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Journal



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ABOUT CHRISTMAS

By Doc Embree

Along about the time we feel the first cold wind move down from the north and see the leaves drift into their places to blanket this old earth with a preparatory covering before the first snow . . . that's the beginning of that period of the year we call "the Christmas Season!" We oldsters like to pretend all the fuss and bother we go through is for the benefit of the children, but deep down inside, we all get "that feeling" that goes with Christmas.

Like other holidays that enjoy universal observance, Christmas has caused the origin of many customs that we readily accept, but rarely do more than wonder at their source. I think the stories behind some of them might be of interest.

Ever since I was more of a "kid" than I am now, I shuddered at the use of the spelling "Xmas." I thought it was an abbreviation, used only to save space on advertising bulletins and signs. To me, it looked sacrilegious. A little research, however, proved I was wrong. The spelling "Xmas" is derived from the Greek "X" which is the equivalent of "Ch" and the last part of "Christ Mass," the Roman Catholic name for the day we celebrate the birth of Our Savior.

At home in Iowa, the trees we commonly call "Christmas trees," are not to be found in every locality and even today people go to the timber, cut a plain, ordinary tree, cover it with cotton down to its tiniest twig and make it a thing of beauty for the Christmas season. Streamers of popped corn strung on threads, strings of tinsel, chains of multi-colored paper and the inevitable star tend to add that touch that shouts to the World, "It's Christmas time!" The use of Christmas trees dates back to the time of Martin Luther, who saw the beauty of a small fir tree in the forest and set it up in his home, decorated with candles to

represent the stars.

Carol singing got its start when the Angels sang "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men!" Then in England during the 15th century, groups of carol-singing serenaders gathered under lighted windows, in churches, and in homes. Since that time, carol singing has increased in popularity, and rightly so, for no prettier music was ever written.

Back in the days of Queen Anne, youngsters wrote verses at Christmas time for their relatives. Later, during Queen Victoria's reign, a well-known printer introduced the sending of "Christmas cards."

Saint Nicholas, or as we know him, "Santa Claus," was brought to this country by the Dutch settlers in New Amsterdam, who used this method of rewarding the children who had been good the preceding year.

The custom of giving gifts dates back to the bringing of gifts by the three Wise Men. Today, the whole world accepts the custom.

There are many other customs . . . some of strictly local origin and use; others that are used all over the world. There's the highly enjoyable one of catching your favorite girl under the mistletoe. Now mistletoe was the sacred plant of the Druids and they used it during their rites at the Winter Solstice. The custom of kissing under the mistletoe was originated in Scandanavia by the Goddess of Love and Beauty, Frigga, who was so grateful for the return of her son that she kissed anyone who passed under the mistletoe. Christmas bells got their start through the legend that when Christ was born, the Devil died and the bell in the church was rung. The eating of plum pudding started in England.

There is one other custom I would like to mention at this time. That is the

one whereby we decorate our packages and cards with what we have come to call "Red Cross Seals." When we buy those tiny bits of paper, we are, in fact, giving a gift to humanity. Their part in the fight against the dread tuberculosis is well known by the people of every land. So, when we have that "Christmasy" feeling, let's not neglect our duty. Buy an extra block of those cheery little seals that are sealing the fate of one of mankind's most powerful enemies. Merry Christmas!

OUR COVER

Of course you all recognize the old gent on the cover as being Santa Claus. but did you know that Colonel Combs was the man behind the beard? We got the idea from the Colonel's playing the part of Santa for our annual Cappers Christmas party. We had quite a time finding a suit for the picture. We called the costumer who furnishes the suit for the party, but he told us he never unpacked his suits until right at Christmas time. After making several telephone calls, I finally thought of contacting cleaning establishments in hope that they might remember customers who had had suits cleaned on previous years. It was a good idea. One of the cleaners I called told me that Sears, Roebuck and company had just had two suits cleaned. I contacted Mr. Cockayne, the assistant manager, who was very cooperative. I hustled Colonel to Wichers studio for the picture, but found that we still needed a beard. Remembering what a wonderful Santa Claus Pelletiers Department Store had last year, I went to see Mr. Walker, the manager. It was through his help that we got the beard. We returned to the photographers to find that his camera was broken. (No Colonel wasn't responsible.) But we did finally get the picture.—The Editor.

COMING EVENTS

Birthdays:

- Virginia Lee.....December 9
- Hoppi Corbin.....December 19
- Jerome DeBord.....January 2
- Bobbie Dick.....January 8
- Henry Peters.....January 13

Anniversaries:

- Mr. and Mrs. Chuck Wayne.....Dec. 24
- Mr. and Mrs. Clark Wayne.....Dec. 28
- Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie McGinnis.....Jan. 1

COLONEL COMBS

As Told to Doc Embree

I was born on a farm in Worth County, Missouri, a good, long time ago; I won't say just how long. My people have always been farmers, and good ones, too. I grew up doing just what every other farm boy of that time did—work all week in the fields and look forward to going to town with the folks on Saturdays when they went to do the week's shopping.

Dad owned a saw mill and I was running the saw by the time I was fourteen. It was a steam rig, the most modern machinery at that time. During harvest time we hitched up a threshing machine behind the steam engine and went on the threshing ring. Those were the happy times. We worked hard, but there was always a bunch of good fellows to laugh and joke with and the way we ate at dinner-time and in the evening was a fright. Every home had heaping plates of chicken for us and expected us to clean it up. We didn't disappoint them a bit.

In the evenings after supper, we'd all gather 'round the old reer-type organ and someone would dig out a fiddle. I come by my music naturally. My mother's folks were all old-time fiddlers and she taught me many of the old tunes that you hear me play on the Dinner Hour and Round-Up programs. Sometimes we'd have a dance, but most of the time we'd just sit around and play and sing.

In those times, every little town would have a celebration at least once a year . . . usually "Old Settler's Day." I looked forward to those days . . . there was always a fiddler's contest and I was pretty sure to walk away with one of the prizes. I liked music and would practice a lot, but my dad told me I ought to learn some kind of a trade as I couldn't just play music all my life.

So I took up auctioneering. I took a course in the Auctioneering School of Experience in Davenport, Iowa. Then I went to work crying sales around Northern Missouri and Southern Iowa. That's the way I got my name "Colonel."

I still liked to play the fiddle, tho, and entered every contest that was held in that part of the country. It was just such a contest that started me on my way to radio work. I won a contest held by Henry Field at Shenendoah, Iowa and he put me to work on his radio station. I stayed there just a short time, but was interested in radio, so I hired out to a

station in Grant City, Missouri. In fact, they hired me before the station was ever built. I worked for them for three years and sure learned a lot about radio. I played the first and the last tunes ever played on that station. It was sold and moved to Springfield, Missouri.

Among the people who worked with me on the Grant City Station, were the "Musical Vaughns." They left the station while I was still there and the next I heard, they were at WIBW. About the time I was out of a job, their fiddler got sick and Don Searle, who was manager of WIBW at that time, asked them if they

Faulkner, Minor Clites, Bunkhouse Bill, Carl Haden, the Oklahoma Outlaws, Ray Mack, Tiny Hunt. Oh, there have been a lot of them. WIBW has always had a good bunch around. The fellows and girls here now are just as fine a bunch to work with as you ever could find.

As I told you in the first of the story, my folks were farmers. They farmed the old way . . . planting and harvesting by the signs. They not only believed in the signs, they tried them out and kept track of the results. They passed this information on to me and in 1940 I had it published in book form. That was the start



Besides being "the best old-time fiddler in fourteen states," Colonel is a graduate auctioneer. He says it helps with his calling square dances, too. Here he demonstrates his talents before an interested audience. Know any of 'em?

knew anyone who could fill in for them. They referred him to me and I came to Topeka. That was in April, 1934, and I've been here ever since.

I'll never forget the entertainers who were here when I came. Miss Maudie was here . . . Dude Hank was playing a program now and then . . . Don Searle was our manager . . . Adam the Farm Hand was our announcer. I helped play the first Saturday Night Round-Up on the station. It was called "The Crossroads Sociable" and four of us put on a show an hour and a half long.

Yes, I've been here almost thirteen years and I've seen a lot of good entertainers come and go. Maybe you'll remember some of them. Jim, Andy and Gus, Irish Reilly, McKay Sisters, Tex Owens, Roy

of the Farmers and Planters Guide. Since that time I have sent my book into thirty-six states and Canada. Of the thousands of copies I have sold, not one has been returned to me. People who have ordered the book out of curiosity have written to me and told me that they never expected such results as they received. It makes me feel good to think of the good that has come from the Farmers and Planters Guide.

I think that is about all there is to tell. Anything I would say about WIBW would be just repeating what the other people have already said. We are just a big, happy family with one purpose in mind . . . to give you the best entertainment we can. Let us hear from you. Merry Christmas.

HENRY'S EXCHANGE



It all started in Chicago in 1938. A Chicago radio station found itself in need of unique programs . . . something out of the ordinary. Henry of Henry's Exchange was on the program planning staff and suggested Henry's Exchange, the program to be hints and helps of all kinds. The station turned thumbs down on the idea. They thought it was impossible for a man to run a program of that kind and make the program go over with the audience. Three months passed, a new program director for the station, and they were still looking for new ideas. After some consideration, they accepted the program, Henry's Exchange. The first fifty broadcasts, within ten weeks, brought fifty-two thousand, eighty-three letters to the Exchange Club Program. It had been proven that a man could run a program that appealed to the ladies.

During the years that have followed Henry has acquired seventy-three thousand hints and helps that appeal to the modern home. He has been instrumental in finding homes for eight babies; he has broadcast appeals that have brought happiness into many, many poor homes at Christmas time. The hundreds, yes, thousands of people who have found help through his efforts are daily listeners to the Exchange Club Program. Whether they are trying to find a new way to clean their stove or are looking for diapers for the baby, they know Henry will help them!

One of his listeners sent Henry the following hint which has become one of his favorites. Advice to women who smash their fingers while trying to drive a nail with a hammer. Always hold the hammer in both hands!

ICY WINDSHIELDS: Use two quarts of water as hot as you can bear your hands in and add $\frac{1}{2}$ of a pint of paraffin oil. Wring out a soft cloth with this and wash your car windows. Polish with a dry lintless cloth. The dust, snow and rain will not cause any more trouble. The windows will stay clean longer and shed rain and snow.

WINDSHIELD: When it is raining or sleeting, use newspapers to wipe your wind-

shield. Also, carry saltshaker with salt in it in your car and when ice starts forming on your windshield, dash a little on. It is a great help.

MUD SCRAPER: On a board about 12 inches, using large headed shingle nails, tack as many bottle caps, rough edges up and in straight rows as the board will hold. You will have a dandy door mat and a mud scraper.

LEFT OVER FOODS

FRUIT CAKE: If you have some left over put it in a tin box and cover it with sliced apples. Be sure to cover it real tight. The juice of the apple is absorbed by the cake. They keep it moist and give it an extra flavor.

LEFT OVER TOAST: Save until you have a small supply. Then dry it out thoroughly in the oven or over the radiator in the winter. Run it through the grinder and you will always have a supply of bread crumbs on hand. If placed in empty coffee can or glass jar they will keep indefinitely.

PEANUT BUTTER: If you should happen to have just a little bit of peanut butter left and it gets too dry for sandwiches, try rolling it into tiny balls. Roll the balls in powdered sugar. Then use them in fruit salad or any recipe that calls for nuts. It is very tasty.

LEFT OVER MASHED POTATOES: There is no need to throw them out if they are still good. Take the cold mashed potatoes left over and add a well beaten egg, a dash of pepper, a teaspoon of flour and a small portion of finely chopped onion. Make them into cakes and brown in hot deep fat.

SANDWICHES left over need not be discarded—brush them with melted butter and toast to a golden brown on each side.

LEFT OVER FISH: (cooked or otherwise) Cover well, for they absorb odors which may result in ptomaine poisoning.

COOKED POTATOES piled closely together sour right away. The way to keep them from it is to spread them about on a large dish.

USE THE LEFT OVER CHICKEN DRESSING: Slice and fry to a delicate brown.

POP CORN

POP CORN pops much more easily and faster and with fewer unpopped if you sprinkle the corn before putting it in the popper with just a little water.

IF POP CORN won't pop, shell it and put in a sack and let it hang across the clothes line or some other outside place where the wind, rain and sun can get to it. Try some of it and when it has seasoned enough bring it to the house and seal it in cans. You will be surprised with the results.

HOMEMADE CARMEL CORN: 3 tablespoons of lard— $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar—1 tablespoon vanilla— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raw pop corn. Put lard in deep covered skillet. When almost smoking hot, add sugar, salt, vanilla and unpopped corn. Keep corn in motion until completely popped and each kernel will be coated with an excellent syrup which is neither sticky nor tough. About 2 quarts is the usual return from this recipe. Although that may vary with the type of corn one uses. Peanuts may be added at the beginning of the popping if desired. Be careful not to burn. Watch flame closely.

BED CLOTHING

To protect your **MATRESS** from the wear of the springs, also dust, place a piece of old linoleum between the mattress and the springs. The linoleum cannot be seen and it will not let the springs cut the mattress.

COMFORTER: Save all the good portions of your discarded wool sweaters, and when you have enough of them, sew them together and use them for the "filler" in a comforter. It makes a wonderful cozy comforter and one easily laundered.

MATRESS: If you have an innerspring mattress, handle it carefully to prevent any of the springs from coming loose. Turn it quickly and lay it on a flat surface to air. Never hang it over the end of a bed as the springs in the center could then easily get out of condition.

TALCUM POWDER a spoonful in a pillow—fluffs feathers and perfumes.

TO BEAT MATTRESSES OR UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE without dust flying all over the house, dampen an old bath towel. Wring it dry and spread it over the surface to be beaten. Beat right over the towel and the dust will go into the towel but no where else.

COVERS: Where there is a shortage of covers in cold weather, place newspapers between the covers on your bed and they will hold out lots of cold air.

AROUND *the* STUDIOS with Hilton

A very short time until Christmas Day . . . the most wonderful of all the 365. The Christmas season brings back the best and the most of those mellow memories of the past years; the days at home with Mother, Dad and the Family. The other day several of us were recalling past Christmas Holidays and wondered how many happy times Senator and Mrs. Capper and their friends must have had in their Topeka home . . . our present studio home.

This beautiful home on Topeka Avenue was built in 1911 by Senator Capper and he lived here for about fifteen years, including the years he was Governor of Kansas. When he became a United States Senator, his neighbor, Charles Curtis (who later became Vice-President of the United States) was also a United States Senator. This is the only case in the history of our country that two Senators lived as next-door neighbors. On election day the two gentlemen would meet in front of Senator Capper's home and walk to the polls to cast their votes.

Yes, our studio home has seen many interesting holidays, just as we have enjoyed them these past twelve years since WIBW moved from a downtown location.

Among the many anniversary celebrations the past few weeks have been the two birthday anniversaries at the Ludy house—those of Ben and his one-year-old daughter, Joy Ann. The latter was a gala affair with cake, presents and all the trimmings. Gene Shipley was on hand with his camera to record on film a story of all the proceedings. Another special occasion was the first wedding anniversary of Roy and Maudie Carlson. They returned to the scene (Kansas City) and spent the day. Incidentally, Maudie's secretary Jane Brookens, will soon marry Virgil Hessler of McPherson. They are both Washburn College students. Mr. Hessler plans to complete his education and Janie says she will remain on "active duty" with Miss Maudie until he finishes. Cupid struck another blow at WIBW when we learned that Marilou Holt, our evening hostess, will marry Dale Radar, one of our engineers. Marilou's brother

carried off the blue ribbon at the Kansas Free Fair last fall with a prize-winning entry in the sheep division.

Two of our family have gone into business. Henry Peters bought a cafe on East Sixth Street and although he goes hunting at the drop of a hat, he already has those dishpan hands. He swears that he doesn't put cereal in those fine hamburgers. Loyd Evans has bought a beauty shop on Kansas Avenue. His wife, Reva, is an excellent operator. . . . Ezra claims it is like buying your wife a washboard for Christmas.

One of our leading sports fans is Edmund Denney, who has already bought a box for the 1947 Topeka Owl season. Clark Wayne spends his spare time working on automobiles . . . and good! He also said that Dean Eacker wrote that he enjoyed the meat-packing industry with his brother in Idaho. (Bet a nickel Dean's back in radio before long.) Our newest secretary, Betty Camp, is one of Topeka's

leading "Get Out and Vote" enthusiasts. Her dad is Shawnee County Commissioner.

WIBW-FM, the first and only FM station in Kansas, went on the air November 10th. Our new station is housed in our regular studio home, has its own control room, transmitter and antenna. At present we are on the air from 3 to 9 P.M. daily on 102.5 megacycles, channel 273. Since the effective radius of FM transmission is only about fifty miles, our programs will be planned for Topeka with news, music, sports and special events.

There are relatively few FM radio receivers in our area but the set makers are sending more and more to their dealers, especially in cities where an FM station is broadcasting. We have seen five brands of FM sets, ranging from \$60 to \$500, and all of them of course pick up regular AM stations as well as FM. In fact, the only difference in the appearance of the sets is the addition of an FM dial, very much like the short wave band on many sets made before the war. Putting it very simply, that's all FM is—ultra-high frequency—too high for your regular set to pick up. It's so high that lightning, high lines, electric razors and the like have no effect on reception. FM is static-free and transmits high frequency sounds which gives music a brilliance and quality unknown to AM receivers.

(Continued on Page 10)



Who wouldn't grin when they had a brand new \$400 steel guitar to play? Glenn Osborne, popular WIBW steel guitarist is featured on Bobbie Dick's and Sonny Slater's shows.



"Here comes the Flying Rooster," shouts a keen eyed youngster. All eyes turn skyward, and as the speck on the horizon gradually grows larger, someone answers, "Yep, here they come," and soon a babble of voices, buzzing excitedly announces the arrival of WIBW's ambassador of Good Will, the now famous "Flying Rooster" as the little plane glides in gracefully for a landing at the county fair, a farm bureau picnic, a livestock show, or perhaps a friendly visit to some farm home.

Just a year ago, WIBW's Farm Service Department took on another hand and helper—A 2-place 65-horsepower airplane, promptly christened "The Flying Rooster" after WIBW's well-known rooster insignia that appears on our stationery. Many folks call it the "red" rooster, but he really isn't red, but cream colored, with a wide red stripe in the center, and a big red rooster on the tail—maybe that's where the red rooster idea came from. During the past 12 months, the Rooster has winged over nearly every county in Kansas, has travelled over seven states and over 18,000 miles and has never as much as scarred a wing-tip.

I think most folks are a little surprised at first, because the Rooster is not a large plane. It is the typical plane of the flying farmer, one that will land and take off from any small field, because that's where we usually land. It cruises at 95 to 105 miles per hour, and we can fly about 350 miles before setting down for gas unless we encounter strong head winds. And unless the weather gets too bad, we can usually count on getting to our destination and back, but weather is still the uncertain factor. Cold weather doesn't bother us particularly, unless there are icing conditions at 1500 to 2000 feet where we usually fly, and in the summer time it is often necessary to detour around thunderstorm areas, but when we get one of those drizzly, rainy, foggy days, or snow storms when visibility is bad, we simply stay on the ground. The big commercial planes are specially equipped to fly in adverse weather, and some day the

smaller planes may be able to do so, but not yet.

We have a special built-in compartment in the Flying Rooster to carry our wire-recorder and photographic equipment, and this goes with us on all our trips. Several additions have been made since we began flying. We immediately felt the need of radio for ground contact while in flight, and our chief engineer installed a receiver and transmitter in the Rooster, which has been very helpful especially on long trips and when landing at controlled airports. We also added a variable pitch propeller, but otherwise the Rooster is just like most other small planes operated by flying farmers and private flyers.



Looking back on some of our experiences, we will never forget one of our first flights—to Fairbury, Nebraska, to cover the story of the quintuplet calves. We flew to Fairbury, made our wire recordings in ideal weather, flew on into Omaha for overnight, and an interview at the stockyards the next morning—only to wake up to see a foggy, drizzling rain that socked us in for three days.

Our longest trip was early in May, when we flew to San Antonio, Texas, for the regional agricultural college editors meeting, making the distance in a little over 7 hours flying time, and about 7½ hours for the return trip. We left Topeka all bundled up in 8 above zero weather, and

were in our shirt sleeves in 80 degree temperatures by the time we got to San Antonio.

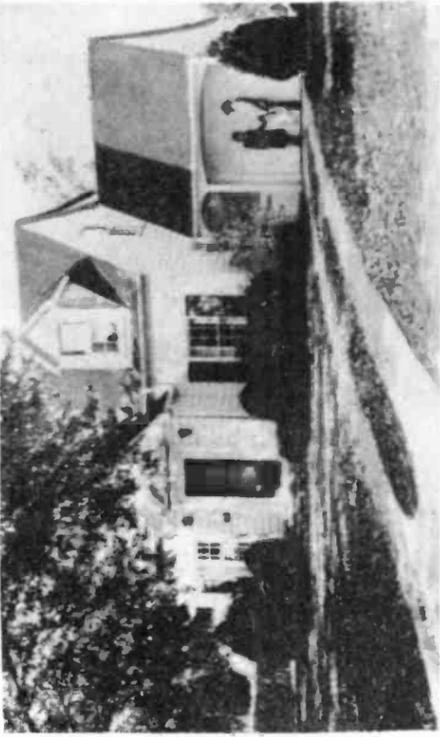
In April we went down to Okeene, Oklahoma, to cover the annual rattlesnake hunt, leaving Topeka late Saturday afternoon April 6th, flew to Blackwell, Oklahoma, that evening, and left for Okeene early the next morning, landing in a wheat field at the edge of town. We loaded our equipment in a car, drove to the gyp hills with a group of hunters, made our recordings, and flew back to Topeka the same afternoon.

In August during Farm Safety Week, we dropped several thousand farm safety pledge cards over the farms in Eastern Kansas, during four afternoons of "safety bombing." The picture shows the writer with a big bundle of rolled cards just before taking off for the afternoon "bombing" expedition. This was a busy month for the Rooster, making 4-H and County Fairs over the state, and on the writer's birthday, August 20th, we flew down to Medicine Lodge for the Barber County Beef Tour and that wonderful barbecue

out at Hully Hoss & Son's Ranch, and just three days later the Flying Rooster landed at the St. Francis airport in the extreme northwest corner of the state, to spend a day with "Hap" Shull and Helen Jenkins at the Cheyenne County Fair, after making stops at Effingham, Marysville, and Mankato to make recordings in Atchison, Marshall and Jewell Counties. We arrived at St. Francis in time to attend the 4-H Style Revue Friday night, made a series of wire recordings at the Fair the following day, and the Flying Rooster brought us back to the Topeka airport at 5:30 the same afternoon. Only

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The Roundly visits the Carlson's



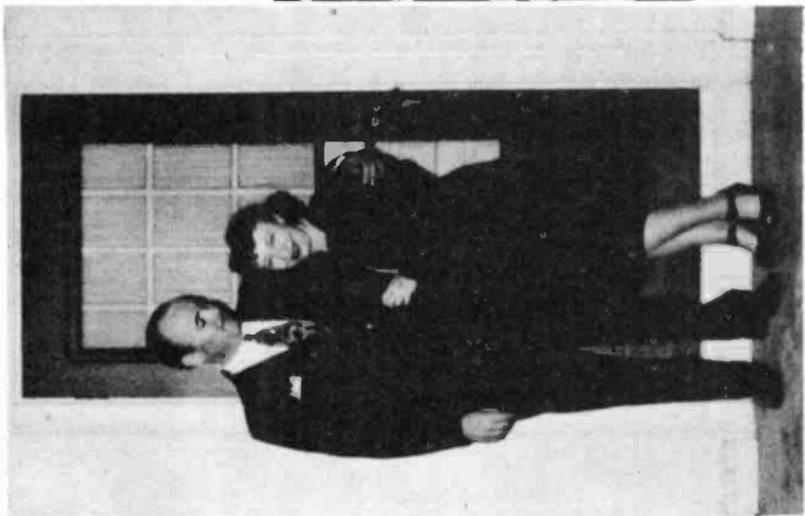
The Carlson home on Campbell Avenue



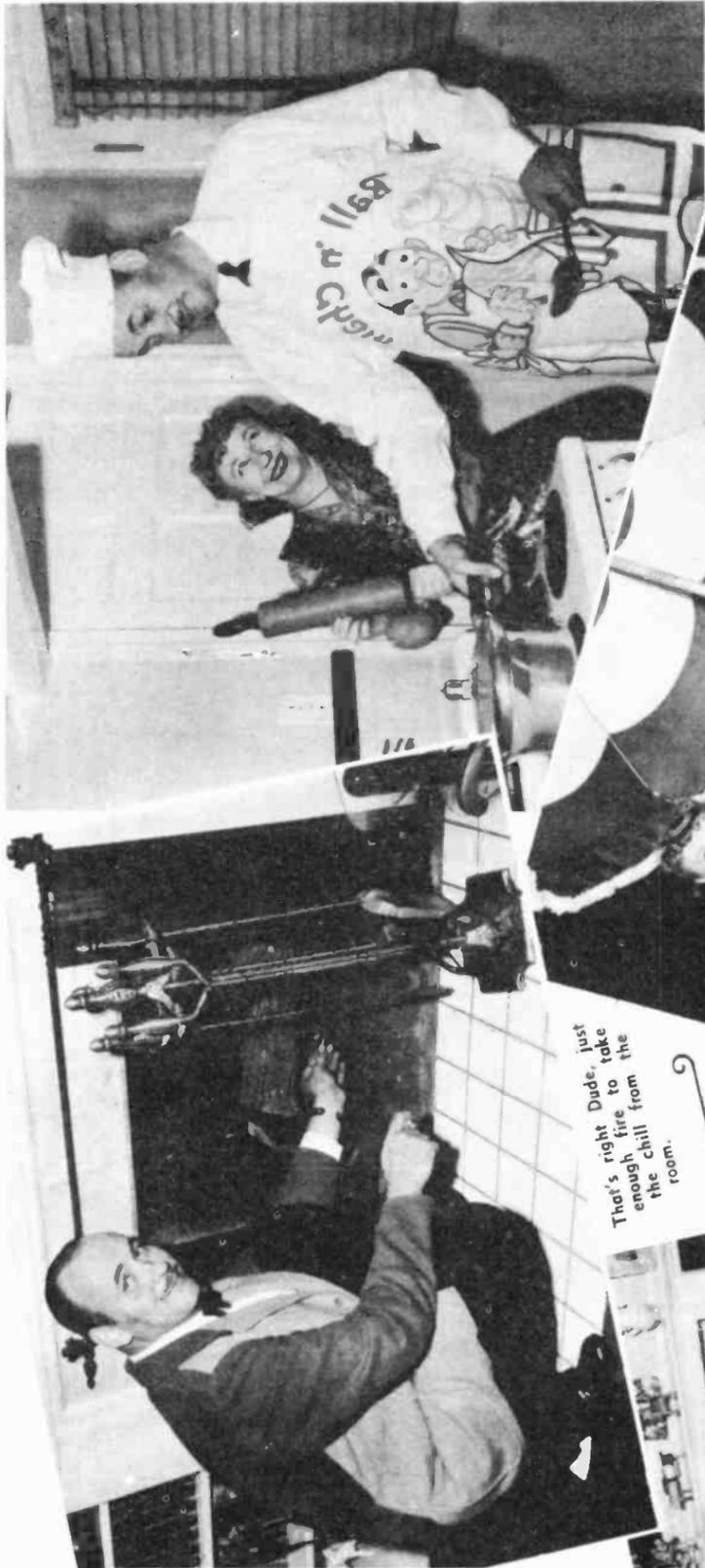
More relaxing—this time on the terrace.



Tommy Dorsey at the auditorium? Let's go.



Meet the folks who live at 1351 Campbell, Miss Maudie and Dude Hank.



That's right Dude, just enough fire to take the chill from the room.



Miss Maudie and Dude relax under the shade of the huge lawn umbrella.



Refreshment time? That's for me. Mrs. Carlson serves.

With all the books to choose from how come you pick "The Big Noise" for the picture?



Did you all avah notice dat de feller dat has de' most time to kill allus comes 'round when you is de' busiest to kill it?

Well, I ain't 'zactly got lots ob' time right now cause dese is shore busy times out at de' Ranch. Mr. Ezra is juss bustin' hisself tryin' to make dis a big holiday celebration. We is gonna have a Xmas tree wit all de' trimmin's this Xmas, an' we is 'spectin' visits frum yo' people far an' wide. So come in an' make yo' self at home.

Mr. Ezra wuzz all outta sorts 'thuth uther mornin'. He jumps on me sumpin fierce like. He say, "Hambones, I wants yuh to quit feedin' dat cow on shredded wheat, hits dangerous." I say, "Why is hit dangerous Mr. Ezra?" "Well, this mornin' at milkin' she durn near chewed my whiskers off!"

I reckon dis is called de' first post-war Xmas ain't it? Leastways they is lots more stuff in de' stores dis year, but de' prices is sumpin fierce ain't dey? Trouble is, they ain't no department store on earth big 'nuff to supply everything a woman wants. Corse on de' other hand yo' take de' man dat say dat he wants but little here below mayhap be listed as a police suspect.

Mr. Ezra little neffhew, Snorky, come back frum Snuday school last week an' say, "Uncle, my Sunday School teacher say dat iffen I is a good boy I'll go to heaben." Eazra say, "Well?" Snorky: "Well, you said iffen I wuzz a good boy I'd go to de' circus; now I wanna know who's tellin' de' truth."

I wuzz ridin' in one ob' tem taxi cab things not long ago, an' I say to de' driver man, "Mr. Please suh, don't drive so fast like round dem corners, hit scares me! He say, "Do whut I does—shut yo' eyes when we comes to a corner." Ain't dat awful? What we needs is a sign on de' auto speed-ometer, date say, "Death begins at 40 an' is sure at 70."

My young son axe me, Pop, what wuzz yo' greatest ambition when yo' wuzz a kid?" I say, "To wear long pants. An' I's

had my wish. Iffen dey is anybody else in de' country dat wears his pants longer dan I does, I'd shore like to see him."

When somebody walks inna room these days and says, "Dis room shows de' modern feminine touches," what dey means is dat dey is cigarette ashes on every-thing.

Yes, dese is modern times alright! Folks used o be willin' o wai patient-like for days for a slow-movin' stage coach . . . but now dey kicks like de' dickens iffen dey miss one revolutin' of a revolvin' door.

I gotta letter frum a reader of de Roundup last month who says, "I has a horse dat sometimes 'pears to be normal and, at uther times he's a mite lame. Whut does you think I oughta do?" Well, Mr. Reader—I suggest dat de' next time yo' horse 'pears to be normal sell him."

Tip to dee little woman:

"Many a wife has found dat' huggin' her husband is de' best way ob' gettin' around him."

Well gettin' back to Christmas, which we wasn't talkin' bout hardly anyway, how did things work out at your place or is they worked out yit? I member last year alright. I allus have to trim dee tree o' course. Well, last year I had some trouble. You know dey is allus a gen'ral mixup about floor plugs and connections. Last year I got dee wires mixed up somehow. I turned on dee current. Dee second-hand washin' machine I got fo' Petunia says—"Don't do anything 'till yo' hears frum me;" the radio turned all colors and dee tree begun to drip soapuds.

An' probly dey is someone yo' forgot to send a Xmas card . . . and den agin' most likely dey is sombody dat forgot to send yo' one last year. Send 'em sumpin' like dis:

"Roses is red

Violets is blue

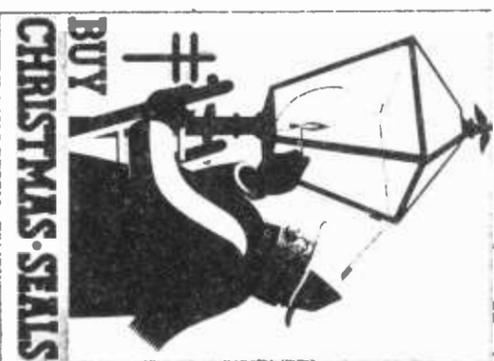
Christmuss is here—

Where wuzz you?"

It's funny. Ever notice Santa Claus comes and dumps all dee presents out on

dee floor and leaves pa holdin' dee bag? It's dee man dat pays on Xmas boy!

Well, Merry Xmas to all yo' good people, and when yo' goes to Church dis Christmas, don't fo' get you has a lot to be thankful for. You is livin' in dee bestest country in dee whol' wide world regardless ob' whut some loon-a-ticks will try to tell you. An' don't forget dis too. Dee successful man is dee one who makes hay wid dee grass dat grows under others feets. See you all next year.



AROUND THE STUDIOS

(Continued from Page 5)

We had our formal opening last Sunday, December 1st, with a dinner party Monday night which was attended by about 350 Topeka folks, Kansas broadcasters and out-of-towners interested in FM. We listened to several FM receivers and the great difference in the quality between them and AM receivers convinced everyone that "my next set will have an FM dial on it!"

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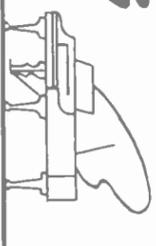
THE FLYING ROOSTER

(Continued from Page 6)

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Ramblings



DECEMBER, 1946

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Next month I shall tell you all about our WIBW party—so, until then—"A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."—Miss Maudie.



The Carlson's



The Carlson home on Campbell Avenue



It's easy to see who's boss of the kitchen.



More relaxing—this time on the terrace.



Miss Maudie and Dude relax under the shade of the huge lawn umbrella.



Tommy Dorsey at the auditorium? Let's go.

hambone sez



Did you all avah notice dat de' feller dat' has de' most time to kill allus comes 'round when you is de' busiest to kill it?

Well, I ain't 'zactly got lots ob' time right now cause dese is shore busy times out at de' Ranch. Mr. Ezra is juss bustin' hisself tryin' to make dis a big holiday celebration. We is gonna have a Xmas tree wit all de' trimmin's this Xmas, an' we is 'spectin' visits frum you people far an' wide. So come in an' make yo' self at home.

Mr. Ezra wuzz all outta sorts 'thuh uther mornin'. He jumps on me sumphin fierce like. He say, "Hambones, I wants yuh to quit feedin' dat cow on shredded wheat, hits dangerous. I say, "Why is hit dangerous Mr. Ezra?" "Well, this mornin' at milkin' she durn near chewed my whiskers off!"

I reckon dis is called de' first post-war Xmas ain't it? Leastways they is lots more stuff in de' stores dis year, but de' prices is sumphin fierce ain't dey? Trouble is, they ain't no department store on earth big 'nuff to supply everything a woman wants. Corse on de' other hand you take de' man dat say dat he wants but little here below mayhap be listed as a police suspec.

Mr. Ezra little neffpew, Snorkey, come back frum Snuday school last week an' say, "Uncle, my Sunday School teacher say dat iffen I is a good boy I'll go to heaben." Eazra say, "Well?" Snorkey: "Well, you said iffen I wuzz a good boy I'd go to de' circus; now I wanna know who's tellin' de' truth."

I wuzz ridin' in one ob' tem taxi cab things not long ago, an' I say to de' driver man, "Mr. Please suh, don' drive so fast like round dem corners, hit scares me! He say, "Do whut I does—shut yo' eyes when we comes to a corner." Ain't dat awful? What we needs is a sign on de' auto speed-ometer, date say, "Death begins at 40 an' is sure at 70."

My young son axe me, Pop, what wuzz yo' greatest ambition when you wuzz a kid?" I say, "To wear long pants. An' I's

had my wish. Iffen dey is anybody else in de' country dat wears his pants longer dan I does, I'd shore like to see him."

When somebody walks inna room these days and says, "Dis room shows de' modern feminine touches," what dey means is dat dey is cigarette ashes on every-thing.

Yes, dese is modern times alright! Folks used o be willin' o wai patient-like for days for a slow-movin' stage coach . . . but now dey kicks like de' dickens ilfen dey miss one revolutin' of a revolvin' door.

I gotta letter frum a reader of de Roundup last month who says, "I has a horse dat sometimes 'pears to be normal and, at uther times he's a mite lame. Whut does you think I oughtta do?" Well, Mr. Reader—I suggest dat de' next time yo' horse 'pears to be normal, sell him."

Tip to dee little woman:

"Many a wife has found dat' huggin' her husband is de' best way ob' gettin' around him."

Well gettin' back to Christmas, which we wusn't talkin' bout hardly anyway, how did things work out at your place or is they worked out yit? I member last year alrite. I allus have to trim dee tree o' course. Well, last year I had some trouble. You know dey is allus a gen'ral mixup about floor plugs and connections. Last year I got dee wires mixed up somehow. I turned on dee current. Dee second-hand washin' machine I got fo' Petunia says—"Don't do anything 'till yo' hears frum me;" the radio turned all colors and dee tree begun to drip soapsuds.

An' prob'ly dey is someone yo forgot to send a Xmas card . . . and den agin' most likely dey is somebody dat forgot to send yo' one last year. Send 'em sumphin' like dis:

"Roses is red
Violets is blue
Christmas is here—
Where wuzz you?"

It's funny. Ever notice Santa Claus comes and dumps all dee presents out on

dee floor and leaves pa holdin' dee bag? It's dee man dat pays on Xmas boy!

Well, Merry Xmas to all you good people, and when you goes to Church dis Christmas, don't fo' get you has a lot to be thankful for. You is livin' in dee bestest country in dee whol' wide worl regardless ob' whut some loon-a-ticks will try to tell you. An' don't forget diss too. Dee successful man is dee one who makes hay wid dee grass dat grows under others feets. See you all next year.



AROUND THE STUDIOS

(Continued from Page 5)

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The Roundups visits



Meet the folks who live at 1351 Campbell, Miss Maudie and Dude Hank.



That's right Dude, just enough fire to take the chill from the room.



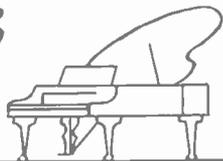
With all the books to choose from how come you pick "The Big Noise" for the picture?



Refreshment time? That's for me. Mrs. Carlson serves.



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Chats around the aerial

with Olaf S. Soward

The tradition of Santa Claus, with his red suit and white whiskers, and the cheerfully dazzling effects of colored light bulbs—both so dear to the heart of American childhood—has, in a considerable measure, obscured for many of us one of the more fundamental aspects of this world-wide Christian holiday.

However, at the very same time, the strictly secular concerns of the whole earth (largely without even intending any such a result) are emphasizing those very same obscured chapters of the perennial Christmas story in the grim realism of practical living.

After all, and whether or not we choose to remember it specifically, the primary occasion for Christmas is the observance of the birth of the Prince of Peace.

With any workable plan for peace the most eagerly sought international goal of our era, that phase of the religious observance of Christmas is likely to get a degree of notice in 1946 unusual in any current lifetime.

But, fundamentally, the one and only way in which war can be abolished is for human beings to teach themselves to quit wanting the things which can be had only by war—arrogant superiority of class or nation or race, imperialistic dominations, plunder and the swollen pride of might unrelated to right.

Courts and codes of international law or cautiously practical approaches toward a parliament of man may help eventually in lifting the back-breaking burdens of conflict from the shoulders of men. But they are only that—a help! They do not go to the root of national and world turmoil.

As we just reminded ourselves, the only way in which we can confidently look toward a renunciation of war is for ever larger sectors of the human race to give up the age-old fallacy that we can, as groups, safely indulge in greedy scheming that we long ago learned rarely if ever brings lasting happiness or prosperity to us as individuals.

The life and the simple philosophy of Him whose birthday Christmas is to com-

memorate have been teaching just that lesson to men as individuals and masses for 60 generations. Designed to touch the individual heart, that message has time and time again struck response in whole nations and peoples.

Cynics may urge scornfully that such a humble example may teach men and women the ways of kindness and fair play—but still lack the hot spiritual fire to burn the primeval dross of combativeness out of the breast of humankind.

Can anyone look over the vast and dramatic sweep of the last 2,000 years, no matter how carelessly, and not sense that men as a whole are much more prone to reason and less to brutal force in their relationships now than then?

From whatever wellsprings of social conduct it may emerge that slowly maturing gentleness of the human character certainly parallels the ethical program laid down in the life and allegories of that same Prince of Peace whose birthday celebration is our Christmas.

The annual Christmas message can hardly fail to contribute toward the further development of that type of individual who will prefer quiet nobility of character to power, or pride or plunder.

Christmas sermons, resounding from the pulpits of churches with scores of different names over their doors, agree on one thing. The glorification of peace and its gentle Messenger of 20 centuries ago.

Can such world-wide unanimity fail to move individual souls—and the compounded mass of those souls fail to move the sometimes power lusting leadership of great nations? Not all at once, of course. Nor in every place at the same speed.

But the coldly logical verdict of history would perforce be that whenever any ideal of good has been in conflict with one of baseness—the good has always triumphed in the long run, no matter how difficult, long nor discouraging the struggle.

So—when we hear that age-old greeting, and answer it in a like manner, let's not forget the true meaning behind "Merry Christmas!"



"This is Kate Smith—and This Is America!" That's how one of history's greatest phrase makers, the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt, summed up one of radio's most fabulous careers when he introduced the CBS star to the King and Queen of England.



PARKS JOHNSON AND WARREN HULL.

The Vox Pop show has been traveling and talking to people since 1932. Anywhere between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Panama Canal and the Arctic Circle, you'll hear Parks Johnson and Warren Hull talking to the people about the people themselves; broadcasting to millions of their neighbors the voice of the people.

News

COMPLETE WORLD COVERAGE



OLAF SOWARD
WIBW—World News



WILLIAM L. SHIRER
CBS—World News

News! Have you ever thought how much it is like the air we breathe?

Air is so plentiful all around us—it takes so little of our own effort to get all we need of it—that we seldom stop to think it so vital to life that if anything were to keep us from breathing it for a few minutes we would die of suffocation.

News is the breath of our intelligence that keeps our minds alive. Without the news to give us the facts of happenings all



GENE SHIPLEY
WIBW—Farm News



DON HOPKINS
WIBW—World News and Farm News



ELMER CURTIS
WIBW—World News and Farm News



ERNIE QUIGLEY
WIBW—Sports

over the world, we would not be able to form a single sound judgment about the most vital problems of our daily lives—problems that affect our jobs, the food we eat, our clothing, our homes, our future!

That is why WIBW is proud to emphasize no news service can be better than the one we offer you all through the day and most of the night. Two world-wide news services, the United Press and Associated Press, a staff of WIBW experts in our Topeka studios, and literally hundreds of highly trained reporters and editors from every city in Kansas to the ends of the earth are constantly at your service.

And all you have to do to reap this practical treasure of up-to-every-minute news service, is to tune your radio dial to WIBW.



LOYD EVANS
WIBW—World News and Kansas News



NED CALMER
CBS—World News



BOB KEARNS
WIBW—World News



HOMER CUNNINGHAM
WIBW—World News



ART HOLBROOK
WIBW—World News

C.B.S. Notes

by Kathryn Young

THE BIGGEST SHOW IN TOWN

Yes, I know it's getting mighty close to Christmas and maybe you don't have all your shopping done (neither have I) but I've gathered some news about your CBS stars, and I hope you'll enjoy these "CBS Notes" while resting your weary feet.



Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard.

Harriet Hilliard (Mrs. Ozzie Nelson of "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet") has been bustling around doing her Christmas shopping and getting their home decorated for Old Saint Nick. Ozzie and Harriet's cute boys, David and Rickey, who are ten and six, respectively, are the two main reasons the Nelsons make so much fuss at Christmas time. You'll probably hear about some of their experiences because most of the material used in their scripts is prompted by the things that happen to them in their own home.

In a recent audience-count survey, our beautiful, blond "Maisie" found out she has more than twelve million listeners!

The sponsors of "Hit Parade" paid an extra \$7500 per week to pipe Andy Russell in from Hollywood. The rumor is that in the near future this program may be changed considerably with Andy acting as emcee with the show running for a full hour.

"Take It or Leave It" is now being carried on 29 Canadian stations in addi-

tion to the full CBS American network. Phil Baker has been its emcee since December 28, 1941.

When Jimmy Durante of CBS' Friday "Durante-Moore Show" sings his song, "Jimmy the Well-Dressed Man," there's reason behind the rhyme. Schnozzola boasts a collection of varicolored cashmere sweaters that's the envy of the Esquire set.

Always something new in this postwar world! Helen Forrest, who is Dick Haymes' singing partner on the "Dick Haymes Show," is planning a swimming pool for her Hollywood home. It's quite a special pool—it'll be made of plastic!



Ann Southern as "Maisie"

Have you ever wondered what happens if an actress misses a broadcast and the show must go on? Well, here's the way the script writers got around that one when Agnes Moorehead, who plays the part of Marilly on "Mayor of the Town" took a short vacation recently. They skirted the problem neatly by creating a situation in which Marilly was angry and speaking to no one. Her presence was indicated by the slamming of doors and various other non-vocal expressions of ire.

Hanley Safford finds that his regular autograph is unsatisfactory to nine out of ten signature-seekers. Invariably they ask him to sign "Daddy Higgins" underneath

because of his popularity in that role on the "Baby Snooks" Show.

"Aunt Jenny" is rounding out her tenth year on CBS. Doesn't seem possible, does it? In those ten years, Aunt Jenny has told so many stories about the folks of Littleton that a lot of her listeners really believe there is an actual town by that name.

Lulu McConnell, the feminine dumb-cluck on "It Pays to be Ignorant," says her gravel voice dates back to her early days in vaudeville when she strained her vocal chords and was ordered by her doctor to take a rest. But she couldn't afford to, and continued in the act with her husband, thus injuring her voice permanently. "I was so unhappy that I hated to be in public," Lulu says, "but looking back on it, it's the best thing that ever happened to me."

Vaughn Monroe, who stars on "The Vaughn Monroe Show" Saturday nights is making sure he will get to spend Christmas in New York City. He signed a contract to appear at the Strand Theatre in New York during that week.



Arthur Lake and Penny Singleton as "Dagwood and Blondie."

Arthur (Dagwood) Lake, of the Sunday "Blondie" show, observes he whistles when

(Continued on Page 15)

WIBW PROGRAM SCHEDULE

580 on Your Dial

Due to last minute program changes, WIBW can not guarantee complete accuracy of this schedule.

Programs in heavy type are Studio Presentations.

MORNING

5:00—Daybreak Jamboree	Mon. thru Sat.
5:40—News	Mon. thru Sat.
6:00—Bobbie Dick	Mon. thru Sat.
Sunday Morning Meeting	Sun.
6:15—Bar Nothing Ranch (Peruna)	Mon. thru Sat.
6:35—Farm Service News	Mon. thru Sat.
6:45—Sonny Slater	Mon. thru Sat.
7:00—News (B. F. Goodrich)	Mon., Wed., Fri.
(Carey Salt)	Tues., Thurs., Sat.
(Schreiber Mills)	Sun.
7:15—Shepherd of the Hills (Nutrena Mills)	Mon. thru Sat.
7:30—Henry and Jerome (Wait-Cahill)	Mon. thru Sat.
Bethel Covenant Church	Sun.
7:45—Edmund Denney Time (Merchants Biscuit)	Mon. thru Sat.
8:00—News (Allenru)	Mon. thru Sat.
Farmer's Forum	Sun.
8:05—Henry and Jerome (Vick Chemical Co.)	Mon., Wed., Fri.
(Jones-Mack)	Tues., Thurs., Sat.
8:15—Hymn Time with Doc and Esther	Mon. thru Fri.
Capital Food Review	Sat.
Farm News	Sun.
8:30—Henry's Exchange	Mon. thru Fri.
Kansas News	Sun.
8:45—Bobbie and Glenn	Sat.
Mr. Veteran	Sun.
9:00—Shepherd of the Hills	Mon. thru Sat.
Church of the Air	Sun.
9:15—News (Dannen Mills)	Mon. thru Sat.
10:00—Wings Over Jordan	Sun.
10:30—Doc and Esther (London Specialties)	Mon. thru Fri.
Give and Take (American Home Products)	Sat.
Salt Lake City Tabernacle	Sun.
10:45—Sonny Slater	Mon. thru Fri.
11:00—Judy and Jane (Folger Coffee)	Mon. thru Fri.
Theatre of Today (Armstrong Cork Co.)	Sat.
First Methodist Church	Sun.
11:15—Aunt Jenny's Stories (Lever Bros.)	Mon. thru Fri.
11:30—Weather Bureau	Mon. thru Sat.
11:35—Dinner Hour	Mon. thru Sat.

AFTERNOON

12:00—News (Lee Foods)	Mon. thru Sat.
News	Sun.
12:15—News and Markets (DeKalb)	Mon. thru Sat.
Rainbow Trail	Sun.
1:00—Invitation to Learning	Sun.
1:30—Ernie Quigley, Sports	Sun.
2:00—Kansas Round-up (Kolor-Bak, Sunway Vitamins)	Mon. thru Fri.
New York Philharmonic (U. S. Rubber)	Sun.
2:30—Mary Lee Taylor (Pet Milk Co.)	Sat.
3:00—House Party (General Electric)	Mon., Wed., Fri.
Edmund Denney Sings	Tues., Thurs.
Let's Pretend (Cream of Wheat)	Sat.
3:15—Organalities	Tues., Thurs.
3:30—Second Mrs. Burton (General Foods)	Mon., thru Fri.
Chicagoans	Sat.
Hour of Charm (Electric Companies' Adv. Program)	Sun.
3:45—Ma Perkins (Procter and Gamble)	Mon. thru Fri.
4:00—Big Sister (Procter and Gamble)	Mon. thru Fri.
Philadelphia Orchestra	Sat.
Family Hour (Prudential Insurance)	Sun.
4:15—Road of Life (Procter and Gamble)	Mon. thru Fri.
4:30—County Fair (Borden Co.)	Sat.
News	Sun.
4:54—Senator Arthur Capper	Sun.
5:00—Public Service	Sat.
Old Fashioned Revival Hour (Gospel Broadcasting Ass'n)	Sun.
5:15—Grand Central Station (Pillsbury Mills)	Sat.

(Continued from Page 14)

he snores in his sleep—but only when a dream girl walks by!

One of the girls in the all-girl orchestra on "The Hour of Charm" is from Kansas City, Missouri. Her name is Vernell Wells and she attended Kansas University.



Paul McGrath—Host of Inner Sanctum

That gleeful, ghoulish chuckle of Your Host as he swings open the squeaking door that leads to the Inner Sanctum, is an eerie prelude to a half-hour of murder, madness and mayhem.

Although you would never know it from the characters he plays, Eddie Bracken is 31 years old and the father of two girls and a boy.

Jean Hersholt, whom we know better as "Dr. Christian," plans a trip to Denmark sometime early next year to thank King Christian X for the knighthood he bestowed upon the actor last March. He received the Order of the Knight Dannebrog for his many years' service to the cause of his native land, including his work as president of the American-Danish Relief Society.

There are to be some big changes in the set-up on the Family Hour program. At the time of this writing we don't have all the information, but rumors are flying that Ted Malone and Rise Stevens will be added to the cast.

Well, I guess you and I both should get back to our work—but before you turn the page, the CBS stars and I would like to wish you and yours the Merriest of Christmases and here's hoping that 1947 will be one of your happiest years!

Miss Laura Williams,

A lton, Kansas.

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5:30—Romance of Helen Trent (American Home Products)..... Mon. thru Fri.
5:45—Our Gal Sunday (American Home Products)..... Mon. thru Fri.
News (Phillips 66) Sat.

EVENING

6:00—News (Butternut Coffee) Mon., Wed., Fri.
(Phillips 66) Tues., Thurs.
Man on the Farm (Quaker Oats) Sat.
Gene Autry Show (Wm. Wrigley, Jr.) Sun.
6:15—Songs of Bobbie Dick Mon. thru Fri.
6:30—Rainbow Trail Mon., Wed., Fri.
Piano Ramblings Tues.
Great Stoires About Corn (Peppard Seeds) Thurs.
The Vaughn Monroe Show (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.) Sat.
Blondie (Colgate) Sun.
6:45—News Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri.
Olaf Soward's Viewpoint Thurs.
7:00—Inner Sanctum (Emerson Drug) Mon.
Big Town (Ironized Yeast) Tues.
Jack Carson Show (Campbell Soup) Wed.
Baby Snooks Show (General Foods) Fri.
Hollywood Startime (General Motors-Frigidaire Division) Sat.
Adventures of Sam Spade (Wildroot Co.) Sun.
7:15—Public Service Thurs.
7:30—Joan Davis Show (Lever Bros.) Mon.
Mel Blanc Show (Colgate) Tues.
Dr. Christian (Chesebrough Mfg. Co.) Wed.
Crossroads Sociable Thurs.
Adventures of the Thin Man (General Foods) Fri.
Mayor Of The Town (Noxzema) Sat.
Crime Doctor (Philip Morris) Sun.
7:55—NEWS (Garst and Thomas) Mon., Wed., Fri.
(Ray Beers Clothing Co.) Thurs.
8:00—Lux Radio Theater (Lever Bros.) Mon.
Vox Pop (Lever Bros.) Tues.
Songs By Sinatra (P. Lorillard) Wed.
Thursday Meeting With Dick Haymes (Auto-Lite) Thurs.
Ginny Simms Show (Borden Co.) Fri.
Lucky Strike Hit Parade (American Tobacco Co.) Sat.
Campbell Room With Hildegarde (Campbell Soup) Sun.
8:30—American Melody Hour (Bayer Co.) Tues.
Ford Show Starring Dinah Shore (Ford) Wed.
Crime Photographer (Anchor-Hocking) Thurs.
Durante-Moore Show (United Drug Co.) Fri.
Eddie Bracken Show (The Texas Co.) Sun.
8:45—Kansas Round-Up (Flex-O-Glass, Schreiber Mills, Western Stationery) Sat.
9:00—Screen Guild Players (Lady Esther Sales Co., Inc.) Mon.
Pleasant Valley Tues.
Academy Award Theater (E. R. Squibb and Sons) Wed.
Readers Digest—Radio Edition (Hall Bros.) Thurs.
It Pays To Be Ignorant (Philip Morris) Fri.
Take It Or Leave It (Eversharp) Sun.
9:30—Bob Hawk Show (Reynolds Tobacco Co.) Mon.
Open Hearing Tues.
Information Please (Parker Pen Co.) Wed.
Frank Parker Show (Karlman Furniture Co.) Thurs.
Ann Sothern In Maisie (Eversharp) Fri.
Kate Smith Sings (General Foods) Sun.
9:45—Touchdown Tips (Gibbs Clothing Co.) Thurs.
10:00—NEWS (The Fleming Co.) Mon. thru Sun.
10:15—Emahizer Melodies (Emahizer-Spielman Furniture Co.) Mon. and Sun.
Ernie Quigley, Sports Tues. and Thurs.
Ray Beers Esquire Fashion Parade (Ray Beers Clothing Co.) Wed.
Ned Calmer, News (Parker Pen) Sat.
10:30—Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet (International Silver) Sun.
11:00—News Mon., thru Sat.
Wm. Shirer, News (J. B. Williams) Sun.



HILDEGARDE

Hildegarde is actually her first name. I was going to tell her last name in this issue, but doggonit, no one seems to know what it is. We do know she was born in a small Wisconsin town, calls Milwaukee "home," played piano in vaudeville for Morton Downey, studied to be a concert pianist, won her first real success in Paris, has an unaffected French accent, has introduced many hit songs such as "The First Time I Saw Paris," "The Isle of Capri," "I'll Be Seeing You," and many others. I guess that's enough to know about the young lady, except that she may be heard on her own show, "The Campbell Room," every Sunday evening at 8:00.

Farmers and Planters Guide: Follow Mother Nature's way to crop success. Plant according to signs of the zodiac and of the moon. Send fifty-one cents to Col. Combs, WIBW, Topeka, Kansas. Ask for the Farmers and Planters Guide.

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