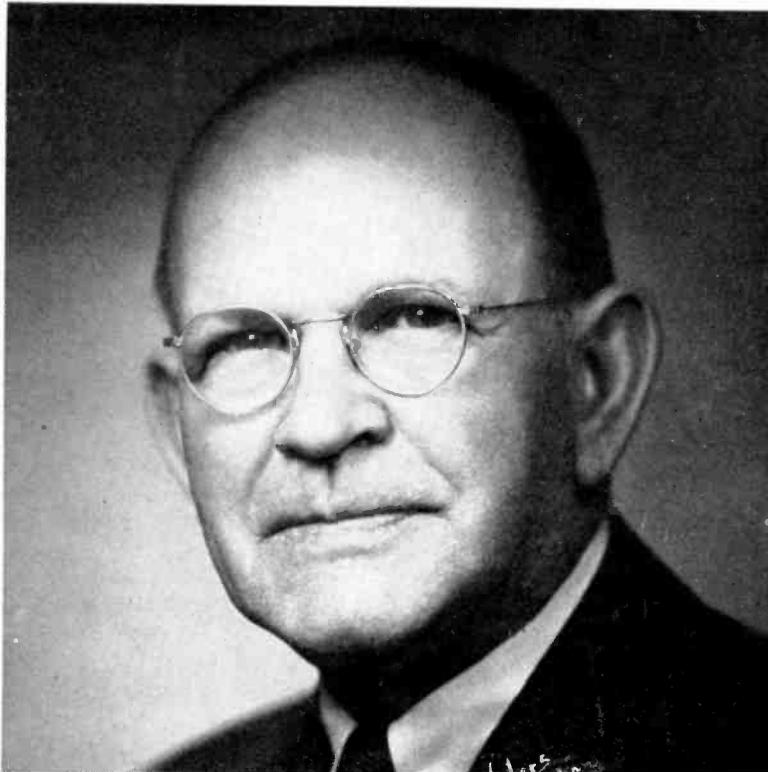


WIBW

ROUND-UP



HOPPI CORBIN

(See Page 5)

August

Our Forty-First Issue

1948

ROUND UP

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Ad LIBBING By Doc

I want to thank Ole for the little story he told in this column while I was vacationing. I knew something like that was bound to happen when the little "Swede-heart" of WIBW got hold of a typewriter. I wonder who did his spelling for him?

We had such a swell time on our vacation I just can't resist telling you folks about it. You'll find a story and some pictures about it on pages eight and nine.

Ole, Shepherd, Virginia, Jane and their families were out on the river on their vacation, but the heat was too great and they came back early.

Chuck Wayne and family went to West Virginia and had a good time. They visited friends and relatives and Chuck and son Ford did a little trout fishing. They came back reporting a wonderful trip, no car trouble and good weather.

The Miccolis Sisters returned with pictures and tall tales about their trip to their mother's home near Chicago. The girls have a wonderful family and were especially proud of the pictures of their mother, sister and very good-looking brothers.

Ambrose said he did more driving than anything else. Did get to see a ball game or two and did a little fishing.

Colonel Combs is the mystery man of WIBW, as far as vacations are concerned. Every year he slips away, is gone for two weeks and just as quietly, comes back to work. Keeps muttering something about "Uncle Phillip," but we suspect from the gleam in Colonel's eye that he spent very little time with "Uncle."

Edmund and Myrtle Denney are leav-

ing this week for a trip to the west coast. They plan to visit Edmund's brothers and sisters in Washington and Oregon.

Red Heads



WIBW is the only radio station that we know of who has a "red headed" duet. Here's an action shot of Bobbie Dick and Virginia Lee.

Back Copies

For those of you who want to catch up on the back copies of the Round-Up needed to complete your collection of WIBW favorites, we are offering back issues at the very low price of fifteen for fifty cents. This is much below actual printing cost and they won't last long. We reserve the right to substitute in case we are out of the numbers you want. Send your order to Round-Up, WIBW, Topeka, Kansas.

How We Keep Busy

by Don Hopkins

Doc Embree has just cornered me—and said—"Look here, Don, your story for the August issue is long overdue—get busy!" And so that's how I'll keep busy for a few minutes. I've been thinking about the "busy bees" around the studios—and it occurs to me that one would have a hard time finding a busier man than Clark Wayne. Clark you know is very versatile, playing the electric guitar, the fiddle and the banjo, and he plays all three of them as solo instruments—or furnishes the background on vocal numbers with them. That means that there are very few numbers on the Kansas Roundup and Dinner Hour shows that Clark doesn't have a hand in somewhat . . . to say nothing of the many other quarter hour shows that he works. In short, an instrumentalist like Clark Wayne works on more numbers in a day's time than a vocal group will. But that's just the beginning of Clark's day's work. He makes occasional personal appearances with the staff and plays many local dances. In addition to all of this activity Clark Wayne just loves to tinker with cars. And he's making a profitable business out of that tinkering too. One day just last week he worked eight hours repairing cars besides his radio work. Clark's lovely family may not see as much of him as they would like but at least they know where he is and what he is doing. I never asked him but I presume Clark does take out a few hours for sleeping.

When it comes to busy announcers, Elmer Curtis, long your favorite newscaster, is one of the busiest. He doesn't let grass grow under his feet. Elmer has one of the heaviest announcing schedules here—starting at 5:40 a.m. and running through 12:15. One reason for that is you folks like him and the sponsors demand him. Now that's a pretty fair day in itself in this nerve-wrecking game of radio. But Elmer is just getting started at the noon hour. He is probably our greatest outdoor man. Elmer is without a doubt the best known wolf hunter in the State of Kansas. But even when he isn't hunting wolves he keeps on in the open.

Girls! Girls! Girls!

Seems that the mammas and papas of the WIBW talent staff are in a rut! During the four years that your editor has been with WIBW there have been eight blessed events, all eight of which have been girls. The score board reads as follows: Bobbie Dick, two girls; Shepherd of the Hills, one girl; Kenny Harries, one girl; Ole, one girl; Henry Peters, one girl; Ezra Hawkins, one girl; Glenn Osborn, one girl.



Here's the first picture ever taken of little Dala Anne Osborn, daughter of Glenn and Ann Netta Osborn.

He loves to hike—to ride a horse—to hunt just about anything. It has been suggested a couple of times that he take it a little easier—but you can't keep a good man down like Elmer. His dogs and his horses and what they can do are his pride and joy. Besides these nature-loving activities Elmer finds time to promote the sale of Johnnie's Waterless Cleaner. He has lined up a lot of dealer's for this fine product. Also clerks sales of Colonel Combs. And Elmer's a pretty good dad to his family too, taking an interest in their activities. Fact of the matter is, the one little bit of laziness that I know of in connection with Elmer Curtis is that he never itches or scratches—why should he—after all he uses Pink Ointment.

Ramblings



The talent staff room is still buzzing with vacation chatter. CHUCK WAYNE and his family drove back home to see Mom and Dad in Buckhannon, West Virginia. CHUCK and son, Ford, took some fishing trips together in the mountains of the East Range. One place he described as especially picturesque was "Coger's Mill" which is an old fashioned water power mill at the head of Elk River. The river goes under ground about a mile from there and comes out right at the mill making the water very cold. CHUCK came home without any casualties except a couple of skinned knees caused by climbing around the rocks.

Speaking of skinned knees: Our own OLAF SOWARD fell again on the front steps of WIBW studio home, and injured the knee that was so badly hurt several months ago. He was taken to Stormont Hospital in Topeka where, we are happy to report, he is recovering nicely. Be sure and drop OLAF a card, folks, and let him know you miss him.

SHEPHERD, VIRGINIA LEE and OLE took their families on a fishing trip to Mill creek near McFarland, Kansas. They rented a cabin and were having a great time over the 4th of July. A couple of days later, VIRGINIA LEE suffered a sun-stroke and became very ill. The two families packed up and came home, thus ending the vacation. They have decided to wait until it is cooler before they try another fishing excursion.

DUDE and I drove to Minneapolis where we enjoyed the lovely cool weather and the interesting sights. We saw the beautiful lake which inspired Thurlow Lieurance to compose "The Waters of Minnetonka" and the Falls of Minnehaha of which Longfellow wrote in his poem "Hiawatha." This city and its twin St. Paul have any number of interesting places to visit. The state capitol at St. Paul...the Minneapolis Institute of Arts

. . . the University of Minnesota which covers 750 acres . . . historic Fort Snelling, built in 1819, and Victory Memorial Drive which is part of their vast park system. It is four miles long and is lined with 860 trees planted in orderly array with 568 of these trees being an enduring symbol of a life given by a Hennepin County soldier in the World War. The name Hennepin comes from Father Hennepin who was the first white man to view St. Anthony Falls about which Minneapolis is built. This was in 1680. The park system, which is one of the finest in the country, joins 11 lakes inside the city limits. Pages and pages could be written about the historic background of the twin cities and it as a most enjoyable trip. We also visited the television studios and saw the stage show "Carousel" which was written and produced by the writers of "Oklahoma." With all the thrills and beauty of what we saw, the little lane turning to 1351 Campbell Avenue still held the latch string greeting of Home Sweet Home for us.

July 4th was a big success in Topeka, mainly because of the RODEO. On Saturday, we all rode in the parade. MAUREEN . . . MARY . . . RUTH . . . VALLIE KIRK and MYSELF rigged up some gay ninety costumes and climbed in an old fashioned surrey drawn by four horses. DUDE HANK and the BOHEMIAN BAND which included HOPPI, HEINIE, WOODY, KENNEY, and VALLIE were all in the surrey too—and the band played on and on. When the music first started the horses did a little jumping around, making the girls in the gay nineties costumes a little sad and wary. Bill Boyd (Hopalong Cassidy) the movie star, led the parade with the Rodeo Queen Twila Gomer, a girl from Marquette, Kansas.

On Monday, July 5th, we went to Holton for their celebration and performed in the park. DOC and ESTHER, BOBBIE and GLEN were in Chanute for two shows and AMBROSE, the MICCOLIS SISTERS, BILL KIRK, CLARK WAYNE, KENNEY and others played at Vinewood pavillion here in Topeka.

(Continued on Page 5)

On Our Cover

OTHO EARL CORBIN

better known to you listeners as
HOPPI AND HIS 'CELLO

I, like several others on the WIBW staff, was born in the grand old state of Missouri—in Stockton to be exact. At an early age, I moved, with my parents, to Jefferson City. I spent most of my school days here.

Being the adventurous type of a young man, the desire to get out and see the world was upper-most in my mind. To accomplish that ambition I enlisted in the Seventh United States Cavalry band. I spent two years in Chickamauga Park, Georgia, six months in Fort Meyer, Virginia, Washington, D. C., then transferred to Eighth Infantry in Governor's Island, New York, where I spent six months.

I considered enlisting in the United States Marine band but, by this time the roaming fever was about out of my blood. I gave up the idea and returned to Kansas City, Missouri. (My parents had moved there during my absence.)

By now there was no doubt in my mind that I wanted to follow in the musical world. I then took up 'cello. I studied first with Alfred Buch of Kansas City. Later I went to Denver, Colorado and studied with Albert Press—two very fine teachers.

I played hotels, cafes and nearly all the theatres in Kansas City—the last of which was the Midland. I next spent a season with the Naughty Marietta Opera Company.

I soon found myself working theatres in Topeka. I started at the Grand, later the Orpheum and Isis — finally opening the Jayhawk. I played there for some time.

Yes, I'm married—to a Kansas City girl (a Scotch-Irish Lassie).

I have spent the past several years here at WIBW. My duties consist mostly of routine work taking care of transcriptions, handling of music in the library, etc., playing on the Dinner Hour, Round-ups and

several other programs—it would take all of the space in this magazine to mention all of my various jobs. The things that have to be done, I stay with until they are done even if it means coming back at night.

My chief headache is Gene Shipley's Farm bureau wire recordings. Two or three years ago, he said, "Save all wire recordings". I stacked them in the basement until there were hundreds of them. Ever so often Gene comes to me saying that someone wishes to "dub off" one of those old recordings. I take all the "dope" and usually find that it is one of those used on the air a year or so ago. I rush to the basement and start searching madly through a stack of wire recordings that has grown to a good three feet high. After months of this exasperating procedure I enlisted the services of Miss Joy Steck, one of Miss Edna Hahn's very efficient office force. She has listed all of those records numerically and I have them filed. . . Now, let Gene call for one of them—I should be able to get it in two minutes.

All the staff and employees here are nice to work with and you listeners are wonderful to us. We appreciate that very much. Mr. Ludy is a fine boss and of course, Miss Maudie (my immediate boss) is swell. In fact, I hardly realize I have a boss. They never bother me.

Best wishes,
Otho (Hoppi) Corbin

RAMBLINGS

(Continued from Page 4)

DOC and ESTHER with little Johnny drove to New Mexico for their vacation. RUTH and MARY MICCOLIS visited the folks at home in Chicago; AMBROSE and BILL were in St. Louis. They all brought back pictures of interest . . . and the girls ESTHER, RUTH and MARY brought us pretty presents too.

Right now we are getting ready for two months of continual Fair dates, so if we happen to be near your town, please come and see us. And by that, we mean come back stage and let's get better acquainted.

Till then, so long.—Miss Maudie.

Questions and Answers

Q. We enjoy the big family pictures so much. When are Doc and Esther, Shep and Virginia, Ole and his wife, Edmund and his wife and Ezra and the widder going to be in the center?

A. They already have been. You can get back issues at the rate of fifteen for fifty cents. This is far below printing cost, so naturally our supply is getting low. Order 'em early.

Q. Who are the players on the food review band and what instruments do they play?

A. Dude Hank and Chuck Wayne, trumpets; Kenny Harries and Mart Hackett, clarinets; Vallie Kirk, flute; Woody Morse, drums; Hoppi Corbin, alto; Heinie Haines, bass; Maureen, violin; Chas. Putt, trombone.

Q. Why do some of the entertainers get two weeks' vacation while others get only one?

A. We all get two weeks, except those who have been here less than a year. Some of the boys and girls prefer taking a week early and their other week later.

Q. Do all the entertainers live in the vicinity of the station?

A. Few of us do. Most of us live within twenty blocks.

Q. Who is Bill Kirk and where is he from?

A. Bill will be on our cover soon and then we will tell you all about him.

Q. When is Crossroads Sociable held?

A. Pleasant Valley and Crossroads Sociable have been merged and the program bears the title "Crossroads Sociable," the name of the original Kansas Round-Up. Tuesday evenings at eight.

Q. Did I understand Don to say that Colonel Combs has a daughter?

A. Yes, Colonel has a grown daughter.

Q. Can you tell me why we don't have Kate Smith on the air any more?

A. She is on another network, unless she is on summer vacation.

Q. Do the Miccolis Sisters have a brother who sings and who was recently heard on a Chicago station? He sounds a lot like Mary.

A. Yep! Versatile family, isn't it?

Q. May I suggest that when a staff member leaves, or we get new talent, that you tell us about it in the "Round-Up"?

A. Of course you can suggest it, but we have been doing that for quite some time.

Q. Would like to see a double page picture of Maureen and family.

A. They were scheduled for this issue, but Mr. Dawdy is so busy and is out of town so much working on the Cancer Fund drive that it was impossible to get the picture. Watch future issues.

Q. Heard Shep yodel on the Round-Up. Why doesn't he do it more often?

A. Lazy.

Q. How could I get a picture of Eddie Dean?

A. Send ten cents for the July, 1947, issue of the Round-Up.

Q. Which of the Miccolis Sisters sings the lead and which the harmony?

A. The girls switch parts, but I believe Mary usually sings the lead.

Q. We were in Topeka and wanted to see the Ozark Ramblers but couldn't find Vinewood. Where is it?

A. Vinewood is back from the road about a hundred yards. Turn left after you cross the stone bridge that crosses the spillway at Lake Shawnee.



When Ezra proudly announced the birth of his daughter, Cynthia Ellen, last June 25th, the folks in the WIBW audience sent hundreds of cards and presents to welcome the little newcomer to the WIBW family.

The Voices You Hear Along the RFD

... by Gene Shipley ...

Do you remember the old time rainmakers? Those mysterious individuals with their secret gadgets and trappings, who thrived on adversity, when the corn was burning up in the fields, and who, for a "substantial consideration" usually about \$500.00 would agree to produce rain within three to five days. I can remember that we kids, along with probably a hundred neighbors and people all over the country would gather to watch the rainmaker do his magic, and usually along about the third day some ambitious huckster would bob up in the community selling umbrellas. For years I have wondered whether that umbrella salesman followed the rainmaker, or visa versa, because in time of drouth, the umbrella business was certainly at a low ebb, and after three unsuccessful days, the rainmaker was certainly in need of some side-show barkers to bolster the enthusiasm of his doubtful customers.

The subject came up while we were flying back from Oklahoma recently. We had flown to Cloud Chief in the Flying Rooster for the dedication of the first upstream retention dam in the Washita water shed, and as they happened to be out of gas at Clinton, we were going to have to land at Wichita to refuel before coming on in to Topeka. There were a lot of pretty heavy cumulous clouds ahead as we passed over Thomas, Oklahoma, and we scaled out the distance on the map and figured our time into Wichita and concluded we had better nose down and get underneath, rather than climb over and risk stretching our gas supply too far. Down below a combine here and there was cleaning up a few remaining acres of wheat, and just then we nosed into a big steamy, vaporous cloud, and the landscape below was lost for a moment. When we emerged, Pug said, "Now if we had just been up on top with a bucket of dry ice, we could have fixed up a nice shower for the farmers down below." But we both decided that would

be the last thing they would want to see right then—more rain. And then as the elevators as Wellington began to loom up in the distance, we got onto the subject of the old time rainmakers and their followers — the umbrella salesmen, and whether there was really any scientific basis behind these early efforts or not. Many people believed in them, but there were those skeptical individuals who argued that they were just fakirs. At one time Goodland, Kansas was a sort of rainmaking headquarters for a large area, and two or three companies were organized to produce rain for the parched farmlands through the use of a secret formula developed by a man called Melbourne. And for a time rainmaking was big business out in Sherman County. About 30 years ago California also boasted of the wonderful accomplishments of their "Rainmaker Hatfield", who operated with a series of intricate towers and some kind of a generator that sent up gases into the upper atmosphere. Then when the wet cycle came around again, the rainmakers would all disappear, only to bob up again during the next plague of drouth years.

We probably will never know just what these rainmakers had in their bag of tricks, or whether they were amateur meteorologists with exceptional individual ability along that line, or maybe they came in when it had been dry so long that it was bound to rain anyway—who knows. But I would still like to know just what sort of understanding existed between the rainmaker and the umbrella salesman.

Coming Events

BIRTHDAYS

Gene Shipley.....	August 20
Doc Embree.....	August 30

ANNIVERSARIES

Shepherd of the Hills and

Virginia Lee	August 25
Harry and Maureen Dawdy.....	August 30

Vacation in New Mexico

By DOC

About the first of the year Esther and Johnny and I decided we would do something different this year on our vacation. For the past several seasons we have been content to go to Colorado and go fishing, or to go to Iowa and go fishing. This year we made up our minds that we would be different. So, we went to New Mexico and went fishing.

We left Topeka early on Saturday morning, planning to drive across western Kansas during the hottest part of the day in order to find out if our air conditioner was worth the money we paid for it. Old Sol Sun glanced down, winked, and called up a few of his clouds and doggoned if he didn't hide his face. So if you folks in western Kansas noticed a few extra showers during your harvest season, blame it on the Embree's air-conditioner. Saturday night we stopped to visit with the Warns, long time friends and a fine bunch of folks. That was in Lamar, Colorado. The next day we tried to get an early start, but couldn't convince our car that such early rising was necessary. She didn't exactly complain, in fact she didn't say a word until we gave her some new spark plugs and coaxed her a little. Then she purred like a kitten and seemed to promise to be good for the rest of our trip, a promise she kept.

Driving westward from Lamar, we reached La Junta about noon, but were so full of fried chicken from the evening before that we didn't stop there for dinner, but turned southward on the Old Santa Fe Trail toward Trinidad. It gave us a funny feeling to be drifting along in air-conditioned comfort over the very trail that sweltering wagon trains had trudged. It was along this trail, also that the Mormons made their epic trek from Omaha, Nebraska to the west coast. Esther and Johnny kept both eyes open to catch glimpses of the deep ruts cut by the wagon trains many years ago, and still plainly seen at times running parallel to the highway.

We followed this trail through Trinidad, crossed Raton Pass and dropped down into the pretty little city of Raton itself. We had dinner there and then hurried on, as I had promised the family a mess of trout for supper. Our destination was originally Eagle Nest Lake, but when we got there, they told us that the only way to catch fish there so early in the season was from boats which were for rent at the rate of five dollars per person for three hours. That was a great deal more than the Embree budget would stand, so we climbed over the ridge into Red River Canyon. Here we rented a cabin, bought our fishing licenses and sure enough had trout for supper.

The next day we didn't have very good luck, so moved on down the river. That was about the pattern we followed for the next few days. We all had pretty good luck fishing. Johnny had quite a time catching his first one and of course Esther and I kidded him so much about it that he vowed to keep on fishing till he caught one. When a sudden mountain shower came up, Esther and I hit for the cabin, but Johnny borrowed my raincoat and kept right on fishing. He caught the biggest fish of the entire trip while Esther and I were sitting in the cabin wishing it would quit raining.

We drove on into Taos, expecting to spend the night and then make our way back to Topeka, via Oklahoma City. We were so struck by the beauty of the town that our stay lengthened into days. We met some other young folks who liked to fish and the days skipped past pretty fast. One day we decided we should go, so packed our bags in the car and headed for Tucumcari, where we planned to visit a friend. We got to Las Vegas at dinner time and after eating resumed our driving. Esther asked me if I had ever been in Tucumcari and I told her I had. She asked what kind of town it was and I told her it was just a little desert town. "Desert," she wailed. "Aren't there any mountains?" When I told her there weren't any mountains she said, "I don't want to go there, then." She picked up a map and said



Beautiful Lake Cabresto, nestled high in the Sangre De Christo range, offered some fine scenery and good fishing, but in spite of the sun, it was plenty cold. Esther and Johnny found their coats felt pretty good.



The trout were small, from seven to eleven inches long, but were hard enough to catch. Johnny caught some of the nicest fish while Esther and your editor were seeking shelter from a sudden shower.



The mountain air makes a fellow want to sit down and rest occasionally and that's a good time to investigate the contents of your creel. Here's your editor and five of the little rascals that fell prey to the hook.

"Let's go to Albuquerque!" So we turned around in the middle of the road and went to Albuquerque. We stayed there over night and drove back along the colorful Rio Grande, back to Taos where we spent the



Esther was perched atop a rock, watching the fast moving Red River when Johnny got this picture. The water looks inviting, but it is very cold and too swift to wade.

remainder of our vacation.

About that time we got to wondering how our little dogs were, so we came on home. As Dagwood would say, "There's no place like home, absolutely!"

Chats Around the Aerial

.... *with Olaf S. Soward*

Politics is one of the things we don't often discuss in these columns. But, when radio gets mixed up into a political picture—and upsets the best laid plans of mice and men—the whole incident becomes worth the close interest of any radio fan.

There is a distinct chance that some extraordinarily precise historian of the future may record the nomination of Gov. Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, for the presidency by the Republican national convention in 1948 as the first time that radio played a decisive role in the selection of any party's top candidate.

When the pre-convention maneuvering opened, months before those sweltering June days in Philadelphia, Dewey was merely one of three top contenders—the other top being Sen. Robert Taft and Harold Stassen. While from the start the New Yorker was conceded an edge, the margin began to get slimmer and slimmer as the struggle wore on through primary after primary in those states which provide for presidential preference voting.

Midway through those usually dull shadow-boxing bouts the Stassen forces—backed by an elaborate and smart mobile headquarters of campaign experts—suddenly began to flatten opposition everywhere like an air-tank blitz in the recent war. Almost overnight the question became: Can anyone stop the Minnesota steam roller at the convention?

As late as three weeks before the convention date that was still the dominant query of the political dopesters of the nation.

But, when the convention voting actually got under way it was only some extremely shrewd parliamentary jockeying which prevented the nomination of Dewey on the second ballot. And before the third roll call so much as started the last vestige of opposition to the New Yorker evaporated. Stassen as scarcely a serious contender.

The news and radio experts watching that amazing performance were lavish in their praise of the resourcefulness of the New Yorker's campaign managers. And they undoubtedly deserved every word of it. However, anybody who kept the family loud-speaker turned on while that convention was in progress could hardly escape the conclusion that even though the Dewey managers were adept at taking advantage of every break, their chief strength lay in the underlying delegate support.

And the probability is that it had largely been built at the eleventh hour by radio!

At the bottom of the Dewey pre-convention slump—a couple of months to six weeks before that fateful gathering where the nomination fell into his lap—his managers urged the New York governor to tour the west and shake the delegate bushes in an effort to stem the Stassen tidal wave that seemed to be carrying everything before it.

His first efforts were not dramatically successful. But, finally, in far-away Oregon he picked up a standing challenge of Stassen to debate one of the campaign issues. That debate was carried from one end of the nation to the other by the radio networks. And the man in the street from Atlantic City to San Francisco was widely reported to have been completely convinced that Dewey had won it hands down.

Despite a game and spectacularly stubborn fight Stassen never recovered from that quiet and unofficial decision by millions of American radio listeners.

And when the first gavel of the Republican national convention banged for order Dewey had a backlog of delegates who had been won over in his favor by public opinion back home far larger than even his own managers had dared to dream in even their most expansive public moments.

AROUND the STUDIOS

(with Hilton)

Miss Maudie and the WIBW gang will wind up another summer of playing for Fairs throughout the Middle West during August. Since early in July, we have traveled thousands of miles in Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri; entertaining at Fairs and Picnics, meeting many of our loyal listeners and (we hope) making thousands of new listeners. It's a wonderful thing to meet you folks who have written to us and hear us regularly. And Miss Maudie always comes home with new ideas for programs ideas from you folks.

"It never rains but what it pours." We don't know who said that first—but Olaf Soward vouches for the saying. In February 1947 Olaf slipped on the ice and broke his left knee. After a month in the hospital, he was back at work and since has "babied" the knee. But it happened again! His knee gave 'way while he was walking down the steps at the studio and once more, the knee cap broke. This time, it will be reset and wired for more strength. And we're surely hoping that Olaf is back on the job very soon after this reaches you.

The Second Annual Santa Fe Trails Rodeo was a great success. Huge crowds, wonderful weather and fine stock combined to make the rodeo one of the best. Our special guest as Bill Boyd, better known as "Hopalong Cassidy." Bill was Grand Marshall of the Rodeo and led the mile-long parade through Topeka the day the rodeo began.

Hopalong and "Tripalang" (that's Mrs. Boyd—a lovely blonde Californian) came to Topeka on the train. Going through Winslow, Arizona, the diesel locomotive jumped the track and took several cars with it. The car the Boyds were in was the first car not to jump off. That was the start of an exciting week for them. Hopalong was a sensation during the parade of course. The kids all love him and he loves them—so much so that he had

some special aluminum "Hopalong Money" made and threw a lot of it to the kids in the crowd. The Boyds love home life and spent a great deal of their time relaxing and enjoying Topeka. They flew on to New York from here with the promise that they would be back some day and for all of us to come and see them in Hollywood.

Our Rodeo Queen was a dream girl, the sparkling 18-year-old Marquette, Kansas, lass who is cute as can be. Twila Lee Gomer was selected at the Saturday Night Kansas Roundup a week before the Rodeo—and she did a fine job as Queen. Her dad, mother and younger sister were here for the Rodeo and of course, were extremely proud of their "girl." It was an exciting, thrilling occasion and has barely started for Twila because later this summer she and her family will fly to Hollywood where Twila will make a movie with Hopalong. It was good to see Eileen Hardin again too—she was Queen last year and this year appeared as a special guest of the rodeo.

Television is booming in the 18 cities with video program services. There are more than 350,000 television sets in use; including those in homes and in public

(Continued on Page 15)



Don Hopkins making a last minute check on the news machine before entering the studio for his new broadcast.

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

During the month of July a lot of changes occurred in the CBS schedule. There are so many new programs, it's hard to know which one to tell you about first. Of course, some of the regular shows off now on vacation will be back the last of this month. These include "Lux Radio Theatre," "My Friend Irma," "Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts," and "F.B.I. in Peace and War."



Although the "Spotlight Revue" program still goes by that name, Spike Jones and his City Slickers as well as Dorothy Shay have been replaced until October 1 by Dick Jurgens and his orchestra. Here's a recent shot of Dick, who started his first orchestra twenty-five years ago. It was composed of all the Jurgens youngsters; and Dick's brother Bill is still with the orchestra, acting as its manager.

It seems a lot of regular shows are replaced by mystery series in the summer and the "American Melody Hour" is no exception. "Mr. Chameleon" is the suspense-thriller which made its debut on CBS July 14. Karl Swenson, who stars in the title role, has made a number of Broadway appearances and has been heard quite regularly on "Inner Sanctum" as well as other CBS topflight shows.

Another "Inner Sanctum" performer,

Everett Sloane quite accidentally got a part in the forthcoming movie, "Jigsaw." Although the director had no role in mind for Sloane, the latter's apartment appeared ideal for several interior shots involving Franchot Tone and his wife Jean Wallace. Most of the scenes went off smoothly until it came to a minor part where a slightly wolfish delivery boy was to deliver a package to the apartment. Several "delivery boys" went through the brief scene but none proved satisfactory. Suddenly Sloane arrived home and the director was hit by an inspiration. That's right—Sloane was soon knocking on the door of his own apartment as the delivery boy. Sloane can be seen also as Rita Hayworth's husband in the movie, "Lady from Shanghai."

A lot of CBS performers are getting into the movies. Announcer Howard Petrie is the second member of the "Blondie" cast to be recruited for a role in the Joseph Cotten picture, "Weep No More." Bobby Ellis, heard as Alexander on the air show, also will be seen in the film.

Johnny Bond, who has appeared in such movies as "Duel in the Sun," "Wilson," and "Since You Went Away," started his entertainment career with a 98-cent guitar he bought from a mail order house. Johnny's been heard singing with Gene Autry on the air on "The Gene Autry Show" and in the movies for more than seven years.

"Hallmark Playhouse," the show replacing "Reader's Digest—Radio Edition," has James Hilton as its narrator-host. Hilton chooses the stories to be dramatized and he should know a good story when he hears one. Hilton has written such popular books as "Lost Horizon," "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," and "Mrs. Miniver," which won an Academy Award in 1942. Hilton was born in England but has resided in the United States since 1937. He lives in a modest Hollywood apartment and his only pet is Julia, a ten-year-old Irish Terrier who was stand-in for "Astro" and

worked in the original "Thin Man" series of movies.

On one of the first broadcasts of "Mystery Theatre," which replaced "Big Town," Paul Mann who starred on the show had the closest shave of his life. A few minutes before broadcast time, he discovered that his script had disappeared. Just as the situation was reaching the panic stage, another actor arose from his chair to enter the search and—you guessed it—he'd been sitting on the missing script all the time!



That calls to mind another nerve-wrecking experience on a CBS show recently. A short time after "Crime Photographer" went on the air, Bill Cullen's legs turned to water when he saw the clock being held by a tardy and terrified studio electrician, atop a twelve-foot ladder. The poor fellow had gone into Studio X to repair the timepiece and in the meantime the broadcast began. Pandemonium threatened to break loose either through a falling ladder and a resultant crashing clock and electrician, or through the cast's breaking up under anxiety and pressure. One of the fellows finally managed to get up the ladder and help the electrician replace the heavy clock. They both stumbled down the squeaking ladder as the orchestra played some extra loud chords preceding the commercial.

One of the most popular "give-away" quiz shows on CBS is "Hit the Jackpot,"

(Continued on Page 15)



Howdy folks . . . how ya' all feelin'? Been on yore vacation? Me neither. Dee trouble wit vacations, when you goes on a trip someplace you stays too long and you needs two more weeks to rest up frum yore vacation. You can't win. Iffen relatives comes to visit you on dere vacatons den you needs 'bout a month. But like dee old proverb . . . visits always give pleasure—if not dee comin' den dee goin! All I don't like about livin' here in dee mid-west is dey git you comin' and goin! Iffen yore friends or relatives live on dee east coast dey is bound to tare out for dee west coast and vicy-versy . . . or sumphin. You is caught in dee middle see? Ain't it dee truff? Dey ain't but very few people dat's satisfied tho wit anything. When a feller goes to some resort fur a vacation, by dee time he knows his way around he's tired of dee old familiar places...what's dee matter wit people anyhow? Hit used to be alright fur dee family to take a picnic basket down in dee old chestnut grove and have a swell time. But now, we is got to go trapsin off all over dee country er somephin!

Dat reminds me of a incident dat I see on dee bus one day not long ago. Dey wuzz a woman got on dee car wit a whole passel of kids. Dee conductor say, "Madam, is all dese kids yourn or is dis a picnic?" Dee lady say, "Brother, dey is all mine—and dis ain't no picnic."

But just remember dis: "A lot of people is poor today because their credit wuzz too good yesterday."

Ain't dat dee gospel?

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—Bobbie Dick	Mon. thru Sat.	
Sunday Morning Meeting	Sun.	
6:15—Bar Nothing Ranch	Mon. thru Sat.	
6:35—Farm Service News (Marysville Livestock Co. and Sabetha Sales Co.)	Mon. thru Sat.	
6:45—Doc and Esther (Western Star Mills)	Mon. thru Sat.	
7:00—News (Garst and Thomas) Mon., Wed., Fri. (Carey Salt)	Tues., Thurs., Sat.	
7:15—Shepherd of the Hills (National Biscuit Co.-Shredded Wheat) Tues., Thurs., Sat. (Nutrena Mills)	Mon., Wed., Fri.	
Chapel In the Sky	Sun.	
7:30—Henry and Jerome	Mon. thru Sat.	
The Covenant Hour	Sun.	
7:45—Edmund Denney Time (Merchants Biscuit)	Mon. thru Sat.	
8:00—News	Mon., Wed., Fri. (Dannen Mills)	Tues., Thurs., Fri.
Farmers Forum	Sun.	
8:05—Henry and Jerome	Mon. thru Sat.	
8:15—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	Mon. thru Sat.	
10:00—Warren Sweeney, News (Curtiss Candy)	Sun.	
10:05—Howard K. Smith	Sun.	
10:15—News Makers	Sun.	
10:30—Elsa at the Organ	Mon. thru Fri.	
Junior Miss (Lever Bros.)	Sat.	
Salt Lake City Tabernacle	Sun.	
10:45—Ambrose Haley and Ozark Ramblers (Tide)	Mon. thru Fri.	
11:00—Judy and Jane (Folger Coffee)	Mon. thru Fri.	
Theater 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—Markets (DeKalb)	Mon. thru Sat.
Rainbow Trail	Sun.
12:45—M. L. Nelson (Garst and Thomas) ..	Sun.
1:00—Return Engagement	Sun.
1:30—Ernie Quigley, Sports	Sun.
2:00—Grain Markets	Mon. thru Fri.
Hollywood Symphony	Sun.
2:05—Kansas Round-Up	Mon. thru Fri.

2:30—Mary Lee Taylor (Pet Milk)	Sat.
3:00—Hint Hunt (Armour and Company)	Mon. thru Fri.
Let's Pretend (Cream of Wheat)	Sat.
3:25—News	Mon. thru Sat.
3:30—Second Mrs. Burton (General Foods)	Mon. thru Fri.
Give and Take (Toni, Inc.)	Sat.
Invitation to Learning	Sun.
3:45—Ma Perkins (Procter and Gamble)	Mon. thru Fri.
4:00—Big Sister (Procter and Gamble)	Mon. thru Fri.
News	Sun.
4:15—The Guiding Light (Procter and Gamble)	Mon. thru Fri.
Senator Arthur Capper	Sun.
4:30—Saturday at the Chase	Sat.
Sunday at the Chase	Sun.
5:00—Public Service	Sat.
Old Fashioned Revival Hour (Gospel Broadcasting Ass'n)	Sun.
5:15—Grand Central Station (Pillsbury Mills)	Sat.
5:30—Ium N' Abner (Alka Seltzer)	Mon. thru Fri.
5:45—Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters (Manhattan Soap Co.)	Mon. thru Fri.
News (Phillips 66)	Sat.

EVENING

6:00—News (Butternut Coffee) ..	Mon., Wed., Fri.
(Phillips 66)	Tues., Thurs.
St. Louis Municipal Opera	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., Thurs.
To Be Announced	Sat.
Blondie (Colgate)	Sun.
6:45—News (Ray Beers) ..	Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri.
Olaf Soward's Viewpoint	Thurs.
Dairymans' Roundtable	Sat.
7:00—Inner Sanctum (Emerson Drug Co.) ..	Mon.
Mystery Theatre (Sterling Products)	Tues.
Mr. Chameleon (Sterling Products) ..	Wed.
Dr. Drandish, Medical Examiner ..	Thurs.
Mr. Ace and Jane	Fri.
Sing It Again	Sat.
Adventures of Sam Spade (Wildroot Co.)	Sun.
7:30—Cabin B-13	Mon.
Mr. and Mrs. North (Colgate) ..	Tues.
Dr. Christian (Chesbrough Mfg. Co.) ..	Wed.
Mr. Keen; Tracer of Lost Persons (Whitehall Pharm. Co.)	Thurs.
It's Always Albert	Fri.
Man Called X (General Motors, Frigidaire Division)	Sun.
8:00—Our Miss Brooks	Mon.
Crossroads Sociable	Tues.
Your Song and Mine (Borden County Fair (Borden Co.)	Wed.
Suspense (Electric Auto-Lite Co.) ..	Thurs.
To Be Announced	Fri.
Kansas Round-Up	Sat.
Winner Take All	Sun.
8:15—Kansas Round-Up	Sat.
8:30—The Amazing Mr. Tutt	Mon.
Hit the Jackpot (DeSoto-Plymouth Dealers)	Tues.
Harvest of Stars (International Harvester Co.)	Wed.

Crime Photographer (Toni, Inc.) . . . Thurs.	
Summer Silver Review (International Silver)	Fri.
Doorway to Life	Sun.
8:45—The Kansas Round-Up	Sat.
9:00—Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe (R. J. Reynolds)	Mon.
Studio One	Tues.
Public Service	Wed.
Hallmark Playhouse (Hall Bros.)	Thurs.
Everybody Wins (Philip Morris)	Fri.
Hollywood Showcase	Sun.
9:15—Emahizer Melodies (Emahizer Spielman Furniture Co.)	Wed.
9:30—Romance	Mon.
Studio One	Tues.
Capitol Cloakroom	Wed.
The Kings Men	Thurs.
Spotlight Revue (Coca Cola Co.)	Fri.
Escape	Sun.
9:45—The Kansas Round-Up	Sat.
Capitol Federal Bandstand	Thurs.
10:00—News (The Fleming Co.) . . . Mon. thru Sun.	
10:15—Ernie Quigley, Sports . . . Tues., Thurs.	
It Pays To Be Ignorant	Sat.
Emahizer Melodies (Emahizer Spielman Furniture Co.)	Sun.
10:30—Salute to FM . . . Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat.	
Prudential Family Hour (Prudential Life Ins. Co.)	Sun.
11:00—News	Mon. thru Sun.
12:00—News	Mon. thru Sun.

The Round-Up and the entire WIBW staff wish to extend their fullest sympathy to Harry and Maureen Dawdy and family in the sorrow brought them by the death of Mr. Dawdy's father.



Every day is a busy day in the WIBW mailroom and it's the job of these busy girls, under the capable direction of Mildred Rankin, to see that each of the thousands of pieces of mail received every week is directed to the proper channels.

AROUND THE STUDIOS

(Continued from Page 11)

places. The average price of television sets today is \$400 but increased production is bringing prices down and within two or three years, the cost of your television set should be about \$150. No doubt there will be two or three television stations on the air in Kansas within the next twelve months; each serving an area of approximately 40 miles radius.

Radio stations all over the United States deserve a pat on the back for the wonderful job they have done advertising the sale of Savings Bonds. More than \$7,000,-000 in advertising has been contributed by radio stations to sell bonds!

Art Holbrook and yours truly entered the City Golf Tournament two weeks ago. Art caught a "Sam Snead" the first round and went down swinging and Hodges, although he squeezed by the first round, met a southpaw in the second round and went out like a light. After discussing it thoroughly, Art and I decided that the trophy case at WIBW will have to wait a little while before we can add to it unless they give prizes for the prettiest slice or the deadliest hook. Fun though.

C.B.S. NOTES

(Continued from Page 13)

which replaced "Adventure With Christopher Wells." Bill Cullen, emcee of the show travels many miles by telephone to give listeners a try at the jackpot of prizes.

"Suspense," the replacement for "The Dick Haymes Show" on Thursday, began as a sustaining series on CBS back in 1942. Since then it has received a special citation from the George Foster Peabody Awards Committee and was voted "the favorite radio mystery" in a survey conducted by the Columbia University Press. Cary Grant, who launched "Suspense" on its first commercial series in 1943, starred in the premiere of the new series July 8 for Auto-Lite.

Miss Laura Williams,
Alton, Kansas.

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