



Don McNeill's
**Breakfast
Club**

1950
Yearbook

With
FOOT NOTES
by Sam

The Breakfast Club 1950 Yearbook



*** Note this frame
It's better than
his own*

Don McNeill's Seventeenth Breakfast Club Year

*** Lucky*

*** Footnotes by Sam*



June 23, 1950

Don't worry about the Yearbook,
Don. Enjoy your vacation trip.
I'll take care of everything
in my own style.
You can count on me, boss.

Aug. 8, 1950

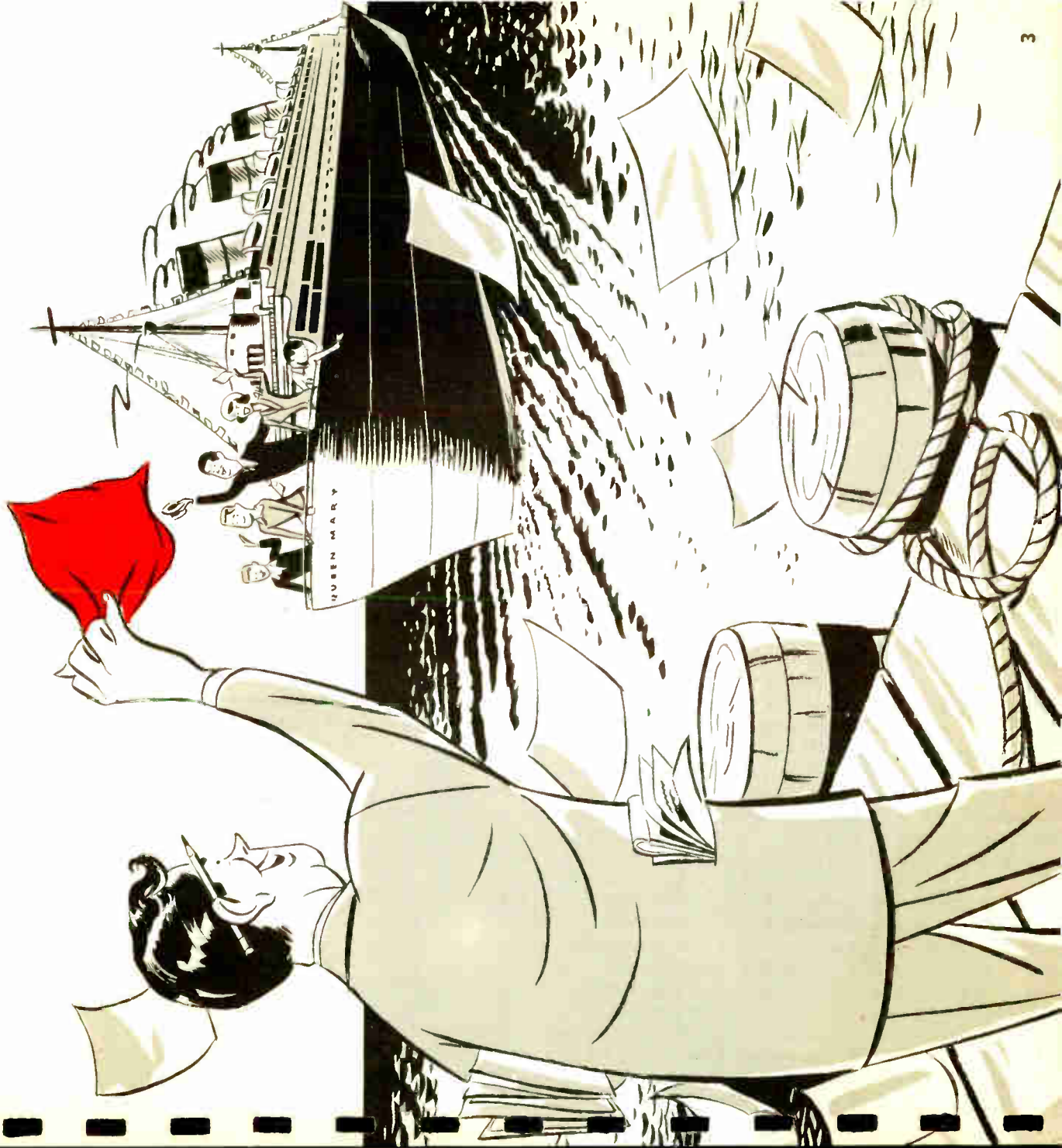
Dear Breakfast Clubbers:

I should have known
that Sam would mess up the book
you'll find evidences of his
glit-red pen on half the pages.
Fortunately I returned in time to save
part of the book. Hope you'll
forgive our "bad boy".

Sam

Don McNeill

Bon Voyage!



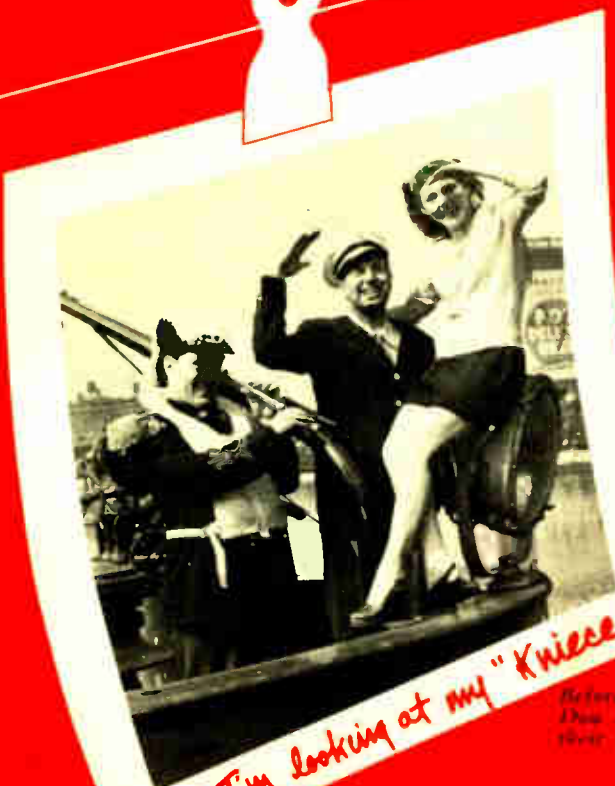
Eastern Farewells



Battle flags provide back-ground for the June 19 broadcast from hangar deck of USS Enterprise.

Broadcasts originating from the USS Enterprise, the Queen Mary and the Ritz Theater in New York the week of June 19 gave thousands of Eastern Breakfast Clubbers the chance to see Don McNeill and his family off to Europe.

Don got his first taste of life aboard a ship when the June 20 show was staged on the hangar deck of the USS Enterprise in Brooklyn Navy Yard. Nearly 3,000 persons, including officers and personnel of "the historical ship of World War II" and 50 midshipmen from the USS Missouri, attended the broadcast.



** I'm looking at my "Kniece"

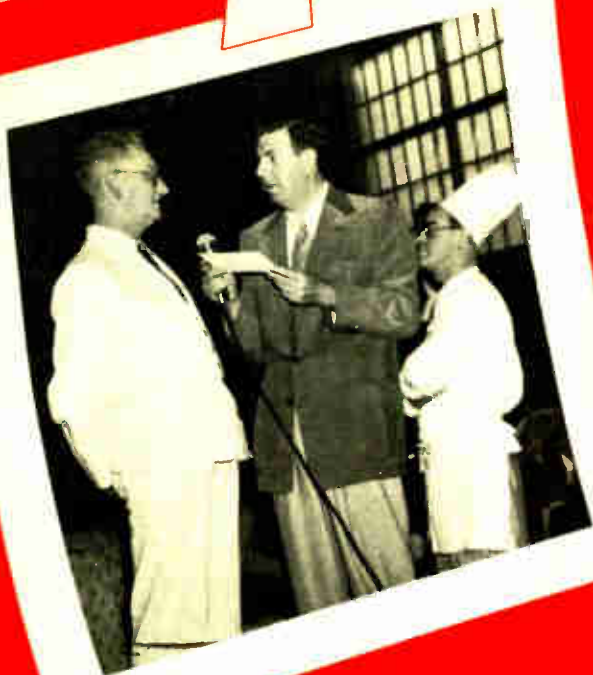
Before the show, Sam, Don and Patty return their shipboard manners.



Officers of the "Big E" sit down and enjoy a broken wing from a Japanese warplane and the carrier's battle record are visible on the deck wall.

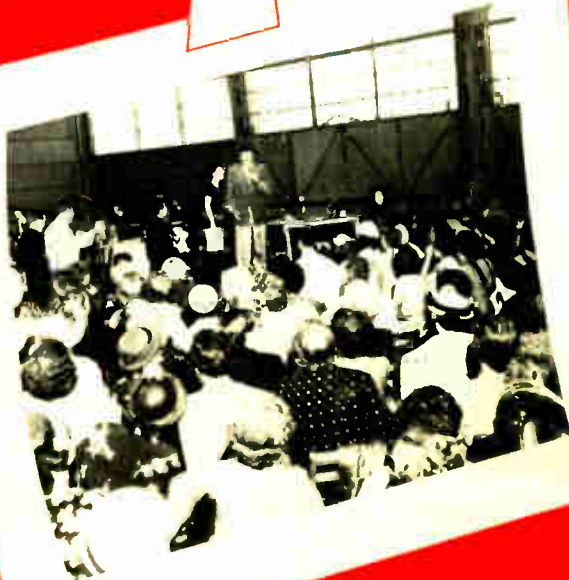
Ring from Ship and Shore

Pier 90 was the scene of Don's 17th Breakfast Club anniversary broadcast on June 25. Two hours later the McNeill family sailed on the Queen Mary with the good wishes of 600 Breakfast Clubbers and 1,974 passengers ringing in their ears.



The Toastmaster gets a promise of yacht service from the Queen Mary's Head Waiter (left) and Child Collections. The McNeill boys were thrilled to hear 5,000 pieces of poetry were baked daily.

Candid shot of "Gabe" Sam and Bob wanting to give their Phlox tips.



The audience on Pier 90 and Don got a KIN out of Pat's request for a French fondle.

the fat one is Ace



...bits from Don's European Diary

JUNE 23, 1950—Means a lot to me, that date. Just 17 years ago, after a stifling night in a cheap hotel, I let a radio audience have their first listen to a scared but earnest young man. Now, 5,045 broadcasts later, the five McNeills and seven pieces of baggage (thanks to nylon and Kay) and the three Bergstens are on the Queen Mary bound for Europe. Sudden thought before retiring — this ship might go faster if it didn't drag three night clubs, two theatres and a bowling alley along with it.

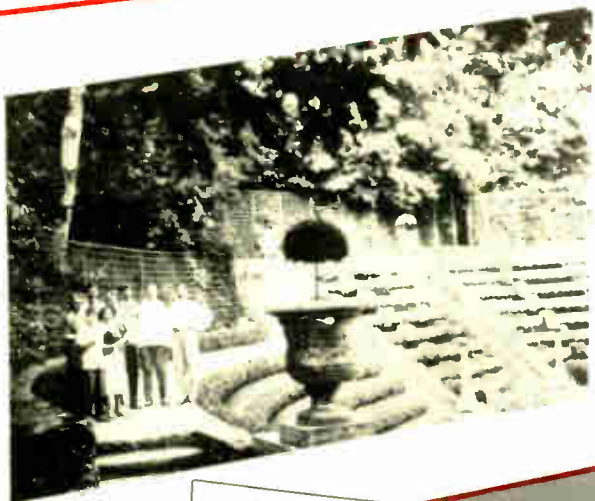


→ ** Kay is here ... where is Nylon?

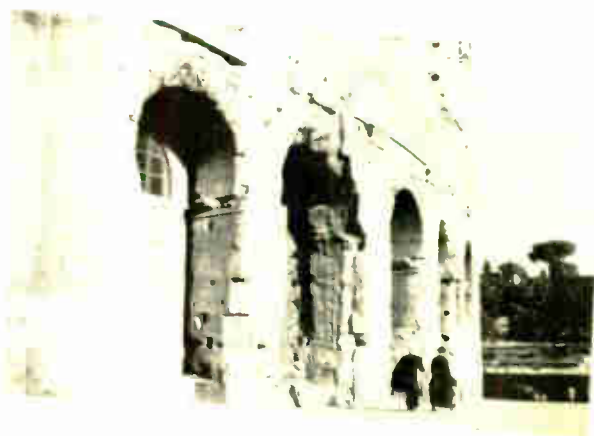
After this farewell group picture, we ate our first meal aboard ship — all eight together. Left to right: Tom, Don Jr., Kay, Bobby, Ralph, Pete and Mary Bergsten and Don.

JUNE 28 — My college French is rusty after 25 years, so Kay uses the universal language, a smile, to speed our baggage along at Cherbourg.

JUNE 29—Tom snaps us and our lovely French guide, Denise, in the formal gardens at Versailles. We are told there is only one bathroom in the whole huge mansion. All that glitter and no plumbing!



JULY 6—Ruins of the Coliseum dwarf me and two sightseeing padres. Our Roman guide knows his history backwards, but everything he shows us "ees four thousand years old and INTACT."



That's McNeill

→ riding the keel!



JULY 9—Venice as a Phiico artist thought we would see it . . .

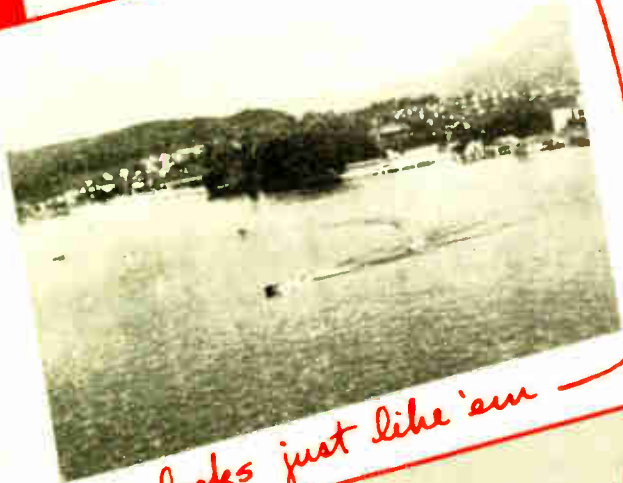
. . . as we actually saw it. Interesting to remember Venice, once a proud nation, was the greatest maritime power in the world. Now a drowsy city.

AUG. 3 — Deck-chair thoughts — Europe was an unforgettable experience for all of us. But there is nothing in the world like returning to the good old U.S.A. If we had to do it all over again, we wouldn't make many changes. We got a good over-all view of eight countries and how the people lived. On my list, I'd say the most impressive city was London and the politest people were English.

The most scenic country was Switzerland; greenest, Ireland; gayest and best food, Paris. Most beautiful was Rome; cleanest, Switzerland; friendliest and happiest, Ireland. Most industrious and healthiest-looking, Scandinavia; most crowded, Italy. Most scenic coastline, Southern France; best modern architecture, Norway and Sweden.

JULY 11 — Our hotel room overlooks Lake Como, so Bobby and I fish from the balcony. No luck. Then I try to photograph the older boys who are aquaplaning below us.

JULY 21 — This is the way I felt after talking to a mountain climber in Oslo. He spent his three week vacation alone climbing a glacier — round trip 42 miles. Kay and the boys were worried that I might follow in his footsteps.



** looks just like 'em



** who's begging? Swift's Premium!

JULY 26 — Children the world over are the same. These eight Irish colleens and laddies live in the thatch-covered house we stopped at in Kilbeggen. It was here that I learned when it rained while the sun was shining the Irish said, "The devil is beating his mother."

JULY 28 — After kissing the stone in Blarney Castle (background) we picked shamrocks and heather. Tom and Don found the four-leaf variety.

AUG. 6 — I saved my best smile for Miss Liberty — the grandest sight in all the world.



*** look who kissed the blarney stone!*



There is a general fear of communism and a general apathy in Europe. It's funny how soon people forget. I'm told by people who have just been in Germany — especially a man who went back to his native village — there are no Nazis anymore. They won't admit it anyway.

I think the one great lesson the boys and all of us experienced at first hand is that people are fundamentally the same the world over. When they haven't much to live with and for, they need strong handling and an honest government, or they are an easy prey for communism.

Outside of the traditions and the great works of art, we've got everything in the United States they have in Europe and so much more it isn't funny. The more you see of others, the happier we are that we are so fortunate to have been born in this land where democracy is still a working and living thing.

AUG. 7—Chicago! Never had anything looked so good until—Winnetka! Home at last. The grass may be greener in Ireland, but this is home. The food may be tasty in Paris, but this is home-cooking. No one ever greeted us like Flag did and we agreed even more heartedly that the very, very best part of our trip was this — home again!

*** he musta missed me!*

*** Just one don thing after another*

Don carries on for Don

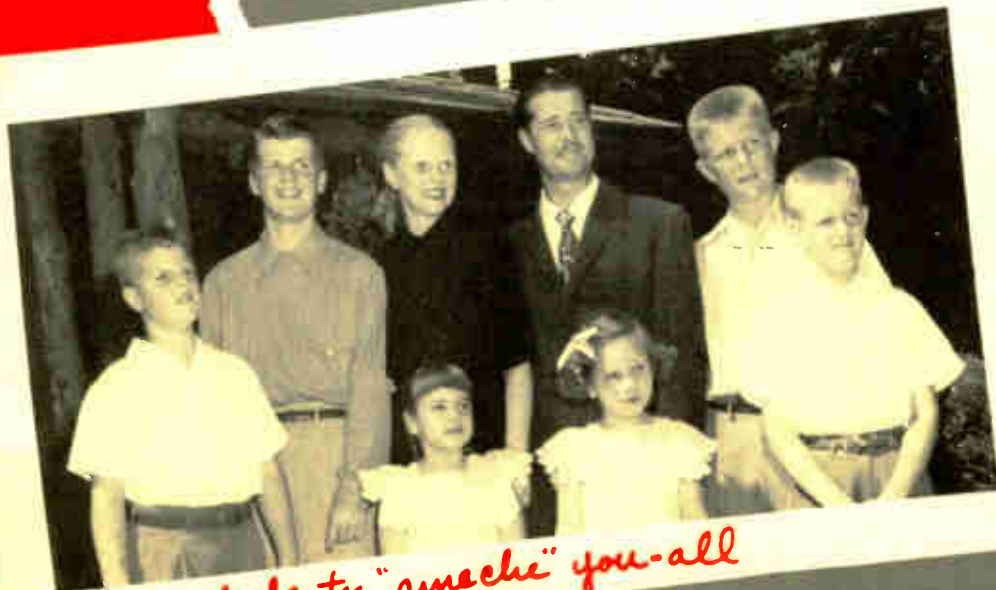
There was a new Don at the helm when Breakfast Club started its 18th year on the air Monday, June 26. He was Don Ameche, the movie and radio star, who was invited to sit around the breakfast table with all the gang for six weeks while Don McNeill vacationed in Europe.

Projecting the sincerity and dramatic ability which has been his trademark for over 20 years, Don Ameche kept the show rolling along in high style. In one respect, the assignment was a family reunion for the Ameches.

Dominic Felix Ameche was born in Kenosha, Wis., where he attended public school before enrolling at Columbia College in Dubuque, Ia. Although he went on to study law at Marquette University and the University of Wisconsin, Don returned to Dubuque to marry his college sweetheart — Honore Prendergast.

After testing the thrills of the footlights with a stock company in Madison, Ameche worked in vaudeville and on Broadway for two years. In the early thirties, he won a part in the Chicago radio network show, "Empire Builders." Subsequently, he appeared on "Betty and Bob", "Grand Hotel" and "First Nighter". In 1936, Hollywood called . . . and the rest is movie history.

While the family of four boys and two adopted girls was growing up, the Ameches lived in an immense (11½ bathrooms) house built by Al Jolson in the San Fernando valley.



*** glad to "ameche" you-all*

In front of their Crystal Lake cottage the Ameches presented this pleasing picture, left to right: Lonnie (Slug), 10; Donnie, 17; Mrs. Ameche, Don, Ronnie (Butch), 15; Tommie, 11; In the foreground — Connie and Bonnie, 6.

In recent years, because Don's radio and film jobs take him away from home for long spells, the Ameches live a new kind of life. The four boys attend boarding schools in Iowa, while Mrs. Ameche and the girls await holidays and vacations to reunite them with the male members of the family.

For this reason, the Breakfast Club assignment was made to order. After each broadcast, Don took off like a homing pigeon for a cottage at Crystal Lake, Ill., where all of the family lived from June 26 to September.

A typical day at Crystal Lake began at 5 a. m. with Mrs. Ameche preparing breakfast and driving Don to the station for the 6 o'clock commuter's special. There were no maids. Everybody, including Don, who returned home by 11 o'clock, helped with the housework. Golf was the usual order of afternoon business with lights out by 8 p. m.

On the air, Don Ameche treated visiting Breakfast Clubbers with dignity and friendliness. He got his biggest laughs out of children and the way they reacted to the antics of Sam. His handling of Memory Time and Prayer Time was in the best McNeill tradition.

*** Note to printer
Capitals, please !!*

*He's a gay emcee as a young
Breakfast Clubber giggles his way
through an interview.*



*He's a serious, patient host as two
young housewives tell their story.*



*The same young giggler helps Sam
and Patsy sing the closing theme
song.*

Desmond's Day



President - No Laugh Club

Johnny Desmond

There was a cake and a cablegram waiting for Johnny Desmond when the handsome Italian baritone took his place at the breakfast table on July 25. The cake was from Desmond's Chicago fan club and the cablegram was signed by the McNeills, who had just arrived in Dublin. *"Collect no doubt!"*

The remembrances started an impromptu anniversary celebration for Johnny, who, a year earlier, had taken Jack Owens' place on Breakfast Club. At breakfast after the show, Desmond told these little-known facts about his life.

"I was born in Detroit, November 14, 1921," he said, "and christened Giovanni Alfredo De Simone. At the ripe old age of 11 when I started singing on a Detroit radio station, I changed my name to Johnny Desmond.

"All went well for three years," Johnny continued. "Then one day in the middle of a song called *I'm Laughing* my voice changed from a boy soprano to a boy nothing. I finished the song, but I wasn't laughing.

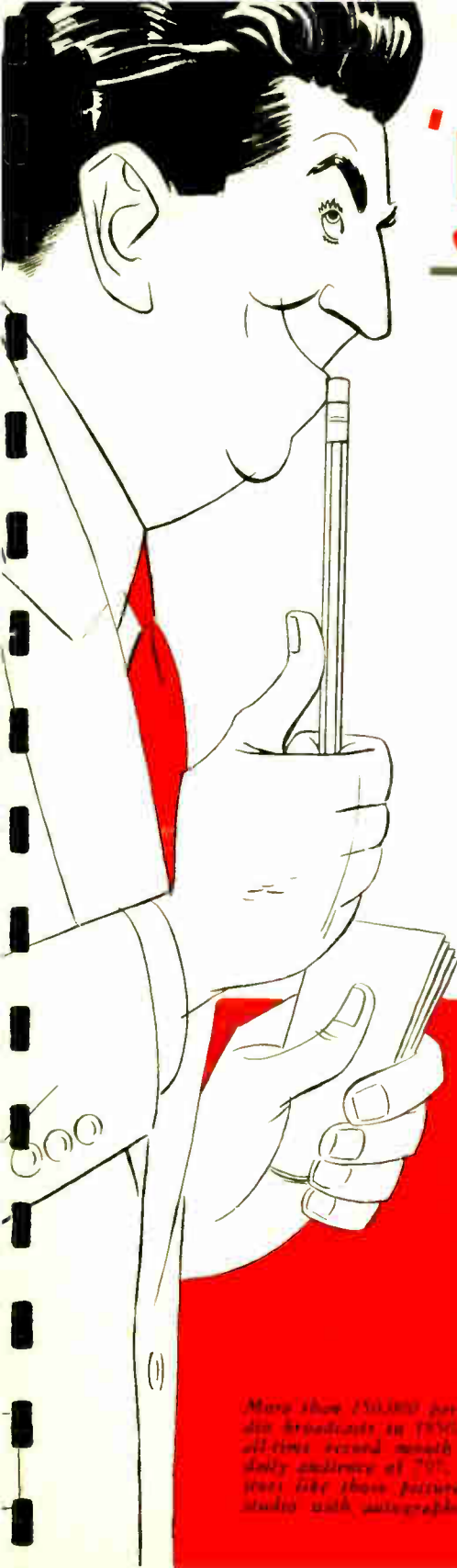
"After my voice settled into a different vocal groove I started singing again on local radio stations. In addition, I organized a quartet—three boys and a girl—and we did fairly well around Detroit. This was the group Bob Crosby hired in 1939 and called the Bob-O-Links.

"In August, 1942, I enlisted in the Army Air Corps. Nine months later I was transferred to the Glenn Miller Air Corps band and then wonderful things happened to my singing career. Our three broadcasts a day from England over the Armed Forces network drew an amazing amount of mail.

"The day after I was discharged I went to work on my first network show. Two weeks later I had signed a recording contract and also was appearing at a New York theater. I was a little bewildered by it all, but very grateful to the Army and Glenn Miller for the big break."



Music in the Desmond manner is enjoyed by Ruth, Patricia, 1½, and Diane, 4.



'50 Red Letter Days

The year 1950 was the busiest and most exciting of the 17 years Don McNeill and his radio gang have spent around the breakfast table. It started out normally enough, but quickly developed into a history-making year.

In February Don missed a broadcast, for the first time in over four years because of illness, when a back injury kept him on the sidelines for ten days. He was back on the job in plenty of time to celebrate his 5000th Breakfast Club broadcast in April.

June was another newsworthy month. On June 19 Don signed an unprecedented 20-year contract with the American Broadcasting Company to continue on the Breakfast Club. Then, four days later, he took his family to Europe for six weeks — the longest vacation Don has ever had.

There were the usual number of holidays and anniversaries celebrated; an unusual number of guests greeted and awards received. But the greatest single event of 1950 was the debut of all the gang on Don McNeill's TV Club. Most of these events are pictured and described on the pages that follow.



More than 150,000 persons attended radio broadcasts in 1950. August was the all-time record month with an average daily audience of 70%. Many of the 110,000 fans like those pictured above, left the studio with autographs.

20 More Years

** How old can you get

Don McNeill's contract with the American Broadcasting Company to continue Breakfast Club for 20 years was widely publicized last June. Some of the details of this unprecedented contract are not so well known.

It is the longest continuing radio agreement ever signed by any network with a radio personality. It means that Breakfast Clubbers will be able to start the day in 1960 and 1970 with the same toastmaster who created the show in 1933.

The three McNeill boys — Tom, Don Jr. and Bob — will begin to take, at Don's discretion, a more active part in future broadcasts. Mrs. McNeill will continue to appear on holiday programs and other special occasions.

The new contract calls for Don to originate Breakfast Club programs from Chicago for nine months and from New York and other cities for one month each year. He will be given an eight-week vacation annually. (Financial terms are no different than they have been for the last five years.)

No raise for me. Yipe!



"Hope to meet you at the same station in 1970," Don seems to be saying as he arrives in Grand Central Station for contract-signing ceremony.



Mark Woods, Vice Chairman of ABC, beams his approval as Don signs 20-year contract on June 19. When it terminates on January 1, 1971, Don will be half-way through his 38th Breakfast Club year.

5000 B.C.



*"A Herculean feat
This M. C. did meet.
April 21st is the key
To the number 5000 B. C."*

Two strangely garbed characters chanted the above verse, as they walked on stage at the opening of the April 21 broadcast.

"You folks look like 5000 B. C. Who are you?" Don asked his guests.

"I'm Hercules," the giant in loin-cloth answered, "and this is Antiope. We've turned back the pages of history to welcome our favorite M. C."

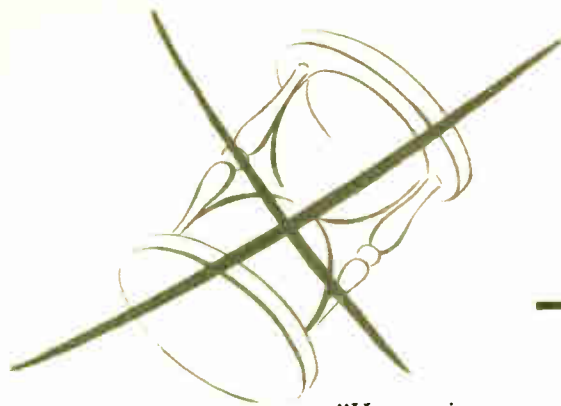
This introduction launched Don on his 5000th Breakfast Club broadcast—a new radio record for a five-day-a-week network program.



Hercules (Robert Weedsfall) and Antiope (Jane Butler) reveal that Don McNeill is the M. C. of 5000 B. C. Jane and Bob are members of Northwestern University's drama group.

Don McNeill as he appeared on June 23, 1933, when he started Breakfast Clubbing.

-- now he's clubbing me.



....Time Out

"How serious can you get about your work?"

Don McNeill asked himself this question last February when a spinal injury kept him off the air for the first time in over four years, or 1,000 broadcasts.

The injury was the indirect result of following the advice of a woman guest who suggested Don should take off some weight. He promised to reduce and a few days later reported he had lost two pounds by vigorous exercise.

On February 9, Don was taken to Evanston hospital for treatment of a numbing pain in his arm and shoulder caused by a slipped disc in the upper spinal column. After five days in traction, he spent another five days at home surrounded by a weird collection of chin braces, pulleys and weights.

Don's program of exercising was only partially responsible for the injury, according to doctors. They believe it was due primarily to the recurrence of a spinal shock Don received in an automobile accident twenty years ago.

Toastmaster in traction, but Nurse Kay McNeill is the attraction.



*** McNeill will do anything to hide a chin.... or two!*

What Tom McNeill shows him makes Pop's eyes "pop".



Bob (Ace) Murphy, announcer on the Philco portion of the Breakfast Club, over night was drafted to fill in for the injured Don McNeill. Bob's naturalness and four years of Breakfast Club experience kept the show moving superbly.

Before he finished the pinch-hitting job, Bob was literally snowed under by an avalanche of fan mail and good wishes. Murphy got his start in radio through a case of mistaken identity. A program director in Fargo, N. D., offered Bob a job over the telephone in 1934 thinking he was hiring brother Patrick, the "Murphy who was in radio."

Three days later when the error was discovered, Bob had learned enough to earn a permanent job. A year later he moved to station KSTP in St. Paul, where for eight years he served as news editor, manager of special events and, finally, production manager. He came to Chicago as a network staff announcer in 1943.

After a 16-month stint in the Navy, Bob returned to Chicago as a free-lance announcer and master of ceremonies. One of ten children born in Bismarck, N. D., Bob has a fine family of four girls and two boys growing up in suburban Wilmette. He is 34 years old and married to Louise Marie Giesen of St. Paul.

Don McNeill returned to Breakfast Club, February 20, wearing a padded collar to ease the strain on the troublesome disc. The only bright note about this neck brace was the dashing way in which Kay McNeill disguised the collar each morning with one of her gay colored scarves.

McNeill's own explanation of the mishap was characteristically corny. Said he, "It was a curvical in my servical. I was too frisky with my discy!"



*** Famous for quality the world over!*

He is a smiling Murphy when the Breakfast Club plaudits rolled in.

He was a serious Murphy interviewing guest Jack Gregson on the first McNeill show.





xx where's that
big cheese McNeill!

The Great B.C. Hunt

Anyone handy with a gun can kill a beast, but it takes real courage to "bring 'em back alive!" And courage is exactly what the Breakfast Club gang and the late Frank Buck exhibited last September in capturing a transient mouse alive in the studio.

The curious and bewildered mouse made his first coast to coast radio appearance on September 13, 1949. On successive days he evaded Patsy Lee's cat, Don McNeill's dog and a series of traps set by Sam Cowling and Johnny Desmond.

On the fourth day, Frank Buck flew up from his home in San Angelo, Texas, to take command. It proved to be one of his last public appearances, for Buck died the following March.

The famed wild animal hunter immediately organized a Breakfast Club safari. If you heard the broadcast of September 16, you know that Sam Cowling fouled up the program by producing the mouse from his pocket.



Armed to the teeth and dressed to kill, the Breakfast Club safari begins

"Eureka!" Sam shouts as he exhibits the beast that Patsy Lee, Don McNeill and Frank Buck tried to catch.



xx the one on the right is me!

For Men Only



"In this corner . . . Flourflop McNeill with a Chocolate Dream cake. And in this corner . . . Crumb Head Cowling with a Golden Glow cake."

Thusly, first entrants in Breakfast Club's famous cake baking contest for men only were introduced last September. It started when Sam interrupted a Swift'ning commercial with the remark that he was a champion cake-baker.

"If Crumb Head Cowling can bake a cake, anybody can," shouted McNeill. "And to prove it, I'm going to bake one." Before the contest ended in December, every male in the cast, seven orchestra members and three persons from the audience got into the act.

Carefully, Judge Don Dowd saved a piece of each contestant's cake. On the final day of the contest he appeared with his own entry—a Misty Moonbeam Silver Swan Feather White cake — which he declared to be the winner. Asked to justify his decision, Dowd said: "Mine is best, because it is the freshest."

*** and Swift + Co. ate every bite*



"Easy as eating," beams Don as he whips up his dream cake.

Flourflop and Crumb Head choose sides for the last half which was as good as the first.

*** Picture of two cakes and A . . .*

Covered by Collier's

Robert Froman, a personable and talented young writer, came out of the East last Winter to sit around the breakfast table for a week with Don McNeill and the gang. The result was a sparkling Breakfast Club article which was published, May 13, 1950, in Collier's.

It was titled, "The Man Who Comes to Breakfast." Under the subtitle heading of "Don McNeill serves a menu of pun and prayer, song and story so appetizing he has been a radio 'must' since '33", Froman made these observations:

"His Breakfast Club variety show . . . has become a national institution. Puns are a basic ingredient, but there is a good deal of more serious leavening. Such items include a brief prayer, an appeal to listeners to write letters to some group of shut-ins and a little tale with a strong heartthrob.

"All members of the cast take part in the clowning. On stage they constantly confer with one another just out of range of the mike, suggesting gags or asking help in build-ups. If no gags turn up in the spaces between musical numbers and other features, they chit-chat about their private affairs — a new coat, the cold someone is catching, their offspring — always with a sharp eye for humorous possibilities."

On this and the opposite page are some of the unpublished black and white photographs taken to illustrate Froman's article. They are printed here by special permission of Collier's.



xx The things I do to make a living

Anything goes on Breakfast Club. Don McNeill gets a fast shave with "face-english" from Sam Cowling. Vocalists Patsy Lee and Johnny Desmond supply smiles.



Back-stage view of the Breakfast Club gang taken from the control room.

In telling the story of "The Man Who Comes to Breakfast" in Collier's, Robert Froman quoted Fred Allen as saying:

"Don was one of the pioneers in radio. The glib gentry who came later never were able to establish the friendly relation between actor and listener that Don and his type enjoy. Of course, in Don's case it hasn't been acting. He's a big friendly fellow whose good nature pours through the microphone, and listeners react in the same way anyone reacts meeting him in person."

Froman then offered several explanations of his own for Don's popularity. "To his fans," Froman wrote, "he still seems like the home-town boy who went to the big city and made good, then stayed good. He is neither fanatically dedicated to the importance of himself and his program, nor on the other hand is he cynical.

"It is perhaps partly because of his restraint about cashing in on his popularity that McNeill's fans have raised him so far above the category of a mere entertainer. In their letters they address him as a sort of combination benefactor, religious mentor, cracker-barrel sage and neighbor."



Sticky business! "Keep your gum off the table," Don and Johnny shout, as Patsy directs Sam to a safe parking place.

All photos © Collier's

wings



Audience view of the cast and 18-piece orchestra as the show goes on.



A woman guest is made to feel at home during an interview. Sam and Patsy lend a hand as Johnny-on-the-spot brushes the lady's slipper.

AWARDS

** sit

- AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE
- GOOD WILL
- RADIO FAVORITE
- BEST COMMERCIAL
- P. T. A. AWARD

Don McNeill's Breakfast Club received five major awards during its 17th year on the airlines. In addition, the toastmaster was showered with honorary memberships and civic mementos from dozens of organizations and communities. The principal 1950 awards were:

1. Certificate of Merit, presented to Don McNeill by Kenneth D. Wells of the Freedoms Foundation, Valley Forge, Pa., in January for "his outstanding defense of and extension of the American Way of Life."
2. Citation from the Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry in April which saluted Don McNeill as its unofficial good will ambassador. It described him as "the man who is more responsible than anyone else that more and more wives are accompanying their husbands to Chicago conventions."
3. Radio Mirror Award for the third consecutive year named Breakfast Club as the "Favorite Audience Participation Program."
4. Chicago Federated Advertising Club in May awarded the J. Walter Thompson (Swift & Co.) Advertising Agency first place for its network commercials on Breakfast Club.
5. National Congress of Parents and Teachers in June rated Breakfast Club as one of the first 22 network radio programs recommended for children, youth and adults.

** 6. ME!



John Norton (left), ABC Vice President, and Don McNeill accept the Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry citation from Leverett Lyon.



** Notes to you, Me Neill

Aid-de-camps of General Mills got a song before their anniversary breakfast. Left to right: Ken Laird; R. S. Spaeth, E. G. Smith, Don and John Norton.

Anniversaries



Like any well-regulated family, Breakfast Club remembers its anniversaries. When these occasions involve a member of the sponsoring family, they usually are marked by a traditional breakfast.

Such a meeting was held on February 8, 1930, to mark the beginning of Swift & Co.'s tenth year as a sponsor. Because Swift was the first network sponsor on Breakfast Club, this anniversary was a gala ham-and-eggs affair. American Broadcasting Company officials from New York and Chicago served as hosts.

A double anniversary was celebrated on Wednesday, September 13, when Philco's Philadelphia family came to Chicago to attend the premiere of Don McNeill's TV Club which they are sponsoring on 38 television stations. Ten days earlier, Philco had started its fifth year as sponsor of the Breakfast Club's fourth quarter hour.

August 16 was another anniversary. On that day in 1948, General Mills took over the five-quarter-hour for Kix. To mark the beginning of its third sponsor's third year, ABC and the Breakfast Club gang sat down to breakfast with Minneapolis and Chicago officials of General Mills.



*** I picked these flowers... both of 'em!*

ABC hostesses and John Norton (right), vice president of the central district, welcome Executive Don McNeill, Fern D. Beath, advertising manager of Swift & Co., and Robert E. Kutner, president of the American Broadcasting Company, to the anniversary breakfast.



*** I'm under the table shining shoes*

The Philco family left the breakfast treatment, too. Seated, left to right: Jack Geyer, Earl Kover, Jimmy Carmine, Don and Tom Scandell. Standing, left to right: Max Erdosky, Bob White, Hal Murnigh, Frank White and Lucy Crumline.

Holidays...

Continuing a Christmas tradition started in 1935 when Tom was 14 months old, the McNeill family joined the toastmaster around the breakfast table on Friday, December 23. It also was Don's birthday.

This double-celebration took on a nostalgic flavor as recorded excerpts of previous McNeill family broadcasts were introduced on the program. Some of the recordings produced these laughs:

Kay — "I want to thank our Breakfast Clubbers for continuing to listen to Don year after year. Of course, you're lucky — you only have to listen to him one hour a day." (1943)

Tom — "I want to be an engineer on the trains when I grow up, so I can whistle while I work." (1939)

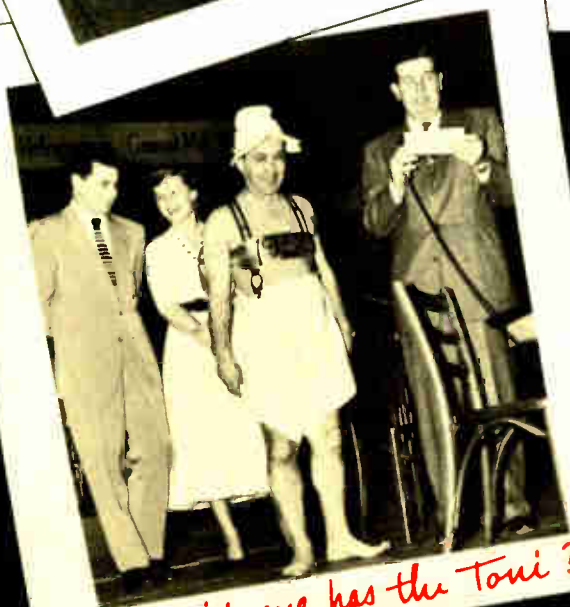
Don, Jr. — "Daddy made a great big dog house for our little weiner dog and for our big hunting dog. Daddy has been in the dog house much more than the dogs." (1937)

Bob — "Tom broke a window at our house. I threw a snowball at him and he ducked." (1944)

Another Breakfast Club holiday tradition brought Smiling Bill Mahoney to the microphone on St. Patrick's Day. It was a gala occasion, in honor of Robert Patrick McNeill's ninth birthday.

The New Year was ushered in on Breakfast Club with a hilarious skit featuring Bill Krenz as Father Time and Sam Cowling as Master 1950. Father Time's sands ran out before the photographer could catch him, but "Curly-toes" Cowling stayed around long enough to help unveil Philco's new 1950 television models.

*** I always hold my nose!*



*** Which one has the Toni?*

... Guests

Hundreds of guest stars from the entertainment world have appeared on the Breakfast Club, but in Don's memory only one has worn suitable breakfast attire.

He was Spike Jones, the zany music maestro, who dropped in for a visit on March 1 wearing loud pajamas, a coon-skin coat and cap. Spike stopped trading corn with the toastmaster long enough to accept a "Doctor of Frustration" degree from Don and Rousseau Van Voorhies of the Boswell Institute.

To ease the maestro's frustration, Spike was invited to step out of character and lead the Breakfast Club orchestra in a symphonic arrangement. All started well, but before long the orchestra sounded exactly like the gun-shooting, bell-ringing, washboard din which is Spike Jones' trademark.

Another memorable interview-guest was Uncle Will Rossitter, the famous 83-year old Chicago music publisher and song writer. With a twinkle in his eyes, the dean of music publishers, told Don "he didn't publish all the tunes — just the best of them." Some of his hits have been "Darktown Strutter's Ball", "I'd Love to Live in Loveland With a Girl Like You", "Some Of These Days", "My Cathedral", "Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland" and his latest "You Haven't Changed."

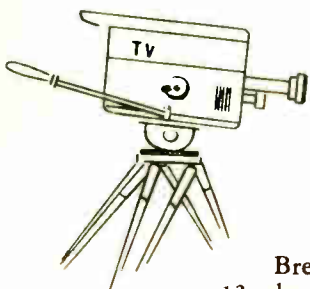
Among the Hollywood stars who sparkled on Breakfast Club the past year were: Ronald Reagan, Ruth Roman, Edmond O'Brien, Burt Lancaster, Kay Westfall, Franchot Tone, Shelley Winters, Dick Powell and Ilene Woods — a Breakfast Club alumnus and the "Voice of Cinderella" in Walt Disney's film.



** A Baby Song ?



** Young, isn't he ?



TV Club Premiere

Breakfast Clubbers in 38 cities got their first look at Don McNeill's TV Club September 13 when a weekly hour of fun and music was premiered over the ABC television network. Based on fan mail and newspaper reviews, video families and critics liked what they saw.

Many of the features and personalities of the morning radio show appeared on the video version. Don's special guest on the first show was glamorous Gloria Swanson.

The audience sparkles on Don's TV Club just as it does on Breakfast Club. A steady parade of fun-loving folks participated in all phases of the premiere program.

When they weren't kidding with Don and the audience, Sam Cowling, Patsy Lee, Johnny Desmond, Cliff Petersen and Eddie Ballantine worked smoothly together in musical numbers. Standout productions featured Patsy Lee and Cliff Petersen in "Nickelodeon" and Johnny Desmond and all the gang in "C'est Si Bon". Wee Willie Krenz, Breakfast Club pianist since 1933, was an added attraction in "Nickelodeon".

*** should be capital letters*



The kids are always good for a hearty laugh on Don McNeill's TV Club.



Three French Waiters—Sam Cowling, Cliff Petersen, Eddie Ballantine—get into the act with Johnny Desmond and Patsy Lee in "C'Est Si Bon".

Philco Corporation, manufacturers of radios, television sets, refrigerators, home freezers, air conditioners and electric ranges, sponsors Don McNeill's TV Club. The Philadelphia firm also sponsors the fourth quarter hour of Breakfast Club.

Producer of Don's TV Club is Ivor McLaren. Born in Great Britain, he starred on the London stage and in British films until 1934. Then he produced films in Hollywood and England for 20th Century-Fox before forming his own film corporation in 1939. After six years in the Royal Air Force, Ivor produced Madeline Carroll's first post-war film, "High Fury". He came to America in 1947 and since then has produced and directed 653 television shows.



****Party + the nervous Norwegian*

Ivor McLaren, producer of the TV Club for Don McNeill.



Bill Krenz, an original member of the Breakfast Club orchestra, makes his television debut as a piano player in the "Nickelodeon" number.





Personal Appearances

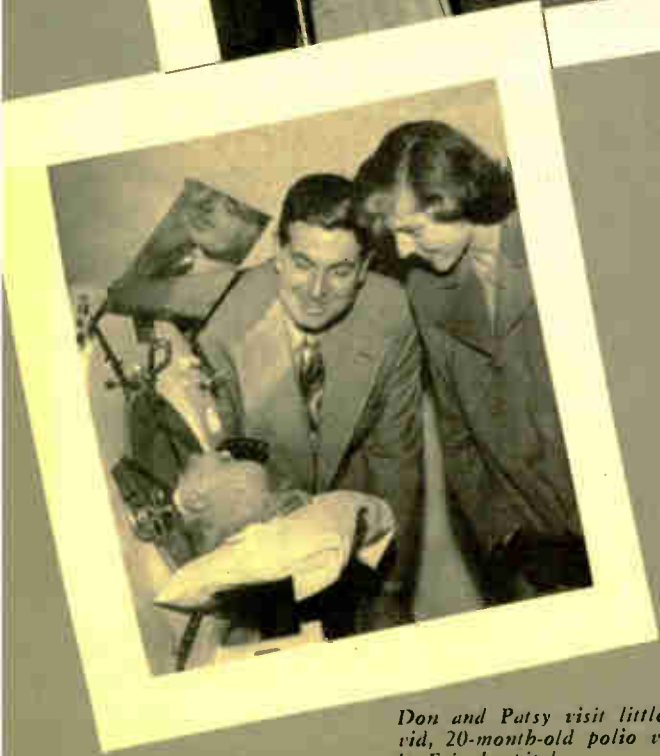


Don's spinal injury, his European vacation and the gang's fall television debut prevented the Breakfast Club from doing any personal appearance shows in 1950.

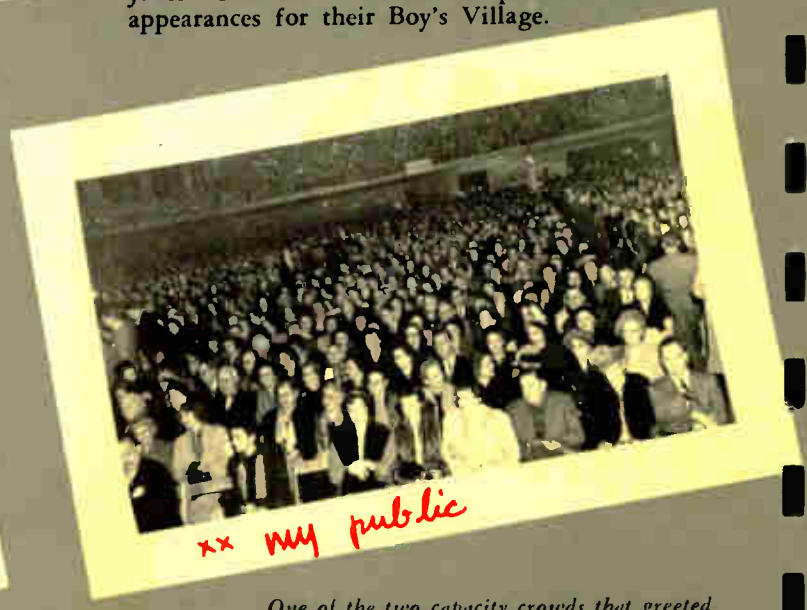
During the fall of 1949, however, Don and the gang made personal appearances in Erie, Pa., and Akron, Ohio. On the Friday preceding Armistice Day, a regular Breakfast Club broadcast was originated from the Veterans Hospital at Hines, Ill.

Two sold-out houses greeted the Breakfast Clubbers at the Strong Vincent auditorium in Erie on Oct. 22. These shows were sponsored by radio station WIKK for the Lakeview Municipal Hospital polio ward. Between performances, Don and the cast did a private show for hospital patients.

More than 6,000 persons attended personal appearance shows in Akron on Dec. 3. The Junior Chamber of Commerce sponsored these appearances for their Boy's Village.



Don and Patsy visit little David, 20-month-old polio victim, in Erie hospital.



One of the two capacity crowds that greeted the Breakfast Clubbers in Akron.

Fiction 'n Fact

you dear breakfast clubbers may make a note right now that this is a yearbook to be well remembered . . . mister mcneill has akquired hisself a GENIUS. his name is me. as you can tell by listenen to the show . . . if it wasnt for me . . . where would i be. ill tell you . . . don has been with me for 12 years now and that is very funny cause he has been on the air 17 years. needless to say he is a very lucky man . . . after all where would breakfast club be without sams almanac. there is an old saying that two heads are better than one . . . fiction & fact proves it . . . most of them were made up out of my head. the rest of them were sent in by you breakfast clubbers who are the smartest people in the world . . . except for one person which i hate to brag about. i would have had fiction & fact in print earlier if it didnt require writing. and thats almost as hard to do as reading. however if you enjoy them . . . let me know . . . my address is sam . . . care of don mcneill . . .

fiction and affectionately yours,

my hand



and seal

xx Best section in book!

SAM'S
Almanac



© Collier's



xx Yeah

Your conscience is what makes you tell your wife before someone else does.



An undercover agent is sometimes referred to as a bed bug.

Women who swear they've never been kissed can't be blamed for swearing.

Courtship makes a man spend, but marriage is what makes him feel over.

The purpose of the ankle on the leg is to keep the calves out of the corn.

The way to tell if the sale of giraffes has increased is to just look at the figures.

A pinch of salt can be greatly improved by dropping it on a nice T-bone steak.

A bad little boy is like a canoe — they both behave better if paddled from the rear.

Men who say they are boss in their own home will lie about other things too.

A doctor doesn't get around to getting married — but he gets around.

If you buy a dog, it's not the original colt — it's the pup-keep.

A satirist is not always a guy that goes around chasing goats.

It is easier to play horseshoes if you first remove the hoists.

In Louisiana during the rainy season — the best thing to raise is umbrellas.

If a piece of string that was too short was stretched between two points, it wouldn't be long enough.

The difference between one yard and two yards is a fence.

The worst time for mice and rats is when it's raining cats and dogs.

A lot of fellows have girls but the ice man has his pick.

It's a well known fact that two crocodiles do not make an alligator pear.

Strange as it may seem, the traffic signs down South do not read "No U-All Turn."

A jitterbug is a girl who chews gum and is Wrigley all over.

It is often said that exercise kills germs—but how do you get the germs to exercise?

Captain Kid was a pirate but a buccanner is too much to pay for corn.

Owning a rabbit farm is essentially a self-raising experience.

After much investigation at the circus, I have discovered the difference between a lion, a tiger and a panther — a lion and tiger are big cats and panther what you wear.

It is a well known fact that high heels were invented by the girl who was biased on the forehead.

Alimony is often defined as the sign cost of leaving.

It is a well known fact that when you speak to a Whoppl, you have to take a lot of lip.

If you ever forget your key, run around the house — then you're all in.

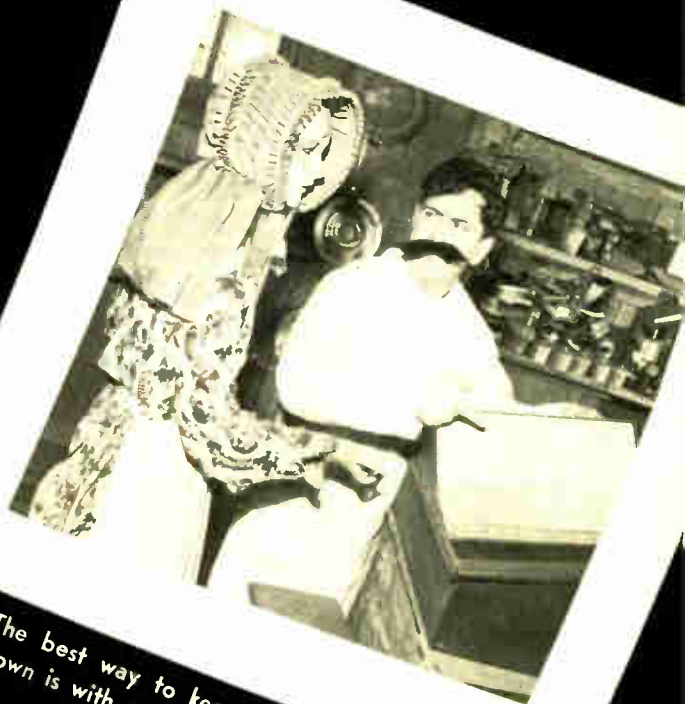
The man who invented spaghetti probably got it out of his noodle.

When women cut their hair off on their foreheads, they get a bang out of it.

Women are a lot like mazy — you have to keep 'em busy or they lose interest.



To keep milk from turning sour, the best place to keep it is in the cow.



The best way to keep your grocery bills down is with a paper weight.



The best thing to wear with some neckties is a long beard.



A husband is just like a furnace, you have to watch 'em or they'll go out.

Fun is like insurance — the older you get the more it costs you.

No matter how high you keep an awning in the summer, it's only a shade above the street.

A wedding ring is just like a tourniquet — it stops your circulation.

If your wife goes shopping for a new coat — be careful, she may be frightened.

In a recent nationwide poll, 90 per cent of the dentists have shown their preference for March time because it gives them a chance to drill.

Before marriage a man yawns for a woman — after marriage the "Y" is silent.

The funny thing about the flea is that he knows all his children are going to the dogs.

Most streetcar conductors can really tell you where to get off.

Baldheaded men who sit in the sun often get baked beans.

A convict is probably the only person who likes to be interrupted in the middle of a sentence.

The thing a man likes most about a girl is his arms.

Makin' love is like makin' a pie — all you need is some crust and a lot of applause.

Marriage is like a three-ring circus — engagement ring, wedding ring, and suffering.

Exactly 25 years ago today, the name of the President of the United States was Mr. Truman.

Crime is prevented in the high chair, not in the electric chair.

Moxy a girl is only as strong as her weakest link.

Stealing a kiss may be petty larceny, but sometimes it's grand.

If you sit down on your wrist watch, you're bound to be on time.

If one man cannot pick up a piece of concrete weighing 3,000 pounds, it's too heavy.

If you cross an owl with a goat, the result will be a hoof-neasy.

A woman driver may be perfectly healthy one moment, and suddenly take a turn for the worse.

If the price of duck feathers is raised — it means that down is up.

The best way to take an egg from under a chicken is pull it.

The funny thing about rain is that when it stops coming down, it lets up.

The strangest dog is the hot dog — it always feeds the hand that bites it.

An optician doesn't always make a spectacle of himself.

If you were a bottle of milk in front of your face, it's usually pasteurized.

One of the best ways to raise cabbage is with a knife and fork.

Over 50 per cent of the chain smokers in the United States smoke cigarettes instead of chains.

A boarding horse is like a game of horse shoes — the closer you get to the stick, the better.



Children's ears are just like shovels, they can sure pick up a lot of dirt.



A straw hat is very easy to wear because it can't be felt.



Girls, always remember that it is much better to have loved a short man than never to have loved a tall.



It is nice to smoke a ham, but it sure clogs up your pipe.

Little babies hardly ever lose any money because they always yell for the change.

Mother Nature is referred to as a woman because nobody knows how old she is.

In the entire United States one of the most famous defense plants is the Cactus.

Strange as it may seem — even by not running you can still beat a rag.

If two dozen rotten eggs are dropped on a concrete sidewalk from a height of 30,000 feet — egg?

If you call the Knox Zoo — you may find that the line is busy.

The best way to drive a baby buggy is to tickle its feet.

A salivary grinder is the only person whose business is good when things are dull.

Take a barber for instance, you've gotta take your hat off to him.

Texas is not the biggest of the United States, the biggest united state is matrimony.

In Wisconsin the chickens have feathers on only one side — the outside.

Tellers who make their own clothes manily sell themselves.

When children are very disobedient — a spanking with a hair brush will often reach the seat of the trouble.

Ireland is undoubtedly the richest nation because its capital is always Dublin.

Memory Time



Don McNeill's *Memory Time* is as old as *Breakfast Club* itself. The reading of a nostalgic poem over a musical background was a highlight of Don's first *Breakfast Club* program on Friday, June 25, 1938.

Other features may change on a moment's notice, but *Memory Time* holds the one inviolable spot on the show's format. Originally, it was introduced as a change-of-pace note. Cox's idea was to temper the nonsense, quick wit and spirited tone of his new program with a period reserved for reflection.

His early *Memory Time* poems were carefully selected or written to set a mood or occasion. Then the literaries took over. Each mail brought clippings or original poems and essays, typical of *Breakfast Clubbers'* way of life.

Today, *Memory Time* is essentially the same. Listeners will write or slip and send in poems and essays. The cast and audience help to frame *Memory Time* with reflective silence. The only difference today is that *Sunshine Shower* and *Prayer Time* precedes *Memory Time* and *Hymn Time* follows it. This five or six-minute sequence, with its messages of hope, faith and inspiration, is truly the "heart" of Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*.



Popular Poems... 1950

As the popularity of Don McNeill's Breakfast Club grew, so did requests for copies of the poems and essays he read at Memory Time. Because of copyright laws and other restrictions, it was impossible for Don to fill these requests. In 1938, the problem was alleviated when the most popular readings were cleared for publication in a Memory Time booklet. After five revisions, this booklet was discontinued in favor of The Breakfast Club Yearbook.

With a few exceptions, most of the popular Memory Time poems for 1950 appear on the following pages. The principal exceptions are: **SHOULD YOU GO FIRST, HOW TO GUESS YOUR AGE, and UNITY.** These could not be cleared for publication.

Although she plans to publish her delightful poem as an illustrated book, Carolyn H. Schwab, 1616 Ruth Avenue, Louisville 5, Kentucky, graciously granted permission to include **THE MISCHIEVOUS ANGEL** in this edition. It originally appeared in **THE COMPANION**, official publication of the Franciscan Fathers of Indiana.

* * *

THE MISCHIEVOUS ANGEL

Her impish eyes were round and blue,
Her red-gold curls were impish too;
The Mischievous Angel was her name
Of every task, she'd make a game.

Her robe was always slightly
soiled;
Her upturned nose,
some smudges spoiled;
Her halo was usually awry,
Almost concealing her
right eye.

To God, Who sat upon
His throne,
She prayed in sweet angelic
tone,
Asking Him for lovely
weather
While tickling Matthew
with a feather.



Then she'd scamper from cloud to cloud,
Gaily gossiping with Heaven's crowd;
Nothing harmful, or mean, or small,
Just good, kind words, for one and all.

Mary shook her beautiful head,
When Mischievous Angel made her bed;
She never tucked the corners in
Nor smoothed the hollows where she'd been.

Kind Joseph, now, was worried, too,
At things Mischievous Angel'd do;
Whene'er he looked for saw or nails
He'd find them in her little pails.
"I want to carpenter a bit,"
She said, when asked why she did it,
"I want to plan it all alone,
A house for our Dog Star — his own!"

St. Peter tried to keep his book
So clean and neat, but when he'd look
Within, he'd see her fingerprints
And long to use "Some Spanking Hints."

Gabriel would lift his horn to blow
But not a sound from it would flow!
He'd press the stops, then, with a shout
Pull Mischievous Angel's slingshot out.

Abraham watched with frowning face
This Angel, push a star from place.
As it went shooting down to earth
She shook with most unholy mirth.

Michael, with his flaming sword
Guarded the gates, but, never bored,
Watched smilingly, as oft she came
With water to put out the flame.

When Mischievous Angel hid the keys
That opened the pearly gates with ease,
Poor Job, whose patience you all know
Said: "This is IT . . . she'll have to go!"

They called a meeting, with God presiding;
He said: "She could stand subdividing,
I'll put part of her into each small child,
So Heaven will be peaceful and mild."

So that's why little girls and boys
Are never satisfied with toys.
Mischievous Angel won't find rest
'Till she's altogether . . . a Heavenly Pest!

... Carolyn H. Schwab

"This poem was written for some friends about six years ago, at the time their daughter was a year old. I never thought," writes Louella C. Hall, of Cleveland, Ohio, "as I listened to Don McNeill's Breakfast Club in those days that I would be able to contribute in some small way."

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DARLING!

Dear little babe, with your eyes bright and true,
Cuddlesome, huggable, lovable you!
Today marks the end of your first year on earth,
And this world does not hold an exchange for your worth!

Your two arms possess all the comfort we know
And the smile in your eyes dims the sun with its glow.
Your dear little mouth with its cherubic grin
Springs from a heart full of mischief within.

Your innocent gaze puts the angels to shame,
And a wee bit of heaven dropped down when you came,
Your soft, baby hands within mine are pressed,
And your wee downy head lies close on my breast.

Little you know as you lay on my arm
How much I would shield you, and keep you from harm,
Or that mommy and daddy have dreams just for you,
And a prayer in our hearts that those dreams will come true.

Happy Birthday, dear baby! May each year ahead,
Bring just a bit of the joy you have spread,
And may you grow gracious, and kindly, and true,
Dear little baby — that's our wish for you!

... Louella C. Hall

* * *

"I am delighted to know that 'A Tall Son' still walks," writes Mrs. Anthony H. Brackett from Hingham, Mass. "By the way, since it was written, a second son has sprouted up taller than the first."

A TALL SON

A tall son to walk the street beside me,
In place of the urchin who irked and tried me!
A new man to chivvy and wheedle and scold me —
Here is a joy of which no one told me!

Proud I parade him the length
of the town;
And no time ago I washed and
dried him,
Folded him in and pinned him
down —
I, feeling little now, beside him!

Strange in the deep voice his
words drift down.
Strange at the crossing to feel
him guide me!
Stranger to know that, toes to
crown,
This is my own tall son beside me.



Reprinted by special permission
from KATE BRACKETT and
the Saturday Evening Post.

"For almost five years now, I have written a column called 'A Mother's Journal' for our local paper, the Oakmont, Pa., Advance-Leader. How strange and wonderful it is that people clip and send some of my verses to The Breakfast Club.

"I sit at my typewriter, and pound out my material, and send it to the office once a week. The rest of the time I scrub and wash and iron and cook for my brood, which consists of one husband, two sons and one daughter."

... Betty Stuart

* * *

HE WANTED A SON

He wanted a boy . . . for his first-born one,
The way that all men-folk want a son . . .
A tough little . . . rough little . . . bundle of joy,
Bawling . . . and squalling . . . and labeled, "A BOY!"

He thought as he waited, of miniature planes . . .
And base-balls, and model electrical trains . . .
He was wilfully wishing . . . of hunting and fishing . . .
And kites in wild flights, that upward go swishing . . .
A nurse brought him out of his day-dreaming swirl,
And toppled his plans when she said, "It's a girl."

Yes, that's what she said . . . his heart felt like lead,
As his plans for a boy . . . deserted and fled . . .
This was the big moment . . . that made him a dad . . .
Of a wee winsome daughter . . . instead of a lad . . .

And only another man ever could know . . . How he
Hid his defeat so it never would show . . .
And went to the mother, so proudly to boast . . .
That a daughter was what he had wanted the most . . .

The first time he held this wee
slip of a girl,
Her tiny hand would like a soft
rose-bud curl,
'Round one of his fingers . . . (men
aren't very smart)
With this feminine gesture . . .
she captured his heart!



He was proud as a peacock when
she learned to walk,
He beamed when "Da-da" was her
first word of talk . . .
He heard her first cry every time she awoke . . .
And fixed dolly's head every time it got broke . . .

The years roll along . . . his sons now have come . . .
They've had all the planes and the trains and the drum . . .
And yet while he dearly loves each little guy . . .
His daughter's the apple of this fellow's eye . . .
Her touch . . . and her smile . . . and sometimes her
tears,
Have gentled his heart through the march of the years . . .

He's a look just for her . . . that says she's a treasure . . .
And he boasts of her often . . . with masculine
pleasure . . .
Like a powerful tide . . . running under deep water . . .
Is the strong mighty love of this man . . . for his
daughter . . .

... Betty Stuart

MAMMA SPANKS ME

Sometimes my daddy spansks me. Mamma spansks me too. They don't believe in spanking. They do it because they are mad about something. I don't know what.

Today I was making sand pies. I needed a can of water from the sink. I spilled the water on the floor so I needed some more water. Mamma mopped the floor and gave me a half a can of water. Most of the water leaked out so I needed some more water. I went back with my big bucket to get plenty and a thin old glass on the drainboard broke. I set the bucket on the floor to pick up the pieces of glass. Mamma came in and kicked the bucket. That spilled it so I needed some more water. While Mamma went to get the mop I climbed upon the stool again but the stool slipped and I fell. Mamma screamed because I spilled a little water not nearly as much as she did and she put me and the bucket outside and said not to dare come in for any more water. She said she had a headache and was going to lie down.

Pretty soon I needed some more water but I remembered what Mamma said so I filled my big bucket full of sand and carried my pans tins cups lids boxes ladles shovels and spoons into the kitchen. Not much of the sand spilled on the floor. Then everything was handy and I didn't need to come in for any more water. I rolled the pies out on Mamma's work table and put sugar on them. I did not waste any sugar. I scraped the extra sugar back into the bowl. I started to put one pie in Mamma's oven. The door flipped up and knocked it out of my hand. This made noise. When I turned around Mamma was looking at me. She looked mad about something.

Mamma spanked me. I don't know why. Daddy says Mamma is pretty hard to figure out sometimes.

When Mamma spansks me Daddy says you know that doesn't do any good. When my daddy spansks me Mamma says that doesn't do any good you know. There's two of them and only one of me. I wish they'd get together more.

Daddy was late driving home from work. Mamma said what have you been doing all this time? He said air was getting into my gasline and then I had a flat. Mamma said I don't care how many you have but why don't you phone and tell me? Daddy chewed a little while and then he said these fried potatoes don't taste like my mother used to fry. Mamma said then why didn't you stay with her? Daddy said my mother has only one fault she snores in bed.

Mamma choked and said don't make me laugh I've been chasing this boy all day. Daddy said how can that be? That boy Mamma said. She pointed at me. Oh Daddy said. How would you like a baby brother? I said I want a baby sister so I can beat her. Mamma stood up and prayed oh Lord forgive me for I know now what I do. Daddy mussed my hair. Well you are going to get a baby brother and like it he said. He went around the table and kissed Mamma so she wouldn't cry. I guess he was tired because he went outside and lay down under the car.

When Daddy fixes things I help him. I took a little hammer to fix the car radiator. I poked it a few times to clean out a bug. Daddy crawled out and said oh that's all right it leaks anyway. But may I borrow your screw driver? He took my hammer and crawled back under

the car. He left a big pan of oil so I started to pour the oil on the car's insides. Daddy stuck his head out and it was all black with oil. He said son that oil is too dirty to put back in the car. Why don't you do something for Mother? So I took a few hammers to work on her washing machine.

I had just started on the washer when Mamma came and took the big hammer away from me without saying a word. I said what are you going to do with the hammer because I need it to fix the washer? She said I am going to use it to fix my head pretty soon. Then Daddy came around and said do you have my socket wrench old man? He took my other hammer. He said you haven't been using my electric drill have you? I said no and he found his electric drill and crawled back under the car. The line on the drill caught under a tire.

When Daddy jerked it the plug fell out of the wall. He said oh shucks no power. He started to put the wire back on the drill so I put the plug back in the hole on the wall. There was a loud bump as Daddy hit the car with his head. He came out from under that car fast. He jumped up and down and shook his fingers. He yelled a long word. I jumped up and down and shook my fingers. I laughed and said the same long word.

Daddy spanked me. I don't know why. What would Daddy do if he believed in spanking?

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The author of this common-sense poem describes himself as "just an old Hoosier Boy trying to get along in the insurance business."

NOBODY ELSE BUT YOU

When you been workin' a long, long time
A-doin' the best you can,
And you start to think about the day,
When you'll be an old, old man —
And you'll want to fish and hunt and golf
Or whatever you love to do —
Nobody goin' to save that money,
Nobody else but you!

Ain't no use to sit and dream
About that pot of gold
Or about the things you'd like to have
When you find you're growin' old.
Human nature ain't changed a bit —
There's really nothin' new —
Nobody goin' to send you 'round the world,
Nobody else but you!

No use standin' along the road
Tryin' to thumb your way,
Or stickin' your dimes in slot machines
A-hopin' they will pay.

'Cause the guy who owns them slot machines
 He has ideas, too.
 Ideas of makin' some profits —
 Off nobody else but you!

Now if you're inclined to speculate,
 Oh — Oh! You wanna look out.
 'Cause the guy you speculatin' with
 Knows what it's all about!
 And when the speculatin's over
 And the propaganda's through
 You know who's gonna be holdin' the bag —
 Nobody else but you!

So I been smokin' and wonderin'
 About a lot of fancy schemes
 Where I could get rich without any work —
 And I'm sure they're all just dreams.
 'Cause you'll find out as you go along
 And see things clear on through —
 Things worth while are the things that are
 earned

By nobody else but you!

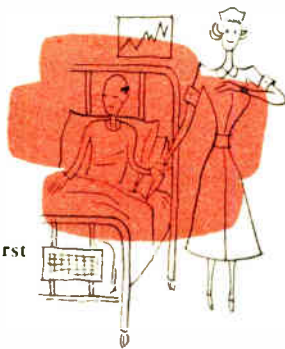
— *Regards to Don McNeill*
W. L. (Bill) Miller

* * *

"THE NURSE must have been written by my father, W. L. Severance of Sedgwick, Kansas, as long ago as 1915 . . . He and my mother were married a little over 65 years when he died in 1947. — Mrs. A. R. Challender."

THE NURSE

The world grows better, year by year,
 Because some nurse in her little sphere,
 Puts on her apron and grins and sings
 And keeps on doing the same old things.
 Taking the temperatures, giving the pills,
 To remedy mankind's number-
 less ills,
 Feeding the baby, answering
 bells,
 Being polite with a heart that
 rebels,
 Longing for home and all the
 while
 Wearing the same old pro-
 fessional smile.
 Blessing the newborn babies' first
 breath
 Closing the eyes that are still
 in death.
 Going off duty at seven o'clock,
 Tired, discouraged, and ready to drop.
 But called back on special at seven-fifteen
 With woe in her heart, but it must not be seen.
 When we lay down our caps and cross the bar,
 Lord, will you give us just one little star
 To wear in our crowns with our uniforms new
 In that city above, where the Head Nurse is You.



. . . *W. L. Severance*

Mrs. William W. Wood of Normandy, Mis-
 souri, clipped the following piece from *BABY*
TALK. It is reprinted here by permission of the
 author and the magazine.

THE ROAD IS SO BEAUTIFUL

I saw you today, new mother, leaving the hospital.
 You were young and lovely and eager, with your baby
 in your arms. I knew it was your first, I could tell —
 by the look in your eyes — by the way you held your
 baby. You've been through the shadows and now you're
 out in the sunlight again — you and your baby, together.

Ahead of you stretches a road, farther than your eyes
 can see. It looks straight and smooth and shining to you
 now. But it isn't. It dips and turns, becomes rough and
 hard to follow. Then it smooths out again and, as you
 pass, the milestones smile at you.

There's a milestone at his first tooth; another one for
 his first word and another that says "He Walked Alone
 Today!"

Then that first day of school when you leave him
 there — so little — so lost and shy — among so many
 others.

Somewhere along the way the road dips down. That's
 where you'll kneel by the side of his bed all night, hold-
 ing his hot little hands in yours . . . calling him back to
 you, keeping him with you, because your love for him
 is so strong . . . stronger than anything else in the
 world.

The road swings up into the sunshine again. And
 you'll find you've got some gray in your hair that
 wasn't there before.

After that it won't be long before you come to the
 milestone of his first long trousers, and the one next
 to it called "The Girl!" Most likely she'll be just the
 little girl down in the next block — but she'll be im-
 portant — because she's the first.

And so you'll go — on and on — over rough places,
 and smooth — through sunlight and shadow. Until one
 day you come to the place where you stop to put your
 arms around him and kiss the top of his curls like you've
 always done. But you can't. Because you can't reach the
 top of his head any more — even standing on tiptoe you
 can't — he's so much taller than you.

After that, you don't try to hold his hand along the
 way. You stay a little behind — letting him choose his
 path alone — letting him find the way for himself —
 just staying close enough so that you may hear him if
 he calls.

That's the place in the road where you put both hands
 through your husband's arm, and cling a little more
 closely to him. You two — alone again, can relax and
 take it more slowly . . . look back together . . . the
 road is so beautiful.

. . . *Marion Doolan*

Dear Don:

I think I have told you before that I heard your very first program and have never missed one since then unless through circumstances beyond my control. Recently, while in the hospital for a supply of oxygen, I accidentally overheard a specialist tell my doctor that I have only a few more months, or at most a year, to live.

Well, for a few days I prayed to die right then but through prayer, peace and calm came to me. You see, Don, I have had a very busy life . . . besides making a happy home for a wonderful husband and two fine sons, I have had the privilege of doing things for other people. So the knowledge that this was soon to end made me decide to make the time I have left count for as much as possible.

First, I try to keep as cheerful as possible and show my love and appreciation to my family and friends for what they are trying to do for me.

I refrain from talking about my illness unless asked a direct question. Then I answer as briefly as possible, quickly rerouting the conversation into more interesting channels.

I still keep up my writing and telephoning friends to collect money for the American Heart Association. I started this activity as a sort of a memorial to Tom Breneman, who died while I was a patient in the hospital.

I have bought material for pretty clothes for a family of four little girls. Their mother sews very nicely. I love them very dearly and they call me their Fairy Godmother.

I write cards and letters for your sunshine showers.

I write inspirational material for a five-minute spot on a woman's program broadcast by a small new radio station.

Every day I make it a point to give a bit of praise to someone.

There is more but, Don, I am so busy that I have no time for self-pity and the days, instead of being long and dreary, are just rushing by leaving me with many things undone.

I have written this letter for only one purpose and that is it might help someone else faced with the same situation. It would be so easy to just give up and make my room so dreary that no one would want to come in.

I am enclosing a poem I wrote when I learned what my sentence was and hope maybe it will give someone a little lift.

MY GETHSEMANE

Last night when it had grown so dark
That I could scarcely see,
I went into the garden of my Gethsemane.
In agony I cried aloud "Let this cup pass
away
I cannot drink the bitter draught
Have mercy, Lord, I pray!"

Just then a soft and tender voice
Came to my listening ear
And said, "My child, be not afraid
For I, your Lord, am here.
Within this garden long ago
I, too, a vigil kept
Tho unlike you, I was alone
For My disciples slept."

"In agony I also cried
'Let this cup pass from Me'
But then I prayed 'Thy Will be done'
That, too, your prayer must be.
Then I will help you bear your cross,
And you, at last will see
That it was for the best I trod
The path to Calvary."

Quite suddenly my fears were gone,
And sweet peace came to me,
Because my Lord was at my side
In my Gethsemane.

... Anonymous

THIS IS FRIENDSHIP

I love you, not only for what you are, but for what I am
when I am with you.
I love you, not only for what you have made of yourself,
but for what you are making of me.
I love you for the part of me that you bring out.
I love you for putting your hand in my heaped-up heart
and passing over all the frivolous and weak things that
you cannot help seeing there,
And drawing out into the light all the beautiful, radiant
things that no one else has looked quite deep enough
to find.
I love you for ignoring the possibilities of the fool in
me, and laying firm hold of the possibilities of good
in me.
I love you for closing your eyes to the discords in me,
and for adding to the music in me by worshipful
listening.
I love you because you are helping me to make of the
lumber of my life not a tavern but a temple, and the
words of my every day not a reproach, but a song.
I love you because you have done more than any creed
could have done to make me happy.
You have done it without a touch, without a word,
without a sign.
You have done it by just being yourself.
After all, perhaps this is what being a friend means.

... Author Unknown

"I have called your program the 4-H program
of the air: HOMEY - HONEST - HUMAN and
HUMOROUS." — J. Patrick Soden, *Los Angeles
California.*

HE STUBBED HIS TOE

Did you ever pass a youngster, who had been an' stubbed
his toe,
And was sitting by the road side, just a crying soft
an' low?
A holding of his rusty foot so
hard and brown and bare,
An' trying to keep back from his
eyes the tears that's gathering
there.

You hear him sorter sobbin' like,
and a snifflin' of his nose,
You stoop and pat him on the
head and try to ease his woes,
You treat him sorter kind like,
and the first thing you know
He's up and off a smilin', clean
forgot he stubbed his toe.



Along the road of human life, you'll find a fellow goin'
slow,
And like as not he's some poor cuss, that's been an'
stubbed his toe.
He was makin' swimmin' headway until he bumped into
a stone,
And his friends kept hurryin' on, and they left him
there alone.

He ain't sobbing, he ain't snifflin', he's too old for sobs
and cries,
But he's grievin' just as earnest, if it only comes in
sighs.
And it does a lot of good sometimes to go a little slow,
And speak a word of kindness to the guy that's stubbed
his toe.

You can't tell yourself, and there ain't no way to know,
When it's going to come your turn to slip and stub your
toe.
Today you're bright an' happy, in the world's sunlight
and glow,
And tomorrow you're a-freezin' and a-trudgin' thru the
snow.

The time you think you've got the world the tightest in
your grip
Is the very time you'll find, you're the likeliest to slip,
And it's mighty comfortin', sometimes, I know,
To have a fellow stop, and help you, when you've been
and stubbed your toe.

... Author Unknown

* * *

Ruth rode on my motor-bike,
Directly back of me;
I hit a bump at sixty-five,
And rode on ruthlessly.

... Bainbridge Mainsbeet
Clipped from BAGOLOGY

"Dear Mr. McNeill:

My brother, sister and I would consider it an
honor to have you include the article written by
my father in your coming yearbook.

Will Rogers, Jr."

* * *

LETTER FROM WILL ROGERS

CHARLES M. RUSSELL, famous Montana cowboy
artist, died several years ago leaving a collection of
western reminiscences illustrated by himself, which was
published last year. *Will Rogers* wrote the introduction
for it, in the form of a letter to his old friend. With
characteristic modesty, Rogers disclaimed the ability to
write an introduction. Continuing, he said:

"There ain't much news here to tell you. You know
the Big Boss sent a hand over and got you so quick,
Charley. But I guess He needed a good man pretty bad.
I hear they been working short handed over there pretty
much all the time. I guess it's hard for Him to get
hold of good men, they are just getting scarce everywhere.

"I bet you hadn't been up there three days until you
had cut your pencil and was a drawing something funny
about some of their old punchers I bet you
Mark Twain and Bill Nye and Whitcomb Riley and a
whole bunch of those old joshers was just a waiting for
you to pop in with all the latest ones. What kind of a
bird is Washington and Jefferson? I bet they are regular
fellows when you meet 'em, ain't they? Most big men
are.

"I would like to see the bunch that is gathered around
you the first time you tell the one about putting the
limburger cheese in old Nestor's whiskers. Don't tell
that, Charley, until you get Lincoln around you, he
would love that. I bet you and him kinder throw in to-
gether when you get well acquainted. Darn it, when
I get to thinking about all those top hands up there, if
I could just hold a horse wrangling job with 'em, I
wouldn't mind following that wagon myself.

"You will run onto my old dad up there, Charley,
for he was a real cowhand. I bet he is running a wagon,
and you will pop into some well kept ranch house over
under some cool shady trees and you will be asked to
have dinner, and it will be the best one you ever had
in your life. Well, when you are a thanking the women
folks, you just tell the sweet looking old lady that you
knew her boy back on an outfit you used to rope for,
and tell the daughters that you knew their brother, and
if you see a cute little rascal running around there kiss
him for me. Well, can't write you any more, Charles,
darn paper's all wet, it must be raining in this old
bunk house. 'Course we are all just a hanging on here
as long as we can. I don't know why we hate to go,
we know it's better there. Maybe it's because we
haven't done anything that will live after we are gone."

"From your old friend.

WILL"

... Clipped from *The San Francisco News*

NOBODY LOVES ME

When the new baby came it was a baby brother instead of the baby sister I wanted so I could lick her. It was the same way last Christmas. I ordered an electric train and all I got was a wind-up train and some other stuff.

We call the baby John and he sleeps in my room. Daddy says there is one thing about boys you can keep them all in one room and save money. Everybody comes in my room to look at him and they bring him presents but they do not bring me any.

The lady next door came over and said my isn't he the sweetest thing he is a big boy. I said he is not big I am big. She asked mama is Jackie's nose out of joint? Perhaps a little mamma said. When she left I asked my daddy is my nose out of joint? Daddy said Jake there's nothing the matter with your nose.

I pushed my nose and it felt funny against my face. How did my nose get out of joint I said? Daddy said that nose will never give you any trouble if you keep it out of other people's business you have your father's nose. I began to cry. Now what daddy said? Whose nose have you got I said? Daddy said I have my own nose and you have your own nose but it is just like my nose. *Your* nose is out of joint I said. That is the way somebody kicked it playing football Daddy said.

I said somebody kicked me in the nose when I was sleeping. Daddy said Oh shut up holy smoke I raise my kids right but the neighbors come over and ruin them.

I did not eat any lunch because my daddy does not love me any more. He is a rat. I did not drink my brown milk because I did not want any brown milk. Mamma fixed me some bear's porridge. I would not eat my bear's porridge, because I did not want any bear's porridge. Mamma said you will not get another thing. I said you shut up throw you out the window. I flopped on the floor and kicked the table but they would not stop me and went away and left me.

I did not eat any dinner because my mamma does not love me any more. I dropped my fork and spoon on the floor and crawled under the table and pulled the rug over my nose. Mamma said to daddy do you suppose he's you-know-what of the baby?

Daddy said he wouldn't be you-know-what of the baby if people would keep their big fat mouths shut. Mamma said I haven't said a thing to make him you-know-what of the baby and she began to cry. Holy smoke.

I would not go to sleep in my bed because I wanted my mamma to sleep with me. Daddy said big boys do not sleep with their mammas and you will wake up John. He went away and left me and I was hungry. I crawled under the bed with my pink blanket and rubbed my nose and cried but mamma fed John and did not look for me.

After a long time Daddy pulled me out from under the bed and put me on top and I said I want something

to eat I am hungry. Daddy said it's after midnight there's nothing to eat. I said I want some pancakes. He said we are all going to sleep in the morning you and I will go to the zoo because we are buddies and John is too little.

When I woke up Daddy was feeding milk to John out of a bottle in mussy old pajamas and he had his eyes shut. Did you make any pancakes for me I asked him? He just shook his head and looked mean with whiskers. Shut your eyes for Pete's sake it's three o'clock in the morning you can have pancakes for breakfast.

When I opened my eyes I thought I heard the milkman's horse so I went into mamma's room by the big bed to see. I looked at my mamma and my daddy sleeping and I was not mad at them. I looked in the mirror to see how my nose was out of joint and my nose was just like it always was. I was hungry for some pancakes and going to the zoo. That baby John is too little for anything. He was sleeping and it was light enough to see the animals so I woke my daddy up.

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Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

* * *

MOTHER LOVE

Long long ago; so I have been told,
Two angels once met on the streets paved with gold.
"By the stars in your crown," said the one to the other
"I see that on earth, you too, were a mother.

"And by the blue-tinted halo you wear
"You, too, have known sorrow and deepest despair."
"Ah, yes," she replied, "I once had a son.
A sweet little lad, full of laughter and fun.

"But tell of your child," — "Oh, I knew I was blest
From the moment I first held him close to my breast,
And my heart almost burst with the joy of that day."
"Ah, yes," said the other, "I felt the same way."

The former continued, "The first steps he took
So eager and breathless — the sweet startled look
Which came over his face — he trusted me so —"
"Ah, yes," sighed the other — "How well do I know!"

"But soon he had grown to a tall handsome boy
So stalwart and kind — and it gave me such joy
To have him just walk down the street by my side."
"Ah, yes," said the other, "I felt the same pride."

"How often I shielded and spared Him from pain.
And when He for others was so cruelly slain,
"When they crucified Him — and they spat in His face,
How gladly would I have hung there in His place;"

A moment of silence — "Oh, then you are she —
The Mother of Christ," and she fell on one knee;
But the Blessed One raised her up, drawing her near,
And kissed from the cheek of the woman, a tear.

"Tell me the name of the son you loved so,
That I may share with you your grief and your woe."
She lifted her eyes, looking straight at the other,
"He was Judas Iscariot. I am his mother."

This poem is from the book LIFE LINES
by Richard Maxwell, Copyright by
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GOD SHOWS IN YOUR FACE

You don't have to tell how you live each day;
You don't have to say if you work or you play;
A tried, true barometer serves in the place,
However you live, it will show in your face.

The false, the deceit that you bear in your heart
Will not stay inside where it first got a start;
For sinew and blood are a thin veil of lace —
What you wear in your heart, you wear in your face:

If your life is unselfish, if for others you live,
For not what you get, but how much you can give;
If you live close to God in His infinite grace —
You don't have to tell it, it shows in your face.

... Author Unknown

* * *

MEN

Men are what women marry. They have two hands, two feet and sometimes two wives, but never more than one dollar or one idea at any one time. Like Turkish cigarettes, they are all of the same material; but some are better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classifications — husbands, bachelors and widowers. A bachelor is a negligible mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded with suspicion. Husband are of three types — prizes, surprises and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is one of the greatest forms of sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity — mostly charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a small, tender, violet-scented thing should enjoy kissing a big, bulking, awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco-scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, you frighten him to death. If you don't, you bore him. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end. If you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning. If you always believe him, you are a fool. If you don't believe him, he thinks you are a cynic. If you wear gay colors, rouge and startling hats, he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a little beret and a tailored suit, he takes you out but spends all his time staring at other women. If you join in the fun and approve of his drinking, he swears you are driving him to drink and the devil. If you urge him to give it up, he vows you are a snob and a nagger.

If you are the clinging-vine type, he thinks you have no brains. If you are a modern, intelligent woman, he's sure you have no heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright, intellectual woman. If you are bright, then he wants nothing but a little playmate.

Man is just a worm in the dust. He comes along, wriggles around for a while, and finally some chicken gets him!

... Author Unknown



"Dear Mr. McNeill,

I found the following recipe in the United Mine Workers Journal. Every wish for success and happiness in the New Year. Mrs. Walter Wagner, Drums, Pa."

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Take twelve fine, full-grown months, see that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, rancor, hate and jealousy; cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past — have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of time.

Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts. Don't attempt to make up the whole bunch at one time, but prepare one day at a time, as follows:

Into each day put 12 parts of faith, 11 of patience, 10 of courage, 9 of work (some people omit this ingredient, and so spoil the flavor of the rest), 8 of hope, 7 of fidelity, 6 of liberality, 5 of kindness, 4 of rest (leaving this out is like leaving out the salt — don't do it) 3 of prayer, 2 of meditation, and 1 well-selected resolution. Put in a teaspoonful of high spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humor; pour in lots of love, mix with vim, and cook thoroughly in a fervent heat. Garnish with a few smiles, serve with quietness, unselfishness, and cheerfulness, and a happy New Year is a certainty.

... Author Unknown

* * *

I WANT YOU TO KNOW

I want you to know when things go wrong,
I want you to know that all along
Someone remembers, someone cares —
Whatever the load, the burden shares;
Whatever you do, or whatever they say,
I want you to know that all the way
Someone believes, believes although
Others may doubt — I want you to know.

I want you to know when far apart,
When I cannot speak to you heart to heart,
Whatever the rest may say or do,
I want you to know my faith is true,
I want you to know that, come what will,
In the deepest vale, on the highest hill,
That the things I say to you now are so;
And so forever — I want you to know.

I want you to know in the after years,
In time of worry, in time of tears,
Although the plains or sea divide,
I still am standing your soul beside;
The way is far, and the voice is dumb;
I cannot speak and I cannot come,
And perhaps my love will not help you so,
But, if it will — well, I want you to know.

... Author Unknown

A CO-OPERATOR'S GARDEN

First, plant five rows of "p's" . . .
Presence, promptness, preparation,
perseverance, purity.
Next, plant three rows of squash . . .
Squash gossip, squash indifference, squash
unjust criticism.
Then plant five rows of lettuce . . .
Let us be faithful to duty
Let us be unselfish and loyal
Let us be true to our obligations
Let us obey the rules and regulations
Let us love one another.
No garden is complete without turnips . . .
Turn up for meetings
Turn up with a smile
Turn up with new ideas
Turn up with new members
Turn up with determination to make everything
count for something good and worthwhile.

. . . *Author Unknown*

PRAYER FOR EVERY HOUSEWIFE

"Dear God, I thank Thee for the mate whose years are ones of toil that I and our children may have comfortable clothes, good food, fire, shelter and the safety of home.

"I thank Thee for the joyous cry of Daddy! Daddy! which rings throughout the house whenever father comes and which expresses the love and happiness of our little ones.

"I thank Thee for that line of red, yellow, blue and pink which I have hung up to dry in the morning sun, and that the joy of washing those small garments has been given me.

"I thank Thee for the small arms about my neck at bedtime. I thank Thee for little fumbling hands that always want to help. I thank Thee for childish voices with their singing and laughter and questions. I thank Thee for my home, where I may serve those whose health and comfort have been given into my hands.

"Oh God, make me big enough always to love my job. Give me the patience to bear with childish ways and may I have wisdom that I may gently lead my children to grow into fine adults, happy because they have found the joy in work and service and beauty in little things about them every day, and may I never miss a rainbow or a sunset because I am looking down instead of up."

. . . *Anonymous*

DIFFERENT PROPOSITION

They have children just as we,
Yet we differ markedly.
They have order, they have peace;
We have cries of "Help - Police"
They have pictures on their walls;
We have dents from batted balls.
They have sofas sound of spring.
Gleaming tables — strangest thing.
We have chair legs sawed half through,
Hammer markings, gobs of glue.
They have kittens, maybe dogs;
We have turtles, snails, and frogs.
They have quiet, we have guns —
They have daughters, we have sons.

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Author — Richard Armour — and
Better Homes & Garden Magazine

CHARACTER: AGE FIVE

Observe this grimy cowlicked blond, my son;
And this, my house, a shambles — he's the one
Responsible. The crayon on the
wall;

The marble deathtrap scattered
through the hall;

That mirror cracked — an arrow
from his bow.

"An accident?" you ask. Good
heavens, no —

His aim was true. That mud upon
the stair,

It matches this upon his shoe —
my hair,

Grown gray with never knowing
when, or where,

Or what I'll find him up to next. See, there,
He's torn his jeans. The second pair today.
Why don't I whip the dreadful child, you say.
This rude, incorrigible little guy?

Smile for the lady, son; show her why.

Reprinted by special permission from
Nancy M. Brown and the
Saturday Evening Post

* * *

MRS. PRAYER MEETING DIES

Mrs. Prayer Meeting died recently at the First Neglected Church on Worldly Avenue. Born many years ago in the midst of great revivals, she was a strong, healthy child, fed largely on testimony and spiritual holiness, and soon, growing into worldwide prominence as one of the most influential members of the famous Church family.

For the past several years Sister Prayer Meeting had been in failing health, gradually wasting away until rendered helpless by stiffness of knees and coldness of heart, inactivity and weakness of purpose and will power. At last, she was but a shadow of her former happy self. Her last whispered words were inquiries concerning markets of trade and places of worldly amusements. Her older brother, Class Meeting, has been dead for many years.

Experts, including Dr. Work and Dr. Joiner, disagreed as to the cause of her fatal illness, administering large doses of organization, socials, contests, drives and religious education, but to no avail. A post-mortem showed a deficiency of spiritual food coupled with lack of fasting, faith, heartfelt religion, shameless desertion, and non-support as contributing causes for her death. Only a few were present at her last rites, sobbing over memories of her past beauty and power. Carefully selected pallbearers were urged to bear her remains tenderly away, but failed to appear. There were no flowers. Her favorite hymns, "Amazing Grace" and "Rock of Ages," were not sung. Miss Ima Modern rendered "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," but none had any idea where this fancied isle might be. The body rests in the beautiful cemetery of Bygone Glories, awaiting the summons from above.

In honor of her going, the church doors will be closed Wednesday nights, save on the third Wednesday of each month when the Ladies' Pink Lemonade Society serves refreshments to the members of the Men's Handball Team.

. . . *Author Unknown*

Clipped from the Grace Gospel Church
Ambassador, Huntington, West Va.

THOSE TREMENDOUS WHITE LIES

My children are reasonably truthful, as children go. I mean, they seldom tell a lie unless they figure there's something to be gained by it. But when they do cook up a yarn, it's a lulu. My son came in the other day with a shiny new harmonica. I said he'd have to give it back to the little boy he swiped it from. He said he hadn't swiped it. I said then he must have found it and he'd have to hunt up the owner. He said he hadn't found it either. I said well how did he get it?

He said, "I made it!"

In the face of such a staggering falsehood, I let the matter drop. Who wouldn't?

My daughter got some roller skates for her birthday. We told her she must take good care of them. She promptly lost one. She told us a man stole it from her on the street. We said, "Oh, is that so, then why didn't she call a policeman?" She said she couldn't because the man who stole it was a policeman.

We said we found that hard to believe. But even assuming it was true, why in the world would the policeman steal just one of the roller skates? She said because he was a one-legged policeman.

We let that drop, too.

Stories like these make my life difficult. For instance, the other night a silly thing happened to me.

I hurried out of the office door and ran for the elevator. The door closed just as I got there and somehow my necktie got caught in the door-jamb. I had to stand like a roped steer until the elevator came back up again and let me free.

I missed my train and my wife wanted to know why I was late for dinner again. I thought it over carefully and said I was sorry but I stopped off for a drink with the boys.

If I'd told her, I got my tie caught in the elevator, she'd have said, oh that's worse than the children make up.

... Charles D. Rice

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* * *

A BOY'S IDEA OF GEESE

Little boys with vivid imaginations unreel some good stuff in analyzing the different animals, both wild and domestic. A little fellow outdid himself in the following essay on geese:

"Geese is a low, heavy set bird which is mostly meat and feathers. His head sits on one end and he sits on the other. Geese can't sing much on account of dampness of the moisture. He ain't got no between-his-toes and he's got a little baloon in his stomach to keep him from sinking. Some geese when they gets big has curls on their tails and is called ganders. Ganders don't have to sit and hatch but just eat and loaf and go swimming. If I was a goose I'd rather be a gander."

... M. W. Cal.

Clipped from Woodmen of the World Magazine.



MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

There are no words that I am master of
With which to thank you, God, for my son's wife.
This girl who is part mother in her love;
Part young girl and part woman, and her life
So gathered up in flame to meet the one,
Who is my son.

I yield him to her, I who have so long
Been lovingly preparing him for her.
I would not bind them with one selfish thong
That through its constant chafing might deter
Their love upon the highroad; they must be
Free as the wind is free.

Dear God, I am so grateful that my son,
In searching for a woman, found this one.

... Author Unknown

Reprinted by request from the
Breakfast Club 1948 Yearbook

* * *

SISTERS SIMPLY NEVER WIN

A sister is a girl a guy goes all the way to Berlin or Bougainville to protect, then ignore when she's in the same room.

In a nation dedicated to equality and justice, sisters simply never win. Cartoons portray her as a semi-toothless, spindly-legged brat, or as a silly filly signing for a movie idol.

We're not doing right by Sis. Actually, this is a newer, braver world because of sisters.

Somebody's mother may be the target of all the sentiment, but somebody's sister sits with the bulk of the babies.

And sister is the family member who fights hardest for the code of Emily Post — the boy who picks up the right fork in making his social bow thinks Mother did it. Mother didn't — it was the girl he pushed to the fringe of madness as he bubbled his soup or propelled peas with a knife.

The fellow who pivots perfectly around a dance floor probably picked up the know-how from a sister he cattily accused of imitating Ginger Rogers.

If it were not for sister, the whole country would be cluttered with Sunday papers. She picks them up, after maintaining the family's spiritual stature by sitting pretty in church.

The sister was the first automatic dishwasher.

Her versatility is far greater than brother's. She can be a darling in dungarees, but he's nothing but a dope in a dress. If she wants to knuckle down, she can outdo him in about everything from marbles to music.

All boys born in America have the chance to be president. How lucky they are every girl is willing to settle for less than a seat in the White House living room.

The home without a sister is a semi-hollow shell. It's time for a new feminine fair deal. Girls of America, unite! You have nothing to lose but his shirt.

... Donald A. Norberg

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A FATHER'S PRAYER

I have a boy to bring up. Help me to perform my task with wisdom and kindness and good cheer. Help me see him clearly, as he is. Let not my pride in him hide his faults. Let not my fear for him magnify my doubts. Quicken my judgment, so that I shall know how to train him to think and to be in all things pure and simple.

Give me great patience and long memory. Let me remember the hard places of my own youth, that I may help when I see him struggling, as I struggled. Let me remember the things that made me glad, lest I forget that child's laughter is the light of life.

Teach me the love that knows no weakness, tolerates no selfishness. Keep me from weakening my son through granting him pleasures that end in sickness of soul.

Grant that I love my son wisely.

I have a boy to bring up. Teach me to give him the values and beauty, just rewards of industry. Help me to send him into the world with a mission of service. Strengthen my mind, that I may teach him that he is his brother's keeper, and to serve those who know not the need of service, and not knowing, need it the most. I have a boy to bring up. So guide and direct me that I may do this service to the glory of God, the service of my country, and to my son's happiness. Amen.

... *Author Unknown*

* * *

THE LAW OF LIFE

The tree that never had to fight
For sun and sky and air and light,
That stood out in the open plain
And always got its share of rain,
Never became a forest king
But lived and died a scrubby thing.

The man who never had to toil,
Who never had to win his share
Of sun and sky and light and air,
Never became a manly man
But lived and died as he began.

Good timber does not grow in ease;
The stronger wind, the tougher trees,
The farther sky, the greater length,
The more the storm — the more the strength,
By sun and cold, by rain and snows,
In tree or man, good timber grows.

... *Author Unknown*

* * *

TO A BLOOD DONOR

You who gave your blood that I might live,
Know that I bear it proudly in my veins.
No greater gift has anyone to give,
No higher tribute to your land remains.
You shared your blood that you might help to save
A life. To you I owe my very breath.
Know that the blood that you so gladly gave
Has met the foe, has even conquered death.

... *Mae Winkler Goodman*

HOW TO BAKE A CAKE

Light oven. Grease pan. Crack nuts.

Get out bowl, spoons, ingredients.

Remove 18 blocks and 7 toy automobiles from kitchen table.

Measure 2 cups flour onto piece of waxed paper.

Get sifter out of cabinet.

Remove Johnny's hands from flour. Wash flour off him.

Measure out 1 cup more flour to replace what is now on floor.

Put flour, 2½ tsp. baking powder and ½ tsp. salt in sifter.

Get dustpan and brush up pieces of bowl which Johnny has accidentally knocked off table.

Get another bowl. Sift ingredients.

With spoon work ¼ cup shortening against sides of bowl.

Answer doorbell.

Return to kitchen. Remove Johnny's hands from bowl.

Wash shortening off him.

Add 1 cup granulated sugar gradually.

Answer telephone.

Return to kitchen. Remove Johnny's hands from bowl.

Wash shortening and sugar off him.

Get out egg.

Answer doorbell.

Return to kitchen. Mop up floor.

Change Johnny's shoes which are egg-y.

Get another egg. Beat.

Remove toy automobile from bowl.

Add flour mixture alternately with egg, ¾ cup milk and 1 tsp. vanilla.

Answer knock at back door.

Remove Johnny's hands from bowl.

Wash shortening, sugar, flour, milk and vanilla off him.

Beat — (mixture).

Take up greased pan; find it has ¼-inch layer of salt in bottom.

Look for Johnny, who has disappeared.

Get another pan and grease it.

Answer telephone.

Return to kitchen and find Johnny — of all people.

Remove his hands from bowl.

Wash shortening, etc., etc., etc. — off him.

Take up greased pan; find it has ¼-inch layer of nutshells in it.

Head for Johnny who flees, knocking bowl off table.

Wash kitchen floor. Wash kitchen table.

Wash kitchen walls.

Wash dishes.

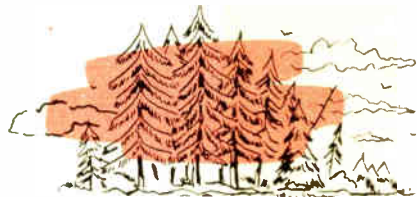
Call up baker.

Lie down.

... *D. L. Winkler*

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PRAYER OF THE TREES



Three trees once prayed in a forest
For the things they wanted to be . . .

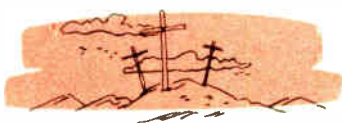
One longed to become a palace,
The second to sail on the sea,
And the third tree asked to be left
To grow in the forest there
and point a finger to God
In an everlasting prayer.



Now when the first tree was cut
It became a humble stall,
But one night it sheltered the birth
Of the Fairest Prince of them all;
The second tree thirty years later
Became a small boat on the sea
From which a Young Man gave sermons
To the people of Galilee.



The third tree was taken away
To be fashioned into a cross
On which the Young Man was nailed —
The world still remembers that loss.
Yet the cross points the way to God,
And in following the highway there
Our petitions are answered in unforeseen ways
Like those of the three trees in prayer.



. . . From *CLASSMATE* March 6, 1949.
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EXCERPTS FROM THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF HAPPINESS

- I. Get acquainted with one another. Regardless of what you may think to the contrary, you are both total strangers to each other.
- II. Trust one another. Eliminate petty jealousies from your lives and share the pleasure of your mutual friends as much as you possibly can.
- III. Don't take things for granted. Bear in mind that you married with your most agreeable manner on the surface. Think always of each other's comfort and happiness.
- IV. Don't nag. If you must have your differences, have them, then kiss and make up and start all over again. By all means, make it a habit of forgiving your mutual petty faults.
- V. Help one another. It takes time to become adjusted to the new state of affairs. It is important that the wife realize the husband has a goal to aim for and reach, so be reasonable in all things and give each other what is needed most — loving encouragement as the years go by.
- VI. Be generous. This applies particularly to the husband. Don't be stingy and don't stunt your wife. Do the things for her now that it took to win her.
- VII. Believe in each other. For true love and happiness, for long years of double-blessedness, believe in each other implicitly.
- VIII. Live unto yourselves. If you want your craft of marital bliss to sail the sea of happiness and to steer clear of shoals of discontent, live to yourselves if only in one room.
- IX. Avoid gossip and slander. This one thing alone has caused the overturn and destruction of more happy homes than the most rabid epidemic of pestilence. It is better to live in the light of faith and understanding than to blight your happiness with unjust suspicion.
- X. Love one another. God is love and in God's teachings we can find everlasting happiness. Build your Marriage Ship on a foundation of love, and happiness will be yours even unto the end of time.

. . . John L. de Brueys

From the book entitled "The Ten Commandments of Happiness" (\$1.00) published by the John L. de Brueys Publications, Houston, Texas.

HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS

I'm weary of books, and my brain is a fog;
I want to get out with my gun and my dog.
I'm musty with "problems", I'm sick to my brain;
I've got to get out in the wind and the rain.

I'm tired of studying man-made mistakes
In a world that wants God just to put on the brakes.
And I loathe the whole mess that we humans have made,
Proudly building a world without heavenly aid.

When I stop in my tracks and take time out to think,
I can see my world tottering flush on the brink
Of a pit that is bubbling with tears of despair
Because men can not prosper when God is not there.

So let me get out in the wind and the rain
Where God's nature can heal my dispirited brain,
Where the stars are my guide, and the sun is my friend,
And the clouds and the rainbow make everything blend.

I must out in the open, I can't stand it here
Where the news and the radio all create fear.
Let me out in my woods where the whippoorwill sings,
Where there's quiet and peace when the angelus rings.

It's only a holiday, that's all I ask
From the hurry and worry surrounding my task.
Just a few days in God's lovely outdoors
Midst the smell of the pines and the spell of the moors.

It's only a holiday, lest I forget
That God's on His throne watching over us yet.
I don't want to forget that God made all things good
From the air that I breathe to my health and my food.

I don't want to forget that the robin can sing,
That the fishes still nibble and bees still can sting.
I don't want to forget the tall pines in the night
As they brush away clouds to make stars shine more
bright.

So please let me go to my woods for a spell
Where my dear ones and I can get out of the shell
Of a civilization that doesn't like God
And is spoiling the ground that my Saviour has trod.

Just give me the Book so I daily can hear
The clear voice of my Lord Who will always be near
To interpret creation, the meaning of life,
The glory of peace and the folly of strife.

And then when my brain has been washed by the rain
And my skin has been tanned by the sun's healing stain
Oh, then let me back, there's a job to be done,
And the Master I serve can turn work into fun.

... Herman A. Preus

* * *

A FAMILY GROWS UP

She thought, at first, it would be rather fun
To cook for just the two of them again.
After the years when she was never done
Making great meals for hungry boys and men
(And girls—for girls, she
said were hungrier still).
She thought of roasts of beef,
stout and gigantic;

Potatoes by the bushel,
good to fill
The nooks and crannies;
baked beans, unromantic
But sturdy; noble, sugary,
clove-stuck hams;
Vast kettles full of savory,
bubbling stew;
Big, creamy chowders rich with fish or clams;
And apple pies — it took a peck or two

Of apples, as it seemed, to make the pies
For just one meal. And how their friends dropped in!
So that the family was a different size
At every meal. Well, no, she hadn't been
Free of the kitchen much, these twenty years or so.
Now with the last child
grown and gone away,

It would be fun (she said)
to cook for two.
The trouble was, she'd
measure, count and weigh,
And still end up with twice
what they could eat
Finally she gave each kettle,
frying pan,
And pie plate to a neighbor
down the street,
And learned the cooking art all over again,

With little skillets, saucepans, mixing bowls,
Designed for two not very hungry souls.

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Holmes Owen) and Good Housekeeping Magazine.



MATRIMONIAL NEWS — IN VERSE

The bride, white of hair,
is stooped over her cane,
Her footsteps, uncertain,
need guiding,
While down the church
aisle, with a wan, tooth-
less smile,
The groom in a wheelchair
comes riding.



And who are this elderly
couple, thus wed?
You'll find when you've closely explored it,
That here is that rare, most conservative pair
Who waited until they could afford it!

* * *

A SALESMAN'S PARABLE

And it came to pass that a green salesman read in
black and white that business was bad. And lo, when he
beheld these tidings, he became blue. For he was
yellow!

And he spake, saying, "Woe is me — and likewise,
whoa — for I am stop't. Behold the wheels of industry
are at a standstill. And there are none who will buy
my wares. Thus let me sit upon my brief case and don
sackcloth and ashes. For the evil days are upon me."
And it was even so.

But there was in the same land another salesman who
passed that way, saying, "Brother, why sittest thou thus
in sackcloth and ashes with a countenance blue even as
indigo!"

And the blue salesman made answer saying, "Hast
thou not heard? Lo, business is bad! The wheels of in-
dustry are stilled and there are none who will buy my
wares."

"How gettest thou that way?" responded the passing
salesman. "And where dost thou procure that stuff? For
behold, I have this day gone and secured four contracts,
each decorated with the customer's John Hancock. For
lo, this is a season which promiseth much Prosperity
for the Willing Worker. Be thou not dismayed by talk
of Depression. For it is but the croak of him who
hath a Calamity Complex."

And when he had pondered these sayings, the blue
salesman arose and shook off his ashes, saying, "Now
I will procure a shoe shine and a shave and fare forth
to break a few sales records. For lo, I have seen that
there is business to be had!" And it was even so.

... Author Unknown

"I have written many poems about children,"
Dora Dinsmore Siney of Divide, Colorado, says,
"and yet I have no children. Prior to the war
many of my poems appeared in two Peoria, Ill.,
newspapers. "I, too, am publishing a book this
fall. GOD'S MASTERPIECE, which has appeared
on many HALLMARK baby cards, will also ap-
pear in my book of verse."

GOD'S MASTERPIECE

From graceful lilies pure and white
God fashioned lovely skin;
Forget-me-nots He chose for eyes,
Then formed your baby chin.

He took a tulip bright and red,
'Twas one that did not fade;
A softer, sweeter little mouth
Before was never made.

Another flower next He used —
A rosebud, pink and fair;
Touched it to your dimpled cheeks
And bade it blossom there.

Then with His magic fingers picked
Two morning glories white;
Curled and shaped your little ears
Soon they were fastened tight.

That crowning bit of golden down
Will soon become your hair;
He gathered pollen from the flowers
And sprinkled it with care.

For dainty little fingers dear
And precious, tiny toes,
He used the slender daisy frills,
A snowdrop made your nose.

This world and all within it
He created here for man;
But baby was "God's Masterpiece"
Since time and life began.

... Dora Dinsmore Siney

A DOCTOR'S PRAYER

Oh God, as I begin another day,
Place in my hands Thy healing touch, I pray.
Walk by my side as I go on each call,
For I must meet both life and death
Before the night shall fall.
I know that I shall make mistakes
For I am only human, Lord.
But give me grace through them to learn
Then those mistakes I can afford.
When all the skill I have, has failed
To hold the angel death at bay,
Help me to comfort those who mourn
The loved one who has gone away.
Forgive me if I fail to help
Some burdened soul who is distressed.
A secret cross is often borne
By those whom we should know the best.
Mold me into the kind of man
Of whom when life has reached its end
The ones I've served can truly say,
"That Doctor was a faithful friend."

... Gertrude Whitney

* * *

A CREED FOR THE DISCOURAGED

I believe that God created me to be happy, to enjoy the blessings of life, to be useful to my fellow-beings, and an honor to my country.

I believe that the trials which beset me today are but the fiery tests by which my character is strengthened, ennobled and made worthy to enjoy the higher things of life, which I believe are in store for me.

I believe that my soul is too grand to be crushed by defeat; I will rise above it.

I believe that I am the architect of my own fate; therefore, I will be master of circumstances and surroundings, not their slave.

I will not yield to discouragements, I will trample them under foot and make them serve as stepping-stones to success. I will conquer my obstacles and turn them into opportunities.

My failures of today will help guide me on to victory on the morrow.

The morrow will bring new strength, new hopes, new opportunities and new beginnings. I will be ready to meet it with a brave heart, a calm mind and an undaunted spirit.

In all things I will do my best, and leave the rest to the Infinite.

I will not waste my mental energies by useless worry. I will learn to dominate my restless thoughts and look on the bright side of things.

I will face the world bravely, I will not be a coward. I will assert my God-given birthright and be a man. For I am Immortal, and nothing can overcome me.

... Virginia Opal Myers

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A conscientious effort has been made to give proper credit to the authors of the poems contained in this book. We wish to thank the many authors and publications who gave us their kind permission to reprint their poems. If we have failed to list the authorship of any of these poems we beg forgiveness, and would like to rectify the error in subsequent editions.

* * *

WHAT IS A BOY?

Between the innocence of boyhood and the dignity of manhood we find a delightful creature called a boy. Boys come in assorted sizes, weights and colors, but all boys have the same creed: To enjoy every second of every minute of every hour of every day and to protest with noise (their only weapon) when their last minute is finished and the adult males pack them off to bed at night.

Boys are found everywhere—on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, running around, or jumping to. Mothers love them, little girls hate them, older sisters and brothers tolerate them, adults ignore them, and Heaven protects them. A boy is Truth with dirt on his face, Beauty with a cut on his finger, Wisdom with bubble gum in his hair, and the Hope of the future with a frog in its pocket.

When you are busy, a boy is an inconsiderate, bothersome, intruding jangle of noise. When you want him to make a good impression his brain turns to jelly or else he becomes a savage, sadistic, jungle creature bent on destroying the world and himself with it.

A boy is a composite—he has the appetite of a horse, the digestion of a sword swallower, the energy of a pocket-size atomic bomb, the curiosity of a cat, the lungs of a dictator, the imagination of a Paul Bunyan, the shyness of a violet, the audacity of a steel trap, the enthusiasm of a firecracker, and when he makes something he has five thumbs on each hand.

He likes ice cream, knives, saws, Christmas, comic books, the boy across the street, woods, water (in its natural habitat), large animals, Dad, trains, Saturday mornings, and fire engines. He is not much for Sunday school, company, schools, books without pictures, music lessons, neckties, barbers, girls, overcoats, adults or bedtime.

Nobody else is so early to rise, or so late to supper. Nobody else gets so much fun out of trees, dogs, and breezes. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a rusty knife, a half-eaten apple, three feet of string, an empty Bull Durham sack, two gum drops, six cents, a slingshot, a chunk of unknown substance, and a genuine supersonic code ring with a secret compartment.

A boy is a magical creature—you can lock him out of your workshop, but you can't lock him out of your heart. You can get him out of your study, but you can't get him out of your mind. Might as well give up—he is your captor, your jailer, your boss, and your master—a freckled-face, pint-sized, cat-chasing bundle of noise. But when you come home at night with only the shattered pieces of your hopes and dreams, he can mend them like new with two magic words—"Hi Dad!"

... Alan Beck

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Prayer Time



Don McNeill's moment of silent prayer, a morning high spot in the lives of millions of his Breakfast Club listeners, attracted a host of new champions during 1950.

The United Nations is opening all general sessions with a moment of silent prayer, while many leading college and professional athletic teams have adopted the practice in stadia all over the country.

Nighttime television audiences were quick to respond when the moment of silent prayer was introduced on Don McNeill's TV Club, September 13. Typical of the thousands of congratulatory messages Don received are these:

"Please continue your minute of prayer, joining men of all creeds in the common brotherhood of man under the universal

Fatherhood of God." — *A Housewife.*

"Mummy, don't you feel sorry for the poor people who don't believe in Don McNeill's prayer?" — *7-year old Boy.*

"I watched very carefully when you asked your television studio and home audiences to observe your moment of silent prayer. To this, I can conscientiously say 'Amen'." — *State Representative.*



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Each In His Own Way

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The following article was written by Don McNeill for *Guideposts* and is reprinted here by special permission. It tells the story of how the "moment of silent prayer" started on Breakfast Club, what it means to Don McNeill and to listeners.

Guideposts was founded five years ago in a room above a Pawling, N.Y. grocery store. Its only assets were \$1,000 in borrowed capital and faith of its founders, a Pawling industrialist, Raymond Thornburg, and a New York clergyman, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale.

Today, more than 150,000 subscribers are helping the publication realize its objective of bringing about a better understanding between people of all religions and all races.

* * *

I by **DON MCNEILL**
I'll never forget the morning six years ago when I first asked Breakfast Clubbers:

*"All over the nation,
Each in his own words,
Each in his own way,
For a world united in Peace—
Bow your heads, let us pray!"*

The studio audience of 500 followed the example set by the cast and the orchestra seated with me around the breakfast table, and for twenty seconds silently blended their thoughts with ours. For a fleeting moment I wondered about the reactions of the unseen audience, accustomed to our early morning foolishness. Part of my personal prayer was that everyone would participate.

I had reason to believe the result would be favorable. Breakfast Club had been founded on inspiration, good music, audience interviews, clean family fun and nostalgic memories, at the time of day when a person's outlook would influence his daily efforts. Furthermore, I believed that prayer—the greatest single force in the world—was urgently needed at this moment while we were at war. Our Breakfast Club mothers, fathers and sweethearts, I reasoned, needed a vehicle through which they could spiritually unite with their boys and friends overseas as the last supreme efforts were being made to bring order out of chaos.

Family prayer, I believed, was the vehicle. For 12 years the Breakfast Club family had laughed, sung, marched and reminisced together. Why not pray together?



Swift & Co., sponsor of the 2nd quarter hour (8:15—8:30 A.M. C.S.T.) into which I sandwiched the first moment of silent prayer on October 28, 1944, was enthusiastic about the idea. The network, our producer and our musical director worked hard to frame "Prayer Time" reverently.

Reactions were mixed. Some thought prayer out of place on an entertainment program; others applauded it. Several told me it was a courageous thing to try. The manner in which people expressed hope that I would continue "Prayer Time" made me feel they didn't think it could last.

Frankly, I hadn't visualized "Prayer Time" as a permanent peace-time fixture of our show. I regarded it as a call to action on the home front. With the war ended, our prayer for peace might be superfluous, I figured.

But ninety percent of the 100,000 Breakfast Clubbers who wrote us insisted that prayer *belonged* on the Breakfast Club program.

The first piece of evidence I received on the power of our prayer time came early in 1945 from a Pennsylvania woman.

"My mother in England," she wrote, "had a stroke during the first bombing of London and has been helpless ever since."

I suggested she say a prayer at exactly 2:25 P.M. London time each day which is 9:25 A.M.,

E.S.T. "This is the time," I wrote her, "when I, with the rest of your Breakfast Clubbers here in Chicago, will be praying with you."

"Believe me, Don," she answered later, "today I received a letter from my Dad saying that mother had given him such a surprise. He was cooking their dinner when she peeked around the kitchen door. She had managed to get up and walk downstairs! I am sure your minute of silent prayer has helped her. May God bless you!"

On May 7 of the same year, six minutes after we had said our usual prayer for "a world united in peace," an excited newsman interrupted our program with the announcement that the Germans had surrendered unconditionally.

Nancy Martin, our vocalist at the time, was singing "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning." It truly was a beautiful morning!

As a unit, the studio audience arose and gave a mighty roar. An Air Force Lieutenant in the front row hugged his wife who had tears in her eyes. An elderly man sent his hat sailing into the air. An Army Private began dancing with an officer. Persons who had been total strangers a moment before shook hands and hugged each other.

While we were not the only people praying for peace, it meant only one thing to a multitude of Breakfast Clubbers. A prayer—their prayer—had been answered!

Because there was still war and a peace to win in the Pacific, our moment of silent prayer remained unchanged until late in 1945. Then listeners offered several variations. My mother, for example, asked that Breakfast Clubbers offer thanksgiving on one day for all the blessings received during the week. That is the prayer intention we use every Friday now.

Another variation is found in our prayer "for better family understanding." A woman with five children wrote that she had decided to give her husband the divorce he wanted so badly—until she heard me offer the moment of silent prayer for broken families.

"That sounded like it was meant for us," the letter read, "and I prayed so hard. The following evening my husband returned home. Thank you, Don, that was the guiding hand we needed."

Members of Alcoholics Anonymous use the moment of silent prayer to good advantage. A St. Paul columnist told about a pretty girl he sat



The studio audience daily joins Don McNeill in a "moment of silent prayer." A ten-year-old visitor reverently holds his hands.



Skins-ini, like this hospital patient, find added strength for the day ahead as they listen to Breakfast Club.

next to at a dinner one night. She confided that she had not completely subjugated her desire for drink.

"I wonder each morning," she said, "if I'll get by the day without falling off the wagon. One thing that has helped me stay on keel is Don McNeill's Breakfast Club program. During his moment of silent prayer I always ask God to help me. In two years, He has never failed."

The other letter came from a mother: "I have a son who is a member of A.A. and they use your daily moment of silent prayer as a starter-offer for the day."

Frequently, we are asked to offer a public prayer for an individual. These requests are divided among the members of our cast who "in their own way" remember the pleas in their silent prayers.

In 1947 we added our voice to that of Representative Emory Price of Florida in suggesting that sessions of the United Nations Conference be opened with a moment of silent prayer in which delegates of all races and faiths could participate without embarrassment. I was mightily pleased this fall to learn that the suggestion will be followed at all general sessions.

Prayer time means much to people of all faiths, races and position. But none is more appreciative of family prayer than the McNeills.

My wife, Kay, and I had occasion to pray as only desperate people can pray back in September 1947 when our eldest son was stricken with polio. For seven straight days we prayed at the bedside of Tommy, then 12 years old. On the seventh day, the doctor reported that he could move his leg, and we knew that Tommy would be all right.

The next morning I told our Breakfast Clubbers about the crisis we had been through and asked that they join with me in thanking God. Not only did they join us in prayer, but they literally showered Tommy and his friends in the polio ward with 15,000 letters, cards and gifts.

Tommy, who is now a member of the New Trier high school football squad in Winnetka, Ill., thanked our Breakfast Clubbers:

"I had everyone scared for a while, even myself, but because of your millions of prayers God did me a swell favor. The polio bug zoomed in and out of me on a non-stop flight."

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Like millions of other Breakfast Clubbers, the traveling salesman begins his day with Don McNeill's Prayer Time.



Three generations pause at the breakfast table, as Don McNeill asks for a "moment of silent prayer."

Prayer Time Mail Answers A Question

THE QUESTION:

The Nebraska Baptist Messenger "We have often wondered if Breakfast Club listeners stop whatever they are doing, bow their heads and unite in prayer — Each in his own way, for peace to come. What a tremendous force it would be!"

* * *

THE ANSWERS:

Indiana Listener "Quite often we are at breakfast during your daily prayer. Although 'thanks' have been given, all heads bow again. I think of bowed heads all over the country and the age-old picture of 'The Angelus' comes to my mind. And often on your program the 'Bells' do ring."

* * *

Hollywood Mother "Each morning our family pauses with you to make our separate appeals through prayer. A few months ago our 14-year old son lost the partial vision of one eye from an accident. In visiting him at the hospital, a sudden realization of the number of people who become blinded or partly so, brought me up short. I felt that personal prayer with a selfish motive — even for the sight of my own child — was time wasted in the eyes of God. Now my prayer is, 'Dear God, have mercy. May all men see the light. Amen.'"

* * *

Ohio Farmer "I am only 24 years old, but I always stop whatever I'm doing and say a silent prayer along with you. That is the trouble with this war-torn world. Not enough people take time out to pray or go to church."

* * *

Annapolis Girl "Because of an injured spine, I lost the use of both my legs. Doctors told me not to give up hope, but I was ready to until I heard your program one morning. I started to pray with you and kept on praying until I was able to walk in braces. Thanks for bringing me back to health."

* * *

Indiana Mother of Four "I sometimes feel that perhaps I use your Prayer Time selfishly. I always pray for peace 'within' myself as well as for peace without. After all, Don, if everyone had peace within himself we wouldn't have to worry so much about the outer peace, would we?"

Massachusetts Grandmother "This was the scene at 'Prayer Time' one morning while I was visiting my daughter in Maine: Five-year-old Dee dropped to her knees beside her doll bed. Three-year-old Becky, hugging her teddy bear, knelt beside the kitchen cupboard. Strapping two-year-old Danny, folded his hands in the high chair. Five-months-old Gregory watched, fascinated from his basket, while Mummy and Daddy knelt down. Because of a lameness, I was unable to kneel, but my heart rose to God in thanks for the scene before me."

* * *

Ohio Housewife "It has been said, and rightly so, 'you may be the only Bible some folks know.'"

* * *

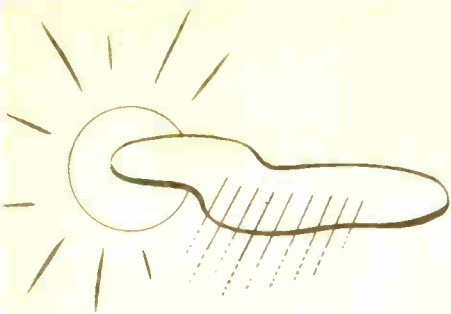
Just A Listener "This is my prayer time plea: 'God, grant me serenity to accept things I cannot change, courage to change things I can, and wisdom to know the difference.' I am a wife, housekeeper and mother who feels she is not doing too good a job with the cloud of alcoholism hanging over her. My plea is an alcoholic's prayer. Quit drinking? It isn't that easy, Don, no matter what others say. Maybe prayers by others would help. We do need spiritual help and it does not seem forthcoming by our own efforts."

* * *

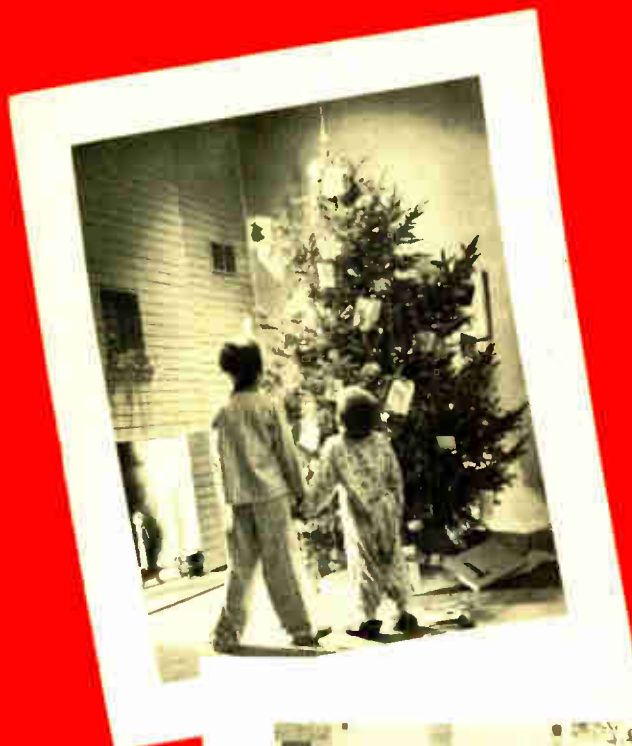
Canadian Minister "One of our local stations received a complaint about your prayer on the air. The station took a poll and found that only one person voted against this lovely part of your program."

* * *

Nick Kenny New York Daily Mirror "The most touching thing we have heard on the radio in many a year occurred the other morning on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club. In the 'Prayer Time' section of the program Don had a seven-year-old boy recite the Lord's Prayer. The lad finished it and added: 'And dear God, make me a good boy and keep my father and mother happy and healthy all their lives.' It was such a human thing that it caught your heart."



Sunshine Shower



Here are a few examples of what happens when Dor McNeill asks Breakfast Clubbers to send hospital patients a Sunshine Shower of friendly cards or letters.

"A count today of the sunshine cards received at Kingston Hospital showed a total of 2,425 messages."—*The Freeman, Kingston, N. Y.*

"Thirty-two states and five provinces of Canada were represented in the Sunshine Shower mail received by the Odd Fellow's Home in Pictou, Nova Scotia. The outstanding thing about these many greetings is the friendly and thoughtful spirit in which they were sent."—*The New Glasgow News, Nova Scotia.*

Since 1946 when the Sunshine Shower became a regular feature of Breakfast Club more than 1,000 institutions have been showered with 150 million greetings. Champion greeter might be Mrs. E. G. Hodson of Muskogee, Okla., who reports she sent more than 1,100 cards last year.

Another champion is Roger Brown of New York City who sends trees and cellophane tape to institutions at Christmas time with the suggestion they make a "Tree of Friendship" with Breakfast Club greetings (left).



Some of the Sunshine Shower mail received by the Tiny Tim School in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. This school is under the sponsorship of the Arkansas Society for Crippled Children. "These Sunshine Shower brought great pleasure to our children who are learning to become useful and self-sustaining citizens," writes Mrs. J. S. Jenkins, executive secretary.

Patsy's Memory Book

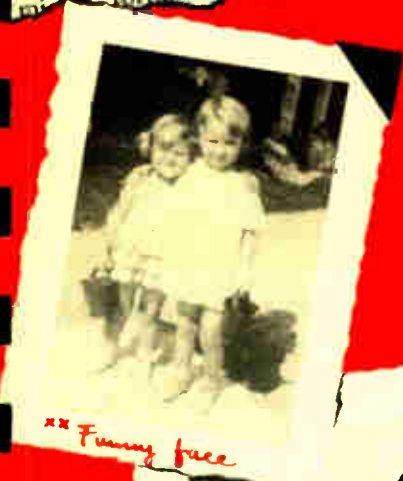


- One of the persons: clippings Patsy treasures tells the story of her first singing contract with Don McNeill's Breakfast Club. She was eighteen then and had been singing for two years with dance bands and on the radio in San Francisco.

- First friend, Barbara Dickie, shares the camera lens with an impish 30-month old Patsy on a California beach. The only child of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer C. Ortega, Patsy was born in Berkeley on March 26, 1928. For professional reasons, she uses only her given and middle names.

- Her earliest ambition was to be a ballet dancer. Patsy made her debut at a ballroom when she was 11 years old (lower right). Her mother made this and all her dancing costumes.

- By the time she was 14, Patsy was appearing in California theaters in a dancing act. Her first partner was Ben Lizza (left). A year later, judges in San Mateo, San Jose and Sacramento discovered Patsy's natural singing voice when she won three consecutive halting and talent contests. Grandfather Charles Ortega then encouraged her to give up dancing for singing.



** Funny face



** Twinkled toes

Extra Special Friends



Oakland high school friend, Jackie Nims, gets in Chicago frequently on her role as an airline hostess.



** ← She's married

Though separated by thousands of miles, Barbara and Patsy are still best friends. Barbara Dickie Townsend's oldest daughter (center) was named Patsy Lee after her best playmate.

Georgia Murphy Reynolds of Chicago is both secretary and confidante.



** ← She's married



** Well....?

When it's been time, Rick Lifeschild's daughter and handsome husband are very much in the picture.

Teachers

Where's
my
picture?

- Patsy carries into her professional life the same intense loyalty and devotion to friends that she shows in her private life. She still takes singing lessons each month by long distance telephone from Bill Hayes of San Francisco. He was her first singing teacher.
- Edna Fischer, another California voice coach, rates equally high in Patsy's Memory Book.
- She was responsible for getting Patsy her first singing job on a San Francisco station. The audition tune, Patsy recalls, was "It Had To Be You".
- Louise and Carolyn Gilbert of Chicago have been influential, too, in shaping Patsy's career. She studied under Louise when she first joined Breakfast Club. Carolyn has been responsible for some of Patsy's most popular arrangements.
- These include, "Buttons And Bows", "At The Nickelodeon" and "The Man On The Carousel".



Edna Fischer



Bill Hayes teaches
to a Breakfast Club
recording in the past
instruct Patsy when
she calls him by
long distance tele-
phone.

Radio Pals



Aunt Fanny

When a girl needs a pal away from home . . . there's no one like Fran Allison. And if you are a teen-ager working with adults, you're mighty fortunate to have a pal like Aunt Fanny.

Patsy Lee found the friendship and worldly counsel of both Fran Allison and Aunt Fanny in one person when she joined the Breakfast Club. Three mornings a week Fran is the beloved sharp-witted character all Breakfast Clubbers know as Aunt Fanny. The rest of the time she is her charming natural self — a housemaker and featured player on the "Kukla, Fran and Ollie" television show.

In private life, Fran is Mrs. Archie Lexington. She has been a Breakfast Club regular since 1944. Previously, she has been a school teacher, a choir singer and a vocalist on a Waterloo, Iowa, radio station. Fran is a native of La-Porte City, Iowa, and is a graduate of Coe College.

With Fran as her adviser and radio coach, Patsy soon won a place in the hearts of all Breakfast Clubbers.



Fran Allison



Patsy's adoption by "the fix jakers" of the Breakfast Club was automatic. Left to right: Cliff Peterson, Eddie Ballentine, Don McNiff, Johnny Diamond and Sam Conding.

Other Breakfast Clubbers who have aided Patsy in her rise to stardom are the announcers, producers and engineers on the show. Without their friendship and professional contributions, the career of a young radio singer could be very trying.

Senior announcer of the Breakfast Club is Don Dowd who has handled Swift & Co. commercials for more than six years. He is the father of Donny, 15, Tricia, 9, and Betsy, 6.

Bob (Ace) Murphy, who has served Philco for four years, is the father of six children. They are: Dennis, 9, Kay, 7, Mary Jane, 5, Joan, 3, Patricia, 1½, and Terrence, 5 mos.

Franklyn Ferguson is starting his third year for General Mills. He is the father of Diana, 11, and Peter, 7.



The announcing staff. Left to right: Don Dowd, Bob Murphy and Franklyn Ferguson.



In the control room. Left to right: Producer Cliff Petersen, Associate Producer Lou Perkin, and Engineers George Smith and Harry Eklund.

Musical Friends

Patsy and Fran Allison may be outnumbered by the male members of the Breakfast Club cast, but consider the situation of Ethel Hand. She is the only woman member of the 19-piece orchestra. Formerly with the Chicago Women's Symphony, Ethel has played the viola in the Breakfast Club orchestra for five years.

Ethel is not alone in this respect, however, because every member of the orchestra has been recruited from symphony orchestras or "name" bands. This is why the Breakfast Club orchestra has the rhythmic feel of a dance band, and also is capable of playing serious classics as the occasion demands.

The orchestra consists of three violins, viola, cello and string bass; two alto and two tenor saxophones; three trumpets and two trombones, piano, guitar and drums. While the average orchestra member has spent seven years around the breakfast table with Don, two have been with him since 1935. They are Bill Krens, pianist, and Eddie Ballantine, conductor-arranger of the orchestra.

Audience's view of the stage is enjoyed by the Breakfast Club orchestra. Left to right—first row: Seymour Duggan, Fritz Wolff, Ethel Hand, Oscar Chausson; concert master: Ben Semovic; Emma Balogovic; second row: Eddie Ballantine, Bill Krens, Tommie Thomas, Louis Cohen, Herbert Palmer, Lee Knight, James Piles; third row: Jack Mitty, George Oliver, George Jew, Charlie Lombardi, Dan Jacoby and Umer Kamak.



Maestro
Eddie Ballantine



** 19 reasons why they call Chicago the Windy City!

Business Friends

** you mean party!

The business side of Patsy's life is a Breakfast Club family affair, too. As an adopted "daughter" she feels free to lay all of her business problems, and some personal ones, on the desk of Don McNeill.

Both Jim Bennett, Don's manager, and Mary Canny, his secretary, have had a great influence in shaping her radio and television career.

Other friends in the McNeill organization who help Patsy in a business way are Fred Montiegel, promotion manager of the Breakfast Club, Helen Downey O'Meara, secretary to Manager Jim Bennett; and Gloria Fiebera, secretary to Producer Cliff Petersen.



Visit Jim Bennett delivers good news to Don and Mary Canny.



** Note the smiles... must be pay day

Mary Canny holds court with Helen Downey O'Meara, Jim Bennett, Fred Montiegel and Gloria Fiebera in attendance.

© Callery

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*** These are the lucky people who work for me*

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*** Don't miss this*

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Sorry... that
red pencil just
wore me out... back
later. Sam

