

think it matters just what book the screen play was built from. The plot would have been the same. A good deal of the filming was done in Haiti, some interesting native faces were used in a number of the scenes, and the colors of the foliage—including those glaring reds and greens one sees in Haitian “primitive” paintings—are pleasant.

The substance of the picture has to do with the Haitian fight for independence from France during the early eighteen hundreds, also with a pretty blonde girl, Lydia Bailey, ward of the powerful d'Autremont family. A young American, Albion Hamilton, arrives in Haiti at an inopportune moment in search of Lydia's signature for some kind of document. We see him braving jungle and fierce Haitian renegades to get to her and to persuade her to sign on the dotted line. She will sign, if. . . . Then he rescues her, while all hell breaks loose. (The French have arrived in ships.) They fall in love. There are other things mixed up in it too, like a voodoo ceremony, some conferences with the magnificent Toussaint, Pauline Napoleon, and some fine talk about freedom and equality, but I couldn't quite unravel it all. Nevertheless, everything works out quite well, and there is a lovely last line, reminiscent of one in “Quo Vadis,” that has Albion inviting King Dick, a Haitian general, to come visit him and the wife in the States when things quiet down a bit. Anne Francis is Lydia, Dale Robertson is Albion, and William Marshall portrays King Dick; all three do well enough, considering the circumstances. Come to think of it, Lydia never did sign that document. Never any time for it.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SR Recommends

Ivory Hunter: Kenya Colony, Africa, provides the background for a British-made film about animals. (SR June 7.)

Under the Paris Sky: Some “snatch-of-life” episodes welded by Duvivier into a highly scenic apotheosis of Paris. (SR May 24.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (SR Apr. 26.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (SR Apr. 5.)

5 Fingers: L. C. Moyzisch's “Operation Cicero” turned into a spy film that avoids all the usual clichés of the genre and includes an abundance of the Mankiewicz sophistication. (SR Mar. 8.)

African Fury: A rather bizarre retitling for U.S. distribution of “Cry, the Beloved Country,” with screen script by Alan Paton and starring the late Canada Lee. (SR Feb. 2.)

TV and Radio

I LIKE LIKE

THE conceivers of television programs are planning now for next season's entertainment. The period of gestation is the summer months, and a natural delivery is expected by Labor Day. I have had my eye to the keyhole and I can report that the expectant fathers are confident it will be a girl and a boy.

“What we want is another Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz,” is the prayer of every network and advertising executive.

And so television, like radio before it, has haplessly, and so quickly, fallen into the futile trap of building shows LIKE other shows. Two years ago it was: “What we're looking for is another quiz master LIKE Groucho Marx.” Last year it was: “We want a mystery show LIKE ‘Dragnet.’” And this year the story is: “The people want a situation comedy LIKE ‘I Love Lucy.’”

This comedy situation of creating a plethora of situation comedies is brought about by the fact that “I Love Lucy” has garnered what in the television business is considered a Pulitzer Award—a high rating. As a matter of fact, a Nobel Prize, since it has enjoyed the highest rating of any program on the medium; a footnote to our times which I leave to the less impatient to examine.

But for weeks now the men in high office have been calling for shows LIKE “I Love Lucy.” Their logic is simple—nothing succeeds like success. And so far that's the way it has been. Absolutely nothing they have tried to date has succeeded like the successful Lucille Ball show. Not even the better written, more slickly-produced situation comedy which predates “Lucy” by a good year, the George Burns and Gracie Allen program, which has been handicapped in the ratings by appearing every second week, and in the unenviable time spot opposite the one and nobody LIKE Groucho Marx.

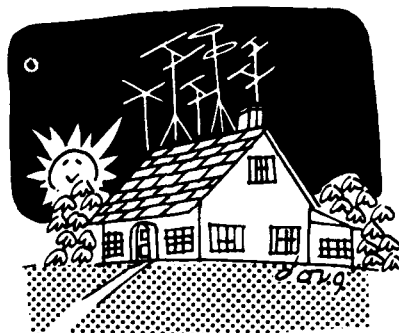
So, if you happen to know a couple whose life is one comedy situation after another, get in touch with your nearest television station. As a matter of fact the couple doesn't have to be married, just so they look compatible and don't mind being separated for a half-hour every week by a short misunderstanding and a long commercial.

Finding a show LIKE another show is not an easy task. This past season we noted the pitiful attempts by some of the ineffectual mystery shows to emulate the crisp dialogue and sharply-etched character closeups of “Dragnet,” produced and starred in by Jack Webb. The call evidently went out for shows LIKE “Dragnet,” and for a couple of weeks they made a college try for it on a show called “The Web.” It was quite obvious they had the wrong Webb.

BEFORE that came the “furniture” shows—a table and three or four chairs, in which sat three or four people trying to guess something or other. “What's My Line?” became eminently successful and the search was on for shows LIKE “What's My Line?” One of these is “The Name's the Same.” Others followed, and if they haven't yet, they will. There is always a demand for shows LIKE any successful show. And don't think it's an easy operation, this “What's My Line?” One of the features of this show is to guess the name of a well-known personality who is appearing on the program that night. And it's not easy to pack a w.k. personality into a trunk and deliver him to the television theatre so the panel of experts can't see him backstage before the show. But they do it every week over on Panel Two.

It is only natural, perhaps, that television with its rapacious appetite for material and ideas should seize upon the easy way out and build shows LIKE other shows. More often than not the original remains the more successful, while the show LIKE it struggles along until option time and is heard of no more. The only show which comes to mind that no show has been built LIKE is “Those Two,” starring Pinky Lee. Every time I watch it I get the feeling that the whole thing is a typographical error. They thought they were getting Peggy Lee. Now that's more LIKE it.

—GOODMAN ACE.



BOOKED *for* TRAVEL

CAPERING AMONG THE COLONIALS

MUCH OF THE palaver about American history which the kids have been listening to in school all winter actually took place forty miles east of Richmond on a Virginia peninsula that sticks out into Chesapeake Bay. Being an old friend of the juvenile set, I'm for having you take the *kinder* down there and let them examine history right where it was manufactured. Pitching camp in Williamsburg, it is a short drive to one shore of the peninsula to see Yorktown and to the other to look in on Jamestown Island.

Just the other day I tested such an excursion in your behalf. I neglected, I regret to report, to take along my own juvenile inasmuch as history to him is yesterday's bottle and this morning's burp. But to all other purposes the journey was as typical as one you might take. The traveling around the peninsula indicated the necessity of a car, although Washington did well at Yorktown without one. The distance from New York to Williamsburg, on the other hand, indicated a long drive. This curious enigma was dispatched by flying an American Airlines Con-*vair* to Richmond in the length of time it takes to eat lunch, and then picking up an Avis drive-yourself automobile for the drive over a dual-lane highway to the Williamsburg Inn.

The facts, figures, and prices for this frivolity I shall reserve for a later paragraph. Suffice it to say we dumped our baggage, parked the car, and repaired forthwith to Chowning's Tavern, a restoration of the saloon which Josiah Chowning opened in the city of Williamsburg in 1766. A typical menu of Josiah's day, according to a bit of intelligence on the back of the present bill-of-fare, went like this:

Firft Courfe

Soop Lorain
Turbot broiled with Oyfters
and Shrimps
Grand Patty
Hen Turkeys with Eggs
Marrow Puddings
Stew'd Carps and broil'd Eels
Spring Pye
Chine of Muttons with Pickles
Difh of Scotch Collops
Difh of Salmigondin

With their appetites thus whetted the

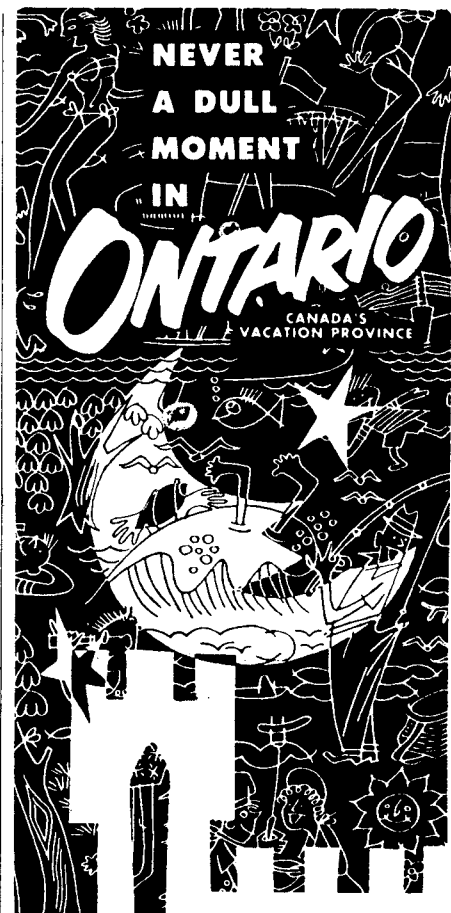
eighteenth-century boys went on to attack as a second courfe, "fat chickens and tame Pigeons," fried sole, tarts, custards and cheesecakes, and a wide assortment of other tasty knick-knacks.

Capacity has shrunk and prices have inflated in an inverse ratio these last 150 years, and Chowning's current menu is a trifle more modest, though no less colonial. It serves Pecan Waffles "hot and new with Syrup and Butter," Oysters on the Shell "(in the proper seafons)," Brunswick Stew "Made from a Young Fowl with frefh Garden Stuff feafon'd to Tafte and ferv'd up hot."

Thus fortified by vitamins of the proper era one is ready to examine Colonial Williamsburg which, as everyone must know, has been restored lock, stock, and lamp post to the way it appeared when it was the capital of the Virginia Colony. All this has been accomplished at a cost that would strain the exchequer of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who, indeed, underwrote it.

It is pleasant Williamsburg sport to saunter along the Duke of Gloucester Street, popping into the restored shops, each of which has a bewigged shopkeeper in attendance to tell what things were like in the pewtering business back in 1760, and to sell you some small unnecessary that is reminiscent of the era. The apothecary's shop, for example, sells Scotch snuff. The ladies' size comes packed in a pig bladder, the men's sizes in a calf bladder. (A visiting urologist from Johns Hopkins dropped in one day, picked up a gourd of snuff, said, "What's this?" Answered his wife, "You ought to know. You operate on them every day.")

The pharmacist at the apothecary shop has a ledger indicating that Patrick Henry still owes a bill of one pound, four shillings, and eight pence, an indebtedness which at current interest rates has grown to \$200,000. Other diggings in the original apothecary's archives have uncovered the proper rules for taking snuff: 1.) sneeze, 2.) spit, and 3.) blow your nose. A hair restorative of former days dispensed by the store called for installing twelve mice in an earthen jar and sealing the jar behind the fireplace. After a year the mice were to be removed, powdered, and mixed with



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