



those
hillbilly
stations
are
making
news
again!

on-the-spot local
news...when it happens,
where it happens,
as it happens!

Man the tape recorder! Roll out the mobile pick-up truck! Those little independents with the big pull of country music have stolen the show again with on-the-spot local news coverage 5 minutes before the hour. Write in . . . cash in for your client!

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A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

RECREATING history is a difficult task, whose outcome is all too often either a dry-as-dust recitation of names, dates, places and facts or, swinging to the other extreme, an obviously hoked-up "fictionalization." To say, then, that *Kraft Television Theatre* succeeded admirably in its one-hour tv report of the sinking of the Titanic is no small praise.

Highlights: The casual way in which the captain of the Titanic ignored repeated warnings of icebergs ahead (a fact too incredible for a fiction writer to dare use). The impatient demand of the president of the steamship line for the Titanic's designer, who was explaining the extent of the damage caused by the collision and the length of time the ship would stay afloat, to "drop all the mathematics" and the quiet reply that unfortunately the fate of the ship and its passengers was a matter of mathematics. The lowering of partly filled lifeboats when there weren't nearly enough places to go around. The ignoring of the Titanic's rockets by the captain of the nearby S. S. California. And many more, right up to the concluding listing of the multiple "ifs" which, reversed, might have saved all who went down with the Titanic.

In telecasting the tragic story of the Titanic with its unspoken but effectively delivered moral of the inevitable results of cocksure complacency, Kraft's "A Night to Remember" gave every viewer a program to remember for a long time to come.

Production costs: Approximately \$85,000.

Sponsored by Kraft Foods through J. Walter Thompson Co., on NBC-TV, Wed., 9-10 p.m. EST.

Book written by Walter Lard; adapted for tv by George Roy Hill and John Whedon; producer: Maury Holland; director: George Roy Hill; makeup: Bob O'Bradovich; costumes: Robert Mackintosh; art director: Duane McKinney; technical director: Bob Hanna; music composed and directed by: Vladimir Selinsky.

Narrated by Claude Rains with cast of 127.

LEGEND OF JIMMY BLUE EYES

TAKE a narrative ballad of the Robert W. Service variety telling the life story of a New Orleans trumpet player in dramatic verse, back it up with a hot jazz combo playing a non-stop medley of top Dixieland tunes, and wrap it up into a half-hour package and you'll have the formula for "The Legend of Johnny Blue Eyes," broadcast March 23 on the *CBS Radio Workshop* series. And if you are as expert as the *Workshop* people, you'll also have a top notch radio program.

Reading Edmund P. Brophy's verse epic of the hot trumpet man who sold his soul to the devil so he could "hit that note that wasn't there," William Conrad got full value out of a script far different from those he reads in his usual role of *Gunsмоke's* Marshal Matt Dillon. Ray Noble's special score embraced the best of the New Orleans jazz classics and as conductor he kept his six-man blues group on the beat throughout the broadcast. Mannie Klein's trumpet was equally eloquent when representing that of Hot Lips Joe, who "blew til all the glass was broken, blew so hot the joint was smokin'," or the battered horn of the hero when it "broke the windows, opened

the door, raised the carpet off the floor," making those extravagant lines come true for the listeners at home.

William Froug, producer, and Sam Pierce, director, should feel well satisfied with their offbeat production.

Production costs: Approximately \$1,700.

Broadcast sustaining on CBS Radio, Friday March 23, 8:30-9 p.m. EST.

Cast: William Conrad (narrator); Jimmie Dodd (Jimmy Blue Eyes); Roy Glenn, Sam Edwards, Nan Boardman, Tony Bennett, Jack Moyles, Lou Merrill and Georgia Ellis (voices); Mannie Klein, jazz trumpeter; Nat Farber, piano; Larry Breen, bass; Sammy Weiss, drums; Matt Matlock, clarinet, and Tom Peterson, trombone.

Writers: Original by Edmund P. Brophy, adapted by Sam Pierce; director: Sam Pierce; score arranged and directed: Ray Noble; producer: William Froug.

THE LONG WAY HOME

AS an eloquently simple, yet agonizing and terrifying picture of a heart attack victim's brush with death, "The Long Way Home" (*Schick Television Theatre's* adaptation of *Life* magazine's "A Stricken Man and His Heart") was documentary television at its very best. It must also have been reassuring to countless viewers who are heart patients.

Aided by a skillful use of shadows, double images and spartan set, John Beal acted out the part of the actual victim, Burton J. Rowles, with a great deal of close identification and warmth. He was equally well supported by Rosemary Murphy as a sympathetic nurse, Mike Keene as an understanding physician, and Betty Lowe as his stoic wife. Narration by Robert Montgomery was unobtrusive yet forceful.

Production costs: Approximately \$42,500.

Sponsored by Schick Inc., Lancaster, Pa., through Warwick & Legler, N. Y., alternate Mondays, 9:30-10:30 p.m. EST on NBC-TV.

Executive producer: Robert Montgomery; production supervisor: Joseph Bailey; director: John Newland; writers: Robert Wallace and Burton J. Rowles; scenery: Syrjala; production assistant: Jay Sheridan.

HEAVEN WILL PROTECT THE WORKING GIRL

THE SHOW belonged to Nancy Walker and Bert Lahr, on the *Sunday Spectacular*, "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl." With extraordinarily able backing by Tony Randall, Janet Blair, Connie Russell and others, these two troupers milked the maximum from the script, even though the lines were not always well conceived.

Producer Max Liebman took an appealing theme, some nostalgic props and a superb cast and presented 90 minutes of fun, a production that may not have reached towering dimensions but certainly was scaled to fit a happy evening. However, towering is not too tall an adjective for Lahr and Walker. The memory of Lahr's wavering voice in a turn-of-the-century musical lament, of Lahr as head of a sweatshop and again as the last of a family of floorwalkers, the memory of Nancy Walker clobbering subway antagonists with her pocketbook, her between-stops imaginary romances with men in the subway ads—the heroes all expertly played