers of which Samuel Bronston is the present big figure.

Taxes Coming Up!

at some of these doodads. The increase of \$20,000 a year to a stylish name by which they are fellow in the 75% tax bracket. called is "loopholes."

Then there are tax free m

The 'Loopholes'

What we so glibly call loopholes is frequently nothing more than special provisions deliberately put in the law by Congress to apologize for the high tax rates. In that way Congress can make the law palatable for some groups by giving them escape hatches.

The trouble is that the taxpayers not benefitted feel that they are likewise entitled to relief. And so they start helping themselves with all sorts of gimmicks. It is interesting to see how even the dullest minds make the cleverest deductions. That brings to mind Bob Hope's crack that he has to pay his butler's salary to a Swiss corporation.

Congress is thoroughly aware that things have gotten out of hand. Both Kennedy and Nixon ran on platforms that said "down with loopholes." Congress will therefore tackle the areas where one group is now ahead of the others. Some of us, therefore, had better prepare for the fact that we will have to give up benefits that we now consider part of our inherent rights.

The most vicious lopsideness in the law today, crying out for attention, finds people in show business on the short end of the stick right now. To put the problem broadly, today two fellows making the same amount of money over the same period of time radically different taxes.

Let's take a "frinstance." the one hand, we have a guy who plays it safe by being on salary. Suppose he makes \$20,000 a year In five years he makes \$100.000. On that \$100,000 his tax is \$35,000.

Now let's take some pioneering, venturesome, enterprising producer who goes through four barren or preparatory years, and makes his \$100,000 in the fifth year. On his \$100,000 he pays \$67,000, or almost twice as much as the employee who was playing it close to the

Something is radically off base. The tax brackets are the villain of the piece. The cure is obviously to figure the tax by some form of averaging, rather than on year-toyear earnings. Show business has made a pitch for this before the Congress many times. This year, pay dirt is nearer.

Another area of preferential treatment is where deductions are not allowed for purely personal items. For example, the home owner today gets a deduction for mortgage interest and for taxes on the residence. That isn't fair to the fellow who rents his home, for he gets no deduction at all.

On the other side of the coin, there are many situations of earnenjoyed the play than to have ings that are today permitted to every defect pointed out to them get off the tax hook. Ta'e the new really love the theatre and have in a notice. Is it too much to ask a way to get rich, namely, to set sick. built up a following for p'aygoing critic, when he likes a play, to say Sick pay up to \$100 a week is tax out after with their readers. As a result, so, and to dwell on the reasons he plays crowd into Boston, and the liked it, rather than to spend so a week is the same as a salary session.

Then there are tax free meals, tax free medical services, tax free group life insurance, and so on down the line. Well, those goodies will go the way of all flesh if we're serious about straightening out the law and cutting our tax bill down.

Congress will also whack away at organizations exempted from paying tax altogether. There's a tremendous hole here. It explains in part why it is that only one-third of the income of the nation is actually taxed.

All of us have learned the hard way that to let one group go scot free merely means that the rest of us have to pick up the tab. Congress will therefore start closing in. Among those to lose their tax exemption, or see it sharply curbed, will be trade associations, or see it sharply labor unions, and farmers' cooper-

There's a glimpse of some of the things ahead in eliminating loopholes. Of course, no matter what we do, the tax bill will be large because our domestic and international problems are large. But high taxes are bearable if they are clear and fair. The present law has strayed a good deal on both scores.

In a democracy correction comes about when people get mad enough to throw off their laziness and in-difference and go to the polls or their legislatures for action. We are getting nearer to that point every day in the tax situation. In fact, we are heading for a revolution in our tax laws

This much is clear: We need some sober thinking, or we'll all stagger from intaxication!

Refuses to Be Cajoled; 'Campobello' Pleas N.G.

Minneapolis.

public to support a "good" picture American companies from Barce-fell on deaf ears in this community. United Paramount made the pitch on behalf of "Sunrise at Campobello" (WB).

The picture did disappointing business in its initial stanza, around contrast, "North to Alaska" (20th), at \$1.25, pulled nearly \$7.500 in its fourth and final week at the State, the other UP loop house.

The chain took extra large news-paper advertising at the outset of Campobello's" second week chide the public, in effect, for neg-lecting the picture during its first seven days. The ads were addressed to those "who have been criticising movies" and have been asking "why don't they make good movies?' The ad wanted to know where these people "have been." The pitch concluded by stating the pic had been held over "for those who want really GOOD entertainment."

"Campobello," however, bowed out after the second week, drawing a puny \$4,000 for the follow-up

Belongs to Barcelona

As to distribution, all the American companies are established in Barcelona. After Universal in 1923, it was Paramount in 1927, then Fox, and later on Metro and War-ner Bros-First National. Branches were also established in Madrid, Valencia, Bilbao, Sevilla, La Coruna, Murcia and Lisbon though Portugal became independent of the Spanish control during 1936-39 on account of the Civil War here and has remained so.

Paramount's Fiight

On June 30, 1940 Par liquidated the Spanish company known as Paramount Films S. A. which had its HQ in Barcelona, and dismissed all the Staff except the head accountant who acted as liquidator. This man together with an American moved to a small office in Madrid. Ten years went by and in 1950 Par decided to again open a distributing office in Spain, American and chief accountant then came back to Barcelona to install Par Espanola S. A. So—why didn't Paramount remain in Madrid when they were already there? Because distribution was organized out of Barcelona. Here has been the training school of film managers, salesmen, bookers and everything that distributing involves. True, Madrid has improved a great deal in this

Chamartin is a big Madrid company which produces and distrib-utes. Its head offices are in Madrid, but in Barcelona it has its own building and a staff of 25, because you cannot run the Barcelona area and the rest of the Catalonian provinces with a small office like you can do with Murcia and La Coruna.

Of course anything can happen. Efforts and appeals to the local But to transfer the HQ of all the they are far from dom seems not sufficient reason. It is not the moving of the manager and his family alone, but the staffers which mean over 300 families \$6,000 at an advance admission. In house them in the house shortage era?

American companies ought to have thought about Madrid being the capital and the site of officialdom 35 years ago. Now the office boy of 35 years ago is half a century old and a manager.

Problems

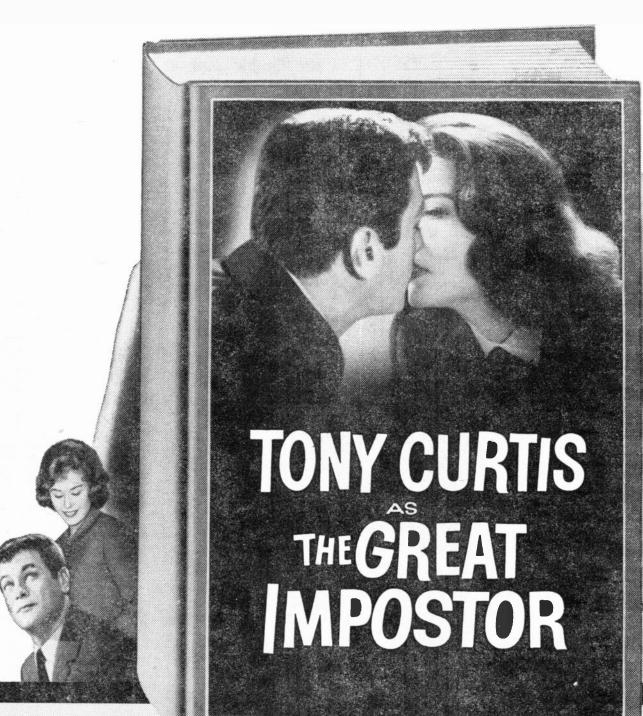
The transfer to Madrid of Barcelona "Film Row" is a good theme for a nice chat every now and then, but when you try to think seriously about it you find that to have the offices running as in Barcelona is a major task. Not all would be will-

ing to join an exodus to the capitol. Another thing to remember: Barcelona and its province is important, about 29% of the Spanish territory. Madrid area itself is about 19%.

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-Film Daily

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Based on the incredible facts of the sensational best-seller about the master masquerader... Fred Demara!

...The man whose amazing escapades were featured THREE different times in LIFE



co-starring

EDMOND O'BRIEN · ARTHUR O'CONNELL GARY MERRILL · RAYMOND MASSEY

JOAN BLACKMAN · ROBERT MIDDLETON

and co-starring

KARL MALDEN
as "Father Devlin"

Screenplay by LIAM O'BRIEN
Directed by ROBERT MULLIGAN
Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR

With the

EXCITING MUSIC OF

HENRY MANCINI

composer of America's

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GREAT CAMPAIGN TO SELL "THE GREAT IMPOSTOR"!

A great U-I world premiere showmanship campaign will launch "The Great Impostor" in a New England saturation beginning in Boston and in over 100 situations throughout the territory.

Saturation advertising campaign in TV, radio, Sunday supplements, magazines and
newspapers, and an all-out prometion campaign with personality tours, special TV
will pre-sell "The Great Impostor" for great

Watch for special "Impostor" plan for your

HOLLYWOOD ON S-T-R-I-K-E

By RON SILVERMAN

In 1960, as never before, the Hollywood labor movement placed the emphasis on the word, "movement," and everyone got into the march. There were three major strikes, the threat of many more, a barrelful of negotiations and a fileful of new contracts.

Involved in the demands, the compromises, the gains and the losses were Screen Actors Guild, Writers Guild of America, Directors Guild of America, the 20 or more member unions of the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees as well as other basic crafts unions, the American Federation of Musicians, the Musicians Guild of America, the Composers and Lyricists Guild, Screen Extras Guild and American Federation of Television and Radio Artists, Coming as close as it could to negotiating was Screen Producers Guild.

Management organizations included the Assn. of Motion Picture Management organizations included the Assn. of Motion Ficture Producers, representing most of the major studios both in theatrical and television film; United Artists indies and Universal-International, which negotiated outside AMPP; the Alliance of Television Film Producers, representing 16 independent tv companies including Revue, Four Star, Desilu and Ziv-UA; the three television-radio networks; advertising agencies, the N. Y. Film Producers Assn., and some 50 independent tv companies unoffiliated with any major producing organization. independent tv companies unaffiliated with any major producing org.

Residuals & Welfare

Two issues—post-'48 features sold to tv and a pension-health-welfare an—dominated talks in all areas of feature film negotiations. Key to the television negotiations was the pension-health-welfare question and participation by talent unions in foreign grosses from tv films.

Writers Guild of America, having started its contract talks back in 1959, went on strike in mid-January against most producers of theatrical and tv films. Only companies which continued to receive services and fruits of the scribes were the UA indies, U-I and the unaffiliated independents.

Screen Actors Guild reached an impasse with AMPP and went on strike in the theatrical film area on March 7, remaining on walkout through April 8. Pictures shut down, no new ones started, and Hollywood had felt the full force of labor.

One week later the directors opened negotiations in films and tv and within one month managed to agree on new contracts. Early in November DGA put together demands for pact talks with the tv and

Screen Extras Guild had its own problems and, at one point, filed NLRB charges against the Alliance, claiming the tv body refused to negotiate separately with SEG, instead insisting on joint negotiations with AMPP. Everything was ironed out, however, and on Aug. 5 a new four-year collective bargaining agreement was signed.

IATSE Articulates

Late in October, the IA and basic crafts unions launched talks with producers of theatrical and tv films. Painters were first, and all IA talks were expected to be lengthy and detailed. IA unions sought a 25% across-the-board increase in minimums, a royalty payment involving double everything obtained by SAG, DGA and WGA in the area of post-'48 pix released to tv and a promise from producers that

no American pix would be lensed abroad.

All during negotiations with actors, writers and directors, the major companies made it clear that the anticipated IA demands were going to be so strong that no precedent could be set which they couldn't

afford giving to IA.

Screen Producers Guild watched the sessions and, while not set up as a bargaining unit, made firm its point that SPG also wants a pension-health-welfare plan. Late in 1960, the guild set up a survey to turn up recommendations to AMPP.

AFM Regains Ascendency

Also in 1960, the American Federation of Musicians regained jurisdictional control of the major studios after a two-year reign by the rival Musicians Guild of America. On Nov. 2 AFM and producers agreed on a new 3½-year contract.

Musicians Guild of America, on Aug. 22, signed new contracts with the Alliance. And on Nov. 1 the Composers and Lyricists Guild com-pleted its first basic agreement with major studios.

Unions won major gains, and so did management. Some of the gains

were precedental. And so were some of the losses.
In Screen Actors Guild's theatrical film contracts, the issue of post-'48

pictures released to tv caused considerable speculation prior to the contract talks, heated battles during them and significant ramifications after them.

As it stood, feature film producers could lease or sell their pre-1948 pix to tv without any compensation to talent unions. Now, the unions wanted a slice of monies received for post-'48s released to video, claiming such sales created direct competition for their new product

Management said it wouldn't pay for something it already had paid for, meaning, of course, the films produced between '48 and '60.

The result was compromise in the form of "past-service credit," though the producers did not concede, as the actors unofficially did, that the credit was "in lieu of" payment on post-'48 films released to television.

Actors' Main Gains

Major gains by SAG in its new three-year theatrical film pact are:
(1.) Payment by producers of 5% of total actors' salaries, up to \$100,000 in salary per actor per picture, on all films produced after Jan. 31, 1960. Money goes into pension-health-welfare fund.
(2.) Past-service credit of \$2,625,000 to start the pension-health-welfare fund. Total of \$375,000 was paid immediately, remainder to

be paid over 10 years.

(3.) For the post-1960 theatrical films released to television, producers will pay 6% of gross receipts after deduction of 40% for distribution.

case of outright sale, deduction is reduced to 10%.

(4.) Reopening for pay tv if medium becomes important during term

(5.) Increase of scale ranging from 11% for day players to 17.6% for contract players and higher in other classifications.

The Truth, The Whole Truth?

[Those Tell-All to Sell-Well Autobiogs]

By JOHN ROEBURT

John Roeburt

those overhave stayed at the trough when the noitathartic.

This, any-how, is the auany-

t o b iographic When bravado flushes inhibition the kleig-lights of revelation turn the swamplands of the Subconscious into a public Mall.

tomes that underline my point, exare the mixture of such scrivening. books.

why, and with what degree of and blur.
knowing villainy?
Self-Researching

The concept of the rigged autoweeks ago, after a talk with a cer-Would a history of a middle-aging, mildly made a nose-count of the skeleneurotic fiction mechanic.

idea. Her outlook on me was that tried awfully to remember where I was hardly sensational enough I might have stashed the old

The One Prerequisite

Back in the grim, grey days of United Artists ('48, '49, '50),

the problem of getting a film to release was as acute as a tooth-

ache and almost more infrequent. Then one day, we dropped our ginrummy cards long enough to visit the projection room

where was unreeled one of the G-Man epics of the period. While

its plot was as nebulous as the Milky Way, it catapulted a succession of rapes, deviations, head whacking, stomach stomps, kid-

nappings, forced drownings and other impromptu hobbies with

such consistency that the stunned viewers assured each other that this could be nothing but a solid hit. So the various specialists picked up their pencils and paints and went to work on the

Some weeks later, the producer (for want of a better name)

came to my office to view the ads and to pass his judgment. They

had been artfully mounted and happily displayed and were true revelations of the film's contents. Surrounding the central piece of art, which depicted a lustful escaped convict in the act of

ravishing an almost nude matron who was happily filling the convict's head with 45-calibre slugs, were engrossingly accurate line drawings of the proper procedures for throat cutting, torture

by slow fire, and the withdrawal by pincers of finger nails. In the event that the reader would miss the subtleties of the art,

carefully worded captions were liberally interspersed, spelling out

The producer walked from advertisement to advertisement. I

"Kinda low class," he said. "Don't get me wrong. They're great

walked anxiously behind him, waiting. Finally, he turned to me

but . . . kinda low class! Don't get me wrong. They re great but . . . kinda low class! In the great tradition of the Madison Avenue agencies, I went into a spiel about basic audiences, "want to see," "word of mouth," the "common denominator," etc. The worst thing he could do, I told him, was to change the approach of a hard-hitting film like

his. High class ads were the very worst approach to his selling problem. He sighed his agreement. He was sold. But there was

"Good ads," he said, "High class . . . low class . . . as lor as they have class!"

Francis S. Winikus

The time comes to all men of literary bent, when his own image chandising. My known habits and dazzles him most. When he sees his personal memoirs as the plot of plots. Or, of plots. Or, of respectability—a man with but of respectability—a man with but when the book was in some outmore spectac-ularly — for maxims over his worktable culled who from Poor Richard's Almanac.

Stick to your fiction writing, my editor advised, in a tone that hoped to discourage me. I adduced those things, she'd

some stores of left unsaid. That the evident, surp ersonality face truth of me was marketable sorely want a only to my adoring Aunt. That the autobiography in modern competition must be generic to the foaming prose of Marie Corelli, must depict its Protagonist biblically as period; that mature time when Infernal Man in Inferno, and sat-masks fall as candor routs shame urated with alcohol, hypoed by urated with alcohol, hypoed by drugs, with ingredients wrung down the drain of the psyche, and from Kraft-Ebbing and the Mar-

quis de Sade spicing the broth.
I retorted generally, and mysteriously, that there was some-I'll discreetly pass over, without comment or vulgar fingerpointing, the mass and mess of current have a more colorful side to him, that there could be lurid exhibits cept to wonder aloud over the in his private museum guaranteed components of fable and fact that to shock, amaze, compel, sell

Are confessional - autobiogra- I left my editor looking goggle-phies, like that other scandal of eyed, as if the set image she'd had our times, rigged? And if so, how, of me had perhaps begun to waver

In the next weeks, I had a frank, biography took root in me some unblushing go at myself. I dared into my subdepths, the twisting, labyrinthian mazes of my other tain publishing house. Would a labyrinthian mazes of my other book about myself, I'd inquired, self. I tore dark veils from the be worth the labor?—the anecdotal past, I unlocked secret doors and tons. I gathered up the old empty My editor took a dim view of my bottles, every last one of them, and

line, I was marvelously sure that I'd dredged up the materials of a bestseller. Only—how much of it was true?

What of it is purely the creative imagination doing a supreme job of invention? How to distinguish the fantasy from fact-How? What of it is me, truly me, and what of it is borrowed or observed, the gaudy, souped-up, libido-powered life of some other guy!

I'm danged if I know. If there are fibs and falsifications of fact in what I presently hold to be my own true story, so help me Ananias, I've come to be-

lieve the lies! Hal I really rescued a prostie who'd forfeited bail from an ar-resting Warrant Officer? In a homicidal scuffle in the Hollywood

foothills, in 1936? Was a younger, woolier Roeburt actually a Wild Boy Of The Road, riding the rails with rheumy-eyed riffraff? Had I lain in hobo jungles, fried to the eyeballs, with a Jim Tully novel as a head-rest? Or is it all a story purloined from some old issue of Red Book!

Had a certain movie queen turned from acting to Zen Buddhism, when I'd scornfully returned her housekey? Or does the selfhallucination trace back to a movie costarring Warner Baxter and Olive Tell? Or do I mean Edmund Lowe and Laura La Plante?

And about that table stakes poker game with lumbermen in Kalispell Montana, that is still murkily visible in the nickelodeon of memory. Was I ever, honest injun, in such a game, and a phenomenal winner to boot? And is the wild climax of it truly a fact? That I'd departed the game via a rear fireescape, in a hail of bullets and pint bottles, with the loot in a shoebox!

I'm right now 99% sure that I was once a mercenary in the Bolivia-Uruguay War, and was paid \$10 in gold at every sundown. That, a time ago, as an alternative to WPA, I smuggled contraband from Mexico into the United States, fording the Rio Grande at low tide, with the stuff in saddlebags strapped around the burro. That I'd, I'd, I'd— sly way managed to live the life of 20 men!

Which brings up my reason for writing this piece. If anyone reading this has any information corroborating or kiboshina my life-story, please phone or wire at once, .

Word of honor, I want only to give a factual account of myself.

Sid Pink's O'Seas

Hollywood, Dec. 27.

Sidney Pink has closed coproduction deals for four pix to be lensed abroad. Two of these films will be made in association with the newly merged UFA-Hansa Co. of Germany, each to be budgeted at slightly over \$1,000,000.

Remaining pair will be turned out in association with Contact of France and Nils Films of Italy. Pink will write and act as American producer-director on all films which will be made within three years.

Films: 1930 To 1959

the happy events of the illustrations.

and made his pronouncement:

COMPANY PARAMOUNT 20TH-FOX MGM WARNERS RKO UNIVERSAL COLUMBIA UA RANK REPUBLIC ALLIED ART. EAGLE LION FILM CLASSICS SCREEN GUILD LIPPERT SELZNICK P.R.C.	1930 64 47 47 86 29 36 31 15 	1931 62 48 46 54 45 24 38 14 	1932 56 43 39 56 47 30 46 13 ———————————————————————————————————	1933 58 50 44 54 49 36 44 16 ————————————————————————————————	1934 55 52 42 59 44 41 44 20 —————————————————————————————————	1935 58 52 48 50 43 37 49 18 ———————————————————————————————————	1936 68 57 46 56 39 30 50 16 	1937 60 47 66 55 45 52 25 	1938 50 55 46 52 43 50 54 18 	1939 58 -59 51 53 51 18 -44 31	1940 48 49 48 45 54 56 55 20 36 ———————————————————————————————————	1941 45 51 47 49 44 60 62 17 ———————————————————————————————————	1942 36 51 50 34 40 60 60 19 ———————————————————————————————————	1943 30 35 31 21 47 58 46 23 ———————————————————————————————————	1944 31 29 32 19 36 53 52 20 51 46 ———————————————————————————————————	1945 24 27 31 17 32 50 51 17 — — — — 35	1946 22 32 25 20 38 43 50 19 49 46 38	1947 29 27 29 20 33 28 52 26 — 38 35 16 — 26 — 22	1948 26 45 23 29 30 50 25 40 45 36 3 26 3	1949 21 29 32 27 35 31 56 24 ———————————————————————————————————	1950 20 33 40 29 34 33 58 — 51 37 41 8 — 22	1951 29 39 41 26 34 35 62 35 38 36 	1952 23 37 38 26 33 35 52 31 — 28 33 — 17 —	1953 27 39 45 28 25 43 46 47 —————————————————————————————————	1954 18 30 25 20 16 31 35 51 29 26 21	1955 17 29 24 23 14 34 35 — 28 29 — —	1956 17 30 27 23 20 32 40 48 23 32 	1957 20 49 30 27 1 39 47 54 12 27 33 — — —	1958 24 41 30 24 34 40 43 19 13 38	1959 17 33 24 19 — 17 37 37 — 21
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BUENA VISTA AM. INT. PICT.	_	_	_		_	_	_		=	=			_	_			_		=	_	_	=	=	1	3	3	7 10	4 17	6 19	6 13
GRAND TOTAL	355	331	330	351	357	372	413	487	448	469	473	497	485	427	409	367	382	381	406	411	425	399	353	376	296	283	309	360	331	224



derful Year

LOOK TO COLUMNISTA

- utilizing the world's finest creative and star talents!
- in orderly release throughout the year!
- promoted for greatest impact and penetration!

AROUND
THE CALENDAR...
AROUND THE WORLD...
CALL
THE MAN FROM

Japan Film House Earnings

The following are the total gross earnings (excluding taxes) for film houses in Japan over the last four years.

Year **Total Grosses**\$171.194.165 1957 200,961,111 197,616,666

Since 1951, when Daiei's "Rashomon" won the Grand Prix at the Venice Fest, Japanese films have been gaining increasing reception abroad. From 1946 through 1950, exports averaged \$200,000 per year, but jumped to \$500,000 in 1951.

In 1959, with 54 countries importing Nippon product, exports earned \$2 million. Target for fiscal 1960 was set at \$4,500,000.

Race & Romance

-By GEORGE MORRIS-

(Editor's Note: It has become a truism that the politics of tomorrow are rooted in the old and the new countries of Asia and Africa, now so numerously represented at the United Nations. It follows that film showmen did not invent, but do confront, the tangled problems of race relations. The theme has been "explosive" since the appearance, in 1915, of D. W. Griffith's "Birth of A Nation." In this article, attention is directed to the many feature films which have death with attention is directed to the many feature films which have dealt with race and romance).

try has mirrored, with varying de-grees of realism the mind, the among men (white men), as has heart-and sometimes the soul of America. It has graphically and strikingly portrayed our loves, hates, hopes, mores, moods, group successes and failures. And it has uniquely demonstrated via film over the years the American attitude toward the colored races in general and the American Negro in particular. Time has now created fresh "politics" in all this.

Such films as "Imitation of Life," "Lost Boundaries," "Pinky," "Island In The Sun," "Edge Of The City," "Band Of Angels," "The Defiant Ones," "The World, The Flesh And The Devil," "The Odds Against Tomorrow," "Night Of The Quarter Moon," "The Decks Ran Red," "All The Young Men," "Japanese War Bride," "Sayonara," "The Purple Plain," "China Doll," "The Crimson Kimono," "Walk Such films as "Imitation of "The Crimson Kimono," "Walk Like a Dragon" and "The World Of Suzie Wong," constitute a veritable celluloid encyclopedia of the "race problem."

In the early silents Japanese were "Yellow peril"—slippery, oily, treacherous, and a threat to white American womanhood. And who can forget the equally wily, sinister Fu Manchu? Similarly the Oriental maiden was often depicted as untrustworthy and destructive as demonstrated by the "oriental" phase of Myrna Loy. In other moods, the Oriental female was portrayed as a delicate, crushed flower who invariably sacrificed herself to prevent the demise of some hulking white she adored.

The game was played according to the rules. The Caucasian hero was permitted to evince pity, sympathy, some measure of affectionand on occasion, even tenderness of a sort toward the Oriental flower. But never anything like love. Any producer who dared to depict the two in an embrace, lips to lips, would have literally committed celluloid suicide. Later on, as the white hero was permitted to register a yen for his Griental doll, it was always found expedient to kill her off. The hero was permitted

"The World of Suzie Wong" finally saw the Oriental maiden come into her own as a woman worthy of love and embraces. She has been given the same leeway as her white sisters to chase and be chased—and caught. And she has been characterized in many instances as being more desirable by far than her pale-face sisters under the grease-

Much more grudgingly and gingerly this privilege was extended the heroine of Negro extraction. This was handled much more cautiously, and in such instances the role was portrayed by a white actress as in "Pinky," "Band Of Angels" and "Kings Go Forth." The next step was inevitable. Actual Negro heroines were employed in "Island In The Sun," "The Decks Ran Red" and "Tomango," the latter foreign-made but given wide American distribution. In this connection it is interesting to note that the latter three films all fe :-

Producers thereafter proceeded films being made here.

America's motion picture indus- to elevate the Negro male actor to been demonstrated in such films as "Home Of The Brave," "The Defiant Ones," "Edge Of The City," "Island In The Sun," "The Odds Against Tomorrow," "Sergeant Rutledge," and "All The Young Men"-in which the Negro male was represented as being the equal, and sometimes the superior of his white brother. War backgrounds provided a logical and relatively "safe" opening here, and gradually widened to other aspects of American life.

Handling of inter-racial romance in "Island In The Sun" was diffuse and vague. In "The World, The Flesh And The Devil," Harry Belafonte, functioning as his own producer as well as the star, attempted to get closer to the heart of the matter—the white maiden. But even there the step was a cautious,

tentative one and kept within the bounds of giving "no offense."

Next in line, an upcoming release, "Anna's Sin," portrays a love affair between a Negro male and white formule in a prepared which a white female, in a manner devoid of patronization, evasion or apology. It poses a problem and faces up to it in forceful terms. The dialogue is frank. And the Negro wins the white girl—under his own

Will this film be accepted by American audiences? If so, it will constitute a milestone.

Paris Studio Hours

Continued from page 3 =

the idea, whatever it merits, that production costs are high here, once indoors. As to that, time

butterfield 8"

Jor long regarded as too rough for cinematic handling, came from Metro with \$6,000,000 results, very fancy. Jerry Lewis continued his b.o. success with "Bellboy," at \$3,700,000 in domestic rentals.

So there were, as incompletely Anatole Litvak's production of Francoise Sagar's "Tablian of was always found expedient to kill her off. The hero was permitted to bestow a sexless, grief-stricken kiss on the lifeless brow.

It took a world war to finally smash this grotesque approach to the entire Orient. Thus "Japanese War Bride," "The Purple Plain," "Sayonara," "China Doll" and "The World of Suzie Wong" finally "Cuken directed" "Gleason, and UA had "Paris Blues." | always nave been, comedies spectaction of Francoise Sagan's "Do You Like Brahms?" (renamed, "Time On Her Hands"). Exteriors of Vincente Minnelli's "The Four Horsemen of The Apocalypse" (M-G) were done in Paris as well as Metro's "Lady L" which George of Cheen directed." Cukor directed.

Stanley Donen did "Once More with Feeling" (Col). "The Spin-With Feeling" (Col). "The Spinister" (M-G) is due here and Jean Negulesco is trying to get Brigitte Bardot to play in "Suzette" here with Maurice Chevalier for UA release. "Fanny" (WB) was done in Southern France and in Paris studios.

Most American directors seem to find the crews adequate and the noon to 7:30 p.m. shooting sked fine, especially those who want to get in some fancy gastronomy and night prowling while here.

Parisians have gotten used to films shooting in their streets even though they are still curious and sometimes make shooting a problem. Parisian police have become more disobliging as to permits for street shooting.

Technical syndicates are glad to have Yanks due to increased jobs as are labs and studio heads. ture the same actress, Dorothy fact the Technician's Syndicate has Dandridge.

RENTAL POTENTIALS OF 1960

[WHEN FULLY PLAYED OFF]

1960 B.O. Story

Continued from page 5 =

1960 came up with a full quota of surprises, along with the usual array of partisan and non-partisan comments.

A Case of 'Can-Can' No. 2 picture of the year was "Can-Can" and herein lies a major tale. This adaptation of the Broadway legiter has played only a relatively few dates, has garnered \$3,000,000 in rentals, and seems headed for a total of \$10,-000,000. This is a toughie to comprehend but it must be accepted if any kind of b.o. pattern is to be acknowledged. The overall potential is based on the comparative progress of other pictures which have gone a similar marketing

Unfriendly witnesses have said that "Psycho" is a freak. Fact of the matter is that this Paramount item was an unusual release, done in the Hitchcock style and expertly merchandised. All in all, it contained clicko chemistry for the No. 3 position and possibly the most profitable picture of the year on a percentage basis. It's domestic gross of \$9,200,000, as anticipated, (and it's big abroad, too), must be "appreciated" in light of production costs of slightly over \$1,000,

(Walt Disney had the same kind of happy situation last year with "Shaggy Dog").

United Artists scored particularly well with "The Apartment," "Solomon and Sheba," "On the Beach" and "Elmer Gantry," all of which had enough impact to make the list of alltime greats.

Other Smackeroos
Universal had a followup to
1959's "Pillow Talk" in "Operation
Petticoat," and Columbia, via Sam Spiegel, again came out on top with controversy with "Suddenly Last Summer" following the previous year's "Anatomy of Murder."
Rating a large 1960 mention is "Solomon and Sheba" at United Artists and the same distributor's

Artists and the same distributor's sophisticated comedy, "The Apartment," via Billy Wilder, stacked up as another champion.

Science Fiction

Science fiction had its place in orbit with "Journey to the Center of Earth." which is a \$5,000.000 grosser for 20th-Fox. And Elvis Presley was back in grand com-mercial style in Hal Wallis' "G.I. Blues," speedometered at \$4,300,-

'Facts' Royal Command Film Gala Picture

London.
"Facts of Life" (UA), the Bob
Hope-Lucille Ball starrer, has been
chosen for the Royal Command
film gala to be held on Feb. 20 in aid of the Cinematograph Trade

Benevolent Fund.

The gala will be attended by the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones.

Frisco Gets 'Assisi'

San Francisco. Spyros Skouras has given his friend, Mayor George Christopher, the go-ahead for premiere of 'Francis of Assisi" next spring.

20th-Fox is planning big, three-day civic celebration to be climaxed by showing of Plato Skouras-produced film. This city, of in 1937 to organize the theatre course, derives its name from the division which he has headed ever since.

Herewith, a regular editorial feature of each Anniversary Edition, is the exclusive VARIETY roundup of rental revenues for the year just ending. Emphatic remark: these figures are for domestic (U. S.-Canada) only, do not include overseas potential, even under the "Anticipation" column. The trade's rule-of-thumb is that domestic and foreign rentals usually

The figures below are Variety's own checked estimates for the present, together with future projection, the latter subject to revision next year. The All-Time Grossers list, separately compiled, is updated annually to incorporate films with \$4,000,000, or better, in rentals.

Note that the key definition in the annual compilation below is rentals—the money which accrues to the producer of a film as his share. This is the barometer of trade health-viz, the continuing flow of risk capita'-distinct from the actual total grosses of the playoff in theatres, part of which is retained as the exhibition share.

the exhibition share.		
Title & Release	VARIETY'S Estimate To Date	Anticipation (Overseas Excluded)
Ben-Hur (M-G) (Nov., '59)	\$17,300.000	\$33.000,000
Can-Can ((20th) (March)	. (3.000.000	10.000,000
Psycho (Par) (Aug.)	. 8,500,000	9,200,000
Operation Petticoat (U) (Jan.)	. 6 800 000	7.000,000
Suddenly Last Summer (Col) (Jan.)	5.500.000	6.375,000
The Anartment (IIA) (Iuno)	5 100 000	6,800,000
Solomon & Sheba (UA) (Dec., '59)	. 5.250,000	6.500,000
On the Beach (UA) (Dec., '59)	5.300.000	6.200,000
Butterfield 8 (M-G) (Nov.)	. 1.700.000	6,000,000
From the Terrace (20th) (July)	5.000.000	6,000,000
Ocean's 11 (WB) (Aug.)	. 4.900,000	5.500,000
Please Don't Eat Daisies (M-G) (April)	. 5,000,000	5.250,000
Elmer Gantry (UA) (June)	3.500.000	5 200,000
Journey to Center Earth (20th) (Nov.)	. 4,700,000	5.000,000
G. I. Blues (Par) (Nov.)	. 1,600,000	4.300,000
Bellboy (Par) (July)	. 3,550,000	3,700,000
Portrait in Black (U) (July)	. 3,200,000	3,600,000
Strangers When We Meet (Col) (July)	. 2.400,000	3,400.00 0
Rat Race (Par) (July)	. 3,400.000	3.400,000
Home from Hill (M-G) (March)	. 3.150.000	3.250,000
Unforgiven (UA) (April)	2.300.000	3.200,000
Lil Abner (Par) (Dec. '59)	. 3,200,000	3.200,000
Visit to Small Planet (Par) (June)		3,200,000
Who Was That Lady (Col) (Feb.)	. 3,000,000	3,100,000
Toby Tyler (BV) (Feb.)	. 3.000.000	3,100,000
Never So Few (M-G) (Dec.)	. 2.900,000	3.000,00 0
Big Fisherman (BV) (Nov., '59)	. 3.000.000	3,000,000
Let's Make Love (20th) (Aug.)	. 1,800,000	3.000,000
Bramble Bush (WB) (Feb.)	. 2,900.000	3.000.00 0
Story of Ruth (20th) (June)		3.000,000
Sink the Bismarck (20th) (Feb.)		3.000,000
Bells Are Ringing (M-G) (July)		2,850.00 0
Hell to Eternity (AA) (Aug.)	. 1,600,000	2.800,000
Hercules Unchained (Embassy-WB) (July) .	. 2,400,000	2,500,000
High Time (20th) (Sept.) Lost World (20th) (July)		2,500,000
Jungle Cat (BV) (Oct.)	. 1,850,000 . 1,350,000	2,500,000 2,300,000
Started in Naples (Par) (Aug.)	. 2,100,000	2,300,000
Magnificent Seven (UA) (Oct.)	1,300,000	2.250.000
All Young Men (Col) (Sept.)	. 850,000	2.000,000
Mouse That Roared (Col) (Nov., '59)		2,000,000
Our Man in Havana (Col) (March)		2,000,000
Adventures of Huck Finn (M-G) (June)		2,000,000
Fugitive Kind (UA) (April)		2,100,000
Wake Me When It's Over (20th) (March)	1,400,000	2,000,000
Gazebo (M-G) (Jan.)	1,800,000	1,900,000
Happy Annivehsary (UA) (Nov., '59)	1,500,000	1.800.000
Cash McCall (WB) (Jan.)		1,750,000
3d Man on Mountain (BV) (March)		1,700,000
Tall Story (WB) (April)		1,700,000 1,700,000 4
I Passed for White (AA) (March) Last Angry Man (Col) (Nov. '59)	, 1,500,000 , 1,300,000	1,675,000
		1,650,000
Ice Palace (WB) (Aug.)		1,600,000
Hannibal (WB) (June)		1,550,000
Once More With Feeling (Col) (Feb.)		1,500,000
Time Machine (M-G) (Aug.)	1,350,000	1,500,000
13 Ghosts (Col) (July)	900,000	1,500,000
Story Without End (Col) (Oct.)		1,500,000
Wild River (20th) (June)		1,500,000
Sons & Lovers (20th) (Aug.)		1,500,000
Pay or Die (AA) (June)		1,500,000
Gallant Hours (UA) (May)		1,500,000
House of Usher (AI) (July)		1,450,000
Giant of Marathon (M-G) (May)		1,350,000
Sign of Gladiator (AI) (Nov., '59)	1,050,000	1,250,000
Wreck of Mary Deare (M-G) (Dec., '59)		1,200,000
Jack the Ripper (Embassy-Par) (Feb.)		1,100,000
Surprise Package (Col) (Nov.)		1,100,000
Crack in Mirror (20th) (May)	000.000	1,000,000
Five Branded Women (Par) (May)		1,000,000
Masters of Jungle (20th (Dec.)		1,000,000
Under 10 Flags (Par) (Sept.)	. 800,000	1,000,000 1,000,000
Last Voyage (M-G) (Feb.)	. 1,000,000	1,000,000`
Malailan's Shingle LIADE	DT TA FII	DADE

Melniker's Shingle

William Melniker, director of theatres for Metro International, has resigned to return to the practice of law in the foreign trade field.

Melniker began his overseas film career in 1927 when he went to Brazil to check business conditions and Metro theatre interests there. The following year he became the company's manager in Brzil. In 1930, he was appointed general manager for South America with headquarters in Rio de Janeiro. He was transferred to the homeoffice

LOPERT TO EUROPE FOR UA PRODUCTION

Ilya Lopert, producer and importer aligned with United Artists, has become UA's coordinator -European coproduction and will permanently reside in Europe. He'll also continue as president of his own company, Lopert Pictures

Disclosure of the new setup was made by UA president Arthur B. Krim. Lopert, it was said, will work closely with Oscar Dancigers, UA's supervisor of European pro-

Sam Spiegel

whose creative genius

has given

the world

film entertainments

that have amassed

seventeen Academy Awards,

announces

the motion picture

destined to be;

destined to be one of the greats of all time

Laurence of Arabia

based on the T. E. Lawrence classic,

"The Seven Pillars of Wisdom".

Directed by Academy Award winner DAVID LEAN.

To be released by

Columbia Pictures.



Going before the cameras early in 1961.

London's Hotels

Continued from page 4 📥 They've discreetly "forgotten" floor 13.

From the outside it's not every body's idea of a thing of beauty, but inside it'll be as up-to-date as today's newspaper. It has 318 suites, each with private bathroom and (natch!) television. Top prices range at around \$112 a day coming down to singles at 14 bucks. Equally natch there's a fashionable pent-house available for private functions at \$140 a day. Henry End has designed two restaurants, one of which will be known as the Rib Room since its specialty will be roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and it's expected that this room will have a predominantly masculine clientele, though the hotel respectfully recognizes that many women are not adverse to beef. They've settled for two predominant colors in all but the public rooms, grey

and a rich amber.

Ditto Hilton

Conrad Hilton is also moving into the West End hotel business with the London Hilton which is slowly growing in Park Lane, with a view across Hyde Park. Don't start booking yet, however, as it's not expected to be ready till the end of 1962. The hotel will have a Y-shaped tower, with 530 rooms in 27 stories, plus a roof terrace and a night club restaurant which its sponsors confidently expect to become as famous and popular as that at the Top Of The Mark in San Francisco. The London Hilton will have ample garage facilities, a ballroom for 900 revellers, publie and private dining rooms and a coffee house and every suite will have its own built-in bar and iced

But this is only a part of the spurt. Plans for two new hotels in Kensington High Street (about a dollar cab ride from the West End) are being considered by the London County Council, with the old Royal Palace being replaced by a new luxury hotel, with tv every-where and even electric heaters in the food lifts. The Kensington Palace hotel is busy building extra bedrooms and enlarging its ban-queting room. There's the new Ariel Hotel at London Airport—

ideal for the persistent commuter.

Meanwhile the Savoy Hotel group has bought up a big site near where the Hyde Park Corner area is getting a complete going over and it is thought almost certain that the group intends to build a new hotel There will be on-the-doorstep com-petition for the Savoy, with the prospect of yet another swank hotel springing up on the site of the present Hyde Park Hotel, handy to the site that the Savoy has acquired.

Are thre present luxury hotels worried? Not a bit. A dozen new hotels would not be too many to cope with the ever-growing traffic

Eph London's Book

Continued from page 5

"The Law in Literature," is a comparatively conventional collection of fiction works dealing with various aspects of the law, Included are the complete text of Terence Rattigan's "The Winslow Boy," Agatha Christie's "Witness for The Presention" the court montions Prosecution," the court martial sequence from "The Caine Mutiny," plus short stories by Somerset Maugham, Robert Benchley, Anton Chekov, and excepts from "Don Quixote," "Pickwick Papers," and other classics reaching back as far as the Old Testament.

However, Volume II. "The Law

as Literature," is a unique compilation of famous trials, of important, precedental judgments and of reflections on the meaning of law. These are fascinating both as drama (even George Bernard Shaw could not improve on actual testi-mony given at the trial of the Maid Orleans) and as evidence man's continuing pursuit of justice It would not seem to be a co-

incidence that much of the material contained in the two volumes hsa provided the bases for some of world's best stage, film and video drama. Here, then, is the original source material for "In-herit The Wind," "J'accuse," herit The Wind," "J'accuse," and even for Michael Gordon's irreverent "Lizzie Borden Hoedown" number from "New Faces of 1952" ("You can't chop your poppa up/in Massachusetts/ Massachusetts is a long way from New York"). The law is not only literature. It is life in all its foolish and ennobling facets.

ALL-TIME TOP GROSSES

[OVER \$4,000,000, DOMESTIC]

Following is the revised and updated listing of the alltime greats at the boxoffice, measured in terms of Variety's estimates of United States and Canadian rentals. It must be emphasized that Metro's "Ben-Hur" and Paramount's "10 Commandments" have yet to play on a reissue basis as has "Gone With the Wind."

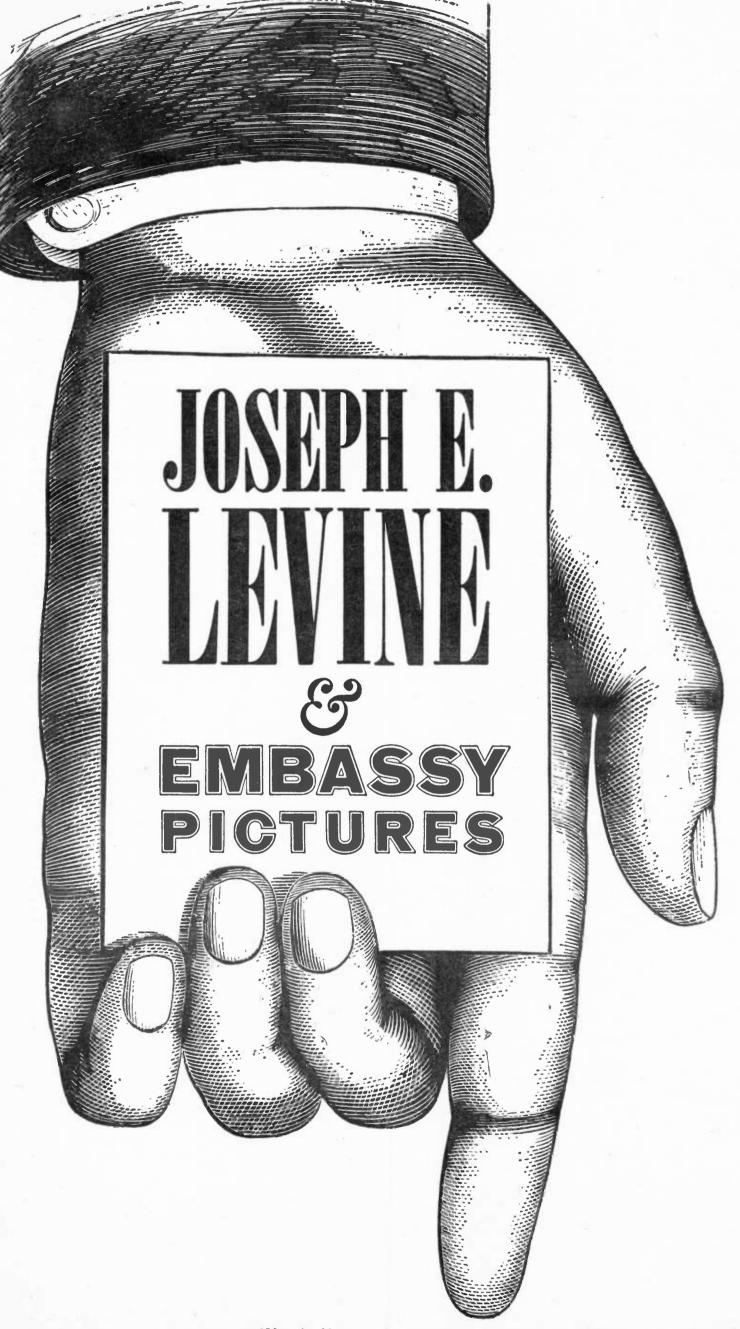
It also must be stressed that "Commandments" already has achieved the rental mark given it while the "Ben-Hur" figure is a "projection".

It also must be stressed that "Commandments" already has achieved the rental mark given it, while the "Ben-Hur" figure is a "projection." (For the benefit of film historians, one explanation, made through the years of this compilation, is again stressed: D. W. Griffith's "Birth of A Nation" is omitted from the All-Time Grosses not because it does not belong but because its financial data are hopelessly lost. "Nation" was released by states rights in 1915, sometimes hastily sold off for a lump sum and in fear of censorship of its race theme. If there is any merit to the legend its gross would be around \$50,000,000 and hence would be first in the list which follows.—Ed)

Ten Commandments (Par) (1957)\$34,200,000

Gone With the Wind (Selznick-M-G) (1939)	34,200,000 33,500,000
Ben Hur (M-G) (1959	33,000,000
The Robe (20th) (1953)	22,000,000 17,500,000
South Pacific (Magna-20th) (1958)	16.300,000
	15,000,000
	12.800,000 12,500,000
	12,500,000
White Christmas (Par) (1954)	12.000,000
	12,000,000 11.500,000
Duel in Sun (Selznick) (1947)	11.300,000
Bast Years Our Lives (Goldwyn-RKO) (1947)	11.300,000
	11,000,000 10,500,000
	10,500,000
Can-Can (20th) (1960)	10,000,000
Cinerama Holiday (C'rama) (1955) Seven Wonders of World (C'rama) (1956)	10.000,000 9,500,000
Psycho (Par) (1960)	9 200.000
Auntie Mame (WB) (1959)	9,000.000
Caine Mutiny (Col) (1954) King and I (20th) (1956)	8,700,000 8.500,000
Mister Roberts (WB) (1955)	8.500,000
This Is the Army (WB) (1943)	8.500,000
Shaggy Dog (BV) (1959) Guys and Dolls (Goldwyn-M-G) (1956).	8,100,000 8,000,000
Battle Cry (WB) (1955)	8.000,000
Bells of St. Mary's (RKO) (1946)	8,000,000
Joison Story (Col) (1947)	8,000,000 8,000,000
Share (Par) (1953) 20,000 Leagues (Disney-BV) (1955)	8,000,000
Snow White (Disney-RKO) (1937)	7.650,000
Glenn Miller Story (U) (1954) Trapeze (UA) (1956)	7,500,000 7 500,000
Pillow Talk (U) (1959)	7.300.000
Some Like It Hot (UA) (1959) How to Marry Millionaire (20th) (1953)	7.200,000
No Time for Sergeants (WB) (1958)	7.300,000 $7.200,000$
Not As Stranger (UA) (1955)	7.100,000
David and Bathsheba (20th) (1951) For Whom Bell Tolls (Par) (1943)	7.100,000
Oklahoma (Magna) (1957)	7,100.000 7.100.000
Operation Petticoat (N) (1960)	7,000,000
The Apartment (UA) (1960) Search for Paradise (C'rama) (1953)	6.8 00,000 6.500,000
High Society (M-G) (1956)	6,500,000
Selomon & Sheba (UA) (1960)	6.500 ,000 6.500 ,000
Country Girl (Par) (1955)	6.500,000
Going My Way (Par) (1954)	6.500,000
Lady and Tramp (Disney-BV) (1955). Snows on Kilimanjaro (20th) (1952).	6.500,000 6.500,000
Imitation of Life (U) (1959)	6,400.000
Suddenly Last Summer (Col) (1960)	6,375,000 6,300,00 0
Pienie (Col) (1956)	6.300,000
Cinderella (RKO-BV) (1950) War and Peace (Par) (1956)	6,275, 000 6,250, 000
Cat on Hot Tin Roof (M-G) (1958)	6.100,000
Welcome Stranger (Par) (1957)	6.100.000
Butterfield 8 (M-G) (1960) From the Terrace (20th) (1960)	6,000,000 6,000,000
On the Beach (UA) (1959)	6.000,000
Vikings (UA) (1958) Hans Chr. Anderson (Goldwyn-RKO) (1953)	6.000, 000 6.000, 000
Hell and Back (U) (1955)	6,000.000
High and Mighty (WB) (1954)	6.000.000
Ivanhoe (M-G) (1952) Peter Pan (Disney-RKO) (1953)	6,000 .000 6,000 ,000
Sea Chase (WB) (1955)	6.000,000
Sergeant York (WB) (1941) Seven Year Itch (20th) (1955)	6 ,000,000 6 ,000,000
Star Is Born (WB) (1955)	6.000,000
Strategic Air Command (Par) (1955)	6,000,000
Life With Father (WB) (1947)	OUD, DOUL
Old Yeller (BV) (1958)	5,900,000
Old Teller (DV) (1330)	5.900,000 5.900,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958)	5. 900,000 5,800,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954)	5.900,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954) Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957)	5.900,000 5,800,000 5,700,000 5.600,000 5.600,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954) Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957) Egg and I (U) (1947)	5.900,000 5,800,000 5,700,000 5,600,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954) Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957) Egg and I (U) (1947) Ocean's 11 (WB) (1960) Anatomy of Murder (Col) (1959)	5,900,000 5,800,000 5,700,000 5,600,000 5,600,000 5,550,000 5,500,000 5,500,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954) Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957) Egg and I (U) (1947) Ocean's 11 (WB) (1960) Anatomy of Murder (Col) (1959) North by Northwest (M-G) (1959)	5.900,000 5,800,000 5,700,000 5.600,000 5.550,000 5.550,000 5.500,000 5.500,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954) Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957) Egg and I (U) (1947) Ocean's 11 (WB) (1960) Anatomy of Murder (Col) (1959) North by Northwest (M-G) (1959) Big Parade (M-G) (1925) House of Wax (WB) (1953)	5.900,000 5,800,000 5,700,000 5.600,000 5.500,000 5.500,000 5.500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954) Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957) Egg and I (U) (1947) Ocean's 11 (WB) (1960) Anatomy of Murder (Col) (1959) North by Northwest (M-G) (1959) Big Parade (M-G) (1925) House of Wax (WB) (1953) Sleeping Beauty (BV) (1959)	5.900,000 5,800,000 5,700,000 5,600,000 5,550,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,300,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954) Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957) Egg and I (U) (1947) Ocean's 11 (WB) (1960) Anatomy of Murder (Col) (1959) North by Northwest (M-G) (1959) Big Parade (M-G) (1925) House of Wax (WB) (1953) Sleeping Beauty (BV) (1959) Eddy Duchin Story (Col) (1956)	5.900,000 5,800,000 5,700,000 5,600,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,300,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954) Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957) Egg and I (U) (1947) Ocean's 11 (WB) (1960) Anatomy of Murder (Col) (1959) North by Northwest (M-G) (1959) Big Parade (M-G) (1925) House of Wax (WB) (1953) Sleeping Beauty (BV) (1959) Eddy Duchin Story (Col) (1956) Rear Window (Par) (1954) Please Don't Eat Daisies (M-G) (1960)	5.900,000 5,800,000 5,700,000 5,600,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,300,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954) Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957) Egg and I (U) (1947) Ocean's 11 (WB) (1960) Anatomy of Murder (Col) (1959) North by Northwest (M-G) (1959) Big Parade (M-G) (1925) House of Wax (WB) (1953) Sleeping Beauty (BV) (1959) Eddy Duchin Story (Col) (1956) Rear Window (Par) (1954) Please Don't Eat Daisies (M-G) (1960) Blackboard Jungle (M-G) (1955) Unconquered (Par) (1947)	5.900,000 5,800,000 5,700,000 5,600,000 5,550,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954) Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957) Egg and I (U) (1947) Ocean's 11 (WB) (1960) Anatomy of Murder (Col) (1959) North by Northwest (M-G) (1959) Big Parade (M-G) (1925) House of Wax (WB) (1953) Sleeping Beauty (BV) (1959) Eddy Duchin Story (Col) (1956) Rear Window (Par) (1954) Please Don't Eat Daisies (M-G) (1960) Blackboard Jungle (M-G) (1955) Unconquered (Par) (1947) Yearling (M-G) (1947)	5.900,000 5,800,000 5,700,000 5,600,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954) Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957) Egg and I (U) (1947) Ocean's 11 (WB) (1960) Anatomy of Murder (Col) (1959) North by Northwest (M-G) (1959) Big Parade (M-G) (1925) House of Wax (WB) (1953) Sleeping Beauty (BV) (1959) Eddy Duchin Story (Col) (1956) Rear Window (Par) (1954) Please Don't Eat Daisies (M-G) (1960) Blackboard Jungle (M-G) (1955) Unconquered (Par) (1947)	5.900,000 5,800,000 5,700,000 5,600,000 5,550,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954) Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957) Egg and I (U) (1947) Ocean's 11 (WB) (1960) Anatomy of Murder (Col) (1959) North by Northwest (M-G) (1959) Big Parade (M-G) (1925) House of Wax (WB) (1953) Sleeping Beauty (BV) (1959) Eddy Duchin Story (Col) (1956) Rear Window (Par) (1954) Please Don't Eat Daisies (M-G) (1960) Blackboard Jungle (M-G) (1957) Unconquered (Par) (1947) Yearling (M-G) (1947) Flmer Gantry (UA) (1960) Rie Bravo (WB) (1959) Hole in the Head (UA) (1959)	5.900,000 5,800,000 5,700,000 5,600,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,200,000 5,200,000 5,200,000 5,200,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954) Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957) Egg and I (U) (1947) Ocean's 11 (WB) (1960) Anatomy of Murder (Col) (1959) North by Northwest (M-G) (1959) Big Parade (M-G) (1925) House of Wax (WB) (1953) Sleeping Beauty (BV) (1959) Eddy Duchin Story (Col) (1956) Rear Window (Par) (1954) Please Don't Eat Daisies (M-G) (1960) Blackboard Jungle (M-G) (1955) Unconquered (Par) (1947) Yearling (M-G) (1947) Elmer Gantry (UA) (1960) Rio Bravo (WB) (1959) Moby Dick (WB) (1956)	5.900,000 5,800,000 5,700,000 5,600,000 5,550,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,500,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,300,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,250,000 5,260,000 5,260,000 5,260,000 5,260,000 5,260,000 5,260,000 5,260,000 5,260,000 5,260,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954) Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957) Egg and I (U) (1947) Ocean's 11 (WB) (1960) Anatomy of Murder (Col) (1959) North by Northwest (M-G) (1959) Big Parade (M-G) (1925) House of Wax (WB) (1953) Sleeping Beauty (BV) (1959) Eddy Duchin Story (Col) (1956) Rear Window (Par) (1954) Please Don't Eat Daisies (M-G) (1960) Blackboard Jungle (M-G) (1955) Unconquered (Par) (1947) Yearling (M-G) (1947) Elmer Gantry (UA) (1960) Rio Bravo (WB) (1959) Hole in the Head (UA) (1959) Moby Dick (WB) (1956) Magnificent Obsession (U) (1954) Meet Me im St. Louis (M-G) (1954)	5.900,000 5.800.000 5.600.000 5.600.000 5.550,000 5.500.000 5.500.000 5.500,000 5.500,000 5.300,000 5.300,000 5.250,000 5.250,000 5.250,000 5.250,000 5.250,000 5.260,000 5.260,000 5.260,000 5.260,000 5.200,000 5.200,000 5.200,000 5.200,000 5.200,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954) Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957) Egg and I (U) (1947) Ocean's 11 (WB) (1960) Anatomy of Murder (Col) (1959) North by Northwest (M-G) (1959) Big Parade (M-G) (1925) House of Wax (WB) (1953) Sleeping Beauty (BV) (1959) Eddy Duchin Story (Col) (1956) Rear Window (Par) (1954) Please Don't Eat Daisies (M-G) (1960) Blackboard Jungle (M-G) (1955) Unconquered (Par) (1947) Yearling (M-G) (1947) Flmer Gantry (UA) (1960) Rie Bravo (WB) (1959) Hole in the Head (UA) (1959) Moby Dick (WB) (1956) Magnificent Obsession (U) (1954) Meet Me in St. Louis (M-G) (1954) Mogambe (M-G) (1953) Shew Reat (M-G) (1951)	5.900,000 5.800.000 5.700,000 5.600.000 5.500,000 5.500,000 5.500,000 5.500,000 5.500,000 5.300,000 5.300,000 5.250,000 5.250,000 5.250,000 5.250,000 5.250,000 5.200,000 5.200,000 5.200,000 5.200,000 5.200,000 5.200,000 5.200,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958) Blue Skies (Par) (1946) Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954) Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957) Egg and I (U) (1947) Ocean's 11 (WB) (1960) Anatomy of Murder (Col) (1959) North by Northwest (M-G) (1959) Big Parade (M-G) (1925) House of Wax (WB) (1953) Sleeping Beauty (BV) (1959) Eddy Duchin Story (Col) (1956) Rear Window (Par) (1954) Please Don't Eat Daisies (M-G) (1960) Blackboard Jungle (M-G) (1955) Unconquered (Par) (1947) Yearling (M-G) (1947) Elmer Gantry (UA) (1960) Rio Bravo (WB) (1959) Hole in the Head (UA) (1959) Moby Dick (WB) (1956) Magnificent Obsession (U) (1954) Meet Me im St. Louis (M-G) (1954)	5.900,000 5.800.000 5.600.000 5.600.000 5.550,000 5.500.000 5.500.000 5.500,000 5.500,000 5.300,000 5.300,000 5.250,000 5.250,000 5.250,000 5.250,000 5.250,000 5.260,000 5.260,000 5.260,000 5.260,000 5.200,000 5.200,000 5.200,000 5.200,000 5.200,000

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The Outlaw (RKO) (1946)	5,075.000
Forever Amber (20th) (1947) Friendly Persuasion (AA) (1956)	5,050,0 00 \$,050,0 00
Journey to Center of Earth (20th) (1960)	\$.000.000
Anastasia (20th) (1957)	5,000,000
Island in Sun (20th) (1957). East of Eden (WB) (1955)	5,000,000
Green Dolphin Street (M-G) (1947)	5,000,000
Joison Sings Again (Col) (1949) Moulin Rouge (UA) (1953)	5 000 000
Mrs. Miniver (M-G) (1942)	5,000,000
No Biz Like Show Biz (20th) (1955) Razor's Edge (20th) (1947)	5 000 000
Red Shoes (E-L) (1948)	5 000 000
Song of Bernadette (20th) (1943) Three Coins in Fountain (20th) (1954)	5.000.000
Vera Cruz (UA) (1955)	. 5.000.000
Man Called Peter (20th) (1955) Farewell to Arms (20th) (1958)	5 000 000
Spellbound (Selznick-UA) (1946)	4 975 000
Since You Went Away (Selznick-UA) (1944)	4 800 000
Searchers (WB) (1956)	4 800 000
Notorious (RKO) (1946) Yankee Doodle Dandy (WB) (1942)	4,800,000 4,800,000
Streetcar Named Desire (WB) (1951)	4 750 000
Salome (Col) (1953) Hercules (WB) (1959)	4.750,000 $4.700,000$
Hercules (WB) (1959) Battleground (M-G) (1950)	4.700.000
Pragnet (WB) (1954) Pal Joey (Col) (1957) Annie Get Your Gun (M-G) (1950)	4.700,000 4.700,000
Annie Get Your Gun (M-G) (1950) Green Years (M-G) (1946)	
Young Lions (20th) (1958)	4 500 000
Pride and Passion (UA) (1957)	4.500.000
Don't Go Near Water (M-G) (1958)	4 500.000
Conqueror (RKO) (1956)	4.500,000
Rebel Without a Cause (WB) (1956) Anchors Away (M-G) (1945)	4.500,000 4.500,000
Anchors Away (M-G) (1945) Bachelor and Bobbysoxer (RKO) (1947)	
Bridges of Toko-Ri (Par) (1955)	4.500,000
Easy to Wed (M-G) (1946)	4.500.000
Four Horsemen (M-G) (1921) Great Caruso (M-G) (1951)	. 4 500,000
Paleface (Par) (1945)	4 500 000
Road to Rio (Par) (1948)	4.500.000
Road to Utopia (Par) (1945) Thrill of a Romance (M-G) (1945)	4.500,000
Till Clouds Roll By (M-G) (1945)	4.500.000
Valley of Decision (M-G) (1945)	4.500,000
Desiree (20th) (1954)	4,500,00 0 4,450,000
Cheaper by the Dozen (20th) (1950)	4.425.000
Written on Wind (U) (1957)	4.400.000
Two Years Before Mast (Par) (1946) Knights of Round Table (M-G) (1954)	4.400.000
Man With Golden Arm (UA) (1956)	4 .350,00 0
Man in Grey Flannel Suit (20th) (1956)	4,350,00 0 4,350,00 0
Hucksters (M-G) (1947)	4.350,000
Harvey Girls (M-G) (1946)	4,350,000 4,350,000
G.I. Blues (Par) (1960)	4.300,000
Some Came Running (M-G) (1959)	4.300.000 4.300.000
Lost Weekend (Par) (1946)	4.300,000
Sailer Beware (Par) (1952)	4.300,00 0 4.250,00 0
Adventure (M-G) (1946)	4.250,000
Egyptiam (20th) (1954)	4.250,000 4,250,000
Demetries and Gladiators (20th) (1954)	4.250.000
Living It Up (Par) (1954)	4.250,000 4.250.000
Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison (20th) (1957)	4,200,000
Rose Tation (Par) (1954)	4,200,000
Three Musketeers (M-G) (1948)	
On the Waterfront (Col) (1954)	4.200,000
Father of the Bride (M-G) (1950)	
Man Who Knew Too Much (Par) (1956)	4,100,000
African Queen (UA) (1952)	
Joan of Arc (RKO) (1949)	4,100,000
Johnny Belinda (WB) (1948)	
Love Me or Leave Me (M-G) (1955)	4,100,000
Margie (20th) (1946)	4.100,000 4.100.000
Snake Pit (20th) (1949)	4,100,000
Deep in My Heart (M-G) (1955)	
State Fair (20th) (1945)	4.050,000
Horse Soldiers (UA) (1959)	
American in Paris (M-G) (1951)	4.000,000
Ben Hur (M-G) (1926)	
Emperor Waltz (Par) (1948)	4,000,000
Holiday in Mexico (M-G) (1946)	4,000,000
Kid from Brooklyn (Goldwyn-RKO) (1946)	4.000,000
Left Hand of God (20th) (1955)	4.000,000 4,000,000
Love Is Splendored Thing (20th) (1955)	4,000,000
Moon Is Blue (UA) (1953)	
Reap the Wild Wind (Par) (1942)	4,000,000
Sabrina (Par) (1954)	
Seven Little Feys (Par) (1955)	4,000.000
Singing Feel (WB) (1928)	4,000,000
Ziegfeld Follies (M-G) (1946)	4,000,000



will deliver in '61 more exciting product backed by bigger showmanship campaigns than ever before!

Show Business

Continued from page 5

have been fortunate enough to rent. Prolonging this public acclimb up a few rungs on the lad-der and from this vantage point I for a performer, and the most difwould like to look back on experience and ahead on plans.

Every year for the past couple of seasons we have had the Holly-wood Deb Stars on our opening tv program. These charming young ladies are all making a start in our business, and occasionally they have asked me for advice. It seems to me the pointers in our business are the same for any young person who wants to make a success of his chosen field. First, know yourself Do you really feel you have capabilities to succeed in your field? If yes, then second, believe in yourself. Here's that magic ingredient enthusiasm, again. If you aren't enthusiastic about yourself and your projects, you can't enthuse others. Third, listen and learn. The turning point in my career was when a man who caught my-anddance team on a night when I had to fill in with jokes suggested I do a single comic act. Fourth, if you're lucky enough to catch on, don't stop doing any of the first three. A career can stagnate halfway up the ladder just as easily as at the

That brings us up to the present, and a blueprint for the future. Today, as I go over matters fiscal with the Chancellor of my private Exchequer, I realize more than ever what a complex business show business is. And because it is my business, and has been all my life I feel I should exercise as much stewardship over my finances as I do over my comedy monologs. One would not exist without the other. So my advice for the future would include the following:

First, reinvest in your own business. Entertainment is my breadand-butter. I make a lot of sandwiches out of it, and I feel I ought to pour some dough back in the bakery. So one of my latest projects is a picture called "Facts of Life" which I partially financed. This is not planned altruism, for It goes back to "believe in yourself."

Diversification

I don't claim to be unique in this reseeding venture. Look at any of the most successful businessmen (and women) in our industry and you will see this is one of their first axioms. Lucille Ball (who just happens to be by co-star in "Facts of Life") and Desi Arnaz have founded an empire at Desilu by having faith in themselves and their business. Red Skelton has just purchased a studio to make his own shows. All the major pic-ture stars require a percentage of their pictures today.

My second pearl of wisdom would have to be "divirsify." This seemingly diachotomous position goes hand in glove with the above. Put some money somewhere else.
Look what it's done for Bing
Crosby! Seriously, I feel that investing outside of the business is not only good economics, it's good sense. We live in one of the most insular, "inside" communities in the world. Show business has a language and mores all of its own, and it's too easy to really lose touch with anything not directly affecting us. I find that having an interest in a few sporting groups brings me face to face with grim reality. (Of course, Bing finally found what he was rummaging around in that cellar for . . . a pennant). But kidample of this diversity, and an even more current example is Gene Autry. Who could have figured that all those guitars would form the background for such a heavenly choir.

My last word would be "remember the audience." We're selling an item that can't be researched, bubbled up in a laboratory test-tube or "test marketed." A sketch, a joke or an idea used on one television show is dead forever, and if it didn't go over we can't revive it.

So all we can do to safeguard our product is keep a close watch on our public image. Public acceptance is the only currency we get from our primary buyers, and it's a fluctuating standard at best. So we go out to the public in surveys, personal appearances, benefit performances and onenighters to keep in touch. And out of all the medias we appear in we take the most suc-cessful parts and dovetail them so restaurant license complications in

ficult.

But if he is in it as a business, he'll go about it in a businesslike manner, working more hours a day than any employer would have a right to expect, constantly trying to improve and maintain his product. At least that's how it is with me; those are the "Facts of Life" of my business.

Pieces Together

Continued from page 18

phone rang and Herbert Mayes asked me to come in and talk to him. He wanted to know if there were any theatrical personalities who interested me as possible subjects for 10,000-word articles for McCall's Magazine. I mentioned several, including Miss Monroe, who, I told Mr. Mayes, had been troubling my mind for many years and about whom I had collected a treasure trove of facts. He and Margaret Cousins, the managing editor of McCall's, encouraged me to go ahead and attempt a defini-tive 10,000-word essay on Miss Monroe which I was to complete in five or six weeks. So, to divert myself from the difficulties of Mr. and Mrs. Lunt and to earn the generous sum of money that Mr. Mayes had promised me, I suddenly picked up again, after a three-year lapse (though I had never stopped gathering pieces) the portrait of Miss Monroe and now, all at once, it came to life and I could not stop the words from pouring out.

Instead of the 10,000-words in five weeks I had contracted for, I found myself in a frenzy of writing and poured out 200,000 words in about four months. I suppose unconsciously I had been writing many of these words since 1952. Mr. Mayes, who still wanted only 10.000-words, was faced with a mountain of a manuscript, and his poor editors had to now bulldoze it down into a little hillock, which they did nicely.

But now there was a book—a book that had to be rewritten, polished, added to, reshaped into a story with a beginning, middle and end, and that was the work of another eight months. And now that this is finished, I am returning to the fascinating pieces of Lunt & Fontanne, fingering them over and over, assorting them in little heaps, trying out tentative forms. Will they continue to shift, kaleidoscopically, into a changing design-or will the portrait emerge this time and if so how long will it take? Nobody knows. I do not know. These things seem to operate under mysterious laws of their own, and one waits patiently for the moment of fulfillment.

Speakeasy, '61

there are sundry-styled key clubs (ranging in billing from just that, Key Club, to Gay 90s and Carriage Rooms and sundry "caves" and the like), from Manhattan to Palm Springs.

Unlike the benighted filling stations of yesteryear, the prime appeal of these oases is the ultimate in quality and pulchritude. The peal of these oases is the ultimate in quality and pulchritude. The femmes who serve you are all lookers, many of them between ambitions, either as models, tv extras, stagestruck potentials and increase the views it as a double-edged weapon which, improper used, can hurt just as it can help. Before every "live" appearamble and increase the properties of the pear and increase the pear and incre extras, stagestruck potentials and ing up on every subject that might the like.

All are attired in distinctive ginghams for the midday businessmen's luncheons, and in gam-revealing tights, in the best manner, for the evening trade. All are deferential, soft-spoken, good pros in serving the drinks, and all certain of generous pourboire. Who could be a square with just a buck tip when some American road company of Brigitte Bardot is caddying the quaffing?

The entrepreneurs operate on \$50-\$75-\$100 membership (initiation), in itself a nifty cushion; (2), Fort Knox identification credit (no mere Diner's Club bit here); (3), fancy fees for the drinks. Paradoxically, many have a no-charge or a token 5c charge for generous "free lunch" spreads, that our careers stay fresh and cur-certain rooms where food service basis.

is academic, save for those who might like to help themselves to a snack.

Keynoting most of these glori-fied bottle clubs is invariably a Jazz Age or speakeasy room, most often on the topmost floor, with shirtsleeved jazz combos in the

classic 1920s manner. The closed-door booze riums are a natural evolution (1) of the Volstead Era's closed-door policy, save to the cognoscenti; and (2), the charge-account (only cash is for the tips to the lookers although these too can be charged) system for the "in" members, Strictly the look-down-the-nose appeal. In actuality, most of today's successful restaurants operate on the same velvet-rope appeal; business could be bad but there will always be "reservations" for the unwanted or casual trade, in order to preserve the maison's

self-ordained standards.
The Charleston-ukulele-raccoon-John Held Jr. atmosphere of most of these key clubs have had their socialite repercussions as sundry local fetes have simulated the Gaslight-Key Club-Black Sheep Club-Gay 90s-Roaring 20s motif of these boites. Talent—usually the rinky-tink pianner players—have frequently shuttled from the atmosphere saloons to the social func-tions for further authentic flavor. Former Chi adman Burton

Former Chi adman Burton Browne, who sparked the Gaslight Clubs, first in the Windy City, has enfranchised three of what he hopes will be a chain of lower-priced Black Sheep Clubs, current-ly only in San Francisco, Atlanta, and Scottsdale, Ariz. Gaslight keys and accounts are interchange-able with the Black Sheep oases. Playboy editor-publisher Hugh M. Heffner is the entrepreneur of the Key Clubs, starting first in Chicago.

Kennedy's TV

Continued from page 3

conditions 15 years ago, the Vice President in all probability would have won. His chief campaign contention, that Kennedy was too young, too inexperienced, too lacking in knowledge, would have prevailed.

This is not to argue that Kennedy won the debates; even he makes no such claim. But overnight he erased his biggest minus, the fact he was to most voters outside New England an unknown quantity. Television changed all that. Now he goes to the White House and he can and privately does thank television for his change in address.

As a matter of fact, it's doubtful Kennedy would have been the Democratic standard-bearer this year were it not for television. He was running an uphill, seemingly losing battle in his effort to unseat the powerful, entrenched Senator Henry Cabot Lodge back in 1952 when he challenged the incumbent to a state-wide radio and television debate. Lodge accepted and thereby sealed his defeat. Again, Kennedy did not and does not claim he won that debate. "But the people saw me and heard me. It was exposure I needed and the debate did it.

For a man who owes so much to the medium, Kennedy is surprisingly cautious regarding television be raised; his staff prepares lists of questions that may be asked. If it's a speech, whole sections are put to memory.

This same cool caution will certainly apply at the White House. Kennedy once privately noted that President Eisenhower's decision to open his news conferences to cameras and tape recorders would bind future chief executives who would be forced to follow the same, or similar procedure. Kennedy feels the slightest blunder on the part of a President could cause the gravest international crises; at the same time a "no comment" or talking around a question is unsatisfactory to reporters and the President. It's likely that Kennedy will perform for cameras at his news conferences but hold "backgrounders' with trusted reporters from time to time on a "not for attribution"

Name Stars & Bellydancers

Continued from page 3

house, the location, furnishings, servants, etc.

MCA Could Learn From Them!

And if there is one thing an Arab likes to do, it's wheel and deal. The flesh peddlers back home should arrange with Uncle Sam for one of those exchange programs so that their boys could study under these old masters and get their PHD (Doctor of Phenagling).

When the details of the contract have been worked out right down to the fine print the wedding date This calls for a celebration, at which the government bigwig, who has supervised the drawing of the contract, witnesses the signa-tures and retains a copy for the Census Department (why, nobody seems to know). This celebration is for men only and, if it's big deal, it's a big night with a plentiful variety of rich Oriental food, washed down principally with arak. Arak is the Arabs' version of the least common denominator, and each bottle is guaranteed to contain two sets of the Seven Dwarfs armed with little hammers or your money back.

Big Showmanship

Then comes the night of the Grand Opening. The size of the show, as noted earlier, depends on the size of the contract and how well heeled the parties of the first and second part are . And those Arabic oil men really toss a party. They probably surpass the fabled Pashas and Sheikhs of old; two orchestras, Arabian and "western," with "western" stars imported in Europe, and really big headliners from all over Araby—such topnotch thrushes as Huda Sultan and Huda Shams-el-din. Then there are the celebrated navel maneuverers, breathtaking bellydancers such as Tahya Karioca or Samia Gamal or Najwa Fouad; male stars of the calibre of Abdul Halim-Hafez (the Frank Sinatra of the Mid-East) and Farid Atrash. They say Farid is so big he only accepts dates from kings or princes. Must be those oil guys a little too vulgar for him.

The just plain well-heeled either hold their parties and shows in a restaurant or a place like the posh Orient Club. Their shows generally only have one or two headliners with, usually a "western" or-chestra. For the peasants? Strictly local club acts.

As yet not chummy with any of the big money boys or oil pashas, any of their shindigs is just hearsay but an affair, done up in their style with all the trimmings, was staged by The Arab Voice (radio). Winner of Arab Voice's contest got a wedding celebration just like the wealthy—a sort of "King and Queen for a Night" idea. It was held at the showplace of Damascus, the Azem Palace, an unbelievable example of how the ruling class lived centuries ago. It has been restored and furnished meticulously to show the glories of Ancient

Araby. It is built around a courtyard with spacious mosaic walks, fountains, fruit and shade trees and flowers. Arabs' Counterpart of AFTRA

The party was held in the court-yard on a beautiful moonlit night with close to 1,000 guests and ran about four hours. The show was terrific—cost about 30,000 Syrian Pounds, by American standards that's about \$100,000. The bill headlined five of the biggest names in all Araby: Huda Sultan, a big blond from the cinema. The Happy Trio (The Andrews Sisters of the UAR), two comics, Bijou and Lamaa (like teaming up Jerry Lewis & Milton Berle), Rafiq Shukry (the Arabic Bing Crosby). and a delicious little dish named Carawan.

The balance of the bill was filled out with other topflight entertainers and a line of dancers in full costumes (the Rockettes of the UAR) who worked in the traditional dances. The show was backed by one of the two big orchestras of the UAR—the Damascus radio group under the baton of Taissir Akil-that's like hiring the NBC Orchestra.

As is the case with all Arab revues, this one moved along at a leisurely pace with long stage tention from waits. The emcee was a "popular" of Chicago.

be, but in general opinion, it's also announcer from Cairo, an unctua chance for the negotiators to ous, sleek looking "cake eater"—wheel and deal, because no details of the contract have been worked out including the size of the data witty remarks, watched them lay there writhing, and then reverted to just announcing the names of the acts.

As for the acts—what troupers! What urbanity! They worked under conditions that made the waiters of the old Silver Slipper look like Silent Servers. Imagine Uncle Miltie, for example, working while six or seven photographers were snapping pictures of him, the bride, the orchestra, and the guests and guys with food or coffee crossed and re-crossed the stage or served those in the front rows from the apron. No one seemed to mind-that's show biz in the Mid-

Before the show the groom got a brief intro. They whisked him on and off so fast one just barely noted that he had a moustache and wore a blue suit. Also he looked sturdy enough for the afterpiece.

This was the bride's night. Be-fore sitting her in the place of honor to watch the festivities they paraded her and her attendants across the stage. I didn't get her name but the vital statistics— 42-26-35! Wow! She must have been sewed into her wedding dress which was milk white. If you doubt those statistics, brother, atop that milk white gown was visible evidence thereof.

Chi Memories

Continued from page 3

are, perhaps, closer to the product of Kansas City and Texas.

Getting in on a good thing is the Chi philosophy. A shortage of product. you say? Prime inducement is the favorable economics respecting down-the-line salaries and other costs, and the whole intent is to make 'em cheap and quickand, so far, at least, designed primarily for exploitation with the juve trade.

Whereas indie aegis often connotes lowercase art, there's scant evidence of any in the two pictures thus far turned out by Herschel Lewis' Mid-Continent Films. His first was "The Prime Time," about a nice girl turned bad, and the second (not yet in release), "The Living Venus," depicts the rise and comeuppance of a leering maga-zine publisher.
"Prime Time" has been getting a

satisfactory number of dates around the country (it's being handled by Irwin Joseph's Essanjay outfit here), but has been slow generally at the boxoffice.
Still, Lewis' enterprise appears

to have in part inspired others to join the swim. Fred Niles, industrial and telepix producer, has a suspense yarn near completion (with Warner's understood willing to take it over), which, like Lewis' two entries, was shot here entirely.

A third Chicago indie, though

seemingly less Chi-oriented than the others, is ex-ad exec Allan Da-vid's Cabri Productions. He's near a distribution deal for his first fea-ture, "The Magic Fountain," based on a Grimm fairytale and shot in Germany's Black Forest. He has another fable, a musical titled "The Emperor's Clothes," which he's trying to set for co-production with Denmark's Egon Nielson. A third project, "Faces of Saturday," por-trays a steel strike's effects on a town, and may roll this spring. Present plans call for it to be shot chiefly in the Chicago area, which circumstance could possibly identify David with the "pure" Windy City revival.

Doubtless some of the impetus for all this blossoming local activity is due the Hollywood caravans that have been docking here increasingly. Several pix locationed extensively here last year alone, notably Hitchcock's "North by Northwest (Par) and Columbia's "Raisin in the Sun" company, both of which made considerable use of local thespic and technical talents. At the Chi stages, the thinking may have re-sultantly gone, "Well, why not us?" All the activity has, of course,

pleased the SAG-Equity membership and various casting offices here. And, too, it's looked upon kindly by the mayor, a man who welcomes anything that diverts attention from the political realities

1960 TREND INTERNATIONAL—BUT NOT NEW

a tie between the first family and amusements.

The year was marked by the greatest off-Broadway balcony scene since "Romeo and Juliet," as staged by Khrushchev with that longrance, open-air, press interview from a first-floor balcony of the Soviet's permanent UN headquarters on New York's East

Video, which previously brought Dick-and-Nik to the global video-screens from Moscow, also drama-tized this country's uncertainties during the President Eisenhower's globetrot, ranging from all-out enthusiasm from friendly nations, to nervous "incidents" in still friendly countries, to the Tokyo students' blackout on Ike's visit, and in between the flop of The Summit meeting in Paris this summer.

While it became a gag whether "the public was voting for NBC or CBS," in the excellent news coverage of the Presidential campaign, all agreed that the tv medium's overall impact as a great educational and enlightening force was undeniable.

It had its Frankenstein potentials, with American candor downgrading our economy and our pres-Political errors Syngman Rhee, Castro, India, Russia, gold reserves—you name it, tv covered it. Even the Olympics, with the Russians' sweep, was in-terpreted as detracting from the West's political picture in relation to the rest of the world.

With Huntley and Brinkley came pubaffairs programming in prime time — Matsu and Quemoy, Tito and Nehru and Macmillan, integration, payola and its consent decrees, Van Doren and further New district attorney actions st the quizlings, Katanga, Kasabubu and Lumumbo, UN's Hammersjold and the Congo—lacking only was Arthur Murray and the conga.

So what else was new? Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller, Simone Signoret and Yves Montand, Simone and the Algerian situation, Maria Callas and Aristotle Onassis, Sammy Davis Jr, and May Britt, Liz Taylor and her virus, Eddie Fisher and his film production ambitions, Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl, Brigitte and her suicides, Lana Turner and Fred May, sit-ins, kneel-ins, pray-ins, Prin-cess Margaret as "Tony's Wife." Antony Armstrong-Jones and his help difficulties, Israel as a new movie backdrop, N. Y. police moonlighting, Metrecal, the Sinatra rat pack, and so on.

H'wood, Equity Strikes, N.Y. Cops Vs. Niteries

Early in 1960 came the Hollywood strike, sparked by the Screen Writers Guild (which settled last writers Guild (which settled last and not as advantageously as the Actors and Directors' Guilds). Then late in spring came the Equity strike which bottled-up Broadway legit. Still later came the New York cops' cabaret licensing crackdown. All unpleasant.

The concommitant damage to New York hotels, garages, shops, parking lots, restaurants, etc. accented anew the importance of Broadway legit to Gotham's industry, whether for tourists or the native theatregoers.
On the subject of restaurant in-

roads all pointed to the improved business Wednesday nights after David Merrick broke the 7:30 legit curtain experiment (as a gesture to the commuters). No squawks on the Wednesday 2 p.m. matinces for purpose of staggering homegoing

theatres in memory of Oscar Ham-merstein 2d and so did Broadway . Roy W. Howard at 77 stepped down as editor and publisher of the N. Y. World Telegram & Sun, succeeded by executive director Lee Wood . . Carol Channing can-celled \$200,000 worth of Las Vegas bookings at the Tropicana objecting to "nudity which kills any real comedy act" . . . Charles Chaplin comedy act"... Charles Chaplin Jr. lost a \$400,000 suit against the

ice slapped him with a \$15,341 deficit for allegedly underestimating his 1953 income tax . . . Samuel Goldwyn at 78 was confident Hollywood's "future being greater than ever"; deplored the "runaway U.S. film productions" and called for "ideals as well as ideas" in future American picture-making.

Passing of An Era
Death of Clark Gable at 59
pointed up that he had outlived the golden era of Hollywood with its giant studio production sched-ules and its star system. Buddy Adler died at 51 and his insurance helped 20th-Fox. Other necrology is detailed hereafter.

In 1960 Gina Lollobrigida became a Canadian citizen; Nancy Sinatra, 20, married Tommy Sands, 22; Mike Todd Jr. sued the chartered airline service, that resulted in the showman's untimely death, for \$5,000,000, charging negligence; Met baritone Leonard Warren, 48, stricken after second act of "Forza Del Destino," collapsed and died onstage. Louis-Jean Heydt, 54, also died onstage while playing his scene in "There Was A Little Girl," opposite Jane Fonda, at Bostonia Colonia Wheet the Production of the Colonia Placette Colonia ton's Colonial Theatre.

The Biographers There was the annual parade of autobiographies and memories, among them the sagas of Marilyn Monroe, Ted Shawn, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Art Linkletter, Mary Margaret McBride, Norman Bel Geddes (posthumously), Theresa Helburn (ditto), Maria Callas, Maurice Chevalier, Brigitte Bardot, Garbo, Sidney Bechet, Jack Paar, Patti Page, Kate Smith, Hugh Downs, Mario Lanza, Ava Gardner, Nick Darvas.

The year witnessed P. G. Wodehouse's 80th, Baruch's 90th, Mae West 68th, Sophie Tucker's 74th, Harry Hershfield's 75th birthdays.

In 1960 Arabs were frowning on Eartha Kitt, Edward G. Robinson, Danny Kaye, Elizabeth Taylor and kindred personalities for "aiding" the Israeli nationalistic cause. Eartha Kitt, Dorothy Dandridge and Sammy Davis Jr.'s ofay mar-riages made news.

Swedish diva Birgit Nilsson's wrathful scorn at British opera critics caused her to vow "not to sing in London again."

Now it's singathons—a 36-hour marathon over Tijuana's XEAZ by Alfredo Reyes ("El Coyote") until his voice gave out. In the U. S. figureskating, sparked by the Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley, Calif. (which projected Carol Heiss), was sparking a new vogue, and the canny Sonja Henie latched onto it with a chain of iceskating studios, a la the Arthur Murray and Fred Astaire terpemporiums. New NAB Topper

Florida's Gov. LeRoy Collins became the new \$75,000-a-year prez of the National Assn. of Broadcasters, succeeding the late Harold B. Fellows of Boston. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, before his candidacy for GOP veepee, was also mentioned for the post.

Edith Piaf's remarkable recovery was news, as was the ailing Marquis De Cuevas disbanding his International Ballet, long a personal pet project, in a blaze of splendiferous hoopla.

Comedy-on-Wax Bestsellers Comedy LP bestsellers via Bob Newhart (new star made strictly tne-wax), Shelley Berman, Mort Sahl, et al. vied with the original cast albums of legit musicals as big disk business. Newhart made headlines that he "can't stand nit-ery drunks" and Berman, too, had ne commuters). No squawks on the Wednesday 2 p.m. matinees for urpose of staggering homegoing raffic.

Personality Stuff

London's West End darkened its beatres in manager of Coor Ham.

Personality Stuff

Coor Ham. Charles, Mantovani, Paul Anka, Kingston Trio found themselves big b.o. in concert. Mike Nichols and Elaine May, also from the bistros and tv, are a click legit draw, a la Victor Borge, Marlene Dietrich, Michael Flanders & Donald Swann, Beatrice Lillie.

More in the 1960 Parade Pirates heroes Elroy Face and Hal Smith into show biz as a nitery act; Leonard Bernstein; Herbert Hollywood Chamber of Commerce von Karajan; Laura (Mimi) Macfor failing to include his famed Arthur, daughter of the U.S. Amcomedian-father in the Hollywood bassador Douglas MacArthur 2d, Walk of Fame, charging "malice debuting as a Tokyo radio disk

writing his own lyrics after 42 years of collaborating (on the heels of Oscar Hammerstein 2d's death at 65); the Lawrence Languers' 35th Anni; bass-barytone George London's click in Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" (first American artist to sing the title role at the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow); John P. Marquand's \$1,110,000 estate.

Global Color TV In 1964

General David Sarnoff's forecast of global colored television of the Tokyo Olympics in 1964 ("by means of a communication system of satellites orbiting in space"); Mexican hotelier Cesar Balsa's \$17,500,000 buy of the posh Hotel St. Regis, New York, from the Zeckendorfs (Webb & Knapp); Wernher Von Braun's Columbia biopic, "I Aim For The Stars," picketed and, in some European spots, sparked riots because of the stars," of the colleged "glyrifection" of the control of the colleged "glyrifection" of the co "glorification" of the exalleged Nazi, now-U.S. missile wizard; Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz's 20-year marital split and \$20,000,000 (estimated) community property (50-50); Brendan Behan; Duke of Bedford's marriage to glamorous Mme. Nicole Milinair, French filmty producer, mother of four children.

In'a newspaper interview Jimmy Durante named his "big 10 entertainers": Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Danny Thomas, Red Skelton, Eddie Cantor, Bing Crosby. Frank Sinatra, Sophie Tucker, Ted Lewis and Groucho Marx.

New Cinema Markets

Africa was newly salient on the cinema map, with its many blossoming republics envisioned by Eric Johnston as an important and potent new b.o. market. (Parenthetically, "Moslems of America," militant group, picketed RKO theatres in Harlem because Victor Mature impersonated "Hannibal," claimed to be a great Negro hero.)

Allied Artists' "I Passed For White" was refused radio-tv spot plugs in a number of key cities, paradoxically more so in the north than south . . . American Negro beauty La-Jeune Hundley, 19, a Washington, D.C. model, chosen from over 21 lookers, most of them French, as Miss Cannes Film Festival of 1960, the second year in a row that such pulchritudinous distinction went to a non-ofay. Last year Cecellia Copper, Harlem beauty, also won at Cannes.

Two NTA's "Play of the Week" teledramas — Langston Hughes'
"Simply Heavenly" and Moss Hart's
"Climate of Eden"—were blackedout in Dixie TV situations because of their racial themes . . . Roughly 25% of NBC's southern affiliates refused to telecast "Don Giovanni," objecting to Negro soprano Leon-tyne Price singing the lead, as sponsored by the Florist Telegraph Delivery Assn. . . . Scripter Julius Epstein charged UA was "laying down" in selling of "Take A Giant Step," which features Sidney Poilier. tier . . . British Equity refused to ban members who accepted South African bookings in face of the aparteid discrimination, unlike the

Of Fleeting Fame

This was how the N. Y. Sunday Times Magazine captioned the following show biz mortali-ties, among "the list of unusual people" who died in 1960:

Frank Silver, 38, Brooklyn. He was the coauthor of "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

Stanleigh P. Friedman, 76, New York, He composed the Yale football song beginning "March, march on down the field." (Friedman was long-time general counsel for Warner Bros. and a member of its board).

Nellie Thorne, 86, Newtown, Conn. She was in the original cast of "Ben Hur" (1903).

Cedric Gibbons, 65, Hollywood. He designed the Hollywood Oscar statue. (Gibbons was longtime art director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer).

De Sacia Mooers, 72, Hollywood. She was Tom Mix's leading lady.

Norene Thrasher, 61, Fort Worth. She taught Mary Martin dancing.

Lena Horne let loose a barrage of conch shells in a BevHills restaurant because of slurring marks which the offender admitted making . . . Nat King Cole, himself a 32d degree Mason, gave the Masonic Auditorium, San Francisco, the go-by because of alleged racial discrimination. This recalled the Constitution Hall, Washington, situation when Marian Anderson was barred in 1951 under D.A.R. pressure, as it did with Hazel Scott, but eventually Dorothy Maynor did perform there, as did gospel singer Mahalia Jackson last March under interdenominational church auspices . . . Dean Dixon, 45-year-old American Negro, new chief con-ductor of the Frankfurt TV Orchestra (officially known as the Hessischer Rundfunk Symphony)
... test case in Cape Town upset longtime prejudice and now the colored can sit with the whites any place in cinemas . . . South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond was concerned over ing slurs on southerners via programs and films wherein allegedly all Negroes are true and pure and many whites are rather nice too, especially northern whites. Let us hope that some day Hollywood and their video counterparts will decide that southerners are members of a minority group, then perhaps they will slant their busi-

ness our way."
Pepsi-Cola sales in Ghana
upped 53% after the sponsored tour in Accra, Kano, Ibadan, Jumasi, Lagos and Enugu, and when Louis Armstrong hit the Congo he achieved more cohesive en-thusiasm than all the UN supervisory troops and the Lumumbo and Kasavubu factions combined.
Cole Porter and James Thurber

Ailing Cole Porter, 50 years a

songwriter, received the unprecedented off-the-campus Doctorate of Humane Studies from Yale, in his 33d floor apartment at the Waldorf Towers, James Thurber, the new b.o. hot-shot with his 'Thurber Carnival," a bestselling book and a hit film parlayed into one semester . . . "Mark Twain To-night" a click a la Carl Sandburg

and Thurber's pot-pourri; not-sob.o. was Harry Golden's "Only In
America" as a stage vehicle.

Marlon Brando's "One-Eyed
Jacks." John Wayne's "The Alamo"
and Jerry Lewis' "The Bellboy" were samples of actors-also-doingtheir-own-film-directing . . . Jack Paar put W.C. into the headlines with a joke that experienced reexploration beyond its worth and was eruditely analyzed as "dating back to the Middle Ages" . . . Arback to the Middle Ages" . . . Arthur Murray's \$64,000,000 annual terp biz given a "cease-and desist sales methods" ... "Justice and Carryl Chessman" film rushed out for topical b.o. but the California rapist was finally executed May 2
... King of Thailand and American's "king of swing" Benny Goodman jammed on latter's U.S. state visit . . . glamorous grandma Mar-lene Dietrich's global hops, all to big b.o.

Brooks Atkinson's Honors

Retiring N.Y. Times drama critic Brooks Atkinson's sheaf of salutes (Mansfield Theatre renamed for him), and testimonial luncheons and dinners, intratrade and otherwise, honorary life membership in Equity, Lambs, ANTA, managers on and off-Broadway in sundry fetes... Gene Tierney's comeback at 39; had made 31 pictures until discharged from Topeka's renowned Menninger Clinic and now 000,000. married to oilman W. Howard Lee, freshly divorced from Hedy Lamarr . . . George Abbott's "Fiorello" click spotlighted "the Abbott touch" anew.

Joe Levine's Showmanship "Hercules" film cycle resulted in "Mr. Hercules" amateur contests (male strip) for local b.o. stunts and put showman Joseph E. Levine on the map . . . Floyd Patterson kayoed Ingmar Johannson and both kayoed the Emmy Awards on ratings . . . Jack La-Motta admitted taking a dive for Billy Fox in '47, in fear of the underworld ... UNICO (Unity, Neighbor, Integrity, Charity, Opportunity), national Italian-American

an expanded "lively arts" White House open-door. One of her sisters is Mrs. Peter Lawford, hence ters is Mrs. Peter Lawford, hence the sisters is Mrs. Peter Law charge-it for society dance orchestra bookings . . . Peter Llewellyn Davies, 63, who inspired Sir James M. Barrie's "Peter Pan" ruled a suicide; he jumped in front of a London subway train . . . 20th-Fox registered the title, "Princess Margaret—This Is Your Life" . . . New York's Carnegie Hall saved, a la Chi's successful civic campaign not to raze its Garrick Theatre there, although latter case is on appeal

. New York's Roxy Theatre finaled with "The Wind Can't Read," becoming an office build-ing . . . Robert Moses to head N.Y. World's Fair 1964, probably running two years, and prognosticated as "bringing untold new prosperity to Gotham" . . N.Y.-to-Moscow inauguration flights stalled by political tensions . . . N.Y., top tourist city drew, 782 conventions which spent \$222,900,-000 in '59 . . . automatic whiskey vending machines in London; 35e for a Scotch-and-soda.

The Olympics

Paris tourism up 30% . . pics dittoed for Rome, despite sundry reports it was "oversold" and scared away tourists . . . Ford Motors, a la General Motors, joining the new (industrial) show biz . . . AFL-CIO bankrolled a USO unit to tour GI installations.

Simone Signoret's "Room At The Top" Oscar-winner ironically never got a Production Seal; besides being a firstime-win for a foreign actress it also got British screen-wright Neil Clayton an Oscar . . . Miss Signoret also figured in the Algerian situation within France, creating official French frown on personalities whom the state-subsidized theatres and broadcasting employ (or may not choose to em-ploy) . . . Elvis Presley back into civvies, a new "smooth" singer cless rock 'n' roll) and still a big disclick . . . When Oscar Hammer-stein 2d died, the poetic genius of his lyrics was extolled nationally, but ironically the No. 1 song in America at the time was "Itsy-Bitsy, Teenie-Weenie, Yellow Polka-Dot Bikini."

Pay-See Tollvision is coming into additional focus as Zenith is pitching its Phonevision anew and Paramount's Telemeter has impressed mount's Telemeter has impressed showmen in certain quarters that this type of "boxoffice in the home" is the shape of things to come. On latter score, "a movie business greater than ever before" is the optimistic pitch.

There was a projection of \$1.500,000,000 theatre gross for 1960, an alltime high, despite its lesser numbers. but with no objection seemingly to \$2 for downtown

tion seemingly to \$2 for downtown firstruns and \$3 and \$3.50 for the two-a-day blockbusters.

Despite tv, a U.S. Commerce Dept. report showed a 29% global increase in five years of the world's cinemas—154.852 picture theatres operating in 130 countries and territories, including the U.S. and possessions, an increase of 34,870 since 1955. Seating capacity also rose 13,963,463 or 23% from 1955 to an estimated 73.826.340.

However, American film product dipped some 8% in its global markets, now occupying only 60% of the world's screens. Competing film industries in Italy, West Germany, the United Kingdom, Indian, 000,000.

More Short Shots A. E. Matthews died at 90; he was the oldest working actor in England . . . Frank Costello, 69, ordered deported . . . Esther Williams' swimming-pool business drydocked by financial shoals despite its \$9,000,000 annual sales... Loudspeakers blared out "Get Me To The Church On Time" preparatory to the Princess Margaret-Antony Armstrong-Jones nuptials, and its "My Fair Lady" creator, Stanley Holloway, was among the Queen's honors, named an OBE, while actor-producer John Mills and composer Edmund Rubbra were named Commanders of the benevolent organization on record against "The Untouchables" and kindred "mafia" scripts which were named Commanders of the British Empire; Australian-born Judith Anderson, perhaps best known on this side of the Atlantic, (Continued on page 54)

WRH

1961 WILL BE THE BIG ONE FOR ALLIED ARTISTS

COMPLETED OR IN WORK

"DONDI"

(Completed...for a happy Easter!)

"THE BIG BANKROLL"
(Now being edited)

"ARMORED COMMAND" (Shooting in Germany)

"LOOK IN ANY WINDOW" (Completed...for red hot exploitation!)

"THE BIG WAVE"

(Now being edited)

THE BIG ONES IN PREPARATION

"BILLY BUDD"

"REPRIEVE"

"UNARMED IN PARADISE"

"STREETS OF MONTMARTRE"

"CONFESSIONS of an OPIUM EATER"

"TWENTY PLUS TWO"

'OPERATION EICHMANN'

THE GEORGE RAFT STORY

"RECKLESS, PRIDE of the MARINES"

'79 PARK AVENUE"

LEGIT'S CURSE REMAINS SMASH-OR-CRASH

Continued from page 52

Hillbilly songster-politician Gov-Mansion in Baton Rouge, La. . . . Moves anew for "adjusted" income wishful stage.

Too 'Adult' Themes

Extension of "adult" themes in plays and pictures created a concern, particularly on the latter front. Overseas the objection was greater against the "brutality and aspects than the sex motivations but, generally, the smalltowns objected to the "wave of sordid themes" both in films and plays (viz., Tennessee Williams on the legit front).

Newspapers were evidencing their own brand of censorship with regulation of ad copy; viz., the Omaha World-Telegram nixed "sex-kitten" (Bardot picture) and substituted "girl-kitten," while intratrade the admen themselves were asunder on the degree of "effec-tive merchandising."

The American Legion also got into the act on two counts: "de-pravity and lack of patriotism" and broadly castigated Hollywood for "flouting the law with pictures about gangsters, dope addicts, degenerates, little crooks, big crooks, prostitutes, weaklings and characters who violate in greatest detail the decencies."

TV also pioneered a four-hour drama, Eugene O'Neill's "The Ice-man Cometh," run once in its entirety and then divided into twohour stretches. It also marked the innovation of an "adult only" tag on a tv program.

More Pressures

The church and censorship kept show biz in a spin. The Vatican formally called for more stringent action to banish degrading spectacles in motion pictures, particularly those of the "adults only" class fication. The National Council of the Churches of Christ de-plored sex and gore in film enterinment and its Broadcasting & Film Commission was astounded to learn that NBC had cancelled a tv play concerning a Protestant minister who committed adultery. Burt Lancaster's "Elmer Gantry" also stirred a storm in Protestant circles but a Brooklyn pastor, and from pulpits of all faiths, praised Paddy Chayefsky's play about a "modern dybbuk"—"The Tenth

The Broadway furor attendant to alleged Naziphile Felicien Marceau, Belgian-born French author of "La Bonne Soup," a Paris click, was before the fact, because "The Good Soup" died of poor boxoffice.

When Columbia University Professor Robert Gorham Davis, who also a critic, charged that the traditional Oberammergau Passion Play was "anti-Semitic" and "taintwith Nazism" and "an offense both to history and religion" the impresarios of the 325-year-old pageant, which has been a tradi-tion in the Bayarian Alps outdoor theatre, conceded that some judi-cious cuts might be in order. An Albuquerque theatreowner

after ignoring the Legion of Decency ban on two Bardot pictures doing little business-decided that exhibitors should not defy Legion-disapproved films hecause it was too much of a boxoffice handicap.

End of Blacklist?

Dilution of the blacklist against former Hollywood Reds came with the open credit to Dalton Trumbo for his "Exodus" script; ditto to Nedrick Young on "Inherit The Wind," and later Michael Wilson's "Lawrence of Arabia" assignment, although Frank Sinatra was fcreed by public opinion to pay off Albert Maltz whom he had engaged to script "Private Slovak."

American Legion and other picketing threats have marked the year's proceedings. Trumbo admitted having authored over 30 screenplays while he was a "Hollywood untouchable."

Cultural Exchange Continues

Despite Khrush and Castro, Russo-American cultural exchange saw the Soviet's Sviatoslav Richter making an unprecedented smash at Carnegie Hall, his concerts the methods for his Graeco-Roman

SRO for all 56 performances. None Hillbilly songster-politician Governor Jimmie Davis celebrated his second term in the Governor's "Tarzan" and U.S. comic books

were "corrupting" Soviet youth.
In face of the French ideology, taxes for stars, athletes and others enjoying peak income in limited periods but all this still in the ing of staging a real bullfight in Red Square.
Below the Rio Grande, the Mexi-

cans saw mild and even more unsubtle pro-Red plugs in films provided them by the Russian Embassy's "cultural division"; and the same taint was suspect in shorts provided by the Polish, Czech and other Iron Curtain embassies.

New York Times in Paris

Flying its matrices to London for a British edition of the Christian Science Monitor, this made the third American daily published in Europe. The N.Y. Times set up a complete operations, via teletypewriter, to buck the more than 75 years of the N.Y. Herald Tribune abroad.

Queen Eilzabeth approved showing her reviewing the Trooping of the Colors in a commercial film feature, "The Queen's Guards," which Michael Powell is producing.

Maurice Evans' Musical

Other dramatic actors went musical, since Rex Harrison set the vogue with "My Fair Lady," among them Maurice Evans in "Tenderloin," Richard Burton in "Camelot," and Sidney Blackmer and William Bandiy succeeding Walter lot," and Sidney Blackmer and William Bendix succeeding Walter Pidgeon and Jackie Gleason in Take Me Along."

"Camelot," the musical that almost became a medical, upset Alan Jay Lerner's bleeding ulcers and gave Moss Hart a heart attack, which kayeoed him out of his production chore on the show which, incidentally, hit a new high with other orders . . . Previous peak was \$2,225,000 for "Sound of Music" . . .

Hollywood Coproduction **Upped All Costs O'seas**

Even Italian epics were being shot in Yugoslavia because, with the flight of Hollywood filmmaking, whether European coproductions or otherwise, costs were staggering.

As did radio, tv meantime had flown Gotham and anchored in Hollywood, with vidpix production chiefly occupying all majors stu-dios' shooting schedules.

William Holden, because of his prominence in two offshore pictures, Ray Stark's "The World of Wong" and Perlberg-Seaton's 'Counterfeit Traitor," was the target of Hollywood unions which talked "boycotting," and which got vehement denial from all con-cerned. Hollywood also rejoindered that "Three Coins In The Fountain," "The Third Man," etc. were naturals for European locales, just as "Exodus" had to be shot in Israel and the big Biblical spectacles ("Ben-Hur," "Quo Vadis," "King of Kings," etc.) lend themselves naturally to Italian and Spanish locales.

There were pros and cons on "family" entertainment for which certain exhibitors were vehemently protagonists but distributors none the less pointed to such un"family" pictures as "Psycho,"
"The Apartment" "From The The Apartment "From The Documentary of the producer Paul "The Apartment," "From The Terrace," "Suddenly Last Summer" and "Elmer Gantry," among others, as being the real boxoffice bonanzas.

Hardtickets' Soft Sales
The "hardticket" vogue hit the business but not every "roadshow" film turned out to be a "Ben-Hur," "Spartacus" seems to rate the two-a-day treatment; "Alamo," claimed to cost the same \$12,000,00 as the Kirk Douglas spectacle (although actually less than half that amount) was voted more for the kiddies than the reserved-seat trade. "Sun-rise at Campobello" likewise failed to make the hardticket grade. The jury is still out on Columbia's "Pepe" and Otto Preminger's made-in-Israel (and Cyprus) "Exodus," although its unusual \$1,000,-000 advance sale augurs smash biz. Samuel Bronston's "King of Kings" (Metro) is not due until spring of 1961 for the hardticket treatment.

The Joseph E. Levine ballyhoo

named Dame Commander of the toughest-to-get ticket in years. "My spectacle fell into the milieu of Fella," all part of the American going on restaurants, Most Excellent Order of the Brit- Fair Lady" wowed 'em in Moscow, the current wave of Biblical specs scene for decades, wound up in the stores, hotels, travel ager the current wave of Biblical specs (Hollywood- and foreign-made).
George Stevens' "Greatest Story
Ever Told" is in the latter idiom and Walter Wanger's "Cleopatra" continues the ancient cycle.

U's Comeback

Universal continued as a miracle comeback company. After selling off its studio to MCA's Revue Productions, "Pillow Talk," "Operation Petticoat," "Imitation of Life" and "Midnight Lace," capped by "Spartacus," continued the pilingup of cash-on-the-till, which is still show business' best raison d'etrethe direct take at the boxoffice.

Metro, bailed out by "Ben-Hur" as a real blockbuster which paved the way for the renaissance of the Biblical specs, is strongly touted on other upcoming products ("But-terfield 8," "Cimarron," "King of Kings," etc.).

Exhibitors, heartened sporadically by available b.o. pictures and tv's own program shortcomings, still scored the producers' willingness to sell off post-1948 features as "reckless" and a slap at their longtime customers, the theatres, which now must regard themselves "secondary customers" in the seeming new scheme of things.

Flight of production to overseas locales, in turn, made Hollywood a ghost town to a degree and caused picketing threats by the Coast lensers and other studio unions. Singled out were William Holden and Ava Gardner (a phone "boycott drive" against her, as a "runaway" star, was mentioned; she has long a Madrid resident and has worked all over the map in co-productions).

Tollvision's threat preoccupied the Congress of Exhibitors and the Theatre Owners of America who claimed 16,000,000 anti-pay-ty signatures. Nonetheless the Federal Communications Commission, inevitably, must approve at least a test period of feevee.

Paramount's Telemeter, of course, had already established a toehold in Etocobe (West Ontario) and the Famous Players Canadian toppers (John J. and Gene Fitzgibbons) expressed themselves "well satisfied" with the test period "up to now."

Metro's Comeback

Webb & Knapp's \$43,000,000 realty deal for part of the 20th-Fox studio acreage in Beverly Hills Bankers bullish on film stocks but still insisting on "who's the star?" when underwriting indie's film venture . . . Investment trusts noteworthy for putting back Metro, long a blue-chip bellwether of the amusement stocks, into their porfolios when, only two or three years ago, many were clamoring for liquidating the company . . . Theatres' diversification Loew's into hotels, including the 50-story, 2,000-room Americana on 7th Ave. and 53rd St., and The Summit displacing Loew's Lexington at 51st . Columbia Pictures, like 20th-Fox's deal with the Zeckendorfs, sold 341/2 acres of undeveloped Burbank property for \$1.725.-000 . . . Metro back-lot still drilling for oil.

Hollywood on an Oriental kick with 11 new pix planned to be filmed in the Far East on the heels of "Suzie Wong"... population of "Suzie Wong" . . . population shifts certain of affecting urban

Documentary film n Rotha, calling the No. 1 Nazi "undoubtedly the most photographed man who ever lived," was assem-bling miles of footage for his "Life of Adolf Hitler" which he is making for Walter Koppel's Real Film in Hamburg.
Despite the nationalization of

American and other foreign holdings, the U.S. film distributors decided that "our men in Havana," should remain and try to carry on distribution-exhibition per usual.

Longrun Soapers Foldos Economics and the music-andnews formats caught up with CBS-Radio which dumped its historic soap operas and other daytme shows. One, in this case "Ma Perkins," was a constant woman's home companion for 27 years; "Amos 'n' Ar.dy" 33 years; "The Couple Next Door," "Road to Happiness," "Whispering Street," 'Young Dr. Malone" the aged only

archives after all these years.

TV's inauspicious fall programs were credited with "chasing the public back to the movie theatres." Ex-NBC, now McCann-Erickson's Sylvester L. (Pat) Weaver Jr. lambasted U. S. commercial tv before the National Assn. of Educational Broadcasters as "inexcusable and

When Ed Murrow rapped his own CBS network for acceding to State Dept. "suggestion" to softpedal Khrushchev coverage on tv as unrealistic, the "hint" lost all force.

'Intellectual Ghetto' No More

"Public Affairs" and elaborate news programs came on strong, especially after the quiz and payola scandals, and the Sunday after-noon "intellectual ghetto" was no more, as prime time was allocated for these discussion and analysis concepts. In some respects there was more imagination and aggressiveness evident in the "puffairs" then in the networks' commercal shows, with Chet Huntley and Da-vid Brinkley emerging as NBC's new glamour guys of the news &

education programs.

NBC's Bob Sarnoff forthrightly chided "the third network" for its economic upbeat at the expense of public responsibility. ABC was the target. Coincidentally, John Daly resigned as v.p. of news and public affairs and President Eisen-hower's James C. Hagerty suc-ceeded him. ABC will seek a firmer "image" in news programming under Hagerty's regime. Meantime, the Leonard H. Goldenson operation made marked strides in the ratings, chilling 'em at CBS.

However, television's theatrical programming was particularly puerile on an overall basis, as the new season got under way, with result Zenith's Leland Hayward (on top of Paramount's Telemeter experiments) was pressing harder for

Freevee or Feevee

Whether freevee or feevee, a direct slap at the 1960-1961 Yank video programming came from Kenneth Adams, controller of programs of BBC-TV, who edicted against imports of any new entries because of "quality shortcomings." The BBC observed, with an understandable air of superiority, that in light of the lack of distinction on the part of the new American television programs it was not rushing into any commitments.

As with Hollywood, "too much violence in American television" was sharply criticized in Britain;

also in its song lyrics.
"Sick" songs like "Tell Laura I
Love Her" were banned for a time and, in light of the concurrent trial of Capt. Francis Powers ("the U-2 incident"), a pop topical ballad, "Ballad of Francis Gary Powers" was ruled as "unethical" and kept off British airwaves. Nobody was "scared," it was stressed; just a matter of "ethics."

Germany's Nazi Expose Series

Germany at long last was coming to grip with its Nazi past and was spotlighting the Hitler shame in a series of 14 documentaries from Oct. 21, 1960 through May 15, 1961—50-minute programs in prime Friday night time to "educate" the present generation on the life and times and -and up to World War II.

of the potential) owning one or more tv sets, the timing for color home-receivers is held imminent since most of these homes already own that "extra set."

ABC-TV snared away the Oscar-

cast from NBC after five years but "Oscar needs an author" is the general conclusion despite last March's 51% rating, topping "The Untouchables" with 33.9 (ABC) and "Wagon Train" (NBC) with a 30.8 Nielsen. ABC incidentally plans to produce the Academy sweep-stakes as a "news event" rather than a show.

First Equity Strike Since the One In '19

The Equity strike last spring, the first since 1919, which resulted in upped minimums and other imin sponsorial renewals until now), proved conditions for actors, point-"Second Mrs. Burton," "Best ed up the effect of plays and playproved conditions for actors, point- ling going their independent pro-

stores, hotels, travel agencies.

The strike incidentally cost producers \$1,000,000 in ticket sales; actors in \$260,225 in salaries; caused three shows to shutter prematurely instead of battling to remain open.

This inertia carried over into the summer when b.o. was off also although the road was better.

Legit-on-the Rocks

A cabarct-theatre idea for Broadway, once the dream of Wil-liam Zeckendorf for the grand ballroom of his Hotel Astor (food and beverages with a "big" legit musical)—it never came off—has had its modified versions in tent theatres and niteries. Essentially, of course, they were niteries with quasi-legit trimmings, such as the tabloid legit operettas which Stan-ley Melba has been presenting in the Cotillion Room of the Hotel Pierre, N.Y.; "Hol'day in Japan" revue at New York's Latin Quarter, later going out as a legit attraction; the Meadowbrook Dinner Theatre at Cedar Grove, N.J., which has presented fullscale productions of "Student Prince" and "Li'l Abner"; the Cloud Theatre, Cliffside, N.J. smorgasbord and a three-act play ("Fallen Angels," "The Voice of the Turtle," which permits for between-acts quaffing; tab versions of "Destry Rides Again," "Suzie Wong," "La Plume de Ma Tante," "Ziegfeld Follies," etc., in the Las Vegas plusheries; Julius Monk's sundry revues at his Upstairs at the Downstairs, ditto in Chi and Greenwich Village intimeries, where the divertissement is more cerebral than alcoholic.

TV and Nitery Names

TV and nitery names hypoed and strawhats and many also made the transition into the one-man show field, a recent evolution.

Summer stocks saw personalities like Shelley Berman, Genevieve (exceptionally big), Joey Bishop, Robert Q. Lewis, Dennis Day, Groucho Marx, Joe E. Brown, Lewis, Dennis Day, Hugh Downs like Genevieve another Jack Paar personality) and Zsa Zsa Gabor, hypoing tent and strawhat grosses.

Champ Longrunner

Agatha Christie's melodrama, "The Mousetrap," marked its eighth consecutive year in don's West End, or 3,414 performances to 1,500 theatregoers, surpassing the longrun championship set on Broadway by "Life With Father," 3,224, and around 1,000 performances beyond "Chu-Chin "Chu-Chin Chow," the longtime British legit longrun champion. Only Drunkard," a beer-and-pr Drunkard," a beer-and-pretzels meller, which in 1953 claimed an unbroken record of more than 20 years in Los Angeles, surpasses Miss Christie's melodrama. In contrast, the current Broadway long-run champ is "My Fair Lady," just hitting 2,000 performances (fourth season) and "Music Man," over

1,200 performances, is runnerup.

Three straight plays—"Life With Father" (3.224 perfs.), "Tobacco Road" (3.182) and "Abie's Irish Rose" (2,327)—have the top three positions. No. 4 is "Oklahoma!" (2,248), champ longrunning must-cal, with "South Pacific" (1,925) perfs. next until "My Fair Lady" just topped it, followed by "Har-vey" (1,775) and "Born Yesterday" (1.642)."Hellzapoppin" "The King And I" (1.246), "Guys and Dolls" (1,200), "Annie Get Your Gun" (1,147), "Pins and Needles" (1.108), "Kiss Me, Kate" With 46,500,000 tv homes (88% dles" (1,108), "Kiss Me, Kate" the potential) owning one or (1,070), "Pajama Game" (1,063) and "Damn Yankees (1,019) are the only other musicals running above 1,000 performances on Broadway. There are several other straight plays, not listed here, also in that golden circle. Incidentally, "My Fair Lady" to date has grossed \$45,000,000 frcm all its companies and still going strong.

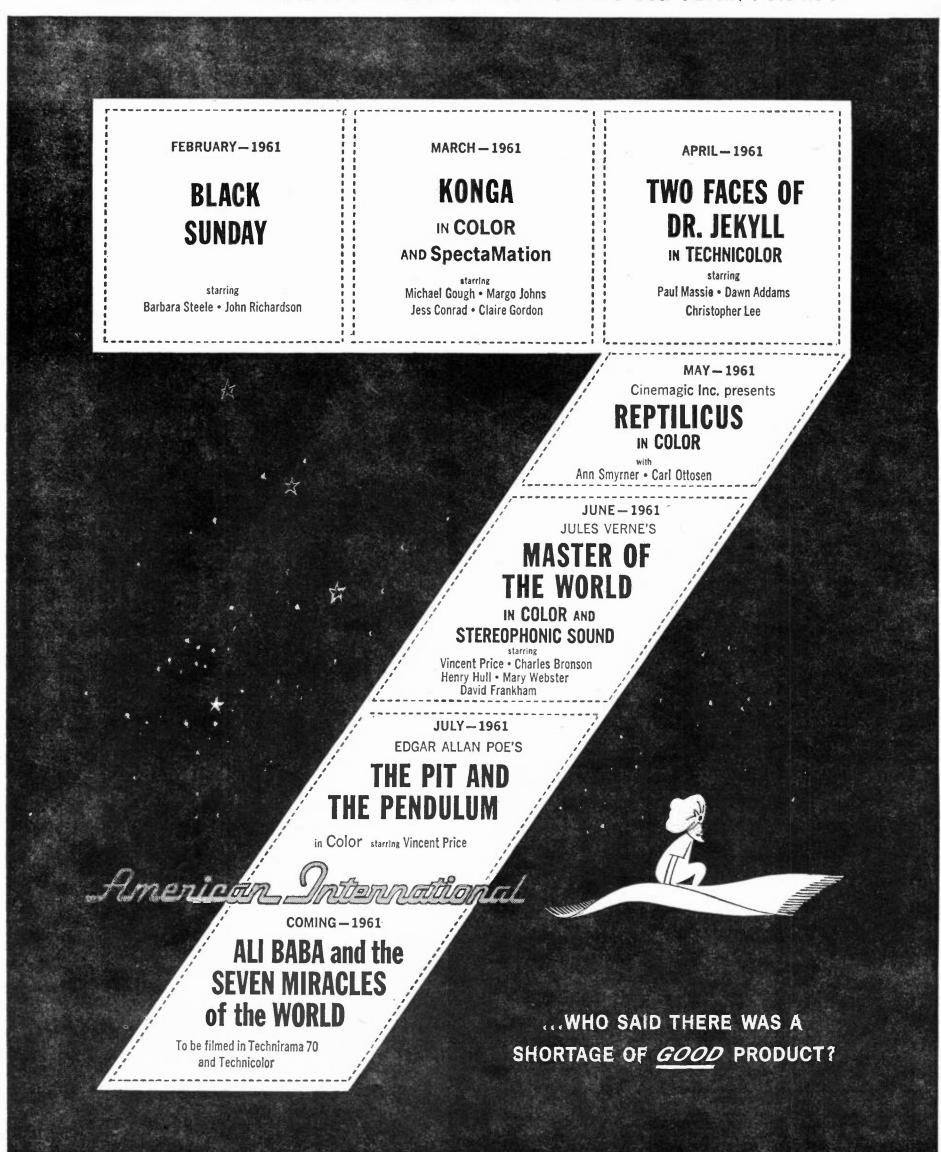
Short Shots

Lucille Ball's comeback to Broadway legit in "Wildcat" was Lucille 100% underwritten (\$400,000 budget) by Desilu, the corporate um-brella for her and her estranged husband Desi Arnaz . . . costliest legit flop, Maureen O'Hara in "Christine," \$370,000 in the red, lasting only 10 days on Broadway ... Playwrights Co. dissolved after 22 years, with Roger Stevens, Rob-ert Whitehead and Robert W. Dow-

(Continued on page 56)

TODAY, AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES STARTS PRODUCTION IN HOLLYWOOD ON THE EDGAR ALLAN POE CLASSIC "THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM" TO BE FILMED IN COLOR AND PANAVISION STARRING VINCENT PRICE, JOHN KERR, BARBARA STEELE AND LUANA ANDERS, TO BE DIRECTED BY ROGER CORMAN WITH JAMES H. NICHOLSON AND SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF AS EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS.

...AND INTRODUCING AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL'S BIG SEVEN FOR 1961



JAZZ RIOTS, REFINED HI-FI AND NEW DEEJAYS

Continued from page 54

brought a Broadway contingent to the Dominion for the out-of-town break-in of "Camelot" and unveiled a new sort of industrial showmanship inasmuch as O'Keefe found outlets, at very popular found outlets, at very popular in the Far East.

'S evponymous with the Canadian prices for LP and EP packages, in the Far East.

'MFL' Champ Original Cast LP Champ original Cast LP Champ Original Cast LP Champ or Cast LP Champ Original Cast Cast Champ Original Cast Champ Origina wrote the new ultramodern audi- like. torium.

Violinist Isaac Stern who led the fight against demolition of New York's Carnegie Hall, was the N.Y. Philharmonic soloist when citadel of culture on New York's West pirated and "credited" to some Philharmonic soloist when citadel 57th St. resumed . . . Shakespeare-in-Central Park having clicked, new Park Commissioner Newbold Morris (Robert Moses has moved over as headman of the 1964 N.Y. Fair) approved Joseph Papp's plan for music and ballet in the park. ("Helping to keep down juvenile delinquency" was one of the appealing factors). . . "Fiorello!", first-time libretto venture by Jerome Weidman (with George Abbott), was the third musical in the 44-year-history of the awards to cop the Pulitzer prize (the others were "South Pacific" in 1950 and "Of Thee I Sing" in 1932) . . Best novel, "Advise and Consent," by Allen Drury, also became a click Broadway play and will be filmed by Otto Preminger . . N.Y. Drama Critics again differed with the Pulitzer committee and tapped Lillian Hellman's "Toys In The Attic" as tops and gave "Fiorcllo!" the nod as best musical and "Five Finger Exercise" as the best foreign play . . . "My Fair Lady" understudy Lola Fisher headed the Russian company which went overseas under the cultural exchange pro-gram . . . "Music Man" net profit total from Broadway and road tours over \$2,000,000 although Meredith Willson's successor sinkable Molly Brown" got off to mixed notices.

Lunt and Fontanne were not retiring from the theatre but, after 36 years on the stage, they felt themselves entitled to a long and leisurely rest which they started at Noel Coward's villa in Switzerland . Judy Holliday's non-malignant throat operation forced her out and the foldo of "Laurette" . . . the Met excavated Verdi's "Nabucco" and its 76th annual season reopened to a new record high one-night gross of \$91,482 aided by an upped top of \$45 (previous high \$40), and with lesser shenanigans. The election year and world tensions presumably kept glitteredand-tiara set's nonsense down . . Still self-conscious, on the eve of the centennial of the Civil War, Atlanta and Birmingham cancelled "The Andersonville Trial"... West Germany's legit houses are SRO with native translations of Broadway and West End hits.

Payola Made Disk Jockey Sound Like a Dirty Word

Payola's repercussions made "disk jockey" sound like a dirty word and one Poughkeepsie, N.Y., station redubbed them "musistation redubbed casters." In San F In San Francisco, KSAN sued its deejay and 20 diskeries

Congressional hot seat, Rep. John places in the country. coin 'larkola and from that stemmed royola, after the Philly deejay testified on production company on earth. If of bounds may know no man. royalty cut-ins. Meantime the legit-imate disk pluggers were making hayola as "the boys" retreated on tv cameramen focus in their directhe payola, although that didn't last long according to recent reper-cussions that payola is more rampant than ever; this time, no royalty contracts or cut-ins, just cash on the barrel.

Everybody got into the headlines. Rep. Oren Harris, the Congressional prober, became as well known as any of the now notorious disk jockeys named, and from left field a Lutheran pastor told the 13th annual Business-Clergy Day Observance that, compared to the phoney wrestlers' gimmicks, payola made the deejays look like Dick Merriwell.

receiving \$9,955 payola from Hub record distributors and told of a "network" of disk isobout 1 "network" of disk jockeys, from coast to coast, who are regularly

Diskleggers

Diskleggers were costing the re-cording industry \$20,000,000 ac-

police raids because of royalty evasion and more blatant instances spurious "artist."

Jazz Riots

Wave of riots around the last event may K.O. the annual Newport Jazz Festival (Pierre Lorillard sponsor) and another big rhubarb, at the fifth annual jazzfest at Lord Montague's estate 68 miles south of Lundon, necessitated four fire-engines, 20 ambulances and scores of police to quell the midnight rioters.

Elvis Presley's switch from r&r, upon his return from the Army, was marked by continuing boom sales with smoother ballads.

Tin Pan Valley Anew

Country music put Nashville on the map anew as Tin Pan Valley. The c&w (country and western) platters were finding increased programming with deejays who

were putting corn into the big beat.

Brenda Lee, 15, with "I'm
Sorry," and Bryan Hyland, 16, with "Itsy-Bitsy, Teenie-Weenie, Yellow Polka-Dot Bikini," made them the year's youngest "gold record" stars, but not the youngest ever. Jimmy of America estimated a \$500,000,-

Japan was reacting sales-wise to calypso music on the heels of Harry Belafonte and Sir Lancelot's tours

"My Fair Lady" is the alltime sales champ, Both the copyright owners and having just passed the 3,000,000 the platter manufacturers enlisted album mark, plus 500,000 sales overseas. Columbia also waxed the original Mexican cast, "Mia Bella Dama" as it's called in Spanish. Col re-recorded "MFL" in stereo when it hit London, with the original Broadway cast, just as it did with "Irma La Douce" both with the Broadway cast and the London original (under the Phillips label). RCA Victor was another to essay a Spanish LP of a Broadway hit, "Redhead." Columbia has another winner in "Camelot," the latest Lerner & Loewe musical.

It was estimated that Rodgers & Hammerstein's six musicals since "Oklahoma!", the first original cast album to hit the 1,000,000 sale mark, had grossed a \$65,000,000 retail sales volume. The R&H figure was based on a \$5 average sales ure was based on a \$5 average sales price for the 13,000,000 albums sold, besides "Oklahoma!", of their "Sound of Music," "Flower Drum Song," "South Pacific," "Carousel" and "King and I." It does not include "Allegro," "Pipe Dream," "Me And Juliet," the "State Fair" film and the TV "Cinderella," nor lichard Rodgers' own "Victory At Sea." all of which also sold size-

duction ways, ditto general manager Victor Samrock . . . Toronto's \$3,000,000 new O'Keefe Centre brought a Broadway contingent to Diskleggers

Diskleggers

Diskleggers

Diskleggers

Dayrolled by diskeries and their Boyd, when he was 11, still holds distinction with "I Saw the upbeat of the albums equalized against accumulated catalog values. Mommy Kissing Santa Claus Last the marked downbeat of the singles.

Greenwich Village beatnik bistros which were switching from

All-33 RPM Singles

Likelihood of the industry going all-33 rpm for the singles was given impetus at year's end by RCA Victor's merchandising hookup, on the heels of Columbia which, if the 33 formed Coffee House Trade Assn. tor's merchandising hookup, on the heels of Columbia which, if the 33 can institution, will have scored a second first. Col pioneered the LP (33 rpm) album about the same time RCA Victor pioneered the 45 rpm for the singles. Idea of putting both pop singles and albums on the uniform 33 speed has long been fulminating although, at one time, clans Wives Inc. banded together the late Manie Sacks had hopes as a social and charitable group that the 45 rpm speed (which his company, RCA Victor, pioneered) would become the industry standard.

ASCAP and BMI

ASCAP had its periodic intra-organizational problems as the new Consent Decree created new patterns for royalty payoff. Those who were shaved on their quarterly dividends protested. Most militant was AGAC (American Guild of Authors & Composers) successor to

Broadcast Music Inc. denied for \$3,450,000. 'raiding" ASCAP writers but, with

fambic pentameter poetry readings to quasi-legit overtones got both the Fire Dept, and Equity down on them. The coffeehouse entreas a benevolent move for the espresso joints to kick the beatnik habit and aspire to something loftier as a means to elevate the Great Unwashed clientele which formerly haunted the coffeehouses.

On the Coast the Hollywood Musiparticularly dedicated to offset the reefer and narcotics aura which they feel wrongly plagues most clean-living musicians.

Bourne on Auction Block

Bonnie (Mrs. Saul H.) Bourne, widow of the publisher, finally settled internecine strife with her daughter, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth (Beebee) Keedick, when the firm went on the auction block in a rare legal move by the N. Y. Surrogates Court. Last recalled auction of a music pubbery was Waterson, Ber-lin & Snyder, and that was because other sort saw some film back-ground composers defecting to BMI for more immediately advan-Bourne Inc. it was and is a going business. The widow bought it in

Necrology

The year's necrology statistics included Clark Gable, Oscar Ham-merstein 2d, Dudley Nichols, Buddy Adler, Diana Barrymore, Margaret Sullavan (and months later, also by barbituates, her daughter, Bridget Hayward), Victor Seastrom, Leon Gordon, Ulric Bell, Carey Morgan, Ralph S. Peer, Nevil Shute, Gilmore Brown, Dr. Miller McClintock, Percy Elkeles, Sydney Granville, Albert Camus, Edith Barstow, Felix Adler, Watterson R. Rothacker, Dr. Max Thorek, Hank Wales, Alfred Apaka, Eugene W. Castle, Jack S. Goodman, John Miljan, Bobby Clark, Jack Davies, Jennie Goldstein, Gertrude Vanderbilt, Ace Brigode.

Also Jimmy Hart, Harold E. Fellows, Leonard Warren (who, like Louis Jean Heydt earlier in the year, died onstage while perform-Sammy White, Bretaigne ust, Albert de Courville, Windust, Albert de Courville, Sonya Levien, Moe Silver, Frank-lin P. Adams, A. Frank Katzentine, John Lardner, Ian Keith, Alma Kruger. Mrs. Edwin Silverman, E. V. Richards Jr., Harry Archer, Hope Emerson, Ward Bond, Paul Abraham, Maurice Schwartz, Luc-rezia Bori. Nate Gross, Danton Walker, Wilette Kershaw, Ted R. Gamble, Prosper Buranelli, Jack Alicoate, Ray Walker, Edwin Cronjager, Frank Silver, Art Jarrett, Eli Oberstein.

Also Nate Blumberg, J. Cheever Cowdin, Ben B. Kahane, Gene Fowler, Billy Goodheart. W. Mc-Queen-Pope, Lawrence Tibbett, Al Lackey, Phil Charig, Al Hoffman, Hans Albers, Ernie Fiorito, Jefferson Machamer, Mark Barron, Frank Lloyd, Paul Cunningham, Mrs. B. A. Rolfe, Elie Spivak, Leonora Corbett, Richard L. Simon, Henry Cohen, Cedric Gib-bons, Vicki Baum, Mrs. Will H. Hays, Harlow Wilcox, Arthur Greenblatt, Sydney Shields, Jules Buffano, Edwin Justus Mayer, Ben regret. "If they showed me the script I would have invested in five seconds."

Comes the reviews. First the New York Times, then the Herald Tribune. Those who were right in the first place become more smug, the stript of the script of the s Riggio Kathlyn Williams, Joseph N. Welch, Ralph Whitehead, Walter Catlett, Upton Close.

And s'ill more: Gregory Ratoff, John Charles Thomas, Kyle Crich-ton, Pat Ballard, Ben Stein, Mack Sennett, Ward Bond, Dimitri Mitroupoulos, Johnny Horton, Walter Catlett, Aaron Lebedoff, Ralph Whitehead, Richard (Lord) Buckley (who stirred the N. Y. cabaret fingerprinting rhubarb), Harry Santley, Jack Harrison, Major John Zanft, Betty Lawford, Henry Clive, Alex Harrison, Phyllis Haver, Gilbert Harding, Rocco Vocco, Marek Windheim, Marion Parsonett, Ted Claire, Dorin K. Antrim, Joe No-lan, John P. Marguand, Johnny

There's More to See In D.C.

Continued from page 11

Service which offers "free guides." It turns out that they are special he came back. agents who will lead you on a tour that ends up in a "special examination" room, where, among other things, they get your fingerprints and demand to see a carbon of your 1960 income tax return. Or. if you don't like to fool around there, you can get directions as to how to go on a wild goose chase at the Fish & Wildlife Service. This is in the Department of the Interior, which, of course, super-intends the exterior—the great

Nothing is what it seems to be in Washington. The Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security is not the place to go to find out whether or not you have ulcers, believe me. And if you are looking for some-thing different, why not visit the office of the South Dakota Congressman who advertises that his state is "the land of infinite variety.

outdoors.

One man is trying to get off the FBI's 10 "Most Wanted" list. But another fellow I know is striving to become the most wanted by the FBI girls.

'Only In Washington'

Only in Washington, as Harry Golden would say, could you pick estimated loss of legitimate revenue because of the payolaed Wife, Three Children." That's the way devoted fathers act these days

Rv all odds tion—the people would have real cause to wonder. The Federal payroll now runs more than \$1,000,-000.000 a month.

There are more curious peoplewith curiosity, too!—in Washington than anywhere else in the world. They come around asking me questions like this: "How do you get to be Washington editor for so many magazines?"

I tell of my first effort to become Washington editor for a business journal. I heard that the editor was looking for a man, and. checking myself to be sure I was a man, I called the editor in

"May I be your Washington edi-

"What are your qualifications?" "I'm as crazy as anyone else 1 know here," I replied. I was hired. As recently as the other day, a New York editor called me on the

telephone. He was in a Washington hotel, here to visit with his Washington editor. didn't you appoint me your Washington editor for your new magazine?" I asked. I'm always circumspect like that beating

"Have you any money?" he answered me with a question.
"What's that?" I shot back.

When he explained about money, I said: "Oh yes, I understand now, No, right at this moment, I don't have any. But my wife has money. The only trouble is that by the time she gets back from the grocery store, neither of us will have

"Just as I thought," he said. 'The man I appointed to be my Washington editor also had to be an investor in this new magazine. Naturally, if a man has a million dollar trust fund, he makes a won-

derful Washington editor."
"Of course," I replied, urbanely, but my heart was beating fast. This low-living heel had the nerve to mention literary material, great writing, and all that, in the same breath as he talked about money. How crass can things get? Next thing you know, disk jockeys will be taking payola and Congressmen utting kinfolk:

Odd Jobs Galore All my life, I have heard people talk about the odd jobs in Hollywood. But there are more odd jobs in Washington than in any other city on earth. For example, there's a man in charge of keeping Japanese beetles off airplanes. He has been getting publicity, but has little hope that the beetles will read it. He is trying to get members of the public to recognize a Japanese beetle when they see one. But there are so many problems. Most people think that any beetle is a Japanese beetle. You would think by now that people would look at the eyes and, if they weren't slanted, they would know that the beetle was a good old beetle of the type that doesn't do too much harm. But no, they persist in repeople are so very unobservant.

One of the oldest ways of getting a job-in Washington-is to apply to be a radio or tv news commentator. They are not inter-ested in what you know, if anything. They want to know three things—(1) How good looking you are; (2) How deep your voice is, and (3) Whether or not you can pronounce words correctly. Foralas!---a news commentator no more has to know news, or history, or government, than a quiz show winner had to know the answers, spontaneously.

Yes, even after I have told you this little bit, you can take it from me that there's more to see . . . Washington, D. C., and I'm not talking about me.

(Mr. Farrar is the author of "Washington Lowdown," "How To Make \$18,000 A Year Freelance Writing," "The Sins of Sandra Shaw," and "Successful Writers and How They Work." Says he, 'TV has commercials, newspapers have ads, theatres have trailers, and writers claim credits. Plug, plug, plug . . ."-Ed.)

Those First Nighters

Continued from page 4;

side will piteously ask: "couldn't they see the play was bad in script form?", or "Couldn't they tell the play was hopeless on the road?" The enthusiasts have but one major 'If thev showed me the

but those who are on the wrong side of the fence, huff, puff and begin to backtrack mildly, oh. very mildly, and suddenly you find they have completely reversed their positions. They are completely now on the side of the critics having absolutely no opinions of their own.

A certain producer, a veteran of the showshops, not long ago was being congratulated by practically the whole audience as the curtain was lowered on the final act. The producer, inured to first night flatter, was not in the least taken in by audience enthusiasm.

"See that little man going down the street," he said, pointing to porting every beetle as a Japanese brooks Atkinson, then critic for lan, John P. Marquand, Johnny beetle. It just proves again that people are so very unobservant.

Brooks Atkinson, then critic for lan, John P. Marquand, Johnny the N.Y. Times, "He'll tell me if I Greenhut, Harry D. Squires, among have a hit or not."

CONGRATULATIONS



on your



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Understudy For The Lead

of F.D.R. and had little reticence when it came to speaking his mind. Wallace, whose presidential ambitions were no secret, took the job at a time when F.D.R.'s health was known to be failing; it may have been a case of an Absolom casting envious glances at his father's throne. When Roose-velt broke with Wallace, it is said that he was a little tired of having two master strategists on Capitol Hill; accordingly, he selected Sen. Harry Truman, whose reputation as a loyal, unobtrusive party man was guaranteed by intimates who had observed him in Congress. After just three months in office, Truman had "greatness" thrust upon him by the inescapable historical events that swept over the world.

Truman's Qualifications

Truman, as a vice-president, had brought to that office an intimate acquaintance with Congressional procedure, a quality V.P. Johnson possesses to a marked degree. That same groundwork in the legislative branch of the Government, doubled and redoubled, was the primary asset of Alben Barkley, the man who has done more to reform the vice-presidency than any incumbent to date. As a mediator between the president and an often recalcitrant Congress, Barkley, for 12 years a majority and minority leader in the Senate, had no peer. Presiding in dignified impartiality over the Senate Chamber, he made it a practice to get down from his Olympian perch and mingle with his brethren in the cause of good government. Here the Johnson parallel becomes more pertinent. Possessing wide in-fluence not only with Trumanite democrats but with Republicans and southern Democrats alike, Barkley proved a powerful entering wedge into the camp of dissident congressmen. With the full cooperation of Pres. Truman, Barkley sat in on Cabinet meetings, Cabinet luncheons (where even more important discussions often occur) and the regular Monday conferences of the President with the leaders of Congress. His ideas and suggestions were granted healthy respect. So were his gags and stories.

Irrepressible Barkley

Barkley was kept up-to-date on atomic energy developments, on all aspects of Russian-U.S. diplomatic relations, and on the latest facts and figures relevant to our defense program. These were all momentous matters conerning program. These were all momentous matters conerning which a man who could conceivably be called on to take over the presidency should be thoroughly aware. But not every vice-president had Barkley's opportunity. To some extent, Barkley's briefing was the result of Truman's willingness to make a "full partner"; doubtless he remembered his own desperation when, soon after being sworn into the presidency, he was asked to settle great issues of expecting policy and action with little or no preparation. executive policy and action with little or no preparation. Barkley himself, was no slouch in his concept of the office of the vice-president. Certainly there was nothing in the vice-president's list of official duties which required him to become the "travelling salesman" of the Truman Ad-ministration. But he travelled three times as far and made twice as many speeches as any other vice-president before

It might be safe to say that Barkley developed and molded the powers of the vice-presidency to such a degree that he created a new yardstick for vice-presidents, a yardstick by which we can already measure Johnson's work. He too has become a "travelling salesman" for his President.

Something new was now to be added to a Presidential race—the first Eisenhower-Nixon campaign. It was a show biz touch on a nationwide level, a "first" of its kind in American history and Richard M. Nixon made it with his dramatic television performance as Republican vice-presidential nominee. He had come before a roused, nationwide public to defend his moral fitness in relation with the job he was seeking. As he strove arduously and earnestly tell why he should not be prevented from running for the next highest office in the land, the question arose among the voters: are we judging Senator Nixon as a possible future President of the United States? Can we take a chance on him?

Nixon's Histrionics

The performance was impressive. Unaffected by the technical paraphernalia of the show, Nixon defended his case by taking the offensive, and he used his voice and his body as skillfully as an actor. Long ago, young Nixon, among other things, had worked as a barker at the Frontier Days Rodeo, in Prescott, Ariz., and his booth soon attracted the biggest crowds. A little later, while practicing law in Whittier (Cal.) he had joined a Little Theatre Group.

One thing became evident, during that television performance: Nixon, as a veep, would not keep his mouth shut. He would be remembered even if he never became President. And the old, silent breed would never be given a

The office of the vice-presidency was now spotlighted as it has never been before. While Nixon was defending his political integrity, the Democratic vice-presidential nominee, Sen. John Sparkman, of Alabama, was under attack for harboring his wife on the Government payroll and easing his financial burdens in his own particular way. By the time the clatter died down, both nominees appeared to be morally above reproach. Yet each, weighed in terms of the earlier of their foremost running mates, Dwight D. Eisenhower and Gov. Adlai Stevenson, did not appear then to convey the stature of a potential President.

Ambitious, hard-working and curious of mind, Nixon like his predecessor Barkley was a member of the National Security Council and presided in the absence of Eisenhower. Partly because of his own traits, partly because of the President's decision to groom him as completely as possible, Nixon put a new emphasis on the most neglected of the several roles of a Veep, that of Assistant to the

Shift in Emphasis

This shift in emphasis, long overdue, helped restore the Vice-Presidency to its original function. For a man who may be called at any moment to replace the supreme Ch.ef of the land cannot just rely on his talents for improv.sation, or his experience as Presiding Officer of the Senate. The succession, in countries where kings do not rule, is in fact a promotion, from the job of Assistant to the President to the exhausting and historical role of constitutional head of the state.

If the delegates at the 1930 conventions drew any moral from the past to apply to their yardstick for choosing a vice-president, perhaps it was that of avoiding the be-

setting sin of silence. Both vice-presidential nominees, Senator Johnson and Ambassador Lodge are men who talk up—and this does not mean merely making speeches. Oratorical prowess is fine (Barkley won the 1946 nomination with his fiery keynote address) but the reform v.p. must not be afraid of taking a firm stand, or tilting an occasional lance over matters of vital public interest. This he can do without necessarily alienating the confidence of his Chief. No normal politician in good voice should be asked to voluntarily restrict his utterances for four years to an occasional "yea" or "nay" which gets only the obituary publicity of the Congressional Record. One may be sure this will not happen during the next four years.

If vice-presidents once belonged to a political genealogy of wooden Indians, the 1960 vice-president has every opportunity to shake off his inherited lethargy. Press, radio, television—give the personality incredible. exposure. There is no legitimate reason why a vice-president should escape the public eye or find his recorded utterances reduced to small print at the bottom of the page, as it used to be. Enlightened Chief Executives are willing to delegate him responsible administrative chores and relieve him of his meaningless, token functions. He can be an Assistant President, in deed as well as word, if the incoming vice-president meets the challenge attendant on his high office, he can banish permanently the stigma attached to what was formerly believed to be a lounging joke. What is more important, he will be serving as a useful understudy for the day when he could conceivably be called to play the White House lead by an act of God, or, better still, for the moment when the people of the United States elevate him, as a natural and deserving successor, to his destined goal as the star, the Chief of the highest office in the land.

Can't Faze That Bob Hope

During the years I wrote for Bob Hope the entire staff was always amazed at how calmly Hope coped with all and any unpredictable situations. Fluffs. miscues, bloopers, noises, sloppy sound effectsnothing bothered him. Once in a Cleveland theatre a crackpot walked onstage while Hope was making a personal appearance and tried to sell him some material. Hope handled the intruder so skillfully the audience thought it was part of the act. Because of Bob's constant calm, the writers tried to cook up something to shock or startle him.

Hope had one weakness. An almost fanatical craving for icecream—vanilla icecream with pineapple syrup. In the midst of practically every script session one of the writers would be delegated to go to the corner drugstore and bring Bob back a container of this concoction. It was this frozen Achilles' heel that gave the writers an idea.

During the 1942-43 season we went east to play several Army, Navy and Marine camps. One of the writers, Sherwood Schwartz, did not accompany us on this trip because he had been drafted several months before. However, by coincidence, Sherwood was in New York while we were there.

We kept his presence a secret from Bob till one night during a rewrite session in Hope's hotel room. At 10 p.m., the hour when Bob usually began to long for his frozen refreshments, Sherwood, resplendent in his Army uniform, came rushing into the room and handed Hope a quart of icecream. Bob took it without batting an eye at his long missing scripter, and his only comment was, "Sherwood, I hope you remembered the pineapple syrup.' Milt Josefsberg

The Big Stake In Paperbacks

Continued from page 25 =

able business in distribution, we conceived the idea of doing paperback originals instead of reprints.

Just the same, when Fawcett announced its plan of publishing Gold Medal originals in paper covers, the reaction of both hardcover publishers and the reprint houses was resentful. Also, writers were skeptical. Books were not only books but furniture.

Dignity Vs. Prosperity

It meant a lot to a writer to see his hardcover book on his library table, even in public libraries, perhaps-if he was lucky to find them-even on display in bookstores.

In the first two years we "discovered," as the saying goes, 30 or more writers who had never had a novel published. Most of these discoveries are still writing for us and for hardcover houses. I'll be a namedropper and mention John D. MacDonald, Charles Williams, Tereska Torres, Vin Packer, Richard Prather, Richard Gehman, among those first published by Gold Medal.

Then came the name authors who considered butter on the bread and a bigger bankroll more important than a book as a piece of furniture.

Among those were McKinlay Kantor, Eric Hatch, ornell Woolrich, James Warner Bellah, Octavus Roy Cohen, Sax Rohmer, Theodore Pratt, Benjamin Appel, John Faulkner, to name only a few.

I mentioned Tereska Torres as one of our discoveries. Her first novel, "Women's Barracks," had been turned down by some 20 hardcover publishers. We found she needed only editorial guidance in the organization and development of her story. We gave her that guidance.

To date there have been 11 printings of "Women's Barracks' with a sale beyond 2,047,000 and Miss Torres has earned \$30,000.

That same editorial aid helped Charles Williams to make his first novel, "Hill Girl," into a publishable book, with sales and earnings almost equalling

Although "Hill Girl" was published back in 1952, the motion picture rights were only recently sold.

In all, more than 50 Gold Medal Books have been sold to pictures, which speaks pretty well for the attention given these original paperbacks by Hollywood. Few hardcover publishers can boast that record.

The Writers' Stance

What do authors themselves think of original publication in paper covers? Theodore Pratt had published more than a score of books in hard covers before he came to Gold Medal, so here is Mr. Pratt in his own words:

"As well as writing to express himself," Mr. Pratt wrote, and to make a living, an author writes to be read. It is obvious he would prefer being read by millions than by a comparatively few thousand."

"And above all," he added, "I am afforded a greater monetary return."

The "monetary return" to Mr. Pratt can be gauged by nine printings of just one of his novels, THE TOR-MENTED, with a sale of 1,163,000 copies to date.

Then there is John Faulkner, brother of William Faulkner. His first Gold Medal novel, "Cabin Road," was re-jected by his hardcover publisher. We found it needed just a bit of author-editor cooperation to make it a better book.

John Faulkner wrote, "Gold Medal is the only place I know that gives a writer the leeway you do.

"From what I know of Gold Medal's policy I think you come closest to giving the reading public writers' stories. "I believe you get closer to every writer's dream than

you know.

I could go on at length about the rewards to Gold Medal discoveries. Vin Packer's first published novel, "Spring Fire," has had five printings totalling 1,100,030 copies; John D. MacDonald's "The Damned," six printings of 1,436,000.

But the sensation of them all is Richard Prather.

Richard Prather, who came to us in 1952 as an unpub-

lished author, with his Shell Scott character, has become the closest rival in sales to Mickey Spillane with his Mike

There have been 18 Prather titles published, totaling around 20,000,000 copies.

In contrast to the modest advance received by a hardcover author the writer of a Gold Medal or Crest original receives a contract on acceptance of his novel and a minimum advance of \$2,000 for a 25c book. This is against an initial minimum print order of 200,000.

On all copies beyond 200,000 printed he receives 11/2c a copy, proportionately larger, of course, on books selling for 35, 50 and 75c.

I emphasize payments on copies printed, because of the hardcover field, and in reprints, generally, the royalties are based on sales. The author gambles on a publisher's selling ability.

If a Gold Medal or Crest original doesn't sell enough to earn the advance the loss is Fawcett's and not the author's.

Of course, on a big hardcover bestseller reprint, the initial paperback printing is very large indeed. The first Crest printing on "Lolita" was a 1,500,00 copies, followed within a few weeks by a second printing, and shortly thereafter a third printing.

It has been said that inexpensive paperback reprints revolutionized the book publishing business. Then, it might as well be said that Gold Medal originals have revolutionized the paperback business.

In fact, Gold Medal originals had become, by 1955, so competitive on the newsstands with Signet that the New American Library felt compelled to find another distribu-

Now Fawcett was free to enter the reprint field, which it did in September, 1955, with Crest Books, almost entirely fiction, and a line of non-fiction books titled Premier. Premier Books sell for 50c and are of a general informative, educational nature. They break down into such categories as literature, history, philosophy, psychiatry, religion, sociology, music and many of the physical and

With Premier we strive to publish books of popular acceptance-books that will make their way on the newsstands as well as in college stores and bookstores. And, the 50c price sets them apart from such more restricted lines as Anchor, Vintage, Compass, Universal and the paperbacks issued by the various university presses.

Educators' Inroads

Almost every day you read of another university starting a line of paperbacks. Practically all of the hardcover houses are jumping into this field. All of which is making our job tougher in finding suitable titles for reprint. This is on of the reasons why during 1960 we have launched three new categories of Premier Books,

Premier Americana is under the editorship of Henry Steele Commager. Classics of American Realism are selected and edited by Van Wyck Brooks. World Classics are under the editorship of Bergen Evans.

The market for paperback books still is bigger than anyone has dreamed of. A survey has indicated that less than 20% of Americans read books regularly.

The sale of paperbacks in 1960 is expected to exceed 300,000,000 copies. That means-an estimated expenditure of at least \$30,000,000 in printing and production alone.

It means the authors will earn roughly \$6,000,000, some of which they must share with hardcover publishers. It means the retailer—more than 100,000 of them—will share a profit exceeding \$25,000,000.

All of this a development of only 21 years. Think of it, a sale of more than 300,000,000 copies of paperback books a year. Startling! Nothing to brag about.

Two weekly magazines, Life and The Saturday Evening Post have a yearly circulation in excess of 600,000,000 copies, almost double the anticipated annual sale of paperbacks in 1960.

While the paperback has attained its majority it is still

a long way from maturity.

There are still untold millions of readers to reach with our paperback in these United States.

So. America For Production

Continued from page 11

swank hotels are flourishing-and prices are unbelievably low.

While representatives of these nations list the lures for tourist trade, they make an even stronger pitch for film productions, stressing the widespread diversity of locations, favorable rate of exchange, and low labor costs combined with ample accommodations and excellent food-at bargain rates. With production costs mounting in Europe and Mexico, South America is a natural they argue. And with the inauguration of jet flights via Panama and Panagra last December no city in that continent is more than 12 hours from Holly-The airliners carry from wood. 125-130 passengers; and freight rates from the film capital to any port south of the equator are cheaper than those to any port in Europe—and Moore McCormack freighters's ail every two weeks, Westfall-Larsen once a month and Grace Lines, which serve the west coast only, every fortnight. Various local air and steamship lines provide auxiliary service to the back country and smaller ports.

Diversity of Scenery And Favorable Dollar Rate

In Rio, Dr. Herbert Moses, president of the Brazilian Press Club (A.B.I.), cited numerous location possibilities and advantages offered in this nation. (This organization is certainly more stable and possibly more powerful than the current governmental regime inas-much as President Kubitschek is due to retire this year).

Among these was the Quintandinha Hotel, created as a casino-resort 2,500 feet high in the mountains, two hours' drive from Rio. Decorated by Dorothy Draper, it has its own waterfalls and lake, golf course and tropical jungle in the background. Two miles distant lies Petropolis, government seat when Brazil was a Portuguese colony, and the site of the Emperor's (Don Pedro's) palace, which is now a national museum, filled with original furnishings, glass-encased fans, jewels, robes, china and other relics of royalty. Visitors are re-quired to wear felt slippers—or go in stocking feet-in order to protect the elaborate parquet floors, but admission is free and elaborate tip is voluntary. Hansom cabs will take you through the royal gardens, for two bits U.S. The Grinle estate and other summer mansions (Grinle owns the Copacabana Hotel in Rio) with accompanying orchid plantations, are accessible to tourists in the cobblestone-paved canalcentered town of Petropolis-for

At Quintandinha, a plush lake-view room with bath and continental breakfast for two will cost \$4. But if you feel real extravagant, you can buy one of the supper deluxe suites for \$11. Prices are lower for an organized group. Top price for dinners, including wine,

Empty Exposition Edifices Called Ideal Studios

If sound stages are needed, Moses suggested, why not the nowempty Exposition building in Sao Paulo? Air-conditioned, sound-proofed, contemporary structures were erected in celebration of independence. This city, with its numerous industries, is the "Chicago" 70 minutes—overlap the patina of centuries of European culture. The state of S.P. is approximately the size of Arizona and has about one-fifth of Brazil's total population. Its 30,000 factories contrast sharply with Matarazzo estate with its lush acres of gardens and

The minimum rate for unskilled workers—meaning anything less than technical help—is \$1.90 per day for 10 hours. Technicians draw

\$2.50 per day.
The Excelsior — one leading hotels in Sao Paulo—features a smorgasbord lunch, with 150 dishes on the buffet table, plus soup, entree, dessert and coffee for about \$1.25 U.S. Room and bath here or at the Jaragua or Othon Palace-comparable to the Gotham, in N.Y., costs from \$5-\$7.50 per day for two. Local beer is 15c per

Paranagua, port of the coffee empire, is worthy of consideration, also, Moses pointed out. Its miles | Shorthorn Grill, the same type of

fine restaurants and of white beaches are deserted because of the multitude of jellyfish inhabiting the channel. will do a story related to these some day," he predicted. Mcanwhile, the planters will welcome film makers with open arms.

Uruguay Also Represents A Film Location Chance

Joseph Brunet, owner of the largest screen houses in Montevideo and Punta del Este, cited numerous advantages for locations in Uruguay. The climate, similar to that of Los Angeles, low cost of labor, and a widespread cattle country, with fabulous haciendas, colorful roundups and fiestas, and the spectacular gambling casinos at Carrasco (on the edge of Montevideo) and Punta del Este. The Uruguay river with its Great Falls and hydroelectric dam at Rio Negro, the Swiss colony 80 miles east of the capital and the extensive beaches are among other attractions.

Good and inexpensive accommodations are to be found in all of these places. At Punta del Este, the choice place is the Cantegril Country Club, where a bungalow for four rents for \$20 per day, including meals. Room and bath at the leading hotel, Victoria Plaza, in Montevideo costs \$8. In the back country, numerous good inns feature lovely rooms with meals for

Unskilled labor draws about \$25 per month; and house servants from \$10-\$12.

Brunet and his family form the film censorship board of this country. Although he doesn't operate the theatres, he reserves the right to disapprove and prohibit the showing of movies he deems in poor taste. Each new film is run off in his backyard theatre—a 46seat house, with wide screen and latest projection equipment.

Hotels and Food Prices: Unbelievable Economies

Some 125 miles up a lazy-and muddy-river, three times as broad as the Mississippi, Buenos Aires is making a comeback, following the expulsion of Peron. Anyone from Hollywood receives a hearty welcome here, according to Jose Fernandez, a leading merchant (Gath & Chaves dept. store). He pointed out the extensive preparations made to expedite the production of "An American in Buenos Aires" which stars Mamie Van Doren and Jean Pierre Aumont, and the newspaper headlines heralding the visits of Joan Crawford and Bing Crosby (the actress cruised in aboard the "Brazil," but the aboard crooner deferred his visit to the gaucho fiesta until '61).

The casino at Mar del Plata-250 miles away, on the Atlantic coast—is said to be the largest in the world; and there are about 250 hotels in this beach resort. Nearby are two estancias where the leading breeds of Argentine race horses originated. Nahuel Huapi National Park offers a wide range of backgrounds, including a lake 2,000 feet high surrounded by 12,000-feet mountain peaks, a Swiss village, glaciers and a huge waterfall, and excellent accommodations at the

Llao-Llao and smaller hotels. Hotel rates vary from \$5-\$11 for two. The swank Plaza, which gets the top money in B.A., is a of S.A. The piled white cubes of fave hangout for Americans, althe skyscrapers—one is completed though the Alvear Palace, California, Continental and Crillon have good accommodations. But some of these offer a special hurdle—a language handicap, with perhaps one person in the entire establishment who speaks English and even as simple a project as ordering a bowl of ice cubes can be an ordeal when neither the switchboard operator nor room service speaks your language, and you don't speak

Spanish. Food prices are ridiculously low in Argentina. Although all of south of the equator countries put the emphasis on steak, it reigns su-preme in this nation. It is served for breakfast, lunch and dinnerdespite the fact that in its economic belt-tightening the government is urging the populace to eat less of it so that meat can be exported. At La Cabana, presided over by Max Fellamayer, ex-maitre d' of the Adlon in Berlin, a complete dinner with chateaubraand costs approximately \$2. And at

Sales Branches, Accounts & Potential

The table below gives a breakdown on the domestic sales setup of one of the largest and most active of major U.S. distribution companies, 20th Century-Fox, which last year released more than 40 pictures and in 1961 plans for 60. When 20th went to an autonomous branch system almost two years ago, divisional supervision was abandoned. Several months ago, general sales manager Glenn Norris instituted his "sales cabinet" system to facilitate liaison between the field and the homeoffice. Territories noted below are now represented at the homeoffice by the following executives: Abe Dickstein, New York City (also coordinator of national circuits sales relations); Bob Conn, east-central-midwest; Tom McCleaster, west-south; Pets Myers, Canada.

	NO. OF	NO. OF THEATRES	% OF TOTAL DOMESTIC SALES	8 % OF DOMESTIC	
TERRITORY		IN TERRITORY		SALES QUOTA (1960)	
New York City	1	561	4.44	11.51	
East-Central-Midwest	17*	5,459	43.25	41.46	
West-South		5,642	44.70	38.47	,
Canada		961	7.61	8.56	٠
TOTAL		12.623	100.00	100.00	
+ Albania Donton Buffala Ch	iongo Cincinno	H Claveland D	or Maines Detroit	Indianapolia Milwaukon	

Albany, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Des Moines, Detroit, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Haven, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Washington, D. C. Atlanta, Charlotte, Dallas, Denver, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Memphis, New Orleans, Oklahoma City, Portland, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Seattle.

*** Calgary, Montreal, St. John, Toronto, Vancouver, Winnipeg.

steak topped with a chunk of roquefort cheese-a specialty of the house-costs \$1.75. Specialty of the Plaza is pepper steaks, about the same price. Native wines are

also very low in price.

Domestic help and unskilled labor run about the same-\$10 per week; and a top news reporter seldom draws more than \$20.

Prior to the earthquake, tidal waves and subsequent disasters in Chile, fine accommodations were to be had in both the large cities and resorts, priced from \$6.50 up. The Miramar and San Martin hotels at Vina del Mar, with its splendrous casino, vie with any Southern Californian resort establishments. But the extent of damage is fogged by contradictory reports, so this reporter is unable to present an accurate picture of

Seven months of the year, fog whispers against the windows in Lima, Peru, where the TB rate is second highest in the world. But the natives one encounters on the main streets are indistinguishable from their opposite numbers in the San Fernando Valley. And the country club area with its super-markets, new houses, golf course and swimming pools is not too far a cry from Toluca Lake-with this exception; one of the finest hotels in Peru and numerous excellent villas with many servants. Rates at the hotel are approximately \$10 per day; at the pensions, \$30 per week, including meals.

In the Chosica Valley, about an hour's drive from Lima, there's no fog and a number of good hotels along the Rimac River. Cuzco, ancient capital of the Incas, offers Spanish culture superimposed on native relics; and Machu Picchu—three hours by train—is one of the most awe-inspiring sights in Latin America. The Hotel Cuzco is tops

in this mountainous region.
The Gran Bolivar, Crillon and Maury are elegant hostelries in the capital and all air-conditioned. The former offers a cambio, postoffice and night club. Rates are reasonable—from \$8.50-\$11 double. Beer at the Maury bar costs 15c per quart and is served in cut glass stemware. Pisco sours—a native drink—cost about 35c. And gourmet food is served at a number of restaurants, including the colorful Trece Moneldas (13 Coins) with a fabulous luncheon at \$2 or the

ing card. There are just two classes in these countries-rich or poor. If you've got it, chances are you'll get more. If you haven't got it, opportunities are virtually nil. If you've got it, you live it up in a manner that would put Diamond Jim to shame; if you're poor, you're apt to live in squatter's huts, perched on a hillside or in swamps, and formed of scraps of wood, flattened tin cans, discards of all kinds, and without gas, electricity or running water. But in Lima, the class distinction is more apparent than anywhere else. Between the port of Callao and the city, there's an overwhelming number of paper shanties, tied to trees for support. And a few pennies a day will suffice in payment for unskilled labor.

Quien sabe?

However, it is literally unskilled. According to Barbara

Defends Film Sales Status Quo

streamlining its operations in accounts for a not very substantivery possible way, except those tial total business.

which might result in decreased Because of 20th's present domesefficiency. Fact that wages have gone up every two years in the exchanges ("they have to, on basis of cost-of-living clauses-also, let's face it, unions have to show they're in there pitching for their members"), obviously means that 20th, in order to hold its overall distribution costs at a steady level, has done quite a bit of "stream-

At this point, says the exec, 20th branches are operating just about as efficiently as possible, and he doesn't know any better way for distributing to a mass market the 40-odd pictures 20th sent out in 1960 or the projected 60-pic schedule for 1961.

There is, he says in answer to a question, a figure on the average distribution cost-per-picture when a year's total receipts are added up, but it's a meaningless figure. Each picture is a different enterprise, and obviously it wouldn't make sense to indiscriminately increase your release schedule just to bring down per-pic handling costs—if all the pix were duds.

Per-Reel Handling An Item of Differential

There are, however, per-reel handling costs which differ quite a bit from exchange to exchange. Thus, oddly, they may be quite high in an area where wages are low. This is the case in one small southern exchange which is re quired to service a lot of small

O'Brien, ex-Stanfordite now veepee and general manager of Oeschle's—the largest department stores-every time a new janitor is hired, someone has to show him to operate the faucets.

Rio and B.A., Santos and Sao Paulo are the gayest cities in this group of nations. Niteries, theatres, operas, symphonies and ballet are all packed. And headliners only are booked for such places as Copacabana Palace' "Golden Room," the "Studium" at the Excelsior Hotel, Granja Azul, on one side of the Andes, where spit-roasted chicken —all you can eat for \$3—is a draw
Oasis, African Boite or Studium in 1941, was operated by Dederer En-Sao Paulo, The Parque Balneario terprises Ltd. It will be demolin Santos or the Gong, Tabaris or ished to make way for a business Embassy Casino in B.A.

Teatro Colon in the latter city

is reputed to be the largest opera house in the world. It features a National Symphony orchestra of 100 pieces-with guest conductors and has its own opera and ballet company, with talent imported from Europe and the U.S. And Teatro Municipal in Rio is worldfamous.

A vast amount of lip-service is given to "local cooperation" with film companies which might location in any of these south of the equator areas, but the specific extent of financial cooperation is clouded by generalities. Any dis-cussion on this subject is channeled into a resume of local talent, local film producers and directors, and the low cost of living, as well as available equipment and cheap

tic setup, Norris doesn't see how consolidation with one or more majors of their various physical services-shipping, inspection, etc. -could spell cost savings to his company. He reports that in one exchange area, where this sort of consolidation was more or less forced on 20th (a superhighway cut through Film Row), service costs have been a good deal higher than when 20th handled them itself. (Luckily, he reports, 20th went into this consolidation under a contract with a service company which required that the service company not charge 20th more than 20th had been paying out previously. Service company is losing money on the deal, he believes.)

As for the future of the biz, and the incentive to attract young guys who might want to make a career in distribution, Norris says simply that any industry that does a billion-plus annual gross would seem to have a future. He says he's not panicked by the thought of toll tv when he sees the grosses racked up by such pix as "South Pacific" and "Ben-Hur." It will be a long time before toll tv, or any other means of conveying entertainment to the public, can match the color and scope of the product offered via the big theatre screen.

How about attracting youngsters?

They come to us." Many are right out of school—college is not required if they are bright and willing to learn. Norris admits candidly that the A & P would probably pay them more in their beginning days, but the "industry has a certain glamor which they want to be a part of." How much can a kid hope to earn if he sticks with it? "Well, I don't know any branch manager who is making more than \$500 a week."

Medicine Hat Poorly

Medicine Hat, Alta. Astra and Roxy theatres shut-tered recently and the Monarch has cut its schedule. Poor attend-

centre, with retail stores and offices. The 400-seat Roxy was opened

30 years ago. The lease property has been retained by Famous Players Canadian Corp.

Fred Tickell, manager of the Roxy and Monarch, said there are no immediate plans for the Roxy site and that it will simply remain idle for the present.

The Monarch, a 647-seater, will confine its showings to evenings, with matinees on Saturdays only. Policy has been to screen matinees on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

Tickell said little unemployment

would be caused by the two closings as most of the nine workers were hired on a part time basis and would probably be able to obtain alternative employment before



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with MARCELLO MASTROIANNI, VITTORIO GASSMANN, BELINDA LEE Directed by ANTONIO PIETRANGELI

LA VIACCIA (The "Viaccia")

with JEAN PAUL BELMONDO, CLAUDIA CARDINALE Directed by MAURO BOLOGNINI

UNE AUSSI LONGUE ABSENCE (Such a Long Absence)

with ALIDA VALLI, GEORGES WILSON
Directed by HENRI COLPI; supervision by ALAIN RESNAIS

IL SICARIO (The Killer)

Screenplay by CESARE ZAVATTINI
with BELINDA LEE, SYLVA KOSCINA, SERGIO FANTONI, ALBERTO LUPO
Directed by DAMIANO DAMIANI

LE BACCANTI (The Bacchantae)

with TAINA ELG, PIERRE BRICE, AKIM TAMIROFF Directed by GIORGIO FERRONI

URSUS

with ED FURY, CRISTINA GAIONI Directed by CARLO CAMPOGALLIANI

I MASNADIERI (The Highwaymen)

with DANIELLA ROCCA, DEBRA PAGET, ANTONIO CIFARIELLO, YVONNE SANSON, and FOLCO LULLI Directed by MARIO BONNARD

LA VENDETTA DEI BARBARI (The Barbarians' Revenge)

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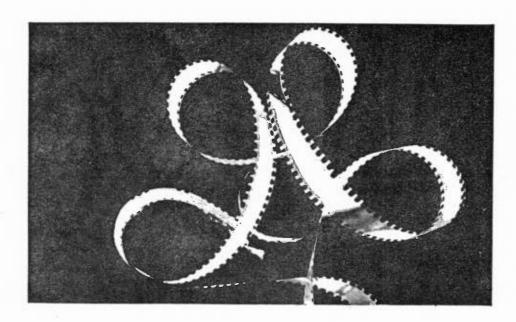
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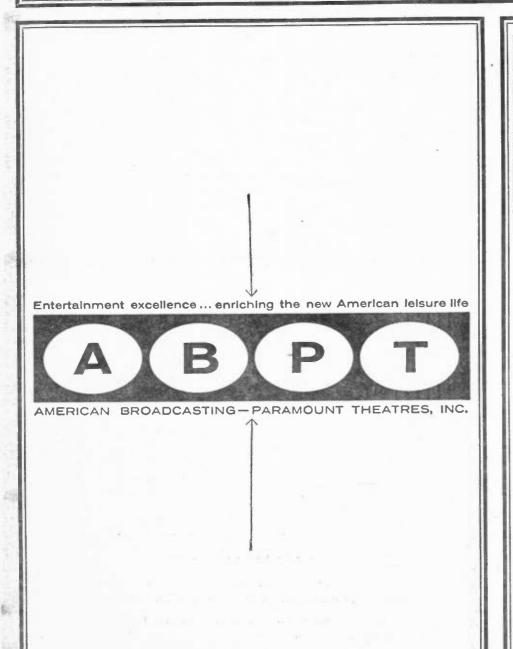
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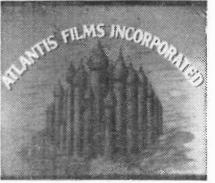
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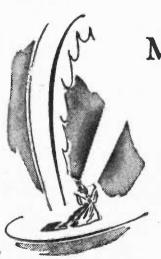
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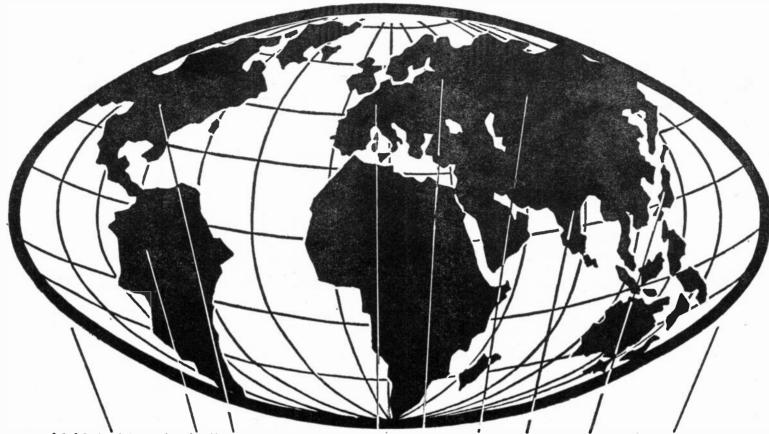
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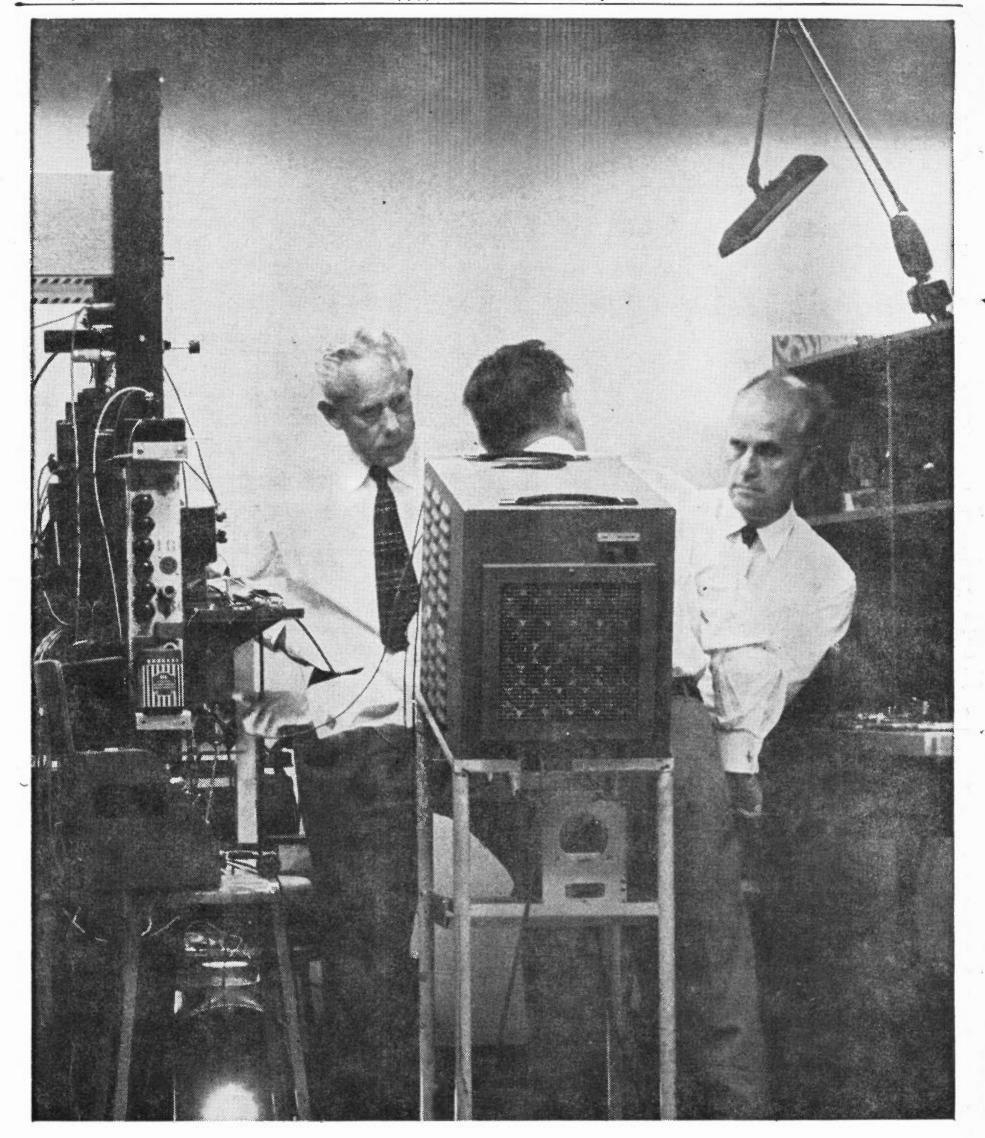
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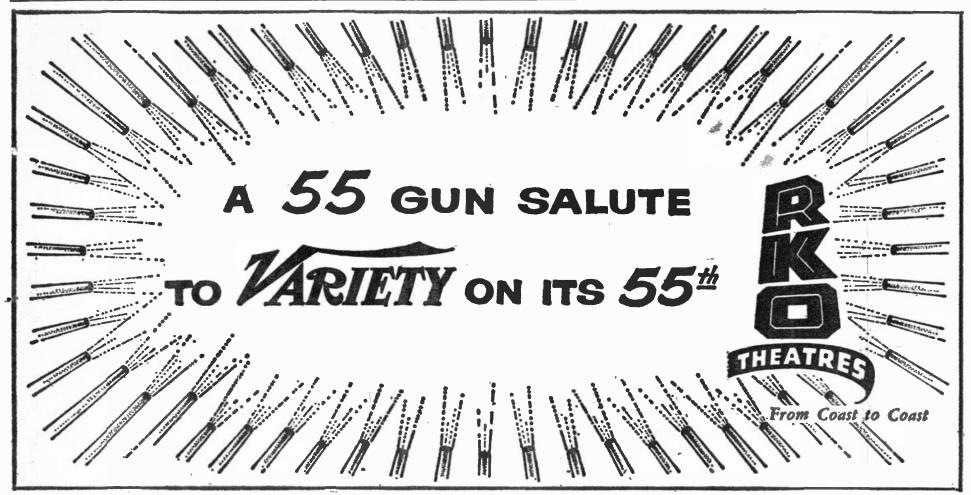
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Vital Future Cue Awaited

both countries without affecting the employment position of either, there is little doubt that the unions will give their complete go-ahead in due course. But for the time being, it is on a trial and error basis, and if the laborites have any misgivings, they can, and possibly will, put a spoke in the wheel.

As a first move, they are sanctioning a coproduction between Britain and France, and sooner or later are expected to yield their okay to a similar trial deal with Italy. But it may well be some time before the unions finally agree to working with the Germans and there is no immediate prospect of any sort of deal with the Spanish studios.

From the strictly economic viewpoint, coproduction is a fas-

British and Continental producers. The first appeal is that the film ranks as quota on either side of the Channel, and that means it gets its film aid entitlement twice. In these days of contracting home markets and dwindling attend-ances here is also something particularly beguiling about being able to share the economic load.

But that's only the beginning. Creative talent will presumably be drawn from both countries in the partnership, and that should ensure acceptance of the finished film in both markets. French producers have learned to their cost that the British market is extremely elusive for foreign language films, and by the same token British film makers have only exceptionally found the French market a lucrative sphere of operation.

Another intriguing feature the fact that the two partners in the first coproduction will be in separate economic groups. France, of course, is a member of the European Common Market, and there have been some misgivings as to whether non-member countries might be hurt by the integration of trade between the six Market countries. Britain, on the other hand, is part of the European Free Trade area and its films would, presumably, qualify for any favored nation treatment among the seven countries within that group-ing. It is almost like getting the best of both possible worlds.

The real test will come when the first films come off the produc-tion line, and producers will be able to gauge public acceptance. If the product is successful and if the unions are happy, coproduction may develop as a major factor in helping combat the spread of television. A reasonably educated guess ought to be available

this time a year hence. Though the economists and statisticians might say it is a fool-hardy undertaking, British studios are working at near capacity level. lshing annin nor closure of theatres has apparently dampened the enthusiasm of British film makers. And what is more encouraging is the fact that

cinatingly attractive proposition to British films are having a suc-British and Continental producers, cessful run. Overall volume is being maintained at between 120 and 130 features a year, and it has kept at that level for quite a number of

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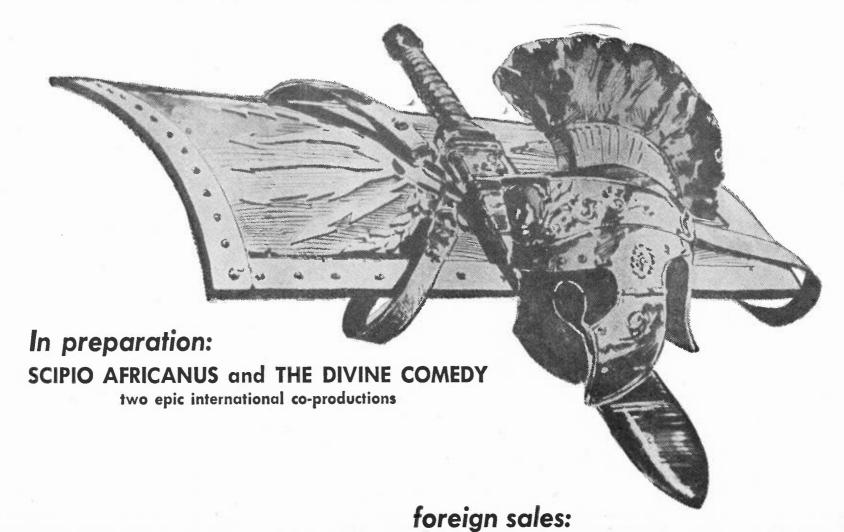
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Are ABC, NBC and CBS Overlooking DDS?

By SAM KURTZMAN (A DDS Who's Also a Gag Writer)

Hollywood.

Last Tuesday at 2 p.m. I walked into my dentist's office, eager and ready for that 1:30 appointment on Monday. The reception room was crowded and all of us patients were remarking how wonderfully painless dentistry had become, while passing Miltowns to each other. One lady preferred her own white powder which she had warmed by match in a teaspoon and was now scraping into an open crevice in her forearm.

When my turn came, and the dental assistant had placed me in the chair, draped the various towels, napkins, waterproof curtains over my chest and filled my mouth with a high-powered suction pipe, the dentist walked in. He was haggard, pale and emaciated, so naturally I said, "Doc, you're looking great."

"Don't let appearances fool you," he replied. "I'm a wreck. And it's all because of show business."

"What do you mean show business?" I asked in acceptable straight-man style.

'At one time it was easy to be a dentist," he explained. "All you had to do was graduate high school, study four years at college, take four years of dental school, pass the state board exams, take postgraduate courses, develop superior skills in manual dexterity, learn a little psychology, learn to do superb work, know your diagnosis and treatment, find a good location, cultivate some friends, please most of your patients—and poof!—you were a dentist."

"So what's your complaint?" I asked.

"Now, three-quarters of dentistry is show business."

"Quit exaggerating," I said.

"Do you know," he persisted, "that more dentists are now subscribing to VARIETY than to the Journal of the American Dental Association?"

"Quit exaggerating," I said again, reasoning that if that was a good comment before, it should work again.

"Here's the story," he began, as he looked around for a place to sit down. Not finding any, he sat in my lap and continued. "When I started practicing about 20 years ago, I thought it would be nice and restful to have pictures in the reception room. I bought some pastoral prints, my wife helped me pick some drapes for the windows, and that was all any dentist had to do to appease his patients' sense of the dramatic or artistic."

"So what's bothering you now?" I urged.

Mark This Date!

"Let me talk," he said, unmindful that his weight was making itself felt and I had to shift him over to my other knee. "One day—June 25, 1947, to be exact—a dentist in Newark, New Jersey, went to the corner drugstore and bought a little five-tube radio. He placed it in the reception room and plugged it in. That was the day when dentisting suddenly went show hig." dentistry suddenly went show biz."

June 25, 1947, I repeated silently to myself, so as to store it in my memory together with the date of the discovery of America, Shakespeare's birth, the battle of Hastings, Jack Paar's walk, and other historical events.

"Soon," the dentist continued, "other Newark dentists began placing radios in their waiting rooms, and before long the practice spread from coast to coast. Later, when hi-fi came in, dentists began buying amplifiers and tuners. They placed them in the business offices and attached extra speakers for the reception rooms and treatment rooms. That was show business, but it was bearable."

"Go on," I said.

"When television became a must in most homes, a lot of dentists did the obvious."
"What was the obvious?"

"They strapped television sets to the ceilings right over the operating chairs and kids would watch 'Howdy-Doody' while the dentists installed amalgam fillings in their molars.'

"Sure, I remember."

"Of course, But now—well, it's just too much." He began to sob silently and I slipped out from under him and let him stretch out on the dental chair. I stood beside him to

"Now it's this stereo analgesia," he cried. "Stereo analgesia?" I repeated.

"Haven't you seen all the medical journals like Life and Look and Reader's Digest? They all had articles about it."

I confessed that I must have been preoccupied with Khrushchev and Lumumba and Bardot to have paid any attention to other news.

Molars Wired for Stereo

"Well," he explained patiently. "Here's what's happening now. A lot of dentists have stereo tape recorders with outlets in their operating rooms. When a patient comes in -here, I'll show you."

With that, he sat me down in the chair again, plugged in a pair of earphones and placed them on my head. I began hearing beautiful music. It was true stereo and I felt transported to a new world. I was floating within a sea of music. It was delightful.

Suddenly he took me back into reality by removing the

ear phones from the top of my head.
"That is what's killing me," he announced.
"But why? It's wonderful."

"Sure, it's wonderful," he agreed. "The patients love it. Their mind is taken away from thoughts of dentistry and they all tell me it's a thrilling experience."
"So what's the complaint? Why the tears?" I inquired.

"Don't you see?" he moaned. "I'm no longer all dentist.

Now I'm half-dentist and half-showman. I'm Jerry Wald in a two-chair office. I have to keep up with what's new in records, radio, tv-film, legit, NY to LA, LA to NY everything. I must know what's square, what's rock 'n' roll, what's cool. No dental school teaches you that."
"You do have a problem," I agreed.

"Before, when I needed a new dental nurse, I would try to get one with experience in another dental office. But now—you've met Maxine and Donna—"
"Sure," I said.

"Do you know their backgrounds? Neither of them ever saw the inside of a dental office before, except as patients. I hired them because Maxine used to be with the program department of a local station, and Donna was secretary to the west coast a&r man for Circular Records."

"Which one helps with oral surgery?" I asked.

"Surgery, shmurgery! Maxine is in charge of a file on Patient-Music-Preference, and Donna works the tape recorder. She fits the exact stereo tape to each individual patient. She decides which patient will listen to which piece of stereo music."

"Then your troubles are over," I said hopefully.

"Are you kidding?" the dentist frowned. "I have to watch Donna like a hawk."

"Why?"

"Well, since she's been in charge of placing music on the tape machine, she's technically a dental disk jockey." "That's right," I agreed.

Payola a la Dentures

"Well, it wasn't long after she started this part of her job that she began getting calls from certain characters that she's entitled to some free uniforms and free flowers for her lapels, free white shoes—if only—"

"If only what?" I wanted to know.
"You are naive," the dentist said reproachfully. "If only she would play their records for my patients. They figure if a song is good enough to soothe you in the dental chair, it should be good enough for you to go out and buy in the music store."

Now I understood.
"And that isn't all," he continued. "Another set of characters keep sending her free cases of soft drinks and bottles of Scotch and all sorts of electrical appliances just for another kind of favor."

"What kind of favor?"

"Look," he spoke to me like to a backward child. "What

they're giving her gifts for is this. While she's playing the beautiful stereo music and the patient is up there in cloud nine, floating away from the reality of dental work, she's supposed to plug in a microphone and speak over the music all sorts of names of advertised products."
"That's subliminal dental pluggola," I defined it for him.

"I guess that's the legal name for it," he agreed. "And it's terrible."
"Do you have a solution to your problem?" I wanted to

"I think I do. And that's why I'm telling you all this," he now revealed. "I want you to get in touch with ABC, CBS and NBC—all the networks. Let them start a series of programs aimed directly into dental offices.'

It sounded revolutionary, and I listened. It could open a whole new field in broadcasting, I thought.
"The dental offices from the Atlantic to the Pacific and

from Canada to Mexico would provide the networks with a true captive audience. The ratings will be simple to take, because during office hours you can read it as—Sets in

pecause during office hours you can read it as—Sets in use, 100%. Tuned to this program, 100%."
"True," I agreed.
"Now here is the content of the program," he enthused.
"The radio portion of the networks will broadcast in stereo through their AM and FM outlets. That will be for the patients' earphones. FM for the left ear and AM for the right ear."

"What about television?" I asked.
"I'm coming to that. We'll strap the TV sets back on the ceilings and the networks can load the programs with all the commercials they choose. They will get a built-in audience, and we will be able to release our nurses for dental work at the chair."

I agreed that he sure had an idea.
"So will you relay this message to the networks?" he asked. I promised I would.

Well, ABC, CBS and NBC-are you reading?

'Oh, Pshaw!'

(Or, the Zippered-Up Mind of TV)

By ALAN M. FISHBURN

On the producer's antique table desk lay signed agreements from the banks stipulating sums well up in the millions; the latest ratings literally beamed at him; a telegram announcing the imminent arrival of an exotic D-cup foreign beauty sat clipped to a choice fifth-row pair for "Camelot" and a memo confirming a reservation at The Four Seasons. All was right with the world except one small matter, the problem of his next three-hour spectacular. Where, oh where was he going to find a writer who could fill in all that time between 18 one-minute blurbs to say nothing of 24 chain problems and minute blurbs, to say nothing of 24 chainbreaks and idents? And then, mercifully, the phone rang. Carefully arranging the crease in his imported black silk suit trousers, he then answered it in his best Madison Ave. telephone voice.

"You say your name is George? Okay, Georgie-Porgie. My spies tell me you're a bright-eyed, bushy-tailed, up-and-coming writer. Oh? . . . You're not bushy-tailed? You're bushy-what? . . . I get it . . . a beatnik, huh? . . . I see, in an Irish sort of way. Well, now that Jackie-boy is in, that climate has improved. Hah-hah-hah! Well, what's with the ideas, Georgie? I'm in the market. They tall me require set Well, what's with the ideas, Georgie.

t. They tell me you've got a few plays kicking will you?

Jackle-Doy 18 1n, that climate has improved. Han-nan-hah! Well, what's with the ideas, Georgie? I'm in the market. They tell me you've got a few plays kicking around. Give me a rundown, will you?

"Un-huh... there's this dame, and she's gotta make a big decision... yeah, I get it ... I'm not as dense as all that... sort of an eternal triangle, huh? Great! In love with a young poet? Terrific! What's her old man do?... He's a what? ... You're kidding, of course... oh, you're not? Well, we've just sold 13 weeks worth of spots to a religious group and you just know they'd squawk if there was any talk about a minister's wife playing around ... yeah, I know ... but Georgie, this is tv, not show biz! What else have you got in the files?

"Good! Nobody ever went wrong with a Salvation Army girl, not even in 'Guys And Dolls.' How about the male lead? ... Yeah, that sounds good ... a ruthless industrialist ... what's his line? ... You're joking, of course ... oh, there's nothing wrong with his making munitions ... it's just that one of our industrial clients is springing a brand-new 'Better_Living Through Atoms' theme. See what I mean? Try another on for size,

theme. See Georgie-boy. See what I mean? Try another on for size,

"You say there's this French girl who likes to dress up in boy's clothes? Go on, man, I'm more than inter-

WRH

(Continued on page 98)

Laugh? I Thought I'd Die

-By MAX LIEBMAN-

The laugh machine, known to its colleagues as "The McKenzie" or "Mr. McKenzie," ran through its repertory of giggles, cackles, howls and roars of mass laughter for the benefit of Hank, a writer new to situation comedy and its gadget-gotten laughter.

The sounds he heard affronted him. "I don't want it," he said. "I get paid to write comedy. If my jokes can't score on their own, they don't belong in the script."

The Big Executive silenced Mr. McKenzie with a flip of the switch, and spoke with big executive absolutism: "Laughter's contagious. Television audiences watching situation comedy want to be told when to laugh. We dub in laughs to make it easier for them."

Hank used a short word to express dissent. "I have a craftsman pride in my work. I look to the audience to tell me how good I am, or how good I ain't. I'm valued by the laughs I get. I'm guided by the lines that conk out." He flung a hand at the concentration of electronic funny bones. "Your Mr. McKenzie is destructive to good comedy writing. He wrecks a writer's incentive. Who's going to sweat and strain to get a yock when there's a mechanical pushover handy to deliver it for you?"

But all the Big Executive said what that the dubbing was at 11 the next day, and he was anxious that Hank be there to be convinced how very necessary it was. Hank excused himself, explaining that he was a writer, not a

Hank's resentment of Mr. McKenzie deepened later that evening as he listened to the dubbed laughter in two situation comdies. He was sickened by its excesses. Howls of merriment greeted lines that should have been condemned by the Board of Health. The whole operation tended to derate Hank. He had earned his status by struggle and accomplishment. He had satisfied some of the best comedians the status by th dians on the air. His work had won awards. The tasteless McKenzie could raise any slob of a writer to Hank's plateau by saturating the slob's script with unearned guffaws.

When he went to bed Hank hated McKenzie with the hate the oppressed have for an oppressor, and he fell asleep plotting the laugh machine's destruction.

There was an eerieness about the dubbing studio which Hank hadn't noticed before. The Big Executive had also changed. Seated beside Mr. McKenzie, he seemed to be of the same metallic composition, and the same inscrutability. But that might be a trick of the misty green light. A quiet premonition of doom filled the room. Hank savored the pleasure of shattering the quiet when he would roar his objection the minute Mr. McKenzie made a peep.

The opening dialog required no dubbing. It was intended

to heighten the surprise of the low comedy that followed, a scene so funny that the actors were often too convulsed to go on with the rehearsal. Hank had a momentary disquiet when McKenzie ignored the scene, but who needed McKenzie? It would make tv viewers laugh.

Scene after funny scene came and went with not so

much as a chuckle from the laugh machine. Hank was aware of a developing tension. He sensed conspiracy, and the unbroken stillness gave him a feeling of dislocation. But he was getting his own way, and nothing else was important. When his second scene was played in a chilling silence, Hank's confidence was shaken. He accused the

silence, Hank's confidence was shaken. He accused the executive of killing his laughs.

The executive blandly referred him to Mr. McKenzie.

"He doesn't like your script." He took advantage of Hank's incoherency to add, "He doesn't think it's funny."

"You thought it was." Hank said heatedly. "You said it was the best script of the series."

The executive shrugged. "It doesn't make him laugh."

Hank realized that he was in a real mywhere madness.

Hank realized that he was in a realm where madness was the norm. Artistic judgment was entrusted to an arrangement of wires and buttons and tubes, and men born human were accepting robotism as the best means to prog-ress. His frustration was total when he suddenly heard the executive ascribing human emotions to the laugh machine.

"You hart him when you called him a pushover. He hasn't laughed at anything since."

Laugh It Up, Mac

Well, if lunacy led the way to happiness, Hank was ready for it. He turned to the laugh machine and addressed it respectfully as "Mr. McKenzie." The machine remained expressionless.

Hank summoned his full complement of charm. "Mac, Mac, boy, I'm new at this dubbing dodge. I knocked it out of ignorance. I've been writing for live shows, and live audiences. I don't want to have a closed mind. I can adapt myself to your ways. I want to, Mac. Let's work together. I'm sorry I made you sore, but honest, down in your heart don't you like my script a little? Cone on, laugh it up, Mac."

The silence in the studio seemed to grow heavier.

"Please, Mac, please," he heard himself plead with the whine of desperation, "help me get some laughs!"

There was a click of machinery going into action and the executive announced that Mr. McKenzie was placated and ready to cooperate. The dubbing would begin all over.

The sedate opening scene stirred Mr. McKenzie to a

bellow of laughter that sounded like thunder coming out of a tunnel. The sound rose and swelled until it shook the building. Infected by it, the executive added his own

maniacal shrieks.

Hank was on his feet yelling that that scene wasn't funny. It was destroyed by laughte. But his own voice was soundless in the din, which grew louder, ever more cacophonous.

Hank was still trying to yell when he awoke from the nightmare. Then he yielded to uncontrolled laughter at the absurdity of the dream. But later the recollection of himself in cringing supplication to a machine disturbed him. He told himself that post-midnight hours find the resistance lowered and man subject to weird fancies, but just the same he kept thinking that it might come to pass that a writer had to please a machine. He took a sleeping pill and slept.

It was after 10 when he woke again, and he lay in bed savoring the rebellion of having nothing to do with Mr. McKenzie and the whole dubbing business. But five minutes later he was racing to the session, unfed. He was in a sweat, tortured by a horrible thought. What if the big scene didn't get the laughs it deserved? What if that boff joke got only a titter instead of a yock? What if grim silence greeted that sensational piece of business? He'd better be on hand to give a little nudge. After all, Mr. McKenzie was only a machine.

Television's Imaginary 'Image'; What Happened To Its Leadership?

Some Post-Quiz Era Reflections On the New TV Shapeup And Measures Taken By Industry To Help Erase the Stigma Of Abuse; How Conscientiously Has Medium Responded?

Yeh, Let's Have CULTURE IN TV _By ALAN LIPSCOTT_

Hollywood.

At the beginning of every season, critics, religious groups, PTA organizations and sundry intellectuals raise a hue and cry denouncing mediocrity in television programming. "Less violence!" "Better taste!" "More culture!" they chant. "Yeah we want more culture," echo the homo sapiens, as they dial in the programs of violence and poor tasta violence and poor taste.

At a convention of Educational Broadcasting, last summer, Pat Weaver said, "U.S. commercial TV is inex-cusable and idiotic." Edward Teller said, "TV executives should pay less attention to ratings and more to doing what they think is good."

So last September, I took my own poll on this provocative subject. I approached certain people with the simple question, "Are you for culture in TV?" Here are a few

A housewife in a shopping center: "I'm for culture in tv as long as it doesn't interfere with shoot-outs, sluggings, lynchings, judo chops and Peter Gunn's hot kisses.

A vicepresident of a network: "What are the jackals howling about? We have culture in television now. Isn't Sam Buckhart in 'The Plainsman' a Harvard graduate? Let's not overdo it. However, next season we may gamble. We may add a bartender who's a Yale man. But mind you, if the people won't buy him, 'Bang!' we'll bushwack

A busdriver on Wilshire Boulevard: "I'm 100% for culture. You see, I've got insomnia and the shoot-outs in the Westerns keep me awake. With culture I could sleep through all the programs like a baby. And think of all the dough I could save on sedatives alone, likewise beer. Yeah, baby, I'm for culture wit a capital K.

A Kentucky Colonel at a lunchcounter in Covington: "Suh, this newfangled thingamajig you call coulture, ah'd be for it, suh, but the Rooshans have it, so I say, 'Dang it!' As a loyal Amerrican, a true patriot and a stalwart son of the Confederacy, I will nevah copy from the Rooshans, nevah suh. Now will you join me in a cup of coffee, that is, if you don't mind standin'. You see suh, we all now stand, since they were allowed to sit."

Some Cultural Commercials

A girl who opens refrigerator doors on tv: "Culture in tv? I'm dubious. Names of scientists and educators in commercials? I don't dig it. How would the dial twister react if Jimmy Roosevelt would run towards his mother, suddenly put the brakes on and breathlessly gush: "Look Eleanor, no cavities!" Would the consumer run through sleet and snow and rain to the nearest store and buy the steet and show and rain to the hearest store and buy the stuff if he were constantly slurged by these: 'Leonardo Da Vinci doesn't upset my stomaca.' 'Galileo tastes good like a cigarette should,' 'Now, more doctors gargle with Spinoza than any other mouthwash.' 'Seems to me you must culture the consumer before the product. Like in alkalizing, you can't get relief before the swallow."

Advertising manager of the pictorial magazine "Glance" "Why shouldn't I beat the drums for more culture in tv? Instead of private eyes and psychopathic killers, let's have stars like George Santayana, Alan Ginsberg and Linus Pauling do their stuff. The fact that the advertising of Glance would be tripled in one month has nothing to do with my thinking."

A fight manager in Stillman's gym: "Yeah, sure I know culture. Some of it rubbed off on me when I rubbed down Gene Tunney. And I'm for it in tv fights. Cos why? Cos today we got a lot of crumb-bums waltzin' wit each other. No more dynamite packers like Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis and Marciano. To bring back action and violence in da ring, I say, let's have windups like:

> Khrushchev vs. Hammarskjold Lumumba vs. Kasavubu Karl Shapiro vs. T. S. Eliot John Crosby vs. Bob Sarnoff

*Director of Programming for a network: "Yes, my programming for next season will certainly reflect culture in its planning. On 'What's My Line,' I've already replaced Debbie Reynolds with Ezra Pound as a mystery guest. To get him for a scale we will let Ezra plug the lambic meter in poetry. (This payola has been cleared by the FCC.)

Three Spectacular Bores

"In the works are three spectaculars: 'The Life and Loves of a Tapeworm,' 'The History of Shmorgasbord' and 'What Makes Picasso Paint?'

"I'm sounding out agencies with a new comedy series, (Continued on page 98)

By GEORGE ROSEN

TV's epitaph for 1960: "The funniest thing happened on my way to the 'image' store."

Perhaps not so funny, in the sociological context of the world's most powerful and influential medium, but that something happened is unmistakable. In the detours through channel overpasses and underpasses, the tw "image"—at least the kind of "image" that was envisioned for an industry paying penance for past sins and determined on a correctional career to upgrade its status in the eyes of the American public—has somehow failed to emerge with all the brilliant lustre that was anticipated.

To put it bluntly: A year ago television, and specifically those entrusted with its care and feeding, were hell-bent on the most publicized do-good job in communications history, not only to square itself with the Government sleuths and slayers who were breathing down its necks, but that the feedback information and information and incomments. but so that a fascinating and informative medium can live with itself. How well, then, and to what degree has tv succeeded as it moves into '61 facing the still unknown and uncharted future of a Democratic Administration under a President-Elect who, for all of tv's influence in helping to get him elected, has revealed some strange behavior patterns and unpredictable misgivings about the medium (as with his run-in with CBS during the Wisconsin primaries)? How well has tv lived up to its "second chance" in perpetuating the good and discarding the bad?

There are those, notably within the industry itself, who will argue that tv has met the challenges with consummate skill and most adroitly; that tv needn't be ashamed of its "new image." To which an equally vociferous audience will respond "what image?"

The defenders of the post-quiz era will be quick to point to the widely-publicized standards and practices promulgated by the industry, both for programming and promulgated by the industry, both for programming and advertising; of the forays into public affairs-informational shows on both network and local levels, and the tightening of controls in general designed to curb abuses and sundry indiscretions. He will be quick to point out how, in one fell swoop, the Nixon-Kennedy debates projected tv into a new sphere of influence as a most vital force on the American scene. And he will be equally quick to cite such laudatory contributions as (1) the return of "Omnibus" to the Sunday afternoon network schedules; (2) the "CBS Reports" alternate-week pattern of enlight-(2) the "CBS Reports" alternate-week pattern of enlight-enment; (3) the hour weekly slotting of NBC's "The Nation's Future" and its equally ambitious "White Papers." (4) He will talk of a two-hour "Macbeth" tintup under exacting commercial (Hallmark) auspices and (5) the courage and brilliance with which an indie station (WNTA-TV) translated Eugene O'Neill's "Iceman Cometh" into a four-hour away-from-the-kiddies latenight presenta-

All of which is most admirable. All of this, beyond question, is up-tempoing the medium. But how does one equate this with the inescapable conclusion that, hour for hour, night for night, 1960 added up to the most unimaginative, uninspired, unrewarding season that's come down the tv pike. How does one equate this with the unalterable conclusion that, save for sporadic occasions, creativity, as we have once known it to exist in the medium, has virtually flown the coop, leaving mediocrity and even less as the continuing byword. Can it truthfully be said that television is being up-imaged in a period rampant with crime, adventure, mystery and western formats (with still 16 hours of the latter per week as network program fare), and with resurrected though better forgotten situation comedies as the alternative?

Can one dismiss the fact that cost-per-thousand remains the sole rule of thumb up and down the Madison Ave. canyons in any agency evaluation of the medium, and that ratings, and ratings alone, are the one criterion that determines what the viewing public shall be entitled to? And if cost-per-thousand and ratings translate themselves into action-adventure-crime-westerns and assorted may have used to action the agency executive who will stand ble who is the agency executive who will stand his ground and tell Nielsen to go fly a kite? (Pick an agency man who's a hero with his clients in the cost-per-thousand dept. and the chances are you've spotted the next prexy of that agency). Is it merely accidental that a good-intentioned and finely executed public affairs entry, for all the grandiose hippodroming of prime time exposure, is relegated to an hour slot where the competition is so formidable that the network finds it impossible otherwise to dispose of the time?

The truth of the matter is that no one seems to care enough, or believe enough in tv, to fight for a medium as good as it could or should be. Or perhaps nobody believes enough in the taste and capacities of the people It's axiomatic that a station and/or a network must make money. This is a realistic fundamental that can't be tossed aside. But taste and quality can have its financial rewards too. A slow, constant improvment in content, program by program, week by week, year by year, must ultimately upgrade the medium.

But to do this requires a dedicated kind of leadership

combining enthusiasm with courage. It requires the unstinting efforts of one willing to gamble, experiment and venture into new fields. It's one thing to establish an image for an industry because it's a shrewd business principle and a fine talking point. It's another to create this image because that's what you mean and that's what you want to do.

WHAT PRICE MEDIOCRITY?

- By LOU DERMAN -

Of course, tv programming does not ever have to become original. We could go on for years watching the same westerns and detective stories and comedies—and nobody will ever do anything about it. Oh, sure, there will be the usual few hundred crackpots who take time out to write letters to the networks, begging for some fresh new shows that may entertain—but the crackpots, as ever, will be

Due to some peculiar law of mob psychology, the millions never bother to act in unison. The mob is a goodnatured, torpid ignoramus who sits and watches the same old detective story, the same old beaten-up western with the same cliche gun duels and hangings, and the same old hack comedy shows with the same predictable story lines.

Does the mob really want fresh new programming? I mean fresh new original shows that offer entertainment... surprise . . . offbeat shows that intrigue, charm, delight and excite?

Of course the millions want these shows—but the mob, you see, is bashful. It is afraid to ask. It doesn't know who to ask. So it just sits there every night and watches the little silver tube and eats pretzels and drinks beer and yawns and goes to bed hoping tomorrow's shows may be

But they won't be.

Tomorow the same old slush slithers across the screens: The sheriff drawing against the mean cowboy . . . and

the coward becoming a hero when the chips are down... and the bad Indian becoming a good Indian... and the same beaten-up old widow refuses to give up her homestead to the railroad people . . . and the same old actors keep getting hung from show to show . . . and the new sheriff . . . and the new schoolmarm . . . and the new judge and the nev. ... when I count three, draw, stranger.

There's Gotta Be An Answer

And how about the trend toward cliques of prettyboy detectives, working together, and never using guns. It must be assumed they kiss the gangsters to death.

The whole situation seems quite hopeless. What is the answer?

It is obvious to all but the programming executives of the networks that the masses are being cheated of real entertainment. That the millions who dutifully buy the soap and the beer and the underarm deodorants are a sad, clubbed, captive audience who would love to be surprised and intrigued and charmed and entertained—but just don't know what to do about it know what to do about it.

So they sit numbly before their sets, night after night, hoping somebody will do something someday somehow.

We who are in the creative end of the tv industry must

wage a constant battle to get men of talent and imagina-tion and courage into the key spots.

Network bosses should hire net heads who are receptive

to new talent and new programming ideas. And the net heads should hire producers who will dare to experiment with fresh scripts, new acting talent, new directing talent. We are living in an age of artistic mediocrity in many creative fields, and the only way to break through the hack barrier is to engage the services of daring, enterprising talented people

prising, talented people. But where, you ask, are we to find this fresh creative type of mind that will open up new vistas of entertainment for a jaded, trapped public?

You don't start at the top by hiring more and more humdrum executives who will hire humdrum producers who will hire humdrum writers and actors.

You start with the Writer. That's right. The Writer. The man with the Ideas and the Words. The truly gifted writer in every field-be it comedy, drama, western or variety-stands out. Year in and year out, his work has that extra spark of spontaneity and freshness that surprises and delights and entertains.

I say: round up these truly creative individuals-the Serlings and the Peckinpahs and the Aurthurs-and make them Producers.
What? You say they don't understand costs and editing

and casting and above-the-line and under-the-line.

Then teach them!

That's right. Teach them.

And once you've taught them the rudiments of the producing biz, you will have men in responsible positions who know their craft and who recognize kindred talents. Being old pros, our new-type producer will work with the talent and encourage it and see that its voice is heard.

In short, get rid of those wasteful incompetent frontoffice type of producers who never created, who never had a fresh idea in their lives—and replace them with proven talented writers who have created and will create and will help create exciting new fields of entertainment.

They say important things are accomplished only by angry people. Maybe some day some network head will get angry enough and fire all those charmers in the lovelylooking suits and decide to go-for-broke with a handful of talented people.



Stop Criticizing The TV Critics For Criticizing

By HENRY C. ROGERS (President, Rogers & Cowan Inc.)

Hollywood. Of what are we in television afraid?

Why do we wax apoplectic when we are criticized? Why do we stick pins into doll-like images of David Susskind? Why are we ecstatic at John Crosby's surrender of his reviewing chores? Why do we break into cold sweat as we thumb the N.Y. Times en route to Jack Gould's review of a show in which we are interested?

Why can't we tolerate criticism? An infant screams when critimay have merited indulgent understanding. We maintained then that were just growing up. begged time to plant our feet on the ground and spread our antennae across the skies. After all, one must toddle before one walks, and one must walk before one dances.

But today we are, at least chronologically, approaching maturity. It is time we stopped resorting to the teenagers' cliche: "You just don't understand us!" It is time we stopped hiding our collective head in the sand and stood up to face criticism as adults.

Face it? Why not welcome it? Listening only to the thinking of those who agree with you is never educational. Are we not smart enough to solicit and carefully consider an opposing point of view? Or are we too stubborn, too proud, too stupid or too insecure to recognize criticism for what it can be—a sound, constructive force; at times even a siren wailing forth a warning of impending danger which should be heeded if we are to survive?

Shall we ape the politicians and roar that our prestige was never

I am tired of those among us who rap the Susskinds, the Goulds, the Crosbys, because they have taken it upon themselves to rap the television industry.

People may ask "Who are they to criticize?"

My answer is "Who do you have

An old Hollywood story apropos of the situation is told about Samuel Goldwyn, Louis B. Mayer, David O. Selznick. I happened to hear it about Darryl F. Zanuck.

He reportedly spent three years and \$12,000,000 filming an epic. convoy of limousines drove 100 miles to Santa Barbara to sneak-preview the picture. Following the screening, the usual sidewalk conference took place during which Mr. Zanuck became roundshouldered due to all the back-slapping by his confreres. Then he spotted a 12-year-old boy walking from the theatre.

"You, son," he asked patroniz-gly, "how did you like the ingly, "movie?"

"I thought it stunk," replied the boy quietly.

"You thought it stunk?" roared Mr. Zanuck. "Who are you, a young punk, to say it stinks?"

To which the frightened youngster replied:

It is unfortunate that within show business the powers-who-be over the years have cultivated a climate of fear. Employees who find fault are thought to be disloyal. But the truth is that you cannot long fool the public-a fact of life appreciated by astute politicians but ignored by some elements of the amusement world. And this truism applies equally to critic and producer—neither can long hide their true color, their true worth. The intelligent critic is the industry's best friend.

Let's stop criticizing the critics

for criticizing. Let us separate the constructive criticism from the purely destructive. Let us encourage honest comment, and consider it deeply. Let no man do our thinking for us, but let us use the critic's thoughts as guideposts, as inspiration to raise the level of our output so high the critics will share our pride in what we have accomplished.

HAVE CAKE, WILL EAT IT

By STOCKTON HELFFRICH (Director, New York Code Office, National Assn. of Broadcasters)

The Television Code enforcement function—that's soft-sell for censorship—looks to be in good odor. In retrospect, anyhow. The Fall of '59 was the time of "the troubles" for tv; the Fall of '60 was loaded with cures. Code compliance was, and is, "the thing to do."

Self-regulation surrounds and fills the air (tv and radio). And other media. Checks and balances all over the place, hard on the heels of each other. The AFA Truth Book, the Cleveland (and related) plans; the ANA's "Legal Rules of the Road to Honest Advertising"; the combining by the AAAA with the ANA of the former's Interchange Plan; the stepped-up activities of the National and local Better Business Bureaus; tightened network standards and practices, let alone continued controls in continuity acceptance and editorial clearance offices both at networks and elsewhere; and last but immodestly cized by an irate mother. When television was still in its diaper days, its resentment of criticism of one in New York. (Mentioned last out of courtesy and discretion and with anything but a wish to hide our light under a bushel basket!)
Such a combination of stop gaps are bound to

supply a sense of security. Make you feel sort of cozy. In fact, all of these things are to the good and for the good. The trouble is you cannot assume their existence means agreement. You still cannot afford complacency. The majority view of self-discipline as "playing the game" and "comme il faut" does not dispose of that minority which feels otherwise.

Even with obvious majority cooperation and compliance on common sense ground rules, one can keep feeling that the very increase in policemen suggests a long road still ahead for the obtainment of virtue. We're all of this world, worldly. None of us it seems was born yesterday. We—but more importantly our critics—have to be shown. Our good intentions are fine and dandy but need persistent

A few may recall our August observations to the effect that if there is a difference to be found in the creation of the New York Code Office, it is not in regard to the nature of its work. Rather it is in regard to adding its shoulder at this time to all the others, for many years now, pushing a wheel that needs moving. For me personally, in the shift from NBC to the NAB, it was strictly a change of analgesic for the same old headaches.

Under the Messrs, Leonard Goldenson, Joe Ream and Jim Stabile at the networks, Grace Johnson, Herb Carlborg and Carl Watson respectively eliminate tremendous amounts of bad taste cropping up in material submitted for their clearance. They edit out or, by slanting, censure racial and religious intolerance, credence in astrology and superstition generally, glibness towards alcoholism, cruelty towards animals, intolerance towards the mentally and physically ill, sensational realism (more popularly called TViolence) and other elements of dubious value—whether in advertisers' pitches or in program content. Alas, generally speaking neither they nor broadcasters in the round are much cited for this. Credit given broadcasters for the good they do tends to be tacit. Hardly ever, as any booby knows, is the reverse the case. Sinning, minority or otherwise, is

what makes news. As a matter of fact, aren't most of us much more interested in sins and troubles than anything else? And in regard to the latter, are they actually so different relatively from troubles faced in any other times? They just seem so overwhelming because the alternatives are so staggering. In our atomic, jetpropelled age when you talk of something like total destruction it is a lot more threatening, somehow, than some of the regionalized doom I used to hear about in Sunday school.

All of the groups, committees, clearance offices and what not, set up in television to anticipate, control or prevent the damaging and embarrassing exceptions to "the rule" devote the major part of their time and their energy to the influence of a small percentage of rascals. Our problems flow from a wish among such as these both to have their cake and to eat it. They put the rest of us on a spot. Consistent to the role of all gremlins, they foul up the works. Let's face it, these gentry—society's persistent recalcitrants—put all of us somewhere between expediency and a narrowing margin of choice. The methodology of controlling them becomes a mirror in which we may see—if it is there to see—a reflection of our lip service to ethics and the corner of our eye to where the bread is buttered.

Mind you, none of this is exclusive to television. Howard Taubman in the New York Times a few months back, looking at the Broadway commercial theatre, found very few producers and producing combinations with "a point of view beyond a desire to be in show business and to make a dollar." He asked "How many of these can afford to indulge a consistent taste and philosophy without compro-

These charges are harsh. They reflect harsh realities about our economic system and about maintaining our standards generally. They crop up in various areas of all media. Long before the book was thrown at tv in the Fall of '59 tv in these regards was strictly a symbol of our times, largely a scapegoat, and certainly scored as a villain out of proportion to

The simple truth is that standard bearers everywhere in troubled times are up against diehards, cynically opposed to reform. These boys rely on their very status—as exceptions to the rule—to pay off for them. And unfortunately it can and sometimes does. What's more, their sophistry and hypocrisy isn't always easily smoked out. Smothering a hard core of privately diminishing or totally missing they mouth pieties and virtuous platitudes for public consumption. Something else again are their private opinions of anyone working towards the implementation of good standards.

The best answer, brethren, in tv as everywhere else is a persistent disbelief in the lasting influence and significance of transients such as these who seem to be getting away with it. If talking up our better convictions is what we need, let us fill the air with earnest shouting.

But brethren, when all is said and done, don't forget that all of us are men with the beliefs of men. Our joint beliefs appear to be good. They require of us no more than that, in maintaining them, we be manly men. Let Philistines eat their cake and choke on it. When we, too, feel tempted to nibble, pull back. Tis bound otherwise to make us as sick as they are.



By WALTER CRONKITE

It would not have taken the IBM 7090 to predict that Variety would reach this anniversary.

But I wouldn't have given 2c on long-odds bet that I would make it.

This has been one of the roughest years we in the newest profession of electronic journalism have suffered.

President Eisenhower's sudden decision to see the world in a farewell goodwill tour sent us all packing a year ago, and we've been on the go ever since.

Besides the President's trips to Asia, Europe and the Far East, we've endured the crush of two Khrushchev visits to the United States (one of which, from his Park Ave. balcony, he played the least likely Juliet in history), a pair of Olympics, and, in my case, a half dozen foreign visits on behalf of "The Twentieth Century."

These all were but prologs to the Main Event-the political conventions, the campaign and the election.

The election of a President of the United States is, of course, a serious matter, and the responsible television journalist treats it, as do his colleagues in other media, with the proper respect.

But there can be no gainsaying that, because of the medium in which we work, we who report "on camera" are related through mar-riage, at least, to "show business."

And, although we might even be poor relatives, we are treated by the public as members of the family. Particularly, we get fan mail, a mixed blessing

Primer For Tolerance

I am frank to admit that I was disturbed by some of the mail I received after the first election I covered for CBS News. But now, six elections later, I have grown philosophical and, perhaps, even tolerant. I have some rules of thumb which help me through the "You-Cur-Sir" letters.

First of all, I have discovered that the education level of the writers is not important.

Second, I stumbled on the obvious means of determining whether the complaining writers have fairly assessed my reporting. Naturally, since I strive for honesty, I am no judge of whether I have attained it. However, by keeping a close count on the letters pro and con, I get some kind of personal pulse of public reaction.

Third, I know, now, that there is no winning the final engagement—that night of the ballot count. For, whoever the losers are, they are going to be so sore as to see no good in anything that happened that evening, including the reports of the network newsmen they watched.

When the Republicans win, the mail carries a preponderance of letters from Democrats saying they knew we network reporters were Republicans all along. When the Democrats win, the Republicans write us about our "obvious glee" throughout the evening.

I think the emotion that forces these letters is an honest one. We newsmen are excited about the job through, and there is nothing wrong in that. But you can see how the politician partisan, his gloom growing deeper as the evening wears on, can grow more and more annoyed by that very excitement of which he, now, cannot

But it still is a little hard each election year to get letters like those which, believe it or not, I have had each year, a sample of which (circa 1956) I quote:

"Dear Republican: How can any man sit there with millions of people all over the world (sic) looking at him and right there in front of all of them people all over the world (sic) deliberately steal the votes from one party and give them to another. Yes, Mr. Cronkite, we was watching when you took them votes away from Mr. Stevenson and gave the election to Mr. Eisenhower. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. And I'm going to tell the president of NBC (sic) too."



Man and Beast! An astringent program for people who like booktalk, backtalk and smalltalk with plenty of theatre news tossed in for good measure.

ED and PEGEEN FITZGERALD'S

daily "do" over WOR from 12:15 to 1 p.m. also looks out for the walfs and strays of the

COLD WAR OF THE AIRWAVES

FYOU'RE SO SMART, HOW COME YOU'RE NOT WORKING FOR SOMEONE? ON E. GERMAN TV Radio—From Heyday To Its Renaissance By CARROLL CARROLL

By DAVID GORDON

The setting for the scene is a typical advertising agency office. It takes place in the blue-carpeted office of Henry Kallman, Vice-President in Charge of Television for Canterbury, Fieldston & Blyden Advertising Agency on Madison Ave. The furniture is modern with touches of antique accessories on end tables and wall shelves. There is a large desk in the corner of the room which is uncluttered except for a vase filled with point-up pencils of all colors. Kallman is about 45, wears a dark suit, paisley tie, and when not using his rimmed glasses, pushes them back onto his forehead rather than remove them entirely. A New York Times folded in fours with the television section facing outward is lying on a small shelf behind his swivel chair. Mr. Kallman, let us say, is a true advertising agency executive.

Seated opposite Mr. Kallman is 32ish Alan Fordin. He is wearing a dark suit with a striped tie. Mr. Fordin is a young "television packager," having left a good network job a few months previous to this scene. Mr. Fordin is bright, creative, has always had responsible positions in the industry. He wanted to be independent so he is now trying to produce and sell programs of his own. Mr. Fordin, let us say, is young.

For purposes of brevity we will identify Mr. Kallman as the Ad Exec and young, independent Mr. Fordin as the Indie. Scene opens:

AD EXEC: Now let's see, Mr. Fordin, this idea of yours sounds work-

able. Who developed it up to this point?

INDIE: I did, Mr. Kallman. My background for the last 10 years in development, production, directing and creating programs gave me a good . . .

AD EXEC: (Cutting in). Did anyone else work on this with you? I mean, did a recognized producer participate in taking the

bugs out of the idea? INDIE: No sir. I've been active in all phases of television and

AD EXEC: What I mean is, haven't you shown this to any of the

larger package firms to help get this off the ground? INDIE: No, I didn't. You see, I left the network after coming to the conclusion that I wanted to be independent. I've al-

ways had great jobs and finally decided to . . Yes, yes, I realize your ambitions, Mr. Fordin. But your AD EXEC:

name, Mr. Fordin.

INDIE: My name, Mr. Kallman?

AD EXEC: Not your name, Mr. Fordin, your reputation.

INDIE: My reputation, Mr. Kallman?

What I mean is, you don't have one. AD EXEC:

But quite a few people know me, Mr. Kallman. INDIE:

AD EXEC: I'm sure they do, but not as an independent packager.

INDIE: That's true.

AD EXEC: You see, Mr. Fordin, our clients want names.

My stars for the program are some of the biggest in the business. And they've signed with me on the basis of my INDIE:

AD EXEC: You've shown me their agreements and it is remarkable you got them to sign with you.

INDIE: And what about the scripts I sent you?

Well, naturally I didn't read all of them, but my assistant AD EXEC:

did say they showed great promise. Didn't an established writer do them? Hecht or someone like that?

INDIE: No, I wrote all of them.

AD EXEC: Oh ... hmmmm ... INDIE: All 39 of 'em.

AD EXEC: OH . . . hmmm.

INDIE:

Well, then, couldn't we possibly recommend the program to some of your clients?

(Avoiding question). Have you ever sold any programs to a client, Mr. Fordin? AD EXEC:

No, but my network did. Quite a few of my ideas were utilized that's why I left. I wanted to be inde . . . INDIE:

AD EXEC: Yes, yes. I know. Tell me, why don't you take this program to a recognized production firm? How about Al Barton at Merrick & Garrett? They could probably do

INDIE:

well on this one.

But they haven't had a good series in three years. The last success they had lasted eight weeks. It was terrible!

AD EXEC: I bought that show for one of our clients.

INDIE: Oh. I'm sorry.

And the mail response when the network cancelled our AD EXEC: time period was most gratifying indeed. Proving once again that we do have the audience upper-most in our minds. Well, Mr. Fordin, I have another appointment.

INDIE: Should I leave this copy of the program and the scripts? AD EXEC: No, I don't think so. But get some names on this Fordin,

it's a potential. INDIE: Thank you.

AD EXEC: Maybe Barton can do something with it, pull it together. But Mr. Kallman, it is put together, everything. All I need INDIE: You know what I mean.

is a . .

AD EXEC: Thank you for coming to see us, Mr. Fordin. (He rises as does Fordin). And please don't hesitate to bring any of your other programs to us. We're always open for solid

ideas. Goodbye and good luck. (They shake hands and Fordin leaves). The next scene is in the lobby of the agency building. Fordin is in

a phone booth claling his wife.

INDIE: Hi honey, it's me.

Hi honey, it's me. Hello dear how did it go?

INDIE: Not so good. I'm young, I'm creative, I'm bright, I have had 10 years experience in the business and have never been unemployed all that time. Now that I want to be independent and I've left my job to be on my own, it

turns out I don't have a "name." Name, shmame, if you're so smart and creative, how come you're not working for someone? Like your best WIFE: friend Al Barton at Merrick & Garrett!! Why don't you

· FAST SCENE OUT

By GARY STINDT (NBC News, Berlin)

Berlin.

The Communist television planners have now been able to lengthen their program time to a lengthen their program time to a weekly average of 58 hours on their No. 1 channel. Their programs are aimed both at the 800,000 viewers in East Germany proper as well as the million viewers being reached now in West Berlin and West Germany. It should be of interest to many to break down some of the general program planning of East German television. television.

A new explanation for the effort to reach West German viewers, especially those easily accessible and living not too far from the zonal borders, was given by Party Secretary Ulbricht. "All our efforts are made to build up a television curtain around Berlin and along the borders to the Federal Republic because West German workers should watch Socialism and its growth in the German Democratic Republic on their television screen." There is no doubt that the East Germans have made a great effort to take the lead in the propaganda war between East and West Germany. Let us look at some of the methods that they utilize.

The East Germans have created a standard style of television news and documentary commentary which can be seen again and again in all their different telecasts. This style is apparent in live and filmed projects. Discussions and long speeches are used often to the point of tiring even the most ardent Communist functionary. Such shows never reach any climax at all. Here is a standard example: Show the speech in a close up; give a very quick general view of the audience; use this method especially when you transmit a public demonstration; in general, during such demonstrations, try to show a Soviet delegation together with members of the Communist hierto prove German-Soviet friendship. In spite of all efforts to make the camera rove, it usually freezes as soon as it gets near the red leaders. Some of the live and filmed reports of Khrushchev and Ulbricht in East Berlin, especially the one after the breakup of the last Summit Conference, proved this point.

Marxism a la Madison Ave.

Communist propaganda is placed at strategic points within a good evening's telecasting. This system was illustrated very recently. From East Berlin's Metropol Theater a live transmission of a guest per-formance of "The Barber of Seville" by the Milan Scala was telecast. During intermission and with hundreds of thousands of Western viewers watching, the top East German Communist political news commentator, von Schnitzler, showed his "Black Channel" to the viewers. The "Black Channel" is a program about which I will say a few words later on, but it definitely is one of the strongest anti-Western shows that the Communists have. Since this show was not announced beforehand, it came as a sort of surprise to many of the Western viewers. Most of them continued viewing; after all, they did not want to miss the rest of the Scala performance.

There is no question that the "Deutscher Fernsehfunk" (Communist Television in East Germany) is the only way through which the Communists have been able to reach a large portion of the West German public. The Communists place great emphasis on public affairs. They were the first to have two different and almost updated news shows daily: The so-called "Topical Camera" at 1930 running 25 minutes, and their "Late Edition" at 10:30 p.m.; this plus a newscaster reading "The Latest News" at the end of the day's program. No other regional or network

(Continued on page 130)

tic frames, people keep asking me about the old days of radio; the days when an avid sports fan could tune-in WEAF to hear Graham MacNamee describe a football game in the Rose Bowl, be charmed by his lush description of the snowcapped Sierra Madres and never find out who won the game.

I've heard so much about those early days of radio I feel I remember them but, naturally, not as vividly as I recall the many long happy evenings I spent a few years later having my dinner with my Nanny and listening to the haunting strains of "The Perfect Day" followed, of course, by "The Adventures of Amos 'n' Andy." We listened faithfully every night in spite of the fact that our family had not yet acquired a radio set of our own. We just opened the window on the court and had no trouble at all in hearing every exciting change in the fortunes of The Fresh Air Taxi Co.

In passing I must explain about my Nanny and why we didn't have a radio set. I was considered different from most little boys in our neighborhood and it was on account of Nanny. I was, you see, the only one of all my little friends who was not taken care of by a part-time nursemaid. I had a fulltime goat named Nanny. And this fact ties up with our not having the same kind of super heterodyne set, the one with the big horn on top, that all our neighbors had; that is, all who didn't have Atwater-Kent sets.

You see, when everyone else was pulling in KDKA with a crystal and a cat's whisker, my father thought he knew a better way to do it. He acquired a goat, which we named Nanny, and started trying to pull in KDKA with a goat's whisker. When this failed, father was so chargrined he soured on the whole idea of radio and refused to buy a set. But the goat turned out fine for mother. She always had rather high-falutin ideas and was delighted at the thought of me having a Nanny. Another thing about it was that she always knew where Nanny and I were when the wind was right.

So, as, I say, evening after eve-ning Nanny and I sat and listened to "Amos 'n' Andy" as my mother and father prepared to make a night of it dancing to the lilting strains of The A & P Gypsies or The Cliquot Club Eskimos. Mother considered upstarts like Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, Ben Bernie and All The Lads or Paul Tremayne and his Band From Lonely Acres too jazzy.
All This Was Pre-'Lucy'

Those happy baby days were followed by a glorious boyhood spent in listening to the wise and witty words of Doctor Harry Lillis Crosby as he carried on his running struggle with his one and only student, Ken Carpenter, in that far-flung educational institu-tion dedicated to advancing the humanities and called Qld KMH. KMH, of course, stood for Kraft Music Hall which was in competition with several rival establishments of a similar nature headed by such eminent teachers as Rudy Vallee in "The Rudy Vallee Hour" and Eddie Cantor in "The Chase & Sanborn Hour." This was later taken over by a syndicate headed by Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, W. C. Fields, Dorothy Lamour and a blonde with a fine voice named Nelson Eddy. In those days many people took regular trips on Captain Andy's "Showboat." dined out at Al Jolson's "Shell Chateau," or visited with a family named McGee, her name was Molly, who lived at 79 Wistful Vista. It was long before anyone even knew, much less loved Lucy. I can also remember something

that was referred to in those days as a noble experiment. It was called "The Circle." Every Sunday a variety of people such as Cary Grant, Carele Lombard, Groucho

Because I wear gold, rimless Marx, Basil Rathbone, Ronald Colspectacles instead of lenses with man, Madeleine Carroll, Lawrence youthful looking heavy black plas-Tibbett and Owen Davis Jr. got together and were charming. That was all. It was a little ahead of its day, they said. But no one ever discovered how they knew this because nobody ever was able to find anybody who listened.

> As I grew to young manhoodtall, handsome, eager lad—these grand old days diminished in splendor and things like The Dinah Shore Show, starring Jack Smith, startled listeners five nights a week for 15 minutes a night with a line of popular songs and chatter. I have often wondered what became of Dinah shore. She was nice.
> There was also Club 15 with Bing
> Crosby's father, Bob, The Andrews
> Sisters, Patty Clayton, Evelyn Knight, Jo Stafford, Gisele Mac-Kenzie, The Modernaires and the unforgettable Del Sharbutt.

Along Came Television

And then something happened. Radio, which had done something terrible to vaudeville, felt the lash of retaliation and had something terrible done to it when along came television. The hot, seering breath of the orthicon tube began to take its toll. But it wasn't television. vision alone that delivered the coup de grace to radio. No indeed. Radio just wasn't giving people what they wanted. The handwriting was on the wall but the radio moguls couldn't read.

People were constantly com-plaining, in the heydays of radio, about the amount of commercials they were hearing. In those days it was six minutes of commercial to every 60 minutes of show. Television came and offered more com-mercial minutes per hour. And although radio eventually began to fight back and started giving peo-ple even more commercial time than tv the effort came too late. Today, in some cases, radio has gotten up to the point where an hour of listening will reward you with up to 20 minutes of commercial time. But winning the audience back from tv, where they also give out pictures, is going to be an uphill struggle.

The one thing that seems destined to help radio in its fight to win back its audience from television, is that to is still clinging to an old programming cliche that radio gave up years ago.

On tv the real heart of the programming is still being broken—interrupted, that is—by occasional snatches of story continuity, production numbers, documentary presentations of important facets. of our civilization, westerns, private-eyes, intelligent discussions and David Susskind. Until television begins to realize that the people will not stand for having the steady flow of their commercials tampered with, as radio has proved, tv is headed for the skids and tv stations will find themselves with more and more time open in which to put their new post-'48 movies. Few television viewers will be interested in these pictures since much of the conversation in them is not clarified by any diagrammatic explanation of what is really being said such as lights popping on, words flashing, ham-mers pounding on anvils, electric bolts crackling through people's skulls and symbolic fires blazing within the heroine's heart to spell out clearly and exactly just what is happening within her as she first claps eyes on Peter Gunn.

- Yes sir, it's obvious that radio is once more on the move offering more commercial time per hour than anyone ever thought it possible to cram into 60 minutes. And this is not only being felt and appreciated by the general public, it is having its effect on industry.

The recording business, for example, which used to make popular recordings that ran 2:20 to 2:45 now make them to run only 1:55 to 2:10 because disk jockeys find that recordings running longer than 2:10 make it difficult for them to cram the number of commer-

(Continued on page 126)

Specialization Keys New Era In Syndication Biz

By MURRAY HOROWITZ

Vidfilms never had it so goodand bad. Year of 1960 saw the dike breaking on the post-'48 features only to be met by sales resistance on the station level due to hiked prices.

It was a topsy turvy year in other areas, too. National Telefilm Associates "The Play of the Week" was sold in about 60 markets, a two-hour weekly dramatic outing that found a place for itself, in the midst of the tightest local time situation in years. That was one case where quality paid off, showing results greater than some half-hour "bread and butter" half-hour

It was the year of growing specialization in the already specialized syndie biz. Sports programs, football, baseball, golf, etc., found a place for themselves in the growa place for themselves in the growing vidtape station circle. Official Films had a merry ride with a five-minute vehicle "Almanac," and came out with other shorties, even one-minute varieties.

The foreign market, in a comparative domestic sea of confusion, remained sturdy. The Television Programs Export Assn. was formed and the Motion Picture Assn. of America reactivated its drive to push vidfilms abroad. There were headaches aplenty in the interna-tional market—and there still are. Some of the outcries abroad about sex and violence in American vidpix were similar to the hue and There were tariff restrictions, quotas, dubbing situations and other problems to contend with, but what bolstered the foreign market in general was the expansion of tv abroad and the associated need for programming.

On the network level, vidfilms

had a commercial ride unequaled in tv annals. Fully 83% of the nighttime schedule of the three networks were composed of vidfilms, when the new '60-'61 season bowed. "Live" television took a shellacking. It was vidfilms versus vidfilms on the webs. Perhaps an hour series versus a half-hour. But practically everything carried that made-in-Hollywood celluloid stamp. On the whole, there were few, exciting new entries. Most of the shows had that familiar tried and true formula pattern and might be as soon forgotten as the click of rating meters.

Four vidfilmeries—Warner Bros., Four Star Productions, Screen Gems and MCA TV—emerged as the giants in the network field. Foursome, opening this season accounted for about 36% of the evening programming hours of the three networks. Warner Bros., itself, programs eight hours week-ABC-TV, representing onethird of that network's nighttime week in, week out schedule.

Year of 1960 was witness to a series of talent guild strikes, the most telling being the writers guild strike. In a field of wait and guild strike. In a held of wait and hurry, the writers guild strike had repercussions in the quality of vidpix, according to most producers. When the typewriters began clicking again, the writers had to make up for lost time. "Don't judge us by our initial episodes" became the rallying cry of more than one producer. of more than one producer.

Whatever the causes, the Federal Communications Commission's hearings in Hollywood laid bare and put on the record some of the reasons for the emptiness in many vidfilms. List of "do's" and "don't's," made up by ad agencies and/or clients and sent to producers, would shackle most any creative mind.

FCC also made some noise on the issue of tv violence and sex, stirred by civic and religioso group, in the wake of the tv quiz scandals. Western and crime shows, though, remain strong in the schedule of all three webs. More "happy" situation comedy shows are on the air and there's been an increase in the news pubaffairs area, varying according to the particular network. More than one industry figure, though, is concerned about the violence and sex issue on tv, feeling that's the next

Syndication in '60 on the whole became a "sick" baby, and program

up in the air. There was some optimistic expectations when the FCC ruled to cut network option time from three to two-and-a-half hours in each dally broadcast period. The effective date of the ruling was Jan. 1, 1961, but its real effects won't be any boon to syndicators unless stations experies their right to put network. ercise their right to cut network program feeds.

Only house to maintain its syndication program supply rate was Ziv-UA. Outfit retained its schedule of six, first-runners for the year. Others, though, cut their output. Some hefty losses were sustained in the biz. In fact, the number of shows that turned a profit the first time around was rare in-The residual market, the profit area in the past for many of the red-inked shows, also suffered. Price cutting, personnel dropoffs became the order of the day.

With tightened belts, a number of houses went in for specialization. NTA, hit by some hefty losses, pioneered vidtape distribution of shows ranging from "Play of the Week" to David Susskind's "Open End." Independent Television Corp. acquired Heritage Productions, in a diversification move, broadening its catalog. Even Ziv-UA took a flier on a non-fiction show with a half-hour baseball series. Screen Gems placed a medicine vidtape series in syndication. Sterling Television made a tie with David L. Wolper Productions. The list could go on and on. Intent of many of the changes was to adjust to the tightened, altered market.

In the feature end of the biz, the well of pre-'48's was running dry in '60. All the major libraries were accounted for, with the last of the majors, Paramount, distrib-uted by MCA TV tolling the hef-ties grosses. As soon as the talent guilds strike was ended—and the issue of residuals on post-'48's accomodated—Warner Bros., 20th-Fox and others began selling off more recent pix to tv.

The oldies had established feature slots on stations across the country. Station after station was playing reruns. In spite of the lack of new product, many stations had bought some of the post-'48's of indies that filtered in the market and foreign product made. ket and foreign product made a mark, too, in this scarce situation. Despite the need for new product, from the Bolshol Theatre and however, the post-'48's of the ma-

suppliers looking to the FCC to jors didn't get off to a quick selling ameliorate the situation still are spree. Many stations, loaded with inventories and payments, balked at the hiked prices. Screen Gems, though, bucking the soft tide, made a hefty deal with CBS for 200 Columbia post-48's. Deal covered the five CBS o&o's.

To sum up, '60 was the year of the bears in syndication; the bulls reigned supreme on the net-

British, Soviet TV **Exchange Is Pacted** Via Eurovision Assist

London.
Soviet hustle and know-how got a big hand from Norman Collins, deputy chairman of Associated TeleVision Ltd., on returning from Moscow after tying up a reciprocal live program deal. Arrangement is, that by using the Intervision and Eurovision hookups, the commercial web here will air stuff from the British Trade Fair in Moscow between May 19 and June 4, while the Soviet State Committee for Radio and Television will tee for Radio and Television will feed to the USSR material on the Soviet State Fair in London be-tween July 7 and 29. Collins declared he was greatly

impressed by the atmosphere of goodwill in Moscow and by the speed with which negotiations were concluded, reporting that 24 hours after the first meeting full agreement had been reached and a press communique released. that period, problems such as site layout, telecommunication over the new link from Moscow to Helsinki and production procedure had been ironed out. In Russia, two sets of remote broadcast equipment will be made available together with all necessary technical staff to work under a British producer, while in London ATV will lay on all tech-nical facilities and local tech-nicians who will work under a Rus-sian producer sian producer.

No payment is involved either way under the linkup, which segues the Agreement on Cultural Exchanges contained in the Anglo-Soviet communique signed by Prime Minister Macmillan and Nikita Khrushchev in Moscow on March 3, 1959. Additional to the trade fair broadcast from the Soviet capital, Collins concluded arrangements for live transmissions from the Bolshoi Theatre and from

Those Ratings

Hollywood.

I have a matching set of anecdotes, both dealing with rating services and both, I am sure, causing confusion among the ranks of the rating takers. The first concerns my mother and amused me for many years in radio. It seems all she knew about ratings was that if a person reported they were listening to my program, it was good for me. As far as she was concerned, that was all she needed to know. She admonished all her friends to report in my favor if they were ever called, and was frustrated at the fact that she had never been called personally. Finally, at long last, they called her. She duly reported that she was listening to my program. The only problem was that my program was on Tuesday nights at nine, and they called her Thursday afternoon at one! Of course, this could have been attributed by the rating services to having contacted a nut—not so the latest half of these matching

A friend of mine, a recording bug, was testing his equipment in various ways, among which was recording programs off the television set. He was playing around with some of these recordings, vision set. He was playing around with some of these recordings, made the previous week, one Sunday afternoon. The recording was of Danny Thomas, which is on the air on Monday nights. The rating service called. He reported with a twinkle in his eye, that he had on the Danny Thomas program. The rating taker politely said let's not have any of those jokes, please. Danny Thomas is on tomorrow night. Not at all, my friend replied, and for proof, let her listen to the show over the phone. None of us ever knew how she reconciled that one, but if she is still at large and reads this, she can stop doubting herself.

Jess Oppenheimer

Plenty of TV Territory, From Comics to Midnight Loudness

By MANNIE MANHEIM

Hollywood.

make a choice for the Big Green Book. The first one was "WHERE WILL THE NEW COMICS COME FROM?" and I discarded it almost as fast I jotted it. Obviously the new comedians have already arrived and they're performing all over the country from the lecture platforms to the movies, tv and night spots. We no longer have to be concerned where the new comics are coming from-they're here.

Then I thought that a likely topic could be "What's Going To Become Of The Old Comics?" and I dis-carded that one too as almost everyone knows that most of the old comics are just sitting around asking each other where the new comics are coming from-and hoping that they don't come at all. donate this whole subject to the Big Green Book's contributors of 1980 who can write about the whimsy boys who will replace Mort Sahl, Bob Newhart et al.

The next item on my list of subjects was, "Why Is The Music So Loud On The Jack Paar Show At Midnight?" I'll allow that this is at least provocative and deserves some form of development as those of us who crave our portions of Alexander a la King are often

| forced to rush to the set and lower I listed several subjects on my the volume when Maestro Melis yellow, legal pad so that I might make a choice for the Big Green the next stall. But I decided that I better not mix myself up in a squabble with Mr. Paar as he might be enjoying the vicarious thrill of waking up the seconaled ones with his blantant blowing. Not Paar's b.b. but his man Melis'.

So I won't be writing anything about loud midnight music or louder midnight commercials. I was going to make a reference to the Los Angeles local station that cuts into the Paar show every few minutes or so with some of the noisiest selling I ever heard—but I don't want to do that either as we're all in this tv thing together and I'm not one to bite a hand that might be filled with residuals.

Those Gangster Epics

Further down my yellow page, I made a note complimenting some of the gangster and western shows for their ingenuity in setting a mood for their stories. I'm not sure of the particular western I'm referring to-but what I'm extolling is the fact that invariably two men are shot to death before the main title comes on. The gangster program, being an hour show, rubbed out four humans before their main title appeared. There may be a sound reason for the gangsters out-killing the western people before their main titles but I'm not going into it. It's enough for me to enjoy the deaths of these characters without offering any critical comments.

Actually, I would advocate even more killings before the main titles appear but I feel that is out of my ken so I'll drop the whole matter and file it with "Where Will the New Comics Come from" and "Loud Music at Midnight to Wake the Babies."

My last topic to be rejected were

My last topic to be rejected was scribbled, "How To Outsmart Lawrence Spivak On 'Meet The Press.'" Well, you can understand that I'm in trouble just with the subject and no story to go with it. Outsmarting Mr. Spivak could be as difficult as muting the horns at midnight-but one asset I have is plenty of gall—not unmitigated gall -just the common variety of gall that allows me to offer a method of combatting Mr. Spivak when he's on a guest's tail or trail. Very often when I watch "Meet the Press" I find myself confusing it with David Susskind's "The Witness" as I seem to sense that the Spivak group is serving as a prosecuting committee instead of a panel attempting to find a story. But as I mentioned above I'm not an expert on these matters, neither does my knowledge serve me in the Spivak matter. I'm speaking only as a friend of the court and my suggestion to any future guest on "Meet the Press" is to wait patiently for the question, then have it repeated and then consume about 12 minutes in replying and there, by gad, you have Mr. Spivak speechless. If the guest wants to use up some more time, he should drink several glasses of "Meet the Press" water.



"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET"

Over ABC-TV Every Wednesday Night Sponsored by EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY and THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

TV DOCUMENTARIAN'S DREAM IN A CHALLENGING WORLD

By BURTON BENJAMIN
(Producer, CBS "The Twentieth Century"

In television, the wave of the future is often no more than a ripple. Much of the future that I read about, and I do no exclude our area of news and public affairs, sounds to me like a large, derivative promissory note with no due date. It's what I call the production of promise as opposed to the promise of production.

Not long ago in one of his valedictory television columns, John

Crosby commented in reviewing a well received news and public affairs program that good as it was, it would be unrecognizable in 10 years. He felt that the medium had not really scratched the surface in

applying talents and techniques to this area.

This year in moving "The Twentieth Century" from a largely historical series to a new-shooting series we have tried to utilize new talents and techniques as best we could. It would be presumptuous of me to say we had engineered a major breakthrough but we have, perhaps, made a start.

It was a profound change for our series. Not that making historical shows was easy. I will vigorously defend the specialized talents that go into this kind of program. It's not pasting up old newsreels—not if it's successful. But this season I came to appreciate the greater challenge of a program which starts with an idea and you shoot from contain. scratch. I think for a producer it is far more rewarding.

This season we sent film crews all over the world to shoot for "The

Twentieth Century"-from Burma to Sweden, from Greenland to Venezuela.

What new talents did we bring to this? What new techniques? In talent, we sought the best documentary directors we could find and sent them to many parts of the world. Willard Van Dyke, whose memorable film "The City" still stands as a documentary landmark, was assigned to two-parters in Ireland and Sweden.

Stuart Schulberg, who had done such outstanding work in Europe after the war, was assigned to single programs in Berlin and in France. Nick Webster was assigned to "The Violent World of Sam Huff" and to "Alert!", a program on our missile defenses.

All of these gentlemen brought distinctive talents, a great knowledge of film and an enthusiasm for television and its challenges.

In technique, we brought a determination to tell our stories visually —in short, to utilize the fluidity of film and to give cinematic values to our programs. In some circles, this is considered a television heresy. If you are visual, they say, you are superficial; you are not telling the story. Better to have a man tell the story to camera for 10 minutes than to try to have the camera tell it. We don't subscribe to this. We believe this makes television nothing more than radio with

Wherever we could find a new technique that would enhance our ability to tell a story we used it. That's what persuaded us to wire Sam Huff for sound—not as a readily publicizable gimmick but as a superb aid in geting inside our character. That's why we used a new type of Japanese zoomar lens on the same program—not because it made good pictures but because it enabled us again to get inside and gave us a marvelous instrument for vividly telling our story. That's why we used a new French film stock—ultra fast—in Paris to shoot an interior sequence for "France in Ferment." It let us operate without

interior sequence for "France in Ferment." It let us operate without lights and to use the film medium dramatically and effectively.

As I said, we have not really moved into Mr. Crosby's great new tomorrow but all of us ought to be trying. International television with remotes from the Congo will be along all too soon. Video tape, wonderful as it is, has just got started. New techniques for utilizing it—alone or interchangeably with film—are still being perfected. Feather-light motion picture cameras that can be hand held, are spring-driven and with which you can shoot and record synchronous sound are in the way. All of these are a documentarian's dream. Not as gimmicks, not as tricks, not as pieces of equipment that have to be used, but as the means to an end—the responsible telling of meaningful stories about people in this challenging world.

LOCAL JOURNALISM GETS A TELEVISION-RADIO BOOST

By WILLIAM SMALL

(Dir. of News, WHAS, Louisville)

The history of journalism is news than the brief gabblings on studded with the reminder "cherchez le local angle." My own favorite example appeared a few tell the full story of the last elecyears ago in the Loogootee, Indiana Tribune:

"Jim Smith, Loogootee High School junior, set a new school record in the I.H.S.A.A. track sectional Saturday when he ran the mile in 4:49.5. The previous record was set in 1935. Breaking a record that has stood for 22 years is quite a feat. However, the field must have been very fast as Jim came in sixth.'

The lad from Loogootee is continuing evidence that the folks at home do adore the home town angle. The truism is the backbone iournalism generally and the basis for the tremendous growth of radio-tv news activity on the local level during the last 15 years.

It is not yet enough.

Individually in news and news related programming, many local stations are performing magnificently. Collectively, the image is sullied by those who ignore news or those who consider news a daily compendium of what autos collided where and which drug store was held up by whom. Further, a good many stations seem to feel that anything beyond five minutes on the hour or headlines on the half-hour is heresy. Be brief and be frequent seems to be their approach.

Headlines are not enough.

They are not enough for broadcasting and not enough for newspapers. The dailies in some communities, once you eliminate the glut of advertisements and the collection of features and comics, offer little more in the way of hard

tion campaign? Louisville's WHAS approach to a popular art form's radio prior to last November 8, ran 78 special shows devoted to Volume is primarily segmented.

campaign issues in addition to detailed coverage on regular news-casts, most of them quarter hour and one a half hour in length. Included among the specials was a daily quarter-hour "Campaign Trail" show devoted only to candidates and issues. Word for word, that daily show matched the elec-

the election period. Hundreds of local radio-tv newsmen covered the national political conventions in 1960. Indeed, these days, they are popping up at every major news event, national and interna-

tional as well as local or regional.

The growing stature of the local station in news and news-related programming is more than a source of pride and prestige to the station itself. It is a vital and sorely needed cog in the machinery of democracy.

The daily newspaper, which needs a lot of soul-searching itself in terms of headline treatment of the day's news in many cities, has been diminishing in number. In the last 20 years the number of dailies has dropped over $6\frac{1}{2}\%$. More important, 95% of American cities now have monopoly owner-ship of daily newspapers. Further, one expert reports that dozens of other cities are ripe for newspaper

With almost three radio or tv



ART FORD

stations for each daily newspaper in America today, the opportunity exists for broadcast journalism to provide the diversity of communications so badly needed. But as many a pretty girl has made clear, opportunity and availability are two different things.

Electronic journalism need not run in the red financially even though it will always bring a much lower rate of return than the disk jockey. It will often call for financial sacrifice if the local station is truely acting in the public interest. The many stations with enough interest in themselves and their communities to contribute to diversity of views are broadcasting's finest representatives in a free society.

May their number increase. We recall the words of Archibald MacLeish: "A free society lives and must live in and by the imagination. Freedom itself is an imagined thing — a dream never realized—a vision always about to be made true. To quicken the imagination should be the great end of a society which moves towards freedom. And no instrument ever devised holds such promise for that quickening as radio and television."

Local managers, please note.

Art Settel's Pictorial Remembrance Melange In Recap of Radio's Career

The large-format pictorial history book is a popular publishing item in any pre-Xmas sales period and tv producer, college prof and author Irving Settel has given radio the treatment for the current

Under the Citadel imprint, Settel's "A Pictorial History of Radios," has the fatal nostalgic appeal that is virtually inevitable with this glossy and easy-to-take

Volume is primarily segmented into decades (the beginning, the twenties, the thirties, the forties and the fifties) and it's appropriate that the epoch thirties for the sound medium takes up 48 pages and the fading fifties spans a slight Book's forward is a reprint tion output of many metropolitan dailies.

Other stations across the U.S.A.

from Esquire mag, "A Lament for Old-time Radio," by Brock Brower. There's an interesting flow Other stations across the U.S.A. er. There's an interesting flow-performed similar service during chart which shows that radio's innobody's complishment.

From young David Sarnoff at the wireless reporting the Titanic's collision with an iceberg and Billy Jones and Ernie Hare at the mike singing "We two boys without a care . . ." to Galen Drake at the Supermart, it's a photo melange of remembrances. Text includes fascinating excerpts from radio scripts-Fred Allen's rib of NBC execs that got him cut off the air in the middle of a show (he didn't walk out, or retreat to the Far East for a rest, but appeared the next week as usual); a comic turn from Goodman Ace's "Easy Aces"; bits from the Orson Welles' production of H. G. Wells "The War of the Worlds" that panicked a nation; banter between Harry Von Zell and Eddie Cantor; etc.

A complete index of show titles and personalities makes it easy to trace favorites; is, in fact, a nos-talgic bit in itself when read like a phone book. Bill.

Covering The Congo Depends On Your Engineering Aptitude

By IRVING R. LEVINE (NBC News Correspondent)

man should be experienced in com- | ule of these small, deck-and-a-half muting and in electrical engineer- craft which hold 150 persons and ing. Knowing something about three cars. news helps, but it's not really

A commuter has a head start in the Congo because he won't be upset by spending two hours a day on a ferry traveling across the broad Congo River between Leopoldville and Brazzaville in order to broadcast.

A knowledge of engineering is important, too, because broadcast-ing from the Congo is often on a do-it-yourself basis.

Radio correspondents are usually permitted to use the facilities of Radio Leopoldville. The word usually is chosen advisedly befacilities are not always available. Often a correspondent arrives and finds that Congo soldiers, who always guard the grounds, have pulled coils of barbed wire across the road leading to the studio. This often happens just when a big story has broken and, as a matter of fact, the big story is the reason for the military precautions. For example, when pro-Communist, deposed Premier Patrice Lumumba escaped from house confinement, the barbed wire was flung across the road, because the army command feared that Lumumba might be headed with supporters for the radio station to broadcast a call for Africans to rally behind him. In such state-of-emergency situations no one is allowed past the military cordon.

Even when there is access to Radio Leopoldville a correspondent can't be sure of getting his story on the air. Wallowing in the glories of newly acquired independence, the Congolese periodically (and without warning) take holidays. This of course includes the engineers at Radio Leopoldville. Even if the studio engineers are on the job, there is no certainty that engineers manning various relay and transmitter stations may not have declared a holiday. On frequent occasions the engineers are busy in other parts of the station, which consists of a half dozen one-story wooden buildings outfitted by the pre-independence Belgians with the most modern RCA equipment. It's on such occasions that do-ityourself radio broadcasting comes into play.

Man at the Controls

By now correspondents assigned to the Congo know where the switches are to activate the equipment. The news broadcaster "rides his own gain" on the control panel, calls Brussels which is the intermediate European relay point, and finally is in contact with New

When the broadcast is finished the correspondent pulls the switches, turns off the air-conditioning (whatever other hardships the Congo offers, there is the comfort of air-conditioning in hotels, in the U.S. Embassy, in many office buildings, and, happy to state, in the studios of Radio Leopoldville), and goes on his way.

When even do-it-yourself engineering is to no avail the Congo radio correspondent must put his commuting talents into play. Leopoldville (capital of the former Belgian Congo) faces on the Congo River directly across from Brazza-ville (capital of the former French Congo). Independence came peacefully to the Brazzaville Congo. The population of the former French Congo can be thankful for this and so can the correspondents assigned to the turbulent, chaotic former Belgian Congo.

The Brazzaville Radio offers a friendly haven to radio news correspondents. There is a circuit open almost all hours of day and night with Paris, and, once connected with Paris, it's a comparatively simple matter to establish contact with New York.

The problem is getting across the river to Brazzaville from Leopoldville. There are crocodiles in the Congo River (most correspondents, including this one, have never seen a Congo crocodile), but they cosmetics and furnishings.

are not what make the crossing To qualify as a successful radio- hazardous. It is the ferries themtv correspondent in the Congo a selves, and in particular the sched-

> The last ferry from Leopoldville leaves on its 20-minute voyage at 5:30 p.m. The last ferry from Brazzaville leaves 15 minutes later. Sometimes a small boat can be hired to make the crossing after the last ferry, but as soon as dark-ness closes down on the Congo River at about 6 o'clock there's not a boat which will make the trip. The reason is the swift current. To navigate successfully between the two Congo capitals, the pilots must head directly upstream for a quarter of a mile before steering across. Otherwise the current will carry his boat far down-stream past the destination. At night a boat which lost its power or damaged its rudder would be carried quickly toward dangerous rapids.

> As far as a correspondent is concerned all this navigational lore adds up to the fact that if he misses the last ferry after broadcasting from Radio Brazzaville, he is stuck in Brazzaville for the night. This happens often. This correspondent keeps a kit of shaving articles in a bag at the American Embassy in Brazzaville for such emergencies. There's seldom time when departing from Leopoldville to worry about such niceties as packing a bag for the possible overnight sojourn in the former French Congo.

> On really busy days when the Radio Leopoldville technicians are loafing or the Leopoldville soldiers are blockading the station, a correspondent may make the ferry trip several times. Each time he must pass immigration and customs inspection on both sides.

In some ways covering the Congo is more difficult than working in Moscow. Russia is civilized. It's a civilization which a correspondent. may not like, but it has its rules and restrictions. These are known and the newsman soon learns which must be abided by and which can be circumvented. In the Congo there are few rules and fewer certainties. The guard at Radio Leopoldville may honor your pass one day and wave you in. The next day, as happened to this correspondent, a Congolese soldier will wave his rifle—barrel pointing toward you-motioning you to back up the car. Then the soldier kicked the front of the car several times with his boot. He was annoyed, it turned out, because the car had come too far, according to his whim, before stopping for pass inspection. Once the car was backed up, the soldier grumpily looked at the passes of the occupants and waved us in—with his rifle.

It's all in a day's work in the

In Brit. Midlands

Of all adults living in the Midlands area covered on Associated TeleVision Ltd.-commercial web which, at weekends, operates instead in the London area—53% view commercial tv daily. Fact is one brought out in a media and marketing survey of the area, undertaken for ATV by Thet Pulse Ltd. and conducted on Tuesdays through Saturdays between April 22 and June 11. 1960, with 3,024 interviews providing the information basis.

Survey records that 4,240,000 adults live in homes able to receive commercial programs in the area and spend an average of 1.7 hours per day viewing ATV. Only. 17% of adults in the region live in homes without video.

Alongside the media and marketing survey, Associated TeleVision is issuing companion booklets on holiday and travel habits in the Midlands, on motor vehicles and accessories, on eating, drinking and smoking habits, and on clothing,

FCC Moves Where 'Amateur Hour' Has Long Since Dared To Tread

By TED MACK

blessings was last summer's FCC years. call for more home talent broadcasting. The Federal Communica- lot of talent during statisfaction. There's been a great satisfaction tions Commission couldn't have es- in helping so many beginners and poused a worthier cause. If there's naturally we have a special inter-

right track.

Letters come in from all over, I have an audition?" — "Shall I come to New York?," and no matter how strongly we warn these people not to come until notified, they come nyhow.

What I wish to call to everyone's attention, in a gentle way, is that with the network and independent stations almost completely booked solid with videotape and tv film shows, there appears to be only one responsible tv showcase for grassroot beginners, and that happens to be our program, "The Original Amateur Hour," and we aren't omnipotent.

Let's illustrate. Take, for example, an underprivileged or destitute Caruso in Rutland, Vermont or Flagstaff, Arizona. He may never be heard on primetime tv, and he may never have a career unless one of our audition teams visits his area, or perhaps he gets assist from some local group that occasionally sends us promis-ing newcomers, as part, for in-stance, of a Lions or Rotary Club or local broadcasting station project. Doesn't look scientific, but with or without FCC support, that's the modern procedure.

We've heard wistful oldtimers call it "needle-in-haystack" stuff. They'd have us believe that finding amateur talent used to be a national pastime rather than a very limited public service.

The Old Hook

Actually, your local Caruso or Ed Wynn stood less of a chance 50 years ago in the "golden age" of amateur nights when vaudeville theatres, burlesque theatres, clubs, saloons, used to put on any act and exhibitionist that came along. They weren't interested in discovering talent. Main idea was to get laughs by exposing people to ridi-cule. Patrons paid money to see some nervous young Caruso get the "hook." They threw vegetables. You can't do that any more, anywhere, not in New York, Rutland or Flagstaff.

No tv network, station, sponsor or our associates at Radio City Music Hall, and certainly the FCC would subscribe to such a thing. Not one frightened beginner has ever been exploited on "Original Amateur Hour."

But it's no secret that one thing about our show still approximates oldtime amateur night. The audition staff watches every act that comes along, young and old, big and little, rich and poor, the gift-ed and the woefully inept. No one is turned away. Beyond that there's no similarity.

What we've tried to work out an orderly equitable system to test an ever increasing number of applicants. Even before the war we held local auditions. We staged local home talent broadcast originations, and we made certain that every candidate received a fair chance, that no one was humiliatthat no unprepared act was ridiculed. Not too incidentally, we discovered we had to do most of our auditioning at night because so many applicants were working people who had daytime jobs.

So what happens now is that our New York and regional tryouts, twice and sometimes three times a week, begin around 6 p.m. and last until midnight, depending on the number of acts that come to us. More often than not it takes longer if and when we go into the interviews and details of finally picking specific talent for an upcoming telecast. Just to mention the "depth" of all this, we usually audition as many as 75 acts in a single five-hour session, and this

Happiest item among our 1960 has been going on now for 26

Looking back, we've appraised a lot of talent during those years. poused a worther cause. If there's anything that deserves more tv air time, it's local home talent.

I've been wishing our FCC friends could read my mail. I think they'd see they're on the right track.

I've been wishing our fcc friends could read my mail. I think they'd see they're on the right track.

I've been wishing our fcc forth, as Variety itself recently pointed out, "the premise that development and use of local talent. velopment and use of local talent Letters come in from all over, would be important criteria for from anxious beginners all asking responsible public broadcasting." That is the very thing we've been advocating and doing since 1934.

What the FCC objective may eventually mean for beginners around the country is that the bar-riers are coming down. One of these days you'll see more home town consideration for new talent and tangible opportunity for newcomers to express themselves. Without laboring the point, isn't that what our free society is founded on?

It won't happen overnight, but broadcasters are bound to allocate more local tv time for beginners. Non-professionals with an honest urge to be entertainers won't always be elbowed off the air by old movies, the tape shows and socalled tv films.

It may be argued that too much homespun programming could go stale but such a thing hasn't happened with us and I doubt if it could happen anywhere when you consider the sort of people that flock to the "Amateur Hour" auditions. You'll find the same variety of talent wherever you go.

I wish the FCC committee could see the audition candidates who want to appear on our show. They don't complain about the waiting, or the delays, and you never hear accusations of favoritism when some act gets special attention. You sense a sort of common understanding that transcends anything like envy. Everybody hopes everyone succeeds.

You wouldn't put these nice people through a Bowery amateur night ordeal. Actually the vast majority would rather give up trying than subject themselves to the boos, cabbage-throwing and all the other old time indignities.

There's a different kind of drama backstage at our tryouts. You see every degree of self-assurance, timidity, stagefright. Careers begin. Hopes and ideals are evaluated. Lives are changed. It's a serious business. For every potential Edgar Bergen like Paul Win-chell and Ricky Lane, we've screened scores of others who turned out to be better comics or impersonators than ventriloquists. Sometimes the teenager who plays an instrument turns out to be a

(Continued on page 170)



SHIRLEY EGGLESTON ANIMATED FACES (and voices)
TV...Radio...Stage...Screen
Artist Service, SUsquehanna 7-5400

Caldwell Gets OK On New Can. Web

A second television network for Canada got its first official okay in Ottawa when the Board of Broadcast Governors gave the "Go" to Spence Caldwell of Toronto. BBG's nod means only that Caldwell must Aug. 31, including affiliation pacts with at least six independent stations for a minimum of 10 hours programming weekly, and a program outline satisfactory to the board. If he produces a setup design they like, BBG will then approve actual construction and operation of the web.

Currently Canada's only television web is operated by the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. CBC really runs two webs, one French, the other the trans-Canada network in English. Caldwell, a Toronto broadcaster and film man, expects his new web would make use of existing microwave facilities at times when CBC isn't using them. For example, in the mornings he would transmit programs to his affiliates who would tape them for afternoon and evening use. This setup would be necessary only for two years, he claims, when telephone companies would have new microwave chan-nels ready. Caldwell sees the initial 10 hours of web operation being upped to 25 hours by the fall of 1963. Stations would get 75% of the web's advertising revenues. Since CBC has said it will not provide network programming to new stations licensed during this year in Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver, presumably Caldwell's network would include them.

Caldwell expects to hold 25% of the issued \$1,500,000 capital, his investors 26%, the rest to be made available to stations affiliating.



JACK STERLING C.B.S.

'I Think Everything's

Ever take a sleeping pill and not sleep? I have, but I complained to doesn't have a tv set. His mother, doctor. I didn't form a Com-

No one has ever formed these kind of groups. There are probably a thousand items we purchase and thousands more existing that do not function well at all times, but we never think of forming committees to control the manufac-

So why do people feel they must form countless groups, organiza-tions, and committees for the "Betterment of Television?" Who are they to say television needs "bet-terment" more than almost any-thing else in this world needs "betterment?"

It's time for the worm to turn. Here we are, toiling in the greatest medium of communication, and we are under constant attack. We are hated most of the time by critics, the P.T.A., church groups, minority groups, vocational groups, women's groups, and David Susskind.

These people are all sick. The cure? Take away their television sets and let them talk to each other. Of course, this would be punishment beyond the crime. Rather, I believe the industry should devote one hour a week on come up with definite plans by next all channels to mass psychiatry.

Aug. 31 including affiliation pacts. Have the finest doctors in the country counsel with this captive audience. All over America millions of people would simply lie on their couches before their television sets and get all their aggressions off their collective chests.

Most of their ills are the same; they were misunderstood as children; they hate their mothers; they had a crush on their teacher when they were 12 because he looked like their father; they were poor and the rich kids snubbed them; they weren't as bright in geography as the kid across the aisle; and they couldn't talk as eloquently because their front teeth were separated and created a whistle.

Over a period of years this mass psychiatry would relieve their ten-

Lots To Offer

Television offers the greatest variety of fine entertainment ever known to man. There is no cost involved. No discomfort. One sits choices, which are many. There is drama, comedy, music, documentary, adventure and personality. There are more pictures than any national magazine; more news, and more recent news than any national magazine. There are fresher formats than any national magazine. The national magazine claims its value is in the fact people can reread an item. To me this is only an argument for summer reruns of television news.

The scoffers claim that on some nights there isn't anything good on television. I say there always is, but if you don't think so, then that's the night to read a novel. Halfway through many bestsellers you may wish you could get your \$4.00 back, and sadder still, there is no way for you to dial in another

The carping maladjusted love to knock television comedy. On the average, the best comedy, acceptable to "The Committee For-," is on television. The man who knocks it most is usually the guy who puts on lampshades at parties.

The medium has a surplus of critics. Not content with the output of a few qualified writers, every amateur in the country feels he too should find a way to voice his opinion. The clarion call of this type is heard throughout the P.T.A. "Television emphasizes violence,"
"Children are impressionable." If
children are that impressionable,
why haven't they also been impressed with their parents' and
teachers' training in good behavior, and the difference between right and wrong? Isn't it possible that parents and teachers have failed and television is a welcome scape-

a P.T.A. member, is opposed to the mittee for Prevention of Distribu-tion of Dope That Doesn't Work. medium. However, she's not op-posed to leaving the child alone at posed to leaving the child alone at night while she goes to oldfashioned drunken brawls.

NG But Television?

By CHARLES ISAACS

All This Pre-TV

If television is responsible for the violent acts of every teenager, what excuse did parents have before the medium was invented? How did Jesse James learn to rob and kill? Where did the Dalton Gang learn their fine form of brutality? Their parents, I'm sure, being like parents today, said they learned it from a traveling Chautauqua group playing "Macbeth."

John Dillinger and Al Capone spent all their formative years without a glimpse of television. Hitler certainly didn't get his Buchenwald oven idea from the Chef Boyardee show. I blame their parents just as I blame the parents of Cain for his killing Abel. I'm sure Adam and Eve excused it by saying Cain picked up this be-havior from reading trashy hieroglyphics.

If an honest attack on violence were to be made, it would have to include all parts of community life. Even in church one hears from Exodus, "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot." This is the ultimate in revenge, and is the basis for most of the climactic scenes in socalled violent television.

S.A. In A Rumble Seat Too!

Many of these vociferous groups charge that there is an overabuncance of sex on television. I've looked for it desperately, but sadly enough, find none. If children do learn sex from television, where did they learn it before. They must have learned it somewhere-180,000,000 people can't be wrong. Dd any organization get up in arms hayrides, rumble pajama parties, or bundling? There was, and is, more sex there than television could ever hope to offer.

The nice little ladies who spearhead this minority preoccupation with sex are usually to be found in the lingerie departments forcing themselves into Maidenform bras to make themselves more attractive when they come into your livingroom-personally.

'Review' The Audiences Too

Television has been a target so long, for so many groups, one can no longer see the bullseye. If some of the knives and darts were pulled out, one would find that the target is a very good piece of work. There are other targets. Why doesn't the critic, the articulate voice of the vocal minorities, it down and review the end of sit down and review the end of television—the viewer. Perhaps it would come out like this in a VARIETY "notice":

"Mr. and Mrs. John Doe, parents of teenager Bob Doe, have put on a pretty spotty performance the last 15 years. Their married life started out socko, but shortly after Bob was born there was a rather long, dull stretch that Mr. Doe tried hope-lessly to punch up with extra-marital affairs. Later, in a completely unbelievable bit of life, Mrs. Doe succumbs to a housepainter while her husband is on a business trip and her son in camp. If this really happened it is certanly unfit to see. When Mr. Doe returns there is an opportunity for pathos, retribution and an emotional reunion, but instead, Mr. Doe sees fit to almost kill the painter in a gory episode, far too violent for real These people have made their lives too unbelievable, even if it did happen. There is a tiresome sameness to all these families, and they tend to imitate one another. On the technical side, Mrs. Doe's makeup was bad, her dresses terrible. Mr. Doe is too fat as the father and Bob is too jerky even for an average boy. Just don't see how this family can last."

goat?

A 12-year-old delinquent in the nelghborhood put a cherry bomb in our mailbox and blew it apart. I asked him if he had seen that done on television. He insisted he thought of it himself. Now it's

Syndies Restoring Chi TV's **Production Shops Back To** Semblance Of Respectability

By LES BROWN

To paraphrase a Mark Twainism, the reports on Chicago's demise as a tv-radio production centre have been greatly exaggerated.

No thanks to the webs, but rather to private enterprise, the Windy City trade is making a comeback in the national picture with programs for syndication and even, occasionally, for the networks. The way the fever for a works. The way the fever for a ute episodes of "Chatter's World" works. The way the fever for a syndie sweepstakes ticket spread here in 1960, it could very well turn into a production epidemic in the year ahead.

There are those who insist it's not a comeback but a rebirth, since indie efforts actually began back in the days when the networks were just beginning to divest their local o&os of creative responsibili-ties. Walter Schwimmer and Peter DeMet, as early as 1953, were syn-dicating "Championship Bowling." a program which is currently playing off its seventh skein. Same combine also hatched "All Star Golf," now in its third cycle on ABC-TV, with reruns in syndica-

DeMet and Schwimmer are now operating separately, with the for-mer's part in "Bowling" swapped for Schwimmer's share of "Golf." DeMet now bases in New York, but his shows—including the syndicated "National Pro League Football" and last summer's taped re-

Schwimmer's present properties, besides "Bowling," include "Cham-pionship Bridge," another ABC-TV entry (in its second year); a radio feature, "Alex Dreier Comments," in more than 100 markets under North American Van Lines sponsorship; and a pilot for a tennis series, which will be making the rounds next selling season.

Sports Key to Upswing

Sports shows seem to dominate syndie activity here, with WGN-TV peddling the Notre Dame games regionally, in season; Frank Atlass touting a boxing show; Fred Niles Productions piloting a tournament bridge show; and Max Cooper working on a "Jackpot Golf" series. Cooper, a former associate of Schwimmer and DeMet, made his own debut as a tv enter-priser last fall with "Winter TV Baseball" from the Cuban Leagues,

Frank Atlass, former WBBM-TV exec who heads his own production company, produces the five minute Wrigley Doublemint Gum shows on network radio (it switches from mats. we don't think this explains CBS to NBC's "Monitor" this year), and has a commitment from tv writer S. Lee Pogostin for a pliot script for a proposed network dramatic series.

After creating "It's Light Time" for the National Lutheran Council, and plunged in with a property called "Ed Allen Time," an exercise show which originated on a Detroit station. Niles otherwise the called the control of the called the control of the called the call specializes in tv commerciols and industrial films. "Light Time," incidentally, is a kidseries with a morality pitch which the NLC is distributing gratis to stations.

syndication hard to resist, and indie station WGN-TV last year go dead serious about it, even to the point of creating its own syndication arm. It's headed by former sales manager Brad Eidemann.

Station is marketing its two Peabody Award winners, "Great Music If I were a tv critic I think I'd From Chicago" and "Blue Fairy," ask my editor, whenever I was in

and intends to offer also the kid-show, "Treetop House." WBKB, the ABC-TV o&o, placed Stuart Brent's literary show, "Books and Brent," on tv stations in New York and Hollywood; and Brent formed his own company to market a radio version of the show.

for insertion into children's shows. Sterling Films is distributing, and with a good measure of success. Norm Ross and David McElroy are trying to peddle their conversa-tional "Off the Cuff," and syndication rights will soon revert to Irv Kupcinet for his WBBM-TV opus, "At Random." Hal Stein and Rudy Orisek have revived their package, "International Cafe," which once had a fling on WGN-TV, and are syndicating it in a partnership with Graphic Pictures, another tv blurb production firm.

The networks aren't entirely out of program production in Chi, but neither are they significantly in it. In the main, they continue to treat Chicago as only a market where the pickin's are lush. The o&os, both radio and tv (but excepting WLS, which still hasn't found its new ABC footing), are terrific money-makers for the parent companies, and every year they seem to be milked harder. they seem to be milked harder.

ball" and last summer's taped recaps of major league baseball—are still produced at the Sidney Goltz facility here, so technically they're still Chicago products. "Golf," incidentally, is now owned by UPA prexy Henry Saperstein, but DeMet remains its producer. Schwimmer's present properties, besides "Bowling," include "Championship, Bridge" another ABC. of using WNBQ personnel. As for network radio, apart from Don McNeill's 27 year old "Breakfast Club" on ABC, there are only the WMAQ insertions in "Monitor" and an occasional WBBM pubaffairs offering on CBS.

By and large it's private enter-prise that is giving stature to the "made in Chicago" label. The success stories to date have been few, but the pilots keep coming. Apparently the odds are considered

The Case Of The TV Critic

Baseball" from the Cuban Leagues, but the project was aborted after one term by Fidel Castro.

Playboy Magazine got its feet wet in television a year ago with a syndicated variety show, "Playboy's Penthouse," but it was a losing proposition the first year. Mag is recouping in the second go-round, however, with Official Films handling distribution and the show edited down from 90 minutes to an hour. World Book minutes to an hour. World Book Encyclopedia also produced a tv series, "Beginnings," but of an entirely different sort. It's being carried on the 40-odd stations of the National Educational Television network. of the critic.

> While we concede that many too mats, we don't think this explains nor excuses the consistently dour reactions of too many professional back seat drivers.

> But let's consider his torment. Focusing bleary eyes on the flickthen that boredom frequently sets in and blurs his viewpoint so that little other than news, sports and special events can interest or entertain him.

This isn't as much the fault of Local talent has been finding the critic as it is an occupational nazard.

Get Lost For Awhile

We don't profess to come up with a cure-all. But we do have one or two notions we'd like to

If I were a tv critic I think I'd



"Hello World" WILLIAM B. WILLIAMS Make Believe Ballroom WNEW

Mon. thru Sat., AM at 10, PM at 6 Represented By: MCA

an indigo mood, for permission to change my beat long enough to catch my breath and my balance. I'd ask to cover a prizefight one night, write about a first night theatre audience on another evening, sit in at a murder trial the following day and maybe spend a week as an ex-officie member of Youth Council trying to study the mental machinations of juvenile delinquency so prone to young

I'd get so far away from a tv screen and from the haunts where stars and executives swapped trade talk that I'd almost forget the magic electronic lantern was ever invented. I'd only return to my listening and watching post when I once again had the urge to appraise the entries with re-stored objectivity and a capacity for enthysisem that could converte for enthusiasm that could separate the good and the great from the pretentious and the shoddy.

I might gain additional therapy by witnessing how tv is appreciated and even blessed by the shut-ins, the handicapped, the lonely. I'd ask to sit at the bedside of a hospital patient or in the ward of a veteran's hospital and review the reaction of the average per-son to what has been called, most unfairly, the lowliest of the arts. Perhaps my involvment in such experiences would give me a fresh and wholesome perspective on a medium so many critics seem to take so much relish out of belit-

Perhaps some of the enthusiasm of the non-pro viewer would make me more respectful of my responsibility as a critic, make me realize that, however jaded, I am in the minority when I habitually look down on what comes over the tv

British Probers Mull Future Of Broadcasting 3d TV Web, **Tollvision Share Spotlight**

By ERNIE PLAYER

ports, The addressee, the Pilkington Committee which was set up by the Government in 1960 to nose into the future of the broadcasting services in the U.K. The formation the population—a figure rapidly being approached by the commercial network which will be virtually complete in 1961 with the coming into operation of new transmitters in the West Country and Scotland. of this committee has been the political highlight, so to speak, of year or two there has been specument, it is going to have no immediate effect on the picture here. the part of the webs that has been brought to light accordingly, plus other moves and bids applying to the future.

In which context, who will get the third British network and what about toll tv are the focal points. Longtime referred to International Telemeter, the Para- as "Auntie BBC," sometimes affec-International Telemeter, the Paramount subsidiary, has given demonstrations of the system that is operating at Etobicoke and has said it is prepared to talk turkey on franchises. The Rank Organization and Associated-Rediffusion Ltd, are pooling their toll two knowledge and resources. An outfit known as British Home Entertainments, captained by men who include film producers Daniel M. clude film producers Daniel M.
Angel, Lord Brabourne and Anthony Havelock-Allan, has been spawned. Those are the principal moves. As for the third network in terms not of feevee but of the conventional dissemination of pro-grams, both the existing commer-cial webs and BBC-TV have been hammering away propagandawise, while there is a school of thought for handing over the channel to other interests (not formulated) entirely.

The Continental Way: 625

On one point spectaculors agree: that the Pilkington Committee will most probably recommend, and the Government will afterwards act to implement, that Britain should change from its existing 405-lines standard to the Continental 625, allowing a due overlap period so that present receivers shan't be rendered obsolete overnight. An okay for color isn't so certain, al-though BBC for one has indicated that it is ready and willing to introduce tint transmissions if and when given the go-on.

BBC, incidentally, suggests that although the remaining space in the existing Band Three can indeed be used to provide a third tv service, this ought more properly to be applied to bringing tv to areus that cannot as yet receive any. Which, to say goodbye now

London. to the future and concentrate on Everybody's doing it: sending the present, brings up the statistical point that BBC-TV's present coverage of the U.K. is 98.8% of the population—a figure rapidly

the television year in Britain even though, since the setup will take over a year to compile its report for presentation to the Government, it is going to have no immetidate or two there has been speculation on the date when the commercial to companies will hit the ceiling of their advertising revenue. But although they have agreed to reduce the amount of commercials carried in peak hours the webs have sought suggestful. the webs have sought successfully diate effect on the picture here. to extend the peak viewing period what makes it of some instant interest is, the forward planning on result that the upward curve of revenue continues.

One of the more significant aspects of the year past has been the alertness and aggressiveness shown by BBC-TV in competition been showing the garter in foreign markets. Its Television Promotions department, helmed by Ronald Waldman, was formed early in 1960 and is still going up through the gears, but already has some considerable successes throughout the world to can-can about.

BBC-TV's emphasis on electronic programs, by the way, leads on to another notable fact: 1960 has been the year of the tape, and vidpic production has taken very much of a back seat. BBC-TV itself, which not so long back partnered NTA in putting "The Third Man" on film, has made the "Inspector Maigret" skein its big production venture of the year—and shot it electronically. electronically.

Anglo-U. S. Ties

Coproduction is on the up and up, albeit not to an overwhelmingly obvious degree as yet, giving the word a different definition from coproduction as practiced in yesteryear. This is not to say that filming deals do not still come along-witness BBC's pitching in with American Broadcasting on the Winston Churchill war diaries series—but rather to stress that there is a trend towards live and electronic partnership. Associated— Rediffusion Ltd. is working in cahoots with American Broadcasting on a handful of plays with U. S. and British artists. NBC (International) has been taping a comedy skein with comedienne Lora Bryan in which the local ABC-TV outfit is involved. Such ventures have been rendered technically possible by the perfection of converters, which mean that the U.K. with its exist-ing 405-lines standard is no longer on a lonely Hmb alongside the 623 and 525 line operations of the Continent and the U. S

On the vidpix front, the brothers Danziger, Harry and Lee, continue to machine-belt series, having wound up the "Man From Inter-pol" 39 and followed it with "The Cheaters" with John Ireland. The Rank Organization has piloted one titled "Ghost Squad" and is also hoping to get away with a skein based on the cases of onetime. Home Office pathologist Sir Bernard Spilsbury. Sapphire Films, at one stage the busiest of the bunch, basn't done a thing since. The hasn't done a thing since "The Four Just Men" though it has plans as yet untranslated into acplans as yet untranslated into action. Independent Television Co., the subsidiary of Associated-Tele-Vision, has a couple of projects it has piloted on the Continent. "The Pursuers," with Louis Hayward, has been rolling steadily at the Associated British Elstree studios from Constriction Productions Irva from Crestview Productions. Irv-ing Starr and William Goetz-aim to get either 39 half-hour episodes or 26 hour-long mystery yarns on a local floor this spring while also lining up features for theatrical



MEL BLANC The New "BUGS BUNNY SHOW"—ABC-TV
The "JACK BENNY SHOW"—CBS-TV

A DILEMMA HAS TWO PRONGS

Or, Just Whose Standards Are We Improving?

By EUGENE BURR

There are, as everyone from just what "improvement" means—clients to viewers will tell you, a lot of crazy things in television. But perhaps the craziest aspect is selperhaps the craziest aspect is selof the people in the industry today haven't the faintest conception of just what business they're in.

This doesn't apply exclusively to stenographers, file clerks and ele-vator starters; as a matter of fact, to be afflicted you have to have been in the business for at least five years; and the chief sufferers are not in the lowest echelons. What they suffer from is inability to realize that (except for the fact that we still emit words and images that are caught by the customers on funny boxed-in tubes) the business we're in today has practically no relationship whatsoever to the business we were in five years ago.

Five years ago, ownership of television sets was high in the up-per income brackets and was beginning to penetrate the top level of the middle class. The result was an audience that was culturally self-conscious—since in America, historically, possession of a spare buck somehow obligates its owner to take public interest in the Better Things. It was an audience that would sit meekly in front of dramas that had neither beginning nor end, in the sublime belief that they were thus, in some esoteric fashion, Improving Themselves - an audience that (not unlike some critics) confused bewilderment with profundity, lack of craftsmanship with Art—an audience that was willing to bore itself in pursuit of what it mistakenly considered Culture.

Today, ownership of sets has reached an astronomic percentage in even the lowest income bracket of \$50 a week and under. We are in-whether we like it or not-a mass entertainment medium such as the world has never before known. Redio had equal permeation; but radio attacked only a single sense and, as a result, usually achieved fringe rather than total audience-attention, with "listeners" simultaneously playing bridge or washing dishes or even carrying on conversations. Among media demanding immobility and total at-tention, pictures had been the biggest conceivable mass field until television came along; and the audience of even a low-rated tv show today is greater than that of many a smash-hit picture; the audience of a tv smash today is the massiest mass audience that has ever been drawn together.

The 'Massiest' Audience

There is no misprint, one hastens to add, in the word "massiest." TV's audience is not the messiest. despite the implied accusations of the Culture-Kings. It's an audience composed of simple, ordinary peo-ple who go to their television sets because they want relaxation and a few moments or hours of vicarious escape from the grinding boredom of their daily rounds. They do not propose to be similarly bored during their attempts at relaxation. Their critical standard is merely the ability to say, at the end of a show, "Gee, that was a good story."

Those of us who like to earn from our work something more than a weekly or bi-monthly paycheck are forced to evaluate just what it is we are doing when, in this new and unprecedented mass we frantically shovel shows and shows and more shows into the insatiable maw of the camera. On the one hand it can be said (with the approved raising of an eyebrow and the flexing of a supercilious nostril) that we're pandering to the tastes of the mob.
This, of course, brings a feeling of smug self-satisfaction to the ut-terer. On the other hand it can be said — with, I suspect, far more meaning and justice—that we are bringing moments of relaxation and relief and escape, of mental and emotional catharsis, to more millions of people than have ever before simultaneously experienced the benefit of such therapy. Despite the deprecation of self-conscious intellectuals, there are many far less admirable (and less beneficial) activities than this.

The professional crusaders who cluster around the edges of any industry urge us to do more; they urge us to "improve" the mass urge us to "improve" the mass audience while we entertain it. Aside from basic questions as to

dom mentioned—the fact that most (which are questions that, to the relief of the conscientious reader, we have no intention of going into here)—this is an aim at which no one could conceivably cavil. It's a bit like announcing proudly that you're against evil. Just what shows will do it, however, is a dilemma that arouses the interest of every self-appointed messiah, from pulpsheet to pulpit.

> What all of these ardent reformers fail to realize is that the dilemma is double-pronged; and that the second prong is the tough one. It is easy to decide that the great mass public will be improved by more Shakespeare or more Bach or more explanations of the beauty of the diffential calculus. But the second prong—the tough one so carefully ignored by the eager dedeemers-is just how you're supposed to get any appreciable part of the vast mass audience that presumably needs improvement to expose itself to these beneficent influences.

This, I submit, is far more important a part of the problem than the first prong. For, if you're going to improve a mass audience, it seems fairly obvious that you should really have a mass audience to improve. And you're not going to have it unless you attract it on its own terms. In other words, you're not going to improve a mass audience at NBC if at the moment it's watching CBS. The only peo-ple you'll improve are those who wanted to watch your Shakespeare or your calculus in the first place; and these, really need little im-provement. Their cultural level, provement. Their cultural level, probably, is already higher than your own.

To improve an audience, as in the old French recipe for rabbit stew that begins "First catch your rabbit," you must first catch your

Anyone who fails to face this fact is also failing to face the problem; he's merely inflating his ego with fine-sounding words. Also, if he happens to work in the industry, he's stealing the money of those who pay him unless he tries to attract as large a segment of the mass audience as possible. To be honest, he must give that mass au-dience the kind of shows that it will watch.

There are two things that this statement does not mean. It does not mean that all obviously cultural shows should be ruled off the air. It does not mean that the mass audience should be given only those shows based on the lowest common denominator. The highest common denominator is better-harder, but better. For the common denominator of the mass au-

(Continued on page 126)



RICHARD WILLIS

Azcarraga Plans To Produce Own **Vidfilm Entries**

Mexico City.

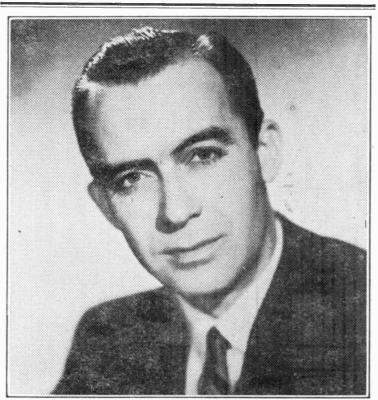
American episodic program producers are going to receive their first major competition in the Mexican and Latin American areas as result of preparations by Emilio Azcarraga. The unofficial dean of Mexican radio and television will begin production of episodics in January or February.

Mexican production was described by Azcarraga as frankly intended to "supplant shows now telecast and emanating from the United States."

Actual program will be under overall supervision of Emilio Azcarraga Jr., with production detail handled by Luis de Llano and direction under Fabian Arnaud. Emphasis is to be on Mexican themes and exclusive use of national talent. The series will be made in the American Studios.

According to Juan Duran y Casahonda, Azcarraga's press chief, Mexican episodes will not stint on production money and plant is to "saturate the Latin American mar-ket and put a brake on imports of television shorts coming from the United States." The south of the border market is now using more than 500 American produced shorts annually, according to Duran y Casahonda.

Azcarraga, apparently is also opposed to the recent National Association of Actors and television producers pact where tv shorts are allegedly scheduled for a 24-month commercial theatre run in provinces before going on to tv chan-



BILL STOUT "THE VERDICT IS YOURS"

Monday thru Fridays

CBS-TV

WRH

Defying Death Needs Practice

By WILL ROLAND

There were many unusual and interesting and amusing things which happened during the time I produced "Hippodrome" in England, but the one I shall never forget is the story of the Clerans, two young Franchmen who did a hair-raising trapeze act. Believe me, when you can raise the three hairs that are still on my head, you must have a "death defying" act, and the Clerans did. They not only defied death, they seemed to

"Hippodrome" was a "fun" show to produce and I realize in retro-spect that the greatest fun of all was the pleasure of meeting an infinite variety of performers from all over Europe. They were all interesting, some were intelligent, many were amusing, all were dedicated to their art and most of them worked with incredible diligence in keeping their acts up to what they considered top standards. I think you can safely say that compared to the average business man or professional person, the speciality acts that I met all over Europe put more sincere effort and hard work into the achievement of perfection in their line of work. They all gave the impression that they considered themselves in the same category as the great concert violinist or pianist who, in spite of the travail of travel and business negotiations and necessary publicity exposure, still finds time to practise two or three hours a

The Clerans were of this category and one of the most sincere of the lot. These two young Frenchmen did an act very high in the dome of the theatre on a specially constructed, fixed trapeze bar, from which their inventive minds had conceived over a perod of several years of trial and perfection. In the theatre where we did the "Hip-podrome show, we had them rigged about 40 feet above the large floor of the stage. They were, in fact, higher than the highest row of second balcony seats but, of course, right out under the centre dome. The law all over Europe requires that any flying trapeze act must be protected by having a net somewhere underneath it to catch the flyer if he should by any chance miscalculate when he lets go or before he "catches on." The Clerans, by virtue of the fact that neither of them "let go," technically, were able to eliminate a net of any kind which, of course, made their whole act 10 times as frightening.

An Act To Remember

The incident and conversation which will never let me forget the Clerans occurred during the second rehearsal of the "Hppodrome" show, in which they were the next to-closing act. After they had run through their whole routine the first time, all of us in the control room, as well as the camera men and all the technicians and stage crew out on the stage, were shaking with fright and pale from the obstructed circulation of blood which accompanies a stopping of hearts. After six or eight tricks, each more daring than the one before, each of which made us feel that there certainly could not be another one more frightening, they finally reached the last trick, which I hope I can describe adequately. In this trick, the anchorman of the Clerans (the man who fixed himself firmly and swung the other), had fixed his feet and calves firmly in the two bars of the fixed trapeze and then extended his body horizontally outward with his arms stretched out past his head, all in a horizontal line, in a position obviously prepared to catch his partner.

On the side of the fixed double bar, just opposite the feet of the horizontally-extended first Cleran, was a tiny little metal platform about eight inches square. The other Cleran stood on this platform, carefully calculating the distance between his own standing body in this position and the horizontally outstretched hands of his partner, approximately seven feet away in a diagonal line. After several interminable seconds of this calculation, and a quick move-

of his partner, in a sort of half somersault, half twist, so that when his hands finally reached the hands of the other Cleran, he was already turned into the position where he could finish his jump as a giant swing, his hands tightly grasped together, with his partners taking him down and around and back up again to a standing position on the trapeze bar.

Needless to say, after the first performance of this trick, the entire personnel of the studio needed time to regain their composure, so I went out to talk to the Clerans and asked them, for Heaven's sake, to consider just eliminating that last trick and forgetting they had ever included it in their routine. I said: "Look boys, you have a wonderful act: it is breathtaking, death-defying, unbelievable, and progressively difficult in every trick. Even without the last trick, you will be sensational. This is your first time in England, your first time on television. No one will miss the last trick if you do not use it. Your act will be considered amazing because of all the other tricks. Please leave out the last one and save it for some future time when you come back to England and you need a new payoff, a new last trick." I was, of course, pleading with them to eliminate the part of their act that I could not see how we could live through again. The two Clerans looked at me utter amazement, and with their wonderful French accent almost obliterating the meaning of the few English words which they could muster, they said: "But Mr. Roland, we could not dream of doing our act without the last trick, This is our identification, this is the thing for which we are famous, this is the trick which makes the Clerans different from other tra-peze acts. We could not possibly do the biggest television show in our career and eliminate the Cleran Death Leap!" These two incredibly strong, muscular daredevils were almost in tears. I could not possibly refuse such an entreaty, and I had exhausted all my resources for inducing them to alter their routine. So I said: "O.K., I give in. Keep the last trick, but please, no more rehearsing of it. From now on, I will be very happy if you just mark time through that part of your act which takes approximately 30 seconds." Well, the tears came back into the of the two big muscular Clerans, and, devastated again, they said: "Mr. Roland, we must practice, we must rehearse. It is not only that the jump is exciting and important, but it must be done with finesse, it must be done with grace, and we do not get nearly enough chance to rehearse this and polish it so that it is worthy of being performed before a viewing audience of thirty million people. Please, Mr. Roland, let us rehearse the Death Leap at every run-through." Naturally, I had to through." Naturally, I had to agree, while my mind grimly calculated the disadvantages of being the first producer to ever include a real live fall from a 40-foot dome on a television network show.

Needless to say, we all died about eight deaths during the eight rehearsals, and on the night of the show, the greatest stage tension of all time was relieved for ever when the little Cleran flew through the air with the greatest of ease, caught and held on to the hands of the big Cleran, and did his giant swing to a successful conclusion.

After the show, we went to the nearest pub, invented a "Death Leap cocktail," and all got solidly crocked. Practice makes perfect or, in this case I imagine it would have to be "more perfect" because mistakes "are absolutely forbidden" in the profession of the Clerans.

Kaze Quits CBS For Job With L.A. Angels

Irving Kaze has quit CBS as director of sports publicity to join the new Los Angeles Angels as their publicity boss. Kaze left for the Coast over the weekend. New American League entry is owned ment of the lips—obviously a silent prayer—he leaped forward from this tiny platform with his now outstretched hands aiming towards the horzontally outstretched hands owns KCOP in Los Angeles.

From Fleet St. To TV-But Is It So Different?

By ARTHUR CHRISTIANSEN

(Editor of the London Daily Express for 25 years and now Editorial Adviser for the London Associated TeleVision Co. Ltd.).

London.

Don't know Walter Winchell, but that's no reason why I shouldn't popular in Britain but they say "Deadline Midnight" is too Enguse his dots for my VARIETY piece . . .

VARIETY is 55 . . . so am I as near as makes no matter . . VARIETY has been in the same biz journalism into show biz last year after 35 years in London's Fleet

So far I haven't found the strain of working for Tee Vee as great as working for Lord Beaverbrook, but those who know say I'll learn . . . putting the clock in reverse was tough . . . If I telephone Val Parnell or Lew Grade before 9 a.m. they're at their desks (they share the same room) but we have our evenings free . . . On the London Daily Express I wasn't over-conscious in the a.m. but life got hotter and hotter as midnight approached . .

Sometimes the sumptuous Val and Lew office is like Grand Central Station at rush hour with all of us talking or telephoning but always time for a gag . . . I am introduced to Mike Nidorf just in from New York and just off to Paris . . . To keep up with the flow of cross-talk I make a crack about the gargoyles on Notre Dame . . . Val says, "Don't use that sort of language, Chris-Mike thinks that gargoyles are some kind of mouthwash" . . . That's the way it goes ... Val has more good stories than any man I've met . . . like his Lumumba's cable to Castro: PLEASE SEND MORE TROOPS -LAST DETACHMENT DELI-CIOUS! . . . But when I ask Parnell to play a Sunday round of golf he can not accept . . . every Sunday he is in the theatre all day for his "Sunday Night at the Palladium" teevee show . . . Variety may be dead in the live theatre in Britain but it has a viewing audience of six millions for Val's Sunday show . . .

When I joined London's Associated Television there was an idea floating around to make a Fleet plays called "Deadline Midnight" and Lew Grade threw it at me . . . When I started in there was a title, a producer (Hugh Rennie), a deadline for the screen six weeks hence, but no scripts and no actors We made our deadline with minutes to spare and got the show into the Top Ten ratings within three weeks . . . Fleet Street critics raved about it—even Tom Driberg of the lefty New Statesman As many of the critics, including Driberg, had worked for me at one time or another, the raves might have been expected but I have a different explanation from the Old Pals' Act . . .

Giving Newshawks a Break

In "Deadline Midnight" I put newspapermen over as decent, honorable blokes who don't get drunk on the job, who don't wear dirty raincoats and shapeless hats, who don't forget to take the cigaret out of the corners of their mouths and a cocktail shaker to be opened of the corners of their mouths when they talked to ladies, who have a social conscience, who try to get the facts straight . . reckon it's the first time ever that newspapermen have had a decent break from the theatre, from Hollywood, from teevee.

When Bob Considine was passing through London on his way to the Olympic Games, I told him about "Deadline Midnight." He was so stunned with the novelty of journalism responsible that he said he would do a column about it, but if he did I haven't seen it . . . I also told Andy Neatrour, a Pennsyl-vania newspaperman who used to work for Jack Hylton and now exercises his genius publicising layit-yourself carpets for Cyril Lord, about the show . . . Andy looked up his film clips and estimated that Hollywood had made 132 man) that it didn't mean the promajor newspaper films over the grams were entertainment!

years but never one like this.

American newspaper films are lish for U.S. teevee . . . the series will be seen in Australia and maybe dubbed for the West Germans. We're making a new lot for a peak slot in 1961 . . . The last 13 VARIETY has been in the same biz were intended only as a summer all its life . . . I switched from stand-in for "Probation Officer" which deals with juvenile delin-

Can't Rub Out the Ink

I can't keep out of the Fleet Street atmosphere even though my office is the other end of town . . Fleet Streeters make the pilgrimage regularly with bellyaches about the British newspaper crisis . . . with readymade (and mostly lousy) scripts . . . with ideas for teevee (Hannen Swaffer, bless him, wants me to make a programme out of a Socialist M.P. who does terrific imitations of Winston Churchill) A photographer came all the way to see me at Marble Arch to complain I hadn't got any photog-raphers in one of my crowd scenes .. blimey!

I go to Fleet Street myself sometimes to have one in El Vino's . . Gave my actors and actresses a party to celebrate "Deadline Midnight's" success and took them to the Daily Express office, my old stamping ground . . . I had them so well trained by this time that I felt that if someone had loaned me a linotype machine and a printing press I could have got out as good a paper as those I left behind me . . . Alexander Archdale was my editor, Peter Vaughan and Brian Badcoe my city editors

Kept my hand in journalistically by doing advisory spell on a brave new venture called London American . . . the idea here is to provide a sheet for the 30,000 Americans resident in the British Isles, the tourists, and the Armed Forces . . Quentin Reynolds allowed me to serialize for free his wartime book "London Diary" . . . Quent and I "London Diary" . . . Quent and I knocked around together in the London blitz . . . His book still reads as vividly as though it were written for tomorrow's front page VARIETY'S editor inadvertently knicked in with an idea too; he sent me the paperback of Richard Condon's "The Manchurian Candidate" which I rated the best thriller I've ever read . . . Condon gave us the okay to serialize large chunks.

Typed!

Now another newspaper angle develops... British film producer-director, Val ("Espresso Bongo") Guest is making a space thriller epic with a newspaper background I am advising on editorial authenticity . . But may also play the part of myself (the editor is called "Chris" in the script as a come-on) . . Would you, or would you stick to what you were brought up to do? . . . Acting seems to me to be a tough job . . .

Never a dull moment now I am no longer a newspaper editor . . even made my first after-breakfast speech to 200 Army officers at the British equivalent of West Point a couple of weeks back . . Difficult to be witty after breakfast ... But that West Point gag about the making of perfect dry martini's got 'em going . . . Heard it? . . . It's about the emergency pack anded to graduates consisting of a only when you're a thousand miles from anywhere and as good-as-lost Mix yourself a drink and immediately another American will appear from nowhere to tell you that you don't know a blanketyblank thing about how to mix a martini . . . Well . . . it was new at the British Staff College! . . .

To sign off, in Britain commercial teevee is trying to create for itself a "respectable" image (and is doing quite nicely despite high-brow prejudice). One contractor claimed that his shows were becoming more and more cultural ...
Why look, he said, we had six
politicians in our programs last
week . . . But surely that doesn't
mean your programs were cultural,



VAN FOX

Director of JAN MURRAY SHOW and CONCENTRATION - NBC-TV

See \$30,000,000 TV Cartoon Prod. On Tap for '61-'62

Hollywood.

Cartoon production for ty next season will soar to a record \$30,-000,000, in the opinion of Henry and seconded by others in the inker field. The opinion is almost unanimous, too, that the catalyst that erupted the new entertainment form for video into the hottest item on next season's selling schedule is Hanna and Barbera's "The Flintstones."

It was foregone that there would be a rash of the comedy characters if "Flintstones" caught the brass ring in the rating ring. That it is an unquestioned success is freely admitted in the trade and since success begets success it was patent that there would be a heavy run of this type of programming.

Hanna-Barbera was first to break the network barrier in prime time but it had other winners going for them in syndication. These included "Rough and Ready," "Quick Draw McGraw" "Yogl Bear" and "Huckleberry Hound." Cartoonery will make another bid for network time next season with "Top

Saperstein's UPA will hang \$1,000,000 tied up in 104 animations of "Mister Magoo" and another \$2,000,000 in 156 issues of "Dick Tracy" in five-minute episodes. Last year UPA used 500,000 feet of film. This year the volume rose to 2,000,000 feet and next year the output will climb to 7,000,000 feet. More than 400 carnext season.

'I Got Five Dollars (CPM), I'm In Good Condition'

By NICHOLAS E. KEESELY

(Senior V.P., Radio-TV, Lennen & Newell)

The television network yardstick cial minute-is working overtime to this year's tv costs. Unfortuis taking on more and more significance and driving many of us to furrowed brows and sleepless nights. It looks as though most of the new shows and even some of the more successful ones of the past will be coming in closer to a \$5 CPM mark than the familiar \$4 us are happy with these rising costs, and unless many ratings between now and the end of the year substantially improve, there's going to be a number of program changes by spring.

But why all this emphasis on CPM, and especially on arbitrary bench marks for success? In the first place, considerations other than those of cost alone should play a major part in deciding the success or value of a program; and in the second place who's to say whether \$3, \$4, \$5, or even \$7, \$8, or \$9 is the real bench mark Saperstein, prexy of UPA Pictures against which program costs should be measured in determining success or failure.

As to the factors that should be considered, we should never lose sight of the fact that in putting on a television advertisement the purpose is not to achieve a lot of favorable arithmetic but rather to actually influence people to buy the product. We can determine via research how many people our program reaches, but we have not yet learned how to determine what it actually takes to influence them to buy. Accordingly, we put our emphasis on the former, when the latter, albeit intangible, is what we're really interested in. Certainly creatin gthe proper image for a product plays a real part in moving people to buy. Certainly creating a favorable atmosphere for the selling message plays a real part in enabling the message to be successful. Certainly providing an absence of distracting other advertising at the time of presentation of the selling message plays a real part in enabling that selling message to really register. Certainly the program billboards which are never figured in the program CPM contribute to the overall sales effectiveness of the program commercials. Yes, there are a lot of factors to be considered in weighing the sales effectiveness of any given tv program vs. othre forms of advertising that could be bought toon comedies are scheduled for for the same dollars or vs. even other tw programs.

And as to the bench marks, tele--cost per thousand per commer- vision as a new medium started off relatively inexpensively—first because it was being done inexpenthese days, and there will be a lot sively—perhaps somewhat crudely. of head-holding as the national and secondly because being new it ratings now coming in are applied had to be priced attractively to obtain buyers. As to has grown up, as it has been produced to higher nately, this phase of our business standards, and as new factors have come in, notably three comparable networks, thus dividing the networks three ways, actual costs have increased and CPM's have less-ened. But this was merely the growing up of the medium to its full stature and keeping pace with the changes of the times. Unfortunately, remembering the favor-\$5 CPM mark than the familiar \$4 able prices of yesteryear and even figure of the past year. None of yesterday, there is a tendency to call today's prices high. But is this really so by absolute standards or by comparative standards with other ways by which the advertising dollar could be spent? Or are the present-day figures merely high by comparison with former tv standards which may have been bargains? After all, we pay 10c for a newspaper that cost only 3c in the recent past, 15c for a nickel subway ride, and even a dime for the time-honored 5c telephone call.

Intangible Factors

This business of costs is becoming a real sticky problem, and while of course all of us in advertising, as in every industry, must do everything in our power to keep costs stabilized, for the rising costs tend to hurt everybody, along with this I feel that the leaders of television and especially the heads of the networks should be finding ways of helping each advertiser to understand and properly utilize the real values of network television rather than concentrating on cost per thousand and cost per thousand alone. These end figures do not tell the full story, and we need some sound research that will provide us with a more complete evaluation of the sales efficiency of network programs and even lo-cal and syndicated programs. We need to find ways of measuring the presently intangible factors—some of which I mentioned above—that may contribute far more toward making sales than the number of people reached per dollar spent. It is my hunch that if such a study could be properly made, we would find out that the vardstick for success may vary sharply from product to product. With product A you may well find when its television costs rise to \$5 CPM that it becomes uneconomic. With product B you may find that television at \$10 CPM is a real bargain. For after all, what advertisers are interested in is sales on a profitable basis. And the advertising that achieves sales on such a basis is good advertising, regardless of how it might measure up against other

One final comment . . . many & good tv program does not appear to be doing well in rating surveys because either: a) its time slot is faced with unfortunate competition; or b) it's on at the wrong hour for people it is designed to reach: or c) its preceding program fails to attract enough audience so that it is given a fair start. If the program and its inherent values can be properly understood, many such a show could be saved by moving it or improving the lead-in rather than abandoning a basically successful operation merely because the rating reports at the mo-ment were unsatisfactory. Of course, at these prices it's a lot to expect advertisers to be patient with seemingly unsatisfactory tv campaigns. If the basic strengths of tv programming and specific tv programs can be better understood, perhaps more patience can be developed and proper changes be more quickly made. Good pro-grams are too hard to come by to be too quickly abandoned.

The net of all this is a plea to

the powers to be in the high places of our industry to lead the way to a better understanding of the real intrinsic values of television programming so that we can get down to the bedrock of what is really selling goods rather than to be mesmerized by much of the superficial figuring currently being done—which figuring, while being helpful and indicative, is not really what we're after and often is mis-

leading.



Seanson's Greetings ED JOYCE

The Ed Joyce Show, 7:35 p.m. to 9 p.m. WCBS, Monday thru Friday. Live music with a live audience yet!

1960: Madison Ave.'s 'Moment of Truth'

By BILL GREELEY

It was the year that McCall's magazine took full page newspaper ads to declare it, "Madison Ave., Street of Dreams." But if there was any dreaming on the part of the advertising citizens, it was of a promise land with a docile consuming public and no Federal Trade Commission,

The Commission was constantly in the news-often via substantial play in the lay press—as the chief vehicle of action in the ad industry's roughest year yet for public and governmental criticism on the issues of taste and truth.

The industry's response was collective paranoia. It answered with numberless speeches on the value of advertising in the whole economy; printed guides to truth; all-day sessions on taste; complex blueprints for educating the public; humble treks to Washington for brain washings by FTC staffers; and formation of intra-industry policing organizations for "self regulation."

Aside from the high pitch of critical harassment, it was a year as usual with the same high rate of billings casualties, personnel switches winding with a one-two punch by David Ogilvy on the newly-acquired Shell biz at Ogilvy, Benson & Mather.

Month by month, it went like

January-It was the month that FTC's cleanup campaign reached a pitch, and all major tv advertisers and agencies were busily reexamining tele blurbs. Commercial film houses reported land office biz via remakes and scrappings. One estimate put the extra business at close to \$500,000. Another source said a big hard-sell agency was in process of reshootings on close to 100 blurbs.

Main area of concern in the reexamination was regarding claims and laboratory test results. Puffery was being softened, and the "weasals," true statements whose implication was false, were being eliminated, sometimes at the sug-gestion of FTC chief Earl Kintner

Also at peak was the feud between FTC's Kintner and Ted Bates' Rosser Reeves. Bates agency was catching the brunt of FTC citations, and the agency finally, in a fit of umbrage, ran full-page ads in New York Chicago and Washington newspapers specifically asking Kintner for a clear definition of his rules.

At a later session of the Assn. of National Advertisers, called to spotlight the industry's concern over public and federal criticism, Kintner singled out the Bates agency for specific derision.

Self-Regulation Plea

Same time, FCC's hearings on program control, launched in the spring of '59 in New York with ad agency tv toppers on the witness stand, was continuing in Washington. Being heard were reps of civic and educational groups followed by the networks and Na-tional Assn. of Broadcasters. Latter groups told FCC what was needed was more self regulation, and an expanded tv code to embrace advertising. But. after all, their contention was that broadcasters themselves were the best judges of the medium's responsibilities.

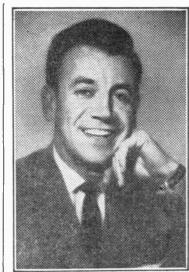
Otherwise, it was business as usual. Walter Lurie switched from Fletcher Richards, Calkins & Holden to Grand Advertising and took five accounts along with, Billings total was more than \$1,-000,000. Adams & Keyes lost long-term client Curtis-Wright to Compton. Oxo of Canada shifted from Stanfield, Johnson to J. Walter Thompson.

ter Thompson.

February — More action from FTC. This time tobacco makers and execs of their agencies were called to Washington for a session with Kintner and staff. As a group, the cigaret companies "informally" agreed to drop nicotine and tar claims from advertising.

American Federation of Adver-

tising met in Washington and blueprinted a plan for self-regula-tion that called for members to police advertising in their local TV



BILL SHIPLEY

areas. False claim and bad taste ads would be turned over to Better Business Bureaus for action.

Compton's Chicago office doubled its billings to \$10,000,000 in a merger with Baker, Tilden, Bolgard & Barger. Main account picked up was Quaker Oats. Ellington & Co., New York, realigned its top execs with William A. Bartel moving up from exec veepee

First major account shift of the year saw Revlon shifting more than \$5,000,000 out of C. J. La-Roche and Mogul Williams & Saylor into Grey (primarily) and Warwick & Legler. Warwick & Legler also picked up the \$2,500,000 Bromo - Seltzer account from BBDO. Benton & Bowles got three Calvert brands. This time Grey was the loser along with Cohen, Dowd & Aleshire.

Advertising Age's annual listing of agency billings showed 629 shops billing \$5.4 billion in '59. JWT's \$328,000,000 (world-wide) was tops. McCann-Erickson was ahead on the domestic scene with \$231,000,000.

March—Bates agency signed a consent order persuant an FTC complaint filed in '59, notching a victory for the federal agency in the running battle with the hardsell shop.

Another, more personal, feud burst into headlines as Martin Revson sued brother Charles, Revlon prexy for recovery of stock due under terms of his departure from the company. Martin Revson was exec veepee until his resignation in the spring of '58. Suit for \$600,000 damages charged the Revlon prexy with fraudulant actions and

shifts in ad history saw Chrysler moving its Dodge and Dodge truck business out of Grant and Ross Roy to BBDO, and Valiant-DeSo-to-Plymouth division from BBDO to N. W. Ayer. BBDO was winner by a gain of more than \$12,000,-000. N. W. Ayer gained \$10,000,000. BBDO also picked up C. L. Smith from Lennen & Newell. Loss of the Babbitt account was stated cause of Thomas C. Butcher's resignation as prexy of Brown &

The Shulton-bankrolled "Race for Space" documentary, snubbed by all three webs, was accepted by 104 stations on a syndication

Spot Big Shoots Up

April-Television Bureau of Advertising reported spot tv volume for '59 at \$605,603,000, an increase of 18% over the previous year. Lestoil was the top spender at more than \$18,000,000, said TvB.

BBDO pulled off another major account acquisition, winning out over six other finalists in the scramble for the \$5,000,000 to \$10,-000,000 Pepsi-Cola account. Fuller & Smith & Ross got its first tough bounce in a tough year with the switch of Edison Electric Institute to Compton. Columbia Phono-graphs switched from McCann-Erickson to Donahue & Coe.

Albert Whitman was named prexy of Campbell-Mithun, major midwestern agency with \$43,000,-000 billings headquartered in Minneapolis. Ray Mithun moved up to chairman of the board.

Industry's year-long moment of truth continued with Fairfax Cone telling delegates to the American of Advertising Agencies Assn. meeting in Boca Raton that there was no excuse for "our" poor was no excuse for "our" poor taste ads. The Foote, Cone & Beld-ing exec declared, "Some of the advertising now on the air for deodorants. laxatives, corn removers, sick headache remedies, cold and sinus inhalants and girdles and brassieres needs to be thrown of and kept off the air."

May - FTC crackdown took a new turn with a full-scale investigation of guarantees in ads. Along with publication of a seven-point guide on guarantees, the federal agency announced it would stage a non-punitive publicity and consultation drive to bring the situation under control.

With advertising under the gun, a California ad man-legislator, Rep. Robert Wilson of San Diego, told the 10th annual conference of the Western States Advertising Agencies Assn., that the industry in the spring of '58. Suit for \$600,000 damages charged the Revlon
prexy with fraudulant actions and
stock "deception."
One of the biggest billings of the spring of '58. Suit for \$600,"witch hunt." He sounded off,
"Advertising is being undressed publicly in Washington, and it is time we express some righteous in-



JOHN WINGATE

WOR NEWS-4, 6:15, 7:20 P.M. Writes all news copy—"hard" news and commentary. Commercials
REVLON and COLGATE
Mgt.: Frank Cooper Associates

dignation at such treatment. Our profession is the victim of a witch hunt that would make Salem green with envy."

The account shuffle continued apace. Rival dog food pulled its \$1,250,000 billings out of Guild,, Bascom & Bonfigli, San Francisco, in favor of Needham, Louis & Brorby, Chicago. Sunkist named Burnett, Chicago, for lemons. Biz had been with BBDO. Chicopee Mills abandoned Lennen & Newell for Doyle, Dane, Bernbach. Rem-ington was preparing to dump Gardner in a hunt for a new shop to handle its typewriters. Oliver Corp., amen, decided to stick with Buchen Co. after soliciting presentations from several other agencies.

TV got sort of a breather from the critical wars as Guild, Bascom & Bonfigli board chairman David Bascom let go a volley at newspapers. Speaking at the National Newspaper Promotion Assn. meeting in Phoenix. Bascom led off with a backhanded slap at tv, then cut FTC appe loose on the sorry state of newspapers. "Television is presently in a sad, sorry state—both from the standpoint of the advertiser and the viewer," he said. "It's becoming extremely difficult, if not downright impossible for many advertisers today to (1) get the type of program they'd like to have. (2) get anything close to the time periods they'd prefer, (3) get a good climate for selling their product."

Then he switched his attack to hlast at newspapers: "They haven't done a great deal to improve themselves as an advertising medium in 50 years. Newspaper reps, he said, "come slinking and groveling into our shop with kind of a doggy attitude that they are or a doggy attitude that they are 'licked before we begin—so why try very hard.'" Or more often, they don't even come to us. I'm told that we have to practically beat newspaper reps over the head to get any needed information out of them.'

He also ripped into newspaper rate structures, makeup and for editorially playing tv's game of tinued at a cost of \$100,000 after diversion."

to get better compliance with the Robinson-Patman Act.

Standard International Corp. bought out Adell Chemical, maker of Lestoil, for a reported \$10,000,000. Biggest spot tv spender was said to have grossed \$25,000,-

000 in '59.
Still Answering The Critics Advertisers were still busy answering critics. Advertising Federation of America met in New York and released a "Truth Book" to guide agencies and clients in campaign preparations. Agency head and AFA vice chairman John P. Cunningham (Cunningham & Walsh), said, "Out of a blurred montage of rigged quizzes, Van Dorens, payola, plugola and congressional investigations has gradually come a clear course of action RADIO for this Federation. Dozens of ad-

vertising men have stood on platforms like this and called for action . . . But I believe the long, long hours of discussion, disagreement and deliberation are now behind us."

He announced the "Advertising Truth Book," a 56-page volume containing a lengthy defiintion of false and deceptive advertising, a list of trade practice conference rules adopted by FTC and a three-page bibliography listing additional sources for guidance etc.

FTC hearing examiner Leon Gross apparently was not in the least impressed by AFA's efforts in the interest of truth. At a Washington hearing on Colgates "protective shield" tele commercials, cited by FTC, the examiner pondered aloud: "I wonder how chastened the Madison Ave. crowd is. They are able and effective and they have required fective, and they have acquired a lot of power. Not only power in the commercial world, but in the political world too. They don't say anything deceptive. They put on a white coat and have the man handle a pharmaceutical and let it imply what it will."

J. Walter Thompson was having internal problems. Following the shift of the giant Shell Oil account to Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Stanley Resor, 81-year-old agency chairman, stepped down to be succeeded by Norman Strouse, who became prexy in 1955.

McCann-Erickson got an additional \$2,500,000 in General Motors billing via the car company's bankrolling of sports in co-sponsorship with Gillette.

July-Compton scored again in the area of restive clients. Alberto-Culver moved its reported \$8,000,-000 billings from Wade Advertising, Chicago, to the Madison Ave. shop.

Grant Advertising picked up \$4,000,000 in a merger with Robinson, Fenwick & Haynes, and snared Manischewitz wine from son, Lawrence C. Bumbinner agency.

Kemper Insurance shifted \$1,000,000 from John W. Shaw Advertising to Clint Frank shop

FTC appeared to be taking the heat off for the hot months, but the Democratic orators out in California at the party's national convention were turning it on "Madison Ave. hucksters." The references got trade editorials, lashbacks from industryites and, finally, touched off an AFA campaign for enlightenment of political folk at the local level.

August-In a most unusual move, the American Dental Assn.'s official publication, Journal of the American Dental Assn., gave an endorsement to Procter & Gamble's Crest toothpaste. Said the Journal, "Crest has been shown to be an effective anti-caries dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care." It was the first such gesture from the professional group.

FTC was back, this time telling Colgate not to imply full protection in blurbs regarding Gardol. Colgate had argued that the "protection" ads had been disconthe FTC complaint of November '59, and that a "cease and desist" June—FTC in the news once order was therefore unnecessary. But the order was handed down, order was therefore unnecessary. anyway.

> Same time, Carter Products and Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell & Bayles were tangling with the federal agency after a complaint that Rise commercials discredited competing products. Like Colgate. company argued that prosecution was unnecessary when ads had already been abandoned.

J. Walter Thompson took a second major billings setback with the loss of the \$4,500,000 Boyle-Midway biz. George Abrams, one time Revlon ad chief, resigned Hudnut-DuBarry company in a policy hassle. Cities Service dumped Lennen & Newell for Ellington shop. Grant picked up close to \$3,000,000 billings in the buyout of Boston agency, Cham-

(Continued on page 126)



BEN GRAUER

NBC

WRH

20 Years From Now: 'Wha' He Say?"

By EARLE FERRIS

Incomplete indeed are the services tv provides the American listener, and the sponsors are to blame.

Today the viewer is offered every possible type of cigaret, every variety of hair lotion, home permanent, girdle, floor covering, laundry detergent and car wax. He gets an appeal of a "non-commercial" or non-product nature, too, every couple of hours—more at nighttime in summer when sponsors have cut down on their spot announcements.

But in a day when the viewer, particularly the young one, is glued to the screen for long periods, has one sponsorial or "public service" plug ever told him to clean his fingernails while washing up for dinner? Ever heard a suggestion to Dumb Don, who passes up his homework to watch the masters of mayhem shoot up Goof Gulch, that he should say "Please pass the butter" rather than reach for it as if it were his Colt .45? Has a sponsor ever told Mary Beth that she ought to brush her hair a hundred strokes every night and set it neatly (even if with Slosh Spray) so that she doesn't look more like a beyer's trill than the hair stylict who advected many table? like a horse's tail than the hair stylist who advocated pony tails?

How many times have Don and Mary Beth been urged to wipe up their own spilled pop from the kitchen linoleum? You hear complaints from an ungrammatical to mother that her kids continually track up the kitchen floor, so she has to wax and polish it with Wondergunk but she keeps on doing it, while the heedless herd of hoodlums tramps unconcernedly out to play, and mama smiles serenely at the can of Wondergunk that makes it all possible.

Then there's the announcer, his face bathed in idiotic gaiety, who exhorts a trio of young boys to dump the colorful contents of their pails of stain-producing liquids (tomato sauce, chocolate syrup, pea soup, ink) on an expensive tablecloth—so that the spieler, after thanking them profusely for their misbehavior, can show how a certain laundry detergent can remove the glop without leaving a trace. (Maybe a trace of their activity should have been left—such as, say, a red imprint of pana's hand on three posteriors). a red imprint of papa's hand on three posteriors).

The "public service" announcements come on to beg you to give in response to the pleas of the hungry kids in Slobodia. But does anyone urge that mama give some attention to her ill-behaved kids, and teach them that one should wipe filthy shoes before traipsing through the kitchen into the livingroom, to make wholly unremovable spots on the new carpet? No; instead mama is being told that there is a new carpet on which she can bounce—an innovation not even tried in a Brigitte Bardot movie, so far.

John buys Government bonds and Jim doesn't, so Jim faces a dreary future; thus the viewer is implored to buy these bonds—but who tells him how to earn the scratch needed for the purchase, so that in seven years he can cash them in for their face value? The tv screen is filled with masterpieces of mediocrity written with nary a suggestion save that, in the end, the dope peddler and the white slaver are caught by The Authorities—but, prior to being caught, they do ride around in a bulletproof Caddy and knock off any character man who plays a cigar clerk, bank teller, or gas station attendant.

But aside from moral issues, let us for the moment consider the mental aspects of tv fare, and note the failure of tv ever to recommend, even by implication, the value of devoting a half-hour daily to reading Dickens or Shakespeare: the only dramatic characters who ever crack such books are usually depicted as hopeless squares likely to be poisoned before the station break.

Needless Compromise

Dr Bergen Evans comes on and approves the use of "like" for "as," and justifies the breach of grammar by weaseling that it is in public usage. So it is, by beatniks who have adopted "like" as part of their brunt idiom.

The tv sponsor pays Dizzy Dean to impart, the shawstup snuck behine the sack, but Aspermonny (for Aspromonte) slud back and he wuz safe, I guarantee ya!"

In 10 years, with the quality of script-writing sinking and the viewer growing up without any real vocabulary, because he can't miss that great western serial, "Hoof Hearted," just to mess aroun' wid dem crummy ole books, the sign language may return. We may find communication reviving semaphore signals, because even when the doctor in an oater says: "Slowgun needs a blood transfusion," most of the audience won't know what a transfusion is, and will begin to tune out them highbrow talkers.

Recently a prominent political candidate was clocked making several grammatical errors in a short tv speech, and when it was called to the attention of a college president, that scholar replied: "Was that so? I missed it. It probably was done just for public appeal; I'm certain he knows better." Prexy sympathized with the candidate's reluctance to be thought too highbrow, found it logical that he should use the "folk-talk" his pollsters had assured him "the peepul" gabble.

'Public Service'

The "public service" announcements do contain a warning that your child may be unable to go to college when he's ready, because there won't be enough college facilities 10 years from now, and they ask you to write for a free booklet that will tell how you can help. way you can help is to shut off the tv until Buster has done his homework, and bar him from it entirely unless he achieves a B or an 85 in all his major subjects. The "public service" plugs plead that we need more scientists and educators, but a lad who can do no more than count the slugs from the marshal's gun (and even Wyatt Earp doesn't own one that carries a total of 10 slugs') isn't going to worry about that unless his parents make him. But the cause about that unless his parents make him. But tv could help the cause

If you are between 17 and 26 years of age the "public service" pleas exhort you to join this or that service, to travel and to avail yourself of "career opportunities." Some of them offer all kinds of education, but from educators with whom I have discussed this subject I learn that many of the lads who enlist will lack understanding of the words in the books proferred and will wind up on KP or oiling

the locks on the captain's door.

Sponsors will no doubt have a stern rebuttal: We are in business to make money, not to educate. True if, in 10 or 20 years, nobody knows whatinell your sales message means, what good is it? Even if you keep on simplifying your message, so as to keep pace with the dwindling of public vocabularies, if the buying public's purchasing power sinks along with its education (and hence his fitness to hold a well-paying job), where will the viewer get the money to buy the new super-refrigerator, the sleek car you sell?

Are we already facing the law of the diminishing return, and is it

Are we already facing the law of the diminishing return, and is it going to continue?

Has any sponsor an idea how to help the poor spellers and those who possess starved vocabularies? Any Ad Council people possess any means of getting Dumb Don away from "Stab Seven Times" on Tuesday nights long enough to read, understand, and add to his vocabulary one new word? Because if Don doesn't learn he won't be able to buy those U.S. Savings Bonds and he won't be able to read the contract that offers "No money down and three full years to pay" 10 or 15 years hence. And even the sponsor's son may have to work after he reaches 24, because the way taxes are going, he can't leave him enough money to "insure his future"—even via U.S. Bonds. Sponsors and network rajahs are in business to make money, and it is likely the next generation will be, too. But can they, if sign language



BILLY NALLE Television — Recordings
Currently Musical Director
YOUNG DR. MALONE, NBC-TV
Radio Registry

Everybody (But Macy's) **Told Gimbel**

By BENEDICT GIMBEL Jr. (V.P., Metropolitan Broadcasting Co.)

Gimbel Alumni Assn.

Group of alumni of WIP, Philadelphia, are tossing a din-ner reunion to honor the station's vet topper, Ben Gimbel, tonight (Wed.) in Philly. Some of the ex-staffers go back

Group includes Marx Loeb, NBC-TV producer; Gordon Gray, prexy of WTVK-TV, Utica, and onetime RKO General v.p. in charge of WOR-TV, N.Y.; John Facenda, Philly TV, N.Y.; John Facenda, Philly tv commentator; James Quirk, publisher of TV Guide, and Murray Arnold, manager of WPEN. Cochairmen of the dinner committee are Jack Dash, v.p. of the Gresh & Kramer agency in Philly, and William A. (Billy) Banks, reserved WHAT William A. (B prexy of WHAT.

Philadelphia.

How about that?

How can I write a piece about the old, old days of broadcasting ... go back 25 or 30 years, and I could you know . . . I do go back that far... when such an exciting thing as the above happened only about a month ago. So, at the risk of being thought a big fat egotist here goes.

I want to tell about the greatest event that's happened to me in all the years I've been in the radio biz.

From seven of the United States and from Canada came the old

AND THE GREEN GRASS **GROWS ALL AROUND**

By SHERWOOD SCHWARTZ

Like any other aspirin-filled member of the Writers Guild of America, I am the first to admit that making a living at the typewriter is the most difficult of all forms of employment. This particular economic desert is covered with the bleached bones of those who try in vain to find an oasis. In the entire business spectrum the job \$ of rearranging letters of the alphabet in humorous or dramatic com-binations is undoubtedly the hardest task in the world. Any other method of making a living is easy by comparison.

That's why I, like any other sensible writer, look to these greener fields to make my life easier.

For instance, some years ago, I got in on the ground floor of a fantastic new invention. It was a revolutionary washday product called "Smooth" which did away with soaping, starching, waxing, ironing, and all other forms of drudgery connected with washing and ironing clothes. "Smooth" came in a plastic pellet which contained exactly the right amount of chemical for one load of clothes in a washing machine. All one had to do was pop a pellet into the wash. It discolved immediately and solved every washday problem. It dissolved immediately, and solved every washday problem.

For a rather tidy sum of money I became a partner in this marvelous product. And we would have made a fortune, too. Except that the chemists made a little mistake. The plastic pellet naturally was soluble in water, so it would dissolve in the washing machine. The product itself, "Smooth," was in a water base. As a result, the plastic pellets of "Smooth" dissolved themselves from the inside out instead of from the outside in. Supermarket shelves were wet from coast

The "Smooth" corporation, like the plastic pellets, dissolved soon thereafter.

And there I was, back at the typewriter.

Until I heard about "Our Fancy."

Our Fancy was a racehorse. She was a daughter of War Knight, winner of the Santa Anita Handicap. What better answer to all economic problems than owning a racehorse that wins hundred thousand dollar races? Quickly I got in on the ground floor. I became a partner in Our Fancy.

When Our Fancy was two years old she didn't win a race. When Our Fancy was three years old she didn't win a race. But when Our Fancy was four years old, things changed: she broke her leg. In fact, she not only broke her leg, she managed to do it in such a way that it wasn't covered by her insurance policy.

And there I was, back at the typewriter.

Until I heard about real estate in Palmdale and Lancaster. This is an area bounded by the Antelope Valley on one side and a good deal of my money on the other.

They were supposed to build factories in that area, and airports, and hundreds of thousands of homes, and I was supposed to triple my investment.

Well, I did triple my investment. I lost exactly three times as much as I did on "Smooth" and "Our Fancy" put together.

And there I was, back at the typewriter.

Until I heard about Cottonwood II, a uranium mine. This one I got into below the ground floor—two hundred feet below, where there was a vein of uranium of "incalculable dimensions."

Although Roget's Thesaurus doesn't mention it, "incalculable" is a synonym for "non-existent."

And there I was, back at the typewriter.

Then came Lite-A-Pic, a copper picture business in which I became interested. And Read-A-Line, a plastic novelty designed to help read statistics and numbers—like the losses I suffered in Lite-A-Pic.

Over the years I have often wandered into the fertile green fields which surround the difficult rock soil where the writer tills. And on each occasion I have had to thank God for my typewriter. How else can I support all the shrewd investments which make me such easy money? easy money?

a party at the Barclay Hotel in Philadelphia in my honor . . . and

what a party.

The theme for the evening was "pan Gimbel" and pan they did.

James Quirk, publisher of TV Guide (onetime Program Director

grads of WIP... men who had worked with me during my tenure of office as president and general manager of WIP gathered to give whirling dervish... Quirk was suwhirling dervish . . . Quirk was superb. John Hays, president of the Broadcasting Division of WTOP Washington, D.C. also, radio and tv Consultant to Lyndon (past Program Director of WIP...John Hays that is, not Lyndon Johnson) was at his wittiest when he told here he area tried to got a raise how he once tried to get a raise out of me. Then there was Ralf, Brent, President of WRUL (who was for nine years Vice President and Director of Sales at WIP) who did some cutting that was funny, funny, funny.

From way out west came Ed Wallis, General Manager of the Westinghouse Station in Fort Wayne (once Promotion Director at WIP) . . . he had some beastly but comical stuff to give with.

Another guy who traveled far to be with us was Sam Elber, Canadian representative of Spon-Magazine (onetime motion boss) . . . came all the way from Toronto. Then there was Murray Arnold, Station Manager of WPEN (who was also once a WIP Program Director . . . gosh, we sure had a helluva lot of 'em) who did a fine job of ribbing.

From New York came Marx Loeb, Executive Producer of NBC's "Monitor" and Perry Bascom, National TV Sales Manager of Westinghouse Broadcasting Co.

Jack Dash, a partner in Gresh & Kramer (onetime WIP sales rep), did a fantastic job of introducing all of the over 60 guests by name without a note and Billy Banks, now owner of the successful radio station WHAT, made the presentation of a beautiful silver picture frame to me and was real funny about it too.

Of course, all the guys from Philadelphia, New Jersey and en-virons were there to make up the over 60 alumni who showed.



JACKSON BECK

Announcer Radio

Actor TV

Films

JUdson 2-8800 Representative: Marjorie Morrow Paramount Theatre Building, New York

PUTTING FLESH ON AN IMAGE: THE EVOLUTION OF THE EMMY

RADIO-TELEVISION

By HARRY S. ACKERMAN

(Pres., National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences)

wralth-like thing. It is skeleton cations the world has ever known. It hasn't been easy. Television,

Feeding the image has been the devoted work of the National Trustees, the Chapter Governors and the more than 6,000 members of the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences since our beginning in 1947 in Los Angeles, through our founding of the Na-tional Academy in 1956 by the Los Angeles and New York Chapters and continuing with the addition of Chapters in Arizona, Baltimore, Chicago, Seattle and Washington, D. C. It will go on as long as "to advance the arts and sci-ences of Television" is a worthy objective for the viewer, for the advertiser and for the industry it-And that will be for as long as there is television.

Our beginnings in 1948 were not, by any means, humble; but they were decidedly regional and singularly concerned with the singularly concerned with the presentation of the first Annual Emmy Awards. These Awards were presented in five categories -Los Angeles berthed - but they set the stage for the evolution of television's definitive awards for outstanding achievement and for the development of the most unique organization in the annals Academy is "the most unique orof American industry.

As you are well aware, the evo-Intion of the Emmy has been a son, and it is the greatest single source of the Academy's present and potential strength. The Academy the source of the Academy's present and potential strength. The Academy the source of the Academy's present and potential strength. industry itself, she has struggled emy's membership, 6,000 strong in

An image is an ephemeral, to achievements in the most imgrey), and (in our business) often with its incomparable capacity to hot air. The image of an Academy, entertain, to inform and to enin dictionary terms, conjures up lighten, has embraced all areas of all of these things: "1. a secondary human experience, many kinds and methods of presentation, and school esp. a private one. 2. a a multitude of talents in an effort school for instruction in a particu-to fulfill its phenomenal potential. Lar art or science: a military acad-And so, the Emmy has had to emy. 3. an association or institu- choose, from year to year, whether tion for the promotion of to "give everyone a chance" and literature, science or art: the Acadrisk dimming her lustre or to emy of Arts and Letters." Yet group the many into broad areas this image fails to define itself of as compatible competition as until the "responsible parties" possible in an effort to acknowl-give it substance. achievements.

The latter course has proved, in the final analysis, to be the realistic one and the most honorable. And so, with the blessings and acknowledgment of the press, the public and the industry, the Emmy Awards for 1960-1961 will be presented in May, 1961 in substantially the same limited categories as last year-endeavoring to acknowledge the truly outstanding achievements in 23 categories withachievements in 23 categories with-out regard to considerations of budget, length of program, etc., which are admittedly important considerations in "type" competi-tions, but which cannot prevail when "art" and "science" are to be the criteria. And the Academy has, in the past two seasons, de-termined to adhere to these cri-teria in making its annual awards. teria in making its annual awards.
And so, the skeleton of the im-

age has been strengthened and its stature well established. How are we filling it out, putting meat on the bones?

Designed To Embrace All

paragraphs back I noted that the ganization in the annals of American industry." Now for the reasource of the Academy's present and potential strength. The Acad-



RALPH CAMARGO ANNOUNCER-ACTOR-NARRATOR

Registry JU 2-8800

one working actively and creative ly in television —executives, stage managers, producers, writers, directors, designers—these and all others are eligible for active mem-Among our associate we number educators, bership. members students lawyers, tv's business-men, secretaries and others whose jobs may not be creative, but who are deeply involved in and con-cerned with the "advancement" which is our credo. The significance of this broad base of membership is that every day — at membership meetings in volunteer jobs, at committee meetings and meetings of our boards of governors and trustees—there is active. positive communication and exchange of ideas among all of tv's toilers without regard to company affiliation, the job or the salary. "Wearing the Academy Hat" is not an empty phrase, but a positive attitude which our members assume when they meet to further our cause and the cause of the indus-You will remember that several try we serve. The real meat, how-aragraphs back I noted that the ever, is in the methods we are using to advance the arts and sciences of television for the people on both ends of the tuge. I've said that the Emmy is the skeleton-it is also our most celebrated function. Now, however, the presentation of our annual Awards has beto achieve her present eminence seven Chapter cities, represents no come not the be-all and end-all, and to be worthy of having besingle segment of our great inbut rather each year's valedictory of the sponsorship of an annual hefty, and rarin' to go
come the one significant accolade dustry, but embraces all. Every—the climax of many hours of International Television Festival, you all to come along.

service and the salute to many successful activities and projects.

In seven Chapter cities which now constitute the National Academy, and in the many more which will be formed as the need is felt and as our strength enables us to support them, we conduct regular informational services calculated to broaden the horizons of our members, to increase and strengthen their knowledge of their own and others' creative functions in television. We have Forum Series where we discuss the development of educational tv, the influence of television on politics, an ideal programming schedule, the political and social rights of performers, writers, etc. We have regular membership meetings which serve as a platform for the policy proclamations of network leaders, government officials influential in communications and others. We are conducting workshops to discover and develop new talents and techniques of performance, writing, directing and all of the other facets of production. That's all fine, you say, but isn't it kind "inside"?

Let us study our sphere of in-uence. We give fellowships to fluence. leading educators in communica-tions. These consist of a concentrated exposure to professional tv, to production, to meetings with leaders in all phases of the industry so that, back on campus, courses will be designed, associates enlightened, and students stimulated to bring their most creative abilities to bear on television. We give scholarships to worthy students, majors in performing and communications. Through our pub-lic information, lecture and service bureau we are sending volunteer lecturers and advisers to schools and colleges, to civic and social and professional organizations to improve the teaching of our medium, to assist in the use of television as a teaching force, and to improve the understanding of what we do and why we do it.

Further steps to expand this sphere of influence are envisioned in our plans to publish definitive works about television — books, encyclopaedia and a quarterly journal of our industry's develop-ments. We are also working toward the establishment of a library and Museum of Television—an archive and a practical source of research material for the professional and

Internal Strife In Radio Free Europe

The director of Radio Free Europe, which has its headquarters in Munich, and two of his officials have resigned in a disagreement with the group's world headquarters, the Free Europe Committee in New York City.

Chief Erik Hazelhoff and his two assistants, Charles J. McNeill, assistant director of administration and David J. Penn, assistant director for policy, announced their resignations as a protest concerning the appointment of Oswald Kostra to be chief of the Czechoslovakian desk in the RFE opera-

Eighteen editors who work in the Czech desk opposed the appointment of Kostra to the top spot, and submitted a plea for his resignation. The editors given 24 hours to withdraw their protest and were fired when they refused. The group then enlisted the help of the New York office, which reinstated them.

The group accused Kostra of permitting intrigue and denunciation, and of not being sufficiently firm toward anti-Semitic incidents, according to their charges, which have been denied by Radio Free Europe.

Kostra has also resigned from the privately financed non-govern-mental radio organization, which specializes in beaming messages of news and encouragement to countries behind the Iron Curtain.

The RFE officials from New York, John Dunning, assistant di-rector and Rodney Smith, administrative vice president, are in Munich to make arrangements until the top slots are filled.

to be inaugurated in the Fall of 1961 in New York City, erases all geographic and ideological barriers and places us in the forefront of those who salute the imminent realization of the international ex-change of television programs live, taped and on film—and the hope for "Greater World Understanding Through International Television."

the student.

And our recent announcement of the sponsorship of an annual hefty, and rarin' to go. We invite

Oh, Pshaw!

Continued from page 86

ested . . . that's a great switch, especially if we can get Christine to play it . . . oh, she's not a transvestite . . . that's too bad! So, what happens next? . . . Yeah, she goes to an Army camp . . . a female Sergeant Bilko, huh? . . . Oh, not exactly? . . . You mean five stars, like Ike? I'll be damned! Then what happens? . . . A big investigation, only you call it an inquisition? . . . Sure, I get you, Georgie. But we couldn't cast it right, what with McCarthy and Welch both gone. Well, it was a good idea. What happens to her? Does she pull the fat out of the fire? . . . Come again, what did those soldiers do? They threw what on the fire? . . . Well! We haven't been troubled with that kind around our soldiers do? They threw what on the fire? . . . Well! We haven't been troubled with that kind around our studio since we fired our last casting director. What? You didn't mean that kind . . . you meant the wooden

"Look, Georgie, I'm going to have to give it to you We have this hibachi sponsor, and I sort of imagine he'd crawl if we burned a saint on his time. Got anything else? . . . Go on, I'm listening . . . what Got anything else? . . . Go on, I'm listening . . . what year? A.D. 31,820? You're pretty far out, boy . . . there are these big eggs, yeah . . . they do what? . . . hatch people who are full-grown? I like it, personally, but we've got this client who's up to his navel with competitors talking about the 70c spread . . . and then you come along and want us to louse up his egg route

"What else is lying around on your desk? A romance, maybe? . . . Sounds good . . . a peasant girl and a soldier . . . no kidding? In her bedroom? . . . And he hates war? Well, F. D. R. got away with it, why can't we? . . . What? Now you're losing me again, Georgie-Porgie . . . he carries what instead of bullets? Chocolate creams? ... Sure it's a great gag, might even make a good musical, but we have Whitman's, Remington-Rand and the Pentagon buying time. Sorry, George.

"You just don't seem to sense the image our medium

"You just don't seem to sense the image our medium wants to establish. We have to hit the mass market.
... Oh, you think you have an all-time hit under any conditions? Well, spill it. I'm listening ... go on ... yeah, she's a flower-girl ... un-huh, and what does he do? ... he's a speech expert ... and she has a daddy who boozes ... you're out of your mind, George. It'll never catch on! Are you sure you thought it up, and not the CBS crowd?

"Well, try us again sometime. If you only had a Western ... what, you do? ... Now you're talking. That's what this industry wants and needs, a new kind of Western ... wait'll I hear about yours? Fire away ... you say there's this Blanco feller ... he's the hero ... they're gonna string him up ... I like that ... good

. what's he done? Oh, no! We can't take that. The hero is never a horse-thief!

"Oh, I see. You say this really is a new kind of West-The hero's got a brother, a pillar of the Church . . . that's fine . . . wow, what a scene . . . brother face-to-face with brother in a kangaroo court . . . go on . . . so he stole the minister's horse . . . hell, that ain't stealing if it's all in the family! I like this. What happens next? . What? Oh, come off it, Georgle, you're teasing me, you say the minister what? . . . Hah-hah-hah! You he runs a saloon. Yeah, and the star witness what? Hah-hah-hah! She's a hustler? Sounds like a typical Merrick show . . . she what with the sheriff? And his brother? And every able-bodied man; in town? Even if the audience would believe it, George, we've sold Planned Parenthood on a heck of a good coast-to-coast schedule. Well, thanks for the call. What did you say your last

name was?

"Hello, operator? Operator? ... We were cut off ...
what do you mean he hung up? No two-bit hack is going
to say "Oh, Pshaw!" to me and get away with it. Get
off the line, honey. I want to flash my secretary ...
Hello ... Miss Harlow, if a bushy-bearded scenario writer
named George who talks with an Irish lilt ever comes
around here, throw him out! Now, call the Italian
Riviera for me and get hold of Tennessee. If he's finished Riviera for me and get hold of Tennessee. If he's finished his bayou-country adaptation of 'Little Women' we ought

to have a natural for our next spectacular.

"You what? . . . Say that again, Miss Harlow. You don't think it's such a good idea? Why not? . . . Oh, my God! I forgot the Mattress Makers Association was going to sponsor it. Well, a guy just days! He just can't win!" can't wir

(HE HANGS UP AND GOES IN SEARCH OF THE NEAREST HEADACHE REMEDY).

THE DEFENSE RESTS

By SAM LEVENSON.

As a rebuttal to the contention that television has done nothing to raise the moral level of American life I should like to point up the areas in which the great new medium

has emphasized the virtues we all hold dear.
Since the industry is too modest to credit itself publicly for its achievements in the uplifting of mankind I take it upon myself to indicate how subtly, through indirection, subliminally, through emotional suggestion, moral values are established in the mind of the unsuspecting viewer who turns off his set at the end of the day a better human

I offer here a partial list of virtues and the words, situations, or shows which promote these virtues.

1. HELPFULNESS: "They went that away."

2. PERSEVERANCE: Another Evening With Fred

3. OBEDIENCE: "Go and tell your mother to buy you 4. PROMPTNESS: "Some day we're going to have it out,

"What's the matter with now?

5. MERCY: "The video portion of this program has been temporarily interrupted."
6. OPTIMISM: "We'll be seeing you at the same time at the same place next week."

7. TRUSTWORTHINESS: "I Kid You Not."
8. GOOD GRAMMAR: "Who Do You Trust?"
9. HOSPITALITY: Sinatra's return visit to Dean Martin on the Bob Hope Visits Dean Martin's Sinatra Return Visit

Show.
10. INDUSTRY: "I Led Three Lives."

11. CANDOR: "I'm a big star from Hollywood and look at my arm pit!"
12. RELIGION: "Give us this day our daily Slow-Baked-

12. RELIGION: "Give us this day our daily Slow-Baked-Vitamin-Enriched Golden Brown Bread"

13. EASING THE LIFE OF SHUT-INS: "Warden, may I stay up to watch TV tonight? My crime is being reenacted."

14. FREEDOM OF SPEECH: "The opinions expressed on this program are not necessarily condoned by the management of this station, or even understood by them?" agement of this station-or even understood by them.

15. THE ONE-WORLD OUTLOOK: "We have just received a bulletin of earth-shattering importance to all of mankind—but first, a word from our sponsor.'

Yeh, Let's Have Culture

Continued from page 87

"Bertrand Russell and the Three Stooges." The theory of hydrodynamics could be explained with bellylaughs by the 'seltzer in the puss' bit. Newton's theory of gravitation could be demonstrated by Larry in a series of pratfalls. An irresistible force against an immovable body could be illustrated by 'the fingers in the eyes.'

"In our new western 'Gunshnook,' most of the action will take place in a library instead of a saloon. The two bushwackers (to be played by Dr. Baxter and Steve Allen) hold up a stagecoach which carries a shipment of encyclopedias instead of gold. The driver is shot in the head and when Doc has to extract the bullet from his brain. instead of doing it with a slug of whiskey and two chop sticks, we'll insert a stock shot of a brain operation from 'Medic.' The big fight scene will take place in the library. Matt Killem, the sheriff, gets into a hot argument with the two bushwackers on the philosophy of Nietzsche. In the brawl that follows, Matt is saved when a bullet from Dr. Baxter's gun is deflected by his Phi Beta Kappa key. The baddies come uppance when a set of encyclopedias falls on their heads."

*Director has since resigned and is now selling jujubes for a confectionary outfit.

How Free Is TV?

Frustrations of One Setowner's Experiences— Service (?) Contracts

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

and the repair jobs. Oh, I know the repair racket has supposedly gone out-and the services are supposedly legitimate. But are they?

First, the sets. If a firm wants to make a million dollars, I'll tell of the guarantee, I saw a service them how to do it. And wouldn't I. man. without any money at all, give advice, for free, on how to make a million! It's simple. Here it is, in 10 words: manufacture a cabi- I'd moved into a hotel. There was net that brings the screen to eye

Cabinets, for both black and white and color, get more elaborate each year. And the screen is so low, that in their own picture publicity, they show the young folks sitting on the floor in order to get a decent viewing. And no wonder adults complain and say they can't watch television for any length of time without getting a headache. Maybe it's the picture itself-but I'm inclined to think it's the fact that, with the average set, you have to look down to see anything at all. I asked a couple of men who manufacture cabinets and the answer was always the same: the cabinet would be so ugly if the screen were higher. I don't believe it would. Build a couple of bookshelves below the machine. If a family or one person -doesn't own enough books to fill two shelves below a television cabinet they shouldn't be allowed to watch television, anyhow.

A great many people have their sets built into a wall. My own set—eyelevel, is built into a bookshelf, with books above, below and on both sides—but then I learned to read as a child. The average person doesn't have or doesn't like a built-in set. Why not build cabinets, either with legs or shelves below, so that the screen is at eye level for adults? Maybe parents would get two sets—more millions, with one set either adjustable or for the eye-level of youngsters. It's an idea, anyhow.

Now for the racket. It flourished years ago, I know. And if it isn't this time so I paid for the call. existing, now, there is something so close to it that it will do very well until a real racket comes along. I've asked a lot of people and have received very similar answers. Several people told me they've given up their sets because they couldn't afford the upkeep. Most of these companies I'm referring to have service contracts, and you pay in advance, so they you where they want you, right from the start.

Six years ago I bought a wonderful television set. Nothing ever ice man called. He told me, and the went wrong with it. I had no service contract. But then, you don't have service contracts on auto-

Is tv really free? I don't think | mobiles, radios, various record mait is, not when you consider the sets | chines and other supposedly complex mechanisms. The set was in a long, specially made cabinet, so when I moved, a habit I've never broken, I sold the set and bought the one I have now. It didn't seem to bring in programs too well. Somistake No. 1-taking advantage

> studied the set and decided that the location was so bad I'd need an outside antenna. I must have been less than half-witted. only one antenna on the roof---and it wasn't used! And every room had a television set! But I let the man persuade me to pay nearly \$80 for an outside antenna. The reception was pretty good. I discovered later, that everyone else in the building got as good or better reception with rabbit ears. Oh, yes, I had rabbit ears with my set. Two men installed the roof antenna. And as they were leaving, one of the men said, "You won't use this, so we'll take it along." He picked up the rabbit ears, and they both started to walk away.

"What if I ever need it?" I asked. After all, they were my rabbit ears.

"Useless!" said the man. "If you ever move and want 'em, we'll get you a set." My rabbit ears disappeared.

Coupon Clipping

Each year, since then, I've had a contract. You pay for the contract and get coupons. After you've used those, you pay \$5.95 for a visit. One year I paid \$80—but that was five years ago—and with five coupons. I used 12 extra ones, as nearly as I can figure out. Three years ago I paid \$34.95—got one coupon and used five more during the year. Two years ago I paid \$80 and got 5 coupons, with the preferred rate of \$5.95 for additional calls. I used the coupons pretty rapidly-and began on the preferred calls. Three went for the same sound tube. "If it breaks again, we'll replace it free," I was told. It broke again-but another tube needed replacing, I was told,

I went to Europe. I called, asked for the manager, and asked if my contract could be extended — I wasn't using the machine. I was told it could be, for half of the time. That seemed fair enough. On my return, of course, I needed a couple of service calls in order to get good reception.

Last week, I moved again. Into an apartment where the reception is excellent. The movers moved my set. I telephoned and asked for my "borrowed" rabbit ears. A serv-

other man, on the telephone, that (Continued on page 125)



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It's Not Where You Make Them, **But Simply How**

By BOB CHANDLER

'T'aint where you make 'em, but what you make. That's the sum and substance of the television myth of the "made in Hollywood" label as applied to telefilms and occasionally live programming.

General impression of the hidebound New Yorker is that Hollywood's telefilm industry, and for that matter a good part of the live setup at the networks, is composed of a group of tasteless lunkheads who grind 'em out as fast as they can get the product off the beltline. To one such Gothamschooled reporter with a two-year Coast residency behind him it just

There's no shortage of talented, tv. sensitive and creative people here, though they're not always in the right positions. The "Playhouse 90" standouts, the Dinah Shore, Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra specials prove the Nor is the telefilm end arid, what with such cases as some of the "Untouchables" segments, an occasional "GE Theatre" like James undertook to determine, in Moscow, Thurber's "One Is a Wanderer," and others in the dramatic genre.

The principal trouble with the Hollywood tag is that it's necessarily the "factory" of the industry, the place where the bulk of the day-in, day-out programming is created. And what is restricting is that such bulk programming is necessarily format program-ming, which is to say that Holly-wood in any given year is going to have to turn out X number of westerns, Y number of situation comedies and Z number of whodunits. Hollywood has the equipment, so it gets the job.

And the job is a confining, restrictive one. Once over the premise of any series, how creative can you get? If the premise, the casting and the writing are tasteful and sound, then such good situation comedies as "Father Knows Best" and the Danny Thomas show, or westerns like "Gun-smoke," "Maverick" and "Rifleman" emerge. If they're not, then comes the dreadful flops that disappear after 13 or 26 weeks to be replaced, more often than not, by

more flops. But the point is that the "made in Hollywood" tag and the invidiousness attached to it can't be generalized. It's a pervading condition due to the fact that Hollywood's gotta come up with bulk programming. But it has its no-table exceptions, and it boils down to the question of what kind of programming d'ya mean? If it's a question of formula stuff, sure, but where else can it be turned out in the volume required by the

Meanwhile, though, there are plenty of talented producers, directors and writers trying their darndest to turn out the best they've got, which is considerable, and when the networks and agencies put their respective feet down in a demand for more excitement and less uniformity in filmed product, these laborers in the celluloid vineyard will be the first to shout

VIEWERS NEED A HIGHER STANDARD OF LIVING, TOO

By ROBERT SAUDEK

"There is this biology professor and he shouts 'jump' to a frog and the little rascal hits the air on the double. Then the prof turns to his students and notes: 'Now, watch what happens when I cut the frog's hind legs off.' This is done with dispatch, the professor again yells 'jump,' but the frog doesn't budge. 'Ah,' says the pedagog, 'You see, when I sever his hind legs he can no longer hear me'."

Recounted over multiple martinis, this anecdote gets a laugh on Madison Ave. and elsewhere, but, actually, it's not so funny. For example, if you're smoking more and enjoying it less what are you urged to do? Not smoke less and enjoy it more. Hardly. Just try another brand.

If it is agreed that there are too many westerns on television, is the solution more westerns? If the sight and sound medium is sated with bread and butter programming, do we need more starchy. vapid situation comedies and similar filmed trivia? Well, homeopathy may have its place in the annals of medicine but for television programming it is not the solution. So what do we do?

Well, first, we ask another question. What single phrase in the English language has done more to denigrate video than any other? It is the silky exhortation: "Give the people what they want."

Now, like it or not, this justification of today's television has in-credible vitality. People have at-tacked it on many different grounds but it never seems to come unstuck. Now, once again, let's try to dislodge it by applying its preservation-of-the-status-quo rationale to fields of endeavor other than

Take housing, for example. What happens when you give the people what they want in the way of housing? I call attention to the fact that in the Soviet Union, the popula-tion at large is beginning to get what it wants in the way of homes, and I can speak from direct ob-servation of this matter. I recently the best kind of housing my family of seven could enjoy if we were to move into a newly constructed building. Here is the answer: We would have two rooms, a private bath and a private kitchen. 'I say private because, until three years ago, the most modern structures offered only common baths and kitchens, which are shared by four families). So, I inquired of them how my own family of seven might divide ourselves between two

your five boys and girls could sleep

together in the other room. Or you could divide up four and three. Or even six and one. Some people reserve one room as a living room. In that arrangement all seven sleep in the other room."

So I ask myself the question-Is this giving the Russians what they want? The answer is yes. As long as most Russians do not stray very far west of the Volga they have no reason not to be satisfied with what Big Brother is giving them. How many Americans are likely to defend this scheme for giving the people what they want? Few indeed, I'm sure. But why not?

In One Word-Freedom

Because we have freedom, Freedom has afforded us an ever higher standard of living, something the Russians do not even comprehend. The key to the situation is America's ever rising standard of living. We preach it to the world and we practice what we preach: only in a free country can the people's lot be improved. Only in a free country does the icebox give way to the refrigerator and the spring-house yield to the deep freeze. We Americans hold to the tradition of being hard to satisfy. There is no such thing as giving us what we want-a placator, a pacifier, because somehow we can always see something better ahead, and we want it, and we get it.

Raise the standard of living that is the battle cry of freedom. To the manufacturer of automobiles as to the maker of refrigerators we ask: "Yes, but what have you done for us lately?" So, then, people do not in fact want what they wanted. They want something new and they want something better. So, is this lusty and vital national characteristic to be denied to the potentially great medium of television? Is a higher standard of living never to be realized by television? So far, with 12 years of television behind us, I look around me and ask myself: "When are WE going to unveil a new model? Where is OUR power steering? OUR new building materials? OUR radical design? Never mind what the people want: they wanted piston engines until the jets came along. Where are all the fresh ideas of television that will make the audience dissatisfied with what they've got?

There is a breed of bargainbasement intellectuals which tells us to look abroad for our inspiration. It is probably the group that would have us trade in our Constitution for a parliamentary scheme of government.

Well, I say to such people that there is no magic in parliamentary government just because it works so well in the United Kingdom. It hasn't done much for France, and it has been used by the Hitlers, "It really doesn't matter," the Mussolinis and Castros to take Russian replied. "You and your dictatorial control of the reins of wife might occupy one room and government. Similarly, there is no (Continued on page 125)



HARRY VON ZELL "CELEBRITY GOLF"

A NETWORK IS KNOWN FOR THE CHARACTER IT KEEPS

(V.P., Programs and Talent, NBC-TV)

We are all, to varying degrees, 90 minutes of glorious and histori-guilty of pride. Some cloak it in cal decementation and "The Story modesty and in the quiet daily performance of duty and responsibility; some, on the other hand, revel in immodesty; some indulge in caterwauling and crowing and some in statistics. Every parvenu has his place and his hour, and in time, hopefully, he abandons the toothpick, no longer drinks his fingerbowl, and, as Victor Borge says, remembers to close his open end. Noblesse oblige.

Character, in a network, is made up of many parts. It is made up of management and men, purpose and direction, responsibility and recources. There are tides and cycles that may, on occasion, shadow the main trends and major objectives. At NBC the major objective is to provide a national television service that brings to the whole pub-Re and to its many parts a diverse schedule of entertainment and information.

We want to satisfy the public's desire for entertainment; we also want to stimulate the public to greater interest in the art forms and to create an atmosphere of intellectual ferment.

What is the NBC Television Network? It is an instrument that brings a regular schedule—from six in the morning to one the next of great variety; from the charm of Shari Lewis to the whimsy of Alfred Hitchcock, from the enchantment of Shirley Temple to the chill of Boris Karloff, from the excitement of "Wagon Train" to the magic of Perry Como, from the entrance of Loretta Young to the kiss of Dinah Shore, from the ten-sion of "Price Is Right" to the antics of Groucho Marx. NBC brings lectures of collegiate sta-ture; news and provocative commentary; interviews, discussions and debates on national and inter-national issues; great sporting events; religious views and inspirational sermons and music; concerts and ballet where world distinguished artists perform, plus a world famed English speaking opera company, plus the myriad appeals of "Omnibus," plus great theatre from Hallmark, Purex, Dow Chemical and Equitable, plus the outstanding variety specials of each year—headlined by Bob Hope, Dean Martin, Jack Benny, Mitzi Gaynor, Mary Martin, Art Carney, and many others. And acting as the nation's bookends to this great galaxy of stars and personalities, events and ferments are the colossi of Garroway and Paar-each encompassing within his own orbit a complete television service of his

Character, as we said, is made up of many parts—it is a reflection of management and men. It is no accident that Huntley and Is no accident that Huntley and Brinkley climaxed a four-year drive to win new character for NBC, for behind Huntley and Brinkley were McAndrew and Goodman—knowledgeable and professional, and behind them were Sarnoff and Kintner, who gave the news drive, purpose and objectives.

tion that has led to NBC superiority in news motivates the quickening power of NBC's Public Affairs
arm—where Irving Gitlin is adding
to the character of the NBC netto the character of the NBC netunique act which saw him stand
unique act which saw him stand
to the character of the NBC netto the character of the NBC net-This same management dedicaworld into face-to-face debates, and that has crystalized into the hard-hitting uncompromising views documented in the White Papers
— and like the great debates in
"The Nature's Future"—all offered in prime evening time.

Depends On Your Scope

And on the entertainment side, the Special Projects unit and the Specials section of the Program Department have added to the NBC image of quality, diversification and scope. Don Hyatt whose wizardry has been apparent on "Project 20," a Special unit within Special Projects, brought 16 produc-tions to NBC this past year—and coming up soon, "The Story of the Real West" with Gary Cooper as "The Legend of Will Rogers," nar-rated by his friend, Bob Hope.
"Uctory at Sea," compressed into

of Christ" represent two of the most recent of the "Project 20" classics. And expanding in the season ahead will be a whole new cavalcade of "Project 20"—ranging from "The Eisenhower Years" to 'The Story of the Glamor Oirl" to "The Korean War" and the story of America's 'cops 'n' robbers," to mention a few, to the production of new Hyatt Special Projects series with "The World of . . ." and "America's Music," already in pro-

duction.

Dick Linkroum's Special Unit has also been girding for the fu-ture. With Richard Halliday, Linkroum produced the finest produc-tion of "Peter Pan," starring Mary Martin, in tv history. Now his unit is at work producing Life's gigantic 90-minute 25th anniversary show, readying the "TV Guide Awards" and the Emmys, in pre-produc-tion on tentatively titled "35 Years tion on tentatively titled "35 Years of Broadcasting"—an entertainment cavalcade of the broadcast medium—and "Broadway—The Story of a Street," getting set to launch the next Robert Alan Aurthur-Purex production, "Giuliano," and the Eugene Burr productions of "Love Story" with Janet Blair—live-on-tape dramatic Specials being produced in New York, and preparing for the next season NBC's own great renaissance in NBC's own great renaissance in live-on-tape dramatic Specials with stories by Somerset Maugham, Daphne duMaurier, Robert Nathan, J. P. Marquand already set.

And in daytime-where as in news, sports, public affairs, specials, and Special Projects, NBC is the number one network in size and quality, Bob Aaron and Roger Gimbel are busy preparing specials devoted wholly to entertainment and other specials geared to the woman in the house. Two major projects, "The Seven Ages of Man" and "Taboo" are now in prepara-tion for next season, plus a series

of entertaining holiday Specials.
And, at night, Felix Jackson on the west coast and Eugene Burr on the east, are readying new NBC on the east, are readying new NBC properties—conceived by and produced by NBC creative personnel.

Joining David Dortort's "Bonanza,"
Joe Dakow's "Outlaws," Bill Brown's "Shirley Temple Show," soon will come Frank Telford's "The Americans"—the first network series dealing with the period of the Civil War. Telford, who developed "Outlaw," has spent a year readying this challenging and autive of a Robert Kinther; it is visible in terms of a David Adams and a Walter Scott; it blazes forth in the pioneering of the medium itself and its intensive support of color; it is visualized in the leadership NBC has achieved in News and Public Affairs—where readying this challenging and authentic hour. And coming up for the 1961 season will be Jack Eman-

is Bernie Bernard and he had

quite a sense of humor. There was

when Haji swallowed a gallon of

the gasoline, had it flare up

roared he expelled the water and

one morning, Bernie took Haji over to the orange-juice stand,

threw a dime on the counter and

said to the owner, "My friend here

Haji started drinking glass after glass after glass. When about two gallons of juice were consumed

Haji admitted his thirst was satis-

The next day, the orange-juice

fied and he and Bernie left.

would like some orange juice.



MIMI BENZELL

Contact
WALTER GOULD
609 Fifth Avenue, New York
PL 2-3920

uel's "The Big Tent" with second unit work already in progress, and Preston Wood's "Portofino." These house-developed programs to-gether with the productions from the best producers and producing organizations on both coasts, will add to the variety, the scope, and the quality of NBC nighttime entertainment.

Purpose and direction make up part of the NBC character—to provide the finest in entertainment and information, to be fully responsible for what goes over our facilities, to back it up financially and with responsible personnel, and to utilize the talents of cut-standing people like Robert Saudek, George Schaefer, Hubbell Robinson, Mildred Alberg, Robert Alan Aurthur, Fielder Cook, Richard Halliday, Robert Maxwell, Tom McDermott, Alan Miller, Mark Goodson, Bill Todman, Nick Vanoff, Bob Finkel, Henry Jaffe, Nat Holt, Lou Edelman, Paul Monash, with our own creative talent-Bill Asher, David Dortort, Hal Kemp, Frank Telford, Felix Jackson, Joe Dakow, Barry Shear, Dean Whitmore, George Schlatter, Jack Donehue, David Tebet, Terry Lewis, Ross Donaldson, and many, many others.

Call it faith, call it image, atmosphere or climate—it all adds

WHY DON'T YOU GO ON THE JACK PAAR SHOW?

By CARL WINSTON

Last Oct. 21, moaning soft little for a moment I feared he was gobirth pang moans, G. P. Putnam's ing to take a poke at me. "Damsons, all four or five of them, got together and brought forth a little alike. You getta remember written." together and brought forth a little work of mine, entitled: "How to Run a Million into a Shoestring."

The book, a paperback satire on some of the more popular how-to volumes, is illustrated by R. Taylor, the cartoonist, and may be obtained wherever sodas, aspirins and collapsible umbrellas are dis-pensed. The price is a slug and a half per copy. I mention the exact cost not, as you may suspect, to stimulate sales, but to demonstrate -to my satisfaction if not yoursthat this is something of a Quality Product.

Look at it this way. You can buy 500 paperback pages of Hemingway, O'Hara, Wouk, Milton, Shakespeare, Rona Jaffe, for around four bits. That's something like 10 pages for a cent. My book, at 126 pages for \$1.50, averages out at a little under a cent and a fifth a page, or 10 pages for 12c.

However, I am not going to belabor the snob appeal aspect of my baby. Nor am I about to enter on a discussion of the economics of the publishing industry, a subject in which I could hold you spellbound for hours, if I cared to. No, my purpose is to explore a question that I know is vexing all of

Why don't I go on the Jack Paar show?

Well now. Frankly, I'm glad the question has been finally dragged out of the shadows and brought into the light of day. And I'm going to answer it as frankly as it is in my power to do.

I honestly don't know. But I do know one thing. It isn't because I haven't been asked.

I was first invited to do a clever, amusing little sketch with Jack by a chap-insurance man, I think he was-whom I met at a cocktail party on New Year's afternoon of 1960. At that time the ink had hardly dried on the contract and the book was less than one-third written, but this fellow really had faith in me.

It seems he was a bosom friend of one of the leading disk jockeys of Chillicothe, O., and this deejay, as he slangily referred to him, was one of Paar's most intimate friends.

"I've actually been with Charlie," my friend said, neatly snatching a highball out of a passing woman's hand, "when he talked to Paar long distance and he was telling Jack what was wrong with the show and stuff like that. I under-stand Paar calls him every week for criticism."

Well, it went on like that for a while and he was feeding me some of the enormously funny lines Jack and I were to flip back and forth. Then, I distinctly remember, the fellow said: "Now, look here, when your book comes out, be sure to lemme know right away. I'll get a hold of Charlie and you're in. You and Jack'll go great together."

I'm effeid I must have leet his

I'm afraid I must have lost his card, or maybe he forgot to give it to me. Anyway, I haven't been able to contact this fellow. If he reads this and if he is still friends with that Chillicothe disk jockey,

stalled in theatres and television studios. I met him when I had a lunch date with an editor friend and the editor brought him along, because he couldn't think of any way to dump him.

"In show business," the salesman said, "we are trained to appreciate the value of smart exploitation."

He had an idea and I must admit his plan had the virtue of simplicity. "All Paar's got to do," he explained, "is to hold up a copy of ity. that book of yours what the heck is the title again and say this is a swell book and I want you all to rush out and buy it and I'm telling you Buster you've got it made!"

"Sounds all right," I confessed. but what I'm wondering about

He interrupted belligerently and sible tv weakening.

ing books is a business just like show business and packing fans for cooling systems. You writers are impractical, you sit and dream all day. Forget your artistic integrity!"

I was too cowed to point out that he'd pulled a pip of a non sequitur. Instead, I explained that I didn't have a nickel's worth of artistic integrity, but he was still pretty mad and wouldn't listen.

Later he was nice enough to accept my apology. The way we left it, he was goirg to watch the book columns of the papers and when he read that my book was being released, he was going to call Paar and set things up for me.

"I got the contacts," he said, "I can get to anybody."

I expect he'il be calling me any day now.

You know, you often hear that New York is a cold town. Every-body's nasty to everybody else, nobody gives a damn for the other fellow, you never know your neighbors and all that. Well, by my own personal experience, I can set that all down as a lie.

More often than not, the guys most interested in furthering my career were perfect strangers. Not only that, but they hadn't even read my book and had no intention of reading it. They didn't care if it was good or bad. I was a pal and that's all they needed to know.

This isn't to say that only strangers have been kind through this, my hour of need. Persons closer to me have tried seriously to help. The girl who short-changes me at the supermarket, for instance. Only yesterday she said: "I hear you wrote a book. You oughta go on that Paar fellow's show. He's all the time talking about books.

I have also received invitations, formal and informal, to the Paar show from the man who delivers the laundry, the woman in charge of overdue books at the Mark Twain Library the boy who brings the papers, the traffic cop and the little old lady who takes the bets for Joe the Bookie.

So I guess I'll have to break

O.K., Jack. What time do I show

France Takes Poll To Find Out TV Likes & Dislikes

On the eve of a possible second channel in the state subsidized video setup here, a poll has been taken to try to determine general attitudes of set owners towards tv, their preferences and the standing of tv among its spectators.

ones of overcharging children in burdening them with too much material, developing passivity in spectators, causing anxiety by horror, medical or scientific shows among children, watering down family relations by dispersing home interests, and causing family conflicts by bringing differing opinions into focus.

But the ayes had it in saying tv was a great cultural and educational, as well as informative, medium, bringing the family closer together by common interests, and cutting down tensions between family individuals. It brought out that mainly films, plus other show biz aspects, were being affected by tv, though only about 1,300,000 are in operation while sporting events still were keeping above any pos-

Many years ago, a very good the added words: "Limit, 3 friend of ours was a booking agent glasses." for the RKO Theatres. His name

Just A Couple Of Cutups

By HUGH WEDLOCK & HOWARD SNYDER.

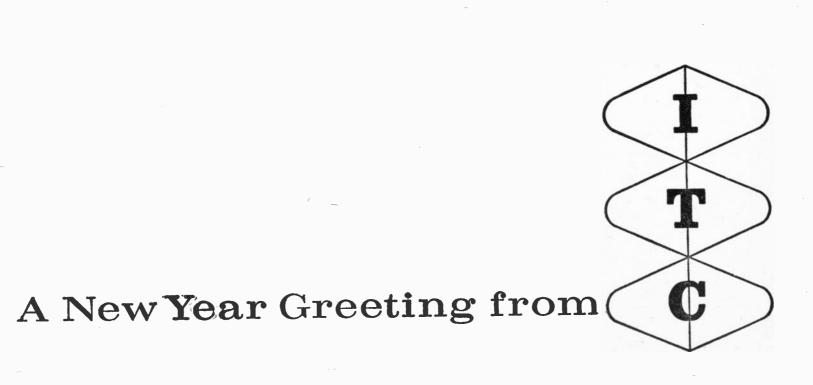
Coauthorship

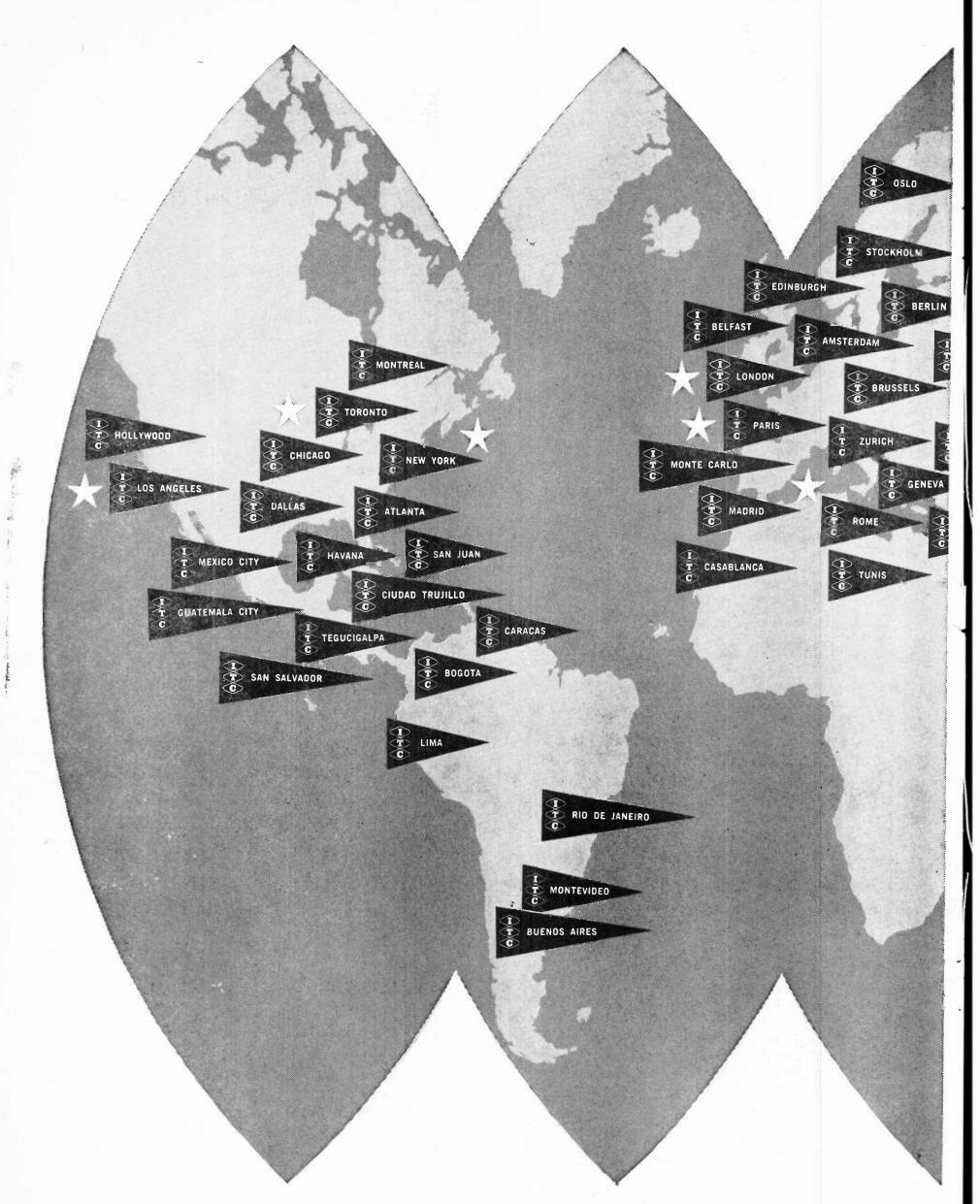
We have been writing as a team for 30 years and we have never an orange-drink stand across the About six years ago we went on street from the RKO Orpheum separate vacations and we didn't and a large sign over it read,

I recall an incident that hapwater and a cup of gasoline. He pened while Hugh Wedlock and I set fire to a paper house, expelled were writing the Billy House radio show in Chicago some 20 years anew, and then when the flames back. House was unused to radio, and the idiom of the new medium put out the blaze. Well anyhow, fascinated him. He used terms and phrases of the trade in circumstances that were at times converted from stark drama into hilarious comedy.

One day Hugh and I walked into his office and saw Billy gloomily contemplating a rather voluminous looking contract his agent had submitted to him. He looked up at us frowning and said, 'Fellows, we're in trouble."

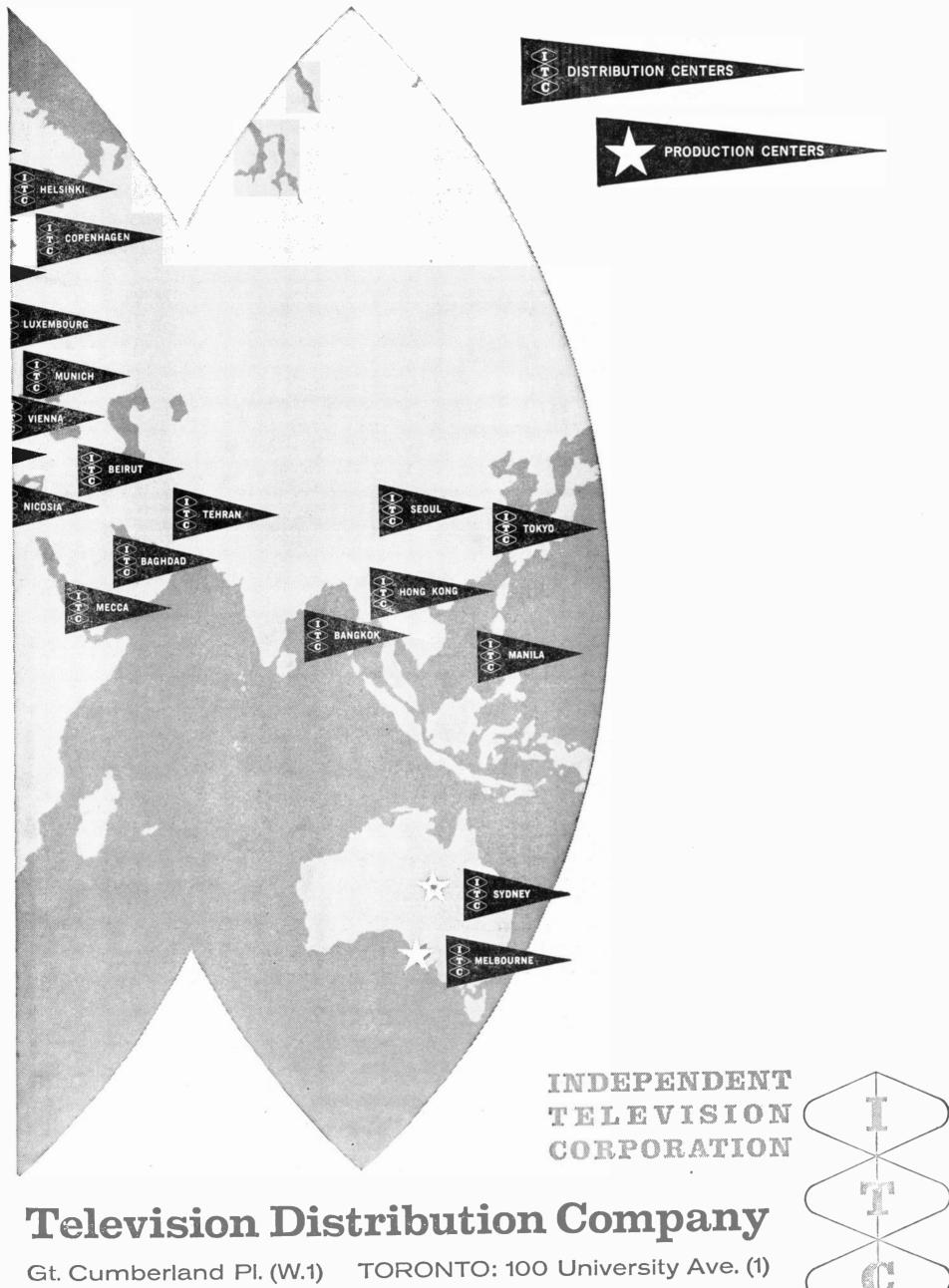
He made the old radio "cut"



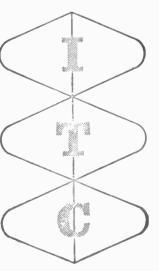


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BBC Hails Its **Objectivity**

By H. CARLETON GREENE

(Director-General of the British Broadcasting Corp.)

VARIETY used to call the BBC the "state web." I am very glad that it no longer does so. As an old re-porter I am all for accuracy, even in headlines.

Of course Variety shared a misconception which seems to be very common in the United States. Alistair Cooke once said that Americans regarded the BBC as a Government controlled system, something possibly invented by the tyrant George III.

The BBC does not go back quite as far as that. In fact it came into existence as a public corporation on Jan. 1, 1927—in the reign of George V. There had been a British Broadcasting Co. for four years

The BBC exists by virtue of a Royal Charter which has to be renewed from time to time. Our present Charter is dated 1st July 1952 and expires on June 30, 1962: it has been announced by the Government that it will be extended to 1964.

Apart from its Charter the BBC also has a license from the Postmaster-General to carry out its operations. The powers of the Government are defined in this license and it is in fact laid down that the Postmaster-General "may from time to time, by notice in writing, require the Corporation to refrain at any specified time, or at all times, from sending any matter, or matter of any class specified in such notice." It is added—and this is a very important point—that the Corporation may announce that such a notice has been given.

At first sight this one clause in our license may seem to justify all the talk about a "state web" and give the Government of the day an absolute power of veto over BBC programs.

In fact, by one of the paradoxes which make some people compare the British way of life with "Alice Through the Looking-Glass," this clause is one of the great bulwarks of the BBC's independence from Government interference. During the whole history of the Corporation no Government has ever made use of this power of veto in connection with any particular program. For a Government to do so now-and remember that the BBC has a right to announce that such action has been taken-would be a first-class political sensation. It happens very frequently that the Government is asked in Parliament to make use of its powers under the license and to order the BBC to withdraw or to put in some item: the answer always is that the BBC has complete freedom in arranging its programs.

In law, it is the Governors of the BBC who constitute the Corporation. The Governors—there are nine of them including representatives of Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland—are appointed by the Queen in Council-that is to say, by the Government of the day. But this too does not mean that there is Government interference with the conduct of broadcasting. In all circumstances the members of the Board act as independent individ-uals without regard for any political party with which they may happen to be associated. The Board of Governors deals with major matters of program, administrative, and financial policy, and the day-to-day conduct of what goes on in broad-casting is left to the Director-General and the other Directors who make up the Board of Manage-

Independence From Govt.

The BBC in fact enjoys complete Independence from Governmentor commercial-interference both in program policy and finance. Its financial independence is based on the system of licence fees. Each household with a radio or tele-vision receiving set has to pay a radio only license of £1 a year, or a combined license for television and radio of £3 a year (there is an extra fourth pound which the Government takes as a sort of excise duty). What this means is

(Continued on page 130)

Is the Magazine Concept Approach The Inevitable Solution To Good TV?

specific laws on program ratios—as the solution for the present absence of worthy television program material. Though the solution promises to be radical, one feeling is that it is less likely to create total upheaval of tv economics than any of the systems that might evolve if the Government and pressure groups persist against studied mediocrity and crass commercialism.

and crass commercialism.

Proposal is relatively simple and relatively easier to consummate than anything else that has come to mind in the last few years. By Government edict, remove entirely from the hands of advertising agencies and their clients the right to decide where their commercials will be carried and, certainly, deprive these same people of any say as to the nature or content of programming for television.

Not because admen are necessarily lacking in taste, but because

Not because admen are necessarily lacking in taste, but because their first obligation, since they are business men, is to the economic and merchandising needs of their client manufacturers. These have always come before matters of aesthetics, education and information, if, indeed, most advertisers think of them at all.

To assure laissez faire, it should be made illegal-punishable by fine or suspension of all advertising rights—for an agency or advertiser to advise, coerce, or in anyway try to influence the decisions of the men hired to program television.

But this must be accompanied, according to the authors of the plan,

by other Federal regulation:
To simplify for networks and stations their duties and obligations to a public that presumably has granted them license to broadcast, allow each of them only 10 hours a week at night what is commonly at present considered "entertainment programming." This applies to the hours between 7:30 and 11 p.m. (prime time). Rest of the time -14½ out of 24½ every week-must, by law, serve primarily as educational, informational or cultural. So that there is no argument, education, information and culture can be defined; they might be

made to conform with the popular definitions.

Have the Federal law also stipulate that no more than seven of the 10 hours of entertainment be allowed to fall within the best nightly time-8:30 to 10.

Regulation of Contest

The plan restricts the broadcasters liberties, no doubt about it, but probably it encompasses no greater restrictions than those of the Federally regulated commodities of light, power and private telephone communication. And nobody would be fixing television rates or television production, but only—in broad yet definable terms—tv's

By degrees, the ratio of education, etc., to entertainment should be expanded into the 9 to noon and the 1 p.m. to 6 p.m. periods, where, perhaps, the proportion of entertainment should continue to outweigh the more formidable types of programming. There are good reasons for doing things slowly. The nighttime innovation will undoubtedly hurt television's earning power at first. For several months or maybe a year or more, advertisers, all of whom are cautious by nature, will withdraw some or all of their support until they can see how potent the new system of programming is. They haven't so far in tv history proved themselves avid supporters of culture, education or informational programs and they aren't likely

to appreciate having their commercials placed within such shows. Nobody can say if it's true completely, but it has been asserted in minority quarters that the American people will look at anything on television—regardless of what it is. Television is seen by these observers not so much as an escape as a soporific. Should viewers first retreat from the homescreen because all they find there is culture, they will eventually return to television, because, sad as it seems, there is little else for them to do with their liesure time. "They don't like reading," said one observer, "and they won't go to the movies every night. And conversation is a dead art, or haven't you heard?"

When Is It Culture?

Definitions for education and information are found easily, but culture is another matter. Perhaps the best way to define culture is to say what it is not. This has to be arbitrary, according to the authors of the system. Shakespeare and opera are not culture; they are entertainment. The Elizabethan, Eugene O'Neill too, Verdi and Mozart wrote essentially to entertain.

Such a definition could conceivably end the presentation by television of all opera and all Shakespeare, but the attitude is that the existence of 14½ hours a week of culture, information and education will more than compensate for the loss of items that are still valuable enough to be performed in some theatre in most any calendar month.

Incidentally, Shakespeare and Verdi could qualify as education on

tv, if Shakespeare and Verdi works are interpolated with lecture material. Enlightenment, as Leonard Bernstein has proved in music, needn't be dull. To make the definition cleaver, illumination of the audience as to the reasons, the nature the value of work should, if it is to serve as culture on television, outbalance the element of traditional transfer of the contraction of the strength of the contraction of the server as culture on television, outbalance the element of traditional transfer of the contraction of the co tional tv entertainment-not in time, necessarily, but in importance, in stress.

There seems to be only one important reason for creating legal ratios for entertainment, on the one hand, and education and information, on the other. A CBS executive more than eight months ago objected to the creation of magazine advertising on television. He offered practical reasons. Marya Mannes, a critic for The Reporter,

Judges Set for Monaco's | SEE LIMITED TV International IV Fest

British webs are starting to sit up and take notice of the first international tv festival in Monte Carlo in January, following arrangements made by the organizers to screen taped programs. Until latterly, a ruling was that entries must be on film. One network which has indicated it's sending a tape is Scottish Television Ltd.

Russia and East Germany have agreed to participated in the fest, panel of judges at which is now almost complete. Representing the U.S. will be Gore Vidal and Merrill Panitt, while Marcel Pagnol and Marcel Achard will attend from France. Others include T. Furukaki, Japanese Ambassador in Paris who before taking up a diplomatic career headed the radio and tv setup in Japan, and Judith Anderson from Britain.

Los Angeles.

Limited televising of games of the L.A. Angels is in the offing, according to Robert Reynolds, who with Gene Autry and Kenyon Brown have just acquired ownership of the new American League ball club. Radio coverage will be put on a competitive basis.

"If another station outbids KMPC (of which he and Autry are largest stockholders) for the radio rights, we would have no alternative but to grant them," Reynolds declared. "We'll need all the money we can get."

No decision on either tv or radio will be made, however, until an exhaustive study has been made, he said. Matter of pay-tv hasn't yet been discussed.

Brown, third owner of AL club, is majority stockholder in station KCOP, and some months ago sold a minority block of stock in the Detroit Tigers.

A few stalwarts see the magazine concept—if it is supported by recently said she would like to see the British tv system employed in pecific laws on program ratios—as the solution for the present absence the United States. The British system is constructed on the magazine concept, which means depriving advertisers of any influence in either program content or placement of their ads in the tv schedule. They go where a network places them. Naturally, the British try to be equitable by rotating clients, so that eventually each of them will have had their blurbs exposed in strong times, as well as the weak.

But, the CBS executive explained about the time such proposals first became popular here, the magazine concept could not be employed satisfactorily or safely in the United States. There is only one commercial station functioning at any given moment in an English city. Yet there are at least three television outlets working competitively in most American markets. Consequently, the CBS spokesman said, if advertisers here were not allowed direct program influence, they would still be able to affect an indirect influence on networks (that no law could change) that could diminish program standards and values even more than they are in the current establishment.

There is presently an occasional bright light of a program on one or another of the ABC, CBS or NBC nighttime schedules. Perhaps it is due to the efforts of some rare advertiser more interested in elevating public taste than elevating his sales. Or perhaps he's only interested in raising high his corporate image.

Still, if no advertiser could pick his program or his precise time period, the CBS source said, then the networks each would clearly try and lower every program between 7:30 and 11 p.m. to meet the most trivial common demoninator of the national mentality, in order to make every single time segment palatable to advertisers. Sponsors would have stopped buying high-rated programs, and would instead soon be buying the highest-rated network. This is the basic reason for establishing ratios.

Under the proposed system the rules would be stringent enough to assure that over half of a network or station's weekly output will be of a nature that program men would find much easier to do well than badly. That is, it's probably harder to make a "See It Now," a "White Paper" or a "Close-Up" fit into a pattern of trivia or violence than it is to try and make it say something instructive and important. Westerns lend themselves to blandness, particularly because the advertising agencies can dictate when and how the hero kisses the horse, if he kisses the horse at all; the slightest suggestion of sodomy to Madison Ave., and the gray flannel suiters are likely to rule out the horse entirely.

Burt Burns, a critic for the World-Telegram & Sun in New York, reiterated an old point at a public forum on Nov. 1. He supposed that "nobody starts out to make a bad program." In agreement, others have said that the human mind doesn't work well when it becomes too machiavellian. It's easier to confuse the object and have it backfire when someone starts out to perform a low function in doing a program on, say, a Presidential campaign or a religious

Viewed as the only alternative less difficult than the implementation of this new modus operandi for television is to retain status quo, out of which emanate continuing allegations of a stench. True or false, the allegations of violence, idiocy, dishonesty and out and out putrefaction, some network executives might admit, will in time demean video sufficiently to make it a second or third rate object of attention viewer and, consequently, a second or third rate outlet for advertising dollars.

—Then There's Socialization

But there is a positive consideration for networkers, it is felt, if they make the change: Simply, they can do the things that most of them appear to want to do.

The worst that can happen-and it's plenty awful to commercial broadcasters—if no changes occur is that television might be socialized. This is a faint possibility, but it could still happen.

At the same forum attended by Burns of the Telegram (Miss Mannes

At the same forum attended by Burns of the Telegram (Miss Mannes of The Reporter was there, too) were other professional critics, Robert Paul Smith of Woman's Day, Kay Gardella of the N. Y. Daily News, and Marie Torre of the N. Y. Herald Tribune. Though they tried singly and in aggregate to find answers to better programming (from Miss Gardella's "make the network executives responsible" to Smith's "give them something good and they'll beg for more"), it appeared to the audience that it was so much blue skies. the kind of heartfelt, useless, recommendations often made by men of goodwill. They were useless, according to observers, because they were not specific. Proponents of the magazine concept incorporating program ratios admit that getting the Government to act on such radical legal commitments might be as hard to accomplish as a change to socialization, but they also believe that the scheme takes into consideration

tion, but they also believe that the scheme takes into consideration the needs and desires of many program men at television networks and stations.

The tv critics at the Nov. 1 meeting seemed aware of their deficiencies in answering the problem, however. "Good entertainment," Smith conceded, "is the most difficult thing in the world to do." The Woman's Day columnist deplored the state of video, but he also deplored newspapers, magazines, theatre and motion pictures—all for failing to do things well.

In supporting the new recommendation for tv, its spokesmen don't believe necessarily that Government rules will at once elevate tastes and abilities of tv's programming executives, but the executives will have an improved climate in which to function, so that if they do fail to do a fine cultural, educational or informational program, they'll

be failing on a higher level.

A number of people support a point made by Miss Gardella—that network executives must stop thinking of tv as a vehicle for enter-(The Government gave license to broadcasters to program in the public interest, convenience and necessity, and after Miss Gardella had made her remarks, someone offered the reminder that broadcasters "are meeting the element of convenience by making it easy for viewers to forget through television, but the programs certainly are not necessary. And the people are not often interested, they're just asleep").

Clear objections to the proposed system can be seen even from the network executives themselves, on the grounds that ratios established by law constitute a deprivation of freedom and that the network executives alone should be allowed to decide on program ratios. However, in a competitive system, when it is even illegal for three network heads to sit down and decide among themselves that they will unanimously program a like number of public service hours, it's possible no tangible improvement can occur without some laws to support changes.

Presently, the networks and stations have no guildlines, no specific goals other than to make money (a right the proposed laws would not deprive them of). Better programming is seen as too much a victim of competitive influences, which are strong perhaps even strong enough to prevent Government action on any radical departures from the existing practices.

"There can be no durable improvement of programs under the present system," a critic sourly observed. "The networks (and stations) cannot resist the strong influences, direct or indirect, of agencies."







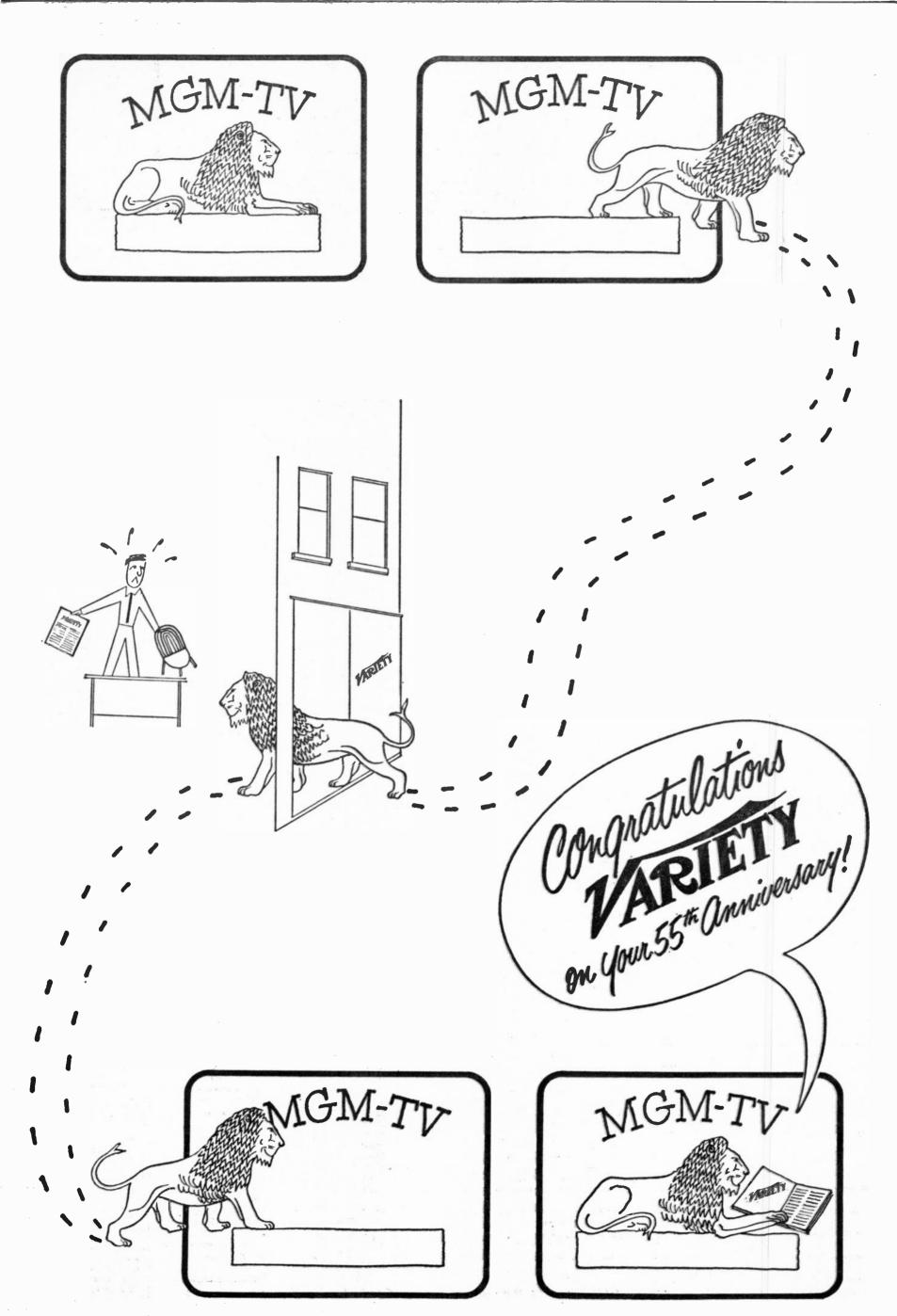
to television's opportunities and obligations as the swiftest, most vivid medium of Information ever devised—whether din transmitting news events as they dhappen, or reporting them quickly, or analyzing them in depth or perspective; whether in cultivating discussion and debate of public issues, spreading knowledge of science, or opening the world of the arts and humanities to millions.

Within the entertainment field, it should provide a broad range of programs that appeal variously to the whole family, to different age groups and sexes, and to different levels of sophistication.

For the National Broadcasting Company, I pledge to you there will be no turning aside from the course we have always followed:

the course of trading the medium up, and enlarging its scope and stature as a full service to the total audience.

From an Address by Robert W. Sarnoff, Chairman of the Board, National Broadcasting Company, Inc. 1960 Television Affiliates Meeting



Estimated Weekly Network TV Program Costs

Nighttime and Daytime Overall Costs Include: Production Expenses, Actors, Musicians, Writers, Freelance Directors, Set Construction, Royalties, Agency Directors

COSTS DO NOT INCLUDE TIME CHARGES OR COMMERCIALS

Figures Are Net-Including Agency Commission

Agencies listed by initials: Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne; Bozell & Jacobs; Benton & Bowles; Campbell-Ewald; Campbell-Mithun; Carson-Roberts; Cunningham & Walsh; Doherty Clifford, Steers & Shenfield; Doyle, Dane, Bernbach; Dancer, Fitzgerald & Sample; Erwin, Wasey, Ruthrauff & Ryan; Foote, Cone & Belding; Fuller, Smith & Ross; Guild, Bascom & Bonfigli; Knox-Reeves; J. Walter Thompson; Kenyon & Eckhardt; Keyes, Madden & Jones; Lambert & Feseley; Lennen & Newell; McCann-Erickson; Meldrum & Fewsmith; MacManus, John & Adams; Norman, Craig & Kummel; Needham, Louis & Brorby; Ogilvy, Benson & Mather; Reach, McClinton; Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell & Bayles; Tatham, Laird; Warwick & Legler; Young & Rubicam.

PROGRAM About Faces	NET- WORK .ABC	COST 2,500	SPONSOR Participating	AGENCY	PRODUCERJoe Landis
	(Pe	er Segment)	Eastman Kodak		
Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet	ABC	54,000	Coca-Cola		Ozzie Neison
Adventures in Paradise	.ABC	92,000	Cluett, Peabody E. I. DuPont		William Self
			Liggett & Myers	MeC-E	
			Noxzema		
			J. B. Williams		
Alcoa Presents	. ABC	48.000	Alcoa		Collier Young
Alfred Hitchcock Presents		60,000	Ford		
All-Star Golf American Bandstand		22,000 2,000	Reynolds Metals Beechnut-Lifesavers		
anne puntagonia	(Pe	er Segment)	Coty	BBDO	***************************************
			General Mills	North	
			Hazel Bishop		
			Lever	FC&B	
			Stri-Dex	Ted Bates	
			Welch		
			Vick Bristol Myers	. L&N . OB&M	
			Alberto-Culver	Wade	
American Football League	. ABC	2,000,000 (Season)	General Cigar		. Jack Lubell & Malcolm Hemion
		,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,	Pabst Brewing	K&E	
			Schick	Compton Advertising	
			Northern & Southern California Renault Dealers	Len Weissman . Lang, Fisher &	
			Carling Brewing Piel Bros.	Stashower	
Andy Griffith Show	. CBS	58,000	General Foods	. В&В	
Angel	.CBS	55,000	General Foods		Jess Oppenheimer
Ann Sothern Show	. CBS	53,000		B&B	Arthur Hoffe
Aquanauts	and	00.000	S. C. Johnson	B&B SSC&B	Ivan Toro
Aquanauts	CBS	90,000			Ivan Tors
			P. Lorillard Kellogg Co	. L&N . Leo Burnett	
American Circle Michael	ana	45.000	vick Unemical	Morse Int.	Debeut E. Costella
Armstrong Circle Theater		45,000 2,800	Armstrong Cork Lever Bros		
			Pillsbury Co	C-M	
			Kellogg Co	Leo Burnett	
			Chicken of the Sea, Inc		
			Kendall Co		
			Carnation Co	EWR&R	
			J. B. Williams Co	Parkson	
As the World Turns	CBS	2,500	Procter & Gamble		. Allen Potter
			Helene Curtis	Weiss	
			Pillsbury Co	EWR&R	
			Quaker Oats Co Sterling Drug	JWT DFS	
				MeC-E	
			Best Foods Division		
Bachelor Father	.NBC	5 3,00 0	R. T. French Co American Tobacco		E. Freeman
			Whitehall	Ted Bates	
Barbara Stanwyck Theatre	.NBC	47,000	American Gas Assn	Wade	
Bat Masterson	.NBC	49,000	Hills Bros	Ayer	A. White & F. Pittman
Beat the Clock	.ABC	2,500	Participating		. Jean Kopelman &
Bonanza	(P	er Segment)			Bud Collyer
Donaitza	.NBC	95,000	RCA	JWT	
The Brighter Day	. CBS	2,500 er Segment)	Corn Products	McC-E	Leonard Blair
	(1	er Beginein	Helene Curtis	Weiss	
			Armstrong Cork Lever Bros		
Bringing Up Buddy	CBS	52.000	Scott Paper Co	. JWT	Joe Connelly & Bob Mosher
Bugs Bunny	ABC	47,000	General Foods	B&B	
•			Colgate	Ted Bates	Chuch Jones
Candid Camera	CB3	48.000	Bristol-Myers Co	JWT	Julie D. Benedetto
Captain Kangaroo	CBS	10,000	Various		David Connell
Celebrity Golf	.NBC	(Per Unit) 17,000	Kemper	Clinton Frank	Norman Blackburn
Checkmate		95.000	Brown & Williamson	Ted Bates	. Herb Coleman &
			Lever Bros. Kimberly-Clark	FC&B	Maxwell Shane
Chet Huntley Reporting	.NBC	18.000	Kemper Insurance	Clinton Frank	Reuven Frank
* *					
Chevy Show	.NBC	160,000	American Photocopy Equipment		Bob Henry

Good News Show? Just The Facts, No Pontificating

By WM. R. McANDREW (V.P., NBC News)

The secret ingredient of a good broadcast news operation is—newsmen.

There is nothing magical or new about this formula. It was as evident years ago as it is now. But it has come to be more commonly accepted at the present time to the point that in developing a staff we select men and women who are newsmen first and then performers.

Spit, polish and gadgets have their place only when they embellish sound newsgathering practices. The slick voice and the handsome profile add to the final impression, but unless they are backed by professional competence they have no place in modern day broadcast journalism.

Because of this point of view, broadcast news has finally achieved respectability. It is accepted universally as responsible and reliable. It is taken seriously by an audience far greater than any drawn by competing media. Although the broadcast newsman does not ignore the need to be interesting as well as informative, he never forgets that fact, not pontification, is the true source of drama

the true source of drama.

The more broadcast news organizations apply this approach the sharper the blow to the oracle and the omniscient voice of authority. The sharper the blow also to the superfical, irrelevant newsreel that dominated the early days of television news. The days of both, if not already gone, are numbered.

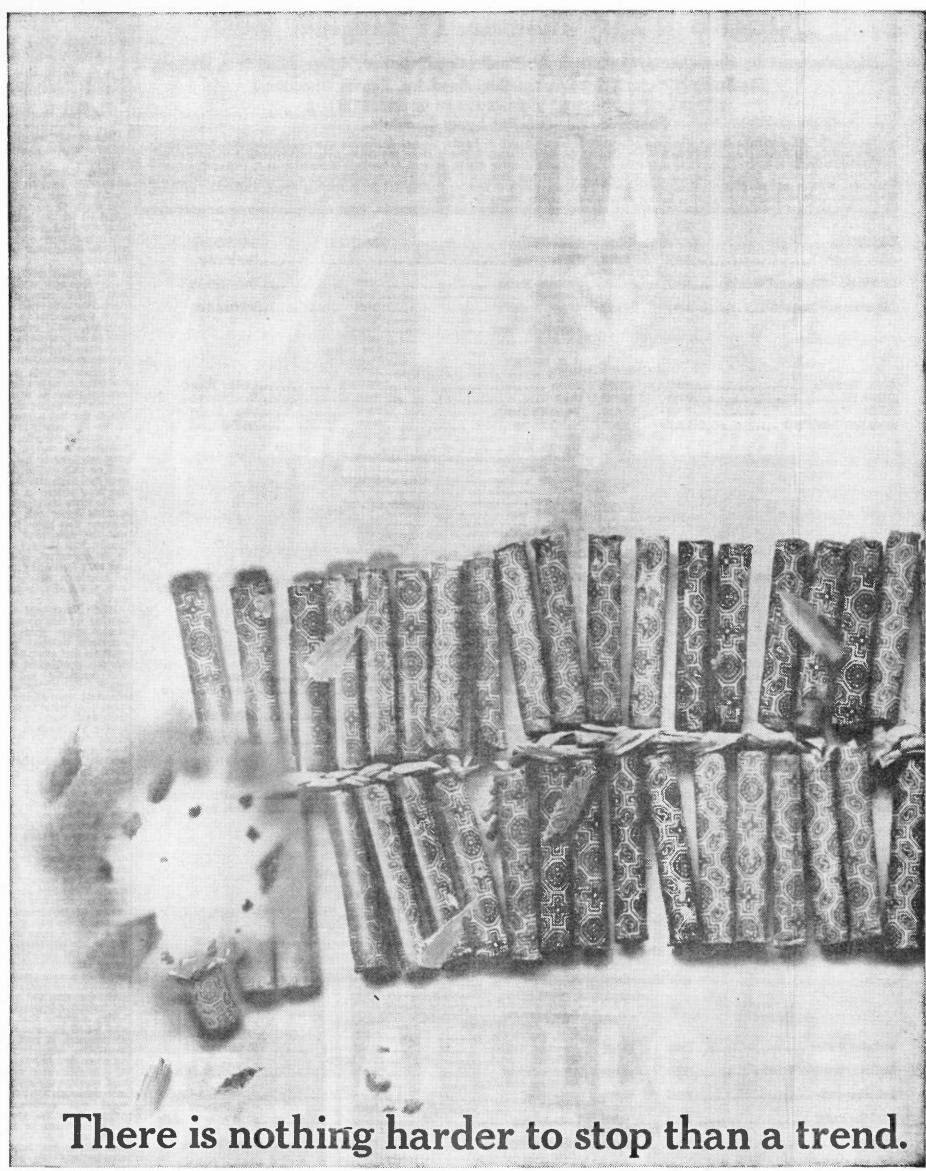
NBC News put the finishing touches to this operating method, started many years ago, at last summer's national political conventions and again in covering the big fall sessions of the UN General Assembly and on Election Night. Although its casts on those occasions were filled with men and women of wide reputation, these individuals had acquired their following as newsmen, quietly practicing the art of presenting the news accurately, concisely meaningfully and in distinctive style. Facts came first; grace, facility with language and the introduction of wit followed.

To get the facts fast and right, the performing newsmen have been backed by hundreds of unsung heroes behind the scenes on these major stories. At the political conventions, more than 400 comprised the NBC News staff, almost half on newsgathering assignments. Reporters were attached to every country, and other places, as camps of frontrunners and dark horses. Their reports were phoned to a central news desk and then fed to air performers and executives in the decision-making slots by an internal teletype system resembling a wire service.

With this concentration on newsgathering and the application of old-fashioned legwork, the breathtaking urgency that once dominated broadcast news has just about disappeared. A soft, relaxed, authoritative competence has taken its place and impressed audiences by straightforward presentation of fact, occasionally clothed in wit or wry comment. That it has won respect and confidence may be judged from the growing following news draws on television and radio, and from the sackloads of mail telling how listeners rely on broadcasters' fair, perceptive coverage.

Stressing the newsman does not mean the abandonment or ignoring of useful mechanical aids. Where they improve the quality or extend the horizons of coverage they are indeed welcome. We are using more video tape, better sound gear and more cable film. We are constantly striving to develop better circuits for transmission. We are always strengthening our ties with foreign television news organizations to obtain more opportunities for getting at the news.

But these are subsidiary efforts. The prime job is to raise the level of the fundamental newsgathering effort. For the keynote arch in a sound broadcast news structure, for television and radio, is the well-trained, well-qualified, well-seasoned newsman.



Particularly, a trend like the one we have in mind: ABC's move to the top in network television viewing.

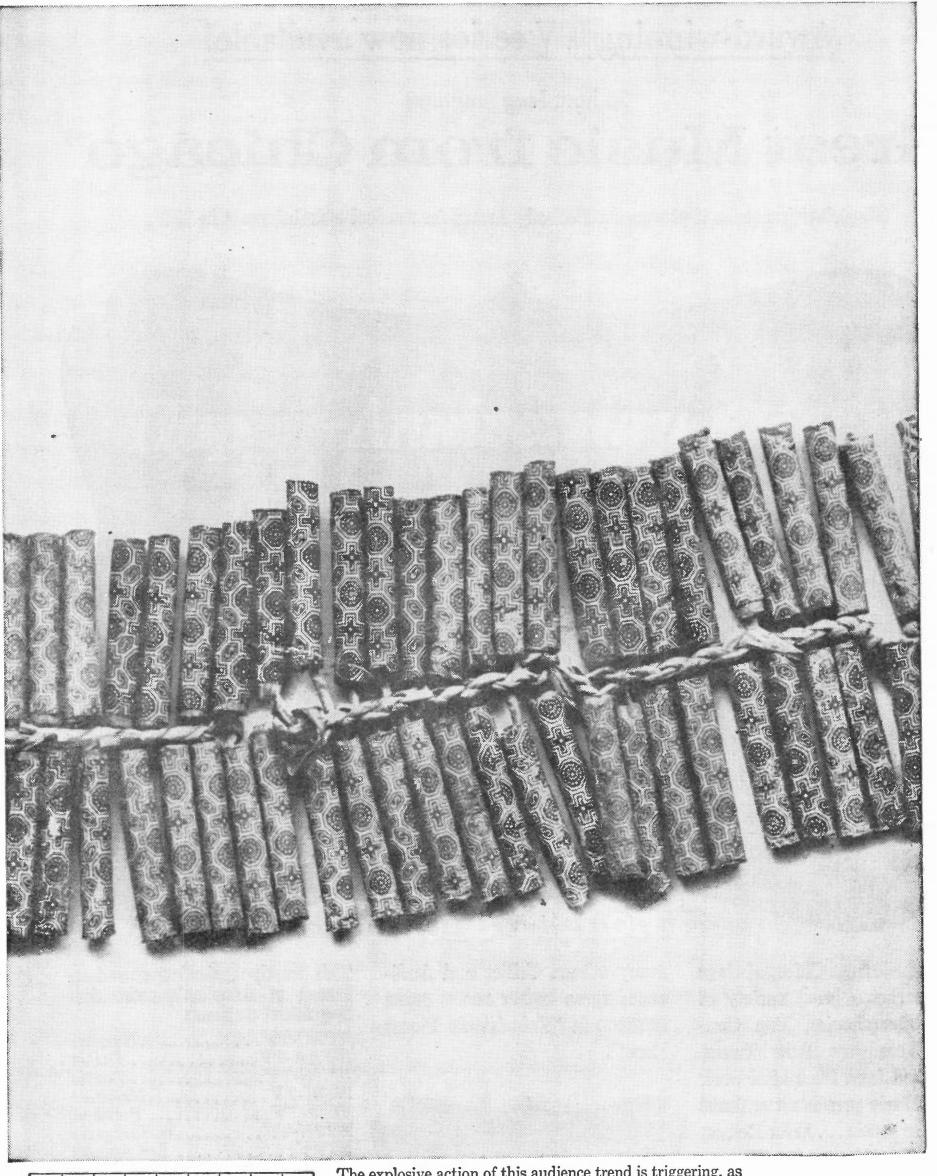
For, this trend, as the chart-minded will note on the right, started trending back in 1953, gained momentum each successive year and, significantly, scored its sharpest advance in 1960.

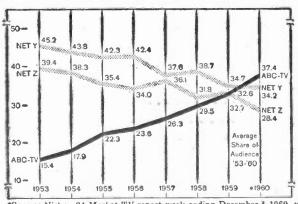
Note also that this activity has been charted, Nielsen-wise, in the country's largest competitive television arenas. In precisely those key market places where all 3 networks put their best show business foot forward for the choice of the Viewers. And where the Viewers (also known as Dial Twist-

ers) by their choice separate the best from the rest.

Note, most importantly, that this trend is here to stay. It is the inevitable result of an irresistible programming force. Namely, trend-making—not trend-following. Namely, a consistent record of coming up with the newest twist for the Dial Twisters.

As in westerns: Maverick. As in private eyes: 77 Sunset Strip. As in law and disorder: The Untouchables. As in comedies, this new season: The Flintstones. As in public service programs, with the most ambitious visual history project eyer: Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years.





The explosive action of this audience trend is triggering, as it must, an equally dynamic sponsor reaction. ABC-TV billings zoomed another 30% in 1960—far outstripping the industry's growth rate.

In view, then, of the trend's known direction and velocity, wouldn't 1961 be the year to go with it... and make ABC your first choice?

ABC-TV 17.9

ABC-TV 15.4

ABC-TV 17.9

ABC-TV 17.9

AVerage Share of Audience '53-'60

Watch ABC-TV in '61...

To 1953 1954 1955 1958 1957 1958 1959 1960

More and more people will

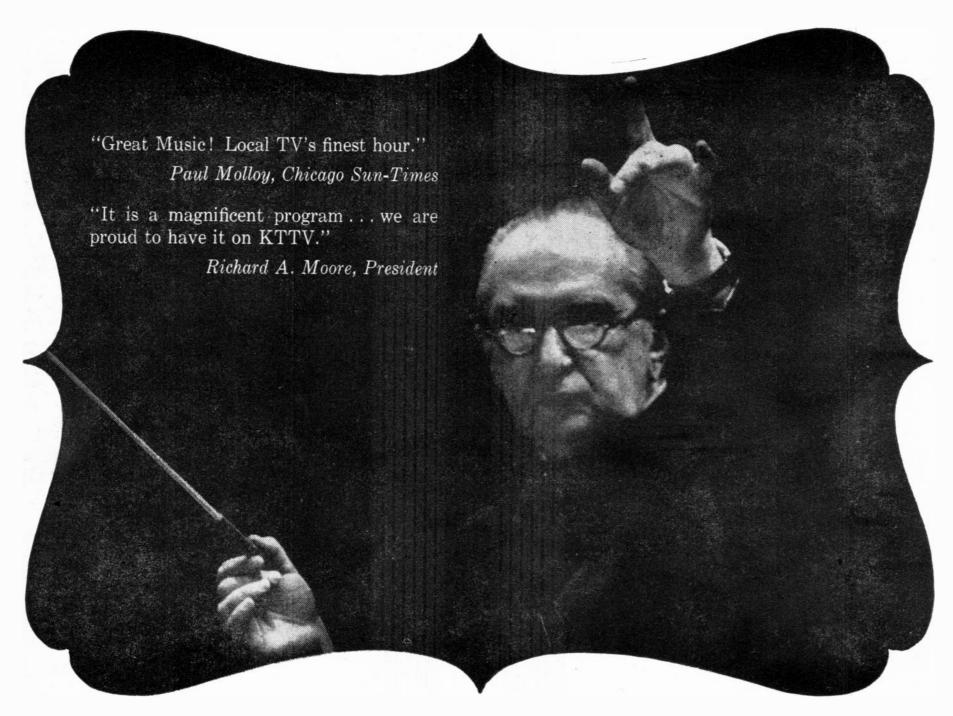
Source: Nielsen 24 Market TV report week ending December 4, 1960, vs. multi-network area reports for similar periods previous years. 6:30-11 PM Sun-7:30-11 PM Mon-Sax

Award-winning TV series now available!

26 hour-long programs

"Great Music from Chicago"

The television series that won the Peabody Award for musical entertainment in 1959.



Great Music from Chicago brings your market a great variety of music. Symphonies, Pop Concerts, Broadway Show Tunes, Opera and Jazz. Week after week Great Music presents the finest names in music... Fritz Reiner, Andre Kostelanetz, Sir Thomas Beecham, Howard Barlow, Arthur Fiedler; the renowned Chicago Symphony Orchestra; guest soloists: Dorothy Kirsten, Byron Janis, Sarah Vaughan and

many others. Critics and Audiences agree GREAT MUSIC FROM CHICAGO is "Television's Finest Hour".



This prestige series is featured on fifteen of America's most distinguished stations:

•	
KPRC-TV	Houston
WFAA-TV	Dallas
KING-TV	Seattle
WSM-TV	Nashville
KGW-TV	•••• Portland
WISH-TV	Indianapolis
KTTV	Los Angeles
WNTA-TV	New York
KTVU	San Francisco
KTVK	Phoenix
WAVY-TV	
KPLR-TV	St. Louis
WFMY	Greensboro
WHCT- TV	Hartford
WBRZ	Baton Rouge

This QUALITY programming is available to you now: please call Brad Eidmann, MIchigan 2-7600, Chicago, Illinois

Estimated Weekly Network TV Program Costs

	•	Gentlewed from non-100
NET-		SPONSOR AGENCY PRODUCER
PROGRAM WORK CheyenneABC	COST 92,000	SPONSOR AGENCY PRODUCER A.C. Spark Plug D. P. Brother William T. Orr
,		BrilloJWT Bristol MyersOB&M
		Coleman Co
		DuPont
		Peter PaulDFS Procter & GambleB&B
		Ralston Purina
		Union CarbideEsty Colgate-PalmoliveL&N
Clear HorizonCBS	2,5 00 (Per Segment) Eastman KodakJWT
		Remington Rand
College Football KickoffABC	16.000	Vick Chemical
-		Willard Storage BatteryM&F Bristol MyersDCS&SJim Colligan
College Football ScoreboardABC	12,000	General Mills
ConcentrationNBC	2,800 (Per Segm ent) FrigidaireDFS
1		Gen. MillsDFS HeinzMaxon
		LeverBBDO MennenGrey
		Miles Wade Nabisco McC-E
		Proc. Silex
		SimonizeDFS Thus. LeemingEsty
Danny Thomas Show	62,000	Whitehall
Dan RavenNBC	90,000	Beechnut Y&R Wm. Sackheim Brown & Williamson KM&J
		Dow Chem
,		Mentholatum
		SimonizeDFS
Dante	51,000	Studebaker
Day In CourtABC	2,300	Singer
December Bride	(Per Segment 2,500	Eastman KodakJWTFred de Cordova
I	(Per Segment	The same was a second s
Dennis the Menace	50,000	Corn Products
The DeputyNBC	51,000	PolaroídDDB
Dick Powell's Zane Grey Theatre CBS	53,000	S. C. Johnson
Dobie GillisCBS	51,000	Philip Morris
Donna Reed ShowABC	48,000	Campbell Soup
Dough Re MiNBC	2,700	BeechnutFred Stettner
	(Per Segmen	Gen. Mills
		Nabisco
		Proc. Silex
Douglas Edward With the NewsCBS	4.000	Thos. LeemingEsty American Home ProductsTed BatesDon Hewitt
	(Per Segmen	t) Carter ProductsTed Bates Schlitz BrewingJWT
		Philip MorrisLeo Burnett B&B
The Edge of NightCBS	2,500	Procter & Gamble
	(Per Segmen	R. T. French CoJWT
		Pet Milk
		American Home Products Ted Bates Sterling Drug DFS
		National Biscuit Co
Ed Sullivan ShowCBS	100,000	Drackett Co
		Eastman Kodak JWT Robert Precht Dutch Master Cigar EWR&R Milt Hoffman
Ernle Kovacs' Take a Good LookABC ExpeditionABC	24,000 36,000	Ralston Purina
Eyewitness to History CBS Face the Nation CBS	35,000 15,000	Knowmark, Inc
Father Knows BestCBS	40,000	Shick B&B Bristol-Myers Y&R Eugene B. Rodney
	,	Scott Paper
Fight of the WeekABC	60,000	Gillette
The FlintstonesABC	55,000	Miles
The Ford Show (Tennessee Ernie)NBC	60,000	Ford JWT Bob Finkel Beechnut Y&R Paul Lammers
From These RootsNBC	2,500 (Per Segmen	t) Gen. MillsDFS
		Gold Seal
		Lever
		Proctor-Silex
The Control of the Co	0.500	Simonize
Full CircleCBS	2,500 (Per Segmen	t)
Fury	14,000 5 5,000	Miles
Garry Moore Show	120,000	Plymouth
carry minute Show	120,000	S. C. JohnsonNL&B PolaroidDDB
G. E. College Bowl	20,000	General Electric
General Electric TheaterCBS Groucho ShowNBC	55,000 56,000	General Electric BBDO Stanley Rubin P. Lorillard L&N John Guedel
Guestward Ho!ABC	51,000	Toni
Guiding LightCBS	2,500	Seven-Up
Gunsmoke	(Per Segmer	
умизшикуСДЗ	55,000	Remington Rand

I Was There

A Talent Agent Reflects On
Early TV Days

—By LESTER LEWIS

Jack Lemmon, Anne Bancroft, Grace Kelly—\$50 talent fee each! I have the canceled ehecks to prove it! That is what they received when they appeared back in 1949 and 1950 on "Hollywood Screen Test."

Back in the Neanderthal days of television, circa 1948, a half-hour show called "Hollywood Screen Test" opened the ABC network (at that time two stations, Philadelphia and Washington—to be joined five months later by New York). The program ran for more than five years with the list of stations growing to 87, and we tested over 500 aspiring young actors and actresses during its run who had neither motion picture nor television experience.

Neil Hamilton hosted, and each week a guest star such as Robert Preston, Faye Emerson, Sidney Blackmer, Edward Everett Horton assisted these young thespians in dramatic parts tailored to their abilities. In the five years of testing, over 90 of them eventually reached Hollywood—some attained stardom, come longterm contracts and some contracted for a picture

or two.

Jack Lemmon had recently come out of Harvard and the "Hasty Pudding" club when he was sent to us and I think his appearance on HST was his debut on television.

Grace Kelly had been seen in Philadelphia by David Levy, who was then with Young & Rubicam. He suggested that we book her for the show when she came to New York, which we did. Four days before she was to appear, Fred Coe, producing "The Philco Playhouse," asked us to release her so she could play Ann Rutledge in their program the following Sunday. As the rehearsals conflicted with our contract, and Philco paid more than \$50, I agreed to let her go. After all, the kid did need the money! However, two weeks later she played Joan of Arc for us and three years later, following "Fourteen Hours" and "High Noon," she returned in a starring capacity to assist two unknown players.

When Kim Stanley was a starv-

When Kim Stanley was a starving, young actress playing at the Cherry Lane Theatre, one of my staff saw her perform and the following week Kim made her television debut. Television's Bat Masterson (Gene Barry) was a "muscle man" with Mae West when we saw him and put him on the air playing D'Artagnan to Eva Gabor's "Milady DeWinter." Shortly thereafter, he headed for Hollywood.

The program was designed to give the aspirants star spotlighting and bring them to the attention of motion picture talent heads as well as directors and producers. Such notable directors and producers as George Sidney, George Stevens, Joe Pasternack and Merian C. Cooper appeared on the program from time to time.

While we never claimed that

While we never claimed that anybody was plucked off the program and immediately whisked off to Hollywood, over 15% of those tested eventually made the grade.

Alex Segal got his start as a director on HST, and after directing Grace Kelly predicted she'd never make it in Hollywood. Sidney Lumet, who was still an actor, played a gangster role.

The format consisted of two nine-minute dramatic scenes, separated by a four-minute musical spot written by Mort Lewis and Alton Alexander. During later years, this was changed to a half-hour original dramatization, using both aspirants in the same drama.

The package was a very expensive one. The above-the-line cost at the height of the show's popularity was \$4.200. From this, the star received \$500 and the talent AFTRA scale, plus 10% if an agent was involved.

And now—seven years later, I have interested a network and an advertising agency in reviving the show on a much larger scale, with one of the most glamorous stars of the Hollywood industry as the hostess, and a name star playing opposite two newcomers each week. The proposed program would be done on tape and will budget at around \$45,000 per show.

(Continued on page 117)

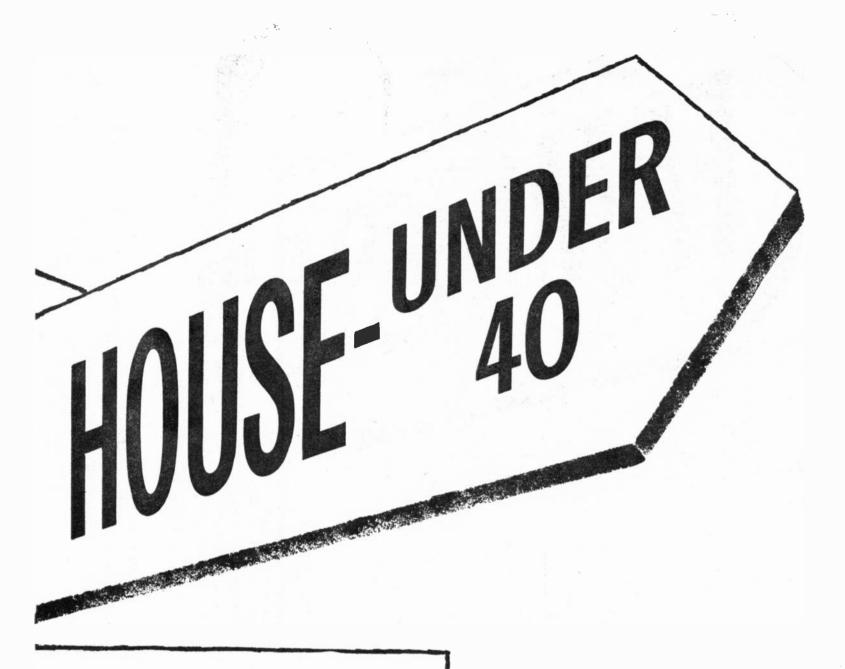


HADU

FAMILY INCOME

CHILDREN-6TO

MOMEN-18 TO 29



UPPER 19

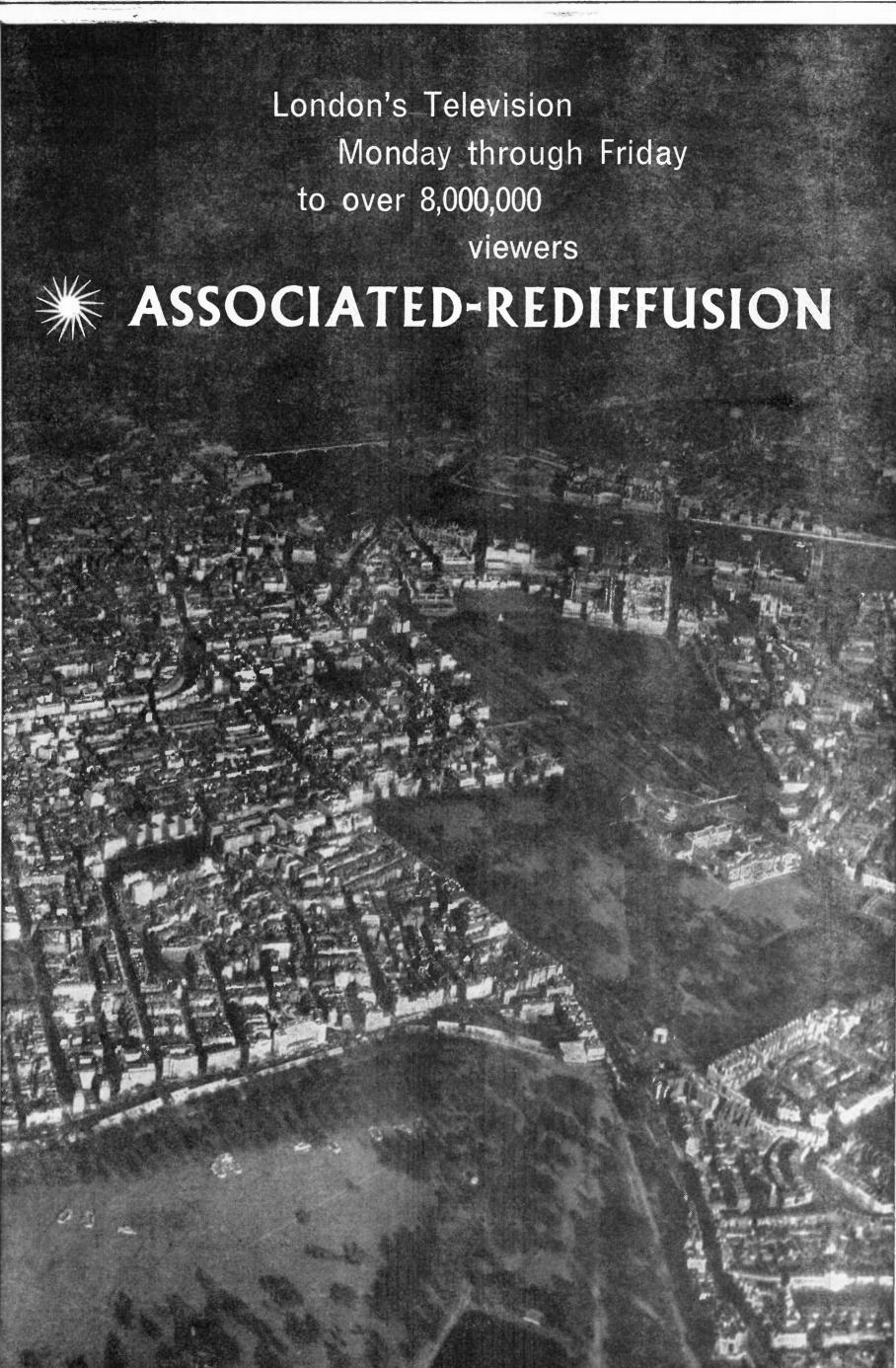
FIRST: GET CLEAR DIRECTIONS...

At McCann-Erickson, 64 TV pros keep abreast of changing entertainment tastes. They're busy searching out and interviewing the top talent, producers, and writers everywhere who are constantly devising new ways to please the multiplicity of American tastes. All this to give clients new and better directions that lead straight to the consumers they want to reach.

Finding and fashioning the right show to meet the client's objectives and the audience he wants to reach—that's the job we call "selective programming." And it works! The 210 million visits to American homes our clients made in a recent week should tell how well.

McCANN-ERICKSON, INCORPORATED

*Total audiences viewing McCann-Erickson network TV shows in one week. Source: Nielsen National TV Ratings, latest report available when this publication went to press.



Estimated Weekly Network TV Program Costs

NET-	-	Continued from page 113		
PROGRAM WORK	COST	SPONSOR	AGENCY	PRODUCER
Harrigan & SonABC	48,000	Reynolds Metals	L&N	.Cy Howard
Have Gun-Will TravelCBS	50,000	Lever Bros	JWT	Frank Pierson
Hawitan EyeABC	92,000	Whitehall	Ted Bates	William T. Orr
		Carter Products American Chicle		
		Oldsmobile Beecham Products		
		Colgate	Ted Bates	D 160: 4
HonneseyCBS	53,000	P. Lorillard General Foods	Y&R	Jackie Cooper
Here's HollywoodNBC	2,700	Beechnut	Y&R	.William Kayden
(Per	Segment	Culver	.Compton	
		General Mills	DFS Maxon	
		Mogen David	Weiss	
•		Proc. Silex	North	
Hong KongABC	91,000	Whitehall Kaiser Industries	Ted Bates	William Self
mong Rung	01,000	Beecham Products	K&E_	
		Derby Foods		
I Love LucyCBS	22,000	Brillo Eastman Kodak	JWT	(filmed re-runs)
Love Lucy	22,000	Corn Products	McC-E	former producer
		Lever Bros.		was Desi Arnaz
The IslandersABC	05 000	Vick Chemical	Morse Int.	Jaime Del Valle
The IslandersAbc	95,000	Brillo	JWT	.vaine Dei vane
		DuPont L & M	.BBDO .McC-E	
		Ludens	Mathes	
It Could Be YouNBC	2,800	United Motors	Compton	.Stefan Hatas
		Gen. Mills	.DFS	
		Mentholatum	JWT	
		Miles	McE-E	
		P & G Thos. Leeming	DFS	
		Whitehall	Ted Bates	~ · ·
I've Got a Secret	38,000	R. J. Reynolds	Esty Y&R	.Gil Fates
Jack Benny ProgramCBS	68,000	Lever Bros.		Frederick De Cordov
		State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Co	.NL&B	
Jack PaarNBC	50,000	Various Sponsors		Paul Orr
Jackpot BowlingNBC	35,000	Brunswick-Balke	. McC-E	
Jan Murray ShowNBC	2,600	Block Drug	.Grey	.Ed Pierce
(16)	Segment)	Mogen David Wine	. Weiss_	
		Nabisco Proctor-Silex	.McC-E .Weiss & Gel ler	
		Whitehall	.Ted Bates	Total Vision Vision
June Allyson Show	51,000 52,000	DuPont	BBDO	.Peter Kortner Wm Conrad
Lamp Unto My Feet	17.500	CBS News Presentation		.Don Kellerman
LaramieNBC	95,000	Beechnut Life Savers	Y&R	.Robert Perosh
		Brown & Williamson	.Ted Bates	
		Dow (Saran Wrap)		
		Pitt. Plate Glass	. BBDO	
		Prestone Simonize	.DFS	
Lassie	40,000	Campbell Soup Co	BBDO	.Robert Golden
The Law and Mr. JonesABC LawmanABC	49,000 46,000	R. J. Reynolds	Esty	Jules Schermer
	,	Whitehall	.Ted Bates	
Lawrence Welk ShowABC	30,000	J. B. Williams	. Parkson	. Dawara Sobol
Leave It to BeaverABC	47,000	Polaroid Ralston Purina	.DD&B .GB&B	.Joe Connelly &
delle it to bearet	21,000	General Electric	. Gardner Grey	Bob Mosher
Life and Legend of Wyatt EarpABC	48,000	General Mills	.DFS	
Lone RangerNBC	18,000	Procter & Gamble	.Compton .DFS	Louis Edelman Jack Wrather
The Lone RangerABC	18,000	Gilbert	.Banning Repplier	
		American Home Foods		
Week Tip and Vine	14.000	General Mills	.DFS	Richard Siamanawat-
Look Up and LiveCBS Loretta Young TheatreNBC	14,000 2,500	Beechnut	.Y&R	John London
(Per	Segment)	Chemstrand Frigidaire	.DDB	
*		Gen. Mills		
		Gold Seal Heinz		
		Heinz	. Maxon	
		Knox Gelatin	. noit . B&B	
		Simonize	.DFS	
Loretta YoungNBC	52,000	Gillette (Toni)	.North	.J. London
Love of LifeCBS	2,500	Warner-Lambert		.Roy Winsor
(Per		Lever Bros	.BBDO	
		R. T. French Co.	.JWT	
		Quaker Oats	.JWT	
Love That BobABC	2,500	Participating		. Paul Henning
Lunch With Soupy SalesABC	r Segment)	General Foods		
Magic Land of AllakazamCBS	17,500	Kellogg	.Leo Burnett	.Mark Wilson
Make Room For DaddyNBC	3,000 r Segment)	Culver Frigidaire	.Compton	.Sheldon Leonard
(Le	- ~~	Gen. Mills	.DFS	
-		P & G	.Gardner	
		Thos. Leeming	. Esty	
		Toni Proc. Silex		
		(Continued on page 121)	~	

He Who, Who He, Haw! Haw!

By PETER GRIM HAYES

Hollywood.

Am writing this under an assumed name to protect the guilty. I am a television entertainer and I'm about to break the unwritten law and expose a trade secret. The phrase "technically augmented" is gobbledegook for "laugh record," and a real good laugh record is a hot little item in television today. My wife, who shall be nameless (let's just call her Mary Nameless)—well anyway, this girl and I have moved to Hollywood to do a unique situation comedy—I say unique because we do serious jokes.

Shortly after our arrival in Hollywood, we were pleased to be invited to a famous comedian's home for dinner. Mary and I like music with our meals, but this clown played laugh records. He had two new albums that night. One was called "Hysterics in Hi-Fi" and the other was called "Music to Joke By." After dinner, he played one that had been smuggled out of Cuba called the "Haw Haw Haw, Cha Cha Cha." He said the Cuban record was his favorite, but that he couldn't use it because the laughter definitely had a foreign accent.

For a comedian, he's quite an ingenious guy. He has a remote control unit in his den and on cold, wintry nights he sits by the fire, tells himself jokes, pushes a button and gets the biggest laugh you ever heard.

The laugh technician is fast becoming one of the most important men in the industry. He's the fellow who feeds the laughter to the joke and must be a man of taste with an unerring sense of timing. He also must be a man of integrity, because a lot of comics try to pay him off for bigger laughs. He's easy to soot around the studio. He's usually short and paunchy, subject to giddy spells, and often giggles out loud for no apparent reason. One of these gentlemen was caught taking payola from a panicky humorist, and is now in the b'ack market selling dirty laugh records to retired burlesque comedians.

In defense of the laugh records, I must say I sensed a need for it years are when I was in the Air Force. I was watching a USO show on the island of Saipan. The comie told a joke, the soldier on my right didn't laugh, but the soldier on his right did. He looked curiously at the laughing soldier for a moment, then at the singe—suddenly a big grin and then a guffaw. Mr. Hammerstein wrote, "You have to be taught how to hate." Now Americans have to be told when to laugh. I tell you, that big brother influence is getting pretty thick.

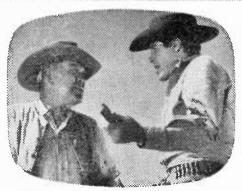
The sinister thing about laugh records is that they pose a terrifying question. What were those people really laughing about? Was it perhaps an early Ed Wynn radio show? Or maybe the laughter has been preserved through the years and handed down by the late Fred Allen. Are the laughing people, themselves, still alive?

In closing, may I advise the comedian not to become too smug about the tremendous response he receives on a filmed television show. I saw one famous clown strutting around Farmer's Market the other day boasting that the audience screams every time be moves his little finger. Just well until he gets in front of a live audience again and finds out he's dead.

It's Now WJJD-FM

Chicago.
Plough Inc.'s purchase of FM-station WSEL here, held up for months by the complexity of previous ownership, has been finalized with the call letters changed to WJJD-FM (counterpart of Plough's AM property in Chi, WJJD).

Station has gone off the air until the first of the year, and when it returns it will probably use some form of automated programming. Jim Brassfield, of the WJJD-AM sales staff, will manage the FM-er, which will locate now in the Plough offices here on South Michigan Ave.



Wagon Train—NBC, Wednesday Ford Division, Ford Motor Company



The Shirley Temple Show (Color)—NBC Sunday—Radio Corporation of America



CBS, Sunday—Lever Brothers Company



The Tom Ewell Show—CBS, Tuesday
The Quaker Oats Company



Father Knows Best CBS, Tuesday—Scott Paper Company



Douglas Edwards with the News—CBS, Weekdays Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company



The Ed Sullivan Show—CBS, Sunday— Eastman Kodak Company



Sports Spectaculars—CBS, Sunday Specials—Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company



Bonanza (Color)—NBC, Saturday Radio Corporation of America

Television programs that work for their sponsors in three ways

These programs—for clients of J. Walter Thompson Company—rank among the nation's top television attractions.

But, along with our clients, we believe that size of the viewing audience is only one consideration in creative television programming. *Equally important*, as it enters America's living rooms, are the high character and appropriateness of the program for sponsor and product.



Guestward Ho!
ABC, Thursday—The 7-Up Company



The Ford Show (Color) Starring Tennessee Ernie Ford—NBC, Thursday



The Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet ABC, Wed.—Eastman Kodak Company



Bringing Up Buddy
CBS, Monday—Scott Paper Company

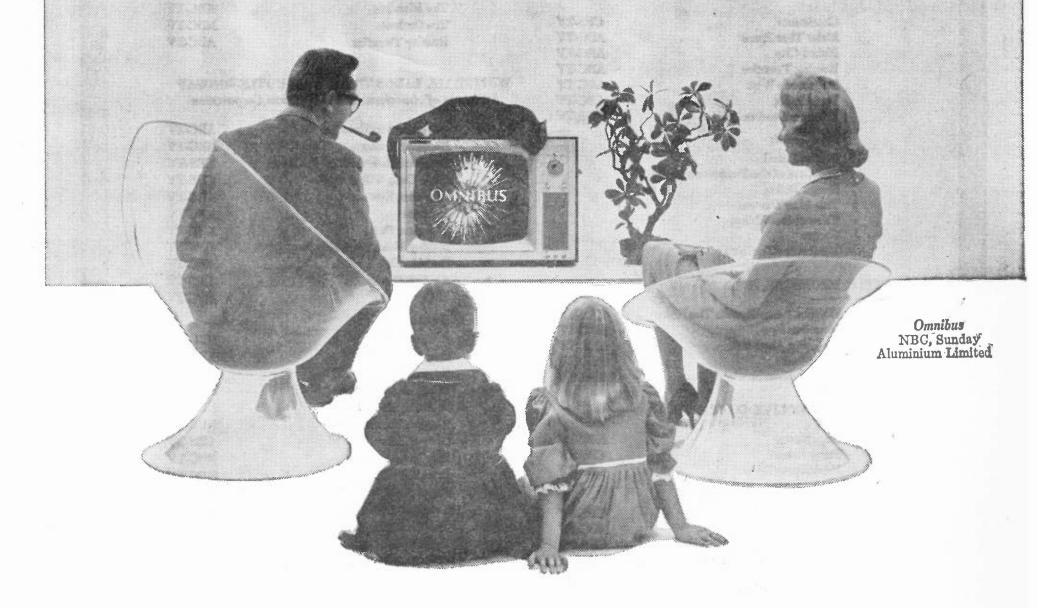


Have Gun, Will Travel—CBS, Saturday—Lever Brothers Company



Perry Como's Kraft Music Hall (Color)—NBC, Wednesday

County County County



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ABC-TV



NETWORK TELEVISION

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

Adventures In Paradise	ABC-TV
Hawaiian Eye	ABC-TV
Naked City	ABC-TV
Operation Daybreak	ABC-TV
Roaring Twenties	ABC-TV
Rocky and His Friends	ABC-TV
77 Sunset Strip	ABC-TV
Untouchables	ABC-TV
Walt Disney Presents	ABC-TV

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP:

Checkmate	CBS-TV
Make That Spare	ABC-TV
Naked City	ABC-TV
Roaring Twenties	ABC-TV
Stagecoach West	ABC-TV
Surfside Six	ABC-TV
Wanted: Dead or Alive	CBS, TV

Syndication **Border Patrol** The Case of the Dangerous Robin Rough Riders This Man Dawson Tales of the Vikings Target **Tombstone Territory**

CARTER PRODUCTS, INC.

Douglas Edwards with The News	CBS-TV
Hawaiian Eye	ABC-TV
Operation Daybreak	ABC-TV
Jack Paar	NBC-TV
Sunday News Special	CBS-TV

COLGATE-PALMOLIVE COMPANY

Bugs Bunny	ABC-TV
Perry Mason	CBS-TV
Ed Sullivan Show	CBS-TV
Daytime	
Captain Kangaroo	CBS-TV
Here's Hollywood	NBC-TV
Mighty Mouse	CBS-TV
Play Your Hunch	NRC.TV

CONTINENTAL BAKING COMPANY, INC.

Captain Kangaroo	CBS-TV
The Dave Garroway Show	NBC-TV
Operation Daybreak	ABC-TV

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION

American Bandstand

MINUTE MAID CORPORATION	~
Marineland Circus	NBC-TV
1961 Tournament of Roses	NBC-TV

WARNER-LAMBERT PRODUCTS

Division of Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company

The Islanders	ABC-TV
The Outlaws	NBC-TV
Roaring Twenties	ABC-TV

WHITEHALL LABORATORIES and BOYLE-MIDWAY Divisions of American Home Products Corporation

Adventures in Paradise

Bachelor Father	NBC-TV
Douglas Edwards With the News	CBS-TV
Have Gun, Will Travel	CBS-TV
Hawaiian Eye	ABC-TV
Lawman	ABC-TV
77 Sunset Strip	ABC-TV
Sunday News Special	CBS-TV
Surfside Six	ABC-TV
To Tell The Truth	CBS-TV
Untouchables	ABC-TV
Daytime	
Concentration	NBC-TV
Day In Court	ABC-TV
Edge of Night	CBS-TV
Here's Hollywood	NBC-TV
It Could Be You	NBC-TV
The Jan Murray Show	NBC-TV
Love of Life	CBS-TV
Play Your Hunch	NBC-TV
Price Is Right	NBC-TV
Secret Storm	CBS-TV
Truth or Consequences	NBC-TV
The Verdict Is Yours	CBS-TV
Video Village	CBS-TV
Who Do You Trust	ABC-TV

SPITZER, MILLS & BATES LIMITED

Estimated Weekly Network TV Program Costs

		Cutinued from page 117		
PROGRAM WORK Mayerick	COST 90,000	SPONSOR Kaiser Industries	AGENCY Y&R	PRODUCERWilliam T. Orr
MAYERCE	00,000	R. J. Reynolds	Esty	
		Armour	.FC&B	
		Derby Foods	Esty	
Michael ShayneNBC	92,000	Brillo	JWT Y&R	Joseph Hoffman
lichael SnayneNDC	\$2,000	Dupont Oldsmobile	BBDO	
		Pitt. Plate Glass	BBDO	
lighty Mouse PlayhouseCBS	10,000 2,800	Colgate-Palmolive	Ted Bates Morse Int	Paul Terry
he Millionaire	(Per Segment)	National Biscuit Co	McC-E	reductson
		Colgate Gerber Products	, ,D'Arcy	
		Drackett Co	Y&R	
Iorning CourtABC	2,500	Participating		Selig J. Seligman
Ty Sister Eileen	(Per Segment) 49,000	Colgate	L&N	Dick Wesson
		Pillsbury Chevrolet	. Leo Burnett	
y Three Sons	55,000 100,000	Brown & Williamson	Ted Bates	Herbert B. Leonard
ince only		Bristol-Myers	, OB&M . D. P. Brother	
		Shwayder Bros	Grey	
		DuPont Sunbeam	FC&B	
		Derby Foods	. McC-E	
		Dow Chemical	JWT	
ational VelvetNBC	44,000	General Mills	BBDO	Rudy Abel
C.A.A. FootballABC	2,200.000	Gillette	Maxon	Roone Arledge
Conside Fundam	(Season)	Humble Oil L & M	DFS	
		Competition Motors	DDR	Touris O
riginal Amateur HourCBS	21,000	J. B. Williams	Parkson	Robt. Bassler
utlaws	91,000	Brown & Williamson	KM&J	
		Colgate E. I. Dupont	' BBDO	
		Ford	JWT	
		Gold Seal Mogen David	Weiss	
		Pan. Am. Coffee Simonize	D'Arcy	
		Studebaker	D'Arcy	
		Warner-Lambert Hartz Mountain Products	. L&M George H. Hartman	Don Annal
aut Winchell Show ABC cople Are Funny NBC	21,500 16,000	E. R. Squibb	Donahue & Coe	John Guedel
erry Come	140 000	Kraft Colgate	Ted Bates	Nick Vanoff Gail Patrick Jackson
erry MasonCBS	100,000	Drackett Co.	. Y&R	Call Fatfick SackSOI
		H. C. Moores Co. Philip Morris	B&B	
		Sterling Drug	DFS	70 T. M. A
erson to Person	25,000	Polaroid Scripto	Donahue & Coe	Perry Lafferty
		Burlington Industries	. Donahue & Coe	
		Lanolin Plus National Corbon	. Esty	
		Lanvin Perfume	. North EWR&R	Darka Laur
Pete and GladysCBS	49,000	Goodyear	. Y&R	•
Peter GunnABC	49,000	Bristol-Myers R. J. Reynolds	Estv	
Peter Leves MaryNBC	51,000	P & G		Wm. Friedberg
Play Your Hunch NBC	2,500	Colgate General Mills	. DFS	
	(Per Segment)	Hartz	. George H. Hartman	
		Mentholatum		
		Simonize Sterling		
rice Is RightNBC	2 900	Beechnut		Bob Stewart
tice is might	(Per Segment)	Culver		
		Frigidaire	DFS	
		Gen. Mills		
		Lever Mentholatum	BBDO	
		Miles	Wade	
		Sterling Thos. Leeming		
		Toni	North	
		Whitehall	· · ·	M. Leiser
The Price Is RightNBC	39,000	Speidel	NC&K	ni. Delser
Pro Football Games	2,000.000	American Oil	Fets	
	(For Season)	Falstaff Brewing	DFS	
		National Brewing of Michigan	C-M	
		Philip Morris	Leo Burnett	
		Shell Oil Speedway Petroleum Corp	W. B. Doner	
		Studebaker-Parkard Standard Oil of Indiana	D'Arev	
		Sun Oil	Esty	
		Union Oil of California Carter Products		
Pro Football KickoffCBS	12.000	Bristol-Myers	Y&R	
Queen For a DayABC	2,500	Participating		William N. Burch
•	(Per Sagment)	Philip Morris	- B&B	Charles Marquis
CBS	95.000	National Biscuit Co. Bristol-Myers	MrC-E	Warren
		Dracket Co.	V& B	
		General Foods	- B&B	
Die meet M. C.		Procter & Gamble	·· Compton	Irving Dinaus
The Real McCoys	55,000 51,000	L & M Procter & Camble		Andrew J. Fenady
	01,000	Union Carbide	Foto	_
Red Skelton ShowCBS	63,000	Pet Milk	Gardner	Cecil Barker
		Procter & Gamble	FC&B	Arthur Gardson
The RiflemanABC	50,000			Jules Levy &
		(Continued on page 123)		Arnold Laven

What This Country Needs Is a Good 5-Sec. Commercial

By NORMAN ANTHONY

Even the tv sponsors are getting into the act; the advertising agencies have become stagestruck, which isn't at all surprising, now that they have been exposed to the theatrical world, but they are outhamming the hams, and the mind is staggered at the thought of what we're apt to see if they keep on. Commercials are already "productions," and the next step will undoubtedly be "Spectacular Commercials," or "Playhouse 90s."

In the not too distant future—help us—we may turn a knob some night and witness "The Ten Commandments" in compatible color, live from Madison Ave., directed by Cecil B. DeMille, and with famous stars of stage and screen playing the prophylact'c prophets. The opening scene will show Moses coming down from the Mount like those skiiers in the beer ads, followed by a flight of Zsa Zsa Gaborish angels in a V-for-Victory formation, and blazing across a star-studded sky the slogan, "Thou Shalt have none other goods!" The angels then spread their unmoltable wings upon which are the brand names of "The Ten Commodities," and burst into a celestial chorus of "Thou shalt not accept any substitutes."

For a change of pace, the scene fades into a pastoral setting, and we see a Thinking Man's Shepherd exhorting his sheep to think for themselves, ignoring a black one whose "Ba-a-a!" is drowned out by 100 — count 'em — shepherdesses singing. "You Can't Pull the Wool Over Our Eyes."

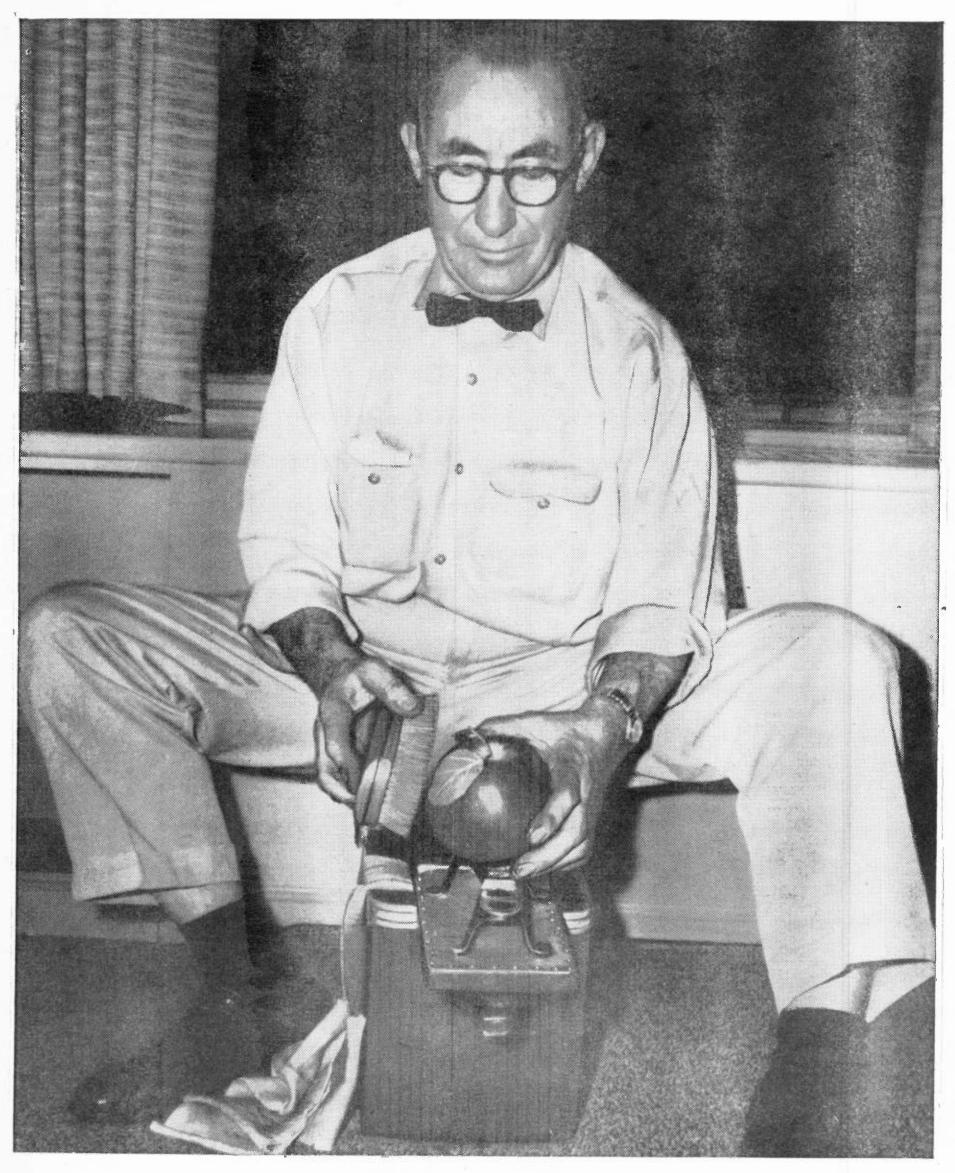
As Ye Plug, So Shall Ye Reap

Meanwhile, back at the Mount, the angels have returned, wearing sanforized aprons, and Mores thunders, "Thou shalt not do any work, nor thy manservants, nor thy maidservants, for this is a push-button world so that thy days may be prolonged, thy hours spent in beauty parlors where you may become as beautiful as Bathsheba!" A celestial shower of soap flakes fall, spelling out, "Can Anything Be Better Than This?" but when the angels sing, "Glory, Glory, Helena Rubenstein," Moses holds up his hands, and as five and lightning fill the sky, he again thunders, "Thou shalt not commit adulterated goods to thy split-level houses, nor shalt thou steal thy neighbor's products. Go thou to the conveniently located heavenly supermarket and buy thy own!"

Moses then turns a fearsome CBS eye on his audience of 50,-000,000 damned souls. "Do YOU, like Job, suffer from boils, tired blood, split-t-ing headaches, and nasty nasal congestion? Do YOU suffer from Dragon's Breata, Tooth-for-a-Tooth Decay, Hor-rendous Hemorrhoids, Olympian Pimples, Unsightly Sores, Failure of the Tubes, Feelings of Frowziof the Tubes, Feelings of Frowzi-ness. Freudian Frenzy, Falling of the Ego, Norman Vincent Pealing of the Skin, Powerless Positive Thinking? Do YOU suffer from Armpit Aroma, Armchairitis, Armageddon odor, Armful Bacteria? This is the not very still voice in he wilderness, my words graven tablets that dissolve STANTLY in water, the new wonder drug — CUREV — pronounced 'Cure-ev' - that cures every disease known to mank nd, and even the ones our scientists are about to discover! Remember, friends, CUREV is the best fr.end your carcass ever had!'

The finale will be super-spectacular; as we hear 76 Gabriel Trumpets, a gigantic refrigerator Gour, opened by all the Miss Americas since 1492, discloses the walls of Jericho, and as they come tumbarg down, we see the Red Sea opin into a superhighway and the entire cast of 1,000 cohorts, not counting the neighbor's asses, goats and sheep, march right at us, led by Mahalia Jackson, singing. "Onward Christian Soldiers." Then, as the scene fades, we hope, into infinity, we hear the stirring strains of "God Bless America."

There will, of course, be no closing commercial.



Polishing the client's apple is no way to improve his advertising. Polishing a good idea is. And polishing. And polishing. And polishing. Until good becomes better. And better becomes best.

YOUNG & RUBICAM, Advertising

Estimated Weekly Network TV Program Costs

Robert Taylor in The Detectives ABC Route 66 CBS Saturday Prom NBC Search For Tomorrow CBS Secret Storm NBC Shari Lewis Show NBC Shirley Temple NBC Sky King CBS Stagecoach West ABC Sunday News Special CBS Surf Side 6 ABC 77 Sunset Strip ABC Tab Hunter Show NBC Tales of Wells Fargo NBC Tall Man NBC The Texan ABC This Is Your Life NBC Thriller NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS Tom Ewell Show CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC	2,500 Per Segment) 90,000 55,000 120,000 13,000 2,500 2,500	American Chicle Warner Lambert Brillo Colgate-Palmolive Derby Foods DuPont Beecham Products Procter & Gamble Chevrolet Philip Morris Sterling Drug Beechnut Procter & Gamble Co. American Home Products Quaker Oats Scott Paper R. T. French Co. Nat'l Biscuit Beechnut Life Savers RCA National Biscuit Co. Brown & Williamson	Sweets Co. Banning Repplier Leo Burnett Y&R Ted Bates Ted Bates JWT Ted Bates McC-E BBD&O K&E B&B C-E Leo Burnett DFS Y&R Leo Burnett Ted Bates JWT JWT JWT JWT K&E	Julian Bercovici William T. Orr Jules Levy, Arthur Gardner Arnold Laven Bob Basseler Ed Pierce Frank Dodge
The Roaring 20's ABC Robert Taylor in The Detectives ABC Route 66	55,000 120,000 13,000 2,500 2,500 er Segment) 17,500 110,000 18,500 90,000	Gilbert Crackerjack American Home Foods Participating American Chicle Warner Lambert Brillo Colgate-Palmolive Derby Foods DuPont Beecham Products Procter & Gamble Chevrolet Philip Morris Sterling Drug Beechnut Procter & Gamble Co. American Home Products Quaker Oats Scott Paper R. T. French Co. Nat'l Biscuit Beechnut Life Savers RCA National Biscuit Co. Brown & Williamson	Banning Repplier Leo Burnett Y&R Ted Bates Ted Bates JWT Ted Bates McC-E BBD&O K&E B&B C-E Leo Burnett DFS Y&R Leo Burnett Ted Bates JWT JWT JWT JWT JWT K&E	.William T. Orr .Jules Levy, Arthur Gardner Arnold Laven .Bob Basseler .Ed Pierce
The Roaring 20's ABC Robert Taylor in The Detectives ABC Route 66 CBS Saturday Prom NBC Search For Tomorrow CBS Secret Storm CBS Secret Storm CBS Shari Lewis Show NBC Shirley Temple NBC Sky King CBS Stagecoach West ABC Sunday News Special CBS Surf Side 6 ABC Tab Hunter Show NBC Tales of Wells Fargo NBC Tall Man NBC The Texan ABC This Is Your Life NBC Thriller NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS Tom Ewell Show CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC	55,000 120,000 13,000 2,500 2,500 er Segment) 17,500 110,000 18,500 90,000	Participating American Chicle Warner Lambert Brillo Colgate-Palmolive Derby Foods DuPont Beecham Products Procter & Gamble Chevrolet Philip Morris Sterling Drug Beechnut Procter & Gamble Co. American Home Products Quaker Oats Scott Paper R. T. French Co. Nat'l Biscuit Beechnut Life Savers RCA National Biscuit Co. Brown & Williamson	Ted Bates Ted Bates JWT Ted Bates McC-E BBD&O K&E B&B C-E Leo Burnett DFS Y&R Leo Burnett Ted Bates JWT JWT JWT K&E	.William T. Orr .Jules Levy, Arthur Gardner Arnold Laven .Bob Basseler .Ed Pierce
The Roaring 20's ABC Robert Taylor in The Detectives ABC Route 66	90,000 55,000 120,000 13,000 2,500 2,500 2,500 er Segment) 17,500 110,000 18,500 90,000	American Chicle Warner Lambert Brillo Colgate-Palmolive Derby Foods DuPont Beecham Products Procter & Gamble Chevrolet Philip Morris Sterling Drug Beechnut Procter & Gamble Co. American Home Products Quaker Oats Scott Paper R. T. French Co. Nat'l Biscuit Beechnut Life Savers RCA National Biscuit Co. Brown & Williamson	Ted Bates JWT Ted Bates McC-E BBD&O K&E B&B C-E Leo Burnett DFS Y&R Leo Burnett Ted Bates JWT JWT JWT K&E	Jules Levy, Arthur Gardner Arnold Laven Bob Basseler Ed Pierce
Route 66	55,000 120,000 13,000 2,500 2,500 er Segment) 17,500 110,000 18,500 90,000	Brillo Colgate-Palmolive Derby Foods DuPont Beecham Products Procter & Gamble Chevrolet Philip Morris Sterling Drug Beechnut Procter & Gamble Co. American Home Products Quaker Oats Scott Paper R. T. French Co. Nat'l Biscuit Beechnut Life Savers RCA National Biscuit Co. Brown & Williamson	JWT Ted Bates McC-E BBD&O K&E B&B C-E Leo Burnett DFS Y&R Leo Burnett Ted Bates JWT JWT JWT K&E	Arthur Gardner Arnold Laven Bob Basseler Ed Pierce Frank Dodge
Route 66	120,000 13,000 2,500 2,500 er Segment) 17,500 110,000 18,500 90,000	Derby Foods DuPont Beecham Products Procter & Gamble Chevrolet Philip Morris Sterling Drug Beechnut Procter & Gamble Co. American Home Products Quaker Oats Scott Paper R. T. French Co. Nat'l Biscuit Beechnut Life Savers RCA National Biscuit Co. Brown & Williamson	McC-E BBD&O K&E B&B C-E Leo Burnett DFS Y&R Leo Burnett Ted Bates JWT JWT JWT K&E	Arthur Gardner Arnold Laven Bob Basseler Ed Pierce Frank Dodge
Route 66	120,000 13,000 2,500 2,500 er Segment) 17,500 110,000 18,500 90,000	Beecham Products Procter & Gamble Chevrolet Philip Morris Sterling Drug Beechnut Procter & Gamble Co. American Home Products Quaker Oats Scott Paper R. T. French Co. Nat'l Biscuit Beechnut Life Savers RCA National Biscuit Co. Brown & Williamson	K&E B&B C-E Leo Burnett DFS Y&R Leo Burnett Ted Bates JWT JWT JWT K&E	Arthur Gardner Arnold Laven Bob Basseler Ed Pierce Frank Dodge
Route 66	120,000 13,000 2,500 2,500 er Segment) 17,500 110,000 18,500 90,000	Chevrolet Philip Morris Sterling Drug Beechnut Procter & Gamble Co. American Home Products Quaker Oats Scott Paper R. T. French Co. Nat'l Biscuit Beechnut Life Savers RCA National Biscuit Co. Brown & Williamson	C-E Leo Burnett DFS Y&R Leo Burnett Ted Bates JWT JWT JWT JWT JWT	Arthur Gardner Arnold Laven Bob Basseler Ed Pierce Frank Dodge
Saturday Prom	13,000 2,500 2,500 er Segment) 17,500 110,000 18,500 90,000	Philip Morris Sterling Drug Beechnut Procter & Gamble Co. American Home Products Quaker Oats Scott Paper R. T. French Co. Nat'l Biscuit Beechnut Life Savers RCA National Biscuit Co. Brown & Williamson	Leo Burnett DFS Y&R Leo Burnett Ted Bates JWT JWT JWT K&E	.Bob Basseler .Ed Pierce .Frank Dodge
Search For Tomorrow CBS Secret Storm CBS Secret Storm CBS Secret Storm CBS (F Shari Lewis Show NBC Shirley Temple NBC Sky King CBS Stagecoach West ABC Sunday News Special CBS Surf Side 6 ABC 77 Sunset Strip ABC Tab Hunter Show NBC Tales of Wells Fargo NBC Tall Man NBC The Texan ABC This Is Your Life NBC Thriller NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS Tom Ewell Show CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC	2,500 2,500 2,500 er Segment) 17,500 110,000 18,500 90,000	Sterling Drug Beechnut Procter & Gamble Co. American Home Products Quaker Oats Scott Paper R. T. French Co. Nat'l Biscuit Beechnut Life Savers RCA National Biscuit Co. Brown & Williamson	DFS Y&R Leo Burnett Ted Bates JWT JWT K&E	Frank Dodge
Search For Tomorrow CBS Secret Storm CBS Secret Storm CBS Secret Storm CBS (F Shari Lewis Show NBC Shirley Temple NBC Sky King CBS Stagecoach West ABC Sunday News Special CBS Surf Side 6 ABC 77 Sunset Strip ABC Tab Hunter Show NBC Tales of Wells Fargo NBC Tall Man NBC The Texan ABC This Is Your Life NBC Thriller NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS Tom Ewell Show CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC	2,500 2,500 2,500 er Segment) 17,500 110,000 18,500 90,000	Procter & Gamble Co. American Home Products Quaker Oats Scott Paper R. T. French Co. Nat'l Biscuit Beechnut Life Savers RCA National Biscuit Co. Brown & Williamson	Leo Burnett Ted Bates JWT JWT JWT K&E	Frank Dodge
Shari Lewis Show NBC Shirley Temple NBC Sky King CBS Stagecoach West ABC Sunday News Special CBS Surf Side 6 ABC 77 Sunset Strip ABC Tab Hunter Show NBC Tales of Wells Fargo NBC Tall Man NBC The Texan ABC This Is Your Life NBC Thriller NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC	17,500 110,000 18,500 90,000	Quaker Oats Scott Paper R. T. French Co. Nat'l Biscuit Beechnut Life Savers RCA National Biscuit Co. Brown & Williamson	JWT JWT JWT K&E	.Roy Winsor
Shirley Temple NBC Sky King CBS Stagecoach West ABC Sunday News Special CBS Surf Side 6 ABC 77 Sunset Strip ABC Tab Hunter Show NBC Tales of Wells Fargo NBC Tall Man NBC The Texan ABC This Is Your Life NBC Thriller NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC	110,000 18,500 90,000	R. T. French Co. Nat'l Biscuit Beechnut Life Savers RCA National Biscuit Co. Brown & Williamson	JWT .K&E	
Shirley Temple NBC Sky King CBS Stagecoach West ABC Sunday News Special CBS Surf Side 6 ABC 77 Sunset Strip ABC Tab Hunter Show NBC Tales of Wells Fargo NBC Tall Man NBC The Texan ABC This Is Your Life NBC Thriller NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC	110,000 18,500 90,000	Beechnut Life Savers	.K&E	
Sunday News Special CBS Surf Side 6 ABC 77 Sunset Strip ABC Tab Hunter Show NBC Tales of Wells Fargo NBC Tall Man NBC The Texan ABC This Is Your Life NBC Thriller NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC	90,000	National Biscuit Co Brown & Williamson	.Y&R	· Robt. Scheerer · Wm. H. Brown Jr.
Sunday News Special CBS Surf Side 6 ABC 77 Sunset Strip ABC Tab Hunter Show NBC Tales of Wells Fargo NBC Tall Man NBC The Texan ABC This Is Your Life NBC Thriller NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC	15,000	Brown & Williamson	.McC-E	Jack Shertok
Surf Side 6		General Foods	·Ted Bates	Vincent Fennelly
Surf Side 6		United Motors		
Surf Side 6		Ralston Purina	Gardner	.Ted Marvel
77 Sunset Strip ABC Tab Hunter Show NBC Tales of Wells Fargo NBC Tall Man NBC The Texan ABC This Is Your Life NBC Thriller NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC		American Home Products Corp Brown & Williamson	.Ted Bates	
Tab Hunter Show	,	Cluett Peabody	.L&N	William 1. Off
Tab Hunter Show		Pontiac	.MacM J&A	
Tales of Wells Fargo NBC Tall Man NBC The Texan ABC This Is Your Life NBC Thriller NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS Tom Ewell Show CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC	90,000	Beecham Products	K&E	.Howie Horwitz
Tales of Wells Fargo NBC Tall Man NBC The Texan ABC This Is Your Life NBC Thriller NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS Tom Ewell Show CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC		American Chicle	Ted Bates	
Tall Man NBC The Texan ABC This Is Your Life NBC Thriller NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS Tom Ewell Show CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC	50,000	P. Lorillard	.L&N	.Norman Tokar
The Texan ABC This Is Your Life NBC Thriller NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS Tom Ewell Show CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC	51.000	Westclox American Tobacco	.SSC&B	.H. Halt
This Is Your Life NBC Thriller NBC Today On The Farm NBC Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS Tom Ewell Show CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC	46,000	Beechnut Life Savers	Esty	
Today On The Farm NBC Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS Tom Ewell Show CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC	2,500 er Segment)	Participating		Orsatti
Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS Tom Ewell Show CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC	40,000 95,000	Block Drug	Leo Burnett	.A. Gruenberg .Fletcher Markle
Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS Tom Ewell Show CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC		Am. Tobacco Beechnut	·Y&R	
Today Show NBC To Tell the Truth CBS Tom Ewell Show CBS True Story NBC Truth or Consequences NBC		Dupont Glenbrook Glenbrook	. DFS	
Tom Ewell Show	13,500 50,000	Massey-Ferguson, Inc	*****	Robt. Northshield
True Story	28,000	Helene Curtis	. Ted Bates	
Truth or ConsequencesNBC	52,000	Quaker Oats	.Leo Burnett	•
	12,500	Glenbrook		Jerry Layton
	2,500 er Segment)	Beechnut Culver		.Ed Bailey
		Frigidaire Gen. Mills	DFS	
		Hartz Heinz		
		Miles Nabisco		
		Proc. & Gamble	. Compton	
Twentieth Century CBS Twilight Zone CBS	40,000 48,000	Prudential Insurance	.R-McC	Burton Benjamin
The United States Steel Hour CBS	60,000	Colgate United States Steel Corp	.McC-E	
The UntouchablesABC	90,000	Armour Beccham Products	.FC&B	Jerry Thorpe
		L & M Sunbeam	.McC-E	
	•	Union Carbide	. Esty	
The Verdict is YoursCBS	2,500 er Segment)	Vick Chemical Scott Paper	.Morse Int	.Bertram Berman
		Lever Bros	.OB&M	
		American Home Products Sterling Drug	.Ted Bates	
Video VillageCÉS	25,000	Armstrong Cork J. B. Williams Co.	. BBDO	Marrill Haattan
		Remington Rand Lever Bros.	.Y&R	.meiim meatter
		Vick Chemical Co Eastman Kodak Co	. Morse Int.	
Wagon TrainNBC	- 100,000	American Home Products	.Ted Bates	II Chuistia
Wash Itali	100,000	National Biscuit	.McC-E	H. Christie
Walt Disney Presents ABC	85,000	R. J. Reynolds Brillo	.JWT	-Walt Disney
		Bristol Myers Canada Dry	. Mathes	
		Derby Foods	.NC&K	
		General Mills	.Y&R	
Wanted: Dead or AliveCBS	49,000	Ludens	Ted Bates	. Ed Adamson
Westerner NBC	49,000	Kimberley-Clark	.FC&B	
	,	Mogen David	. Weiss	J. L commpani
What's My Line?CBS		Warner Lambert	.L&F	Gil Fates
Who Do You Trust?ABC	38 000	Kellogg		. On Fates
	38,000 2,500			Art Staule
ADC	38,000 2,500 er Segment) 35,000	Participating		

Hong Kong Preps Broadcast TV As Interest Mounts

By ERNIE PEREIRA Hong Kong.

Hong Kong's present wired television service, which was started in 1957, will be supplemented within two years by broadcast television though selection of a broadcast site has not yet been made and is still too premature to talk about.

But the trend for broadcast tv is unmistakable, according to Rediffusion TV which has been spending annually more than \$180,000 in buying mainly American tv films, predominately MCA and NBC product.

The Colony made history in 1957 by becoming the first area in the Commonwealth to have tv—wired tv at that.

The decision to start a wired tv service has been the subject of considerable controversy but time apparently has borne out the decision as the only wise and practical one that could have been taken at the time for various reasons:

(1) The existence of an already laid out complex wire system being used for Rediffusion's audio service.

(2) The Colony's hilly terrain and the mushrooming of industries using power and giving rise to all kinds of electrical interferences.

(3) Costs would not have justified the inauguration of a broadcast tv network in 1957.

Right now, all the urban areas are covered by wired tv, but with the rapid growth in population in some of the pocket areas, new satellite towns have literally sprung up there, making it feasible now to have these places reached by broadcast tv, instead of laying a whole new circuit of complex wiring.

The magic of tv in the Colony has not quite caught on since out of a population of over 3,000,000, not more than 7,000 tv sets are out. But the population factor is not really a yardstick since several hundred thousands of people in the low-income group could not afford buying a tv set, available on hire-purchase, and pay a monthly fee of \$4,30 for use of the program and maintenance.

Where a truer yardstick might be used to assess just what the tv subscription should be is in the number of car-owners of whom there are about 40,000. TV sets sold here are made in Britain and in Japan whose Toshiba sets are in demand. Hong Kong, despite its manufacturing ability. still lacks the know-how to produce tv sets, and until the day when the Colony will be able to make its own tv sets, the use of tv will always be considered a luxury item.

Programming has been a main and tough problem for Rediffusion to tackle all along, largely because wired tv operates on one channel in this bilingual British Colony where over 95% of the people are Chinese and of Chinese origin. Cantonese, of the Chinese dialects, is the main one. The ideal soultion, from the start, would have been to have two channels, one for the Chinese viewing public and the other for the English-speaking. Many Chinese, however, are fluent in English and prefer the English fare presented to the spate of Chinese operas offered.

American tv films enjoy popularity, like Hollywood films shown here and which dominate first-run theatres. "Alfred Hitchcock Presents," "Science Fiction Theatre," "Rin Tin Tin," the "Eddie Cantor Show," "Wagon Train." "Laramie," the "Bob Cummings Show," "Lassie," "Count of Monte Cristo," "Tombstone Territory," the "Ray Milland Show," the "Liberace Show" and the "Frankie Laine Show" are popular with local tv viewers.

Newcomers are the "Perry Como Show" as well as an ATV (Associated Television) scries called "Saturday Spectacular." Rediffusion recently flew a young Englishman named Mark Miller from London where he was associated with Rediffusion as a producer. Miller's title—controller of ty program.

THANK YOU for all your help

in keeping millions of television sets tuned to the commercials on our clients' shows.

ANDY GRIFFITH General Foods: S.O.S. Soap Pads

ANGEL Johnson's Wax: Klear, Raid

ANN SOTHERN Johnson's Wax: Klear, Off!

AMERICAN HERITAGE Equitable Life Assurance Society

*BROTHERS BRANNAGAN Rheingold Beer

*BEST OF THE POST Associates Investment, Inc.

CHECKMATE Kleenex Tissues, Imperial Margarine, Airwick

*CORONADO 9 Dial Soap

CANDID CAMERA Imperial Margarine, Airwick

DANNY THOMAS General Foods: S.O.S. Soap Pads

*FIESTA EN PUERTO RICO Rheingold Beer

GARRY MOORE Johnson's Wax: Klear, Holiday, Off!

GROUCHO SHOW Paper Mate Pens

HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL Pepsodent

HONG KONG Dial Soap, Dash Dog Food

HALLMARK HALL OF FAME Hallmark Cards

I'VE GOT A SECRET Miss Clairol

*JOHNNY MIDNIGHT Dial Soap

LORETTA YOUNG Paper Mate Pens

MAVERICK Dial Soap, Dash Dog Food

NAKED CITY Sunbeam Shavemaster

PERRY COMO'S KRAFT MUSIC HALL Kraft Confections

*PHIL SILVERS Dial Soap

PRICE IS RIGHT Imperial Margarine, Airwick

PUBLIC SERVICE SPECIALS-NBC Purex

RED SKELTON Johnson's Wax: Klear, Raid, Holiday

*SEA HUNT Miss Clairol

*SGT. BILKO Rheingold Beer

SHIRLEY TEMPLE General Foods: Kool-Aid, Kool-Pops

TWILIGHT ZONE General Foods: S.O.S. Soap Pads

*THIRD MAN Rheingold Beer

*TOMBSTONE TERRITORY Rheingold Beer

UNTOUCHABLES Dial Soap, Dash Dog Food, Sunbeam Shavemaster

WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE Kleenex Napkins, Kleenex Towels, Delsey Tissue

WHAT'S MY LINE? Sunbeam Shavemaster

ZANE GREY THEATRE Johnson's Wax: Klear, J-Wax, Raid

#REGIONAL

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • HOLLYWOOD • SAN FRANCISCO HOUSTON • TORONTO • LONDON • FRANKFURT • MEXICO CITY

Estimated Weekly Network TV Program Costs

PROGRAM	NET- WORK	COST	SPONSOR	AGENCY	PRODUCER
Witness	CBS	55,000	Helene Curtis		
			Knomark, Inc. R. J. Reynolds		Murray Susskind
			Schick	B&B	
Young Dr. Malone	NBC	2,500	Chemstrand	DDB	Carol Irwin
	(Pe	r Segment)	Culver	Compton	
			Gen. Mills	DFS	
			Gold Seal	C-M	
			Heinz	Maxon	
			Mennen	Grey	
			Miles	Wade	
			Plough	Lake-Spiro-Shurman	
			P & G		
			Simonize	DFS	
			Sterling		
			Thos. Leeming		

SPECS, SPECIALS, ETC.

		•
An Hour With Danny Kaye Astaire Time Belafonte, New York 19 Bell & Howell Close-Up! Bell Telephone Hour Bing Crosby Golf Bing Crosby Specials Bob Hope Buick Show California All Star Rodeo CBS CBS Reports ABC Dave Garroway Special "Dave's Place" NBC	500,000 300,000 250,000 40,000 165,000 50,000 300,000 125,000 50,000 100,000 275,000	General Motors Chrysler Leo Burnett Gil Rodin Grey Norman Jewison Bell & Howell A T & T Ayer Oldsmobile D. P. Brother Oldsmobile D. P. Brother Liggett & Myers Buick McC-E Carter Products Marlboro Carter Products Marlboro Revlon Grey Bull Bennington DFS Buick McC-E Carter Products McC-E Carter Products Marlboro Leo Burnett Jack Beck Revlon Grey Bill Colleran Elgin Watch JWT Robert Northshield Electric Auto-lite American Luggage Works John C. Dowd Berkshire Knitting Mills OBM
Dean Martin	250,000 165,000	Retail Clerks Internat'l Assn Leonard Shane Speidel
		Don't Combine
Plus One!	200,000 250,000	Cancer Foundation
Colo Double Comme	EE 000	
Gator Bowl GameCBS	75,00 0	Liggett & MyersDFS
General Electric Theater Specials CBS	175,000	General Electric BBDO David Susskind
		Trailing the Congress Schooler
Hallmark Hall of FameNBC	150,000	HallmarkGeorge Schaefer
Jackie Gleason SpecialCBS	250,000	SpiedelJack Philbin
	_00,000	
Leonard Bernstein and The		
New York Philharmonic CBS	100,000	Ford
		General Motors
Miss America Pageant	175,000	General Motors
		PhilcoBBDO Vern Diamond
		1 111100 111111111111111111111111111111
		Toni
National Automobile ShowCBS	75,000	Reynolds Metals
NBC White PaperNBC	37,000	Timex
OmnibusNBC	130,000	Aluminum LtdJWTRobert Saudek Assoc
		Aluminum Liu
Our American HeritageNBC	165.000	Equitable
	450,000	Revlon
Peter PanNBC	450,000	Revioli
		Edwin Lester
Phil Silvers SpecialCBS	225,000	Carling BrewingLang, Fisher &
riii Suvers Special	225,000	Caring brewing
		StashowerNick Vanoff
Red Skelton Timex SpecialCBS	275,000	United States Time Corp W. B. Doner Cecil Barker
Project 20NBC	100,000	U. S. SteelBBD&ODonald B. Hyatt
Purex SpecialsNBC	100,000	PurexVarious Producers
		Furex various i roducers
The Right Man	200,000	Travelers Insurance
Spirit of the Alamo-John Wayne ABC	200,000	PontiacPerry Cross
	200,000	Foiltide
Step on the Gas: the Story of		
the American MotoristCBS	150,000	U. S. Steel
		O. D. Dieter
Story of FamilyNBC	140,000	Ocean Spray
Thanksgiving Day Jubilee Parade CBS	25,000	Campbells
	EE 000	Winous Cil Color
Timex All Star CircusNBC	75,000	Timex
TomorrowCBS	175,000	American Machine & FoundryC&W
		Quelon Octo Tunn Roken David Causes
Tournament of Roses ParadeABC	15,00 0	Quaker OatsLynn BakerDavid Savage
Tournament of Roses ParadoNBC	25.000	Minute MaidBill Bennington
	275,000	Pontiac
Victor Borge SpecialABC		Funday
Wonderland On IceNBC	100,000	Top Value Enterprises
World Series SpecialABC	65,000	Union Carbide Esty Leon Newman
Wizard of OzCBS	300,000	BenrusAyer
Transit Vi Vii I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I	000,000	
		Whitman, Stephen F. & Son(film)

Higher TV Standards

Continued from page

Florence, Berlin and Moscow, I methodology has little or nothing to do with the quality of writing. casting, direction, design and performance.

Television's Challenge

U.S. television has to improve through its own imperatives. I call on ty to catch up with all the rest of the dynamic forces of American progress. I call on television to stir the public imagination, to make us feel embarrassed at the things we settled for last year and the year before, because of what we can see this year. Let television create its own standard of living, like everybody else; and then let it begin to raise its standard of living year by year until the design for next year's schedule looks as old-fashioned as Bertha, the sewing-machine girl.

magic in European systems of tele- | serve that if video had been around vision. I have watched video with my own eyes in London, Rome, would surely have a unique conception of those times. Instead of return home to testify that our inspiration cannot come from there.

Mediocrity will never be corrected by the application of a "system"even a European system, because methodology has little or nothing adult eastern, with Helen, the winsome barmaid and Menelaus the miserly old rancher with a roving eye.

Conceding freely that there was merit in my charge that television has a duty to reflect its time, a prejudiced witness involved in the affairs of RSA had this to say recently: "Bob, perhaps tv as it is now aired does indeed reflect its time. Lunacy is rampant in many quarters, nothing does succeed like excess. The intemperate nature of the public viewing appetite is reflected in the feast-or-famine basis on which we get public affairs programming and other offerings with some cultural overtones. "But," added this bemused partisan, lean, myself, to the cycle theory in economics and history. Why not for

ing into a new Age Of Reason. The Nietzschean 'transvaluation of values' virus may have run its course and sanity may be on the ascendancy again." Let us pray this

How Free Is TV?

Continued from page 99 =

be replaced, even if they had been. that my contract was up two weeks before by an odd coincidence, and that it never had been extendedno contract ever is-and who had told me it would be, anyhow? But calls. The rabbit ears? I'd have to owners repaired sets. pay for them separately, of course.

The set had just been serviced a because I'd moved - but an inspector couldn't tell what it needed couldn't do that without a new con-

tween \$75 to \$100 a year for television—and I'm the only person who has used the set, plus \$80 for an unnecessary antenna, and I'm out a pair of needed rabbit ears, so I can't listen to or watch television. Is this or isn't it a racket?

Being an uncontrollable optimist, I believe in happy endings. So do not picture me sitting in front of a dead television set, turnmy rabbit ears had never been picked up, but that they couldn't be replaced, even if they had been. convenient knob for changing is sex. S-E-X. But the simple fact channels, and after an unfortunate is that many of the features now experience with a local repair man, who knew nothing about anything, including television, and a recom-mended man, who couldn't find a told me it would be, anyhow? But parking space I found a small but I do mean films which by their ract for \$80, with five service around the corner—and one of the

He arrived on schedule, went back to get a portable set, so I month or so ago, but of course he attacked the rabbit ears and now it would need conditioning, put the set in working order, while I watched a show. There was a \$3 for service and two faulty until he examined it - and he tubes cost \$3, so for \$8 my set is running fairly smoothly. Some channels do not come in too well, tract . . . but he could put in a channels do not come in too well, new set, that is, the works of an and occasionally there's a great even larger television, using my screen frenzy, due. I'm told, to old machine, and, of course, taking away and keeping the old parts, for a mere \$150, and I'd get three ally the most inane daytime proertha, the sewing-machine girl. tv (sick, sick, cyclical?). Who whole months of service free, but grams are clear — sometimes too unsatisfactory but exceedingly no rabbit ears! It's cost me be-clear.

S-E-X As A Hidden Factor In Delaying Post-'48 Pix Buys

By MICHAEL M. SILLERMAN (Exec V.P., Programs for Television, Inc.)

The map of the world has changed radically within recent years and seems as though this is going to continue. Admittedly, comparing the map of the world of television syndication with the map of the world of television syn-dication with the map of the world itself may seem a little far-fetched, but if there were such a breed as tv syndication cartographers—or more properly, historians—they'd be just about as busy as the boys at Rand McNally.

Syndication changes are re-flected in the flow and ebb-mostly the latter-of erstwhile important distribution companies; in the amount of new film product avail-able to the market; and, of course, the extent and nature of feature films available to the market.

I have heard many, many expressions of surprise and dismay in recent months because the sales of newly-released-for-tv of post-48 feature films haven't reached floodgate proportions. Seems like only yesterday that the trade press and others in the industry were forecasting not only whopping sales for these pictures as soon as they became available, but an accompanying decline in the sale of their predecessors. Of course, this has not happened. The post-48 sales have been good, our own J. Arthur Rank availabilities among them, but shipments out of the Holly-wood vaults to the stations' film libraries have certainly not reached the anticipated total, at least not yet

Why? I think there are many reasons, at least one of which is obvious, and others which require a little digging to locate. That obvious reason is cost, and by cost I'm referring not only to the cost of the post-48's themselves, but the cost of pictures previously bought. Stations must think carefully before spending heavily for the more recent film releases, not only on the basis of dollar outlay, but because of the complexities of amortization. Throughout the country there are a large number of stations well-stocked with pre-48's. In turn a large number of these pictures have not been amortized and have not had enough exposure to pay off all their costs or have not had enough exposure to return a worthwhile profit.

This, naturally, poses a considerable problem to the stations. If they commit themselves to buy a large number of post-'48's there is a limit to the time they can permit these pictures to sit on the shelf where they remain unproductive in terms of revenue but with payments to the distributors still obligatory. The availability of more gatory. The availability of more feature playing time, anticipated for 1961 with the change in option time regulations, undoubtedly will ease this situation, not only for additional feature exposure but for syndicated half hours as well. We may, it seems to me, anticipate an upswing in both feature and syndicated sales in the next months.

available very definitely fall into the adult category. I don't mean the "For Adults Only" category or out and out sex exploitation films, tv station could play them. During the day, for example, or for late afternoon-dinner time feature playing time, when there is a large percentage of kids watching, such films would be out. Playing them off exclusively as late shows clearly limits their gross potential. Understandably, stations are hesitant.

Two other inhibiting factors have been wide-screen production and color. Reduction of wide-screen features for ty projection has not always proved satisfactory, and transfer of many features produced in color has not only proved

Coming: Debut Of A 'New' TV Personality -- Will Rogers

By DONALD B. HYATT (Director, Special Projects, NBC-TV)

personality, who is able to host a screen. variety show, to narrate a documentary, to be a name actor, a and endlessly talented. Think of what he could do (and now will do) standup comedian and a topical on television. There is film of him humorist-all in one. Surely such doing rope tricks that will amaze a person would be the most sought today's television cowboys, and warm and intimate scenes of him after tv performer of all time.

dead these 25 years, but the beauty of Will is that he never really died. He left behind a living lode of gorgeous material, both vocal and visual, which vividly recalls his presence and personality, almost as if he had never left us. His material, most of it, remains as fresh and topical today as it ever

At "Project Twenty" we've taken on personalities as fantastically far apart as Abraham Lincoln and Adolf Hitler, but a whole program on the life and times of a show business comedian is new to us. Nevertheless, in doing "The Will Rogers Story" we don't regard ourselves as raw beginners in the field. Probably no comparable series in television has drawn upon the treasure-trove of native American humor as frequently as we

Our scripts, for instance, have used the quips and comments of Finley Peter Dunne's great Mr. Dooley ("The Innocent Yaers"). Under the late Pete Salomon, we enlisted Fred Allen as our wry and salty commentator on "The Jazz Age." In "Life in the Thirties" Robert Benchley was on screen as a bilisticus and set the Creek a hilarious analyst of the Great Depression. Bob Hope both narrated, and appeared in, our "Not So Long Ago." And in "Mark Twain's America" we built 57 minutes of Americana and nostalgia around the greatest American hu-

morist of them all.

Even Will isn't new to us. His wonderfully pungent and penetrathad a way of getting into our scripts for shows devoted to other matters—a way of getting in and standing out.

So a whole "Project Twenty" for Will himself is by no means as radical a departure for us as it might seem at first blush. In fact, we think we have a prize in Will. He was a funny man, but he wasn't only funny. He was a commentator on his times in the great tradition that goes back in American history to humorists like Artemus Ward and Petroleum V. Nasby, who made Lincoln laugh, and beyond,

A Natural For TV

He had to be seen to be fully enjoyed. He always felt that he needed to give the audience a sense of closeness for his humor to come across well. On the ty set, he would have come over as splendidly as any humorist one can think of. "Mr. Ziegfeld picked out the most beautiful. He searched through America and the world. He sent clear to Oklahoma to get me. The critics raved over me when I first went to New York. They said they had never seen such features. They said I was differ-He sure was.

Bob Hope, himself a master of the topical quip, will be the story-teller of "The Will Rogers Story." Will's gift is also Bob's-wit that makes us think a bit more clearly about the people and problems of

our day.

In the riches of Will Roger's film, stills, and records, one can fortunately still see him as a schoolboy, as a cowboy, as a circus performer (Cherokee Kid), as a vaudevillian (The Prince of Entertainers, the entertainer of the "Prince"). There is even a picture of Will's Grandma Schrimsher to didn't come over on the Mayflower,

There is not one of us in the Goldwyn star, Will as a Hal Roach programming end of the television comedian, Will as a concert lecturbusiness who isn't continually as a radio personality, Will as a radio personality, Will as a journalist, philanthropist, and humorist—Will is still all there the continually as a journalist, philanthropist, and humorist—Will is still all there the continually as a journalist, philanthropist, and humorist—Will is still all there the continually as a journalist, philanthropist, and humorist—Will is still all there the continually as a journalist, philanthropist, and humorist—Will is still all there the continually as a journalist, philanthropist, and humorist—Will is still all there the continually as a power of classes five mornings. tainer with a totally irresistible waiting to be tapped for the tv

As a performer, Will was flexible Well, we have found him—Will Rogers. Of course Will has been playing polo, cavorting with politicians, and flying on plane trips to the ends of the earth. But, as a performer, what he said, rather than what he did, was the impor-tant thing; and there are over 50 hours of recordings of Will talking on almost any conceivable subject. Many of his topics are as right for television today as they were when his humor first hit them: marriage, acting, human relations, traffic, advertising, and the ugly American.

He was a natural for television, the real thing. But unfortunately he died just as the new medium

was born. He was then only 55.
Once he said: "A comedian can
only last until he takes himself serious or his audience takes him serious, and I don't want either one of them to happen to me until I'm dead . . . if then."

Well, we don't intend to take Will too serious. We hope to let him be himself. If we can just

bring that off, the audience—those who remember him and those to whom he is only a name-is going to see the debut of a new televi-

'Operation Alphabet' As Major WFIL-TV Project To Combat Illiteracy

Philadelphia.

"Operation Alphabet," a fullscale assault on illiteracy in the Philadelphia area will be launched 20 weeks of classes five mornings a week between 6:30 and 7 a.m.

Project designed to teach illiterate men and women to read and write is geared to reach an audience of some 200,000 persons living within a 70-mile radius of Philadelphia who can at the most read or write only their names.

Broadcasts have the backing of the Board of Education, the Junior Chamber of Commerce, the Philadeiphla Foundation and other civic agencies. Robert H. Coates, director of the Philadelphia division of school extension, estimated there were 800,000 illiterates in Pennsion, sylvania and New Jersey and the program is expected to reach about 25% of them.

METRO TV EYEING O'SEAS MARKET ANEW

Metro, whose foreign division met with success in marketing a feature version of "Northwest Passage," is prepping similar features for the overseas theatrical market.

First "Northwest Passage" was composed of three half-haur episodes of the series, with bridges added for the feature run. There's a second "Passage" project now ready for the foreign market, with a third planned.

Radio-Heyday To Renaissance

hour. They've found that more than 2:10 is too long between comBy tying-in with industries that have the largest number of em-

Wall-To-Wall Commercials

These disk jockeys, too, are to be congratulated on their resourcefulness. Even when their station hasn't sold enough time to run a transcribed commercial every two minutes and 10 seconds, the D. J.s come up with commercials of their own. They write books, run dances, have favorite charities, jazz con-certs and other gimmicks that they keep selling to their listeners. In this way they are able to compete directly for the same consumer dollar that the paid commercials they run are out to snare.

Every moment that television fails to adulterate the impact of its commercials in the same way radio does . . . every moment tv continues not to compete with its own advertisers . . . for competition is the life of trade . . . every moment tv dawdles with silly creative ideas, dramas and such. places the new radio concept of wall-to-wall commercials ahead of tv's scatter-rug pattern.

And radio has a lot of other tricks up its sleeve it hasn't even tried yet. For instance, every radio station now has its own weather and time, named with its own call letters. So far they have all adhered to the code that they'll keep position than the beer and cigarcts the weather and time more or less that have to pay for their adverthe same on each station in any given locality. But this can't last forever because it's a well known fact that there is too much similarity between the weather and time on radio and the weather and time on television. So, the grand strategy of radio already clearly outlined and available to go the moment Jack Sterling presses the button, is for each radio station to have its own, individual exclusive time and weather.

Think what that will mean. Suppose you have a date to play tennis. You don't want to hear anything about a rainy day. So you tune-in the station that promises you a bright, sunshiny day. Who wants to listen to a station that tells him it's time to get up and go to work when, with the show he wasn't kidding when he flip of a dial, he can listen to a maid he was part Indian. ("My folks station that tells him there's time to sleep a couple of hours more. but they were there to meet the boat when it came in.") Will with the Ziegfeld Follies, Will as a but the station that comes what they want.

cials the public demands into one | up with the right time-and-weather

ployees, radio stations can virtually command, as a listening audience, everyone on the payroll of the companies that they contract to cooperate with in getting people up and to work on time.

Every social invitation you receive will tell you when to arrive and supply you with the call letters of the radio station to listen to in order to get there on time.

And as for weather, well, if you want to get out of going to a party you just phone and say that on the station you're listening to there's a raging blizzard and your car's stuck in a drift. If the party at the other end tells you the radio station they have on says it's seasonal and sunny that's their business and guests who want to listen to that station can show up if they choose

When this time and weather business plus disk jockeys plugging their own service enterprises is coupled with the idea of radio stations going into actual product competition with their advertisers, then radio will really have it made again. Because beer or cigarets produced by the radio station, branded with the station's call letters and getting air time virtually free, are in a better price tising time on the radio. And if you think this would result in the established beers and cigarets staying off the radio and letting the radio stations sell their own brands uncontested, you just don't know the economics of this country. They won't be able to afford to stay off, lest radio-born products dominate the airwayes and ulti-mately the market.

So it's clear that while radio had its heyday and its decline, a renaissance is in sight unless television starts cleaning house, ting rid of all the junk that's holding it down to a mere eight or 10 minutes of commercial time per hour, and embraces the radio concept of entertainment known as continuous commercials.

This must happen for the truth has been made abundantly clear again that the airways belong to the people and no matter what the stations think, the people will demand and ultimately get exactly

1960: 'Moment of Truth'

bers, Wiswell, Shattuck, Clifford & McMillan.

September — Compton prexy Barton A. Cummings was the month's spokesman for answering say it was time the folks in advertising started thinking about getting tough with the critics of the industry. He said that several of the things said about advertising were not only unfair but untrue. The political critics, he said, seem intent on turning the name Madison Ave. not only into a term of abuse but also an epithet.

George Abrams joined J. B. Williams Co. as a veepee. David C. Stewart became prexy and chief exec officer of Kenyon & Eckhardt. Sylvan Taplinger, tv Eckhardt. Sylvan Taplinger, tv topper at Doner agency, left in a huff over planning on the Timex account. Timex announced it was considering a shift of its \$3,500,-000 billings to another agency.

October — Clients, seemingly spurred by the end of the dog days, were on the move in accelerated fashion. Renault switched its radio-tv billings back to Needham, Louis & Brorby after assigning that phase of the biz to Kudner a year earlier. Reasons put forth: a dip in sales for the French car firm and new management in the American company. Parker Pen took off from Tatham-Laird and was seeking. Ruppert was reported about to move to Warwick & Legler after a split with Norman, Craig & Kummel. Permatex sifted to deGarmo from Basford. Mc-Cann-Erickson grabbed Goodyear's overseas biz from Young & Rubicam and Kudner. Signal Oil named Honig-Cooper (effective Jan. 1, 1961) in termination of Heintz & Co. association. Western Pine listened to five agency pitches in a long day and selected McCann-Erickson. Outgoing agency was N. W. Ayer.

FTC Goes Under Water

November-FTC one more time -filing its fourth complaint against a shave cream's advertising. Complaint charged that Mennen's Soft Stroke shave cream blurbs featuring an underwater shaving demonstration were rigged via use of toothpaste in the shaving soap. It was the first FTC complaint of the crackdown to not name the agency involved (Grey).

Month's speaker on truth was Charles H. Kellstadt, board chairman of Sears, Roebuck & Co., who told annual gathering of the Chicago Better Business Bureau that it was up to media to bar questionable advertising. "The denial of the use of media may be a severe penalty," he said, "and yet it is the only one available if we are convinced that the best solution is self policing."

Blurb spokesman Betty Furness and Westinghouse split after 11½ years. Pet Milk split with the Red Skelton tele series. Marchant division of Smith-Corona split with Foote, Cone & Belding in favor of Cunningham & Walsh.

Ogilvy, Benson & Mather top-per David Ogilvy stole the show at the annual Hot Springs, Va., convention of the Association of National Advertisers. He announced that the newly-acquired \$13,000,000 Shell Oil biz would be handled on a straight fee basis instead of the 15% modes. instead of the 15% media mission. It had been done before, but never with so large an account, and never with such a trumpeting. Same Ogilvy shook them up a couple of days later with the announcement that the entire Shell budget would go to newspapers. It was a blow to magazines and broadcasting, and left Madison Ave.'s public nose counters wondering how the market would be tapped by a single media (in California, for instance, only 45% of the drivers are newspaper readers, as an agency exec pointed out). Ogilvy later announced that there would be some use of outdoor also.

December - Hendrick Booream Jr., was keynoter on "the problem" for the month. He told the Radio-Television Executives Society of agency men's growing concern over the violence and mediocrity of tv programming, and suggested an industry group made up of all factions as a means of doing something about it. Individual groups, such as the agencies or the net-

works, were hand-tied by competition, he said, but perhaps every body together could make the body together could make the long haul to good taste. Cunningham & Walsh enter-

tained a group from a prep school at the agency, and execs were amazed at the crossfire of downbeat questions the kids ask. They were sent away with a "better picture" of the advertising business, said topper John Cunningham, and he hoped other agencies would launch a program of firsthand enlightenment.

AFA's Bureau of Education and Research sent out its Educational Programs Guide to 135 ad clubs, "to increase the tempo of advertising educational efforts schools and colleges."

2-Prong Dilemma

Continued from page 94 =

dience is not a hair-line; it's an area. And work at the top of the area can move it up.

The real problem—that of giving the majority shows it will watch and that will be at the same time on a high qualitative level - is never faced by the boys with banners. It's much more fun, of course, to take on just the easy ones. But the problem can be faced; and it be licked. So long as a show has a broad mass audience base, so long as it has wide identification and interest, it can-and shouldbe built in quality to the highest level that the abilities of its builders can achieve. The one attribute does not preclude the other.

More than that, the mass audience will actively respond to quality, so long as it is hooked by the basic concept. If show A and show B are both based on mass-audience concepts, but if A is better than B by whatever rigid cultural concepts you care to impose - more and more members of the mass audience will move to A. They won't know why they like A better than B; but they will.

This, it's to be noted, is not a theory inspired by a recent re-reading of "Pollyanna." It's a fact that this reporter has been lucky enough to prove out in at least three specific instances in the course of his more or less professional career. The mass audience will respond to quality, if quality is brought to a show that has a solid basic mass appeal.

To carry this out, concept-wise and production-wise, is admittedly not easy. That, probably, is why the lads in white armor habitually choose to ignore it. But it can be done. And, if we're honestly interested in the future of television, it must be done. It's the only way to improve the standards of the field -not by giving the customers shows, approved by the pundits, will watch—but by giving them shows that they will watch, and making those shows of the highest quality of which we're capable.
In that way—and that way only

the mass standards will improve. Not quickly, perhaps; but solidly

WNEW-TV In Mex Swap on Musicals

Mexico.

In a mutual exchange agreement Emilio Azcarraga's Telesistema Mexicano and New York's Channel 5 will swap videotaped musical shows beginning in January.

Idea is to show American influences in Mexican music and Latin influences in the U.S.

While Channel 5 has completed programs which show Latin Aspects in American musical programs, Telesistema will initiate production of a series. First half-hour show has already gone into production under supervision of producer Arturo Vega.

Initial Mexican program is devoted to invasion of Mexico by rock-and-roll rhythms, with top groups interpreting the frenzied music appearing in the segment. English narration by Nonu Arsu.



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When They Sold the Wrong Show

George McClelland, who was executive vice president of NBC in the early days, once sold the wrong show. George was one of the greatest salesman I ever saw—including Deke Aylesworth and as you know, together they really got NBC rolling in those early days of radio at 711 Fifth. Ave.

What happened was George asked the program board to tailormake a show that he would sell to Rex Cole, who was the eastern distributor for General Electric Products. The show was pretty much what you'd expect — a soprano, a tenor, a quartet which sounded like the Revellers, and an orchestra which sounded like Frank Black. This was the kind of show designed to sell goods with dignity in those days, a la the Palmolive Hour and the Cities Service Hour to mention two. The show was to be piped into the board room at 11 a.m. sharp, and George wanted no one present but Rex Cole and himself—not even a man to see if the volume level was okay, etc.

Now it so happened that at 11 a.m., the program board was auditioning for itself, in another room, ambitious young talent seeking to get on the network. This audition was started at 11 sharp. The rest you can guess — the obvious thing happened. George turned on the wrong switch and got the wrong program. What he heard was an audition of the Fields & Hall Mountaineers playing hillbilly music and this is what he sold to Rex Cole. They went on the air shortly thereafter for five 15-minute programs per week in the early evening as the Rex Cole Mountaineers. I guess they sold a lot of G. E. products too, because the show lasted quite a Tom McAvity

TV's 'Excellent '60s' Displacing 'Materialistic '50s': Progress Report

By WALTER D. SCOTT (Exec V.P., NBC-TV Network)

giant size in just one decade, the 1950's, a decade which happened to represent the most energetic and determined binge of materialism that the world has ever seen.

As we move further into a new decade, certain key questions about the future of our business suggest themselves. In the limited space available here, I would like to tackle two of them:

(1) What changes will we see? (2) How can we best meet the

challenge of the next 10 years? During the '50's, all of us learned that we were in quite a different kind of business every two or three years. Stations that went on the air as the only channel in their market soon found themselves with three or four competitors.

Very early in the game, we saw the swift transition from largely agency-supplied programs to largely network-supplied programs.

We saw the rapid transition in our programs from mostly live programming to mostly filmed pro-

We saw the transition in sponsoring patterns from identifiable complete sponsorship to a system where an advertiser has a free choice among complete sponsor-ship, shared sponsorship, or dispersed participation in a variety of program vehicles.

And we saw the change from a two-network economy to a three-network economy, with three-network sponsored hours now exceeding 170 hours per week for the first time in history.

Side by side with this enormous growth of network television, we have seen local television and national spot television growing at an even faster rate.

Now, to answer the first of the two questions raised, what trends lie ahead?

During the '60's... . Program costs will continue

to rise.
... Total advertising will continue to increase.

Television-network, spot and local—will continue to increase its share of total advertising.

be a commonplace reality.

But more important than the surface changes which will affect television in this decade is an attitude, a point of view, with which we can best meet our responsibili-

After 10 years of "the materialistic '50's," I believe we have istic '50's," I believe we have entered the decade of "the excellent '60's."

I believe that each of us, by dedicating ourselves to the "pursuit of excellence." can bring about the changes all of us want to see, to enable this great public in-

What is the pursuit of excellence? It is, for example, the It didn't agree that the 405-line course of action being followed by system was obsolete and reckoned the operator of the NBC affiliated that, if it had to wait until the

New York. station on the air in the early '20's, at least six years.

Television networking grew to who has been affiliated with NBC since 1926, who started his tele-vision station in 1946, and who now has two competing network

affiliated stations in his market. He is a man who believes in putting back into television what he has reaped from it. He is now building an automated engineering center. He is now building a color studio where he will originate color locally. And he has as fine a news operation as any station could possibly have.

This is a man who believes in television, who believes that his criterion of success is the excel-

lence of his operation. If all of us in television will engage in this pursuit of excellence in our selection of shows, in the care and energy that we put into fulfilling our responsibilities, and in meeting the opportunities that are wide open to us, then we will have nothing to worry about during the '60's.

Still Unresolved: BBC-TV's Tint-Up

The only hope BBC-TV now has of starting an experimental color tv service in November, 1961, is that the Pilkington Committee which is currently considering the entire future of British radio and video will make an interim report to the Government recommending a switch from 405 lines transmission to 625. That's the conclusion to be drawn from questions and answers in the House of Commons last week, when BBC's formal application (made Dec. 9) for approval to launch into tint next fall was discussed.

The Postmaster-General, Reginald Bevins, told questioners that his tv advisory committee had advised him against the introduction of color in the near future, adding that "it would be a profound mistake for any British Government . . Most programs and probably to make a decision on color teleion in advance o . International television will line standards." Said Bevins: would be encouraging demand for television sets of the existing kind of 405 lines, with color, which might be obsolete within a few years' time." The Postmaster-General likewise thumbed Mem-bers' support for another BBC request, this for approval of plans for the introduction in stages of local sound broadcasting, once again pointing out that the Government didn't feel able to authorize such an innovation at a time when the Pilkington probe

was revewing the whole field.

After the House proceedings, strument of television to fulfill its
obligations and its opportunities.

BBC expressed disappointment
with the PMG's attitude towards both the color and steam proposals. station in a city many miles from hew York. This is a man who put his radio tint, there would be a holdup of

'RCMP' Far East Sales

Television stations in Rhodesia, Nigeria, Hong Kong and Iran were the latest to buy "Royal Canadian Mounted Police." Sales at the mo-ment put the half-hour telefilm series in nine countries, with fur-ther deals pending for France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Switzer-

'RCMP" was recently sold in Germany and for several weeks has been showing in Spanish in Puerto Rico. Besides the U.S. (where Callous. ifornia National distributes the skein) and in Canada (where it was made by a combo of Crawley-McConnel, the CBS and BBC), the but this time apparently has half-hour show is also been in

TV 'Lysistrata': German Scandal to "How all idiot board. And take

West Germany's hottest television battle in a decade is being fought over a 2,300-year-old play And whether the modern day gladiators will be able to bring the ancient drama of "Lysistrata" to the 4,500,000 West German television sets is the crux of all the trouble.

Northwest German television, at Hamburg, spent about \$100,000 last summer in preparing a two-hour telefilm version of the famed Aristophanes drama, starring German actress Barbara Rutting, and widely heralded as a "comeback" for German ingenue Romy Schneider, who was a hit several years ago with her "Sissy" films but has had few movie roles since.

German director Fritz Kortner prepared the controversial film, which concerns, of course, the wives of ancient Athens who decide withdraw marital privileges from their husbands unless the men give up their wars.

"When Aristophanes wrote his comedy 2.300 years ago, he could not have known that these clever Athens women would not only cause sleepless nights for their husbands, but also for the directors of the West German television stations," laughed an editorial in the Shuttgarter Zeitung news-

"But that is just what he has done.'

The heads of the German television stations have been having a series of "emergency meetings" that forced one postponement of the performance of the drama, which was originally scheduled for Jan. 5.

Some of the television station chiefs variously claim that the drama is "immoral," "too sexy," "erotic," and "the anti-war tendencies make too stark an impression."

The play has now been scheduled for Jan. 17 at a special late hour television — 10 p.m. — so that the television officials figure the kids and impressionable teenagers will be in bed.

At this stage, it looks as if only about half of the West Germans will be able to view the drama. The directors of four television stations—those of Munich, Stuttgart, Baden-Baden and Cologne have definitely nixed the play and have said that their screens will remain dark during the showing. The other television outlets —

in Frankfurt, Bremen and Berlin, and of course Hamburg-will carry the program and let their viewers decide whether they should watch this wicked, wicked old drama.

STOLZ OPERETTA MULLED FOR TV

Berlin. Paul Gordon, American tv producer living in Berlin, went to Dortmund, W-Germany, where Robert Stolz's operetta, "Wiener Cafe," recently had its German preem. He is interested in telegraphy of the control of the contr casting this operetta. Also, he negotiated with Dortmund theatre about his piece, "Tom Sawyer's Adventures," which saw its preem in Berlin last December. Third, he negotiated with "Holiday On Ice" on a preparation of a telecast filmization.

Who Was The Writer? or, Some Fun In A Syndication Factory

By FRANK KANE

element in the production of a of speaking parts, figures the add-Distributed abroad by Fremantle, syndicated television series. The ed cost of exteriors, and then tears fact is so self-evident as to make his hair out. His primary function any restatement of the fact ridicu-

Ask the actor playing the leading role. Of course, I do recall that product looks like a mutes' conduring the first series I wrote, the vention. has star declared categorically that all that's needed to make a television obviously he was being facetious. some actors can't ad lib a response get. to "How are you?" without an

And take the delicate way the producer handles the writer. What er give him narration over action. could be better proof of the high esteem in which he's held?

I made my first trip to Hollyduly impressed, knowing as I did that there were hundreds of writsend 3,000 miles for me to write their series.

Of course, it is true that at that time most of us eastern writers had not heard of "basic minimum" fees. Nor had we been properly briefed on the fact that decolletage isn't the biggest threat to a institution called the seven-year leaned back to listen. contract. This is a fiendish device with all the options running one way, and the escalator clauses showing a startling disinclination to ever get the fees off the ground.

The producer who sent for me had a magnificent office in Beverly Hills filled with priceless antiques. One of them was the first dollar he ever made.

The receptionists looked more New York."

ke movie queens than most of "A writer?" He licked at his lips like movie queens than most of the real articles who slouched up and down halls barging into and out of offices without being announced. A man got the feeling that it could be downright cozy to be in one of those offices during barging hours. Especially if all I had heard whispered about the intricacies of casting had any basis in truth.

The receptionist on my producer's floor eyed me with disinterest as I crossed the acreage to her desk. I told her who I was and she managed to restrain her enthusiasm. Obviously the type who re-fused to be impressed by anything less than Gable himself. I dropped the name of the man who had sent for me. She took it well, pointed to a closed door off to the left. I knocked at the door, waited. From inside I could hear the sound of voices being lifted—and it wasn't in song. Some of the words I hadn't heard since I first read them on back fences. I hesitated about barging in, but she motioned imperiously.

were three men. Inside there One, seated behind a dosk that could have doubled as a dance the plot. You see—" floor, was waving a pencil stood waiting, script in hand, for the man with the pencil to run down so he could take up the at-tack.

The writer looked unhappy.

"But there's no backstage scene with plenty of babes and—"

The writer looked unhappy.

Story Conference?

mediately recognizable as a story conference. The man with the pencil was obviously the producer, the man with the hangdog look the writer, and the man on the side-lines clutching the script was the director.

Perhaps at this point, a definition of terms is indicated. A story n a preparation of a telecast conference is the Purgatory through which a writer must go between the time he writes his duced more than 500 pix for tele- script and the time he rewrites it. vision. He founded the Continent's biggest tv producing company, European Television Gesellschaft (ETG), which he, however, left some time ago

There may be usually are, sevbard conversational gambit, decided we had exhausted the possibilities so I left. Out in the hall, I could hear the discussion resumed. From the script. He adds up the number of (Continued on page 172)

The writer is the most important | sets, multiplies it by the number is to cut the number of sets at least in half, reduce the speaking parts to a point where the finished

The director is really a carpenter. He has a lot of location film, film is an actor and a camera. But backgrounds and plates from the last time he was able to wangle a It's a well established fact that trip to New York out of the bud-His primary purpose is to work these clips into the script so he will have that much less film to shoot. If possible, he even avoids lip synch and has the writ-After all, time is of the essence in a syndicated film. One day rehearsal and two days' shooting wood at the urgent invitation of a major syndication factory. I was how highly both the producer and the director think of the writer to turn this important job over to ers out there, but they saw fit to him. And they keep turning it over send 3.000 miles for me to write to him until he has written it exactly as they want it.

But to get back to that memorable first day in Hollywood. I stood for a moment, getting a big thrill out of the fact that I was now on the out of the fact that I was now on the inside. I listened while the producer explained the facts of "under the line costs" to the writer until he ran out of breath. Then the diman's morale out there—it's an rector sailed in and the producer

> That's when he first became aware of me standing there. He peered at me for a moment, decided I didn't look familiar. "Yes?

> "I'm Frank Kane," I told him. He failed to show any signs of enthusiasm. "Who's Frank Kane?"

> This could have been an opening for that old Abbott & Costello routine, but I merely told him, I'm the writer you sent for. From

> as if he had a sour taste in his mouth. "Okay, if you're a writer, so go write."

Although it seemed a reasonable enough request, it did leave a few unanswered questions. "Anywould I do this writing?"

"What'd you say your name

"Frank Kane."

He pulled a notebook over to the edge of his desk, leafed through the pages. Finally, he looked up. "You the fellow we bought four stories from?" Without waiting for me to bob my head, "So go adapt one of them. You'll find an empty office down the hall and my girl will bring you some paper and anything else you want." He lost interest in me, turned back to where the director was explaining why he didn't want any process in the film.

"Unless we can spend the whole day on the process stage, it don't pay. You know?"

The writer shook his head

"Plot!" the director second man who stood with his "So who worries about the plot? head sunken between his shoul- So instead of the process, we'll

"But there's no backstage scene in the story."

Story Conference?

Strangers in Hollywood might not recognize this tableau. But to old studio-hands it would be immediately recognizable as a story

"So you write one. You're a writer, no?" He looked to the producer helplessly. "We don't have any of the babes talk, it saves us plenty."

The producer bobbed his head. 'Sounds real solid to me." He looked up, saw me still standing there. "Now what?"

"One other thing. I have my car parked outside. By a meter."

"Better get yourself some nange" he advised. "They change" charge you two bucks for over-parking in this town."

I fumbled for some additional conversational gambit, decided we had exhausted the possibilities so

Murder, Morals & Medea

By LEWIS FREEDMAN (Producer, 'Play of The Week')

47,000 letters we received urging respected and loved. It is as absurd us to stay on the air, we heard from one dissatisfied Long Island housewife who wrote, in part, "Dear 'The Play of the Week,' My family saw 'Medea' and thought that it marked the beginning of an exciting new tv series. Not only did the mother send a poisoned robe and crown to her husband's girlfriend, she killed both her children for revenge. We looked forward to the show every week, hoping for more like that, sort of a classical 'Untouchables, What has happened?"

This note caused a great deal of consternation in the "The Play of the Week" office; we thought we'd been producing an A-1 television show and suddenly we discovered we were short on gunplay. Looking back now on last year's score, we left four men, two women, and three children dead in a total of 35 two-hour shows. Since one of the women was Mary Stuart, whose execution hardly comes as a violent surprise, and one of the children died of more or less natural causes, off camera, it might add up altogether to one good network program, prime-timewise. The question it brings up is how did we fill the time?

Someone recently remarked that when sex is taken out of the theatre, the vacuum is filled with violence. (Like background music substitution for love in the movies.) And I remember the trepidation with which we approached each new property last year. At our first meeting even before "Medea" we talked about "The Iceman Cometh;" too adult?

Each week was going to be the last; the audience wouldn't take it. What would they say when they saw "Burning Bright" which was not only about adultery, but said so? That was our third week; they watched it and liked it.

How would we dare to produce "The Waltz of the Toreadors," a play about a slightly lecherous general, even if he was a French general? Critical raves and enthusiastic audience response.

Call Her a 'Slut'

Even that nineteenth century Swedish heroine, Miss Julie, might be too advanced. Was the twentieth century American audience ready to hear the line, "A whore's a whore"? After all, this was still the year when "Tis a Pity She's a Whore" was the limit of residential marquee frontiers. (I must admit we quit while we were ahead on that one and substituted "A slut's a slut" for out-of-town consumption.) Still no revolution, no picket lines of protesting mothers out-side 10 Columbus Circle.

What we were trying to do was present adult theatre to an adult audience. The properties weren't picked because they were "sensational." They were picked because they represented the best available products of contemporary and past playwrights. They were serious theatre because they glowed with ideas and people and feeling from the real world, not from the ster-ilized world inherited from Hollywood. And a real audience looked and recognized itself. And a real sponsor showed up.

Sensitive to Clerics

But a great theatre doesn't only concern itself with the heart. Its plays are filled with concern for the mind and the spirit, the play of ideas in Shaw and such varieties of religious experience as Sholen Aleichem relates. There were iso-lated protests against some of the plays that dealt with the Catholic Church. The tragic priest in "The Power and the Glory." the stern young Father in "The White Steed." even the Bishop in "The Velvet Glove" were cited as evidence of a religious projudice. dence of a religious prejudice.

It is inconce.vable to me that responsible broadcasters would use the air to give comfort to bigotry; it is equally inconceivable that the entire press and public would allow it to happen without rising up unanimously in wrath. The honesty of such plays has helped to create a climate where religion can be understood as part of daily life and where every church and its

 $\epsilon = \epsilon - 1$

Last year, in addition to the clerical members can be honestly to accuse these plays of anti-Catholicism as it would be to charge "The Dybbuk" and ."The World of Sholem Aleichem" of Catholicism as it anti-Semitism. When the world of the spirit can find more than three minutes of air time later than signon and earlier than sign-off, there will be less room and less need for vacuum-packed violence. It can also be pointed out that these five plays were among our most popular presentations.

The sum of the year's experience is to invite a re-examination of the censorship that prevails in tele-vision. All too often it curbs the superficial dangers and lets pass the more insidious, ones. It would be easy for television to fall for the celluloid paradox that passes such shiny rotten apples as "The Apartment," and turns Elmer Gantry into a hero.

"The Iceman Cometh" doesn't come easily. There are those who protest. But it will be tragic for American television if the sound of the ugly words can prevent the beauty of Eugene O'Neill's truth from being heard. As T. S. Eliot would say, "Jug jug to dirty ears."

As for violence, we're trying to do better this year. Henry IV killed off Hotspur and his army; Orpheus and Eurydice both died in the end; the Dybbuk was exorcised, a fate worse than death; Hickey is a real honest-to-Pete killer and two cops come and get him; and don't worry, in "Rashomon," a man gets murdered. Four times.

BBC

Continued from page 105

that for less than 2d. a day per household the United Kingdom is provided with three national radio networks and a national television network, and the Corporation does not share the responsibility for the spending of its income (which last year was a bit over £30 million) with anyone. Many people consider that under 2d. a day is small price to pay for broadcasting without commercials.

This independence applies not only to our domestic services but also to our External Services although the latter are financed by a Government Grant-in-Aid and not out of the license revenue. All that the Government lays down in the case of the External Services is the languages in which we shall broadcast and the amount of broadcasting time which shall be given to each of those languages. The content is entirely a matter for the BBC. The immense authority throughout the world of our External Services is based on their being a part of the independent BBC and not a Government department.

Apart from all the broadcasting on political subjects which the BBC itself initiates, there are some broadcasts arranged in conjunction with the Government and with the political parties.

broadcasts which are straight ex- minded democracy.

planatory talks given by Ministers at the request of the Government. These broadcasts are intended to be non-controversial, although the Opposition has the right to claim reply if a Minister crosses the border into controversy. If the Government agrees with this claim, the right of reply is automatically granted by the BBC. If the Government disagrees it is for the BBC to decide whether or not a reply should be broadcast, and the BBC's decision is final. One notable occasion when the right of reply was claimed by the Opposition and not agreed by the Government was at the time of Suez when the Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, made a television broadcast justifying his Government's policy. The Government were opposed to al-The lowing Mr. Gaitskell, the Leader of the Opposition, to speak at a critical time when they considered national unity should be preserved. The Governors of the BBC, how-ever, took a different view and Mr. Gaitskell was granted the right to reply. These ministerial broadcasts as such seem to be dying out. They have really been replaced by programs initiated by the BBC in which Ministers are interviewed or searchingly questioned. Leading members of the opposition parties also of course appear in programs of this sort, and in this way Government policy is constantly being expounded and critically examined.

Then there are party political broadcasts. Each of the three main parties (Conservative, Labor and Liberal) is allotted by agreement with the BBC, a number of separate broadcasts in television and on radio every year. The parties decide for themselves what their programs shall contain. In some cases the party will choose a talk by one of its leaders. In others elaborate programs with several speakers, film inserts, recorded interviews, music and effects will be used to present the party's case. These party political broadcasts go on as a regular feature between elections. During the three weeks of campaigning before a General Election more time is allotted to them by the BBC: before the General Election of 1959 there were, in the three weeks before Polling Day, 180 minutes of party election broadcasts on radio and 215 minutes on television. The parties of course pay nothing for the time.

The BBC television series of party political broadcasts is re-evening time, but also repeated layed by commercial television for all those viewers that have to (officially in this country commercial television is known as "Independent Television." This is one of those obscure British jokes which even the British no longer understand—if they ever did). Since the national audience to television is divided about 50/50 between the BBC and commercial television, and a party political broadcast goes out on both channels, it is not a rare thing for a leading politician to be among the 'top ten

The BBC is very proud of its independence from political and commercial pressures. Independence and objectivity do not lead us into the trap of becoming timorous, and reluctant to cause criticism by dealing with subjects unpopular with politicians or other powerful interests. We believe that public service television and radio have played, and continue to play, a vital part in the development of an First of all there are ministerial informed, alert, critical and open-

NAB's 'Touchstones of Future'

Washington.

"Broadcasting emerged from its year of trial in 1960 to reach the threshold of greater freedom and influence."

This is the New Year's word from National Assn. of Broadcasters which attributed the brighter outlook to the "mature and mutual efforts by stations and networks to demonstrate anew their un-

matched contributions to the public good."

NAB Policy Committee Chairman Clair McCollough, in a yearend summary, took the occasion to lay down these resolutions or "touchstones of the future" for the industry:

—"A determined organized effort to bolster the economy through

ethical advertising. "A dedication, within our capacities, to the cause of better

"A comprehension of the public interest in order that we may meet it in a climate of decision freely made . . .

—"A concerted, organized effort to portray our industry to the

public for what it is and aspires to become.

McCollough's report cited the continuing growth of the industry. As of Dec. 1, there were 3.538 AM, 801 FM and 541 television stations operating. These figures represent increases of 82 AM, 123 FM and 16 tv stations since last Jan. 1.

During the same period, NAB membership climbed to the highest on record—2,623 radio and tv stations—an increase of 260 members since the first of the year. Membership also jumped in NAB's Radio and Television Codes to 1,093 for radio and 384 for tv as

Cold War of the Airwaves

Continued from page 89

television can compete with them speech in West Berlin, Werner in West Germany. They have: A Hofer's popular Sunday morning Sunday half-hour week's roundup, round-table discussion with foreign a weekly "Telestudio West" aimed at West Germany exclusively, a special transmission of reports by the "Topical Camera" anytime a real big news story breaks, a farm hour, the "Berlin Meeting," a special panel show with the above mentioned Communist commentator Eduard von Schnitzler; also his "Black Channel," youth television, and typical political television plays. These plays are used almost every time a hot political story breaks. During the case of the U2 Powers trial, the East Germans got a fairly well known Communist playwright to write a television play around the Powers incident and some of his earlier family life. When the USAF major dropped the bomb on Hiroshima hit the headlines by escaping from a sanatorium, there was an hour's television play with top actors and actresses about the case of the man with a conscience, etc.

Let me cite a few of the special reports that have come out of the East German Communist public affairs shop. Whenever possible, daily special reports during a for-eign ministers' meeting, may it be in Geneva, Paris, or any other place in Western Europe. The Soviet Union is naturally pictured as the leader in the fight for peace. The World Youth Festival in Vienna; special reporting and several in-depth hourly shows about the Soviet rocket hitting the moon; a great amount of special coverage during the visit of Nikita Khrushchev to the United States (at that time President Eisenhower had an unusually good press even in the Soviet Zone of Germany). At one in November of 1959, the East Germans even went so far as to have a special show to project the spirit of Camp David because, at that time, it was the party line, but as soon as Khrushchev exploded the Summit, no vituperation was too great for Bonn and the United States. The Ulbricht interviews with Westinghouse Broadcasting as well as with NBC were both given great prominence in East German Television. These reports are not only telecast at prime go to bed early and must see their television during the morning

Red-Trimmed Panelists

Three of the weekly standard programs in East Germany are "Treffpunkt Berlin" (Meeting in Berlin), "The Black Channel," and "Telestudio West." "Treffpunkt Berlin' is a panel show run by von Schnitzler with prominent Communist leaders as guests. Often von Schnitzler will have Gerhard Eisler, deputy chief of the radio and television committee of the Communist Party in East Germany, as one of his panel partners. Eisler, if you remember, is the man who made his famous escape from the U.S. on the Polish liner "Batory." For Western viewers it is at times amusing to watch such a panel show, especially when Walter Ulthe Communist leader of East Germany, is taking part. All questions and answers are checked and put on paper beforehand, and at times it is almost unbelievable to see people reading both the questions and answers as well as discussions from a piece of paper. Apparently this doesn't influence the Communist programmers at all, although they have been ridiculed for it. Such practices are constantly repeated. This show runs 45 minutes and is pure propaganda. It is amusing to listen to Eisler who tries to play the role of a man who could break up any show and who doesn't watch his language. On a recent live telecast attacking the U. S. State Department's station in West Berlin, RIAS, he used the sentence, "We are not going to publish what these dirty RIAS pigs are transmitting; after all, we are not that stupid." In the German wording his language was much rougher than the way I used it here. But Eisler has used such and even worse expressions more than

15 to 20 minutes, and in this show von Schnitzler attacks with out of context cuts from kinescopes or U.S., Willy Brandt in a political man population.

journalists, etc. For example: uti-lizing out of context cuts from the Adenauer "Meet the Press" show; von Schnitzler arranged them so as to give the East German viewer, who had not seen "Meet the Press" show on West German television, the impression that Adenauer was looking for a war against the brave and peaceful East Germans and their big friend, the Soviet Union. Such machinations are standard practice on von Schnitzler's "Black

The "Telestudio West" is a show tailored especially for viewers in West Germany and runs on Saturdays usually at a time when the West German television goes off the air. This is sometime between 10 and 11 p.m. This show is meant to document and criticize and compare the unsatisfactory conditions in West Germany with the supposedly improved and better life in East Germany. The show played at a time when unemployment rose in the Ruhr and the mounting unsold coal was rising. The telecast showed poor little Ruhr mine workers' children playing next to these coal mountains with cutaways to the plus Rhine-Ruhr clubs of the so-called billionaires of the steel and coal industry. Their clubs and fashionable motor boats on the Rhine were, with a quick switch, contrasted against rustic vacation places for poor West German children that were provided in Communist East Germany.

The East Germans work overtime trying to give the impression that Bonn is a hotbed of resurgent program. Anytime an old Nazi is discovered in West Germany, it is given top play by the Communist television news people. No mention is made naturally enough of the old Nazis active in the Communist East German Government.

Big Play for Howard Fast

In the entertainment field, there are plays (many by Howard Fast) usually with a "social" message and live vaudeville shows. Many times, your m.c. uses, at his discretion, both with definite orders from the top, a propaganda spot or two. In the early days this was done so heavy-handedly that many people turned off their sets. Such coarse methods have disappeared, but for an intelligent viewer, it is obvious in what direction the little joke is pointed.

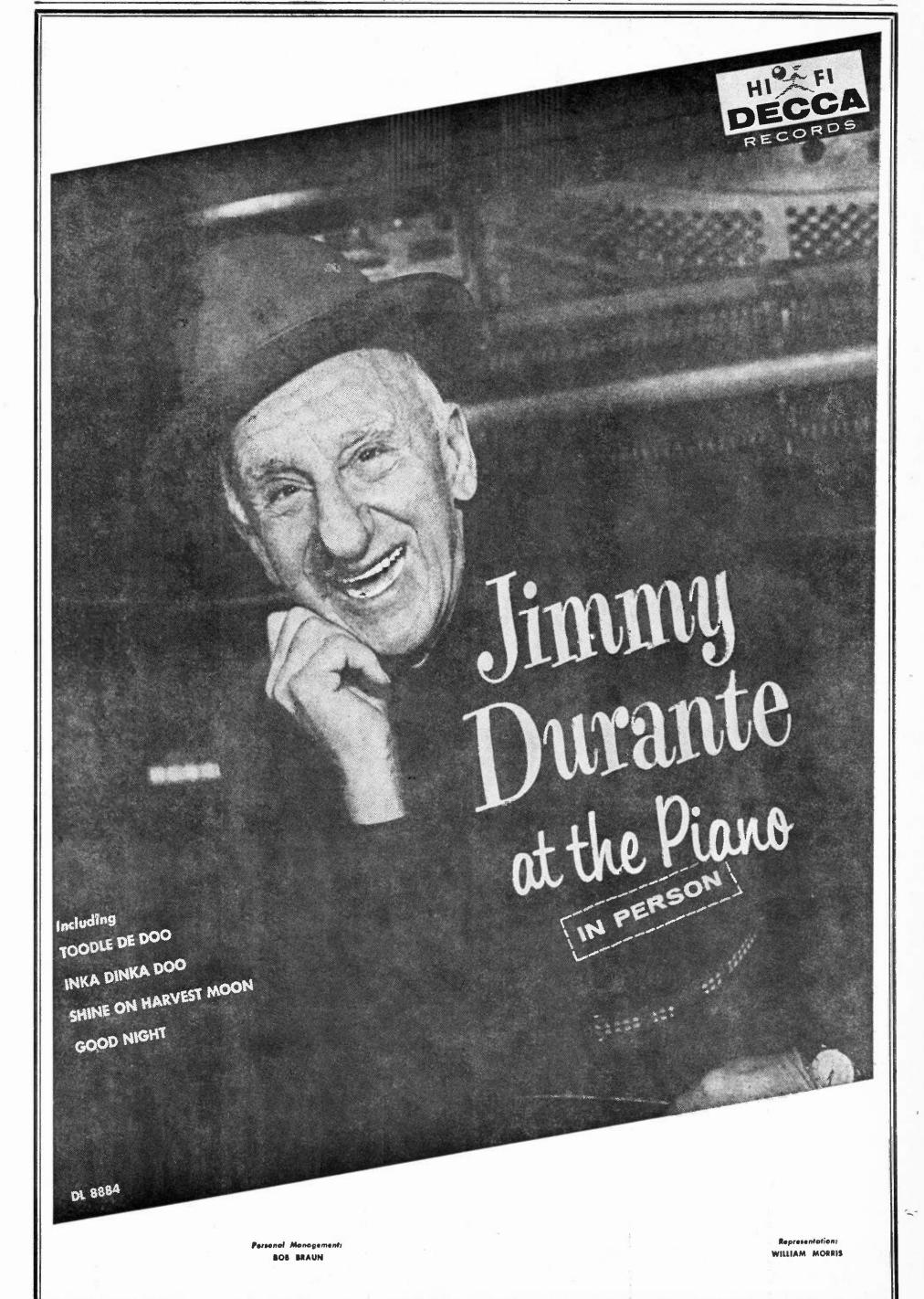
Even the movies are being used for propaganda. Many of the motion pictures come from the satellite countries, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Russia, Poland, and others. Most of them, with very few exceptions, carry a message. A comedy will play in a progressive factory in Warsaw, Budapest, or Prague, and the lovers are usually a brigade leader in the peoples owned steel factory who surpassed his norm and, by doing so, impressed his girlfriend working in the peoples owned textile mill so much that she couldn't but fall in love with him. As usual, there was a sabotage attempt by a U.S.-paid agent, but he was found out and sent to his deserved prison term.

At times East German television will even show Western films such as "The Last Bridge" and "We Wonder Children." These were excellent films, but very critical of the state of affairs in West Ger-

Sporting events are also used for

On Jan. 1, 1961, the East German television programmers are planning a second channel program. They are not bothered like the West Germans by innerpolitical problems as to who will produce what. They are ready and going ahead in spite of the fact that very few viewers in East Germany will be able to see this second program which is being telecast on a UHF channel. According to the statistics and information available, none of the almost one million East German television set owners is available to receive a UHF program. Only one of the three television factories is planning a UHF receiver and adapter, and it is hoped that by the end of The "Black Channel" runs about 1961 16,000 sets will have been put

There is no question that the Communist aim at present is to beam at West German viewers videotapes of shows such as Ade-nauer on "Meet the Press" in the rather than their own East Ger-



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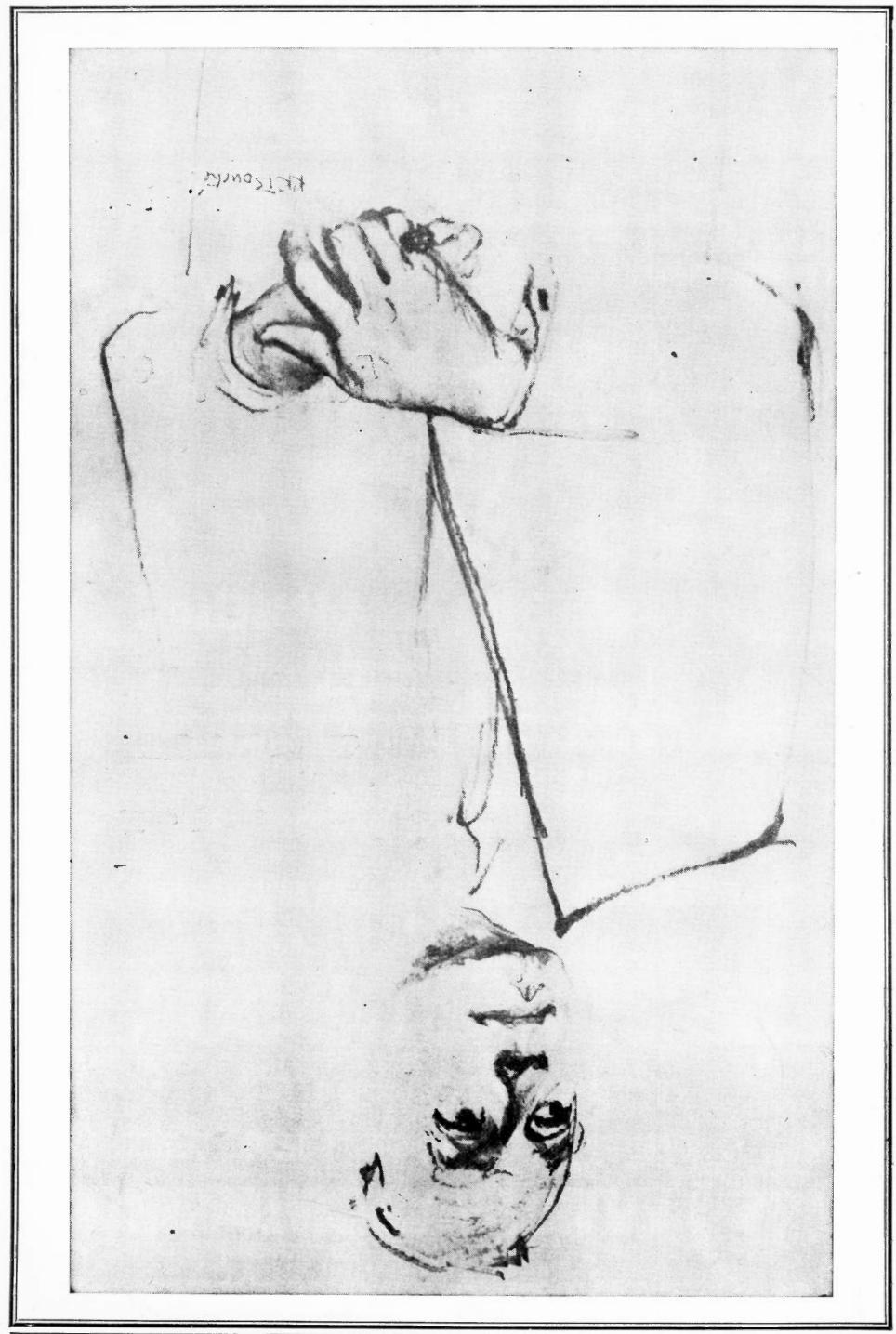
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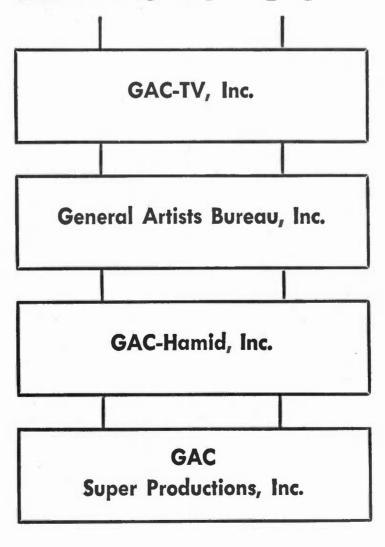
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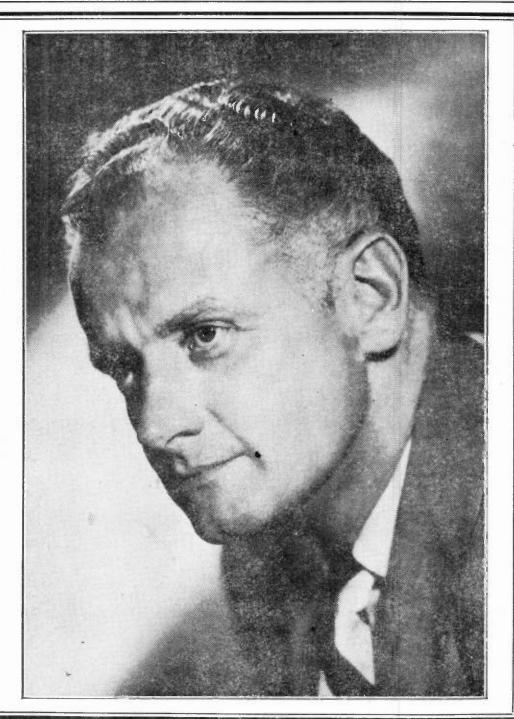
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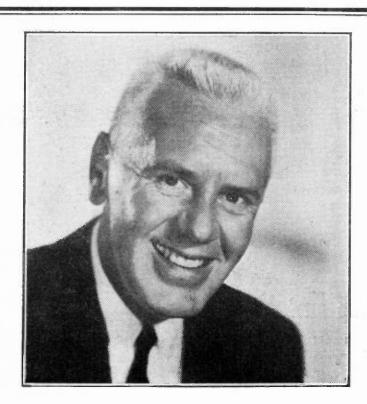
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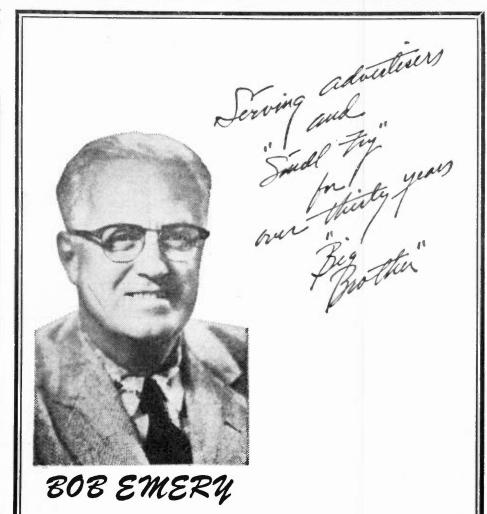
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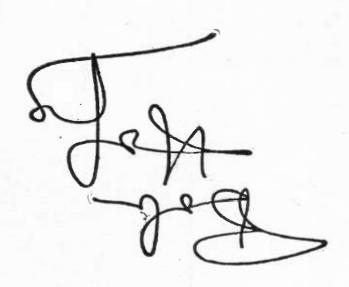
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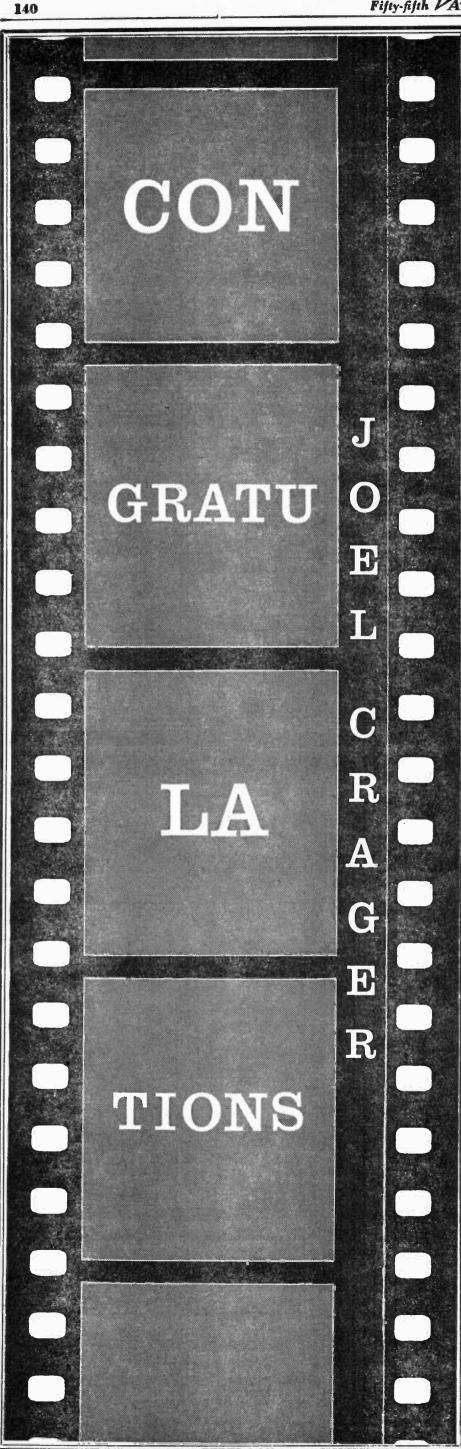
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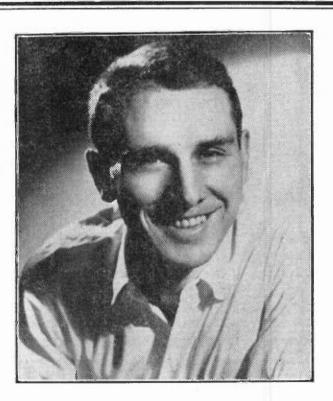




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TELESISTEMA MEXICANO, S. A.

EDIFICIO TELEVICENTRO — AVENIDA CHAPULTEPEC No. 18

MEXICO 1, D. F.

A Candid Report of the Achievements of Mexican Television

Late last year Mexican Television celebrated its tenth anniversary. Radio and TV in our good neighbor country to the South are privately owned and commercially operated.

Following in the footsteps of radio broadcasting, Mexican television has been, from its birth, strictly a Mexican job. The equipment — transmitters, cameras, videotape units — are imported, chiefly from the United States, but the brains, the brawn and the sweat, are all native.

It was no easy task to establish TV in a country with a very large percentage of "Indian" living conditions, which means lack of earning power, small income and low consumption; a weak national market spread over a large, sparsely populated and rugged territory. However, in 1951 Mexico City had three stations, operating on Channels 2, 4 and 5 and a few years later these three merged into a corporation called Telesistema Mexicano, S.A.

The building known as Televicentro became the home of these three channels. Today Televicentro is a landmark in beautiful Mexico City. It is a five-story building, housing eighteen TV studios, large and small, plus executive, sales, production and accounting offices. In another building close by are the film offices and the scenic effects department.

In the past five years Telesistema Mexicano has expanded its operation to various sections of the country. Today Mexico has fourteen TV stations; two of them, XEW-TV—Channel 2 and XHTV—Channel 4 service Mexico City (five million inhabitants) and through repeaters they reach some twelve States. The potential audi-

ence of the areas covered by the repeaters (Chanels 3, 6, 7 and 9) is estimated at four million. In Mexico City there is the additional service of Channel 5 which has no repeater. The other local stations are situated in key cities. It is calculated that all of them together reach a potential audience of ten and a half million people, or about one third of the total population of the nation.

The estimated number of receiving sets is 550,000 and half of them are located in Mexico City. Four of the local stations operating near the Mexico-USA border (two in Tijuana, one in Mexicali and one in Nuevo Laredo) have a potential viewing audience in the U.S. territory, with an estimated 40,000 sets.

Channels 2, 4 and 5 in Mexico City are on the air daily from early afternoon to midnight. Each channel broadcasts a daily average of seventeen programs. The three channels give Mexico City viewers a choice of some fifty programs every day. Seventy per cent of all programs originating in Mexico City are live.

To feed the local stations Mexican TV uses film and videotape. Eleven Ampex videotape units are in operation, three in Mexico City and eight in other towns.

Local talent is plentiful and foreign talent flows constantly into Mexico City. There is also an abundance of famous musicians, singers and composers.

Remote controls are a permanent feature of Mexican TV. Sporting events such as baseball, football, soccer, bullfights and boxing are broadcast regularly. Daily newscasts keep the people well informed on important events.

Up to this date Mexico TV has not paid a single cent in dividends. Sales are satisfactory but all the earnings have been reinvested. Rates for time and facilities are so low in Mexico that they seem laughable if compared to ours in the U.S. A live dramatic or musical half-hour can be produced for one thousand dollars, all costs included.

But Mexicans are very happy with TV, including those who work at it. TV executives in Mexico claim that people are enjoying the entertainment offered by TV although now and then certain groups complain about the excess of TViolence in American programs dubbed into Spanish.

All in all, the broadcasting industry has grown and prospered in Mexico. The large radio stations connected with Telesistema Mexicano, such as XEW and XEQ, are still carrying a very strong percentage of live music and drama, using important theater and movie talent.

Within three years not less than 248,000 radio sets have been sold by radio stations directly to the public. Five-tube sets which sell at from eighteen to twenty dollars have been acquired by the people in Mexico at the unheard of price of \$12.50 USCy. These sets have been purchased mainly by low-income families. Thus radio has recovered some of the audience lost to TV.

There are two facts worth mentioning. The first is that when TV began operating, Mexico City had only three legitimate theaters; today there are about twenty. The second is that although TV is showing at least one feature film every day, the motion picture box office returns have increased by 10% in 1959.



P.S.-

Readers of VARIETY may as well know that TELESISTEMA MEXICANO, S. A., has no commercial representatives in the United States or in any other foreign country. Program or spot advertising of imported goods is sold to distributors located in Mexico.

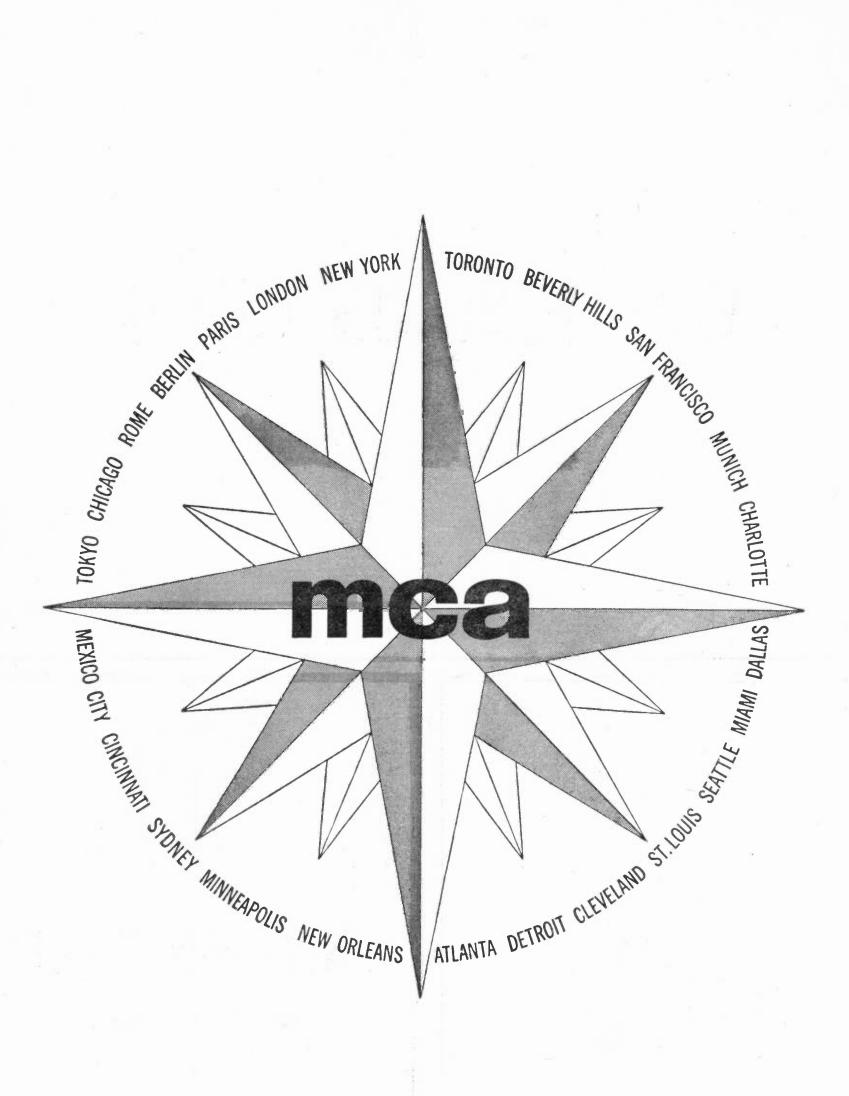


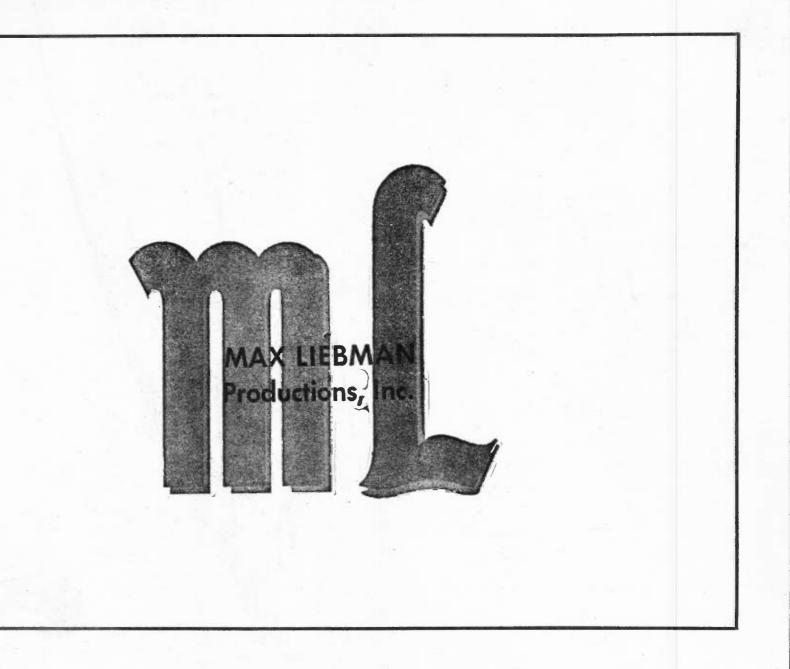
WORTHINGTON MINER

TED MACK WILLIAM SELF

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

20th Century-Fox Television





PETER BIRCH

DIRECTOR-CHOREOGRAPHER
CBS-TV

"Captain Kangaroo"

JACK BROOKS

CHEVY SPECIALS NBC-TV
SHIRLEY TEMPLE ANTHOLOGY NBC-TV

Pictures
1960
CINDERFELLA—Par.
1961
LADIES' MAN—Par.





Personal Management

RANDY WOOD — JACK SPINA, INC.

Exclusively DOT RECORDS

Judson Laire

Theatre:

"ADVISE AND CONSENT"

Cort Theatre, New York

Television: "YOUNG DR. MALONE" **NBC**

VARIETY Said It And We're Grateful For The Credit!

1st Pulse on N.Y.'s Expanding Latino AM Audience—WHOM Way Ahead

mushrooming Spanish-language radio night, only fulltime competitor in audience in New York, figured at near Spanish is WWRL, which grabs a 19 1,000,000, finds Fortune Pope's WHOM far ahead of its three substantial competitors in terms of its share of the predominantly Puerto Rican listeners.
Results aren't surprising, in view

of the fact that the indie is one of the oldest foreign-language specialists in Gotham, has been broadcasting Spanish-language substantially since 1947 (in switchover from Italian) and presently is the only fulltime Spanishanguager on the scene, with a 5 a.m. to midnight all-Latino schedule.

What is surprising is the margin by which the outlet leads its competition. In the 5 a.m. to noon period, where WHOM and WADO (the Bartell station, ex-WOV) compete headon in Spanish, WHOM pulls a 55% share vs. 14% for WADO. At noon to 6 p.m., where WBNX is in Spanish fulltime, the box-score is WHOM, 59%, WBNX, 9% and Language daily in Gotham. Pope, of WADO (which cuts off its Spanish broadcasts at 3), 8%. At 6 p.m. to mid-daily, Il Progresso.

vs. WHOM's 63% share.

Pulse survey, covering the 17-county New York area, was ordered by WHOM and WADO, both of which accepted Pulse bids for the report. With the Spanish-language market in Gotham becoming an increasingly important factor in agency media planning, study has been long awaited by the ad agencies. Extent to which the market looms importantly is indicated by the fact that 90% of WHOM's current business is national, not local.

Switchover from Italian to Spanish at WHOM (as well as WOV-WADO) has tended to be gradual, as first-generation Italians have died out and the wave of Puerto Rican immigration has swelled. Pope interest in the Spanish

PARA EL PRESTIGIO DE LOS HISPANOS

Voicing

my

Good Wishes!

JUNE FORAY - VOICES -



PERRY CROSS

PRODUCER

HENRY JAFFE ENTERPRISES

Representative—FRANK COOPER ASSOCIATES



MCGUIRE

Personal Manager MURRAY KANE

150

Congratulations



HORACE McMAHON

(Currently)

AS LIEUT. MIKE PARKER

"NAKED CITY"

10 TO 11 P.M. WEDNESDAYS-ABC-TY



Where do New Yorkers turn for the best in music? To WQXR, of course. America's Number One Good Music Station is the favorite of more than 1,250,000 metropolitan area families. And a favorite of many of America's biggest advertisers, too. They use WQXR to make profitable sales to better-income families in the world's biggest market.

In
New York,
nothing
takes the
place of
good music
nothing
takes the
place of

WOXR

. Radio station of The New York I

*

Best Regards

from

Arthur Meyerhoff Associates, Inc.



PAUL WESTON

HAPPY

ANNIVERSARY



Love + XXX
Phyllis Diller

DIRECTION

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- Personal Manager, Irving Siders
- Business Manager, Sherwood Diller

PRESS RELATIONS

- Eve Siegel, New York
- Lina Hammer, Chicago
- Don Arlett, San Francisco

Good Wishes To

VARIETY

upon its 55th year in show business!

ROY HUGGINS

Vice President
In Charge Of Production
For
20th Century-Fox Television



0+0

Hail VARIETY

ON ITS 55th ANNIVERSARY AS

"THE BIBLE"

0+0

DAVID O. ALBER ASSOCIATES

44 EAST 53rd STREET

New York 22, N. Y.

TEmpleton 8-8300

Congratulations VARIETY

FREDERICK HEIDER

PRODUCER

Agency: WILLIAM MORRIS

BARBARA BRITTON

The DANNY THOMAS Show

EIGHTH YEAR ON TELEVISION



CBS-TV

Produced by
MARTERTO ENTERPRISES, INC.

Exclusive Management
WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY

Sponsored by
GENERAL FOODS
thru
BENTON & BOWLES

Congratulations VARIETY

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PLAZA 1-3555

SOUNDS MECHANIQUE

The exciting new electronic audio development for the production of distinctive

RADIO and TELEVISION COMMERCIALS



RAYMOND SCOTT enterprises, inc.

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BOB BANNER ASSOCIATES

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JOE HAMILTON

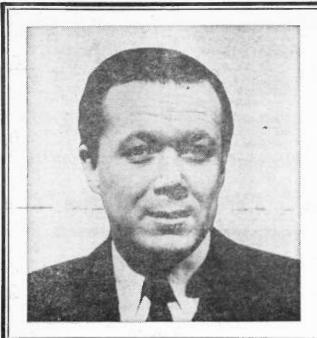
JULIO DI BENEDETTO

RICHARD BOONE



NEXT: A New Production Company . . . New Ideas . . .

For Better Television



NORMAN ROSS

ONE OF CHICAGO'S BUSIEST MEN

ON WBKB-TV

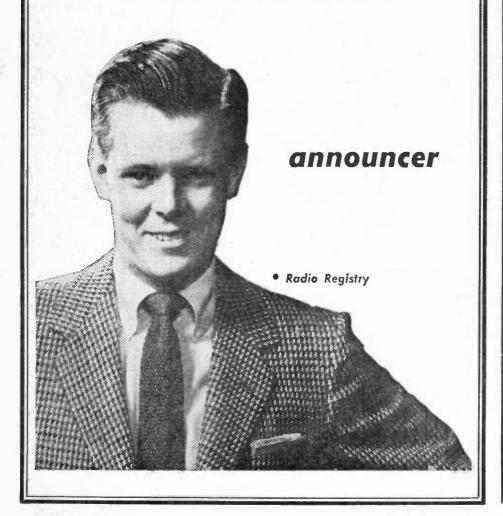
OFF THE CUFF
V. I. P.
EXPEDITION — SCIENCE
COLUMN, CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
NORMAN ROSS SAYS:

"... He is easily the country's best informed and most literate interviewer today — and what is more, vastly popular."

CLEVELAND AMORY, in SATURDAY REVIEW

ROSS-McELROY PRODUCTIONS - 70 West Hubbard - Chicago

John Cannon



It's not
the size
of the space
that matters...
it's the
size of
the
idea!

ERWIN WASEY, RUTHRAUFF & RYAN, INC. ADVERTISING 711 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK OX 7-4500 CHICAGO • DALLAS • HOUSTON • LOS ANGELES • NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA PITISBURGH • ST. PAUL • SAN FRANCISCO • CLASGOW • NEWCASILE-ON-TYNE LONDON • STOCKHOLM • TORONTO

GOODMAN ACE

'LIVE' FROM NEW YORK

CBS-TV · ALTERNATE WEDNESDAYS

U.S. STEEL HOUR

CHAVEOLE

The Broadwiff

LEADING STARS IN OUTSTANDING PLAYS PRODUCED BY THE THEATRE GUILD

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18

THE MATING MACHINE

Starring

DIANA LYNN · GEORGE GRIZZARD · GERALDINE BROOKS

and Special Guest Star JOHN ERICSON

10-11 PM · CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

Grey Lockwood

Anniversary Greetings

PEGGY WOOD

Season's Greetings

JIM CONWAY

Chicago

TED NATHANSON

NBC - TV



greetings from the sixty-one voices of ruth franklin

CASTRO

The Boffo of the 4 WPIX **Documentary Spectaculars!**

Available Through Exclusive Distribution DURHAM TELEFILMS, INC. 521 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 17, N.Y. YU 6-1960

THE VOICE OF LONG ISLAND

ONE OF THE NATION'S MOST HONORED SUBURBAN RADIO STATIONS





CLARK JONES



BRYNA RAEBURN

RADIO REGISTRY JU 2-8800



"Walked Away With The Honors"

"The youngest performer, a wily operative of five or cix years named Claude Gersene, upstaged the heck out of his competiters who were his senior by anywhere from three to ten years, and WALKED AWAY WITH THE HONORS."

JOHN McCLA N
New York Jaurnal-American.

"Of the children in the cast, the most successful is Claude Gersene, who is charming, touching and appealing as the bewildered baby of the group." RICHARD WATTS, Jr. New York Post

CLAUDE GERSENE

"NEW BOY ACTOR STEALS SCENES FROM 'SEXY-REXY' . . . It's not easy to steal a scene from Rex Harrison, but Claude Gersene at each performance is inching up on 'Sexy-Rexy,' the International Star."

ALICE HUGHES, Daily Oklahoman

Starred in "BEHIND THE WALL"

THE FIGHTING COCK"

Management:
ASHLEY STEINER, INC.
579 5th Ave., N. Y. C.
MU 8-8330

Recent TV Appearances
"WONDERAMA"
"MARTHA REYE SHOW"
"DEAN MARTIN SHOW"



IRIS

RADIO TELEVISION SPOTS PROD. INC.

- Musical Creativity
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FOR RADIO and FILM

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JOHN GART

ROGER WHITE

Creative Director

Sales Rep.

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ALEX DREIER



JIM CAMPBELL

ANNOUNCER - ACTOR NARRATOR

Registry: JUdsan 2-8800

RALPH EDWARDS PRODUCTIONS

THIS IS YOUR LIFE

ABOUT FACES
Starring
BEN ALEXANDER

Starring
BILL LEYDEN

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES
Starring
BOB BARKER

WALTER BROOKE

NEW YORK

SUsquehanna 7-5400 JUdson 6-4616

HOLLYWOOD

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"UNCLE CHARLIE" "THE D.A. AND THE DOLL"

PREPARING:

"COINCIDENCE"

"THE FLATFOOT IN HIGHHEELS"

NEW YORK

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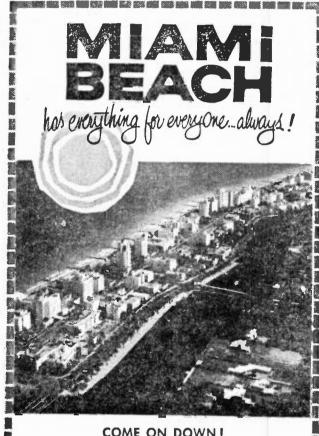
PRODUCTIONS 3425 CAHUENGA BLVD. HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

HOWARD E. STARK

Brokers and **Financial** Consultants

Television Stations Radio Stations

50 East 58th Street New York 22, N. Y. ELdorado 5-0405



COME ON DOWN!

Enjoy the sun, sand and surf . . . Where Show biz folks love To work and play!

SEE YOU SOON!

EVERYBODY LOVES MIAMI BEACH ... PLAYGROUND OF THE WORLD!



write TODAY for complete information and colorful brochures. ROOM V-1, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

MIAMI BEACH 39, FLORIDA

Congratulations VARIETY



"BUD" AND JIM STEWART

ABC-TV, Chicago

Here's Geraldine JIM STEWART AND THE GLOVABLES

NATIONAL SYNDICATION

....

........

LIGHT TIME





Let's all have lunch someday-I'll see if I can get a table.

Lay Jackson



have a happy!

Carol Reed



CHAN FOOD PAMPER TASTE Without Pampering Waist

HOUSEOF 52nd STREET & SEVENTH

Luncheons 12 to 3.30

JUST OFF TIMES SQUARE After-Theatre Specialties If you can't touch your toe Dine with us, look like Bardot If you not type for gym See us and be slim Feast to your heart's content On delicacies from Orient Chan food give palate pleasure Never increase waist measure.

MILT ROSEN

(...I JUST MISS)

Television THE TOUCHABLES

Movies BLUE ORPHEUS

Broadway CAMELITTLE

Night Clubs THE SLATE SISTERS

Records THE NIGHT MOLLY BROWN

Lyrics BEN HUR

Benefits WILLIAM MORRIS

for more lies-

CONTACT: BOB BRAUN. Plese, because I can't find him.

Season's Greetings!

SCREEN MGEMS, IN TELEVISION SUBSIDIARY OF COLUMBIA PICTURES CORP.

NEW YORK

DETROIT

711 Fifth Avenue, New York 22

CHICAGO HOUSTON

HOLLYWOOD

TORONTO

ENSION ...adds Raymond Massey, Shelley Berman, Carl Sandburg, Burgess Meredith, Vance Packard, Dorothy Kilgallen, Dr. Margaret Mead, Theodore Bikel, Bennett Cerf, Otto Preminger, James Michener, Marcel Marceau and more... along with local personalities...to the strongest local programming in radio. Listeners really listen...to them and to your selling message over these key stations: KCBS, San Francisco; KNX, Los Angeles; WCAU, Philadelphia; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WCBS, New York; WBBM, Chicago.



Greetings to VARIETY

ALAN M. FISHBURN PRODUCTIONS

SALES MEETINGS . CONVENTIONS . BUSINESS PROGRAMS . RADIO, TV AND FILM 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, III.



ALLEN and BROOKS "Comedy With A Modern Twist"

117 Ecst 30th St. New York 16, N. Y. MU 3-0972

Thanks Perry...

NICK VANOFF DWIGHT HEMIAN

Producer

Director

PERRY COMO'S -

Kraft Music Hall

NBC-TV

Congratulations VARIETY

Toots Shor



Behind the big talent names and audience ratings is many a painful flop. What happened to sales? And even more important, to profits? The answer, all too often, is the commercials. It takes both inspira-

tion and perspiration to make a commercial stand up against a star. We claim no monopoly of either ... but we are proud of the figures on our clients' balance sheets. That's the best rating we know.

The commercial is the payoff. N. W. AYER & SON, INC.

Best Wishes

H. Wesley Kenney

PRODUCER - DIRECTOR

"True Story"

NBC-TV

JACK SMIGHT

DIRECTOR

CONGRATULATIONS

VARIETY

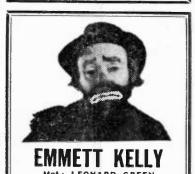
CBS

CHICAGO

JACK KAREY

WCFL

CHICAGO





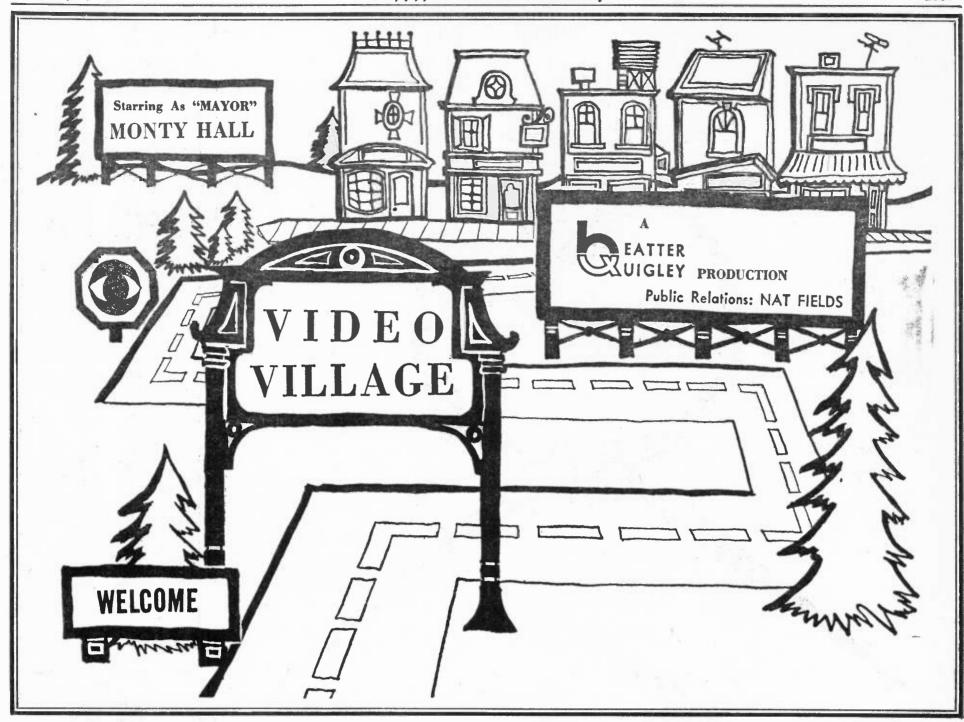




FILM NARRATOR

Desires opportunity to audition for your next film. Experienced in radio announcing and medical film narrating.

Box V-2017, VARIETY 154 W. 46th St., New York 36, N. Y.



Nothing succeeds like SUCCESS!





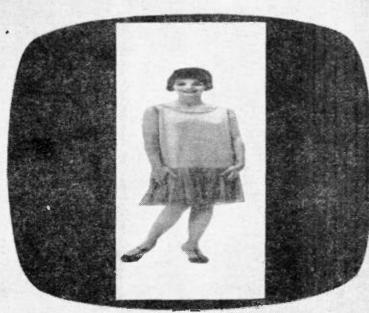
HARVEY CARTOON STUDIOS, INC.

1860 BROADWAY

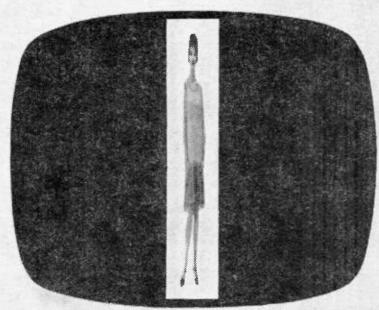
NEW YORK 23, N.Y.

JUdson 2-2244

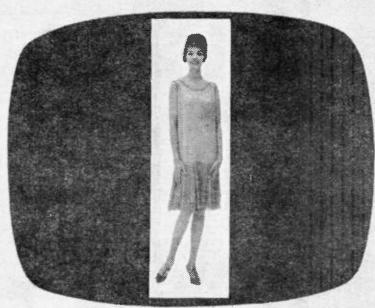
MONING HARVEY FAMOUS CARTOONS



WON'T SHRINK



WON'T STRETCH



ALWAYS STAYS THE SAME

In TV too... Film does the "impossible!"

Like to show something that doesn't happen—really can't happen? Want to show the "No!"—thus emphasize the "Yes!"? Chemstrand Nylon did it brilliantly . . . visually squeezed a whole selling sequence into a few film frames.

Adaptable!... That's the way it is with film!

Film, and film alone, does three things for you: (1) gives animation—crisp, exciting; (2) provides the optical effects you've always required for high-polish commercials; (3) assures you the coverage and penetration which market saturation requires.

For more information, write
Motion Picture Film Department
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester 4, N.Y.

East Coast Division 342 Madison Avenue New York 17, N.Y.

Midwest Division 130 East Randolph Drive Chicago 1, III.

West Coast Division 6706 Santa Monica Blvd. Hollywood 38, Calif.

or W. J. German, Inc.

Agents for the sale and distribution of Eastman Professional Motion Picture Films, Fort Lee, N.J., Chicago, Ill., Hollywood, Calif.

ADVERTISER:

The Chemstrand Corp.
ADVERTISING AGENCY:

Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc. PRODUCER:

Transfilm-Caravel, Inc.



Happy 55th,

VARIETY

MAL BELLAIRS

WBBM-CBS, CHICAGO

Mal Bellairs Show

Sun. 12-5 P.M.

Music Wagon 9-10 A.M., M-F

Mal Bellairs Show

2-4 P.M., M-F

JOSEPH GALLICCHIO

Music Director,
Central Division
National Broadcasting
Company

Radio-Television

Season's Greetings

MILTON BERLE



REGGIE RICCARDI, 730 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. JUdson 6-6217

NEPOTISM!

Personal Representation

SURE... but talented too



Personal Management: THOMAS M. ROBERTS Public Relations: T. MICHAEL ROBERTS Management: TMR* not to be confused with MCA, GAC

SPORTSCASTER...TOMMY ROBERTS

Now, 2nd year RACING FROM HIALEAH, coast-to-coast TV Now, TV Feature every Saturday starting January 7th, 1961 Completed, Racing From Monmouth Park, 2nd year Coast-to-Coast NBC-TV Completed, Race of the Day, 3rd year, 8 station radio network from Garden State Park, Monmouth Park, Atlantic City Race Course



OTHER RADIO-TV CREDITS PLAY-BY-PLAY PRO-BASKETBALL COLLEGE-BASKETBALL PRO-FOOTBALL **PRO-ICE HOCKEY**

With former President Harry S. Truman at Hialeah

now more than ever Keystone makes sense and dollars too





here's how:

Keystone has 1175 locally programmed radio stations covering 54% of all radio homes in the U.S.A.

Keystone has 86% coverage of all farm markets in the country.

Keystone offers plus merchandising tailored to your campaign needs at no cost to you.



Keystone covers Hometown and Rural America at the lowest cost. 🖼 📷 🖿

Write for our complete station list and our farm market survey.

They're yours for the asking.

San Francisco 57 Post St. Sutter 1-7400

Penobscot Building WOodward 2-4505 Los Angeles 3142 Wilshire Blvd. Dunkirk 3-2910

New York 527 Madison Ave. Eldorado 5-3720

Chicago 111 W. Washington State 2-8900

BROADCASTING SYSTEM THE

CORT STEEN

Director

Currently "AS THE WORLD TURNS" **CBS-TV**

THE KALMUS COMPANY

PUBLIC RELATIONS

ALLAN H. KALMUS

527 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

PL 3-1370

And there was that young Ital-

ian soprano Rita Lauria, who couldn't speak English. It took a lot of encouragement and interpreting to put her at ease. You may remember how her first "Amateur Hour" appearance brought an engagement at Radio City Music

'Amateur Hour' Continued from page 92 better vocalist-like Connie Francis. She wasn't too eager to drop her accordion and just sing. Later

on, her voice alone got enough "Amateur Hour" votes to help start

her off on a great career.

It doesn't seem so long ago that those four teenagers from Hoboken auditioned for the radio "hour." Their big number was "Shine." We were hearing better croon combos at every audition, but the leader, from Hoboken, wouldn't settle for anything less

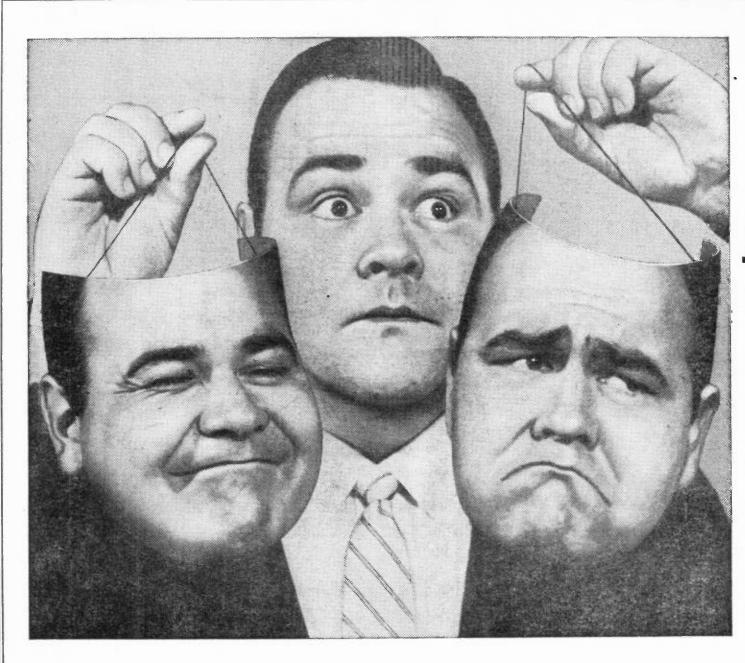
ness. He's still Frank Sinatra. Every time I see Dave Barry, Stubby Kaye, Pat Boone, Regina Resnick of the Metropolitan Opera, Robert Merrill, and so many other "Amateur Hour" graduates, I remember now they auditioned for a first chance on the program.

than a chance on the program. He still doesn't settle for anything less than top spots in show busi-

They all waited in line. Let me repeat something else gain. To compare the program again. with big morey variety shows is unfair. It isn't competing with Ed Sullivan. Our aim is to give beginners a first, dignified chance to work before a nationwide tv audience and that's why I object to synics who belittle "Amateur Hour" talent or the FCC's concern for local home talent broadcasting.

Ironically enough, there times when the Amateurs look better than the pros but every time we watch Jack Carter Teresa Brewer, Frank Fontaine among others on television, we wish some-one would remind the "opinion makers" that these favorites first gained public acceptance on the "Amateur Hour."

This is not to say that some of our beginners wouldn't have made it without the initial boost, but where else during the past 26 years could they have gone to win bigtime recognition? There's hardly been a time when, somewhere in the U.S.A. our staffers weren't auditioning talent, cooperating with local tv and radio stations. It's in the FCC files. We've worked with schools, clubs, welfare groups, and at one time or another, we've originated home talent programs in almost every key city in the country. We've staged new-talent shows in Army camps and Naval facilities here and abroad. Some of our unusual "discoveries" came from military personnel shows and from amateur groups recruited in Latin America and Europe. We've auditioned beginners from South Africa, Israel, Ireland, Germany, the Philippines, Hawaii, Austria.



JONATHAN WINTERS

VERVE RECORDS

Exclusive Représentative

MARTIN GOODMAN

36 Central Park South
New York, N. Y.



JOE GIVEN

SPOKESMAN

NARRATOR

Morning Newscasts
WNEW

ROBERT COE MANAGEMENT 144 West 57 Street, New York 19 JUdson 6-3094



Thank you SCHIFFLI EMBROIDERY,

Jackie Susann

TEX ANTOINE

Together in Weather for 11 Years

11:10 PM

WNBC-TV

Monday thru Friday Brought to you by **CON-EDISON**



An OLOGY ENDEAVORS, Inc. Production

Congratulations

to

SAL MINEO

for a fine performance

"EXODUS"

CLAUDIA FRANCK

DRAMA COACH TO THE STARS

145 West 55 Street New York 19, N. Y. CI 7-6394

Fun In a Factory

Continued from page 91 =

bored look on the receptionist's face, I figured maybe she didn't hear some of the words. Or may-be by now she was used to them.

The office was down the hall where he said it was, and empty. His girl did bring me the paper, but I didn't quite get up the nerve to take him at his word and tell her what I wanted. And since no movie stars barged in, I spent the day writing. I couldn't help but wonder how they knew what doors to barge in.

Fair-Haired Scripter

The next morning I dropped by the producer's office before the daily story conference could get under way. I dropped a 24-page script on his desk.

"What's this?" he asked suspiciously.

"The script."

He stared, picked it up, read through a couple of pages, looked up at me. "When did you do this?" "Yesterday."

He beamed. And a producer beaming can be a relatively fear-some thing. Muscles are brought into play that haven't been used in years in many cases. Almost any-

thing can happen. "You did this all in one day?" He leaned back, dry washed his hands. "You mean you could give us a script a day?"

"Maybe not one a day, but certainly two a week, maybe three,"

I told him brashly. He got to his feet, walked around the desk, put his arm paternally around my shoulder. "My boy, you've got a future with us. A real future." He pursed his lips, considered. "How soon could you sell your home back east and come sell your home back east and come out for good?"

I hesitated. Pulling up stakes is

big step. He sensed my hesitation. "Don't worry about security. We'll give you all the security you want. A seven-year contract." He watched my face. "Even better. Today instead of you running out and putting the dime in the meter, we'll have one of the boys in the traffic department handle it." But he wasn't done. "And this calls for a key to the executives' washroom."

There it was! Only in Hollywood wo days and already a member of the select circle.

Of course, I wouldn't want it to sound like everything was just peaches-and-cream. The following week, when it took me four whole days to do a script, they took back the key to the washroom and assigned me to a bush in the melion. signed me to a bush in the parking lot. And there were three parking tickets on my car the next day.

But it felt good getting the recognition they were giving me. Here, I was in one of the executive offices. while the other writers had cells at the studio. Of course that changed, too. Once I signed the seven-year contract it turned out it was okay for me to mix with the other writers. What they could tell ne now couldn't do much harm.

But there was still compensation to come. Like when the series finally was unveiled on the home screens. I suffered through my first one, waited patiently while they sold laxatives and stomach acid weakener after the final curtain. And then the crawl! Although, I never did figure out why they called it a crawl. Just about the time my name was due to appear, it took off like a stallion in a pasture full of mares.

But it was there. My contract said it had to be. Among other things my contract said.

I turned to the others in the television lounge at the Montecito, pasted a self-satisfied grin on my face. "How'd you like it?"

A guy sprawled on the couch

pulled his nose out of a script for Peter Gunn, shrugged. "Another pulled his nose out of a script for Peter Gunn, shrugged. "Another quickie for syndication." He made it sound like a dirty word. "Who was the writer?"

"Alfred Tennyson." I cut him

down to size.

He considered, shook his head. "He won't do good in this town." he passed judgment. Then he went back to his script.
Who was the writer!

I thought of a couple of really cutting things to hit back at him, but I decided against it on the grounds that he might have a better writer than me.

What he should have said instead of "Who was the writer?" was "The writer? Who he?"

LANNY ROSS

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4 Israeli Femmes Who Made It

Israelis at home resent the publicity given to Israeli actresses in Hollywood when it is based on their army service, know-how of handling guns and preparedness to defend their country. These things make good advertising copy, true, but the general feeling is that they

shouldn't be used for such purposes.
Still, if their army training seems to be the greatest asset of the Israeli hopefuls in movieland, so be it. As a Hollywood producer put it, "They have learned disipline, they are always on time, and they will not whimper, if the day's work is too hard. That's the most you can expect of any actress. Besides, they have good looks of the dark, bigeyed, Eastern type; they possess something of the nature's child quality, and they have had previous stage experience. Finally: their IQ is above the expected from a young, wide-eyed girl arriving to Hollywood."

There was a Swedish period in Hollywood and later on there was the Italian epoch. The stars of the next era may be the Stars of David.

Haya Harareet (in Hebrew: Mountain Animal) is a young, good tempered woman very much sophisticated and driven by a quiet, strong determination. She comes from Haifa, the chief port of Israel, and accordingly, she has served in the Navy. Afterwards she joined the Kameri (Chamber) Theatre in Tel Aviv, got many small parts, learned a lot about serious theatre, became assistant director to one or two plays, but never really succeeded as an actress. She got her break in an Israeli picture, "Hill 24 Doesn't Answer." She played the main part. It was a mediocre picture and hers was a mediocre per-

formance, but it was a start.

What happened afterwards is a part of the William Wyler legend:

At the Cannes Film Festival in 1957 somebody introduced Miss Harareet to the distinguished director. It was a casual introduction

amid the humdrum of a big reception.
"Oh, you are from Israel? Wyler was polite. "I would like very much to visit your country."

Instead of nodding, smiling and being charming in general, she got angry: "Mr. Wyler, if you really want to visit Israel, why don't you? We could need at home some of your advice. But all this double-talk about being oh, so interested.

She put down her cocktail and left Wyler dumbfounded.

A year later, searching for a girl to play Esther in "Ben-Hur," Wyler remembered the young Israeli actress who so astonished him at a reception in Cannes. She had the right looks, and for this picture she couldn't come from a more appropriate place. He issued the "get her" order, without even knowing her name. In a detective-story fashion, Metro found out who she was and tracked her down in Paris.
"Success in Hollywood," she told us during her recent visit at home,

"depends mostly on having the right personality at the right time. Marilyn Monroe goes with Gina Lollobrigida, but neither fits into an Audrey Hepburn trend."

the wheel takes a turn toward sophistication, the bell will toll for Haya Harareet.

Elena Eden who played the role in "The Story of Ruth" (20th) was recognized as top-talent at the Drama School of Habima, the Israeli National Theatre. But in her first important part—as Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice"—she failed. It was a bitter disappointment to a young girl who has had it the hard way. Her father is a gardener in a small town near Tel Aviv. She had to leave highschool because her parents couldn't affort it. Three years ago, at the age of 16, a 20th-Fox parents couldn't anort it. Three years ago, at the age of 10, 2 20th-10d talent scout came here looking for a girl to play Anna Frank. He had picked Elena Eden, an apparently good choice. She looks very much like the late Anna Frank and, being Jewish, she has a natural understanding of the heroine's tragic fate. When Elena Eden didn't get the part it was still another bitter disappointment.

But Miss Eden had the same kind of luck that helped Haya Harareet: when 20th was looking for an actress to play Ruth, somebody remembered the Israeli girl. She has now a seven-year contract with Fox and is ready to bloom, according to the hopes of her gardener-father, who gave her the name Elena which, in Hebrew, means Tree.

Ziva Shapir-Rodan is the toughest, most flamboyant and most ambitious of the three. Miss Rodan was kind of a glamour-girl in Israel, elected "Queen of Wine," and a mime in the company of Shai K. Ophiv. When all of a sudden she decided to try her luck in Hollywood by all standards the hardest-to-get luck in the world, she enraged Israelis at home by posing in the nude for a magazine and overplaying the "I was a soldier" act. Anyhow, she managed to get a few small parts, like the one in the "Last Train from Gun Hill" (Paramount) and she believes that it isn't too late yet to get on the last train that leads to stardom in Hollywood.

Two Men Only

Only two Israeli actors have made good in Hollywood-Nehemiah Persoff—whose baldness is competing with that of Yul Brynner—and Theodore Bikel.

Persoff was born in Jerusalem, but was taken to the U.S. by his Persoff was born in Jerusalem, but was taken to the U.S. by his father, a Hebrew teacher, at the age of 10, educated in America and there he became an actor. In 1951, when he was about 30, Persoff returned to Israel to play in Kameri theatre. He appeared in "Volpone." "Glass Menagerie" and "Mice and Men." For some reason or other he didn't integrate in his country and after a few years of trial and error, Persoff went back to the States. After his latest filming in Germany on "The Big Show" he will visit his native land, where his father is still a teacher in a kibbutz.

The Kameri theatre a young company from Tel Aviv touring in 1944

The Kameri theatre, a young company from Tel Aviv touring in 1944 the Jewish settlements in Palestine, gave a performance of one-act plays in a kibbutz called Kfar Maccabee. The most enthusiastic member in the whole audience was a 20-year-old farmer, Meir Bikel. He is better

known to-day as Theodor Bikel.

He was so impressed by the Kameri performance that he left the Moses or King Solomon have very kibbutz and followed the company to Tel Aviv. To start, ne the theatre as an apprentice, mostly carrying the scenery off and on the truck. Later he got small parts and even some bigger ones: in one of Goldoni's comedies, in the Capek brothers' "The World We Live In," and in other plays, but soon he realised that without real professional training he would never make it in the theatre world so he went to London and there entered the Royal Academy.

Bikel, who was born in Vienna in 1924, emigrated to Palestine in

1938 and left in 1946, a year and a half before the State of Israel was born. Still he is considered by many as an Israeli, mostly because of his recordings of Israeli folksongs. (His father lives in Tel Aviv).

On stage he registered in "A Streetcar Named Desire" and on the screen in "Little Kidnappers." It was following "Kidnappers" that he was invited to Broadway, where he appeared in "The Lark," "The Ropedancers" and where he has now the role of his life as partner of Mary Martin in "The Sound of Music."

In between, Bikel acquired quite a reputation as a folk singer. He has appeared on the screen in "African Queen," "The Journey" and got an Academy Award nomination for his part in "The Defiant Ones."

His former farmer-friends, at Kfar Maccabee, still remember him as a defiant one, who left the kibbutz for a long journey on the way to

become an American personality. Why do Israeli actors shy away from Hollywood? Joseph Yadin, one of the top actors in Israel today ("Four Men in a Jeep." etc.) gives the following explanation: "Hollywood demands much more from foreign actors than from actresses. If a girl is nice enough and photogenic enough, she may have a chance there, even if her acting is bad and her English horrible. Not so—a man."

Israel A New Film Backdrop But It's **Chiefly For The Foreigners**

statement that raised many brows, confused religious people, and lead to hot arguments: His research has proved, he stated, that only 60 families left Egypt with Moses and not thousands as it was generally believed.

At the time this statement was made Hollywood producer George Stevens was visiting Israel to find out if he could use here some historical locations for his forthcoming picture about the life of Jesus. When he was told about Ben-Gurion's Biblical research, he remarked:

"What a pity Cecil B. DeMille didn't know it. He would have saved a few thousand extras."

American showman Joe Levine and the Italian Titanus group soon start to shoot here "Sodom and Gomorrah" with Stewart Granger as Lot and Cyd Charisse as the salty Mrs.. No doubt that Levine, an expert on publicity, has figured out that it will add a lot to the pic's appeal if it was made in the land of Abraham.

Jeff Chandler has recently used the hills of Jerusalem as natural background for "David the Outlaw," an English production in which Chandler stars as King David. As extras the producer used Eastern and Yemenite Jews, the only living people who, in all probability, look really like the Jews in David's time. They got about \$5 per day.

When William Wyler was shooting "Ben-Hur" in Rome, he engaged Israeli actress Haya Harareet as Esther and Israeli's Prof. Moshe Goshen as technical expert.

The Professor-of Jerusalem's famed Hebrew University-is a living computor as far as Hebrew language and history are concerned. He was given the task of keeping historical blunders off the picture. When your correspondent visited Cinecitta at the time "Benwas made there, one of Wyler's assistants remarked acidly: 'I wish I would have met this professor only on Judgment's Day; then I could use some of his expert advice. But here . . .", the assistant was desperate, "for us he knows too much."

There was, for instance, the case of the Scrolls, carefully prepared, written with the same letters used in Jewish prayer-books. But Prof. Goshen insisted that the Scrolls should be rewritten, with the type of letters just recently discovered on the Dead Sea Scrolls. "Any on the Beat Sea Scrolls. Any other kind of letter would be anachronistic." Prof. Goshen declared and Wyler had to reletter the whole thing. They nicknamed the Professor "The Bible-Comistant" but when the picture was rebut when the picture was released, no critics could point to any historical mistake.

For an Israeli. Jerusalem is not only the Holy City, but also the place where his father-in-law lives. In the Jordan river he occasionally takes a dip and in Nazareth he goes to the Arab restaurant that serves

Like Washington

The children learn the Bible as history textbook and for them much the meaning that Washington or Lincoln have for American

This down-to-earth familiarity with the Bible, the geography and the history of the Holy Land, and the genuine locations of Biblical places create an atmosphere that makes Israel a natural choice for Biblical themes.

What are the general conditions of picturemaking-biblical or not -in Israel?

You can find in Israel whatever you need to produce a film, provided it is not bigger than a \$500 .-000-budgeter.

Two studios-Geva and Herzlia -with modern equipment, but small stages, are at disposal. They can't make more than two pix at a time. American cameramen will be disappointed to find only one. old Mitchel camera (35m.) in the country. A new one is on its way but the studios have excellent German cameras (Arriflex 16 and 35m).

Prime Minister David Bendurion a few months ago made a equipment, for color arrived only recently.

By American standards the Israeli movie industry has no first-class technicians. A sound-director, for instance, will have to come from the States, but there are enough technicians on the assistant level.

The Israeli sun is strong and the atmosphere is usually clear, much like California, and sans smog. From April to November no risk is involved: there will be not a single rainy day. But the June-August period is inconveniently hot so that the best time for shooting is spring and autumn.

A Natural 'Location'

The distances in tiny Israel are negligible and they cover a great variety of natural sites. From mod-ern Tel Aviv on the sea it is a twohour ride to the edge of the Negev, which is as much a desert as Nevada. Jerusalem and the surrounding hills of Judea are less than 50 miles from Tel Aviv. Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee are "far away" -it takes more than three hours to reach them by car. All this and relatively good highways make for easy changes of scenery.

Pic-making in Israel is cheaper than in the U.S. but more expensive than in Yugoslavia. Greece or Spain. An extra gets about four bucks a day and an actor will take \$50-\$100 a week for a small part. Almost any actor speaks enough English to say what he is supposed to, though his accent may not be exactly Shakespearean. Whereas in America "English Whereas in America "English wasn't spoken for years," every Israeli, on the professional level, does speak English.

The Israeli government, interested in the growth of the local movie industry, has laws which guarantee some help for the moviemakers. The Ministry of Commerce & Industry has a Department for Promotion of Films, headed by Asher Hirschberg. While the primary benefactors of the law are the Israeli studios-they get grants, loans and cuts in taxes any foreign producer can benefit from it as well. The most important provision: the exchange rate for every dollar invested in film-making in Israel is 40% above the regular official rate. That means that the foreign producer is get-ting the full worth of his invested dollar. In fact, the 2.52 Israeli pounds he gets for a dollar are worth even a little more than the buck.

Very Cooperative

The second important provision: any material brought to Israel in order to make the picture, is free of duty

Last but not least: Hirschberg's department is ready to help the foreign producer in cutting any red tape. At Otto Preminger's reouest, the port of Haifa—the most important port in Israel—was practically closed down for half a day during the shooting of "Exodus. To be sure, not always will Israeli authorities go to such lengths but Preminger's picture was, after all. nearly as important to Israel as to Preminger himself.

Reasonable help can be exnected the Israeli hire, as is the Spanish one, but if one makes a picture about Israeli life and wants to take a few shots in an Army camp, he will obtain permission. On the other hand, when Yael Dayan, daughter of General Dayan, legendary Chief of Staff in the Sinai campaign, wanted to take a few shots in a camp for the film version of her hook, "New Face in the Mirror," the army flatly refused because it didn't like the way soldier-girls were presented in the book. The English producers withdrew and didn't make the picture.

In order to get the best of arrangements, a foreign producer has to do two things.

a. Make a formal coproduction; this means obtain formal partnership of an Israeli studio, because the law provides help only for Israeli pix or coproductions.

b. Submit script to the film board. The Israeli authorities want

|The laboratories will develop black- | to be sure not to help any venture which might hurt religious or national feelings, including any religion of friendly nation.

Only a dozen-odd pix have been made up to now in Israel, foreign or local. Kirk Douglas made part of "The Juggler" here. "Hot Sands," which was backed with German money, caused quite an ideological furor. Jeff Chandler made in the vicinity of Jerusalem "David the Outlaw." "Ten Desperate Men," an "Ten Desperate Men," an Outlaw." Ten Desperate Men, an Israeli-French coproduction and "The Last Days of Sodom and Gomorrah," an Italian-U.S. enterprise, are in the making, and of course "Exodus" was shot almost completely in Israel.

Foreign plans for the near future include a series of pix about the trial of Nazi Adolf Eichman. Two Israeli-French and one Israeli-Spanish coproduction are also set; and there is a good chance that Stanley Kramer will make "My Glorious Brothers" here.

Among the Israeli pix should be mentioned are "Hill 24 Doesn't Answer," in which Haya Harareet was discovered: "Hatikva," a bad pic with good Shoshana Damari: "They Were Ten." the Damari: "They Were Ten." the story of the first Israeli settlers; "I Love Mike," a comedy soon to be released. And in the making is a full-length, colorpuppet pic "Joseph and His Brothers," produced experimentalist Yoram Gross.

There is no such thing as an Israeli "style" in film-making. There is no famous director in Israel such as the way the Swedes have Ingmar Bergman and probably years will pass before a really good picture will be made by Israelis only. But foreign producers may find here a not yet ex-hausted field for their work, rang-ing from the Biblical to the pioneering, from the historical to the heroic. They will certainly find enthusiastic people, eager to co-

Australia: Our **Problems Multiply**

By NORMAN B. RYDGE

(Chairman, Greater Union, Ltd.)

Business journals and Government statistics leave no doubt whatever that Australia is a nation surging forward under the full impetus of an expanding economy, rising population, industrial growth, full employment and free spending. From a national point of view one may predict wonderful things for 1961 with confidence.

But this is where prediction must cease. There can be no expert appraisal as to where the motion picture business in Australia will stand 12 months from now. The closure of many fine theatres and the fear that many more may meet the same fate, impels a strong feeling of caution estimating when stabilization will be achieved.

As it has been in the States and Britain so it is now in Australia. We are caught up in critical circumstances. We are part of a new world pattern which is slowly emerging as a result of the influences which have created new habits among populations which previously looked chiefly to the cinema for relaxation.

Yet whilst the general picture is unclear, there is convincing evidence to show that there is no ceiling to earnings for the highgrade theatrical film.

Our future is no longer measured by volume of product—it is the individual attraction that spells profit or loss.

For want of a better term the industry is passing into the era of "especialized attractions." The is no longer any purpose in aiming to please the masses. The cinema now takes its place with the legitimate theatre, serving a more selective and discriminating audience.

Success in this specialized field (Continued on page 206)

'Live' Theatre Big In South Africa

By EVELYN LEVISON

increasingly theatre-minded, and actors suddenly realize there is a reasonable living to be made from the stage, it seems—as far as Show Biz in South Africa is concerned, at any rate—that it takes more than politics to hold back progress.

Despite crises, a Referendum affecting the destiny of the entire nation, and uncertainly about the future, the year 1960 was one of the most active, theatrically speak-ing, that South Africa has ever known. For the first time in entertainment history here, manage-ments have actually been wooing actors to accept roles. There is almost 100% employment among full-time professionals in Johannesburg, with many semi-amateurs also drawing pay packets Friday nights. 'e vote to accept status as a republic next year has devel-oped greater respect for works by indigenous authors, and the proportion of home-penned scripts continues to rise.

Of the various managements, the standout is the Brian Brooks firm. In its own Brooke Theatre in Johannesburg, attendance has Johannesburg, attendance has zoomed, though only three plays were given—a situation hitherto unheard of in South Africa, where not so long ago a six-weeks "season" was considered a big success. With "Irma La Douce" the Brookes chalked up a Johannesburg run of 167 performances, and could have continued the season had the pro-duction not been committed to tour. "Irma" was followed by the Samuel Taylor comedy "The Pleasure of His Company." and then came the locally-written musical "Eldorado" which promises to top the 100-performance mark. Authored by Ralph Trewhela, who has supplied words and music to three previous musicals in as many years, "Fldorado" is a homespun story of life in the infant mining town of Johannesburg circa 1891, and has received more press coverage than any other South African produc-South Africa's own "sex-kitten." Heather Llovd-Jones, is per-haps the only real cash-attracting box-office name among local Thesplans, witness "Irma."

Swingy Repertory

The Alexander Theatre, pursuing a policy of limited runs, has swung the pendulum from "Whodunnit" to classics. As contrasts to such chillers as "The Sound of Murder" and "A Clean Kill" came "Cassar and Cleanstre", the pro-"Caesar and Cleopatra"---the pro-duction that marked the re-christening of the former "Reps Thea-tre" to "The Alexander." in honor of the founder of the Johannesburg Repertory Players, Miss Murial Alexander—and Cocteau's "Inti-mate Relations," and the Miles Malleson adaptation of Moliere's "Le Malade Imaginaire," with the English farce "One Wild Oat" thrown in for comic relief.

Significant in the developments of the past twelve-month has been producer Leonard Schach's bid to widen the scope of his Cockpit Players. Previously based in Cape Town and making only occasional sorties into outside provinces, sorties into outside provinces, Shach has now taken over the lease of the Playhouse Theatre, Johannesburg, where he is drawing much larger audiences than are available at the seaport. His current produc-tion, "The Aspern Papers," with Dame Flora Robson and Robert Beatty from the original London cast, is the biggest dramatic scoop of the year and looks pretty certain to break the hoodoo of ill luck that has hung over this new theatre. Schach plans to follow with "Lock Up Your Daughters," the British musical.

The minute Intimate Theatre (seating 171) has been more or less monopolized by the Kushlick-Gluckman management. In this microscopic house long runs are normal and Taubie Kushlick and Leon Gluckman have contented themselves this year with Graham Greene's "The Complaisant Lover," return visit of "Marriage-Go-Round"-which toured the Union and played for ten months all told after a heavy panning by Johannesburg critics, proving once again

When "live" theatre begins to gain a firm foothold in a young country; when the public grows the classics by the clever one-woman recitalist Rosalind Fuller, and "Hanna Senesch," a rather too-episodic drama about rather too-episodic drama about the courageous Israeli girl who has become known as the Jewish Joan of Arc. The same management also sponsored a production of the controversial "Taste of Honey" at the Library Theatre, but this Shelagh Delaney opus did not meet with the same success here as overseas.

Negro Performers

In his personal capacity as director, Gluckman staged for Union Artists an all-African cast produc-tion of "The Emperor Jones," which did not receive the enthusiastic public response that was accorded to his previous native cast presentation of "King Kong," prime reason being that African artists are not yet able to interpret roles outside their own field of experience. Before its long-awaited debut in the West End of London, incidentally, "King Kong" is being revived for a brief season in Johannesburg as a sort of long-distance out-of-town opening. State-sponsored National Thea-

tre continues to plod along a rocky path taking subsidized culture to the masses. Though rural communities respond to these tours, city theatregoers shy away from the whiff of what they fear is "educational"...a great pity, for N.T.O.'s productions of Eugene O'Neill's "A Moon for the Misbegotten" and Saroyan's "The Cave Dwellers" rate among the most satisfying yet staged here. A South African play

"The Fall," written by poet Anthony Delius and based on the life of Cecil John Rhodes was less suc-cessful, leaning too strongly on episodic radio technique, and concerned overmuch with history rather than the personal problems of the man himself. National Theatre also brought out from Paris a company from Le Theatre D'Union Culturalle, in plays by Racine and Sacha Guitry. Although only a small number of South Africans are fluent in the French tongue, this tour was well-received, and in view of the limited potential, surprisingly well supported.

In the sphere of intimate revue, Adam Leslie and Joan Blake have been travelling the coastal towns of the Union with huge success in their two-person performances of "Two's Company," which arrived in Johannesburg just in time to flavor the festive season with the sharp spice of satire. "Player's Progress," a similar type show but with a larger cast and a less barbed political slant, was written and pro-duced by Bill Brewer first as a divertisement for the local Players Club, then extended into a fulllength revue for the Playhouse Theatre, and last month was pre-sented in a new Christmas edition at the Alexander.

The newly-formed South African Theatrical Enterprises made its debut this year by importing first Dr. Murray Banks and then the American dance-satirists Mata and Hari. Their most recent venture was a Celebrity Ballet recital tour of Anton Dolin, John Gilpin and Belinda Wright from the London Festival Ballet, plus South African ballerina Toby Fine. Earlier in the year balletomanes warmly welcomed the Royal Ballet, which toured with full corps de ballet and Nadia Nerina, Beryl Grey, Svetlana Berlosova, Susan Alexander and Antoinette Sibley.

To Melbourne Sydney Is Also-Ran

By RAYMOND STANLEY

With London the obvious exception, no other city in the British Commonwealth can have so much "live" theatre fare as Melbourne (pop. 1,831,000) of Victoria, Aus-

Considered the most cultural city Down Under, Melbourne has seen in the last six months the opetning of a new 400-seat theatre, a 250-seat theatre specially devoted to late-night intimate revue, a Music Hall Theatre to present oldtime melodramas, and the formation of a new theatre group with revolutionary ideas.

In most English cities outside of London it is rare to find a play running for more than a fortnight. In Melbourne a play in a large theatre can be relied upon to run from six weeks to three months.

Great rivalry in practically everything exists between the two largest cities of Sydney and Mel-bourne, with former leading most of way. But theatrically it must be admitted Melbourne has edge on Sydney, possessing as it does more theatres and with most productions that tour Down Under starting off

there.
Theatrical fare in other Aussie cities is negligible, although Adelaide did an "Edinburgh" with an Arts Festival last March which proved successful enough to become bi-annual event.

Leading theatre management in Australia is J. C. Williamson Theatres Ltd., commonly known as "The Firm," with headquarters in Melbourne, where it has Her Majesty's and Comedy Theatres. Managing director is Sir Frank Tait and assistant managing director film and stage actor Aussie John McCallum.

'The Firm'

Most Williamson productions start in Melbourne, run for two-three months, shift to Sydney (where The Firm has Her Majesty's and Theatre Royal) for similar period and then sometimes go for shorter periods to Brisbane, Ade-

laide, Perth and New Zealand.
Williamson's production of "My
Fair Lady" has proved the alltime Aussie hit. Melbourne had the premiere Jan. 1959, a second company took over at end of May 1960 (with original transferring to Sydney) and played till October that sex conquers all—a highly ac-claimed presentation of excerpts stays till later in January before Theatre Trust.

going to New Zealand. In all "My Fair Lady" ran 91 weeks in Mel-bourne and was seen by just under 11/4 million people, breaking record after record.

Over the last two years Williamson's have given Melbourne Goggie Withers and John McCallum in "Roar Like a Dove." Muriel Pavlow and Derek Farr in "The Gazebo" and "Odd Man In," "Two for the Seesaw," Ray Lawler's "The Piccadilly Bushman," Cyril Pitchard and Cornelia Otic Skin-Ritchard and Cornelia Otis Skinner in "The Pleasure of His Company," Maurice Chevalier, Harry Belafonte, and five productions by a specially formed Shakespeare company (with John Laurie from England playing Lear).

Garnet H. Carroll and his son Garnet H. Carroll and his son John at the Princess Theatre during last two years have presented Shirl Conway as "Auntie Mame," Danny Kaye, "Once Upon a Mattress," "The Music Man," Basil Rathbone in "Marriage-Go-Round," currently "West Side Story." "The Most Happy Fella" and "The Sound of Music" are coming up. Without a theatre of his own in Sydney. Cara theatre of his own in Sydney, Carroll has had to rely upon availability of other theatres, resulting in Sydney, as well as other cities, missing out on some of his presen-

Music hall diversion is taken care of at the Tivoli, one of a circuit throughout Australia. Here artists like Sabrina, Tommy Steele, Winifred Atwell, Jimmy Wheeler, Nat Jackley and David Whitfield have headed international bills over recent months. Garnet Carroll took theatre for two months for the Sadlers Wells Opera version of "The Merry Widow."

The Union Theatre, attached to Melbourne University, was the first Aussie professional rep when it opened in 1952. Founder-producer John Sumner left after first two seasons on appointment in Sydney with Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust, and was replaced by Ray Lawler. Sumner reby Lawler—"The Summer of the 17th Doll"—which eventually he and Lawler took to London. The next few seasons were supervised. by youthful Wal Cherry, until in 1959 Sumner returned to administer the theatre in association with the Australian Elizabethan

Vienna Festival Aims at Avoiding 'Impossible Choices' Among Events

By EMIL W. MAASS

The steadily increasing number ber the following: of foreign visitors, Americans heading the list, is but one of the many proofs, that the Vienna Festival Weeks are by now classified among the leading European seasonal art events. The 1961 convocation of talent will span May 28 to June 25.

Important changes in administration have been made since last summer, a trusteeship, headed by Intendant Dr. Egon Hilbert being formed. Vice-mayor of the capitol, Hans Mandl, chief of its cultural office, is on the board of directors. Experts from all sections of the Austrian amusement industry are planning to make the forthcoming festival an "allround art and amusement event."

The intention here is to anticipate and service the convenience of visitors, spacing the events and above all making them available. The usual subscription sale of seats to the Vienna Philharmonic, which would naturally favor the native population, is to be dropped during the festival. In particular Mandl wishes to avoid the "impossible choice" where two virtuosi of comparable appeal are performing at the same moment in different halls.

The 1961 dramatic offering is being plotted under the canopy of the "The Idea of Freedom in Drama." It is hoped that Vienna will thereby acquire a unique significance. As of now these theatrical companies are committed to come here as participants in the festival:

Duesseldorfer Schauspielhaus: Paul Claudel's "Silk Slippers" in the Burg Theatre

Schauspielhaus Zurich: R. Widmann's "Maifaefer Komoedie" (Cockchafer Comedy) in Volks Theatre

Theatre de l'Atelier, Paris: Jean Anouilh's "Antigone" in Theatre in Josefstadt

Schiller Theatre, Berlin: Vehicle undeclared and playhouse here unassigned.

Invitations have been extended to both the Old Vic of London and the new American Repertory Co. of Lawrence Languer creation starring Helen Hayes to join the festival. A question of suitable plays throws a doubt since the one is Shakespearian and the other, as presently set up, outside the assigned "Idea of Freedom In signed "Idea Drama" theme.

The German Choices

Vienna. | German language works will num-

Burg Theatre: "Thomas Becket" by Christopher Frey

Academy Theatre: "Caligula" by Pierre Camus

Theatre in Josefstadt: "Hoellenangst" (Hellish Fear) Johann Nestroy

Kammerspiele: "Eva's Lohn" by Georges O'Brien

Volkstheatre: "Libussa" by Franz Grillparzer

Raimund Theatre (operetta house): "Der Fremdenfuehrer" (The Guide) by C. M. Ziehrer

Openair stage in front of Church of Jesuits: "Der arme Heinrich" (Poor Heinrich) by Gerhard Hauptmann

Pawlatschen Theatre (openair stage on plain boards as travelling companies used 100 years ago): 'Die falsche Primadonna" (The wrong Primadonna) by Baeuerle

An arresting experiment will be a production of "The Rosenkavalier" without Richard Strauss' music. It will prove, that the li-bretto by Hugo von Hoffmannsthal is a comedy quite of its own, one of the most perfect opera librettos ever written.

On the orchestral side, these are contrasted: Vienna Philharmonics, Vienna Symphonics, Lamoureux Orchestra, London Symphony, Orchestra of Westdeutsche Rundfunk, Orchestra of Suedwest Funk Germany, RIAS Symphony of Berlin and probably the Moscow Philhar-

Conductors who will be here: Pierre Boulez, Miltiades Caridis, Ferenc Fricsay, Heinrich Hollrel-Ferenc Friesay, Heinrich House-ser, Josef Krips, Igor Markewitch, Pierre Monteux, Hans Rosbaud, George Solti, Leopold Stokowski, Lorin Maazel, Lovro v. Matacic, Mario Rossi, Hans Swarowski, Heinz Wallberg, Karl Boehm, Her-bert von Karajan Eugen Ormandy. bert von Karajan, Eugen Ormandy, Carl Schuricht.

Karl Boehm will direct the opening concert, Carl Schuricht the "Missa Solemnis" in the St. Stephens Cathedral.

There will be a world premiere of the late Arnold Schoenberg's "Jacob's ladder" under Dimitri Mitropoulos. This was the last work of the composer. For contrast his first work, "The Gurre Lieder" will also be produced.

Vienna's own dramatic houses will be especially pointing to the influx of tourists for the festival.

There will be a festival concert in memoriam of Franz Liszt, who was born 150 years ago. There will be a festival concert

'Co-op' Repertory Grief

By JOSEPH LAPID

The cooperative theatre doesn't work as well as its idealistic inventors intended. The three big repertory theatres in Israel—Habima, Kameri and Ohel-all of them cooperatives, are in financial trouble,

Kameri and Ohel—all of them cooperatives, are in financial trouble, due mostly to the co-op system, with unsolvable problems in casting. The idea of the co-op company sounds good instead of depending on producers and good luck, a group of actors and actresses found a company. They administer themselves, buy plays, hire directors and act. Income is divided. Some of it is put aside for harder times. Standard employment and a steady salary is the actors happy goal.

Habima worked that way for more than 40 years. It has about 35 members with equal rights. They elect among themselves once a year the administration of the theatre and then obey it's decisions. Wages are not payed according to playing ability, but according to size of family

Ohel and Kameri, younger and smaller than Habima, are organized very much along the same line.

Trouble is, that the theatre being a very human institution, co-op theory doesn't work out in practice as well as planned. Though the faults may sound comparatively unimportant, little things put together mean a lot. Enough to juice a "permanent crisis."

A showman on his own chooses actors according to the needs of the play. The co-op looks for plays that fit the abilities of its membership. Repertory possibilities boil down to few. Habima decided, for instance, to perform the "Three Penny Opera," though the company wasn't right cast. Either they had to drop the idea or use talent available. Predictably, "Three Penny Opera" was a failure.

There is a third possibility: if the co-op wants to perform a certain play and hasn't the performers needed, it can hire some. This is done. But the moment actors hire actors, the ideological basis of the co-op is gone. The people who have founded a company in order to avoid dependence on producers, become producers themselves, "exploiting" other actors.

This would still be only a theoretical flaw. But it has a practical consequence as well, which is rather disastrous. While hired actors get extra pay, some of the co-op members may be idle, though on salary, because they belong to the co-op. This means a waste of money.

As there is no safeguard against failures, the small cash reserve is used up with the first flop. Then the next performance suffers from lack of capital. Yet as a repertory company, the show must go on.

The French They Make With the Erudition Re L'Art de Striptease

The French, who have found ways and means of finding profound implications in most aspects of show biz and communication, now turn to that old show biz staple, the striptease, and plumb its sociological, esthetic and esoteric depths. The strip has become a solid nitery, film, revue and even legit aspect here and now a book delves into its true meanings and implications outside that of the average male's, and even female's, desire to see undraped flesh as part of their entertainment.

Jean-Jacques Pauvert, as part of his publishing cycle of the International Erotology Series, now has come out with a glossy well illus-trated book called "Metaphysique Du Strip Tease" with text, if one can tear one's attention from the photos, by noted art critic Denys Chevalier. Main illustrations are from the strip mecca boite, the Crazy Horse Saloon, in action, in-terspersed with shots from pix and old classic statuary and paintings that displayed anything akin to the peel. Aside from the candid photos, the text is strictly high-

Chevalier, among other tidbits, points out that the original remov-ing of femme clothing came from Italy where it was called burla, meaning a joke or mockery, and became burlesoue in English. He also adds that it is ironic that an Italo-American, Fiorello H. La-Guardia, as mayor of New York, was the man who first forbade burlesque there.

Well, That Explains It!

If the average public, both male and female, think they go to pecl parlors for harmless titillation, Chevalier puts it on a higher, metaphysical, sociological and psychological plane. To wit, "For the spectator the striptease is an attempt to get to know better the limits of the prison which everybody carries within themselves and with which they pass on. It is not health or joy of living, or security and screnity, that the average strip ogler looks for but, on the con-trary, an elevation of his level of consciousness and the anguish, which is part of one, and also awakens the torments of intelligent lucidity."

After this mouthful Chevalier looks into strip as social expression of modern eroticism, its physical and show aspects and meanings, the techniques, the sociological implications, the history of baring the femme bodies, and the origins, implications and evolution of the European brand which the Yanks took and turned into show biz and then gave back to the Europeans.

Also treated is the outlook of the girls involved themselves and the public, including the female aspects. He maintains that over onethird of the strip audiences are made up of women, and it is only those with inferiority complexes who are against it.

Though this can be taken seriously or at face value, it is clever intellectualizing of an accepted show biz form and is in line with the French intelligentsia explaining simple show biz phenonema in their own way. In short, the strip is here to stay with appeal to those with brows of all sizes.

Other books in this series deal with films, "The Thousand and One Nights," and report circus, legit, music hall and television may be other forthcoming erotic study spots for this series.

MPA. British Tele Union in Quota Pact

The agreement between the Motion Picture Assn of America and the Assn. of Cinematograph and Television Technicians on the quota for American producers and directors to work in Britain, has been renewed for the next year without change.

The number of permits actually taken up by the MPA had been below the permitted quota, though it had been rising during the last three years to 11 out of 12 in the annual period.

Italy's Import Boom: Actors

By ROBERT F. HAWKINS

Rome.

Censorship, Italian variety, became threatening toward the end of 1960. Otherwise the year was upbeat. If data is notoriously slow in compilation here there is enough evidence that the trend for 1961 should continue strong. Some 190 features were produced in 1960. Contrast that with 160 for 1959 and a considerable element of "boom" is visible.

Coproduction is not the explanation since these are down from 70 to 60 features. Italy has an active newsreel and documentary adjunct, but the just-ended year's volume is probably numerically down from the previous check of 344 assorted-length items.

Important, of course, is theatre attendance, which has shown tendencies to drop-off in various European markets. But Italy keeps rising, per this ticket-sale tally:

1958—730,000,000 1959—748,000,000 1960—750,000,000 (est.).

Exports are likewise in continued ascent, mostly due to the splurge on epics, and it's expected that the total of export licenses granted during 1960 will approach or top 3,000 — as against 2,752 for 1959. Imports dropped some, with Yank items expected to make up most of the deficit. Last year, 357 pix were brought into Italy from all

Remaining available statistics all hold: Italy has 10,508 all-season pic houses (18,359 including parochial and outdoor setups); 16 film studios; 58 sound stages (50 in Rome); 13 printing labs (10 in Rome); 15 dubbing studios (11 in Rome).

Reasons-Why

The reasons behind these boomish figures are: returned public confidence in the film medium, with special attention to Italian product (epics, local comedies, but also potentially "difficult" prestige items have done big biz); tv fatigue aided by a particularly lack-lustre video season; higher standard of Italian living; the spotlight thrown on certain key pix by censorship hassles which have "backfired" on the censors via tremendously increased boxoffice returns for the attacked product.

Most of the above factors show in a key example, the always-cited Federico Fellini's "La Dolce Vita" (Cineriz), which in retrospect must certainly be considered Italy's film of the year—or of many a year. It started the first of the year's many "disputes," and the most violent one. It fought and won the toughest censorship fight. Though a "quality" pic, it pulverized all existing boxoffice records. But most important of all, it created the sort of excitement and talk concerning films and filming which long been absent in this republic.

All This, and Prestige

Emphasis on spectacles and epics and their export, has not been at the cost of prestige features. For the first time in years, nearly all top Italian directors have made at least one prestige pic during the year. Italy has won more major international festival awards than ever before. To name a few: "Dolce Vita" and "L'Avventura" won at Cannes, "Il Bell'Antonio" at Locarno, "Rocco and his Brothers" won a close second prize at Venice, and both "Dolce Vita" and "General della Rovere" (which swept most awards at San Francisco) shared the Acapulco Festival of Festivals top kudo. And Italy has a hot "foreign" Oscar contender in "Kapo," starring Susan Strasberg.

On commercial ground, "La Dolce Vita" is the undisputed yearround leader, while "Some Like it (UA-DEAR), "The Great War" (DeLaurentiis), "The World at Night" (Julia), and "North by Northwest" (Metro)) led all others in the early part of the past year.

Within the current 1960-61 season, grosses in main-city keys (Sept.-Nov.) showed an Italian pic again a run-away leader, namely, "Rocco and his Brothers" (Titan-

Dino DeLaurentiis item already topping \$375,000 for the keys.

Other early leaders, in order, re: "Psycho" (Par), "The Unorgiven" (UA-Dear), "The are: "Psycho" (Par), "The Unforgiven" (UA-Dear), "The Apartment" (UA-Dear), "Under Ten Flags" (DeLaurentiis), "Adua and her Colleagues" (Zebra-Italian), "From the Terrace" (20th), "Please Don't Eat the Daisies" (Metro), "Ben-Hur" (Metro)—for six cities only—and "ll Vigile" (The Cop), a Royal production. Among later starters, "Spartacus" (U-I) shows early strength.

Significantly, half of top 20 in release at this writing are Italianmades. There are only two spectacles in the same lot, and both are Yanks: Metro's "Ben-Hur" and U's 'Spartacus.''

Italian strength is also shown in indicative monthly ratings for November, which shows the Italian slice of national key-city b.o. has risen from 25% in 1959 to 43% in 1960, while the Yank cut has dropped from 60% in 1959 to 48% in 1960. Counting coproductions with France, Italy gets even more: 45.68% of the b.o. total, vs. 28.35% for the same period in the previous

Actors By Plane-Load

Company activity here is hectic. Production plans are jumping, foreigh thesps being imported by the dozens (to insure foreign b.o. in addition to the local take), new companies are being formed in numbers. Italy is no longer a two or three-producer industry. Small and medium-sized outfits which have made a killing in the past year, especially with exportable "epics."

The following alphabetical listing will paint the canvas: Alex-andra Films has completed "The Argonauts" with Ziva Rodann, with others soon.

Atlantica Cinematografica winding "The Slave of Rome" with Rossana Podesta and Guy Madison, ambitiously plans a "Scipio Africanus" and "Divine Comedy" dur-

Cineriz has several irons in the fire, some together with other outfits such as Rire, a subid, Federiz, another Fair, Zebra, etc., first of all two prestige items to follow up company's "Dolce Vita" clean-sweep: "Che Gioia Viviere" (The Joy of Living), directed by Rene Clement, and "Il Brigante" Rene Clement, and "Il Brigante" (The Brigand), directed by Renato

ring Fernandel and Gino Cervi: "Don Camillo, Monsignore ma non troppo."

Cino Del Duca Films has its hands in several upcoming productions such as "Il Sicario" (The Killer), "Le Baccanti" (The Bacchantae), "The Long Winter," and others, and is currently cashing in the chips on a prestige item, "L'Avventura," which has turned into a surprising b.o. contender.

Cirac, Rudy Solmsen's company, has just completed "Warlord of Crete" for UA, and will launch into a still unannounced pic in early spring.

Dear Films, which has the UA exclusive for Italy, is currently participating in "El Cid," Samuel Bronston's Spain-based pic, and has other important plans for the

Dino DeLaurentiis, whose "Back Home" and "Under Ten Flags" are among the top boxoffice contenders of the moment, has two coming up for Columbia release: "Barabbas," which Richard Fleischer directs from a script by Cristopher Fry, Nigel Balchin, and himself; and "The Two Colonels" (tentative title), which will star David Niven and Alberto Sordi. Many other items, Italian and/or coproduced, busy DeLaurentiis are on the agenda for 1961.

Documento, which made "Sappho, Venus of Lesbos" for Columbia release in 1960, has now set 'The Crusaders' and plans several others. Producer-director Duilio who made the successful "Under Ten Flags" for Dino DeLaurentiis, has formed his own company, Duilio Cinematografica, and will start "Black City" with Ernest Borgnine in January, plus two international productions later in the year, one in tandem with Japan.

Fair Film's Mario Cecchi Gori has several irons in the fire, including the current Anita Ekberg starrer, "Behind Closed Doors."

Filmar, via its production company, Cine-produzioni Associate, and Procusa (Madrid), are jointly projecting three epics, "The Old Testament," "Hercules Challenges Olympus," and "Goliath and the Kingle Trassure" the King's Treasure."

Another spectacle is already

under way under Joseph Fryd's aegis: "The Seven Revenges" (Ivan the Conqueror), and this producer has several others up his sleeve. Galatea, now on the verge of an Castellani. Cineriz also plans to important deal with a US major, revive the "Don Camillo" series is involved in many production

by "Tutti a Casa" (Back Home), a | with still another sequel co-star- | deals alone or with other Italian companies. Prominent on its curlist are "Garibaldi," Roberto Rossellini pic, "Ghosts in Rome," and "The Viaccia," while company's varied fare also includes
"The Highwaymen," "The Barbarians' Revenge," and several others in an ambitious program.

Globe Films, long known mainly for its successful attempts to put across a quality film distrib policy, has now also gone into production with "Ambitious Girls" and the upcoming "Around the World in 80 Nights," "Chewing Gum and Spaghetti," and "The Long Trail."

Jolly Films has wound "The Giant of the Valley of Kings" and is readying "Joseph Sold by His Brothers."

Lux Films has various tandem production arrangements, such as the plan for "The Sign of the Cross" with Adessi Prods., and "The Wastrel" and "Orazio" with Tiberia, only a few of many similar projects for the vet Italo com-

Maleno Malenotti is setting up Madame Sans-Gene" for spring, with Sophia Loren, as well as "The King of Rome," both of internascope in this producers' tradition.

Max Productions' Ottavio Poggi is just back from the US with plans for two for Columbia: "Nefertitis, Queen of the Nile," and "The Black Pirate."

Carlo Ponti is one of the busiest filmmakers after his return to the Italian scene with "Two Women" in current release here, plans for "Madame Sans-Gene" with Malenotti, as well as several others both

here and in France.
Royal has a hit with "The Cop," and is readying release of "The Mongols" before gunning other new items.

Titanus has several big items

in the works for 1961. Among them are "The Last Days of Sodom and Gomorrah," with Robert Aldrich directing Stewart Granger and a large cast, and "The Leopard," by Tomasi di Lampedusa. Titanus also has a pic deal with Joseph Levine for several pix in next few years, and is currently cashing in, among others, on the top grosser of the season, "Rocco and his

Vides Films likewise has ambitious plans, singly and via deals with Lux, Titanus, or other companies here. It has just announced "The Titans," has long planned a "Marco Polo," and "I Promessi Sposi," based on Manzoin's classic, among others.

Moris Ergas' Zebra Films has three coming up for Columbia: Roberto Rossellini's "Vanina Van-ini," Mauro Bolognini's "Amore Mio," and a pic on the Spanish War directed by Gillo Pontecorvo, whose "Kapo" (Zebra-Vides) is this year's Italian Oscar contender. Zebra also plans "A Woman a Day," to be directed this summer by Roberto Rossellini, and another by Antonio Pietrangeli, who made Zebra's recent hit, "Adua and her

Biblico-epic titles, in addition to the above, continue to add to the huge backlog accumulated in late 1960 in this genre alone. Among the many others to come, according to local word, would be Carmine Gallone's "Babylon," and "Nero" "The Siege of Troy," "Julius Caesar," "The Wonderful Adventure of Ulysses," and One Nights," "Pontius Pilate,"
"Poppea," "Romulus and Remus," "Thermopilate," as well as a few more "Hercules," "Maciste," and

other strong-man items.

Almost all of these "big" costumers will have at least one American name to assure U.S. boxoffice. Separately, purely American-made product in the past year locationed here. Per Universal's "Romanoff and Juliet" and "Come September," 20th's "Esther and the Kins" and "St. Francis of Assisi." Edgard Ulmer's "Atlantis, City Beneath the Desert," Columbia's "Sanpho Vegus of Leshos" bia's "Sappho, Venus of Lesbos," UA's "Warlord of Crete," etc. Several others in this genre are expected to roll in early spring.

RE-BIRTH OF A NATION

[Argentina's Surge of Important B.O. Names]

By NID EMBER

Buenos Aires.

1960 was a year of Sesquicentennial splendor for Argentine show business despite economic recession. Guest names written in neon lights along Avenida Corrientes, the local Broadway, were:

Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes (Colon Opera) Sarita Montiel (Teatro Avenida de Mayo) Paul Anka (Gran Opera film-theatre)

Frankie Laine

Jane Russell

Juanito Valderrama (Teatro Avenida) Dolores del Rio (El Nacional Theatre) Yvonne de Carlo (Gran Opera) Xavier Cugat and Abbe Lane (El Nacional) London Festival Ballet (Colon Opera) Marques de Cuevas Ballet (Colon Opera) Chilean National Ballet (Colon Opera) Jose Limon American Ballet (Opera film-theatre)

Alicia Alonso and her Cuban Ballet (Colon Opera Theatre) Liane Daydee and Michel Renault of the Paris Opera Ballet (Colon Teatro Stabile di Torino (El Nacional Theatre)

Jean Vilar's Theatre Nationale Populaire (Nacional Cervantes Theatre) Lola Flores (Teatro Avenida) Ella Fitzgerald (Opera film-theatre)

Igor Stravinsky (Colon Opera) (Add, too, that great showman of a different kind (and with all due respect) Bishop Fulton Sheen, played B.A.)

In addition, Jean Pierre Aumont and Mamie Van Doren were here for coproduction films; Curt Jurgens, Germaine Damar, and a host of other European film stars were here for the 2rd Mar del Plata Film Festival, and most local legit players were happily busy throughout the year in standout productions which grossed as never before.

Moreover, three Argentine-made films broke local boxoffice records, helping wipe out the jinx and prejudice against local productions left us), with some \$580,000; followed by Peron's close links with the screen industry.

TV's Coming, But Meanwhile Screen, Yank Wave In Pares Acts, Cafes Okay In New Zealand

By D. G. DUBBELT

Auckland, N. Z.

Despite a host of counter-attractions, from night race meetings to the first regular transmissions of Auckland, New Zealand, show biz was a success-story in 1960. For cinema chain, paid admissions for its fiscal year ending March, 1960, reached an all-time high, and that includes golden era during World War II, when thousands of G.I.'s were stationed here. And the signs are that year ending March, 1961, will see a new high.

Confidence that this state of affairs will continue is reflected in Kerridge-Odeon theatre building months. All are on the intimate cert. 750-800 seater pattern, contemporary-styled in natural wood, brick and stone, with lounges, coffeebars and luxurious furnishings.

in motion pictures," Robert J. Kerridge told VARIETY. "This should be the answer to tv, not just in New Zealand but throughout the world. We're building houses where people like to come, social centers where they can meet, talk, relax-and see a worthwhile movie. And it isn't just good citizenship on our part. It's good business. Our figures prove it."

Fewer American Films Now Reach New Zealand

If fewer U.S. films have been coming into the country of late (most recent figures give 255 against 322 for the previous year) there has been no shortage of good product. Features which were blockbusters generally repeated here, with the public gladly paying upped prices for first-run looks at the likes of "Some Like It Hot" and "South Pacific."

Widescreen product continued to pull, "South Seas Adventure" fol-lowing "Cinerama Holiday" after the latter had notched up a tidy 28 weeks in Amalgamated's Mayfair, in Auckland. For the 70m "Porgy and Bess." at K-O's Auckland Embassy, went the year's most glittering premiere, with search-lights and dancing in the streets. Film opened big and settled in for

Except for Brigitte Bardot, foreign product did not notably attract customers. When a fan wrote to a daily, protesting against an Amalgamated decision against screening "Hiroshima Mon Amour, pub-ad man Michael Moodabee Jr. replied that the poor showing of "La Strada," "The Fiends" and "The Adventures of Arsene Lupin" in recent months forced the deci-

Several attempts have been made here to set up art house policies in Auckland but none has prospered. Prior showcasing, how-ever, Jacques Tati's "Mon Oncle" achieved a solid run in K-O's chic and comfortable Odeon. As always, English comedies queued 'em round the block in 1960, both the glossily-mounted "Doctor At Sea" and the modest budget "Carry On Nurse." In contrast to some countries, film distribs and exhibs here seem satisfied with censorship policies administered by Government Film Censor Douglas MacIntosh. While controversy anent censor classification rages abroad, industry here lives with the idea. As one spokesman said, "It is better to have a film admitted for showing only to those 16 years of age and over, than to have entirely. And with this sort of classification, the cuts don't have to be so heavy as to take the heart out of the movie."

In his last report, MacIntosh said he banned 14 films outright in the the voice for an effect. year, as against the previous year's eight, but this was mostly on the score of violence, not sex.

with a sold-out 19-week bonanza sick) performances were near-sellfamily-and-teenage-appeal tunefest called "Showtime Spectacular." Headliners were the allthe first regular transmissions of Maori vocal group, the Howard television, the imported evil, in Morrison Quartet, and in the legit company, the N. Z. Players. course of their swing through the country - some centers brought them back three and four times -Kerridge-Odeon, nation's largest they played to over 650,000 people, an astonishing feat in a country of small and scattered population. Show's co-promoter (with R. J. Kerridge) was young and upcoming Harry Miller. Some hot Morrison disks on Miller's La Gloria label did much to send the act along, particularly a well-timed parody called "My Old Man's An All Black," which pinpointed na-tional feeling on the banning of players for important football tour of South Africa. Disk became one of year's best-sellers, plans. This organization has built 10 new cinemas in the last 18 show with the song at every con-

Jazz Boffo

Jazz crowd flipped for the Dave Brubeck Quartet, Pete Jolly and Ralph Pena, Sara Vaughan and Dizzy Gillespie and, at year's end, Ella Fitzgerald herself.

Fans took British skiffler Lonnie Donegan and boogie pianist Winifred Atwell to their hearts.

Highbrows responded to Russian bass-baritone Dmitri Gnatyuk and his fellow-countryman, cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, the Czech Philharmonic and the Boston Symphony. Concertgoers, ignoring Paul Robeson's pro-Red ideology, packed his recitals.

Until he set foot on these shores no-one had heard of Tom Lehrer things happen, his mordant (sick, entertainment history,

outs right from the beginning. Only major disaster on the live side in 1960 was folding of the

Television starts in earnest this April, when daily telecasts will begin in three of the country's four main centers. Video's a Government-owned and operated project here though present policy is to allow business houses to buy time but not (apart from commercials) allow them to say what they'll do with it. Except for studio interviews and some modest vocal and instrumental acts, telecasts at present are all canned, film coming from such sources as NBC, BBC, Associated Rediffusion and ATV.

Fastest-growing area of local showbiz is the nightclub floorshow. In Auckland alone, more than 20 eateries use some sort of talent. Spots are dine and dance only, owing to weird licensing laws that forbid liquor and wine in all but hotels-and even then with a 6 p.m. shut-down to all save guests. Despite this, the restaurants multiply and prosper, and they range from Otto Groen's upper-crest Sapphire Room to Bob Sell's plush Colony, from the Americanized Hi Diddle Griddle to the atmospheric Back O' The Moon, tucked away in a mountain range 15 miles from

Acts, which move from bistro to bistro, include smooth pianist-Vora Kissen, mime Don thrush Linden, the progressive jazz Lew Cambell trio and female impersonator Noel MacKay. It is possible for a good, in-demand artist to make a living playing these eateries but, in the inexplicable way these alone, a new thing in this country's

Says Siobhan McKenna ---

As Collated By HAZEL GUILD

Siobhan McKenna, who has local theatre-and didn't come to Saint Joan-ed, Pegeened, and Chalk-Gardened her way through recent seasons, lights up with some sage observations about (a) critics and how they got that way, (b) theatres and extras around the globe, (c) acting as a career and (d) why Dublin actors and actresses marry each other.

ON CRITICS: I almost never read the reviews, so I can't get a swelled head or a broken heart. If I read them, it's only when I've finished a play. I find it very distracting to read them when the play is going on-there are too many minds involved, so I feel I should agree with the director and the author and not with the critic.

I was tremendously interested in what they had to say (in New York) about "The Rope Dancers" because it's a difficult play and I wondered how they would feel. So I asked the director to read menants of the reviews Ore or the parks of the parks parts of the reviews. One or two were very helpful, and one or two were downright silly because they didn't get the point the author was making at all.

ON THEATRES: The European older, and it becomes like r on a sensitive instrument because the walls and wood react. Some stages are very bad in New York. When we did "Chalk Garden" at the Barrymore, one person in the audience would say we were "shouting" and another would say we were "speaking too low"-and we would find out they sat in the same row. There are often little pockets that catch the sound, so it's difficult to arrange it so that everyone can hear.

SPEAKING: Irish actors are trained to speak well and clearly. The New York training seems to be to mumble. films and television, but bad for the stage. I think one has to use

EXTRAS: (Problem in Europe, where Miss McKenna recently finished a tour with the Dublin Fes-If 1959 was a year of near-tival Co. doing "The Playboy of vacant by Ryukichi Aimono, who disaster for many stage shows in the Western World," is that often recently was killed in an automo-New Zealand, 1960 made history the extras were supplied by the bile accident.

"When we did the rehearsals). 'Playboy' in Berlin, the crowd smashed into a wall opening night because they didn't know where to

"But it was even funnier playing 'Saint Joan' in Rome. The extras hadn't been at the rehearsal. And in one scene, in which the vicious guards were supposed to drag me off the stage angrily they were so overcome by the saintly act that they were weeping and wouldn't touch me. I had to edge myself off stage— and when they finally followed me offstage, they started to yell 'Bravo!' applauding the performance in the wings.

"Now that we're doing 'Playboy' in Italy I've been warned that the extras might try to pinch my bottom. But I'm wearing thick red petticoats so it won't be easy."

MARRIAGE: Abbey Theatre actors tend to marry each other, so that someone is working and bringing home the bread. My father gave me a lecture about bringing up our son all around the world. He said the boy wouldn't thank me later for that sort of life. So we keep him in school in Ireland.

SEX: An Irish playwright Miaccoustics are much better than in the New York theatres. They are America before I went there. He "They take sex seriously and laugh at love-and with us Irish, it's just the opposite."

> POLITICS: When Miss McKenna appeared on a recent U. S. television show and defended the Irish Republicians' claim to Northern Ireland, a government official branded her attitude "a vicious anti-British propaganda attack."

Countered Miss McKenna, "I shall always be Irish, and I am entitled to my own political opin-

Kondo Upped By UA In Japan

Tokyo. United Artists of Japan named Tarao Kondo acting manager of the company's Osaka office. His regular post is publicity chief of the Osaka branch.

Kondo is filling the position left

Yank Ways In Paree

the importance of the foreign market, and international commercial forms of expression, one of the most effective means of world communications between peoples extant. In the wake of biz some the effects and influences on other countries. However, this is only a surface aspect unless accompanied by a willingness or need of other countries for Yank output and

In France, since the war, there has been a definite turn towards things American, exemplified by an attempt to emulate and a definite awareness of the high standard of living. The break with old, more conservative outlooks of planning for the future, with living in the present only for a distant goal of a secure old age, has all but disappeared in the younger generation

Youth especially wants things now, and it has swelled the greater interest in jazz.

Yank juvenile problems as exemplified by James Dean and Marlon Brando, growth of pop records, growing appearances of Yank song personalities, more U.S. legit, and such general manifestations as striptease, chewing gum, hot rod cars and modern dance interest are to the fore.

Hamburger spots are burgeoning along all the important arteries here and the Champs-Elysees has lost its calm glow to be replaced by plenty of neon and snack bars. Things move faster and people do not dawdle quietly over meals. At least the younger set does not. There is even Le Drug Store which borrows the multifaceted eat quick-ice cream & Pepsi habit, and even drug counters of the Yank counterpart.

Gangster films based on tough, French have really become.

Paris. | hardboiled U.S. types have become Yank showmen have long learned staples here and Eddie Constantine, a Yank, became a big pic star here on the strength of these type pix. Paul Anka and Marlene Dietrich efforts have made show biz, via its showed in-person pull and have probably set a precedent for more stateside star name appearances. Ballets have been revved up but an attempt at a Yank-styled musical did not make it. French musical comedy tastes are still in the oldfashioned operetta syndrome except for a minority not strong enough to make for a successful run. Failures of Yank pic tintuners is also due to this.

Yet France is not a youthful country in population and most of the Americanization is on the surface. The political division of the world has also created that leaning towards the U.S., but its acceptance is a need within the younger elements to shed the yoke of conservation and rote that ingrained most European life till the war.

The striptease became a nite club staple here when visiting Yanks patronized it and it was then picked up by Frenchmen. Nudism had long been an integral nitery commodity but the Yank packaging appealed to the French.

On the film front there is a give and take, ditto legit and singers, with their more personalized approaches and styles. These have gained on the Yank show front, but they are usually for specialized audiences while American fads, show biz and trends have appealed to masses here due to the intensive distribution of U.S. pix, songs and highpowered pic personality selling in newspapers.

Conversely, a conservative fac-tion started a movement to cut English and Yank phases from the lingo but to no avail. Jam session, jukebox, hamburger, tilt, check, hot dog etc. are part of the language here and so are many other Yank aspects, from chewinggum to selfservice restaurants. But it is still a shallow penetration and time will tell how American the usually wary, intellectual, chauvinistic the

Happy Days in Gaucho Land

By NID EMBER

Buenos Aires.

Reference has been elsewhere made of the marked improvement in all branches of entertainment following the by-few-regretted exit of Dictator Juan Peron. The reasons are many, of course, but amount to an infusion of will, enterprise and imagination—traits which were paralyzed for years by Peron and his high-handed (not high-minded) henchmen.

At the peak of the recent legit season (summers here are your winters, remember) this reporter obtained sample gross estimates for Saturday matinee and evening performances. These figures naturally must be interpreted in Argentinian terms, not Yanqui. Suffice that these are not contemptible takings at the boxoffice here:

Production

Alvear Theatre-Delia Garces in 'Caesar & Cleopatra" (Shaw) \$600. (Though B.A. did not like Shaw's Cleopatra which did not run long.) Astral-Luis Sandrini in a revi-

ridges" (which had previously run on a provincial or city theatre. five years) \$1701.

Arena Tent Theatre-Farce with comedians Tincho Zabala and Ateneo-Ana Maria Campoy-Jose

Cibrian Company in local-authored 'Morena Clara'' \$700. B. Aires Theatre-Pepita Serra-

dor in her son's play "Graduated in Chastity" \$1000.

Comico—Lola Membrives "La Malquerida" \$800.

El Nacional-Xavier Cugat & Abbe Lane \$3660.

Empire—Duilio Marzio & Graziela Borges in "The Tunnel of Love" trans. by Claudia Madero \$500 (small theatre).

Lasalle-Martin-Sabatini Company-farce \$700.

Liceo—Luisa Vehil Company "Lucy Crown" \$650.

Maipo-Cheesecake local revue

Marconi-Jesus Gomez Company farce \$500.

Odeon-Luis Arata-Eva Franco-S. Arrieta-A. Bence) \$1356 (Asies la Vida).

Smart-Raul Rossi (who made name on TV) \$600.

Something of a boomlet in employment for dramatic actors during 1960 was novel indeed, though the full explanation-also novelmust be spelled out, to wit: v-i-d-e-o, which has been given an enormous impetus by the Government. New stations, widespread purchase of sets by the people in their homes has brought lots of dramatic work in the tv studios. Indeed there are multiplying instances of legit players rejecting legit opportunities because they are too busy.

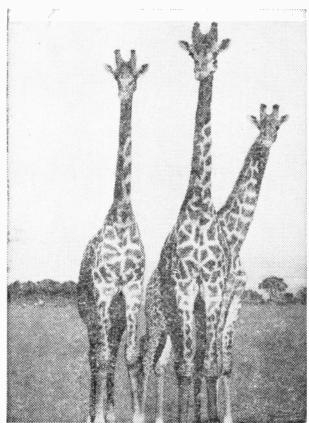
Separate phenomenon: The Authors' Society (ARGENTORES) has launched a plan to help playwrights whose plays neither achieve production nor publication. The Society will advance \$2000 against future royalties, provided they have options for five months lease Argentores recommends that the novice authors work in cooperatives with the players.

JAPAN OKAYS UPPED FILM IMPORT POLICY

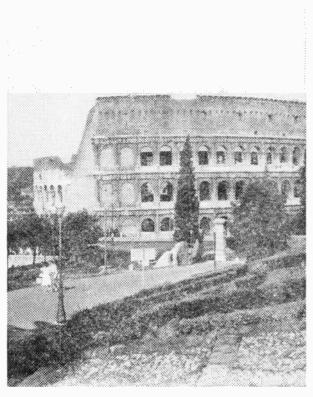
The Foreign Exchange Bureau of the Finance Ministry gave official confirmation of partial revisions in the film import policy for fiscal 1960. Move brings expected increases in home remittance rate and in the number of prints permitted per import.

Home remittance rates were upgraded to 40% for films on a morethan- 60% royalty deal and to 50% for those on a less-than-60% royalty arrangement. At the same time, a foreign pic may now have up to 25 prints, a boost from the previous ceiling of 16.

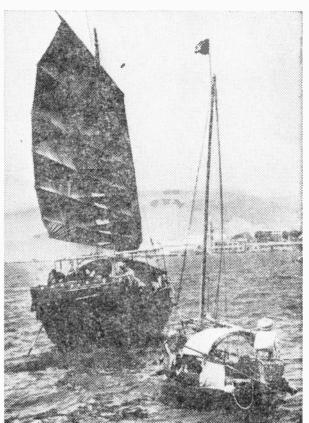
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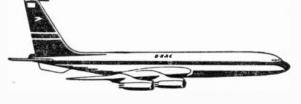
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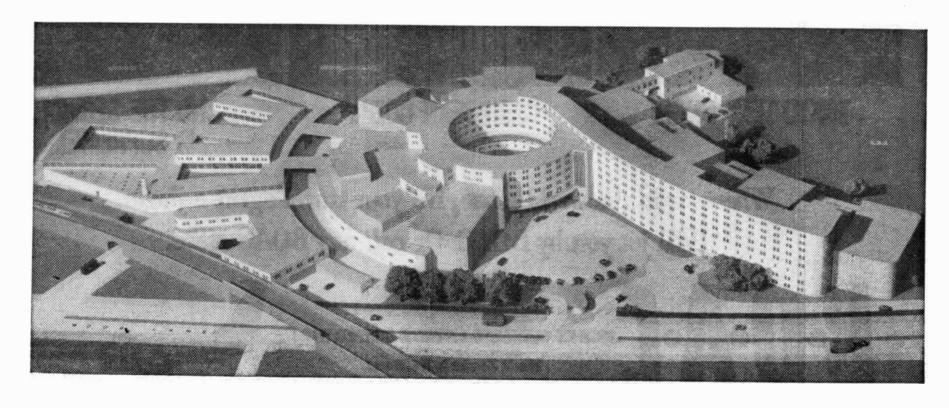
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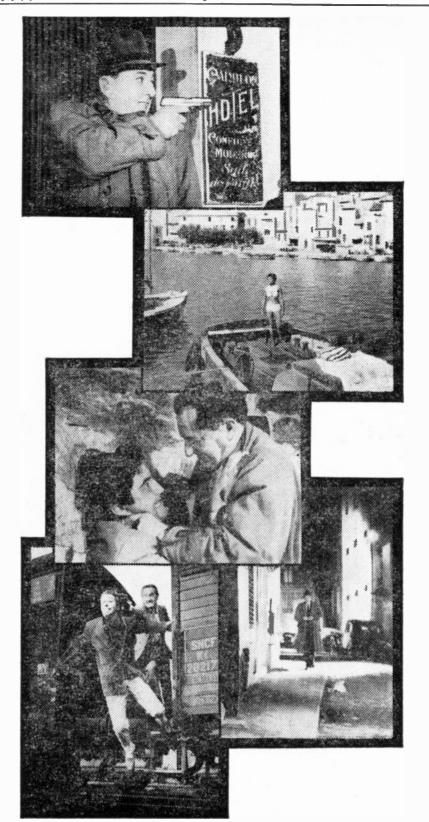
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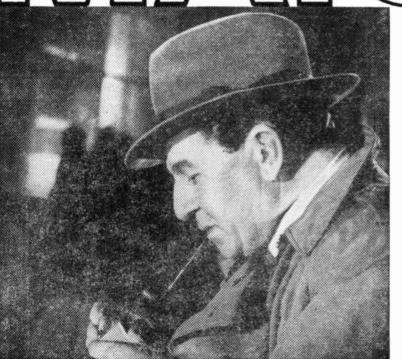
'The acting quality of the series, judging by 'Murder in Montnartre', has produced a standard that is far and above anything seen on British television."

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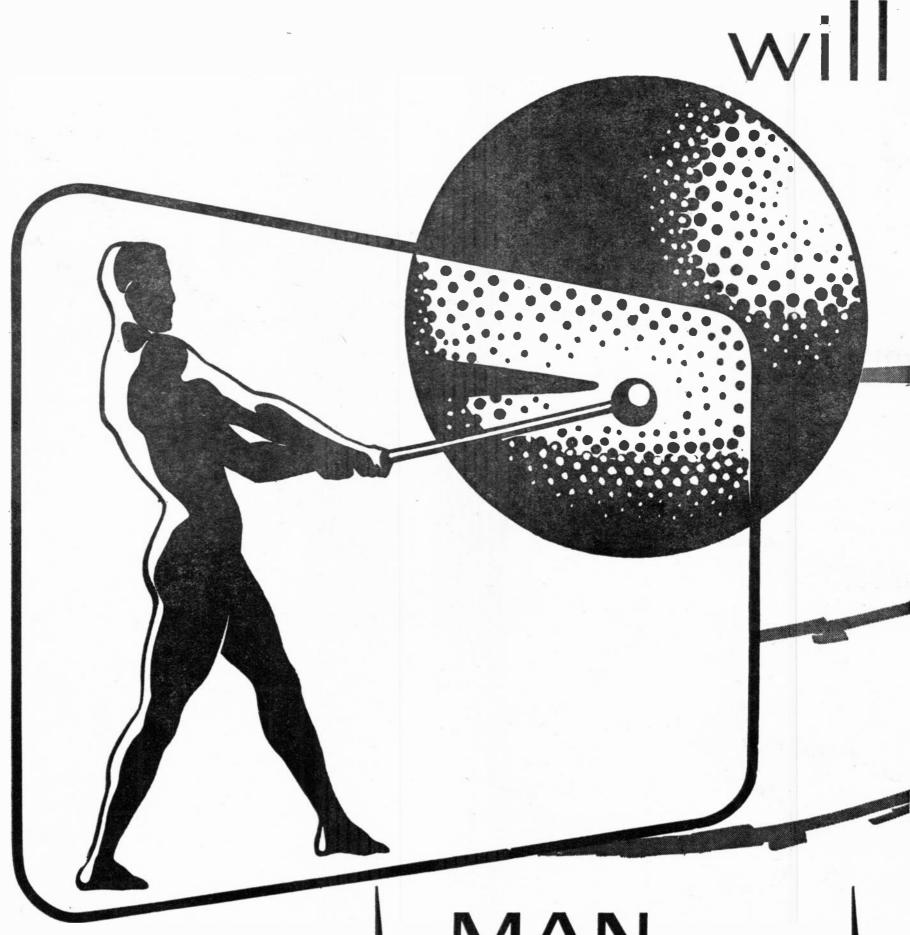






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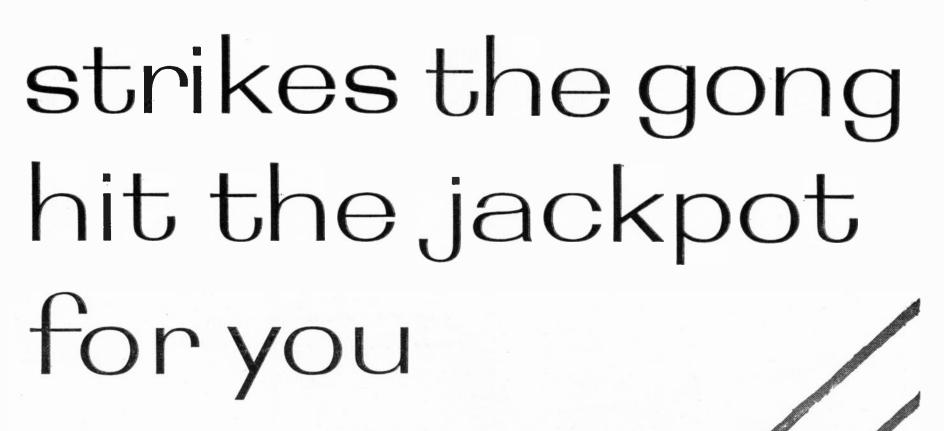


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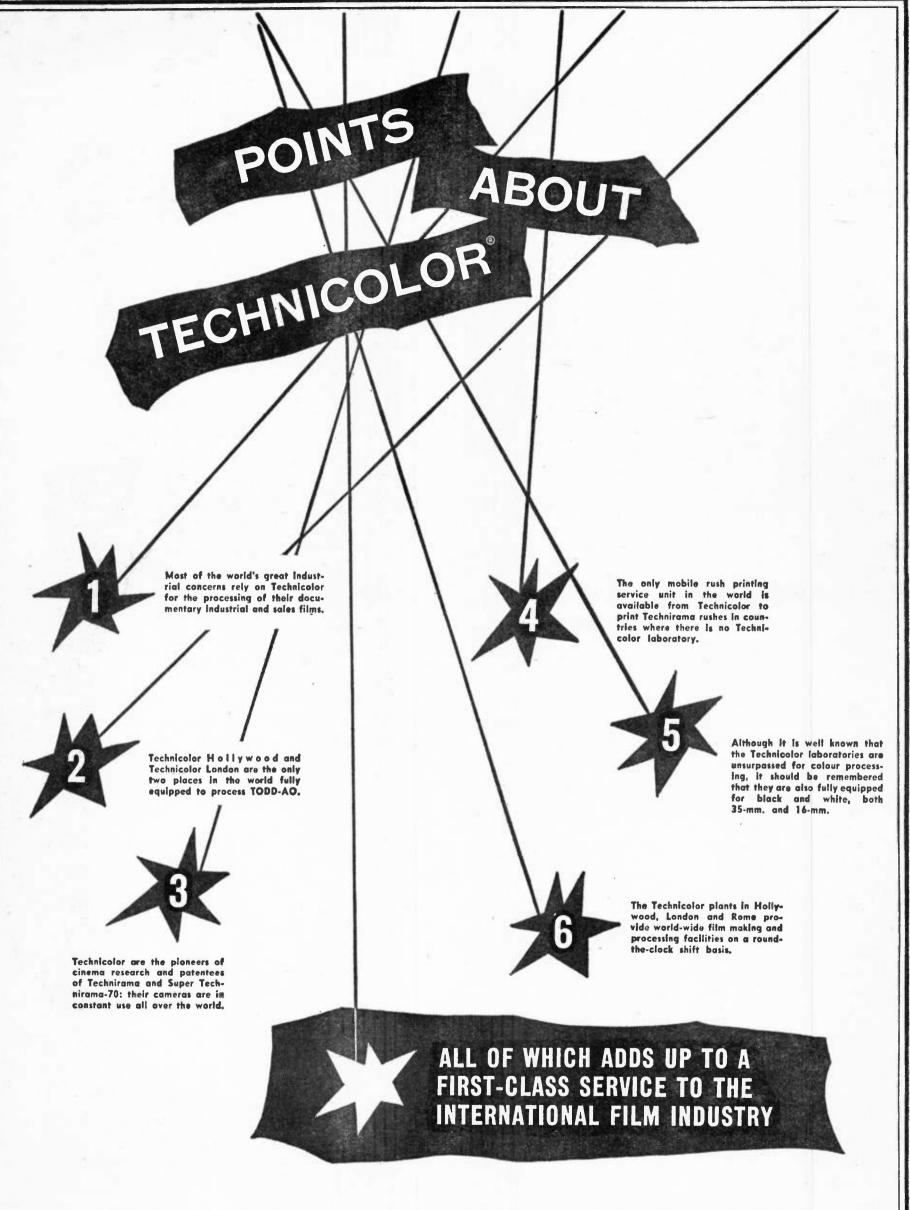
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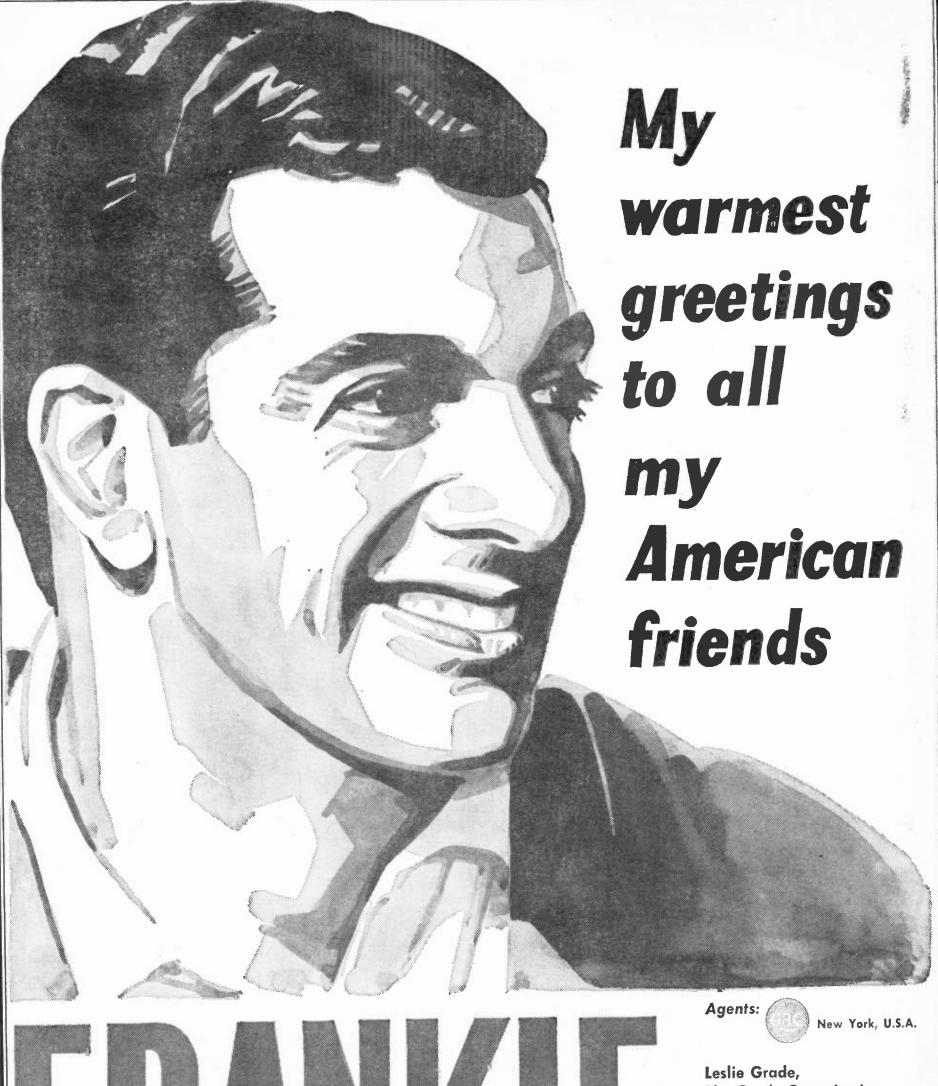
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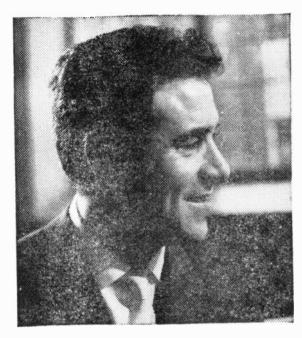
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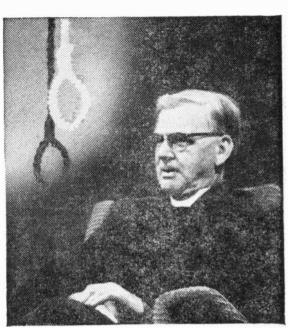


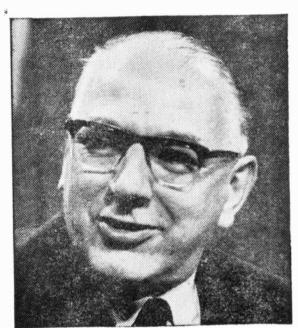
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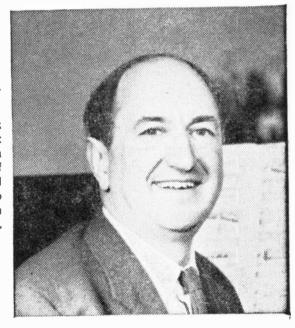


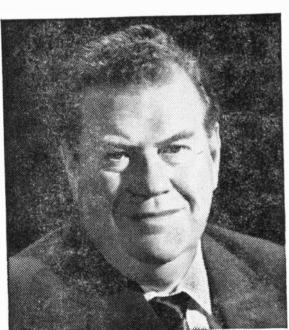
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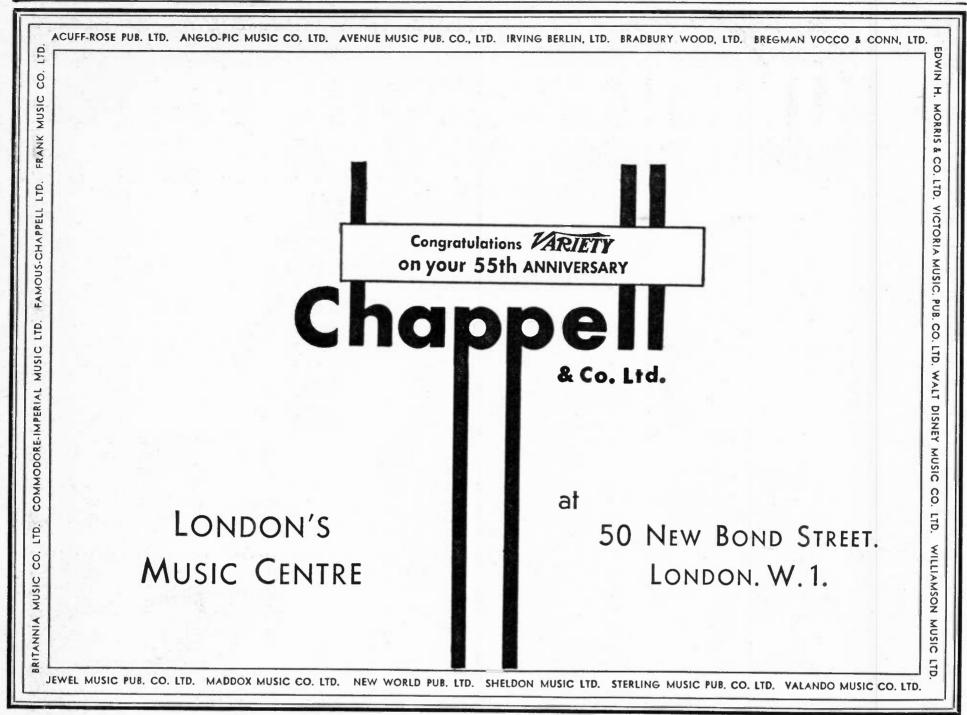




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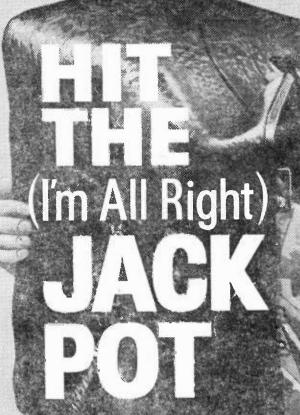
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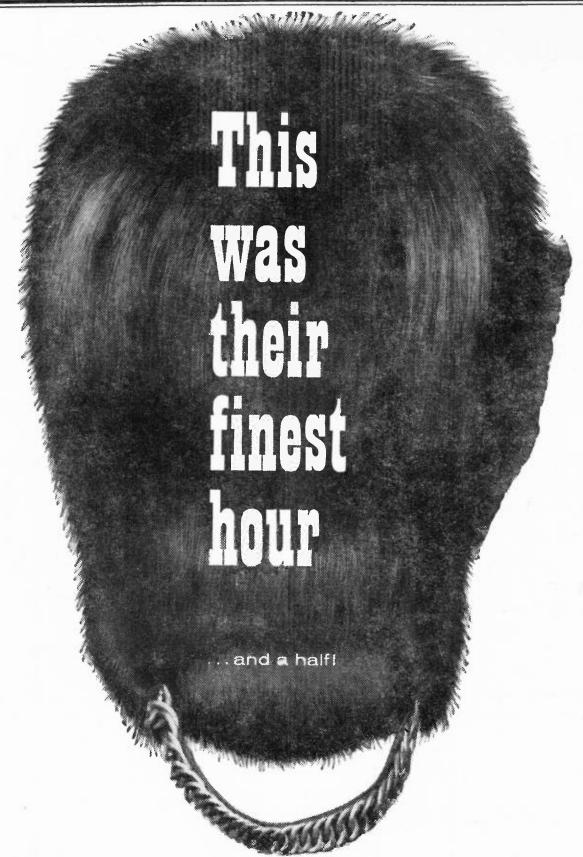
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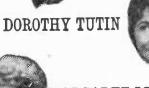


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Aussie's Problems

(Continued from page 173)

has been achieved in remarkable fashion in the principal cities of Australia. To what degree this policy can be extended to provincial centres remains to be proved.

The policy of specialization calls for substantial additional capital outlay in remodelling and equipping theatres and a brand new kind of thinking in marketing each individual attraction.

My own company, in keeping with other principal circuits in Australia, is well-advanced in its program for converting its metropolitan houses to the new pattern.

At this moment of writing, "Porgy & Bess" (Columbia) is receiving presentation comparable to the highest international standards and the results have been most gratifying. By the time this issue of Variety appears, the Greater Union Circuit will have launched "Spartacus." (Universal) also on a hard-ticket policy.

In this new pattern of enterprise the important thing, as I see it, is the cementing of exhibitor-distributor-producer relationship. It is becoming a very close partnership in which there must exist mutual confidence, understanding, and unity of purpose.

and unity of purpose.

Greater Union is very proud of its long history of harmonious association with its principal suppliers and it is due largely to this that results have been to the satisfaction of all parties.

And so whilst the overall scene for 1961 is still clouded with many uncertainties, there are powerful reasons for stating that the motion picture will remain a dominant force in the life of the Australian community. It will always have something to offer superior in quality and more deeply satisfying than any other form of amusement.

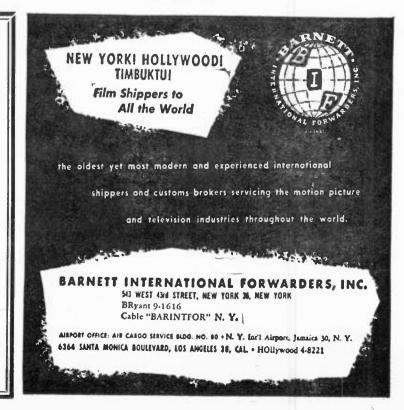
It is with this conviction that my organization welcomes 1961 as a year of new opportunities for restoring a measure of prosperity and stability to the motion picture industry in Australia.

Mad for Danes

German filmites have heretofor ad a thing for Swedish players.

had a thing for Swedish players. Zarah Leander and Kristina Soederbaum, to name two, were domestic top stars in the 1940s. At present, German film producers seem to "have it" with Danes.

Berlin's Kurt Ulrich gave Boyd Bachmann, Danish comedian and musician, the leading part in his comedy, "Topsy-Turvy." Vivi Bach, a cutie from Copenhagen, who has already portrayed several minor roles portrayed in German pix, has the female lead in the currently made "We Will Never Part," an Alfa production. This film features Jan and Kjeld, Danish juve guitarists and singers, who are also featured in same company's "O Sole Mio." Ann Smyrner, another Danish beauty, has found beaucoup employment in German pix. Same goes for Nina and Frederic, the Dansh calypso duo.



R'n'R and Payola Still With The Music Biz; ASCAP Hassles; Diskeries' All 33-RPM Move

year that rock 'n' roll was slated to be flattened by the comeback by 'good music." Rock 'n' roll was as big as ever at the year's end, albeit with a strong country & western flavor.

It was the year that payola was supposed to have been buried in the wake of the Congressional exposures late in 1959. The payola boys were reportedly doing business at the same old stand despite the edicts, ukases and decrees of the Federal Trade Commission.

It was the year that the disk biz was supposed to reach the \$500,-000,000 gross mark after climbing steadily for the past 10 years. But the first year of the new decade saw the advance grind slowly to a halt with a possibility that the 1960 take will not exceed the gross of the previous year once all the re-

It was the year that peace was to be established in the American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers via a new consent order which went into effect at the outset of 1960. But when the first dividend was paid under the new order in October, one of the loudest squawks ever heard in ASCAP's long chronicle of internal stress sounded from coast-to-coast and in every tier of writer, from the newevery tier of writer, from the new-comers to the superdreadnaught from another direction. Industry

class.

If the expected didn't happen, the unexpected did. It was a year for comics-on-wax and pic themes; for percussion; and, of course, Elvis Presley, who came out of the Army last March and resumed right where he left off two years year with their new "compact" 33s right where he left off two years previously as the most spectacular phenomenon in the history of the powerful promotion campaign that

The single record business, which lic acceptance.

The music biz failed to run according to form in 1960. It was the past few years, reached the critical phase last year. Sales of hits have fallen to dangerously low levels. With the exception of a few sides with sensational appeal, click disks are now lucky to reach the 500,000 marker. Most of the hits even fail to get over the 200,000 level and the figure keeps shrinking.

Sundry Reasons

The underlying causes for the ential between a 98c single and a \$3.98 LP is too small and hence

The "Top 40" formula, which is now the basic format of virtually every indie station in the country, also makes the purchase of a hit disk unnecessary since the kids can listen to what they want virtually any time of the day or night.

Finally, the vogue of transistor radios and tape recorders among the well-heeled juves also has cut sharply into single sales. In fact, among some segments of the teen-agers, anybody buying a disk is considered to be a "square" in view of the "for-free" angles of hearing the bestsellers.

All-33 RPM Platters

A new try to bring back the sinexecs hope that a change in speed from 45 rpm to a new type of 33 rpm single will help inject some excitement in the business. While the 33 rpm single has been out is slated to be accompanied by a may give the 33 rpm singles a pubBy HERM SCHOENFELD

ing, the package market was really laughing it up last year. From out of nowhere, Bob Newhart, an obscure comic, broke through with his "Button Down Mind of Bob Newart" and considerably bright-ened the picture for the Warner Bros. label.

Newart was preceded on the bestseller lists by another "new singles slump are varied. Some wave" comic, Shelley Berman, execs believe that the price differ-whose "Outside" and "Inside" LPs proved to be powerful sellers for Verve Records. The latter label encourages LP sales at the expense of singles.

The "Top 40" formula, which is

The "Top 40" formula, which is bestsellers of the year were Dave Gardner's "Rejoice Dear Hearts" under the RCA Victor banner and Woody Woodbury's "Looks At Life and Love" for the indie Stereo-Oddities label. Via the comedy route, the "spoken word" disk, once an item for the longhair trade via poetry recitations, succeeded in the commercial arena.

The 'Percussion' Cycle

Another LP cycle in 1960 became evident in the flock of percussion albums. This was sparked by Enoch Light's "Persuasive Percussion" clicks for the Command label with the Terry Snyder orch, for the Manager of the Snyder orch, and the single field. For the source of th a normat which was given the maximum flattery by being imitated by virtually every other label in the business. One of the key factors on the percussion front tors on the percussion front was the new interest in hi-fi sounds. Each percussion set was arranged shrinking market. for sound gimmicks so that customers would be getting their money's worth of stereo effects.

the titles were no block to the pic songs and scores being cut in bulk and hitting with a remarkably high average this year.

Among the big pic songs in 1960

Among the big pic songs in 1960 were the themes from "The Apartment," "Exodus," "The Alamo" ("Green Leaves of Summer"), "The Sundowners," "The Unforgiven," "The Dark At The Top of The Stairs," "Never On Sunday," "Summer Place," and others.

The higgest new name to emerge

The biggest new name to emerge in the disk biz last year was Brenda Lee, a 15-year old songstress from Nashville who came up with a string of hits for Decca, includ-ing "I'm Sorry," "Sweet Nothin's" and "I Want To Be Wanted." The year's other big names, such as Presley, Bobby Darin, Connie Francis, Paul Anka, Lloyd Price, Darin, Connie the Everly Bros., Ricky Nelson, Brook Benton, and others were holdovers from previous years. A newcomer, Bryan Hyland, came through with the biggest novelty hit of the year with "Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka-Dot Bikini" on the Kapp label.

Presley, natch was the year's bigget sellon and need the PCA

dustry in which a couple of hundred labels are competing for a

money's worth of stereo effects.

Along with comics and percussion, motion picture music had one sion, motion picture music had one of its most successful years in 1960.

Along with comics and percussion, motion picture music had one spread disk counterfeiting racket in this country. In the past, pubgross, will be for a strong national

While the singles were languish- | when every film had a title song, | disk companies which failed to pay even if it came out like "Woman royalties on copyrighted tunes and Disputed, I Love You." This year, attorney Julian T. Abeles, in behalf of the Harry Fox office (trustee for the Music Publishers Protective Assn.) obtained numerous court victories over shady diskers who attempted to duck the provisions of the compulsory licensing provision of the Copyright Act.

In recent months, however, a new wrinkle of outright disk for-gery, in which the original label of hit disks are copied and sold as the real McCoy has come into the spotlight. The probes into the counterfeiting racket, originally sparked by the American Record Manufacturers & Distributors Assn. have led to arrests in New York, Philadelphia, Bergen County, N. J., and Los Angeles. In each case, thousands of copies of forged hit singles and LPs were being funnelled into the market via legitimate retail stores who were willing to buy hot goods at a good discount. ARMADA prexy Art Talmadge said the counterfeiters "were betting on horses after they had won" and were draining a minimum \$20,000,000 c. minimum \$20,000,000 a year from the industry.

That figure has since been revised sharply upwards in light of a new belief that bigtime racketeers have moved into the disk counterfeiting field since it's lucrative and comparatively safe method of making a fast buck. The safety derives from the fact that there is no pro-tection for disks in the Federal Copyright Act and also from the rinking market.

Diskleggers

Probably the most disagreeable

diversity of laws in the various states that cover trademark infringement. One of the big cru-It was a throwback to the time lishers were mostly concerned with law to curb the bogus diskmakers.

What Have You Written Lately?

By L. WOLFE GILBERT

songmakers, like this query. "What have you written lately?"

Fisher, Akst, Ager, Leslie and Irving Berlin, it was nothing for us money, but there was a pride of authorship.

Many of these songs are still door of public domain, and quite single records have rock 'n' roll to a few have already succumbed.

Vaudeville was the exposure media then and there was no radio oldies." or television and no ASCAP nor

The famous Douglas-Lincoln debates and the recent Kennedy-Nixon face-to-facers are not to be not receptive. Or on occasion we compared with the debates in our are told your song is too good for trade as to what or who is to the present market. blame for the current scarcity of blame for the current scarcity of this great debate. Where are the songs of the new embryonic grandiose stage musicals are sup-writers?. Are they encouraged? plying fine words and melodies to Whom have these publishers dishelp fill the vacuum.

the songs of longevity are absent from the best seller charts. Have they lost the knack? or, are they so secure, that they are just lax

I've heard it said that the arrival of ASCAP - and the Supreme Court decision providing payments to us for standard songs of vintage, when used for public performance for profit-acted as a deterrent, and hence we did not woo the muse. We stayed with the oldies.

Writing, theme and exploitation songs for motion pictures and television shows have given some of us an avenue to write something current, but the ever-lovin' pop

songs, and their earnings.

I'm sorry, but I don't go along with that. I know we still have the In the old 28th St. days of Tin skill, but we do not have the mar-Pan Alley and Von Tilzer, Fred ket. The other side of the medal-Fisher, Akst. Ager, Leslie and Irvof great catalogs (who do not enjoy the pride of authorship), as fellers to write a song a day. We cold business men, reap the hareven listen half of the time.

I heard one of the top music pub-lishers say: "Why gamble with a new one; the old ones are still with with us, some are knocking at the us, true and tried, and while the provide new material, the single quicker listen than we vets do. is on the wane, and the albums are surfeited with the good staple

> Paraphrasing, the lovely Rodgers & Hart song, "With A Song In My Heart," this writer says "With A Song In My Head." It never gets to be heard because the market is

Spectre of PD's

more a year via ASCAP, set aside 5, or even 10% to publish and exploit new songs, either by new or established writers. Even if this investment of budgeted money did Hollywood. Ing in disguise, gives us an excuse not bring in profits, it would re-to bask in the limelight of the old plenish the diminishing catalogs and encourage writers.

I may be dreaming in a fool's paradise, but wouldn't it be someparadise, but wouldn't it be something if the bosses instructed their any form—au naturel, with blinis, may like it served in different contact men to contact writers of or otherwise? Caviar is caviar and forms than others. It is still music, every description and solicit new has universal appeal. Music has an aesthetic feast that satisfies compositions.

It's ironic that the amateur or fellers to write a song a day. We cold business men, reap the harpeddled them up and down the vest and are cool to new ditties. veteran: "How do you get the pubstreet, not only to acquire eating The fact is, they are reluctant to lishers to listen to my songs?" I have to tell him, that the recognized reputable writer has as difficult a time of it, as you do.

Again, look at the list of current hits and we might get to believe that the new writer gets a

writers. Jack Yellen, Sammy Cahn, Harry Ruby, et al, and myself can still keep our lyric hand in action, by writing parodies for Friars, Lambs and Masquers dinners. We're back to where we started.

This is getting kind of repeti-tious, so as Cohan said: "Leave them laughing, when you say good-bye." And also to ease the tension of this great debate and to keep I go further in my contention in the big publishers from being mad spin a varn and

Some years ago, the late Walter Donaldson and I wrote a sad song, ing the obvious fact that the spectre of public domain hangs over the low out his handkerchief D their repertoire, and in time will deplete, if not vitiate, their copyrights.

The great big American enterprises have developed what is known as institutional advertising, which does not necessarily bring got a change are volu cray? plays.

The distribution in the radio and television have been the responsible for increasing interest in music, reflected in the tremendous volume of sales of recordings with the cordinate of the radio and television have been the responsible for increasing interest in music, reflected in the tremendous volume of sales of recordings which does not necessarily bring got a change are volu cray? plays a change are volu cray? plays a change are volume and its proposition of the radio and television have been the responsible for increasing interest in music, reflected in the tremendous volume of sales of recordings which does not necessarily bring got a change are volume and its proposition. which does not necessarily bring got a chance, are you crazy? playnew revenue. Plus this, they refurbish their plants. All this is written off for expansion and good written of for expansion and written off for expansion and good know he's allergic to golden rod? will.

ON MOTION PICTURE MUSIC

By DIMITRI TIOMKIN

Hollywood.

Can I help it if I like caviar in

They always want too much music. A producer will say "Here we quire "Why?" Herring is not served with each course. Too much There's one consolation for lyric seems to think that music will covdoesn't.

The constant complaint is that composer has no control over dub-bing. They always play up the message that the musician or combrass, than in the theatre the audience curses the composer under

Perhaps music appeals to more Joyment,

During the past several decades

music is scoring greater popularity How do you like your caviar? through broader knowledge than ever before.

universal appeal. I like music, too. do. Tennyson expressed the pre-Like caviar, it should be distin-guished by quality, not quantity. Producers have different ideas. music, therefore never built at all, and therefore built forever."

In no other field can so many people participate and bring enjoymust have music" and I always in- ment than in music. The successful teacher, composer, musician, conductor receives recognition giving him great personal satisfaction. is too much. Yet the producer Other professions have disciplines just as rigid as that of a career er up the picture's mistakes. It musician. The writer writes in loneliness, the physicist and chemist works tediously over the years to perfect a theory, but they do music is not loud enough. The not reach out to people bringing poser or conductor can do.

People of other lands love the same music the people of America its breath. The quality is lost in love; perhaps they are fond of volume. 10 snaring the people than herring. It can be a cultivated taste, but generally I method of bringing about interna-But expert craftsmen who wrote lately. Where or when have they unearthed a potential se songs of longevity are absent or method for second lately. Where or when have they unearthed a potential second lately wister as as song, feel that music is a part of the national scene of all countries. Whether the music is the drumbeat should like to see a musical content of the professional manager for the professional manager mitted it to Phil Kornheiser, the then professional manager for Feist. Walter sat down at the piano in the jungle or the sophisticated very four years, just as the Olympic Games I contend these publishers are secure but short sighted, overlookfriendly meetings, presenting compositions, choral groups, orchestras, chamber music, representamusical taste in America has tive of each country. National changed. The motion picture and competitions are now held in Euthe radio and television have been rope, such as the Eistedfodd in responsible for increasing interest Wales, or the music festivals on the Continent but they are too

song is conspicuous by its absence.

So the argument prevails that the sense of security, while a bless-lisher, who earns \$1,000,000 or ten lately?"

Phil has hay fever."

So there—"What have you written lately?"

creasingly more sophisticated music. Record attendance at symquality all three must have to be phony concerts is evidence that palatable.

How Shall The Life and Terms Of Copyright Be Extended?

By HERMAN FINKELSTEIN (General Attorney For ASCAP)

Almost everyone who has studied | this was extended to a period of the subject will agree that our half-century old copyright law is in need of revision. The movement for revision was given a great im-petus by the late Register of Copy-rights. Arthur Ficher, who coursed rights, Arthur Fisher, who caused a series of studies to be prepared on almost every phase of the copyright law. No greater monument could be erected to his memory. Those studies reflect credit on the architect of the survey as well as on those who actually did the digging and assembled the material. No copyright reference library will be complete without these essays as the very core.

These studies do not attempt to take sides on the many controversial aspects of copyright revision. That approach was reserved to the partisans. It is difficult for anyone who has spent much time in this realm, to remain aloof from or another of the areas of debate.

Assuming that the jukebox issue will be decided before we attempt general revision of the law, the next important controversy concern the term of copyright. Is it appropriate to extend the term of copyright for works such as symphonies, which may fail to at-tain popularity until decades after their creation and debut, or for such great contributions to our national literary or musical life as Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind," John Philip Sousa's "Stars and Stripes" and other stirring marches, George M. Cohan's "Over There," Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," Irving Berlin's "God Bless America" and "White Christmas," to name but a few. Can we begrudge these authors any period of copyright that they may ask for within reason?

What is a reasonable time for copyright ownership to continue? Owners of other forms of property enjoy their rights forever. No one questions the unlimited period of ownership as applied to realestate and movable things such as jewels, furniture, shares of stock etc. Why should there be this difference in the two forms of property? Do the owners of tangible property contribute more to Society than those who create what is called "intellectual property"? Or does ownership of the product of one's mind run counter to the social good in ways that do not apply to ownership acquired by brawn or stealth or inheritance?

Needn't Be In Perpetuity

Authors do not ask that they shall be permitted to enjoy perpetual ownership of the works they create. They readily accept the constitutional mandate that the term of statutory protection for term of statutory protection for their works shall be limited. The question is: What is a reasonable limit? Is the 56-year maximum provided for in the 1909 law adequate in the year 1961? Would the public suffer if the term were extended? Would a term of 80 years be too long — or a term measured by the author's life and measured by the author's life, and continuing for 50 years after his death? If the author leaves his rights to a university or some other recognized charitable, religious or educational institution, would it not be appropriate to extend the term of copyright for the exclusive benefit of such institutions even beyond that which private interests may enjoy?

We must first ask: How did it happen that the term of copyright was fixed at 56 years in 1909 rather, to be exact, at two terms of 28 years each (the second 28year period being conditional upon applying for a renewal of copyright during the last year of the initial term?) We must go overseas to find the answer. Our copyright law was borrowed from the British. In 1710, in the reign of Queen Anne, the first copyright law was passed. New property rights were being created. The law provided for a term of 14 years, with a right of renewal for an additional 14 years under certain conditions.

Tracing developments in Great Britain since the days of Queen Anne, we find that in 1814, the period was extended to cover the author's lifetime if the author survived the 28-year term. In 1842

7 years after the author's death, or 42 years after first publication, whichever was longer. In 1911, the British abandoned the ancient method of measuring the term of copyright from the date of publication, and it then provided that copyright shall endure for the author's life and 50 years after his death. This was reaffirmed in the revision of 1956. In having a term of life and 50 years, the British are in accord with the pattern prevailing in practically all of the world's democracies, except the United States and the Philippines.

Our first copyright law of 1790 provided for the same period of protection as the Statute of Anne two terms of 14 years each. Additional periods of 14 years were added—in 1831, increasing the original term to 28 years (28 plus 14) and in 1909, increasing the renewal term to 28 years (28 plus

While we were a young nation, confronted with the need of devoting our energies to the physical task of spanning the continent, building waterways, taming the wilderness and achieving industrial supremacy, there was little time for the arts. Entertainment of the public was not a big business. It was felt important that the limited time available for reading should not be further limited by the high price of books. Copyright protec-tion was considered in some quarters as a reason for such high prices.

As a means of keeping down the price of books we did two things: one, we freely pirated the works of authors of other countries until this was stopped by the law of 1891, and two, we kept the period of copyright protection for our own authors down to a minimum—only 42 years from 1831 to 1909, and then increased by only

Now It's Big Business

Today, books are only one relatively small part of the giant enter-tainment industry. Other segments are radio, television, motion pictures, recordings on disk and tape, jukeboxes, places of live entertainment such as hotels, night clubs and dancehalls, and places employing background music, such as supermarkets, factories and dining establishments.

The price of books or records; the charge to an experimental content of the charge to a charge to the charge

the charge to an advertiser for 'time on the air'; the charge for admission to a theatre or night spot, is never affected by the copyright status of the material used. Paperbacks cost the same whether they are reprints of ancient classics or recent bestsellers; a recording af a work in the public domain sells for the same price as a new work. The charge for food is not affected by the copyright status

of the soothing background music. Thus the ultimate consumer does not benefit when a work falls into the public domain. But what happnes to the author and his family? They no longer receive royalties on such works. It is as if a time were to be fixed when a person who bought or inherited securities could no longer claim dividends. The effect on the owner is exactly the same. It has been suggested that if there were as many authors as there are owners of other forms of property they would not have their properties forfeited when their fruits are often most desperately needed.

The Not-So-Good Die Young

When we talk about extending the term of copyright, we are not concerned with potboilers, or nov-elties that have no survival value, They are buried quickly and unceremoniously. The public is sufficiently discriminating to discard second-rate works. Thus the authors of the enduring classics of literature or music - and their families - are the only ones who would benefit from an extended term of copyright. Their are the only works which survive beyond 56 years. Their works do more for the genuine happiness and advancement of our nation than almost any other product of individual initiative.

Otto Harbach has been writing for about six decades. Some of his



LAWRENCE WELK

Has still another smash new Dot Single!"
"CALCUTTA" — Hottest Welk 'click" in his recording history!

early works were first published more than 56 years ago. Is there any reason why the author of such outstanding songs as "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," "Indian Love Call," "Love Nest," "Rose Marie," "Who," and hundreds of others should forfeit his earlier works (those more than 56 years old) during his lifetime? Is there any reason why the daughters of John Philip Sousa should be called upon to surrender the right to receive royalties earned by his works? Anyone familiar with our musical or literary life could add thousands additional examples of un fairness to those who have a right to share in profits earned by the use of their properties.

Case of Mary Baker Eddy

Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of the Christian Science Church, through her writings, brought comfort and solace to the millions of her followers. Her last work was published in 1905. She died five years later at the age of 89, leaving her literary works, I believe, to the Christian Science Church. If the term of copyright were fixed at life and 50 years, her works would fall into the public domain in 1960. If the term of copyright were extended for an additional period for the benefit of the religious institution which was the object of her bounty, it would help to carry on her good work, and would not injure the public in any way.

It will be urged that an extension of the term of copyright will only benefit the authors's assignees, rather than the author himself, or his loved ones after his death. This can be taken care of by adequate legislation designed to safeguard the author in his old age, and his family after his death.

There have been many suggestions ranging from statutory provisions for conditioning the rights of assignees upon the continued payment of equitable compensation, or by limiting the period for which an assignment may be made by the author to a specified number of years. As long as the term of copyright is limited, authors' rights are being affected by special legis-lation. If such legislation is appropriate to limit the period during which authors may enjoy their rights it seems equally appropriate to enact special legislation to safeguard fully the enjoyment of such rights by the authors and the objects of their bounty.

Well, He Has a Point

When Hungarian - American concert pianist Ardor Foldes was playing a series of con-certs in London recently, he went to a swank Saville Row tailor to have a tuxedo made. The tailor explained haughtilly that his shop made the tails for the Duke of Windsor.

Foldes explained his special needs, for a tux that would sit well at the piano, and returned for a fitting. Despite his in-structions, the suit was tai-lored instead in what the shopkeeper referred to as "the style the Duke of Windsor al-ways wears."

Foldes angrily commented that he had left special instructions for cutting, adding, "The Duke of Windsor doesn't play

"Sir," came the eyebrow-lifted reply, "The Duke of Windsor doesn't have to."

Dummy Title

By IRA GERSHWIN

(As he details in his "Lyrics on Several Occasions" (Knopf; \$5), the lyricist-collaborator of brother George Gershwin's melodies has much inside stuff on songsmithing. Ira Gershwin reiterates how a "Dummy Title" — Tin Pan Alley euphemism for a wordsmith's technique of getting the proper meter to a tune, until the "real" title eventuates—stood him in good stead on two occasions.-Ed.).

After my brother played me a 16-bar tune which he thought might be the start of something for Sportin' Life in the Picnic scene, I asked for a lead sheet (the simple vocal line); and to remember the rhythm and accents better, I wrote across the top a dummy title—the first words that came to my mind: "It ain't necessarily so." (I could just as well have written "An order of bacon and eggs." "Tomorrow's the 4th of July," "Don't ever sell Telephone short"—anything—the sense didn't matter. All I required was a phrase which accented the second, fifth, and eighth syllables to halp me remember the rhythm.) to help me remember the rhythm.)

Struggling for two days with the tune, I came up with no eurekan notion. Then I remembered I had once written a dummy title kan notion. Then I remembered I had once written a dummy title to a Vincent Youmans melody when we were working on "Two Little Girls in Blue," and a couple of days later Youmans asked if I had finished the song, I told him I hadn't as yet got a title. Youmans: "What do you mean? It's called 'Oh, Me, Oh, My, Oh, You.'" Me: "But that was only my dummy title." Nevertheless, Youmans insisted that he was crazy about that particular title— which was fine with me, because I couldn't think of anything else—and the song turned out to be the most repulser in the show. song turned out to be the most popular in the show.

So I began to explore the possibilities of this dummy title. At one point I decided that troublemaker Sportin' Life, being among a group of religious Sons-and-Daughters-of-Repent-Ye-Saith-the-Lord picnickers, might try to startle them with a cynical and irreligious attitude. And what would certainly horrify his auditors would be his saying that some accounts in the Bible weren't necessarily so. Once I had the rhymes "Bible—li'ble" and "Goliath—dieth," I felt I was probably on the right track. George agreed. He then improvished the scat sounds, "Wa-doo, Zim bam boodle-oo." Together, in a week or so, we worked out the rather unusual construction of this point. construction of this peice, with its limerick musical theme the crowd responses, the lush melodic middle, and the "ain't nessa, ain't nessa" coda. Happily, in all the years that the song has been around, I have received only one letter remarking on its possible

'EXCLUSIVE RECORDING RIGHTS'

By STANLEY ROTHENBERG

Congress enacted the Copyright found in the following case. Sir Law to protect authorship and Thomas Beecham and the Royal including Thomas Jefferson and the authors of "The Federalist," Alexander Hamilton Alexander Hamilton, John

proprietor. In addition, certain other creators were given the benefit of copyright; for example, photographers and motion picture producers. Neighbors to such authors, namely, performers, recording companies and broadcasters, have by and large not yet been reached by the Copyright Law or analogous statutory protection. The courts, however have found the Common Law sufficiently resilient to cope with most prob-

For example, the Metropolitan Opera performed exclusively for the American Broadcasting Co. and Columbia Records. Wagner-Nichols Recorder Corp., without consent of any of them, made recordings of broadcast perform-ances of the Metropolitan and sold them to the public. The trial court granted a preliminary injunction against defendant Wagner-Nichols on the theory that the performances constituted a "property right" which was entitled to protection. The court stated further example, in the case of Columbia Records, defendants's acts interfered as plainly as if it had per-suaded Metropolitan to break its contract by giving defendant the privilege of recording its performances. The Appellate Division affirmed the order of the trial judge on the grounds of misappropriation and protection of property interests.

If Metropolitan's performances had not been broadcast over the ABC network but had been given by the Metropolitan expressly for, and had been paid for by, Wagner-Nichols, how would Columbia's case have shaped up? According to the trial judge Columbia would have had standing on the basis of "unjustifiable interference with contractual rights." The Appellate Division, however, did not appear to rely on this ground.

Perhaps clarification can be grants.

promote publishing. The year was Philharmonic entered into an ex-1790, at which time the Government contained many men of the ment with Columbia Records. Sir Thomas thereafter conducted the Philharmonic for the soundtrack of the motion picture "Tales of Jay and James Madison.

With the extension, beyond merely publishing of lucrative uses of authorship, the Copyright Law was amended. Thus were dra
Thomas, the Philharmonic, and Comatizations, public performances of music and phonograph recordings, among others, also subjected to the control of the copyright

substitute of the copyright of the copyright graph records.

such as the taking of the Metropolitan's broadcast performance, was inapplicable. Consequently, plaintiffs' action would appear to have depended upon "unjustifiable interference with contractual rights." Interference is interference and that would seem to have been plain by virtue of Columbia's prior exclusive agreement. the emphasis had to be placed on the term "unjustifiable." The the term judge said, however, that bad faith on the part of Decca was not shown. We therefore observe that interference which will be enjoined is unjustifiable interference and this means bad faith. And, conversely, in the absence of a showing of bad faith, interference will not be enjoined.

How then shall a recording company with an exclusive agreement with an artist protect itself? copyright, when one acquires an tection. The court stated further that the action could also be sustained upon the ground of unjustifiable interference with contractual rights of the plaintiffs Metropalitan ARC and Columbia: for politan, ABC and Columbia; for Timely recordation, however, constitutes notice and will defeat the subsequent purchaser.

Prior to the submission of this article a trial judge granted a temporary injunction against the second record company on the theory that everyone knows that artists of a certain stature have exclusive recording agreements. The case is still pending in the courts so it is premature to judge it ultimate significance. Irrespective of its outcome, the case does not provide a solution with respect to the recording artist of lesser stature.

It is submitted that perhaps a central registration bureau is necessary where each record company will deposit a short-form state-ment (approved by the artist) setting forth the duration of the exclusive agreement and any outof-the-ordinary restrictions

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The Cult of Symphony Conductor Worship

Although there may be some naive members of the citizenry who are inclined to regard the portrayal of the orchestra batoneer in Harry Kurnitz' comedy of last season "Once More With Feeling" as an exaggerated lampoon, those most knowledgeable on the subject still consider the Kurnitz characterization as being well on the conservative side. Qualified observers agree with striking unanimity that one of the chief causes of the frequent dissension which seems endemic in American orchestral societies is the phenomenon which has come to be widely known as the Cult of Conductor Worship. The frenetic and in-transigent attitudes which characterize the practitioners of this cult have constituted the shoals upon which the ships of countless symphonic groups have foundered. The case history of the growth of these cults conforms to a more or less typical pattern which may be described as

A city or a community has an orchestra, usually organized by the sweat and tears of a band of resolute founders. It may be newly organized or of years standing, musically good or indifferent, professional or semi-amateur, large or small, or of an infinite number of other variations. Whatever its past history, a time arrives when a new conductor is sought and ultimately engaged. He is likely to turn out to be a foreigner—perhaps a middle European—with a nebulous and never fully defined background of musical experience in various foreign centers. A legend usually precedes his advent, bathing him in a roseate glow of alleged musical achievements. In such cases where he is a native, his agent takes good care to give him a running start over or a build-up to match his European competitors.

A Potentate's Arrival

Comes the day, he moves in with his wife-and sometimes his children. Immediately there is a fanfare of inspired publicity sending the musical community into a tizzy of titillation. For his first entrance into the city (and on frequent entrances thereafter) he insists on being met at the airport with a special car-and, if possible, a police escort. He makes a seemingly triumphant or at least a heroic processional through the streets. Only garlands and flower petals are lacking. Local newspapers feature his every utterance and nuance with tendential stories of his plans and accomplishments. His initial presentations nis pians and accomplishments. His initial presentations are hailed with paens of praise and adulation. Between concerts and during vacations he is often preoccupied with special tours and appearances across the country, to Europe, Asia and even Down Under—sometiues to the downgrading of his home podium. The fact that he may have relatives or inside connections with the musical groups which he conducts in these greats always are considered. groups which he conducts in these spots abroad who are responsible for the "invitations" to conduct there, is omitted or unknown.

Notices of these distant concerts appear in the local papers but only those favorable are reported. Should word of an adverse review leak out, it is brushed off impatiently as in one eastern U. S. city where the conductor of its orchestra rashly ventured a Chicago appearance and came a cropper. When a local society leader was confronted with the fact that the Chicago critics had devastated the maestro, she screamed "What do Chicago critics know about music?"

This attitude is typical and anyone bold enough to dis-

sent is promptly excummunicated from the society of the select and becomes an object of social ostracism.

When the maestro returns from his "interim" peregrinations to his home base, he is feted and lionized by his supporters, especially by the women's auxiliaries which make a fetish of this or any other sort of social obeisance. At these public soirees, his social behavior is invariably in the best Continental hand-kissing tradition. But what goes on backstage is a neanderthal throw-back. One internationally known conductor famed for his finicky eating habits in public, has been known to remove his shoes and employ the Laughton-Henry VIII gorging gambit in the backrooms of his more favored hostesses.

Early in their tenure, these maestri take to calling the city of their current incumbency their "home," which is frequently embroidered upon with profuse professions of loyalty to the local operating base. Few in a corps of conductors will admit (as at least one has done) that he is essentially a "gypsy," always on the move, with a roving eye ever on the next rung up the musical ladder, and subject easily to seduction by the first new job prof-fered which may carry with it more money and, hopefully, greater prestige.

Craves Civic Honors

What the public does not know, of course, is that all of these showings of support by the local big-wigs are carefully planned and arranged from the outset. When a batoneer spreads his tent on each new camping ground, he is careful to single out the persons of wealth and position in the community who are best qualified and able to assist him in acquiring the encomia from which he gains sustenance.

Once he has enlisted this kind of backing he feels safe in exerting pressures in all directions to keep him in his peak position and many crass subterfuges are employed to accomplish this end. In a large Eastern city not long ago, the conductor, a middle-European itinerant, at the instigation of certain powerful individuals in the community was awarded the "most distinguished citizen of the year" citation by a local institution of learning. Among his achievements was cited his "invaluable contributions to the musical welfare of the children of the community."

The fact was that the conductor in question had devoted no effort or attention whatsoever in this direction, but on the contrary was known for his complete disinterest in education and youth and in everything connected with

Among those first to recognize the feet of clay of these conductors are the musicians of the ensemble. Many batoneers in their early appearances with a new orchestra battoneers in their early appearance with a few assemble the members before concerts and harangue them with everything from a fervent pep talk to a religious sermon. The effect of the religious pitch, while impressive at the beginning, soon wears thin in repetition, because the musicians come to recognize quickly the difference between these emotional exhortations and the kind of crass verbal comment and even insult frequently meted out to them during rehearsals.

One maestro, when the honeymoon was over, took to calling his men "termites" at rehearsals, at which an

over-sensitive member, taking it as a personal affront, offered to punch the conductor in the nose.

Another leader, who is notoriously slow with a dollar himself, exhorts the ensemble to forget money and think only of art, although his frau sports a new Parisian haute couture wardrobe each season.

The Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde aspect of this sort of conduct becomes transparent, and the musicians acquire a sardonic attitude, or worse, toward the conductor as a consequence. When the string section of an eastern seaboard orchestra whose maestro took off by air on one of his far-!!ying guest appearances met informally to pray "that his plane crashes" one over-sensitive member protested and refused to join in. His reason was that he wouldn't do that to all those other innocent people on

Musical—Otherwise Ignorant

Basically, the infirmity in the situation is the fact that most conductors are specialists highly skilled in their own field but in nothing else. While most are first rate musicians who devote their lives to their calling, they are totally lacking in the general education, culture and experience which might make them well-rounded personalities. Most are of highly artistic temperaments, but sadly lacking in balance and some are not a little unbalanced when it comes to their work.

If they were to confine themselves to the field which they know best—music, there could be much hope in the situation. The trouble is that their fancied power leads them to interefere not only in the administration of other departments of orchestra groups, but even in the life of the community in which they happen to find themselves. For this, they are usually completely unqualified.

Of Leonard Bernstein, it has been said that while at

Harvard he insisted on pursuing studies not of music but of broad cultural subjects so as to assure himself of a well-rounded character and personality. Few, if any, of his co-workers can be accused of this sort of wisdom and training. Self-aggrandizement is the number one item in the average conductor's lexicon and the raising of what Mischa Elman has called "the level of musical mediocracy" of his orchestra is for most of them a secondary considera-

With American orchestras becoming the big business operations which they now are, with the annual budgets of many running to a half million dollars and more, and with the public being asked increasingly to contribute to their support as indispensible cultural institutions, an orchestra society is far too imposing a project to permit itself to be torn by the vagaries of the individual temperament and passion for aggrandizement of any one person, no matter how knowledgeable he is musically.

A more highly developed sense of relativity on the part of all concerned would be greatly helpful in restoring the balance which so many orchestra societies sorely lack. The sooner boards of directors of orchestra groups come to realize this and refuse to permit orchestral policy to be shaped or warped by the traits and personalities of these glorified wandering minstrels, the sooner such societies will gain public confidence and support and will find themselves in consequence on firmer organizational footing and in sounder and more substantial financial condi-

WANTED: Sincere Singers!

By ARNOLD SHAW.

(Please Post! All High School Bulletin Boards! Please Post!)

If you are a high school student, male, and have never taken a music lesson in your life—this includes vocal instruction as well as lessons on an instrument—we are looking for you!

We supply teenage singers to the recording companies. Today, the demand is tremendous. The opportunities—"golden," as in gold record. Incidentally, do not take the word "student" too literally. You just have to be registered. Ditto for the word "male."

Now, let us tell you how things work. There'll be no surprises, no hidden costs. In fact, you're likely your own handwriting. You can have your ma, pa or uncle do it. Please do not use one of your teachers. They write too legibly. Printing is good—the worse, the better. Recording people want natural talent.

The first thing we do is make a demo on your singing. Some worried publisher or eager writer pays for this. You see-you start earning money right away. In fact, this is a very dangerous stage in the life of an ambitious young singer. Many a promising vocalist has actually been trapped in demo singing.

If you are signed by a record company, you pay all recording costs—like arrangements, copying, musicians, overtime, etc. Of course, the record company lays out the money. But they deduct it from your artist royalty. Regardless of how many records they sell, you invariably end up owing them

check this many times. It always comes out the same. So it must be right.

Demo singers? They don't worry about anything, except how to park their Cadillacs in midtown Manhattan. Of course, making demos lacks glamor. And these days, new, young singing sensations come up faster than disk jockies discard new record releases. And that's pretty fast, as the Tin Pan Alley consumption of miltown and bufferin would reveal.

Once the a&r guy has heard your demos, he usually wants to see what you look like. Okay, we have this covered. A&r men are allergic to youngsters with their hidden costs. In fact, you're likely to end up owing the Government back taxes. Some famous singers have. And by the way, you don't have to fill out the application in your own handwriting. You can the properties of the come to our office 10 minutes because the come to our office 1 fore your appointment, and, presto, you walk out looking like a young hood. That's what sells them, You look sincere.

Don't Handicap Yourself!

Now, you're set for a record date. And there, there's nothing to worry about either. No prepara-tion at all is necessary. In fact, they don't let you see the tunes you are going to record in advance. Once, a young singer we handled cribbed copies of the songs and learned them ahead of time. He knew the words. He even got the melodies down pat. It was the worst recording session we've ever attended. The kid sounded phony, insincere, polished.

No, you come to the date like you go to an exam-unprepared. Then, after the musicians and the vocal group are assembled—and everybody is anxiously watching the clock—the arranger hands out money. We've had our accountants copies of the songs. Just to set

words. They supply a guy to read them to you. And the notes? Don't let them bother you for a second. They don't want you to read those! That's how you make a great record—when you're off. Not far off, mind you. But like the vocal group and the band are working in one key and you're just half a key lower. Actually, higher is better. Then your voice has a great cutting edge. And the record sounds more sincere.

From here, things really begin to go. The a&r guys take the record to a sales meeting. The salesmen flip and allocate quantities. These are sent to the distributors, who flip and allocate them to the stores. The stores flip, and they send in reports to the tradepapers. The tradepapers have a couple of sold-but your disk goes up and up and up.

Then, things become real interesting. You get booked into the Copa. You get a movie contract. (Nobody wants to see the old stars, like Frankie Lyman or Elvis Presley.) You go to Hollywood. You become an item in the gossip columns-and soon they're naming combination sandwiches after you at Reuben's and The Brown Derby. The junior type, of course.

The main thing is-don't wait! By the time a guy gets out of high school, he's really too old for this game. He may know some-thing about singing, acting, talking, dressing, or even reading and writing. Then, it's too late.

Remember, it does not matter if you are awkward, mixed-up, or tone deaf. It's sincerity that counts. If you have it, send your applica-

tion immediately to: The Sincere Talent Agency

your mind at ease—you won't have problems about reading the problems about reading the large transfer of the purply a give to read As Prophecies Fall on Their Faces

By JIM WALSH

What makes the song so hilarious to anyone hearing it now is the lyricist's prediction that when hoped he was writing for posterity, years before. "Darkeys" (bad word!) would still be hunting 'possums 'mid cotton blossoms (did they ever?); "mammies" would still be contentedly singing "Old Black Joe" as they toiled in their exhibits rickerning would. their cabins; pickaninnies would be prancing, old folks dancing, banjos plinking — you know the routine!

The author emphatically did not foresee the NAACP, changes in the words of Stephen Foster's songs for air use, integration, sitins, pray-ins, and all the others that have happened to blazon resentment at "Uncle Tom" status. As somebody remarked, "About all that has remained unchanged in the South is that you still have to pay a poll tax to vote."

When the Brill Building boys got nowhere. Columbia issued it squint earnestly into the future and try to foresee the shape of things to come they usually fall flat on their lyrics.

| When the Billin Building Boys and State of the Sterling Trio and Issue in 1918, sung by the Sterling Trio and John Meyer. The label credits it only to "Gottler," but since Co-Most amusing example of a Tin lumbia records frequently omitted Pan Alley Nostradamus calling the lyric writer's name chances are them wrong is a ditty which came out in 1918, titled "In 1960 You'll Find Dixie Looking Just the Same." Song stemmed from the cidentally. Gottler who was are the words were done by the late Sidney D. Mitchell, who worked Archie Gottler in those days. Incidentally. Gottler who was been cidentally. impression that the original in 1896, composed one of the better "Dixie" was written in 1858, thus 1918 was its 60th birthday. Ac- Love You." when he was 19 or 20. tually, the composer, Daniel Decatur Emmett, said he wrote the great Civil War melody, loved by North and South alike, late in 1859.

Love 10u. When he was 15 of 20. Even earlier, as a precocious 18-year-old, he had fashioned a successful comic song dealing with the World War I, "I'm Glad My Wife's in Europe, For She Can't Get Back to Me." Gel Back to Me.

1960 rolled around nothing in the but his ditty is not even listed in South would be changed from 100 the ASCAP Index of Performed

certain years.

Exceptions are "In 1939," by Harold Raymond and Al Stillman; "In 1938 They're Gonna Let Me Free," by Dick Sanford; "In 1922," by the late Arthur Fields and Fred Hall, and "In 1999," by the equally late Al Bernard. The Bernard classic was written in 1924, when "mammy" songs were scourging the nation. With what must have then seemed starry-eyed and unjustified optimism, he proclaimed, "They won't write any 'mammy' songs in 1999." Those still around Apparently only one record was made of the "1960" song, which p. olnostication.

Another Boff Year for Brit. Disk Biz As Mfrs.' Gross Sales Climb to \$40-Mil.

By ERNIE PLAYER

It has been another boffo year for disks in Britain. Final financial addup by the Board of Trade is expected to show that even the peak year of 1957 has been outgrossed: certain it is, anyhow, that the 1959 total has been topped. The '59 manufacturers' sales hit \$38,125,000 (consumer expenditure, taking into account the Government's sales tax, was around \$69,000,000) while in 1957 the figure was just under \$39,500,000.

The year's disk setup was marked by the foldo of the Top Rank label's own distribution arrangement locally and the entry of the Warner Bros. label earn remark. If 1960 earns any kind of tag, it might be that of end of the For the 78 rpm platter has virtually disappeared by now. Back in January, the number produced was a meager 324,000 as compared with 1,757,000 a year earlier, and the decline has been increasingly marked since. It is, of course, the 45 rpm which has taken over, while the diskeries' efforts to encourage the buying of 33 rpm longplays by means of cutprice campaigns have certainly borne fruit. Official breakdowns don't detail the degree to which stereo has contributed to the overall upswing, but in general terms sales are buoyant.

The Top Rank move to hand over distribution to the Electric & Musical Industries Ltd., emphasizes once again that distribution is the key to success in the local market. A lack of linkup with one of the existing majors can automatically be assumed to mean failure or just fringe business. If, with its own wholesale house and with the backing of its theatre chain, the Rank Organization couldn't break through, it might well be asked who could?

The only outfits that stand as exceptions to the rule and really make a solid impression outside the giants-meaning EMI and Decca Records, which grab about 80% of the business between them are Pye and Philips which have direct-to-retailer marketing schemes in operation. Pye, in particular, with alert fieldwork and exploitation and some catchy special lines, is holding its own more than somewhat. In addition, the Gala label of the Music & Plastic Industries group is doing okay, using chain stores, druggists and other nonspecialized outlets.

The Warner Bros. label, which is handled by Decca here, has made a promising start. In particu-lar its Everly Bros. platters have caught the teenage fancy, with more than one of the boys' num-bers figuring in the top 10. In which context, it may be noted that the most consistent seller of the year, thanks to the jeanagers, has been the local beat boy Cliff Richard (Columbia), while Elvis Presley (RCA) has seldom been far off the No. 1 spot ever since Uncle Sam let him unshoulder his

cured some cut in the Govern-ment's last budget. The forecast der. for 1961 is that, obviously, once again there will be considerable lugging for total abolition Whether success is likely or not, however, the diskeries are looking forward to a continuation of the boom.

Band Biz in Five-Hour 'Revival' on CBS Radio

It was just like the old days New Year's Eve on CBS Radio, with some five and a quarter hours of live band remotes from 18 points constituting the web's "New Year's Eve Dancing Party."

Bands on the lineup were Vincent Lopez, Denny Vaughan, Richard Maltby, Jimmy Palmer, Jan Garber, Jimmy Carroll, Count Basie, Lester Lanin, Guy Lombardo, Ray MacKinley, Chuck Foster, Al Don-ahue, Art Gow, Teddy Phillips, Clyde McCoy, Eddy Howard, Lawrence Welk and Anson Weeks. Lou Teicher produced for CBS.

Musical Qui Vive

Ezio Pinza, one of the greatest exponents of Mozart arias, was notorious for forgetting his musical entrances.

I was conducting one of his best known arias on an NBCshow when he made a vocal entrance two bars too soon. After about 10 seconds of this I could see that it was impossible and stopped the orchestra. Pinza realized, apologized, and we continued. Fortunately it happened at dress rehearsal. When we went on the air I watched him carefully but he sang that spot correctly but he entered wrongly in an entirely different place. I wiped out the orchestra and cued them back in a few bars later. We fin-ished the show and no one except the orchestra and myself was aware of what had hap-pened. This is just one of the things a musical director must be prepared for.

Harry Sosnik.

Sicily Still Tops In Singing Tales

By TRUDY GOTH

Naples. Despite television, radio and jukeboxes, the centuries-old art of the troubadour still flourishes in the byways of Italy. On market-days, the cantastorie (literally, "a singer of stories") still appears in the village squares and accompanying himself with a hand-organ or a harmonica, starts pouring out the latest, or oldest, tales of crime, love and woe.

The subject matter, indifferently lifted from (a) recent newspapers or (b) ancient chronicles, may include the story of the unfaithful wife who poisoned her husband in 1872 with a viper trained by her children. After hat is passed and rough copies of the stories sold, the cantastorie moves on. The best of them can generally count on seeing here and there a handkerchief wiped over the eyes of their more sensitive listeners.

A national competition among

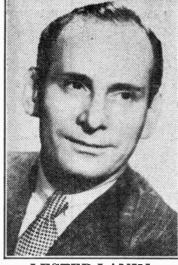
cantastorie was staged during 1960 in Grazzano Visconti, the medieval village near Piacenza which the Visconti family restored 50 years ago and now preserve as a tourist lure. The bulk of the competitors clubs and music boxes to plug the came from Sicily, a land where troubadouring has deeper roots than elsewhere. However, cantas-torie from Tuscany, Emilia and Lombardy, undismayed by the Sicilian's fame, put up a brave show. In fact Antonio Ferrari of Pavia In fact Antonio Ferrari of Pavia almost carried the day with his "The story of Caryl Chessman, the red-light bandit." But the judges finally awarded the title of "Troubadour of the year" to Orazio Strano of Sicily for his tales of bandits, although police feel that its author-singer has gone too far There is still a sales tax here on disks, although the industry sed in glorifying romantic crime and

Stick to Your Racket

When Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, first toured for the Theatre Guild. she had to play a brief Chopin Prelude at the piano on stage. I made a simplified arrange-ment for her and she learned

to do it quite acceptably. But the night they played Denver, when Florence sat down at the keyboard her mind suddenly went blank and she was utterly unable to start playing. March, standing in the wings, stage-whispered hoarsely "Shall I wire Sig?"

The sequel to this anecdote occurred in Westport, Conn., where the Marches saw me play the role of Justice Shallow in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor." Her comment after the show was, "Now I know exactly how you feel about my piano-playing, Sig."
Sigmund Spaeth



LESTER LANIN Internationally famous society orchestra leader Twelve successive top selling

Slumping Disks Face Germany

(Epic) Albums

By HAZEL GUILD

Frankfurt.

What's with the slipping disk business in Germany? Experts here are alarmed about the drop in sales of popular records. While the firms in 1958 disposed of 50,-800,000 records of popular music, sales dwindled in 1959 to 44,800,-000 - while on the other hand, sales of serious music, the classics, enjoyed a 30% increase, from 6,-300,000 to 8,500,000.

And while some of the pessimists note that the increase of television set ownership in Germany has delivered a telling blow at the record industry just as it's slapped at the film business, the brighter picture is that in 1958, the export value of German records reached a peak of 50,000,000 German marks (about \$12,500,000), which was double as much as the exports of the German film industry brought in.

With about 30,000 pieces of music printed every year in Germany, only about 4,000 of them are turned into records. And the platter industry here is using all the American forms of promotion to push its products, with publicity organizations, disk jockeys, fan

11 Major Firms

About 11 major firms head up the German record industry, including Teldec (which belongs to AEG), Elektrola (which belongs to Lindstroem), Phillips, Ariola, Tempo (which specializes in cutrate records at 2.85 marks—about 70 cents), Deutsche Grammophon which works with Decca, Polydor. The trouble with fact-finding about the industry as one member but the industry as one member put it, is that, "If you hear that Mr. it, is that, "If you hear that Mr.
X has sold a half million records of 'O Little Rosie,' people inside figure he's sold maybe 250,000 plat-

With only about three "disk jockeys" in the entire land, it's tough to figure a way to get the jockeys to push a platter.

such thing as payola here — and that their shows carry considerably less influence that do those of the platter spinners in the States, since they do not have daily shows and have a considerably more limited local audience that do some of the Bigtown d.j.'s in America. With about 50,000 juke boxes in

Germany though, these nickel-aspin record machines wield a powerful influence on the ups and downs of the industry. And here, there are many tie-ins with the film industry, in songs used as movie titles and theme music. (For instance, CCC films' Artur Brauner paid about \$3,750 recently for theme music to "The Day the Rains Came.")

Little Girls, Take It Away!

(The Pop Song Biz, That Is)

By PAT BALLARD

One of the major record compa- sing "I'm Just Wild About Harry" nies has come up with a survey that makes sense: the majority of single record sales is to quite-

young girls who buy the singer instead

of the song.
Where does
that leave the experienced ASCAPer? In pretty good shape, even if he has just a few of those gold nuggets: the ever - lovin' standards.



Pat Ballard

They can make new versions that twist 'em, mumble 'em, re-harmon-ize 'em, and bend 'em to bits, but the standards survive because they were workmanlike creations in the first place, put together by guys who had learned their craft.

I've heard some Berlin gems given the shock treatment but they bobbed right up and smiled. Nobody ever can rock 'n' roll a stand-ard out of business because they've survived being sung lousy too

The late Pat Ballard wrote this byliner for the 55th Anni just before his death last October. He had just achieved the affluence that comes with the distinction of authoring a "standard"; his "Mr. Sandman" has been enjoying multiple performances globally, and with seasonal revivals, including a paraphrase into a Christmas song, titled "Mr. Santa."

A "standard" is even better than a "rocking chair hit" (the pop that "takes off" sans plugola), but Ballard had a realistic recognition of the power of the payees who buy pop hits—in this case "the little

A frequent trade opinionator, Ballard had been invited to the Writers Advisory Committee of ASCAP. He counselled his colagainst "sour grapes"; that "if the kids today want rock 'n' roll, that doesn't make them wrong. Just as it doesn't make us right to look down our noses that r&r."—Ed.

often in the dear old days of vaudeville! Boy, how some of my cohorts on the Pan time murdered "Who's Sorry Now?"-and look at it now: still vet Harry Ruby's well-polished standard.

The few standards I've got are worth many years tramping through the catacombs of Ye Ol' Brill Bldg. And after many, many songs that lived but for a day or two. Yep, a few standards are the Big Reward!

One of the finest gents that ever wore an ASCAP button (the late. beloved Harry Archer) got looks of appreciation from anybody who happened to be around when his deceptively simple but great song "I Love You" was performed.

My friend the late Jimmy Hanley had many standards but his eyes grew brightest whenever he heard "Back Home Again In Indiana." He told me about the time Louis Bernstein met him at the boat when he returned from World War I-with the news he had a smash in "Indiana." "Nothing ever could take the place of that song in my Jimmy said more than once.

The Perfect Song

I don't know what Mr. Berlin's The three jocks, Chris Howland in Cologne, John Paris in Frankfurt, and Fred Ignor in Berlin, generally agree that there's no written that he could taken bows on a perfect tune and lyric.

One New Year's Eve long ago, the late Ethel Barrymore tipped the singer in my band 20 bucks to

The Kunnel's Price

My favorite story concerns none of my Golden Age singers past, present or future (here at the Met) but Elvis Presley.

Understand that when Life approached him about a possible cover story his redoubtable manager, Col. Tom Parker, inquired, "How much do you pay for that kind of thing?"

Francis Robinson.

-Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake made millions happy with that one; and what about Mort Dixon's great lyric for "Bye Bye Black-bird" plus Ray Henderson's per-fect tune? And Harry Woods with those natural, "remember 'em after the first time ya hear 'em" songs?

But back to the little girls who buy the singer instead of the song. How are they to know (unless they read VARIETY) that many of the young singers, for a measly four bucks, become the copyright-owner, publisher, as well as writer, for at least one side of every one their half-million sellers? I think the little girls should know this to add to their adoration—but who's gonna whistle those turkeys 20 years from now? Or let's make it 20 months!

The terms "good songs" and "bad songs" bother me because somebody should ask "to whom?" Certainly everybody is entitled to his taste, even fleetingly. My de-finition of a good song is one that lasts even if it got sneered at when first introduced. Nothing that lasts can be really bad, and to give the "opposition" a bow I think that "The Tennessee Waltz" is one of the great, simple story-songs of our era. I don't care if the writer was young, old, smoked Prince Albert or opium, he told a very real and touching story, unless you spend all of your time with long-

My mother wouldn't even concede that Berlin and Kern were good, such a music-clubber and Chopin fan she was, I'm sure she never knew that her idol burnt the candle at both ends and in the middle, and died of too much l'amour.

So good-bad, schmood-schlousy, here's my contribution to the Little Girls who buy the records because of the singer:

(Luric) "Aw brawdee ooo-ooo, Basha lefa danzw'--Jim" (Translation): "I brought you, But you left the dance with Jim." A Standard?

Swiss Jazz Fest: **Do-It-Yourself**

By GEORGE MEZOEFI

Zurich.

From a very modest start in 1951, the Swiss National Jazz Festival, founded and handled by a youthful Swiss-with-drive, Andre Berner, has grown into this coun-try's top annual jazz event. For the first time in its 10-year span, the 1960 Festival (a) became international via seven combos from abroad (one each from Italy, Austria, France; four from West Germany); (b) obtained a modest subsidy of Swiss francs 1,000 (\$230) from the Zurich Tourist Office for board and lodging of foreign participants whose travel expenses were signed by Zurich commercial firms (except one German combo, the Long Louis Jazz Bables from Darmstadt, which was officially delegated by the city authorities picked up all expenses); and (c) was honored by the presence of the Mayor of Zurich and the consuls of all participating countries, a valuable prestige-getter.

An attempt at crashing the iron curtain by officially inviting a group from Prague this year, failed due literally to red tape: no answer could be obtained in time to meet the deadline.

Prizes for the winning bands and soloists (all instruments) both for traditional and modern style in each category—are all promoted. Beside a Gene Krupa Cup for the best modern drummer, they are donated by Zurich com-mercial firms and include such valuable items as a fortnight's holiday in Palma de Mallorca, with all expenses paid; a stereo radio-phono outfit; full-fledged tailormade garb for an entire winning band; gold watches; numerous LP's and record players et al. Total value of prizes amounts to \$3,700.

Damascus Dialog

The Candles was noisy and crowded. The waiters were putting on their usual combination of Frank Libuse's and Willie West & McGinty's acts . . . heaving chairs up to the balcony to accommo-McGintv's acts . . date customers and threading their way through, around, and over customers and personnel, indiscriminatingly, as they doled out food and drink.

Through the pleasant din I was gradually aware of a new sound from the jukebox. "Tom Dooley," sung by French chanteuse to a background similar to the blocks in Ferde Grofe's "Grand Canyon Suite." "Fais ta Priere, Tum Duel-lee"—no mistaking it.

A clap of the hands, a hurried request, and in a few moments

the captain was back with the name of the artist laboriously spelled out—Line Renaud. This unusual activity brought a waiter and a busboy to the table.

"How long has that number been here?" The Captain "Six months." The waiter, "No, one years." The busboy, obviously the musicologist and show biz authority "No! No! No! Eets a beeg heet in America! New! Hees Excellency, Sayed Bower (they have an eye for quality in Damascus) don't even hear it yet! Isn't eet, your excellency?

"Did you ever hear of the Kingston Trio?" The busboy is also an authority on geography, "Eets in West Indies?" then plunged back into the argument which was now mostly in Arabic, and LOUD Arabic. The smooth flow of traffic snarled, chairs were not heaved, food and drink were in a bottleneck, customers clapped and shouted the proprietor tried to squeeze his Falstaffian bulk through but was reduced to hurling imprecations. The din took on Wagnerian majesty. It was beautiful.

"His Excellency" paid his tab and slipped out into the beautiful Damascus night, closing his coat against the chill desert winds. He took a salute from a cop on his rounds, then strolled through ancient Damascus where once was heard only the oud, the nay and the kanoun in the haunting strains of Arabic music. He sang, hap-pily, "Fais ta priere, Tum Duel-lee." Roger Bower

A Disker's View of Scramble For Broadway Cast LPs

By GLENN E. WALLICHS

(President, Capitol Records)

Hollywood. that we don't seem to have been caught up in the so-called "hysteria," surrounding the current surroun dealings between producers of musical comedies for Broadway and record companies.

us. Difficult, yes. Hysterical, no. And difficult only because some possible measure. producers of Broadway shows have decided that the point has been recent shows: reached where record companies (1) The fine should be asked to put up large quantities of money toward financing a show with the understanding that it (the record company) may lose all the money, but could make no profit on its investment even if the show should turn out to be a hit. No profit, at least, other than whatever profit may accrue to the record company from its original

cast album sales. We do not criticize producers for asking such terms. We merely find it difficult to be altogether polite in telling them what they may do with such propositions.

Our view of the Broadway show scene, bigtime musical comedies, their producers and our relationships with them is that we are not interested in producing more original cast albums than any other record company. We are interested in acquiring original cast rights to which we believe have a better than even chance of success as shows, and consequently as original cost albums.

A simple, basic truth which is frequently overlooked Broadway show-record company re-lationship is that while "The Music Man" or "Tenderloin" may be highly profitable record packages, an original cast album of a flop show can, and indeed has, cost a show can, and indeed has, cost a record company anywhere from That's the view of Broadway \$25,000 to \$100,000 completely apart from any investment the record company may have in the show itself. By the time a record company is through with the cost of recording a flock of singles from a show, the original cast and other albums of it, getting them distributed and promoting them it has easily spent somewhere between the aforementioned 25-100G.

We have no objections whatsoever to being asked to invest in shows. But for our investment we would like a fair return.

And before we make our investment we want to know as much as possible about the show. We like to hear the score, read the book, if possible know the director and the stars. We even like to have some assurance that the show will be able to find a theatre. We are re-luctant to put large sums of money into an opus on nothing more than the producer's solemn word that the show is "guaranteed to be big-ger than 'My Fair Lady,'" and that Fred Astaire is "panting to play

the lead," although he hasn't yet

up in the so-called "hys-surrounding the current s between producers of muportant than investment money. And these items we deliver to producers, who entrust us with their

Here are some examples from

(1) The finest possible recording of the original cast album, including often extravagant embellishment of the orchestra.

(2) The greatest possible ingenuity in packaging the product. In the cases of "Tenderloin" and "Molly," for example, we included the same souvenir program sold in the lobby of the theatre with each original cast package. To our knowledge this was the first time this has ever been done with original cast packages, but am sure it won't be the last.

(3) The most extensive, quite expensive, but most of all, ingenious advertising, merchandising promotion of the package.

(4) Promotion and advertising and merchandising effort for the album and show through its entire

(5) Production of solid additional albums, and extremely "playable" singles from the show score.
(6) Most colorful timing and planning in connection with the

release dates of the music from the

All these factors must be considered by the Broadway musical comedy producer, and the show score writers and publisher in deciding which record company shall have original cast rights. All these

Norworth's Pet Peeve

The late Jack Norworth's pet peeve was people who met him and then said, "Sure, I remember you! We have an old record at home of you and Nora Bayes singing 'Shine On, Harvest Moon'." Jack, who was Nora's first husband, did record several songs with her for Victor, but not the "Moon" ditty. I carried on a correspondence with him for years and he finally made a private recording of "Shine On" and sent it to me as a Christmas present, "because you have never said you have one of Nora and me singing it."

"Now," he said on the record "you can be larger friends."

ord, "you can tell your friends you have the only record in the world of the composer singing 'Shine On, Harvest Moon'."

Jim Walsh.

British Disk Bestsellers

Now Or Never Presley (RCA) I Love You......Richard (Columbia) Save Last Dance Drifters (London) Strawberry Fair Newley (Decca) Little Donkey Nina & Columbia) Poetry in Motion ... Tillotson (London) Lonely PupFaith (Parlophone) Goodness Gracious Me. (Parlophone) Sellers & Loren Rocking Goose Johnny & (London) Hurricanes Gurney Slade Theme.. Harris (Fontana)

R&H 'Cinderella' Top Feature Of London's Lineup

By DICK RICHARDS

Harold Fielding has brought Hammerstein version of "Cinder-

ella," which he introduced to London two years ago. At the Adelphi Theatre with Jimmy Edwards, his stooge Arthur Howard and lively comedienne Joan Heal, the panto is sometimes a bit short on humor, but it's a constant delight to the eye, thanks to Loudon Sainthill's

decor. It should be another seasonal click.

Brashly spectacular in frequent parts, the rival panto, Leslie Mac-Donnell's Palladium version of version of "Turn Again, Whittington" relies substantially on the appeal of comedian Norman Wisdom, who works energetically throughout a long show. But even those who can Wisdom's style or leave it will find compensations in the delectable singer, Yana, and Thelma Ruby, a slick comedienne, as the Empress of Morocco. Robert Nesbitt has looked after the staging, and it's opulent and gaudily color-

ful. Once again Julia Lockwood is "Peter Pan" at the Scala and a sprightly, lithe job she makes of the eternal youth. Juliette Mills is perhaps a mite too mature for Wendy, but Donald Sinden doubles Mr. Darling and Capt. Hook with and Russell Thorndike as Smee and some engaging moppets make this year's "Peter Pan" a cheerful entertainment.

The Mermaid has had a bright idea with an up-dated, London version of "Emil and the Detectives," which will appeal to adventurous kids and looks as if it might turn out to be a valuable, every-Christmas b.o. property. Both "Peter Pan" and "Emil" satisfied the critics and are doing the same for the public.

Gerald Campion, who usually plays the magazine schoolboy, Billy Bunter, at Christmas, has forsaken the role this year and moved over to the Westminster to play Toad in a welcome revival of "Toad of Toad Hall." He hasn't quite thrown off the Bunter characteristics, but he and Richard Goolden still manage to squeeze charm out of this enchanting play.

Billy Bunter addicts are still catered to, for at the Victoria Palace "Billy Bunter's Swiss Roll" is another adventure of the famous Greyfriars School and is good for juvenile yocks.

The Bertram Mills' Circus at Olympia, a longtime part of London's Christmas tradition, is up to its high standard, while at Wem-'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" crop up again, this time on ice. This \$280,000 spectacle, staged by Gerald Palmer for Tom Arnold, contains all the songs from the film and a shapley Snow White in Sue Park. Finding dwarfs who could skate was a Palmer headache. Jacqueline du Raf, a former French, world and Olympic Games' champ, heads the array of spectacular acts.

With versions of "Christmas at the Pembroke Theatrein-the-Round, and of "Tom Saw-yer" at the Theatre Workshop, Stratford, East London, the holiday legit trade is well served.

The 'Unknown' Songs Of Oscar Hammerstein 2d

By STANLEY GREEN

Hammerstein 2d, Life han a full-page picture of him surrounded by the titles of his most famous songs. There were 56 in all, broken down into 27 with music by Richard Rodgers, 15 by Jerome Kern, seven by Sigmund Romberg, three each by Rudolf Friml and — thanks to "Carmen Jones" — Georges Bizet, and one by Vincent Youmans. These six composers were, of course, the ones most closely identified with Hammerstein's career, and in roughly the same ratio as the number of song titles listed.

But these men weren't the only ones he wrote with. Throughout his more than 40 years as a lyricist, Hammerstein had over 20 collaborators, though the astonishing thing is that his name was never

Take "I'll Take Romance." Almost everyone is familiar with this graceful, lilting expression of a young girl's eager anticipation of love but how many people are aware that it was Hammerstein back the sumptuous Rodgers and who wrote the words? And while Hammerstein version of "Cindersome may recall Grace Moore singing it in the 1937 film of the same name, who remembers that its music was the inspiration of Ben Oakland? Oakland and Hammerstein, in fact, wrote four other songs together—including "A Mist Is Over the Moon" — for a long-forgotten Lanny Ross film, "The Lady Objects.

Another song that unexpectedly bears the Oscar Hammerstein credit line is "A Kiss to Build a Dream On," written with Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. According to Ruby, in 1935 he and Kalmar had written a song called "Moonlight on the Meadow," which was intended for the Marx Bros. film, "A Night at the Opera." Somehow the number wasn't suitable, and Kalmar & Ruby asked their friend Oscar Hammerstein to work with Kalmar on a new lyric. The result was "A Kiss to Build a Dream On." Although this version wasn't used in the picture either, about 16 years later it reemerged in the film, "The Strip." This time it went on to fame via the frog-inthe throat delivery of Louis Armstrong.

Even in the case of a well-known contributions have become pretty well obscured. Surely two of the composer's most lasting melodies are "Sometimes I'm Happy" and "No, No, Nanette." Yet in both cases neither the Irving Caesar lyric on the former nor the Otto Harbach lyric on the latter was the original one. Back in 1923 both songs were part of the score for "Mary Jane McKane," for which Oscar Hammerstein 2d and William Cary Duncan contributed the lyrics. "Sometimes I'm Happy" then had the flapperish title of "Come On and Pet Me" (though

Japanese Justice

A few years before World War II, the association of the Big Five European Performing Rights Societies-and also of American music — were not paid, in spite of the legal protection for such works in Japan.

The judge had a phonograph into court and listened to the songs, the illicit per-formances of which were attacked in the suit. After hearing these European and American songs, the Japanese jurist—after a few weeks' deliberation, rendered the court's opinion. It stated that it seemed to him that all he had been listening to was a "more or less disagreeable noise" and that noises were not protected by law in Japan, but only literary and/or artistic property.

For the record, it should be added that the suit was appealed by the Societies and that the higher court reversed

the judgment.
P.S. I told this story to a composer of serious music and tured people the Japanese must be."

Jean Geiringer

Shortly after the death of Oscar the number was cut before the ammerstein 2d, Life han a full- New York opening), and "No, No, Nanette" was a charming waltz called "My Boy and I."

Today we think of the Gershwin brothers as being almost inseparable. However, in 1926, just two years after their first professional score, George was joined by co-lyricists Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein to furnish the songs for "Song of the Flame." And though Arthur Schwartz is best known for his work with Howard Dietz and Dorothy Fields, he and Hammerstein became temporary partners for a Worlds Fair spectable in 1940 called "American Jubilee." (Remember "How Can I Ever Be Alone?" and "Tennessee Fish Fry?") Other one-shot Hammerstein collaborations were with Emperical Kalman ("Colden with Emmerich Kalman ("Golden linked in the public mind with any other composers than those mentioned above.

Dawn"); Louis Alter (two songs for "Ballyhoo"); Richard A. Whiting ("Free for All"); Erich Wolfing ("Free for All"); Erich Wolfgang Korngold (the film, "Give Us This Night"); and Johann Strauss (film version of "The Great Waltz").

During his entire career, Hammerstein wrote only eight songs not intended for a play or a film. With Jerome Kern he penned "The Last Time I Saw Paris" (inspired by the fall of that city in World War II) and "The Sweetest Sight that I Have Seen." With Harry Ruby, "Serenade to a Pullman Porter." With Rodgers, "The P. T. Boat Song" (also called "Steady as You Go"), "Dear Friend" (for the Fifth War Loan Drive), "We're On Our Way" (for the Infantry), and "Happy Christmas, Little Friend," which was first published in Life. Perhaps the most obscure composer (to U. S. audiences anyway) ever to share a credit line with the lyricist was the Mexican writer, Gonzalo Curiel, whose "Vereda Tropical" was given an English lyric by Hammerstein and retitled "Havana for a Night."

In direct contrast to the number of his songs that people do not associate with Oscar Hammerstein is one, "Bill," for which he did not write the lyric and for which he has been frequently credited. The lyricist on this one was P. G. Wodehouse who first wrote it with Jerome Kern for a 1918 musical, "Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Although it was never used in that show, it did turn up eventually in "Show Boat" which accounts for the mis-Hammerstein collaborator, Vincent taken identity. Hammerstein was youmans, some of the lyricist's so disturbed by this that when contributions have become pretty "Show Boat" was revived in 1946 he inserted the following note in the program: "... I am anxious to point out that the lyric for the song 'Bill' was written by P. G. Wodehouse. Although he has always been given credit on the program, it has frequently been that since I wrote all the other lyrics for 'Show Boat,' I also wrote this one, and I have had praise for it which belonged to another man."

EPs Swing in Sweden

Stockholm.

About 70% of the records sold through Sweden's 800 retailers are extended play. Swedish titles account for somewhere around 75 to 80% of the market. Many of these disks, however, are pressed abroad, first and foremost in Germany.

About 5 to 10% of the records sold reach customers from mail-order houses. The total retail turnover is estimated at about 40,-000,000 crowns (\$8,000,000). Several firms have recently started to sell records through kiosks and magazine-tobacco stores.

McLendon Dallas Barker

Dallag

Gordon McLendon was elected chief barker of the Dallas Variety Tent No. 17. John Q. Adams, Interstate Theatres, was named first assistant; James A. Pritchard, Allied Artists. second assistant; Meyer Rachofsky, dough guy, and Wilbur L. Marshall, property mas-

Other crew members are Earl Podolnick, Trans-Texas Theatres; Dowlen Russell, Ezell & Associates; Sol Sachs, Lopert Co.; Alfred Sack, Sack Amusement Co.; William B. Wliliams, 20th-Fox, and Raymond Willie, Interstate Theatres.

Al Reynolds, Kendall Way, Clyde Rembert, Edwin Robolowsky and Phil Isley, five past chief bark-ers remain on the board.

Perfect Courtesy of Soviet Concert Audiences During the U-2 Fuss

By ROBERTA PETERS

(Metropolitan Opera Coloratura)



flight to Moscow is a miraculous 912 quite another world. In all opera and

tours and short ones, I do not think I have had a greater experience, or one with as much mystery.

At the beginning of each season the American concert artist knows where he or she will be performing. Booking is done a season ahead and dates, travel arrangements, programs, assisting artists—all of this is known long before a tour begins. This is not so when one prepares to tour the Soviet Union. I knew there would be ten concerts and I had the dates for the first two in Moscow and the names of the other cities where I would appear. I had no further informa-

Our anxiety was heightened by the fact that just at this time the Summit Conference in Paris had snagged because of the U-2 inci-I was apprehensive about the kind of reception an American artist might receive.

Thus, we arrived in Moscow, my husband, Bertram Fields, my pianist, George Trovillo and I. We were met by representatives of the United States Embassy who from the first moment were helpful and informative. I was also met by members of the Soviet agency, Gossconcert, which arranges all these tours. The reception was a warm one, with courteous speeches and bouquets of flowers.

I was fortunate to be able to have George Trovillo with me because he is such a brilliant accompanist and we have worked together for a long time. However, the coloratura repertoire requires a flutist and this was to be provided by Gossconcert. I was uneasy about this since it is so very important to the success of my per-formances, and shortly after our arrival we were introduced to Olcg, the flutist who would accompany us throughout the tour.

Oleg's great ambition was to be a Professor of Flute at the Moscow Conservatoire. He had spent a year studying in Paris and we were able to converse in French. This was a great asset. He had, however, never before seen any of the music which I was singing and we had only three days before the first concert. My program did have some unfamiliar works, Handel's Sweet Bird from "Il Pensoroso," Respighi's "E se un giorno tornasse" and songs by contemporary Americans, Celius Dougherty and John Duke. There were also standard arias from Rigoletto and The Barber of Seville and Gershwin's "Summertime." Still, the entire program was unfamiliar to him, and so we rehearsed, each morning and afternoon, George with great patience, I in half-voice, and Oleg, sincere and eager.

Oleg proved himself adept although he was nervous throughout the tour. (At a point, later in the tour, he told us he had heart trouble! This, of course, was further cause for our anxiety.)

A Muscovite Premiere

The first Moscow concert was on May 15. It was exciting for me to receive that special Russian ovation, the audience clapping in unison, the great bouquets of flowers, the visits after the concert from Russian musicians and offi-We were also greeted outside the hall with "We love Americans" and "Button your coat, don't catch cold." Their solicitude was touching and I looked forward to my next performance on May 17. Also, President Eisenhower was scheduled for a visit to Moscow and I was to sing at a special State reception planned in his honor. I could not have felt prouder.

What happened between these

Evansville, Providence, Tallahassee, Norfolk—and then on to Moscow, Leningrad, Baku, Tiblisi and Erevan. This is how the last part of my spring easy about facing another Moscow 1960 tour read. audience, but there was no sug-Although the gestion from anywhere that postponement or cancellation be considered.

> My fears were groundless. As hours by jet strong as the issues of the moment from New were, and in spite of the gravity of York, it is, for a performer, quite another reaction was the absence of Soviet government officials at the recepmy career in tion after the concert. The audiopera and ence, however, did not reflect the concerts, long nervousness of the representatives of State and, again, as it proved throughout this tour, the Russians love of and enthusiasm for music could not be altered by politics.

The Moscow concerts were successfully over and I felt easier about this exciting adventure. I wondered now how it would con-

tinue to evolve. We departed on May 18 for Baku, in the Caucases. We left without knowing even the name of the hotel where we would be stopping. We knew only that we would be met at the airport. The flight was very comfortable in a huge turbo-prop plane. We were all excited about seeing this far off place but the flutist, Oleg, and Natasha, the interpreter who had been assigned to us and who went everywhere with us, were especially delighted as neither of them had ever before travelled so far in their own country.

No Photographing

Baku is warm and sunny with constant breezes. It is a port on the Caspian Sea and is a great oil center. It provides a spectacle of oil derricks as far as the eye can see, which we were forbidden to photograph. We also had a special guide, Michele, who showed us all the Institutes of Science, Educa-

The audience in Baku was less sophisticated than in Moscow. Quite normal, every country has its "sticks.") They did not much appreciate the French and German groups, but like audiences everywhere they favored most the operatic arias and the coloratura show pieces. They were particularly appreciative of a Russian group which I had prepared and they were delighted that I was able to introduce these songs myself. had spent some time before setting out on this tour learning Russian songs with the famous Maria Kurenko, and I was able to introduce some of my songs in their native

tongue. This went over very well.
The Russian custom of having each song introduced by a speaker from the stage was a new experience for me. Although programs are sold, for a minimal amount, a speaker announces each selection and relates the program notes about the song. This is an "inter-ruption" of the concert which American singers are not used to and I was glad that I was able to get them to announce each group, rather than individual songs. I found it awkward to stand on stage while the program is read. One simply has to accept this gracefully.

Republic of Georgia which of the most beautiful areas in the USSR. Here we encountered a strange piano whose manufacture we could not determine. George was upset, and I, too, but we were finally able to have it properly tuned. All along we had been pleased with the quality of the German instruments which were always available

Last Minute Bookings

The audience here, as in Baku, was appreciative and the houses were always sold out. How was this done? I wondered about the sale of tickets and the means of advertising. Since it appeared that cach concert was arranged after we arrived in a place, the system of presenting concerts is quite different from what we have come to expect in the United States. Although there is some evening tv and the people have radio, when an artist comes to town they flock to the theatres and concert halls.

is given, months before the performance, the program, advance publicity materials, photographs, and he may even have arranged local radio and ty coverage. More than likely, most of his tickets will have been sold on a subscription basis long before his concerts are presented. Committees and groups will have worked for weeks to make certain that a concert is a success.

In the Soviet Union the announcement of a concert is made the day of the concert, or perhaps a day before, and the concert sells out! A few posters are placed about the city, and there will be an announcement on the state sponsored radio. This appears to be enough advertising to fill a hall of 2,000 seats. The smallest theatre I found held about 1.800. The cost of tickets for my concerts were the equivalent of a \$3 top, and the top price at the Bolshoi Opera is \$3.50. I was told that tickets for concerts by visiting artists are scaled higher than those of native

An example of how a concert is scheduled in the Soviet Union occurred in Erevan, in the Armentan Republic. I had been scheduled two concerts on successive nights. Since I have made a practice of not singing two nights in a row, I asked if it would be possible to have a free day between these two Erevan appearances. The management of the hall arranged this with no fuss. But I was amazed when I discovered that no one less than Aram Khachaturian has been scheduled to conduct a concert on this particular evening, and he simply told them, "All right, I'll give my concert the following night." A leading composer and conductor changing concert dates! I was delighted since this gave me an opportunity to attend his conand to meet him. I was flattered that he made a point of coming to my performance and I was thrilled when he told me he is writing some songs for me. I look forward to the possibility of performing these songs with him when he comes to this country on a conducting tour next year.

In Erevan we encountered a great many English speaking people. We discovered that these were among the group of Armenian-Americans who returned to their native land during the 1930's. They were very curious about recent developments in America, asking a great many questions and I sensed something different about them. I was the first American artist appear in Soviet Armenia and this was certainly an unusual audi-They seemed to understand more than other audiences in the provincial cities and their response was overwhelming.

A 'Grand Tour'

Then Leningrad! The most sophisticated audience. Asked for repeats and enjoyed many subtle things that had been overlooked by other listeners. Not only was the audience wonderful but the hall was the most beautiful. It was lighted by six tremendous chandeliers which were never dimmed, and with no spotlights. The effect was certainly a new one for me.

The second Leningrad concert had to be postponed-with an invitation to return—as I had to leave almost immediately for a previously arranged concert commitment in the United States where concerts cannot be postponed overnight. My manager, Sol Hurok, arrived and we were all together at a great reception the mply has to accept this graceully.

Out next stop was Tiblisi, in the epublic of Georgia which is one the most beautiful areas in the first the most beautiful areas in the state of the most beautiful areas and the most beautiful areas are a musical circles. The great Soviet artists were present, also government officials, the compliments flowed like the vodka, the flowers as decorative and abundant as the medals.

And finally my "grand tour" of the Soviet Union was at an end.

No performer forgets about the press and it is interesting that the critics in the Sovict Union are often professors of music, doubling as journalists. Their reviews have no deadlines to meet and a concert may be reported three or four days later. They know music, they are interested in programming, the vocal technique and in all aspects of a concert that are important to the performing artist.

Throughout the tour it was gratifying to find theatres clean and well equipped. Attendants are al-Here at home the local manager lighting and staging problems, getting he had already done so, for two more weeks.

George M. Cohan and Victor Herbert Helped Nurture a World War 1 Show

By EDWARD ANTHONY

"This Is Where I Came In," chapter that deals largely with George M. Cohan, since the events therein re-

corded have somehow eluded his biographers.

When I was stationed at Camp Merritt, N.J., during World War I, it was an-nounced that the camp would produce one of those

big soldier shows and put it on in New York. The announcement came not long after Irving Berlin's brilliantly successful "Yip, Yip, Yaphank" had opened on Broadway. People were flocking to see the Camp Yaphank production and it wasn't many weeks before the whole country was singing the show's hit song, "Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," the reveille classic that has taken its place as one of the all-time favorites among servicemen.

Ed Anthony

The most exciting aspect of the Camp Merritt development was the news that the show would be staged by George M. Cohan whose "Over There" had emerged as one of the great songs of the war.

I had written light verse and short prose pieces and one-line gags for Life, then a humorous weekly, and for Judge, another publication in the same field, but I had had no show business experience. This did not prevent me from submitting to the Camp Merritt Show Committee the outline of a musical comedy and some sample lyrics.

A few weeks later I was named to write the book and lyrics of the Camp Merritt show and Sgt. Louis G. Merrill, a talented young composer, was picked to write the music.

One day Merrill and I were told to prepare for our first meeting with George M. Cohan.

But our nervousness disappeared when various members of the show's Advisory Committee on Publicity—among them Bide Dudley, Burns Mantle, S. Jay Kauf-man, Heywood Broun, Frank Ward O'Malley, Stephen Rathbun and C. F. ("Zit") Zittel—reassured us.

And they were right. Lou and I felt immediately at home George M. Cohan. He would be communicative one minute, laconic the next. The clipped conversa-tional style told you all you needed to know. And there was true warmth in his eager, interested

But his comments later on-unfavorable half the time—indicated that he had been listening.

A Textbook in Capsule Form

Occasionally Cohan would casually toss off and develop a suggestion that I afterward felt amounted to a condensed version of an interesting chapter in a never-to-be-written textbook on the musical comedy, as when he told me I had been "much too explana-tory" in introducing our musical numbers. "You've tried so hard to

One day Cohan told Lou Merrill and me that his friend, Victor Herbert, had agreed to join him in passing on our songs,-we had written far too many-and making the final selection. Our first meeting with Herbert took place in the converted barn at Camp Merritt. Our CO had approved our going New York to see him but the distinguished composer said he wanted to visit the camp at least once "to get the feel of the show in your own backyard."

Victor Herbert proved as easy to meet as George M. Cohan. He was a big, heavy-set, ruddy-cheeked man who laughed easily and wore bright green four-in-hand. He shook Merrill and me by the hand. looked around, said, "This looks like a nice quiet place to work. I must borrow it some time," strolled over to the upright piano, struck ways available to assist in dressing, shook hands again, evidently for-

In a fairly recent book of mine, sat down and said, "Let's hear your songs, Sergeant.

Sergeant Louis G. Merrill, United States Army, took a seat on the piano stool and started playing.

After he'd played his first number Merrill explained we'd written too many songs. This might mean taking too much of Mr. Herbert's

"Play them all," said Herbert. "And sing the words as best you can—just try to be distinct." Like most composers, Merrill had no voice, so he half-talked, half-sang the words.

When Merrill concluded, Herbert made some suggestions and criticisms but on the whole his comments were favorable. At one point in the conversation he decided we had enough compliments and he started kidding us. "What's the matter with you lads?" asked. "Haven't you ever been in love?"

I pleaded guilty as charged. My defense was that most Tin Pan Alley love songs gave me the creeps, especially the lyrics.

"I'm glad you brought that up," Mr. Herbert answered pleasantly. "But of course it doesn't change anything. . . . Every musical needs at least one good haunting tune, the kind that's inspired by a warm love lyric. . . . Your romantic tenor simply has to have a chance to bellow his head off about how much he's in love—and I don't care if he pats the backside of his inamorata while he's singing or every 'girl' in the chorus."

Herbert a Tough Taskmaster

Writing a love song to suit Victor Herbert proved to be quite an assignment. Lou and I must have written a cozen before we came up with one he liked.

For a long time the show had no title, then the title "Good Luck, Sam" was adopted. No one was enthusiastic about it or disliked it strongly. In fact no one was sure how it had been arrived at; it sort of "growed" like Topsy.

Finally we went into rehearsal at the new, luxurious Lexington Opera House in New York City, later to become Loew's Lexington, and still letter the uncoming American and still later the upcoming Americana Hotel East, which the first of the entertainment world's Oscar Hammerstein had built to fight the Metropolitan Opera.

A few days after we went into rehearsal the world heard the glorious news that the war was over.

There were rumors that our show would never open. Mr. Cohan thought we should go on rehearsing and open, since, like all the soldier shows, ours was a "benefit." The camp authorities concurred and it was decided to open Nov. 25, 1918. We were to stay in New York for four weeks, assuming the town wanted us that long.

'Last Week's War'

Cohan, a realist, told us we must not expect the business we would have done if we had opened a few months sooner, with the war still on. A remark he made at the time still lingers in my mem-ory: "There's nothing dead - than last week's war.

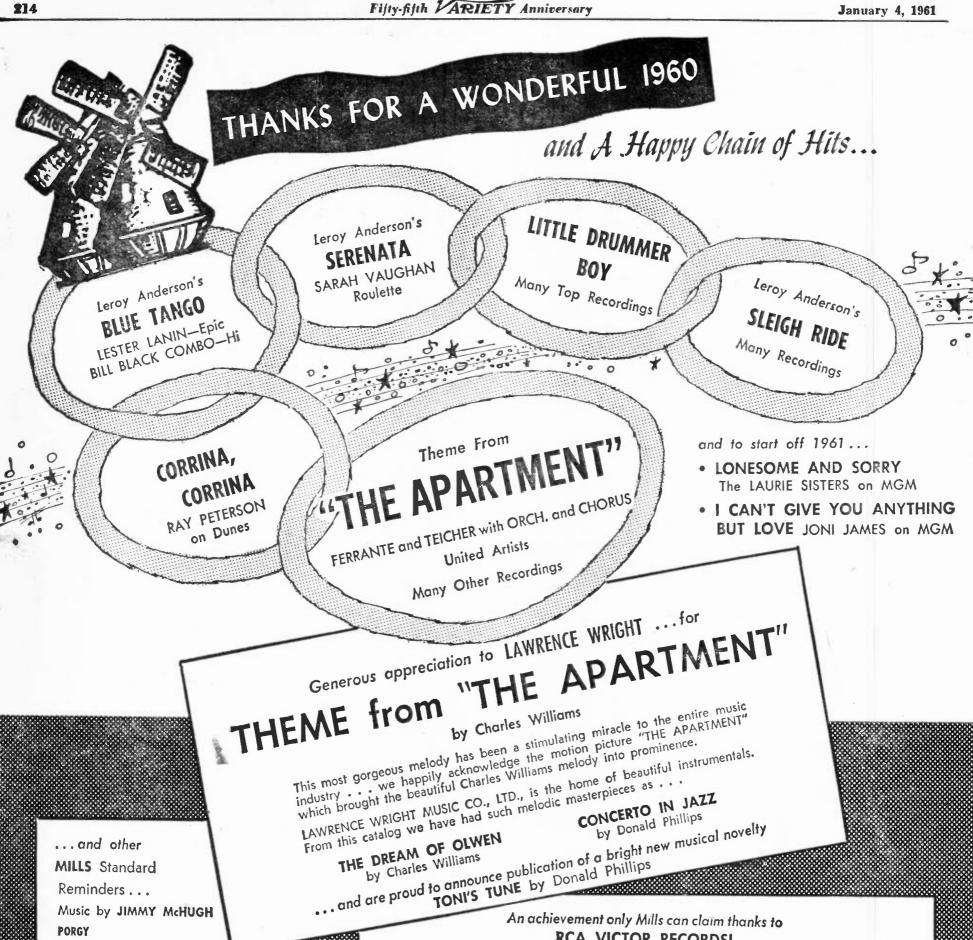
So that theatrical people could attend our show, Cohan arranged a special Tuesday matinee, at which I recall being introduced to Nora Baves, Robert B. Mantell, Blanche Bates, Frances Starr, Bert Williams, Jane Cowl, David Williams, Jane Cowl, David Belasco, Al Jolson, Alice Brady, John Barrymore, Holbrook Blinn and other outstanding figures in the theatre. I got a special thrill out of meeting Nora Bayes as I had been present the night she introduced Mr. Cohan's "Over There" at the Palace Theatre in the early days of U.S. participation in the war. Never had I heard such thunderous applause. It was also exciting to shake hands with Sgt. Irving Berlin who popped over from Camp Yaphank for the occasion. His "Yip Yip Yaphank" was the best of the World War I soldier shows.

After two weeks at the Lexington Opera House we had to move out to make way for the Chicago Opera which had booked the Lexington far in advance for a number of weeks. Cohan then moved us into the Knickerbocker Theatre

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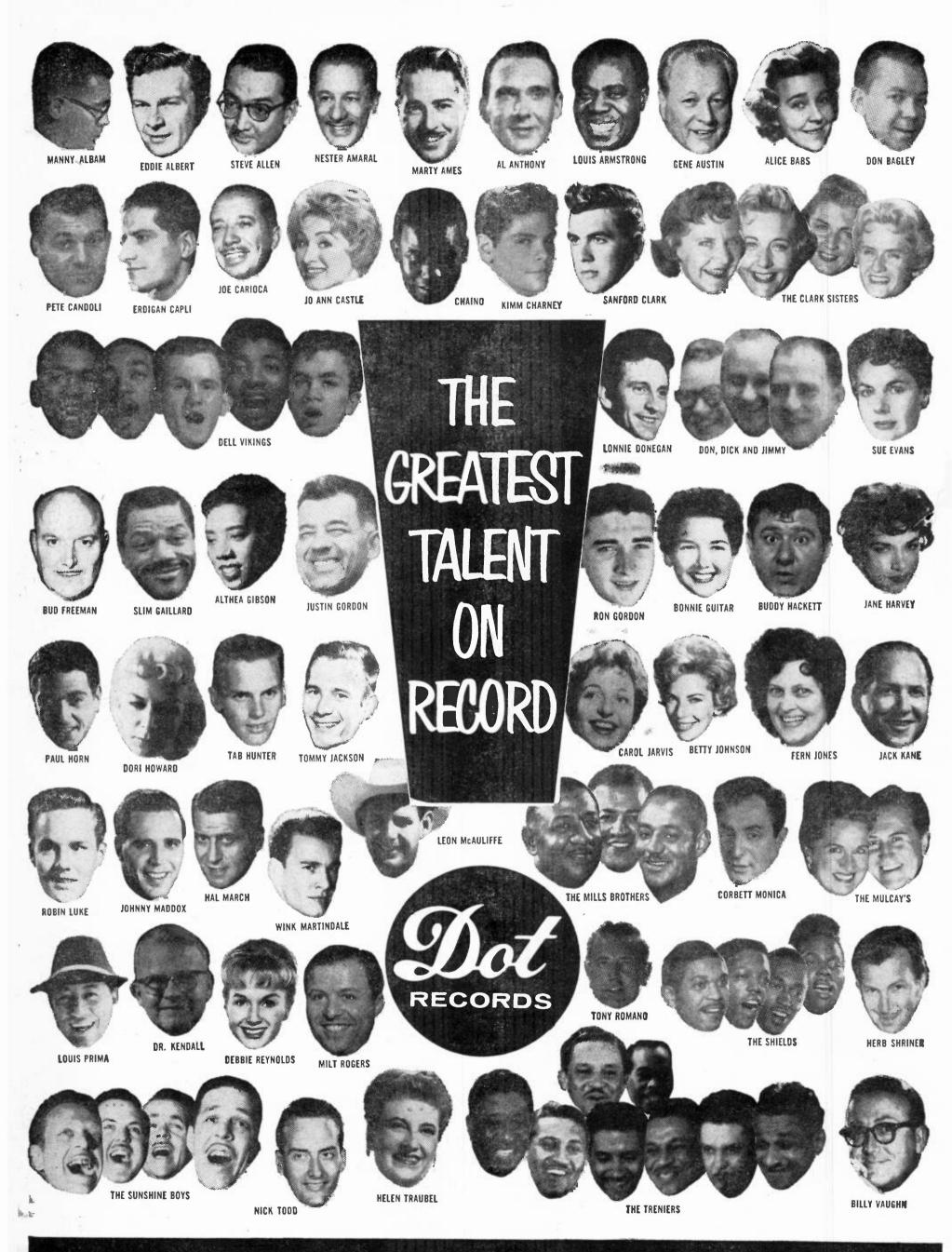
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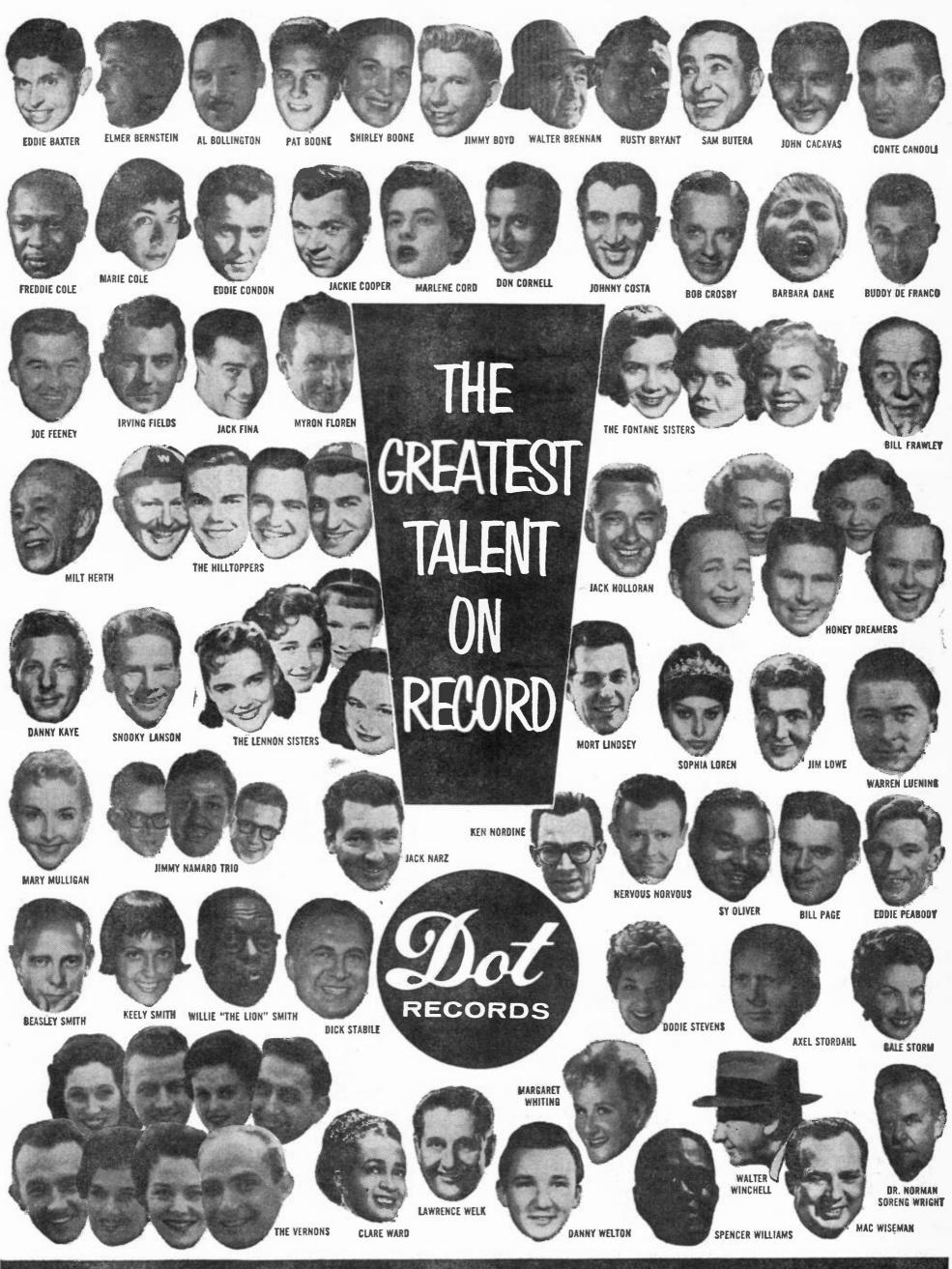
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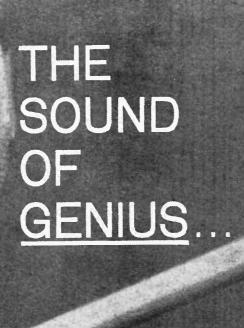
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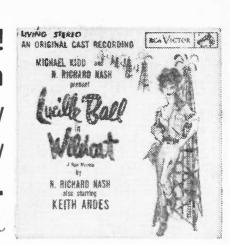


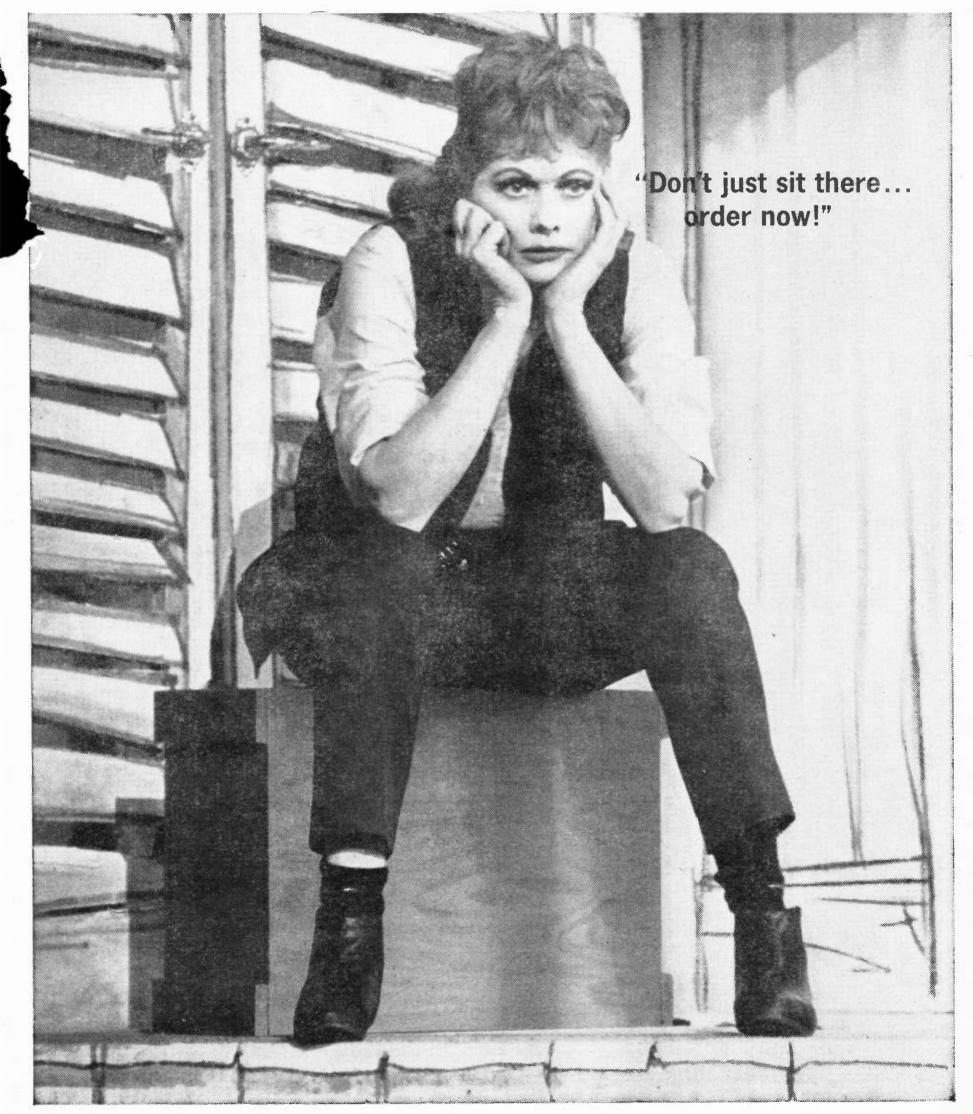


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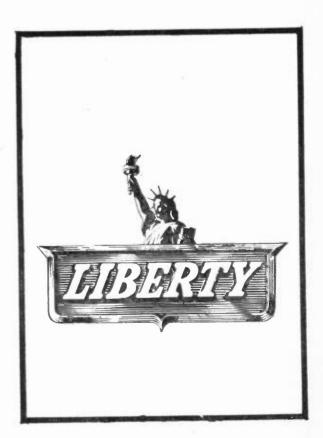
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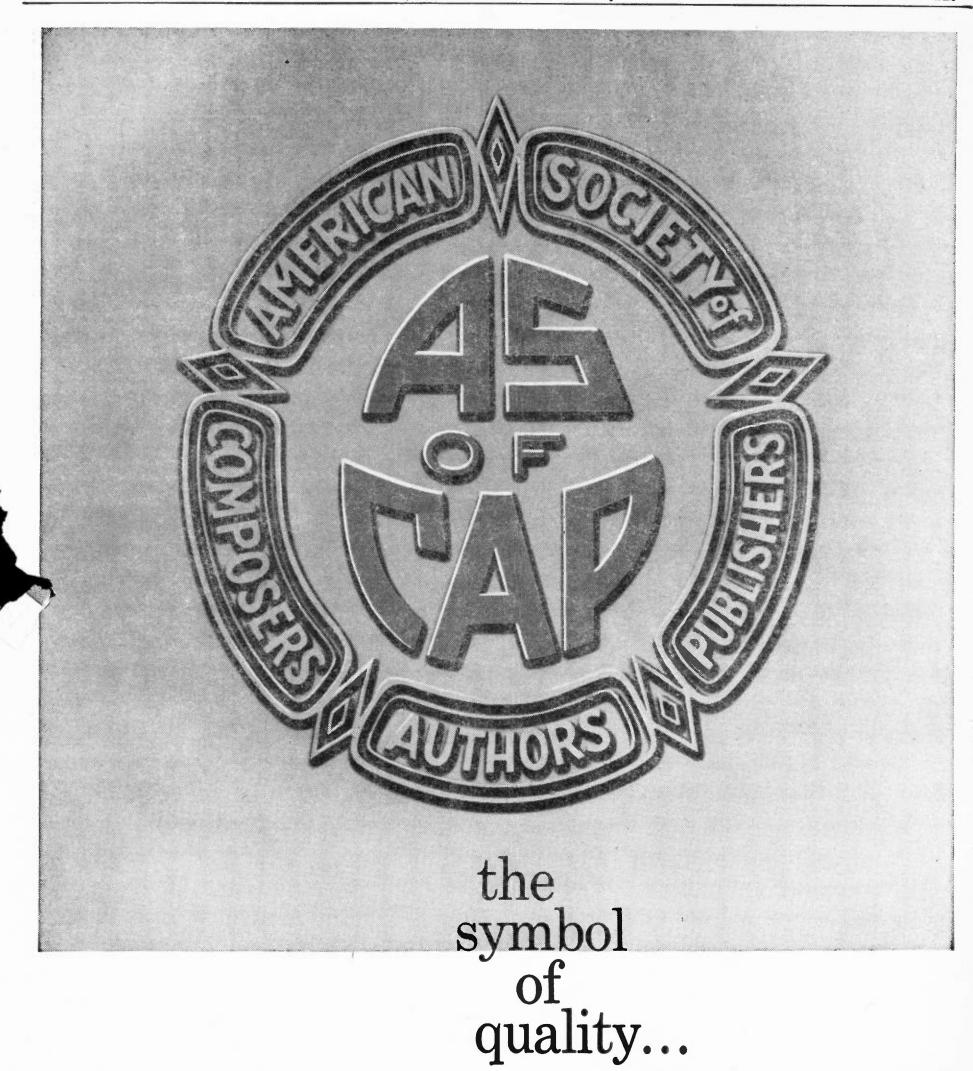


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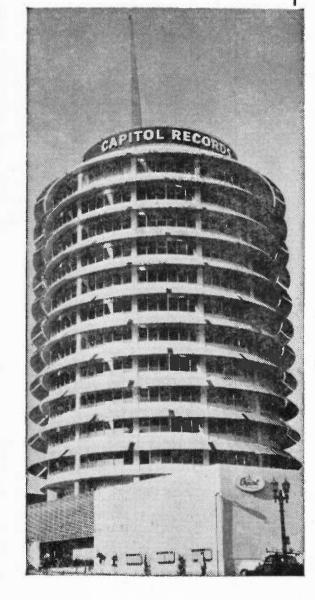
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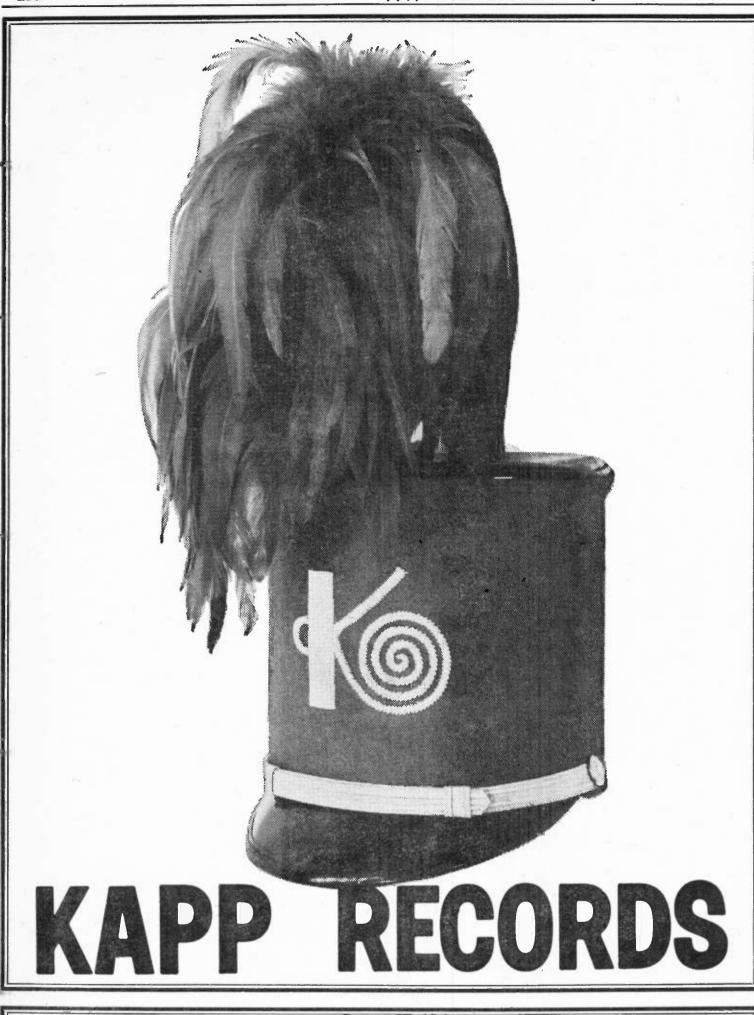
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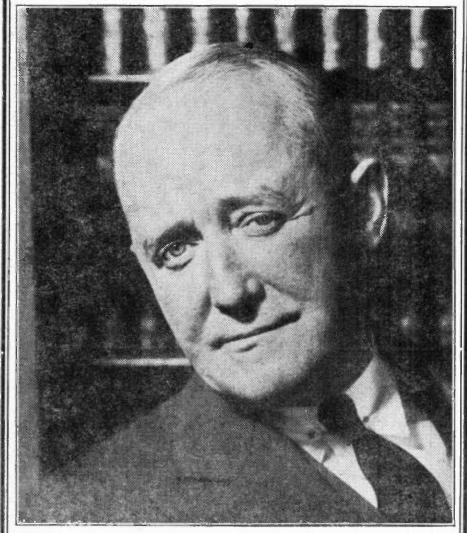
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WHAT? ANOTHER BEETHOVEN FIFTH?

Bv GEORGE R. MAREK

(V.P. and G.M., RCA Victor Records)

examined closely, will turn out to include all of Brahms and Bee-thoven; much of Mozart, Wagner and Bach; most operas; and the be ter-known compositions of Schumana, Liszt, Schubert and Chopin. In short, a good amount of the best

The argument that we make a new Beethoven Fifth (or Beethoven Ninth, Brahms First or La Boheme) because it will sell is a commonplace one. It's also an easy argument, too easy in fact to explain a situation that tends to be complex and enormously challenging for us and for the musical artists who make records.

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it celebrate the next one.

If things go according to form but will wait years before attemptthis year, nearly every list of ing Hamlet or King Lear, the young proposed New Year's resolutions musician adds to his repertoire for the recording industry will con-slowly and carefully as greater tain the suggestion that all record ecomparies give up recutting "the same old chestnuts." The odd thing is that these "same old chestnuts." The odd thing formance, just as masters of the past have done.

Today, this continuity can be captured for all time on records—with ever-better quality of sound. Music on records, in fact, may well turn out to be the most vital tradition the performing arts have ever had. Though it, the world's greatest will continue to astonish and delight successive generations of music-lovers with performances of compositions that have been done countless times before and will be done countless times again.

If examples are needed, they are endless. Toscanini's infinitely rewarding performances of the Beeartists who make records.

Hardly anyone would think of banishing Beethoven or Brahms stein delighting us with new recordings of the Liszt or Grieg con-. . Leontyne Price singing' Trovatore" and "Don certos . in "Il Giovanni" as though she had just more and more standard works to his repertoire, for it is on his performance of the standard repertoire way with Tchaikovsky, Rachmannat a young artist makes his inoff and Schumann . . . the older putation.

Now, just as the young actor may nut like "The Nutcracker" and try to play Romeo in his twenties, putting it together in a new way. .

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If it tells us something new, of

No Ford Funds: No Opera Cycle

Ford Foundation funds are not in hand and hence there will be no spring cycle of American operas at the N.Y. City Opera. There were three such cycles, the last one including a five-week road tour. is hoped to repeat the idea in 1962.

Behind the three-week season of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas (Jan. 17-Feb. 5) lies a hope of bossman Julius Rudel and his asso-ciates that the profits will serve as capital for further heavy opera. The Center will augment "Mikado" and "Pirates of Penance," from previous repertory, with "The Gondoliers" and "Pinafore." The latter will be staged by Allan Eletcher. The other three are the Fletcher. The other three are the work of Dorothy Raedler.

There has been very little Gilbert and Sullivan on the U.S. market in recent years and Rudel anticipates road bookings for his productions, though nothing is

currently firmed. Meanwhile, also with Ford Foundation grants, Rudel has three new American operas in the creative works: Douglas Moore's score to Henry James' "Wings of the Dove," a possibility for the fall of 1961; Robert Ward's "The Crucible," after Arthur Miller, and Carlisle Floyd's untitled opera of the postwar South. There is no word as to how or if the Klu Klux Klan figures in latter.

Hot 'Cat'

Hollywood.

At a recording session just before the luncheon break, an unsuitable note emerged from the violin section of the orchestra. We stopped and rerecorded the passage. A great surge came from the strings section in the next recording and in the playback it sounded so well I called "Print." When I took the violinist to

task for improvising, he said, "There were 40 guys waiting to go to lunch, so I just played louder than that blasted cat who'd got in and was wandering under the chairs, rather than delay the orchestra by trying to catch it."

Dimitri Tiomkin.

No Copyright On Payola

By JIM WALSH.

and minstrel days.

An interesting and amusing example of this truism was recently 1917, age 51. found by a man doing research in March 10, 1893, by Charles K. Harris, who was then riding high with his great hit, "After the Ball." The letter, to L. E. Behymer, treasurer of the Los Angeles Theatre,

"My dear Mr. Behymer: On March 23 to 25 the Primrose & West Minstrel Co. will play your theatre. A young American tenor, theatre. A young American Jenor, Evan Williams, will sing my new song, 'After the Ball.' I am enclosing my check for \$10. If Mr. Williams sings it all four times you are At City Center to give him the \$10. If he sings it only three times you are to deduct \$2.50 in fact deduct \$2.50 for each \$2.50; in fact, deduct \$2.50 for each omission and return the money to me. It is a simple melody but has achieved success, and Williams sings it well. Faithfully, Charles K Harris.

Who knows? Perhaps John Philip Sousa received \$2.50 or thereabouts for each time his band drove the populace nuts playing "After the Ball" at the Chicago World's Fair!

Presumably Evan Williams accepted whatever payola he qual-ified for during his Los Angeles engagement. Following his minstrel days he became one of the

From time to time somebody most highly regarded American points out, there's nothing new concert, oratorio and opera singers about payola and that it was far and was so popular in England it from unknown in the palmy vaude was generally believed he had been born in Wales instead of in Ohio of Welsh decent. He died in May

One other example of old-type the Huntington Library in Cali-fornia. He found a letter written recording artist who sang for all the platter companies and had no serious competition in his field is said to have furnished most of his home with gifts from publishers. He collected on a sliding scale: The juiciest payoff, such as a \$1,000 livingroom or diningroom rug, came from getting a number on Victor, the biggest selling brand. Landing it on Columbia was slightly lower, and the contributions tapered off for the lesser brands, which paid smaller royalty checks to the pubs.

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GLADYS SHELLEY

Will-To-Survive Of U.S. Circuses, With Lot-Trained Kids As Heirs

The circus year of 1960 began with a crash. Unhappily or the old timers, it was the crash of roofing coming downs. Ringling-Barnum began demolition of its long-time interquarters at Sarasota, Florida. The property had been old for a new housing development and the circus was taking plans for a new home. But a new 15-car show train littering beneath a coat of silver paint was being lettered Winter Home, Venice, Florida."

Here was something radical in the way of circus trains or it did not include one flat car. Eight sleepers were rovided for staff, performers, and working crews. Three ormer sleepers had been converted to carry elephants not horses. The remaining four units, though appearing be sleepers, had been rebuilt with end doors and some wenty new wagons had been constructed to fit the interiors

The return to rail transport was heartening to both howfolk and circus buffs. And the dismal aspect of uarters was relieved in other ways. There were moments f fun in the old train shed where rehearsals were underay. When Dick Barstow called a coffee break, everyone would head for the large rolling globes kept at the far end f the building. Even little Bonny Bale, tiny daughter of questrian Director Trevor Bale, had her turn at balancing top the globes. And there was the time when everyone bock turns on a trampoline. Tommy Bale climbed up, foretting to remove the change from his pockets, did a turn, nd sprayed coins like a silver shower.

Ringling rehearsals went quickly. When, at last, Barstow eclared the work in Sarasota finished, Maggie Smith alled rehearsals for the 1959 show. Yes, that's correct. 'he last date of the 1959 Ringling season followed the ehearsals for the 1960 season. Thus the hardy circus saw rehearsals for two different shows at Sarasota nd traveled to Miami for the last performances of the old eason before the new season began.

The Miami date was marked by another fall by high vire wizard Harold Alzana. Serious injury to the perormer was averted when a well-trained prop man literally out his strength into his blow and hit Harold away from he arena floor. During the date in Philadelphia some nonths later another close one saw the guy wire which alzana uses for his descent from the act pull loose from the fastenings a scant 20 minutes after the conclusion of he performance.

In late March, New York discovered anew that in the spring an old city's fancy lightly turns to the circus as not one but four—count'em four— circuses played in and round the city. Ringling, of course, held down Madison square Garden, Hunt Bros. (with Al Dobritch acts) had the 'alisades Park stand, Frank Wirth was in White Plains, and Clyde Beatty and Cole Bros. Combined Circus showed out on Long Island.

One story from Beatty-Cole's only indoor date bears repenting. A lull occurred in the performance this paricular day as the prop men were carefully setting the equipment for the one-finger-stand act of the Great Falasso. This bothered manager Walter Kernan so he grasped the microphone away from Count Nicholas and in Flaborate terms discoursed to the audience on the wonders of the Wild West or Concert, mentioning in detail cowboys, cowgirls, Indians, whipcracking, sharpshooting, etc., etc., and adding that the price to one and all remained 25 cents. By now the equipment had been positioned and the how continued. Great was Walter's amazement when paying customers began to ask when and where they could get concert tickets. The show simply didn't have a Wild West.

Animals Escape Colds Which Afflict Performers

Each of the shows which played the New York area stayed a different length of time and every one made a success of its stand. Oh to be in New York in Spring!

Ringling in The Garden looked very much its old self—gay music, bright costumes, a wide variety of acts, big production numbers, elephants, and colds. Colds are a part of a Garden engagement. Many people over the years have claimed that colds are written into the Garden contracts. But this year they had arrived earlier for the show had played an unheated building in Haddonfield, N.J., during late winter. The only heat in the girls' dressing room was from stoves purchased by the show for use in the animal quarters. Doc Henderson was sure the cold would make his horses, elephants, and jungle beasts ill, possibly give them pneumonia. But the animals were fine; only the performers were chilled.

Al Dobritch, success has been steady since he first booked a circus act on television. He has made it with the Ed Sullivan show and had branched into producing indoor and stadium circuses. The Dobritch produced circus played the Shrine date in Washington, bringing with it such an array of circus luminaries that many questioned his ability to continue at the same level in the future. Emmett Kelly guested for a day (his one day off from Palisades Park and the Hunt-Dobritch combine) and then his son, Pat took over doing a creditable job of following in his father's footsteps.

The Dobritch date in D.C. went smoothly, except in the eyes of circus youngsters forbidden to work in the Nation's capital by a law which permits minors to work on a stage (hence a legit show, vaude, yes, even nightclubs) but says the circus is outlawed.

Under-Age Sandra Pettus Watches Her Own Turn

It was wonderful watching teen-ager Sandra Pettus as she sat in the stands following every detail of "her" elephant act. A nod of approval, a look of dismay, now a smile, genuine concentration follows. At last, relief; the act is over. It really hurt Sandra that she was not permitted to be out there working with the big girls. She works every other town the act plays. The only place a circus child can learn the skills of its world is the circus.

Of the shows we caught, the one with the most children growing up in the business is undoubtedly Cristiani. There seem to be children all over the lot. One day two of the little boys found two box turtles. When it was explained

By CLAIRE AND TONY CONWAY

that males have red eyes and females yellow eyes, the little Cristiani with the girl turtle excitedly declared: "Mine's better, cause she can be a momma and have babies." "Well," said the other, stoutly, "I am a father!" This led to our telling assembled Cristianis how Doc Mann, retired zoo director and a friend of the circus. explained the way to determine the sex of Java rice birds: "Well," said Doc, "you get some worms and the boy birds eat the boy worms and the girl birds eat the girl worms."

The Cristiani show looked good on the lot and had a fine performance. But it had built up too rapidly in the year or two before and made the mistake of attempting a coast-to-coast tour in '59. The year 1960 was for recuperation, and the going was somewhat tough. Most of the income from the date before the grandstand of the Ohio State Fair, for instance, went for payment of taxes due to the state of Ohio. Cristianis are seasoned troupers all; they'll make it!

One or two newly organized shows lasted only a few weeks and then folded. Adams-Seils, seemingly a hearty three-year old, ran into financial difficulties and closed. But much of its equipment and most of its acts went right out with a newly organized Penny Bros. Circus, headed by veteran showman George Penny.

Murderously Unmanageable Lots Haunted Hunt Bros.

Hunt Bros., according to reports, played much of its season on lots so difficult that the big top was seldom erected and the show played almost entirely "sidewalled." Then, after announcing the end of the season, the show went out in abbreviated form for an additional two weeks.

Those who visited Hamid-Morton reported it enjoyable, even Kitten Wendt whose husband was working their act while she sat watching with a cast on one leg. Already this plucky gal was planning her return to the act though the doctor had been doubtful that she would walk let alone appear in an aerial act. Sure, she admitted, it was a bad fall, that was how things went—but she wasn't done and she knew full well she'd be working sooner than anyone thought.

The recently formed George Hanneford Jr., Riding Act worked very well although the horses were nervous about being led past the big cats to whom the steeds suggested a mightly good dinner.

The Hamid show had with it a tremendously high away-pole act and the upper portion moved in a 45 degree arc. "Well, it's Swedish steel," explained Vicki Hanneford, "and he says it is guaranteed not to break." "You mean," we suggested, "he gets a new one if it breaks?" It seemed a long way to fall and collecting did not promise to be

Beaty-Cole under canvas seemed more than ever a little Ringling, especially since so many veterans from the old days on the Big One were with it. This one is definitely the top under-canvas show both in equipment and in performance.

Dime and Connie Wilson, husband and wife clown team, and their daughters had moved over to the Gil Gray show. Not given to overstatement, they inform us that the Gray

Heurige Wine-Gardens

[An Old Viennese Custom]

By EMIL MAASS

Vienna.

It is a fact, hardly known to connoisseurs of wine, but the beverage which (besides the Blue Danube) made the capital of Austria world-famous, is more than 50% American origin. Back in 1872 almost the entire vintage was destroyed by vine-vermin and the indigenous grapes had to be re-cultivated by importing quickly such grapes able to offer resistance. From California and other winegrowing districts of the United States grapes and seeds, believed to resist the vine-scourge, were shipped to Vienna and they saved the local vine-yards. A new species grew: American-Austrian wine.

Wine growing had started here under the Roman Emperor Probus (one of the main wine-garden streets is named after him), when transportation difficulties made it impossible to supply his legions with wine. Since the 17th century Austria exported its wines. The first type was "Nussdorf." One of the main attractions to the foreign visitor, 10 minutes drive from the centre of the city, are the wine-gardens.

Most of the more than 100 open-air imbiberies are operated on a strictly oldfashioned system. Simple wooden tables with benches along each side offer wine only. There's not much choice when ordering food because 99 out of 100 patrons buy in town at a delicatessen a so-called "Heurige Package," containing sausage, ham, hard eggs, butter and bread.

The word "heurige," exactly translated, means "this year's," In normal years, wine is ripe in September. There are lately new filter methods to ready the wine within six to eight weeks, but these are exceptions to the rule; ordinarily the customer drinks one-year-old wine. The bouquets are different according to locations, most famous of which are Grinzing, Sievering, Nussdorf, Doebling, Salmansdorf, Kahlenberg and, along the southern railroad, Gumpoldskirchen, Baden and Soos. There are many more, perhaps 100 different types.

Extreme drunkenness is rare. Of course there is "stimmung"—supreme happiness. Strict law enforcement, mainly against drunken driving, accounts partly for that. Besides, the new "we-drive-you-home" service does a flourishing business. The luxurious Heurige have their own "help chauffeurs"; the smaller ones call the "help" service station.

Wine-loving Viennese, plus the foreign tourists, make

this business a goldmine.

show is truly the circus beautiful in that much attention is given to wardrobe, lighting, attractive floats, and other embellishments.

Also flourishing are the shopping center units. Truth to tell, we aren't sure an accurate count of their number has ever been obtained. Some are composed of carnival-type attractions instead of, or in addition to, a menagerie or a circus performance. We can speak only of the two we know.

The elephant most beloved by all elephant men, Big Ruth, is with Eddie Billetti's "Animaland, U.S.A." and she is so popular with visitors that she is losing her girlish figure. Time was when you could identify her readily by the ridge of her back, but no longer. Now she has filled out so that the ridge is gone. Her companion, Little Eva, manages to hold down her avoirdupois by exercise—the exercise of drawing a two car "elephant train" through the parking areas where the unit sets up.

Someone stole the two hamsters which were the pets of Eddie Billetti's small daughter. The child grieved deeply for them. "But," suggested a visitor, attempting to comfort the tyke, "you do have other pets. Not every little girl has two elephants." The child shook her head sadly, "But you can't pick up and cuddle an elephant."

The Paul A. Miller Circus (and carnival) carried top acts when the data alled for the outley and suitable acts were

The Paul A. Miller Circus (and carnival) carried top acts when the date called for the outlay and suitable acts were available. Wild was the kidding between clown Bumpsy Anthony and high wire artist Arturo who calmly picked up the same mad ways which they had known when last they had appeared together—only a matter of 25 or more years earlier.

Among acts which came and went was the George Hanneford Family riding turn. Kay Francis spent much time breaking in a small-sized dog act, laughingly remarking on how many riding act people were "going to the dogs." But it is true, Aldo Cristiani has a troupe of Doberman Pinschers which do a fantastic "liberty horse" routine; Joe Hodgini, Sr., has a dog and pony act; and Alberto Zoppe, due to a leg injury, is at least temporarily putting on a dog act which has many aspects of a bareback number. And Alberto looks on it philosophically, smiles, shrugs his shoulders and says: "When you have a big riding act with lots of pretty girls, they expect you to take them out to an expensive nightclub and spend a lot of money after the show every night. When you have a dog act, you give them some dog biscuits and they go to bed."

The Impossible Single Trapeze Routine

Another of the acts done by the members of the Hanneford Family is the single trapeze number of Princess Tajana, in private life Strupi, wife of Tommy. Though it seems impossible, this is an act which every year is more superbly done, every year is even more graceful. The answer, of course, is found in the advice Strupi gave to Jean Fordyce, a youngster who only recently discovered and fell in love with the trapeze. "Practice, practice, practice!," said Strupi, "Here touch my hands, do yours feel like that? It is hard work."

Tommy Hanneford, the most unpredictable circus star we have ever known, is such a natural clown that he clowns Strupi's act as well as the family riding act. One time he will do a prat fall during the grandeous entry to the trapeze number, again he will look about for a place on which to hang her beautiful cloak, discover the mc's microphone, and nonchalantly drape the cape before the onlooking crowd.

Strupi's delight is to tell of the engagement last summer at Kennywood Park in Pittsburgh, where the stage overlooks a beautiful ornamental lake. Somehow the week went by with nothing too unusual taking place. But on the last day Tommy gave in to an urge. As a beautiful horse loped around the ring. Tommy judged his distance, leaped for a broad back and deliberately sailed over and dived into the cooling waters, costume and all. Tommy is a riding clown, first and foremost, but as a rider he is also outstanding. All the Hannefords are excellent riders.

The Mills Bros. Circus is a fine under-canvas outfit that did well in '60. This is a happy show, known to visitors for its outstanding cookhouse. Coco, the clown, is with them again with the act he says "no other clown would want to steal. It is too wet." So much water is tossed around during this routine that those who haven't visited Niagra Falls before seeing the act, won't have to visit the Falls after the act.

With Mills is Herman Joseph, described by Henry Ringling North as "my favorite clown as a boy" in his "The Circus Kings."

There are any number of performing children on Mills, including German twin girls of 14 who do everything from acrobatics to riding with ease, a small girl of 12 who works with her parents on a low wire, and Karl Schmitz, aged 15, who takes part in a head-to-head balancing act with his father. In addition there are tiny tots who walk or ride in Spec. Mills added a number of small floats to its spec this year and it made the whole show brighter.

It was in early September that visitors noticed a number of people seated on the ground working on a huge piece of golden cloth which was spread out on the grass. This, it was proudly explained, was to be the blanket for Miss Burma, beloved elephant of Jack Mills, to be ready for her third appearance in an inaugural parade. Now there's real optimism! If the other party has won by the time this article appears in print, will Jack Mills have bought himself a donkey? Miss Burma smiles gently as she stands waiting to go on for her big act. She doesn't worry about who will be the next president. She's sure of her dinner. There is sweet grass on the lot. What's to worry?

The year 1960 was a good circus year, by and large. Some shows ran into terrible situations. A number of fine troupers died. But most shows did well and the future seems bright. Indoors or beneath big tops there will continue to be circuses. (There may be new ones in '61, if we are to judge by the gleam in some showmen's eyes.) Thirty-six or more shows toured this past year. We did not see them all; we know no one who could make this circuit. Showmen grumble that lots are harder to find, that equipment costs are up, that the climate of these United States is changing—still, Spring is just around the corner and the shows will roll once more.

BEING FUNNY IN CHI'S OLD IROQUOIS

Smith & Dale (Ex-Avon Comedy Four) Recall the Efforts To Get Public to Forget the Fire—Other Reminiscences Of 'The Year 'VARIETY' Was Born.'

- By JOE SMITH & CHARLES DALE -

Fiftyfive years ago a performer us was enough to grab sandwiches were Abe Attell, a natty little cried to another performer about her husband. "I haven't seen him in three days and I looked everywhere." "Did you look in the Clipper?" the other answered. The Clipper was a theatrical trade to the company where the next meal was worrying where the next meal was were sitting in the washroom who had a sparring partner job at that time. We had two matinees a week at paper that preceded VARIETY (the

over after the tragic fire which killed 500 people, and ran it as a vaudeville and musical comedy stock house playing two shows a day. Bes des a line of showgirls we had James Thornton, Joe Coyne. Brown, Harris & Brown, Rosairo Guraro, Elmer Tenly and us.

We played parts in the first and second parts and did our school act in the olio. Elmer Tenly, a famous Irish comedian, put on the burlesque and acted as stage man-

At the opening performance the audience sat sideways in their seats keeping one eye on the show and the other eye on the fire exit doors ready for an emergency. Even with that kind of a handicap the show went over "good" and got fine press notices but Amy Leslie's review also carried a cartoon show-ing a theatre full of skeletons applauding!

During the week the house manager would hand us a bunch of tickets to give away. "We've got to encourage people to come to the theatre again," he told us.

Following the opening week there was a man-and-wife comedy act which almost had the theatre closed. On their opening performthey started their routine with the wife asking "what kind of a hero would you like to be," and the man answered, "I'd like to be a fireman, and when I'd see a woman hanging out of a window and the flames. ." That's as far as he got when Elmer Tenly walked on the stage and swept them off to the applause of the audience. Offstage they asked Elmer why he didn't let them finish their act. Elmer told them that they were finished and to get the hell out of the theatre.

Fated To Close

We finished 10 weeks. Then the Hyde & Behman Music Hall closed. The theatre was renamed the Colonial and Elsie Janis came in with a musical called "The Vanderbilt Cup." We saw the show and recalled how back in Fall River a few years before where we stood in the wings watching a little girl of about 15 making a big hit with the audience. The stage manager called her Miss Janis but she was billed as Little Elsie, (The last time we played on the same bill was in 1937 when Frank Fay tried to bring back vaudeville at the 44th Street Theatre. Elsie Janis and Eva Le Gallienne were the headliners. We still thank Frank Fay for try-

Laying off and hanging around the Palace Hotel on North Clark St. in Ch.cago we had very little cash and much hard luck at poker and craps. We finally were booked on the Orpheum circuit with San Francisco the opening spot. We had our fares paid from Chicago to the Coast and back to Chicago and after figuring out what cash had it would pay for two Pullman sleepers in the tourist car.

We learned that the tourist car (1905, remember!) had a bellied coal stove on which we could cook our meals so we went out and bought utensils and tin dishes and ham, eggs, coffee, bread, beans, etc. to last us for the entire trip. These we carried in two baskets. We did the cooking on the train stove and everything went well until we got past Omaha and then the food turned rancid. Something had happened to it while under the seats. The only things we salvaged were the beans. The only noney we had among the four of

coming from when a stout, goodfiles of which are now owned by Variety when this paper also took over the Clipper).

natured looking man entered, puffing a large cigar. "Did you fellows have your lunch yet?" he Just about the time the VARIETY exploded, late 1905, we, as the Avon Comedy Four, were booked into the Hyde & Behman's Music Hall, in Chiange formerly the latest of the Loctor Loctor of the Hyde with the Loctor Loctor of the L Hall in Chicago, formerly the Lester, Lester nudged Coleman, Iroquois Theatre. H & B took it and in unison we all confessed, We're broke.

In Frisco

We told the man we were on our way to San Francisco and that we were going to appear at the Orpheum Theatre and that we out Monroe. were a comedy quartet and made the excuse that we were with a show that was stranded and that we gave up our salary to help the other performers get back to their homes. It was a good pitch and it made him feel sorry so he took out his wallet and handed each of us a \$5 bill. We thanked him and told him to meet us at the Orpheum at three o'clock and we'd pay him back the money. Now we could eat for the rest of the trip.

We arrived in San Francisco at noon the next day, went to the Maltrase Hotel about two blocks from the theatre, and while we were registering Charlie asked the clerk if we could borrow \$20 until payday. The clerk gave Charlie two \$10 gold pieces and then told us that he was giving us two connecting rooms for the four of us for \$20 a week. We went back to the theatre at three p.m. and there stood our good Samaritan waiting for us. We gave him the two \$10 gold pieces and again we were broke. The four of us then appeared before Meyerfeld, the manager of the Orpheum. He advanced us \$100 with the remark that he was going to take it out of our first week's salary and not wait for our second week. (All acts were booked for two weeks).

Loved Frisco

San Francisco got under our skin and we loved it from the start. It was indeed "the New York of the West," and, what was more, everybody was friendly. Outside the Orpheum's stage entrance you could meet fight fans mingling are Ce with the "hams." Among them Dalton.

We had two matinees a week at the Orpheum and during the week we used to go out to training quarters of Jack Monroe who was training for his fight with Jim Jeffries. Monroe's quarters was a shack on the beach opposite the original Cliff House, situated on the seal rocks or close to it. We did a bit of boxing, handball and roadwork with him, but we felt that he'd have no chance against Jeffries. Maybe his manager Billy Roche thought so too. Jack Cole-

Some 15 years later when we played in Providence with the "Passing Show of 1919" we met Jack Monroe in the lobby of a hotel. His arm was shrivelled. He had been in the first World War but now was a mayor of his little Canadian town. We spoke about his training quarters in San Francisco and of the photo we all took holding music sheets teaching him how to sing. "A good publicity stunt for the newspapers." Billy Roche said. During our reminiscing Charlie asked him how he felt going up aginst a champion heavyweight like Jim Jeffries. And the answer was, "I felt like a little tug boat waiting to be hit by an ocean liner."

Is it 50 years ago? It seems like yesterday when we bought a copy of a new trade paper called Variety. The owner, Sime Silverman, advised us (in 1913) about a new act we were about to do. We followed his advice, and from that came Dr. Kronkhite, a real meal-

Sax's New Waxery

Hollywood.

Kaybor Recording Corp. has been set up a new indie Coast label by Lou Sax, who has already lined up distribution of his product in 40 major cities.

Initial releases include disks by Ronnie Deauville and Bobby Sanders. Other artists under con-tract who haven't yet shellacked are Celeste Saunders and Bobby

Home Is Where the Job Is

Nevada-California 'Circuit' Has Anchored Flock (Showfolk in Las Vegas Environs

By FORREST DUKE

Las Vegas.

Not only has Las Vegas gained recognition as an entertainment capital-it is rapidly expanding as a permanent home for show peo-

Since Las Vegas is the most fertile spot in the world today for lounge in the Vegas Bowl. show biz bookings, it's only natural that many of the entertainers who play here several times a year have become enamored with the climate and the excitement that goes with it-not to mention the fine churches, schools, and recreation facilities such as hunting, fishing, boating, water skiing, golf, and Red Buttons recently boug and winter sports at nearby Mt. Charleston.

The late Norma Talmadge was one of the show biz pioneers to make Las Vegas her home.

Hoot Gibson has lived here many years in retirement,, occasionally goes into Hollywood for a guest shot on tv, and at one time operated a successful home for divorcees called the D-4-C Ranch. Until recently, he was host at the Last Frontier Hotel but recently has been quite ill.

Rex Bell, Nevada's Lt. Governor, makes his home in Las Vegas, where he owns much property in addition to a successful retail clothing store specializing in western togs. Bell has lived here since his hevday as a cowboy film star. and his wife Clara Bow, now under a doctor's care, recently sold their ranch at nearby Searchlight.

Another pioneer Vegan is Grace Hayes, who has lived here for about 15 years. She recently married Bob (Hoppy) Hopkins, former Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer exec, and they live here in a cottage behind the spot where the Grace Hayes Lodge used to stand.

The Sherwoods

Still another veteran couple is Bob & Gale Sherwood; he was a singer-musician, and she an 88er. The Sherwoods came here in 1937 to appear at the old Meadows Club. and have lived here ever since. Their son, Bobby Sherwood, and his wife, Phyllis Dorne, make their second home here when not traveling the nitery circuit, bunking ir

with the senior Sherwoods.

Ruth Etting and hubby Me Alderman have made their p manent home here for many yea

Kay Parsons, who used to ha showboat on the Hudson, is vet Vegan who sings her "songs yesteryear" nightly at the cockt

Job Ain't Steady!

Hank Henry is in his 10th ye here as top banana of the Silv Slipper shows, and his sideki Sparky Kaye has been appeari with him almost as long. one of the town's most respect civic leaders, and he and wife Ann have four children. a 70-acre alfalfa ranch near he: Also in the Silver Slipper sho are Red Marshall and Danny Ja obs, longtime residents who a former burlesque comedians. Pr ducer of the shows is Eddie F (ex-Chaney & Fox); Charlie Te garden, with his own Dixiela group in the Slipper lounge; Sal Rand, who usually does about weeks a year at the Slipper are towners. Gene Austin has all lived here for quite some time.

Betty Grable and Harry Jam are now living in the new for bedroom home they bought just of Desert Inn Road. Carol Channir Eddie Fisher and Jerry Colon are negotiating for houses in t same general area. Sonny Kir Jimmy Durante's "junior partner lives here with wife Nancy at their children.

Louis Prima and Keely Smi have lived here for several year and recently opened their Keele Corp. cffice several blocks fro their house. The Smith childre attend Las Vegas schools.

Sam Butera & The Witnesse who appear with Prima & Smit also have their families here.

The Mary Kaye Trio-Mar Norma Kaye, and Frankie Ross all live here and have their ch dren in the public schools. No man owns a successful realesta

Jazz trumpeter Wingy Manoi lives here, as does his son Jimmy, drummer with Wingy's group. Siplayer Vido Musso, who has hown combo now, also is a Vega

The Dukes of Dixieland-Fran Freddie, and Papa Jac Assuntomoved here from New Orlean years ago and are raising their far ilies as Vegan. Mandolin plays Dave Apollon and organist Mi Herth have had their own music groups in the Desert Inn louns for several years.

Preston Foster, who recently r signed as prexy of the New Froi tier Hotel, has lived here for couple of years, and states I "wouldn't think of living anywherelse" in the future but Las Vega Foster and his wife Shelia, forme actress, have built a home here.

Transplanted show producer who now make this their hom include Jack Entratter, Lou Wa ters, Harold Minsky, Stan Irwii Marty Hicks, George Arnold, Barr Ashton and Lyle Thayer. Maxin Lewis, one of the first show pro ducers here, is now publicity chie at the Tropicana.

Frankie Rapp was one of th first entertainers to settle here long before the Strip was in exisence. Harry White, ex-vaudevi lian, runs the gift shop at th Desert Ir.n golf course, and is at tive in local Variety Tent 39.

The personnel of many loung acts which work the vegation Tahoe circuit most of the year Tae Vegas. Thes include Harry Ranch, Hank Penny Sue Thompson, "Little Red Sue Thompson, "Little Red Blount, Sally Korby, Bobby Stever son, Johnny Haluko, Helen Ran sey, Jessica James, Toby & Loui Baranco, The Make Believes, The Characters, Dick Wise, Eddi Gomes, Philly Duke, Pat Marin Diablito, and another entertaine with a mono moniker, ventrilogus Roberto.

Henry Dunn, Cross & Dunn, live here with his family, and is hos at the Tropicana.

Dave Burton, whose musica (Continued on page 243)



BLESS YOU, - HILDEGARDE

SOHO'S SHODDY STRIPPERIES

A Woolf Tale For the Lambs

dgar Allen Woolf, That Is, and a July 4th Blowoff At the Pat Rooneys

By SENATOR ED FORD

scing session.

the Lambs.

Once upon a time Pat Rooney nd Marion Bent had a summer ome in Southold, Long Island. It as located about three miles from y home as the Old Crow flies, and iring the summer layoff period, ulda and I attended many Rooney Bent weekend parties that were cluded such theatrical celebrities Paul Whiteman, Walter C. Kelly, imes J. Corbett, Van & Schenck, r. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry, Eddie iller and Frank Corbett, Eddie & well Weber, Dennis Dufor, chief oker Eddie Darling, casting di-ector Benny Thau, and playwright dgar Allen Woolf.

These parties were not the kind wingdings that the layman pic-res when show people get tother. In all the parties that the ide and I attended at the ooneys, we never saw anybody unk or disorderly. When things at their drinking peak, arion would bring Pat a cup of a and a piece of pound cake. In I the years that we visited the ooneys, I never saw Pat drink lything stronger than beer. And

ery little of that.
It was all clean fun, and the sughest gags were in the nature giving some dozing guest a hotot. Once, Frank Corbett staged a offoot to end all hotfoots. He got basin of boiling water and played under a cane bottom chair that as occupied by Walter C. Kelly. he chair bottom wasn't the only ne that got steamed up.

Pat Rooney was born on the 4th July and each year he and larion were booked into Henderm's Theatre in Coney Island, so at could have a big birthday party n the stage with the cast and idience participating in the cele-

ation. The year that Henderson's opped its final curtain, Pat and arion came to Southold for the ooney Independence Day birthay party. Pat thought he'd do the th of July shindig up right, so he ent to Dave Rothman's Depart-ent Store on Main Street and ought up Dave's entire stock of reworks. There was about \$150 oman candles, salutes, bombs, plored flares and firecrackers.

Pat nailed some boards together e wanted to have the first guided issles in Southold. All the fire-orks were in a big, open-top, acking case on the front lawn with ne guests sitting around in fidgety nticipation of nightfall and Pat's ocket edition of Paine's fireworks

Local Explosion

nd were lined up across the road with your people—what did you rom the Rooney place waiting for do to mine?" ne blowoff. It came in a most unxpected and sudden manner.

ome of us held our ears and with dread, but also admit that tacked off. Then, suddenly, all hell they were helpful. roke loose. Screaming women and houting men picked up their off-prings and ran as they were close-transpire on the floor.

What horse-racing is to kings, ly pursued by angry skyrockets and miniscing is to actors. Let one Roman candle balls. When the sareformer in a group make with a memoration and immediately the st will jog their Memory Halls to a "Can You Top This?" remidirections. To that packing case, the packing case the packing case, the packing case the packing case

4th of July had come and gone.

By this time the local Volunteer One night, in the recent past, tto Kruger, Frank Fay, Ed Begto Kruger, Frank Fay, Ed Begy, Bert Wheeler and I were ding together in The Lambs Fold. Iter we had our just desserts we re knights of the Lambs' roundble began relating out-of-theatre eatre stories that involved permers. After a few rounds, I said the following Woolf fable. Item to be the following Woolf fable. The bept. had been alerted and the handsomest bunch of hose squirters that ever played a game of pinochle dashed valiantly to the scene. Fortunately no fire started and all that the fire laddies were called on to do was to name their liquid poison at Pat's ad lib bar, and wend their uncertain way. ssed the following Woolf fable and wend their uncertain way home.

That 4th of July celebration saw the shortest, noisiest, most distrubing and violent display of fireworks in Southold history, thanks to the workings of Edgar Allen Woolf's diabolical mind. Nobody talked to Mr. Woolf for about an hour, but good nature and forgiveness set in, elightful get-togethers. The guests accompanied and abetted by liquid

cheer, and all was well again.

MORAL: When staging an Independence Day celebration, beware of the unofficial punk that might prematurely start the fireworks.

When Cafe Comedy Was Clean, Or Else

Mexico City.

Dario, the former operator of New York's La Martinique and now owner of the Rivoli, one of the leading Mexico City eateries, is at a loss to understand the present condition of American comedy in the U.S. Dario is somewhat shocked that there are bonifaces who will permit four-letter words on their

Dario recalled that one time he doused the lights on one comic who insisted upon going counter to his demand for a thoroughly clean show. The comedian took the hint, finished his sentence and thence off the floor. He was cancelled immediately.

La Martinique is still remembered as the mid-Manhattan spot which tried out more comedians than any other cafe up to that time. It was this policy that gave Danny Kaye and Danny Thomas their New York showcasing. There were many others who scored on that floor, among them Jan Murray, Dick Haymes, Betty Hutton, Alan Gale, the Katherine Dunham Dancers with Jean Leon Destine in the troupe, and Betty Garrett. How-ever, Dario found that the role of the starmaker is difficult. He cited, as an example, the huge success of Thomas at the cafe. The place was so loaded that there had to be a orth of skyrockets, pinwheels, oman candles, salutes, bombs, stampede. But since all engagements must come to an end, Dario proudly heralded a comedy ret right angles to act as guiding proudly nevaded a comedy re-placement who was making a mild oughs for his sky rockets, because splash around town. The first evening, business was very bad, but comedian hopefully assured Dario that it would soon be great. 'Wait till my people start coming." The second night business was even worse, and the comic again said, "My people will show up later." At the end of the week when business was desolate, the comic said, The Southold populace had got-en wind of the proposed doings my people." Dario said, "To hell

In Dario's era, comedy was the major item. It still is and much of Evidently, Edgar Allen Woolf ad become impatient and had de- on talent developed in that club. ided to take things over in his Many remember the small room off nimitable fashion, so he nonchal- the stage of La Martinique where ntly flicked a lighted cigaret into Dario gave his acts critiques on the he case of fireworks. At first there first night performances. Many vas a modicum of sputtering, as performers remember those talks

During the old La Martinique

By DICK RICHARDS

Booze plus bosoms is still the fancy combo that's hoisted Soho's clubs to the dubious pedestal of being champs of London's stripperies. Tourists pursuing the bare facts of life can hardly whirl a G-string in any direction without hitting the linkman of some skin-

simply an after-Sunset Strip parade. Barely have club members savored the last drop of post-prandial brandy before they can start getting in a lather as they watch a giggle of goosepimpled gals indulge in a spot of tepid over-sexposure. In these membership clubs ("Gotta couple of bucks, buddy? Then you're in") the nudies may move, unlike in legit theatres, such as The Windmill. This extra gymnastic scope has created the underground movement, a scamper round the rules. The fleshpots of London—and not only in Soho have never been enjoyed so often, so determinedly, by so many.

Apart from Soho these clubs exist in Knightsbridge, Chelsea and in one such club stands solemnly in the heart of St. James', just round the corner from Variety's bureau. Surrounded by white's, Boodles and the Devonshire, the Key Hole Club looks as out of place as a callgirl at a christening. But it does wow busi-

But Soho is still the heart of the matter. It's impossible to say how many clubs operate. Guesses have varied from scores to hundreds. Impossible, too, to predict for how many Peeping Toms they cater. One club boasts a membership of 80,000 and smugly insists that the list includes "business ty-coons, professional men, doctors, politicians and two admirals." The affinity between is naval and strict-

ly navel maneuvers is obvious.

The clubs range from the big, plushy aristocrats of the trade, such as Raymond's Revuebar, the Nell Gwynne, the Gargoyle, Peep-erama and the Casbah, down to

(Continued on page 256)

LONDON'S OTHER What'll You Have—Nudes, Jazz, Food? Paris' Myriad of Cafes Has 'Em All

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Know what's new in the Paris branch of amusements.

Louis-Guerin and Fraday are nite spots? Food.

This is the rediscovery of 1960. An echo from the bird-and-bottle wine cafes of long ago. Today's owners of Paris' 150-odd principal boites, cabarets, caves and windupperies find that the tabs come earlier or stay longer if they can also eat. May have something to do with the exhausting nature of watching girls take off their clothes to music or dramatic theme.

The Champs-Elysees Club, with the big show, the Lido, has found that it served more dinners than ever this year with people pre-ferring to do this to get a better seat and make a one spot night of it. The posh La Nouvelle Eve has added food and several jazz spots around town now cater, if only hamburgers, cheesecake etc. More deluxe places and danseries serve up more formidable edibles.

Another new aspect of the 1960 Paris nitery situation is the cave opened by Alain Bernardin, head wrangler at the Crazy Horse Saloon on the Avenue George V. He put a lot of the loot he made with his peelers in the latter shoehorn boite into a smart looking club called

Don't Knock Girls

If you're the scholarly type you may deduce that the Soho formula is the mixture as before, only dif-ferent. Nudity alternates with sock sight turns at both Crazy Horse and Soho but in the newer setting the girls start nude and cavort under artistic lighting, etc. So what's new? But don't knock young, lovely frames. "Gay Paree" has been built on this foundation since Toulouse-Lautrec was getting around on elevator shoes and

The Lido still shows the way in terms of grand-scale melange of dames and diversion. Very defi-nitely neither of the two impre-sarios there, Pierre Louis-Guerin and Rene Fraday, believe in tampering with the payoff format. Indeed, when a given floorshow clicks they sometimes push the run beyond all precedent and all counsel. Only once or twice has a Lido show perhaps "tired" a bit. Meanwhile there are many gadabouts who seriously consider the

Lido world-tops in the floorshow

readying to encircle the globe to gather acts and production ideas. Their meccano effects and remarkable performers over the years have most show biz observers feeling that they can scarcely hope to best their own record.

The strip-and-act rotation Bernardin is also used at Le Sexy plus a headliner. It's more nearly revue format. Le Sexy is one club doing good biz these days when nitery biz is slack generally

Flock of other spots count mainly on girls taking their clothes off. Per Grisbi, Le Shako, Le Sex Appeal, L'Aiglon, Shocking, Venus and Jockey.

Tableaux Toujours

Spectacle on more staid Parisian standards prevails at the Nouvelle Eve, Eve, Naturistes, Pigalls, Sphinx, Tableaux are more static than the Americanized and electric aspects of the Lido, but picturesque all the same, and nudity is often as tasteful as the Lido variety. Boule Blanche is a vest pocket show while the Moulin Rouge houses a Japanese revue that adds exoticism.

The travesty clubs, where men masquerade as women or vice versa, have their most imaginative example in Carrousel. Robust hesheing, both ways, persists at Chez Moune, Monocle, Madame Arthur, Narcisse, Elle Et Lui, Fifty-Fifty.

Nowadays many headliners are too busy with disks, legit, films to play clubs but Josephine Baker is prepping her own for next year. Other types of cabarets? L'Ecluse

is still a cradle for new talent, Chez Moineau, Galevie and L'Echelle Jacob for more known, solid names, L'Abbaye for those wanting folk songs purveyed by Yanks Gordon Heath and Lee Payant. Le Chaval D'Or, Milord D'Arsouille, Scandia, Polka des Mandibules, Le Port De Salut have offbeat singers and comics and the latter can even make up death masks while you wait, and one, Polka des Mandibules, has wine spigots on each table.

There are establishments where medieval or Hemingway era songs are sung by performers or auds. Per Caveau Des Oubliettes, Caveau De La Boles, Le Lapin Agile. Belly dancers gyrate at El Djazair. Add Russo fiddle boites, Ciros, Flor-ence, Novy, Sheherazade, Monsigneur; or Hispano havens for Fla-menco as the Guitar, Catalan, Ca-bane Cubain, Puerto Del Sol.

Others still—Greek Bouzookies at the Dionysos, Magyar gypsy music at the Tokay and jazz at the Trois Mailetz, Club Saint Germain, Vieux Colombier, Bidules, Caveau De La Huchette and where the Yanks go and play, the Blue Note, the Mars Club, and the Club Saint-Florentin.

Various discotheques spin platters. (Etoile, La Licorne, Epi Club, St. Germain, Discotheque, Whiskey A Gogo, others,. Inventively decorated caves for food and dance Grandes Severines, and windup-peries are led by the Petits Paves Oyster Bar, the Spaghetti Club, the Calavados, and Club 43.

The Club De Contrascarpe is run by a Yank, trouper Mel Howard, who has amateur and regular singers on all night for a cheapie at 50c a drink and it has become the international beatnik haunt.

Sully D'Autelil has the fine chansonnier comic Jean Rigaux but its rapidfire patter turns are strictly for the French. Then there are audience participation spots like Chez Patachou, Tagada and Renee Bell.

And there are the myriad of cafes and bars which keep Paris truly the City of Light and Night Life. (The post-war existentialist tone is gone.)

Prices? The flashier clubs take \$12 for champagne or \$3 for a drink. Average cost is at least \$2 a drink. Cheaper evenings in the smaller jazz and offbeat clubs.

Western Canada Hotel Rules [IN PIONEER ERA]

Trouping has never been the ideal life, but performers travelling western circuits in Canada, when the Canadian prairies were first blossoming, had to put up with some miserable conditions compared with today's accommodations. Check this list of hotel rules from the McLeod, Alberta, hotel in pioneer days:

Boots and spurs must be removed at night before retiring. Every known fluid (water excepted) for sale at the bar. Special rates to gospel grinders and the gambling profession. Towels changed weekly. Insect powder for sale at the bar.

No kicking regarding the food. Those who do not like the provender ill get out or be put out

Assaults on the cook strictly prohibited.

Quarrelsome or boisterous persons, also those who shoot off, without provocation, guns or other explosive weapons on the premises, and all boarders who get killed, will not be allowed to remain in the house. When guests find themselves or their baggage thrown over the fence

they may consider that they have received their notice to quit. Jewelry and other valuables will not be locked in the safe. The house has no safe.

In case of fire, the guests are requested to escape without delay. The bar will be open day and night. Day drinks 50c night drinks \$1. No mixed drinks will be served except in case of a death in the family.

Only regularly registered guests will be allowed to sleep on the

Guests without baggage must sleep in the vacant lot and board elsewhere until their baggage arrives. No checks cashed for anybody. Payment must be made in cash,

gold or blue chips. Meals served in own rooms will not be guaranteed in any way. Our waiters are hungry and not above temptation.

To attract attention of waiters or bellboys, shoot a hole through the door panel. Two shots for water, three for a deck of cards. Board—\$25 per week. Board and Lodging-\$40 per week with wooden bench to sleep on.

Board and Lodging-\$60 a week with bed to sleep on. Extras-towels, soap, candles.

CHICAGO'S WAIL:

Second V. S. City But Not Secondary

en tertainment

whirl. Some paint a very bleak picture

and leave us for stone col'

daid. Others portray us as a veritable

gold mine — a

sucker town

Broadway

Lake Tahoe Area Emerging As Key Year-Round Resort

By ART LONG JR.

Lake Tahoe. Lake Tahoe, which officially opens on Memorial Day and closes on Labor Day, is rapidly evolving as one of the nation's major entertainment centers—and there's a suggestion it will be on a year- Co. and the Pomeroy Land Co. around basis in the not distant

Major business and residental developments on the east side of the mile-high lake, with most of it within the Nevada borders, are a clear barometer of what can be expected.

And the high-priced names booked this summr and on into the winter is proof positive the show biz season even now is not limited to one season.

Only half a dozen years back Taboe was a name that prompted little interest among saloon entertainers, but a recap of the '60 season shows at least 30 acts booked in the area during any given week between Memorial Day and Labor Day. Granted, many of the acts worked lounges, but be it lounge or big room, it's still employment. And to indicate the status of performers working the lake, there is such as Jack Benny Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Red Skelton, Benny Goodman, Sammy Davis, Jr., Victor Borge, ad in finitum.

On the north shore of Lake Tahoe, the Cal-Neva Lodge for many years was the only nitery booking top acts. Now it competes with the Nevada Lodge, the Bal Tabarin, and the North Shore Club

Big hypo for the Cal-Neva in the season was Frank Sinatra's application for big per cent of the club. He was joined by Henry Sanicola, Dean Martin, and Paul D'Amato. Result was such bookings as Sinatra for a week-plus, Sammy Davis, Jr. and Dean Mar-tin. Nevada Lodge, remodeling and enlarged, booked such as Rowan & Martin, Ruth Wallis, and Pat Harrington in the main thea-tre-restaurant and employed three groups nightly in the casino lounge, as did the North Shore Club, the Bal Tabarin and the Cal-Neva.

On South End

On the south end, the big name In gaming and entertainment is Bill Harrah. His one-year-old plush 750-seater is the show place of the northwest and compares with the best Vegas has to offer. And for the full year he books only the top names, including Jack Benny, Benny Goodman, Liberace and Johnny Mathis, among others. In his casino lounge, separated from the gaming area by a semicircular 90-stool bar, Harrah books such as the Mary Kaye Trio, Nick Lucas, Al Morgan, Ray Anthony,

Second to Harrah in booking entertainment at the South Shore is Harvey Gross, who about six years ago started a small club operation, The Wagon Wheel, on a location purchased from a church group. He recently announced plans to enlarge.

Gross' ertertainment is from a behind-the-bar stage for the present, but new plans call for "something new" in the way of lounge operations. Gross uses seven lounge groups on a 24-hour basis the year around. Also at the south end of the lake is the Tahoe Plaza, smaller club using three groups during the summer season.

Permanent population in the lake area now surpasses the 9,000 mark, and in the near future will more than double. At the south end, less than 15 minutes' drive from the casinos on the Nevada side, the multimillion dollar Tahoe Keys development is rapidly tak-

ing shape. With six keys shooting out into the lake, the development will accommodate 296 home sites with lake frontage. Developers are Henry Kaiser's Hawaiian Dredging Co., the Lincoln Development

Nearer the north end of the lake, the Crystal Bay Development Co. has begun alterations of the lake shore for development of \$25,000,000 project in a 9,000-acre area, to include a complete all-new community with a swank hotel-casino operation.

And with the improved highways leading into the area from all directions, the lake is less than an hour's driving time from Reno, and only a few hours from the San Francisco Bay area. The lake is also serviced by daily flights from the Bay Area to a new air-port only seven minutes from the gaming areas at the south end.

Despite the usual severe winters in the Tahoe area, the major highways are closed for only short periods because of the elements. And the rapid population growth and traffic increase will call for even closer maintenance patrol of the lake roads.

With the millions of dollars in new investment in the area, Tahoe is assuming new stature—and the entertainment business is keeping

GESTURE TO COLLEGIANS

BMI Prize For Boy Composer And Lyricist

Broadcast Music Inc., music licensing firm, will present a \$1,000 prize to the composer and lyricist of the "best" college musical comedy or revue presented in the U.S. and Canada during the 1960-61 academic year. An additional award of \$500 will be made to the drama or music department, or to the student dramatic club, sponsoring the production.

The entries will be judged by a panel consisting of Morton Da Costa, Robert E. Griffith, Harold S. Prince, Robert Fryer, Lawrence Carr, Lehman Engel, Dore Schary, Steven Sondheim, Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. The competition ends next May 15 and the an-The competition nouncement of winners will be made no later than the following

hands down.

Neither extreme is accurate. Will the real Chicago please stand up? Hates a Loser

The real Chicago is typical of any red-blooded American city. It loves a winner, hates a loser. The White Sox set a new attendance record of 1,600,000. The Bears play to capacity houses in Wrigley Field every Sunday. The Black Hawks, making a comeback, are luring hockey fans by the thou-sands back to the Stadium. It's the same on Rush Street, Chicago's gay white way. Winners like Shelley Berman, Mort Sahl, Jack E. Leonard and Phyllis (Killer) Diller pack Mister Kelly's; ditto Vic Damone, Buddy Hackett and Frances Faye at the Tradewinds.

Chicago is a discriminating town. Shows that click on Broadway don't necessarily get the same reception here. Acts that wow 'em in New York cafes often find Chicago audiences more difficult to sell.

Chicago demands, but it doesn't always get, topnotch performers. That's one reason the Chez Paree, once the queen of the nation's cafes, no longer is in existence. Top acts became too difficult to book, and Chicagoans would support nothing less. The "bread-andbutter" cafe performers like Frank Sinatra, Red Skelton, Danny Thomas, Jerry Lewis, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr., Lena Horne, Jimmy Durante, Joe E. Lewis, Louis Prima and Keely Smith, Sophie Tucker, et. al., either had no time because of other commitments (mostly talevision) or their ments (mostly telcvision), or their appearances were too infrequent to guarantee a flow of big name entertainers.

Substitutions

The demise of the Chez Paree hardly was startling. The booking problem had begun to exert itself few years ago, which was the beginning of the end. The Palmer House, with its huge Empire Room, has stepped into the void and has signed some of the names that once were in bright lights at the Chez -Shophie Tucker, Joe E. Lewis

(Continued on page 242)



MABEL MERCER

SEASON'S GREETINGS
Second Year: The Intimate King Arthur Room of the ROUNDTABLE in New York

Chicago. Chicago in recent months has been the subject of a number of "think" a pieces on its role in the Hurdles Cover Charge Ban

clubs are taboo.

that goes for anything The cover charge ban and the 1 a.m. curfew have hit secondary night spots hard, especially borderline clubs where guides steered gringo suckers for commissions up to 50% with lavish praise of the "picturesque" or "underworld" atmosphere of dives. Chiefly the joints are more sordid than pic-turesque and the 1 a.m. curfew is a police measure that protects the sucker's pocketbook. For when a U. S. tourist entered the doors, going rates for shots of tequila, mezcal, etc., served indifferently in spotty glasses, soared anywhere from 100 to 500% over the customary tariff of 16 to 24c.

Now these second rate spots have had to curtail their floor shows and the tourist tide has been skillfully channeled to the luxury traps which are far heavier on the pocketbook. Some of those socalled firstclass spots such as the Astoria, Capri La Fuente, etc., have variety turns that are thirdrate in quality and systematically adulterated drunks.

But the inner circle of Mexico's top night spots and bars, despite the minimum cover ban, which is making it tough for managements to contract stellar names, both Mexican and international, are doing a jammed business. The floating tourist population, the diplomatic corps, international conventions, congresses and meetings of one sort or another, fill up the super elegant and semi-elegant spots, and the small number of fringe secondrate joints that still manage to stay in business.

Big Biz

Mexico is enjoying its biggest nightclub boom of the past five years, despite all the official prohibitive restrictions imposed by a bluenose mayor.

Such spots as the Senorial, Terraza Cassino, El Patio, the Afro, which bills itself more than a night club "a state of mind," Versalles, the Villa Fontana bar-restaurant featuring the Magic Violines, and others offer diversified entertainment, exotic food and international floor shows.

Actually it was the Senorial that began importing big names on a major scale and before the cover charge ban dampened their ardor management had put out feelers or had contract negotiations in vari-ousous stages of completion al-legedly with Marlene Dietrich, Frank Sinatra and others. Other impresarios angled for services of Josephine Baker, Caterina Valente, Louis Armstrong, etc.

Now the trend to international

names is marking time while club managements hope for a change of by city fathers or a way of circumventing the nocover edict. Cash customers, as a matter of fact, have shown no marked resistance to paying up to a \$40 dollar cover to see and hear entertainment celebrities in the flesh. And the hiring of a Nat King Cole, Harry James, etc., with stiff fees stipulated by these and all foreign entertainers, virtually forced clubs to seek protection in astronomic cover charges. Actually city fathers stepped in to "pro-tect" clients from abuses but tect" clients from abuses, but talks with these well-heeled nightclub habitues shows a disinclination to be protected.

Still Minor League

Mexico's night life is gay and lively, with an Aztec or cosmopolitan atmosphere. But it can't be said by any means that the city's dusk-to-dawn life can compare in color to that of Paris, or Berlin, chord): "I asked for a chord and Rome, Madrid, the Ginza strip, Broadway, etc."

Maybe these are the things tha color to that of Paris, or Berlin, Broadway, etc.

Gay whoopee costs a fortune in chased vaudeville.

Mayor Ernesto P. Uruchurtu, who has not endeared himself to the film industry by stubbornly holding fast to a 32c boxoffice freeze for admissions, now has ruled that cover charges in night.

While business has been spott at times, and there have bee complaints of "gouging," chiefl by Americans shocked at havin pay \$1.60 and upward for drink of Scotch, with other price in proportion, clubs allege tha this is not their fault. Two year ago the Treasury inflicted a 100% customs duty on all importe liquors to save dollar exchang and to protect local wine an liquor interests. Only thing th heavy customs boost did achiev was to set up a tremendous busi ness in contraband and adultera tion of expensive brands. So tha customers in nightclubs wer customers in nightclubs wer doubly pinched: the excessive pe drink rate and the even mone chance that they were not drink ing produce described by bottl label.

One of the most striking spot is the Muralto, atop the Lati American building, towering 4 stories above street level. The Bel vedere Bar atop the Continenta Hilton is another favorite haunt slightly reminiscent of the Top o the Mark in San Francisco.

Remember?

- JOE LAURIE JR. -Do you remember these "ad libs of the vaude comics? Paste 'em in

your gag book. They may come it handy when vaudeville comes back (After getting a laugh): "Yo didn't think I was any good when I first came out?"

"Don't get up, make him clim! over.'

(To latecomer): "Where have you been?

(To man or woman who laugh out loud): "Leave the room."

(To a good laugher): "If you're not doing anything tomorrow nigh come again."

(Joke spreading): "Take you time folks, let it circulate."

(To latecomer): "You came to late; you missed everything."

(Man with arm on rail of box) "Take your arm off the rail; you make me thirsty."

(To single man coming in alone) What's the matter mister, did you

have a fight with her? (After a little applause): "Good

thing you called me back." "Don't tell her, mister, make her

listen.' "You're not paying attention Mrs. Cohen."

"Listen, customers."

(Smells Smoke): "Somebody is shoeing a horse in this theatre. (Showing ring on finger): "Onmore payment and this is mine.'

"I can hear you whispering to each other, that boy is clever.

"That's a lady back there thinks I'm a horse, she has field glasse: on me."

"There's a fellow kissing a gir over there. When he gets through I'll start.'

"While they are setting the stage they have to have something ou

(Noise off stage): "That's my salary coming in."

(To orchestra as they come intepit): "Who won?" (To bass player): "I tried to play

one of those things but couldn' get it under my chin." (To drummer dropping cowbell)
'Milk the damn things."

(To leader after asking for a

'Schmo Vadis'

e office of Mannie Octavius, personal manager, booker, orgies by intment, etc. Mannie is on the phone. He speaks:

larcellus? This is Mannie. Been trying to reach you for two days, Have I got news for you. I told you I'd do it, and I did. Have I got news for you. I told you I'd do it, and I did.

Well, hold on to your laurel wreath, sweetheart . . . you in three weeks at the Coliseum!!! How about that? And so not the best part. You're next to closing. How about that? come on now, dad, forget about money. Do you know how acts would give their last Toga to play the Coliseum? Do you how hard I had to work to set this up? Listen. Will you to me, this is Mannie? Would I steer you wrong? You'll break there. But we have to work on the act. No. No. You can't he same act you've been doing. The Coliseum is a hip room. . . Yeah. I know you killed them in Gaul. Yeah, I know ingeterix wants you back in the fall. Forget about that territory. Yeah. I know you killed them in Gaul. Yeah, I know ingeterix wants you back in the fall. Forget about that territory. I strictly 'Squaresville.' Listen to me. Gaul you can always play. et it. Now about the act. I think you should open with the k story. That's great anywhere, and it hasn't been used in the seum. Then I think you should go right into your 'Hannibal' ession. With the elephant sounds. That'll kill 'em. Really break up. What? I don't know who else will be on the bill but I t they're closing with an animal act called 'The Lions Versus The stians,' or something. I think the act has played there before did well. But forget the other acts, will you. Just kill them our spot. And by the way, it's a big band, so don't forget to our spot. And by the way, it's a big band, so don't forget to your "lute" parts! And Marcellus, baby, does your manager care of you? I picked up a club date in the mountains this Not much loot but you can break in the new stuff. It fits erfectly. By the way you have to have a girl singer along with She's on the show, and she doesn't have a chariot. Sure, sure, ry to get you a little extra 'oat' money."

Are U.S. Comics Too Serious?

By SIR FRANK SCULLY

ress seemed to be declared off s, the quality of topical humor s to have declined. Treating tatesmen could play their condig, lese majeste and all that of Roman patrician jazz. Seritatesmen could play their conoraries for laughs (witness shehev turning Adlai Stevenworn-shoe routine into a nable instrument for heckling e U. N.) and even straight men permitted to knock off a few s (the late Ward Bond hung lag at half mast when K. was guest) without running the of finding all casting agents's barred to them. But comics uch were allowed no similar

triotism, which Samuel Johnleclared was the last refuge of roundel, had become sans rehe and anybody who wanted aprove the national act, either the gentle hand of humor or iore robust means, was immely charged with being a home ker bent on reducing his native to a second class status.

If-appointed gauleiters told the cs if they had to be funny to ack to pratfalls and throwing ard pies but to lay off any ks about whom Betsy Ross was with last night. She was home e? Sewing? A likely story! e of that, boys. Respect for the iotic themes, or work out your ract in the salt mines!

Some Exceptions

ome, like the recently sellout t Sahl, clung to the sort of tling humor which had brought 1 a small measure of subter-an eminence, but in the big ue comics were cowed enough ike Madison Avenue directives o subject matter. Politix and jion were out.

d Caesar edged into cerebral is of clowning, but in time he olitical eminence came within

were not looking for a blue They saw that this jokes stayed within the proscribed limits afe court jesters.

he same went for Milton Berle, y Lewis, Danny Kaye, Phil Sil-(though at times he came danusly near knocking over some ily rated brass), Red Skelton, Buttons, Joey Bishop, Joey ms, George Gobel and Sam enson.

red Allen had the skill and the are to have transcended these tations. Quiz shows took Allen

er since the death of Will Ray, he has been baffled by most rs, after which laughing at things and having a great deal of innocent charm he groped amusingly for answers. His guests sometimes gave them with a force that floored him. Those awake across the land were too sleepy to resent these cuffo appraisals of how our patriots had loused things up at home and abroad

Jonathan Winters, Shelley Berman. Bob Newhart and other latter-day Gobels came near to dissecting the flaws in our quadrennial contests between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, but they did better, or at least got fewer kickbacks, when expanding on the foibles of airplane travel and bus drivers.

Of the older comics, the dean of them all, Charlie Chaplin, tried hardest and came out worst at showing what was wrong with the social and political machinery of this ex-crown colony. His defect in this field was that, like Ike, he rarely read a book and had to resort to blind flying when the going got tough.

Military Clubs Better For Talent & Just One Reason: Slot-Machines

By HAZEL GUILD

for the officers and non-commisplain GIs in Europe—once pretty sad from the performers' view-point—has improved considerably.

And much of the answer con tributing to the choicer pay and better clubs is contained in just one magic fact-Slot machines.

The American Air Force clubs in Europe have always permitted the nickel-dime-and-quarter grabbers, but the Army clubs in Europe only okayed the little one-armed bandits about a year ago. In some of the prime locations, the slot machines are coining as much as \$100 per machine per day—and with five machines, a club can be kicking as much as \$500 a day new entertainment money into its

So the shabby wages, and shabby treatment, once accorded to entertainers overseas are no longer so common. While the USO shows are still paying absolutely minimum wages, the Air Force and Army clubs across the Atlantic can pay good high rates for talent, and are buying prime acts.

Karen Anders and Peggy Hadley, billed as the only duo female comic and singer act in the entertainment business, recently finished a six weeks stint playing at the clubs for the two branches of the service in Germany and France. They were booked (through MCA) all the way from outstanding glamour clubs like the VIP hotel, the Von Steuben, in Wiesbaden, to strictly sticksville.

Fattened Budgets

"Our act was accompanied by everything ranging from an old upright piano to a 15-piece German band that really swings," Miss Hadley reported. The clubs varied from super plush to pretty primitive him but the treatment at all extive-but the treatment, at all except one post, was superb.

The girls usually worked two shows a night, (9 to 12 a week) being rushed by bus or car to little five unions—SAG, AFTRA, Equity, towns in the sticks like Bad Kreuz- AGVA and had to join Variety

Situation in the several hundred American military clubs operated for the officers and non-commissioned officers, airmen and just Chaumont—typical Air Force club dates, away from the glamour of Paris, but with plenty of work and good salaries, although of course not as high as Stateside.

"We met one American singer who came to Germany six years ago for a month of club dates—and has been there ever since, working five or six nights a week and making a good living. There is plenty of work, because the clubs have fat budgets now," Miss Anders reported.

"There is more money in the non-commissioned officers' clubs than in many private clubs in the States. There is generally just about no place for the fellows to go when they're stationed at some remote post near a little town in Germany or France, so they spend their money at the base clubs which buy good acts for them," she added.

"At Ramstein Air Base, for instance, there are three movies plus two Chinese and one Italian restaurant, right on the base. And there are about six clubs."

Intensive 'Break-In'

MCA booked the girls on their European tour to get them away from the States to break in a new act-and they got the kind of intense experience, under varying conditions, that they could never have obtained in America. Every night they played at one or two different clubs in different cities, with different stages and varying types of audience. In addition, they climbed aboard a BBC spectacular and played two weeks at London's Astor Theatre.

(Pay varied considerably. The girls made an appearance on the Jack Paar show in the States and their next club date following that payed them triple to their previous salary. In Europe, they worked for less and wound up as members of

nach and Baumholder and Sem-Artists Federation in London for

The girls found some of the military clubs highly luxurious, with appointments and furnishings worth something like a quarter of a million dollars-but most of the furnishing was for the audience out front, with inadequate dressing rooms, or none at all.

However, the girls generally dressed at their hotel room or used the custodian offices when neces-

Beats The Latin Quarter

"Some of the military clubs are even more elaborate than the Latin Quarter in New York," Miss Anders noted. "And many of the military clubs are extremely well The Von Steuben in Wiesrun. baden is the best-operated club we've ever been in-the clubs back home could take tips from it about good management.

"The custodians were very cooperative about letting us fix up in their offices if there weren't any dressing rooms. They helped us fix the stage and arrange the light-ing when we needed it."

To the surprise of the girls, who

had been told that the GIs overseas were jaded and often highly critical of entertainment, they found them a very hep and ap-

preciative audience.
"Our show atthe Von Steuben ran 45 minutes but the applause stretched it to an hour. The GIs are so hep they got many of the lines before we were even through with them," she added. References to Castro and Khrushchev were the biggest laugh getters— but sur-prisingly, too, the GIs were slow to laugh or grab the references to some movie stars like Mickey Rooney and to show business gags -but the officers, on the other hand, were hep to all the references

Those Drunks In Hahn!

Only real problem the girls had in all their club dates was at an Air Force base in Hahn, Germany. There, they were given accom-modations at the bachelor officers' quarters—where they shared the bathroom with the male officers. There were no locks on the doors of bedrooms or bathroom, and they had to shove a gym locker against the door every night to avoid having some drunk try to push his way

in.

When they complained to the non-commissioned officer in charge of the base clubs, he suggested they move to a hotel in the town, 20 miles away. He added that he had no transportation available, however, and did not know how they could get to the base for their

In addition, they found the only troublesome audience at Hahn, where a bunch of young airmen "looked like the leatherjacket set," pushed their way up to ringside tables and shouted filthy remarks at the pair (whose act, incidentally, features no blue material).

However, except for Hahn, they found the clubs exceptionally good from every standpoint. One of the problems girl acts often have in the States is with drunks and hecklers, but in Europe, the military generally keeps its audiences under tight control, even at the base clubs.

For one number, the girls don ence. At one military club, a slightly tight GI rushed up to retrieve the earmuffs and hand them back to the girls-only time that a soldier got into the act.

Stage door johnnys just don't exist in the military clubs, the girls noted, and the soldiers they did meet were lonesome for home, wanted to know about the girls' hometowns and asked for pin-up pictures, in a very gentlemanly

way.

They found the audience hep and appreciative and begging for Stateside entertainment of good acts, they found the pay good and tations. Quiz shows took Allen of circulation in his last years re he could be attacked by the istines and hung for his innee.

The washington when a duffy had and cordiality. So imagine my surprise when on this particular Monton to show. I had to do the in-and-out substitute routine that time, too.

But the true agony of spirit of the younger comics, Jack Paar the longest run and the weak-the longest run and the weakaudience is waiting.

On 'Stepping Into' The Part—

By BARNEY GERARD

When I read nowadays the various shenanigans of performers to re- scene. write their contracts, or get out of a part or a commitment my memory goes back to my "Follies of out of me, despite a five-year contract, which did not so provide, was Billy McIntyre, son of James McIntyre (McIntyre & Heath).

happened it made little difference that this comic took a powder. Having a big following in the Bronx, I made a speech each show to tell all my friends I was acting and we broke the house record.

I suppose almost any oldtimer could recall like instances. Another in my own recollection was in Washington when a utility man

jokes. Like a modern Charlie (not a theatre) and among ama- around me and said:

Show business is no exception to the rule that history repeats. When I read nowadays the various to recall even now. The swoon to recall even now. The In amazement I asked what was story takes a bit of setting-of-

Introducing Mr. Waldron

While spending a short rest period in Maine at my cottage one the Day," when burlesque flourished in the land. One actor then
trying to pry a salary raise

Tall, I went to Boston where the
"Follies" were to play. I always
liked to look a show over and
brush it up before it went into the Columbia, New York (now the DeMille) the following week. The theatre in Boston was Waldron's Casino of which the management IcIntyre (McIntyre & Heath).

His tactic was not to show up dron the owner was also a director d that egress was an exit for for the opening matinee at Miner's on the Columbia Circuit and Law-Bob Hope bopped both in the Bronx. The house was rence De Cane, the house manags of the fence and thus made ppear as neutrality sitting on packed when I appeared, escortfully to see that there was nothing nd hence harmless. Groucho ing my wife, Gertrude Hayes, who objectionable. They never had to x could of course have the grade in the Will Rogsyndrome but they sat him on ool and saw to it that no one I was resting and certainly not expecting to perform opposite the other comic, Sam (Schlepperman) Hearn. Although I was the author ick Benny? No. He has always Hearn. Although I was the author too many people and his writ- of the show's book I did not know "Follies" was the only show al-I too many people and his writ- of the show's book I did not know lowed to use the title we used on all the lines by any means and the Western Wheel. The managethe occasion was taxing. But as it ment was cool and indifferent and undertaking than he thought it hard to get acquainted with. Inwardly they hotel Western Wheelers. However after a few years on the circuit we became chummy and Waldron and I used to play golf whenever I visited one of my shows icky at the Casino. Even so, when you walked into the theatre Monday morning to see if you had any mail and if everything was okay it was said "Charley I can't do anything. like walking into an ice palace. I came on to see my "Follies" be-You could feel the lack of warmth fore it goes into the Columbia. I and cordiality. So imagine my sur-

up. It seems that, in Ashland, Mass., 10 miles from Boston, where Waldron had a summer home, his caretaker, a middle aged man had been rehearsing a bunch of local men and women in a five act melodrama to be presented for the Grange. For three months they had been sitting around on the stage of the hall where the show was to be played. When Waldron came to Ashland the town was vociferous in its acclaim of him as community-spirited. Waldron decided to really do something to decided to really do something to help the cause and he had a 24-sheet stand painted reading—"The Greatest Show Ever Seen in Ashland" mentioned the title, (which escapes me) and credited his caretaker, the name in big letters, as the director and producer

A Civie Hero!

emblazoned in big type he began to realize this must be a bigger was. He got scared went out and got drunk, then disappeared. The townspeople began besieging Waldron to find his man and any everybody including Waldron was pan-

This is the story Waldron greeted me with and said "you are the I came on to see my "Follies" bewant to polish it up and be sure

(Continued on page 242)

HAVE NO GUN, SO TRAVELED

By RICHARD JOSEPH

Guys ask us how we happened | flair for fiction that later were to to make the move from being a reporter to the travel writing dodge, and all we can say is that dubhood on Centre Market Place a quartercentury ago was the best imaginable training for travel. Covering police for the old N.Y. Evening Journal in those days, you either were tough or you learned how to move. We picked up the travel knack quickly.

The Journal's night police headquarters contingent of that era was made up of the famed Gun Squad: Johnny Weisberger, the late Syd Livingston, and Tommy Weber, and together they carried more hardware than George Patton had with his Third Army when it slashed through Germany.

Poor Syd is dead, and Tommy Weber became a photographer, which is almost as bad. Johnny Weisberger is still minding the store across from Police Headquarters, but whether the years have so mellowed him that he makes ' is rounds unroscoed we're not prepared to say.

Anyhow, we then were the Journal's only unarmed night police reporter, and as such our status was something like that of a male WAC. And yet, during our hitch of more than three years with the Journal Night Bombardment Squadron, we heard a gun fired in anger only

A Polish janitor up in Yorkville had hit the Irish Sweeps and blown his top, and was giving reporters a hard time. It was close to 3.30 in the morning when Syd Livingston moved in on the janitor's cellar fortress.

"You wait here," Livingston ordered, tightening his shoulder-holster. This wasn't easy for Syd to do, as he had managed to pack close to 300 pounds around his five-foot-six frame.

Syd descended into the cellar depths, while we waited on the street a few doors away.

Next thing we heard were shots, screams and curses. The curses came from the janitor, chasing Syd and swinging a shovel around his head. Livingston, looking for all the world like a small tank but moving 10 times faster, was shooting his pistol into the air and screaming, "Police! Murder! Call the cops!"

We were just out of school and weighed maybe 145 pounds, but Syd was five blocks ahead of us when we finally managed to lose the janitor.

Weegee and Syd Boehm

After all these years, we still see that janitor on bad nights, but what gives us worse dreams, now that we're working for Esquire, is our memories of Weegee, the photographer, who developed, printed, reloaded and lived in one tiny room on Centre Market Place. Weegee solved his own personal fashion problem in the same sim-

He had one suit, which he wore day and night, rain or shine, in and out of bed, in sickness or in health, until it fell apart. Then he bought another suit.

An infrequent visitor to our happy little slum was a Journal reporter bv the name of Svd Boehm. He has long since moved on to prosperity as a film writer, but at that time he filled in occasionally for Gun Squad members on vacation and nights off.

One night, early in our cubhood, he looked over our shoulder as we were struggling with out expense

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" he yelled.

"Why, we're making out our expense account," we said mildly.

"Bandit" he shouted, always the man for the delicate turn of phrase, "stealer of milk from the mouths of our babies! Do you know what your handing in something like that will do to the rest of us? Get the hell away from that typewriter and let me show you what an expense account looks like!"

Shoving us aside, he hammered away at the typewriter, demonstrating the creative ability and the

dtstinguish his Hollywood scripts. "Here," he said when he had fin-ished. "This is an expense ac-count."

Carefully we retyped Boehm's masterpiece, signed our name to it, and handed it in.

Two days later we got a call from the office. Mr. Spiro wanted to see us. One of the last of the red-hot mamas among city editors, the late Amster Spiro was the only man we ever knew who could speak, smoke a cigar, and sneer at the same time.

He did all three as he whipped our expense account across his

desk at us.
"Who the hell do you think you are," he snarled, "Syd Boehm?"

First Femme **President?**

By ART MOGER

It all started out as a gag-

"They're all asking me what I am doing in Boston," said lovery Alexis Smith, film star and as beautiful a woman as you'd ever want to see.

"Well, what are you doing in Boston?" I asked her.

"To tell you the truth, I don't know myself. I'm under suspension from Warner Bros. because I refused to talk to a horse. My agent asked me to come here to make a guest appearance at the annual Jefferson-Jackson Day Din-ner at the Hotel Statler Saturday He didn't tell me what the committee wanted me to do," said the junoesque silver-blonde.

At that moment, as though it were prearranged, three stalwart Democrats came into Miss Smith's

"We have you on the program to sing 'The Star Spangled Ban-ner', then you sing again after the first speaker, then you'll sing-began one of the politicians.

"Wait a minute, gentlemen," said the actress. "I left my singing voice and red wig in Holly-wood after I completed 'St. Louis Woman'. I don't sing at all!" she informed all three committeemen.

They looked at one another in awe. They gasped in horror to think that they had made a \$2,000 commitment to bring a great singing movie star to their greatest annual political event, only to find that her "voice" had been dubbed.

"B-b-but what will you do?" they asked in unison.

"Don't be panicky," I replied.

A Real Fan

When I was eight years old and my brother, Dave, was 10, we used to hike from Lewis Street to Tony Pastor's, about a two-and-a-half-mile walk, to try to induce somebody on line to act as our guardian. Anyone under 16 in those days couldn't get into Pastor's without a guardian.

On one of these trips we saw a blackface team called Herbert & Willing. We regarded this team as the funniest act that we had seen up to that time, and we were looking forward to them playing a return engagement. About six months later, we read the good news that Herbert & Willing were coming back to Pastor's, and we could hardly wait to see them. Up we walked to the theatre and tried to induce one of the people on line to act as our guardian. All refused, and my brother and I cried all the way home.

Last year I read that Willing of Herbert & Willing passed away in Tennessee. If at any time I knew that either one of the team was still alive, would have gone any place to tell them this story.

Max Gordon.

They left disheartened. I sat

ning and a close. You can always fill in the "middle" with some-

When you are in a jam you think fast!" We certainly were in a jam.

Alexis stared at me in my sudden

"Here's all you have to do," as told her my suggested speech.

crats. She began:
"I know of no better place than should be than with all you fel-

The entire hall shook with ap-Dever of Massachusetts, and Secretary of Labor Maurice Tobin pleaded with Miss Smith to seriously consider running for Congresswoman against Helen Gaha-

(Miss Douglas was defeated by Richard M. Nixon. What would have happened IF Alexis Smith

point them. She was worth \$2,000 merely to look at! "Let me alone with Miss Smith for about an hour. Come back and we'll have the whole thing straightened out for you," I bluffed.

down with a perplexed Alexis Smith.

Harry Von Zell once told me: Suddenly, out of nowhere came an inspiration.
"I have it!" I shouted in glee, as

exuberance.

When the time came, the cameo-like Alexis Smith was introduced to 1,500 hale and hearty Demo-

low Democrats at this wonderful, annual Jefferson-Jackson Day Din-After all, my real name is Smith!"

gan Douglas.



DENISE DARCEL Direction: WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY

On Stepping Into The Part

Continued from page 241

actor to jump in and teach the ac- thrown me lines to say that m tors how to get on their feet and show them how to come on and off the stage. They've been sitting and said joyfully: around a table three months reading the script and I want you to show them what to do. No agency ding." But he wasn't. Those could get anyone to do the job as the show opens tomorrow night."

"Tomorrow night Charley why I couldn't do anything like that-

I never messed around with amatours and couldn't do it."

"You've got to do it," said Charley, "and oh yes you've also got to play the leading male part in the show-he's a heavy."

Rice Ducks Out

I insisted that I couldn't do it, but I called in the manager of my show, Sam Rice, whose two sons today are George Hanlon and Jimmy Hanlon, both successful writers and actors in motion pictures. Sam used to produce four and five shows a year for Butler, Jacobs, Lowrey and Monyhan on the West-ern Wheel and he also played the principal comedy part. I figured Sam should be able to do the job and I'll look after the "Follies" at the Casino. I called Sam in and he said he couldn't do it and couldn't be persuaded to do it.

Waldron held on to me and made me promise to go out to Ashland and to listen to the actors reading the lines, then to stand them up and move them around and tell them how to enter and exit. He pleaded "do this for mo Smith.

Having been a gag writer for Bob Hope, Fred Allen, Groucho Marx and others, I knew that suctorial sorints need a good beginfrom such a big mogul on the Columbia directorate.

We went out to Ashland that night. The "actors" all worked during the day, housewives, merchants, mechanics, farmers, etc., etc. It was torture to watch them and hear them read the lines. A five act melodrama! I then couldn't hold Waldron off any longer and said I'll try it. I'll get Sam Rice to stand in the first entrance and hold the script and prompt me.

'Any Port In A Storm'

It was one of those Samuel French printed plays, costing may-be 25-50c and would take that many years off my life. I stood the actors up, told them how to enter and exit and how to listen for their cues and after rehearsing that night and the next day the The entire hall shook with ap-plause. She was given a standing street clothes, grayed my temples ovation. When she had stopped as I looked too young, and wore talking, Senator Paul Douglas of pinz-nez glasses with a lace on it Illinois, Congressman John W. and looked like a distinguished McCormack, Governor Paul A. heavy. The house was jammed with farmers. The Grange then drew big houses. Waldron and his family were out front, his wife, several daughters and a son, and realizing that this family of show people was there put added strain on my nerves.

Time for the curtain to go up, showed Rice where to stand in the first entrance and to throw me the lines. I didn't know one word in those five acts. However, I knew the opening line as that was in-delibly impressed on my mind from the first reading of the script —here it is: "Any port in a storm."

What followed I didn't know. It seems that I was one of the first to come on after one young fellow who did a blackface porter came on said something and walked off. I strutted in a la Corse Payton and said "Hah! Any port in a storm!" It was either terrible or looked so hammy that Sam Rice started to laugh, and didn't throw me a line so I began to laugh sardonically, emote dramatically and rattled off a lot of gibberish that Rice went into convulsions, dropped the script on the floor and I was left on my own.

I can hardly explain what a feeling of emptiness took possession of my mind and how utterly helpless I was, but I wasn't lost for words. I kept ad-libbing and no one, not even the Waldron family, got on to me.

But the next problem was to throw a cue to the other actors, this I overcame by pacing the stage and walking from one exit to the other would whisper to the waiting actor or actress to come in and then whispered "get off" and this went on for five acts. Not one person suspected. God was area from the company's Dal sure with me and must have office.

have made sense but after harrowing acts the curtain fell a Waldron and family rushed b

the audience who came backst thanked me profusely. I went b to Boston that night and inst of seeing my own show return to Maine on the verge of a ne ous breakdown. It took me th For th weeks to recuperate. For the weeks all that went through mind was:
"Any port in a storm."

Chicago's Wail

Continued from page 240

and Joey Bishop to name a f Even the swank Camellia Ho of the Drake, heretofore the ho of the chanteuse, has branched of Myron Cohen, long a Chez favor became the first comedian to pear in the Camellia House. unique booking was the talk of town, but it paid off handsome

The passing of the Chez Pa marked the end of an era in C cago. But it also indicated the time spas had come of age. big spender of the big night c age is no longer with us, due lar ly to taxes. The Younger & which likes its entertainm young and fresh and intimate, taken over. And they revel in suclubs as the Tradewinds and N ter Kelly's, where the performer practically a member of the av

Here, too, Chicagoans are exa ing in their taste. They like cor dians better than singers. they are generally attracted performers who've made it big television or records. Mort Sa Shelley Berman and Bob Newh are prime examples.

Wants To Laugh

Chicago in one regard isn't mu different from other cities. loves to laugh, even at itself. The one reason "Medium Rare," revue at the Happy Medium, such a click. It also explains success of Second City. Both Happy Medium and Second C are new trends in entertainme They are cabaret-theatres, prese highly-specialized revues patrons who like to sip a drink two during the preformance. The differ in that the Happy Medi is housed in a newly constructual building on Rush Street and is, the ads say, "plush and pos Second City, on the other hand more beatnik.

The theatre in Chicago still a lively corpse. Certainly far fr dead. What all Chicago, especia the critics, abhor is a second-r company. Anybody connected w theatre knows Chicago gets of what New York sends us. But do object strenuously to a re company that is below par. support a cabaret-theatre cal Second City, but we resent N York producers thinking of us second rate. And that goes for big names of Broadway who, one reason or another, refuse hit the road.

But Not Mediocre

Chicago has always been a j town and 1960 was in keeping w our finest traditions. The Lond House, operated by the Marientl Brothers (Oscar and George), also own and operate Mr. Kell and the Happy Medium; Cafe Co tinental, the Cloister, Sutherla Lounge and the new Birdhouse feature top names in this fie And for Dixieland jazz, ther Jazz, Ltd., whose success is b

indicated by its swank new hor Chicago may be the Second Ci But it's not second class. It i mands, and will support, the be The best simply doesn't co around often enough.

Dot's Houston Office

Houston Dot Records Distributing Co has opened an office here to se ice south Texas, and southweste Louisiana. Norman D. Baxter I been named manager of the lo

Duffy & Sweeney's Exit Line

This is one of the countless yarns about those two unpredictable, unreliable, riotous madcaps, Duffy & Sweeney: More than often they staggered on stage fortified by a fifth of gin and a drop of vermouth. Theatre managers gambled with their shenanigans and sobriety only because, tanked up, they could stop a show colder than most sober comics.

One such manager managed a theatre in Allentown, Pa. It was the first day of Passover and he was home conducting the first seder. His son was in the midst of asking the "four questions" when an usher called and said the Lunatic Bakers were already into their tumbling kaleidoscopic finish and no signs of Duffy & Sweeney who followed them. The manager took off his skull-cap and made a hasty exit through the front door that was already open for the entrance of the prophet Elijah. He went into the hotel that was

next to the theatre and knocked on their door.

He hysterically shouted: "Boys, you're on!"

From the inside of the room came the thick voice of Sweeney: "How are we doing?"

There was no interruption during the second seder. Duffy & Sweeney were replaced by Long Tack Sam.

CHI NITERY SCENE

By JACK PITMAN:

Chicago.

it changes shape, but its content remains constant. That fairly well characterizes the saloon situation here over the past year.

Viewed at year's closeout, the nitery scene shapes as one of the healthier show business sectors in Chicago. And if anything, in terms of the collective picture, things are rosier at this point than they were two or three years back.

There have been mortalities, true enough - most notably the Chez Paree, which after 28 years as kingpin of the midwest nitery network finally found the economics too exasperating. Other bonifaces had their troubles, too. Frank Holzfeind, who probably did more for jazz locally during the '50s than any other figure, tossed in the Blue Note towel. And hardly had it opened than Danny Miller's Chesterfield Club gave up on a show policy, cut back on outlay and changed the room's name. Still lesser spots came and went, or, if they stayed, often were forced to revamp like mad to stave off the padlock.

Point is, while there were foldos, there also were plenty of new starts — or so it seems glancing back over the annum. Certainly, all this activity accents the perils for bonifaces and would-be's, at least in this town. But then, show biz has a longtime affinity for long

Numerous Exceptions

If instability continued to be the rule, there nevertheless were numerous stabilizing exceptions.
The hotel supper clubs aside, rooms like Mister Kelly's, London House, the Blue Angel (with calypso and variations on same), and certain of the outlying emporia have maintained a pretty steady flow of blue ink. In addition, sev-eral new situations helped to rudder the industry, chiefly the Second City and Happy Medium cabaret-theatres. The former, in fact, has prospered so well since it shot off the launching pad over a year ago that management is prepping to invade the New York westside with a sister operation.

Still another gladsome event to the trade in the year past was the Trade Winds bow, filling the gap left by the defunct Black Orchid. Biz at the TW has been at least respectable in the nine

seemed to be tapering, the blossoming offbeateries helped offset the downbeat by pulling the curious carriage clientele. The influx, naturally, meant a spillover of collar-and-tie characters into the regulation bistros.

Upper Strata

To the upper strata of the nitery industry here, including the mayor percentaries, the demise of the Chez has fastened a good deal of Chez has fastened a good deal of interest on the scramble for the best pickin's from the late lamented's roster (once one of the with singular verbosity. Obviously Chez disaster, it's the Palmer House Empire Room. The plushery had long before tapped certain stellar Chez names, Sophie Tucker tail, and a solid index support prolix reporting on the woman who "brought new excitement into opera."

among them; and it since has Squeeze an airfilled balloon and changes shape, but its content inant status with such bookings as

Joey Bishop and Joe E. Lewis. House booker Merriel Abbott is in a sense charting alien terrain by snapping up these comics, for example, but the Myron Cohen socko stand at the Camelia House last fall, in what was a revolution-ary maneuver, should help allay much of the fear on that score.

What happens to the Chi night-clubs over the '61 course of 365 is as problematical and iffy as ever, certainly depending in some measure on the 50-state economy, the upcoming tele fare, how hotsy the two baseball clubs here perform, etc. Something will depend, too, on what's up on the marquees, but—save for the wartime booms, perhaps - isn't that always the

Pueblo Indian Preserves **Authentic Redman Chants** On Tom-Tom Label LPs

Albuquerque,.

It probably won't start any trend in the music biz, but a new longplay album is now being distributed out of Albuquerque. The thing is "Indian Chants," reproductions of popular songs of southwestern Indians, dreamed up and marketed by Manuel Archuleta, a Pueblo I were sitting in the kitchen of Indian now working in the U.S. Indian Service office here.

Archuleta, who has recorded the songs himself on his own Tom-Tom label, said he's been working on the project for more than 20 years. have always felt that the old "I have always felt that the old customs—and the old culture—is slowly being lost. The new generations growing up are losing their identities in the new society and with them many of the great traditions of Indian culture," he commented.

Archuleta, who did not attempt

Archuleta, who did not attempt reproduce sacred or religious songs of the redmen, convinced Indians from a number of tribes in the southwest to come to Albuquerque and record.

Jellinek's 'Callas'

Further as to the twelvemonth ending, several of the nouveau "Beat" spots of 1960 vintage contributed to the general prosperity. When biz in the conventional cafes seemed to be tapering and career of the tempestuous prima donna, born in New York in 1923 as Maria Kalogeropoulos, daughter of a Greek druggist. Driven to musical training by an ambitious mother, Maria spent a shy frustrated childham as spent a shy "Callas" by George Jellinek (Ziff-Davis; \$5), records the life and career of the tempestuous returned to Greece in 1937 for a visit that last eight years due to the war.

> In 1945, after appearances with the Athens Opera, Maria was back in New York. Her inexperience and the fact that she weighed 180 lbs. led to her rejection for the Met by Edward Johnson, Three years later. recognition began to come slowly in Italy.

most awesome in the trade); and partisan (in Callas' favor) Jellinek it turns out that dispersal has been the result. If any spot is the star's artistic achievements. finding the best fortune out of the Sixtyfour photos, a wealth of de-

Home Is Where—

group divides its time between The Sands here and various clubs in Palm Springs, is a Vegan. Also Michael Kent, who has a strolling violin group at the Desert Inn, and Morrey King, whose fiddlers stroll the Sands lounge.

Impresarios Also

Jackie & Roy (Cain and Kral), the hubby-wife exponents of progressive jazz vocals, have settled here, and transplanted maestros who now have regular house bands here include Louis Basil, Al Jahns, Jack Cathcart, Eddie O'Neal, Carlton Hayes, Dick Rice, George Red-man, Antonio Morelli, Bill Reddie, Nat Brandwynne and Ray Sinatra.

Nacio Herb Brown, famed tunesmith, has been a Vegan for many years, as has singer-comedienne Polly Possum. Joe King, Canadian musician (The Zaniacs) recently bought a home here. Another resident is Paul White, who trouped for many seasons with Ted Lewis.

Eddie Lynch, who served a long hitch in New York as Harold Minsky's stage director, is here now in that capacity at the Dunes. Billy Snyder, former nitery owner who's appeared in films and on tv, is the official host at the Dunes. The late Lord Dick Buckley made his permanent home on a ranch near Las Vegas. Although Herb Shriner isn't a resident, he owns quite a bit of

makes her headquarters, and rock in roller Johnny Olenn has been a resident for several years. Don Santora, comedian-musician, works from here, and so does comic Jose Duarte. Art Johnson, singer-emcee, Today, the salaries reach into the came here several years ago and is the permanent production vocal-ist for the shows at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn.

Variety Acts Finding 'New Frontiers' South-of-Border & In Supermarkets

VAUDEVILLE

By JOE COHEN

Show biz has been probing for new frontiers long before President-elect John Kennedy made the phrase prominent during the recent Presidential campaign. Without new frontiers, the entertainment industry, particularly the variety field, would have withered long ago. With the probing for new outlets, new styles, new formats and new material, this segment of the entertainment field remains one of

-the headliners and disks come first and then smaller acts, circuses and ready-made units do the mop-

up operations.
One example is seen in the case of the Caribbean. Just four years ago, it was anticipated that Cuba would be the Las Vegas of the Antilles. There was a rash of posh new hotels opening. The Government encouraged the new inns in every way in order to create a tourist boom, and American headliners were moving in at fairly high salaries. The boom was heavy enough to give Miami Beach the Songstress Peggy Dietrick lives here now with her hubby Don Adams, deejay and station manager at KORK. Another platterspinner, Rick Richardson is in the state of the platter and state of the state of the platter and the platte Consequently, the talent agency toppers probed elsewhere and started developing Puerto Rico. spinner, Rick Richardson, is in charge of public relations at the Showboat Hotel where he also books the shows. Singer Kay Brown tertainers playing their circuit play

> upper four figures at that inn, and the nearby Intercontinental is pay-ing as much or more for its headliners. In addition, there is a thriv-

new material, this segment of the entertainment field remains one of the liveliest.

The new frontiers of show biz now envelop every portion of the world. Translated in terms of boxofice, the made-in-USA label has ready exhibition centres everywhere. The format is fairly simple base for many high salaries. When the headliners and disks come a pre-war administration outlawed. a pre-war administration outlawed these fancy establishments, it ceased being an export stop for talent. Today, however, it is a talent. Today, however, it is a thriving trading post for acts. The television stations there discovered that they need more than good television shows to maintain the Latin version of the Neilsens. Therefore, they built auditoriums for in-person shows with their stars. American names today fill these auditoria at hefty profits for the management and create boom the management and create boom television audiences. The same sit-uation applies to Buenos Aires.

Agencies Probing

The agencies have probed similarly in all parts of the world. Whether it's one nighters in Australia, or television and cafe com-binations in England, galas and niteries in Monte Carlo, the new frontiers of the variety field create new markets.

However, new countries are not the only new frontiers on the horizons of show business. Within recent years, show business discovered introspection. At first, there were the "sick" jokes and later "sick" comedians. But it served the function of creating a new frontier in humor. Others probed the "way out" fields. In both cases, commercial properties have come about. Although acts in these categories are not the prime favorites of many, they have brought new audiences into niteries. There is little doubt that they have entired younger patrons into cafes. The irreverence of politically conscious Mort Sahl, the way out comedic interpretations of Bob Newhart and the serie comic members of Shall. the serio-comic monology of Shelley Berman are only some of the new products that have come about by the introspective researching in the laugh department. Even a sicknik like Lenny Bruce is providing hot gates around the land. He was one of the few draws to hold up during the recent crippling snow-

experimentations in psyche sector has been a surefire way of getting the college trade. To maintain this audience, cafe owners have had to narrow a cultural lag that is always prevalent in the nitery orbit. The new talents that have emerged from San Francisco, cafes and off-the-beat night clubs elsewhere have fed the more commercial establishments with new audiences and fresh boxoffice.

- By JACKIE KANNON

Joys of Suburbia

A few weeks ago

I were sitting in the kitchen or our Central Park apartment watching a teenage gang push a new member off the roof—those club initiations are getting harder and harder. Suddenly she said to me:

And the extras! WOW!

Knotty pine cesspools (no home the control one).

cue and how nice it would be to appear on "What's My Line?" What's good enough for Bennett Cerf is good enough for me. After bage and mother-in-law disposal all, my "Poems For The John" is a runaway bestseller and even up together)! Random House has a copy in its powderroom.

Excitedly we rushed out and ordered the Sunday Times. The Sunday Times, as you know, is the

pushed all the furniture out in the blades as the pupils! of a lifetime-LIVE in Malaria Acres-just 40 short minutes from

the big city."
This was it!
We hopped into the car—I nothing but carrots and we hop a

tisement was right. It is 40 minutes from New York—by tele-Before showing us around, the

lot. In no time, we were looking

at our dream house-that adver-

realestate agent, a friendly Eichmann type, gave a warm squeeze to my wallet. Smiling, he kicked a tomcat out of our path and started the tour.

What bargains!

oport If you like one-story living, had a pleasant trip back with one there's the "Rancher"—a steal at into into \$41,000 including two head of cattle and your own sheriff. If you Bennett Cerf.

A few weeks ago my wife and dig Cape Cod style, there's the were sitting in the kitchen of "Cape Codder" for \$38,000—made of real New England clamshells. It is a teenage gang push a new Finally—the split level—which is

Knotty pine cesspools (no home should be without one). Every house completely fireproofed (we all know green lumber won't burn). Low water bills (after every rain, you have a private reservoir in your basement). Completely landscaped (each house is surrounded by beautiful Venus Fly Traps with a Congolese gardner to feed them). Every home is equipped with a combination garbage, and mother in law disposal

Malaria Acres has no transportation problem—it's near all the main side roads—and express com-

The teachers have a many switch-

We were also assured that this was a completely developed area. I could see-the billboards were ards are to be maintained. already up. There was big industry a few miles away (a Government plant that tests nuclear warheads so you never have to worry about heating). I was assured that tial is great. The battle for the should add that my wife and I eat a big shopping centre would open just as soon as the radiation count dropped.

We looked at Malaria Acres dur-Cross mercy evacuation helicopter, I phoned my landlord in New York (it took three hours for my wife to string a telephone pole) and asked him to have a 15-year renewal lease on our New York apartment ready for signing. The plane finally picked us up and we

Changing Economies

There are other new frontiers in muter service too. (A 20-mule team that makes three trips a month to the city).

There are other new frontes show business brought on by changes in the economic picture, by population shifts, ever-changing And how about that progressive tastes, erosion of headliners and school system? The greatest, man! fail to do business. In each instance, a new line of attack must be provided if the business is to hang on and if employment stand-

Today there are other new fields to conquer in show biz. They are small and unimpressive to start with, but many feel that the potenconsumer dollar, it's said, will provide a new employment outlet. It will be supermarkets and department stores vs. discount houses and ing the December snowstorm and shopping centres. Each have al-while we were waiting for a Red ready started using entertainment personalities to bring customers into their stores. Industrial shows have been another new frontier which provides beaucoup employment.

There will be new frontiers in the entertainment industry as long as there are showmen with vicor

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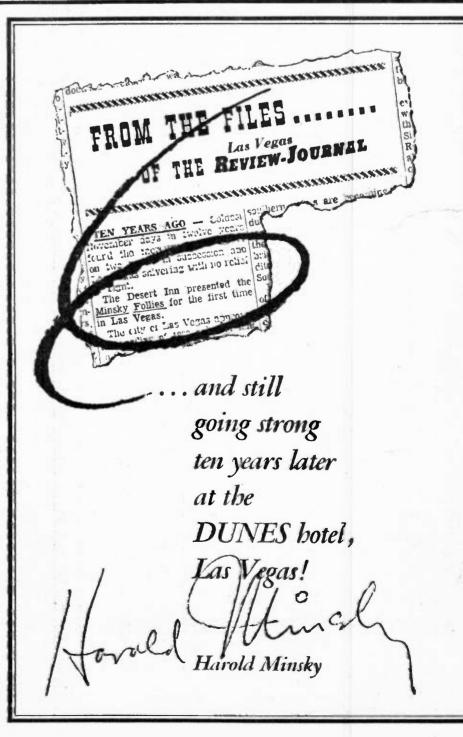
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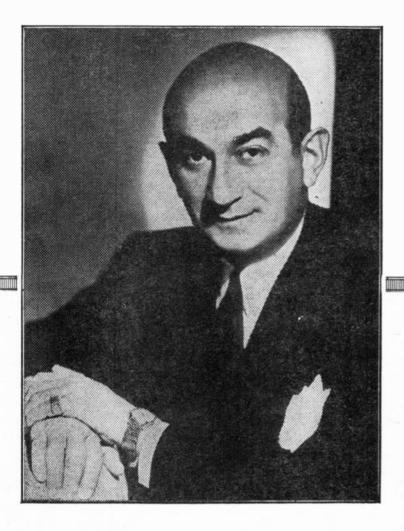
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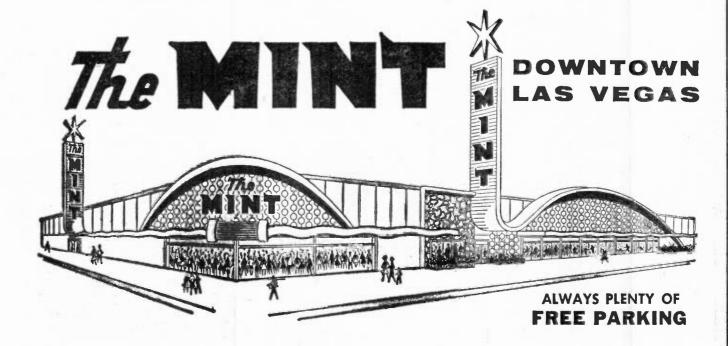
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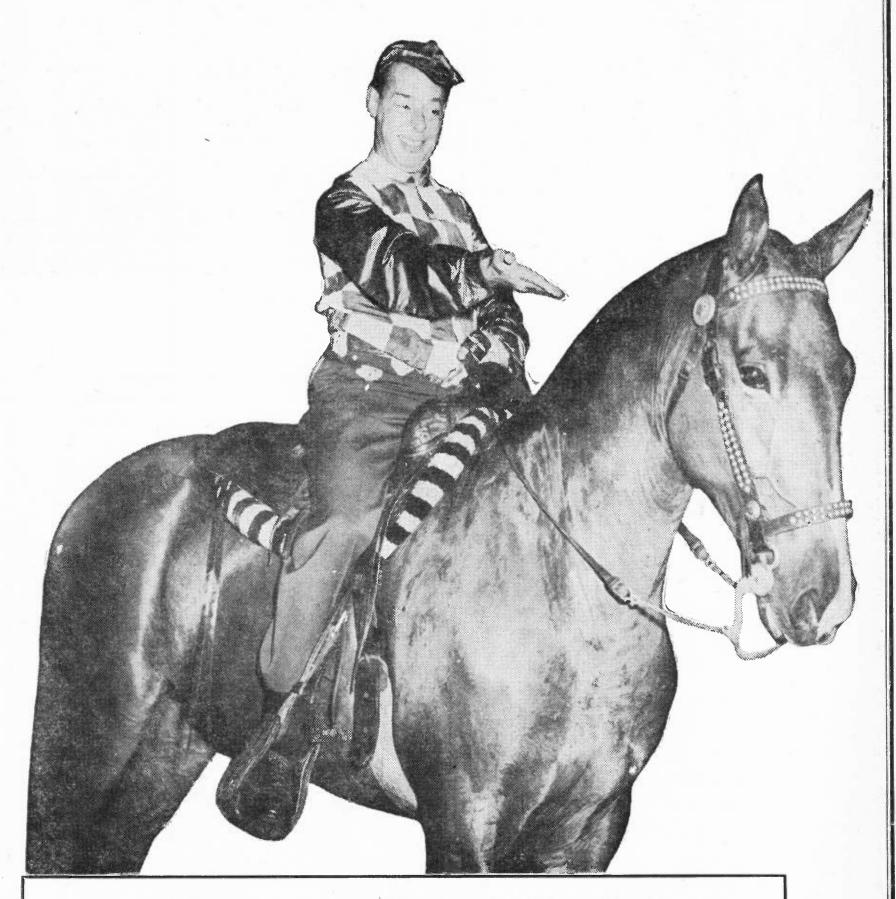


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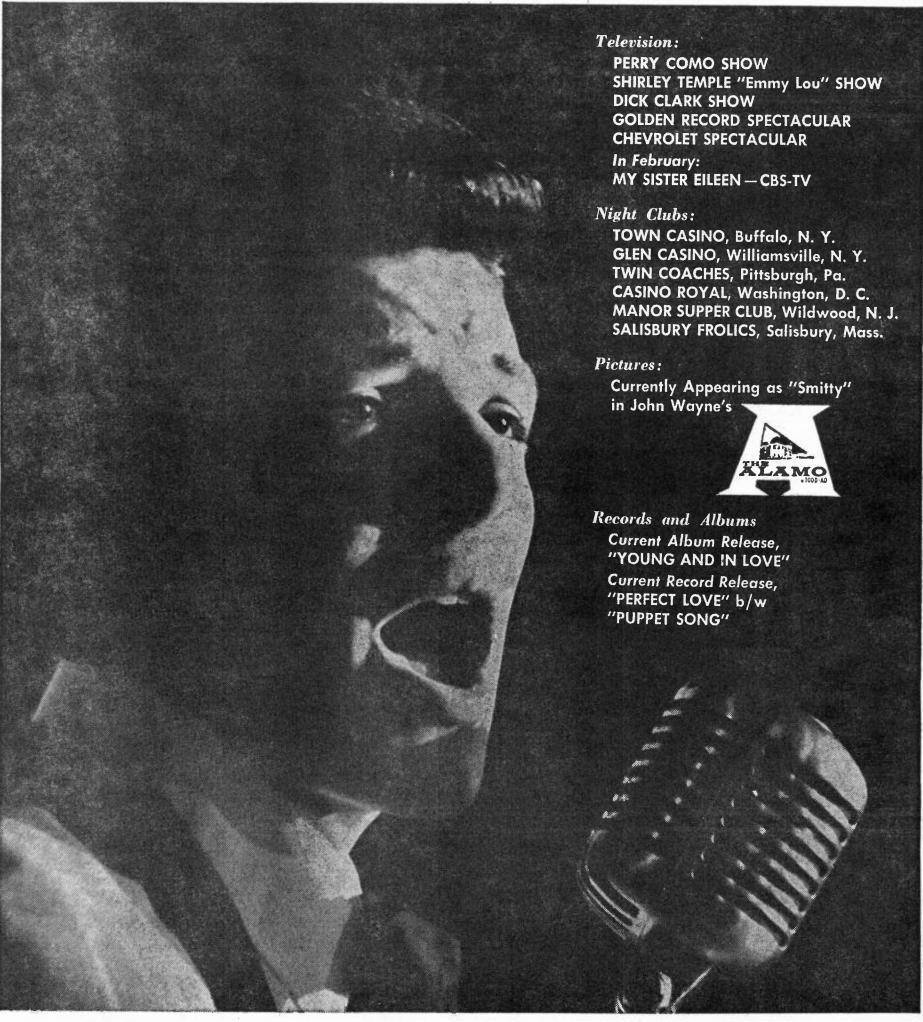
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Soho's Shoddy Stripperies

one-room dives. Durk away from ostriches in their refusal to take a phoney Scotch or gin. What's left on Saturday. in your billroll after one of these unsavory brief encounters would plan will be towards cleaning up and opened Raymond's Revuebar. be given the horse-laugh if you undesirable strip and drinking tossed it to Skid Row's least dens, by regulating the sale of in the TorSoho belt, with a cast of choosey panhandler.

don streets. They wait like preda- bership clubs share his views. tory vultures for well-lined, well-

In World War I the government lomes who are more salami. passed an emergency law restrict-

Allian par

these as you would from bubonic peek at changed circumstances. plague. The casual visitor pene- But now the Home Secretary, R. A. trating one of these joints is as Butler, has announced proposals crazy as anyone taking a midnight for new drinking laws. If they go stroll in Central Park. From a through, the thirsty visitor and his putting over a "produced" show. doorway a babe will ogle you and, equally thirsty host will find some If you walk in, fasten your seat- welcome, if not extensive changes, belt! You'll find a dingy cellar such as being able to drink in with frowsy girls who could well saloons for longer hours and being Square. But then a young man be employed for tv soap commer- able to linger over supper tippling named Paul Raymond, who had cials (before using). It's a buck-a- for an extra half hour, including shot for near-beer and more for that arid period just after midnight ville shows with such titillating

haved like bluenosed, myopic Nobody's going to regard as Tem- all strip clubs.

in a hassle with a tassle; a girl wrestling with a boa-constrictor; fronts the swank Les Ambassa-Peaches, Queen of the Shakes, and deurs and Milroy Clubs, after hudother offbeat terpers, but the girls do look as if they are on regular carat rooms at his clubs. Till the nodding terms with a shower; the new law is properly defined, caudresses, such as they are, are not tion is the keynote, but several tatty and there is some attempt at other club owners are getting putting over a "produced" show

Paul Raymond's Class Spot

Stripping virtually began with the Irving Theatre, off Leicester been running touring strip vaudetitles as "Strip, Strip Hooray," "My But an urgent part of the new Bare Lady," and so on, moved in the Midnight Mile needs only

This is certainly one of the best alcohol, making it more difficult 40, three shows a day changed But 1961 should see a body blow for mushroom clubs to spring up every 13 weeks and properly profor such clip-sinks which are the overnight. What this particular duced. Running costs are a weekly hangouts of crooks, hoods, con- Butler wants is the abolition of all \$8,400 and this bistro, which is men, layabouts and the vice dolls the sleazy little dens and, in fair- representative of several others, who have been driven off the Lon- ness, the properly regulated mem- has bought Raymond an expensive What are the others like? The nental-Bentley and the trimmings loaded suckers and they are a leer-palaces vary from the Soho-so all from stripping. There's gold in blight. But war is being declared, to the terrible with modern Sa- them thrills. These better class theatre clubs take their vocation But there are others which set seriously and they've formed their ing drinking hours. Since then out to cater for an apparent need own vigilance committee, headed successive governments have be- and do the job reasonably well. by a padre, to censor the shows of

> So the flesh-and-blood stripperies have lost their kick for you? Well, there's competition in the also specializes in films that have lost out on the Censor's nod. And, at the Georgian Club, in ritzy St. James', "Slim" Catton amuses his members with regular nude-andstripper pix, which are pretty innocuous but help down a couple of martinis.

Thames, but burly John Mills, who club owners are getting visitor's greenbacks.

But don't think that London's entertainment consists solely of surreptitious bump - and - grind shows, or that there's no other watching diversion but naked dames prancing in saucy tableaux. Cabaret in London is probably still well below par in quantity with any other capital city, but the earnest nighthawk setting out on well-stacked billroll and a little know-how to get himself a shot of entertainment.

A word of caution to the New Student. Find out the difference between an open restaurant and a club. In the former you can walk through the doors and spend your money without let or hindrance. In the latter you, officially, need 48 hours before application for house in the suburbs, a Conti- membership can be passed and one can legally buy drinks. It is the understatement of the year to say that such formalities are occasionally waived, especially if you know the boss or the desk clerk.

Names Make B.O.

Setting a hot pace in the cabaret sakes are Al Burnett's Pigalle and Bernard Delfont's "Talk Of The Town." Sammy Davis Jr.'s stand-out success at the Pigalle has Burnett thinking in terms of "bring on the names and to heck with the expense." Shirley Bassey, Dan Dailey cinema. Kenneth Rive, of Gaia, is pense. Since operating a click series of club and Jack Carter have followed, and cinemas, with films that haven't Burnett promises constant swoops got a certificate or don't rate a on top Broadway and California talent. "Talk Of The Town," first with Eartha Kitt, then the Andrews ma, a well-appointed house which Sisters and with Sophie Tucker skedded, is also on the stellar marquee bandwagon, and in both cases the policy is paying off.

Most of the night clubs put on lavish floorshows, miniature re-vues which are well dressed, well rehearsed, the girls set a high standard in terping, if not in chirp-Maybe 1961 will bring a fresh ing, and with specialty acts. They kick for the sated entertainment are usually dreamed up by eager, seeker. Under proposed new Gam- unjaded young men, of whom Bry-

ples of Art places that will trot armed bandits will become legiti-practitioners. The Eve, Winston's, out such acts as Fluffles, always mate. There's no likelihood of the Edmundo Ros', Churchill's Don New Year seeing Las Vegas-on-Juan, Embassy, Latin Quarter all keep to a roughly similar lively pattern; "you pays your money and takes your cherce." Talking of Talking of money, a couple can get out for around \$25.

> The Astor is a nitery with a broad, gusty appeal which prefers several acts, rather than a production show, and invariably toplines with a Yank. Others usually stick to one act, such as the Colony and society cafes. The Colony has a liking for U. S. acts, but is flexible. The Society tends to stick to a solo girl singer. Magzy Sarragne, Shani Wallis, Audrey Jeans and Jill Day have all clicked there recently, while Jacquie Chan, ex-favorite model of Antony Armstrong-Jones justified her booking on novelty value rather than on wee vocal talent. A single act doubles at Quaglino's and the Allegro, with Hutch (when not at the Satire or the Blue Angel), Viera and Clifford Stanton being welcome regulars.

The wine-dine-see-and-be-seen spots are in the Siegi's Club belt. Siegi's is sans dancing but there are Les Ambassadeurs and the new Persian Room at the Empress Club where one can. Two distinct additions to the gaiety of West End life are the Beachcomber Room, which specializes in Polynesian food, exotic decor, but no dancing or cabaret, and the White Elephant Club. On the sunny side of Curzon Street this has replaced the old Wardroom and is fast becoming the top showbiz rendezvous in the Mayfair league, without denting the popularity of such summit eating spots as the Caprice, the Guinea, the Ivy and the Mirabelle.

One way and another, any explorer who can't find somewhere around London's West End to be fed, wined and amused just isn't Read any good books.

Las Vegas Tent Gets Runyon Fund Grant

Las Vegas Variety Tent has been awarded a special grant of \$50,000 from the Damon Runyon Fund by Variety Clubs International, to purchase medical equipment for tent's children's pediatric center at Sunrise Hospital here.

First installment of \$10,000 has





'TIRED BUSINESS MAN' REVUES

A Reprise of the Girl Displays In the Winter Garden

During the 1912-1924 'Passing Show' Era

By ROBERT BARAL

Once a horse ring, The Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th Street, alma mater of many of the biggest subsequent names of theatre, radio-tv, and films, got into the REVUE act in 1912 with "The Passing Show" series. Messrs.

Shubert operated it.

Lee and J. J. Shubert had produced a revue called "Up and Down Broadway" at the old Casino Theatre, Broadway at 39th Street - and its success led them to plan a theatre with a larger seating capacity strictly for larger seating capacity strictly for musicals. Hence the Winter Garden. The Shuberts acquired the site which W. K. Vanderbilt had originally bought for \$200,000. Long before the Dutch farmhouse of Andrew Hopper it later became the American Horse it later became the American Horse Exchange, a tanbark-covered. For years Broadway wags would



sometimes refer to its original site in describing a current revue then on the boards which they thought of a particular fragrance.

The Winter Garden, in 1911, was first of all a Music Hall devoted to the continental idea of variety. Eat, drink, be merry - and watch a show. The surrounding Broadway landscape was anything but continental or even picturesque, though. Anything above 44th Street was then practically jungle.

Across the street from the theatre were some one-story buildings and the rest of the block was boarded up - just plain empty lots. Behind the Winter Garden was a carbarn - at Broadway and 51st Street was a small apartment house and another one was located at the southeast corner of Seventh Avenue and 50th Street, where later the Earl Carroll Theatre went up - also the old Casa Manana. The Strand Theatre site on Broadway between 47th and 48th Streets was where the old Brewster Carriage works was doing business - and still another carriage company stood doing business - and still another carriage company stood at Broadway and 48th Street. Low buildings dotted the rest of the area - but in 1910, when the Shuberts plotted the theatre, the uptown movement was foreshadowed.

Architect for the Winter Garden was William Albert Swasey. Seating capacity was 1,200 in the orchestra, 400 in the balcony and 25 boxes for six people each. The entire decor reflected a schmaltzy garden effect. English lattice work graced the walls and the ceiling was trellised.

All sorts of features were laid out for Winter Garden patrons. A promenade (wear your best plumes, Maud), lounge space and a White Room on the balcony level were available with cafes scattered throughout. A summer garden aura was created though the name of the theatre specified the Winter label. On matinee days smoking was recruited in the balcony only. permitted in the balcony only.

The opening program in 1911 offered a two-way bill first, a sort of ballet with operatic overtones and then a vaudeville-revue. The ballet was called "Bow Sing," an oriental fantasy, then came "La Belle Paree," with music by Jerome Kern - the only time he ever wrote a complete

by Jerome Kern - the only time he ever wrote a complete REVUE score. Al Jolson, straight out of minstrel shows, was in "La Belle Paree." His performance in this capsule show pushed the ballet out of the show eventually.

After this came "Sumurun," an exotic extravaganza minus any dialogue, which introduced a thin type of Max Reinhardt art to Broadway. It ran 62 performances - followed by a run of Russian Ballet which Gertrude Hoffman engineered with herself as the star. The Diaghilev Ballet Russe was then the rage of Paris and this ballet presenta-Russe was then the rage of Paris and this ballet presentation at the Winter Garden was a sort of preview of what came later into the Metropolitan Opera House with Nijinsky and Karsavina.

When Ziegfeld's "Follies" (remember, the official banner of the "Ziegfeld Follies" didn't evolve until 1913) - which had been climbing since their start in 1907 began to get a solid grip on Broadway - the Shuberts fell in line. "The Passing Show" series was the result.

A "Passing Show" was not exactly a Shubert creation A revue of this same name had been presented on May 12, 1894 at the Casino Theatre. It had a score by Ludwig Englander and a book by Sydney Rosenfeld. Adele Ritchie was the star. It was strictly hot weather fare.

And so was the new "Passing Show" which the Shuberts produced. Sometimes it would open by April at least -then again mid-summer but it was basically a show to fill in that gap during the summer doldrums.

"Passing Shows" were lively - in fact they cut into Ziegfeld and his series - with frequently snappier songs and funnier, broader sketches. This competition spurred Zieggy on to greater endeavor - and when he obtained Joseph Urban, the Viennese scenic designer in 1915, he spurted far into the lead.

"The Passing Show" started slipping from then on, turning into audience shows with nothing particularly new. Al Jolson was the Winter Garden's hottest magnet right from the start in "La Belle Paree" - and though he never appeared in a "Passing Show," his slapdash revues are clearly identified with the Winter Garden. He started with the Shuberts at \$250 a week - soon got \$1,000 a week and in 1920 was earning \$2,000 a week. Jolson remained loyal to the Shuberts throughout his entire Broadway career.

to the Shuberts throughout his entire Broadway career. There was a steady flow of girlie revues at the Winter Garden in addition to "The Passing Show." The most prominent included "Revue of Revues," "Whirl of Society," "Broadway to Paris," "The Honeymoon Express." "Vera Violetta," "The Pleasure Seekers." "The Whirl of the World," "Dancing Around," "Maid in America," "The World of Pleasure," "Town Topics," "The Show of Wonders," "Doing Our Bit," "Monte Cristo Jr.," "Cinderella on Broadway," "Broadway Brevities" - and the Al Jolson shows, "Robinson Crusoe Jr.," "Sinbad," "Bombo" and "Big Boy."

During the Twenties the Shuberts inaugurated their

During the Twenties the Shuberts inaugurated their "Artists and Models" which had six editions. They also

produced many other seasonal revues in other Broadway theatres - all nudity held the spotlight and the Winter Garden runway worked overtime. This is accenting the same formula - the body beautiful.

The Winter Garden girls were plentiful and decorative but never in the Ziegfeld class. Many chorines here moved over to the New Amsterdam Theatre eventually. Gladys Feldman (now president of the Ziegfeld Club) was in the very first show in 1911. Jessie Reed was another show girl who started here before she became Flo's most ravishing brunette. Not to forget the ballerina, Marilyn Miller, whose piquant personality was first caught by Billie Burke at one of the Winter Garden's popular Sunday Night Concert shows - and brought her to the attention of the Master of the "Follies." Zleggy waited two years though before he actually signed her. Mary Eaton was another Ziegfeld luminary who started at the Winter Garden.

Fred & Adele Astaire, Charlotte Greenwood, Willie & Eugene Howard, Chic Sale, James Barton, Gaby Deslys, Jack Pearl, Duncan Sisters, Sam Ash, Aileen Stanley, Jobyna Howland, Shirley Kellogg, May Boley, Mollie King, Charles King, George LeMaire, Frank Fay, George Jessel, Jimmy Hussey, Fred Allen, John Charles Thomas, T. Roy Barnes, Walter Woolf King, Daphne Pollard, Herman Timberg, Bernard Granville, Charlie Ruggles, Phil Baker, Smith & Dale, Stella Mayhew, Dorothy Jardon, Kitty Gordon, Mitzi Hajos, Barney Bernard, George White, Florence Moore were others of import who came out of vaudeville and minor musicals into the Winter Garden. From this start in a Winter Garden revue most of the From this start in a Winter Garden revue most of the above went on to stellar fame - generally under other producers. Sigmund Romberg wrote for "The Passing

show" before he turned to operettas.

New York had several Garden theatres before the Shuberts emerged. There was a Vernon Garden Theatre early in the 1880's - then Niblo's Garden - a Terrace Garden - even an earlier Winter Garden (really Tripler's Hall which burned in 1850 - then reopened under various names) - and of course Castle Garden where Jenny Lind cataputed into a honory with her high C's and sad songs.

catapulted into a bonanza with her high C's and sad songs. But for sheer personality and duration the Shubert's Winter Garden outshines them all - even the New Amsterdam, the Globe (now renamed the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre) and the Music Box. Its history is kaleidescope musical drama pegged to REVUE. The runway is dismantled however it still haunts the house, also those living curtains,

nowever it still naunts the house, also those living curtains, chandeliers - and Al Jolson!

The Winter Garden went classy in the 1930's when the first of the post - "Ziegfeld Follies" went on view! There was a short period of films but they didn't pay off - then back to the musicals.

"The Passing Show" which started in 1912 can be taken as a yardstick of typical Shubert revues which came out annually - they filled the Winter Carden

annually - they filled the Winter Garden.

"THE PASSING SHOW of 1912." The cast: Jobyna Howland, Willie & Eugene Howard, Harry Fox, Trixie Friganza, Anna Wheaton, Shirley

Special Delivery, Wodehouse-Style

My friend Plum (P. G.) Wodehouse had gone over to
London and I followed him there. We were meeting
to write an old show called "Anything Goes" so you
can tell how long age that was can tell how long ago that was.

He had taken a flat near the Albert Hall which was up four flights of stairs—very nice after you got there with a view across Hyde Park and Kensington Gar-

I puffed up the stairs and found the front door ajar. He was sticking a letter in an envelope. He greeted me cheerily but said:

"Hold on a minute, old man. I must get this letter off, it's damned important."

He put a stamp on the letter, banged it with his fist and then, going to the window, tossed it out. It went fluttering down to the sidewalk.

I asked him what the hell he was doing.

"I always throw my letters out of window," he replied defiantly. "You can't expect me to climb up and down four flights of stairs every time I write a letter."

"You said it's important so how do you dare—?"
"That's all right," he interrupted, "there's a lot to be said against the English but they're a kind people.

Someone always picks up the letter and mails it."

The idea intrigued me. "Look," I said, "will you write me a letter and throw it out of window? I'd like to see for myself if it really works.

A few days later, in my flat in South Audley Street, I was called from my typewriter by a rat-tat on the knocker. I went to the door, A roughly dressed man

in poor condition was standing there, breathing heavily. I had only two flights but they were long "Mr. Bolton?" he enquired.

"That's me," I answered ungrammatically.

He handed me a letter.

"I saw this lying on the pavement, sir, so, seein' it was addressed to you, I brought it along

My hand sought my trouser pocket. He stopped me. "No, no, sir, thank you kindly but I don't want anything. I was coming this way, just got off my bus one stop sooner."
"Well, at least come in and have a glass of beer."

He agreed to that, I left him in the kitchen consum-

ing it, rushed to the phone and called Plum.
"I've got your letter," I said.
"The hell you have," said Plum. "I only threw it out of window 20 minutes ago."
"Special Polivery, Wedehouse style," I hold "Ouisk

"Special Delivery, Wodehouse-style," I said. "Quick-est in the World." Guy Bolton Guy Bolton

Kellog, Charlotte Greenwood, Charles J. Ross, Ernest Hare, Adelaide & Hughes, Clarence Harvey, Daniel Morris, George Moon, Oscar Schwarz, Sydney Grant, Book by George Bronson-Howard and Hareld Atteridge. Costumes by Melville Ellis, Music by Louis Hirsch and others. Staged by Ned Wayburn. Ran 136 performances,

A double-bill. "The Ballet of 1830" (as played for eight months at the Alhambra Theatre in London) was the opener. It was described as a 'mime-dramatic ballet' in Three Scenes with a scenario by Mons. Maurice Volney. Emile Agoust staged this part of the show and also appeared in the cast. Others included: Nellie Brown, Greville Moore, E. Zanfretta and Emil Zajah. The stage was littered with nainters middlettes flower girls and remember of with painters, middinettes, flower girls and members of a wedding party. Everyone ended up in a Jardin des Amoureux (everything was a Jardin in those days!).

Now - for the first "Passing Show" which Ned Wayburn staged. This almanac in seven scenes presented the high staged. This alimanac in seven scenes presented the high spots of many important events, such as political, theatrical and society including "Bought and Paid For," "Bunty Pulls The Strings," "A Butterfly on the Wheel," "Kismet," "The Typhoon," "The Quaker Girl" and "Oliver Twist," the current boxoffice hits of the period. Harold Atteridge, to become one of the Winter notables on the writing-end, penned most of this first book. Many of the characters overlapped into the various scenes which aimed at a sort of compactness but turned out plain dizzy. Willie & Eugene Howard were with the series right from the start. Eugene Howard were with the series right from the start. Jobyna Howland appeared as Lady Fluff-Bored 'Un (a takeoff of Lucille, Lady Duff Gordon, the high powered dress designer); Shirley Kellogg was "Bunty"; Clarence Harvey was "Carnegie"; Anna Wheaton, "The Quaker Girl"; Ernest Hare (to win radio fame later on when this medium took hold), "Officer 666"; Charlotte Greenwood was "Fanny Silly"; Trixie Friganza was "Nancy Sykes"; Willie Howard was "Peter Grimm"; Eugene Howard was "David Belasco"; Daniel Morris was "Mutt"; Gcorge Moon was "Jeff"; Charles J. Ross was "Sykes" and Harry Fox was simply Tony who got around in all this hoopla. Adelaide & Hughes, fancy ballroom dancers who preceded Irene & Vernon Castle as a name dance team, were also prominent in this first edition. The scene shifts covered the pier of the S.S. Cleveland - to Greeley Square - the Harem of Sewer-Man - and the Birth of the 21st Century. When this "Passing Show" theme caught on it was moved into the first portion over the ponderous and somewhat silly ballet. Willie Howard sang the interpolated "Ragtime Jockey Man" by the up-coming Irving Berlin in this show.

"THE PASSING SHOW of 1912." The cast: May Boley, Anne Dancrey, Charles King, Sydney Grant, Carter DeHaven, Mollie King, Laura Hamilton, Herbert Corthrell, George Whiting, Sadie Burt, Harry Gilfoll, Edward Begley, George Hanlon. George Ford, Wellington Cross, Charlotte Greenwood, Freddie Nice, John Charles Thomas. Bessie Clayton, Lois Josephine, Harry Dettloff, George LeMaire. Ethel Hopkins. Book by Harold Atteridge. Songs by Jean Schwartz and Al W Brown and others. Special music by Meville Ellis, Staged by Ned Wayburn. Ran 116 performances.

The first complete "Passing Show" - no ballet for an opener. And the runway, to become the trademark of the Winter Garden, came into view. Jean Schwartz wrote the music this year, starting a long association on the series. Mile. Anne Dancrey of the "Folies Bergere" in Paris was Mile. Anne Dancrey of the "Folies Bergere" in Paris was in for a limited engagement. Again the show stressed burlesks of the past season - with headlines of the day also covered, "The Sunshine Girl," "Peg O' My Heart," Gaby Deslys, Billie Burke and others were among the shows and personalities captured in the limelight. Herbert Gilfoil appeared as the Tired Business Man (eventually this boiled down simply to the T.B.M.). Among the newcomers to the roster were: Mollie King, May Boley, Carter DeHaven, Edward Begley, George Hanlon, George Ford, Wellington Cross, George LeMaire, Frank Conroy and John Charles Thomas who impersonated the past legitimate stage hit, "Stop Thief." He also sang "Strongheart."

Many of these newcomers went on to wider stardom. Carter DeHaven and Freddie Nice did a Tangle-Footed-Monkey Wrench Dance - and Charlotte Greenwood carried over her long agile legs into this edition. Her stunting was about the same then as now - tricky acrobatics coupled with a surprised stare on her face. She was very funny and unique in her field. Here, most of the time she played Mary Turner, the underpaid working "goil" in the threaded plot. Bessie Clayton handled most of the specialty dances.

Cast changes kept this edition in a constant state of reshuffling. Texas Guinan was also in the cast for a time but not as hostess. She sang! Ned Wayburn, who was about to move to the New Amsterdam Theatre for Ziegfeld, again staged this edition. He had the finale set against the Capitol steps and the Winter Garden steppers moving up and down and across. There was a "Florodora Slide" and a "White House Glide" which kept them busy. Nell Carrington, Rosie Quinn and Lucille Cavanaugh were members of the girlie personnel.

"THE PASSING SHOW of 1914." The cast: Marilyn Miller, Muriel Window, Ethel Amorita Kelly, Frances Demarest. Robert Emmett Keane. George Monroe, Lew Brice, Elsie Pilcer, Ivan Bankoff, Bessie Crawford, T. Roy Barnes, Bernard Granville, Jose Collins, Harry Fisher, Jack Evans, Nat Nozzarro Jr., J. Edward Nazzarro, Erman Nazzarro, June Elvidge, Wilfred Gilrain, John Freeman, William Dunham, Stafford Pemberton. Book by Harold Atteridge. Songs by Sigmund Romberg and Harry Carroll. Ballet music by Melville Ellis. Dances by Jack Mason. Costumes by Melville Ellis. Staged by J. C. Huffman, Ran 133 performances

Marilyn Miller, practically in pigtails, debuted in this year's edition. She had been doing impersonations since she was 10 years old - such as Bessie McCoy Davis, Sophie Tucker, Fritzi Scheff, Adeline Genee (her inspiration for ballet - and with her two older sisters she gave a triplethreat impression of Julian Eltinge in his bathing beauty song - she was 13 years old then. She was a little older, but still a teenager (born in a trunk, as the saying goes) when she stepped before the Winter Garden curtains.

This 1914 edition also marked Sigmund Romberg's first musical chores on the series. "Sari," "Omar Khyam," "Way

(Continued on page 269)

Did Legit Theatre Beak' in 1907?

An Old Trouper, Focussing on Actor's Fund Bazaar of That Year-of-No-Taxes, Believes Successful Players Never Had It So Good

By GASTON BELL

though a long, long time ago.



My justifica-tion for recalling the month of May in 1907 lies partly in a feeling that it was indeed merry but mostly a con-viction, that theatre was then at its

Vaudeville was making inroads, true; and the cinema, then despised by any leading man who owned a fur-collared overcoat, was just around the proverbial corner. But the play was the thing, as the Bard had ordained, and to be a player on the boards was a very satisfying profession indeed.

That was the spring the Actors Fund of America held a gala Fair, or bazaar, in the Metropolitan Opera House, the season there being over and the orchestra chairs removed. In that clustering of booths and pretty actresses selling donated goods, two generations before television made "promotion" the commonplace it now is, there were names destined for future fame. One was John Barry-more, he of the classic profile, though then a bouncy juvenile in "The Fortune Hunter." The idea was that for the fair he would concoct ice cream sodas, as he did in the play. In the light of his later prowess it may come as an irony to connect Barrymore and banana splits, but such was the situation. Lovely Mary Ryan, then the leading lady in my own play, "Brew-ster's Millions" was present to help Barrymore dispense the calories for dear charity. Mary was the wife of Sam Forrest, stage director for Sam Harris (Cohan & Harris), which further identifies that 1907 fair with a by gone era of legit greatness.

One reason I recall this occasion so vividly is personal. Apart from "Brewster's Millions" having been one of my own best credits as a performer, I left the Hudson Theatre nightly that week to attend the Fair, which operated until 1 a.m. (pretty daringly late then) and escort home an assistant of the Century Theatre Club who, a month later, I married.

Edith Ellis who wrote "Mary Jane's Pa" as a starring vehicle for another oldtimer, Henry E. Dickey, operated the Century The-atre Club booth. (Don't confuse this organization with the Century Theatre built some years later on Certral Park West.) As an actor I recall Miss Ellis because she provided a nice fat part for me when she and an actress named Ferika Boris adapted from the Hungarian a play in which Daniel Froham presented Charles Cherry (star) and Laurette Taylor (lead) at the

Before Film Inducements **Became Main Factor**

that spring, there was a girl in one of the booths dispensing soap manufactured by her dad. Her name was Beth Sully and her beau was Douglas Fairbanks. Her granddaughter, the child of Doug Jr., was married just the other day.

My point that the New York legitimate theatre was at its peak in 1907 is borne out, I think, by a rundown of the famous troupers on the street at the time and at the barrar every night. Not least was Eleanor Robson, later Mrs. August Belmont, a name long associated with the Met. (The Met that year was 23 years old!)

Many would testify, and I would ag ce, that the great actress just then was Minnie Maddern Fiske. What a powerhouse of emotion! It was, of course, the era of dedication to stage acting with few diversions to the movies. There were those in the crowds at the

Old actors' memories never fade the first "King of Kings") for anbut sharpen, especially as to certother. Conway Tearle and Alla but sharpen, especially as to certother. Conway Tearle and Alla tain events and dates which seem 'only yesterday," though a long, me, few of us then gave a moment's thought to the flickers. How could we? They were mostly one-reelers of preposterous hambo traits.

Film money would, in due course, stifle some of our original snobbery. Those of us who had graduated as I had (Class of 1900-1902) from the American Academy mostly a conviction, that the legitimate the atre was come a time of lovely checks, if some artistic compromise. I my-self later went to Hollywood.

Celebrities Galore, And Their Names Still 'Pong'

Meanwhile in the opera house that May of 1907 I saw or knew such personages as William Collier, Lina Arbanell, Irene Bentley, Christie MacDonald, Frances Starr, Jane Cowl, Carlotta Nielson, Henry B. Irving and his wife Dorothy Blaird, Fred Stone, David Montgomery, Margaret Anglin, Minnie Durpee, Ellen Terry, James Carew, Henrietta Crossman, Katherine Grey, Ben Greet, Ethel Barry-more, Leo Ditrichstein, Kyle Belmore, Leo Ditrichstein, Kyle Bellew, Margaret Illington then Mrs. Daniel Fronman but (later to marry radio's Major Bowes), Julia Dean, Weber and Fields, Louis Mann and Clara Lipman, Eddie Abels, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, Viola Allen, May Irwin, Robert Mantell, Arnold Daly, Julia Anderson, John Macon and Vir. Anderson, John Mason and Virginia Harned, with whom I played Little Billy in "Trilby" at the New Amsterdam.

I submit that this is a remarkable list of durable fame. Admittedly not all enjoyed equal breaks. Bad health and death as usual often had the veto power. For my own taste Audrey Bouci-coult, son of the prolific Irish playwright, Dion, gave so superb a performance that season in "Old Heidelberg" that I rate him in memory far beyond Richard Mans-

So many of the old theatres have since been razed, though my fondly-remembered Hudson operates still. I understand the Lyceum is now the oldest theatre still dedicated to "round actors" on Broadway. Today, at 84, I don't get down to my beloved legit but stick to my (and Harry Chaffin's) hearthstone in Woodstock, N. Y., a bucolic village with the added charm of having many theatrical folk in residence, and a summer theatre,

There was no trouble, when I was a romantic juvenile in number two pink greasepaint, about getting baggage cars or group tickets or a coast-to-coast tour for firstrate shows, as I now read in VARIETY. There were probably 7,000 theatres playing live talent, if halls upstairs over the fire houses are

tion. Richard Mansfield also thrived in the land. And, of course, Pauline Fredericks Loses Speaking of theatrical romances there was the triumphant Charles To a Burlesque Queen producer, a man of great taste in his day, fated to be among the numerous celebrities to go down in 1913 with the Titanic.

My mind's eye re-creates that wonderful 1907 bazaar, the exciting mingling of the great ones of their profession for the enrichment of the profession's wonderful thenand-since-do-it-yourself charity. suppose there were few stars present those happy nights who lacked personal knowledge of what it meant to "strand" in the sticks or have the manager abscound. It

of that day were ladies and gentle-men but I will say that standards personal behaviour in public were high, though the theatre al-ways had its lovers of the heavy the most important event was the were those in the crowds at the Fair who would later make it big legit luminaries was inbred, if not in pictures. Fairbanks notably. H. sauce. The graciousness of the voting for the most popular lead. The Fair was such a success that inglady of the theatre. Also the it was prolonged until the following leading man. A small platform was ing Wednesday. What a field for

artificial starmaking of persons with little training.

Was Maude Adams at the Fair? No, she was on the road. I doubt if she would have come. It was part of her way of life, and Frohman's clever management, that she arrived and left from the stagedoor in a closed cab.

I have a special niche in me-mory for Lillian Russell, a won-derful woman. She was not at the 1907 fair but five years later in Hollywood she was very much present in a color film with myself as her leading man. Most modern students of the early cinema seem never to mention that pioneering process. Kinnamacolor. don't know the corporate facts but I was employed there a year at what I shall describe as very nice money. The choice of the country's most famous beauty was natural. She radiated in a variety of pastel shades. When the picture what was the title, I wonder?) opened in Manhattan, she made a personal appearance at \$2,000 a warm personal friends with Lillian Russell and her Pittsburgh millionaire husband, Alex Moore, whilom

Nathan Hale's Coloring: Goodwin Knew Answer

U.S. ambassador to Spain.

My color pictures experience on the coast included Nathan Hale, the American patriot from East Haddam, Conn. It was important to know the color of his hair but history books were no help. Nat Goodwin was. By sheerest luck I met him and learned he'd played Hale on Broadway in 1899 and still possessed the wig. I wore this on the screen.

Having started with reminis cences of other actors at the 1907 bazaar I naturally am reminded of my own career. After the color films on the coast I returned east for Lubin, then located in Philadelphia. I starred in five Broadway plays shot in six reels-"The Third Degree," "Lion and the Mouse,"
"The House Next Door," "The
Wolf" and "The Daughters of
Men."

Some more history: after the first Lubin film I had a new leading lady on the screen, Ethel Clayton. She was destined to become a film star of some magnitude as I destined, because of early arthritis, to curtail my acting.

A first move to cope with my malady was the conversion of my New Jersey estate, Bellwood, into a truly charming inn with Japanese servants, much more of a novelty in that era than it would be today. However the arthritis was erratic and I was able to do a certain amount of trouping, a film with Theda Bara, a road lead in "Cheat-ing Cheaters," again a part in "The Naughty Wife."

Back to the 1907 Fair: At the book stall on Authors Day I met Mark Twain. With his bushy white hair and his traditional Palm Beach suit. He was snappy in appearance and very much alive. I also met Ella Wheeler Wilcox, noted for her poems of passion noted for her poems of passion. Well she did not look it in any respect. She was tall, very conbunted.

Henry Miller was one of the ners. Her poems in those days actor-managers, a species were supposed to be pretty hot little known to the present genera- even though she was a perfect lady.

surrounded by worshipping girls. No actress drew them as did Ethel Barrymore. She was around 20.

Daniel Frohman the president of the Fund was repeatedly present. Margaret Illington, then his wife, was co-starring in "The Thief" with Kyle Bellew. Never in my life would be another 12 years before Actors Equity came into being.

I won't say that all of the players wonder if that 1907 highlight

There were many opportunities

Future Playwright's 'Expose' Magico

Many years ago when I was 11 years old I got a job with a traveling tent show called "McMahon's Palace of Illusions." Honest Pat MacMahon was the owner and his star attraction was Prof. Ducroute, "The World Famous Hypnotic Wizard." The Professor's feature illusion was "The Floating Lady." This bit consisted of the Prof. hypnotizing a beautiful lady and placing her sleeping body on a sofa and after making a few hypnotic passes the beautiful lady would very gradually rise from the sofa, in a rigid horizontal position and float in mid-air. In order to conclusively prove that there were no wires holding her up, the Professor passed a hoop over and under her body. Then he made a few hypnotic passes and the sleeping beauty gradually descended to the sofa, he would awaken her from her sound sleep, and they would take bows to thunderous applause from the amazed audience.

One of my numerous jobs with the show was operating the windlass machine from a hole dug in the ground under the stage. The lifting apparatus was the simple mechanical device of a vertical iron bar passing up through a hole in the floor directly in back of the sofa and connecting on to a horizontal iron cross bar which was concealed on the seat of the sofa where the hypnotized

lady was lying. only had two cues to watch out for in this levitation act. When the Professor stamped his heel on the floor was the cue to start turning the winch crank-handle that sent the iron bar up through

the hole in the floor and lifted the sleeping beauty into mid-air.

After she was floating the Professor had two or three minutes of gab about the science of hypnotism and the years of study required before anyone could master this mysterious art. After this gab the Professor would give the second cue by stamping with his heel on the floor and I'd start turning the crank-handle lowering

the Floating Lady back on to the sofa.

Everything was going along fine for me at this job. At last I was in show business and I loved every minute of it. We were playing the Country Fair in Berlin, Conn., and the free show attraction was the famous Dare-Devil Dan Barnell, the greatest aeronaut extant. I had seen him pereform many times and always got a terrific kick seeing him cut from the balloon and make his parachute

On this particular day, the Professor was gabbing, the beautiful lady was floating, the audience was entranced, and I was hot in that hole under the stage. I had two free minutes before my cue to wind her down. I laid on my back and lifted the bottom of the tent wall to get some air. I heard a roar from the crowd down at the balloon pit as Dare-Devil Dan Barnell was just making his ascension. His famous words as he took off each time still ring in my ear. "Goodbye everybody—everybody—let her go." I got a good clear view of him and the balloon as he sailed over our tent. He was doing his daring stunts, hanging by his teeth and the spread-eagle. I forgot all about listening for my cue and the Floating Lady remained in the air until the curtain was closed. It gave the trick away much to the Professor's embarrassment.. I didn't realize what happened until the Professor came cursing at me and attempted to kick me in the head. I got to my feet and started running like the devil with the Professor after me. I was faster than he was and I gave him the slip. I hid out in the Tattooed

than he was and I gave nim the Shp. I had Lady's tent until the Prof. cooled off.

I never missed another cue. The Professor and I became good friends. The last time I saw him he was running a Magic Store on Phil Dunning.

two blackboards and one could vote to me, at least at my time of life, for his or her favorite at 10c a vote. Pauline Fredericks was not playing at that time and she volunteered to noon then. If you made the big at that time and she volunteered to be a barker for the popular leading lady. She stood there every afternoon and evening taking in the votes and money. She dressed in all white, changing gown from afternoon to evening but still white. Well as time went on the score board was something to behold. It was interesting to watch the names climb up in thousands and then fall back as the week rolled by. As it happened Miss Fredericks herself was building a commanding score and in justice commanding score and in justice to many famous actresses she was on the spot. Apparently many just looked into her beautiful eyes and voted for her.

There were to be plot complica-ons "Wine, Women and Song" the small Circle Theatre at tions burlesque, quite colorful with a Columbus Circle, was "superior" lively chorus line, some good low comedians and the usual sketches. It had caught the public fancy and was drawing carriage trade. For the elite it was must. The show's voluptuous brunette could dance and "belt" popular songs. They called her Bonita. She too, would drop in at the Fair with her manand she was soaring until Saturday night came. The prize was a diamond broach in a star design which had been given to Georgia Cayvan as the most popular leadthere signing his "Brewster's Millions" novel with pictures of the players in our stage version When Ethel Barrymore would enter after her play (Galsworthy's "Silver Box") she was instantly surrounded by worshipping sirls

diamond star belonged to Pauline redericks. Then Bonita's manager pulled out a roll of bills that raised the score for Bonita and she won. Pauline Fredericks ceied and I never felt so sorry for a person as I did for her after all these days and nights of work, with her hopes raised. Of course she went on for years on the stage and would not stand comparison. Who screen and of course she didn't can top it? ready a star in her own right. wonder what became of Bonita and the diamond star?

B. Warner (who played Christ in pressagentry of Hollywood and the built in the center of the floor and autograph hounds it was. It seems form.

salary class, the money was yours to keep. You weren't working for the U. S. Treasury. Don't think its glories existed only in the imagi-nation of talkative old performers.

Foundation to Bankroll Canadian Players Tours

Toronto.

With formation of the Canadian Players Foundation, of which Lady Flora Eaton is financial backer, this offshoot of the Stratford (Ontario) Shakespearean Festival plays splitweeks and one-nighters of Canada and the U.S. from Jan. 4 to April 8. The all-Equity company touring presents Shakespeare's "The Tempest" and Bertolt Brecht's "Caucasian Chalk Circle" at 44 points. The company touring the U. S. presents Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" and Shaw's "Saint Joan" at some 30 American situations.

This takes The Canadian Players across Canada, with split-weeks in Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Leth-bridge, Victoria, Edmonton and bridge, Victoria, Edmonton and Ottawa. The other company goes through Indi Missouri, Illinois and Wisconsin; with jump-offs to Montreal, Ottawa and Guelph, Ont.
Lady Eaton, who heads a chain

of trans-Canada department stores in principal cities, founded the Canadian Players Foundation and is honorary president of the Canadian tour. The "invasion" of the U. S. remains an operation of Canadian Players Ltd.

The group was founded by Tom Patterson, who originally conceived the Stratford (Ont.) Shakespearean group to take the road and present live drama across Canada. The venture lost money until Lady Eaton stepped into the picture, thereby permitting the curre American tour of the midwest. current

The aim of The Canadian Players Foundation is to bring legit to from professional theatre in any

HOW TO DIG THE METHOD: An Examination of Russia's Gift to Am

Russia's Gift to America

By THEODORE HOFFMAN

(The author of the treatise which follows is a director, producer, sometime actor and translator. He heads the drama department at Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh. His commentary was published first in Forum, a quarterly published by Columbia University which is edited by Erik Wensberg. Copyright is vested in that periodical, by whose permission VARIETY reprints,

No other art is more anxious than the theatre to proclaim its unbroken links with tradition, and no other art is more subject to radical change. Every quarter century acting styles shift so completely that a large number of competent craftsmen become permanently out of date and out of work; the genuinely good ones survive, as the Lunts, Katherine Cornell, Helen Hayes, and Judith Anderson are doing today, as admirable relics whose influence on the rising generation of actors is negligible. The new style proclaims its monopoly on reality and rejects the old as stale and artificial.

These days the American theatre is witnessing the triumph of a new acting technique that is so convinced of its own superiority that it even calls itself *The Method* and its practitioners' most obsessive catchword is "truth." The Method has so completely won over or intimidated the theatrical profession that even its enemies learn to use its working vocabulary, and its success can be measured by the amount of trouble audiences have in identifying The Method without a scorecard.

Easier to Spot a Bad Method Actor Than Good

It is possible, of course, to tell when you're observing Method actors, but it's easier when the actors are bad Method actors. Method actors seem more intense than others. They like to get close to each other (closer than the traditional arm's-length). They are apt to speak low when there is distance between them and loud when they are close to each other. There is a tautness in their voices which makes them inaudible or gratingly monotonous. They don't seem to move much, and when they do it is with rapid, spasmodic movements. They like to scratch themselves, rub their arms, brush their hair, count their buttons. They keep on doing these things even when other actors are the center of attention. They seem to alternate between assaulting each other and retreating into themselves. They like to play scenes wherever they choose, frequently in odd pockets of the stage. They apparently don't like to deliver lines towards the audience.

All the characters in a Method production seem to be gifted with similar voice levels and similar speech pat-terns, and they all behave alike. The play grips one at every moment, but seems to go on forever. There are long pauses between lines. When a piece of business like lighting a cigarette or pouring a drink comes up, the play seems to stop while the actor carefully examines the cigarette to find out what brand it is or looks for germs on the glass. One gets the impression that a great deal is happening to the characters but one isn't always sure just what. And in the end one gets a kind of cheated feeling, as if the actors were going through all that rigamarole for their own pleasure and really weren't the least bit interested in communicating anything to the audience.

But this is merely to catalogue The Method's cliches, which can also be taken as the mistakes, aberrations, and botched experiments that must somehow or other be gone through on the way to genuine achievement. Phony diction, gratuitous grace, arbitrary movements, forced timing, inconsistent characterization, and spurious elation defined the badness of the newly old-fashioned "technique" acting. We can only judge the theory of an art by its successes, not by its failures. The Method at its best possesses an artistic apparatus which is large and complex enough to produce a rich kind of art, and whether we are sympathetic toward it or not its practitioners are responsible for most of the vital work in our theatre today.

What is The Method? It is a monument to the great Russian actor and director, Constantin Stanislavsky, its deified founding father. It is a series of refinements, offshoots, and, if you will, corruptions of the theories he developed to counteract what he regarded as the stale, mechanical, unreal techniques of acting he wished to what he sought was a system that trained students in character analysis and provided rehearsal procedures that would enable actors to capture the essence of great acting.

He developed his techniques while working as director of the Moscow Art Theatre, which he helped to found. He hesitated to spell out and publish his theories because he believed in experiment and hated dogma. His writing is incomplete and in fact represents an attempt to add to the recognized crafts of acting. His work should be valued as one of the most earnest attempts ever made to extend the imagination of the practicing artist. It is also true that he never intended to originate a complete new system of acting. A leading lady of the theatre, Helen Hayes, is reported to have remarked that The Method is all right if you also happen to know how to act. She expressed more understanding of Stanislavsky than one hears from most of the idolators she meant to chide.

The foundation of The Method rests on one book, An Actor Prepares, published here in 1938. Stanislavsky had prepared a completely revised version, which, incidentally, has never appeared in English. Stanislavsky recognized that a great actor frequently seems to have an instinctive knowledge of all of life. He also realized that many actors, particularly students, simply do not know enough about life or are unable to use effectively what they have observed and experienced. An Actor Prepares is a kind of

fictional description of the paternally playful exercises a teacher (who is clearly Stanislavsky himself) devises for his students so that they may recreate and simulate for themselves the various experiences of life. He intended such training to prepare the actor for the real work of using external techniques to create characters on the stage who are complex and whose actions are plausible and perfectly based on life. But this intention didn't become apparent until the belated publication of the surviving chapters of an incomplete sequel, Building a Char-(1948) and Stanislavsky on the Art of the Stage which is not by Stanislavsky at all but is only a series of notes and impressions by his students and colleagues.

If Acting Not 'Internal' It Just Doesn't Rate

The Method is often called "internal" acting, and its most ardent acolytes tend to describe any other kind of acting as "external," as if that were a dirty word. The main psychological tenet of The Method is that each man is somehow universal and that the actor can find the ingredients of any role within his own personality, and use them to transform himself into the character he wishes to play. His aim, of course, is to "feel" this character, and the educational genius of Stanislavsky's system lies in its provision for beginning exercises that make few demands on the rational intellect. The basic exercises can be done effectively by totally untalented people.

The Method tends to permit an actor to judge his performance by the intensity and comfort of his own experience while playing. This has led some actors to believe that the sole measure and intent of acting is personal psychotherapy. It has also resulted in a kind of dislocation of the empathy theory. It is the actor himself who holds attention, and audiences have tended to judge him not by his success in creating a plausible character but by the degree to which he convinces them that he "believes" in the character. The approach has also changed rehearsal techniques, since an actor is likely to inform a director who suggests a stage movement that "it doesn't feel right" or that the character "just wouldn't do that."

Method rehearsal recalls the anthropological notion that "ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny." The actors bring characters to life by going through all the basic techniques

THE WALTER HAMPDEN MEMORIAL LIBRARY

By GEORGE FREEDLEY

Written into the constitution of The Players are instructions for establishment of a library for the recreation, solace and self-education of its members. The nucleus was, of course, Edwin Booth's own promptbooks and the collection of Shakespeareana as was natural to the actor, America's greatest Hamlet, who played the role for the last time in 1891 in Brooklyn.

A few years before he had given his handsome and ma-A few years before he had given his handsome and majestic home as a clubhouse in Gramercy Park for his friends and their friends in the professions and the arts to enjoy. He distrusted the idea of an exclusively theatrical club but patterned it after London's Garrick Club of which Mr. Booth was a member, proposed by Sir Henry Irving, his friend and the first actor in England to be knighted. Among the founders of The Players Club were Brander Matthews, Columbia University professor, dramatic critic theatre historian and such an unlikely one matic critic, theatre historian and such an unlikely one as General Tecumseh Sherman. All the arts and profes-sions are represented in the membership as well as patrons

This library in The Players' clubhouse has been used and cherished by the members and their guests ever since founding. Distinguished scholars were permitted to use it although (due to club rules) ladies were barred except for the traditional annual "ladies day" Shakespeare's birthday. This rule was once violated when Lillian Arvilla Hall, custodian of the fabulous Harvard Theatre Colletion, was "smuggled" in by way of the service entrance and whisked up in the tiny elevator (which once stuck when carrying the great Sarah Bernhardt and the club's president John Drew when Mme. Bernhardt was being honored in one of her last "farewell tours" of America).

All of this is now changed, and for the better, as even the traditional diehards acknowledge. Wishing to honor our late president Walter Hampden, our present president, Howard Lindsay, proposed that the Library be made a memorial to another distinguished Shakespearean actor and a charter be sought as a public research library opened to qualified scholars and students (on written application), from the N. Y. State Board of Regents, A provisional charter having been granted, the Club employed professional librarians to prepare the rich collections of books, Shakespeare folios, bound periodicals, scrapbooks, manuscripts, autographs, playbills, programs, prints, photographs and clippings for professional research use. On April 19, 1959. The Players entertained members of the Theatre Library Association and distinguished theatre scholars at a reception during which Mr. Lindsay declared the Library open for professional research. A member of the club's staff, Patrick Carroll, acts as

librarian. He is aided by a board and executive committee which include such as Donald Sewell. Robert Downing. Paul Hampden, George Stewart, Newman Levy, William Post Jr., Burt Shevelove, Leslie Stratton, Peter Van Doren and the composer of this little tribute to Edwin Booth, Walter Hampden and Howard Lindsay.

in "belief" that comprise The Method curriculum: "sense memory" exercises in which relative personal experience is relived; "communication" exercises in which an attempt is made to explain things to other actors who practice "concentration"; even "animal" exercises in which the basic rhythms and behavior of the animal most proceduling basic rhythms and behavior of the animal most resembling a whole training involves trying on different characters like so many suits of clothes, and its aim is to achieve a shamanistic ability to create a second, coexistent identity for oneself that can grow its own fully biographical personality with or without recourse to the play.

Character relationships develop through "improvisations," theoretical situations that actors "live" their way through. Advanced Method acting uses scene work but treats the text as a mere scenario. Characters are based only loosely on the text, and since the scene is played so that the behavior of the characters progresses "honestly," the playwright's style, meaning, and form can be mutilated beyond recognition.

In actual production it is the director's duty to see that the actors' inventions are faithful to the play, but Method directors often unconsciously revert to the classroom, which is why some Method productions are justly described as "studio exercises"; they recall the absurd sight, common in acting classes, of talented students immersed for incredible lengths of time in a state of infantile solemnity, trying to feel like trees or trolls. The current fashion of catharsis through transcendental belief operates even here, and there is more parable than philistinism in the cartoon which shows a beat young lady pointing through a broken upper-story window and explaining to several puzzled policemen: "Then they decided to dig being soft, fluffy snowflakes."

'Theatrical' Becomes Dirty Word to Message-Bearers

At first glance The Method seems to concentrate so much power in the actors that the director ought to be only an administrative idea man. And, to be sure, some Method directors will suggest that a production just grows through letting "believable" characters "live." Actually the good Method directors have succeeded in making a greater reputation for themselves than the good Method actors, by impressing on productions the stamp of their own imagination. The work of Elia Kazan, who is probably the greatest talent in the American theatre today, is identifiable by extravagant staging that in other hands would be branded "theatrical," another dirty word in The Method's vocabulary. Harold Clurman and Robert Lewis make efficient use of the same principles of dynamic form that guide pre-Method directing. The better Method directing, in fact, attempts to use The Method to make "truthful" the staging styles of the past.

The fact is, no director can by direct explanation or demonstration get an actor to do exactly what he wants: one might say that the director's job is to tell an actor to do the particular thing the director does not want him to do that will get him to do the particular thing the director does want him to do. The actor must do the acting himself and the director who demonstrates movements too precisely or "gives" line reading gets inaccurate or wooden results even from the best actors, which partly explains why many good actors make bad directors and why good directors need not be good actors.

The director's job is to find a vocabulary that communicates his ideas to the actor in a way that appeals not to the actor's logical comprehension but to his craft imagination. The director deals with the actor's means of acting. There is in fact, a fatal paralysis that occurs in acting if the actor gets too perfect a picture of what he should be doing. It prevents him from acting, just as the patient who gets too rational a picture of the traumatic roots of his problem cannot be treated by the psychoanalyst because he becomes incapable of reliving and exorcising the experience. Pianists who let their mind dwell too precisely on the incredibly small variations of time and pressure that make the difference between good and superb playing sometimes find that they cannot play at all.

The Method director makes use of terminology that converts the actor's techniques into a performance. He begins by finding a relatively simple theme, or image, or goal, or parable, or proverb that somehow sums up the play and can be broken down or played upon to guide the seful motivations for the various scenes of the play. Since basic character in The Method is a relatively static affair, the action of the play is conceived as a matter of goals for which the word "objectives" is used. "Objectives" are thought of as the infinitives of transitive verbs. Hamlet, for example, might be directed along the lines of "to save Denmark," and the characters assigned "objectives" that direct their behavior towards this end. Hamlet may be given "to cleanse the country of corruption"; Claudius, "to organize power pragmatically"; Gertrude, "to make everyone happy"; Polonius, "to keep things running smoothly"; Horatio. "to preserve dignity"; Ophelia, "to marry well," and so forth.

The Method director next proceeds to break the play down into units, or "beats," which have nothing to do with rhythm. Each "beat" has its own directorial "objective"; Hamlet's talk with the Ghost might be seen as: "to provide instruction," or "to frighten Hamlet," or "to confuse the issue," or "to introduce religion." Hamlet and the Ghost are given "objectives" that fit the scene and their previous behavior. If the scene's objective is confuse the issue," the Ghost may be played tongue-tied, placed on a high wall, and given the objective "to spur Hamlet to revenge," while Hamlet's objective is "to find out the exact truth.

The Method director is primarily concerned with the (Continued on page 270)

B'way Follows This Ex-Showman From Naples (Fla. to Italy)

By JOHN BYRAM

Naples, Fla.

To paraphrase an old saying: "You can take the boy out of Broadway, but you can't take Broadway out of the boy." For more than two years I have been living in Naples, Florida, a lovely Gulf Coast resort town (free plug for the Chamber of Commerce). I have not been in retirement; my highly energetic brother-in-law, Addison Miller, who used to be in show business and whose idea of recreation is to play 18 holes of golf on a hot Saturday afternoon, keeps me too busy for that. But certainly I'm a long way-1,350 miles-from Times Square and my former day and night cronies.

Down here, in a community devoted to fishing, golfing, boating, beachcombing, hunting in the Ever-glades, and trafficking in real estate, you might reasonably suppose that you would be far re-moved from the concerns of the West Forties and Fifties, such as how much did the Music Box gross last week, and what is my old friend Louis Lotito up to? Mais non! Like an octopus. Broadway's tentacles extend in all directions. even to this remote region of Southwest Florida.

The enterprising local radio station, WNOG, keeps us up-to-date with the recordings of the new shows as soon as they are available. "Camelot" and "The Unsinkable Molly Brown" have lately been filling the airways. Syndicated columns in the Miami, St. Petersburg and Tampa papers bring the latest rialto gossip, and the Miami Herald prints the N.Y. Times theatre reviews. (The Times itself arrives two days late, and keeping up with it still takes at least an hour a day and three hours for the Sunday edition, just as it did in New York.) Sardi's By-the-Sea

Naples is a wealthy little city, with a large proportion of million-aires among its home owners (second free plug for the Chamber of Commerce), and at least two of its residents are substantial investors in the theatre. Julius Fleischmann. who operates in Cincinnati and New York, but spends a good deal of his time here, is a member of the play producing firm of Myers, Potter & Fleischmann. He also operates Naples' Caribbean Gar-dens, a beautifully developed tropical jungle of exotic flowers and birds, which is among the showplaces of Florida, and this requires showmanship in its promotion. Jane Tibbett, wife of the late, great singer, also puts her chips on various New York shows, and has had a particularly successful association with Bobby Griffith and Hal Prince. The parents of Pat Zipprodt, costume designer, live here, and this fall they made their first theatrical investment in "Laurette." They quickly became initiated into the hazards of the theatre when Judy Holliday was stricken and the play indefinitely postponed. To make it worse, the news reached them about the time that hurricane Donna wreaked her fury on this community. (Maybe Chamber of Commerce won't be too happy about this.)

Neapolitans, whether they reside for part of the year in Chicago, Detroit, Cincinnati, Columbus or Milwaukee, get to New see the plays. York regularly and Since show business is notoriously every man's other business, some of these people, even though they are of the type that the late Mike Todd once described as "civilians," are au courant to a degree that puts my good wife, Marian, and me to shame. Lying on the beach, with the aquamarine Gulf of Mexico as calm as the blue sky above and with the palm trees swaying gently in the breeze, you are likely to be brought quickly back from Lotus Land by an overheard dis-cussion of "Becket" and the performances of Olivier and Quinn or an opinion on how "Advise and Consent" measures up to the novel.

And then there are Maggie and Howard Taylor. He was in the concert business for years and is a valuable source of information and anecdote. Under the name of Margaret Carlisle, Maggie sang in many New York and London musicals and can play practically every

show tune since "The Black Crook." Other theatre aficionados have come to light among realestate salesmen, beautyshop operators, giftshop proprietors, banktellers, deep sea fishermen and even Florida State Troopers.

Florida Showmobile

The Naples Community Theatre, an aspiring amateur group, mounts five or six productions a year and has an able director in the British Hugh Parker. They have been kind enough to ask Marian and me to review their presentations, which at least gives us a periodic warmup at that kind of writing. The group has recently done Maxwell Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine," and it has given a good account of itself in other ambitious ventures, such as "The Women," "Mr. Roberts" and "Pinafore."

Miami, with the Coconut Grove Playhouse 110 miles to the east, enables us to catch up with some of the plays we have missed, and in the season the beautiful Palm Beach Playhouse affords an elegance that Broadway can't match. And, for night clubbing, there are all the glittering attractions of Miami Beach.

Feeling unusually energetic a couple of years ago and animated with a design to bring the people to the theatre, or maybe vice versa, Marian organized a Showmobile to transport Naples residents by bus to the Coconut Grove Playhouse, with dinner in the Playhouse restaurant included in the package The first trek was so successful that there have been several since, and more are planned for this season. Marian's accomplice in this caper is Doris Reynolds, who runs a local publicity and advertising service and frequently travels to New York for a spot of theatregoing.

Marian and I recently returned from a trip through the Mediterranean which took us to Israel. The cruise director on the SS Atlantic was Hal Hennesey who, before he became one of the best liked figures in that field, appeared in Ziegfeld and Dillingham shows— "Oh, Please," with Beatrice Lillie, among them. In charge of sports activities was Jack Redmond, professional golfer, who has demonstrated his skill in vaudeville and the "Vanities" and, between voyages, is a regular at The Lambs. In a moment of weakness, or poscomplete mental aberration, I yielded to Hennesey's blandishments and agreed to m.c. the ship's talent show. I guess I got away with it—at least Capt. Christiansen did not put me in the brig and there was no organized movement among the passengers to throw me overboard. On deck the next morning a passenger whom I had never seen before—it turned out he had come aboard at Barcelona-stopped me and asked if I remembered a certain vaudeville act. That was duck soup with morning coffee for me, since in my youth I worked in the press department of the B. F. Keith Circuit, and soon we were reminiscing about the bills at the old Colonial in the days when Bob O'Donnell was the treasurer; at the Palace, and the other former bigtime houses. It turned out that this vaudeville and theatre fan was now in the antique business in Hollywood, Florida, and had been in Europe on a buying trip. He reads VARIETY every week and told me down here again this winter. As

A Marked Man Once the word got around the

ship that I had some connection with show business, various people asked me varied questions or vouchsafed morsels of information. A lady from New York told me that her uncle had written the original play upon which the internationally successful operetta, "White Horse Inn," was based, and she described her delight at viewing a production in Salzburg a couple of years ago. The wife of Alan Courtney, Miami radio commentator, broke down one night in the smokingroom and confessed that, in her youth, she had been a member of a girls' singing act which had appeared in George White's "Scandals" and Lew Les-lie's "International Revue." The people in an adjoining cabin turned out to be deeply involved in the Sarasota Community Theatre and friends of Joseph Hayes and his wife, Marijane. An unidentified man from California asked me if had been at Metro in 1927, which I hadn't. And a Georgia gentleman kept inquiring every time he had a few drinks, if I had known Lamar Trotti. screenwriter and producer. I had once met Mr. Trotti and that seemed to provide momentary reassurance for our southern friend. At least three times on the ship he asked me the same question and received the same answer, and when we had disembarked at Port Everglades and were having dinner at a Fort Lauderdale restaurant, he suddenly appeared on the scene. After he and his wife were seated and had ordered their meal, he arose and made his way to our

"Pardon me," he said. "Perhaps I asked you this question before. Did you ever know Lamar Trotti?"

An amusing angle on show business in Israel was provided by Ladislav Koch, Paramount's able representative in Tel Aviv. Selling pictures to cinema owners in that impressive, fascinating land he runs up against a situation which does not exist elsewhere in the Middle East, Europe or, for that matter, the world. More of the exhibitors, Mr. Koch reports, have some connection with Hollywood, often pretty tenuous. It may be that a nephew, a second cousin or a distant relative of his wife is a resident of the West Coast film capital. Such persons report the gossip and give freely of their opinions to their kinsmen on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean.

"When I go to sell a picture," Mr. Koch says, "before I can say 'Shalom' the theatre operator will tell me that his wife's cousin Sammy's nephew was on the set in Hollywood weeks ago and what he saw didn't look so hot. So, with this inside word, he argues that the picture isn't worth the terms I want. You can sell the Turks, the Syrians or the Egyptians without trouble, but here in Israel everybody seems to know more about the business than I do."

Mr. Koch did not say whether a situation obtained Greece where Spyros Skouras has many relatives. But the fact remains that, once you are in the show business, you are never out of it, whether you live in Naples, Florida, or Naples, Italy, or, I daresay Afghanistan. For a report on the Afghanistan situation I refer you to my old friend, Richard Watts Jr. Me, I keep busy doublethat he had found a copy in Bar- for Louis Lotito. Well, his son, celona, which was more than I was Louis Jr. is a regular visitor here. able to do at the Ritz Hotel and Loves to fish and lets his old man the news kiosks where foreign publications were sold. Our burgeon- Lunt-Fontanne.

Squaring a Debt

Philadelphia.

About six months before Robert E. Sherwood passed away he told me a story about Sidney Howard's play, "Madam, Will You Walk," in which George M. Cohan starred. The comedy, produced by the Playwrights Co. of which Sherwood and Howard were members, folded in Baltimore after a one-week tryout in November, 1939.

Cohan had a 10-week contract to star in the play and his office sent a bill for the full salary to the Playwrights. Sherwood, rather than make an issue of it and because of his admiration of Cohan, paid off. A number of years later Sherwood received a check from Cohan for the amount of salary paid him for the nine weeks during which he had not acted in "Madam." Attached to the check was a note: "Dear Bob: I couldn't go out with this on my mind."

The next day, George M. Cohan died.

Ike Levy.

ing friendship almost came to an end when he said he had left Variety onshore. The Glory of The Yiddish Stage

By HARRY GOLDEN

One of the pieces in my latest book "Enjoy, Enjoy!" which seemed to elicit great affection from readers was my story about the Yiddish stage and the great Yiddish actor, Jacob Adler.

But truthfully no one has yet described the Yiddish stage in all its color and depth. It was one of the most productive of all theatresand one of the most glamorous. There are people active now on Broadway, in Hollywood, and on television who received their early training on the Yiddish-speaking stage. Milton Weintraub, for instance, comes immediately to mind. Mr. Weintraub for many years has been the secretary and treasurer of the Association of Theatrical Managers & Press Agents, an organization of which Victor Riesel once wrote as one of the best managed organizations in the American labor movement.

There is Joe Grossman, the manager of "My Fair Lady," an dirving Cohen who managed the road companies of "Auntie Mame" and "Romanoff and Juliet." And Boris Segal who handles television shows like "Peter Gunn" and "Wells Fargo."

There are many many others; I mention only those people with whose work I am familiar. And I am not necessarily trying to indicate how important any one strain has become in the modern theatre but rather of those who came from that wonderful world of the Yiddish stage. The decline set in with the first restrictive immigration law, but not before it managed to send out into the American culture a host of writers, directors, managers, and actors.

The performers who made the jump from the Yiddish to the Amerlcan stage would make a respectacle Who's Who of the American thea-tre: Paul Muni, Edward G. Robinson, Luther and Stella Adler, Jacob Ben-Ami, Menasha Skulnik, Joseph Schildkraut and many others including my friends the Bernardis—Boris Bernardi, now manager of the touring company of "Once Upon a Mattress." and Hershel Bernardi who plays Lt. Jacoby on the "Peter Gunn" show and who is also "Harry Golden" in the west coast production of "Only in America," by Jerry Lawrence and Bob Lee.

The Bernardis have been in the theatre for several generations. The father, Berel Bernardi, was brought to America by the world famous Yiddish actor, Boris Thomashefsky (whose son Teddy Thomas, has written some of Hollywood's successful movie scripts). Berel Bernardi was a fine and accomplished comedian—"a kominker" as he was billed on the Yiddish stage—and after a year or two in New York, Berel on the Yiddish stage—and after a year or two in New York, Berei brought over to America his fiance, a girl he had met in Germany who joined the Thomashefsky troupe in Chicago. Thomashefsky had a brilliant idea: "Why not get married on the stage right after a performance and I'll give you 25% of the evening's receipts?" The wedding, following all the Orthodox requirements, was billed as a special added attraction and Paul Muni's father, the fine actor, Philip Weisenfreund was Berel's best man. The immigrant Jews loved the chance to shod the tears a wedding offered them. At a Lewish wedding every shed the tears a wedding offered them. At a Jewish wedding every-body cries but each one is thinking about a different thing.

Upped the Percentage

Twentyfive years later, Bernardi remarried his wife, this time after a performance in Boston. And Bernardi now insisted on a 5% increase and indeed received 30% of the evening's receipts. And now Paul Muni replaced his father as the best man while young Hershel Bernardi was the ring-bearer.

What a wonderful world this Yiddish theatre was. Any book that recreated its flavor and accomplishments would have to be a bestseller because all Americans would find in it a close identity with their own the American theatre. They would find also the earliest beginnings of the American theatre. The Jews brought the family drama to the American stage; good daughters, bad daughters; a son who marries out of the faith, children who do not take care of their parents in their old age and so on: a thousand rewrites of Shakespeare's "King Lear"—the first great "Jewish" drama.

And it was a world filled to overflowing with humor. The fractured English of those actors would leave you in stitches; "A steak, please, well-to-do."

Vienna, Too, Blames Critics

— By EMIL MAASS —

Vienna.

The news of 1960 was the rise well received. of the "cellar" theatre. These legit At the Voll havens, many under coffee houses, some former bowling alleys, increased in number and activity after World War II. Improved quality of their offerings produced a kind of special prosperity so that some of the impresari were consequently able to rent superior premises.

Notable was Stella Kadmon, producer of "Courage." She and her outfit left the Prueckl coffee house rathskeller and now operates in the Seitenstettnerhof buildtalking my way around the cis-Atlantic Naples, and I hope that if he reads this Russel Crouse will cludes the American actor Mar-

Heard This Before?

That most hackneyed of theatrical industry explanations for boxoffice slump, the cruelty of the critics, was advanced here by Franz Stoss, chairman of the Assn. of Theatre Managers. Between the lines of a radio interview during the year he blamed the critics' severity, not the quality of the scripts and scores for the fiscal disappointments of Austria's latterday librettists and composers. However he also asked the per-tinent question of whether Austria's literati were nowadays writing plays which do not play, or at least do not run.

American Plays

Two American successful. risian Comedy" by William Saroy-an and "A Moon for the Misbegot-story.

|ten" by Eugene O'Neill. Both were

wen received.
At the Volkstheatre Tennessee Williams' "Orpheus" was rated so-so. On repertory were "Beyond the Horizon" by O'Neill and "Saturday's Children" by Maxwell Anderson. Planned for early production are "Elder Statesman" by T. S. Eliot, "The School for Scandal" by Sheridan, "A Breeze of Spring" by Peter Coke and "The Sainted Sisters" by Alden Nash.

Theatre in der Josefstadt scored a mild success with O'Neill's Connecticut comedy "Ah, Wilderness," Otto Schenk directing. U. S. items "Anderson in repertory: "Anderson Trial,"
"Cat on A Hot Tin Roof" and
(planned) "Cue for Passion" by Elmer Rice. In its branch house Kammerspiel**e, Terence Rattigan's** "Olivia" is considered good b.o.
Upcoming are "The Grass Is
Green" by Hugh and Margareth
Williams, "So Many Children" by Gerald Savory and John Whiting's "The Gates of Summer."
Vienna's one operetta house,

Raimund, had no outstanding pro duction. Karl Farkas continues to click with his "Simpl Cabaret." Legit "boom" in the provinces

is best proven by the fact, that new theatres were constructed in Innsbruck, Tyrol and Linz, Upper Austria. In Baden near Vienna, considered cne of the best, Rob-ert Stolz' operetta, "Midnight ert Stolz' operetta, 'Waltz," is in preparation.

Theatre an der Wien will reopen in 1962. The Marischka family sold First year of Ernst Haeusser- in 1962. The Marischka family sold mann's directing the Burgtheatre the house to the city of Vienna in 1959 for \$500,000, claiming that the plays were offered by its branch sale to the Nazi government in 1938 house, the Academy, to wit. "Pa-for \$200,000 was under "pressure," thus annoulled. It's a good operetta

THOSE CLOBBERING CRITICS

The late Ring Lardner, in a lily" with a rave for Fredric March's John Barrymore, and Wheeler & Woolsey in "Hook, Line and Sinker," quoting a typical hotel line: "If you want anything, just wring a towel."

London.

The power of the "Compared to the power of the "Compared to the power of the "Compared to the "C

& Andy, winged in the sky, with
"Brush Your Teeth Night and
Morning — Consult Your Dentist Twice a Year" in the clouds above them. Below was a church-tower clock at 7 p.m., with masses of peo-ple, heads reverently bowed, all round it as far as the eye could

Frank Sullivan ribbed Foreign Legion movies like "Beau Geste" with a "drama" about four Legionnaires (one to be played either by Edward Everett Horton or Buster Keaton — "or in a pinch Polly Moran will do" — the others by Gary Cooper, J. Harold Murray and Ronald Colman). At one point Cooper exclaims, "Mon Doo! 'Not the fort that will be surrounded 10,000 Arabs and Cecil B. De-

Turns out none of the Legion-naires has a Past a disgrace they remedy by running into Marie Dressler, who agrees to be the Past for all of them. A new recruit, Richard Barthelmess, enters and the Colonel calls for a loving cup. Not being able to find one, "they fill Marie Dressler to the brim with champagne and pass her around. And everything ends happily, because the next day they go to the fort, are besieged there by 12,000,000 directors, and die of Klieg throat."

Benchley Recalled

The late Robert Benchley re-viewed a revival of Victor Herb-ert's "Babes in Toyland," remark-ing, "In addition to Singer's Midgets, the management has gone to the other extreme and added three elephants to the cast, but they did not offend us old-timers so much, as they didn't sing." Also W. C. Fields in "Ballyhoo" after the humor mag of that day with Chaz Chase, Slate Bros. and Grace Haves (mother of Peter Lind Hayes): "There is enough of Mr. Fields to make a fine evening of Benchley noted that Ray Dooley sat in the same row with him and looked longingly at the seat beside Fields in a Baby Austin, which has just replaced the tradi-tional Ford. "Don't you suppose," he asks, "that M'ss Brice, Miss Dooley and Mr. Fields are ever going to get into the same automobile again?"

Depression Tickets

Top legit prices in that depres sion year were \$3 for straight plays and \$4 for musicals. But Frances Williams, Charles King, Ann Pennington, Hope Williams, Richard Carle Marie Cahill, Waring's Pennsylvanians and Clayton, Jackson & Durante were going for \$3 top in "The New Yorkers," and Bill Robinson could be seen in "Brown Buddies" for \$2.50 top.

Going on to "The Inspector General," Benchley remarked, Jed Harris, to my way of thinking, got away with quite a bit of medicine-showmanship in 'Uncle Vanya,' and had a great many people stroking their forelocks over a so-called 'comedy' by having it played as tragedy . . . 'Inspector General' is a good, mediocre 'satiric farce,' but not much more, at least as Mr. Harris put it on." Romney Brent and Dorothy Cish were in it Gish were in it.

Miscellany of 1931

Just then Paul Robeson's "return to the concert hall" was listed at Carnegie Hall, where Frances Alda and George Copeland were currently singing and playing. Yehudi Menuhin, Mischa El-man and Jascha Heifetz were concurrently fiddling and Beniamino Gigli singing in N. Y. halls. S. Hurok had the honor to present mary Wigman, "Europe's latest choreograph'e phenomenon."

The late John Mosher (J. C. M.) "Toys in the At movie-reviewed "The Royal Fam- at the Piccadilly.

named Ziegfeld and every time i go in a telegraph office these days they give me four rolls of wall-paper."

That was the issue that had Reginald Marsh's famous two-page cartoon, "The Angelus," of Amos & Andy, winged in the sky, with "Brush Your Teeth Night and "Brush Your Teeth Night and "Lackson & Durante at the Silver to Rosal Region of Region of Purante at the Silver to Rosal Region of Region of Purante at the Silver to Rosal Region of Re Jackson & Durante at the Silver Slipper," 201 W. 48 St.

The Public And The Aisle-Sitters

By HENRY SHEREK

London.

After over a year of bullying by some of the critics, the London playgoing public is resisting their efforts to keep it out of some of the more amusing plays with great

obstinacy and courage.

There has been a strong movement by various gentlemen to clean out the Augean stables, unless the horses tethered therein have a message, or the plays in the theatres talk in great detail of the habits of tarts, ponces and homos.

Certainly there is an audience for this sort of thing, because seeing people wallowing in filth makes anybody feel rather highminded and grand, but there is also a much bigger audience, which we, in our oldfashioned way, called a family audience, who just want a jolly evening seeing a play to which they can take their children.

The danger is that amongst the more unsophisticated people who live outside of London, many are giving up going to the theatre entirely, because from the papers they read they see that the only good plays are those that are dirty, not realizing that plays which are as pure as the driven snow might be very good in spite of the critics damning them with such choice expressions as "It stinks" and/or "It's grisly." (I have actually seen both these expressions used in a review in an important London daily paper).

More sophisticated Londoners have now caught on, and in fact there is a group of people who now only feel certain of having an enjoyable evening in the theatre by going to see plays damned by

the above mentioned critics.

A good example of this is Noel
Coward's "Waiting in The Wings" at the Duke of York's Theatre, and William Saroyan and Henry Cecil's "Settled Out of Court" at the Strand. Both these plays are doing business, in spite of the fact that they received worse notices than it has ever been my displeasure to read, and this right after the first performance, whilst the poison from the reviewers' pens had not yet dried.

If the people here were to follow these critics it would be impossible for them to take their children, home from school, to any play at all, and they would therefore be condemned to spend their lives gazing at the little square box. which is a fate even worse than having to contribute a piece to the Anniversary Number of VARIETY.

Delfont Offers \$784,000 For London's Piccadilly

Bernard Delfont has made a \$784,000 bid for the Piccadilly Theatre. The offer has been recommended for acceptance by the Board to stockholders. It requires a 75% majority for approval.

Among the existing directors are Emile Littler and Tom Arnold, both prominent London producers. They will resign from the board if the

deal goes through.

The Lillian Hellman drama,
"Toys in the Attic," is currently

merely as a snide Sardi's legend. But it has grown and spread. Now, wherever in the world theatre folk mingle, awesome yarns are swapped about the arbitrary way these aisle-sitters can bust or boost a Broadway show. There are some in London, morosely licking their abrasions after a critical larruping, who ruefully believe that a pretty effective local branch of the Broadway Butchers is currently operating in Shaftesbury Avenue.

Not for many years have the critics so boldly and audaciously tried to sift the good from the trash in the West End legit field as lately. The theatre here can be under fire from more typewriters than in New York. There are nine national morning critics, two shrewd evening assessors and two major Sunday reviewers. That's apart from the appraisers hired by several serious, influential weekly journals and popular glossy magazines.

With such numbers and varied opinions, the crafty impresario may often be able to arrange a plausible bouquet which, displayed outside the theatre, may persuade the public that a show is better than it is. With costs drastically less than on Broadway a management is often able to nurse an "iffer," despite a cool critical reception. Cheaper seats here also help him.

The \$2.80 top encourages a playgoer here to test his own judg-ment, whereas in N. Y. he usually wants firm assurance (at \$6.90-\$9.40) from the reviewers that a play's a click before digging down. London enjoys a big coach trade from the sticks and they and other visitors often approach the legit scene with open minds, since the notices rarely impact far out of London.

Not Polite Chaps

All these points may seem to lessen the London critics' influence compared with their Manhattan brothers. Yet they are read avidly both within the business and out, and particularly by American showbiz to k who commute regularly and are on the lookout for shows to export to Broadway. Reactions differ considerably. Mary Rodgers was badly bruised when her "Once Upon A Mattress' flopped. She said: "British critics are scathing. They are no longer functioning. as critics but are using their columns for their own frustrated literary talents. You can be polite in saying you don't like a show.'

On the other hand Jerome Whyte is urbane. "Flower Drum Song" and "South Pacific" were both panned. "But they were both hits," Whyte softly comments.

Stunty Levin

Who are the main London aislesitters? A gusty wave freshened the stale air of the stalls a couple of years ago with the arrival of 32-year-old Bernard Levin for the powerful Daily Express. Slight, intense, he overnight became the most discussed "hired assassin." Levin writes nimbly and fearlessly and was put over with power by the Express. He utilizes journalistic gimmicks. Once, when he didn't understand a play (an unusual admission) his review was printed upside down and sideways. Though shrill and opinionated, he's a battler for the best.

To counteract Levin's explosive appearance on the legit scene, the r al Mail replaced their signal, longstanding critic, Cecil Wilson, with Robert Muller, a brilliant interviewer. Some think he is wasted in his present job but he, too, fights punchily for what he regards as the best in the theatre. The two are regarded as the Unholy Twins and though they are sometimes intolerant of the pleasures of more

(Continued on page 267)

Witty Oracles -- 30 Years Ago LONDON'S BRANCH REVIEWERS' PRIVILEGES

By PHILIP WITTENBERG

artist, the writer, the actor, the producer and the critics is perennial. Every year sees a recurrence of the battle, and this season a play was produced whose central character is a critic engaged in his nefarious work. When a dramatic critic for one of our great newspapers differed with his colleagues, the producer, for the benefit of the readers of the newspaper, reproduced in toto the criticisms which had appeared in the other newspapers. Critic was thus made to battle with critic, as well as author.

Everbody who submits work to the public must expect criticism. Criticism can go as far as it likes. It can be derisive, it can be scornful, it can be humorous, it can be derogatory. But there is a special privilege which the law extends to the critic and which protects him from suits for libel.

When anyone submits his professlonal work to the public and appeals for its support and approval he is bound to expect praise or blame of the work. Fair and legitimate criticism is always permitted upon any work to which the attention of the public has been invited. Judge Gaynor, once a Mayor of this city, wrote with regard to the critic:

"That his opinions and inferences are farfetched, high strung or severely chaste or moral, or contrary to other inferences or opinions that seem more reasonable, does not matter so long as there be a basis for them."
Judge Learned Hand said:

"It is indeed not true that all ridicule . . . or all disagreable comment . . . is actionable; a man must not be too thinskinned or a self-important prig . . ."

In describing a play on Broadway a critic wrote that it was "unnatural," "clumsy," "grotesque," "amateurish," and that "at times it is so bad it is quite funny." The court held that such expressions were the opinion of the critic, and that it would be protected just as it would have been had the opinion of the critic been the opposite. The language, merely because it is irritating and damaging, is not necessarily actionable.

This criticism is for the benefit of the public. When Dr. Louis Berg wrote two papers, which were published in the newspapers, attacking in ungentle language the radio industry, the court said he could hardly expect a gentle or meek reply. On the contrary, said the court, he could expect what he had given and should be willing to take it.

"If the public is to be aided in forming its judgment upon matters of public interest by a free interchange of opinion, it is essential that honest critism and comment, no matter how foolish or prejudiced, be privileged."

It's Not Carte Blanche

On the other hand, this does not give carte blanche to the critic. The critic has a right to criticize the work but he can never attack the author personally except in respect to the worth of his work. An attack upon the author is an attack upon him and his profession, and just as the law is sensitive to the rights of the public so the law responds to the needs of the writer and producer.

Any writing about a professional man which attacks him in his profession and livelihood is libelous. Everyone is entitled to practice his business or profession free from personal attack upon him as left a safe world for danger. chan The case in which Whistler sued lars.

The war between the creative | Ruskin is still remembered. Mr. John Ruskin had written:

"For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the gallery of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated concert of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture."

The criticism of the works was permissible, but the words "wilful imposture" involved the personal integrity of Whistler and were not an expression of opinion concerning his art or of him as an artist:

As the Court of Appeals said in a leading case in New York: "The distinction between criticism and defamation is that criticism deals only with such things as invite public attention or call for public com-ment, and does not follow a public man into his private life or pry into his domestic concerns. It never attacks the individual, but only his work. A true critic never indulges in personalities, but confines himself to the merits of the subject matter, and never takes advantage of the occatakes advantage of the occasion to attain any other object beyond the fair discussion of matters of public interest and the judicious guidance of the public taste."

Let the critic take note. In the battle he must fight fairly. When he uses the poison gases of defamation, he has exceeded the ground on which he may stand safely. The playwright, the producer, the actor, know that when they submit a work to the public it may be criticized, even though unfairly. Investments of time and money may be lost. But let the critic beware of exceeding the rights which public interest give him.

ISRAEL PRISON DRAMA FOR REHABILITATION

By HAROLD FLENDER

Israel has decided to adopt play production as a regular part of merapy and rehabilitation in its prison program. Productions have already been held at the Tel Mond prison and the Ramle prison.

Berto Cohen, noted Israeli ac-Berto Conen, noted Israeii actor and director, is in charge of the oramatic programs, together with prison cultural director Marcel Fortis. "The Caine Mutiny," which was recently performed at the Tel Mond prison, was so successful that the prisoners were also. cessful that the prisoners were allowed to perform it at other prisons as well as nearby towns and kibbutzs. A special radio-version was recently broadcast over Radio Kol Israel in Jerusalem by the prisoners. Another prison production that has met with a great deal of success was "The Noise," a play by Kishon Ephraim, Israel's foremost humor writer. In the rehearsal stage now are three original one-

act plays written by the inmates. Zvi Jivati, director of the Tel Mond prison, is most enthusiastic about the new program of play production. "It has turned out," he says, "to be the most successful type of rehabilitation program we have ever had here. For one thing, it forces those inmates who want to act but are illiterate to learn how to read and write. Secondly, it overcomes the natural anti-social attitude of the average prisoner. Appearing in a play forces him to work with others. Finding out they can perform in a play gives the inmates a sense of security, and knowing that they can give pleasure to others is wonderful for their egos. Most important, it keeps them interested, keeps them from being bored and this is the most important problem in any prison."

The most popular actor among Israel's prison players, especially in comedy roles, is a life-termer such as distinguished from his in comedy roles, is a life-termer work. When one leaves the field involved in the assassination of of criticism and enters the field Kastner, the Zionist who negotiatof attack upon reputation, one has ed with Fichmann for the exchange of Jews for trucks or dol-

BEEFS AND STEWS ABOUT THE LEGITIMATE THEATRE

By HAROLD CLURMAN

there are complaints-repetitious, dejected, futile-but they nearly always reflect justified grievances. They point to flaws and ills of the profession which may not be easily remedied but which are none the less worth airing.

Yet when these same folks are called upon to speak publicly or to write special pieces for the press they grow benign and disclose a smiling countenance as if all were well with the (theatre) world and they personally were entirely con-tent. So a lot of healthy protest or well known that failure not success at any rate questioning gets lost at the bottom of coffee cups.

Such forbearance is the courtesy showfolk pay to their public. The playgoer should be encouraged to think of the stage as a glamorous place where all is charm, wit, beautiful temperament and lovely elevation. Besides no one likes to betray private hurt or sound like a gripe. For one thing it may be bad for business, that is, for one's

Since here in these pages we are, so to speak, among ourselves I thought I'd set down a few notes on things I've held forth about at Sardi's, Steuben's, the Russian Tea Room and other quarters cordial to theatrical gentry.

When The Theatre Lost

I was not in New York during the actor's strike last spring. I received news about it while abroad. When it was over I heard that both sides pronounced themselves satisfied: both sides, it seemed, had won. My feeling was that though this was probably true the theatre had lost.

This feeling was not provoked by partisanship for either side. I am sorry for actors because employ-ment is scarce. I am sorry for managers because they usually own so little of what they presumably produce. The theatre will suffer as long as every category of stage worker—including writers—thinks of his own special field apart from the theatre as a whole. This has very little to do with being idealistic. More than almost every other endeavor the theatre is a cooperative pursuit. No one can really thrive at the expense of the other without damage to the entire enter-

It is supposed to be thoroughly "realistic" to think of actors and producers as capital and labor because that is what it seems to come to at the moment of "collective bargaining." (Let us forget for the moment that very few producers possess capital.) It all seems very different—does it not?—when a show is in trouble and author, director, producer agree to waive royalties and actors to the wife royalties and actors to take cutsusually without any chance of ever recovering their losses in the future. They all really want the show to go on-not for profit but from an honest regard for their

So long as the profession believes itself a business to be compared with the making and selling of shoes, automobiles, cosmetics, -showfolk will be theatre will be moribund, and everyone connected with it sick in every respect. Whatever the theatre has been prior to 1927 it is no proper business now-partly because the theatre was never primarily or essentially meant to be a business and more particularly because of wholly new conditions which have made it an absurdity in terms of serious commerce. The only ones, it strikes me, who have really profited from the theatre in the past 15 years or more are the big "artists" agencies.

If this is so, whose fault is it? Not with any one individual. We should not think of these matters as a tug-of-war. We must think in new terms in view of the peculiar circumstances today. When I suggested to a manager—oh very tentatively!—that all productions should be truly corporate propositions in which each party began with a certain minimum and each shared in the hoped for profits ac-

When showfolk foregather at cording to a pre-arranged scale, I relaxed fashion possible. One has bars and restaurants there is together with the usual kidding, chitchat and gossip a certain amount of good talk. Sometimes the property of their backers are considered that the managers for their backers are considered to play the "game" well rather than be bent on "winning." "Victory" for success is not in our power to command.

V sooner or later—perhaps through a crisis in which we shall all be involved—some plan now deemed utopian will be adopted to save the theatre from extinction.

Greatest Optimists

Showfolk are the greatest optimists in the world. I say "optimists" but if I weren't one of them I should employ a less complimentary epithet. Despite statistics and yearly experience everyone plans -and always has been-the norm. (It's only with success that the question "What happened?!" is appropriate).

Even publicity men dream only notices and plan their 'rave'' future campaigns on them. That is why theatre publicity seems on the whole to be routine and ineffective. It is geared to exceptional circumstances: the expectation of the "right" number of favorable reviews in the right spots.

111 After The Opening Night

Another effect of the euphoric state which precedes the premiere of a play is the contradictory one which makes eaeryone connected with it unconsciously behave as if there were only to be one performance: the New York opening night.

The second night audience by the way often seems to share the state of mind. If the notices have promised a good time, everyone enters "laughing at the ushers"; if the notices seem mixed or poor the audience seems dreary before the first curtain.

IV Needless Hysteria

As a result of this confusion of attitude in respect to what the theatre is meant to be and to do, the atmosphere which prevails in it is one of hysteria. Many showfolk rather enjoy this (masochists!) without realizing that the fevered air in which they live really kills the fun that their hard work should give them. A man who knows his job relies on his craftsmanship, his judgment, his experience and his oft tested talent to produce desired results.

The fact that there is no guarantee that such results may be regularly depended on gives a real professional his deep concentration and concern-even some nervousness-but it will not drive him crazy! In the theatre, one ought to behave like a sound statesman or soldier: they know they are in danger to begin with, but they try above all to preserve their wits. Everyone in the theatre should strive to keep balance, which means, to conduct rehearsals and production conferences in the most When a playwright asks me im-

Other Hazards

With the hysteria that so often obtains among us — particularly during the out of town tryouts (with well received productions as often as with those "in trouble") comes superstition.

Showfolk are notoriously superstitious: for they do not know how to placate the "gods." I am not talking of such superstitions as those about climbing over the foots, whistling in the dressingroom, reading the last line of the play at rehearsal, etc. I am talking about the disposition to find a victim, someone to blame, a simple cause for the play's not having done well in New Haven or Wilmington or Boston!

More specifically: the hysteria which demands rewriting before it is determined why an audience's response was unsatisfactory on opening night, the hysteria of replacing actors (or director) on the road before one is sure that what is wrong is a particular actor or the director. The hysteria I refer to infects almost everyone: no one seems to be immune-not even the director who often communicates his uncertainty or fear to the cast.

A playwright once asked me shortly before an opening, "Why do you want to relax the actors? They should be kept tense." Perhaps that particular playwright confused relaxation with indifference or drowsiness.

Ain't No Such Animal
I am skeptical when I hear people speaking of our theatre as a "director's theatre." This is more of a commercial superstition than an artistic fact. Certain directors are supposed to be "top" (money) directors because they have directed several hits. Very few hits have been made from wretched scripts or with bad casts. There is of course such a thing as fine or mediocre direction.

But a play being a hit or a failure isn't a sign of one or the other. But since so few people—even among producers, writers, backers and critics—know much direction (it is not easy to know) the superstition flourishes.

VII It's The Playwright

One has heard of stars being coddled. Whoever seems to hold the reins of "power" apparently needs to be coddled or conned. (Sometimes it's the agent!) Hence Boris Aronson's remark, theatre is a collective art in which the strongest person wins."

But nowadays I find it's the playwright who needs to be coddled. He is apparently never wrong: it's always his producer or director or designer or cast or publicity man.



CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

Teaching Audience Manners

Elisabeth Bergner, who recently staged a sensational comeback in Germany in "Long Day's Journey into Night" and "Dear Liar" was not only the toast of Berlin b.H. (before Hitler) but also the 'enfant terrible" of the German theatre. Not only could she act anybody off the stage (and once sent her leading man to her dress-ingroom to get her coat because she was chilly!) but her unpredictable antics put fear in the hearts of actors and audiences alike.

One time, during the first act of a play with an Edwardian set-ting, she was upset by four latecomers who, having dined and wined too well, continued their table conversation as they shoved their way into their front-row seats.

Moving over to a small table on which rested an old-fashioned photograph album, Miss Bergner opened the album and interpolated a whole new scene. "Just look at this picture of old Uncle Hermann," she chortled—making very sure that the audience identified "Uncle Hermann" with one of the offenders in the front row -- "What a loud-mouthed ass he was, to be sure! And Aunt Emma, who was always over-dressed, wore fake diamonds and dyed her hair an improbable shade of red." etc. By this time the entire house knew whom she was really talking about and roared with laughter.

When the curtain rose on Act II, the four front-row seats were empty. This story got around and after that audiences at Miss Bergner's performances developed a strange habit of being punc-tual.

Gerard Willem van Loon.

patiently, irritably and prematurely, "Why doesn't X act that scene more forcefully?" I am often tempted to respond uncivilly, "Why didn't you write the scene with more talent?"

There should be mutual many that the scene with more talent?"

There should be mutual respect in the theatre not only for each individual person engaged but for the task and problem that each person's work entails. It all comes down to each worker knowing his job and also knowing something about the nature of the other fellow's job.

The producer can't demand that the playwright be a wonder man grinding out greatness at will, the director can't expect his actors to be inspired at each moment in every circumstance, nor can anyone regulate the bloodstream of every script and personage involved in production.

The theatre in effect must be viewed not as a deal made among a number of craft unions, but as one Big Union.

Scarcity of Jobs

Failure is always painful. (It may at times also be instructive, even creative). But nowhere else in the arts but in our New York theatre is it made to seem a disgrace. Our condition might be compared to the plight of 50 starving men who are asked to share or compete for a pound loaf of bread. It is not likely there would be much grace, measure or good will in the environment.

IX These things might all be more or less taken for granted if the theatre were rationalized in its fundamental organization—a goal it will take a long time to achieve -though, as I have intimated a severe shock might in the long run help.

Still, in all fairness to everyone, one must admit: the theatre has nearly always (and everywhere) been a little bit as I have described it. Only nowadays with us in New York the mischief is aggravated tenfold.

Don't get me wrong as the feller said-I speak only from love-and the exasperation that goes with it.

Harold Freedman Heads **Authors' Agents Group**

Harold Freedman has been elected president of Authors' Representatives, Inc., succeeding long-time prez John W. Rumsey, who died recently.

Other officiers elected include Alan Collins, first vice president; Marie Rodell, second vice president; Sterling Lord, secretary-treasurer, and Audrey Wood and Louis Aborn, directors.

London Bits

London.

Keith Waterhouse, part author with Willis Hall, of "Billy Liar," has given up his newspaper col-umn to concentrate solely on plays and films.

Advance bookings for "The Music Man," due at the Adelphi in March, already have topped the \$37,000 mark.
"Camelot" is now slated for the

Drury Lane Theatre, 1962, with Richard Burton and Julie Andrews

in their original roles.

The hit farce, "Watch It Sailor," is being turned into a novel by Shiela Steen.

Anton Walbrook returns to the West End in "The Masterpiece," due at the Royalty in February.

English Plays

Anglo-Amercan Theatre here has taken shape. Several brandnew plays are lined up for April-September, when the Englishspeaking contingent in Italy peaks. Joseph M. Gordon, a British author-director now resident in Florence, will guide the troupe which will use actors from Britain and America.

"Dancing Shadows" by Royce Ryton, new, won a competition by this group. "Fashion" by Anna Cora Mowatt goes back to the 1840s, a comedy of manners by an American tourist then. Oscar Wilde's "Ernest" is also on the sked as is Benn Levy's "Rape of The Belt," a flop in New York earlier this season.

Other items in prospect are: "Hunting The Fairles" by Comptom Mackenzie, a world premiere as will be Adam Drinan's "Don Juan in Heaven." Still other local premieres for Florence will be Evelyn Waugh's "The Man Who Loved Dickens" and John Dos Passos' "USA."

A filler melodrama will be Edward Chodorov's "Kind Lady," based on Hugh Walpole's novel.

Stoltz Svenskatown Aim A Nine Months Cycle, Up From a Strawhat

Minneapolis.

Midwest's only professional winter repertory theatre has been launched in a new, 655-seat showhouse built for it at 17-mile distant suburban Excelsior on Lake Minnetonka. It's a Don Stolz enterprise, an outgrowth of his smaller and less pretentious strawhatter at the same location. Opening bill, running two weeks, is "Marriage-Go-Round," never seen before in the Twin Cities.

The \$150,000 theatre's inaugural spells legit's forthcoming biggest Twin Cities' inning in years. It precedes the construction and ertory, civic summer theatre which famed Broadway director Tyrone Guthrie and his associates will come into here after \$1,000,000 is raised in a current fund drive. A site and a \$450,000 grant already have been made available for the Guthrie theatre.

All this is in addition to the activities of the U. of Minnesota Theatre and a dozen Minneapolis and St. Paul non-professional theatres as well as the five Theatre Guild subscription offerings and a number of other attractions at the St. Paul Auditorium and an occasional touring show such as "J.B." at Northrop Auditorium here recently.

The bulk of the patronage for the new Stolz theatre wil lhave to come from Minneapolis, and in connection with it there's a parking lot which will hold 350 cars and will be fully lighted. Stolz plans a nine months a year operation.

A Ferrer by Any Name

During angel auditions to raise dough for "Oh Captain," one prominent lady, reported loaded with loot was present. Livingston & Evans sang their score directly to her. Tony Randall poured on the charm in her direction and Joe Ferrer spent most of the evening bringing her drinks, canapes and explaining the intracacles of the plot. Charmed blazes out of her and she wrote out a big

On the way out, she came over to Ferrer and said, "I just wanted you to know that I'm not crazy about the songs, the cast or the script. I'm investing in this show only because of you." Ferrer beamed until she killed him with a final line, "I just love you and that lovely wife of yours—Audrey Hepburn."

Al Morgan

The View From London Bridge

By HAROLD MYERS

London.

stage. New theatres are a prime source of encouragement, and new writers are providing the shot in the arm which the boxoffice can always use. Two welcome developments at any time, but especially in this era of television which has undoubtedly contributed to the depressed condition of the provincial

The buoyant state of the West End theatre rarely fails to impress professional visitor from Broadway. Pick any working day in the calendar and it's a safe bet there'll be close on 40 shows on the boards here. And now there are new theatres to swell the total and the promise of others to come within the next year or two.

Yet it is a paradoxical situation. Production costs continue to mount, and though they fall short Production of Broadway standards by a long way, still give cause for concern. And the ratio of flops to successes of roughly three-to-one, is not much help in inspiring confidence. Nevertheless, the West End theatre has attracted new talent among writers, actors and mangements, and new finance to build more upto-date theatres.

Extreme Contrasts

The world of the London legitimate theatre is, indeed, a strange one. It is one in which a ho-hum thriller by Agatha Christie such as "The Mousetrap," can still attract capacity business in its ninth year, while distinguished imports—and even originals-fail to make the grade. Where the Whitehall Theatre; for example, can have a successive run of farces, each of which has topped 1,000 performances, while other productions struggle to break even or hold on long enough to make a modest profit. Even the experts will agree that it is easier to find out what makes Sammy run than what makes a play run.

But even the diehards will now concede that it is a changing world, and one in which there is room and scope for the talented offbeat and colorful writer. It is hard to pinpoint the start of the new trend which developed in the 1950's, but a string of writers can take some share of the credit. John Osborne, for example, may have launched the angry young man era, but it took writers like Harold Pinter, John Mortimer and Brendan Behan to give impetus to the new dramatic school. Shelagh Delaney, currently represented on Broadway with "A Taste of Honey," is one of disciples of that school, but Arnold Wesker did not follow the conventional pattern to make his name and his mark with his distinguished trigoly which received critical and public acclaim on its recent outing at the Royal Court Theatre.

'Waving' At You

In France such a devolpment would undoubtedly get the "nouvelle vagne" tag. But not so in London where these writers have moved into local and national prominence through the backing they've received from such institutions as the English Stage Company (which operates the Royal Court), the Arts Theatre Club and a few young managers with the courage and the confidence to experiment.

It is presumably not without significance that later this month one of the managements in question, Michael Codron and David Hall, will be presenting three one-act the meantime, it is reassuring to plays by three "new wave" writers know that private enterprise has for a season at the Arts Theatre Club. The authors in the bill will slack.

be John Mortimer, N. F. Simpson There's new life in the London and Harold Pinter and, as a sign of the times, there will be a distinguished cast headed by Emlyn Williams, Wendy Craig, Alison Leggett and Richard Briers. As such writing talent-quite apart from the performers-nowadays is considered b.o., it is fair to assume the management is confident of a subsequent transfer.

Indeed, it is the b.o. magnetism of the new wave writers that has finally convinced the doubting Thomases among the impresarios. A standout example, of course, is "The Caretaker," Harold Pinter's three-character play which got raves when it was first presented at the Arts last April, and has been following the capacity trail ever since its transfer a few weeks later to the Duchess Theatre. Though not a homegrown specimen, Iones-co's "Rhinoceros" was a smash hit for its limited engagement which began at the Royal Court and moved over to the Strand with Laurence Olivier as the star.

Disappointment Ratio

While the proportion of hits to misses was about the same last year as in any other, it was, on balance, a bad year for American imports. Among the early casualties were "Visit to a Small Planet," "Inherit the Wind," "Tomorrow With Pictures," "Once Upon a Mattress" and "The Princess," "Flower Drupp Song" didn't places the er Drum Song" didn't please the critics, but is still okay after more than nine months at the Palace. "The Gazebo," too, had mixed notices, but is still holding strong at the Savoy, and "Majority of One," with Molly Picon in the Gertrude Berg part, stayed the course for five to six months. A major disappointment, however, has been "Most Happy Fella" which failed by a long way to repeat its Broadway success at the Coliseum, though it was artistically acclaimed. The musical has been at the St. Martin's Lane theatre since the latter part of April and will probably fold within the next month or so.

On the other side of the two-way traffic lane, Britain seems to be fairing better. "Irma La Douce" (though originally French) is a smash hit on Broadway, and "A Taste of Honey" and "The Hostage" appear to be holding their own. A recent sad failure was Ben Levy's "Rape of the Belt," though as counter-balance, both "Five Finger Exercise" and "At the Drop of a Hat" are waving the flag for Shaftesbury Avenue on the road. At a stretch, of course, this breakdown could include "La Plume de Ma Tante" as it was the show presented by Jack Hylton in London which subsequently transferred to

the Royale. However good the plays, however talented the performers and however audacious the managements, there is no gainsaying the importance of modern, comfortable theatres. What appears to be an inevitable trend was started with the demolition of the old Stoll Theatre and its replacement by a huge office block, which includes the smaller, but well equipped and upto-date, Royalty Theatre. It was in that venue, for example, that Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne made their West End return in "The Visit." The pattern will undoubtedly be repeated in the replacement of the Winter Garden Theatre and ditto with the new Prince Charles Theatre which is part of a \$700,000 development off Leicester Square. One day, presumably, the National Theatre will finally be built on the South Bank, but that is a long time coming; in

done something to take up the

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

Vet Advance Man Likens Today's Esoteric Broadway Legit Versus Vox Pop Preferences on 'The Road'

By NED ALVORD

Bluntly that portion of the Con- Feather,' and all next week with are blood kin to that critics' bane tinent west and south of the North the Wilbur Opera Co." River and north of Spuyten Duyvil is not always-seldom, in fact-on rapport with Manhattan. When there were thousands of legit attractions, large and small, Tiffany and turkey, the dog wagged the tail. Now the tail wags the dog. In its prime "the road" exceeded Broadway in numbers and aggregate take many times over.

With few exceptions, even New York productions were made with one eye cocked at the No. 2 or Southern Company destined for New Orleans and New Iberia.

If General Motors confined its huckstering to the Five Boroughs and neglected the tenfold other prospects, the management would be whisked off to Central Islip or Mattewan-pronto.

Marshall Field did pretty well by giving the lady what he wants. Other entrepreneurs have profited by the formula. Then, why do not the astute merchant of legit entertainment stock goods that will sell? Perhaps they're not astute.

In its heyday show business was in the hands of showmen who profited from operation instead of promotion There were "New York" shows and "Chicago" shows. Some of the former did indeed prosper on tour but never did the latter click on Broadway.

These is a classic giveout about the time Dave Lewis introduced "A Royal Chef" to Gotham. He went into his song that had for over a year panicked 'em at the La Salle Opera House, "Take Me Back to That Dear Old Chicago Town." When he got to the refrain, "I wanta go back, I'll taka hack—" a heckler in the gallery shouted," Go back you son of a gun, I'll pay your fare."

Yet, lacking the Broadway hallmark many Chicago shows outgrossed their New York rivals. The several troupes of "The Time, the Place and the Girl" for example, was a national champion.

Recently no less an authority than Lawrence Langner was quoted in Variety as substantiating the difference in tastes between New York and the barbarous lands from the St. Croix River to the International Date Line.

Values Are Universal

A glance at the type of fiction that sells millions of Saturday Evening Posts every week; the motion pictures that pay the rent; bait that keeps Procter & Gamble in business; the trumpery that snares vites; the bilge that fills the press—indicate that human emotions haven't changed much since Mark Hanna ruled.

Such improvements as indoor plumbing, opaque saloons, Picasso, drugstore lunches, Detroit devilwagons and artificial feminine upholstery have no doubt advanced the Journey of Man to ultimate Perfection. Yet there is the populous mob that still hankers to be amused. Not unlike audience at London's old Globe or even the Academy of Music, Athens, circa 602 B.C.

Alexander Hamilton with candor unseemly in a politician called 'em "that great beast." More politict, Lincoln gave with, "God must have More politict, loved the common people, he made so many of 'em." Quality and quantity. Chumps doubtless. But with \$4.30-an-hour plumbers and \$100 a week secretaries, there's mucho dinero waiting to be counted.

Such H-bombs as "My Fair Lady" "Music Man" are of course not typical although they do show which way the zephyrs waft.

Charley Marshall, manager of Duluth's Lyceum, was complimented on the four-performance sellout of Anna Held in "The Little Duchess," in a town of less than 100,000. His reply is as apt today as it was six decades ago, can't keep a theatre open on Anna Helds. Sunday matinee and night you have to get money with Lincoln J. Carter's 'Fast Mail,' Monday with Al G. Field, Tuesday and Wednesday with Otis Skinner in 'The Harvester,' Thursday with Murray & Mack in 'Finnegan's Ball,' Friday and Saturday with Grace Van Studeford in 'The Red

There are not enough "My Fair Lady" and "Music Man" brands to go around.

There is the recent experience of a play that has survived critical frowns from coast to coast. Lest the accusation of dishing out free publicity be leveled at the author the title is withheld. A slight cue, the title is withhold. A slight clue:

Typical is the comment of a Los Angeles seer, "Bad play but good theatre." A good play is one that gets money. When the so-called naturalist school took the theatri-cal out of the theatre it was like metamorphosing a studhorse into a gelding.

The click of this melodrama would rejoice the wraiths of Ed Stair and John Havlin as they scrutinized the boxoffice statements from the Metropolis in The Bronx, Pittsburgh's Bijou, Chicago's Academy and St. Paul's Grand Opera House. It was hokum rampant, tear ducts evacuated, and the distaffers had unholy thoughts of the handsome curly redhaired leading man. It has everything that Al Woods' production of "Queen of the White Slaves" did but a line of lurid lithography.

The pundits didn't like it-only the audience did.

Most recent plays have been "good"—that is if the customer goes hogwild for gab, culture, gab, messages, gab, social significance, gab, juvenile delinquency, gab, paucity of action, gab, actors with mush in their mouths and backs to the customers, gab-but lousy

theatre. Critics the Heavies?

It does not require the services of J. Edgar Hoover to feret the cause of the calamitous conclusion: York Critics Murdered the Road!

With the zeal of Samson bringing down the Temple at Gaza on his owen pate, New York critics have destroyed legit in all but a few key cities. To some 200,000,-000 Americans and Canadians an actor-in-the-round is as incongruous as a polar bear in Leopold-

Their pitch is that in elevating the public taste they are obliged to pontificate rather than report. Accusing the validity of this altruistic sentiment, the hard fact is that John Q. Public harbors no transcendent yen to be elevated. He only asks to be amused.

The late George Warren, long drama editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, once remarked: "I'm a reporter, not a schoolmaster. When I cover a show I watch the audience as much as I do the play. If they like it I say so. They paid to get in."

Earl Carroll's Hot 'Cargo'

Earl Carroll heisted the hatchet men on their own petards. When they disagreed on "White Cargo" Carroll ran all conflicting reviews in a single ad with the caption "When the Doctors Disagree Let the Public Decide." The Public did for a long and profitable run.

There is some evidence that the kiss of death turns out to be a po-tent elixir. "Hellzapoppin," "Abie's Irish Rose," "Tobacco Road," "Maid of the Ozarks," "Good Night Ladies" are a few of those tricks that have earned the scorn of the Mahatmas and the kopecks of the multitude

Show business is the only area of commercial activity treated as opinion rather than news. New York producers are a race of hemophilics; they bleed easier than the Spanish Bourbons. A critical pinprick in black and white can be as fatal as a fifth or bonded hemlock. The result has been that most productions are beamed at the taste of the tenant of the ivory gazebo. There is a cadre of sophiscates, lavenders and intellectuals pseudo and the McCoy— in New York, plus the expense-account beneficiaries from Battle Creek and Upper Sandusky, sufficient to support these soporifics.

Out in the wilderness settle-ments of Fort Worth and Fort Wayne and Fort Dodge the eat-with-the-knife set is not of that kidney. They do not go to the theatre to think; they want to for-get. These poor benighted souls year for the Tchaikovsky work.

and customers' balm, the Tired Business man.

On the basis that halitosis is better than no breath at all the numerous gimmicks now in vogue have prolonged the last gasps. Two-for-ones, chautauqua system of subscriptions, concert type deals, first night clubs are not signs of euphoria. Commercial enterprise endures only when customers lay down money without armtwisting. They have to want the goods-or at least be galvanized into believing they do.

Plenty of Theatres

That live show business could make an appreciable dent in tv or picture aficionados is ridiculous. But, if only 1% of those innoculated with the fluttering-photographs became patrons of legit there would be sufficient support for a theatre in every sizable community in the land. Even those nurtured on hamburghers occasionally relish filet of mignon.

A whole pack of marijuana couldn't conjure the return of the fly-by-nights to the wideopen spaces. The like of John L. Lewis, the big coal man, when he managed the opera house at Lucas, Iowa, and dished out the bellowslunged John Griffiths, the Springfield blacksmith, in "Richard III" and Fitz & Webster's "Breezy Time," have gone where the woodbine twineth.

However, there are the Duluths. Savannahs, Peorias and Winnipegs. While they could not support several houses as in the past they might very well make a single theatre profitable.

(That starryeyed sect of Pollyannas peculiar to Broadway who optimistically predict the "living theatah will nevah die," better lamp that MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN on the wall. With the Main Street housing less than half as many legitimate theatres as it 20 did 20 years ago, the Road ausgespielt, IATSE's decline in membership, there is little cause to believe that even Broadway can

A brick wall doesn't have to fall on a wise man's head to prove Newton's law. While show business has always been hazardous, on an overall basis more money has come in that has gone out. Now the trend is the reverse. On percentage a man would do as well with the slots. With all its glamor can even the metropolitan theatre continue to take the chumps?
That, what to all in intents is a

virgin market exists, is obvious. Whether the problems are insur-mountable is a horse of a different color. In past generations American enterprises almost without exception managed to come up with the goods for those who wished to buy, despite hell and high water. So the first hurdle would be to discover a showman-but what would help most would be more showmanship and less art.

Physical facilities are available. What with the picture houses one jump ahead of parking lots, plus local civic auditoriums, there is not a spot in the United States and Canada worth playing that does not have a place to perform. Most of these have comparatively largecapacity as well as adequate stage equipment. With 3,000 to 5,000 seats prices could be held to the range of a person of medium income.

This would involve a volte-face on the part of actors and directors. Performers would not deliver lines upstage, back to audience and savoring a hot potato. After ail, that fellah way up in the last row of the roost is entitled to know what it is all about even as the vixen of Nathan Hale Court in the

third row on the aisle.
Without microphones actors managed to let all the customers know what a show was about in such coverns as Pittsburgh's Bijou or more recently Detroit's Fox.

There are enough stands of one night to a week, within seven-day-a-week motoring distance to provide a two-season route!

"The Nutcracker" ballet is the choice of the London Festival Ballet season at the Royal Festival



DESIGNS ON A DESIGNER

- By MILTON M. RAISON

Hollywood.

Charles Le Maire, who left 20th-Century-Fox for private business, had been nominated for an Oscar for costume-designing 15 times, in the 16 years on the lot, and had won it three times. This is even a better batting average than Ernie Banks.

Le Maire's experience stems back to the Ziegfeld days, when he used to make those gorgeous girls more gorgeous, through the Schwab & Mandel and Aarons & Freedley era to Hollywood. He has dressed more beautiful women than anyone in the United Statesmake that the civilized world. You'd think such a chap would know all about women, and that all other men would be rank amateurs, or neophytes sitting at his

But once he was taken in badly by a young, unworldly Albertina Rasch dancer, which, in those days, was one cut above the ladies of the line, or chorus girls. He confessed it to me over a horse's neck at the Scandia, because he had felt like a horse's neck (not too good a zoological description) at the time, and because I was involved in the hoax.

He took me back to the time then "Sons O' Guns" with Jack Donohue and Lily Damita was playing at the Imperial Theatre, presented by Bobby Connolly, the fattest, but nimblest, dance director on Broadway, and Arthur Swanstrom, a songwriter, whose father, oddly enough, had been the lest moure of Procedure. the last mayor of Brooklyn.

I was press agent of the show and we were facing a crisis. Lily Damita's contract was up. She was due in Hollywood on a pay-or-play contract, which just couldn't be broken. The show was a smash hit. Who could take Damita's place?

Famous names were bandied around; a few inquiries were made. The important actresses were not only too expensive, but were not anxious to follow Damita in the part of the French girl, which she had created. Finally, Swanstrom, a rover like most songwriters, suggested that he go to France and look around.

We shipped him over.

Three weeks later, we received a long cable which told us that he'd found the very replacement; a French musical comedy star called Gina Malo. She had everything: youth, looks, could dance, sing and act. It sounded great. Bobby Connolly instructed me to put on the biggest publicity campaign possible on madamoiselle.

I started at once; and by the time Swanstrom was aboard ship with Gina Malo, Broadway was agog. I went down to meet the ship at quarantine with the ship news reporters, and finally met Gina Malo, who was petite, olive-skinned, beautiful. She was dressed and groomed in the height of fashion, but she couldn't speak a word of English. Swanstrom clucked over her like a mother hen, and the cameramen found her photogenic at once. The reporters questioned her through an interpreter. There was no doubt about it. We had a find.

A press party was given for her at the Sherry-Netherland, and it was here that Charles Le Maire was designated official interpreter for Gina Malo. Since Gina knew no English at all, the great worry was whether she could learn her lines in the show in the short time we had left with Damita.

Mister Dubious

The party was richly attended by the press and Gina was dazzling. However, John Chapman of the News took me aside. He had a puzzled look on his face. Jack had been stationed in Paris as a newspaperman and could parlez pretty well. He told me that Gina's accent bothered him. He couldn't quite place it. I assured him that she came from the south of France, where the dialect is different than the pear-shaped tones of the true Parisian. Chapman went away still frowning.

After the party and a tremendous press, Le Maire took Gina in hand to get her some clothes. She wanted street clothes "such as American girls wear" and Charlie

| picked Russek's as the place to go. Acting as interpreter, he made Gina's desires plain to the salesgirls. Gina was difficult. Like most French girls, she was an astute student of the dollar. She objected strenuously to paying \$2 for a pair of stockings, which annoyed one salesgirl. She told Le Maire in no uncertain terms that Gina was like all French women who came to New York in search of bargains. Only she didn't use the word "women." She further stated that Gina couldn't have paid more than 50c for the stockings she was wearing right now. Charlie interpreted this diplomatically, and eventually a wardrobe was picked for Gina.

Then Le Maire, who was also designated her official escort, took her to night clubs, to shows which had a different matinee day than "Sons O' Guns," to swank dinner places-all on an expense account. This was part of the Americanization of Gina Malo.

Meanwhile, Gina had opened in the show and was a hit from the start. She had learned her lines surprisingly fast.

Three months later, Charlie walked into Gina's dressing room and started to rattle off a bit of news in French. Suddenly, he heard her say, "How'd you like to hear some Irish-American for a change?"

Charlie didn't faint. He just felt like an idiot.

The story came out and was a bigger news splash than the original story of the replacement. Gina Malo was really Janet Flynn, a former Albertina Rasch girl, born in Cleveland of Irish descent. When the Rasch dancers toured Europe, she elected to stay in Paris. In two years, she had learned the language so well that she had fooled everyone, with the possible exception of John Chapman.

To this day, she still calls herself Gina Malo, and lived in Lon-don with Romney Brent, her husband, for years although they are pand, for years although they are now back in the States. Le Maire often reflects bitterly on the times he dashed around interpreting Gina, and blushes when he remembers what the Russek's salesgirls said before Gina-and the many other pungent American comments he tried so hard to interpret with tact.

Henry Popkin, Assistant Prof of English at NYU, has joined The Actors Agency as associate for the representation of playwrights.

John Scott has succeeded Andy Anderson as general manager of the national company of "My Fair Lady."

John R. Wilson Jr., of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., appointed technical supervisor of the college's Adams Memorial Theatre.

The Shortest 'Run'

Discussing with a producer the shortest runs with which we were respectively involved believed I could claim the prize because once interested in a play that lasted one night in the tryout. He said that that was quite a long stand, compared with his own involvement in a show that lasted only one act in the try-

He explained that opening night in New Haven, because of backstage difficulties, the show did not get started until 9:30. The first act was over at 10:45, and it was 11 by the time intermission was concluded. At that point the company manager came to him and said that there were only about 60 people left in the audience, and that it would be much better to refund the admission money to them, rather than run beyond midnight and get involved in heavy overtime payments to the cast and crew. He followed that advice, and rang down the curtain. It stayed down for the rest of time.

J. S. Seidman

MUSIC TENTS STAND TEST **OF YEARS**

By MAX EISEN (Music Arena Theatres Assn.)

The summer of 1960 marked the 12th season of the advent of the musical arena tent theatre. This canvas top, windblown, rain and heat-resistant, colorful, dirtfloored, bowlshaped, intimate, and the suburban pregnant women's delight, is now here to stay.

The arena music tent was first unveiled in Lambertville, N.J., in 1949, through the tugging, pulling and gambling of St. John Terrell. It has done more to bring professional live theatre to those who never saw professional theatre any other theatre phenomenon of our generation.

Some 20,000,000 admissions have been sold to tent theatre patrons since 1949, and it is esti-mated that perhaps 3.000,000 new theatregoers are young people, going out on their first date, or being taken to the theatre by their parents. On the whole, music tent fare is family style entertainment, and is so priced. In certain areas, like West Palm Beach, the producer of the Palm Beach Musi-carnival, John Price, has gotten the school superintendent to encourage the principals of the local high schools to arrange group at-tendance at the theatre. Considering that Florida has the dubious title of a "graveyard" for live pro-

(Continued on page 268)



PHOTOGRAPH BY LELAND HAYWARD

B'WAY AND CHI LEGIT-1930

Recalling Yesteryear Scales and Capacities And Modest Grosses When a 'Moderate' Show Run Could Be Eked Out

By ABEL GREEN

theatre built on Broadway was the Ethel Barrymore (1927). The transition has been from 60-70 legit houses in the 1920s, to 40-50 in the rates and due to blow. 1930s, and the 30-odd stands today. The real difference lies in operating costs and profitable grosses. A musical today needs more just to "break" than the sellout grosses of the yesteryear smash Ziegfeld, Schwab & Mandel, Aarons & Freedley, or Earl Carroll musical. Cutrates also figured prominent-

ly in the 1920s in keeping many show going and continuing employment.

Save for the City Investing Co.'s faceliftings, the National's re-do as the Billy Rose, the Mansfield converted into the Brooks Atkinas the Billy Rose, the Mansfield converted into the Brooks Atkinson, the shifting back to legit of still with almost \$20,000 at \$4.40. some television playhouses, the Broadway theatre map has been dwindling. Losses via demolition were the Maxine Elliott, the Commerce edy, the Princess, Knickerbocker, Casino, Cosmopolitan, Jolson, the Century and the like.

On the other hand, the yester-year "Broadway" theatre concept mcluded the 14th Street, where Eva LeGallienne long held forth and Daly's 63d St. (long Mae West's legit base), both of which Mu today would be classified as off-Broadway. The yesterday "subway circuit"—legiters in Brooklyn, upper Broadway and the Bronx-

course, is now no more.

This was the legit scene in the fall-winter of 1930 on Broadway and in Chicago's Loop:

NEW YORK

(November, 1930)

Alvin's "Girl Crazy" (\$5.50 top) was a cinch longrunner now in its 7th week and over \$40,000. gross.

Apollo in its 39th week with 'Flying High," standout musical, still around \$30,000 at \$5.50 top.

Avon held the longrunning champ, in its second year (63d week) with "Strictly Dishonorable," claiming still in the black with the light \$11,000 gross at \$3.85 top.

Ethel Barrymore debuted "Scar-let Sister Mary," starring Miss let Sister Mary," starring Miss Barrymore, authored by Daniel A. Reed, after a long road tour pre-Broadway.

Martin Beck held the smash 'Roar China."

Belasco housed the new hit, Tonight or Never."

Biltmore in final week with Uncle Vanya."

Booth was getting good \$12,000 for its English comedy, "Man In Possession.

Broadhurst had "An Affair of

State," \$3 top. Chanin's "Sweet and Low" drew mixed notices; musical looked dubious to last.

Cort was el foldo with "Made In France."

Maxine Elliott was alternating "Art and Mrs. Bottle" with "The Twelfth Night" on a special policy.

Ellinge premiered "First Night." Erlanger's "Fine and Dandy" a socko \$40,000 at \$6.60 top for this

Forrest doing okay with "On

48th St. Theatre held "Pagan Lady."

he Spot

44th St. Theatre too lowered its top a bit to \$3.85 and "Lysistrata,"

in its 26th week, a strong 20G.
49th Street repeating with "Bird
In The Hand," on its final lap. 14th St. Theatre held "Alison's House."

Fulton expecting "A Kiss of Importance" next week.

John Golden still showing a profit with \$13,000 for "That's Gratitude," comedy in its 12th

Guild was solid with "Elizabeth the Queen."

straight play, "The Greeks Had A Name For It," doing \$20,000 a week in this 1.060-sector of \$20.000 a

Arthur Hopkins Theatre indef with "Mrs. Moonlight." Hudson held "Bad Girl" which, at \$3 top, was clocking \$12,000, Holiday." profitable, and expected to make a run of it.

Imperial's musical, "Princess for a three-week stand.

The last completely new legit | Charming," not long for Broadway.

Al Jolson Theatre's "Stepping Sisters" in its 32d week with cut-

Liberty was in its 8th week with "Brown Buddies," the town's second all-Negro musical, doing over \$12,000 at \$3 top, or better than "Blackbirds" at the Royale.

Longacre debuting "The New Yorkers" musical after "The Ty-rant" foldo which lasted a weekand-a-half.

Majestic had a nervous hit in 'Nin Rosa," helped by cutrates and parties, only \$25,000 at \$5.50 top in this large (1,717) legiter.

Henry Miller's French import, "Marius," by Marcel Pagnol, retitled here to "Marseilles," nsg

\$8,000 second week. Morosco debuted "Oh Promise Me," Sam H. Harris production of Howard Lindsay-Bertram Robinson

Music Box held the comedy smash, "Once In A Lifetime," over \$23,000 weekly at \$3.85 top.

National held the new smash, "Grand Hotel," \$27,400 at \$4.40 top, the new leader among the nonmusicals.

New Amsterdam slipped under \$25,000 for the first time with Earl Carroll's "Vanities" in its 22d week, reverting to \$5.50 after trying to bolster overall gross by cutting to \$4.40.

Playhouse looked set for a run with the new hit "The Vinegar

Plymouth was bowing in Robert E. Sherwood's "This Is New York," under Arthur Hopkins' aegis.

Republic's "Pressing Business" strictly a Leblang.

Ritz occupied by "Schoolgirl."

Royale was trying Sunday nights instead of the midweek mat for "Blackbirds," so far struggling along at \$10,000-a-week, \$3.85 top, nsg biz in this 1,118-capacity house.

Selwyn housed the hit musical, "Three's A Crowd," solid profitmaker, \$35,000 gross at \$5.50 top.

Shubert dropped its top to \$5.50 to bolster the new musical, "Hello Paris," a weakie.

Times Square debuting Maurice Moscovitch's modern-dress version of "The Merchant of Venice" following shift of "As Good As New" to the Cort, where "Made in to the Cort, where France" was folding.

Waldorf's "Light Wines and Beer" ekeing out via cutrates.

Ziegfeld over \$50,000 with Smiles," a nervous musical starring Marilyn Miller and the Astaires.

CHICAGO

(November, 1930)

Adelphi okay with "Mendel Inc.", very big with party trade. Apollo building with "Young Sinners."

Blackstone debuting the third Guild show, "A Month in the Country," following "Garrick Gaie-

Erlanger a click with "Subway Express," \$10,000, virtual capacity. Garrick doing okay with William Hodge fans and "Old Rascal."

Grand held the hit musical, Hary Richman in "Sons o' Guns."

Great Northern okay with
'Three Little Girls."

Harris held "Last Mile," slated

Illinois okay with another touring musical. "Sweet Adeline."

Majestic a big house (1,997 seats) and the \$3.50 scale account-

"Lysistrata" hitting over

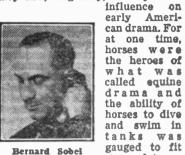
Playhouse in its 13th week with cutrate run of "House of Fear," due to leave on its 14th and final week.

Princess held "Death Takes A

Selwyn folding "Cradle Call" to take room for "Dracula," slated make room for

Water Shows--From Equine to the Aquacade, From River-Bank Showboats to 'Show Boat'

Though water or tank shows command little or no place in the histories of American amusements. they had, originally, an important



stage plots.

When their popularity waned, such performances were called "tank" shows, an opprobrious term which was applied also to poor amusement spots-"tank towns."

Another early form of water entertainment was the picturesque showboat which plied up and down various rivers, using often a calliope to draw people to the river banks as a comeon for attracting attention and selling tickets.

Owners of these showboats would engage stock or repertory companies who did specialty numbers between the acts-singing, dancing and monologs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, who was the first lady of the theatre during her era, and who was one of the first exponents of Ibsen in America, started her professional career as a child performer on a showboat.

sity for use of students in its Little across and 45 feet wide.

Thanks to the thorough research of Edna Ferber, the musical version of her novel, "Show Boat," by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein 2d anaectic merstein 2d, preserves for pos-terity a fine fictional history of one of the earliest forms of American amusement.

For many years, in towns and cities, the typical water show, as such, was limited to exhibitions of trick and comedy diving. There were also, occasionally, racing contests. Shows of this type were on view in amusement parks, athletic clubs and gymnasiums. Gradually they became popular in vaudeville and amusement parks.

Annette Kellerman, Et al.

About 1907, Annette Kellerman starred in the first theatrical water show. Her swimming created something of a sensation, a sensation that was surpassed, however, by her attire—a one-piece bathing suit, the first one that an American audience ever beheld.

vaudeville When flourished, there were several tank acts that toured the circuits, season after One of the most popular season. was Odiva and her performing seals. So skillful was Odiva's swimming and so expert her training that the seals appeared to be as much at home in the tank as if they were cavorting in the ocean.

The first important water show to be presented in a theatre was called "Cheer Up"!, presented in 1917 at the Hippodrome, New called 1917 at the Hippodrome, New York. This colossal playhouse had

On both sides of the stage, there were steps which reached from the proscenium to the tank. About 100 girls descended these steps, walked directly into the water and then disappeared, apparently never to return. But trick lighting con-cealed their exeunts into the basement where, after showering, they went to their dressingrooms and reappeared on the stage. In one scene, they rode on a gaileon, an intricate, mechanical ship which glided over the water, controlled by a hydraulic plane.

In 1914, at the same theatre, the Messrs. Shubert presented "Pina-fore," by Gilbert & Sullivan, with the performers singing and dancing on a great boat which sailed across the water of the tank.

The underwater ballet presented at the Hippodrome probably inspired Billy Rose to present at the N. Y. World's Fair, 1939, the Aquacade, the most beautiful combination of swimming and showmanship ever seen in America.

The troupe comprised about thirty-six swimmers, male and female, who swam, in perfect unison, stroke by stroke, to the music of a full orchestra. They duplicated the intricate maneuvers of a ballet divertissement with extraordinary precision, athletic skill and engaging grace

The premiere of the musical, "Wish You Were Here," was preceded by a great ballyhoo regarding the inclusion of a giant swimming pool around which the story centered. The great stage of the Imperial was to be torn apart and reconstructed to accommodate

only enough to admit a small tank whose size was magnified by mir-

The greatest water show ever produced in America was a revival of Ziegfeld's "Show Boat" (1957). Lombardo was the producer and he made theatrical history by presenting the work at Jones Beach, where he built an artifical lake, using the dock as a stage and displaying, appropriately, a real showboat on which the company performed. At various times, the boat departed from the dock and returned to it, a combined scenic, melodic and histrionic presentation that was literally incomparable.

In 1959, Lombardo produced the lovely musical, "Song of Norway, based on the music of Grieg, with a cast headed by Brenda Lewis, a of the Metropolitan Opera, and other notables. This past 1960 summer, "Hit the Deck," though too small in theme for the surroundings, proved pleasant.

Another popular entertainment, ick Randall's "Aquarama of Dick Randall's "Aquarama of 1960," featured Vincent Lopez, Ink Spots and "Beautiful Mermaids."

The most ingenious tank show in the history of the Broadway stage was presented without any tank whatsoever. The show was "Dead End," by Pulitzer prizewinner, Sidney Kingsley, and it was the first important play about juvenile delinquency. The child players who appeared as delinquents were so talented that they went from the play into films, where they were known as the "Dead End Kids," a title which they retained as they grew into manhood and which sup-

for several decades, a record unparalleled for histrionic continuity.

From 'Dead End' to TV

The stage play opened with the curtain already up when the audience entered the theatre, a hitherto unprecedented procedure. As the story progressed, a number of boys took their favorite places along the banks of the East River and began fishing. But they didn't throw their lines into a tank, for Kingsley had cleverly contrived to make the length of the footlights appear to be the banks of the river and here the barelegged kids threw their fishing lines not into a tank but into the orchestra pit.

A new era in water shows began with television. On his morning show, for instance, Garry Moore introduced a new type of tank—a glass container large enough to hold a man or a woman. The performers in these shows did not go in for swimming, grace or skill, but for endurance. They smoked, ate and drank, under water, using the new scientific contrivances which made breathing possible under

One weekly television show had a sustained story with skindivers cast as heroes and villains, en-gaged realistically in combat and love scenes. Motion pictures also present water shows with stories built around skindiving and athletic skills.

The shapely Esther Williams has acted as heroine and swimming champion in musicals built around her on both the screen and television.

Obviously though stage histories Recently, one of the oldest show- a circular apron stage which ex- and reconstructed to accommodate grew into manhood and which sup- ignore them, water snows, new boats still active, The Majestic, tended into the audience. It had a pool which would hold gallons of plied them with both a motion Tennyson's brook, go on forever.

More than 40 years ago, in the others appeared in stock burheydey of stock companies, The Pearl Evans Lewis Players were doing repertoire in Mobile Ala.,

at the old Strand. Just as "Within the Law" was always surefire to pad a sagging boxoffice, some years later the "best bet" (around 1916) was "Ishmael," or "In the Depths," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the Kathleen Norris of the day.

It closed with a scene in one, showing a small cabin, the home of the old hermit, Jake Worth. Ishmael, the young hero, took the leading lass to the cabin and said he had to go to the city to seek his fortune but he could not take her with him because he had no last name. The payoff came when the aged hermit long white whiskers to his knees, and hobbling on a staff, staggered out of the hut and cried, "Ishmael, I can keep it from you no longer—you are my son!" So Ishmael embraced the beroine, to a slow curtain, as the viewers' eyes were dried. Between acts at the closing per-

Jack Richardson, who doubled into the hermit makeup for the one final line, was stricken hospital. Edward Marsden could find no other cast member to double, so the high school boy, a mere stripling who handled the curtain, was rushed into makeup, zitz and all. Came the feed line from Ish-

"I cawn't take you with me to the city — I don't know my last name!"

The door of the hut opened. Out staggered the white-wigged, long-bearded "old hermit" smeared with a No. 1 white makeup stick. He spoke:

"Ishmael! I can keep it from you no longer! I am your son!

A quick dip of the curtain did not help. It was a three-minute laugh.

Another Mike Todd

There was another Mike Todd In show business years before the late man of the same name did "Around the World in 80 Days.

He was in Cleveland and headed burlesque house there where Abbott & Costello, Danny DeMar, Billie Bailus and many

lesque.

One week when business was bad, Sam Mannheim, a theatre owner, asked Todd what could be done since the strippers seemed

to be losing their boxoffice appeal.
Said Todd, "Mebbe we'll have to
have the showgirls completely
dressed and let the audience take
off their clothes!"

Fred Allen's 'Direct' Bookings One of the things the late Fred Allen stood four square against was organized charity. He always insisted they never got one thin dime from him.

Once when he was starring in his big radio program, a press agent, retained by the ad agency, who had been enlisted by one of the big charity drives was asked by the committee chairman to ask Allen to write a letter in his in-imitable lowercase style which could go as an appeal to 100 rich New Yorkers.

When Allen heard the request, he exploded. "How did you get tangled up with these harpies? You're a nice fellow. The answer doubled into the hermit makeup is no, and I advise you to quit them at once." He went on to explain with appendicitis and rushed to the he felt too much of the given dollars went to overhead and administration, too little to those for whom the charity was intended.

> The same afternoon the flack rode around town with Uncle Jim Harkins on what he called "Fred's personal charity." Seven checks were taken to five different hospitals to pay, in full, bills so old actors could be released. The one Sunday the flack took the trip he Allen's checks distributed totalling \$2,250 - not a dime of which was deductible-and Uncle Jim said it ran about that, a little less, a little more sometimes, by a man who disdained "charity."

Production Assignments OFF-BROADWAY

"Ballet Ballads": Gary Smith, settings; Hal George, costumes; Jules Fisher, lighting.

"Beautiful Dreamer": Joe Crosby, costumes; Joseph Moon, choral direction; Marilyn Miller, lighting. summer season.

Thornton Again Heads The Texas State Fair; Plan Musicals for '61

The State Fair of Texas stockholders have reelected R. L. Thornton Sr. president for 1961. It will be his 17th term. He was first elected in 1945, when the fair prepared to resume operations fol-lowing World War II. Thornton is also mayor of Dallas and longtime chairman of the board of the local Mercantile National Bank.

Other officers re-elected by the directors' board were James H. Stewart, executive v.p. and general manager; Fred F. Florence treasurer and Arthur K. Hale, secretary. C. A. Tatum was named first v.p. and Hugo W. Schoellkopf, second v.p. Stockholders also re-elected 16 directors to new 3-year terms on the 48-man board.

Thornton was also re-elected prexy of the State Fair Musicals, as were Stewart, executive vp.-general manager; Florence, trea-surer and Hale, secretary. Thomas L. Hughes had previously been appointed to the new position of manager of the State Fair Music Hall, succeeding Charles R. Meeker Jr., managing director-producer for over a decade. Meeker resigned as of Dec. 31 to become manager of a new downtown hotel and apart-ment hotel project.

Hughes, assuming there will be a State Fair Musicals 1961 season, will also serve as manager of the 12-week summer stagings. Stewart will work with Hughes in planning executing another season, assuming that \$100,000 in public underwriting is subscribed by Jan. 31, as specified by the State Fair directors board in its November meeting.

Financial report at the board meeting included a preliminary estimate on net earnings for the year, as well as money paid out from operating revenue on the expo's debts. Net earnings this year were estimated at \$374,417, out of which the fair paid \$366,084. That included payments totaling \$100,-084 on indebtedness outstanding at the Cotton Bowl, Women's Building, auxiliary parking lot, Electric Building air-conditioning and \$116,000 to cover the State Fair Musicals deficit for the 1960

Chicago's Unique Goodman Theatre: "Method' Acting With Common Sense

By JOHN REICH

Chicago.

The Goodman Memorial Theatre was established in 1925 as a gift to the Art Institute of Chicago from Mr. and Mrs. William O. Goodman in memory of their son Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, a promising young playwright who had died in World War I. After a distinguished all-professional repertory company had occupied the premises for five years with varying fortunes the onset of the depression necessitated conversion to a drama school which, for the next twenty-seven years, concentrated on students while remaining relatively unknown to the public, except for its Children's Theatre.

Beginning in 1957 the theatre and the school have been completely reorganized. Recognizing non-commercial non-professional status as a training school, Actors' Equity permitted a maximum of three professional actors, usually a guest artist from New York or Hollywood and one or two local members, to join a student cast. A Ford Foundation Director's Grant of 1959 to the Head of the Goodman as a person was used by him for the purpose of initiating the guest artist program which, together with many other innovations, has resulted in a rise of subscribership from 2,350 in 1957 to 9,431 at present.

In order to make the theatre, which as part of the museum must truly be a public service, available to all the people of Chicagoland every seat is priced at \$1.25. Professional directors, scene, costume, lighting designers, choreographers, speech coaches, and production managers form both the school faculty and the production staff which works longer hours for less pay than they would on Broadway, while the scholars and physical facilities of the museum provide the Goodman's patrons, actors and students with a unique assist in the visual aspects of theatre.

Seating 740 the main theatre is an almost ideal playhouse with widely spaced rows of comfortable Joseph Schildkraut in seats curving gracefully down to a Vanya."

playing area 41 feet deep with cyclorama, wagon stages and a preset lighting system. A studio thea-tre seating 153 accommodates experimental productions.

The school, having just gone through a three-year reorganization period, now operates according to probably the most up-to-date curriculum of any theatre school in the country, featuring Stanislavski training according to the "Method" of New York's Actors Studio but blending it from the very begin-ning with the traditional techniques of the English-American stage, thus carefully avoiding one-sided-ness of artistic development. This precarious but delicately maintained balance means that a Goodman-trained person will be at home with any producing organization present or future, in this country or abroad.

At the Goodman each of the six subscription productions and four Children's Theatre productions are given between 18 and 21 times, while the Studio Theatre presents seven productions a season with four to five performances each. The plays represent ance of classical and modern, serious and humorous. American and foreign works, many of which Chicago would never see were it not for Goodman. However, no untried scripts have as vet been offered.

The Children's Theatre scored with "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Hansel and Gretel," "Rumpelstiltskin" and, for the older children, "Young Ben Franklin."

Among the countless Goodman alumni to be found in all media of entertainment are Ralph Alswang, Shelley Berman, Karl Malden, Geraldine Page, this year's winner of Chicago's Sarah Siddons Award Karl Malden, for best Chicago actress of the year, Sam Wanamaker who after eight years in England will celebrate his homecoming by opening at the Goodman as Henry VIII in 'Royal Gambit" on Jan. 13. He will be followed by Canada's Ivor Harries in "Under Milk Wood, and

PUTTING THE CARTE BLANCHE BEFORE THE HORS D'OEUVRES

By GERARD WILLEM VAN LOON

Where would our handful of theatrical producers be were it not for the hundreds of gloriously crazy girls and boys who gravitate towards Broadway each year? What a debt our theatre owes to the foolhardy courage, the absurd tenacity of these youngsters who willingly risk homesickness, humiliation and starvation in order to gain a foothold in the least "se-cure" of all professions. This never ending flow of self-propelled egos is as much a natural resource as our timberland but, while our for-ests are shrinking, this glut of masochistic hopefuls is steadily increasing.

Looking over the many new faces in the ever-expanding players' guides I find myself wondering, however, how many of these kids have approached the concept of an acting career with the same sort of realism required to become a doctor, an engineer or a lawyer? If so, what did they do about it? They may have studied speech and learned to articulate. They may have taken up dancing or fencing and learned how to move. They may have poured over books on "stagecraft"—long on theory but short on practical know-how—and they may have taken courses in acting technique.

Does any of this really give them a sound idea what they will be up against once they hit the inhospitable pavement of Times Square? Will anyone have taught them how to walk in off the street and read for a part, how to dress for an audition and, above all, how to comport themselves as human beings? I doubt it. This they will have to pick up as best they can by agonizing trial and untold error. As a result, many of them never learn it until their faces have faded, their courage has leached away, and they have been forced by economic necessity to retire from the field and give the whole thing up as a bad job.

There are those, of course, who have withdrawn with honor, pre-ferring matrimony and suburbia to the precarious compensations of a "career." There are those who realize, quite sanguinely, that the day the fates gave out the fascinating personalities they just didn't happen to be around or that what seemed like seering talent in the high school production of "Our Town" washed out under the Town" washed out under the brighter lights of Broadway. But there are also those who have been dropped by the wayside (and some of them have even been prematurely "starred" for a season), for that saddest of all reasons—they were a pain in the neck to have around!

In an article in the N. Y. Sunday Times magazine section of Oct. 23, 1960, the eminent English director Tyrone Guthrie put the case very succinctly when he wrote: . . "In the theatre, the pressure of competition is so great that no one, not even the most eminent, dare for long behave in an undiciplined, uncooperative way. As soon as Soand-So becomes more trouble than he, or she, is worth, that very minute So-and-So is through, and usually for ever."

'Methods'-Typed?

Along with everything else in this country, the behavior of these unemployable girls and boys has become so standardized, it leads me to suppose that they have all taken the same courses at exactly the same school. The exact location of this institution is as difficult to pin down as Damon Runyon's famous floating crap-game but I am sure, to judge by the increase in the alumnae it annually turns out, there is a little man going up and down Broadway handing out the address. Some day I hope to spot him and track him to his lair. There, over the door, I expect to see, in neon-lettering, SCHOOL OF ADVANCED STUD-IES IN ACTING-UP.
On entering, I will be handed a

prospectus, reading: What do the Lunts have that you haven't got? Turning the page, I won't find the one-word answer, "Genius," but I will find a detailed list of the courses offered. To wit:

How to be taken for an actress without half trying—to act.

How to show up late for appoint-

Never have so few owed so much ments while making gratuitous so many.

How to call an agent, director or producer by his first name on first meeting.

How to arrive at auditions without a comb in your pocket.

How to leave no doubt in anyone's mind exactly what you think of the talent of your contempora-

How to keep your agent interested by calling him at home to tell him what your psychoanalyst just told you.

How to be seen at Sardi's in a sweatshirt.

How to use all the four-letter words in the language when addressing secretaries or anyone who can't answer back.

How to take a poke at the director in order to prove your integrity as an actor.

How to keep switching agents. How to show how much in demand you are by having an unlisted telephone number.

How to patronize stage-managers. How to hold up rehearsals by disputing the director's suggestions in the light of what learned about "inner motivation" at Drama School.

Now to convince the folks back home that you decided to give up the Broadway stage because of its lack of "ethic."

As I've said, some day I am going to find out the address of this school where these girls and boys learn to put the cart before the horse and throw their weight around before they've learned by around before they've learned how to walk across the stage. When I do, I'm going to pass it along—to the Sunday Bomber.

Always Good Country For Legit Repertory **Scotland Now Frets**

Edinburgh.

Setting up of new civic theatres in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dundee is advocated by the Arts Council of Great Britain as a means of saving the repertory movement in those cities. Every effort, they state in their annual report, should be made to persuade the Government and local authorities to accept this

The report describes as the most disturbing feature of the 1959-60 season in Scotland the "very serious decline in audiences" at the four repertory theatres-the Gateway, Edinburgh, the Citizens', Glasgow, Perth Repertory Theatre, and Dundee Repertory Theatre.

In 1959 the average weekly decrease in number of seats sold was 15% at Perth Theatre and 10% at fell by 12% of the previous year's the Gateway, Edinburgh. In 1960 audiences at the Dundee Theatre average, while Glasgow Citizens' Theatre showed a decrease of 9% in attendances of their plays.

Position at Glasgow Citizens' Theatre was, however, obscured by the enormous success of its Christmas revue, which played to capacity houses for eleven weeks as against an eight-week run for a similar revue in 1958-59.

Report suggests that more young people must be attracted to the theatre via "new and exciting plays on serious themes."

The one-act plays of John Mortimer, N. F. Simpson and Harold Pinter, due Jan. 18 at the Arts, will be staged under the apt, generic title of "Three."

Thriving Amateur and Semi-Pro Theatres Boon To Dramatists

By F. ANDREW LESLIE

To those who are consumed with | Guild, led by Sidney Howard, met gloom and despair about the state of the American Theatre, one must point out a very reassuring and hopeful fact. There is, believe it or not, a theatre "boom" in the U.S.A., a lively, thriving market which eagerly snaps up all that Broadway can supply — and breathes continued life into plays which New York has long since consigned to obscurity. This is the non-professional theatre in America, a force which is still growing so energetically that it defies attempts to analyze it in terms of breadth and number.

By last count there were some 5,000 community and "little" theatres, and perhaps a like amount of college and university producing groups. Triple this total and you have a fair idea of the additional market offered by high schools, private schools, clubs, church groups, the armed forces, hospitals, and even penal institutions—all giving credibility to the estimate that better than 100,000,000 Americans attend more than 500,000 amateur producions in his counry, each year. Add in Canada, and the rest of the free world and you have a prospect which should elevate the spirits of even the most nega-tive observer of the theatre scene.

The Dramatists Play Service is attuned to this flourishing phenomenon, particularly so in view of the fact that the dramatist has been able to reap his fair share of the income which this vast mar-ket produces. This was the phi-losophy behind its creation in 1936, when members of the Dramatists

with a group of leading play agents to work out the ways and means of combining their efforts to serve the writer in this growing field. The Dramatists Play Service resulted, and its assigned tasks is to publish inexpensive, acting editions of the plays it would represent, and collect a stipulated royalty for each amateur performance. alty for each amateur performance. A uniform contract was drawn up guaranteeing equal treatment to all properties, and assuring the dramatist of the major por-tion of any royalties which his work might generate. Howard Lindsay was elected president—a post which he still holds—and the board of directors of the Service was, and is, composed of the most successful and dedicated dramatists and agents. As the list of plays represented by the Service grew, so did its peripheral contributions to the field—in the form of window cards, publicity kits, advertising displays, and sound effects records-all calculated to air amateur production and show the way to ever improving standards. The "experiment" now keeps its records in black ink, but the reasons for its existence have never changed. The idea was, and remains, that of establishing a healthy competition—to benefit the playwright and to stimulate the market, while giving all plays an opportunity to realize their full potential on an equitable basis. potential on an equitable basis.

Fancy Take

The results are notable. The Dramatists Play Service now distributes better than 40,000 catalogs each year to all parts of the world, and its gross billings are edging toward the \$1,000,000 mark. Many plays on its list have earned in excess of \$100,000 and one, has gone beyond the ever-popular "You Can't Take It With You" (by Kaufman & Hart) \$250,000—all from amateur productions.

Best of all, the Service has had the satisfaction of achieving its announced goals. It has protected dramatists from the danger of letting their work go for too little; it has guaranteed them the largest possible share in income earned from the amateur field; and it has stimulated the growth and activity of the market itself.

Over the years the non-professional theatre has risen to its challenge, and while touring productions dwindled and stock compa-nies shuttered their doors, it re-affirmed the fact that there is a great need for "living" theatre in America, and the imaginative drive necessary to sustain this. Selfcreated, autonomous groups formed and flourished, building theatres of professional quality, pioneering new techniques in pro-duction and stagecraft, and presenting the plays they chose to present—Broadway successes and failures alike. Out of this has come much good, not the least of which is a vastly increased and intellectually stirred theatre-going public. The amateur theatre has given its professional "cousin" a financial boost. It has also shown that its standards are high—and still moving higher.

It's difficult to predict what lies ahead, but one thing would seem to be certain. This is that the amateur theatre in America will go on expanding, and creating much pleasure, and excitement, as it does so. The possibilities can only be encouraging, to all who love the theatre, to all who pour their energies into it, and, most important of all, to the No. 1 figure himselfthe playwright.

London Critics' Score

The following is the tabulation of the critical reaction to recent London opening:

The Duchess of Malfi, Aldwych Theatre: eight favorable (Bentley, Pictorial; Levin, Express; J. Lewis, Reynolds; Muller, Mail; Nathan, Herald; Shepherd. People; un-signed Times; Worsley, Financial Times), four yes-and-no (Darlington, Telegraph; Hope - Wallace, Guardian; Richards, Mirror; Tynan, Observer) and five pans (Barker, E. News; Conway, Sketch; Hobson, S. Times; F. Lewis, Dispatch; Shulman, E. Standard).

German Legit's Biggest Headache: Scarcity Of Contemporary Playwrights

By HANS HOEHN

The French boast of Sartre, Anouilh and Ionesco, the British have such clever writers as Osborne and Rattigan, the Americans point to Tennessee Williams,

Arthur Miller or William Inge. But what do the Germans have to show? One of the most surprising facts discovered by foreigners who come to Germany is the paucity of con-temporary playwrights. (Frederick Duerrematt, the most successful German-language playwright, is, of course, Swiss.) What German plays are performed, are mostly of classical calibre. On the other hand, the German theatres favor very

modern pieces by French, English

indeed one, if not the most significant fact about Germany's legit today. This is the more remarkable as Germany is still the country with the best and most cultivated stage tradition. Also, domestic theatres have no money troubles. The atres have no money troubles. The bulk of this country's theatres is bulk of this country's theatres is, if not in State or municipal hands, more or less generously supported by subsidies. Also, there is no lack of customers.

Full houses are a common sight, and, by percentages, Germany is probably the country that has the most loyal theatre-going public. One has to add, however, that subscription associations play a big role in Germany. So the people go to the theatre no matter if the reand American playwrights.

Spective play has been acclaimed
by the press or not. Even a medicontemporary German writers is ocre play or a poor cast doesn't

cially fond of the subscription system. Their dislike stems from the fact that this ticket selling method has resulted in sort of a nonchalant attitude on the part of both theatre directors and customers. While in other countries, a poor review can kill a mediocre production, this is hardly ever the case in Germany. Despite poor reviews, even a sub-standard production may enjoy a long run. The critics, of course, are unhappy that type has so little in-fluence. They point out that the theatres would artistically benefit if theatres had cause to fear the

critics.
One of the few new German authors who has reached prominence is Karl Wittlinger. His piece, "Do You Know the Milky Way?," was the most-performed play of the past season. But one suspects that theatres liked his piece partly because it only employs two persons—it is therefore easy to perform, convenient and inexpensive to

Artistically, Wittlinger is not yet the playwright this country has been searching for. His latest play, "Two Left—Two Right," suggests that his abilities are limited.

Foreign observers often wonder why it is that postwar Germany no Zuckmayer or Berfolt cht. After all, this country Brecht. After all, this country teems with interesting and humanly touching problems as a result of the war. Some reasons may be

The majority of new German writers dedicate themselves to old and overworked themes.

Their creations may be, at least in some cases, good enough for home consumption but their international appeal is practically zero.
Also, formerly authors concen-

trated on the theatre because there were few other media of expression. Today, there are too many possibilities: Films, radio, television, etc.
Authors dabble in too many

things.
There's no denying the fact that it's easier to make money via such media as film or tv.



Season's Greetings PAUL FORD in "A THURBER CARNIVAL"

Big Bard Boom In Italy, 1960

Summer theatre in Italy leaned heavily on Shakespeare in 1960. In the welter of plays produced outdoors in balmy summer nights everywhere from Venice to Siracuse, the Elizabethan figured a half a dozen times.

Most notable: A production of the eternal "Romeo and Juliet" in the youngster's native town, Verona. This included the balcony scene played in the court and on the very balcony traditionally pointed out as being the original on which the star-crossed lovers

Gentlemen of Verona" was produced in the well-preserved Roman theatre of Fiesole above Florence. No record, strangely enough, could be found of this play ever having been produced in Italy before.

"Julius Caesar" was staged especially for the Olympic crowds in the Roman theatre of Ostia antica, the ancient port of Rome. This was a masterful production in which passion for detail went so far as to borrow a real statute of Pompey from a Roman museum for the famous Forum scene in which Caesar is murdered.

Clobbering Critics

Continued from page 261 ==

simple folk they've given the theatre a collective shot in the arm.

A. V. Cookman, silver-haired sensitive author of the erudite unsigned Times reviews, and W. A. Darlington of the Telegraph are now the doyens of the daily critics. Both write with the judgment and tolerance of long experience and neither knocks for the sake of a

Expense Accounts

Catering excellently for the important "expense-account" public of the Financial Times is T. C. Worsley, who would rather be wrong than induce apathy in his readers. He describes the play, and his opinion of it and the acting, with model conscientiousness and with model conscientiousness and fills a biggish space fluently.

The Guardian's Philip Hope-Wal-lace admits that he likes to suggest the type of people to whom a play will appeal. His background knowledge of the theatre is impeccable and he has the advantage of his reviews not appearing till two days after a first night.

The other three, Harold Conway, Sketch, David Nathan, Herald and Dick Richards, Mirror, are often handicapped by postcard space and too short deadlines. As a result their reviews are too often snap comments rather than real criti-cism, yet they are rated most use-ful guides to their respective readers.

In his early days as a critic, Milton Shulman of the Evening Standard was one of the Angry Critics. He seems now to have quieted down but has a quick and witty eye for the shoddy and the phoney, writes graphically enough but sometimes tends to concentrate too much on the plot.

The Evening News man is Felix always eager to toss a nosegay to a small, well-done performance.

Only two of the Sunday papers treat the theatre with any seriousness or space. Kenneth Trann of the Observer gained much from his guest stint on the New Yorker. He is perhaps the most readable of all the British critics, even for those not directly interested in the theatre. His judgment and his background knowledge of the theatre are far beyond his years and most people regard his appraisals, and those of the Sunday Times' Harold Hobson, as the final summing up on the week's firstnighting.

These men have one thing in common. They all write their own, unswayed opinions. Often these hurt and then arise those dark hints and reminders about the Broadway Butchers. But the wise, philosophical impresario, author and artist invariably take comfort in the fact that, ultimately, the public usually falls back on being its own critic.

In the Gay Old Troubadoring The Enigma That Days of B'way Pressagentry | Was Oscar Wilde

Another Chapter From the Sprightly Pages of a Veteran P.A.'s Upcoming 'Memoirs of a Publicist'

By EDWARD L. BERNAYS

Fortyfive years ago, the life of a Broadway pressagent compared with today was as "Floradora" is to "Fiorello."

As editor of the Medical Review of Reviews, we had produced "Damaged Goods" with Richard Bennett. The lure of Broadway attracted me and I became a Broadway p.a. Through 1913-14-15 I worked with many producers, actors and actresses; among producers, Klaw & Erlanger, Henry Miller, Joseph Brooks, J. Fred Zimmerman Jr.; among the stars, Otis Skinner, Elsie Ferguson, Ruth Chatterton, Lewis Stone, Carol McComas, the Taliaferro sisters, Otto Kruger, and others.

Compared to its world capital grandeur today, New York seemed small then.

Newspapers were the principal communications medium to the public. With the exception of Rennold Wolf in the Morning Telegraph, Broadway coverage as we know it from today's columnists didn't exist. Radio and television were still in the future. Magazines took long to print and received little consideration. By the time they were out, the play might be too. We, of course, used bill-board locations and other postings.

With the exception of VARIETY and the Dramatic Mirror, the press agent depended on fraternizing to learn what was really happening on Broadway. The two publications and word-of-mouth gave him the leads to new jobs. The verbal grapevine kept us informed of much that went on among managers, actors and actresses. Managers were becoming aware of me from squibs that appeared in VARIETY and the Dramatic Mirror and I suppose, word-ofmouth.

Newspapers provided a daily showcase that indicated the effectiveness of a pressagent. A manager or actor who wanted to employ a p.a., checked to find out who was behind the item or picture in the newspaper that indicated a pressagent's handiwork and got in touch with him. The p.a. needed to get around in those days. He kept moving to do his job and depended greatly on personal contacts he made in his visits to newspaper offices.

Park Row in Its Halcyon Days

Park Row, the newspaper centre of those days, became the focus of my attack. Several times weekly I visited this section. Within several blocks walk clustered the N.Y. Sun and the Evening Sun in one building; the N.Y. Press, the N.Y. Tribune; the N.Y. World and the Evening World in their building with the great golden dome. The two German language newspapers the N.Y. Stats Zeit German language newspapers, the N.Y. Staats Zeitung and the N.Y. Herold, and the N.Y. American and Evening Journal in one building were nearby, although their drama office was uptown on Broad-

Then I walked crosstown in lower Manhattan to the N.Y. Globe's office on Dey Street, to the N.Y. Evening Mail nearby and to the N.Y. Evening Post on Vesey Street. I rode the subway uptown to drop in on the N.Y. Herald on 35th Street and Broadway and then walked six blocks to the N.Y. Times Bldg. on Times Square.

An old building housed the N.Y. Press, my first stop. Recently bought by Frank Munsey, a hated man in newspaper circles, the rumors circulated that the paper would become part of his grocery chain. Actually this never happened.

A ground-floor entrance led into a loft-like floor. Partitions separated the business offices with grated iron windows provided for receipt of money for classified ads. I walked up one flight of a broad wooden staircase. I found myself in an editorial room crowded with men and women. No receptionist stopped me from walking to the desk of the city editor, Hamilton Owens. He greeted me with a pleasant southern drawl and friendly gra-ciousness. In World War I a few years later, as a staff member of the U.S. Committee on Public Information, I worked with him. Later he became editor of the two Baltimore Suns. Elizabeth Barker. His reviews are pithy, editor of the two Baltimore Suns. Elizabeth human and tolerant and he is Brownell, a women's page editor, a quiet reserved Sunday s hoolteacher me to write a woman's angle story for her page. Women were beginning to be recognized as people. The Press was making a powerful appeal to gain women readers. Carl Van Vechten, the drama critic. prematurely whitehaired, recherche, led a new aesthetic movement. He was just discovering for the American people Harlem and its talent.

Attention-Getters

A tall, handsome and sophisticated reporter on the Press, Rufus Berman, became my good friend. Reporting had low social status in those days. Berman carried a cane because he said it gave him distinction and would compensate for the low status of journalism. He often recounted to me the difference that cane made. Other reporters used similar devices to achieve in others' eyes, the status they knew they had. Edward Klauber, of the N.Y. Times, flourished a gold cigaret case when he felt a condescending layman needed to be put right. And Alexander Woollcott, much later, wore a flowing cavalier's cape around his stout torso, with a double purpose I thought, of burlesquing his own attempt to and need to attract the public's eye.

On the Press I knew Russell Porter, a serious, dedicated young man, well known later on the World. Now on the N.Y. Times, he is recognized as U.S. Reporter No. 1. Fortyfive years ago he was as devoted to his profession as he is today.

Occasionally at the Press I ran into a beautiful, languorous and insinuating young woman, Djuna Barnes, artist and writer, who sold drawings to the drama department. She slouched in and out of the Press offices in a mannish-looking suit, with drawings under her arm. Whitness cold Frank Trank ings under her arm. Whispers said Frank Munsey was keen about her. She, like Van Vechten, stood in the front line of the avant garde movement.

I enjoyed talking with the many brilliant men and women on the Press and other papers. I made friendships that lasted a lifetime.

At the next stop, the old Sun building, I walked upstairs on a circular metal staircase in an iron framework. The building was ramshackle. The further up I walked, the narrower became the stairs. Arrived on the city room floor of the Evening Sun, I found the staff scattered in nooks all over the place. Eva Vom Bauer, woman's page editor, a recent graduate of Barnard College, was lovely to look at and talk to. Her clear complexion, her soft, smooth peaches and cream skin, her face calm and smooth peaches and cream skin, her face caim and beautifully round, and her sympathetic personality, made her a highlight of the Evening Sun visit. She listened patiently, talked interestingly about her work and outlined the piece she wanted. The brightness and incisiveness of her mind and personality and the stimulation of her wise editorial judgment gave a 23-year-young man much encouragement.

Tommy Dieuaide, city editor, was pointed out by staff members as a brave man, who during the Spanish-American war 16 years ago at the battle of Santiago carried messages in the face of bullets, to get news of the fray back to America from Cuba.

More Greats

I saw Merle Crowell, powerful young man from Maine, with effulgent red hair. He later became my good friend. Before his death he edited the American Magazine and became senior editor of Reader's Digest. A character rugged in body and in mind, he made the expression "man from Maine" meaningful to me.

Another young reporter on the Sun was Maximilian Elser Jr., later associated with me at the Metropolitan Musical Bureau.

One of the ablest writers of the Sun papers, was Frank Ward O'Malley, the much admired brilliant and charming raconteur of Broadway. He wrote human interest stories about Broadway characters human interest stories about Broadway characters and events. His favorite taverns became "country clubs" in his copy. He treated the main stem of New York as a countryside. The Knickerbocker Hotel bar with its large King Cole mural by Maxfield Parrish became the Knickerbocker Country Club; Reisenweber's bar on Columbus Circle, the Reisenweber Country Club. O'Malley's babyface remained deadnan when he told a story that remained deadpan when he told a story, that aroused gales of laughter.

One day at 10 in the morning I met him in dinner clothes on Broadway. "That must have been quite a party last night," I said, "to keep you up so late." "Last night," Frank rejoined. "Two nights ago, you mean." The party apparently had been going on for 40 hours. Wearing a dinner coat two nights and a day at a stretch did not change his poise

Jack's on 6th Avenue opposite the Hippodrome between 43d and 44th Street was famous for its steaks, lobsters and for its strong-arm Irish waiters, trained to form a flying phalanx that swept any drunk right out into the street. It kept open 24 hours a day. No reason why a harmless binge should not carry on for 40 hours or more without interruption!

Under the Pulitzer Dome

Under the gold dome of the Pulitzer Bldg. were the offices of the Sunday World and the Morning World, powerful, constructive forces in New York at that time. In the Sunday World offices little pro-tocol or formality prevailed. Partitions and desks were scattered apparently without any plan. Everything faced in all directions. They welcomed me at the Sunday World office and I stayed longer than business demanded. Usually I visited with John O'Hara Cosgrave, Sunday editor. He played an important role on the paper and in the cultural life of New York. His friendships extended to literary, artistic and social circles. He was a member of the Players' Club, an officer of the Dutch Treat Club. He and his wife became our good friends. His wife later became headmistress of the Finch School, a finishing school for girls, and then president of Finch Junior College.

Cosgrave had varied extracurricular activities. His book, "The Academy of the Soul," in esoteric searching, attempted to discover the origin of the soul. Later he became a sponsor of Gurdjieff, the Eastern vogi. And I encountered Frank Buchman and the Moral Rearmament Movement through him.

Cosgrave edited the feature and rotogravure sections of the Sunday World. He tried conscientiously and intelligently to ensure that every article or picture in these sections met his high standards. He acted as a beneficent school principal to those associated with him. He treated kindly the young writers, photographers and artists who flocked to him to sell their wares. And he constantly introduced new ideas and people. Some well known writers, editors and publishers of today owe their

(Continued on page 268)

By THOMAS DEL VECCHIO

Oscar Wilde was at the peak of his fame in March 1895 when, with an almost pathological urgency toward self-destruction, he brought his criminal libel action against the screaming "scarlet" Marquis of Queensberry.

Why did he do it? Why, in the face of certain disaster later, didn't he escape from England to Europe and prevent his conviction on a morals charge?

These and other unanswered questions have made the Wille tragedy an enigma which research and present day psychiatry should help solve.

While Wilde played the role of the flamboyant boulevardier who dominated London's sorhisticated drawingrooms, he was actually, in-wardly, a man torn by fears, self-censure and shame.

His judgment had been impaired by inner pressures and conflicts, by inner pressures and conflicts, as well as burgeoning gossip and threats of blackmail. More importantly, his moral fibre was weakening under the shock of syphilis, which he had contracted while still a wide-eyed, gifted, poetry-spouting student at Oxford. This was one of the little-known. This was one of the little-known spectres which destroyed his marriage, and helped kill him at the age of 46.

These aspects of Wilde's life have been emphasized by the writer in a new play on Wilde, "Feast of Panthers" which had a modest tryout by the Arena Players recently. Frederic De Feis, chairman of the Seaford (L.I.) High School dramatic department, directed and played the role of

Wilde's own life was his greatest tragedy. The erstwhile "Apostle of Beauty" found his own perfect villain in that dandified brawler, the Marquis of Queensberry.

The atheism-spouting Marquis, former lightweight champion of England, had a genius for hating. Stung by Wilde's refusal to end his friendship with his gifted and handsome third son, Lord Alfred, he set a wily, legal boobytrap for Wilde.

On a calling card he left at the Albermarle Club he scrawled:

"To Oscar Wilde posing as a somdomite."

The very misspelling should have reassured Wilde for the taunt, bad as it was, merely charged "posing."

Wilde, ripe for tragedy, reacted with unwonted haste and urgency. He distractedly wrote his intimate, Robert (Robbie) Ross, who later became his literary executor: "My whole life seems ruined by this man. The tower of ivory is assailed by the foul thing. On the sand is my life spilt."

Spurred on by Lord Alfred, whose hatred for his father was almost pathological, Wilde—married and the father of two sons—filed a criminal libel charge against the expectant and cagey Marquis.

Even before the trial began, Wilde knew that Queensberry had craftily marshalled an unsavory flock of young males who, un-der compulsion, stood ready to testify against him.

Destruction-bent. Wilde persisted in his fiction of innocence, lying even to his own solicitors. Though he scored brilliantly during the literary phase of the trial, Wilde was routed into an ignominous withdrawal of his case, whie! resulted in a directed verdict for Queensberry.

His last days were spent in agony which he sought to alleviate with absinthe, brandy and a volume of Balzac, "my last friend."

He died miserably in a dismal

room in the Hotel d'Alsace in Rue des Beaux Arts, Paris, early on the afternoon of Nov. 30, 1900. ent to comfort him in his last extremity was the good Father Cuthbert Dunne, whom Wilde had sum-

moned.
My "Feast of Panthers" tries to tell something of all this. De Feisand I both hope that it gives a more rounded and human portrait of that tortured writer and dramatist whose genius has outlived obloquy.

Lyric 'Lights Dark to Cover' Tattered Scenery; Chi Snobbish, **Insists on High-Salaried Stars**

Rescigno, now at Dallas. Some touted import staging has been only sporadically successful in sup-

plementing Lyric's own efforts.

Moreover, sets are old and tattered in many cases, and the lighting

One shortcoming leads to another, as Miss Fox admits when she says, "We light dark to cover

up" (the poor scenery). But light-

ing surely is the more crucial con-

sideration (if only for a diva's on-

stage safety). And besides, the problem is hard to sell out front

at a \$9 top. Yet it's still a fact that even for a deficit art, Lyric's deficit is more fettering than is

Lives on Charity

Kneiper Insurance Co., which owns

the Opera House, and some date

back 30 or 40 years (the lush days of the old Chi Opera). Unable to

spend what it wants for new pro-

ductions, Lyric instigated a lend-lease arrangement some seasons

back with several domestic and

foreign companies, and it has helped some.

tistically, is insufficient rehearsal.

Kemper donates the house for a

week before the season opener, but

thereafter it costs to run through Lyric has, in short, no home to

But Lyric's major problem, ar-

The sets are a donation of the

hasn't always been savvy.

the case elsewhere.

By JACK PITMAN

Seems to be open season for critical sniping at Chicago's Lyric Opera, which, ironically, notched a record 96% of capacity in its just-ended seventh season. The appraisers, notwithstanding the rosy boxoffice, contend that (a) the company has become artistically frayed, and (b) that it's not living up to "community responsibility" as to repertory.

But, "Grand opera is grand opera—this is not experimental theatre," states Carol Fox, Lyric's general manager. That's axiomatic, all right, and also reflective of American opera's incessant artversus-money dilemma the invariable crux of the "opera problem" in this country. To have the cake and eat it is to envy La Scala, Vienna, and the other European centers of

It may be, goes one conjecture, that the disssenting scribes figure Lyric has come of age for the gloves-off treatment. Their willingness to rap isn't new, to be sure, but hasn't been anything like the stern taking-to-task kind since the restoration of a resident season in 1954. Chi embraced the local enterprise with cherished memories of the Mary Garden, Rosa Raisa, et al, era. The burg's bonton loves its opera—if not always with dis-

Bread-and-Butter

Lyric is drawing the fire now largely for a close-to-the-vest pol-icy, and with some reason off the past season that was topheavy with standard works. As one critic avers, "Lyric owes something to the wider music public-not just the ones who come on for a 'La Boheme'." Company did offer a venturesome and solid "Die Walkure" with a memorable cast (headed by Birgit Nilsson); but there was only one truly offbeat opus, and that Giordano's "Fedora," a thin item that critics ambushed.

Italian repertory is Lyric's backbone, is legacy from the old Chicago Opera. What a ho-hum season tends to obscure is considerable prior artistic derring-do. Lyric staged Birgit Nilsson's first U.S. "Isolde"; gave the American pre-miere of Monteverdi's "Il Ballo delle Ingrate"; offered Renata Te-baldi's first American Mistress Ford in "Falstaff" (and also her first U.S. "Butterfly"); staged the first English version of "Jenufa"; and presented Kyril Kondrashin, the Russian maestro, in his Yank pit debut.

It was Lyric that imported Maria Callas to this country, and later had co-queens Callas and Tebaldi in the same season ('55). And Lyric so was the first to present, among others, Anita Cerquetti, Anna Moffo, Renata Scotto, Eberl Waechter, Sylvia Fisher, Wa Berry, and Gre Brouwenstijn. Eberhard r, Walter

To continue the gainsaying, it may have been leery of, but still had the reach for, a whole clutch of the seldom-staged: "I Puritani," "Othello," "Cenerentola," "Flying Dutchman," "Il Tabarro," "Girl of the Golden West," "Taming of the Shrew," and "Norma." And they still preem here over a "Boris Goudonov" entirely in Russian, a rarity outside the soviets.

Actually, the detractors can mus ter more support for the contention that Lyric has been coming apart at the artistic seams. Ragged at times, by grand opera standards. For one thing, Lyric has obviously missed musical director Nicola

Greetings.

The first time that Louis Calhern played a role on Broadway he appeared at the Booth theatre. When the performance was over, he walked out the stage door and into Shubert Alley. As he did so, a man rushed up to him and

"You're Mr. Louis Calhern,

aren't you?"

Flattered at being recognized, Calhern answered enthusiastically: "Yes, I am." "Well, here's a summons for

Bernard Sobel

Ford Aid for Lyric Chicago.

Lyric Opera, with Ford assistance, Foundation offer four hitherto unproduced works over the next eight years, the first, Vittorio Gian-"The Harvest," scheduled for the 1961 season. Similar Ford grants for new productions have been made to the Metopera, Frisco Opera, and N.Y. City Opera.

Giannini is Philadelphia-born. "Harvest" is set in the rural American southwest at the turn of the century.

stopwatch is often brought to rehearsal.

If Lyric is distressingly short of capital to make amends all around, it's also fair to note that it has had more than its share of financial grief. For one, the present company had a sizable debt to liquidate—and did—when the original Lyric Theatre (of '54) ruptured, sending co-impresario Lawrence Kelly to Dallas. Additionally, in a star-conscious town (per all sectors of the entertainments), Lyric felt obliged to produce "name" opera, hence often had to cough up inordinate salaries.

Another problem is that Lyric hasn't been getting the fancy corporate gifts that other companies receive, though some progress has been made the past year or two. Other gift sources, barely tapped in the past, are only now being primed.

If it can get the gifts fattened Lyric's other hope is for a season-long sponsored broadcast pact, both to help defray costs and help Lyric has, in short, no home to call its own, like Frisco or the Met, which means a detrimental

Music Tents Stand Time's Test

Continued from page 264

In other places, the tent pro- about \$2.50. ducers seek out the summer camps

This past summer 25 musical tents were open, of which three were new ones. Since 1949 40 Marietta," "Rosalinda," "The Vagamusical tents went into operation, and 1959 was the greatest year for fallout—six tent theatres decided to call it a day.

\$2.50 Average

Going into this past season, the average musical tent theatre today Is five years old, is a profitable operation, and has a permanent place in the community or the suburb in which it is located. In their separate communities, hundreds of social service, women's, employee, fraternal and religious clubs and organizations look forward to the opening of its musical tent theatre where each year they can have their annual or planned outing or fund raising affair. The theatre party development has been the main root that has made the tent theatre a going and continuous business in this country. The busier tent theatres rack up anywhere between 150 to 300 theatre parties during a summer season, and groups from 24 to 2,000 in size.

It is estimated that over 3,500.-

fessional theatre, this might pro- 000 persons attended musical duce a more theatre-conscious arena tent theatres this past seaaudience among the local denizens. son. The average ticket price was

In the beginning, the main staple in their areas and attempt to get of the music tent theatre was the the camp counsellors to regularly operetta. The first season at Lambring their young flock to the matinee or early evening shows.

of "The Merry Widow," "The Chocolate Soldier," harietta, Rosannda, Ine Vaga-bond King," "Bitter Sweet," "Rose Marie" "Sweethearts," "Up in Central Park" and "The Desert Song." For the next five years, through 1954, the tent theatres that went into operation had schedules which consisted mainly of romantic operettas.

This year, while the operetta is no more the main attraction, it was nonetheless on the schedule of was nonetheless on the schedule of most tent theatres. The Friml, Romberg, Youmens, Herbert, Kern, Gershwin product slated for revival this season included: "The Great Waltz." "Roberta," "Song of Norway." "Girl Crazy," "Show Boat," "The Firefly," "The Student Prince," "Rosalinda," "The Vagabond King," "The Desert Song," "The New Moon" and "Naughty Marietta." Marietta."

Echoes Broadway

The important shows being produced at the music tents the past few years have been the revival of recent Broadway successes. This year the main shows were "West Side Story" and "Redhead" and also revivals of "Carousel," "South Pacific," "Finian's Rainbow," "Pajama Game," "Damn Yankees," "Brigadoon," "Silk Stockings," "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and "Annie Get Your Gun."

While the music tents have not pioneered any new shows, they have had at least one American premiere—Noel Coward's "After the Ball," and Sinjin Terrell did put on two "new" shows—"To Hell With Orpheus" based on Offenbach's music with a new book and lyrics by Edward Eager, and a version of Strauss' "Weiner Blut" called "Waltz Down the Aisle" with a new book and lyrics, also by Mr. Eager. John Price at the Musicarnival in Cleveland, has put on several operas in English, in-cluding "Carmen," "Boheme" and "Tales of Hoffman."

The other contribution of the music tents has been the rebirthvia a changed book of past popular musical comedies as: "Meet Me in St. Louis," "Girl Crazy," "Babes in Arms," "Panama Hattle" and occasionally revivals of "The Boys from Syracuse," "Irene," "On the Town," "DuBarry Was A Lady," "Carmen Jones," "Allegro," "Good "Carmen Jones," "Allegro," "Good News," "Call Me Madam" and "High Button Shoes."

To the theatregoer, the music tent has been a pleasant way to spend an evening in the country, combined with dinner at an inn and a relaxing drive; to the uninitiated it has proven an enjoyable experience in seeing live theatre.

The music tents are here to stay. On with the show! And damn the bugs!

Bernays Looking Backwards

careers to his early encouragement. His editors. careers to his early encouragement. His editors, able men, young and old, were devoted to him. Johnny Farrar, an assistant just out of Yale, had great promise. Karl K. Kitchen headed up Cosgrave's Metropolitan section. He knew about his contemporary Broadway, as Walter Winchell knows about his today. And there were others—Bob Ament, art editor; Will Johnson and Prosper Buranelli I enjoyed conversational camaraderie with nelli. I enjoyed conversational camaraderie with this friendly group of Cosgrave's.

Cosgrave became my mentor. I thought of him as an older man whom I could look up to and respect, who answered questions that puzzled me. I often profited from his sagacity and his helpful, practical and philosophical advice. He remained my

friend throughout his life.
Henry Irving Brook, now on the N.Y. Times, presided over the feature department of Oswald Garrison Villard's N.Y. Evening Post, mouthpiece of the liberals. Brock came to New York from the south. A hospitable host, he made stimulating suggestions when I presented ideas and material, photographs or stories about Elsie Ferguson or others. He had assembled an able staff-Cesare, cartoonist of great power, some good artists—Clara Tice and Thelma Cudlip, illustrators for his drama stories. I saw C. P. Sawyer, drama editor, who seemed

very, very old to me. He acted like an older brother, welcoming ideas, showing me how to improve a story, just being nice to a young man of 23 whom he hardly knew.

Old 'Daily Mail'

On the Evening Mail, Joseph Dunn, feature editor, ran a sprightly page. A kind man, later a good friend, he was a witness at my City Hall wedding to Doris E. Fleischman, eight years later. He did favors for those he liked. Since he liked everybody, he had a busy life. He loved deeply a small daughter, whom he called the Tyke. As we went over glossies together, he told me stories of the Tyke's adventures at home.

At the Globe, a distinguished galaxy ran the paper. Pitts Sanborn, erudite music critic, wrote a devastatingly critical section; Louis Sherwin's drama section had an incisive style and devoted readers. Bruce Bliven and John C. Flinn enlivened the

Uptown the N.Y. American and N.Y. Evening Journal drama offices occupied a store front on Broadway in the 30s, presided over by two men, Watson and Hamor. These papers were difficult to place material with.

The famous clock on the outside of the N.Y. Herald building on Herald Square, hammered out the hours as two automatic figures struck the time. Here I walked up one flight, waited in a little ante-room while the receptionist took in my card to John Logan, distinguished whitehaired drama editor. Usually I saw J. C. Flinn, a handsome young man, his assistant, and placed a picture or story.

At the Times, I waited in a reception room for the man I had asked for to come out and visit

My contacts grew and my circle of friends in Park Row and on Broadway widened.

Ben Atwell & The Hipp

A man I learned to know well and admire deeply, who taught me much, was a wise, old-time press agent. Ben Atwell, general press representative at the Hippodrome. He knew intimately every onenight stand and drama critic, and had worked with most of the great performers. He took a liking to me. I thought of him as an old man. He must have been all of 40 or 45 when I met him. As almost everyone who visits New York today goes to Radio City Music Hall, then they went to the Hippodrome to see New York's most spectacular show. Horses pranced on the stage. Dancing girls walked into the swimming pool and came out dry. It excited, thrilled and mustified are provided as a second of the stage. thrilled and mystified everybody, including me. I still wonder how it happened.

Ben Atwell made the Hippodrome nationally and internationally famous. He loved adjectives, his news sense was impeccable and his contacts limitless. Newspapers gave his show much space.

He adored a new wife, with a warm outgoing personality. He recently married her, a soubret in one-night stand roadshows. He called her "the little lady." Ben stayed on his job at the Hippodrome each night until 11 p.m. "I stay until the bitter end," he often said to me. "Some night the white here in the front row will put his heaf through horse in the front row will put his hoof through the orchestra leader's head. I want to be there when it happens. What a story!"

I dropped in on him at odd times in the day or

night to listen to his stories.

Ben told me stories of the road, of newspaper practices and newspapermen, successful pressagent stunts and of some that failed. Then he abruptly interrupted himself: he called for a libation, regardless of the hour. Everybody present adjourned to the bar of an oldfashioned ginmill at the northwest corner of 6th Avenue at 44th St. He treated us to a few whiskies and we returned to his office for endless but always enlightening sagas.

This friendly human overflowed with giving, of himself, his knowledge and even drinks.

Not tied to a desk, I instinctively sought teachers

where I found them, my approach to the learning process. As I look back, his talk fascinated me. I didn't consciously sit in as a student to selected teachers. I was enjoying the wisdom of men I admired.

VARIETY & 'Dramatic Mirror'

VARIETY and the Dramatic Mirror, important theatrical publications of the time, played an important role in keeping me in jobs. They published squibs of my exploits and kept me informed of new productions. Freddie Schader and Jack Pulaski of Variety, wise in show business, gave the lowdown on show business background, procedures, follow-ups; many things I knew nothing about. They helped me get the feel of and the clinical eye for theatrical press agency. Baffled at my naivete and eager to replace this with insight, these friends let me see Broadway through the powerful microscope of their eyes.

On the Dramatic Mirror, Arthur Edwin Krows inserted blurbs that helped make me known on Broadway whenever he heard of some stunt or break in the papers I was responsible for.

Contacts brought me to Walter Kingsley, publicity man for the Palace Theatre, the bard of Broadway. Three years later, in 1917, I collaborated with him; Sam Hoffenstein, pressagent for A. H. Woods, later Sam Honenstein, pressagent for A. H. woods, later a famous poet; Murdock Pemberton, Ben Atwell's assistant at the Hippodrome, on "The Broadway Anthology," a book of poems about Broadway. These men, highly perceptive and knowledgeable, made life easier to understand. They helped me to learn the later of what I saw and what was behind what I to look at what I saw and what was behind what I

These and many others on Broadway helped a young man who knew little about the job before him before he met them. Learning came through exposure to people who knew and were willing to share their experience with him.

K&E and 'Ben-Hur'

Having been around since BV (Before VARIETY) I have never seen this occurrence mentioned.

"Ben-Hur," which was tremendous success as a book shortly after the turn-of-thecentury, of course, would have been eventually produced as a play because of the book's success and its inherent drama and excitement, including the chariot race. However, why it was produced when it was and by whom is the untold story.

The decision to produce the play was made by Klaw & Erlanger, who had formerly pro-duced "The County Fair" in which Neil Burgess appeared several seasons with great success. In this, of course, there was a race which has always been the outstanding event of "County Fair," and Klaw & Erlanger found themselves with a treadmill on their hands; hence their decision to produce "Ben-Hur."

James F. Reilly

'Tired Business Man' Revues

Down East," "Kitty Kelly" were all included in "The Passing Shows" - and Maude Adams, Mary Pickford, Prunella, Salvation Nell were personalities and heroines who were covered in the entertainment. This was the fanciest "Passing Show" to date - the girls played football with the T.B.M. via the runway - they drilled on a sloping stage took off in an aeroplane and did the "Eagle Rock" with Bernard Granville and Ethel Amorita Kelly. The silent flickers were travestied in song and dance - and George Monroe appeared as Little Buttercup (curls and all) as Queen of the Movies! Eugenics, then in the news, was another theme for a girlie number in Act II. San Francisco, always colorful for a production flash, supplied the frame for the spectacular finale - Chinatown, the Palace Hotel, the earthquake (of 1905) and the Panama-Pacific Exposition were all brought in. (Winter Garden ran Sunday Night vaudeville concerts at this time and Marilynn Miller Night vaudeville concerts at this time and Marilynn Miller was a great draw in them. This is where Ziegfeld first saw her - but he waited two years before he signed her for his "Follies." Jose Collins was the prima donna of this edition. Lillian Lorraine, on leave from the "Ziegfeld Follies" for a short period, was in this production briefly singing "Smother Me With Kisses." J. C. Huffman staged this year, replacing Ned Wayburn. This "Passing Show" was considered one of the best buys in town this season).

"THE PASSING SHOW of 1915." The cast: Marilyn Miller, Frances Demarest, John Charles Thomas, Juliette Lippe, Helen Ely, Frances Pritchard, John Boyle, Charles Stark, Walter Brazil, John T. Murray, Daphone Pollard, Willie & Eugene Howard, George Monroe, Ernest Hare, Harry Fisher, Eleanor Pendleton, Kitty Hill, Theodore Kosloff, Rodion Mendelvitch, Mme. Baldina, Sam Hearn, Rosie Quinn, Arthur Hill, Irene West's Royal Hawaiian sextet. Book by Harold Atteridge. Songs by Leo Edwards, William F. Peters and J. Leubrie Hill, Dances by Jack Mason. Ballets by Theodore Kosloff, Staged by J. C. Huffman. Ran 145 performances.

A memorable edition. Marilyn Miller, now definitely catching on, sported men's garb to impersonate Clifton Crawford, a personality star of the time. Willie & Eugene Howard were back to take-off Hamlet, Trilby, Svengali and Lew "Telegram" (Tellegan). Slants on Elsie Ferguson, Ethel Barrymore, Ruth Chatteron, "Androcles and the Lion," "Raffles," "Marie Odile," "Experience" and the Bard were all a part of the extravaganza. The San Francisco Exposition was in full stride and inspired the finale
- Daphna Pollard, eccentric comedienne, sang about it in
the "Panama-Pacific Drag." The hula was also on the
upbeat and "My Hula Maid" was presented by Frances
Demarest, Ernest Hare and the Royal Hawaiians.
Pactime was still the rage though and there was a free-

Ragtime was still the rage though and there was a freefor-all operatic overture sung by the Howards, Ernest Hare, John Charles Thomas, Frances Demarest, Juliette Lippe, Helen Ely, Leola Lucy, Eleanor Pendleton and Charles Starr all whooping it up in bravado Metropolitan Opera style. George Monroe swished through the book as Lily, in search of the Song of Songs.

The Shuberts spread themselves on a "Spring Ballet" for a first-act closer. Maria Baldina teamed with Theodore Kosloff and the "Winter Garden corps du ballet." Marilyn Miller pranced out too for classical variations - later all three principals joined hands for a pas de trois. The year 1915 was a boom year for revues on Broadway and this "Passing Show" ran neck-to-neck with the "Ziegfeld Follies" for a time - but the latter series eventually spurted far ahead because of Joseph Urban's revolutionary decor which won all the so-called Tonys and Oscars from the press and public. The Shuberts were quick to copy the Urban touch and whenever this designer created a lovely bird or flower for the "Follies" - the Winter Garden would turn into a menagoric or greenbouse before the season turn into a menagerie or greenhouse before the season

"THE PASSING SHOW of 1916." The cast: Ed Wynn, Fred Walton, George Baldwin, William Dunn, William Harper, William Healy, Bud Murray, Elida Morris, James Clemons, Stella Hoban, John Boyle, James Hussey, Herman Timberg, Hattie Darling, Florence Moore, William H. Philbrick, Ford Sisters, Thamara Swirskaia, Ma-Belle, Charles Mack, John Swor, Dolly Hackett, Augusta Dean, Book by Harold Atteridge Music by Sigmund Romberg, Otto Matzan, George Gershwin, Dances by Allan K. Foster, Staged by J. C. Huffman under the personal supervision of J. J. Shubert, Ran 140 performances.

Dolly Hackett introduced "Pretty Baby" (by Tony Jack-Dolly Hackett introduced "Pretty Baby" (by Tony Jackson) here - the "Passing Show's" first real song hit. Also George Gershwin's first revue chore, "The Making Of A Girl" which he wrote with Sigmund Romberg, John Boyle introduced this song. Ed Wynn was the new comic - having exited the "Ziegfeld Follies" for the Winter Garden. He played himself. Takeoffs of Charles Chaplin, Roosevelt, Wilson, Hughes, Villa (names in the news then) made this 1916 edition more on the topical side. The patriotic wave was coming in and William Harper depicted Uncle Sam.

Florence Moore was the new comedienne and kidded

Lucille, Lady Duff Gordon (Zieggy's pet stylist). There was also a Frenchy atmosphere to the first portion of the show - later it got around to Columbus Circle and the Plaza. Mexico too was visited for a South of the Border melee with the Charge of the U.S. Calvary (invented by Lincoln J. Carter) providing the scenic splash. "An Olymplan Ballet" featured Thamara Swirskaia though she shared premiere danseuse honors with one, Ma-Belle, another arty terper. Adolphe Blom (Bolm?) was the strong-arm partner. This was the season when the first Ballet Russe engagement struck New York.

Bud Murray and James Hussey took off Potash & Perlmutter in a loan shop (a standard act for belly laughs and dialects) - and Ed Wynn played the Nut here. Charles Mack & John Swor also figured in this sketch. Dieting was making news and "Eat and Grow Thin Parlors" kidded it. "Walkin' the Dog" was another catchy song which Hattie Darling and Herman Timberg sang. But the best song "Pretty Baby" . . . (everybody loves a Baby, and it might as well be You, Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby) is still irresistible. That tag 'under the personal supervision of J. J. Shubert' was also being built up to convey distinction for a Winter Garden show.

"THE PASSING SHOW of 1917." The cast: Chic Sale, DeWolf Hopper, Marie Nordstrom. Franklyn Batie, John T. Murray, Donald Kerr, Wanda Lyon, Roise Quinn. Alice Van Ryker, Effie Weston, Zeke Colvan, Henry Bergman, Emily Miles, Yvette Rugel, Irene Franklin, Jefferon De Angelis, Miller & Mack, Johnny Dooley, Dolly Connolly, Fred Ardath, Tom Lewis, Helen Carrington, Andrew Demarest, Dan Sparks, Mildred LaRue. Marion Mooney, Inez Frances, George Schiller, Claude Allen. Book by Harold Atteridge. Dances by Allan K. Foster. Songs by Sigmund Romberg and Otto Motzan. Staged by J. C. Iluffman under the personal supervision of J. J Shubert. Ran 196 performances.

World War I permeated the mood and tempo of this 1917 edition, "Goodby Broadway - Hello France" was the interpolated song which expressed the excitement best.

Chic Sale was the new comic to shine: "The Sunday School it" was his homespun monolog - and he became a Winter Garden draw. DeWolf Hopper was also resent and sang about "The Ready-Made Sandwich." Johnny Dooley vocalized about "Ruth St. Denis" (New York's first real arty dancer to catch on). Wanda Lyon was a campus cutie for "College Boys, Dear" which ended up in a football tilt between Yale & Harvard - on and off the runway.

Showing how writers then strived for novelty is the "Peech-a-reee-a-Phila-peen-o Dance" which was supposed to be hot stuff. Obviously it was something on the latin side. While the Winter Garden was now in its heyday this particular girlie series began to slip. The "Ziegfeld Follies" was by then in high gear and set the pace. No other revue was able to compete with the "Follies" in the beauty line with the result that imitation was flagrant. It is especially interesting to note that Jessie Reed, considered one of Ziegfeld's very greatest beauties later on, was in the Winter Garden line this year. Her career spurted when she moved to the New Amsterdam - it was Zieggy's individualized build-up which made her famous. "America's Fighting Jack" was sung here by Franklyn Batie with a flock of Winter Garden 'Jackies' behind him - 60 in all! For the finale, "Ring Out Liberty" sounded the keynote for more flag-waving. Sigmund Romberg continued to write the songs but never had a real hit - the best songs were always interpolated.

"THE PASSING SHOW of 1918." The cast: Fred & Adele Astaire, Frank Fay, Sam White, Lou Clayton, Charles Ruggles, George Hassell, Emily Miles Edith Pierce, Aileen Rooney, Isabel Lowe, Willie & Eugene Howard, Neil Carrineton, George Schiller, Dorsha, Arthur Aibro, Isabel Rodriguez, Violet Englefield, Florence Elmore, Virginia Fox Brooks, Olga Roller, Book by Harold Atteridge, Songs by Sigmund Romberg and Jean Schwartz, Dances by Jack Mason, Sets by Watson Barratt, Staged by J. C. Huffman under the personal supervision of J. J. Shubert, Ran 124 performances. J. J. Shubert. Ran 124 performances.

"Smiles" (by Lee Roberts) was the smash song winner this year. Over 3.000,000 copies were sold then and it is still popular to this day. Nell Carrington introduced it however this song was never published with a "Passing Show" credit. Fred & Adele Astaire, who had been trouping as a kid brother & sister act for years in vaudeville, bowed in - in fact Adele opened the show with "I Can't Make My Feet Behave." Willie & Eugene Howard were again present to sing about the "Galli Curci Rag" - and Charles Ruggles (later the Hollywood comedian) intro-Holiday Girl" Frank Fay, then on the way, sang "My Baby Talking Girl" and soon the runway was jammed with baby-talkers (Oh Daddy!). Nazimova, Ina Claire and Caruso were among the personalities burlesked.

The Astaires got together for "Birdland" in the second act - their song was "Twit, Twit, Twit." Jazz was new and so was the shimmy and both idioms were exploited in 'Trombone Jazz'' (Lou Clayton and Sammy White plugged it). The Shimmy Sisters were Edith Pierce and Aileen Rooney with Frank Fay giving them an assist on the dancing end. Nudity was mounting and milday's dress served as the excuse for most of the flouncey girlie parades. The as the excuse for most of the floundey girls parades. The girls once appeared as Thright Stamp Beauties for the "War Stamp" number. This was Jessie Reed's last Winter Garden show - Ziegfeld beckoned. And Nita Naldi, the vamp supreme - and Pearl Germonde, another striking show girl, were also in the line - but they too followed Jessie over to the New Amsterdam theatre. Watson Barratt designed the show - but he never achieved the beauty of Joseph Urban's palette which by now had hypnotized

"THE PASSING SHOW of 1919." The cast: Avon Comedy Four Blanche Ring. James Barton, Reginald Denny, Olga Cook, Walter Woolf King, Frankie Heath, Rath Bros., Joe Opp, Lon Hascall, Hazel Cox, Eddie Miller, Ralph Riggs, John Crone, Haley Sisters, Charles Winninger, Mile. Madge Deray, Grace Keeshon, Rosalie & Helen Mellette, Harry Turpin, Tillie Barton. Book by Harold Atteridge. Dances by Allan K Foster. Sets by Watson Barratt. Songs by Jean Schwartz. Costumes by Cora McGeachy and Homer Conant. Produced under the personal supervision of J. J. Shubert. Ran 144 performances.

Many new names on the way up spotlighted the cast this year: Walter Woolf King (of future operetta fame); Olga Cook (later one of the Shubert's favorite prima donnas); Reginald Denny (on to Hollywood); James Barton (of vaude and "Tobacco Road"); Charles Winninger (Cap'n Andy of "Show Boat") - and in the chorus: Mary Eaton, who later succeeded Marilynn Miller in the "Ziegfeld Follies" - and also co-starred with Eddie Cantor in "Kid Boots." Also, not to forget the Avon Comedy Four - Joe Smith, Charles Dale. Eddie Rash and Charles Adams, which eventually boiled down to Smith & Dale. Winter Garden history is flecked with many budding personalities

who later hit the marquees - but on other theatres.

"The Passing Show" still leaned on broad burlesk, frequently smutty - though an outright review of the past season's hits was gradually being sidetracked. Competition again. Rival revues were picking up the formula - so the best thing was to jam the Winter Garden runway with girls - and more girls. Any excuse was used to bring them on. The Barrymores had a going-over in "The Jest" satire - Blanche Ring as John (!) and Charles Winninger as Lionel. Later the comedienne with the electric smile swung out as the Queen of Sheba in a skit. The Avon Comedy Four, as identified above, presented "The Doctor's Office" which erupted with Dr. Kronkheit's garbled slanguage. Also in another sketch, Joe Opp presided as a major domo in "King Solomon's Kitchen" with the Avon foursome serving up choice dishes (mixed up receipes, to be sure). Their brand of low comedy laughs fitted the show well. Prohibition, then the national headache, was ribbed with John Crone depicting Bevo, the soft drink substitute. Jean Schwartz wrote a heavy score - but per usual it was an added song, this time "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" which clicked. Three muscle boys, the Rath Bros. contrasted the feminine outlay - this season 75 blondes, brunettes and redheads!

"THE PASSING SHOW of 1921." The cast: Willie & Eugene Howard, Marie Dressler, May Boley, Ina Hayward, Emily Miles, Perry Askam, Harry Bannister, Francis X. Mahoney, Mae Devereaux, Dolly Hackett, Mellette Sisters, Grace Keeshon, Alexandra Dagmar. Tot Qualters, Johnny Berkes, Jack Rice, Eileen Rooney, Sammy White. Theo Zambouni, Cleveland Bronner, Ingrid Solfeng, W. II. Pringle, Frank Grace, Cortez & Peggy. Book by Harold Atteridge. Songs by Jean Schwartz. Incidental music by Al Goodman and Lew Pollock. Dances by Max Scheck, Sets by William Weaver. Staged by J. C. Huffman under the personal supervision of J. J. Shubert Ran 200 performances.

Willie & Eugene Howard returned to the series this year - their smash bit was a "Rigoletto" burlesk. Variations of this low opera bouffe have been surefire comedy

standby for years in musicals. Here Willie Howard kept peeking down the tall diva's neckline as she proceeded to try high C. This edition was tempermental with cast changes: Marie Dressler started off with the show for a Also Helen Morgan - a show girl then. This 1921 edition harked back to the original "Passing Show" format more: "Not So Long Ago," "The Charm School," "Lightnin'", "The Bat," "Mecca" and "Spanish Love," all Broadway hits then, were woven into the book. In the opening such personalities as Edison, Heinz, Tilford, the James Boys, Mennen, Park, Gillette, the Smith Bros and Lydia Pinkham filtered through the capers. Patent-medicine and drug-store products supplied the basic theme primarily for this opener.

The country was newly dry and the Howards wailed about the situation in "Broadway to Sahara" (Joseph Schrode and Abe Aronson played a camel here). Harry Bannister was a cowboy in this topical scene. Willie Howard, who always worked hard in a revue, also played Frank Bacon in the "Lightnin" skit. The second section of this extravaganza (how the Shuberts loved this tag) opened with "Dream Fantasies," a ballet - described as a series of Visualized Dreams with Cleveland Bronner sort of Paul Swan devotee) cooking up a melange of Spirits, Moth & Flame, Love Phantoms, Dream Priestesses, Dual Natures and Fire Flies! Most of it was trick lighting effects with swirling veils, soft eerie music and a semblance of interpretative dancing. This spell was soon broken up with more burlesks and a "Dancing Blues" finale. Tot Qualters, a personality belter, had her featured spot in this edition as Miss Rattle in "A Rattling Good Time" (she rattled). Emily Miles, another popular thrush at the Winter Garden, was also spotlighted for various numbers. There was no 1920 edition of this series - annuals were becoming a problem to build.

"THE PASSING SHOW of 1922." The cast: Willie & Eugene Howard, Sam Ash, Helen Herendeen, Nat Nazzarro Jr., Fred Allen, Wilbur DeRouge, Janet Adoir, George Hassell, Nellie Breen, Emily Miles, Arthur Margetson, Fred Walton, Fooshee Sisters, Mile, Alcorn, Francis Renault, Ethel Shutta, Gertrude Lang, the Lockfords, George Anderson, Mary Lawlor, John Kearns, Book by Harold Atteridge, Songs by Jack Stanley and Al Goodman, Dances by Allan K, Foster, Sets by Watson Barrott, Staged by J. C. Huffman under the personal supervision of J. J. Shubert, Ran 85 performances.

The Howards had featured billing (below the title) this year. They essayed David Warfield, Barney Bernard, Ton-silitis & Abdullah, the two Street Singers - and garnered additional applause with their interpolated songs which included: "My Coal Black Mammy" and "Carolina In The Morning" (by Gus Kahn & Walter Donaldson), Al Jolson's pre-eminence in the troubador field had everyone copying him now. The Winter Garden too was a melting pot for interpolated songs during THE GREAT BROADWAY PERIOD - and Tin Pan Alley was eager to show a credit on the music cover (this was long before the disk jockey pluggings). Songs still sold then for 25c per copy.

Fred Allen made his debut in this 1922 edition - he had the sandpaper voice and dry flowing wit even then which immediately struck the public as someone to watch. "The Old Joke Cemetery" was his solo opportunity to project his brand of cackily humor. Portland Hoffa was in the chorus. Ethel Shutta - later with George Olsen's Band had a peculiar number handed to her: A musical oddity pegged to Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape" in which her role was called Miss Don't Stop! Janet Adair sang "Poor J'En ai Marre." a dramatic gutter song from Paris, which Alice Delysia had sung in London revues. Francis Renault, a flamboyant femme impersonator, dazzled as The Brilliant in "The Diamond Girl" carnival - which also featured Mlle. Alcorn (nudity and sparklers).

Renault, among the top draws of female impersonators then, got tossed about as a slave in a ballet stanza entitled "The Conquerors." Gladiators, soldiers and guards did the tossing! An international flavor got into the show with Lloyd George, Irish Free State and the Prince of Wales (Nat Nazzarro Jr.) all introduced. Sam Ash was the romantic minstrel this season. Jazz (New Orleans variety via Chicago stomp) was the new music idiom featured. Sixtyfive girls in the line this season.

"THE PASSING SHOW of 1923." The cast: George Jessel, Helea Shipman, Joseph Wagstaff, Hal Van Rennsselaer, James Hamilton, Jean Stelle, George Hassell, Vera Ross, Louise Dose, Roy Cummings, Billee Shaw, Walter Woolf, Bob Nelson, Libby & Sparrow, William Pringle, Alex Morrison, Jean Hay, Jack Rice, Ed Flanagan, Nat Nazzarro Jr., James Watts, Ann Lowenworth, Francis X Mahoney, Al White, Frank Bernard, Orrilla Smith, Trado Twins, Phil Baker, Tom Nip, Jeanette Gilmore, Book by Harold Atteridge, Songs by Sigmund Romberg and Jean Schwartz, Dances by Allan K, Foster, Sets by Watson Barratt, Staged by J. C. Huffman under the personal supervision of J. J. Shubert, Ran 120 performances.

Broadway was festooned with living curtains, chandeliers and candelabrae now - and some of the fanciest swags of feminine allure were on view at the Winter Second Empire in Paris" - three ornate chandeliers aglow with undraped lookers - and not stopping there a fruit basket with more human figurines al fresco (Nancy Carroll, later the Hollywood cutie, was among the grapes). Besides this - later scenes revealed jeweled curtains, nude tassles, animated drapes and misty mirrors all filigreed with Winter Garden torsos. Visiting firemen flocked to the box-

An intellectual stanza reviewed the eight best-sellers styled to show girls: "Black Oxen," "Panjola," "The Beautiful And The Damned" (Nancy Carroll again), "Bloom and Sand," "Simon Called Peter," "Damned," "Cytherea"

and "If Winter Comes."

George Jessel was new to the comedian ranks of the series and wrote and acted in the "Upper Box at a French Comedy." Ann Lowenworth played Mama. Another oh so Frenchy number was "Beginning of the French Revolution, 1789" with Vera Ross as Josephine and Walter Woolf as a young revolutionist (revues were dipping into cloak dagger themes now). The big pageant was confined to "The Royal Wedding: Lady Elizabeth was married to the Duke of York (later George VI) and all Westminister Abbey was assembled on the Winter Garden stage. James Watts (over from the "Greenwich Village Follies") appeared as Lady Bottle-a-Bass - and Nat Nazzarro Jr. again appeared as the Prince of Wales. Royal raiment was rampant for all the lords and ladies and ambassadors.

Phil Baker and his accordion was a breather in all the outlay - and for added novelty, Alex Morrison, American trick golf champ, put on an exhibition of putts and mashie shots. "Birds of Plumage" brought out all the feathery

(Continued on page 270)

How To Dig 'The Method'

Continued from page 259

"life" of the scene. He doesn't interpret the lines. He tries to get the actors to feel the drift of the scene, so that they will find line readings that are "truthful." When a scene doesn't play readily, or when he approaches a difficult scene, he may resort to an "improvisation." The simplest kind of "improvisation" is one in which the actors take the scene and play it with lines they make up themselves. When they feel comfortable in the "improvisation" they then do the scene using the playwright's lines. This they then do the scene using the playwright's lines. This sort of tinkering with new plays sometimes results in the playwright changing the play.

A second kind of "improvisation" is done by paraphrasing individual lines, a trick that antedates The Method; though, of course, it is hard to conceive any oldstyle actor learning to understand Hamlet by changing his words to "Man, what an s.o.b. and peasant slave I turned out to be!" And, finally, there is the "improvisa-tion" in which the scene is not used at all. The actor playing the Ghost may be told to play a man who thinks the actor playing Hamlet is the only person who can save a friend from being arrested, and the actor playing Hamlet may be told to play a man who risks arrest himself unless he knows certain facts about the friend's activities and who also thinks the Ghost actor may be leading him into

The chief aim of improvisation is to give the actor an emotional understanding of the drama of the play into which he can plunge every time he plays his role. The Method is a slave to "the illusion of the first time." Because of the mental habits set by improvisation, some Method actors feel guilty if any two consecutive performance of the property ances even vaguely resemble each other. The actor pre-pares effacing himself and the theatre and making use of thoughts, of memories, or "being" exercises that place him newborn into character and situation. Young Method actors "preparing" usually look as if they were entering a trance or suffering from intestinal pain. Once, while stage-managing a production, I heard a pathetic wailing behind the scenery. I dashed back and encountered a young actress attired only in her shoes and panties, wracked by sobs, tears streaming down her face, while at the same time she made an efficient quick change into her next costume. I had occasion later to read her script and noted that she had written in the margin at this point: "Think of little kittles being run over by big trucks." Needless to say, she was fairly phony on stage, while the non-Method actor who shared the scene with her (and usually spent the moments before he went on complaining that the costume crew hadn't washed his shirt for three weeks) was quite convincing. A good Method actress would simply have had something on her mind

more closely related to the scene than kittens.

The past season in New York provided one remarkable example of Method virtues and vices rampant, the Actors Studio production of Sean O'Casey's The Shadow of a Gunman. The leading actors would have been impressive no matter what technique they were trained in. They were wonderfully intelligent and imaginative, and they could even be heard. The characters were complete, rounded, "honest" (a Method term meaning consistently handled), and the actors played to each other in a way that was a joy to behold. They never punched the comedy for jokes; comedy emerged, with the appropriate mordancy, out of

deadly serious motivation. One could not deny that a profound story had come alive on the stage.

But the failure of The Method to get out of the studio was also evident. The actors in various ways all hovered around a center table, as if they had done all their rehearsal work in conference. They only toyed with the Irish dialect and treated the authentic rhythms of the lines as if O'Casey were Shakespeare and had to be made contemporary and "natural." It was disturbing to hear an actor named O'Loughlin produce an Irishman with Yiddish inflections when working models galore could have been found in Third Avenue bars; and it rocked one's liberalism to consider that the character was a salesman.

The meaning of O'Casey's play was transmuted as much as was his language. One sensed dedication in the production, but the script was clearly only a pretext for a play devised by the company. O'Casey's story is simple. A young poet who rooms with a young salesman allows himself to be mistaken for an Irish revolutionary by the neighbors. As the "shadow" of a gunman he attracts the love of a frivolous shop girl. When a real gunman leaves a bag of bombs in their room and the British raid the house, the girl conceals the bag in her own room, is caught and taken off by the British, while the two men find themselves incapable of confessing their involvement, though to do so would save her. She dies in an ambush.

For all its witty affection for the foibles of the Irish, the play is a bitter commentary on the state of the Irish soul. O'Casey suggests, though not as effectively and directly as in The Plough and the Stars, not only that idealism does not make a revolution but that the Irish have been so corrupted by life that they are worthy neither of ideals nor revolution. In this production, when the poet announced solemnly to the salesman at the curtain that they would be haunted by the episode for the rest of their lives, the audience was filled with sympathy for the poor well-meaning young men and given a glimpse of horror and guilt that implied their future penance and redemption. The meaning of the play had been shifted so that what emerged was only that banal liberal cliche in which the good-hearted common folk are driven by "The System" to regrettable acts that they might not otherwise commit, a notion which, at most, is O'Casey's point of departure. In this production, the Revolution was good, the British were bad, and the shadows were gunmen.

The fundamental fault of The Method is that it always seems to be producing the same play, a play about the tragically frustrated desires of well-intentioned, deeply feeling failures—of Strindberg characters living a Chekhovian life amid Ibsen's social problems. The source of The Method's monotonous treatment of drama is not found, however, in the influence of playwrights but in its theory of human behavior, which offers a vision of life in which man is invariably found struggling against his environ-ment. "Well, he's the kind of guy who wants to . . ." an actor will explain, and proceed to interpret his character in terms of a psychology of natural drives and instincts which come a cropper against social convention. And since The Method actor works out of an understanding of what the character "feels," the drives and instincts are invariably brought to the surface. Complexity rarely occurs in depth, only in conflict. Believability becomes a matter

of intensity rather than variety, which is why the actors may at many moments look like walking versions of the Jimmy Durante song: "Did You Ever Have The Feeling That You Wanted To Go And Still Have The Feeling That You Wanted To Stay?"

The importance of surface conflict also manages at times to kill the illusion of human spontaneity; Method actors like to do their feeling and living in the time between receiving a cue and responding to it. The technical result is an emphasis on facial expression and an oscillation between utter repose and explosion. The Method actor therefore plays either violent or inert characters and is ill at ease with thinking characters who don't "feel" with primitive simplicity. This predilection for lower-class characters who alternate between roughhouse and despair has helped brand The Method as "kitchen-table acting."

Forgive Us Our Shakespeare, As We All Love Genius

The limitations of The Method in characterization do not, unfortunately, fully explain its failure with the great drama of the past. For three centuries, most drama critics, teachers, directors, and actors have forgiven Shakespeare his playwrighting failures out of respect for his genius. His characters are great, complete people, we are told. They have a life of their own, and if he failed, through commercial exigencies and ignorance, to portray them fully at every moment, we can edit out the inconsistencies and contradictions and fill in motivation where it seems absent. Most recently, The Method has attempted to do for all drama exactly what the English critic Bradley's school of psychological character criticism has done for Shakespeare.

The real question is: has drama ever intended just to give us stories of real people? If one were forced to identify the essence of all drama, the answer might be: an attempt to define the condition of man in order to under-stand the nature of the universe. The best modern studies in the history of civilization suggest that the condition of men has been variously defined by different ages. It is possible, of course, to believe that there is only one true condition of man and that the universe has an exact nature. Most theories of tragedy, indeed most theories of drama, judge drama by its conformity to whatever definition the theorist happens to believe in, which is all right for the critic or epigone.

But if we want to be genuinely objective about the theatre, we can only study each play's own view of the universe or of man, or of life. When it comes to characteristics of the comes to characteristics of the comes to characteristics. ter, we need to refer not to one theory of psychology but to many, since each play investigates not a particular group of human beings but a particular theory of what man is and how he operates. And, like any theory of psychology, each play is really interested only in certain aspects of life, in certain aspects of personality in certain parts of a character. The question "Is Hamlet mad, and if so, how did he get that way?" does not greatly interest Shakespeare. This may make him a bad psychologist in our eyes, but if we want to understand and act Shakespeare's Hamlet we had better simply take the fact of his madness for granted and not try to find the answers in the play lest we risk missing the rest of what is though in the play, lest we risk missing the rest of what is there.

If The Method can be indicted for the intellectual yanity of thinking its psychology is "real," it can also be reproved for thinking that its acting is "real." No acting can be "real," since all acting, even Method acting, only "selects" aspects of human action from life. And anyone who has worked in the theatre knows that the audience also finds meaning in patterns of meaning in patterns of meaning in patterns. also finds meaning in patterns of movement, sound, and scenery, and that sometimes the audience reacts less to what is supposed to be meaningful in the acting than to the state of the sta stage patterns that are not supposed to be. Light a comedy in shadows and the jokes may go to pot. An actor who is inaudible or clumsy, may produce a character who is inaudible or clumsy, whether he intends to or not. And what is more, audiences are capricious. One year, design has one effect on them, the next year another. Dark lighting may convince them either that tripe is tragedy or that tragedy is tripe.

The laws that govern the attrition and recrudescence of audience imagination are a subject for cultural anthropologists, and if properly investigated might pat all the aestheticians, from Aristotle on, out of business. It may be that changing social conditions demand corresponding changes in ritual. Perhaps it is the nature of symbolic communication in the theatre that when the audience becomes too familiar with the current set of symbols they fail to work. In the theatre, the triumph of a style heralds its demise. As soon as we shout: "Long live The Method!" The Method is dead.

At any rate, it is foolish to postulate eternal principles of theatre art. The best any practitioner can do is to acquire a full command of the materials and craft of his medium and hope to swim with the proper currents. A style is simply the way things are done in a particualr age in a particular place. At present, The Method is the way of the American theatre. Our playwrights' plays will be as incomprehensible to future critics, for whom The Method will be of the past, as the drama of the past is incomprehensible to anyone today who tries to understand it in terms of The Method.

The Method is already undergoing its own sea changes. Those who have made the best use of it have begun to respond to a new style, too. The choreographers and composers of musical comedy are beginning to communicate meaning not found in its stagnant plots and dull lyrics. The Method playwrights are slowly shifting from the drama of social problems and personal ethics: to a drama that reaches out toward the nature of identity and experience. They have begun to provide settings that lack kitchen tables. "Believability," "Truth," "Reality"; after all, terribly abstract words, and, like The Method, they are becoming too easy to use and to understand, too difficult to particularize.

Perhaps it is time to rediscover all those passages in Stanislavsky that demand the perfection of external technique; time to heed those things in his writing that have seemed like contradictions; and perhaps time at long last to bury the poor man. After all, didn't he say: "If the system does not help you, forget it"?

'Tired Business Man' Revues

snobs in the Garden of Paradise finale. No air-conditioning at the Winter Garden as yet - but the girls didn't seem

"THE PASSING SHOW of 1924." The cast: James Barton, George Hassell, Lulu McConnell, Alian Prior, Jack Rose, Olga Cook, the Lockfords, Barette, Sarita Watle, Harry McNaughton, Trado Twins, Joyce White, Dan Healy, Eleanor Williams, Marie Saxon, Dorothy Janice, Harrington Sisters, Bessie Hay, Book by Harold Atteridge. Songs by Sigmund Romberg, Jean Schwartz, Alex Gerber, Dances by Max Scheck and Seymour Felix. Costumes by Charles LeMaire and Ernest Schrapps. Ballets by Katchetovsky Sets by Watson Barratt. Staged by J.-C. Huffman under the personal supervision of J. J. Shubert. Ran 93 performances.

The last edition. By this time (1924) the formula was definitely old-hat and the press, never enthusiastic anyway about the series, yawned outright whenever a new "Passing Show" was announced. Winter Garden nudity ran thin (Earl Carroll was grabbing all the beauty prize winners now and giving Ziegfeld a heated race in The Broadway Beauty Trust Sweepstakes). This particular series which is a stock example of typical Winter Garden fare (revues came along with the seasons here) always commanded a certain audience, but they never approached Flo Ziegfeld, John Murray Anderson, George White or Irving Berlin for style and taste. for style and taste.

This closing edition underwent many cast change's - the Shuberts could never it seems. James Barton, George Hassell and Bee Palmer ere starred above the title at one time - but eventually Shimmee-she-Wobble Palmer - she was Gilda Gray's closest rival in the quiver-field - exited the cast. Flappers, income tax, blue laws, Coolidge, mobsters, Mah Jongg were, all covered in the sprawling book. James Barton eventually to do justice to Jeeter Lester in "Tobacco Road," sang "Society Blues" in this edition. Marie Saxon (later to be Mrs. Sidne Silverman of Variety) who had attracted attention in "Battling Butler," a book musical the year before, was also in this production - hating every minute, she afterwards said. She was thereafter to achieve featured and star billing in "My Girl," "Merry Merry. "The Ramblers" and "Upsa-Daisy." (She became the mother of the third and present owner of VARIETY.)

Sigmund Romberg-Jean Schwartz songs were still nil.
Samples: "Nothing Naughty In A Nightie" and "When Knighthood Was In Flower." Romberg was to hit his stride shortly in the operetta field. The Winter Garden line was down to 45 chorines now - and included in the personnel was a wide-eyed miss named Lucille LeSeur (later MGM's dancing daughter and now Pepsi-Cola's glamorous public relations expert). She appeared as a Beaded Bag in one living curtain, hoofed in most of the girlie flashes, and later took a bow as Labor Day in the worn "Holiday" parade (what again!). The runway sagged and passed into limbo - so did "The Passing Show."

"BOMBO" (1921). The cast: Al Jolson, Franklyn Batie, Janet Adair, Russell Mack, Forrest Huff, Fritzi von Busing, Harry Turpin, Dora Ruby, Irene Hart, Bernice Hart, Mildred Keats, Gladys Caldwell, Frèd Hall, Janette Dietrich, Frank Bernard, Teddy Huffman, Vera Bayles Cole. Rianna. Book and lyrics by Harold Atteridge. Music by Sigmund Romberg—and many others. Dances by Allan K. Foster. Sets by Watson Baratt. Staged by J. C. Huffman under the personal supervision of J. J. Shubert, Ran 219 performances.

Al Jolson, Broadway's favorite troubadour during The Great Broadway Period of Revue had his sturdiest hit in Great Broadway Period of Revue had his sturdiest hit in this extravaganza which opened at his own newly named theatre, Jolson's on 59th Street and Seventh Avenue—but after a limited run there settled down at the Winter Garden where it held forth until the next "Passing Show" was ready. Jolson's shows for the most part were really nothing but far-fetched girlie splashes which built into one big thing—his solo spot in blackface before the curtains (... Mammy!). He gave off sparks when he sang and his picture on the cover of a piece of music meant it was a hit.

In his previous show "Sinhad" (1918) he introduced

In his previous show, "Sinbad" (1918) he introduced George Gershwin's "Swanee" which set that budding composer going places—also "Rockabye Your Baby With A Dixie Melody" (by Joe Young, Sam Lewis & Jean Schwartz); "Chole" (by Bud DeSylva and Jolson); "Hello Central Give Me No Man's Land" (by Young, Lewis & Schwartz)—and the schmaltzy "Mammy" (by Irving Caesar and Walter Donaldson). He was unsurpassed in his field during the revue era-though Eddie Cantor came close. However all singers imitated him. For "Bombo" (two acts and 14 scenes) there were 28 songs, mostly by Sigmund Romberg—but the interpolated songs on the runway swelled this total way up. Here he introduced "April Showers;" "Yoo Hoo," "Toot, Toot Tootsie," "Dirty Hands, Dirty Face," "I'm Goin' South" and "California, Here I Come"—probably the greatest battery of interpolated songs ever delivered by a star in a single show. On top of this array came a reprise of "Mammy" too.

"Bombo" itself was a razzmatazz mixture of 1492 and 1921. It opend in Genoa with Christopher Columbus, Ferdinand & Isabella, banditti, sailors and Indians stopped off in Spain to get the Santa Maria in shape and headed for far shores-all to music. When Jolson wasn't Gus in the kitchen on a plushy yacht, he was Bombo, Columbus' right-hand lackey. In between were pirates, senoritas and cutie-pie squaws.

The Shuberts brought along a new Jolson show every three years and a large cast was always assembled to sur-round him—but these Winter Garden offerings never compared in class with the Ziegfeld productions framed around Eddie Cantor.

Jolson stuck to blackface until "The Wonder Bar" came along years later when he appeared sans cork for the first time. It wasn't the same though.

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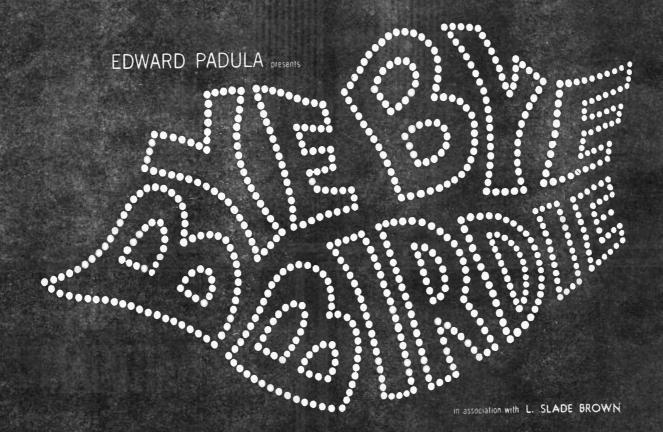
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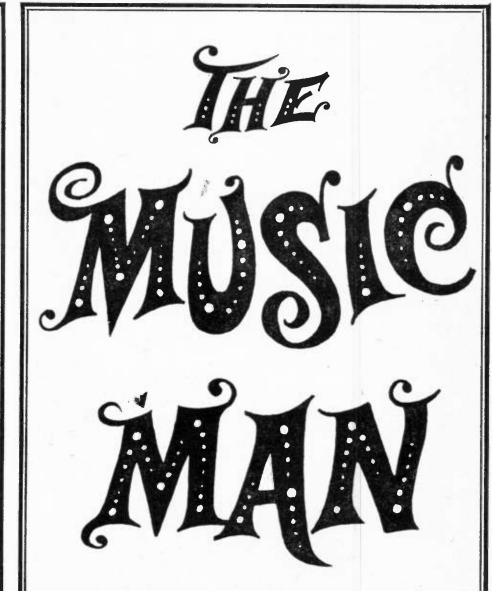
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Nowa Kultura, No. 46, November, 1960

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"Something of a miracle—an actor of incomparable virtuosity."

Le Tribune De Geneve, 11/14/60

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Il Messaggero, 11/9/60

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Der Kurier, 9/30/60

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"When Twain bids goodnight and leaves the stage without so much as another look at his audience, one is tempted to ask him to prolong his going-to-bed to a little bit later. Holbrook's Twain is faultless."

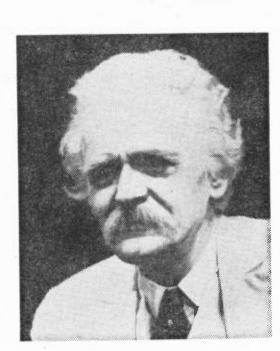
Uusi Suomi, 10/14/60



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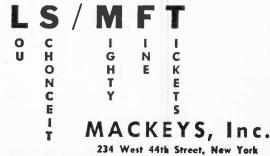
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Shades of 'Little Eva'

Tent Shows, Tom Shows, Toby Shows, Showboats, Stock Companies and Passion Plays, Up and Down the Big River

By ROBERT DOWNING

time?

Is it there like it used to be? Who's playing out west of the water tower

In the spot that used to be me? When I meet people in show biz

who grew up in Hackensack or Delancey Street or East Islip, I automatically turn green with envy thinking how

seemed to me when I was trouping

with tent shows, Tom shows, Toby

shows, showboats, circle stock com-

panies and Passion Plays up and

down the Main Streets and on the

In those days, Iowa's tall corn wasn't all in the fields. We sold

plenty of it under canvas and in

One of my first jobs was with a "commonwealth" circle stock company out of Cedar Rapids. I was

about 15 at the time. We rehearsed

every day in the manager's suite

(ha!) in the euphemistically-named Grand Hotel. We practiced loud to

two-story opera houses that never

Big River of my native state.

ever booked an opera.

thousand

years away from Broad-



and character wardrobe in a small trailer hitched to the manager's car, and drove 40 or 50 miles to play a different stand.

Monday we were in West Branch, Tuesday in What Cheer, Wednes-day in Solon, Thursday in Key-stone, Friday in Springville, and Saturday in Lost Nation. Sundays we were permitted to rest and spend the profits, which were equally divided among the company of six. My windowless hall bedroom in the Mesquawkie Bldg., beside the railroad tracks, cost me two bucks a week. Some weeks, my share of the take was as much as

Fortunately, my landlady, whose husband was the janitor at a local movie house (where I ushered during school months), was an exhoofer who aspired to the great legit. She also claimed to be distantly related to the late Kaiser Wilhelm II. I had been reading Mrs. Leeds' revelations concerning Anastasia, then running in Liberty Magazine, and I convinced the janitor's wife that the Hohenzollerns and the Romanoffs were first cousins. I indicated that it was quite possible, with the help of a smart lawyer, that she might get her mitts on the Russian crown jewels.

The fellow who dreamed up the original Arabian Nights never worked harder than I did to pro-Grand Hotel. We practiced loud to drown out the sound of the hotel proprietor knocking on the door to got so carried away with thoughts who acted the part of Toby in each production, made the candy sale proprietor knocking on the door to

What ever became of the small demand that the boss pay his rent. of a villa on the Neva that she Every night, we packed our chintz scenery, dishpan olivets, cookies. And sometimes she'd cookies. And sometimes she'd overlook the rent for a week or two. It helped.

Preparations

We'd pull into a show town around dusk. Furniture for the stage was loaned by local citizens or the undertaking establishment. In Toby shows it didn't matter much that a sofa on the set consisted of three folding chairs in a row, or that a hightoned residence on Chicago's Gold Coast was represented by an assortment of bentwood, bird's-eye maple and Eastlake rampant.

All our sets were devised of several yards of chintz, sewed together by the manager's wife, and hung in a large semi-circle around the opera house stage. There were three openings for entrances and three openings for entrances and exits: left, right, and up centre. Each "door" was backed with whatever we could find to back it with, and lighted with three or four ordinary light bulbs in dishpan reflectors. Footlights and front lights depended on the equipment in the theatre. If the house beasted in the theatre. If the house boasted a front curtain, we used it. If not, we blacked out at the end of each act, and stumbled for the exits before the house lights came on

for the candy sale.
The manager's wife, an ingenue in her fifties, made up early, took tickets, and played an overture on the house piano—which was usu-ally out of tune. The manager,

changed anybody, but my arithmetic has always been execrable, and sometimes I made mistakes. This caused me great embarrassment. Some of the older hands considered me a fool because I didn't parlay my shortcoming into a sure thing. They did. Sometimes they got away with it. Sometimes, however, there were ugly little incidents which brought us danger-ously close to a "Hey, Rube!"— but the manager was an artist in such pinches and knew how to avoid a Donnybrook without requiring his wife to play the National Anthem on the Gibson up-

We presented a fine line of family "heart dramas." Most of these Toby bills were written by old Bob Sherman—rest his soul—of Chicago. He used current events, familiar situations, and sometimes the plots of more successful authors. But by the time they were adapted for Toby, the plays were strictly original; even more so after each Toby altered the scripts to suit his own artistic peculiarly the suit his own artist his own artist his own artist his own artist ties. I once saw a villain defeated by a Toby who drove the dastard into the wings with a fast clog routine!

Barter System

We delayed our opening curtains until farmers were in from the fields, and sometimes the manager accepted produce and livestock in exchange for tickets. Generally, the little towns took us to their hearts. I have never known more responsive audiences—nor any more beguiling in their innocence.

For all its crudeness, this type of show biz was very close to folk theatre, and the time will come when fancy Dans at Yale and Harvard will submit theses to Q.E.D.

I warn such writers that they'll need a fellowship or two to fi-nance their researches. It took me four years to ferret out satisfactory information for my definitive article on "Toby," which appeared in Theatre Arts magazine in 1946 -and I'd already lived a generous hunk of my home work! The greatest compliment to my diligence lies in the fact that newspapers Toby managers have used my words, verbatim, as their very own ever since. There are few printed records of the once-great Toby industry, and not many of the comedians who played these roles remain to be interviewed. Those who do are Bunyans at heart, and if you don't know which side of a centre-pole the moss grows on, you'd better watch out!

Saturday afternoons we gave the only matinee of the week, intended mainly for the kids. We usually offered "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" or "Polyanna"—with the emphasis on Toby, yet! Saturday nights, we often revived "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which Toby, in gunnysack drag, played Topsy. For Mrs. Stowe's drama, we used "guest" Little Evas. A popularity contest was conducted the Saturday afternoons we gave the

larity contest was conducted the week before to choose a tot for the coveted role. Our manager had cut the part of Eva to two lines: "Yes, Uncle Tom," and "No, Uncle Tom." The assignment sometimes proved too much for our local talent. The tag of the part consisted of Eva's ascension to Heaven, with the tyke hoisted into the flies by means of a line and a piano wire attached to a harness concealed beneath her nightie.

Those Evas!

Eva's costume was left to the discretion of her mama. Few ladies of the farm belt had much sense of historic costuming. We got fat Evas in pink and blue party with sashes and hows: skinny Evas in mama's pinned-up wedding gown; wispy Evas in Pais-ley shawls; and Evas in Confirma-

Some of the little girls were petrified the moment they saw the audience. A few dampened the stage in their fright. Others, often the ones who couldn't work without their steel-rimmed spectables, insisted on waving to relatives out front. We could do little to control these variations, since the child was likely to be the daughter of the mayor, the undertaker, or the local loan shark, and had won the popularity contest on merit alone.
I shall never forget the Saturday

night when we railroaded "Uncle Tom" in order to ring down before a threatening thunder storm should break and turn the Iowa roads into Swampland Revisited.

Those of us who doubled as bloodhounds in the wings gave off

and every package." We actors hawked the gaudy boxes of sticky, tasteless candy up and down the aisles. I never deliberately short-Tom died pathetically at least half an hour pefore his time. Eva was yanked into the flies with considerable alacrity. Like all our towners, the little girl had been instructed to sit very quietly on the cross-beam over the stage. We hoped that her sketchy rehearsal had taught her she had nothing to fear. The fact remained that unless she jumped or fell, she was stuck up there till someone got a ladder and took her down.

The final curtain dropped, the manager's wife played the hottest exit music in her repertoire, and we all pitched in to pack the show as fast as we could. Outside, thun-der rolled and lightning crackled. We got the scenery and props

into the trailer, and jumped into the car. Uncle Tom and the man-ager were still in blackface. We tore down Main Street and headed for the highway. The rains came.

Gone to Heaven!

About five miles out of town, the marager slammed on the brakes. "My God!" he yelled. "We forgot Eva!"

There was nothing to do but turn the car around in the sudden quagmire that had been a road, and head back to the opera house.

We found the theatre with difficulty in the darkened town. The storm had taken the street lights. We staggered around the opera house in sheets of chilling rain, pounding on locked doors like a covy of Eleanora Duses trying to get into the Syria Mosque at Pittsburgh.

Finally we forced a door and dashed to the stage with the aid of flashlights. Someone threw a shaft of light _nto the flies. There she sat like an obedient angel, our

little forgotten Saturday night Eva. We got her off the beam, wrapped her in a coat, and undertook to find her parents' house in the cloud ourst. They seemed mildly surprised when we returned the child. I have often wondered if they believed, in their back country way, that she had really died and gone to Heaven-or if, perhaps, they thought (hoped?) that their daughter had gone to a better life with the showfolks?
Wherever she is, this aging vet-

eran of a succession of Little Evas, I salute her as one of the greatest troupers I ever knew!
Tell me about the small time,

The laughs and the gags and the

Take me back to the tank towns, Where I spent the greening years.

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OBITUARIES

CHARLES S. MONROE

Broadcasting System, was found dead in bed Christmas morning at his home in Forest Hills, N.Y.

Death was apparently due to a three heart condition, possibly aggravated by diabetes.

Monroe was born in Michigan,

the son of a newspaper editor. He attended the Yale Drama School and worked in legit prior to broadcasting. His credits covered most

"Peter Pan," she retired in 1919. Charles S. Monroe, 52, long a Her husband, onetime owner of the script editor at the Columbia old Charles Hopkins Theatre on New York's W. 49th St., died in

> Surviving are a son, daughter, three brothers and a sister.

MOREY GREENBURG

In Loving Memory

CHARLES V. YATES

January 9th, 1955

Reggie, Harriet, Steve, Jack

heyday of radio. He was less active Chicago, later associated in theatring the freelance video market as cal ventures with the late Irving his duties at CBS grew heavier with the creation of the elaborate Bellamy. cross-plugs system, which he largely administered, though not always credited.

Monroe joined CBS when the late Douglas Coulter was head of the program dept. and continued City. for 14 years under the subsequent regimes of Davidson Taylor, Hub-bell Robinson and Oscar Katz. When the Program Writing Division of CBS-Radio was organized in 1948 under the direction of Robert J. Landry, Monroe was one of four staff editors along with Elwood C. Hoffman, Mort Frankel and the late James Hart. In a subsequent jurisdictional tiff between CBS and the Radio Writers Guild, that then was, Hoffman and Mon-roe were designated "manage-ment."

Surviving the writer-editor are Andy Ryan, 62, who had played his widow, Gwynedd, daughter of "Andy" in an Ottawa radio sta-

of the freelance programs in the youth, Greenburg was an actor in Cummings and with Ralph

> the former Mildred Widow, Boesel, onetime advance representative for Sir Philip Ben Greet, survives, also one son, and a sister. Mrs. Mildred Kornheizer of N.Y.

GERTRUDE BARRON

Mrs. Henry Starr Richardson, 85, former Metropolitan Opera singer and widow of the publisher of the Philadelphia Star, died Dec. 16 in Philadelphia. She was the former soprano Gertrude Barron. Her husband was a member of Penn-sylvania State Board of Motion Picture Censors from 1920 to 1931.

A son and daughter survive.

ANDY RYAN

IN LOVING MEMORY

HARRY and **ALBERT VON TILZER**

THE FAMILY

the former Episcopal Primate of tion's Christmas moppet show, Canada and Episcopal Church in Canada and Episcopal Church in "Alfie & Andy," for 36 years with-out missing a single performance, mother.

EDITH ELLIS

legit productions.

Born in Coldwater, Mich., Miss Ellis was the daughter of Edward C. Ellis, a Shakespearean actor. She began her own career as a child actress and ended on-stage work after appearing with Ibsen's "Ghosts." "Mary Jane's Pa" was produced in the 1909 legit season. In 1916 she joined Samuel Goldwyn as head of his scenario department. Subsequently, she was an

In 1924, Miss Ellis' adaptation of "Moon & Sixpence" began a long London run. She always directed her own works and occasionally those of other authors. Her most important scenarios were "Great important scenarios were "Great Meadow" and "The Easiest Way." Surviving are a daughter, Ellis

Baker, who is an actress, and a

VIOLET VIVIAN

Violet Vivian Hopkins, 74, retired actress, died Dec. 26 in New York. Born in England and known on the stage as Violet Vivian, she was the wife of the late theatrical producer-director, Charles Robert Hopkins.

She toured the U.S. in Shake-spearean roles with the Ben Greet

died Dec. 20 in Ottawa. A statistician with the federal department of agriculture, he made the first Edith Ellis, who wrote "Mary Jane's Pa," "Seven Sisters" and "White Collars," died Dec. 27 in New York. The dramatist wrote film plays and, in all, 30 produced legit productions.

Surviving are son and two daughters.

HEINZ HOFFMEISTER

Heinz Hoffmeister, 64, operator of a concert and play management bureau, died Dec. 19 in Mannheim, West Germany. For the last 30 years he was one of the best known concert managers in West Germny, and was responsible for arranging the highly successful tour of Maria

In Loving Memory of

MABEL ESMERALDA

MAUD E. BISHOP EDNA ESMERALDA

Meneghini - Callas through West Germany.

He also handled performances of the Vienna Burg Theater in Germany, and arranged top international jazz festivals.

ERIK RINNES

Erik Rinnes, director of the pospearear roles with the Ben Greet repertory company, her best known part being Juliet. After appearing in her husband's production of "Treasure Island" as Jim Hawkins and portraying the title role in the spearing and portraying the title role in the spearing discharged, and it was 11 hours improve the programming.

Erik kinnes, director of the polician discharged of the newly-formed channel. Critics have been underchanged, channel. Critics have been underchanged the German tele needs a second channel for the sake of competition since latter would undeniably improve the programming.

before he was able to summon

Rinnes was formerly chief editor of the Freies Deutsches Partei newspaper "Freies Wort," published in Bonn, and was radio rep of the German political party in the federal government.

J. CIRT GILL

J. Cirt Gill Jr., 48, Negro radio nnouncer known as "Jam-Aannouncer known Ditty," died Dec. 18 in Greensboro, N.C. During the past 10 years as an announcer for WGBG, he built a wide teenage following.

His program, "Jam-A-Ditty," became an institution. He played request tunes, found lost dogs, gave sports scores, and reunited lost

JOHN L. DORGAN

John L. Dorgan, boxing publicist, died Dec. 27 in Bayside, N. Y. Working for promoter Tex Rickard, Dorgan is credited with having given his employer the rejoinder, I don't care what you say about me as long as you spell my name right." Ill the last three years, the former publicist was most active during the "golden age of boxing" in the '20s.

Two sisters survive.

MICHAEL NORTH

Michael North, 58, radio producer and songwriter, died Dec. 21 in Reading, Eng. North, whose real name was Charles Stokes, was a veteran BBC producer on radio. His best known show was "Work-er's Playtime," a program which did much to boost morale in wartime factories.

North, who produced many radio

In Loving Memory

Henry Berlinghoff

From His Children

musicomedies, wrote the signature tune for ITMA.

Survived by his wife and daugh-

GUY L. LANGER

Guy L. Langer, 52, one of the chairmen of the Florida West Coast Symphony Orchestra, died Dec. 9 in Sarasota, Fla., after a long illness. He was a native of Northport, Conn.

Survived by wife, Marjory, a musician.

Mrs. Paula Marr Collier, exactress and widow of actor-director William Collier, died at Glendale, Cal., Dec. 22. Son, ex-actor Wil-liam (Buster) Collier Jr., survives.

Father, 70, of prima ballerina Marina Svetlova, died Dec. 13 in New York City. His wife also

James C. Knollin, 67, songwriter and founder-owner of San Fran-cisco's Knollin Advertising Agency, died Dec. 22 in Burlingame, Cal. Wife and son survive.

Mother, 72, of Bill Finch, nitery performer, died Dec. 12 in Oakland, Calif.

W. German Tele Continued from page 3 =

ing to being the minority. So a dis-

pute between Adenauer and the Laender broke out.

ruled by the Social Democrats (SFD), the opposition party. Taking note of Kennedy's television success, the Adenauer group realizes, of course, the importance of television in its forthcoming (fall 1961)

election campaign.

A big lawsuit is pending. The Bavarian Prime Minister suggested a compromise solution: The second channel should be controlled by the Government, the third one by the Laender. But the Laender didn't like this idea either. The big question is now who gets the second channel. It's primarily a party matter.

The programming side will assume a more important role no matter who controls the second

Mrs. Pat and Bernard Shaw

Continued from page 3 =

broke. We are giving her \$8,000. Do the best you can."

I had orders, but my heart was what was left of her career. heavy. The script was pried open, and a mature lady edged in. A limousine was sent for her every day, and there were flowers, too, in a star's dressing room reserved especially for the famous actress. However, in the publicity her name was merely to be in support of two youngsters.

She came to my office a day or so before she was to face the camera. She might have been a middleaged Paula Tanqueray drop-ping in for tea and muffins. Her face was pale, but strangely unlined, though she was then 67. Her hair, of course, was still its raven black; she had not let it go as Duse and Ada Rehan had. Her caressing eyes made no effort to conceal their worldly wisdom, and her voice—well, I could have picked it from a million. I should know it now. I know me from Adam. She was on the defensive. After all, for 25 years one of the most famous of stage ladies, favorite actress of Pinero, Shaw, and others, with the pick of their roles, co-star with

Distinguished dramatist George Middleton was for 16 years a technical specialist in the office of the Alien Property Custodian on copy-rights, and particularly handled the accumulated funds of alien nationals during World War II. He retired in 1958 and marked his 80th birthday this past Oct. 27. Since "retirement" Middleton is back writing and is particularly concerned with protecting the rights of authors and composers. He is the recipient of the "Sustained Superior Performance Award" from the Justice Dept., given him in recognition of these efforts, before his mandatory retirement because of age.

Author of "Polly With A Past" and "Adam and Eva," both in collaboration with Guy Bolton, and collaborator or sole author of 20 other plays, as well as four volumes of one-act plays and an auto-biography, "These Things Are Mine," the onetime president of the Dramatists Guild is working on a new play, tentatively titled "Somebody Else." It is a domestic comedy. (Also reported that Mid-dleton's theatre manuscripts will eventually be turned over to the Library of Congress.—Ed.).

Sarah Bernhardt in Maeterlinck's "Pelleas et Melisande," for years almost an English institution—sitting in an office with a movie man! Not until I mentioned I was a dramatist, that I had even sent her a play, that we had many friends, did she unbend.

For 25 Years the Queen

And this lady, about whom for 25 years much of the best of English drama revolved, was now to appear in several patched-up scenes gashed into a routine picture, directed by a man who had never before directed either a picture or a play. This lady, who had played nearly all the great parts in Shakespeare, was now supporting a star who had acted a scant handful of "sides" and had never even heard Existent first channel is controlled entirely by the different Laender of which several are

When I saw the film put together, most of what Mrs. Pat had done was bad. Yet there was one moment—a second or two—when she read a totally unimportant speech. But from it radiated a thousand meanings. It was a mo-ment as unforgettable as when I saw Isadore dance for the last time in Paris. I used to have that scene run just to recapture a flash of the old Mrs. Pat: an arresting, fascinating woman, a queen I had once bowed to.

Enter Moonbeam

Though she was urgently in need of an engagement in London, Mrs. Pat had actually refused a role of fered her by the producer of the film version of Shaw's "Major Bar-bara." She did this solely because its screening would require her to return to England where the law would not allow the dog to be with her until after a six months' quarantine. As she had previously seen

talking picture. Her name will help how such dogs were penned "in a sales in England. Besides, she's small cage with criss-crossed bars, she could not endure to have Moonbeam subjected to that ordeal. She chose her dog and renounced

> It is possible, however, that an unrecorded effort may have been made to evade the quarantine regulations. I was told by one who was present, of an admission Mrs. Pat herself made at a private luncheon. It had been given in her honor by Professor William Lyon Phelps, in New Haven, where she had stopped off on a reading tour (after the disastrous Hollywood experience) to eke out her meager "allowance."

On that occasion she had with her both Moonbeam and her trenchant wit, which equalled Shaw's. In a gay mood she described her encounter with the Port Officers: "I knew the law, of course, but I knew how the poor little door suffered away from their little dogs suffered away from their masters. Moonbeam trusted me so; I couldn't betray him. I made up my mind to take him through with me. So I tucked him into my bosom had never met her, and she didn't and covered him with my cape. I smiled my prettiest. I sailed up to the barrier. Everything was going splendidly - until my bosom barked."

> The Pekinese played his part, and she didn't get hers. She never returned to England. She died at 75 in France. Her estate's most valuable assets were the Shaw letters, that could be sold, and the copyright interest in them which he had given her-thus permitting their publication — plus her own letters which he had returned to her. He had always kept them.

Tijuana Jumping

Continued from page 3 =

need not attempt Spanish translations. Clip joints are clearly de-fined in blazing neons as "Nite Clubs," "Dance Halls," "Bars," etc. with the predominant note "Floor Shows.

While the tourist is on Mexican soil he is expected to pay in American dollars. As a matter of fact, Mexican money appears to be in short supply, and is looked down on. A spot check of major spots and some commercial establishments revealed that only about 2% quote prices in the two currencies Mexican and American.

Such organizations as the Tijuana Chamber of Commerce, the National Assn. of Actors and various bankers and financial interests want to quash once and for all the formerly merited legend of a town wallowing in vice and corruption.

It will take some doing. But steps have been initiated, for example, by the National Assn. of Actors. which controls 28 of the approximate 31 Tijuana night spots. Only about eight spots have shows that still are considered an offense to morals, although the others may slip when there is a let up in vigilance. But Rodolfo Landa of the Association recently said that there must be a general cleanup of night club entertainment in the area so that tourists can be provided with "healthy morally unobjectionable diversions at honest prices.'

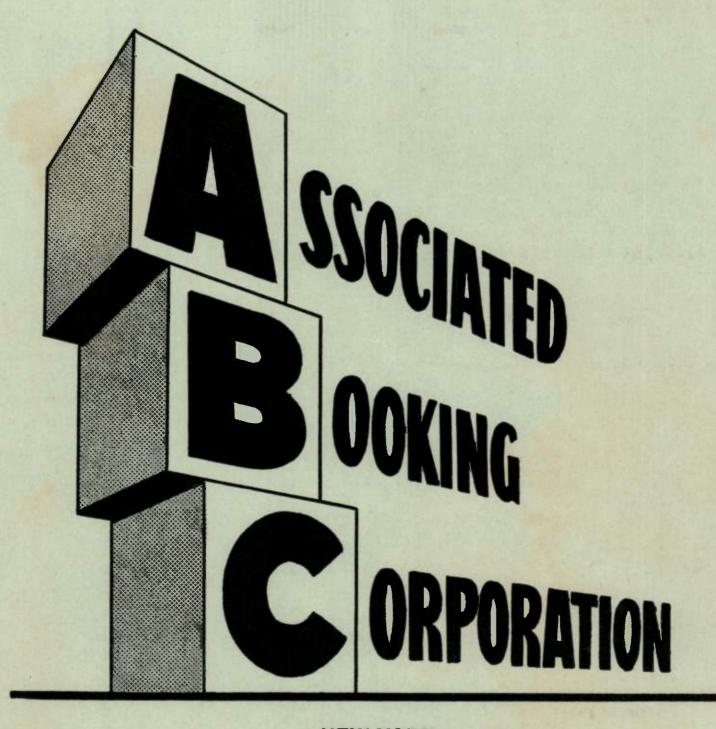
The law has been laid down to strippers to clean up their acts or face punitive fines and possible expulsion. Off-color skits, jokes, and similar questionable material has to go, according to the Association. The general feeling is that the town can still be a fun spot, with a special Mexican lilt, but it had better toe the line as far as outright pornography is concerned.

MARRIAGES

Virginia Hoefeld to Hanna Kolmar, Beverly Hills, Dec. 28. She's an ex-William Morris staffer; he's a Frisco legit and film pressagent Mrs. Eleanor Ehrlich to Abn Miller, Philadelphia, Dec. 25. 1 with the Philly Board of Ed tion's radio-tv dept.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Lenihan, son, Nov. 26, San Francisco. He's NABET's Northern California rep. Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Hyde-White, daughter, Hollywood, Dec. 16. Father's the actor.



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