

W B W

ROUND-UP



MAUDIE CARLSON

(See Page 2)

March

Our Sixtieth Issue

1950

ROUND-UP

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My Loves



by Maudie Carlson

I LOVE TRAINS . . . because my dad did. Papa was station master for the Santa Fe for thirty-five years. Some of my earliest childhood recollections are of the times my mother would take me to the railroad station and I could stand on the platform hearing my father call the trains . . . seeing him assist the old and young on their way . . . looking at him while he watched the train until it was out of sight. He loved the whistle of a train and the roaring sound it made as it pulled into the station. When he took me with him on a train trip he used to sing little songs to the music of the wheels. Even when he came home he would do a little tap dance imitating a train. That's how I learned to play for dancers. This experience proved to be valuable later when I had to play for stage shows. My husband loves trains. Dude and I flew to New York once on a large Constellation liner, but we came home on a train. We both came from railroad families. Dad Carlson was a cabinet maker for the Santa Fe . . . and he loves trains.

I LOVE BASEBALL . . . because my dad did. My two brothers, Bill and Tom, do. They both have played and managed amateur teams. I learned about baseball at an early age. When they practiced I used to have to "shag" the balls and sometimes while I was chasing the ball, they would go away and leave me, so I wouldn't be hanging around. Once in a while I would come in with bandaged hands because they tried to "burn me out." This, of course, meant that I would not be able to practice

on the piano for a few days . . . making the whole family happy, including myself. Papa never missed a World Series game and we all made quite a fuss getting him ready for it. My husband loves baseball. Dude and I, together with Myrtle and Edmund Denney have a box for the season for the Topeka Owls baseball games. We never miss one unless a broadcast or personal appearance prevents it. Someday we all hope to attend a World Series game together.

I LOVE TO STUDY, TAKE EXTRA COURSES AND READ . . . because my mother does. Our home was full of books. My grandmother was a governess in England where my mother was born, and I used to love to hear her quote passages from great books. I like philosophy and poetry. In a minor way I have studied the philosophies of Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Spinoza, Voltaire, Kent, Schopenhauer, Spencer, Nietzsche and Santayana. I love the homey, inspiring essays, lectures, poems and studies of Ralph Waldo Emerson and those, too, of Elbert Hubbard. I love to read the books of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick and Dr. Harvey Hardman. I love the collected poems of Walt Whitman and Edna St. Vincent Millay. My husband loves to read. We enjoy discussing good books and viewpoints and we both enjoy good plays. We like Emmet Fox.

I LOVE GOOD SILVER AND LINENS . . . because my mother does. Although born in England, she is of Irish descent and always prided herself on her knowledge of real Irish linens. When I was a little girl I used to watch her dampen her finger and slip it under a piece of material to test the quality of the linen. We always

(Continued on Page 11)

How We Keep Busy

by Don Hopkins

Hobbies are wonderful things. Everybody should have a hobby to take his mind off of the usual routine work. It's the relaxing thing to do. Since hobbies fit very well under the heading of "HOW WE KEEP BUSY," I plan to devote this column for the next few issues to the hobbies of various WIBW staff members.

Joe Byers, our very efficient WIBW custodian, has perhaps the most interesting and soul-satisfying hobby of all. He is fond of flowers and landscaping. Peculiar as it may seem, there is nothing in most of Joe's background that you can tie to a hobby like this. Joe has been around, literally around the world. He enlisted in the Army in Topeka in 1902 and served three years. Most of that time was spent on the Island of Mindanao in the Philippines mopping up the Moros. Then he returned to this country, enlisted in the Navy and served sixteen years ending up with a rating of CHIEF WATER TENDER. In those days Joe was as "tough" and "ready for action" as the next one. After his service with the Navy, Joe put in three years as machinist with the Santa Fe Railroad and three years as an instructor in the Buick Vocational Shops.

In spite of all this rough-and-ready experience and his association with all kinds of grease, Joe came out of it all smelling like a rose. Maybe I should say, that, at this point, he started smelling like a rose. For Joe took a job with the City Parks Commission of Topeka in 1932 and was assigned to the REINISCH ROSE GARDENS at Gage Park. He spent sixteen years with eighteen thousand roses of all varieties and kinds. During the time Joe worked for the City Parks, the Reinisch Rose Gardens won the BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS award as the most beautiful rose garden in the world. And for years, while Joe was in complete charge of the garden, his loving care helped keep that high rating. Some Sundays when the roses were in bloom as many as three thousand people would visit this garden from all the different states and all coun-

tries of the world. Today Joe is one of Topeka's leading authorities on roses and landscaping and has thousands of friends from all walks of life, friends who also love roses.



Joe Byers

In 1948 Joe left his roses and came to work for WIBW as our custodian. All of the WIBW folks will agree with me when I say he is the best custodian we ever have had. He keeps things neat as a pin and knows the right way of doing all the myriad odd jobs. His knowledge of landscaping and grass has come in handy as there is a large lawn around the WIBW studios.

What was once Joe's work now has become his hobby. Joe's love for flowers, and roses in particular, can be seen around his own home place which is a profusion of beautiful colors during the blooming season. Joe has five hundred roses planted around his home including one bed of eighty roses. He can tell you the name of any rose and how to take care of it. When I asked Joe which rose he liked the best,

(Continued on Page 12)

Transmitter Travelog

*By Lewis Dickensheets
Chief Engineer*

The WIBW transmitter towers are readily visible just to the south of US Highway 40-24 a few miles west of Topeka. No doubt many visitors to the capital city have wondered just what goes on in such a place. The purpose of this article is to answer some of those unspoken questions.

The towers themselves are only a part of the equipment required to convert the programs into radio frequency power and radiate them out over Kansas and the surrounding states where they are picked up and converted back into sound by your receiving set. Let's take a tour of the plant and see what does go on there.

As we turn in the driveway we notice that the towers are set back in the field and that the transmitter house is located about 500 feet from the nearest tower. One thing that cannot be seen, yet is a very important part of the station, is the ground system. This consists of a network of 120 wires buried eight inches deep in the ground and extending away from the taller of the two towers like spokes in a wheel. These wires are 800 feet long. A similar network extends from the smaller tower but these are only as long as the tower is tall or 325 feet. The taller tower is 445 feet tall. Now we can understand why we have a sixty-acre field for a transmitter location.

We will park in front of the transmitter building which is of brick and reinforced concrete construction. Incidentally, every piece of reinforcing steel in the building as well as all electrical conduits, water pipes, etc., are welded to each other and the whole business connected to the station ground system.

Upon entering the front door we will find the transmitter on our left and at the controls we may find Charlie King, Irvin Lehman, Gil Voiles or Clyde Howe depending on what day it is and what hour of that day. These men are all licensed by the Federal Communications Commis-

sion to perform their duties in connection with the transmitter. Eugene Barnard is another licensed operator who at present is holding forth at the studio controls.

The transmitter is built into the wall on the left but the tubes and many other parts are visible through the perforated metal doors on the front of each unit. A row of electrical meters along the top show when each circuit is in proper operating condition and that the transmitter is operating at the authorized power of 5000 watts. The readings of these meters must be entered in the station log every thirty minutes. The engineer on duty must also keep the program log which is a detailed report of each program and announcement broadcast, the exact time to the second that it was on the air, and other pertinent information.

The large power amplifier tubes are in the third section of the transmitter. These tubes, which are about 26 inches tall and 4 or 5 inches in diameter at the largest part, dissipate so much heat in operation that it is necessary to cool them with a circulating water system. This water in turn is cooled by a large fan and radiator much the same as the cooling system on a motor car. The heat from the water is then shunted into the furnace pipes and used to heat the building. We haven't figured out what to do with the noise the water pump makes yet but we are working on it.

Behind the transmitter is a bank of six large rectifier tubes and the necessary transformers to change the commercial AC power into high voltage DC (12,000 volts to be exact) which is in turn converted to radio frequency power by the transmitter. This high voltage would be extremely dangerous if it were where it could be accidentally touched by anyone, so each door of the transmitter is equipped with a switch which turns the transmitter off the instant the door is opened. In the case of the door on the high voltage enclosure there is also a switch which automatically grounds all the high voltage before the engineer can enter.

The radio frequency power is carried

(Continued on Page 12)

C.B.S. notes by *Kathryn Young*

Do you remember last month I suggested you send your wornout briefcase to Pat Patrick of the "Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy Show"? Well, please don't! He has received over fifty of them and each mail brings more. "It's wonderful," says Pat. "I'll have enough to last a lifetime."

During a broadcast of "Give and Take," emcee John Reed King casually remarked he was collecting bow ties. Now, thanks to his fans, he really is! They keep him supplied. The most novel one received to date is a bright red one that lights up.

Want to crash radio fast? Take a tip from Ruth Perrott, who plays "Katie" the maid, on "My Favorite Husband." When Ruth went to Hollywood she made a record on which she portrayed twenty different characters and voices. After sending the record to various radio producers, the versatile-voiced lass soon found herself right in the business.



James Hilton

James Hilton, narrator-host of "Hallmark Playhouse," once conducted mountain climbing tours in Switzerland. He says

his present job is much less hazardous.

Quizmaster Bob Hawks has received a lot of wrong answers to questions he's asked contestants on his show, but he got the answer he hoped for when he asked Mary Rechner if she'd become Mrs. Hawks. Miss Rechner is from Kansas City, Missouri, and is assistant to the vice-president in charge of production at MGM in Hollywood.

Although Eve Arden sounds very experienced as a high school teacher on "Our Miss Brooks," she really knows more about pre-school children. She has two adopted daughters: Liza, four, and Constance, who is one.

Quite talented is twelve-year-old Arlene McQuade, who portrays Rosalie on "The Goldbergs." Not only can she dance both tap and ballet, play the piano, sing, and paint; but she has designed blouses which were merchandised by a clothing firm.

Miriam Wolfe, who appears on the "Let's Pretend" broadcasts, is one woman who doesn't mind being called a cat. She has an unusual dramatic specialty—she makes various kinds of cat's meows.

Horace Heidt's mother says he was a typical boy. One time he took his accordion and decided to leave home. But just before dark she heard his accordion playing on the lot next to theirs. He'd come back home for supper, just like she thought he would.

"Gee, you have a terrific tan. Did you spend the weekend in Florida?" was the Monday greeting of Patsy Campbell ("The Second Mrs. Burton") to announcer Hugh James. "No such luck!" Hugh replied. "I've just been on a television show and haven't had time to remove my make-up."

John Loveton, producer of "Mr. and Mrs. North," says he has an old, unreconstructed uncle living in Atlanta, Georgia, who stubbornly insists that his nephew has a radio show called "Mr. and Mrs. South."

AROUND the STUDIOS with Hilton

It was almost love at first sight when Colonel Combs met Susie, the bottle-fed pet pig. It all started when Farmer Jones, the bewhiskered wrestler from Arkansas, offered the supreme sacrifice of allowing Colonel to sell Susie at auction during a wrestling match in Topeka. Farmer specified two things: the money must go to the March of Dimes—and the new owner must promise to keep Susie as a pet and never, never serve pork chops except those which came directly from the corner grocery. You see, Susie had accompanied the good Farmer on trips to many cities in the Middle West and always went into the ring with The Farmer before his wrestling matches. So, The Farmer loved Susie and fed her and cared for her like the true pet she was. Anyway Susie was put on the auction block, with The Farmer silently weeping and Colonel Combs crying for bids. They came fast and furious until finally Frank Carroll, a Topeka farm boy, bought Susie for \$32, took her home and the last report is that Susie is happy and healthy. And everyone knows that some boy or girl will be happier and healthier because of the \$32 that went to the March of Dimes.

Two weeks ago Elmer Curtis and Lewis Dickensheets drove to Smith Center for the Fiftieth Anniversary Sale of Vernon Albrecht and his famous Duroc Jersey hogs. Elmer and Dick were on hand the night before the sale for the big banquet (Goodness, how Elmer likes to eat!) and then attended the sale and came back with many new friends and new stories about old friends.

By the way, we saw Jo Susan Curtis the other day and were happy to learn that she is fully recovered from the fall from her horse, Corky—but was saddened by the death of her Scottie dog. They had expected it, though, for he was fourteen years old.

About four years ago, a young girl from Corning joined our secretarial staff and always has been a real favorite. But like

most girls, she fell in love, got married and sure enough a few weeks ago the stork flew by and left this girl and her husband a great big boy, almost nine pounds! We're happy for Joy and Bill Hearn—and know that Victor Dean is in good hands.

We're grateful for the hundreds of letters from you basketball fans telling us how much you enjoy the broadcasts of the Big Seven games. The season is about over but we'll remind you to listen to the Kansas State at Kansas University game next week. That's always a thriller.

Most of us gardeners will be scratching around the back yard before many more days go by. Are you ready? There are some mighty good bargains being offered over WIBW by two of America's finest nurseries.

We're all in favor of awarding several thousand special prizes to you folks who joined the Butter-Nut Coffee Christmas Club last year. The roasters of Butter-Nut promised radio listeners if they would send key strips and jar labels to WIBW, those strips would be honored in cash; and the money used to buy toys and gifts for orphans in the WIBW area. Thousands and thousands of labels poured in to WIBW—and toys were delivered to orphanages all over the Middle West; adding joy and happiness to an otherwise dismal Christmas. Homer Cunningham (the Butter-Nut newscaster) and all of us thank you and know that your Christmas was merrier and more complete by your wonderful act of simply remembering someone less fortunate.

Coming Events

BIRTHDAYS

Bob Coats	March 1
Marilou Rader	March 12
Clark Wayne	March 22
Glenn Anderson	April 2

ANNIVERSARIES

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hearn.....	March 6
Mr. and Mrs. Dale Rader.....	March 17
Mr. and Mrs. Heinie Haynes....	March 27
Mr. and Mrs. Homer Cunningham	
.....	March 30
Mr. and Mrs. John Hespil	April 1



THE CLARK WAYNE FAMILY

Sharon

Clark

Louana

Judy

Chats Around the Aerial

.... with Olaf S. Soward

Of late there has been a flurry of intense excitement about the hydrogen bomb—the younger, but infinitely more devastating brother of the atomic bomb.

No sooner had President Truman announced the official American determination to undertake the manufacture of that theoretical weapon than we were hit in the face by apparently substantiated reports that a trusted British scientist has been feeding the Russians our atomic and hydrogen bomb secrets for at least five years and possibly longer.

It is very easy to get entirely too excited about that. For one thing, it is easy to forget in the turmoil that such plain theft might easily explain the possession by the Russians of the atomic bomb—if, indeed, they really do have one of more than experimental consequence.

It is easy to forget that if they had not been able to plant a British traitor at the heart of American laboratory work, there is ample reason to suspect that they might not be able to work out the tricky processes at all under their own scientific steam. A "copy cat" is very seldom a powerful intellectual giant.

American automotive engineers, in particular, have had unparalleled opportunities to check on Russian stealing of American ideas during the recent war. The complete blueprints of an American motor car are about as hard to get as a gift road map at a roadside filling station. There is no reason to suppose the Russians sent here during the war did not go back with their baggage stuffed full of them. In addition, they were given thousands of cars and trucks under lend lease.

They shamelessly made every effort to copy them down to the last bolt and rivet. Yet, our experts who saw those Russian-made copies in use are virtually one in reporting that though the Soviets have been able to copy the looks of the American vehicle, they never showed the least evidence of being able to build into their

copies the subtly superior performance which has always distinguished the American machine.

The mere willingness to be a "copy cat" is in itself an open confession of inferiority or laziness—or both. That must never be lost to sight in evaluating any potential "hydrogen bomb race."

However, in the cold war, which is nothing more than a frankly cynical effort by the Russians to capitalize on uncertainty for their own selfish profit, the startling novelty appeal of the hydrogen bomb should not blind us to the fact that ordinary radio remains one of our heaviest weapons of proven dependability.

The Communistic masters of Russia and all the other countries they have dragged by the hair behind the iron curtain fear ideas and ideals far more than they do explosives, either new or old. Without getting ourselves all steamed up with day-dreams about the power of our international broadcasts to cause trouble for tyrants at the ends of the earth, the fact remains that official Communist reaction proves they scare the ruling classes half to death. One recent semi-official report from our side of the fence indicated that the Reds had built literally dozens of enormously powerful radio stations and assigned to them crews of selected technicians for no other purpose than to "jam" the signals of our few and relatively weak "Voice of America" stations.

So, when you glance casually at your familiar radio in home or store or car, you are looking at a twentieth century weapon less spectacular than the hypothetical H-bomb, but possibly even more effective in winning the long range struggle for the soul and destiny of mankind!

It is a point well worth remembering, if any tendency arises to go off the deep end of hysteria about the head-scratching of the world's scientists over capturing the secret of the sun.

Ramblings



Neal Burris, who was such a favorite with our listeners is now in Kansas City under the personal management of Mr. Hank Schulte. We expect to see Neal before long in television—and with his good looks, youth and ambition, he should be successful in this field of endeavor. He was a tireless worker here, constantly rehearsing new songs and cooperating with us on every suggestion made as to our style programming. We all wish him the best of luck.

At the same time we all welcome back Shep. THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS has been on a personal appearance tour and we have missed him. His deep, rich voice possesses a quality unlike any other singer I have ever heard. Years of experience add a warmth and feeling to the tone he expresses—and it is loved by his many admirers.

MAUREEN couldn't start her own car the other morning so she had to call husband Harry at the office for help. He said she could take his car which was parked in their garage. She had never driven it before and found to her amazement it was one with a hydramatic gear shift. She was a little afraid to try backing out so she ran in the house and called CLARK WAYNE. Clark, of course, is our authority on automobiles (having his own service garage) so he hurriedly drove his truck out to the Dawdys' house to show MAUREEN how to back the car out. In the meantime, the two of them had about ten minutes to make the EDMUND DENNEY show. Finally the car was backed out and ready to go forward. CLARK gave MAUREEN a lot of double talk in car language as to how to follow him on down to the station—then ran, jumped in his car and drove out of sight. MAUREEN looked at the gadgets on the steering wheel mulling over the double talk at the same time. Thinking she had better try the same thing over she pulled a lever and

started backwards again. Five minutes left to make the EDMUND DENNEY show and CLARK was sailing down the road in the service truck which has big letters on the side spelling CLARK'S AUTO SERVICE. He, in the meantime glanced back to see if MAUREEN was on her way. She had run back in the house to call Harry again to find out how to go forward. Harry, surmising that she might have a little difficulty, had taken a cab—driving up to find his car in the middle of the street. Thinking someone else had taken MAUREEN to the station he wheeled leisurely back to the office. CLARK came tearing back around the corner in the truck—MAUREEN was standing bewildered in the street—the EDMUND DENNEY show was on—my phone was ringing—(the two of them calling that they would be late and should they call the police and report Harry's car being stolen. As they rode down in Clark's truck, they passed Harry at a filling station. He waved and said in a parental attitude, "Don't be late, now, you two.")

Some of our listeners have written asking the names of the musicians playing in the Bohemian Band. They are: Dude Hank, trumpet-leader; Chuck Wayne, trumpet; Kenny Harries, clarinet; Vallie Kirk, flutist; Hoppi Corbin, cello and baritone; Maureen Dawdy, violin; Charles Putt, trombone; Don Pitt, drums; Elsa or Miss Maudie, piano; and Ole augments with accordion on "Crossroad Sociable" nights. Heinie Haynes plays the big bass horn, doubling on string bass. They are heard each Saturday morning at 8:15 and Tuesday nights at 8:30. The band is a favorite and draws a lot of mail even though it is heard only twice weekly.

KENNY HARRIES, our versatile clarinet, saxophone and sweet potato player, takes a lot of good-natured ribbing from the staff when he has to change instruments hurriedly. Sometimes while making a quick change he drops a mouthpiece, stumbles over an instrument or knocks the music from the rack. When he does any of these the staff usually all yell, "KENNY!!!" The other day while Kenny was out at Washburn University taking

(Continued on Page 15)

Questions and Answers

Q. Who sings the high soprano in "Home on the Range" on the "Saturday Night Round-Up"?

A. The Miccolis Sisters.

Q. What has happened to the "Rangers Quartet"?

A. The last we heard "The Rangers Quartet" was in Raleigh, North Carolina.

Q. Is it possible to get back issues of the "Round-Up Magazine"?

A. Yes, copies of back issues are available with the exception of some of the first numbers. The price is 50 cents for fifteen copies.

Q. Did Bud Davis marry a hometown girl?

A. Yes, Bud married a girl from his hometown of Alpena, Michigan.

Q. Why doesn't Vallie Kirk play "Night Soliloquy" on the "Crossroad Sociable" sometime?

A. We talked to Dude Hank and he promised to arrange the number in the near future.



The Rhythmaires on the "Bing Crosby Program" first worked together as a unit in 1945 with Kay Kyser's troupe. They were known as The Campus Kids on Kyser's show.

MARCH RECIPE

We talked to the Miccolis sisters the other day and the conversation centered around food with the result of the recipe of the month.

SPAGHETTI WITH MEAT SAUCE

Combine 2 tablespoons salad oil and 2 garlic cloves minced in saucepan. Brown. Add 1 pound ground beef and 1 small chopped green pepper. Brown. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Add 2 cans tomato paste, thinning as desired by adding water. Cook for 1 hour.

In separate pan, prepare boiling water, add 1 pound spaghetti and cook until done. Arrange spaghetti on plate and top with meat sauce, adding Parmesan cheese for final touch.

MY LOVES

(Continued from Page 2)

used our best silver and linens whenever company came and it was a "must" on Sundays. She has given us her banquet cloth and napkins of real Irish linen, which we use on special occasions. Aunt Kate, Mama's sister, also gave us a linen luncheon set trimmed with real Irish lace which came from Ireland . . . and we pride ourselves on that. We have three sets of beautiful silver, two of which were given me by the Helzberg Company. The other is a full set of Sterling, much of which was given us by the staff of WIBW. My husband loves good silver . . . mostly when it is laid on the table and not when he has to help me polish it.

I LOVE MY HOME . . . because Dude does. We would rather be home than anywhere in the world. It is our world. We love to keep it spick-and-span and work in it. We like to try new and tasty dishes in our kitchen. Neither of us can cook very well. I test all of my new recipes on Dad Carlson. If he says they are okay, I leave the card in the files; if he doesn't ask for a second helping, I cross it out. Sometimes I give him some bicarbonate

(Continued on Page 13)

HOW WE KEEP BUSY

(Continued from Page 3)

his reply was exactly what I expected. Said he, "That's pretty hard to say." Then he stated among his favorites were the "49'r," the Peace, the Tally-Ho, and the Crimson Glory. His favorite white rose is the KAV or Kaiserene Augusta Victoria. Among the yellow roses he likes the Yellow Diamond Jubilee.

Joe has other related hobbies. He does a considerable amount of landscaping about the city of Topeka in his spare time. He is also very fond of goldfish and has two large goldfish pools.

The beautiful part of Joe's hobbies is the fact that when the day arrives when he must retire, he still will have his roses and his goldfish. It seems to me that far too many folks have no hobby and when Father Time catches up with them, they have nothing but idleness and loneliness to look forward to in their old age.

Although this has nothing to do with Joe's hobbies, I do want to say that we at WIBW are fortunate in having such a good custodian. He's a hard worker and a peach of a fellow. We all think the world of him. Yes, Joe is married to a fine woman. Bertha is her name.

Next month I will tell you about another interesting hobby of some WIBW staff member, so be sure to read this column.



Hoppi was unaware the camera caught him window shopping. Helzberg's really have nice watches, eh, Hoppi?

TRANSMITTER TRAVELOG

(Continued from Page 4)

to the antenna towers by means of a coaxial transmission line and from the antenna through the ether to your receiving set. Of course any metal object 445 feet in the air makes an excellent lightning rod. The engineers on the night shift during the spring and summer months will attest to this. Three lightning gaps are provided on the antenna and transmission lines before they get back into the building, yet one morning just before 5:00 a.m. Irvin was getting set to begin the daily schedule when BLOOEY!!!—Well, he got the fire put out and equipment back together in time for the "Daybreak Jamboree." Some years ago one of the fellows claimed lightning came in the front door and chased him out of the operating room before it grounded itself on the basement stairs. This story is still unconfirmed, however.

In the room to the north of the main operating room is the 3000 watt FM transmitter which was installed in 1946. This unit provides an additional broadcasting service over a range of fifty to sixty miles. These are the programs you hear when you ride the city busses in Topeka as all are equipped with FM radios. The FM antenna is mounted near the top of the 445 foot tower.

In a room adjacent to the FM transmitter we have a 35 kilowatt generator driven by a gasoline engine. This unit will provide sufficient power to operate both transmitters and all associated equipment in case of failure of the commercial power lines. This occasionally happens due to windstorms, lightning, etc.; and at the time of the Tecumseh power plant explosion we operated on this generator for about nine hours.

Also in case of failure of the telephone lines which carry the programs from the downtown studios to the transmitter plant, a small 15 watt FM transmitter at the studio can be used to send the programs to the main transmitter where they are put on the air in the usual manner. These two emergency facilities make it possible for WIBW to remain on the air many times when other stations are silent.

MY LOVES

(Continued from Page 11)

of soda to take home with him. Dude's brother, Bob, likes everything. He always takes second helpings, but then he is just being polite so he is no judge. We love our fireplace . . . especially when listening to records and eating popcorn. Usually the Denneys help us out on this as they gave us an electric popcorn popper. I love to adorn my corner cupboard with beautiful crystal glassware and keep it glistening. I like to keep house. Dude loves to fix things. He likes to mow the lawn and make it look like a green velvet carpet. He likes to trim the hedges and rose bushes . . . and shovel the snow in winter. We love to have friends drop in . . . we like people. We like to play Canasta. We have a den upstairs with a Canasta table set up all the time and we play a two-handed game nearly every night before retiring. Dude is a good player. He always wins . . . that makes me have to wash the supper dishes, which is the penalty. Sometimes he feels sorry for me and in a condescending manner he will take a tea towel and dry a few. We love our home.

I LOVE MY WORK . . . because it is part of me. Because I love music . . . any and every kind of it. I love the piano and I am happy when playing it. It never has been an effort . . . I hardly remember learning. My fingers just played. I love our staff. It is a real joy to prepare programs, and Dude and I both are happy when we are in the studio playing one of his arrangements and broadcasting with all the others. I love the girls and boys who work with me . . . I love their problems, if I can help—and I revel in their performances. I love the Capper Publications and our big boss, Ben Ludy, for the wonderful treatment given me these years. I love to do a good job. Most of all, too, dear radio friends, I love you for your encouragement . . . and putting up with,

MISS MAUDIE



Has yo' ever noticed that luck, women and weather change without notice? One thing dat seldom changes 'bout a woman tho'! Dat's her opinions 'bout dis and that. Onect she makes up her mind . . . dat's it! Course you kin say dat 'bout lots of men, too! But contrary to dee pop-lar belief . . . she never has dee last word. She never reaches it!

Unk Russell says, "There is a time and place fur everything but dee trouble is in gittin' dem together." Hit's bout time dee rulers of dee world hunted up dat place an' set down to some serious talk about dee future of dis sick ole globe. Take dee greed outten war an' nobody will be intrusted in startin' anything. Iffen dere wuzz jest some way dat all the common people could have a vote on it, before they was ever a war started, dat would put a quick end to it right den and there. Some people has dee idea dat you kin' purchase friends like you buys groceries. Hit will work dat way jest dee same on a international scale, too, mark my words.

But face today without FEAR. Remember, you has lived through yesterday.

Here's a tip to bald-headed men: Why not use dee space fur advertising purposes? How about it, Ole?

My vote fur dee champeen optimist . . . Dee farmer! Yessir! Dee American farmer is dee world's champeen optimist. He suffers more disappointments dan any other class, yet most of dem try, try agin' and keep on pluggin' when men in any other line of endeavor would give up in despair. They can't git social security . . . they ain't no politician tryin' to git 'em a pension

(Continued on Page 15)

WIBW Program Schedule

580 on Your Dial

Due to last minute program changes, WIBW cannot 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—Bud and Glenn Mon. thru Sat.
 Sunday Morning Meeting Sun.
 6:15—Pleasant Valley Gang Mon. thru Sat.
 6:30—Pleasant Valley Gang
 (Hamburg Hatchery) Mon. thru Sat.
 6:35—Farm Service News Mon. thru Sat.
 6:45—Ray and Elda Mon. thru Sat.
 (Gooch Feed Mill) Mon., Wed., Fri.
 (Poultry Tribune) Tues., Thurs., Sat.
 7:00—News (Garst & Thomas) Mon., Wed., Fri.
 News (Carey Salt Co.) Tues., Thurs., Sat.
 News Sun.
 7:15—Shepherd of the Hills Mon. thru Sat.
 (Nutrena Mills) Mon., Wed., Fri.
 Chapel in the Sky Sun.
 7:30—Miccolis Sisters Mon. thru Sat.
 The Bible Hour Sun.
 7:45—Edmund Denney Time
 (Merchants Biscuit) Mon. thru Sat.
 8:00—News Mon. thru Sat.
 Farmer's Forum Sun.
 8:05—Bud Davis Show Mon. thru Sat.
 8:15—Hymn Time Mon. thru Fri.
 Capital Food Review (Daily
 Capital) Sat.
 Farm News Sun.
 8:30—Henry's Exchange Mon. thru Fri.
 Kansas News Sun.
 8:45—Ray and Elda Sat.
 Mr. Veteran Sun.
 9:00—Eddy Arnold Show
 (Staley Mfg. Co.) Mon., Wed., Fri.
 Kaw Valley Boys Tues., Thurs., Sat.
 Church of the Air Sun.
 9:15—Kaw Valley Boys Mon., Wed., Fri.
 9:25—News Mon. thru Sat.
 10:00—News Sun.
 10:05—Newsmakers Sun.
 10:15—The Garden Gate (Ferry-Morse
 Seed Co.) Sun.
 10:30—The Miccolis Sisters Mon. thru Fri.
 Junior Miss (Lever Bros.) Sat.
 Salt Lake City Tabernacle Sun.
 10:45—Kitchen Club (Perfex) 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—Sarber Markets (Sarber Nurseries)
 Rainbow Trail Mon. thru Sat.
 Sun.
 12:45—M. L. Nelson (Garst and Thomas) Sun.
 1:00—Sunday Serenade Sun.
 1:30—Ernie Quigley, Sports Sun.

- 2:00—Arthur Godfrey Show
 (Gold Seal Co., National Biscuit
 Co., Chesterfield Cigarettes) Mon. thru Fri.
 New York Philharmonic Sun.
 2:30—Make Way For Youth Sat.
 3:00—The Second Mrs. Burton
 (General Foods) Mon. thru Fri.
 Let's Pretend (Cream of Wheat) Sat.
 3:15—Kansas Round-Up
 (Helzberg's) Mon. thru Fri.
 3:25—News Sat.
 3:30—Give and Take (Toni, Inc.) Sat.
 Senator Arthur Capper Sun.
 3:40—News Mon. thru Fri.
 3:45—Ma Perkins
 (Procter and Gamble) Mon. thru Fri.
 News Sun.
 4:00—Big Sister (Procter and
 Gamble) Mon. thru Fri.
 Stars Over Hollywood (Armour
 & Co.) Sat.
 Invitation to Learning Sun.
 4:15—The Guiding Light (Procter
 and Gamble) Mon. thru Fri.
 4:30—County Fair (Borden Co.) Sat.
 Strike It Rich Sun.
 5:00—National Guard Sat.
 Old Fashioned Revival Hour
 (Gospel Broadcasting Ass'n) Sun.
 5:15—Grand Central Station
 (Pillsbury Mills) Sat.
 5:30—Curt Massey-Martha Tilton
 (Miles Laboratories) Mon. thru Fri.
 5:45—Perry Mason (Procter and
 Gamble) Mon. thru Fri.
 News Sat

EVENING

- 6:00—News Mon. thru Fri.
 (Butternut Coffee) Mon., Wed., Fri.
 Visitin' Time (Morton Salt Co.) Sat.
 Jack Benny
 (Lucky Strike Cigarettes) Sun.
 6:15—Bud Davis Show Mon. thru Fri.
 (Family Times)
 6:30—Piano Rambblings Mon. thru Fri.
 Dairymen's Roundtable Sat.
 Amos 'n' Andy (Lever Bros.) Sun.
 6:45—News Mon. thru Sat.
 (Topeka Savings) Mon., Wed., Fri.
 7:00—Inner Sanctum (Emerson Drug Co.) Mon.
 Mystery Theatre (Sterling Drugs) Tues.
 Mr. Chameleon (Sterling Drugs, Inc.) Wed.
 F.B.I. In Peace and War
 (Procter and Gamble) Thurs.
 The Show Goes on Fri.
 Gene Autry (Wrigley Co.) Sat.
 Bergen & McCarth (Coca Cola) Sun.
 7:30—Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts
 (Thomas J. Lipton Co.) Mon.
 Mr. and Mrs. North (Colgate) Tues.
 Dr. Christian (Chesebrough Mfg Co.) Wed.
 Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons
 (Anacin and Kolynos) Thurs.
 The Goldbergs (General Foods) Sat.
 Red Skelton (Procter and Gamble) Sun.
 8:00—Lux Radio Theatre (Lever Bros.) Mon.
 Life With Luigi (Wrigley Company) Tues.
 You Bet Your Life (DeSoto-
 Plymouth) Wed.
 Suspense (Electric Auto-Lite Co.) Thurs.
 Leave It To Joan
 To Be Announced Fri.
 Meet Corliss Archer (Electric Co's.
 of America) Sun.
 8:30—Crossroads Sociable Tues.

- Bing Crosby (Chesterfields) Wed.
- Crime Photographer
(Philip Morris Cigarettes) Thurs.
- Broadway is My Beat Fri.
- The Godfrey Digest (Chesterfield
Cigarettes) Sat.
- Horace Heidt
(Philip Morris Cigarettes) Sun.
- 9:00—My Friend Irma (Lever Bros.) Mon.
- Escape Tues.
- Burns and Allen (Amm-I-Dent
Tooth Paste) Wed.
- Hallmark Playhouse (Hall Bros.) . . . Thurs.
- Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar Fri.
- Kansas Round-Up (Dr. LeGear) Sat.
- Carnation Contented Hour
(Carnation Company) Sun.
- 9:30—Bob Hawk Show (R. J. Reynolds) . . . Mon.
- King's Men Tues.
- Lum N' Abner Wed.
- Shopping at Bomgardner's
(Bomgardner Furniture Co.) . . . Thurs.
- Capitol Cloak Room Fri.
- Kansas Round-up Sat.
- Our Miss Brooks (Palmolive Soap) . . . Sun.
- 9:45—Capitol Federal Bandstand (Capitol Federal
Savings & Loan Assn.) Tues., Thurs., Sat.
- 10:00—News (Fleming Coffee) Mon. thru Sun.
- 10:15—Guest Star Mon.
- Ernie Quigley, Sports Tues., Thurs.
- Dance Orchestra Wed., Fri.
- Red Barber's Sports Sat.
- U. N. in Action Sun.
- 10:30—Salute to FM. Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs
- Dance Orchestra Fri., Sat
- To Be Announced Sun.
- 10:45—Dance Orchestra Mon. thru Sat.
- 11:00—News Mon. thru Sun.
- 11:05—Dance Orchestra Mon. thru Sun.
- 12:00—News Mon. thru Sun.
- 12:05—Sign Off Mon. thru Sun.

HAMBONE SEZ

(Continued from Page 13)

and dee gov'n't is tryin' to tell 'em how many acres to plant in taters and corn. A man don't haft to rob a bee tree to git stung these days.

Yessir, give me dee small town. People in big towns is so selfish; we'd ruther live in a small town where dee people sympathize wit you when you is in trouble, an' where, iffen you ain't got no trouble, they will look some up fur you. I likes a town dat is small 'nuff you kin park yo' car in dee middle of main street all night and people will drive around it.

A woman finds a blonde hair on her husband's coat and raises cain, and then she calms down when she remembers dat dee last time she nestled there she wuzz a blonde, herself. Ain't dat awful?

RAMBLINGS

(Continued from Page 7)

some final exams, we substituted RAY LAYMAN in his place with a harmonica number. Ray had to make a quick change from guitar to harmonica and while doing so made quite a racket by hitting one of the ceiling lights with the neck of his guitar. The staff all turned and screamed at him in one voice, "WELL, KENNY!!!"

The other night on my PIANO RAMBLINGS program at 6:30 I was making an attempt to explain to some of the listeners who had written in about the recipe DUDE HANK had in the January ROUND-UP MAGAZINE, about the pork chops. He did not say whether the mustard which was to be spread on the meat was dry or prepared mustard. I told the folks it was prepared mustard. After the program he met me at the door and said, "You are supposed to spread the mustard on the pork chops—not spread the mustard WITH pork chops." I didn't know I said that. We are a fine pair giving out recipes. Incidentally, the engineers have worked out a new microphone setup on the RAMBLINGS program so that BOB KEARNS and I can chat back and forth.

So long till next time,
Miss Maudie.



Bob Coats smiles as he tells WIBW-FM listeners the basket was good while describing a recent basketball game. In the booth with Bob is Dale Rader, engineer.

August M . Flake,
LeRoy, Kansas. Rt. 2

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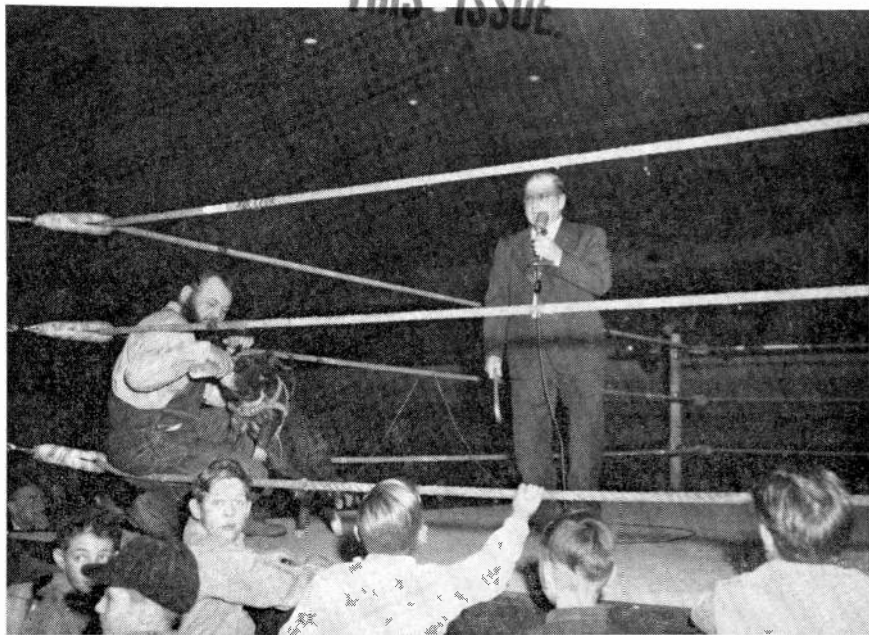
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ITS TIME TO RENEW
YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES WITH
THIS ISSUE.



"GOING, GOING, GONE!" shouts Colonel Combs from the center of the ring. He's referring to Susie, the pet pig, who at the time was being fed by her owner, Farmer Jones, popular wrestler. Susie brought \$32, which was donated to the March of Dimes.