From 1956 to 1962, Alfred Hitchcock's Shamley Productions produced over 350 television programs, primarily for the series Alfred Hitchcock Presents. The famous silhouette and the "Funeral March of the Marionettes" theme were a weekly promise of thirty minutes (later an hour) of generally light suspense, accompanied by humorous introductions from Hitchcock himself. Of these many shows, only nineteen were actually directed by Hitchcock. Evaluation of this work has been almost nonexistent, although Hitchcock's feature films have been the subject of a tremendous amount of critical attention.

The reasons for this neglect are perhaps natural. Weekly TV series have not offered much that is worthy of close concern, and it is easy enough to assume that Hitchcock simply exploited the value of his name as a purveyor of 'entertainments' and did not pay much attention to his directing endeavors in this area. Robin Wood in Hitchcock's Films lumps the TV shows along with the advertising and trailers for the features to assert that Hitchcock is "the least uncompromising of great artists" (p. 34), while Peter Bogdanovich in his Museum of Modern Art interview quotes Hitchcock as saying that he did not seek out which TV shows to direct, but simply took them "as they cropped up" (p. 34). Only Rohmer and Chabrol, of all writers on Hitchcock's features, suggest ("rumor has it") that his TV films might be of some interest, although they only refer to one show he directed (Hitchcock, p. 138). Even the voluminous Truffaut interview book contains just an occasional reference to a particular TV show, and never, in fact, mentions a single specific title.

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Despite this critical neglect, the Hitchcock-directed shows are an illuminating part of Hitchcock's total work, and in fact, seem to me to be invaluable as a means for understanding key Hitchcockian concerns. Hitchcock has said "Television is, in a certain way, a simplified cinema." ("Hitchcock et la TV," p. 7) and the TV shows afford an excellent opportunity to observe distilled elements of the features. It is my hope to demonstrate the closeness of these shows to the features and the cross-fertilization that has taken place between Hitchcock's work in the two media.

One possible objection to a close study of these TV shows might be that the Hitchcock-directed episodes are not necessarily superior to the others. Rather than labor this point, I would simply point out that those who remember watching the series are often surprised to learn their favorite shows were among those directed by Hitchcock. Despite Hitchcock's suggestion that he exercised no special selection in choosing projects to direct, the films are their own evidence of his interest. Rather than comparing Hitchcock-directed episodes to others in the series, it will be sufficient to direct attention solely to the relationships between all the films, television and feature, directed by Hitchcock. While the other shows may display his influence to varying degrees, this is not the argument here being pressed.

Since the following discussion depends upon at least a nodding acquaintance with certain Hitchcock themes and technical concerns, it may be useful to review these. These concepts are the "transfer of guilt," the Hitchcockian "look," and Hitchcock's constant preoccupation with working out special problems of suspense. "Transfer of guilt," as a Hitchcock theme was first discussed by Rohmer and Chabrol in their seminal 1957 study. The phrase is
somewhat misleading, for what is involved is the implication of the innocent in the guilt of others. It is a way, that the innocent are partly guilty and the guilty innocent. In its highest expression this develops into an idea of the "interchangeable good and evil" (p. 156). Treadwell's guilt situations in the features include Bruno and Guy "exchanging" murders in Strangers on a Train and the priest's having the confession of a murderer in Confess and having to withhold this knowledge even though he himself is charged with the crime.

Jean Douchet has noted how frequently Hitchcock heroes and heroines are seen with absolutely fixed staves, either in panic or some level of madness. Examples of this are Ingrid Bergman through most of Under Capricorn, Vera Miles as she goes insane in The Wrong Man, and Tippi Hedren in Marnie. The one on the left in Lifeboat and Norman Bates in Psycho, both of them trans-figured in kinds of madness, find numerous counterparts in the TV films. While none of Hitchcock's interviews discuss this, he has referred to his special interest in facial expressions in the TV shows. "Personally, what interests me in television work is the actor's face, because I know that what the public is interested in. One must take care with the eyes, and I do," (Hitchcock, et la TV, p. 7) Douchet accounts for the frequency of these looks by saying that they are "the filmic means through which this panic obtaining expression of the "mad death" can be communicated (p. 136). While this is a somewhat arguable point in relation to the features, there are several clear cases in the TV shows where such staves are indeed closely related with death.

In interviews, Hitchcock often expresses an interest in specific technical problems and suspense devices. The point of importance here is that Hitchcock has often returned to unsolved difficulties in the hope of finding new and different solutions. For instance, Hitchcock tells Truffaut that he made a serious error in Saboteur (1942) when he had the villain dwelling in mid-air from the Statue of Liberty, rather than the hero (p. 106). From this we can conclude (though it is not mentioned in the interviews) that Marlon Stewart hanging from the roof at the start of Vertigo and Eva Marie Saint in similar straits at the end of North by Northwest are two consequences of his error in Saboteur. In this area, Hitchcock has been concerned on a number of occasions with special problems of time and space, as in the ten minute takes of Rope and the confined sets of Lifeboat and Rear Window. With these ideas in mind, one can more fruitfully discuss the films.

Hitchcock's first film made for television was Breakdown (1955), starring Joseph Cotten. It resonantly echoes familiar elements to a story from hearing this is a story of a successful businessman on a working vacation in Miami. While dictating to his secretary, he's interrupted by a caller from a disfigured employee who has been fired. The man is crying and begging for a chance to keep his job, Cotten expresses disgust at the man's audacity and cuts him off, saying to an associate, "Can you imagine that, he was actually crying." On his way back to New York he sees a car in a construction detour where a prison gang is at work. Suddenly, a tractor hits him head on. He wakes up to find himself pinned under the steering wheel of his wrecked car, completely paralyzed. We hear his thoughts as interior monologue, while three men come and steal his clothes and then some of the prisoners return to steal his clothes. Left alone again, he finds that he can wiggle his little finger, but everything else is lost to his eyes and open-stare, as the look of a dead man. The law comes for him that night and he's moved to an ambulance, his little finger moving so slightly that it is the only proof of his life. Of subjective shots, he is placed on a cart at the city morgue, where squakily wheels prevent anything from hearing his breath tapping. He is deposed in a drawer and left there for an autopsy the next morning. Morning comes, and he finds that his movable finger was pinned under him as he was put in the drawer. The coroner is now ready to pronounce him dead. As the sheet is about to be spread over him, the coroner's assistant notices a tear in his eye. As "tears" drip on the camera lens (his eyes), he hears himself saved.

Breakdown's central situation remarkably anticipates North by Northwest (made four years later). In both, an unfeeling, overly sure-assured businessman is plunged into chaos by the flimsiest of coincidences, and finds new capacities for feeling as he struggles to stay alive in a freshly hostile world. Where North by Northwest could more leisurely develop a "systematic stripping away of all the protective armor of modern city life" (quote Robin Wood), the tractor crash in Breakdown is an abbreviated means of achieving the same ends, and Cotten is literally stripped as he lies paralyzed. The neat symmetry of beginning with Cotten's disdain for a man who cries and ending with his own tears saving his life encloses a refined neurotically chastening process of a kind Rohmer and Chabrol have identified as common to many Hitchcock films. Another link to the features is the technical similarity to a basic Lifeboat-like situation, as Cotten lies motionless in his car for most of the program. His state is also an archetypal case found in many of the TV films, here of special interest because it is interpreted as death by all who see him.

Hitchcock's best hour film (of the three he directed) tells virtually the same story as Breakdown. Four O'Clock (1957), for the Suspense Series, is a suspense noir watchmaker who suspects his wife of adultery. He sets a bomb in his basement in order to abruptly halt her infidelity, but thieves come upon him as he is about to leave. They then, him up right across from the time mechanism set to go off in a few hours. This situation is highly controlled, or, to put it another way, Hitchcock's manipulation of rigorously minimal suspense elements is masterful. Again, most of the film takes place within a limited space, the confines of the basement, the camera entirely restricted to shots of the immobile protagonist (whose "thoughts" are heard as voice-over) and to his point of view. Small, everyday events (a gas man reading a meter, a little boy chasing a bug) assume life and death significance, as with Joseph Cotten's moving finger in Breakdown. Hitchcock calls this kind of device "elevating the commonplace life to a higher level" (Truffaut, p. 169). Four O'Clock ends in a variation that the Marshall character over the brink of madness, his face frozen in a trance-like stare.

The most fanciful of the shows, The Case of Mr. Pelham (1955), also ends in madness. The title role played by a stock Average Joe type from Ewell, is a successful businessman with whom meticulously organized routine is unsettled by the presence of an ex-convict, played by Tao Ruspoli. Pelham buys a garish tie and starts to behave in an unpredictable a fashion as possible. In their even-faceted encounter, however, the real Pelham is labeled the phony because of his recent atypical activities. The double has the Pelham domain to himself now as the first he is hauled off to the asylum.

Funny in a Twilight Zone manner, the developing terror is a bit too unnerving for these situations, simply to sit back and laugh. Behind Pelham's protection, a sensation that an ordered existence is being uprooted, with latent insanity just below the surface smugness. Hitchcock, here as often, delights in making the contrived seem possible by engaging audience sympathy and then severely subverting expectations. The total plot novelty gives way to a veiled and characteristically Hitchcockian attack on personal security.

A group of the TV shows deal with "perfect" murders, and some of the more clever killers actually realize their goals. In all cases, grabbing power must be accompanied by dispossession (grinding the remnants in one, baking them in another) are treated with a heavy outer layer of factiousness, revealing the plans that Hummel and the break-in survivors kept conceiving in Shadow of a Doubt.

Lamb to the Slaughter (1958), probably the most famous as a teleplay, The Alfred Hitchcock Presents series, is about one murderess who gets away with her crime. Barbara Bel Geddes (one of the few consistent parts in Vertigo the same year) plays a present-lover whose German husband comes home and announces she wants to divorce him. She falls into a disbelieving rage, goes on the streets for lamb out of the freezer, and then clubs her husband over the head with it when he's not looking. Still in from the freezer with a murder weapon/dinner in the oven. His police buddies come to investigate the murder, figure that a blunt instrument was the cause of death, but can't believe she did it. She kindly offers them something to eat, and as they dig into their roast lamb, they still wonder where the same Rembrandt is. She says, "For all we know, it could be right under our very noses."

Lamb to the Slaughter, like the other perfect murder, is a strictly British genre, the humor of the macabre, as Hitchcock described The Trouble with Harry (five years earlier) to Truffaut. Truffaut's comment in this regard also applies to this group of TV films: "I must say you successfully demonstrate how horribly easy it can easily become morbid or sordid—can be filmed in such a way that they're never repulsive very often, they're even fascinating" (p. 169).

Besides the problem of getting rid of the murder weapon, there are three shows which are situations where the "sympathy for the body" theme. In one of the strangest of the television shows, Arthur (1959), Lawrence Harvey plays a basket-case who grinds his wife's body into feed for his poultry, successively avoiding detection. In The Perfect Crime (1957), Vincent Price plays a Sherlock Holmes-like detective who steps to the other side of the law to bake James Gregory's body in a pottery kiln (and get away with it) only to find that he has been the cause of an innocent man's execution. Not so fortunate is John Williams, a very clever man in Dial M for Murder and To Catch a Thief, who buries his wife in their basement in Back for Christmas (1956). The story opens with Williams, from a missing woman according to height given on his wife's passport. After adding two inches ("No use crying over spilt milk"), he fills her husband down so he can make a visual comparison. They are planning a vacation, and after he dutifully assists her in putting covers on the furniture, they go
back to the cellar, where he finishes her off with a shovel blow. He embarks upon the vacation alone, only to learn that she had planned prior to her premature demise to have the cellar excavated for a wine cellar during their vacation as a surprise to him.

Another wife murderer is caught by chance in One More Mile to Go (1957), but this show is in the tight suspense genre, eerily anticipating major elements of Psycho. In a superbly executed opening scene (filmed in one continuous shot of at least a couple of minutes), we see David Wayne club his wife to death with an andiron. The vantage point is from inside the window, and muffled voices are all that is heard, thus leaving the motive for murder unspecified. He drags her body out to his car and puts it in the trunk. Driving out on a lonely road to dispose of the body, he is stopped by a policeman because one of his tail lights isn’t working. He goes to a gas station as the cop follows him, and on the verge of having his trunk pried open with a crowbar, the light goes on. He drives off, but the policeman still follows him. When the light goes out again, his luck runs out. The officer tells him to drive ahead to headquarters, where the trunk will be pried open to fix the light, thus revealing the body.

Hitchcock says in the Truffaut book that in order to build suspense, “whenever possible the public must be informed.” One More Mile to Go is an elementary example of this. Most of the story is routine, almost banal, except for the audience’s knowledge of the body in the trunk. As in the Psycho (made three years later) episode of Janet Leigh being questioned and followed by the highway patrolman, this like incident is suspenseful because the audience knows the hero to be in even greater danger than the law officers themselves suspect. (The show’s other markedly similar to Psycho is in the sequence of Wayne dragging the dead body to the car and putting it in the truck. Some of the Psycho shots following the bathroom murder are practically identical to ones here, not to mention the repeated means of getting the body out.)

Still on the subject of uxoricide, Mr. Blanchard’s Secret (1956) is a weak offspring of the 1954 feature Rear Window. In this one, a female mystery writer watches her neighbors from the bedroom window and assumes that the reason she doesn’t see the woman next door is that her husband killed her. As it turns out, the murder is wholly imagined. The show is entirely without distinction, worth noting only for its connection with the earlier feature. This is fortunately the only case of a banal reworking of an old plot device in any of the Hitchcock-directed shows.

A wife motivated murder is the basis for the first televised episode of the Alfred Hitchcock Presents series in 1955 (although it was filmed after Breakdown). This episode, Revenge, is absolutely classic Hitchcock, and remains one of my favorite shows. (This is the episode mentioned favorably by Rohmer and Chatrob, p. 108.) Vera Miles stars as a recently discharged mental patient just settled into her new home with husband Ralph Meeker. He returns home from his first day at work to find his wife in shriek on her bed. She tells of being attacked by an unknown assailant. From all outward signs, she appears to have lapsed back into insanity, and through the rest of the film speaks in a slow monotone and stares, wide-eyed, straight ahead. The police investigate the supposed crime, but they don’t turn up any clues. Meeker decides to take his wife on a short vacation, but as they are driving through town, Miss Miles sees a man walking along the street and says to her husband, “That’s him. That’s the one.” He promptly stops the car, follows the man up to his room, and kills him. Returning to his car, the couple continue their trip. A few moments later, however, she spots another man again says, “That’s him. That’s the one.”

The irony of the title is most appealing, since Meeker avenges a crime that probably never occurred by killing a man who is guilty only of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Miles thinks all men guilty, and the sup-
posed crime is most likely a fantasy reaction to the uncertainties of her new role as a housewife, and her being left alone so soon after being released from a mental hospital. So, in effect, Meeker is "revenging" a crime he is responsible for. The "transfer of guilt," then, is a complex interplay of wife imagining crime the husband is guilty of, with the husband revenging the crime by killing a man he imagines to be guilty, but who is in fact equivalent in the wife's eyes to all men, no doubt including the husband himself. This show comes closest to the Rohmer-Chabrol idea of interchangeable guilt; no one is entirely innocent, or completely guilty. A surprising depth of guilt possibilities is plumbed in the very brief twenty-three minutes. The particularly fine performance of Vera Miles is one of the foundations of the show's success, and she was to play a very similar role for Hitchcock in *The Wrong Man* four years later. (Hitchcock tells Truffaut that he originally had Miss Miles in mind for the Madeleine/Judy part in *Vertigo*, another role calling for a trance-like state, but had to go with Kim Novak because of Miles' pregnancy.)

Hitchcock's famous "mistake" in *Sabotage* (1936) is corrected in *Bang! You're Dead* (1961). The sequence in the British feature concerns a young boy who has to carry a package across town, not knowing there is a bomb inside. Through a series of delays, the boy fails to arrive at his destination and the bomb explodes while he is riding on a bus. Needless to say, the few minutes before the bomb goes off are taut with suspense (the audience, of course, has been made aware of the contents of the package and the exact moment it is due to explode). The Hitchcock dictum of suspense created by informing the audience transforms a brief, routine bus journey into a nightmare. As Hitchcock observes (Truffaut, p. 76), though, having the bomb explode and killing the boy makes the audience resentful because they have been so worked up by the sequence and have come to feel such sympathy for the boy. In *Bang! You're Dead*, Hitchcock performs essentially the same exercise but with a more satisfactory solution. The show stars Billy Mumy as a boy who accidentally comes into possession of a loaded gun, thinking it to be a toy. He spends most of the next half hour roaming around the neighborhood shooting the gun, which has only two bullets in it. Occasionally spinning the chamber, he plays inadvertent Russian roulette with a series of passers-by, from the postman to some people in a supermarket. He returns home one step ahead of his frantically searching parents, and he is about to draw bead on the maid when he is finally apprehended. A hasty yell causes him to deflect his arm just enough to allow the bullet to hit the wall instead of the maid. The boy breaks down and cries, realizing how serious his innocent game could have become.

This conclusion is much more satisfactory. If he had actually shot someone, the violence would have been gratuitous. Once the suspense potential has been played out, there's no need to end with a bang. The ideas of death at random and extreme possible danger in seemingly innocent situations (both common Hitchcock ploys) need not be carried to fruition for the concept to get across. This ending conforms to what Robin Wood calls the therapeutic theme in Hitchcock's films; the idea of a character living through the consequences of a weakness or obsession, as it is likely that the boy will never play with guns again.

Just about all the shows depend upon a surprise ending to deliver their punch. Unfortunately, a thirty minute suspense format (which works down to about 23 minutes of actual story time once commercials and introductions are subtracted) does not permit a great deal of freedom, and the driving force of these shows is usually the stock mystery device of keeping the audience guessing how things will turn out. The shows are somewhat O. Henry-ish, but this is a genre characteristic that the Hitchcock-directed episodes consistently transcend. Such devices as the tears in Joseph Cotten's eyes in *Breakdown* and Vera Miles' second
“That’s the man” in Revenge meet the shock ending requirement, but they are also comments on complacency and guilt (respectively) which are more sophisticated than the formless remissness, even Hitchcock’s features sometimes delight in shock endings, and the difference between the endings of Vertigo and the TV show Revenge, at the simplest level, is not pronounced. Both end with a character in stunned disbelief, possibly insane, over a chance, needless killing and the, in this case, strings measure responsible. While the features are richer in thematic complexities, TV shows like Revenge shed a good deal of light on the skeletal structures on which the longer films are built.

Another show depending upon madness is also one of the funniest in Dip in the Pool (1958). Keenan Wynn plays a brash tourist on a ship cruise with his wife to Europe using “Aunt Jenny’s $4,000.” They must watch their budget carefully, and after Wynn loses heavily at cards, he sees a chance to win some real money. A tradition on the ship is a nightly pool in which passengers wager on the number of miles the ship will travel the next day. He places a large bet on a low mileage number, assuming that the then raging storm will still the ship, causing him to lose a sizeable sum. When he wakes to calm seas the next morning, all seems lost. But armed with a pragmatic business sense, Wynn seizes on the scheme of jumping aboard in order to delay the ship long enough for him to collect on the pool (thus the double entendre of the title). Choosing a woman whose powers of sight and hearing he first tests to function as a witness, Wynn takes the plunge. His best laid plans, however, go awry because the woman turns out to be a mental patient who is rapidly herded back to her room when she reports her story of a man jumping off the boat to her attendant. The liner steams on, as yet another Hitchcock-directed show ends in a close-up of an insane person staring straight ahead with eyes transfixed. This surprise ending is similar to the episode in Marnie where suspense is created by the presence of a cleaning woman to throw the suspect of a theft. In that case, though, the woman turns out only to be deaf, rather than insane. (Dip in the Pool is also the only TV show in which Hitchcock appears in the story, a Lifeboat-like appearance when a passenger on the ship is seen reading a magazine with Hitchcock’s picture on it.)

A fixed gaze of a most unusual sort comes near the end of The Crystal Trench (1959), a face preserved in a glacier for forty years. Another strange tale, this is the story of a newly married bride whose husband falls down a cliff while trying to scale a dangerous mountain, and drops into the glacier. Enlist-
conversation is dominated by talk of birds, including Williams saying he caught a brace of partridge last week, at a market. Through-
out, his references to bird-watching suggest he is involved in it at the moment, in watch-
ing the murderer. Indeed, the dinner table sequence in Banquo is like the dinner in Shadow of a Doubt and the famous breakfast scene in I Confess (cf. Truffaut, p. 152), where questions of murder and guilt are hidden beneath conversations of trivialities, with doubts and suspicions suggested through visual means (slow tracks in on characters, cutting to a close-up of the suspect on a key word). And finally, of course, Williams own secure world is upset, as he turns out to be as surprised by the ghost as the murderer himself. So while Banquo's Chair is an ironic tale of a fake ghost that turns out to be real, it is still very much a Hitchcock film.

Besides Four O’Clock, Hitchcock directed two other hour television films, and while they are both rather unequal, neither is entirely without interest. Incident at a Corner (1960, for Ford Star Time) starts intriguingly with the same incident repeated from several different viewpoints—a school crossing guard reprimanding the PTSD patient for careless driving. The guard (Paul Hartman) is later dismissed from his job on the basis of an anonymous note accusing him of being too friendly with little school girls. His daughter’s boyfriend (George Peppard) takes up his case, assuming that the PTSD patient sent the note out of spite. An hour later, it turns out that the note was sent by a woman living across the street from the school who knew Hartman from another city and feared he would expose her past life. Except for the novelty of the multiple viewpoint opening (which includes one shot from the point-of-view of the woman who turns out to have sent the note), with its connection to the repeat action flashback in Vertigo, the film is extremely pedestrian. (I Confess and Torn Curtain also have scenes of repeated action as witnesses tell about what they saw at the time of murders, and in each case the flashback shows the earlier scene from a different viewpoint.)

I Saw the Whole Thing (1962), starring John Forsythe, is also disappointingly routine, especially since it centers on a nice transfer of guilt situation. Forsythe plays a man accused of a hit-and-run accident. In court (where most of the film takes place), he breaks down a series of witnesses, proving each of them to be unreliable. The twist here is that the actual culprit turns out to be Forsythe’s wife. The only interesting moment in the film is the accident itself, where we see each of the eventual witnesses in a rapid series of five shots as they hear the sound of the accident, before the accident itself is seen. Hitchcock refers to this in the Truffaut book (p. 194, without naming the show), and presumably this is what attracted him to the project. As is often noted in the Truffaul book and elsewhere, Hitchcock excels in stretching out time at key moments (a good example of many instances is the few seconds before the cymbals clash in The Man Who Knew Too Much). Unfortunately, I Saw the Whole Thing has nothing else to commend it, save for these few seconds.

Hitchcock put his television experience to work on Psycho. He tells Truffaut, “It was an experiment in one sense: Could I make a feature film under the same conditions as a television show?” I used a complete television unit to shoot it very quickly (p. 211). The cameraman on Psycho was John L. Russell, who shot most of the Hitchcock-directed TV shows, rather than Robert Burks. Hitchcock’s usual cameraman since Strangers on a Train. Except for the bathroom scene, which took seven days to shoot, the film was shot very quickly. The psychiatrist’s scene at the end was all shot in one day. When the previously mentioned influences of two of the TV shows, One More Man to Go and Banquo’s Chair, is added to this information, it should be clear that Hitchcock’s TV work was of direct use in this film. While a number of instances of the TV films’ developing elements of later features have been referred to here, Psycho remains the clearest case of the influence of the television shows on the feature.

These nineteen television shows, then, are rich connections with Hitchcock’s features. The frequency of appearance of stars from the films (Joseph Cotten, Vera Miles, Claude Rains, Barbara Bel Geddes, John Williams), the consistent thematic congruities, and the visual similarities (especially in the death and madness “looks” of Breakdown, Revenge, and at least five others) mark them as unmistakable Hitchcock. The best of the shows (Breakdown, Revenge, Lamb to the Slaughter, Banquo’s Chair, Bang! You’re Dead, Four O’Clock) are so good that they really should be more accessible, and none of the shows deserves its present obscurity. Hitchcock’s remark about taking stories to direct simply as they cropped up turns out to be a typical understatement. Hitchcock is too much a film-maker not to leave a strong imprint on nearly eleven hours of “entertainments.”

**Filmography**

All the television films, except where noted, were photographed by John L. Russell, and all were produced by Joan Harrison. The half-hour shows are approximately 23 min-
utes long (and were shot in 3 days), and the hour shows (noted) are about 33 minutes (shot in five days). All shows, except where noted, appeared in the Alfred Hitchcock Presents series.

1955


The Case of Mr. Pelham, Script: Francis Cockrell, from a story by Anthony Armstrong. Cast: Tom Ewell, Raymond Bailey, Kirby Smith.

1956

Wet Saturday, Script: Marian Cockrell, from a story by John Collier. Cast: Sir Cedric Hardwicke, John Williams, Tina Pursel.

Mr. Blanchard’s Secret, Script: Sarrott Rudley, from a story by Emily Neff. Cast: Mary Scott, Robert Horton, Dayton Lumbridge.

1957

Four O’Clock, Hour, Suspicion series, Script: Francis Cockrell, from a story by Charles Woolrich. Cast: E. G. Mar-
shall, Nancy Kelly, Richard Long.


1958

1959

Banquo’s Chair. Script: Francis Cockrell, from a story by Rupert Croitch, Cow. Cast: John Williams, Kenneth Haigh, Reginald Gardner, Max Adrian.


1960


1961


1962

Bibliography


