

Don McNeill presents the Breakfast Club

1947

Yearbook

Celebrating 15th consecutive year on the air





A
B
C

ABC

**Don McNeill
presents the
Breakfast Club**

.....**1947 Yearbook**.....

**celebrating
15th consecutive year
on the air**

Let's go see the Breakfast Club

*With the help of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Fann**

and their children, Penny and Pat,

*Don McNeill invites the thousands of listeners who
have never been able to attend the show,
to come and enjoy a broadcast of the Breakfast Club.*

**Breakfast Club Fann, of course!*



Tickets, Please!

Admission to a Breakfast Club broadcast is by ticket only. You can get free tickets by addressing a request to Guest Relations (1), American Broadcasting Company, 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois.

Your guides on this visit, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Fann, knew they were going to be in Chicago August 15, so they wrote for tickets in July.*

Their request was processed immediately and four reserved seat tickets—Section A, Row 2—were mailed to the Fanns well in advance of their start for Chicago.

1 Reserved seats are held until 7:30 a.m., Chicago time, so the Fanns arrived at the Merchandise Mart (2) about 7:15 a.m. Here they met Officer Bob Newman (3), who has been greeting early morning visitors as long as the Breakfast Club has been on the air.

2 Inside the Mart, the world's largest commercial building, the Fanns found hundreds of other Breakfast Clubbers at the bank of elevators marked "American Broadcasting Company."

3 Starter Herman Benning (4), who has been guardian of the tower elevators since 1931, saw to it that they had a non-stop ride to the 19th floor.

**During the summer it is advisable to write for tickets four weeks in advance. At least two weeks should be allowed at any season, for the studio audience is limited to 450. The backlog of ticket requests usually exceeds 5,000.*





To the left of the elevator on the 19th floor, the Fanns are greeted by an ABC receptionist. (1) "If you have your tickets, go down the corridor to your left and then to Studio A on your right," they are told.

Don McNeill Arrives

Just as they start to follow these directions, a buzz of excited whispers comes from the 50 or more persons standing behind a roped off area opposite the reception desk. "It's him! Here comes Don McNeill."

Don strides past the waiting line (2) with a cheery greeting before he enters the studio



through the control room. These standees have come without tickets, hoping they will be accommodated somehow. A few of them will get into the studio when reserved seat holders do not appear. The rest will see the broadcast standing in the observation room, a plate glass enclosure one floor above the studio.

Thinking how fortunate they are to have written well in advance for tickets, the Fanns walk on into the studio. Here they are met by a perk little usherette who seats them and stops to pick up filled-out cards of two other guests. (3)

"The studio is practically filled and there's 35 minutes left before they go on the air," comments Mrs. Fann. "What will happen now?"





Warm Up!

You hear the Breakfast Club come on the air each morning with a burst of laughter and music. The events leading up to this introduction, called the "warm up" in radio, are many.

The audience is prepared for its part in the show by Announcer Don Dowd. Sometimes they are coached to participate in a commercial. Always there is a final orchestra rehearsal.

Before and during the program, the control room is a busy place. Mary Canny, Don's personal secretary, passes over some interesting audience cards as Cliff Petersen, producer of the show, and Don McNeill share a laugh. With the engineer, Kermit Slobb, Cliff has the responsibility of getting the show on and off the air.

A monkey-shine or two, such as you see above, sets the tempo for Announcer Fred Kasper to tell millions of listeners: "Stay tuned in for the Breakfast Club!"

Below: Breakfast Club orchestra—1st row: Fritz Wolff, Benny Senescu, Bowen David, Eddie Ballantine; 2nd row: Ennio Bolognini, Ethel Hand, Jack Shirra, Seymour (Tiger) Drugan; 3rd row: Louis (Lemmy) Cohen, Herbie Palmer, Abe Cholden, Tommy Filas, Bill Krenz; Back row: George Oliver, George Jean, Charlie Tamburino, Jimmy Sims, Don Jacoby, Tommy Thomas. Insert: Oscar Chausow, concert master.



Above: In the control room—left to right—Mary Canny, Kermit Slobb, Cliff Petersen, and Don McNeill.



1st Call...

*"Good morning, Breakfast Clubbers,
good morning to yah.*

*We got up bright and early
just to how-dy-do yah."*

This first call theme, set to an original melody, is sung by Toastmaster Don McNeill as he kides the audience with a set of printed cards. Sam, as you can see, has the last word.

The gang gathers around the breakfast table now as Don comments on the weather and events of the day before he introduces Ballantine's boys in a spirited orchestra number. The commercial usually involves Sam in a bit of horseplay and then Jack Owens or a guest songstress sings a popular song.

Before the first 15-minute stanza is over, Don takes the hand microphone down into the audience for an interview or two. Mr. and Mrs. Fann learned after the show that interviewees are selected because of what they write on their cards. These cards are collected and are culled in the control room after the audience has been seated. Unusual jobs, names and places, poems and jingles, gags and just plain corn make up the usual interview diet.





"And now we bring you

Second Call

*Good morning, Good morning, we like to
see you smile—*

*Good morning, Good morning, it makes
your life worthwhile."*

After Jack and Patsy Lee harmonize on this second call theme, one or the other sings a popular ballad. Then Don and Sam give Swift's products a good airing.

This quarter-hour features Sunshine Shower, Prayer Time, Memory Time, and Hymn Time. The Fanns are treated to more audience interviews before Don McNeill says: "And now, here's a friend of yours who is going to say . . . (Don Dowd) . . . "You've just heard the second call to breakfast."

Prayer Time was introduced by Don McNeill on Oct. 28, 1944. We were at war then, but the appeal today is much the same. When he says:

"All over the nation,

a moment of silent prayer—

Each in his own words, each in his own way,

For a world united in Peace—

Bow your heads—Let us pray!"

thousands of listeners join the studio audience and cast in 15 seconds of silent prayer. Called radio's most human touch, Prayer Time is the most talked about feature on Breakfast Club.



"It's now

Third Call

to breakfast—

*A suggestion, if we may:
Swift's products on the table
That we march around each day."*

Yes, the third quarter really begins with a march around the so-called breakfast table. The Fanns knew from their own experience at home how Penny and Pat love to march through the house to the accompaniment of the radio.

Now all the children in the studio trip behind Sam as he prances up and down the aisles and weaves around the table and chairs. Sam was carrying his best face that day, as you can see.

The Fanns also learned why squeals, groans and laughter go out on the airways when Jack Owens performs his "cruising crooner" duties. Armed with the hand mike, Jack roams through the audience serenading matrons, housewives, grandmothers and bobby-soxers with songs of love and devotion. The starry-eyed miss at the left has just gotten on board Owen's dreamboat, but Breakfast Clubbers constantly are reminded that Jack is the devoted father of three children.





Fourth Call

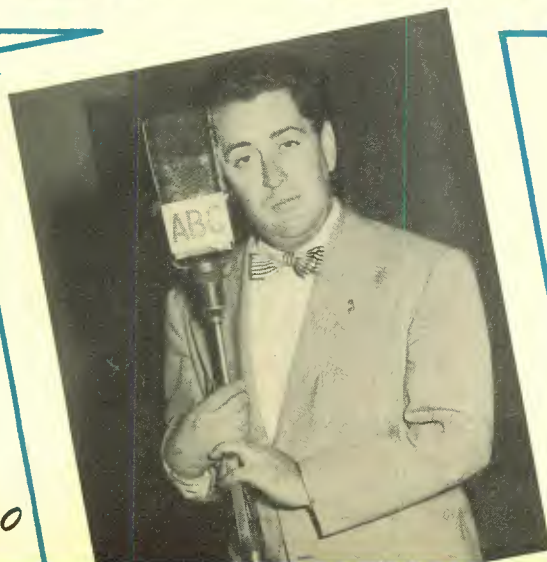
*"It's time to sing yab another cheery greeting
So may we bring yab—*

Philco's call to breakfast."

To the delight of Mrs. Fann, who went to school with a girl just like her, Aunt Fanny appears during the fourth quarter for a gossipy chat with Don. Dressed in her prettiest Gibson-girl creation, Aunt Fanny reads a personal-like letter from her friend, Nettie. It rambles here and there with choice bits about Bert and Bertie Beer-bower, Orphie Hackitt, and the Fritzsingers.

In another mood, Don invites Patsy Lee to sing to a gentleman guest. The audience howls as he wipes beads of perspiration from the victim's forehead. After Inspiration Time, Sam opens his Almanac for this Fiction & Fact:

"Girls—when fellows give you pearls, there's usually a string attached."





Last Call

*"This is Don McNeill saying
so long and be good to yourself."*

"Just look at the time. The hour is nearly up." Mr. Fann's well-timed comment came just as Don terminates an interview and joins the cast and Announcer Bob Murphy around the standing microphone for the closing goodbye theme ending.

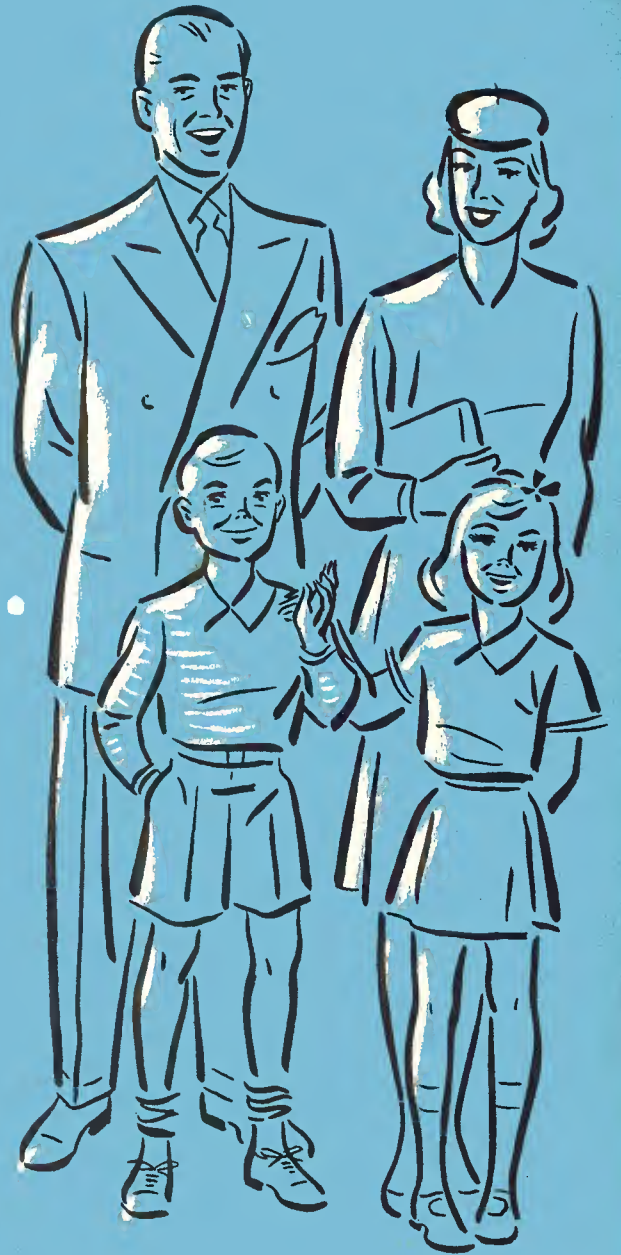
The cast is immediately surrounded by autograph-seekers and for the next 15 minutes they are kept busy signing cards and notebooks.

Later in the quiet of a second-floor Merchandise Mart restaurant, where the gang enjoys breakfast seasoned with one of Don's salty comments, the Fanns are able to ask . . .



Tell us more about the

Breakfast Club...



Beginnings



The story of the Breakfast Club starts on June 23, 1933 when Don McNeill picked up the "Pepper Pot" (an hour-long sustaining program that lacked vim, vigor and vitality, according to the network) sprinkled his personality throughout it and changed its name to Breakfast Club.

First came the fans, then the sponsors and rewards. The Movie-Radio Guide poll in 1940, and again in 1941, selected Breakfast Club as the nation's "best variety program." It won the last two Radio Daily awards for being the outstanding daytime variety show.

When Don began his job of master of ceremonies visitors were not admitted to the broadcasts—until a marine, who was hopelessly ill, wrote that seeing a Breakfast Club broadcast was the "thing he wanted most to do." From that date McNeill and gang have played host to millions of ardent Breakfast Club fans.

The Breakfast Club cast has grown to be a large family itself. Through the years these "graduates" keep coming back to the breakfast table for visits with Toastmaster McNeill: Dick Teela (1933), Fibber McGee and Molly, Bill "Mr. Wimple" Thompson, and the Merry Macs (1934), Gale Page and Edna O'Dell (1935), Clark Dennis and Helen Jane Behlke (1936), Jack Baker, Johnny Johnston, and Annette King (1937), Evelyn Lynne and Nancy Martin (1939) and Marion Mann (1941).



Back in 1935 Don McNeill and Jack Owens left the Breakfast Club table early to pose with their families. In October, the previous year, Helen had presented Jack with Mary Anne Owens and Kay had given Don his first born, Tommy. As you will see on pages 56 and 57 they are still bragging about their children . . . only triply so!

It was "dunking time" in 1937 when Annette King, Don and Walter Blaufuss gathered around the breakfast table.



Jack Owens signed on with the Breakfast Club in 1934, but two years later went to Hollywood where he became the singing-voice double of Jimmy Stewart and others. In April, 1944, he rejoined the show as radio's "cruising crooner."

Sam (Clowning) Cowling made his Breakfast Club debut in 1937 as a member of "The Three Romeos." In 1940 Sam dissolved the Romeos and continued on the program as McNeill's happy heckler.

Fran Allison, the gossipy, sharp-witted Aunt Fanny, began Breakfast Clubbing in 1937. After a visit that lasted until 1939 she departed for other programs, but returned in May, 1944.

Patsy Lee, the most frequently heard guest songstress, made her first Breakfast Club appearance in October, 1946.

Today's cast is made up of veteran Breakfast Clubbers. Don is well into his fifteenth year as originator and master of ceremonies of the show. He started in radio as an announcer, radio editor and cartoonist on a Milwaukee newspaper in 1928. After holding down a similar job in Louisville, Don teamed up with Van Fleming in a West Coast program, "The Two Professors."

When Don walked in on the "Pepper Pot" show in Chicago he found Walter Blaufuss conducting the orchestra. They worked together until Walter took ill in 1942. Harry Kogen and Joe Gallichio shared the baton until Walter died.

Since 1944 Eddie Ballantine, one of the two remaining "Pepper Pot" orchestra members, has been director of the band. Bill (Wee Willie) Krenz, pianist extraordinary, is the other 15-year survivor of Breakfast Club music.



A spin in the park was usually punctuated by squealing brakes and back seat chatter when Don and Aunt Fanny took the top down in 1939.

June 1945

. . . brought citations galore to Don McNeill, toastmaster of the Breakfast Club. During the month, he received six citations from local bond committees following broadcasts that originated in Richmond, Va., Philadelphia, New Haven, Conn., Springfield, Mass., Providence, R. I., and Washington, D. C.

In his home town of Sheboygan, Wis., where he brought the Breakfast Club for a 12th anniversary broadcast, Don was awarded the U. S. Treasury's Distinguished Service Certificate.

In recognition of his frequent appeals for tolerance, Don rounded out the month by accepting the good citizenship medal from Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Crowds inside and out of the Academy of Music roar "Welcome to Don McNeill and the Breakfast Club" as the gang stops in Philadelphia on its bond tour.

After the townsfolk had bought \$621,520 worth of Seventh War Loan bonds, the McNeills celebrated with a buffet lunch in Sheboygan. Right to left are: Kay and Don McNeill, Don's parents—Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. McNeill, Mrs. James Bennett, Sam Cowling, and Jim Bennett, Don's manager.



Christmas in July



Twenty-five servicemen, who on previous Yuletides had been thousands of miles from home, were guests at an unusual Breakfast Club Christmas Party in its Chicago studio on July 25, 1945.

With complete disregard for weather and calendar, the gang captured the Yule spirit whole and intact . . . even to Sam's frigid get-up. Eyes of the servicemen glistened, as Santa Claus handed out choice gifts to their children and wives.



After the "Christmas in July" party, Don and Santa Claus cooled off at the beach. A pretty mermaid joined them as they recounted the thrill of interviewing the Purple Heart wearers and of the grand way Swift & Co., Marshall Field & Co. and the American Broadcasting Co. entertained the boys.





1



2



3

1945 Star Events



4

"Now I know what Mr. McNeill means when he says 'each program is a premiere,'" commented Mrs. Fann as she paged through his scrapbook. "Just look at these other 1945 star events."

At the peak of the cigarette shortage Don brought out his famous "No" brand (1). "No butts, no ashes, no ifs, no ands, just plain No cigarettes," read the package wrapper.

When Don complained one morning that a button on his coat was falling off, a lady in the audience volunteered to sew it on (2). The conversation was full of birdies and pars, naturally, when Byron Nelson appeared as a guest (3).

Other outstanding guest personalities of the year included: Songwriter Irving Berlin (4), Paul "Pops" Whiteman, who is helping Bobby McNeill stand up big like his dad (5), and the incomparable Hildegarde, who appeared with Don and Associate Justice William O. Douglas at a war bond show in Washington (6).

5

6





1946

... The year of reconversion, is also the year Don McNeill opened the eyes of Broadway. It was the year that 17,000 arose before dawn to jam their way into New York's Madison Square Garden for a performance of the Breakfast Club and a rehearsal of Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey circus.

The gang responded in the best circus style. Don entered the Garden enthroned on a float that proclaimed him "King of Corn." He talked to folks in the balcony from the scoop of a steam shovel, while Jack Owens was hoisted to the rafters where he serenaded two aerialists.

When the fans started clamoring for Sam, he was released from a clown's car together with a dozen clowns, a giant and a donkey. Aunt Fanny gave her version of the goings-on for the folks back home, and then Don climaxed the show by interviewing Emmett Kelly, dean of clowns. Wistful Willie broke his 25-year circus silence by asking Don: "When do we eat?"

ON McNEILL
King of Corn

PHILO



Display prepared by Swift & Company, sponsors of the time devoted to this feature, describes how crippled children of a Port Arthur, Texas, school were "showered" with cheering letters, gifts and money.

Sunshine Shower

Some of the boys and girls of the Crippled Children's School at Jamestown, N. D., (below) read their cards.



Right: Doll clothes, picture puzzles, gum, cards, 500 sunshine letters and Valentines were distributed by Superintendent Lucille Burlew to babies in a Dallas hospital.



Suggested by Ole Olsen while he was guest-emceeing for Don McNeill in February, 1946, the Sunshine Shower has been a daily feature ever since. Ole is pictured below with his son who has just had his face decorated with a custard pie.

Each morning, just before Prayer Time, Don suggests that listeners send a card or note to the children or patients of some hospital or institution. Many lasting pen pals have been developed.

Breakfast Feud ... February, 1946



1



2

To prepare for the first encounter between the feuding m.c.'s of radio's top daytime programs, Don McNeill decorates a Tom Breneman poster. Before breakfasting on their sponsor's products (1), Don shows Tom how to win friends and influence people under 90. Tom forces an intelligent expression (2) as Don gleefully presents him with an orchid for being the oldest man in the audience. While Don admires a Breneman hat (3), Kay McNeill remarks: "I feel like I'm sitting under a bird cage." To take the sting out of this Chicago bout, Don gets Postmaster Kruetgen's permission (4) to send Tom an acre of honeyed words.

4



3



Sponsors Three

First network sponsor of the Breakfast Club was Swift & Company, who bought a quarter hour, three times a week, over 75 stations on February 8, 1941. Today Swift is sponsoring a half hour, Monday through Friday, over the full network of 243 stations for Swift's Premium Ham and Bacon, Swift's Brookfield products, Swift's Cleanser, Swift'ning and Prem.

Philco Freezers and Refrigerators first became the subject of fourth quarter commercials on

September 3, 1945 and twice have renewed contracts. The full Breakfast Club hour was sponsored coast to coast when Lustre Creme bought the first fifteen minutes on September 2, 1946. Toni Home Permanent took over the first quarter contract on September 1, 1947.

From this report, it was apparent to the Fanns that national sponsorship has made it possible for 160 more communities and millions of listeners to hear the program regularly. Breakfast Clubbers get as much fun out of the commercials as the cast does.



Everybody is smiling as Don and the network sign a long term contract with Swift & Company. From left: O. E. Jones, Vice President; John Holmes, President; V. D. Beatty, Advertising Manager; Don and Ed Borroff, Vice President in charge of ABC's central division.



Don was the first member of the cast to try out a home permanent when Toni Home Permanent took over the first quarter hour.



Sam was "Johnny-on-the-spot" when Jimmy Carmine, Philco Vice President, was introduced to an Atlantic City dealer convention and Breakfast Club audience by Don.

Something New Television



Veterans at Vaughan Hospital and thousands of other video fans gather around their receivers as Don McNeill's Dinner Club makes its debut over a Chicago television station in the fall of 1946.

Presented by Marshall Field & Company in a dinner club atmosphere, Don and Sam Cowling clown their way through a fashion show while Maitre d'hotel George Sotos takes care of the studio guests.

A quartet of beautiful models welcome Don on stage for the premiere (right) as Sam shows the girls how to display a trim ankle.

Still in the experimental stage, the show is being groomed for the day when television is an everyday reality.





1



2



3

Stunts, Stars, and a Skunk

An argument started when the Fanns were asked to select other favorite 1946 events. Mother liked Don's Share-A-Meal Plan and the story of Donald Mosby. Pop voted for the movie stars. The kids wanted Sam being spanked and the interview with the skunk included. Here are all the Fann's selections:

Salvation Army officials (1) were swamped when Don's plea for Breakfast Clubbers to share a meal with their less fortunate neighbors overseas produced 40 tons of food. Sam gets tanned (2) because he stole a pun from the breakfast table. Donald Mosby (3) receives a medal for saving a life at Chicago South Side Boys' Club.

Danny Kaye found the informality of the Breakfast Club his dish—climaxing his visit by reading the Philco commercial (4) while Announcer Bob Murphy, "Alice from Dallas" Lon, and Don hope the sponsor enjoys the fun. Ever since the skunk interview (5). Breakfast Clubbers are asked to leave their pets outside the studio. Funnyman Phil Silvers accompanies George Jessel (6) on his annual visit with Toastmaster McNeill.



4

5

6



1947's Big Surprise...



narrowly missed being the year's biggest disappointment. After planning for months to open the Breakfast Club's annual eastern trip with a broadcast from an Erie Railroad ferry boat, the stunt was called off at the last minute.

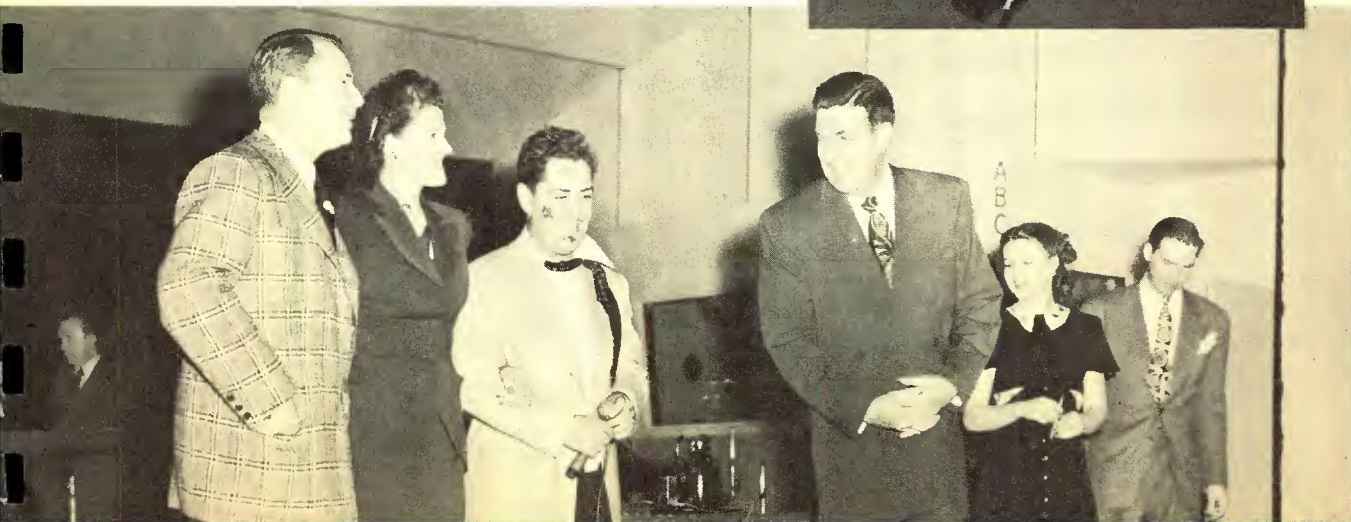
It wasn't because the cast couldn't get in the mood. The pictures on this page show them rehearsing. Special musical arrangements were in readiness and every seat on the boat had been taken for weeks.

That's where the difficulty began. When the network was unable to buy enough insurance

protection for the audience and cast, it was decided two days before the event to broadcast from New York City.

Buses picked up the audience on the Jersey side the morning of the broadcast and rushed them to the 58th Street Theatre. Here the gang put on a show that New York is still talking about. The finale is shown below just as Kay McNeill was escorted on stage by Jack and Sam

to meet the audience. While the Breakfast Club was in New York, more than 50,000 persons sought admission. Radio City and Brooklyn were other broadcast sites on this trip.



Just Fine



The question posed by the song "How Are Things in Glocca Morra?" has been answered by Toastmaster Don McNeill and Cruising Crooner Jack Owens. After brooding over events in Glocca Morra, the boys penned a tune titled "Just Fine," which was introduced on the April 16 Breakfast Club broadcast.

It's not the first tune for either Don or Jack. Among others, Don collaborated with Walter Blaufuss in writing "My Cathedral."

Jack manages his own song-publishing firm and turns out tunes at the rate of several a month. His most popular are: "Hi, Neighbor," "Hut Sut Song," "Louisiana Lullaby," "I Dood It," "Cynthia's in Love," "Mistletoe Song," and "How Soon."



The "eatinest" member of the cast is introduced to a Brooklyn delicacy—the bagel, a flour and water cruller—by Jack Owens. It was Patsy Lee's first trip East and the 19-year-old guest songstress had a lot of interesting experiences to report to the folks back home in Oakland, Calif.



Breakfast on the Boardwalk

Called back to the East for a week in June, 1947, the Breakfast Club originated one broadcast from Atlantic City while a Philco convention was in session. Mrs. McNeill and the boys who made this trip "really had me hanging on the ropes," Don told the Fanns, "before I got back to the peace and quiet of Chicago."

Breakfast was enjoyed by the McNeill family at the Claridge Hotel on Atlantic City's famous boardwalk. From left to right: Tommy, Donny, Bobby, Kay and the man who pays the bills.

Getting into the swim of things was easy for Don, Aunt Fanny and Sam as these broadcast shots show. Don didn't mind one bit being interviewed by his guest—Terry Carroll, Miss Atlantic City of 1947. Aunt Fanny and Sam wore the latest rummage sale specials as they sang a duet.

The gang bid goodbye to the boardwalk as Sam read from his Fiction & Fact Almanac: "After a bathing beauty contest in Atlantic City, if you swim directly East you might Miss America."





1



2



3

Personal

In addition to personal appearances in and around Chicago, the Breakfast Club cast has given more than 50 evening performances in practically every state east of the Rockies, in the District of Columbia and Canada.

With several movie offers now under consideration, it is possible that West Coast Breakfast Clubbers will see their favorites in person soon.

Personal appearances are usually sponsored by local radio stations, newspapers, service and women's groups, who donate part of the proceeds to charity. The Buffalo Junior Chamber of Commerce this spring used its share of the B.C. proceeds to start a Don McNeill Summer Camp.

"He made it, by golly, he made it!" shouts Don McNeill as a Columbus contestant squeezes into a two-way stretch (1). The gang took over a newspaper copydesk (2) before entertaining 5,000 Youngstown, Ohio, fans.

Two performances were given in the Masonic Temple Auditorium in Detroit (3) and both were sell outs.



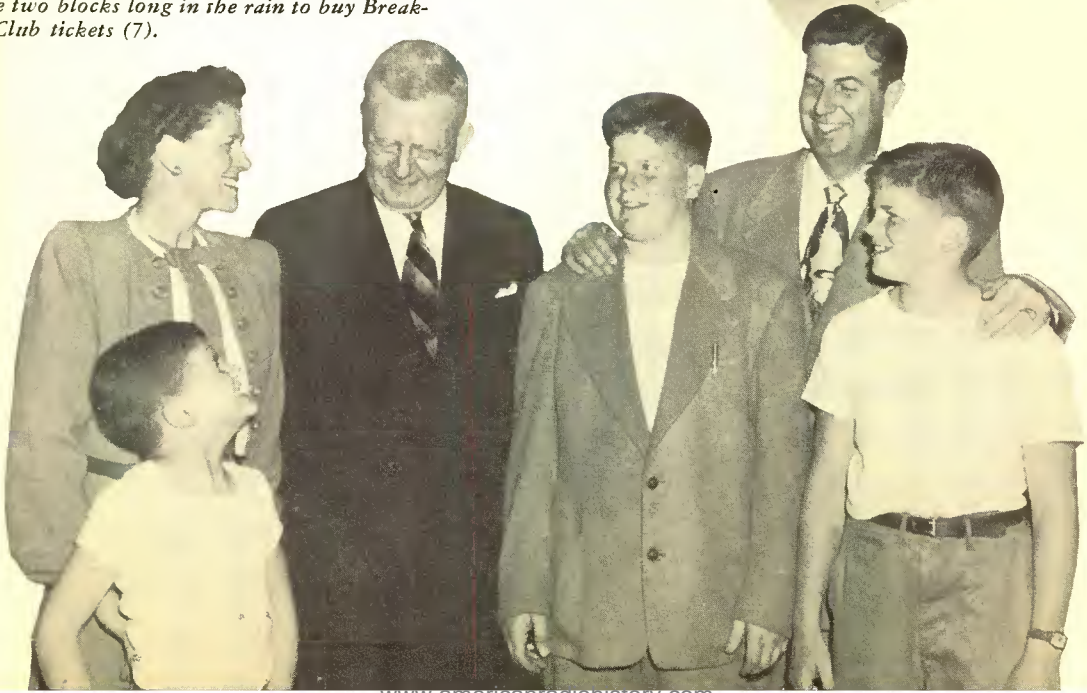
5 Oklahoma City's Municipal Auditorium (5) flashes a neon welcome as the Breakfast Club plays a benefit performance for the Boy Scouts. Tenderfoot Sam (4) is an unhappy heckler as former 1st Class McNeill (14 merit badges) keeps throwing him knotty questions.



7

Appearances

Governor James H. Duff of Pennsylvania shows the McNeill family through the State House (8) after Mayor Millikan orders breakfast in Harrisburg (6). Youngstown fans form a line two blocks long in the rain to buy Breakfast Club tickets (7).



8

29



Sam had to rely on "crib notes" when Don pitted him against Adeline Elliott, a Georgia grade school spelling champion. Judge of the contest was Miss Aline Neal of Jackson, Miss., who was selected by the Quiz Kids Scholarship Committee as the "best teacher of 1947." Sam, of course, lost the spelling bee.



Walter O'Keefe took over the toastmaster's duties on the Breakfast Club for two weeks in February while Don and Sam vacationed with their families. After Walter was acquainted with B.C. procedure by Patsy Lee and Jack Owens, the Hoosier M.C. developed a style all his own. It netted him a West Coast radio sponsor.



Joe Howard drew a hearty laugh from the entire cast when he appeared on Breakfast Club with George Jessel to plug "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," a movie based on his life and Broadway tunes. Howard, who is 80 years old, refused to reveal his age over the air for fear that it would date Producer Jessel.



High Hooper

When Kay and the McNeill boys appeared on the Breakfast Club last December the program registered its all-time high Hooperating.* Three of the four quarter hours placed among the first ten daytime programs.

As a result, Don and the network tore up his old contract and signed a new one in June, 1947, guaranteeing regular appearances of Kay McNeill. On tour the popular first lady of the Breakfast Club always receives a big ovation.

**Hooperatings are published results of radio listening habits, gathered by telephone surveys twice a month in 36 major cities. Far from being the most satisfactory audience measurement yardstick, the ratings of C. E. Hooper, Inc., are accepted quite widely by the trade. Independent and local surveys always rate the Breakfast Club higher.*



Gov. Dwight H. Green of Illinois is as mystified as McNeill when he pulls a note from Claudette Colbert out of a hard cooked egg. The mystery was explained at the Chicago Egg and I Breakfast, where Don served as master of ceremonies.

Mrs. Green helps the Governor serve angel food cake to guests at the Egg Breakfast, while Chairman Cliff Carpenter and Don admire the technique Jan Sterling uses to taste the first piece.



Now let's look at The Breakfast

Club Mail...



One Day's Mail: Requests . . . Gifts . . .

The Fanns took on a bigger assignment than they had bargained for when they asked to look at the Breakfast Club mail. One day's mail, averaging 500 pieces, keeps the ABC mail room staff (below) in the Civic Opera Building busy opening and sorting it for several hours.

An ordinary day floods the mail room with requests for tickets and poems, contributions for the program, song and musical requests, ideas, suggestions for sponsor commercials and Sunshine Showers, bills, fan mail, complaints, and just friendly notes and cards.



Several times a week, expressmen trudge in laden with gifts for Don McNeill, who forwards all clothing, foodstuffs and other articles of value to charity organizations and relief agencies.

In the hunting season each mail brings ducks, pheasants and rabbits. When the fishing is good, limp bundles of trout, bass and perch begin to arrive. The gardening season brings bushels of fruits, flowers and vegetables.

One day your Toastmaster mentioned that he was hankering to bite into a lemon meringue pie. By the end of the week Don had unwrapped no less than 73 lemon meringue pies.

Among the odd gifts that have come to McNeill are turtles, a glamorous window dummy, an alligator, and a three-piece zoot suit. Servicemen, during the war, shipped trophies representative of every combat zone. A hospitalized vet sent the piece of shrapnel that had been removed from his chest with this cryptic note: "Something from the heart."

Because of copyright and other restrictions it's impossible for Don to fill the requests for poems and readings. A card is sent to each writer explaining this situation. Unidentified contributions and unpublished music is always returned

..... Contributions Ideas Suggestions

to the sender. Then all the mail, except ticket requests, is delivered to the offices of Don McNeill.

Mary Canny—Don's personal secretary—redistributes it as follows: requests for poems are tabulated and filed; program suggestions, audition requests and guest star appearances are referred to Producer Cliff Petersen; business matters dealing with the program or with personal appearances of the cast go to Manager Jim Bennett.

Don, of course, personally answers all letters concerned with sponsor, network and individual radio station and public relations. He also spends a good many hours each week on notes of comfort and cheer to shut-ins and unusual human relations cases called to his attention.



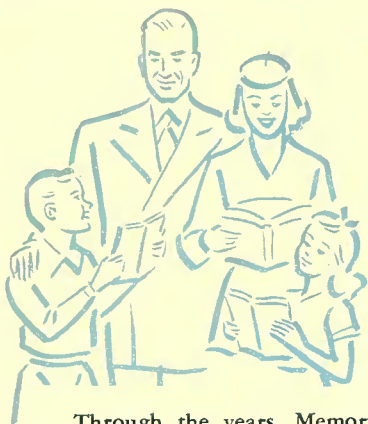
Right: Don McNeill and Secretary Mary Canny.



Producer Cliff Petersen and Betty Bean.



Manager Jim Bennett and Jeanne McNeely.



1945 Popular Poems and Inspirational Chats

Through the years, Memory Time and Inspiration Time have been responsible for thousands of listeners writing in to ask for copies of poems and to contribute material for these two features. On the following pages Don introduces the Fanns to the readings most frequently requested in 1945.

Some poems, like *Conversion* written by Frances Angermayer of Kansas City, Mo., knows no year. It has become a "once-a-year" feature of Memory Time.

CONVERSION

Look, God, I have never spoken to You,
But now I want to say How do You do,
You see, God, they told me You didn't exist,
And like a fool, I believed all this.

Last night from a shell hole, I saw Your sky
I figured right then they had told me a lie,
Had I taken time to see things You made,
I'd have known they weren't calling a spade a spade.

I wonder, God, if You'd shake my hand.
Somehow, I feel that You will understand,
Funny I had to come to this hellish place,
Before I had time to see Your Face.

Well, I guess there isn't much more to say,
But I'm sure glad, God, I met You today.
I guess the "Zero hour" will soon be here,
But I'm not afraid since I know You're near.

The Signal! Well, God I'll have to go,
I like You lots, this I want you to know,
Look now, this will be a horrible fight,
Who knows, I may come to Your house tonight.

Though I wasn't friendly to You before,
I wonder, God, if You'd wait at Your door.
Look, I'm crying! Me! Shedding tears!
I wish I had known You these many years.

Well, I have to go now, God, good-bye!
Strange, since I met You, I'm not afraid to die.

Another poem that listeners demand each year is the one which Mrs. Julian Bland Ballard of Houston, Texas, sent in with the comment:

"I have a prayer, that I'm praying daily now, a prayer that I'm sure Mother prayed before I was born. I found it pasted in an old cook book she had as a bride. It does not give the author's name but I'm sure it was clipped from the Kansas City Star."

A WOMAN'S PRAYER

(For the Child to Come)

God, I am going down to find a little soul, a thing that shall be mine as no other thing in the world has been mine.

Keep me for my child's life. Bring me through my hour strong and well for the sake of my baby.

Prepare me for real motherhood. Preserve my mind from doubts, and worries, and all fearsome misgivings, that I may not stain my thoughts with cowardice, for my child's sake.

Drive all angers and impurities, all low and unworthy feelings from me, that the little mind that is forming may become a brave, clean wrestler in this world of dangers.

And, God, when the child lies in my arms, and draws his life from me, and when his eyes look up to mine; to learn what this new world is like, I pledge Thee the child shall find reverence in me, and no fear; truth and no shame; love strong as life and death, and no hates nor petulancies.

God, make my baby love me. I ask no endowments for excellencies for my child, but only that the place of motherhood, once given me, may never be taken from me. As long as the soul lives that I shall bring forth, let there be in it one secret shrine that shall always be mother's.

Give the child a right, a clean mind, and a warm, free soul.

And I promise Thee that I shall study the child, and seek to find what gifts and graces Thou has implanted, and to develop them. I shall respect the child's personality.

I am but Thy little one, O Father. I fold my hands and put them between Thy hands, and say, "Give me a normal baby, and make me a normal mother." Amen.

In a lighter vein, this duck hunting gem pulls a terrific response each year from Inspiration Time listeners. It was clipped from Cedric's Adams' corner in the *Minneapolis Star-Journal* and was sent in by Father Michael Glynn of Lake City, Minn.

DUCK HUNTERS and their wives should enjoy this little treatise on the complete art of duck hunting. Charles E. Boughton, county attorney at Red Lake Falls, whipped it up and I think it's a masterpiece. Here's his version: First, you spend 50 bucks for a dog. Then you should have a little equipment, such as a good gun. That's another 50 smackers. Hip boots will cost you about 20 bucks. The boots should be three feet high and waterproof, so when you wade through three feet of water, the mud, the cattails and other swamp slush won't leak out of them. Then you start collecting shells, a shell box, a vacuum bottle to keep your coffee cold in, some game carriers, a duck call and a hunting cap to trickle the water down your neck . . .

The Little Woman spends the day baking, mending your socks, collecting your stuff, you go to bed early to get some sleep and crawl out of bed six times during the night to see whether the alarm had gone off or not. You get up in the dead of the night, wake the whole house, use three pans, two forks, several knives, a crock of grease to fry two eggs for breakfast. You stack the dishes carefully in the sink, stumble into the car with a couple of guys half asleep, three dogs, guns, coats, shells and \$150 worth of assorted equipment, and steal away from town to beat the other guys out there. You find 47 other hunters standing around arguing about daylight . . .

The rain trickles down your neck, your right foot goes to sleep, your long underwear itches and then some fool down the line shoots his gun—400 ducks get up in the dark and fly away. That's when the hunt begins. You and the other 47 hunters start in different directions to find a duck to shoot. Finally you find a swamp, pick yourself a nice dry spot and spend an hour building a good blind. After another hour you find the ducks aren't flying there so you wade out in the middle of the swamp, accumulate 17 pounds of swamp water and mud in your waterproof boots. You climb on a hummock of mud and try to hide between two cattails and a piece of brush. The wind comes up and blows four inches of cold rain through your coat, your glasses cloud up, and your teeth chatter, you think about your nice warm home and the Little Woman, and you wonder who invented hunting. While you meditate, 16 ducks come from behind and are two miles away by the time you get your gun up. . . .

Pretty soon you actually shoot a poor, thin little teal. He drops a quarter of a mile away. And while you look for him, four other big fat mallards fly over where you were—not where you are. Soon along comes Joe with enough to make out your limit, so you drive 40 miles

home. The Little Woman cleans the ducks and winds up with about 20 cents worth of meat. She spends the next day roasting ducks. You sit down to a big feed, and fill up on wild rice (\$1.75 a pound), baked potatoes, carrots, peas, and some Aunt Sarah's cucumber pickles, cranberry jelly, pie and coffee.

Then you sit back in the old comfortable chair while the Little Woman wrestles with the dishes.

Boy! That's duck hunting!

Another columnist—Nick Kenny of the *New York Daily Mirror*—originally published *Just For A Minute*. Dozens of listeners have called it to Don's attention.

JUST FOR A MINUTE

I remember when I was only four,
Mother would bring me 'round to the store,
And just outside of the church she'd stand,
And "Come in," she'd say, reaching down for my hand
"Just for a minute" . . .

And then when I started going to school,
She'd bring me down every day as a rule,
But first the steps to the church we'd climb,
And she'd say, "We'll go in—you've always got time,"
"Just for a minute" . . .

Then I got real big, I mean seven
years old,
And I went by myself but was
always told,
When you're passing the church
don't forget to call,
"And tell Our Lord about lessons
and all,"
"Just for a minute" . . .

And now it's a sort of habit I've
got,
In the evening coming from Casey's lot,
Though it takes me out of my way a bit,
To slip into the church with my bat and mitt,
"Just for a minute" . . .

But sometimes I see the other fellow
Standing around and I just go yellow;
I pass the door and the Voice from within
Seems to say real sad: "So you wouldn't come in"
"Just for a minute" . . .

There are things inside me, bad and good,
That nobody knows and nobody could
Excepting Our Lord, and I'd like Him to know
That He helps when in for a visit I go
Just for a minute!





Scarcely a day passes without two or more children being interviewed on the Breakfast Club. They are the favorite people of McNeill and his gang. After Bobby Driscoll and Luana Patten, juvenile stars of Walt Disney's *Song of the South* appeared on the program, Don was reminded of the most popular poem he ever used on Memory Time. A few days later he read Olga Petrova's

TO A CHILD THAT ENQUIRES

How did you come to me, my sweet,
From the land that no one knows?
Did Mr. Stork bring you here on his wings?
Or were you born in the heart of a rose?

Did an angel fly with you down from the sky?
Were you found in a gooseberry patch?
Did a fairy bring you from Fairyland
To my door that was left on the latch?

No, my darling was born of a wonderful love,
A love that was Daddy's and mine,
A love that was human, but deep and profound,
A love that was almost divine.

Do you remember, sweetheart, when we went to the Zoo
And we saw the big bear with the grouch,
And the tigers and lions and that tall kangaroo,
That carried her babes in a pouch?

Do you remember I told you she kept them there safe
From the cold and the wind 'till they grew
Big enough to take care of themselves?
And, dear heart, that's just how I first cared for you.

I carried you under my heart, my sweet,
And I sheltered you safe from alarms,
'Till one wonderful day, the dear God looked down
And my darling lay safe in my arms.

(*Olga Petrova*)

No one seems to know the origin of this parody. It has been repeated on Inspiration Time many times by request. Mrs. Francis McCauley of West Winfield, New York, who sent Don the clipping, says she took it from the Utica Daily Press.

ST. NICK VISITS THE SALESGIRL

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the flat

Not a creature was stirrin' (include me in that);
My stockin's, a little the worse for the wear,
Was hung on the back of a three-legged chair;
Outside snow was fallin' in beautiful flakes,
But I didn't care—I was too full of aches;
I'd worked in a store through the holiday strife,
And was plannin' to sleep for the rest of my life,
When up from the airshaft there came such a clatter,
I leaped out of bed to see what was the matter;
(I thought at the time 'twas a nut down one flight,
Who starts up his radio late ev-ry night.)
So I went to the window and loudly did cry,
"Is this Christmas Eve or the Fourth of July?"
When what to my dead-with-sleep eyes did appear
But a hinky-dink sleigh and eight tiny reindeer!
And who should be drivin' right up in the door
But one of them masquerade boys from the store!

I said to myself, "What can be this guy's game?"
When he clucked to his reindeer and called 'em by name:

"Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now Prancer! Now Vixen!
On Comet! On Cupid! On Donner and Blitzen!"
An' just as I'm dopin' what next he will do,
Right up to the housetop the whole outfit flew!
And then in a twinklin' I heard on the roof
(Just imagine my feeling, with sleep nearly dead
And some sap with an animal act overhead!)
As I drew in my neck and was turnin' around,
Down the chimney my visitor came with a bound:
A big bag of junk he displayed with a grin,
And he acted to me like he'd like to move in.
He was chubby, good natured, and oozin' with glee,
But I ask you, dear reader, what was it to me?
The point that I make is 'twas then 3 o'clock,
And a man in my room without stopping to knock!

I was thinkin' how noivy he was and how slick
When he says to me, "Lady, I'm only St. Nick."
Well, a poor tired store slave in no mood for fun,
I gave him a look and I asked him, "Which one?"
He spoke not a word but went on with his work,
And filled up my stockin's, then turned with a jerk,
And layin' a finger aside his red nose,
And, givin' a nod, up the airshaft he rose . . .
He sprang to his sleigh with a shake of his head,
And I pulled the shades down and fell into bed.
"Merry Christmas!" he called as away his deers flew,
And I just gave a yawn and I answers, "Sez You!"

MOM'S BATTLE

By Sgt. William M. Golden

(Dedicated to My Mom and all the Moms of those in the Armed Forces.)

Mom's battle is the roughest one,
'Cause it's the kind that's never won.
It's not a fight with fire and gun.
It's all day won'ring, "Where's my son?"

It's not a war. It's a fight within.
It's where I'm at, and where I've been.
Am I gaining weight? Am I getting thin?
Am I steering clear of hell and sin?

Do I pray to God to see me through
My every day, like I used to do?
Am I still the carefree boy she knew?
It's been so long—a year, or two.

It's rememb'ring back when I was small
How 'round the house I used to crawl.
And the day that I began to walk,
And later when I learned to talk.

The things I said, the things I did,
When I was nothing but a kid.
It's all these things that haunt Mom's mind.
It's a battle of a different kind.

A day ne'er starts, a day ne'er ends,
Without a prayer that dear Mom sends
To the Heavenly Father up above
That He'll watch o'er her fondest love.

She has no defense against attack.
Just pray to God He'll send me back.
She fights her battle for her son
With prayer her weapon—not a gun.

But I guess that's what a Mom is for,
To guide the son she proudly bore.
Whether he's home, or off to war,
A guy can't ask his God for more.

Clipped from *Our Sunday Visitor*, the above verse was sent in by Mrs. Helen W. Cullock of Charleston, S. Carolina.

* * *

A WAR ENDS—DURING "BREAKFAST CLUB"

At 8:35 a.m., CWT, May 7, 1945, Nancy Martin, songstress of ABC's Breakfast Club, came to the microphone to sing "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning." Outside the weather contradicted both the words and title of the ballad. Clouds hung low over Chicago's Loop and gray rain was falling.

"I've got a beautiful feeling"—Nancy sang—"everything's going my way . . ."

At that moment the sound of her voice was replaced by the hammering of teletype machines in the ABC news room in New York. An unidentified announcer came on and said: "According to an Associated Press Bulletin from Allied headquarters in Reims, France, the Germans have surrendered unconditionally to the United States, Great Britain and Russia."

The program switched back to Nancy, who had halted her song in midflight.

"It really is a beautiful morning," she shouted. "It really is!"

Don McNeill, toastmaster of the Breakfast Club, took over at this point.

"We've heard the wonderful news," he said, "and I know we're all straining at the leash. There are those among us, however, whose loss has left them with no cause to rejoice. Let's remember them in the hour of victory in the West and gird ourselves for victory in the East."

The program continued in its customary vein. The orchestra played, McNeill interviewed a housewife, and Jack Owens, the Cruising Crooner, arose with a hand mike to serenade persons in the studio audience.

And then again, at 8:45 a.m., the hammering of teletype machines in the New York news room. This time the voice repeated the earlier bulletin and provided additional details about the German surrender.

At 8:47:5 the program switched back to McNeill who said, "Well folks, this seems to be it. Let's stand up and give those cheers we've been holding back."

To a man, 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 a corporal. Persons who had been total strangers a moment ago now shook hands and patted each other on the back. Children squealed joyously. A sedate matron gave sharp yelps of delight. Some women cried.

When the demonstration ended, a glow seemed to arise from the audience. Jack Owens, who made his usual circuit as Cruising Crooner, later remarked that he had never encountered such warmth and effusion.

"They gripped my hand," he said. "They smiled like kids on Christmas morning. You felt like you were related to everybody."

At 8:58:5 a.m., McNeill came to the microphone and said: "I think if you could look into the homes of millions of Americans today, you might find a composite picture of a mother on her knees—a wife breathing a prayer—a child not quite understanding, but yet with some strange emotion—some unexplained feeling of awe and reverence . . . I think today we're all going to talk to old friends . . . We are going to talk quietly and calmly and reverently and hopefully . . ."

And then the Breakfast Club signed off.





TO YOUNG MARRIED FOLKS

Once there lived a sage, venerable in age and of sound judgment and prudence, who spent his days administering admonition to young married folk. His wisdom has been passed down the ages and is summarized in the following sixteen points. It is well to suggest that older married folk, perhaps, are not too old to learn as well, sometimes. Here are the points:

1. Don't ever both get angry at the same time.
2. Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.
3. Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.
4. Let each strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.
5. Let self-denial be the daily aim and practice of each.
6. Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed, and always speak lovingly.
7. Never taunt with a past mistake.
8. Neglect the whole world rather than one another.
9. Never allow a request to be repeated.
10. Never make a remark at the expense of each other—it is meanness.
11. Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence.
12. Never meet without a loving welcome.
13. Never let the sun go down upon any anger or grievance.
14. Never let any fault you have committed go by until you have frankly confessed it and asked forgiveness.
15. Never forget the happy hours of early love.
16. Never sigh over what might have been but make the best of what is.

* * *

Taken from Bob White's Scrapbook, the following poem was sent in by Mrs. Stanley George of Louisville, Ky., with the request that it be dedicated to all long-suffering mothers-in-law. Over Sam's protestations, it has become very popular with Breakfast Clubbers.

TO "HIS" MOTHER

"Mother-in-Law" they say, and yet—
 Somehow I simply can't forget,
 'Twas you who watched his baby ways,
 Who taught him his first hymn of praise.
 Who smiled on him with loving pride,
 When first he toddled by your side.
 And as I think of this to-day,
 Methinks that I'd much rather say—
 Just Mother.

"Mother-in-Law" but oh, 'twas you
 Who taught him to be kind and true;
 When he was tired, almost asleep,
 'Twas to your arms he used to creep,
 And when he scrubbed his tiny knee,
 'Twas you who kissed it tenderly.
 When he was down you cheered him, too,
 And so I'd rather speak of you—
 As Mother.

"Mother-in-Law" they say, and yet—
 Somehow I never shall forget,
 How very much I owe,
 To you who taught him how to grow.
 You trained your son to look above,
 You made of him the man I love.
 And as I think of that today,
 Ah, then, with thankful heart I'll say
 Our Mother.

Minnie Price.

This Is Friendship might be a more appropriate title, but ever since a listener clipped it from *The Wall Street Journal* years ago it has been known on the Breakfast Club as

I LOVE YOU

"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)

This chiller runs high among the Inspiration Time favorites. It was written by Ruth Ann Dunne and Don is indebted to Norman Kellog of West Chester, Pa., for calling it to his attention.

COLD FEET

Did you ever go to bed at nite
And crawl beneath the sheet,
To have your slumber ruined
By a pair of icy feet?

There's many a poor husband
Who groans in deep despair
When he finds beneath the covers
Lies a two-foot frigidaire.

The land of nod is sabotaged,
Gone are the dreams he'd cherish,
For how can man get forty winks
When he's about to perish?

What is the use of counting sheep
It's just a waste of breath;
Those poor defenseless animals
Would simply freeze to death.

It's bad enough to try to rest
Where heated comforts lack,
But, oh, the shivering torture
Of a chilled foot in one's back.

No male on earth can rise at morn
With spirits gay and bright
When he's been thus imprisoned
In cold storage all the nite.

The little wife who shares his bed
May have a heart of gold,
But why did nature spoil the job
With feet so bitter cold?

There's far more frigid temperature
In a woman's single toe
Than there is in Arctic circles
Where it's forty-five below.

Why don't some brilliant scientist
Invent an anti-freeze
To bring the circulation back
Below milady's knees?

Still, there's one consolation
If you'd check upon it men.
Be glad your spouse has but two feet
Instead of nine or ten.

Ruth Ann Dunne.

Dear Mr. President:

. At first, I thought it presumptuous of me, an ordinary citizen, who admits he knows very little about government affairs, to be writing you—but Mr. Truman, what I'm about to say I think may echo the thoughts of perhaps hundreds of thousands of Breakfast Clubbers who, too, are what is so often known as "John Public." Primarily, we want you to know that you have our whole-hearted and loyal support and Mr. President, there is no more loyal group in the world than the Breakfast Clubbers. Picking up the banner where your fallen Chief dropped it, we know you can carry it to the glorious heights of true victory and a lasting peace, only with us behind you.

Now, I think there are very few of us who don't give our opinion on world matters at the drop of a hat, but I'm sure that every one of us who does, knows that he parrots the opinion of others he has heard, or whose works he has read, and that only a handful of men really understand your complex problems with all their ramifications. Among us you will find an exemplification of the Americans you're working for. Factory workers, GI's, housewives, executives, kids—every type that goes to make for American greatness. You'll find us united as never before. You'll find us expecting you to make some mistakes as every human does, but I hope you'll find us as understanding and tolerant of you, as I have every hope to believe you will be of us. We're from every section of the country, Mr. Truman. We have over 870,000 charter members and hundreds of thousands more regular members of our Club. We are all races, colors and creeds, but we are all neighbors.

It's peculiar how downright similar our basic tastes in things really are. We all like good music, good fun, good common sense. We have a deep sense of religion and responsibility toward our homes and government. We may stray from the path occasionally, but not for too long. And we're going to pray that you and your advisors, and our elected representatives are guided by Divine Providence in the task ahead.

I'm sure you must know and feel this already, Mr. Truman, but you have just stepped into the center stage spotlight before the entire world, and as a guy who is fortunate enough to have the ears of a great and huge group of Americans every morning, I want you to know that when you "go on," as we say in the show business, never was an audience more with you and for you. When you were a kid in Missouri, Mr. Truman, it probably helped you a little to hear the gang yelling for you when you stepped up to the plate for your turn at bat. I thought maybe you wouldn't mind knowing how the crowd feels as you come up now in the biggest World's Series of all, with the bases loaded.

Sincerely yours,

DON MCNEILL





1946

Popular Poems

It is a queer quirk of life, Don told the Fanns, that two of the all-time hits on Memory Time—*Just Like His Dad* and *A True Story*—cannot be credited to known authors. They are too well done to have just “writ themselves,” so Don hopes that by publishing them their authors will be revealed.

JUST LIKE HIS DAD

“Well, what are you going to be, my boy,
When you have reached manhood’s years:
A doctor, a lawyer, or actor great,
Moving throngs to laughter and tears?”
But he shook his head, as he gave reply
In a serious way he had:
“I don’t think I’d care to be any of them;
I want to be like my Dad!”

He wants to be like his Dad! You men,
Did you ever think, as you pause,
That the boy who watches your every move
Is building a set of laws?
He’s moulding a life you’re the model for,
And whether it’s good or bad
Depends on the kind of example set
To the boy who’d be like his dad.

Would you have him go everywhere you go?
Have him do just the things you do?
And see everything that your eyes behold,
And woo all the gods you woo?
When you see the worship that shines in the eyes
Of your lovable little lad.
Could you rest content if he gets his wish
And grows to be like his dad?

It’s a job that none but yourself can fill;
It’s a charge you must answer for;
It’s a duty to show him the road to tread
’Eer he reaches his manhood’s door.
It’s a debt you owe for the greatest joy
On this old earth to be had;
This pleasure of having a boy to raise
Who wants to be like his dad!

(Author Unknown)

A TRUE STORY

(Author Unknown)

A battalion of soldier boys had been given copies of the Bible, the New Testament and the Old Testament. They were then given strict orders that each one was to use the Bible at the services on Sunday.

The following Sunday, while the soldiers were at services, the officer of the day made an inspection and found that one soldier had not brought the new Bible so he was searched and the only thing that was found in his pocket was a deck of cards. He was told to report to the commanding officer on Monday morning.

The next day when he reported before his officer, he was reprimanded and then asked if he had anything to say in his own defense. This is the way he replied:

“Sir, this pack of cards means a great deal in my life and tells me what is in the Bible, and even more, for—

“The One-spot tells me that there is but one God.

“The Two-spot tells me that the Bible is divided into two parts, the Old and the New Testaments.

“The Three-spot that there are three persons in the Holy Trinity.

“The Four-spot that the New Testament was written by the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

“The Five-spot that there are five Foolish and five Wise Virgins.

“The Six-spot that the world was created in six days.

“The Seven-spot that the seventh day of the week is the Sabbath, on which I must pay my respects to my Creator.

“The Eight-spot reminds me of the eight beatitudes, the greatest sermon preached by our Lord.

“The Nine-spot tells me of the nine Lepers who did not return to the Savior to give thanks.

“The Ten-spot reminds me of the Ten Commandments which I must keep to save my soul.

“The Jack is the knave, the Devil who goes about seeking the destruction of souls.

“The Queen is the Mother of Heaven, the Mother of God.

“The King is the Kingdom of Heaven which will be my reward of a good life.

“Even more than that. This pack of cards is also an almanac for me.

“There are 52 cards in the deck, telling me there are 52 Sundays in the year.

"Add up all the spots and you will find 365 in all, telling me there are 365 days in the year.

"There are thirteen cards in the suite, which tells me there are thirteen lunar months in the year.

"In all there are 12 face cards and so there are 12 calendar months in the year.

"There are four various suites: hearts, diamonds, spades and clubs, signifying the four seasons of the year: spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

"There are light and dark cards, telling me that each twenty-four hours is divided into day and night.

"This is the meaning of the pack of cards to me, I have nothing more to say."

The soldier boy was forthwith honorably discharged.

* * *

Another unknown—sent in by Mrs. Claude B. Athkins of Ardmore, Okla.—ranks high among Breakfast Clubbers' favorite poems.

THE CROSS WAS HIS OWN

He borrowed the bread when the crowd He fed
On the grassy mountain side;
He borrowed the dish of broken fish
With which He satisfied;
But the Crown that He wore
And the Cross that He bore
Were His own.

He borrowed the ship in which to sit
To talk to the multitude;
He borrowed the nest in which to rest,
He had never a home so crude;
But the Crown that He wore
And the Cross that He bore
Were His own.

He borrowed a room on His way to the tomb,
The Passover lamb to eat;
They borrow a cave for Him a grave;
They borrowed a winding sheet;
But the Crown that He wore
And the Cross that He bore
Were His own.

The thorns on His head were worn in my stead;
For me the Savior died;
For the guilt of my sin, the nails drove in
When Him they crucified;
Though the Crown that He wore
And the Cross that He bore
Were His own.

(Author Unknown)

Dr. Charles D. Stuart, a naturopathic physician in San Antonio, Texas, wrote the following, which Don featured on Armistice Day, 1946.

THEY ARE NOT DEAD, those young ones who went out of your homes when The French Maginot Line, and such names as The Renown and Guadalcanal which had been but names to you, came in through your doors to assume a new and terrible meaning.

They are not dead, Those of whom The War Department Telegraphed, "We regret to inform you." Yet you who are a widow or a parent or another who has been told that one you greatly loved "Was killed in action," may ask reasonably enough; Why do you say "He is not dead." I no more receive his letters. I shall never again see the physical presence which meant all of life to me. There is a mound in a cemetery, in a foreign land; and each time I see it, for a kind friend sent a picture, my heart swells in agony until it seems that I too must die, yet you say "He is not dead," Why?

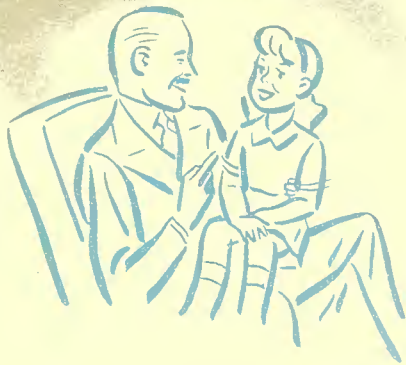
And the answer must be, "Because there is no death, if anything truly died then the entire fabric of our existence would be a mockery."

"I am with you always," words spoken almost two thousand years ago by the gentlest being whose feet ever trod this blood soaked earth, Who came that the world might know, "There IS No Death." And even as the Christ is ever with those who loved Him, so is the spirit of that one you loved with you unless you drive them away with tears and grief, and by that very grief acknowledge the grave has won a victory.

God allows no act that is not for some ultimate purpose. As we grow older and see with eyes that truly see, when we behold the waging life all around us, as we step into the freshness of a new unsullied day, when we stand alone at dusk at the ocean's shore and feel the peace that comes when we are close to something as God made it, then it is that we are very close to those who have gone into that other land.

Into thousands of our American homes has come the natural sorrow we all must feel when one we love has gone. Yet it can be a sorrow tempered by the sure and certain knowledge that this one we loved lacks nothing of those attributes which make life. They see us, they hear us. They know those burning words we would say—for the lack to make themselves known to us—is not theirs, but our inability to see clearly, and hear plainly. So do not longer grieve them by saying, "That one I loved is dead" for they are not dead. They have only gone on a little ways ahead.





"OOMPH AT SEVEN"

A woman's most delightful age is seven. At seven she sits on a man's knee without hesitation, affected or genuine, and without putting the knee to sleep. She enjoys listening to him, encourages him to talk, and believes any story he tells. Her curiosity over what became of his hair is sometimes embarrassing, but her sympathy with him in his loss is unquestionably sincere. While unduly interested, perhaps, in the state of his exchequer and never too proud to accept pecuniary aid, she is no gold digger whose gratitude is measured by the amount of the contribution. For as little as two copper cents she will bear-hug his spectacles all out of shape, and he feels sure she means it. At seven she is more or less front-toothless, to be sure. But then she doesn't yet chalk her nose or paint her nails, and she hasn't begun to use tobacco. All in all, a charming age!

—Editorial in *N. Y. Times*.



THE FRIEND WHO JUST STANDS BY

When trouble comes your soul to try,
 You love the friend who just stands by
 Perhaps there's nothing he can do;
 The thing is strictly up to you,
 For there are troubles all your own,
 And paths the soul must tread alone;
 Times when love can't smooth the road,
 Nor friendship lift the heavy load.
 But just to feel you have a friend,
 Who will stand by until the end;
 Whose sympathy through all endures,
 Whose warm handclasp is always yours,
 It helps somehow to pull you through,
 Although there's nothing he can do;
 And so with fervent heart we cry,
 "God bless the friend who just stands by."

—Appeared in *The Chariot*, official organ
 of the Ben Hur Life Association.



WHAT IS A BOY?

After a male baby has grown out of long clothes and triangles and has acquired pants, freckles, and so much dirt his relatives dare not kiss it between meals, it becomes a BOY. He is a piece of skin stretched over an appetite. He can swim like a fish, run like a deer, climb like a squirrel, balk like a mule, bellow like a bull, eat like a pig, and act like a monkey. He is a joy forever, a periodic nuisance, the problem of our times, the hope of a nation.—*Author Unknown*.

WORDS FOR A DAUGHTER

(Anonymous)

Though you have shut me out, your eyes
Betray some wound your speech denies.
You need not fear. I shall remain
Outside. That baffled look of pain
I shall not see, for I must learn
To mask my pity and concern.
And I am proud that you have shown
Courage to face your world alone.

Only remember this: when there
Are times when you have need to share
Your problems, I shall always be
Waiting for you to come to me—
Eager to help you on your way,
Or blunt the sharp edge of dismay.
Your need of me, if you but knew,
Is nothing to my need of you!

PARABLE

At the time our nation was confronted with a wave of strikes — just as we were trying to convert to peace-time production — Don McNeill spoke for millions of citizens when he thought out this little parable while he was driving to the studio one morning. It was used on Inspiration Time, May 24, 1946.

"I want to tell you a little parable this morning. This is purely a figment of my own imagination but I'll bet you wish, just like I do, that it were true.

"At the time this great nation was founded, there lived a man with great foresight, who was able to look into the future and predict with uncanny accuracy, some of the things that would take place in this nation. At the time of the adopting of our constitution, he said:

"People of these United States aren't going to have too easy a time with this deal. As a matter of fact, in time, instead of working together for the good of all, such powerful groups may arise on one side of a question or the other, that it may be possible to throw this whole nation into a state of national chaos, even though at that time, the nation may have the greatest resources and greatest potentialities in production of any civilized spot in the world.

"I hope when occasions like that arise, there will be in our country, men with enough patriotism, sincerity, loyalty and aggressiveness, who will think less of their political future than the future of our country, and by peaceful democratic means, work out a democratic and just and equitable solution that will get to the root of the evils. I hesitate to think what the result will be for the country if such a thing does not come to pass, for the country which reaches the greatest heights has the farthest to fall.

"But I trust that the same God who guided us when we founded this nation, will smile upon the men who will strive to keep it together when it needs Him most."

Don McNeill.



DID CHRIST HAVE A LITTLE BLACK DOG?

I wonder if Christ had a little black dog,
All curly and wooly like
mine,
With two silky ears, and nose
round and wet,
Two eyes brown and tender
that shine.

I am sure if He had, that that
little black dog,
Knew right from the first
He was God:
That he needed no proofs that
Christ was divine,
But just worshipped the ground
where He trod.

I'm afraid that He hadn't,
because I have read
How He prayed in the garden alone,
For all of His friends and
disciples had fled,
Even Peter, the one called a
"Stone."

And Oh, I am sure that that
little black dog,
With a true heart so tender
and warm
Would never have left Him to
suffer alone
But creeping right under His arm:

Would have licked those dear
fingers in agony clasped,
And counting all favors but
loss,
When they took Him away,
would have trotted behind
And followed Him right to
the cross.

Elizabeth Gardner Reynolds.



WHAT IS DYING?

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other. Then some one at my side says: "There! She's gone."

Gone where? Gone from my sight—that is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of destination. Her diminished size is in me, not in her; and just at the moment when some one at my side says, "There! She's gone," there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "There she comes!"

And that is dying.

—*Author Unknown.*

Based on an original story by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews (deceased) which appeared in the November 1922 issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the following story was written from memory several years ago by Mrs. Dorothy Van Houten of Berwick, Pa. as she stood in front of the Unknown Soldier's Tomb. Having become a regular Memory Time Feature on Armistice Day, it is reprinted here by popular demand:

THE YELLOW BUTTERFLIES

At the turn of the century, in a small town in Virginia, not far from Arlington, there lived a dear little flaxen-haired boy. He had beautiful curly hair and when he played in the sunlight it made his hair look like gold. His mother noticed yellow butterflies hovering over him as he played and remarked that they were about the color of his hair.

The child grew older and was now ready to leave for school for the first time. His mother walked down the garden path to the gate to see him off. She loved this little boy very dearly and was quite sad for she knew she would miss him very much. Just as he went through the gate and was turning to wave to his mother, the yellow butterflies flew all around him and one came to rest on his head. He liked to see them near and never tried to catch them or harm them. As he grew to be an older boy, for some reason the yellow butterflies flew around him many times.

The years passed very quickly. Now the young man was graduated. About this time there was dread and fear of war. His mother's heart was heavy, for her son, Jimmy, we will call him, was already talking about enlisting if the United States declared war. War was declared in April, 1917. He enlisted. The day he left for training camp, his mother and boyhood sweetheart went to the train to see him off. He tried to be cheerful and make them feel the same, but his mother's heart was nearly broken and his sweetheart was very sad.



Once upon a time, Sam tried to help Aunt Fanny take a Christmas story over the telephone. Don doesn't know who to blame, but the story seems to have gotten jumbled up. Nevertheless, it's been an annual "must read" on *Inspiration Time*.

'TWAS THE CHRIS BEFORE NIGHTMAS

'Twas the chris before Nightmas, when house through
the all,

Not a stir was creaking mouse even a not;
The chimps were hung by the stockney with care
In nics that St. There would soon be hopeless
When out on the rose there lawn such a matter
I sprang from my clatt to see what was the batter
Then appear to my whatering eyes should wonder
But asleighture tindeer, and eight mina rain
With a quick old liver so drively and little,
I knew in a nickment it must be St. Nome.
To the porch of the top, to the wall of the top
As wild hurricanes that before the dry fly leaves
When they ob with a meetstacle, sky to the mount,
And there in a roofing I heard on the twink
The poofing and hrancing of each little paw
As I round in my turn and was heading adrew
Down the bound came St. Chim with a nickimey.
His drool little bow was drawn up like a mouth
The teeth of astump held tight in his pipes
And his head encircled his smoke like a wreath
He had a belly face and round little broad
He was elfy and joll, a right plumb chub
He work not a spoke, but went straight to word
And filled all the jerks and turned with a stocking
And raising up the nodimey he gave a chim
He whistled to his sleigh, to his team he gave a sprang
An ethistle they all dawn like away of a flew
But I drone him as he exclaimed out of heard
Crissy Hapness to all and to good an all night.

Author Unknown

They heard the train whistle and knew in a moment he would be gone, but just before the train arrived, again the yellow butterflies were there flying all around him. He said "You see the butterflies are still with me and they will be here to welcome me back."

He went to war. As soon as he could he wrote letters home, telling his mother and sweetheart to cheer up, the war would not last long and he would soon be back. They received quite a number of letters, but suddenly they stopped coming. His mother thought he may be in action and couldn't write and hoped to hear from him later, but there were no letters for mother or sweetheart. They scanned the casualty lists. He was never reported wounded or killed in action, nor did they hear anything from the government concerning him. The war was over. There was no news of any kind.

Time passed on. The broken-hearted mother read in the newspapers of the dedication to take place at Arlington. She went. There she saw the tomb and wondered whose son was lying there. In her heart she felt that it might be her Jimmy. She tried to listen to the speaker, hearing very little that was said. Her anguish and pain were almost unbearable. At last she heard something like this: "We have come to honor this soldier. He was selected from a number of 'Unknown Soldiers.' No one knows whose son is lying here." Just then Jimmy's mother gasped. It was all she could do to keep from crying out. Hovering all about the tomb were swarms of beautiful yellow butterflies. She knew whose son was lying there. She thought, "These people have gathered here to honor my son. It is his tomb they dedicate."

Then she breathed a silent prayer, "Oh, God! I thank Thee for those beautiful butterflies. They have come to welcome Jimmy back home."

With the permission of Lyla Myers, Little Rock, Arkansas, who has published a book of poems, the following verses are being printed for the first time after having been featured on Memory Time, Jan. 9, 1947:

HIS MOTHER

I look at him and think of her
So many years ago.
She held him close, sang lullabies,
And rocked him to and fro.

Her loving prayers, tenderness,
Hopes, cares, and inspiration
Produced a man at whom all look
With greatest admiration.

One plainly sees her honesty
In his clear eyes of blue.
Her sweetness is reflected in
His every action too.

In him she realized her dreams —
Then gave him to another.
Yes, I'm the lucky girl — and oh
So grateful to his mother!

IT ISN'T THE CHURCH — IT'S YOU

(Anonymous)

If you want to have the kind of a church
Like the kind of a church you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.

You'll only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing really new.
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your church;
It isn't the church—it's you!

When everything seems to be going wrong,
And trouble seems everywhere brewing;
When prayer meeting, Young People's meeting,
And all,
Seem simmering slowly—stewing,



Just take a look at yourself and say,
"What's the use of being blue?"
Are you doing your "bit" to make things "hit"?
It isn't the church—it's you.

It's really strange sometimes, don't you know,
That things go as well as they do,
When we think of the little—the very small mite—
We add to the work of the few.

We sit, and stand 'round, and complain of what's done,
And do very little but fuss.
Are we bearing our share of the burdens to bear?
It isn't the church—it's us.

So, if you want to have the kind of a church
Like the kind of a church you like,
Put off your guile, and put on your best smile,
And hike, my brother, just hike,

To the work in hand that has to be done—
The work of saving a few.
It isn't the church that is wrong, my boy!
It isn't the church—it's you.

1947

Popular Poems

Very frequently it's Boy Time on Memory Time, the Fanns decided after checking Breakfast Club's most popular poems for 1947. Actually, the two that polled the greatest number of responses during the year have been used several times before. Both authors are unknown.

JUST A BOY

Got to understand the lad —
He's not eager to be bad.
If the right he always knew,
He would be as old as you.
Were he now exceeding wise,
He'd be just about your size.
When he does things that annoy,
Don't forget — he's just a boy.

Could he know and understand,
He would need no guiding hand,
But he's young and hasn't learned
How life's corners must be turned;
Doesn't know from day to day
There is more in life than play,
More to face than selfish joy.
Don't forget — he's just a boy.

Being just a boy, he'll do
Much you will not want him to;
He'll be careless of his ways
Have his disobedient days.
Willful, wild, and headstrong too.
Things of value he'll destroy,
But reflect — he's just a boy.

Just a boy who needs a friend —
Patient, kindly to the end;
Needs a father who will show
Him the things he wants to know.
Take him with you when you walk,
Listen when he wants to talk,
His companionship enjoy.
Don't forget — he's just a boy.



A FATHER'S CONFESSION TO HIS SON

Listen Son:

I am saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot, stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Guiltily I came to your bedside. These are the things I was thinking, son:

I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. As you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called, "Goodbye!" and I frowned, and said, "Hold your shoulders back."

Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boyfriends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, from a father! It was such stupid, silly logic.

Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in, softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. "What is it you want?" I snapped.

You said nothing, but ran across in one tempestuous plunge; and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God has set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness, and I felt sick at heart.

What had habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault, of reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you, it was that I expected so much of youth. I was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

And there was so much that was good, and fine, and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you, son. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good night. Nothing else matters tonight, so I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt there, choking with emotion, and so ashamed! It is a feeble atonement. I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying. I must burn sacrificial fires alone, here in your bedroom, and make free confession. And I have prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve. Tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I'll be a real daddy.

* * *

Clipped from a publication of the American Seaman's Friend Society, the following ten points have been much in demand by members of social, civic and church organizations.

"TEN WAYS TO KILL A SOCIETY"

1. Don't come to the meetings.
2. If you do come, come late.
3. If the weather doesn't suit you, don't think of coming.
4. If you attend a meeting, find fault with the work of the officers and other members.
5. Never accept an office, as it is easier to criticize than to do things.
6. Nevertheless, feel hurt if you are not appointed on the committee; but if you are, do not attend committee meetings.
7. If asked by the chairman to give your opinion on some matter, tell her you have nothing to say. After the meeting tell everyone how things ought to have been done.
8. Do nothing more than is absolutely necessary, but, when members roll up their sleeves and willingly, unselfishly use their ability to help matters along, say that the society is run by a clique.
9. Hold back your dues as long as possible—or, don't pay at all.
10. Don't bother about getting new members. Let someone else do it.

Ursula Kelly of Brooklyn, N. Y., took the following verses from a pamphlet, but no one has been able to trace its source or author.

THE SCHOOL OF SORROW

I sat in the school of sorrow,
The Master was teaching there;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart oppressed with care.

Instead of looking forward upward and
Seeing His face divine,
So full of tender compassion
For weary hearts like mine.

I only thought of the burden—
The cross that near me lay—
The clouds that hung thick above me,
Darkening the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,
And say, "Thy will be done";
For the Master came not near me,
As the leaden hours went on.

At last, in despair, I lifted
My streaming eyes above,
And I saw the Master watching
With a pitying look of love.

To the cross below He pointed,
And I thought I heard Him say,
"My child, thou must take thy burden,
And learn thy task today.

"Not now may I tell the reason;
'Tis enough for thee to know
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And appoint thee all thy woe."

Then kneeling, the cross I lifted,
For one glimpse of that face divine
Had given me strength to lift it
And say, "Thy will, not mine."

And so I learned my lesson
And through the weary years
His helping hand sustained me
And wiped away my tears.

And ever the glorious sunlight
From the heavenly home streamed down,
When the school tasks are all ended,
And the cross exchanged for a crown.

It Happened On The B. C.

UNITED NATIONS' PRAYER

This morning I want to share with you a letter which I recently wrote which I consider to be extremely important to all of us. I wrote this letter to Secretary of State Byrnes, Senator Vandenberg, Senator Connally, Mr. Molotoff, Mr. Bevin and Trygvie Lie.

It grew out of a suggestion made to the United Nations, brought to my attention by Fred Burdick, Editor of "Capitol Gist," by United States representative Emory Price of Florida—evidently inspired by our Moment of Silent Prayer on the Breakfast Club. Here is the letter:

It has come to my attention that United States Representative Emory Price of Florida has recently suggested that all sessions of the United Nations be opened with a moment of silent prayer in which delegates of all races and faiths could participate without embarrassment.

On my radio program, the Breakfast Club, broadcast over 243 stations in the United States and Canada for one hour five mornings a week from 9 to 10 EST, we inaugurated a Moment of Silent Prayer several years ago. We do it thusly:

"Each in his own words, each in his own way—For a world united in peace, Bow your heads, and let us pray."

... followed by twenty seconds of Silent Prayer, not only by our studio audience but by millions of listeners throughout the country, including I am told, thousands of youngsters whose world this some day will be.

If there ever was a time when Divine Guidance is needed, it is now, especially in your Organization dedicated to directing the peace of the world. This, it seems to me is one proposition which brooks no argument from the representative of any nation. I am sure millions of people throughout the world will appreciate your doing it, including

Yours respectfully,
DON McNEILL



A secretary, who passed up breakfast to attend a Breakfast Club broadcast, was presented with a container of hot coffee. "Just so the rest of the audience understands," remarked Don, "this only occurs when some one in the cast happens to have a cup of coffee in his pocket."

* * *



"I'm twice as lucky as Sam," R. Weston Dixon of Philadelphia told Don. "My wife and I brought both our mothers-in-law to the show."

Don: The least you can do, Sam, is to show these good people the sights while they are in Chicago.

Sam: I'll be glad to show the mothers-in-law the deepest part of Lake Michigan.

* * *



Don maintains that young Skip Siggins of Park Ridge, Ill., dug this one out of the woodwork.

"One cockroach was telling another about the clean kitchen he had just seen," said Skip. "Please," said the other cockroach, "not while I'm eating!"

* * *



Aunt Fanny: Today I'm reminded of Ote Fritzsinger. Poor guy ain't said a word since he married Amy.

Don: How come? Can't Ote talk?

Aunt Fanny: 'Tain't that he can't talk. Land sakes, Amy started a filibuster when she left the church and ain't quit yet!

MOTHER LOVE

Richard Maxwell

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."

Permission of Maxwell-Wirges Publications, Inc.
1650 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF

Anonymous

Believe in yourself! Believe you were made
To do any task without calling for aid.
Believe, without growing too scornfully proud,
That you, as the greatest and least are endowed.
A mind to do thinking, two hands and two eyes
Are all the equipment God gives to the wise.

Believe in yourself you're divinely designed
And perfectly made for the work of mankind.
This truth you must cling to through danger and pain;
The heights man has reached you can also attain.
Believe to the very last hour, for it's true,
That whatever you will you've been gifted to do.

Believe in yourself and step out unafraid,
By misgivings and doubt be not easily swayed.
You've the right to succeed; the precision of skill
Which betokens the great you can earn if you will!
The wisdom of ages is yours if you'll read,
But you've got to believe in yourself to succeed.

THE SNORING HUSBAND

(The Wife Speaks)

"The day he came a-wooing,"
Says his most devoted wife,
"I used to think 'twould easy be
With him to spend my life,
His speech was, oh, so gentle,
And so tall and straight was he,
I never dreamed how terrible
He'd prove some day to be.

I never dreamed I'd wake at night
To give his ribs a whack,
With "Darling, please turn over —
You're sleeping on your back!
When life was all before us
And our single path uphill,
I never dreamed the time would come
I'd wish his voice was still.

And when "for better or for worse"
To cling to him I vowed,
I never dreamed so nice a man
Could make a noise so loud,
Now night long through I elbow him
Until he's blue and black,
And say, "Turn over, darling, please;
You're sleeping on your back.

At times it's like a whistle's shriek.
At times a grunt and groan,
And a buzz-saw at a knot,
And then a fearful moan!
There comes a second's silence
When I think he must be dead
To find he's merely paused
To start full steam ahead.
And this must last my life time through
For how can I forsake
The ghastly creature fast asleep
Who is so nice awake!

— Anon.



Nancy Martin

THE FISHERMAN

Who's the stranger, mother dear?
Look, he knows us, ain't he queer?
"Hush, my own, don't talk so wild.
He's your father, dearest child."
"He's my father? No such thing!
Father died away last spring."
"Father didn't die, you dub!
Father joined the fishing club.
But now the season's closed, so he
Has no place to go, you see;
No place left for him to roam;
That is why he's coming home.
Kiss him—he won't bite you, child,
All those fishing guys look wild."

—Clipped.

LETTER TO NANCY MARTIN

Dear Nancy:

This occasion serves to remind me of how many goodbyes I've said over the course of my thirteen and a half years on Breakfast Club to members of the cast as they left us one by one. People such as Dick Teela, Evelyn Lynne, Claik Dennis, Marion Mann and good old Jack Baker, and especially does saying "so-long" to you remind me of the goodbye to Annette King.

You have built up the same loyal following among our Breakfast Clubbers that Annette had. Like you, she too became a bride while with us on Breakfast Club and like you, she left to pick up her home life with her husband which she has carried out very successfully. In fact, she and her husband have acquired several small additions around the premises.

Well, now you are leaving, Nancy, and it is my earnest hope and I am sure I express the opinion of every member of the cast and the listeners, that you too will have a most successful home career. As a matter of fact, you should be very proud of your full decision to become a full-time homemaker. Because, as near as I have been able to observe, there is no finer career for any woman. Certainly the great bulk of our Breakfast Clubbers are homemakers themselves and will welcome you into their midst. Much as they will miss your cheery chatter on Breakfast Club, not one of them will begrudge your transferring your voice from a studio to a kitchen.

So many Breakfast Clubbers have come to look upon you as a personal friend of theirs that it will be a little like a nextdoor neighbor moving into a new neighborhood. But perhaps, some day you will be crooning one of those lullabies you sing so well not to the vast audience of Breakfast Clubbers, but to a cute tiny audience of one. You know, too, that the Breakfast Club welcome mat will always be out for you and we certainly hope that just like those other former members of the Breakfast Club cast I mentioned earlier, you will avail yourself of our heartfelt invitation to come join us again around the Breakfast Table for a visit with our Breakfast Clubbers whenever you can. You and your husband will be singing your duets together from now on. Confidentially, there is nothing wrong with a trio and even a quintet is mighty nice.

I won't say "goodbye," Nancy, just so long. You have been good to the Breakfast Clubbers and to us for a long time; now take care of that swell husband of yours and be good to yourself.

Don McNeill.



THIS IS MY CASTLE

John Milton Owens

What a feeling it is to come home once more
To the Castle where I am the King,
My subjects devotedly shout from the door,
"Hi Dad" and my heart starts to sing.

There's Johnny, Noel and gay Mary Ann,
They're laughing and running my way,
There's Helen, my queen since the world began,
"Hi Jack, you're home early today."

Thru living room, dining room, kitchen and den,
Thru bedrooms, bathroom and hall
I smell the good smells of a plump roasting hen
With dressing, potatoes and all.

"Thank you Dear Lord, we ask You to bless
Our home, our being, our food,
And ever we strive each day to express
Our thanks by a deed or a mood."

The little red hen has vanished so neat,
The pudding has gone by the way,
A smoke and a cup make the dinner complete,
This is home where a King loves to stay.

The children request "just a story or two,"
Their favorites are always on tap,
So out comes the book with its cover of blue,
And my subjects climb up on my lap.

The stories they love are the ones that they know,
And they know when to laugh or be "sad,"
Little actors they are and they're staging a show
For a King they know only as Dad.

Storytime ends as storytimes do
And Children have prayers to be said.
They kneel by my side and I pridefully view
The curls and the shape of each head.

I pray to myself: "Dear God up above,
I'm thankful for these that are mine,
Please make me worthy of all of their love,
Amen." And the clock's striking nine.

Parading to bed is a happy affair,
And the little one rides on my back.
Mother takes brother and sister somewhere,
Then "Night" with a hug and a smack.

So peaceful and warm is the glow from the fire
And Helen is knitting near by
There's a look on her face that I dearly admire
I relax in my chair with a sigh.

Yes, this is my castle and I am a King
My kingdom is loyal and strong,
With my queen and my subjects, say I've everything,
Can you honestly say that I'm wrong?

IF GOD FORGOT

(For Just One Day)

Words by
John W. Bratton

Music by
Goefrey O'Hara, ASCAP

If God forgot, for just one day,
And took His wond'rous gifts away;
Forgot to make the rivers flow,
To make the seasons come and go.
A dreary place this world would be,
A lonely place for you and me,
If God forgot to hear us pray,
If God forgot, for just one day!

Forgot to make the roses grow,
That dream beneath the winter's snow;
Forgot to send the kiss of spring,
To waken buds from slumbering:
Forgot to send the gentle rain,
To nourish fields of golden grain,
So man may have his daily bread,
When evening prayers are said.

If God forgot, for just one night,
The candles in the sky to light,
To guide the angels on their way,
To watch o'er us till break of day:
And ere we close our eyes in sleep,
And ask the Lord our souls to keep,
If God forgot, to hear us pray,—
If God forgot, for just one day!

Copyright 1947 by Robbins Music Corporation.
Used by permission of copyright owner.

To all our dear Breakfast Clubbers:

After returning from camp, I was going my merry way playing with all my fine pals when the polio bug mistook me for an easy mark.

I had everyone scared for a while — even myself — but because of all 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.

Gee, folks! You'll never know how thrilled I was to get all those wonderful cards, letters, and gift packages. I think my family is really tops, but the Breakfast Club family is super de-luxe.

Thanks for being so swell and as my Dad says "Be Good To Yourself!"

TOMMY McNEILL

P. S. I want to say thanks, too, because Tommy shared some of the gifts with me.

DONNY McNEILL

P. P. S. Me, too!

BOBBY McNEILL

Come out and meet the Breakfast

Club Families...





First Stop McNeill Manor

During the forty minute drive north in Don's car, the Fanns got to speculating what Kay and the boys would be doing when they arrived at the McNeill home in Winnetka. Don just chuckled as he said: "I never try to predict what is going to happen on the program or at home."

To everyone's enjoyment, Kay and the boys were found feeding a pigeon on the veranda.

The new house provided the Fanns with a really intimate picture of McNeill home life. You approach the English Lannon stone house from the driveway and enter a lovely reception hall. Immediately, you are attracted to the wrought iron staircase that leads upstairs.

Each boy has his own room, twin beds and a secret compartment for valuables. Tommy's room is equipped with a desk and easel; Donny has a small upright piano. Bobby's double-decker, with all the nautical trimmings, is his pride and joy.

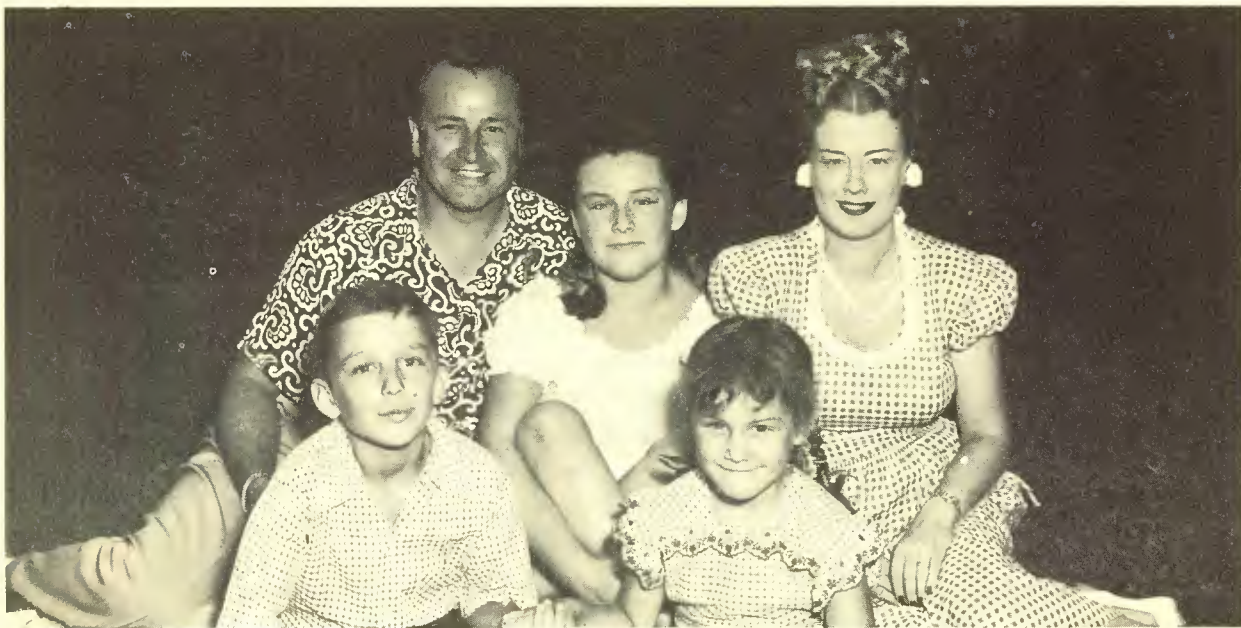
Kay showed Mrs. Fann through the rooms downstairs, while Don detoured Mr. Fann into the den and the children visited with Flagg, a smart young hunting dog, and McGinty, a lovable dachshund puppy. They all met again in the basement for an inspection of the game room.

Don and the boys posed for one last snapshot, but Kay asked to be excused when she saw them hauling out fishing equipment. "I don't belong in that picture," she said. "Don goes away on hunting and fishing trips to relax and how could he relax with me talking all the time. I stay home and entertain the children or dogs if they don't accompany him."

Above: Kay, Donny, Tommy and Bobby

Below: Tommy, Don, Bobby and Donny





Owens' Castle (see page 53)



(Jack was singing their courting song, "Love is the Sweetest Thing," one morning while Helen was in the Breakfast Club audience. By way of tribute to his wife, Jack left the platform and with the hand microphone sang directly to her. The audience responded with such enthusiasm that the act has been a feature ever since.)

Meanwhile, the children were exchanging hobby information. "Mine are horseback riding, singing and song-writing," said 13-year old Mary Ann Owens. Johnny Owens, who reached 10 this summer, proudly reported that he was caddying for Dad and carrying a morning newspaper route for himself. "I'm learning to skate," said 7-year old Noel, Jack's No. 1 fan.

Ten minutes away in the same suburb, the Fanns found Mr. and Mrs. Jack Owens and their three children waiting for them on the front lawn.

"Robust, chronically cheerful, and handsome . . ." Penny Fann was comparing an ABC press release about the Cruising Crooner with the real life picture she saw in front of her now. "Why, that fits the whole Owen's family," she concluded.

"I know I speak for all Breakfast Club wives," Mrs. Fann ventured after she had been made to feel perfectly at ease, "How do you feel about Jack serenading the ladies in the audience, Mrs. Owens?"

"It's the way he brings home the bacon," said Helen Owens. "Everybody knows that the Cruising Crooner is just an act. If I ever did have a doubt, I always remember that it was I who first inspired him."



Calling on the Cowlings

The Fann children could hardly wait to see Sam Cowling again. Mrs. Fann was curious about the real relationship of Sam and his mother-in-law, and Mr. Fann wondered if a comedian was ever funny to his family.

All questions were promptly answered when they entered the Cowling apartment on Chicago's far north side. Sam was shining up the rods and reels in anticipation of a fishing trip with Sammy and Billy. Del and her mother, Mrs. Mary Hammill, were looking forward to a day of peace and quiet without the three children.

Then things began to happen. Ten year old Sammy, who is a walking sports encyclopedia, commented that Americans learned to fish from the Indians. Billy, who at 8 years can outkick his school mates on the gridiron (Sam insists that his mother-in-law can kick out anybody), maintained that fishing was invented by Don McNeill.



"You're both wrong," piped up Daddy Cowling. "Fishing was invented for guys who are loose with the truth." This started a lively tussle in the middle of the room and resulted in all the kids being cornered.

Sam was banished to a corner of the davenport and fell into the domesticated pose you see above center. Del's goodbye answered Mrs. Fann's last question: "He's a nice husband. He loves my cookin'; he amuses Mother and the children, and he makes a good tennis partner."

Left to right:
Mrs. Hammill, Del, Sam, Sammy and Billy



Fran's Double Life

On the Breakfast Club Fran Allison is the gossipy, sharp-witted "bachelor lady" known as Aunt Fanny. At home she is Mrs. Archie Levington, who loves to cook for hubby and mother. She has been a radio personality since 1933.

The Fanns were intrigued by Fran's wardrobe of frumpy, old-fashioned Aunt Fanny clothes, and enjoyed seeing Archie's collection of woodworking tools and films. Mrs. Nan Allison commented that "between picking up after Fran, who has never been known to shut a drawer or door, and sweeping up Archie's wood chips," she has had little time to enjoy the remodeled coach house which the Levingtons recently bought on Chicago's near north side.



California's Gift . . .

Winner of three beauty contests at 15, a radio vocalist since 1941, and the most frequently heard guest songstress on Breakfast Club, is the enviable record of petite 19-year old Patsy Lee. Christened Patsy Lee Ortega in Berkeley, Calif., on March 26, 1928, her grade school ambition was to be a dancer.

A natural singing voice, however, landed Patsy on a San Francisco radio station when she was 16. Intensely loyal to California, the trimmings in Patsy's hotel apartment are a constant reminder of the home state. She maintains that all those photographs are of the same person, and the Fanns promised not to divulge her secret as they left.

"Just Plain Gertson"

Cliff Petersen, producer of the Breakfast Club since 1945, rarely is heard on the air nowadays, but not so long ago his voice was familiar to listeners. As tenor in "The Escorts and Betty" quartet, he sang on the Bob Hope show, the Breakfast Club, the Kate Smith show, and others.

The quartet was sub-billed as "The Swedehearts of St. Paul," with Cliff as "just plain Gertson." The quartet joined the Breakfast Club in 1936.

When the Fanns came calling they found Cliff trying to interest 7 year old Tommy in leaving his comic book long enough to play a new album Sister Terry had brought home. "If it's about Roy Rogers or horses, I'll listen," his eyes seem to say. Terry loves to sketch, while Eileen (Mrs. Petersen) couldn't decide between bridge and golf as her hobby.

It takes teamwork to keep a radio program moving sweetly and smoothly and to get it on and off the network channels in split second timing. Breakfast Club is fortunate to have a team like Eddie Ballantine and Cliff Petersen. Eddie is responsible for selecting, arranging, and rehearsing more than a dozen musical numbers for each show. Timing of the whole program, contacts with sponsors and their agencies, arrangements for guests and visitors, are just a few of Cliff's responsibilities.

Maestro Eddie

Although he studied electrical engineering in 1924 and 1925 at Cornell University, Eddie Ballantine wound up with a degree in music from Northwestern University 13 years later. One reason for this career-change was Eddie's love of music, the other was Frances Ridley of Ithaca, N. Y. He left Cornell to marry her and to sing and play a hot trumpet.

Author of dozens of popular and classical compositions, Eddie has been director of the versatile Breakfast Club orchestra for three years. He has been associated with the program ever since McNeill's opening broadcast in 1933.

Music runs in his family, too. Teddy, just out of the Navy, has enrolled at Chicago Musical College. Barbara collects jazz records and when Betty isn't playing the piano, you'll find her on the bridle path. Eddie and Frances love to talk cooking and golf.



Back in The Mart

"Wonder what's going on back in your Merchandise Mart office while we've been gadding about and meeting all these swell Breakfast Club families?" Mr. Fann asked Don while they were waiting for a train to take them home.

"I ask myself that same question every time I leave early," replied Don with a twinkle in his eye. "Why don't we take a look-see in my television set."

"Oh, my gosh, they are robbing the Philco refrigerator again! And Silent Jim Bennett (he's my manager) is offering my secretary (Mary Canny) THAT fish I caught up in the Poconos. If she eats it, I'll fire her!

"I hope Jim's secretary, Jeanne McNeely, leaves some crackers and cheese for my mid-morning snack tomorrow," concluded Don as he swung the television lens to another corner of the office.

"Wouldn't you know it, Bob Murphy (Philco announcer) has another ace," said Don. "I've told Fred Kasper (Lustre Creme and Toni announcer) repeatedly that Murphy is nicknamed 'Ace' for a very good reason."

"Where's Don Dowd, the Swift announcer?" inquired Mrs. Fann.

"That's the question I've been waiting for you to ask through this whole book," replied Don brightly. "He's up fishing in Wisconsin, recovering from an operation. Now that you mention it, I promised to run up and see him. So long, Fanns, I gotta go fish—, I mean, see Dowd."



Fred Kasper

Bob Murphy



Don Dowd



Breakfast Club Alumni



Dick Teela



Evelyn Lynne



Johnny Thompson



Bill "Mr. Wimple" Thompson



Fibber McGee and Molly

It was "old grads' day" on the Breakfast Club, June 23, 1947, as nine alumni stopped in or sent transcribed messages to Don McNeill, who celebrated the start of his 15th consecutive year with the show.

Dick Teela, a network producer from New York and the first singer on the Breakfast Club, led the parade of stars. From Hollywood came the greetings of Helen Jane Behlke, Clark Dennis, Nancy Martin, Bill "Mr. Wimple" Thompson, Fibber McGee and Molly.

Annette King left her four children at home in Aurora, Illinois, when she appeared personally, while Johnny Thompson of New York, Evelyn Lynne of Oklahoma City, Okla., and Jack Baker of Nashville, Tenn., sent in their greetings.

Surrounded by flowers, telegrams and birthday cakes from his sponsors and well-wishers, Don took it with the philosophical comment:

"The first five years were hard, the next five were tolerable, and since then it has been better than working."

Fibber McGee and Molly, who appeared on the show in "19-0-34" as Marion and Jim Jordan, slipped this tickler into their congratulatory record:

"It's all very well for Don McNeill to celebrate 15 years on the Breakfast Club, but what about the next 13 weeks. Is he set?"

Return For 15th Anniversary

Ed Borroff, vice president of ABC's central division, answered Fibber's question that same afternoon when he appeared in Don's office with a new contract. First he tore up an old agreement with Don, because the new four year contract recognizes Kay McNeill as a radio personality.

The first lady of the Breakfast Club will make regular appearances on the program, according to the new agreement. It also permits Don and his wife to embark on ventures outside of radio. One offer may lead to Hollywood.



Annette King



Jack Baker



Clark Dennis



Nancy Martin



Don and Kay sign a new network contract as Ed Borroff, ABC vice president tears up Don's old agreement.

Index

	<i>Page</i>		<i>Page</i>
A Father's Confession To His Son	48	Let's Go See The Breakfast Club	2
A True Story	42	Maestro Eddie	60
A War Ends — During "Breakfast Club"	39	Mom's Battle	39
A Woman's Prayer	36	Mother Love	51
Back In The Mart	61	Now Let's Look At The Breakfast Club Mail	32
Beginnings	14	One Day's Mail	34
Believe In Yourself	51	Oomph At Seven	44
Big Surprise — 1947	25	Owens' Castle	57
Bond Tours — June, 1945	16	Parable	45
Breakfast Club Alumni	62	Personal Appearances	28
Breakfast Feud . . . February, 1946	21	St. Nick Visits The Salesgirl ..	38
Breakfast On The Boardwalk ..	27	Second Call	8
California's Gift	59	Something New — Television ..	23
Calling On The Cowlings	58	Sponsors, Three	22
Christmas In July	17	Star Events — 1945	18
Circus — 1946	19	Stunts, Stars, And a Skunk	24
Cold Feet	41	Sunshine Shower	20
Come Out And Meet The Breakfast Club Families	54	Tell Us More About The Breakfast Club	12
Conversion	36	Ten Ways To Kill A Society	49
Dear Mr. President:	41	The Cross Was His Own	43
Did Christ Have A Little Black Dog?	45	The Fisherman	52
Don McNeill Arrives	5	The Friend Who Just Stands By	44
Duck Hunters	37	The School of Sorrow	49
Fifteenth Anniversary	63	The Snoring Husband	51
First Call	7	The Yellow Butterflies	46
First Stop . . . McNeill Manor ..	56	They Are Not Dead	43
Fourth Call	10	Third Call	9
Fran's Double Life	59	This Is My Castle	53
High Hooper	31	Tickets, Please!	4
His Mother	47	To A Child That Enquires	38
If God Forgot	53	To "His" Mother	40
I Love You	40	Tommy Says "Thanks"	53
It Happened On The B.C.	50	To Young Married Folks	40
It Isn't The Church — It's You	47	'Twas The Chris..... Before Nightmas	46
Just A Boy	48	United Nations' Prayer	50
Just For A Minute	37	Warm Up!	6
Just Fine	26	What Is A Boy?	44
Just Like His Dad	42	What Is Dying?	46
Last Call	11	Words For A Daughter	45
Letter To Nancy Martin	52	Yust Plain Gertson	60



*"So long, Don McNeill, good fishing
and be good to yourself."
(Signed) The B. C. Fanns*



