FRANK JONES
(See Page 2)

January  Our Seventieth Issue  1951
I am quite proud to be featured on the front cover of this month's Round-Up Magazine. It is really great to be associated with such a swell gang here at WIBW. All the folks at the Capper station have treated me so wonderful that it seems as if it were only a week instead of six months ago that I joined the announcing staff.

There's not too much to tell you about myself. I've led a rather quiet life with most of my twenty-two years spent on the farm. I was born and raised on the farm and am quite proud of it. I was born March 28, 1908, and was officially christened "Francis Eugene Jones." I soon was given the nickname, "Corky," and that's what I've been called—with a few exceptions—ever since. I am the youngest of the Lou Jones family. I have five brothers and two sisters. They and both Mom and Dad are still living despite the severe shock they got when I came along in 1908. Four of my brothers are still farmers. The other one, Elwood, went on to college following graduation from high school. After making quite a name for the Jones' in college at Emporia State, Elwood bought in high school and now has wound up in the banking business. Elwood has always encouraged me to stay in radio and since he did enjoy much success in public speaking and debate while in school, I feel much more confident of my ability than I would without his bit of encouragement.

Now, as for my twenty-two years on this earth—I attended public school just a mile and a half from my farm home, which is located approximately sixteen miles west of Junction City, Kansas. I got my high school education twelve miles from home. I graduated from the high school at Chapman in the spring of 1945. And I might add that for some unaccustomed reason, I was third high in my class. That's about all I have to brag about, so you'll probably hear me mention that often.

It was in high school that I got an urge to become a radio announcer. This fancy struck me during my senior year in school when I got the opportunity to narrate a program for the high school over KSAC in Manhattan. I enrolled at K-State the following year in January of 1946 with the objective of majoring in speech and radio. I studied there for two semesters and then transferred to Emporia State in September, 1947.

I got my first job in radio in September, 1949, at WIBW in Topeka. I was called in school there. I worked at that station until January of this year and at the same time was trying to devote full time to college work. This proved quite a task, but I managed to graduate from Emporia State in May. During my last semester at college, I almost decided to give up radio and become a school teacher. Then, in May came my opportunity to come to WIBW. Needless to say, I was more than happy to accept when Ben and Art offered me a job here.

As for my hobbies—I am satisfied with spending my spare time going to shows, reading, attending sports events, and an occasional date. Yes, I'm still single and will probably remain a bachelor for a time yet. If you saw my picture in the (Continued on Page 12)
Talent Topics
by O.S. O'Leary

The WIBW Xmas party at the Hotel Jayhawk... Turkey dinner with all the trimmings served to about two hundred people who are responsible for the daily programs for your enjoyment. Highlights... the fine tribute to the entire staff by Sen. Arthur Capper, also by Mr. Phil Zach of our New York office... The after-dinner presentation of gifts—Station Manager Ben Ludy speechless over a new portable power saw from the personnel... also the fine comments by Homer Cunningham to our boss... Miss Maudie slated over a Chinese Lazy Susan from the talent staff... and it was only through sheer determination she was able to attend after two long weeks of illness. And here's the pay-off... she invited EVERYONE to come out to her house for dinner... Oh me! Better take it easy, Miss Maudie, you were missed immensely by everyone. Col. Comb's vest straining at the buttons while making the gift presentation speech to Maudie... this has been Colonel's duty for many years. Col. Comb said if you were sitting across from the Maudie, we were all deeply concerned as to whether you would even be with us this Xmas.' The Maudie: 'Now, Colonel, you know you can't kill me off that easy. I wouldn't miss this for anything!' Beautiful table settings and decorations supervised by Elsie Shideler from our office force... due credit to others including Red, the Ed, for making the party a great success... Thanks a million from all of us... everyone had a swell time and we look forward to many more.

Dude Hank (Maudie's husband) drawing up his own plan for a new addition to their beautiful home in west Topeka, glass sun parlor and patio. He has great possibilities as a draftsman, as any architect could take his plans and come out perfectly. The Carlsons also are spending a new sixteen-inch television set... look out now, Maudie, don't get any new ideas! Clark Wayne's wife, Lesana, being elected as Junior Vice President of the Women's Auxiliary VFW Post... Congratulations! Have you noticed all the swell Xmas songs that have come out this past season? One combination I think is tops... Edmund Denney's vocalizing of "Christmas Symphony"... The Miccolis Slattery's arrangement of "The Merry Xmas Polka" also is tops.

Ruth Miccoli (Mrs. Johnny Williams) received a strong wood case from Tokyu, Japan, and in it was a gorgeous dinner-ware set, sent to her by her husband Johnny who is stationed at an air base there. He has flown several missions over Korea. Mary's husband is stationed at Barksdale Field, Louisiana. Both girls plan on new homes in Topeka when the boys come home.

Hoppi Corbin busy cataloging the new music in our library... filing the good tunes and discarding the ones that have no appeal... Would you believe it, we receive better than ten thousand songs a year from publishers and only about ten per cent ever reach the point where they are requested by the listeners? Don Hopkins' enthusiasm over the products he sells is so great that he gestures with his hands over the desk from him... good work, Don. The Iliot Hodges all aglaze over the new boy; they have big plans for Maureen Dawdy keeping a log of festivities during the holiday season, so she won't get the wrong place at the right time. We lost one of our fine engineers to the service... Clyde Howe now is stationed on Guam, and is in charge of SIXTY transmitters instead of one (and we think we're busy). Ray and Eda are anticipating the day in the near future when they will occupy their new home. If everything goes well, they predict January 15. There is a rumor that Cipher (Billy Baunou) and Uncle Almer (Ralph Moody) who were on the WIBW staff a few years back soon will be on the "Amos 'n' Andy" show.

The Xmas mail has been tremendous, thanks to you many fine listeners... you never let us down. Have you checked (Continued on Page 10)
Embarrassing Moments

by Don Hopkins

Embarrassing moments usually have plenty of humor in them after you have time to think them over and something of interest to all of us. Jerome Deboer of the team, Chuck and Jerome, had a most unusual experience many years ago. It happened back in 1937 when Jerome was singing—by himself on KFRE in St. Joseph, Missouri. The studios were in Hotel Ruhideux. It was 6:00 o'clock in the morning and Jerome was just starting to sing that song made so famous by Sir Harry Lauder, "Rosmin' in the Gloamin'" when the studio door opened and a man walked in and asked if they were recording. Who do you suppose that man was? It was Sir Harry Lauder, himself, all decked out in full Scottish regalia. Jerome says he got so flustered that he could hardly finish the song to say nothing of doing justice to it. Sir Harry Lauder was then appearing at the Lyceum Theatre in St. Joseph and happened to be staying at the Hotel Ruhideux. He had been on an early morning stroll and had investigated the lights shining from the studio windows on the mezzanine floor. And it was by pure coincidence that Jerome happened to be singing "Rosmin' in the Gloamin'."

Merle Housh, better known as Henry of "Henry's Exchange," spent quite a few years with WLS in Chicago. It was back when the polioomyelitis was first used. As radio announcers often fail to do, Merle had not rehearsed his copy too well. He suddenly came upon this word "polioomyelitis" and didn't know what to say. He stammered around on it three or four times and finally said, "Oh well, it has something to do with what's wrong with the human body." The studio audience howled and it wasn't necessary to hold up any applause cards either.

Ole Livgren who talks about nothing else these days but his new daughter, Linda Sue, came out of the clouds long enough to tell me about an embarrassing moment involving his other daughter, Betty Jane. They were expecting company and Ole was anxious to get Betty Jane primped and dressed. She had been running indoors and outdoors, down to the basement and up again in a bathing suit. Ole, thinking she was in the basement, hollered down, "Are you running up and down in your bathing suit?" The voice of an adult lady replied, "No, I just came over to borrow some garden tools." And she might have added "fresh." It was a neighbor lady who had gone to the basement to help herself and poor embarrassed Ole was completely unaware of her presence.

Charles Putt, trombonist, remembers a very embarrassing moment on the SATURDAY MORNING FOOD REVIEW some five years ago. It was one of those rare occasions when Charlie's trombone was in the shop for repairs. He had borrowed his cousin's trombone for the Food Review. For you who may not know there is sometimes a slight difference in construction of these instruments. Some slide trombones slide further than others. Charles was in the middle of a solo, "Lassus Trombone," I believe it was, when the slide came clear off. He had over-slid the slide. Needless to say that ended Mr. Putt's trombone solo and left him feeling very embarrassed.

At the Kansas Poultry Exposition and Congress at Emporia, Wes Seyler interviews Mr. M. E. Jackson of the Kansas State College Extension Service while Mrs. Jackson and son David (right) and Mrs. Anne Hamner of Wichita, Grand Champion Winner, (left) listen.
Here's the happy Hopkins family: Don, daughter Donna Lee and Bertha.

Don is mighty proud of his new bowling ball, which has his name printed on it.

Everybody helps in the kitchen!

Donna Lee’s cocker puppy, “Cuddles,” always wants to go along when the family goes for a drive in their new Ford.

There’s always yard work to do, and Don and Donna Lee like to do it.

Don plays his favorite recording while Bertha and Donna Lee listen.

Visiting The Hopkins Household
Chats Around the Aerial 

with Olaf S. Soward

New Year's is the traditional time for summing up. It is then we strike a balance on the good luck and the bad, the tragedy and the happiness, the hope and discouragement of the year which has expired. It is then we usually try to forecast the future in the terms of those same impacts on our daily life.

And if what we can see and hear on every hand during the turn of A. D. 1951 is any accurate indication of what people really think and feel deep inside themselves—there is more gloom and uncertainty and fear concerning the future among more folks right now than at any time within the memory of something like 99½ out of every thousand Americans.

The problems of war and of Communism, of inflation and racial chaos, of weakening human moral fibre and of spiritless resignation to whatever may happen, appear to many to be too overwhelming to be faced with anything except trembling awe and a spineless forehead of defeat. Such folk will usually tell you the world and the nation have never before faced such horrible prospects against such crushing odds.

All right, let's see about that! Suppose we turn the clock back an even century in the United States of America, and take a look at what our forefathers of 1852 were thinking and facing right here in this land we call our own today.

Railroads were just beginning to thrust out their network of trackage between the cities of the northeast. And the employees of canals, stagecoach and wagon freight lines were becoming gloomily convinced there would be no way left in which they could make a living when the "iron horse" was finally supreme. Women's rights reformers were beginning to demand an equal place for the fair sex in business, the professions and politics. Of course, they were considered just a little bit too crazy to worry about. But practically everybody—outside of those tiny "crackpot" groups which were doing the agitating—simply shuddered in their boots to think what the world would look like if ever women won equality with men.

American political life in those days was in a condition of chronic turmoil which made scores of educated and experienced observers doubtful that democracy could be made to work. Just as an example, between 1849 and 1860 the country had in succession three of the most totally unfitted presidents in our whole history, while our worst national crisis was sweeping the republic along to apparently unavoidable division and disaster—and a majority of the people had voted for them every one, either as president or vice-president.

Yet, in 1860—Abraham Lincoln received a decisive plurality in a savage four-way race; and he got his votes from exactly the same people who had cast their ballots for some or all of his three predecessors! Overshadowing every aspect of American life in 1861 was the political power of the slave-holding aristocracy of the South. The henchmen of that arrogant minority, after thirty years of indecisive wrangling and compromise of the better part of freedom, had finally got the Washington hit in their teeth and were riding rough-shod over every element in the national life which dared to disagree with them in the slightest.

Vast numbers of people in every section of the land were reaching a reluctant realization that it all must end somehow—and the country must be saved in the bargain. Vast numbers of others were sure that nothing could be saved, and that whichever way the rat of history might jump the dream of a great and free continental United States was doomed. A few foresaw the Civil War with heartbreak horror, and were sure it could not be won—or, if it could, it would not be worth it.

These are some of the thoughts which weighed down the minds of Americans on New Year's day in 1851. Undoubtedly many of them thought it was nothing less than brutal irony to speak of "Happy New Year."

Let us remember all those things—and their sequel in the intervening century—before we claim any unusual reason to discount the 1951 cries of "Happy New Year" which still ring in our ears!

Try This!

In the following recipe you'll find the answer to that constant query from the small fry, "What do we have to eat?"

Millie Horton, the good-natured redhead who greets you when you visit WIBW, says this is her favorite recipe and invites you to bake some—

CHEWEY PECAN COOKIES

1/4 C. shortening 2 eggs
1/2 C. butter 1/4 Tsp. salt
21/2 C. brown sugar 1/2 Tsp. soda
21/2 C. sifted flour 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream together shortening and butter. Add brown sugar gradually, beating in each addition until light and fluffy. Beat eggs into mixture one at a time. Sift together flour, salt and soda; and add. Stir in vanilla and pecans. Drop by teaspoons on well greased baking sheet or pan. Bake in moderate oven for about fifteen minutes. Makes about four dozen cookies.
FARM TALK
(Continued from Page 6)

heard E. Digby's account of the "Bug's" travels on the "Farmers' Forum" program. He praised this year's great show in Chicago and the wonderful work done in the States with livestock and agriculture in general. Most everyone in the WIBW family seemed to enjoy themselves during the holiday season. Due to the succession of parties, many of the gang came to work tired but happy. I was amused at Hilton Hodges' giving Robert Ray a football for Christmas. Hilton, very likely, has "Rab-"(Continued from Page 3)

July Round-Up, you'll note that I wear glasses. I started that back in high school and haven't been able to get along without them since. As for my build, I stand 6-1 and weigh in the neighborhood of 175 pounds. As for my future—I hope to stay in radio. I have enjoyed my work here at WIBW very much. Everyone, including you listeners, has treated me well. I want to thank you for all your fine words and letters. I hope I'll hear from more of you. Till we meet again, "Frenk" wishes the best of luck to each and every one of you.

HAMBONE

When hi's time fur Christmas presents, Why shop and shop and shop. And buy a gift dat lak as not Yo' friends can't wait to swap. Why stand in line fur hours, Why rush in and out of stores? Stay at home and send a gift Dat everyone adores.

A subscription to dis magazine Would surely bring much cheer Not alone at Christmas time, But twelve good months a year.

Hit shore is a man wit super-duper in-
telligence who knows when to laugh when a woman is talkin' a funny story. A bee flies five thousand miles to pro-
cure a pound of honey, and then somebody steals it from him. Ain't no wonder dey have such a mean disposition, is it?

Well, folks. I's thought and thought 'bout how to wish you all a happy new year, but dey way is right now, 'but all I kin think of is: Settin' an' wishin' won't change yo' fate. Dee Lord'll provide dey fishin' but, you, has to dig dey bait.

HAPPY NEW YEAR, FOLKS.
It's rehearsal time for the 10:30 a.m. program. Ruth and Mary Miccolis with the aid of Ole Livgren are pictured here running through the arrangement of a new number. The Miccolis Sisters take their rehearsing seriously. What's more they are not satisfied to sing the same old songs. On the contrary they are always coming up with new songs and new arrangements of old songs.

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