

WBBM

ROUND-UP



ALICE JOYCE

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Vol. I

December, 1945

No. 9

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Christmas Giving

Just where the practice of giving gifts at Christmas time originated is not definitely known. Some people contend that it started with the gifts of the Wise Men who were led by a glittering star to the manger where the Christ child lay. Others refer us to the Bible, to God's gift to the world, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son" (Jno.iii. 16). Still others take us to the middle ages when the nobles, feeling in a festive mood, gave the poor people in their realm extra portions of food and even added a little something extra to the feed they gave their live stock and poultry. Whatever the origination, like many other customs that have been handed down to us, the true, original meaning of the day has been lost to us. This Christmas, our first "peaceful" Christmas for such a very long time, let us not forget the true, divine meaning of Christmas time.

— BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS —

One Card A Month

I had a very nice letter from a lady living in Pratt, Kansas, renewing her pledge that she made last year, a New Year's resolution. She wrote, "Just a line to tell you that again this year we plan to carry out our plan of writing to our favorite radio station, (WIBW), at least once a month during 1946. We, my family and I, feel it

in some small way repays you folks for the fine entertainment you have given us for the eleven years we have lived in Kansas." Our heart-felt thanks go out to that family in Pratt. It is our loyal listeners who have helped WIBW maintain the high standard of entertainment presented from our studios and through our CBS affiliation.

— BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS —

Christmas Seals

Those cheery little stamps that are so attractive on your holiday mail have a much more serious purpose than being decorative. Each one of them means that another penny has been thrown into the fight against Tuberculosis. That they have been fulfilling their purpose is evidenced by the steady decline in deaths from that disease, year after year. Their sale provides for the local communities the following services: general health education, with the emphasis on the control, prevention and treatment of tuberculosis, chest x-rays for finding early cases, tuberculin testing of children, rehabilitation of cured and arrested cases, provides chest clinics for diagnostic purposes, and gives supplemental aid to official agencies in research, case finding and treatment of the disease. Keep these thoughts in mind when you are buying your Christmas seals.

Special Events For December

Birthdays

Maureen	December 3
Virginia Lee	December 9
Hoppy	December 19
Marjorie Carlson	December 25

Anniversaries

Mr. and Mrs. Chuck Wayne ..	December 24
Mr. and Mrs. Clark Wayne ..	December 28

ALICE JOYCE

'Twas the week before Christmas in the year 1930, and a screaming child was carried from a tinkling toy piano in a department store in Topeka, Kansas. Yes, I was that child and Oh, how I wanted that piano. I was five years old at the time and that's where my story begins.

At that time we lived in Linwood, Kansas, where I attended the first year of grade school. I began taking lessons in Kansas City and became the leader of the first grade toy orchestra. However, my first public appearance was far removed from the music field . . . I was the bride in a "Tom Thumb" mock wedding.

Shortly after that, my father moved to Topeka and from there on you can call me a home town product. I began my education in Topeka Public Schools in the second grade and I found a wonderful piano teacher to whom I owe a great deal. She taught me the art of being unafraid to appear before large audiences and I played in many contests and for church and school programs.

Christmas seems to be the beginning of all the important events of my life . . . on my eleventh Christmas, I found a beautiful accordian unders the tree. Immediately I began taking lessons, first in Topeka and later in Kansas City . . . I loved it very much but didn't let it interfere with my study of the piano . . . you know that old saying about "first loves."

I started to Holliday Junior High in Topeka when I was twelve years old and I played in the School Orchestra, also the Veterans of Foreign Wars' junior orchestra. My father is a member of the V.F.W. and I was a member of the daughters' organization, of which I was later elected president.

While in Junior high, I had the good fortune of meeting some very wonderful people. Among them are the members of the Kiwanis club. I appeared in several of their contests and played for many of their dinners, programs, and parties, here and out of town. They chose me as their sweetheart (I still cling to that title, even though they have many others) and they

introduced me to other civic clubs and organizations. Consequently I became acquainted with folks all over town and was called upon to furnish entertainment quite frequently and have many friends among the professional people in our city.

One acquaintance I would like to mention here is our own Ole. He has done more than his share in helping me along with my career. He started giving me accordian lessons when I was about twelve years old and then he introduced me to Miss Maudie and the two of them have been boosting me on ever since. They will probably read this article and smile modestly to themselves, but "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," if you know what I mean.

The climax of my junior high days came on graduation day when I was presented with an American Legion Medal for being chosen the most outstanding student in school. That medal is proudly and carefully preserved among my choice possessions. I hated to leave that school, but looked forward to entering high school.

I missed the first day of high school, but for a very good reason. You see I was one of the lucky few who were chosen to be on the program at Coffeyville, Kansas, when Wendell Wilkie made his opening speech as candidate for the presidency. I had a wonderful and exciting time to remember. While in high school I played for nearly all of the parties and programs and was accompanist for the boys' senior glee club and sang in the mixed choir and the girls' glee club.

When I was fifteen my cousin and I won an amateur contest in Kansas City and the prize was a week's engagement with pay at the Tower Theatre. We were fortunate in appearing at the same time that Nick Lucas was booked in that theatre. His dressing room was right next door to ours and we found him to be a regular fellow and oblivious to the fact that we were amateurs.

I came to work here at WIBW on June 1, 1942, and have loved every minute of the time I have worked here. I have
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C.B.S. notes by Kathryn Young



Beulah

Meet Beulah! No, we didn't get our picture and story mixed—because Beulah is really a man. Marlin Hurt is his name and he also plays the part of Beulah's boyfriend, Bill, as well as himself on "The Beulah Show" on WIBW Sundays at 7:00 p.m.

— BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS —

Jack Carson, heard on WIBW at 7:00 p.m. Wednesdays on the "Jack Carson Show", asked his "nephew" Tugwell why he's always two hours late coming home from school.

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" Tugwell replied innocently. "I've gone out for the basketball team."

"Why should that make you so late?" Jack demanded.

"It's the girls' basketball team!"

— BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS —

There's mystery in the air in the CBS publicity department. Every time a picture of Frank Sinatra is put on the reception wall, it disappears. As soon as it is replaced, the picture is removed. The only solution is in the fact a number of bobby-sock girls are employed in the department. Frankie still makes them swoon at 8:00 p.m. every Wednesday night on WIBW.



Andy Russell

Whenever baritone Andy Russell makes a personal appearance, he always drops in on the children's hospital in the city he's visiting. Andy takes along a portable piano and accompanist and puts on a whale of a show for the bedridden kiddies. When Andy was a youngster he spent a whole year in a children's hospital himself with a bad arm injury and he fully realizes how much such entertainment means to children who cannot get out and play. Andy is the one Joan Davis carries the torch for on the "Joan Davis Show" (WIBW—7:30 p.m. Mondays) and all we can add is: "No wonder!"

— BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS —

Jo Stafford of "The Ford Show" (WIBW—9:00 p.m. Tuesdays) loves to eat and sleep, but hates to go to bed at night and then hates to get up in the morning. She can eat chile beans at any hour, not excluding breakfast. Jo was born on November 12, 1920, is 5' 7" tall, has gray-green eyes and blond hair. She also has freckles which she tries to hide with make-up. Jo enjoys swimming, but likes to sing more than anything else. Her good humor is exhibited when she replies to the question of why she chose singing as her profession with, "God was good to me—he figured this kid doesn't have the brains to do anything else, so I'll let her sing."

"It Happened This Way"

By Miss Maudie

When Doc asked me to write a story about our wedding, he gave me a difficult assignment. How can one write with her head still up in the clouds!

I shall skip over a lot about Shepherd letting the secret of our engagement out to the staff. Edmund knew and kept quiet; but Shepherd just had to tell . . . so for a few weeks before the wedding our lives were in jeopardy around WIBW.

With all sorts of parties, showers, engagement ring, and the scent of orange blossoms drawing nearer and nearer, everyone became as excited as we were. Dude asked Mr. Ludy, our general manager to be his best man; I asked Elsa, our staff organist, to be brides-maid. We decided to have a very quiet ceremony performed in Kansas City.

Having deep religious convictions, I was a little perturbed at having a civil ceremony; however, all arrangements were turned over to Mr. Ludy. He would not tell us anything about the plans, except that we were to be in Kansas City, Wednesday, October 17.

Mother, Elsa and I went down to the city Tuesday night where we were guests at a dinner given by my sister-in-law, Mrs. Tom Butler, at the Muelbach Hotel. The boys on the staff gave a bachelor dinner, the same night, for Dude at the Jayhawk Hotel in Topeka. I understand it was quite a dinner! I turned in early as I was beginning to get pretty nervous. So was Dude . . . for he called me that night to see if I was as nervous as he was.

The next morning I was up bright and early, counting the minutes until five-thirty p.m. Elsa had gone out to shop . . . I ordered breakfast sent up to my room. I poured the jam in my coffee . . . and put the cream on my toast. A nice breeze floated through the window and I wondered if the whole world knew how I felt at that moment. Later, Elsa and I both went out shopping, had lunch and then returned to the hotel about two p.m. to dress. Imagine our starting to dress at two, for a wedding that was to take place at

five-thirty! I am always racing everywhere, managing to slide in on the "down-beat," as the boys say; but this was one time I did not want to be driving everyone crazy, wondering whether I would make it or not. I combed my hair . . . put on my hat . . . took it off, combed again . . . put hat on . . . and went through that same routine till Elsa was frantic. The flowers came and she arranged my veil . . . then the telephone rang, saying that the car was downstairs waiting for us. Billy and Mildred Baucom were to drive us wherever I was supposed to go. In the meantime, Mr. Ludy called from Chicago, saying his wife had presented him with a brand new baby girl, and that he couldn't make it to be best man. Joe Storey, head of the KCKN and WIBW advertising accounts in Kansas City agreed to stand in as best man. He and his friends had taken Dude with them . . . and now I was on my way.

Billy drove us to Kansas City, Kansas, where he said I was to have my picture taken. "No, No," I said, "It is five-twenty-five now, and I just couldn't be late for my wedding. Dude would be furious." Anyway, they took me up to the Kansas City Kansan newspaper office, then on upstairs. I hadn't thought about the KCKN broadcasting studios being in the same building.

All of a sudden I saw guests being seated . . . the door of the studio opened, it had been converted into a miniature chapel, and the organ burst forth in the wedding march. I looked up and saw Dude and his best man waiting at the end of the aisle, I took my brother's arm and before I knew it, I was marching down that very aisle. We joined hands and were married by Judge Clark Tucker, who was most sincere in pronouncing the vows. As a parting gift, he gave us an old iron horse-shoe, all tied up in white ribbon. He asked all the guests to come up and wish something for us by placing their hands on the horse-shoe. Everyone congratulated us . . . threw rice . . . and then followed us to the Bellerrive Hotel, where the wedding supper was served.

The party broke up about mid-night. They all wished us good luck and departed

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Around the Studios

New Banana Creme Pie Recipe

We are offering this recipe in the spirit in which it was given us. You can use your own judgment as to whether to use it or not. But wait! Let's start at the beginning . . . tell you all the details of how the recipe was discovered by one of the best cooks in the WIBW family. Jerome was hungry, and, as is the usual procedure when a person is hungry he headed for the kitchen. The first thing that caught his eye was a beautiful banana creme pie. Now banana creme pie is good at any time, but, Jerome reasoned, it is really best for dessert. Remembering some oyster stew left from a previous meal, he called Mrs. DeBord who assured him there was still a quart of the stew in the refrigerator in a milk bottle. Upon investigating, Jerome found a full quart of milk, but only half a bottle of oyster stew. From there it was easy to proceed to the deduction that the oyster stew had replaced the milk in the banana creme pie recipe. Was it good? Well, I really can't tell you. Jerome wouldn't say and when I offered to call Mrs. DeBord for her opinion, he explained that banana creme pie was a very touchy subject to her and was not to be mentioned in her presence.

— BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS —

Ezra—Happy Groom

Of course it's true! That is the answer to all those inquiries about whether Ezra and the "Widder" really did get married or if it is just another joke of Ezra's. The "Widder", the former Miss Virginia Bruce of Ottawa and not a widow at all, and Ezra were married in Lawrence, Kansas, attended by Mr. and Mrs. Bill Willhite (the Shepherd of the Hills and Virginia Lee) on October 15th. After a two day honeymoon in Kansas City, the couple returned to Topeka to make their home at Ezra's Bar Nothin' Ranch.



Whenever Chuck Wayne (L) and Doc Embree get together like this, it's pretty certain the conversation will swing around to hunting or fishing. Both boys follow hunting and fishing as hobbies.

— BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS —



Probably one of the busiest fellows on the WIBW staff, Juddy Miller paused just long enough to allow Jerome to snap this picture .In addition to his work here at the station, Jud works for a wholesale drug company and has his own band at a Topeka dance spot.



Roy "Dude Hank" Carlson, Judge Tucker (who performed the marriage ceremony), and Miss Maudie, or should I say Mrs. Maudie, Carlson, after the wedding, October 17th.



Well . . . here I is back agin! Lak I allus say, "Iffen you don't succeed at first . . . try second base!"

I won't get to see ya all on Xmas day I reckon but hopes you hab a good day all day.

My definition of Christmas is . . . "A widely observed holiday which de' past, nor de' future is ob' so much interest as de' present. I went to a show de' other nite called, "Nylons . . . a thing ob' de' past and de' future, wait 'till Christmas fo' de' present." Ya' know, Christmas comes but once a year's too often.

Ya know, iffen women ever takes to cigars like dey has to cigarettes, we can get even wit 'em on Christmas. I axe Mr. Ezra for a raise . . . he says, "Hambones! . . . you don't need no raise. Don't you know, you iggerani-mas dat' a raise is only de' increase in pay you gets a-fore goin' in debt a little further. Maybe he's rite but I thinks he just gettin' out ob' it kinda slick like. I got even wit 'im tho! He say, "Hambones, whuts dis thing caled "Yuletide means?" Boy! I had em in my power. I say . . . Yuletide greetin's Mr. Ezra? Why dats easy! Lend me \$5.00 . . . an' "You'll-tide" me over fo' a few days! Dat got him . . . he took a big roundhouse swing at me, course I ducked easy like. Mr. Ezra had outta see a Doctor or somphin! He's insomma-nee is gettin' worser and worser . . . hits even got so bad now dat he cain't even sleep when it's time to git up! Dat's bad, you know it?

Some feller say he's wuss gonna send me some ob dem Christmas seals . . . Ain't no use fo' him to do dat tho'. I'd juss hafe to send 'em back cause I don't know whut to feed em!

One thing a woman told me onced stuck in my mind . . . A pat on de' back develops character — if add-ministered young enuff, offen enuff and low enuff!

Last year we had ah electric Christmas . . . Mr. Ezra's nephew got uh electric train, my gal got uh iron, and my uncle got de' electric chair. I give Mr. Ezra's grandson "Snorkie" a mouth organ . . . he tole me he lak it better den any present he got. I found out why later. Mr. Ezra gib him 10c a day not to play.

Aunt Bertha Slocum wuzz sort ob' put out last year at Xmas . . . she say all she got in her stockin' was a runner. Col Paste Pot said . . . well whut did you all expect a baseball player?

Well, all is well dat ends . . . and dats me . . . so long and a Merry Christmas.

— BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS —

Alice Joyce

(Continued from Page 3)

never worked at any other radio station, but I don't think the people could be any nicer, anywhere.

I enrolled in Washburn College in November, 1944, taking advantage of a scholarship given me for my high school work. I have temporarily given up my schooling, but plan to continue next semester.

I have about reached the end of my story, but to answer a few questions I might add . . . I was born June 23, 1925. I am twenty years old and am not married, not yet. Around the station my work consists of playing the accordion, piano, and sometimes the organ, when Ole and Elsa aren't here. I am known as "Alice Matildy" on Ezra's "Bar Nothing Ranch" program and as "Grandma" on Elmer Curtis' shows . . . That is his own creation and he started it as a joke, but the name has stuck.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank you listeners for your kindness and fan mail and gifts . . . it's nice to know that someone is listening and liking you a little.

Incidentally, I got that tinkling toy piano I mentioned, plus a real one to study and practice on. For ten years after that day, my mother sat beside me with a hair brush in hand to see that I practiced . . . but good!

Chats Around the Aerial

.... with Olaf S. Soward

Millions of us, children and grown-ups, can hardly wait. Christmas lights, in all their cheerful splendor of green, red, yellow and blue, are about to be turned on again! After tragic years of dimouts and denial and disaster civilization-wide in their scope, the gay signals of Yuletide jollification are about to burst upon us once more in all their old time glory.

Even with the advent of official peace there are millions of shattered homes with children in them throughout many lands where the good cheer of Christmas is going to be this year mostly a matter of pretense.

Too many are the places where there will not be even a sufficiency of coarse food fully to stay gnawing hunger for the day, let alone any delicacies to add even one hint of holiday excitement to the figures on the calendar.

However, it is none the less true that in even the most barren hovel, where a few home-whittled sticks make a toy—or a tiny bundle of rags a doll—there is going to be happiness among the youngsters. For happiness is a thing of the spirit, and not a by-product of material possessions.

There will be joy in childish hearts that will be renewed every time that poor offering of a crushed and poverty stricken parentage is fondled for months to come. And, there will always be NEXT Christmas to which to look forward—next Christmas, when things will always be better and gayer, happier and really gorgeous!

That, fortunately, is the spirit of the whole human race in miniature.

True it is that even though we have just finished one of the most widespread wars of all time, the rumble of isolated carnage still goes on. Undeniably, even as the day of the Prince of Peace draws near the snarl of suspicion and ungorged greed—the drone and clatter and thud of new armies training for a possible future clash—fill with their ominous undertones the intervals between merry laughter and Christmas carols.

And the habitual pessimists are pulling

faces as long as a bill for a war-time deficit all over the lot. They refuse to see any happiness today, with its legal approaches to peace, because they are afraid something might happen day after tomorrow.

They are like children who would hesitate to be cheerful about a new electric train complete with track—or a brand new buggy and a talking doll—this Christmas, because they are afraid some other Christmas will not produce twice as much.

When it takes so little to bring an intelligent and well-balanced personality happiness—as the superior innate wisdom of childhood proves so conclusively—the wisest mature intellect is the one which grasps thankfully any rope of rescue at hand in a life-and-death crisis and relishes to the full every shred of the happiness of today's good fortune.

Professional Gloomy Gusses may choose to act as though they believe that any such sane philosophy as that of enjoying Christmas to the full, so long as it is here, is one form of a childish escape from reality.

The practitioners of pessimism do so delight in swathing about themselves the mantle of a supposed personal superiority to everybody else. As though it were a mark of intellectual distinction to have the mental attitude of going for a sight-seeing trip to a police morgue—when a beautiful warm sun is inviting us to stroll in the parks for at least one day!

But, unless I am much mistaken, the psychologists will agree that those who are smart enough to permit both spirit and body to refresh themselves to the full when circumstances permit—to be happy when happiness is in the air—are just that much better able to bring a rested, sturdy, resourceful and brave heart to the trials of tomorrow when, if, and as, any such present themselves.

So, altogether now: "Merry Christmas for 1945!"



1. GALOSHES: To wash your galoshes, put them in the washer after the washing is done and run them for about five minutes. Rinse well and set in a warm (not hot) place to dry. They will be clean and just as nice as when new.

2. SHOES: To keep your shoe heels from wearing off so badly, drive in two or three carpet tacks right where they wear the most. If you drive them down good and don't let them lap over each other, they won't leave a dent in your linoleum and your heels wear for a long time without having to be fixed.

3. Vaseline rubbed on the scuffed places of shoes before they are polished will render the scuffed places invisible and also prevent the surface from becoming further scratched.

4. To clean suede shoes so they will look like new, take a small wire brush and dip in vinegar and brush the shoes. They will look like new. Be sure and not use too much vinegar, just dampen them, brush them good and let dry.

5. MEAT: To make beef steak more tender, dip each piece (after it has been pounded) in ice water before rolling in flour and then season and fry. It makes the steak more appetizing and easier to cut as well as eat.

6. Home cured ham and bacon sometimes becomes rancid and strong. Slice, cut off the edge that looks brown and rusty, cover with cold water, let come to the boiling point, but do not boil. Then fry as usual. This makes it really good and all of the strong taste is gone.

7. Meat loaf baked in muffin tins or pans, bakes quickly, looks attractive and is easy to serve.

8. AUTO: To avoid frost or snow collect-

ing on your windshield put a sheet of cardboard under the wiper blades when you park the car. It is much easier to pull off the cardboard than to scrape off the snow, sleet, and frost.

9. CALENDAR: If you want to hang a calendar up where there is new paper (this works on painted walls as well) attach a tiny piece of adhesive tape to the calendar and the other end to the wall. This saves driving nails in the walls, plaster or paper.

10. FOOD SAVERS: Bread will stay fresh longer if it is kept in the refrigerator. The same is true with shelled nuts and chocolate.

11. If you have broth from cured or fresh meat, thicken it with cornmeal and fry when it gets cold. Have the broth boiling and make it a little thicker than mush. It will cut out in slices like mush.

12. Stale cake can be freshened by dipping into cold milk for an instant then baking very slowly.

— BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS —

"IT HAPPENED THIS WAY"

(Continued from Page 5)

(so we thought). We were taken to the bridal suite in the Continental Hotel. Just as we were about to unpack bags, bells began ringing . . . music poured forth from the fireplace as loudly as possible . . . and the door opened, admitting the whole gang who wanted to wish us well again! I cannot take up enough space to tell you of all their "tick-tacks", as Ezra would say, but anyway, we were wished good luck until dawn, when finally the house detective asked the well-wishers to quietly wish themselves out. Really, though, they are all swell folks and it was a lot of fun.

After a short honeymoon, we came back and started to move into our new home. As we unpack all these lovely boxes, we wonder if all our friends realize just how grateful we are. A million thanks to our staff, the announcers, engineers, mail room and business office girls, and our custodians, Bill and Courtney. And to you grand radio fans who have sent such lovely cards and gifts, may we wish that you will always be as happy as we are now. The welcome mat is out. Come and see us.

WIBW Service Stars

Several months ago, (August "Round-Up") Lt. Jim Reed promised us an article about the very popular calypso singers. The fast growing popularity of this type of singing practically assures us of your interest in the following letter from Jim.

"Trinidad, B.W.I.—A devoted reader of the "Round-Up" (God Bless Her) penned a note to your roving reporter and asked if I could give her some more information about the calypso singers mentioned in my August letter. Since the most-popular calypso, "Rum and Coca Cola," has gained such popularity in the States, I thought perhaps all the "Round-Up" readers would be interested in Trinidad's folk music.

"Calypsonians are to Trinidad what bull fighters are to Spain, and like the matadors, they take strange names . . . 'The Rearing Lion', 'Atilla the Hun', 'The Invader', 'King Radio', et al. Their tunes probably have done more to put this tropical isle on the map than even the world renowned Asphalt Lake, one of the wonders of the world.

"Unlike other forms of folk music, the calypso is essentially impromptu, reflecting the mind of the singer and his personal experiences or observations. Its form reflects the African origin of the bulk of Trinidad's population with the modifications resulting from their contact with the Spanish, French and English cultures.

"The calypso is built around everyday happenings . . . the scandals, the complaints, the love-lives of the people around. Calypso is a form of criticism, a living witty comment on contemporary events, the equivalent of American jokes and cartoons. When something out of the ordinary happens around WIBW, Uncle Ezra or Hambones makes up a joke about it. Trinidadians turn to the calypsonian for a commentary on events of the day. This strange blend of music is so peculiar to Trinidad as to make calypso perhaps the most original of present day music.

"The calypso comes into its own in the weeks which precede the two-day Carnival, preview to the Lenten season. At that time, the calypsonian presents his compositions

to the audience which crowds in the tents. Those, who will play mask on the Carnival days, hear for the first time the refrains they will sing, as, dressed in fantastic costumes, they dance and prance through the streets of historic and colorful Port-of-Spain.

"Calypso singers have started to invade the States and many now are employed in New York nightclubs. Rupert Grant, 'The Invader', who wrote 'Rum and Coca Cola', currently is in the big town and soon will be featured in a motion picture for M-G-M.

"Such artists as the Andrews Sisters, Jerry Sullivan and Paul Robeson have expressed desires of singing the catchy songs which are a blend of modern swing and jungle rhythm. And you'll hear more and more calypso when the servicemen who have been stationed in Trinidad return home.

"A calypso you'll like, and one which may surpass 'Rum and Coca Cola' in popularity, is a favorite among the GI Joes here, entitled, 'Mary Ann.' If it reaches the Hit Parade, I'll be around again to tell you, 'I told you so!'"

Lt. Jim Reed

— BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS —

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

From Bremen, Germany, comes a very welcome letter from Glenn Osborn, former WIBW staff steel guitarist. Glenn is now with a refrigeration maintenance detachment, repairing and installing refrigeration units.

"After the war ended over here," Glenn writes, "I made up my mind to see some of the interesting places I have read so much about. I have visited Brussels, Liege, Reims, Paris, and many other towns in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. Now I'm ready to come home. There's no place that will compare with the good old U.S.A.! I don't know when I'll get to come home; the way things look now I might be over here for several months. I guess I'll just have to wait my turn. I want to thank you for sending me the "Round-Up." I enjoy it very much, and so do my friends."

The Voices You Hear Along the RFD

... by Gene Shipley ...

LOOKING AHEAD

In visiting with Clinton Anderson, Secretary of Agriculture at Manhattan a few weeks ago, we were talking about the farmer and his post-war "jitters". There's no denying the fact that a lot of farmers are having a mild case of jitters. It stems from a sense of uncertainty, and a wondering about what's going to happen to his business, his income, his home and security. Most farmers recall what happened after the last war, and they don't want to be caught in another descending spiral this time. Some of them are saying, "I'm going to get out while the getting is good and let someone else have the headaches."

Anderson thinks that even though the going may get a little rough during our period of re-adjustment, the farmer is far better off to stick with what he knows best. He knows cows, and horses and crops and cattle far better than any other individual. The question arises, what will the farmer do, if he sells out. He can live up the proceeds from the sale, of course, but that has a definite period of limitation. Many times he turns to investments. It's a field in which the average farmer has had little or no experience, and many times these ventures turn out disastrously, especially if he chooses to speculate, because he is playing the other man's game. It's the old adage of the shoemaker sticking to his last, even though the grass always looks greener in some other field. But it usually turns out that whatever the business or enterprise, each has its individual problem and headaches.

It seems to me that there are several factors that are encouraging as we anticipate this post-war period of adjustment for agriculture. In the first place, farmers are pretty well out of debt. They have been scaling down those mortgages. Farmers have cash. They have been saving away a goodly portion of their income from high production and high prices. Farmers have on the whole recovered from the effects of

the depression. And prices are bound to be reasonably good for a couple of years, because there is a tremendous backlog of demand abroad, and the government is also pledged to support prices. So, farm income should be pretty good for the next two years, and during that time, we will have an opportunity to work out a program. It may necessitate acreage control—no doubt will—to shift production from surplus commodities to those less plentiful.

Here in Kansas, a great deal of extensive planning is under way. The recent Industrial-Agricultural Week conference is just one important step along the line of anticipating our future problems and devising ways and means for continued industrial and agricultural prosperity in Kansas. The two industries are closely allied. What affects one, affects the other. We need more small industrial plants in Kansas to process the products of the farm. We need more imagination, research and inventiveness to discover ways to utilize our surplus agricultural products, and create new markets for them. It is foolish to ship our raw material from the farms a thousand miles away to some processing plant, and ship it back again for consumption here, when it could just as well be done with Kansas labor, resulting in a better price to the farmer who raises the crop.

Leaders in both agriculture and industry are doing a great deal of intensive planning along this very line, and the result is bound to benefit Kansas agriculture in the future.

— BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS —

TALKING TURKEY

Actor Arthur Vinton, one of the "Crime Doctor" (WIBW 7:30 p.m., Sunday) regulars, has a sideline that's threatening to become a full time job. He raises turkeys, four thousand of which graced Thanksgiving tables.

WIBW PROGRAM SCHEDULE

580 on Your Dial

Monday Through Friday

Morning

- 5:30—Daybreak Jamboree
- 5:45—News
- 6:00—Bobbie Dick
- 6:15—Bar Nothing Ranch (*Peruna*)
- 6:35—News
- 6:45—Doc and Esther (*Spark-o-Lite*)
- 7:00—News
(Mon., Wed., Fri., B. F. Goodrich)
(Tues., Thurs., Carey Salt)
- 7:15—Shepherd of the Hills (*Nutrena*)
- 7:30—Henry and Jerome (*Wait-Cahill Co.*)
- 7:45—Edmund Denney Time (*Merchants Biscuit Co.*)
- 8:00—News (*Mon., Wed., Fri., Polident*)
(Tues., Thurs., Sat., Grove Lab.)
- 8:05—Henry and Jerome
- 8:15—Unity Viewpoint (*Unity School*)
- 8:30—Henry's Exchange (*Willard Co., Foley & Co.*)
- 9:00—Shepherd of the Hills
- 9:15—News (*Dannen Mills*)
- 10:30—A Woman's Life (*Swan Soap*)
- 10:45—Aunt Jenny (*Spry*)
- 11:00—Judy and Jane (*Folger's Coffee*)
- 11:15—Big Sister (*Rinso*)
- 11:30—Weather Bureau
- 11:34—Dinner Hour

Afternoon

- 12:00—News (*H. D. Lee Co.*)
- 12:15—Markets (*DeKalb Agri. Ass'n.*)
- 2:00—Kansas Round-Up
(Sunway Vitamins), (Kolor-bak)
- 3:00—House Party (*General Electric*)
- 3:25—News
- 3:30—Two On A Clue (*General Foods*)
- 3:45—Ma Perkins (*Procter & Gamble*)
- 4:00—Life Can Be Beautiful
(Procter & Gamble)
- 4:15—Young Dr. Malone
(Procter & Gamble)
- 5:30—Romance of Helen Trent
(American Home Prod.)
- 5:45—Our Gal Sunday
(American Home Prod.)
- Highlights of the Week*

MONDAY

Evening

- 6:00—News (*Butternut Coffee*)
- 6:15—Songs of Bobbie Dick
- 6:30—Rainbow Trail
- 6:45—News
- 7:00—Vox Pop (*Emerson Drug*)
- 7:30—Joan Davis Show (*Swan Soap*)
- 7:55—News (*Vick Chemical Co.*)
- 8:00—Lux Radio Theatre (*Lux*)
- 9:00—Screen Guild Players (*Lady Esther*)
- 9:30—Thanks to the Yanks
(R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.)

- 10:00—News (*The Fleming Co.*)
- 10:15—Jimmy Carroll Sings (*E. R. Squibb*)

TUESDAY

- 6:00—News (*Phillips 66*)
- 6:15—Songs of Bobbie Dick
- 6:30—American Melody Hour (*Bayer Co.*)
- 7:00—Big Town (*Sterling Products*)
- 7:30—Theatre of Romance
(Colgate-Palmolive-Peet)
- 7:55—News (*Vick Chemical Co.*)
- 8:00—Inner Sanctum (*Thomas J. Lipton, Inc.*)
- 8:30—Pleasant Valley
- 9:00—The Ford Show (*Ford Motor Co.*)
- 9:30—Ernie Quigley, Sports
- 9:45—Emahizer Melodies
(Emahizer-Spielman)
- 10:15—Congress Speaks

WEDNESDAY

- 6:00—News (*Butternut Coffee*)
- 6:15—Songs of Bobbie Dick
- 6:30—Rainbow Trail
- 6:45—News
- 7:00—The Jack Carson Show (*Campbell Soup Co.*)
- 7:30—Dr. Christian
(Chesebrough Mfg. Co.)
- 7:55—News (*Vicks Chemical Co.*)
- 8:00—The Frank Sinatra Show (*P. Lorillard Co.*)
- 8:30—Ann Sothern in Maisie
(Eversharp Co.)
- 9:00—Great Moments in Music
(Celanese Corp.)
- 9:30—Andrews Sisters
(Nash Kelvinator Co.)
- 10:00—News (*The Fleming Co.*)
- 10:15—Jimmy Carroll Sings (*E. R. Squibb*)

THURSDAY

- 6:00—News (*Phillips 66*)
- 6:15—Songs of Bobbie Dick
- 6:30—The Rainbow Trail (*American Poultrey*)
- 6:45—Olaf Soward's Viewpoint
- 7:00—Constant Invader
- 7:15—Crossroads Sociable
- 7:55—News (*Ray Beers Clothing Co.*)
- 8:00—Music of Andre Kostelanetz
(Chrysler Corp.)
- 8:30—Hobby Lobby
(Anchor Hocking Glass)
- 9:00—Island Venture
(Wm. Wrigley, Jr. Co.)
- 9:30—Powder Box Theatre
(Bourjois, Inc.)
- 10:00—News (*The Fleming Co.*)
- 10:15—Ernie Quigley, Sports

FRIDAY

- 6:00—News (*Butternut Coffee*)

6:15—Songs of Bobbie Dick
 6:30—Rainbow Trail
 6:45—News
 7:00—Aldrich Family (*General Foods*)
 7:30—Kate Smith Sings (*General Foods*)
 7:55—News (*Vicks Chemical Co.*)
 8:00—It Pays To Be Ignorant
 (*Philip Morris*)
 8:30—Those Websters (*Quaker Oats*)
 9:00—Durante-Moore Show
 (*United Drug Co.*)
 9:30—The Ginny Simms Show
 (*Borden Co.*)
 10:00—News (*The Fleming Co.*)
 10:15—Jimmy Carroll Sings (*E. R. Squibb*)

SATURDAY**Morning**

5:00—Daybreak Jamboree
 5:45—News
 6:00—Bobbie Dick
 6:15—Bar Nothing Ranch (*Peruna*)
 6:35—Farm Service News
 6:45—Doc and Esther (*Spark-o-Lite*)
 7:00—News (*Carey Salt*)
 7:15—Shepherd of the Hills (*Nutrena*)
 7:30—Henry and Jerome
 7:45—Edmund Denney Time
 8:00—News (*Grove Lab.*)
 8:05—Henry and Jerome
 8:15—Food Review
 (*Topeka Daily Capital*)
 8:45—Lee Farm Hour (*Geo. H. Lee Co.*)
 9:00—Shepherd of the Hills
 9:15—News (*Dannen*)
 10:30—Billie Burke Show
 (*Lambert Pharmacal Co.*)
 11:00—Armstrong's Theatre of Today
 (*Armstrong Cork Co.*)
 11:30—Weather Bureau
 11:34—Dinner Hour

Afternoon

12:00—News (*H. D. Lee Co.*)
 12:15—Markets (*DeKalb Agri. Ass'n.*)
 2:30—Mary Lee Taylor
 (*Pet Milk Sales Co.*)
 3:00—Let's Pretend (*Cream of Wheat*)
 3:25—News
 3:30—Give and Take (*Chef Boy-Ar-Dee*)
 5:15—Grand Central Station
 (*Pillsbury Mills*)
 5:45—News (*Phillips 66*)

Evening

6:00—Man on the Farm (*Quaker Oats Co.*)
 6:30—The First Nighter (*Campana*)
 7:00—Dick Haymes Show (*Auto-Lite*)
 7:30—Mayor of the Town
 (*Noxzema Chemical Co.*)
 7:55—News (*Vick Chemical Co.*)
 8:00—Your Hit Parade (*Lucky Strike*)
 8:45—Kansas Roundup
 (*Army Goods, Schreiber Mills,
 American Poultry, Dr. L. D. Le-
 gear Medicine Co.*)

10:00—News (*The Fleming Co.*)
 10:15—Ned Calmer, News (*Parker Pen*)
 10:20—Report to the Nation
 (*Continental Can Co.*)
 10:50—Textron Theatre, Starring Helen Hayes (*Textron, Inc.*)

SUNDAY**Morning**

6:00—Sunday Morning Meeting
 7:00—News
 7:15—Pentecostal Tabernacle
 7:30—Bethel Covenant Church
 8:00—CBS Morning News
 8:15—Farm News
 8:30—Kansas News
 8:45—Edmund Denney Show
 (*Faultless Starch*)
 9:00—Church of the Air
 9:30—Fisk University choir
 10:00—Warren Sweeney, News
 (*Curtiss Candy*)
 10:05—Blue Jacket Choir
 10:30—Invitation to Learning
 11:00—First Methodist Church

Afternoon

12:00—News
 12:15—Rainbow Trail (*American Poultry*)
 12:45—M. L. Nelson (*Garst and Thomas*)
 1:00—Stradivari Orchestra
 (*Prince Matchabelli Div.*)
 1:30—Ernie Quigley, Sports
 1:55—Program Resume
 2:00—New York Philharmonic
 (*United States Rubber Co.*)
 3:30—Electric Hour (*Electric Companies' Adv. Program*)
 4:00—Prudential Family Hour
 (*Prudential Life Ins. Co.*)
 4:30—Gene Autry (*Wm. Wrigley Corp.*)
 4:45—Senator Capper
 5:00—Old Fashioned Revival Hour
 (*Gospel Broadcasting Ass'n.*)

Evening

6:00—Adventures of the Thin Man
 (*General Foods*)
 6:30—Blondie (*Colgate-Palmolive-Peet*)
 7:00—The Beulah Show
 (*Lewis-Howe Co.*)
 7:30—Crime Doctor (*Philip Morris*)
 7:55—News (*Ray Beers Clothing Co.*)
 8:00—Request Performance
 (*Campbell Soup Co.*)
 8:30—Texaco Star Theatre (*Texas Co.*)
 9:00—Take It Or Leave It
 (*Eversharp, Inc.*)
 9:30—The Baby Snooks Show
 (*General Foods*)
 10:00—News (*The Fleming Co.*)
 10:15—Ned Calmer, News (*Parker Pen*)
 10:20—Emahizer Melodies
 (*Emahizer-Spielman Co.*)
 10:30—Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet
 (*International Silver*)
 11:00—Wm. L. Shirer, News
 (*J. B. Williams Co.*)

Mary Hellman
c/o Barney Diederich
Greenleaf, Ks.
4-31-46

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Now that he is back in civies, many of you have been asking for a picture of Hilton Hodges in uniform. Here he is beside his training plane. At the time of his discharge, Hilton was commander of Squadron One at the Norman, Oklahoma, Air Station. He plans to continue with aviation as a hobby.