

WBBY

ROUND-UP



EDMUND DENNEY, Your Favorite Tenor
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Vol. 1

October, 1945

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National War Fund

We have won the War and have a good start on establishing what we have reason to believe is going to be a permanent peace. Let us not forget those who sacrificed so much to make all this possible. Within the next few days you will be contacted, either by your employer or by a local representative of the National War Fund. There are many factors to consider when you are making your contributions. The National War Fund is a federation of the leading war-related appeals, with the exception of the Red Cross, for providing comforts, hospitality and entertainment for our armed forces and merchant marine, recreational and educational materials for prisoners of war, and supplementary emergency war relief to the people of our Allies and liberated nations.

How can you help? Everyone wants a part in carrying on the work of the National War Fund. First, make an appropriate gift to your local war fund. Then write or phone your community war fund, or tell a friend who is now a committee member, that you, too, will help.

— NATIONAL WAR FUND —

In our November issue, we want to honor two boys who have been together seventeen years. Seventeen years ago, on Armistice Day, Henry and Jerome teamed together to become one of the first and one

of the most popular radio duet teams.

Ole Is Back!

After twenty-one months service in the army, Ole Livgren has returned to WIBW and civilian life. "Just like old times," he said. "Sure is swell to be back." We're mighty glad to have you, too, Ole, and from the way your mailbox was stuffed every day, the listeners want a hand in welcoming you home.

— FOR OUR OWN—FOR OUR ALLIES —

Any Questions?

From time to time your editor receives questions from you readers, questions covering a wide field of information. In the past I have tried to answer them by mail, but now I find that there are just too many. Hereafter, I will pick the questions most frequently asked and answer them to the best of my ability in the "Round-Up." Now to answer just a few: Al Clauser has his own group over a Tulsa radio station. Don Austin was, at last reports, in the army. Mary Ann is working on a station in West Virginia. Dean Eacker plays string Bass with Spade Cooley's band. The boys have had some experiences that are really worth reading and they have promised to tell all. Of course we'll have all our regular features, pictures of your favorites and maybe a laugh or two.

SPECIAL EVENTS FOR OCTOBER

Birthdays

- October 4 Homer Cunningham
- October 13 Olaf Soward
- October 17 Edna Hann
- October 18 Opal Hartley
- October 25 Ben Ludy

Anniversaries

- October 9 Mr. and Mrs. Don Hopkins
- October 22 Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peters

EDMUND DENNEY, YOUR FAVORITE TENOR

This fellow, Doc, has been nagging me for a story for the Round-Up magazine for weeks. I have put it off as long as he will let me. This "story writing" is definitely out of my line. There just doesn't seem to be anything to write about. I have lived a very quiet life and it doesn't seem to me that I have anything to say that would be of interest to others. I can't boast of my many radio experiences and travels as I have only worked on two radio stations in my eleven years of radio life.

To answer the general run of questions . . . I was born at Fairfield, Nebr., July 18, 1910. I received the first eight years of my education in an ordinary public school with the assistance of a reader; after finding that a little tough going, I entered the School for the Blind at Nebraska City, where I began the study of music and learned the piano tuning trade. In 1933 I married a school "Mom" (Myrtle, as most of you know). We have no children. We started our married life by going into the restaurant business in Fairfield. That was during the depression . . . most of you have read or heard of the depression . . . enough said . . . anyway, no one will ever know how happy I was when the judge declared me winner of an amateur contest in Clay Center, Nebr., in August, 1934. I was awarded a month's work at regular staff pay as the prize . . . I was happier still when that month rolled around and the manager called me in and told me I could stay as a regular member of the staff.

About a year later, October 12, 1935, to be exact, I came to WIBW. I have been here ten years. Yes, this marks my tenth anniversary at WIBW. It doesn't seem possible. That hot Saturday afternoon seems like only yesterday . . . but if I stop to think . . . a lot of things have happened in those ten years. A lot of changes have been made. As I start recalling names I realize that a very few of those who were there that Saturday afternoon ten years ago, are still here. Miss Maudie was here, Mr. Ludy too, however, he wasn't our manager then; Leonard McEwen was here



Edmund and Myrtle Denney

. . . he and his brother Gerald, then known as Mac and Jerry. (I had worked with them in Clay Center). Mildred Rankin of the mail department was hostess; oh yes, Bill Smith, our janitor, was here, too. The staff in those days wasn't as large as our staff now. As I recall the names of those who have been here and have gone, I can't help but think of what a grand "Round-Up" we could have if we could have a reunion of all the entertainers who have worked here during the past ten years.

The most outstanding event of my ten years here, happened in September, 1940, when I was chosen to make a guest appearance on the Al Pearce show in Hollywood, sponsored by Camel Cigarettes. Myrtle and I spent a week there. All our expenses were paid and we were royally entertained every moment we were there. We stayed at the Plaza Hotel near Hollywood and Vine. We saw many good shows; visited both NBC and CBS studios; saw Grant Mitchell making a picture at Warner Brothers, were guests at Al Pearce and Carl Hoff's homes. George Burns and Gracie Allen had an office in the Plaza Hotel. We ate in the coffee shop a couple

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WIBW ROUND-UP



In driving a nail into the plaster it's hard to keep it from chipping. Dip the nail in hot paraffin and then drive it in and no damage is done.

— NATIONAL WAR FUND —

If heavy furniture must be moved and there is no second person to help, this is a satisfactory way to do it. Slip an old rag rug and slide it to where to want it. There is little lifting and your floor will not be scratched.

— FOR OUR OWN—FOR OUR ALLIES —

To use all small pieces of toilet soap, cut them up fine and place them in a cloth. Dip in hot water and squeeze hard. You have an added cake of soap.

— NATIONAL WAR FUND —

To decorate a cake attractively and yet save on sugar, lay a lacy paper doily on top of the cake while still warm. Then sprinkle powdered sugar on and then a little colored sugar or cake candy, then carefully lift the doily. You will have a very pretty design.

— FOR OUR OWN—FOR OUR ALLIES —

If your chimney is full of soot and catches on fire, quickly close all doors and windows in the room to decrease the draft. Throw a few handfuls of salt on the fire and the chimney fire will at once go out. The gas from the burning salt will extinguish the fire.

— NATIONAL WAR FUND —

When canning fruit be sure to fill the jars to over-flowing. Put the lid on and screw on tight while hot. This leaves no room for air and the juice helps secure a seal.

— FOR OUR OWN—FOR OUR ALLIES —

If raisins and nuts are rolled in flour before adding to the cake mixture, they will not fall to the bottom of the cake.

If you have hunted for days for a lost

article and finally find it, if there are no objections, leave the article right there or you might have your hunt all over again.

— NATIONAL WAR FUND —

To save laundry work in the bathroom, make curtains out of oil cloth. Cut the curtains out, (no hems are necessary to prevent raveling) and the only sewing required is for the heading, thru which the rod will be placed. The curtains can be wiped off with a damp cloth and will look almost as nice as ever.

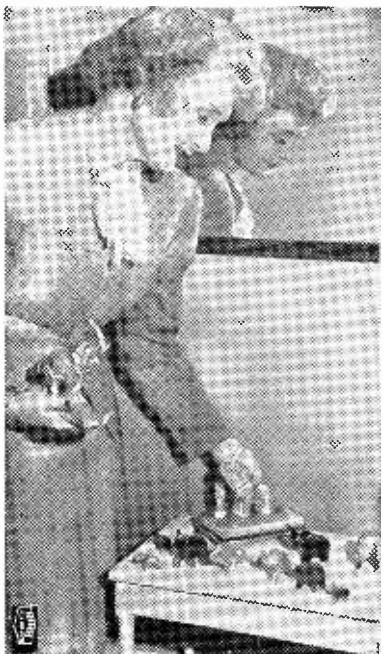
— NATIONAL WAR FUND —

After washing your rayon hose, rinse them in luke-warm water to which a small amount of vinegar has been added. This lengthens the life of the hose and makes them more elastic.



It all happened like this: Ozzie Nelson went to the movies one night and saw a beautiful girl put over a song and promised himself an early introduction. Through a mutual friend it was arranged and the next thing the young lady knew she had been signed as the featured singer in Ozzie's orchestra. Her name was Harriet Hilliard and she evidently was a tremendous success, because by mutual consent they were married on October 8, 1935. They now have two sons, David Ozzie age 8, and Eric Hilliard age 5. "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet," can be heard at 10:30 p.m. Sundays on WIBW.

C.B.S. notes by Kathryn Young



Billie Burke, caught in one of her more serious moods, is looking over some of her favorite pieces of her famous collection of jade, rose quartz, ivory and ebony elephants. Billie is an absolute screwball on "The Billie Burke Show" on WIBW at 10:30 Saturday mornings.

— NATIONAL WAR FUND —

George Shelton of "It Pays to be Ignorant" (WIBW, 8:00 p.m. Fridays), was turned down by the Navy and Marines for World War I because he was too small. He vowed he'd make them sorry and when the Army took him, he proved his worth. He participated in every big fight the Americans were in and received eight Victory Bars. One of his exploits was to go through a gas barrage and bring back food for his detachment which was far up front. George is famous for his ability to ad lib. Maybe his 42 years' experience in vaudeville, movies, and radio has had something to do with it.

— FOR OUR OWN—FOR OUR ALLIES —

Joan Davis, who is known as America's

Comedy Queen, is the name star in the "Joan Davis Show" on WIBW at 7:30 p.m. Mondays. Joan was born in St. Paul, Minn., in 1912 and by the time she could talk she was singing and dancing at local affairs. When she was seven, vaudeville scouts discovered her and she started a tour with a



vaudeville circuit billed as the "Toy Comedienne." Since this first tour she has been on the stage except for intervals of schooling. After her school days, Joan devoted her whole time to vaudeville, improving her style and practicing new routines. Five months after Joan and Si Wills became a team professionally, they decided to make it a permanent partnership and were married. Today they are still a team, professionally as well as privately, for Si helps write Joan's radio show. After appearing in a number of movies, Joan's radio debut came as a guest star appearance on a variety program. She clicked so solidly, she was invited back again and soon became a regular member of the cast. Joan has a certain beauty that amazes people who see her in person for the first time. In fact, she is one of the most attractive and best-dressed women in the industry.

The Voices You Hear Along the RFD

... by Gene Shipley ...

Soil conservation and rebuilding soil fertility will become one of our most important undertakings during the next few years. Much of our high production during the war years has resulted in robbing our fields and soils, and unless farmers start putting some of this wartime revenue back into the ground itself to insure an adequate return in the years to come, we are just asking for trouble.

High pressure wartime farming, calling for more, and more, and still more of everything, has all but cancelled the splendid gains made in soil conservation programs in the late 30's. When you start robbing "Nature's Bank," there comes a time when income dwindles to the point where you are "in the red." Right now, farmers are in the best financial condition in years, so why not start setting aside a portion for investment. I don't mean investment in stocks and bonds, but investment in lime and fertilizers, legume and grass seeding, erosion control projects, or whatever is needed for soil building and maintenance that will insure a profit from farm operation.

During the past two months we have been doing a lot of flying, making wire recordings at 4-H Club Fairs over the state. When you get up two or three thousand feet in the air, the ground stretches out for miles, and you get an excellent picture of the contour below,—the ditches, the gullies, the bare eroded land surfaces are ugly reminders of years of neglect in farm management. I was amazed at this disheartening picture of section upon section of Kansas land, now impotent and fallen into disuse through years of neglect. This situation did not occur in a year or two, it has been gradual, like a creeping paralysis or a cancer, but when you look at the results, it gives you a sort of a sick feeling in the pit of your stomach.

Sooner or later, starving of the land by continuous cropping and cultivation will eventually reduce profits to the place where the tenant or landowner can't main-

tain himself and his family. So, he moves out and tries to get some better land, to continue another period of soil robbing in a new location. The wheat crop in central Kansas this year is a very good example of the value of proper soil maintenance, because nearly every good field of wheat had a background of some legume behind it,—probably sweet-clover or alfalfa. I have talked to many tenant farmers who answer, "Why should I take my land out of production, to seed alfalfa or clover—I've got to have cash crops." This is a situation that should be worked out by the landowner and the tenant, and the land-owner is many times just as short-sighted as the tenant.

Proper soil building and maintenance will return just as much or more profit, and insure a future return as well. Ask any farmer who followed this program 10 years ago, and he will tell you he is now making two or three times more net income than those who have ignored the problem of keeping up soil productivity. Right now, when the farmer has the cash, is the time to start putting some of it back into the soil.

— FOR OUR OWN—FOR OUR ALLIES —

Even some of the most famous people get mike fright. But those appearing on "Lux Radio Theatre" (WIBW, 8:00 p.m. Mondays) have a gadget to help them overcome it. It's an odd looking contraption known as "Oscar." Made of aluminum and steel, "Oscar" has four round legs, two of which are bent to form a handle at the top. "Oscar" was born of necessity and fashioned for a variety of purposes. In many plays, the need for a group of actors around the microphone demands a central focusing point, in order that the engineers may gauge distances. "Oscar" provides this frame from which to work. It also serves as something to hang on to when celebrated stars of stage and screen are victims of mike fright. "Oscar" has been clutched by such stars as Bette Davis, Olivia De Havilland, Frank Sinatra, and Rita Hayworth, who vow "Oscar" is definitely a life-saver.



Chuck Wayne Family—Chuck, June, Ford and Virgil

Chats Around the Aerial

.... with *Olaf S. Soward*

Probably at no time in recent history nor at any time of the year is the pessimist more to be pitied—at least so far as we of the middle west are concerned—than right now.

Two wars have just blown up in the face of those doleful prophets who were insisting that we were all fools if we didn't expect them to continue for months, and even years. And autumn has moved in, or will be doing so in a matter of days depending on where you live, throughout the vast reaches of the northern great plains area of the United States.

Speaking of pessimists, however, it is little short of astonishing how few there have been in the history of human thought. If we further stop to consider the enormous amount of hard luck humanity has run into during the roughly 5,000 years of written records we have at our disposal it becomes even more amazing.

One does not need to be a believer in any of the extremes of predestination to wonder if Nature might not have planned things that way deliberately. For that same old Mother Nature subjects us all at regular intervals to a heavy dosage of her antidotes for discouragement, whether we stop to realize it or not. And her remedies have a pleasant potency which tends to rescue most of us from even the deepest blue of a spell of the glooms without our so much as being required to know what is happening to us.

Maybe you have some business two or three towns away. Possibly you just feel restless and decide it is a good time to pile the family in the old bus for a drive, to get the mental cob-webs of the work-a-day world swept out of your soul.

In either case, you plant yourself behind the wheel with your mind grimly intent on that little matter of highways which are much more crowded than they were a few weeks ago. And you start out.

There is a delightful sting of vitality in the air. An occasional tang of wood smoke compels even the most hardened devotee

of an office desk to think of picnics in the a book lined room where the changing red tongues of a crackling fire dart in and out the logs of an open fireplace.

Look where you will, the whole countryside is a stimulant to even the most tired and preoccupied eye! Clumps of yellow, red and brown glory flame along every creek—in every well tended yard—where the leaves of our friendly trees billowed in nothing but dusty green during the still heat of those summer days which seem only yesterday.

A blue haze gently cloaks the distant hills and valleys, beckoning us on for more discoveries in the breathtaking capacity of Nature to ring in unending changes in the age-old design of beauty—changes which make even the most familiar spot a completely new experience in charm from day to day.

Here and there patches of the soft green of still living grass, or sprouting grain throw into high relief the yellow meadows and the black richness of freshly plowed acres.

Or, it may be a day of silently brooding clouds trailing wisps of mist across the landscape like the streaming veils of some languid goddess of rest and thought. The cool fingertips of gentle rains may brush the cheeks with the exhilarating reminder that there is work yet to be done before we settle down to the snug indoor routine of winter—and that it is fun to work while the zest of life is in the air.

No wonder our few pessimists come mostly from the overcrowded canyons of our big cities, gashed through man-made cliffs of steel, concrete and masonry, where contact with Mother Nature is infrequent and distorted by high walls, thick paving and the belching of ten thousand smokestacks.

And pessimists will always stay in the minority, so long as the bulk of mankind does not lose touch with the changing and stimulating moods of that greatest optimist of all time—Mother Nature!

WIBW Service Stars

We received letters from two of our service men, explaining some of their activities. The first comes from Colonel Joe Nickell, former WIBW news commentator.

24 August 1945

Doc Embree
Editor, WIBW Round-Up
Dear "Doc"

Enclosed please find a little dope on what I've been doing the past two or three years, which isn't much except to travel up and down the North Pacific seeing that the ships are still floating and each wave is still in its proper place, (ocean waves). I'm sure anxious to get home but don't seem to get any of those discharge headquarters to take notice of my pleas.

I received the copy of the Round-Up and certainly enjoyed it very much.

My kindest personal regards to Ben and all the gang at WIBW.

Nik.

When the Japs headed for Dutch Harbor, Alaska, early in the summer of 1942 to gain a foothold on the North American continent the army rushed part of the 25th Division (Missouri and Kansas troops) from training in California to the Aleutian Islands. The Jap Task Force was halted in its drive and settled down on Attu and Kiska. With the nearly 2,000 Kansans who were destined to spend the next two years in the bleak Aleutians and the Bering Sea was Big Nik of WIBW, commander of the Artillery Battalion from Northeast Kansas and Artillery Commander of the Task Force.

The Jayhawkers demonstrated a knack for amphibious operations in their first landing on Adak Island, just why no one seems to know, but many of the officers and men of the 154th Field Artillery Battalion from Horton, Hiawatha, Troy, Fairview and Sabetha, and a considerable number from the 209th F. A. Battalion from Olathe, Salina and other Kansas communities were to leave the artillery and ultimately wind up in various parts of the Pacific as Amphibious Force leaders. Big Nik had charge of the amphibious phase of the principal landings on Attu and Shemya Islands and became director of the ports established at those large North Pacific

bases. When the Kansas units were returned to the states for other assignments Nik was promoted from Lieutenant Colonel to Colonel and made Chief of Transportation of the Alaska Defense Command and later the Alaskan Department.

Since then the former WIBW news commentator has directed all ocean highway, rail and air traffic in the far North Pacific including much Lend-Lease shipping to Russia which flows across the Northern route. He has also been in direct command of the army's transportation troops which numbered more than 7,000 in the Department.

Big Nik says he counts his points every night and hopes that soon the army will release him so he can come back to sunny Kansas.

Our second letter comes from Hilton Hodges:

Lieutenant R. Hilton Hodges, (A5), USNR has just been appointed Squadron Commander of Squadron I, Naval Air Station, Norman, Oklahoma. Lieut. Hodges has been attached at NAS for twelve months and has served as group leader, wing leader, chief flight instructor and now replaces Lieut. James A. Huser as Ron. Com. I. Lieut. Hodges has served at Naval Air Stations in Chicago, Dallas, New Orleans, Olathe and St. Louis since he volunteered in December 1942. Before coming into the service Lieut. Hodges was employed at Radio Station WIBW, Topeka, Kansas. Lieut. and Mrs. Hodges live in Norman.

Dear Mr. Embree:

The above will give you some of the dope you wanted. There are about 650 men and women in our squadron and we teach the cadets how to fly the Navy way. The only radio work I've done is an interview with Comm. David McCampbell, Navy Ace, over WKY, Oklahoma City.

I'm sure anxious to see the gang again. Tell Ben hello for me and tell him I'll try to see him soon about some "postwar planning."

Sincerely,

Hilton Hodges.

Lieut. R. H. Hodges
NAS
Norman, Okla.



Well, de' war is ovah. We is got lots ob' things to be thankful fo! But de' biggest fight ob' ouah lives is ahead ob' us. We is gotta watch dem fellers fo' a long time, an' don't let no-body tell yo' different!

We can sure thank de' goodness dat we lives in a free country where we can say whut we please—provided we ain't married!

Dey tell us now dat we is gonna get lots ob' things on de' stoh counters a-fore Christmas, includin' alarm clocks. But a man wit a new baby at home ain't intrusted in alarm clocks. Some ob' dem con-trap-tions dey tried to sell us wus a fright. Reminds me ob' whut Ole Unk Russell used to say. Unk say, "Close in-spection spoils a lotta things. A buzzard can fly so dog-gone high he is miss-taken fo' a eagle! Dat de' way hit wuzz wit a lotta things we had to put up wit.

Since gas rationin' is off . . . if a black cat runs crost' de' road . . . hits juss too bad fo' de cat.

Before you judge a man . . . first hab' a little talk wit his friends an' his enemies. An' juss remember dat many's a pore man is healthy becuzz he can't afford to stop work to get sick. An' no matter whut yo' do or how well yo' does it dere is alluss some guy who thinks he can do it bettuh. De' most popular men are dem dat accept de' world as it is instead of tryin' to re-form it!

Back a few years ago, Japan say dat she wuzz gonna devour China in one big bite! Boy! She sure did get de' in-DEE-gestion bad frum dat bite ain't she? Whut

de' Jap ain't found out wuzz dat Ole Uncle Sam wuzz somphin' like a woman—about all you ever learns about a woman is dat she has a will ob' her own and knows when an' where to use it.

Iffen yo' sees good in evry' body nearly evry' body will see good in yo!

De' average man is de' one who ain't as good as he's wife thinks befo' dey is married and not as bad as she thinks after dey is married! Befo' marriage a woman thinks all men is alike. After bein' married a few months she knows one is worse than the others!

Aunt Malindee says, after all is said an' done, dey is a lot said and powerful little done!

Dis is sure a funny life. A feller marries a gal cause shes a good cook an' after de' honeymoon, de' very first thing she do is hire a cook. Women gettin' dere hair cut has sorta put a kinda ree-finin' influence over de' barber shop dese days—so far dey ain't no hope fo' de pool room.

Did yo' ever notice dat de' man who watches his minutes ain't got much trouble improvin' his hours. An' about de' silliest thing I ever hears ob' is de' feller who thinks dat hes spitin' hes wife by not eatin' dinner! He juss ain't bright at all—I don't never gets mad till after dinner no how. Dat's 'bout as crazy as a woman leavin' a down-right good providin' husband fo' to eelope wit a poet. De biggest trouble wit us all is dat when we axe a friend fo' his candid opinion, what we really want is his candied opinion. Wouldn't hit be kinda nice iffen peoples would keep dere wicked thoughts locked up in dere brain CELLS!?

Somebody done writ in to de' round-up to axe me whut I thinks a business man is. Well, dats easy fo' me. A business man is de' one who knows de' difference 'tween bein' let in on a business deal and bein' took in one one.

Somebody say, 'Heaben pro-teet de' wokin' gul. . . . I says who's gonna potect de' poe guy shes wokin'?

De' spinal column, in case yo' don't know, is a rack ob' bones dat keeps people frum bein' legs up to dere necks.

(Continued from Page 3)

of times when they and Bill Goodwin ate there and rode in the elevator with them a couple of times; we sat across the aisle from Clark Gable during a show; we saw Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms . . . oh, there were many others, I just can't remember them all. The Merry Macs, Arthur Q. Bryan as little Raymond, Mr. Kitsel and Brenda of the Brenda and Cobena team were among those appearing on the Pearce show at the time. Wendell Niles was the announcer. Everyone was wonderful to us. I especially remember one morning. A girl from the advertising agency was driving us around, showing us homes of famous movie people. As we drove by the home of Jon Hall and Frances Langford, she remarked, "There's Frances, now." Frances was busy in her garden. Myrtle made some remark about my liking to see her and I burst forth with that famous "wolf whistle." Before I had a chance to stop her, our driver put on the brakes, jumped out and ran toward Frances. Frances looked up and said, "Why, hello Virginia!" Virginia told her who we were and Frances came out to the car and visited with us for quite some time (was my face red?) I apologized for taking up her time . . . she assured us that she was glad to meet us. She explained that movie people's worries started when the public stopped being interested in them.

There was one unpleasant incident on that trip that I seldom tell. I didn't tell many of those Hollywood people. In the morning before rehearsal, the day I was to make my appearance, I accidentally slipped as I was standing on one foot in the bath tub under the shower. I fell out on the floor and "knocked myself out." Myrtle called the doctor and he said I would have to stay in bed a week or so, as I had a back injury. I told him to heck with that noise. I had come a long way to sing that one song and I was going to sing it . . . He realized how desperately I felt and he assured me that he would do the best he could. He taped my back and applied heat—with his and Myrtle's assistance I got up and started walking. I walked to the studio—a little late for rehearsal but

I made it. I kept walking around the block all afternoon in order to be able to sing my song—I sang it—Sierra Sue—Many of you probably remember—I was never in more pain in my life. Not until the show was over did I tell anyone about my back. Al Pearce arranged for us to have a special compartment on the train for our trip home. You can be sure I'll never forget that trip. I prize highly several hundred congratulatory cards, letters and telegrams from WIBW friends concerning that broadcast. Among them is a nice letter from Senator Capper.

I suppose I should answer one question many people ask; that is—how I learn my songs. When I first started in radio I memorized all of them. I got along nicely until one afternoon when we were putting on a program for one of our local papers celebrating its 50th Anniversary. I was to sing the favorite song of the founder of the paper. I didn't have a great lot of time to memorize the song but I thought I knew it. The studio filled with "Big Shots" and friends for the occasion and I took my place near the microphone. When the time came for me to sing my song I sang a half dozen words and my mind went blank. I commenced to hum it through. Art Holbrook, the announcer quietly whispered into my ear, "Sing it the next time through." I made another attempt and only that same half dozen words came out. I hummed on through. Well, you can imagine how humiliated I was. Since that day till now Myrtle dictates all my songs to me and I keep my braille copy with me as I sing.

In closing there is one thing I might say. It seems that the general public are curious and have a tendency to feel sorry for a handicapped person. I think our many veterans will back me up in this. We are no different than anyone else and don't like to be treated differently. All we want is a chance. If you just stop and check up I think you will find that everyone has a handicap of some kind—some more noticeable than others—it may be poor health, it may be a case of selfishness or jealousy—or it may be only a bad disposition.