

W R B W

ROUND-UP



Bobbie Dick and his \$400 guitar
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Vol. 1

JUNE, 1945

No. 3

ROUND-UP

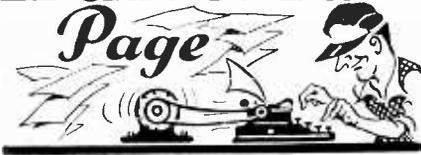
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Editorial Page



We were sitting around the talent room, waiting for our next show, when Jerome wandered in, carrying one of his scrap books. I had asked him to bring it down, thought maybe I could get an idea from it to pass along to you folks. He opened it up and we all gathered around, poring over the pages and I think all of us slipped back a few years, to the times when the pictures were taken.

On each page were advertisements for personal appearances, pictures of entertainers and the usual varied souvenir material entertainers gather.

Some one said, "There's 'what's his name', did you work with him? I knew him back in thirty-two when he was with..." Some-one else chimed in with "Didn't he wear the loudest ties?" I'll swear it sounded like a womans' club, the way we gossiped. But that's the effect a scrap book has on a person.

One item in particular caught our attention...it was about a fire that destroyed a home several years ago. It was quite a long story, clipped from a St. Joseph paper. It seems that a couple had gotten pretty badly into debt and the woman, thinking to collect the insurance and in that way help her husband solve his financial problems, had set fire to the house. She might have succeeded, (though it's seldom done), had she not turned on the radio the next morning.

She was just in time to hear Jerome singing "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen," and the song was so sweetly sung that she went right down to the police station and confessed what she had done. What is that old saying about "Music hath charms to soothe the wild beast"?

Then Miss Maudie had to tell about the time several years ago when WIBW had but one "mike." This one mike had to be moved from studio to studio for the different shows. One day Miss Maudie was playing the piano for a broadcast and the singer was pouring his heart out in song, when one of the announcers, who didn't know they were on the air, waltzed into



their studio, spoke pleasantly to the singer and accompanist, picked up the mike and waltzed out again.

So now you see why we entertainers get so much enjoyment from our scrap books.

— BUY WAR BONDS —

Just a word about what we have in store for you next month. We'll finish up our travel talk with Fred Waren, laugh a little with Hambone and I think we might scare up a picture of Ezra and his fiddle. Just what other articles the boys and girls will turn in is hard to say, but you can bet they will make good reading.

— SEVENTH WAR LOAN —

A Visit with Bobbie Dick

I don't know just when I was bitten by the radio bug, but I have always enjoyed listening to hillbilly music. I can remember listening to my grandfather playing the fiddle when I was a boy on the farm. Then a few years later, when we got our first radio, the folks used to make me mind by telling me that I couldn't listen to my cowboy program unless I was good.

It was an accident that started me playing the guitar. One night when I was driving a blind mare and her colt to water, she seemed to think that I was taking her colt from her. Maybe I got too close, anyway, the next thing I knew, I was laying on the ground and I thought my leg was broken. Boy, did she kick me! As it turned out my leg wasn't broken, but was so badly bruised that infection set in and I was taken to the hospital. After a series of operations that peeled most of the flesh and muscles from my leg, I was released, but during the next year I had to wear a brace and return to the hospital several times. It was during these lonely days when I couldn't get around to play or to do chores that I learned a little about the guitar that Dad had bought for me. It was my constant companion and I'm afraid I must almost have driven my folks crazy, just monkeying around on that guitar, never playing anything in particular.

Realizing that my leg would never be strong enough to permit me to do heavy work, I took up music in earnest. Then I hit another snag. Every place I went to apply for a job, I was always met with the question, "What experience have you had?" I have never been able to figure out how they expected a fellow to gain experience when no one would give him that first job. I guess I must have made quite a pest of myself and I can still hear some of them saying, "Here comes that red-headed kid again. I wish someone would give him a job!"

One of the fellows I talked to was Ted West, who was working at Lawrence at the time. He didn't give me much encouragement, but did promise to give me a chance if an opening should ever come up. About a month later, I had taken a job driving a truck for a construction company when he



Bobbie and Jessie

called and asked me if I wanted to play guitar for his radio programs and dances. I jumped at the chance and later when Ted came to WIBW, I came along. That was nearly three years ago and I have been here ever since. After a few months on the WIBW staff I was given the Six o'clock program. I would like to take this opportunity to thank you all for your very fine support; your cards and letters are mighty important to all of us entertainers.

So many of you have written asking me about the guitar heard on my programs. I'd like to tell you a little about it. It is a "Super 400" Gibson, and it cost \$400. Now that may seem like a lot of money to pay for a musical instrument, but it sure is a honey and well worth the money. My wife Jessie says that sometimes she believes I think more of that guitar than I do of her.

As for hobbies, I guess music, hillbilly and western songs and records are my hobbies.

When I came to WIBW I weighed about a hundred and thirty, now I weigh a hundred and seventy-five and am still gaining. My birthday is January the eighth and our anniversary is August the seventh. I believe that takes care of all the questions you have asked; if not, write to Doc and he will answer them for you.

Around the Studios



Thanks, Folks!

The boys at Winter General Hospital and the War Dads' Club want to express their thanks to all who contributed playing cards and games.

— SEVENTH WAR LOAN —

Putt 'er There



Charles Putt, trombone player on the Round-Up programs, tells us that his mother, Mrs. Putt, is president of the Women's Golf Activities in Topeka.

— BUY WAR BONDS —

Those Fleeting Years



June is full of birthdates for WIBWers. Margaret Hitz, the sixth; Elmer Curtis, the seventh; Katherine Reklites, the tenth; Jane Duff, the twenty-first; Alice Joyce and Barbara Duff, both on the twenty third. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Curtis will celebrate their anniversary on the twelfth.

— SEVENTH WAR LOAN —

What Did You Say?

A visitor in Australia asked one of the natives the name of that curious looking animal that could be seen running around. The answer he received was "kangaroo," and the animal has so been known ever since. The strange part of it is that the native was slightly deaf and the phrase

"kangaroo" in his language means "what did you say?"

— BUY WAR BONDS —

The Lid's Off



Doc and Esther were window shopping the other day when Esther stopped to look at a window full of hats. Turning to Doc, very seriously she said, "Oh, Look! That one looks just like a bird cage!" Doc being the observant soul that he is, just as seriously assured her that it was a bird cage, placed there to decorate the window. Now we're all waiting for Maureen to see it.

— SEVENTH WAR LOAN —

Congratulations!!

Lucille McLeod, former mail room employee has a new job. She is now devoting all her time to the enjoyable task of taking care of her brand new son.

— BUY WAR BONDS —

So Dare



Barbara Colvin, one of our operators, took a dare the other day that she couldn't bake a pie. A few hours later she returned with the most delicious looking and tasting pie you'd ever want. Poor girl, she almost got mobbed by the pie-hungry boys and girls.

— SEVENTH WAR LOAN —

Boners

Homer Cunningham, giving the Butter-Nut Coffee news one night, made a slip of the tongue and instead of saying "There is no other coffee by the cup..." he very seriously said "There is no other cuffee by the cop..." We also got quite a kick out of Henry when he was talking about "poteeta pailings."

☆ WIBW ☆ Service ☆ Stars ☆



Lt. JIM REED
Coral Gables, Fla.

It looked like "old home Week" around WIBW for a while. Three of our boys from the services were home on furlough and of course, came up to see us.

Col. Joe "Big Nick" Nickell dropped in one afternoon with some tall tales about his service in Alaska. Former practicing lawyer, State legislator and news commentator, Big Nick entered the army early in the war through the National Guards, an organization in which he has been an officer for several years.

Lt. Jim Reed flew up from Florida and stopped long enough to say "hello" and "goodbye". Tanned a deep golden brown, Jim reported that Florida gets all the sunshine California is supposed to have. He told us that he made connections with Lt. Hilton Hodges in Kansas City and the two spent some very pleasant minutes talking over old times spent at WIBW.

Clark Wayne spent his furlough here with his wife and two little girls early in May. Clark entered the army in January, was shipped to California for his training. About half way through his training, Clark had to turn in his first issue of clothing and get a complete new outfit. Seems that he



Lt. HILTON HODGES
Norman, Okla.

was having a little trouble crowding that extra twenty pounds he had gained into the old uniform. He also told us that there is more truth than poetry in that song about "What Do You Do In the Infantry"? He says they march, march, march until they're tired and then they run awhile! Insisted that his training is going to make him hard to beat at knocking ducks when he gets back. Clark says he and Hal Bolan, former WIBWer stationed in the same camp, get together for jam-sessions and gab-fests.

Frankie McKay, who has been in the thick of the war through Africa and Europe with Patton's Third Army, writes to say that he doesn't care much for Germany as a country. He says that most of the people, unlike the other nationalities he has encountered, have made no effort to learn English, consequently it's hard to make them understand what you're saying. That sure would be hard on a radio entertainer that likes to talk.

Just when I was in a muddle, trying to locate a picture of Frank Jennings, he sent one to one of the fellows here at the station. Look for it next month.

CBS NOTES by Kathryn Young



Lawrence Tibbett, shown here with Joan Edwards, is back on "Your Hit Parade" after a month's absence. Tibbett has been on the West Coast making a concert tour but is now back with Joan Edwards and Mark Warnow's Orchestra on "Your Hit Parade" at 8:00 p.m. Saturdays on WIBW.

— BUY WAR BONDS —

A G.I. came up to Ken Murray after his "Which Is Which" broadcast the other night, and started talking to Ken about one of the chorus girls in Murray's "Blackouts of 1945." Ken knew that the girl was always talking about some soldier overseas, and writing him long letters, so Ken asked the soldier if he was the one she was always writing to. "No, sir," drawled the soldier, "I'm the censor who reads his mail!" "Which Is Which" can be heard on WIBW at 8:30 p.m. on Wednesdays.

— SEVENTH WAR LOAN —



Arthur (Dagwood) Lake has gone into the music publishing business as a sideline to his radio appearances on the Sunday "Blondie" program (WIBW-7:00 p.m.). He calls his new venture the "Four B's Publishing Company," explaining that it stands for his four sources of material—Bumstead, aBch, Beethoven and Brahms!

— BUY WAR BONDS —

Jimmy Durante recently received a fan letter from the crew members of the newest bomber to be named "Umbriago." Altogether there are now five bombers and a fighter plane named "Umbriago," as well as a sub chaser, a merchant marine vessel and a torpedo test barge. To keep up with Jimmy Durante and "Umbriago," listen to the "Durante-Moore" show on WIBW Fridays at 9:00 p.m.

— SEVENTH WAR LOAN —

Emcee Tom Howard opened his CBS quiz show, "It Pays to be Ignorant," with the question: "Why is a room full of married people empty?" Came the answer from George Shelton: "Because there isn't a isn't a single person in it." For more smart answers, tune in this show on WIBW at 8:00 p.m. Fridays.

— BUY WAR BONDS —



THE HARMONY HIX

Edmund

Leonard

Shep

My First and Last Sea Voyage or **Why Did I Leave Home!**

By Fred Warren

It was in the summer, just twenty years ago, that I was chosen by the Dean of Music of Arkansas University, Mr. Henry Tovey, to accompany him and a small group of musicians—five to be exact—on a trip to the Orient. The itinerary included Yokahoma, Kobe, Hong Kong, Shanghai and Manilla. We were to leave Seattle, Washington, on the Admiral Oriental Liner, "President McKinley." Twenty years is quite a long time to remember details so I only jot down here some of the high lights of that memorable trip as I recall them. It is hard to say just what was the biggest thrill during the trip but I would say it was one of two things. It was either the instant the boat started to move away from the dock or else it was the boat gliding into the dock after the trip was completed.

I believe I can remember the first forty-eight hours of the ninety-day cruise better than all the rest. As I recall, we set sail about one o'clock in the afternoon and as the ship started to pull away, we stood out on the promenade deck and played "Home Sweet Home." I kinda' wondered then if I was going to get back home O.K. For the next few hours we enjoyed the scenery between Seattle and Victoria on Vancouver Island, B. C. I remember it was there that I saw my first and to this day the last real mirage. Far to the south and up in the sky was an ocean liner sailing along upside down.

That evening after we had played our dinner concert—that was what we were there for—I, with another one of the boys, spent several hours standing on the prow of the ship looking dead ahead. For some reason which I have never quite known unless it was on account of the darkness, we weren't able to see much. Eventually the Captain sent his boy down to tell us that never were we to be on that part of the ship so that ended that.

The next morning we were up bright and

early and out on deck, just looking. By this time we were well out to sea and no land in sight. The next day was spent exactly the same way with just enough time out to play our noon concert, eat, play our evening concert and eat again. The next day was spent in exactly the same way and also the next and the next. Then one day, Alton and I—Alton was the alto sax tooter—were standing there looking out to sea when he asked me a question that I don't understand to this day and I wondered why I hadn't thought of it before. "Say, just what are we looking for anyway?" I had to admit that whatever it was we were not likely to find it here since all we could see as far away as the horizon was water. After this we began to find other ways to amuse ourselves like learning to play shuffleboard and watching the Chinese cabin boys playing Majhng, etc.

We were eleven days from Seattle to our first port, Yokahoma. Eleven days at sea is, to my way of thinking, quite something. Yokahoma is supposed to be about fourteen miles from Tokyo and naturally, we had to visit that capital city during our two day stay at Yokahoma. We were free to do as we wished while the ship was in port so we went to Tokyo by train. It is the custom in Japan to have your ticket collected by the gatemen as you leave the train. Alton and I got lost from the rest of the boys and had to go back to Yokahoma by ourselves. About all the trouble we ran into was that we got off the train almost every time it stopped at a station for all the stations looked alike. The gateman would look at our ticket and say "Sorry, your ticket doesn't call for this station." We'd wait fifteen or thirty minutes or whatever it was and get on the next train and do it all over again with the outcome that it took us most of the afternoon to finally find the right

(Continued on Page 15)



As my ole pappy used to say: "One of de' best things to have up youah sleeve is a funny bone." Heah we is agin... an' I hopes we finds you all well an' enjoyin' your self.

Mr. Ezra gib me a new dog de' other day... I named him "Crook." Boy, does I haf fun... When I calls him on de' street a lotta mens jump lak dey seen a ghost.

Unk Russell dropped in at de' Bar Nothin' Ranch de other day. Claims he has de' answer to how to stop de' wifey from wearin slacks. He says, all yo' gotta do is; First... Have her face north. Stand several paces south ob' 'er wid a candid camera and snap her pitcher. Hab' de' film developed an' show 'er de' picture. Unk swears it'll do de' trick evr'y time.

I got me a traffic ticket for over-parkin' de' other day. De' Judge say to me. "Ham! Is yo' married!?" I say, "No suh Judge, dis am de' worst fix ah eber been in!"

A certain feller wuzz comin' home late de' other night an' his wife wuz awake. She say: "Ils dat yo' John!?" He says, "Yeah 'tis, who wuzz yo' expectin'?"

Ah! de' women, bless 'em! Yo' kaint live wid em, an' yo' kaint lib wid-out 'em. In fack a woman burns me up! She's lak a pipe, the minute she's filled up she wants to go out. She ain't neber mak up 'er own mind... but she don' hab no trouble 'tall makin' up yo's. She insists on de' vote but neber knows who's runnin' or WHY! She allus worrin'. An' dey ain't nothin' to worry 'bout, she worries 'cause dey ain't nuthin' to worry 'bout.

Iffen yo' ain't attrac-ive to other women, she's sore... iffen yo' is she's sore. When she gits on de' phone, only de' fiah department can git her off. What she does to

yo' money, heben only knows.

She lies like de' debil but iffen she ketches you in a little whitie, she keeps comin' back to it like a birddog. She tells your stories, musses dem up, forgits de' point, den turns dem over to you to repair. She is allus askin' for yo' advice, but does juss what she intended to in de' first place. Keeps leaving things behind, can't stand yo' friends, and her relatives live wid yo' Goes to de' movies and den tells everybody de plots.

Yo' is licked any way you look at it brother. There just ain' no substitute for her—thank goodness.

But juss remember folks... it's doin' de' things we likes to do; but likin' de' things we have to do, dat makes life blessed. Let yo' self an' not your words speak fo' yo'. An' don' give anybody a piece ob' yo' mind —yo' need it all yo' self.

As muh ole pappy say; A sharp tongue severs many a friendship, so I think I'd bettuh shut-up now. Come on ovah an' sit a spell wit us sometime.

— BUY WAR BONDS —



You have heard us speak so often of "Barbara, Our Operator," that we think it about time you met her. Here she is, just as she appears while "twisting the knobs" on the WIBW console. She's a good cook, too.

Farming in the Army

Gene Shipley



You know the old saying, "you can take the boy away from the country, but you can't take the country away from the boy." Many a soldier in the far-off islands of the Pacific, is very much obliged, because they haven't been able to take from the farm boy, that inherited love of "growing things." On the palm-studded islands, where only a few months ago, our boys were battling the enemy in the jungles and swamps, ambitious farm boys in khaki are growing uncounted small fruit and vegetable gardens. On Guadalcanal there is one project that contains 2,100 acres, a truck farm 6 miles long and 2 miles wide. The fresh vegetables from these tracts are called "morale vegetables." Things like corn-on-the-cob, fresh beets, carrots, lettuce, peas,—all remind the fighting man of those good things at home. It is a glowing tribute to the ingenuity of the mid-western farm boy, and the resourcefulness that life on the farm develops.

These boys will have many interesting stories to tell when they return. There will be problems of rehabilitation in occupied countries, and the farm boys will have a hand in this also, because these nations must again become self-sustaining for food supply. The terrific burden of relief feeding must be shifted as soon as lands can be put back into production. Right now, many of the problems are encountered in rebuilding Italian agriculture. Before the war, Italy was a big farm nation—intensively farmed, with over 42% of the land under cultivation. And wheat was Italy's principal crop—but wheat was one crop that fell short of the demand. Although Italy produced four-fifths of its wheat requirement, the Durum wheat—the base of macaroni and spaghetti—had to be imported in large quantities from Russia and the United States. Italy's farm methods are old-fashioned and wasteful—too many people worked on the farms in pre-war years compared to the crops produced. The allies

are trying to correct some of these mistakes.

Another problem is the shortage of farm machinery. The Nazis, of course, took all the farm machinery and parts they could lay hands on. Italian farmers used many clever tricks to hide them away. Quantities of spare parts were hidden behind a false wall, some were found in cellars covered with coal and firewood, and in hundreds of cases with false bottoms, stored in attics. However, this trickle that was saved doesn't go very far to supply the Italian need for farm machinery, and they are having to do with what they have until shipping conditions permit a greater supply.

In addition to stripping Italy of food and farm machinery, the German armies took all the good dairy cattle they could find, home to the reich.

In trying to find ways for the Italians to help themselves put their food back on a sound basis, Allied officers have a big job on their hands. Farming—the production of food—is a mainstay of sound government. Hunger and political and economic unrest go together. It's an important problem to solve, and many of our Kansas farm boys are helping to solve it.



Here's a picture, 1927 vintage, of two your favorites. Know 'em? Aw, come on, make a guess!

Chats Around the Aerial

... with Olaf S. Soward

"But there's nothing to do! We've seen every show and been to every 'hot spot' in town."

How many times have we all heard it? Especially if life throws us into frequent contact with young people.

Now, nobody who has poked around in books enough to get a fairly good idea of what people and events have been in the past is going to let himself get very many extra grey hairs worrying about the current crop of young folks in America nor the fashions in ideas for entertainment.

But, if one felt that he simply had to find something about which to complain in today's habits of living, possibly a pretty good case could be built up for electing one modern tendency as a possible villain in the social drama. That is this generation's rather widespread belief that nothing is worth doing unless it is away from home, featured by high-voltage excitement and partaken of in company with a noisy and miscellaneous crowd.

The subtle joys which come from those reserves within one's self—reserves of thought, of knowledge, of confidence in himself and in mankind—are usually the targets of contemptuous sneers from the 'hot spot' hunters of today's hectic existence.

Yet, those joys are the warp and wool from which are woven the armor of wisdom and character that protect the soul of even today's man from blind panic when the constant battle of life takes an unexpected turn toward disaster or disillusionment.

And resources for these inner amusements and interests, whose pleasures last as long as the breath of life itself, abound on every hand. Serious radio programs, books, magazines and substantial friendships are easily within reach of everyone. Those provide the riches within which make man different from—and superior to—all other forms of animal life.

The ability to learn for the sake of learning and to think for the sake of thinking

sums up the whole of the vast gulf that sets humanity off from all the rest of creation. And, despite the pathetically excited search for some way to forget the crowding pressures of wartime strain, at no time in history has it been truer than now that knowledge is power—wisdom the mainspring—in personal and national efforts toward survival.

Just as a homely example which comes readily to mind, for at least a half a century the most pronounced shift in American life has been to industry away from the farm. Population has been moving away from the country into factory cities. Industrial wealth has grown much faster than agricultural wealth. Yet, America is still dominated in the main by agricultural habits of thought long after our farmers have ceased to be a majority of our people. Why?

The very conditions of work for a farmer and his family require that he spend a lot of time in solitude—thinking! His mind explores serious problems of sociology and economics and philosophy (although he probably never puts those labels on them) while his muscles perform semi-automatic tasks around animals and machinery. The open countryside and clear air encourage the brain to work, even in moments of leisure.

America has gained much from her increasingly industrialized city life, and stands to gain still more.

Nevertheless, those metropolitan cave-dwellers have tended to lose one of the greatest assets of historic American existence—a chance to wander out behind the barn alone and drop into the seat of an old cultivator or stroll toward a favorite tree in the meadow which makes a fine back-rest and just sit down to do some good, heavy, solitary thinking!

That is a great builder of character and wisdom. And both of these are strength!

WIBW PROGRAM SCHEDULE

580 on Your Dial

Monday Through Friday

Morning

- 5:00—Daybreak Jamboree
 5:45—News
 6:00—Bobbie Dick
 6:15—Bar Nothing Ranch
 6:35—Farm Service News
 6:45—Doc and Esther (*Spark-O-Lite*)
 7:00—News
 (*Mon., Wed., Fri., B. F. Goodrich*)
 (*Tues., Thurs., Sat., Carey Salt*)
 7:15—Shepherd Of The Hills (*Nutrena*)
 7:30—Henry and Jerome (*Glow Flags*)
 7:45—Edmund Denney Time
 (*Merchants Biscuit Co.*)
 8:00—News (*Mon., Wed., Fri., Polident*)
 8:05—Henry and Jerome
 8:15—Unity Viewpoint (*Unity School*)
 8:30—Henry's Exchange
 9:00—Shepherd Of The Hills
 9:15—News (*Dannen Mills*)
 10:30—Bright Horizon (*Lever Bros.*)
 10:45—Aunt Jenny's Stories (*Lever Bros.*)
 11:00—Judy and Jane (*Folgers Coffee*)
 11:15—Big Sister (*Lever Bros.*)
 11:30—Weather Bureau
 11:34—Dinner Hour

Afternoon

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

Evening

- 10:00—News (*The Fleming Co.*)
 10:15—Meaning Of The News
 (*B. F. Goodrich Co.*)
 11:00—News
 12:00—News

Highlights of the Week

MONDAY

Evening

- 6:00—News (*Butternut Coffee*)
 6:15—Hedda Hopper's Hollywood
 (*Armour and Co.*)
 6:30—Checkerboard Fun-Fest (*Purina*)
 6:45—News (*Penn Tobacco*)
 7:00—Vox Pop (*Emerson Drug*)

- 7:30—George Burns and Gracie Allen
 (*Lever Bros.*)
 7:55—News (*Vick Chemical Co.*)
 8:00—Lux Radio Theater (*Lever Bros.*)
 9:00—Screen Guild Players (*Lady Esther*)
 9:30—Thanks To The Yanks
 (*R. J. Reynolds Tobacco*)
 10:20—Jimmy Carroll Sings (*E. R. Squibb*)

TUESDAY

Evening

- 6:00—News (*Phillips 66*)
 6:15—Music That Satisfies
 (*Liggett and Myers*)
 6:30—American Melody Hour (*Bayer Co.*)
 7:00—Big Town (*Sterling Products*)
 7:30—Theatre Of Romance
 (*Colgate-Palmolive-Peet*)
 7:55—News (*Vick Chemical Co.*)
 8:00—Inner Sanctum (*Lever Bros.*)
 8:30—Pleasant Valley
 9:00—Service To the Front
 (*Wm. Wrigley, Jr., Co.*)
 9:30—Ernie Quigley, Sports
 9:45—Emahizer Melodies
 (*Emahizer-Spielman*)

WEDNESDAY

Evening

- 6:00—News (*Butternut Coffee*)
 6:15—Music That Satisfies
 (*Liggett and Myers*)
 6:30—Checkerboard Fun-Fest (*Purina*)
 6:45—News (*Penn Tobacco*)
 7:00—Jack Carson (*Campbell Soup Co.*)
 7:30—Dr. Christian
 (*Chesebrough Mfg. Co.*)
 7:55—News (*Vick Chemical Co.*)
 8:00—Frank Sinatra Show
 (*Sales Builders, Inc.*)
 8:30—Which Is Which? (*P. Lorillard Co.*)
 9:00—Great Moments In Music
 (*Celanese Corp.*)
 9:30—Let Yourself Go (*Eversharp Co.*)
 10:20—Jimmy Carroll Sings (*E. R. Squibb*)

THURSDAY

Evening

- 6:00—News (*Phillips 66*)
 6:15—Music That Satisfies
 (*Liggett and Myers*)
 6:30—The Rainbow Trail
 6:45—News
 7:00—Adventures of Chuck Carson
 (*Chrysler Corp.*)
 7:30—Crossroad's Sociable
 7:55—News (*Ray Beers Clothing Co.*)
 8:00—Music of Morton Gould
 (*Chrysler Corp.*)
 8:30—Corliss Archer
 (*Anchor Hocking Glass*)

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

- 9:00—The First Line
(*Wm. Wrigley, Jr., Co.*)
- 9:30—Romance, Rhythm and Ripley
(*Bourjois, Inc.*)
- 10:20—Ernie Quigley, Sports

**FRIDAY
Evening**

- 6:00—News (*Butternut Coffee*)
- 6:30—Checkerboard Fun-Fest (*Purina*)
- 6:45—News (*Penn Tobacco*)
- 7:00—Aldrich Family (*General Foods*)
- 7:30—Adventures Of The Thin Man
(*General Foods*)
- 7:55—News (*Vick Chemical Co.*)
- 8:00—It Pays To Be Ignorant
(*Philip Morris*)
- 8:30—Those Websters (*Quaekr Oats*)
- 9:00—Durante-Moore (*United Drug Co.*)
- 9:30—Olaf Soward's Viewpoint
- 9:45—Emahizer Melodies
(*Emahizer-Spielman*)
- 10:20—Jimmy Carroll Sings (*E. R. Squibb*)

SATURDAY

- 8:15 a.m.—Food Review
(*Topeka Daily Capital*)
- 8:45 a.m.—Lee Farm Hour
(*Geo. H. Lee Co.*)
- 10:30 a.m.—Billie Burke Show
(*Lambert Pharmacal Co.*)
- 11:00 a.m.—Theatre Of Today
(*Armstrong Cork Co.*)
- 3:00 p.m.—Let's Pretend
(*Cream of Wheat*)
- 3:25 p.m.—News (*Security Benefit Ass'n.*)
- 5:15 p.m.—Grand Central Station
(*Pillsbury Mills*)
- 5:45—News (*Phillips 66*)
- 6:30 p.m.—America In The Air
(*Wm. Wrigley, Jr., Co.*)
- 7:00 p.m.—Mayor Of The Town
(*Noxzema*)
- 7:55 p.m.—News (*Vick Chemical Co.*)
- 8:00 p.m.—Your Hit Parade
(*Lucky Strike*)
- 8:45 p.m.—Kansas Round-Up
(*Army Goods Dist., Schreiber Mills*)
- 10:00 p.m.—News (*The Fleming Co.*)
- 10:15 p.m.—Ned Calmer, News
(*Parker Pens*)
- 10:20 p.m.—Dave Minor

**SUNDAY
Morning**

- 6:00—Sunday Morning Meeting
- 7:00—News
- 7:15—Pentecostal Tabernacle
- 7:30—Bethel Covenant Church
- 8:00—CBS Morning News
- 8:15—Farm News
- 8:30—Kansas News
- 8:45—Edmund Denney Show
(*Faultless Starch*)
- 9:00—Church of the Air
- 9:30—Tuskegee Institute Choir
- 10:00—Warren Sweeney, News
(*Curtiss Candy*)
- 10:05—Blue Jacket Choir

SEVENTH WAR LOAN

Keep tuned in to WIBW to see how much this coupon will be worth to you. We will be telling you soon!

- 10:30—Invitation to Learning
- 11:00—First Methodist Church

Afternoon

- 12:00—News (*Security Benefit Ass'n.*)
- 12:15—Rainbow Trail
- 12:45—M. L. Nelson (*Garst and Thomas*)
- 1:00—Stradivari Orchestra
(*Prince Matchabelli Division*)
- 1:30—Ernie Quigley, Sports
- 1:55—Program Resume
- 2:00—New York Philharmonic
(*United States Rubber Co.*)
- 3:30—Electric Hour
(*Electric Companies' Adv. Program*)
- 4:00—Prudential Family Hour
- 4:45—Old Fashioned Revival Hour
(*Gospel Broadcasting Ass'n.*)

Evening

- 6:00—Kate Smith Hour (*General Foods*)
- 7:00—Blondie (*Colgate-Palmolive-Peet*)
- 7:30—Crime Doctor (*Philip Morris*)
- 7:55—News (*Ray Beers Clothing Co.*)
- 8:00—Radio Reader's Digest
(*Campbell Soup Co.*)
- 8:30—Texaco Star Theatre (*Texas Co.*)
- 9:00—Take It Or Leave It
(*Eversharp, Inc.*)
- 9:30—Toasties Time (*General Foods*)
- 10:00—News (*The Fleming Co.*)
- 10:15—Ned Calmer, News
(*Parker Pens*)
- 10:20—Emahizer Melodies
(*Emahizer-Spielman*)
- 10:30—Adventures Of Ozzie and Harriet
(*International Silver*)
- 11:00—Wm. L. Shirer, News
(*J. B. Williams Co.*)
- 12:00—News

— BUY WAR BONDS —

(Continued from Page 10)

station so they would permit us to leave the gate.

While in Tokyo we visited the Imperial Hotel and also saw the Imperial Palace but we were not permitted to go through this building although one of the boys did manage to have a film torn from his kodak while trying to take a picture of the Royal Palace from just outside the front gate. He had considerable difficulty talking himself out of that one.

**WIBW ROUND-UP
MAGAZINE**

Box 981, Topeka, Kansas

POSTMASTER: If addressee has moved and forwarding order is on file, send Form 354, postage for which is guaranteed.

Sec. 562, P. L. & R.

PAID

U. S. Postage

Permit No. 2

Topeka, Kansas

*Mrs. W. W. Johnson
c/o Wagon Builders
Topeka, Kan.*

A Day in the Mail Room

By Mrs. Clark Wayne

Through this little visit with your friends of WIBW, I'd like to give you an idea of an ordinary day in the mail-room. First thing after the mail arrives (and it's up in the thousands), it all has to be sorted and put in the respective bins. Each letter that does not have the name of the company from which you are ordering goes into a bin marked "general mail." Later it is opened, sorted, and follows the other mail into the bins containing similar orders.

Each of the girls working in the mail-room has a special routine to follow every day. One takes care of the orders for Spark-O-Lite, another watches over the orders for the Round-Up Magazine, another tabulates the letters for Sunway Vitamins and so on down the line.

After the letters are opened, the money is removed the orders, the total orders for each product are added and a check for the amount is sent to the sponsor, along with your original letter, all on the same day the letter is received by us.

Some of you have asked how you, our customers, can help us here in the mail room. There are a number of things you can do when you order that will speed your merchandise on its way. First, before you send your letter, ask yourself these

questions. "Have I stated size, color, and all the information needed?" "Have I enclosed the exact amount of money necessary?" "Have I stated my correct address?" "Have I fastened all coins securely, to prevent loss?" Then after you have sealed your envelope, be sure to address your order to the company from which you are ordering, for instance, "Round-Up Magazine, In Care Of Station WIBW, Topeka, Kansas." Then here's a little something I might add. If you are sending a request along to your favorite entertainer, why not write it on a separate slip of paper. This will insure his getting it on the day it is received in the mail room.

After we have opened all the mail and sent the orders on their way, we type records of the names and addresses of all orders received. This is our own method of making sure that no orders are lost and we can check back and determine just who ordered what article and when the order reached us.

I hope this little visit has been helpful to you. We girls in the mail room are just tiny cogs in a large organization and it is our duty to see that you each are satisfied customers and that you get the speediest service possible.

— BUY WAR BONDS —