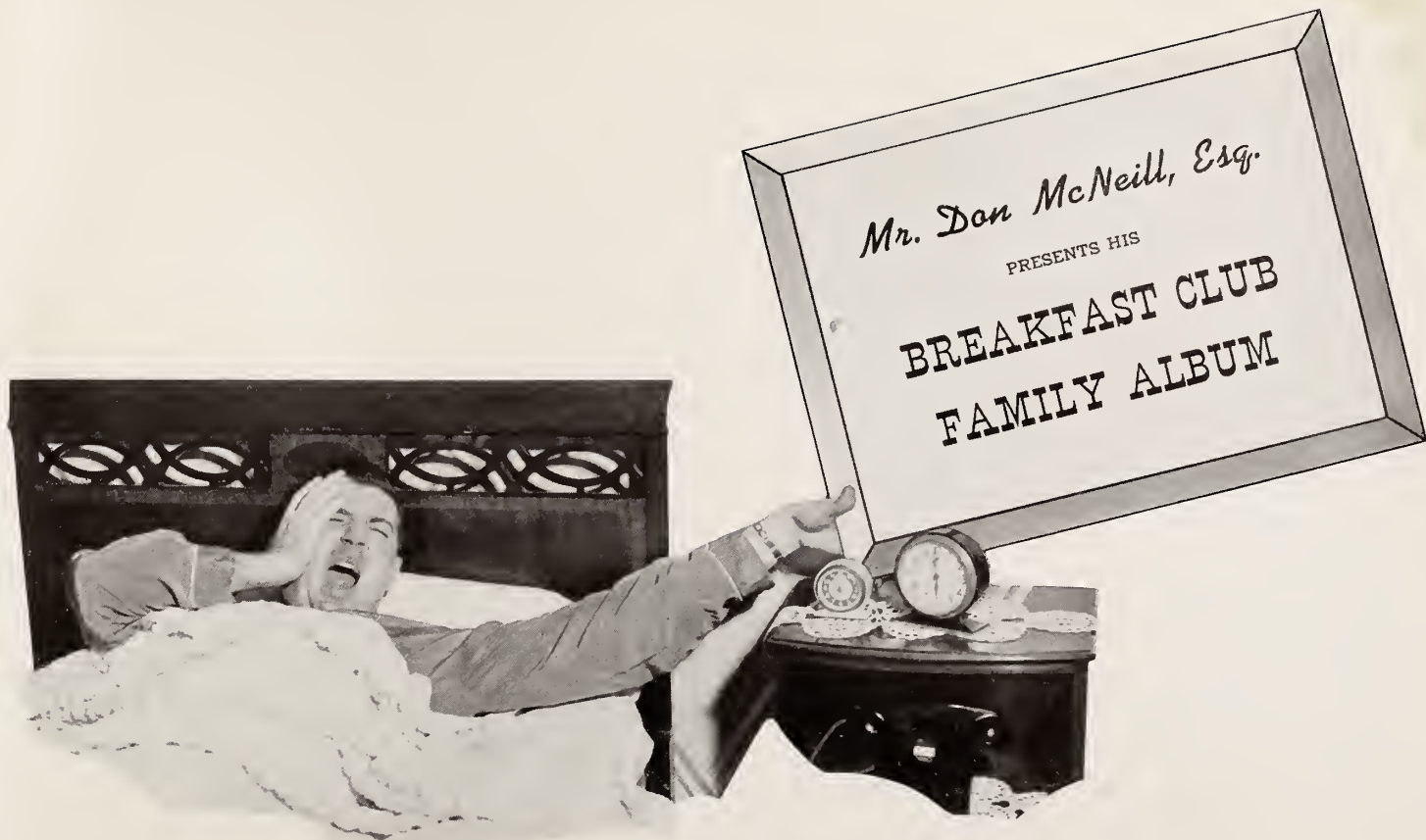


BREAKFAST C
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Received January 31, '43.



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Chicago



“America, Arise—the Breakfast Club is on the Air!”

“KEEP ’EM SMILING”

IT IS MY FIRM BELIEF THAT:

—America’s homes are America’s future.

—Our American people have the wholesome courage, the fearless spirit to overcome any brutal force that would menace the security, the families, the homes of which we’re so justly proud.

—The American mixture of faith in the Almighty, ingenuity, and love of freedom for all, spell Victory!

—All our combined efforts are needed to insure this Victory, and for it we must be prepared to sacrifice everything.

—A spicy dash of humor and a soothing draught of inspiration are as essentially a part of our daily diets as food itself.

—America needs to wake up with a smile—“because a day begun happy makes life worthwhile.”

—It is the function of the Breakfast Club as an American institution to boost our morale in the morning when it tends to ebb lowest.

—Therefore, in peace or war, we of the Breakfast Club must “KEEP ’EM SMILING!”



Don McNeill

YOUR TOASTMASTER

On the 23rd of Dec., 1907—there arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry McNeill in Galena, Illinois, a 10 lb. son whom they named Donald Thomas—later shortened to Don sometimes spelled D-a-w-n because he has to get up so early in the morning.

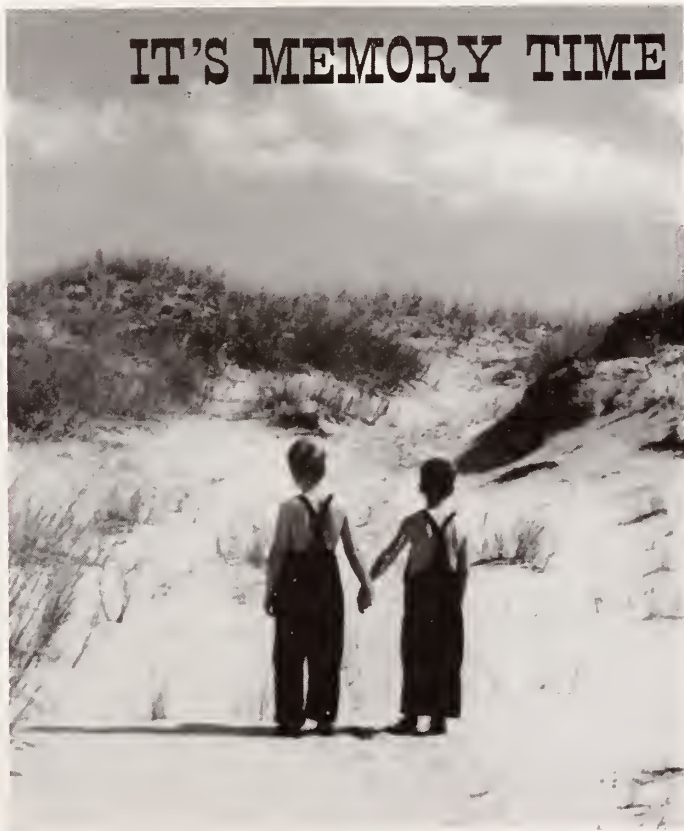
Don's mother reports that soon after being born, he had a severe fit of choking, which is his first known gag. Now he describes himself as the tall, dark and homey type. He says "I'm just two inches shorter than a bean pole (6 ft. 2½ in. to be exact), my hair is brown since I last washed it, my eyes are blue, I weigh 195 soaking wet, and my favorite hobby, besides fishing and hunting, is chopping down trees, cutting grass and digging in the dirt—or golf to you."

Don's family moved to Sheboygan, Wis., a city noted for "Cheese, chairs and children." Don refuses to state in which category he places himself. He distinguished Sheboygan by leaving there at the age of 17 for Marquette University from which he graduated in 1929. He had already been on the air over a Milwaukee station for a year after which he was fired. "No future for you in the radio business," said the boss. He got a job as radio editor and announcer on another Milwaukee station, then to Louisville, Kentucky, thence to San Francisco, and on to Chicago and Breakfast Club in 1933.



The McNeills in their living room include Mrs. Mac (Katherine Bennett of Milwaukee until 1931) and Bobby, Tommy and Donnie, all of whom call Don "Daddy" —among other things.

IT'S MEMORY TIME — AROUND THE BREAKFAST TABLE



"If radio's slim fingers
Can pluck a melody
From night and toss it over
A continent or sea;

If the petaled notes
Of a violin
Are blown across a mountain
Or a city's din;

If songs like crimson roses
Are culled from thin, blue air,
Why should mortals wonder
If God hears prayer?"

—Ethel Romig Fuller

THE NATION'S STRENGTH

"I know three things must always be
To keep a nation strong and free.
One is a hearthstone bright and dear,
With busy, happy loved ones near.
One is a ready heart and hand
To love, and serve, and keep the land.
One is a worn and beaten way
To where the people go to pray.
So long as these are kept alive,
Nation and people will survive.
God, keep them always, everywhere,
The hearth, the flag, the place of prayer."

(Anonymous)

LAUGH

Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care;
Fit it with hasp and padlock,
Put all your troubles there.
Hide therein all your failures,
And each bitter cup you quaff,
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one of its contents;
Never its secrets share;
Drop in your cares and worries,
Keep them forever there.
Hide them from sight so completely
The world will never dream half;
Fasten the top down securely,
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

(Anonymous)

UNTOUCHED YET

Honey, jes' listen,
Don't cry and fret;
There's a hull day tomorrow
Ain't been teched yet.

Mought be a sunrise
'Twould make your heart shout,
Look like 'twas heaven
Turned inside out.

Mought turn a corner
Most any place,
Bes' friend a-smilin'
Right in your face.

So heart of mine, listen,
Why do you fret?
God's good tomorrow
Is all untouched yet.

(Author Unknown)

O! GIVE ME PATIENCE

O! Give me patience when little hands,
Tug at me with ceaseless small demands.
O! Give me gentle words and smiling eyes,
And keep my lips from hasty sharp replies.
Let me not in weariness, confusion or noise,
Obscure my vision from life's few fleeting joys.
Then when in years to come, my house is still,
No bitter memories, its rooms may fill.

(Anonymous)

HIS FAULTS

There never was a man who had more faults
Than he. Her mother used to tell her so.
But living with him for a little while,
She turned upon his foibles the warm glow
Of her affection. If you look for weeds,
She thought, you'll find them sure; but a man needs
The comfort of an uncomplaining wife
To cultivate the garden of his life.

As the years passed, and understanding came,
With time she learned to value and revere
The man she married, and his many faults
Seemed to her mind to make him doubly dear.
And when at last the tie that bound them parted,
And she was left to mourn him, brokenhearted,
Never through her last years could she recall
That he had ever had a fault at all!

—Anne Campbell in "Detroit News"

THREE GATES

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale to you someone has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold.
These narrow gates: First, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"
And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

—From the Arabian

"TELL HER SO"

Amid the cares of married strife,
In spite of toil and business life,
If you value your sweet wife
Tell her so!

When days are dark and deeply blue
She has her troubles, same as you.
Show her that your love is true—
Tell her so!

There was a time you thought it bliss
To get the favor of one kiss;
A dozen now won't come amiss—
Tell her so!

Don't act, if she has passed her prime
As tho' to please her were a crime;
If ever you loved her, now's the time—
Tell her so.

She'll return, for each caress,
An hundredfold of tenderness!
Hearts like hers were made to bless!
Tell her so.

You are hers and hers alone;
Well you know she's all your own;
Don't wait to carve it on a stone—
Tell her so.

Never let her heart grow cold—
Richer beauties will unfold;
She is worth her weight in gold!
Tell her so.

—Copyright Grossett and Dunlap

Dear Don:

I've never missed a program since 1933, when I was hurt. The Breakfast Club, you, Don, and "Memory Time" have been a religion to me. I really don't know how I would have ever had the courage to get along without you . . . day in and day out. Don McNeill comes on—smiling—and the gags are terrific! I wouldn't trade a moment of my past for a million bucks. Some day I'm going to surprise you no end! I'll be back on my feet and thumbing my nose at ol' man paralisis. Doggone it, Don, do you know I can't ever spell that word!—but who wants to! Don, I'm the happiest cuss living. I just love every minute of my life and I'm having a "whale of a good time," beating this paralyzed state of affairs. Yes sir, this Thanksgiving day I am going to drop down on my knees and thank God—for permitting me to live in His wonderful world. The Black despair of War and all it means, is man made. The World is o.k.—it's the people in it!

*Cheerio for now,
Jimmie*



JIMMIE DAROU

AH, WASTE NO PITY

Ah, waste no time in pity, nor regret,
That I am blind and can no longer see
The deepening blue of summer skies; nor fret,
That flowers flaunt their hues no more for me.
And shed no tears that I shall never know,
Again the beauty of a greening field
Or tree; or watch a campfire's cameo
Of night-things all in silhouette revealed.

But pray, instead, that I will always keep
The beauty of these things within my mind;
And let no wintry blast of rancor creep
Into my heart with blighting thoughts unkind.
Oh, pray that I may keep them ever green . . .
And learn to sing of beauty—though unseen!

—Hazel Granger Madill, *Hermosa, S. D.*

A NEW START

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless
neighbor's greed;

I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear;
I will waste no moment whining, and my heart shall
know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit
praise;

I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's
gaze.

I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must
tread;

I will cease to have resentment when another moves
ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength
is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain, or
shine;
I will cease to preach your duty, and be more concerned
with mine. (Author Unknown)

GOSSIPTOWN

Have you ever heard of Gossiptown
On the shore of Falsehood Bay,
Where Old Dame Rumor with rustling gown
Is going the livelong day?

It isn't far to Gossiptown
For people who want to go,
The Idleness train will take you down
In just an hour or so.

The thoughtless road is crowded, you'll find,
For most folks start that way;
But it's all down hill and, if you don't mind,
You'll land in Falsehood Bay.

You glide through the valley of Wicked Talk,
And into the tunnel of Hate;
Then, crossing the Bitterness Bridge,
You walk right into the city gate.

The principal street is called "They Say,"
And "I've Heard" is the public well,
And the breezes that blow from Falsehood Bay
Are laden with "Don't You Tell!"

In the midst of the town is Telltale Park—
You're never quite safe when there;
For its owner is Madame Suspicious Remark,
Who lives in the street "Don't Care."

(Anonymous)

"IT'S BETTER THAN WORKING"

That's my usual answer to the usual question, "How do you like running the Breakfast Club?" Not that there isn't a great deal of elbow grease and mental anguish necessary to keep the show running smoothly, interestingly, and without getting in that well known rut; yet the actual performance on the air HAS to be fun—otherwise it wouldn't be the Breakfast Club. We are not good enough actors to give the impression of a typical family enjoying themselves around the nation's breakfast table. We have to BE that family. So we've gone along in our own slap-happy way enjoying ourselves without benefit of script hoping that our own obvious enjoyment of our job will be communicated to our Breakfast Club army at home, who need morale building, just like the members of their family who are in Uncle Sam's armed forces. The Breakfast Club is a program of music and wit—half music and half wit. I have a wonderful cast to work with. I know I can always depend on them for inspiration on mornings when my mind has all the sparkle of a dull hoe. We're mighty proud of the constant flow of fine letters from our Breakfast Clubbers who write over 40,000 unsolicited letters a year to us—friendly letters like you'd write to your own family. We're proud of the kids who have grown up listening to us. We're proud of the age of our gags—we feel if they weren't good in the first place they wouldn't have lasted this long. And we're proud that everything we say is sincere and clean so that every family member can listen.

Don (to son Donny): I understand one of the kids in your class at school said he hears me every morning. What did you say to him?

Donny: I said "Wanna make something out of it?"

WHY WORRY

After all, why worry. Either you're successful or you're not successful. If you are successful, there's nothing to worry about. And if you're not successful, there are only two things to worry about. Either your health is good, or you're sick. If your health is good, there's nothing to worry about. And if you're sick, there are only two things to worry about. Either you're going to get well, or you're not. If you are going to get well, there's nothing to worry about, and if you're not, there are only two things to worry about. Either you're going to heaven, or you're going to the other place. If you're going to heaven, you have nothing to worry about, and if you're going to the other place, you'll be so busy shaking hands with old friends, you won't have time to worry—so why worry.

A SMILE

A SMILE costs nothing, but gives much. It enriches those who receive, without making poorer those who give. It takes but a moment, but the memory of it sometimes lasts forever. None is so rich or mighty that he can get along without it, and none is so poor but that he can be made rich by it. A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in business, and is the counter-sign of friendship. It brings rest to the weary, cheer to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and it is nature's best antidote for trouble. Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is something that is of no value to anyone until it is given away. Some people are too tired to give you a smile. Give them one of yours, as none needs a smile so much as he who has no more to give.

(Anonymous)



Jack Baker

The Louisiana Lark

Ernest Mahlon Jones was born in Shreveport, La., June 29, 1908. The family lived about 10 miles out of town, and when, at the age of 8 Jack still couldn't swim to school, they moved to Golden, Okla., where the Lark learned to chew gum, wear shoes, and finally earned a Bachelor of music degree at Henderson State College, Arkansas.

Baker really isn't as fat as most people believe, except in sections. He is 5 feet 7 inches tall, dark complexion, black hair, brown eyes, (especially the left one) and after seeing him for the first time most women say "Ain't he cute."

He has a fine sense of humor, a wonderful disposition, and is the only tenor in existence who smokes cigars, chews gum and sings early in the morning—simultaneously.

Before he gave himself up and became a confessed tenor in Memphis, later Detroit, and finally Chicago, he was fired from the following jobs: Cotton picker, preacher, paper boy, saw-mill hand, truck driver, construction worker, pipe-line worker, teacher, dry goods salesman, U.S. gov't clerk, baseball player, basketball coach, cowpuncher, Fuller Brush man.

Wears a size 8 shoe, likes loud ties (which he can't tie), eats only one meal a day (but WHAT a meal), has a size 38 waist, a size 32 chest, long eyelashes, and his own teeth, which are nearly paid for.

Fancy With Nancy

Born July 15, 1913, in Wheeling, W. Va., Nancy Martin's family (her father is a doctor) moved to New Martinsville, a large town, if you include its suburb—Pittsburgh, where "li'l ole Nancybelle" first became interested in boys and pianos in that order.

After the customary number of years, and more than the usual number of dates, Nancy graduated from high school, and then Western College, Oxford, Ohio, where she studied voice, hoping someday to become a voice-president, no doubt.

In 1934 she got on the radio in Pittsburgh, and although the locale is now Chicago, she hasn't been able to shake the wireless yet—as if any of her thousands of air-admirers would ever want her to.

Nancy's specialty is her own interpretation of popular songs with interpolated recitations which she writes herself. Perhaps the most requested song she sings is her famous Christmas version of "Santa, Bring My Mommy Back to Me." When she discusses the latest in fashion hints, the cast says "Let's get fancy with Nancy."

She is a very attractive brunette with brown eyes and curly hair. She has a smile that's as fresh as a Spring morning. She weighs 115 lbs. in her nylon feet, likes red dresses, men, new shoes, men, composing songs, men, Red Cross work, men, good books, and men.



Nancy Martin

"Dear Earl"

Born Marion Bateson at Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 9, 1914. "What-a-Mann" stands 5 ft. 4 in. tall, weighs in at 120 lbs., has olive complexion, brown hair, gray eyes, and abounding enthusiasm.

She's very sweet and rations her gas, but she refuses to change her Earl. He's the boy friend.

After graduating from a Columbus high school, Marion sang "for free" with a girl's trio on a local station. Emerson Gill hired her to sing with his orchestra, and then Bob Crosby hired her away to do likewise.

Before all these breaks, Marion had one that wasn't at all lucky. An auto accident left her with a fractured pelvis, broken collar bone, and skull puncture, nearly ending her song career. But she didn't let it, and after leaving Crosby for Breakfast Club she's learned to cook and tell riddles.

No samples of her cooking being available—here is a typical riddle as she tells it. "What did the little chicken say when it saw that the mother hen was sitting on an orange instead of an egg? Oh look at the fruit mamma's got. I mean, oh look at the orange mammalade."



Marion Mann

I LOVE YOU

I love you not only for what you are
but for what I am when I'm with you;

I love you not only for what you have
made of yourself but what you are making
of me;

I love you for putting your hand into my
heaped up heart and passing over all the
foolish weak things you can't help dimly
seeing there, and drawing out in the light
all the beautiful belongings that no one
else had looked quite far enough to find;

I love you because you are helping me to
make of the lumber of my life not a tavern
but a temple, out of the work of my every day
life not a reproach but a song;

I love you because you have done more than
any creed could have done to make me good
and more than any fate could have done to
make me happy;

You have done it without a touch, without
a word, without a sigh;

You have done it by being yourself.

Perhaps that is what being a friend means,
after all.

(Anonymous)

Marion: *It was one of those shoe-repair marriages—
a good soul and a run down heel.*

I NEVER THOUGHT TO OFFER THANKS

I've always said my daily prayers
For I thought that I should pray.
And so I learned the routine ones
And said them every day.

They were the ones that someone else
Had written long ago
So they were never quite my own;
But how was I to know.

Just what to say to God that would
Explain to Him my needs
When I had everything I wanted?
I never thought of it as greed.

To ask for more and more of life;
For fortune and for great success
With all about me friends to make
And share my happiness.

And so for all the wealth of life—
The kind not stored in banks—
For just the breath I drew each day,
I never thought to offer thanks.

But now it seems that I grow wiser
With the coming of each day
And I am substituting "Thanks" for "Please"
When it's time for me to pray.

—Elizabeth Smith

*A Breakfast Club fan in Hot Springs, Arkansas, who
has no hands or feet, frequently writes a long letter by
holding a pen in her teeth.*

Dear Mother :

This evening many of my buddies who have never known anything else other than love and companionship of our fellow-man, died. They were swell fellows just like the neighbor's son across the street; the kid behind the drug counter who always seems to wear a smile even though the hours are tough, and too, like all boys in these states of ours, true Americans to the man. Needless to say, they were murdered by rats. They did not have a chance. They will never see their homes, mothers, or the states they loved enough to lay down their lives for again. They wanted no war. They wanted no blood on their hands because they were Americans, and Americans have tried to abide peacefully by the laws of God since the birth of this nation. Yet hundreds of them died. Although, truly the deed is stunning and unbelievable, it is done.

We are sure now of what was for a long time doubtful in our minds, the question of the possibility of an enemy dropping out of nowhere, striking and then vanishing. We know that it could just as easily be our own homes, families and friends that would be the target.

There was a time when we could fight our war from the pulpit. It's more serious now. Our own lives are threatened to the extent that we must fight, or die, and life is too beautiful a thing to throw to a bunch of rats without a fight. We will fight! We will win! Because we fight not only under the greatest country's colors in the world, but most of all, under God's colors. Some will die, because the Almighty wills it that way, and we trust everything in God's judgment.

We are not afraid, Mother, because the thought of our loved ones back home suffering any of the pains of war erases all instincts of fear.

The gallant men who have met death this day will not have died in vain.

We go into this thing with a prayer on our lips; our heads are high, wits keen and eyes wide open.

We, as men, don't pretend to be able to understand the depth of a mother's love, but personally, I pray that you, Mother, will put all the feeling, love and consecration of your entire being into prayer, instead of useless worrying, fretting and tears.

Although I'm not mentioning any names, I know some slant-eyed sons of Satan who had better get religion quick before those pearly gates slam in their faces.

Keep your chin up, Mother, and remember you're my best girl.

(Written to a Mother after Pearl Harbor)

My dear, dear Son :

War has been declared! Knowing your deep love for me your first reaction will be "What will Mother think?" so I shall tell you: Today my eyes are filled with tears for I am a woman, and women do not like war. BUT my heart is bursting with pride because I am the mother of a soldier who will fight to protect my country and home from an invading enemy. The war in Europe seemed so shadow-like and unreal, like an interesting book whose chapters unfolded from day to day, but now it has ceased to be fiction and is grim reality knocking with mailed fist at our door. The news has depressed your father and I am working overtime to be gay and cheerful to keep him from worrying too much about you. That will be woman's part in the war, to be cheerful, for morale is as important as arms in this crisis.

War is bad—terrible—but somehow I have a feeling of relief that things have come to a head. For a long time, as you know, I have been troubled that your generation

seems to have become soft and self indulgent—too pleasure-loving, taking all from life and giving little in return. I admit the sin belongs to MY generation. Things were not always easy for us of the older generation, and in our mistaken love and blindness we have tried to shield you younger ones from hardships—forgetting it is by eternal struggle and fighting mankind becomes strong, physically and morally. Alas, my generation has sown the wind and your generation must reap the whirlwind. It seems unfair, but remember when you are paying our debt, we will be suffering a thousandfold because of our mistakes. It is old-fashioned to speak of honor, self-sacrifice and duty—yes, even of God—the family cheque-book has taken the place of the family Bible in many homes, but history, especially the Bible (which is the history of mankind), teaches that whenever man has had life too easy he has turned to money-madness, self-indulgence and wickedness. Then have come wars, catastrophes and misery until he turned to God. We are not alone—whole generations of mankind before us have trod the path. So it is our task to cling fast to that which is good, true and noble and find the right path again. I pray we may win victory over our enemies, but even more shall I pray that we win victory over the selfishness and warring elements *within ourselves*. When we have gained that victory nothing from without can ever really conquer us.

My prayers will wrap you as in a coat of armor, but should it be your lot to pay the supreme price—which God forbid—then it is better to die for a constructive cause than to live an unconstructive life. While war is anything but a constructive thing, I believe the aftermath of this conflict will usher in an era of the greatest spiritual awakening this world has ever known, I am proud that you will have a share in this work. As you know,

we are so much alike you have always been very near and dear to me, and I feel it is fitting that you, of all my children, should be called to fight for the ideals which I have taught you. I would feel dishonored if my son should fail his country and me at this great time in human history—I would feel that I had lived in vain.

Forgive me if I seem a trifle melodramatic—just remember this is an unusual day in my life. Tomorrow I will write you all the foolish mother-things about eating proper food, keeping your feet dry, etc., but today I am more concerned with your spiritual needs. My love and prayers will be with you always.

Wherever you may be sent my heart-beats will keep time to your marching feet, and I pray they will lead to victory.

Ever your devoted Mother

A MOTHER TO A SON IN SERVICE

Wherever you are this day, my precious son,
God hold you close, God keep you safe from harm.
In this strange victory that must be won
It takes your youth, your strength of heart and mind,
Your valor and your courage and your might
To bring to pass the miracle of peace.
God keep you facing forward toward the light
That waits ahead for you when war shall cease.

Take God as your companion, O dear Heart,
We must not, dare not face the days alone.
With Him for comrade we can do our part
And staunchly, bravely face the great unknown.
I, too, must be a valiant soldier, for
That is what mothers are when there is war.

—Grace Noll Crowell

Our Chief Steward

He couldn't help being a musician. Prodded by his parents, at an early age he stopped playing with his toes and started on the piano as a child prodigy traveling over the country.

Walter was born in Milwaukee, Wis., July 26, 1893. He has black hair, brown eyes, stands 5 ft. 10 in. tall and weighs 165 lbs.

When he was 15 he had composed two numbers and used the proceeds to help pay for the home of his parents, to whom he has always been exceptionally devoted.

His musical career suffered a serious setback when he broke his wrist, necessitating an operation. So he went to school and studied medicine, but soon abandoned bandages for baton and organized a band in 1911, playing for years at Chicago's Tip Top Inn. He conducted for Calve, Garden, Raisa and composed such hits as "Your Eyes Have Told Me So," which sold over 2,500,000 copies and "My Isle of Golden Dreams," which did even better.

He took several trips to Europe, got into real estate, became very wealthy, then real estate got to him, and he got out, not very wealthy.

Walter is an insatiable diner, likes to play handball and the horses (especially the last horse in any given race), and spent most of the latter part of 1942 recuperating from an illness. He has been married for a long time (according to Mrs. Blaufuss).



Walter Blaufuss



ORCHESTRA REHEARSING MUSIC FOR SHOW

COMPANIONSHIP

It isn't that we talk so much!
Sometimes the evening through
You do not say a word to me;
I do not talk to you.
I sit beside the reading lamp,
You like your easy chair,
And it is joy enough for me
To know that you are there!

It isn't that we go so much!
Sometimes we like to roam
To concert or to theater,
But best of all is home.
I sew a bit or read aloud
A book we want to share,
And it is joy enough for me
To know that you are there!

It isn't that you tell to me
The thing I've come to know.
It goes too deep for words, I think,
The fact you love me so.
You only have to touch my hand
To learn how much I care,
And it is joy enough for me
To know that you are there!

—Anne Campbell in “Detroit News”

Walter Blaufuss wanted to be a surgeon and Mrs. Blaufuss still has to watch him. Every time they get a new book in the house Walter tries to sneak off with it and remove the appendix.

THOSE HILLS OF LONG AGO

Remember that time, long, long ago
When your heart was full of sorrow;
When every day weighed down your grief
And made you fear tomorrow.

Was it someone dear to you
That grim death took away;
Did your best friend prove untrue—
Oh, weren't you sad that day.

Your love? A heartache there—
That romance? You remember?
As you hear the strains of an old sweet song,
It kindles every ember.

Every memory is revived
Each heartache reappears;
But only for a moment
Your eyes are dim with tears.

For all these disappointments
Have mellowed with age.
You scan your book of memories
And turn another page.

Yes, every hill you've climbed in life
Looked impossibly high—
When you were at the bottom
And looked up toward the sky.

But once life's hills surmounted
They level backward—so
You sigh—and then in time forget
Those Hills of Long Ago.

—Don McNeill

LIFE

Man comes into the world without his consent and leaves
it against his will.

During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous
round of contraries and misunderstandings.

In his infancy he is an angel.

In his boyhood he is a devil.

In his manhood he is everything from a lizard up.

In his duties he is a durned fool.

If he raises a family, he is a chump.

If he raises a check, he is a thief, and the law raises cain
with him.

If he is a poor man, he is a poor manager and has no
sense.

If he is a rich man, he is dishonest but smart.

If he is in politics, he is a grafter and a crook.

If he is out of politics, you can't place him, and he is an
"undesirable citizen."

If he goes to church, he is a hypocrite;

If he stays away from church, he is a sinner.

If he donates to foreign missions, he does it for show.

If he does not, he is stingy and a "tight wad."

When he first comes into the world everybody wants to
kiss him;

Before he goes out they want to kick him.

If he dies young, there was a great future before him.

If he lives to a ripe old age, he is in the way, only living
to save funeral expenses.

Life is a funny proposition after all.

(Author Unknown)



Big Bill Krenz at Inspiration Time



You don't have to be looney to win trophies—but it helps

THE PEOPLE SPEAK

Just how many listeners will be glad to suggest improvements for a broadcast is discovered in the fan mail. One fan wrote: "We wish you would play only soothing music. Our baby has colic and we set him in front of the radio. If your music is soothing, he goes to sleep." The letter came from Ridgefield, New Jersey.

Another listener in Roseau, Minnesota, suggested the orchestra speak up when making asides. She complained that the music drowned out these remarks which she was certain might be funny. The orchestra continues to speak softly and play loudly.

Another listener wrote in to say he didn't care if the program was changed, but he did want his broken leg paid for. He insisted he broke the limb in falling over a chair as he hurried to tune the program out.

One even sent his own menu for the Meal of Friendship on the show. For the hors d'oeuvres he suggests laughter and smiles. The cocktail is inspiration. For a salad he lists jolly times. The dessert is lovely songs. The toast runs like this: May the spirit of friendship and good cheer generated by these happy meetings glow with increased brightness until it becomes the beacon light of peace around the world! As a climax to the meal the listeners order nuts, or as he puts it: why mention names?

DON'S SWAN SONG TO GASOLINE!

(To the tune of "A Bicycle Built for Two")

Gasoline, gasoline, I give you my promise true:
I'm half crazy—getting to work without you.
No matter how long the day be,
Mr. Henderson, I don't mean maybe—
I don't look neat—with my big feet—
'Cause our bicycle's built for the baby.

A TRUE STORY

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 to the suite, which tells 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.

(Author Unknown)

Rapidly approaching the counter the talkative old lady breathlessly said to the grocery clerk: "How much are lemons? What do you charge for oranges? How deep is the river? When does the train leave?" The poetic clerk replied: "Two for a nickel, three for a dime, up to your neck, half past nine."



Escorts and Betty

There have been two changes in the personnel of this act who specialize in smart, modern arrangements. The original Betty (Betty Olsen) has married and been replaced by Helen (Betty) Nash. This vivacious songstress is escorted by Cliff Petersen, Floyd Holm, and Ted Clare, whose real name is Hansen. Doug Craig, pianist and arranger, who joined the navy, has been supplanted by Ken Thompson, who carries on in the same capacity. Not too deep a military secret is the fact that the boys, who hail from Duluth, Minnesota, also double as the "Swedehearts of St. Paul"—an act which comes to them quite naturally.

Romeos

Until Uncle Sam called, it used to be Sam, Gil, and Louie. The latter two unmarried members—Gil Jones and Louie Perkins are now in the army—while Sam Cowling, complete with his wife and two offsprings, continues with Carl (Larry) Chase and Boyce (Bill) Smith. The original trio started in Jeffersonville, Ind., and the boys under Sam's tutelage, still specialize in Hill Billy Hammy Drammies and (usually) funny songs and sayings.

Vagabonds

One of the greatest colored quartettes, the four boys who started in St. Louis specialize in instrumental imitations, spirituals and jive. Robert O'Neal, Norval Taborn, John Jordan and Ray Grant are the boys' right names—but they are more often known as Lewishous, Cyclone, Security and Contagious. Ray, with his deep bass voice, has created a sensation on Breakfast Club as "Pappy" with his "How-do gals" and crazy recipes.

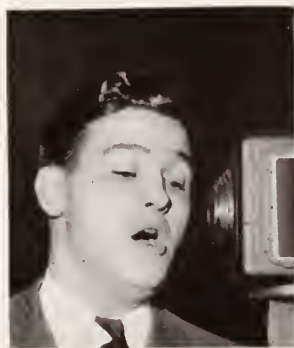


Cadets

Originally it was Al, Cal, Sam and Lonnie—with Reo Fletcher at the piano. Lonnie's unfortunate death several years ago, and the fact that Sam is now Col. Sam Thompson of the U. S. Army, have resulted in two new voices—that of Homer Allen (Snodgrass) of Arkansas, and Ralph Nyland of Boston—being added to those of Al Stracke and Carl Schiebe. Reo continues at the piano, and frequently raises his voice three octaves to become "Little Oleetha." One of the finest legitimate quartettes in radio, listeners especially enjoy them at "Hymn Time."



TEN YEARS OF BREAKFAST CLUB HISTORY



DICK TEELA

This year saw the advent of *Rug Dance*, *Memory Time*, the *One-Act Plays* and *Elmer*.

1934 Singing acts were added to the show. Old Time Breakfast Clubbers will recall the fine appearances of *Marion and Jim Jordon* (now Fibber McGee and Molly), the *Merry Macs*, *Songfellows*, *Three C's*, *Morin Sisters*, *Ranch Boys*, *Fields* and *Bill Thompson*. In March

1933 Formerly known as the "Pepper Pot" under the leadership of Bill Kephart and King Bard as announcers, with *Walter Blaufuss* and a small orchestra, this hour of network "fill-in" was re-christened "Breakfast Club," and on June 23, *Don McNeill* became "messenger of ceremonies." Charlie Butler, the engineer, and Sleepy Joe Englehart and his violin, were familiar names. The vocalist was *Dick Teela*.



JACK OWENS

1935 Familiar names this year were *Gale Page*, *The King's Jesters*, *Hollywood Illi-Iatters*, *Rangers*, *Mary Steele*, *3 Flats*, *Sylvia Clark*, *Dr. Pratt* and the *Doring Sisters*. *Edna O'Dell* became the first regular girl vocalist. Orchestra names to be remembered: *Arrigoni*, *Martin* (both deceased), *Faschaur*, *Spiegle*, *Kayser*, *Short*, *Krenz*, *Kooden*, *Kendle*, *Wheeler*, *Ballentine*, *Smith*. Many are still with the band. World Cruises in fantasy were a part of the year's entertainment. In December, Tommy and Mary Ann, at the ripe old age of 14 months, made their radio debut.

the first out - of - the - studio broadcast occurred, a pickup from Florida, where Babe Ruth was entertaining fifty youngsters at the Yankee Training Camp. In April *Jack Owens* replaced *Dick Teela* and in October, within a week, Jack became the father of Mary Anne Owens, and Don McNeill the proud papa of Tommy. Boy! . . . and how they bragged!!



EDNA O'DELL



BOB BROWN

Guide Medal of Merit as an outstanding program. In November, *Annette King* and *Jack Baker* joined the fold, along with *Bob Brown*, "Prime minister of the percolator."

1937 Aunt Fanny made her debut, along with *Johnny Johnston*. *Clark Dennis* left to join *Fibber McGee's* show. *The Three Romeos* crawled out of the woodwork and started to sing. *Jack* and *Annette* carried on, *Helen Jane Behlke* departed, and on Christmas morning, driving to the studios with a car full of gifts for underprivileged children who were guests that day, *Don* was arrested for speeding.



HELEN JANE BEHLKE

1936 In March, *Clark Dennis* became official tenor, shortly preceded by *Helen Jane Behlke* as the feminine half of the team. When the funeral services for *King George* were broadcast before *Breakfast Club*, *Walter Blaufuss* and *Don* composed "My Cathedral" — still a favorite hymn with listeners. *Donny* was added to the *McNeill* family in April and in September the *Breakfast Club* was awarded the *Radio*



"Breakfast in Bed"

across country on horseback, and *Annette King* became *Mrs. Frank Reid, Jr.*

1939 In May, *Annette* left to await the arrival of *Sir Stork* — who made a later personal appearance with a swell baby girl. In February, *Baker* became every-day soloist, no longer dividing male vocal honors. Among others, *Ralph Smith* and his "Mokey" . . . *Bill Krenz* and his piano . . . *Elmer* and his romance, the *Dinning Sisters*, *Vass Family*, *Vagabonds*, *Cadets*, *Morin Sisters*, and *Escorts* and *Betty* carried on with *Don*. *Evelyn Lynne* and *Nancy Martin* became *Breakfast Club* regulars.

1938 Perhaps the year's highlight was the famous "Breakfast in Bed" broadcast with *Don* fulfilling a long felt ambition to conduct the show, pajama-clad, from his own bed at home, complete with wife and kiddies, while *Jack*, *Annette* and the orchestra carried on from the studio. The book of poems "Memory Time" made its appearance. "Inspiration Time" was added to the show, the *Ranch Boys* left to travel 4,000 miles



Ralph and "Mokey"

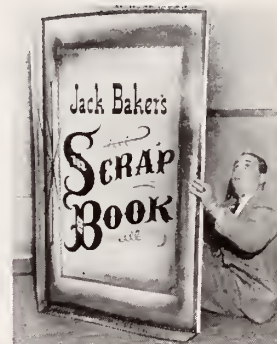
1940 Readers of Radio Guide picked Breakfast Club as their favorite program and Don as favorite M. C. Nancy, Evelyn and Jack rated tops. Don built his log cabin "Lumbago Manor" (it has a creek in the back). More than 120 radio station representatives and agency men attended a broadcast—an unofficial record in early-rising for wireless executives. Local sponsorship on individual stations was a huge success. Listed on the roster of sponsors were jewelers, bakers, grocers, laundries, dairies, refrigerators, furniture companies, headache remedies, department stores, auto dealers. Members of the cast received samples of almost every product sold except from the automobile manufacturers.



"Lumbago Manor"

1941 Again Radio Guide readers placed the Breakfast Club, its singers, and master of ceremonies on top of its list of air favorites. Swift & Company became coast-to-coast sponsor No. 1. Over 100,000 fans sent their autographs to Jack Baker for his Scrap Book—reversing the usual process. Don built a new home in Winnetka, deciding it was cheaper than getting sued for

back rent; and in October, Cream of Wheat and Acme Paint became members of the sponsor family. Evelyn Lynne left to marry Eddie Koontz and live in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and *Marion Mann* now shared honors with Nancy. The Swedehearts of St. Paul were born in the minds of the Escorts and Robert Patrick McNeill (No. 3) was born to Mrs. McNeill.



100,000 Names

1942 As a result of an honorary degree at Saint Bonaventure College it was now Mr. Donald Thomas McNeill, Doctor of Letters, or Dr. McNeill for short, but not for long. While Walter Blaufuss recuperated, Kogen and Gallichio carried on. The cast began drawing straws to promote the sale of bonds and stamps, as war quickened the tempo and morale-building value of the show. In cooperation with the U. S. Treasury, 400 Bond Breakfasts were held throughout the nation. In a broadcast from Chicago's breakfast on American Heroes Day, over \$25,000,000 in bonds were sold. Don started his tenth year as M. C. and Radio Guide listeners made him "Star of Stars." The first anniversary of Swift sponsorship was celebrated. Cream of Wheat was amongst

those present. The Quiz Kids and Don exchanged appearances. Hollywood finally discovered that there was a Breakfast Club and offers to make a movie were being considered by the gang.

The Breakfast Clubbers were appearing in person more and more often throughout the country at large bond rallies, Army Camps and patriotic affairs. Now an American institution, the show is the nation's official getter-upper!

1943?

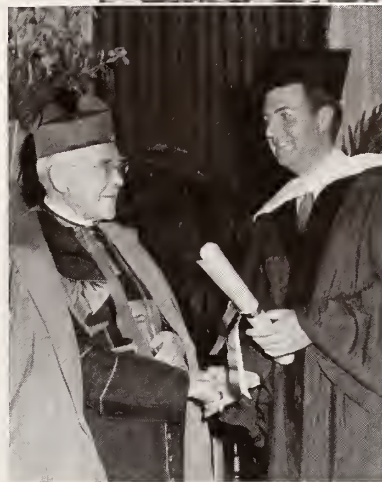
1944?

1945?

1946?



*Chicago's Big
Bond Breakfast*



*It's Doctor
McNeill Now!*

REHEARSAL

Well, sir, after all these years, one of the most carefully guarded secrets of radio is out, exposed by Operatives K-9 and H-2-O after weeks of stealthy kibitzing behind the scenes. The truth revealed is that Breakfast Club does have a rehearsal! As proof, our operatives offer a transcript taken via dictaphone, at a meeting of the Breakfast Club Rehearsal Guild and Planning Board. The meeting, held after the show any morning, was at a large table in a restaurant where the gang gathered before rationing for a second cup of coffee.

McNeill—Jack, you got your numbers cleared for tomorrow?

Baker—Yup.

McNeill—How about you, Nancy?

Martin—Yup.

McNeill—Walter (Blaufuss), got some good tunes on?

Both—Yup.

McNeill—Well, I guess we're set then.

Baker—What you gonna talk about tomorrow?

McNeill—Dunno, something funny, I hope!

Martin—How about me getting a phone call from home? I could tell them about the new dresses I saw in the loop.

McNeill—Oh—getting fancy with Nancy, huh?

Baker—It ain't bad. How about a poem about my budget?

McNeill—Yeah, or about your car.

Baker—What's my car got to do with it?

McNeill—Well, you could say you make out your budget every week.

Baker—Yeah.

McNeill—But this morning your car wouldn't run so you couldn't budget.

Martin—Say—that's pretty good.

Baker—Not bad.

McNeill—Say, I'll use it. What time you want to bowl this afternoon?

Martin—How about taking me with you?

McNeill—You sure you want to? We bowl for high stakes, you know.

Martin—That's okay with me—I've got a spare dime.

Baker—That ain't bad.

McNeill—Remind me to use that in the morning, too.

Martin—Well, may I go with you?

McNeill—Sure.

Martin—Well, I'll see you then.

McNeill—Separate checks.

Martin—Separate checks.

Baker—Say—that ain't bad.

I LOOK AT LIFE

SOMETIMES I think that God in His love
Looks down from His throne in heaven above;
And if He weren't so wise and so true
Would almost laugh at the things that we do—
Taking and giving with never a thought
Of a price we must pay for what we have bought;
How all our struggles for that thing and this
Could, at His summons be thrown amiss.
I'm certain, were He a less kindly Lord
Would long ages since, have grown very bored
And possibly could have set up a stand
And charge for a "peek" at this funny old land.
But, no, He just nods and says with a smile—
They'll all stumble back here—after a while.

—Loretta F. Snyder

EARFUL FOR BRIDES

Just because your hair is curly,
And your teeth are white and pearly,
And your figure's very lovely, and you're cute—
Don't imagine, for a minute,
That it's bunk, there's something in it,
When I issue this grave warning—FEED THE BRUTE!

Wedded bliss is very simple,
Just forget about your dimple,
Mobilize your thoughts 'round hubby's inner man—
Study goulash and boloney,
And pig's feet and macaroni,
And get chummy with a pot and frying pan.

If you'd win a loyal booster,
Every Sunday boil a rooster,
With a peck of noodles draped around its frame—
Feed him waffles smeared with honey,
And you've got his love and money,
And you'll never need to fear some other dame.

Men are lugs and heels and sinners,
When they're hungry for their dinners,
And just spoiling for a chance to bawl you out—
But they're mild beyond comparing
When they're gorged on pickled herring,
Or their tummy's full of beans and sauerkraut.

Never mind your swell complexion,
And your eyebrow's arched perfection,
It's a kitchen apron now that makes you cute—
It's a sad fact, but don't doubt it,
For there's no two ways about it,
If you'd have a happy marriage—FEED THE BRUTE!

(Author Unknown)

THE FINISHED NURSE

*(From the "Entre Nous" of Hartford Hospital
Training School for Nurses.)*

If you can keep your bed when those about you
Are losing theirs and moving in on you;
If you can trust yourself when M.D.'s doubt you
And keep within your proper limits, too;
If you can keep a heap of laundry linen
And have it ready early Monday morn,
And lose it, start anew with smiles most winning
And not regret the day that you were born;
If you can give a bath in fifteen minutes
And dress a wound, nor lose the sterile touch;
If you can keep on good terms with your roommate,
If all men count with you but none too much;
If you can learn the art of good suggestion,
And practice it and not talk nurse's shop;
If you can answer any doctor's question,
And decrease Digitalis gtt. by gtt.,
Sponge, miss your supper and admit a patient;
Report at roll call and get off at eight,
Attend a lecture and get put on special
And then get sat on for a weary gait;
If you have in your heart the hope of winning
Only the good, and not deceitful fame;
If you can see life ending and beginning
And treat the two imposters just the same;
If you can live on five or six odd dollars
And dress as well as with a fuller purse,
You've done the stunt and everything that's in it;
And then, my dear, you are a finished nurse.

A LETTER FROM A SON TO HIS DEAD FATHER

Dear Dad:

I am writing this to you, though you have been dead thirty years. I feel I must say some things to you, things I didn't know when I was a boy in your house, and things that I was too stupid to say.

It is only now, after passing through the long, hard school of years, only now when my hair is grey, that I understand how you felt. I must have been a bitter trial to you. I believed my own petty wisdom, and I know now how ridiculous it was compared to the calm, ripe, wholesome wisdom that was yours.

Most of all, I want to confess my worst sin against you. It was the feeling I had that you did not understand; you understood me better than I did myself. Your wisdom flowed around mine as an ocean around an island.

How patient you were with me; how full of long suffering and kindness. How pathetic, it now comes home to me, were your efforts to get close to me, to win my confidence, to be my pal. I wouldn't let you. I couldn't. What was it that held me aloof? I didn't know, but it was tragic, that wall that rises between a boy and his father, and their frantic attempts to see through it and climb over it.

I wish you were here now, across the table from me, just for one hour, so that I could tell you how there's no wall anymore. I understand you now, Dad, and God how I love you and wish I could go back and be your boy again. I know now how I could make you happy every day. I know how you felt. It took a good many years for this prodigal son, and all sons are in a measure prodigal, to come to himself. I've come. I see it all now. I

know what a rich and priceless thing, and one least understood, is that mighty love and tenderness and craving to help, which a father feels toward his boy, for I have a boy of my own.

It is he that makes me want to go back to you and get down on my knees and ask you to hear me, Dad, and believe me.

(Author Unknown)

LIFE'S WEAVING

My life is but a weaving
Between my God and me;
I may not choose the colors,
He knows what they should be;
For He can view the pattern
Upon the upper side,
While I can see it only
On this, the lower side.

Sometimes He weaveth sorrow,
Which seemeth strange to me;
But I will trust His judgment,
And work on faithfully;
'Tis He Who fills the shuttle,
He knows just what is best,
So I shall weave in earnest
And leave with Him the rest.

At last when life is ended,
With Him I shall abide,
Then I may view the pattern
Upon the upper side;
Then I shall know the reason
Why pain, with joy entwined,
Was woven in the fabric
Of life that God designed.

—Father Tabb



Don, the dog, and the "diggins"

FRIENDS

'Twould never do for God to live across the street
Or in the house next door, where we should daily meet;
So, in His wisdom and His love, He sometimes sends
His angels kind, to walk with us,—we call them friends.

When trouble comes, or loss, when grief is ours to bear,
They come, our friends, with words of cheer, our load
to share.

How could we face defeat without a friend's caress.
Had we no friend to praise, how bare would be success?

'Tis not God's plan that we shall see Him face to face.
Yet, He would hedge us in His abounding grace,
And so, His messengers of love to earth He sends,
They're angels, but we know it not, and call them
"Friends."

(Author Unknown)

A DOG'S PRAYER FOR HIS MASTER

O Lord of Humans, make my master faithful to his
fellowmen as I am to him. Grant that he may be devoted
to his friends and family as I am to him. May he be
openfaced and undeceptive as I am; may he be true to
trust reposed in him as I am to his.

Give him a face cheerful like unto my wagging tail;
give him a spirit of gratitude like unto my licking tongue.
Fill him with patience like unto mine that awaits his foot-
steps uncomplainingly for hours; fill him with my watch-
fulness, my courage, and my readiness to sacrifice com-
fort or life.

Keep him always young in heart and crowded with
the spirit of play even as I. Make him as good a man as
I am a dog; make him worthy of me, his dog.

—Will Judy

"IF"

If you can go to church, when all about you,
Are going everywhere but to the house of prayer,
If you can travel straight, when others wobble,
And do not seem to have a righteous care;
If you can undertake a noble service,
Expecting others to pitch in and boost,
But find them doing everything to hinder
Or sitting down like biddies on a roost.

If you possess yourself and pray, "God bless you"—
When every muscle in you aches to smite;
When something says, "Give up, give up the struggle!"
Since others fall, why stand alone, and fight?"
You'll find a Presence by you, in the furnace,
You'll find a Presence by you, on the sea,
You'll find a Presence by you, in the battle—
Yes! everywhere and always, Victory!

If you can trust, when others faint and falter,
Or stand and serve, when others flee away,
Unmoved by either Jezebel or Ahab,
Remaining faithful every livelong day,
If you can keep your courage up, and boost it,
Yes! boost the Church right on, until the end,
You'll prove yourself a very Noble Human,
And what is more, you'll be a SAINT, my FRIEND!

(Author Unknown)

One time Breakfast Club inaugurated a "3-Minute-Egg-Timing-Service" for people who were fixing soft-boiled eggs for breakfast. However, Don forgot to ring the bell for seven minutes and folks all over the country had hard-boiled eggs that morning.

A RECIPE FOR COOKING A HUSBAND

A good many husbands are utterly spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about it as if their husbands were balloons, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water. Others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in a pickle all their lives. It is not supposed that any husband will be tender and good, managed in this way. But they are really delicious when properly treated.

In selecting your husband, you should not be guided by the silvery appearance as in buying a mackerel; not by the golden tint as if you wanted a salmon. Be sure to select the finest to be had. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended with the required number of buttons and strings tightly sewed on. Tie him in the kettle with the strong silken cord called "Comfort," as the one called "Duty" is often weak. Make a clean steady fire out of love's neatness and cheerfulness. Set him as near the fire as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and sizzles, do not be anxious. Some husbands do this until they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses. But no vinegar or pepper, on any account. A little spice improves him, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is tender.

Stir him gently, watching the while, lest he lie too flat and close to the kettle and become useless. You cannot fail to know when he is done. Thus treated, you will find him reliable, agreeing with you and the children, and will keep as long as you want him unless you become careless and set him in a cold place.

(A tested recipe by a mother who raised five children.)

THE MODERN SALESMAN

Some folks may think that a modern salesman has a fairly easy time of it. Well, to my mind, a salesman nowadays must be a man of vision and ambition, a before and after dinner speaker, a night owl, and a day hawk. He must drive all night and appear strictly fresh the next day, learn to sleep on the floor and eat two meals a day to economize on traveling expenses.

He must be able to entertain without becoming too amorous, inhale dust, drive thru snow 12 feet deep at 10 below and work all summer without perspiring. He must be a man's man, a ladies' man, a model husband, a fatherly father, a devoted son-in-law, a good provider, a plutocrat, democrat, republican, a new dealer, old dealer and a fast dealer.

He must be a sales promotion expert, credit manager, correspondent, attend all jobber clinics, dealer meetings, tournaments, funerals and births, visit customers in hospitals as well as jails.

He must have a car or a good thumb. He must also be an expert driver, talker, liar, dancer, traveler, bridge player, poker hound, treader, golf player, diplomat, financier, capitalist and philanthropist . . . an authority on palmistry, chemistry, archaeology, psychology, meteorology, criminology . . . dogs, cats, horses, trailers, blondes, red heads, lingerie and no-fattening candy for the sales girls.

He must also have the curiosity of a cat, the tenacity of a bulldog, the determination of a taxi cab driver, the diplomacy of a wayward husband, the patience of a self-sacrificing wife, the enthusiasm of a jitterbug, the good humor of a silly master of ceremonies, the simplicity of a jackass, the assurance of a college boy, and the tireless energy of a collector of past due bills. That's all it takes.

KISSES

There are many kinds of kisses among which are the duty dab; the soul kiss, which is a sort of serial; the political kiss such as candidates give to babies; the double-barrelled kiss which whiskered generals bestow upon heroes; and the inimitable kiss which results when a wad of chewing gum gets tangled up with an embryonic mustache.

* * *

KISS CAKE RECIPE

Take: 1 armful of pretty girl
1 loving face
2 laughing eyes
2 rosy cheeks
2 lips like strawberries

Mix together and press two lips. The result will be amazing.

For frosting: Take piece of dark piazza and a little moonlight and press into one large or small hand (so as not to attract attention); two oz. of romance and one or two whispers. Dissolve half glance into a quantity of hesitation and two oz. of yielding. Place kisses on blushing cheeks...then add to lips...flavor with a slight scream and set aside to cool!

* * *

DEFINITIONS

Blue eyes gaze at mine.....	Vexation
Soft hands clasped in mine.....	Palpitation
Fine hair brushing mine.....	Expectation
Red lips close to mine.....	Temptation
Lithe body close to mine.....	Aspiration
Footsteps	Consternation

REMEMBER THE TIME—

A downstate Illinois woman confided that she felt pretty useless just sitting and listening; ordinarily, she heard the show while doing the breakfast dishes (?). Don McNeill immediately sent out to the sound effects department for a tank of water and an armload of assorted crockery. "I can't work without an apron, this is my Sunday dress," said his practical guest. The gallant McNeill doffed the coat to his new summer suit and converted it into a utilitarian coverall. "There doesn't seem to be much point in washing dishes," the lady pointed out, "they're pretty clean." The unstumpable Don sent post haste to the downstairs restaurant for food with which to soil the dishes. As far as breakfast was concerned, Don's guest wasn't having any—she'd eat; however, a small boy in the audience handled that hurdle. Don had forgotten rubber gloves and then getting water just the right temperature took another 15

minutes and left 10 minutes to go. But the final hurdle looked insurmountable—no soap. Luckily, however, a member of the audience from out of town had stayed overnight in a loop hotel, and naturally had a bar of soap in her suitcase!

* * *

The Breakfast Club gang unwittingly prevented a marriage from breaking up? A woman in a New York town wrote that she had decided to leave her husband and, in fact, had sent the children to her mother, packed up, and was waiting for a cab when she turned on the radio to kill time. First she heard Jack Baker singing "I Walk with Music," immediately followed by McNeill's Memory Time period, in which he read a poem about married life and the duties of a wife to her family. By this time, the woman had changed her mind completely. When the cab came she dismissed it, unpacked and sent for the children.

A watermelon weighing over one hundred pounds was received from Hope, Ark., and consumed on the air—Baker and Pappy's children getting the greater share.



"Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy!"

Jaek Baker did a song attired in red flannels . . . proving that there's many a slip, etc.?

* * *

The studio visitors included a woman who was heading back to England after arriving in Chicago a few weeks before, to leave her six year old son with relatives (?). She was heading for an unknown port in an unknown ship, having been assigned to Red Cross duty in the Midlands. Sometime, about six weeks later her son appeared again on the Breakfast Club and his mother was able to hear his voice in England at three o'clock in the afternoon. What a thrill that must have been for her!

* * *

Jaek and Don discussed whether or not they should give free plugs to grapefruit in Baker's poems (?). A man and his wife, in the comfort of their breakfast nook down in Texas heard the argument. "It's funny," said the husband, "that when he mentioned grapefruit producing states he mentioned Florida and California but left out Texas." The Mrs. answered, "Your hearing's defective . . . he did mention Tex-

as." An argument started . . . "I'll bet you half my interest in the grove against your half interest that he didn't!" snapped he. "You're on," shouted his wife, with a gleam in her eye and immediately called up Don who admitted that he had indeed mentioned Texas . . . so Mr. lost his plants!

* * *

Five years ago in St. Paul, Minn., a housewife decided to repay some of the entertainment she had received as a listener by making a crocheted tablecloth for M.C. Don McNeill and his family (?). Daily, thereafter she spent 45 minutes crocheting "wheels" for the tablecloth while listening to the Breakfast Club. Having finished the project, she put the tablecloth momentarily on a pile of papers in the kitchen so that she could answer the telephone. The apartment janitor came in while she was talking on the phone, picked up the papers, and unknowingly, the tablecloth. Soon her five years of needlework had gone up in smoke. In 1947, provided no other disaster intervenes, the McNeills will receive another hand crocheted tablecloth, she says.

Walter Blaufuss answered a challenge that threatened to upset his reputation as the biggest eater on the Breakfast Club, issued by a fan from Shoemakersville, Pa. (?). It was reliably reported that the challenger had disposed of 114 elams at one sitting, little neck and all. But Blaufuss won, hands down, in a broadcast.

* * *

It was somewhat of a jolt to the group to discover they put a husband in the dog house (?). McNeill received a letter from an Ohio housewife, hiding him for not sending her his photograph, which she'd "requested exactly seven times." Don hastily sent the photo with a note to the effect that something must have gone wrong somewhere—his files showed no other letter from her. He received a bulky letter in return and a cheekup revealed not only the handful of letters to McNeill but several others in her husband's coat pocket.

* * *

Long before the radio ban on weather reports Don observed that he and the east were going to proceed to blow away whatever local

fog might exist across the country? The entertainers thereupon gave vent in unison to a loud "pfooo!" The whoosh hardly died out of the nation's loud speakers when Don McNeill received a call from Keokuk that local skies were clearing. More calls of similar purport came in from Cleveland and Denver. Next day the weatherman reported clear skies from the Atlantic to the Pacific. However, the McNeill Fog Lifting Service produced some odd by-products. One fan claimed that the radio draft had completely cooled off his cup of coffee.

* * *

Don granted the last request of a U.S. Marine, a World War veteran, for whose life doctors at Ellis Island, N. Y., had given up hope, to see the Breakfast Club, and visit his sister in Seattle?

* * *

Jack Baker grew a mustache to prove he wasn't a tenor at heart?

* * *

A pajama manufacturer sent every member of the cast a nice new pair of pajamas so they wouldn't have to bother dressing before the show?

A little girl in Hewlett, N. Y., deathly sick, heard her song request played on Breakfast Club and miraculously recovered?

* * *

Listeners were invited to do the "rug dances"—that is, pull their living room rug up by the roots, pull down the shades, and flit gracefully through the house? Many listeners reported that they actually followed instructions. In fact, one lady in Trenton, N. J., danced so hard that a rain spout shook loose from the roof and hit a maid who was shaking a rug out of the window below . . . also in time to the Breakfast Club orchestra?

* * *

A Burkettsville, Ohio, fan sent in a letter which measured 7x5 feet?

* * *

A dentist was found in the audience and the cast turned the tables on him by making him stuff his mouth with chocolate candy and then firing questions at him thick and fast? One of the best *gags* ever pulled!

One day's mail brought three boxes of fruit, some Florida sea shells, a set of cactus ash trays, four live alligators, two sets of false teeth, a bird house, three dolls, a rubber fish, a cowboy hat, and a summons?

* * *

Don overslept and made the story on the next page untrue?

* * *



Jack pumps the water, Don holds the mike, and a studio guest shampoos Benny Gill's hair.

Don has only been late for the show three times—twice it was the train's fault, and the third time it was a terrific blizzard, of which McNeill said "I opened the

front door, turned and waved goodbye to the wife and kiddies, stepped out on the front porch, and disappeared for 20 minutes." The only persons who arrived on time that morning were Walter Blaufuss, the engineer and a bass player. By the time the show was three-fourths over, there was finally a quorum of the cast present.



Bundling, eh?

Some of the persons, very important to Breakfast Club, but little known to its listeners are Sidney Strotz (now one of radio's top executives) who insisted on hiring Don McNeill for Breakfast Club over the vetoes of his associates; the brave engineers and ditto producers, like Bob White, who sit in the control room throughout the hour; Virginia Holleman, secretary to Don and Jack, who has to listen to that stuff all day long; the personnel of the many radio stations carrying the program—managers, announcers, engineers, switchboard operators, etc., who are among our best boosters; the present big shots of the Blue Network in New York and Chicago, with special

bows to Ed Borroff, V.P., Jim Stirton, program manager, and Joe Hartenbower, demon salesman, who allow the show to go on its own sweet way; and the loyal fans who write week after week, year after year.

A SHUT-IN'S PRAYER

Last night the moon pulled anchor
And sailed down the milky way
And peeped into a sanatorium window
Where a lonely shut-in lay.
Then the moon seemed to shine more brightly,
Each star seemed to nod its head,
And the world seemed all the more peaceful
When they heard what the shut-in said:
"Dear Lord in Heaven, I earnestly pray to Thee.
You'll hear my prayer, now won't you?
And lay a healing hand on me?
I trust I am not asking
Too much of your healing wealth,
When I so humbly ask of you
To give me back my health.
Dear God, the world forgets me—
I've been a shut-in so very long,
I'm needing your love, dear Jesus,
I've still in my heart a song."
The moon sailed on its journey
The stars twinkled up above
The shut-in drifted to dreamland—
What is greater than God's love?

(Author Unknown)

Don: How is your car runnin'?
Sam: Tirelessly. Tirelessly!

A TOAST TO MOTHER

I will drink this toast to the woman I love.

To the woman who has been the beacon light of my life; it matters not where I may be tossed upon life's perilous waves, when the storms rage about me and the wild billows roll high, she stands as a lighthouse signaling to me a port of safety and ever welcome refuge.

To the woman whose tender words fell upon my ears as music sweeter than melodies played by an angel upon harp strings of gold.

To the noble woman who pressed the first kiss upon my brow, and who first suffered that I might live; whose tender hand rocked the cradle of my infancy; whose ever watching eye safely guarded me through the primrose days of childhood; who weathered me through the storms of youth and whose unselfish life is ever ready to sacrifice, if such sacrifice will but pay the price of my liberty, welfare or success.

To the woman who has been to me a shelter from the rain, a fortress in danger, and an inspiration in defeat; who is the first to smile and applaud me when success crowns my efforts, and the first to weep and console me when the clouds of sorrow hover close about me.

To the woman who was my first love in life's rosy springtime, and the only true sweetheart I have ever had; who is my only true and certain friend; who, when all others have deserted me, and when life seems one cold and barren peak, will be with me and near me till the last, and, who, with one kind word, can bring out the sunlight hidden behind the heaviest cloud.

To the woman who has been to me what the diamond is to the gold; to me what the fragrance is to the rose; to me what the sunlight is to the day.

To the woman whose purity is unsurpassed by the

snow that crowns the hilltops or the spotless lily of the field, and whose whole life has been that of an angel, though on earth, and that of a queen, though uncrowned.

To the woman whom God in His goodness gave to me as a friend; whom I may trust without fear of treason; upon whom I can depend without fear of desertion and that I may love her and know her as my own Dear Mother.

(Anonymous)

AS HIS MOTHER USED TO DO

He criticized her pudding and he
found fault with her cake;
He wished she'd make some biscuits
as his mother used to make.
She didn't wash the dishes and she
didn't make a stew,
Nor even mend his socks as his mother
used to do.
His mother had six children, but by
night her work was done;
His wife seemed always drudging, tho'
she only had the one.
His mother always was well dressed,
his wife might be so, too,
If she would only manage as his
mother used to do.
Ah! Well, she was not perfect, but
she tried to do her best
Until she thought her time had come
to have a rest.
So when one day she went the same
old rigamarole all through
She turned him up and spanked him,
as his mother used to do.

(Author Unknown)

MOTHER

Too late, dear, I realized how much you meant to me, and all you have done for me. May God, in His infinite kindness, have mercy on your soul, my guiding star, and may yours be the Kingdom of Heaven.

Day and night, Mother, I shall always pray for your soul, pray that God will give you the just reward you so richly deserve.

I'd scoff at your sensitiveness, your tears, which of late, fell so often, dear. When you became ill, I begged you to smile, to wipe that unhappy look from your face. I brushed your hair, grey with care and worry, from your forehead, and kissed you so tenderly. It was as if God were telling me that soon you would be gone and no more would I have a chance to gaze at you, dearest Mother.

May God give me some of the strength which never ceased in your life. You taught me compassion, tolerance, and independence. May I ever be the way you would like me to be, Madonna, so that your soul will never know unrest.

To me you were always a hero. Not once would you let us think that yours was the life of a Martyr. Bravely you did a man's job, never complaining, always confident that we never had to use anybody because you still had strength enough to go out and work for us.

You never failed us ever, and whenever I asked you why you never stopped doing those everlasting favors for us, wisely you told us that when you were gone, we could always remember you and think kindly of you.

If you did not love us as much as you did, you might have been here with us today. Instead of earing for yourself, even near the end, you put us first to your life.

The only way I can ever let you know how sorry I am that I couldn't have been a better daughter is to pray to

God always that He may grant you the rest you earned.

Often when I am desolate and lonely, I vision your beautiful face, with its happy smile, telling me to "take it easy," and everything will be all right.

—Evelyn Nannonn

WHY GOD GAVE US MOTHERS

*Dedicated to the Breakfast Club mothers
by Aunt Ida Sandage, Louisville, Ky.*

There had to be someone to care
Someone to grieve when we're not there
Someone to offer up a prayer
When we are weak and sinning!
Someone just has to love us still
When all the world has used us ill,
And aid us with unflagging will
To start a new beginning!

Someone just has to think we're great
Proud lords and masters of our Fate,
And give us praise that will elate
So we can beat our brothers!
Somebody has to cheer us on
And aid us when all hope is gone
To bravely face another dawn,
And so God gave us—MOTHERS!

A general and a colonel were walking down the street. They met many privates and each time the colonel saluted he would mutter "same to you." The general's curiosity got the best of him and he asked "Why do you always say that?" To which the colonel answered "I was once a private and I know what they're thinking."

MOTHERHOOD

Down in the valley of shadow we go,
How far in those depths, we never know,
Months of waiting, hours of pain,
Then it's over, we're smiling again.

A kiss from the Daddy and to see his proud smile,
Then to hold in your arms your own baby child,
That's Heaven, that only a Mother can know.
And it's worth all the suffering thru which we must go.

Oh the mighty strength of those wee baby hands,
That clasp two hearts together like iron bands,
Those dear little arms two hearts will entwine
With a love that's so sacred it's almost divine.

Have you ever wondered, if it is really worthwhile,
To hold in your arms your own baby child?
My dear I will tell you—if I had my choice
Of some wonderful talent, a beautiful voice,

A gorgeous home with enormous wealth,
Together with these I'd have strength and health,
But in order to have them it must be understood
That I'd be denied the joy of Motherhood.

Oh I might have been tempted, had I never been blest
With the joys of clasping a babe to my breast,
I might have been tempted, had I not known the bliss
Of a baby's arms and a baby's kiss.

For each new babe gets the same tender care,
When another one comes, there is more love to spare.
We may want a daughter and receive a little son,
But we're happy and contented when all is said and done.

In this world of ours, no home is complete,
That has not known the patter of little feet.
And no woman can give to this world her best,
Until with Motherhood her life is blest.

—Edna Allen Exchenback

FRIENDS

I think that God will never send
A gift so precious as a friend,
A friend who always understands
And fills each need as it demands
Whose loyalty will stand the test,
When skies are bright or overcast.

Who sees the faults that merit blame.
But keeps on loving just the same;
Who does far more than ereeds could do
To make us good, to make us true,
Earth's gifts a sweet enjoyment lend
But only God can give a friend.

—Dr. Rosalie Carter, Franklin, Tennessee

Funny how times have advanced. Grandmother used a roller towel, a comb suspended by a string and a dipper shared by everyone, and probably lived to be eighty or ninety years old. Now we get exhausted before our time finding out what we're allergic to. But there's one thing that hasn't changed. When your fiance's family begin balling you out for using the guest towel, you've become accepted as one of the family.

A settled married man is a guy whose pipe goes out oftener than he does.

A FATHER'S CONFESSION TO HIS SON

Listen, Son:

I am saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little paw erumped 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. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called, "Good-bye!" 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 boy-friends 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, lately, when I was reading in the library, how you came in, softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When 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 share with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I'll be a real daddy.

(Author Unknown)

Gentlemen prefer bonds—ask the man who owns one.

Breakfast Club Alumni

Fibber McGee and Molly, or Marion and Jim Jordan as they were "known as in them days" when they were Breakfast Club favorites.

* * *

Here we have charming Annette King (Reid) in her Breakfast Club Days.

* * *

Evelyn Lynne used to struggle daily with her "Dear Diary."





The girl in the upper circle is Jeanette; then come the Cheery Sisters with their cousin Doug Craig; and upper right is Aunt Fanny talking to herself (Fran Allison). Left and center are the Ranch Boys and Morin Sisters—to their right, the Dinnings—and the two handsome ex-Breakfast Club singers, Clark Dennis and Johnny Johnston. Lower left are the Merry Macs—next Bill Thompson in his “Mister Wimple” get up—and last—lovely Gale Page—remember?

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

(From the New York Sun of September 21, 1897)

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is among the friends of The Sun:

"Dear Editor: I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says 'If you see it in The Sun it's so.' Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?"

—Virginia O'Hanlon, 115 W. Ninety-fifth St."

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see.

They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, VIRGINIA, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Not believe in SANTA CLAUS! You might as well not believe in fairies! You know generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no SANTA CLAUS. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in SANTA CLAUS! You might as well not

believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch SANTA CLAUS, but even if they did not see SANTA CLAUS coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees SANTA CLAUS, but that is no sign that there is no SANTA CLAUS. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond. It is all real! Ah, VIRGINIA, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No SANTA CLAUS! Thank God! he lives, and lives forever. A thousand years from now, VIRGINIA, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

There was a fellow who hadn't been to church for some time who met the preacher on the street one day. He said to the minister: "Would you please pray Sunday for Esmerelda?" The preacher was mighty pleased that here was a man coming back to the fold so he promised he would pray for Esmerelda Sunday. A couple days later they met again and the preacher said: "Do you want me to keep on praying for Esmerelda?" The guy said: "No, never mind. Esmerelda came in Monday and paid 15 to 1."

TRIMMING THE TREE

"Yes, children, Daddy's going to put up the Christmas tree, now—it's half the fun of Christmas . . . Yes, you can watch if you don't monkey with anything . . . Now first of all, Daddy's going to make a stand for the tree" . . . (Dots denote passing of ten minutes while he looks unsuccessfully for hammer, nails and boards) . . . "Well, children, it's better, anyway to fill a bucket with sand and set the tree in that—Yes, of course, Mamma, I'll do it outside so it doesn't get on the carpet . . . Hey, Junior, get away from that tree—sure it's your Christmas tree, but leave it alone until we get it in place—LEAVE IT ALONE, I SAY! . . . I know, I know, I'm not yelling at them—I'm just trying to tell them . . . O.K., now we're going to have fun decorating the tree . . . Let's see, where are the lights—only two strings of 'em?—Well, that'll do, I guess—if they work . . . Where's that extension cord we use? . . . Huh? . . . What's it doing up there? . . . We got to have it . . . I don't care if we can't have a lamp in the bedroom then—we gotta have lights on the Christmas tree, don't we? . . . We're gonna attach the plug now, kids, and you can see all the pretty lights—if they light" . . . (They don't) . . . "Well, one of them must have burned out—all I gotta do now is test 16 of 'em . . . Junior, you leave the lights alone—Daddy will do it . . . I know you want to help, but you'll break them . . . Who broke this one that won't work now?—Well, I didn't . . . Are you going to quit asking questions and fooling with things, dear, or do you want Daddy to slap your little ears off? . . . I'm not losing my temper with them—I'm just trying to keep them from tearing the tree down . . . Huh? . . . Well, if you can get along with them so much easier, why aren't you trimming the tree? . . . You will, huh? . . . O.K., O.K., I'm going out

for a while, and if I'm not back in an hour, look for me in some nice, quiet madhouse!"
(*Anonymous*)

'TWAS THE CHRIS BEFORE NIGHTMAS

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

Not a stir was creatching mouse even a not;
The chimps were hung by the stockney with care
In nicks 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 a sleighiture tindeer, and eight mina rain
With a quick old liver so drively and little,
I knew in a nickment it must be St. Mome.
To the porch of the top, to the wall of the top
As wild hurricanes that before the dry fly leaves
When the ob with a meetstacle, sky to the mount,
And there in a roofling 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 littlebow was drawn up like a mouth
The teeth of a stump held tight in his pipes
And his head encircled his smoke like a wreath
He had a belly face and a round little broad
He was elfy and joll, a right plump 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
And athistle 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*)

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night *after* Christmas and all through the home
Raged a terrible headache wherever you'd roam;
The house looked a wreck; there were signs everywhere
To prove to the world that St. Nick had been there.
The children were still having fun with their toys—
And breaking all records for long-sustained noise,
When out of the hall there arose such a clatter
I opened the door to see what was the matter
And what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a man in distress and devoid of all cheer;
He lay on the floor of the corridor narrow
And out of the small of his back stuck an arrow . . .
It had come from the bow of his own little lad—
I knew in a moment it must be poor dad!

* * *

I rushed for the phone and had just turned around
When mother crashed into the room with a bound,
Pursued by a child with rifle, Oh, well,
It seems that, to please him, she played William Tell.
The apple was okay but mother was not—
There wasn't a shadow of doubt she'd been shot;
The kid was still shooting his air-gun—how merry!
He yelled, "Play some more, ma! It's funny, ma, very!"

* * *

Behind him came Willie, the boy from next door—
He carried a sword and he yelled, "Let's play war!"
He rode on a broom, took a wild swing at me
And carved quite a strip from the eap of my knee;
Then out of his room tottered old Unele Lew,
His arm in a sling and one leg, I think, too;
He'd helped little Oscar try out a new sled
And had quite a gash on the top of his head;

He'd also been playing with Ethelbert's skis
And murmured quite weakly, "The ambulance, please!"

* * *

Next grandpa came wallowing out of the bath—
(I never had seen any man in such wrath)—
He looked all awash; he was all dripping wet,
His clothes were all soused; he was angry, you bet;
It served him quite right, any man is a dub
When he tries to sail children's toy boats in the tub!

* * *

I stood there aghast when, no fooling, Aunt Nell
Swooped through on a kiddy-ear, going pell-mell;
She upset the tree . . . there were sparks from a wire . . .
I knew in an instant the house was on fire!

* * *

Then things all went black and when next I came to
I was out on the lawn with a pulmotor crew;
The house was still burning, the kids, little dears!
Were dancing and shouting and giving three cheers;
The fire chief stood and completed his work;
He snickered a bit, then he turned with a jerk,
And laying a finger aside of his nose,
And, giving a nod, he said, "Roll up the hose!"
He jumped in his car, sounded siren and whistle
And away he then flew like the down from a thistle.

* * *

And I heard him explain to his smoke-eating boys,
"Well, adults WILL play with the kids' Christmas toys!"

—H. I. Phillips in the *New York Sun*
December 26, 1935

*Betty: Did you ever hear the story of the vacuum?
Well, there's nothing in it.*

ONE MONTH AFTER CHRISTMAS

'Twas the month after Christmas, when all thru the house
Not a creature was smiling, e'en dad, the old grouse.
The store bills were stacked on dad's roll-top with care,
In hopes that collectors soon would be there.
Poor old dad was nestled all snug in his bed,
While visions of constables danced through his head.
Mamma in her 'kerchief, and dad, the poor sap,
Couldn't pay for the gifts, let alone take a nap.
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter;
Dad sprung from his bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window he flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and counted the cash.
When what to Dad's wondering eyes should appear—
But a big moving van and eight husky men near!
With a little old driver so lively and quick;
Dad knew in a minute it must be a trick.
More rapid than eagles those cursers they came,
And they whistled and shouted and called dad a name.
"Now, dash you, now, darn you, we'll teach you a lesson!"
The way that they shouted had poor dad a-guessin'.
They raced to the porch and right into the hall;
Dashed away, dashed away, dashed away, all!
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky
So into the parlor those cursers, they flew,
And gathered up all gifts on which payment was due.
A bundle of junk each had flung on his back,
And each looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
Their eyes, how they twinkled! Their dimples, how merry!
As each one in his turn gave dad the raspberry.
Each had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook when each laughed like raspberry jelly.
Dad, frightened and stumped—the right jolly old elf,

Had to laugh as he watched them in spite of himself.
No one spoke a word; each kept on with his work,
And filled up the big van, then turned with a jerk—
And wiggling their fingers in front of their noses,
And giving a laugh, to the big van, each goes.
They all sprang aboard and poor dad gave a whistle
As away they all flew like the down on a thistle.
And they heard dad exclaim as they flew out of sight,
"That's a load off my mind!" and "It suits me all right."

—Alan F. Herdman, Branchville, N. J.

PAPPY'S RECIPE

Listen, my children, and you will hear
Of the ride of Santa and his eight reindeer,
And wherever he would walk, he wouldn't make noise,
Even tho' he suffered from a slight case of over dupoise.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds
While visions of Pappy's recipes danced in their heads.
Mamma in her long flannel gown and Pa in his cap,
Oh, what a way to take a measly little old nap.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
And in so doing, I left only the sash.
Caused by the jolt of my brains, I do declare
I spied the little man who wasn't there.

And he sat there feeding me his gopher stew
Full of important ingredients like Vitimin P-U.
He said, "You've been feeding this mess to everybody else
Now you try a big part of it yourself."

I said, "No, not that! dear host—
I'd rather face a graveyard with a big white ghost."
So forget about me and eat Mama's turk
And you'll never have to worry about gastronomical burp!

BREAKFAST CLUB QUIZ

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

Walter Blaufuss once bet \$5 on a horse that ran last, and then found out after the race that he could have bought the nag for a buck and a half?

* * *



HARRY KOGEN

When musicians see Harry Kogen, the usual greeting is "Hi ya, Harry—what's Kogen?"

* * *

Annette King has a boy and a girl and maybe by the time you read this—that is an understatement?

* * *

Jack Baker really does weigh considerably less than the average full grown horse?

* * *

The Breakfast Club has received a special citation from the U. S. Treasury Department for its work in promoting the sale of U. S. War Stamps and Bonds?

* * *

The husbands of Evelyn Lynne and Betty Olson (formerly of the Escorts and Betty), and Evelyn Morin (of the Morin Sisters) are in Uncle Sam's Service?

No script is used on Breakfast Club, with the exception of commercials or special war-time announcements. Now and then Don refers to a few notes and gags he has jotted down in his notebook, and outside of that, all that goes on is completely unrehearsed and made up on the spur of the moment?

* * *

Nancy Martin, the "Sweet-heart of the U.S. Male" who is always being kidded about chasing the men, actually has more dates offered her than she could possibly handle?

* * *

When Marion Mann reads a letter to her boy friend, Earl, she has a real, live Earl in mind—no kidding!

* * *



Nancy Bowls 'Em Over

More than 75,000 persons now witness the morning broadcasts of Breakfast Club every year?

* * *

The gang you hear on Breakfast Club have so much fun that listeners have suggested that the performers pay the Blue Network instead of vice-versa?



Big, ain't it!



JOE GALLICHIO

The rumor that the Navy is taking over Don McNeill's shoes to use as convoy ships, is totally unfounded?

* * *

Joe Gallichio has the most beautiful head of skin in the radio business?

* * *

In addition to its Chicago appearances, the Breakfast Club cast has appeared in such cities as Youngstown, Cleveland, Toledo and Dayton, Ohio; St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, Minnesota; Buffalo, New York City and Jamestown, New York; Kansas City, Springfield and St. Louis, Missouri; Des Moines, Iowa; Milwaukee, Janesville and Madison, Wisconsin; Fargo, North Dakota; Tulsa and Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; Wichita and Topeka, Kansas; Omaha, Nebraska; Birmingham, Alabama; Jackson, Flint,

Battle Creek, Grand Rapids and Lansing, Michigan; Erie, Pennsylvania; Nashville and Shelbyville, Tennessee; Hot Springs, Arkansas; Louisville, Kentucky; Hammond, Indiana; Shreveport, Louisiana; Fort Worth, Texas; St. Petersburg, Florida; Ottawa and Montreal, Canada; New Haven, Connecticut; Providence, Rhode Island; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Indianapolis, Indiana; and that the tremendous attendance at these performances is rapidly approaching the half million mark?



"—So that's what they look like!"

It still takes two alarm clocks, his wife, three kids, two dogs and a dash of cold water to get Don up. But as soon as he arrives in the studio—all is different. Breakfast Club has changed McNeill from an early morning grouch to a man who is at his best in these matutinal hours when a smile means so much. He disclaims credit for the success of the show, saying, it's the Breakfast

Clubbers—over a million strong—those common, everyday Americans who go on and on with the program, who have made him what he is today—whatever that is?



"They came—they saw—"

There has only been one taxi ride taken lately between Providence, Rhode Island, and New York City?

Don: After the show will you join me in a bowl of soup?

Pappy: Do you think there'd be room for both of us?

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

THE WHIRLPOOL

He was caught in the whirl of the pool of dismay,
By a thoughtless remark he had said;
He had injured a friend in a nonchalant way,
And the love they had cherished lay dead.

To his mirror he went, in its glass to confide,
And his face was both haggard and pale,
And he asked of the glass, "Should I swallow the pride,
That is pinning me down like a nail?

Should I go to my friend with remorse on my face,
A remorse that I honestly feel?
Should I beg him this whirlpool of shame to erase,
In a soul-stirring voice of appeal?"

"As your heart so dictates," said a voice from the glass,
"I advise you to follow its path,
And remember 'twill pay you to keep off the grass,
That is bordered with ill words and wrath."

So he went to his friend, and he asked most sincere,
To be taken again to his heart
And the whirlpool of friendship once more does endear
These friends who had drifted apart.

If there's someone you know, whom you treated that way,
And your heart is both heavy and blue,
Seek and find him again without further delay,
Don't wait until he comes to you.

You'll find that the whirlpool of Love will replace,
Every misunderstanding and strife,
It will give you the courage to meet face to face,
The changeable Whirlpool of Life.

—Norman St. Croix, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

WHAT THE GROOM WORE

John Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Jones, of Pleasant Villa, became the bridegroom of Miss Elizabeth Smith at high noon today. The ceremony took place at the home of the groom's parents. Mr. Jones was attended by Mr. Brown as groomsman. The groom was the cynosure of all eyes. Blushing prettily he replied to the questions of the clergyman in low tones, but firm. He was charmingly clad in a three-piece suit, consisting of coat, vest and trousers. The coat of dark material was draped about his shoulders and tastefully gathered under the arms. The pretty story was current among the wedding guests that the coat was the same worn by his father and grandfather on their wedding days. The vest was sleeveless and met in front. It was gracefully fashioned with pockets and the back held together with a strap and buckle. Conspicuous on the front of the vest was the groom's favorite piece of jewelry, a fraternity pin, and from the upper left hand corner of his vest hung a long watch chain, the bride's gift to the groom, which flashed brilliantly and gave the needed touch to a costume in perfect taste and harmony.

The groom's coat was of dark worsted and fell from the waist in a straight line almost to the floor. The severe simplicity of the garment was relieved by the right pantalette, which was caught up about four inches by a garter worn underneath, revealing just the artistic glimpse of brown socks above the genuine leather shoes, laced with strings of the same color. The effect was chic.

Beneath the vest the groom wore blue galluses, attached fore and aft to the trousers and passing in a graceful curve over each shoulder. This pretty and useful part of the costume would have passed unnoticed had not the groom muffed the ring when the groomsman

passed it to him. When he stooped to recover the errant cirelet, the blue of his galluses was prettily revealed. His neck was encircled with a collar, characterized by a delicate pearl tint of old-fashioned celluloid, and around the collar was a cravat, loosely knitted, exposing a collar button of bright metal. The cravat extended up and down under the left ear with the studied carelessness which marks supreme artistry in dress.

Mr. Brown's costume was essentially like the groom's and as the two stood at the altar a hush of admiration enveloped the audience at the complete harmony. Actually, one could hardly have told one from the other, had it not been for a patch of court plaster worn by the groom over the neck in his chin made by a safety razor. Neither Mr. Jones nor Mr. Brown wore a hat at the ceremony. As Miss Elizabeth Smith led the groom from the altar, it was noted that she wore the conventional veil and orange blossoms.

THE END OF THE ROPE

When you've lost every vestige of hope
And you think you are beaten and done,
When you've come to the end of your rope,
Tie a knot in the end and hang on.

Have courage; for here is the dope:
When you stand with your back to the wall,
Though you've come to the end of your rope
Tie a knot in the end and hang on.

Don't admit that life's getting your goat
When your friends seem to all disappear,
When you've come to the end of your rope,
Tie a knot in the end and hang on.

—Margaret Nickerson Martin, Jackson, Mich.

THE NURSE

The world grows better every year
Because some nurse in her little sphere
Puts on her apron and smiles and sings
And keeps on doing the same old things;
Taking the temperature, giving the pills
To remedy mankind's numerous ills;
Feeding the baby, answering the bells,
Being polite with a heart that rebels.

Longing for home and all the while
Wearing the same professional smile;
Blessing the new-born baby's first breath
Closing the eyes that are stilled in death;
Going off duty at seven o'clock
Tired, discouraged, and ready to drop.

But called back on special at seven-fifteen
With woe in her heart that must not be seen;
Morning and evening, and noon and night,
Just doing it over and hoping it's right.
When we lay down our caps, and cross the bar
O Lord, will You give us just one little star
To wear in our crowns, with our uniforms new
In that city above where the Head Nurse is You?

(Author Unknown)

DAY BY DAY

The great Italian sculptor and painter, Michaelangelo, was essentially a sculptor and painted only under protest. He was also a poet and expressed this idea in a sonnet in which he said that in every block of marble he saw an imprisoned idea awaiting the sculptor's art to be freed. When Michaelangelo wrote that he probably meant just what the mere words imply and no more. Undoubtedly he was thinking of art and not a general philosophy.

But think of those words—you and I are sculptors in a sense, aren't we? Not great artists like Michaelangelo—no—but our fate is in our hands—our life is what we make it. We are the moulders of our destiny. In every block of marble he saw an imprisoned idea awaiting the sculptor's art to be freed. Every day is like that—another page in our book of life. We can leave it blank, or we can fill it with something worthwhile. As long as we are creatures of free will and as long as the book of our lives, after all, means more to us than anyone else, why not consider each day as a milestone, a slab of marble, and let's do something worthwhile with it. Each day can be a beautiful thing, if we make it so.

—Don McNeill

THE TOWN OF DON'T YOU WORRY

There's a town called Don't you worry
On the banks of River Smile,
Where the Cheer-up and Be-happy
Blossom sweetly all the while;
Where the Never-grumble flower
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Ne'er-give-up and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.

Rustic benches quite enticing
You'll find scattered here and there;
And to each a vine is clinging
Called the Frequent-earnest prayer.
Everybody there is happy
And is singing all the while,
In the town of Don't you worry
On the banks of River Smile.

(Author Unknown)

TELL HIM NOW

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,
If you like him or you love him, tell him now;
Don't withhold your approbation 'til the person makes
oration

As he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;
For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care
about it;

He won't know how many tear drops you have shed;
If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to
slip it to him,

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead!

More than fame and more than money is the comment
kind and sunny,

And the hearty warm approval of a friend;
For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger,
braver,

And it gives you heart and spirit to the end;
If he earns your praise, bestow it; if you like him, let him
know it;

Let the words of true encouragement be said;
Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead!

(Anonymous)

HANDLING WOMEN ELECTRICALLY

If she talks too long—Interrupter
If she wants to be an angel—Transformer
If she is picking your pockets—Detector
If she will receive you half way—Receiver
If she gets too excited—Controller
If she goes up in the air—Condenser

If she wants chocolates—Feeder
If she sings inharmoniously—Tuner
If she is out of town—Telegrapher
If she is a poor cook—Discharger
If she is too fat—Reducer
If she is wrong—Rectifier
If she gossips too much—Regulator
If she becomes upset—Reverser
If she wants a new dress—Juss watt her.

(Anonymous)

CYCLE OF A JOKE

Birth: A freshman thinks it up and laughs aloud, waking
up two fraternity men in back row.

Age—Five minutes: Freshman tells it to a senior, who
answers: "It's funny, but I've heard it before."

Age—One day: Senior turns it in to college magazine
as his own.

Age—Two days: Editor thinks it's terrible.

Age—Ten days: Editor has to fill magazine so joke is
printed.

Age—One month: Thirteen college comics reprint it.

Age—Three years: Magazine reprints the joke in "Light-
er Vein."

Age—Ten years: Seventy-six radio comedians discover
it simultaneously, tell it accompanied by howls of
mirth from the boys in the orchestra. (\$5 a howl.)

Age—One hundred years: Professor starts telling it in
class.

Age—One hundred one years: It's reprinted again, then
used on the Breakfast Club.

LITTLE COUNTRY TOWN

I love a little country town;
I love its flowers and trees;
I love its quiet peacefulness;
Its birds; its humming bees.
I love its kindly womenfolk;
I love its girls and boys;
Its sturdy men, who understand
My sorrows and my joys.
I love its blue sky overhead;
Its air that's clean and sweet.
I love the laughter and the tramp
Of small town children's feet.
In little country towns I find
The will to do and dare:
I love a little country town
Because I found God there!

—Joyce Allen, Binghamton, N. Y.

A BETTER WORLD

Wouldn't this old world be better,
If the folks we meet would say,
"I know something good about you,"
And then treat us just that way?
Wouldn't it be fine and dandy,
If each handclasp was warm and true,
Carried with it this assurance,
"I know something good about you?"
Wouldn't life be lots more happy
If the good that's in us all
Were the only thing about us,
That folks bothered to recall?

Wouldn't life be lots more happy
If we praised the good we see?
For there's such a lot of goodness
In the worst of you and me.

Wouldn't it be nice to practice
That fine way of thinking, too?
You know something good about me,
And I know something good about you.

(Author Unknown)

PRAYER

Give me a good digestion, Lord,
and also something to digest.
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
with sense to keep it at its best.

Give me a healthy mind, Lord,
to keep the good and pure in sight.
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled,
but finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bored,
that does not whimper, whine or sigh,
Don't let me worry overmuch
about a fussy thing called I.

Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
give me the grace to see a joke.
To get some happiness from life
and pass it on to other folk.

(This poem was left by an unknown worshipper
in Chester Cathedral, England)

WHERE?

"Tell me, gray-haired sexton," I said,
"Where in this field are wicked folks laid?
I have wandered the quiet old churchyard through,
And studied the epitaphs, old and new:
But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone
I read of no evil that men have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,
With a hand on his chin, and a hand on his spade;
I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye
His heart was instructing his lips to reply.

"Who is to judge when the soul takes its flight?
Who is to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right?
Which of us mortals shall dare to say,
That our neighbor was wicked who died today?"

"In our journey through life, the farther we speed
The better we learn that humanity's need
Is Charity's spirit, that prompts us to find
Rather virtue than vice in the lives of our kind.

"Therefore, good deeds we record on these stones:
The evil men do, let it lie with their bones.
I have labored as sexton this many a year,
But I never have buried a bad man here."

(Anonymous)

Nancy: Why laugh at hats the women wear—although they may amuse.—I think by far much funnier are the husbands women choose.

Jack's laugh is so contagious it has been suggested he be given a laugh-time contract.

A FUNNY THING

It is a funny thing, but true,
That folks you don't like, don't like you;
I don't know why this should be so,
But just the same I always know
If I am "sour," friends are few;
If I am friendly, folks are, too.
Sometimes I get up in the morn
A-wishin' I was never born;
I make of cross remarks a few,
And then my family wishes, too,
That I had gone some other place
Instead of showing them my face.
But let me change my little "tune,"
And sing and smile, then pretty soon
The folks around me sing and smile;
I guess 'twas catching all the while.
Yes, 'tis a funny thing, but true,
The folks you like will sure like you.

(Anonymous)

TYPICAL BREAKFAST CLUB PLAY

Scene—A Davenport somewhere in Iowa

He: Gee.

She: Golly.

He: Oh, honey.

She: Yes, sweet.

He: Will you love me when I grow fat?

She: No.

He: You won't?

She: No, I promised for better or worse. Not through thick and thin.

How to Be a Master of Ceremonies

By DON McNEILL

Master of Ceremonies is a kind name often given to irresponsible persons who adapt this career on stage, screen or radio in preference to working.

Synonyms: Slap-happy, Clambake boss, Member Society for Perpetuation of Ancient Jokes, Unclassified Member of AFRA. Example: Radio program may have girl singer following musical selection by orchestra. Master of Ceremonies is a person who might say, "And now Rosy Cheek will sing Blue Orchids dedicated to Papa Dionne who would probably faint if he had some orchids." (some more-kids.) Remedy: Teaspoon of mustard and sodium bicarbonate in water, or twist of dial.

A Master of Ceremonies, like an empty bottle, is usually found just outside of a radio executive's office. Note: An empty bottle may be difficult to distinguish from an executive. (Both have their necks out.) Any male citizen who has not stayed in the fourth grade over three years is eligible to become a Master of Ceremonies. To prepare yourself to be an M.C. it is well to go to college and study law and journalism as I did, because I found no jobs to be had in either of these professions, and drifting into radio seemed much cuter than starving.

There are very few jobs to be had in radio, but I found that being an announcer, writing a radio column, doing a radio engineering stint on the side, keeping the boss in dates, and sweeping out the studio, I was easily able to earn \$13.40 a week in no time. Inside of two years I had worked myself up to \$15 a week, was handling my own programs, paying for a car, and the boss was getting his own dates.

Soon I was working on another radio station. I decided to make the change . . . immediately after being

fired. I got a commercial. Gad! it was great to see that \$5 extra rolling in every week, with only ten per cent removed for artist's service.

Soon I was working on another radio station. Same reason.

This went on for several years, and finally NBC, evidently feeling that I had covered the network thoroughly, hired me to handle Breakfast Club. I said to myself, "Now I am a Master of Ceremonies." And there is the secret—out at last. Having convinced myself, my first day on the network at least twenty listeners no doubt concurred in the same opinion. I have many relatives. Next day more listeners were fooled. Soon the impression spread. The propaganda was taking hold.

My name, like yesterday's dishes, became a household word. Sponsors heard of me. For years they heard of me. Finally the word got around in agencies. "This fellow McNeill is good. I wonder how much it would cost to get Ameche?"

Meanwhile Crosby continued on the air, war was declared, your rheumatism got worse, and I finally got a sponsor.

It's a small world, isn't it!



The Marines tell it to Don

How to be a Radio Singer — in 10,000 Easy Lessons

By JACK BAKER

First of all, I suggest the best thing is to be born. In all my experience, I have never heard of anyone doing anything without this. This is just one of my original ideas that may not be worth the space I have already taken in this book. If I remember correctly, even though I have no definite proof, I *was* born, even though Squire McNeill has often said that I was “launched.”

The next thing is to load all your pockets with rabbit feet, and then sprinkle salt on your—ah ah—seat of your pants! In other words, you must have a certain amount of luck. Of course, ability, good health, talent and a few other things MAY enter into the picture, but how would I be expected to know about THAT! I still say that I spent most of my younger (?) life being watched over by a guardian angel. For that, I am very grateful, because if ever a fellow had the happy faculty of being at the right place just when there was no one else available, I am the guy.

EXPERIENCE! In my case, it meant singing at every free affair that popped up. In those days, I was all set to “start a flame in the hearts” of the millions of people who could hardly wait to hear me pour forth my beautiful voice. Well, other people had other ideas, so, for about three years, I was LUCKY enough to have SUSTAINING SHOWS on some small stations—WITHOUT PAY. I sang at all the tea parties that the dear ladies threw in the afternoons. The greatest experience I ever had was being able to sing in church choirs. I really mean that, for it is there you must learn poise, feeling, and a nearness to God that means so much if you are to sing from your heart rather than your—shall we say—throat? In addition to this, always remember WORK—GOOD CLEAN LIVING AND A BELIEF THAT YOU CAN SUCCEED. Those things mean a lot.

Now, and this is something dear to my heart! Learn to be a POET, even if you have to attend night school. When you are stuck for something to say, you can always come up with a bit of sparkling poetry, and in so doing fill that extra three minutes that are to be killed. Here is a sample of what you MIGHT write. It will take only a few seconds and the pain will leave just as soon as you have read it:

*Sometimes when it's raining, as it sometimes doos,
Or sometimes when it's snowing, as it sometimes doos, too
Don't stick your neck out and get it wet
Leave that for Saturday night
And then for Sunday, you will be all set.*

Well, I can see that I have told you practically nothing, but neither you or Don expected me to do any better . . . so, fo'give me, will you fo'give me???



Jack bringing home the bacon

THE BACHELOR'S PRAYER

Dear Lord, please hear a lonely bachelor's prayer
And send me someone sweet and good and true;
Someone to be a comrade, one to care,
And lend sweet purpose to the tasks I do.

For I would share with her my very all,
Not only wealth, but every dream and aim;
Together we would face life's duty call,
Our pathway lighted by love's tender flame.

But now I walk alone, and gloss with pride
The loneliness and yearning none can see;
Somewhere SHE needs me, wants me by her side—
Please find her, Lord, and send her here to me.

But, Lord, please put this down upon Your book:
Be SURE the one You send knows how to COOK!

—Elizabeth Schumann

MA'S TOOLS

At home it seems to be the rule,
Pa never has the "proper tool,"
Or knaek to fix things. For the stunt
That stumps Ma, you'll have to hunt.

We searee could open our front door,
It stuek so tight. An' Pa he swore
He'd buy a plane—as big as life—
Ma fixed it with a carving knife.

One day our old clook wouldn't start,
Pa said he'd take it all apart
Sometime and fix the old machine.
Ma just soused the works in gasoline.

The bathtub drain got all stopped up.
Pa bailed the tub out with a cup.
He had a dreadful helpless look.
Ma cleaned it with a crochet hook.

So when my things get out of fix,
Do I ask Pa to fix them? Nix!
For Ma just grabs what's near at hand
And puts things right to beat the band.

(Anonymous)

THE WIDOW'S MITE

She was a widow, proud and tall;
He was a lawyer, slight and small.
And people christened him with delight,
For his devotion, "The Widow's Mite."
He loved the widow with passionate fire,
To win her was his one desire,
But how to ask her to be his bride,
Or what to say, he could not decide.
One day he had a brilliant thought,
Straightway the widow fair he sought.
"In the Bible story it is told,
How a poor widow, lacking gold,
Yet, for charity, gave her all,
Although the offering was poor and small.
Putting my trust in your mercy and grace,
I ask you, won't you reverse the ease?
Will you not fill my life with light?
Don't give, but take 'The Widow's Mite,' "
The widow looked down, with a smile and a sigh,
"Cut out the 's' " was her sole reply.
For a moment her meaning from him was hid.
Then he cried, "The widow might!"—and she did.

(Anonymous)

HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS

She looked so sweet amongst her furs,
I longed to press her to my heart—
But with *one* hand to rightly drive—
Alas, I did not have the art.

I tried and tried, and tried again,
But when my arm stole 'round her waist
That skittish colt would jump aside
And make me draw it back in haste.

I strove and strove and strove in vain—
(She did not seem to see me strive)
Until at last, she, pouting, said—
“Give *me* the reins and *I* will drive.”

(Author Unknown)

FATHERS

Fathers are useful adjuncts to the household. Some of them are ornamental, but the majority are built along simple lines, looking to efficient and dependable service. Given reasonable care, a sound father may be expected to last over a long period of years and, in many cases, the same father may serve for a lifetime.

Those who have had experience with one, know that a father is a labor-saver. In the long run—and the short one, too, for that matter—he may be said to pay for himself, as well as for the other members of the family. “Let Father work for you” is the slogan of many a household. He prevents tired backs, nervous strain, rough hands, crows-feet, and other evidences of vanishing youth.

An important factor in a good father is the low cost of upkeep. He needs no more than a couple of suits of clothes a year, an overcoat every five years, and a few

shirts and neckties to keep him in condition. Only on rare occasion is he laid up for major repairs.

It is true than an old father, after years of service, is subject to rattles, knocks, squeaks, and bumps, and his finish loses its shine; but even at that time he may be good for many more miles. So, considering all these factors, once a year, it seems only a graceful gesture to forget his faults and reward him with a pat on the back or a lump of sugar.

*Christopher Billopp
in The Baltimore Evening Sun*

GRANDMA IS GONE

Yes, grandma is gone now, but as I looked upon the peaceful face of one of my ancestors gone to her eternal rest, at the wrinkles on that kindly old face—an indelible memory of a wonderful life—I thought that though she's gone, as we all must when our time comes, how calmly she had weathered the storms of the past eighty-seven years. Wars—many of them—had come and gone, and yet she had lived her own sweet way—caring only for family, religion, home, friends, and the things of nature. Before she passed away they said one time her fingers moved toward each other—back and forth—and she breathed the words “There, the peas are shelled now.” Lying there, she was living again her years of housework, for she came of pioneer stock. And as I knelt, looking for the last time into that peaceful face, I thought “These are terrible times—wars rage, civilization is threatened—and yet looking at one who resolutely lived the ideals men are willing to die for—how can one give up hope—in this worldly life—and the life to come.”

—Don McNeill



Sweet Dreams, Bobby

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

*Husbands must just love to hear Breakfast Club gags
 repeated to them at dinner by their wives.*

MOTHER

God gives us the glorious sun each day, a symbol of faith
unbroken,
The song of a robin, and tulips gay, of Spring the first
bright token.
He sends us the shower of April rain, bright tears that
last but a minute,
To wash away a harsh word's pain and the sting that is
hidden in it.
Then into this wondrous plan, He wove, with infinite
vision rare,
The gift of a mother's gracious love, and a mother's
tender care;
He gave her a charge to ever keep, the soul of a little
child;
She cradled it close to her heart in sleep, and God looked
down and smiled.

—Elizabeth Cameron MacNeal, Allentown, Pa.

"'T WAS I WHO CHOSE YOUR MOTHER FOR YOU"

The times have proved my judgment bad,
I've followed foolish hopes in vain,
And as you look upon your dad
You see him commonplace and plain.
No brilliant wisdom I enjoy;
The jests I tell have grown to bore you,
But just remember this, my boy:
'Twas I who chose your mother for you!

Your life from babyhood to now
Has known the sweetness of her care;
Her tender hand has smoothed your brow;
Her love gone with you everywhere.
Through every day and every night
You've had an angel to adore you!
So bear in mind I once was right:
'Twas I who chose your mother for you!
(Author Unknown)

ODE TO ROBERT PATRICK'S FIRST TOOTH

A baby learns breathing, but not so with teething,
There's yelling and din, till that first tooth comes in;
We knew it would come, some day to his gum,
But one goes temperamental, when babies go dental.
In go both tiny fists, clear up to the wrist
While in time they grow bolder, and snap at the shoulder.
You give up in despair, cause you can't figure where
In the gum is abiding, that tooth he's been hiding.
Till one sunny day, you look in and, why say
Something tiny and white, has appeared in the night.
Where there once was a hole—thar, there now is a molar
Not like your tooth or my tooth—it isn't an eye tooth.
Though the gum still is thick, you can now hear the click
Of his crescent pearl moon, to the touch of a spoon.
Like a ringside frequenter, there it sits front row center
Go on yell, go on cheer, boy that first tooth is here.

* * *

That's the tooth, the whole tooth and nothing but the
tooth!

—Don McNeill

HAMMY DRAMMY

This epic of the hills was smuggled into this book by the Romeos; hidden away on this page by the Romeos; written, directed and produced at no great expense by the Romeos, whom you can get very cheap (and they're worth every bit of it). Today's episode is entitled, "Put down that football, Grandma, you're liable to get hit in the end-zone." Let us wend our way to that small shaek, far back in the hills, where we will meet the members of the "Pay Family." The father, who is baldheaded . . . "Too-Pay;" the one who reminds us of Jack Baker, "Dope-Pay;" and the brother who was named after Don McNeill's feet, "Big 'n flop-pay." The family enjoys the distinction of having named in their honor the most popular of all holidays . . . "Pay-Day."

(curtain . . . music)

TOO—Whut in tarnation air ya doin' Paw?

DOPE—Ah'm a writin . . . that's somethin ya do before yer married that yer sorry fer afterwards. Old Don McNeill said to write a Hammy Drammy for this here album.

BIG 'N FLOP—Whuts a album?

DOPE—Album is a word which comes from two Latin words. Al and Bum. Al means all, like all the people who wuz ever on the Breakfast Club. And Bum means just what you think it does.

TOO—Well, let's write 'er. Does anybody know how to spell straight?

BIG 'N FLOP—s-t-r-a-i-g-h-t . . . straight.

TOO—Kin ya define it?

BIG 'N FLOP—Sure . . . it means without gingerale.

* * *

(NOTE TO READER) Due to eircumstances and McNeill's schillealagh, (both of which are beyond our control) the Hammy Drammy will end right here!

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

When but a lad a dream he made
Of helping folk and giving aid,
Without the thought of being paid,
One day he saw a loved one die,
But still he chose, he searee knew why,
To heed humanity's loud ery.

He looked on tortured soul and mind,
And saw disease of every kind,
A day of rest he could not find.
No hour of day or night was free,
He pledged his law of life would be
"Above all else, humanity."

"Lord, when he gets Your eall some day,
And answers, 'Coming right away.'
Please give him months of rest and play,
Don't show him broken bones and slings,
But give him lots of pleasant things
Before he mends the angels' wings."

—Catharine Williams

Marion: When I was born the doctor said "Mann alive!"

WHEN PA IS SICK

When Pa is sick, he's scared to death,
An' Ma an' us just holds our breath;
He crawls in bed, an' puffs an' grunts,
An' does all kinds of crazy stunts.
He wants "Doc Brown" in mighty quick,
For when Pa's ill he's awful sick;
He gasps an' moans, an' sort of sighs,
He talks so queer an' rolls his eyes;
Ma jumps and runs an' all of us,
An' all the house is in a fuss,
An' peace and joy is mighty skeerce—
When Pa is sick it's somethin' fierce!

WHEN MA IS SICK

When Ma is sick, she pegs away,
She's quiet, though, not much to say;
She goes right on a-doin' things,
An' sometimes laughs, or even sings;
She says she don't feel so extra well,
But then it's just a kind o' spell,
She'll be all right tomorrow sure,
A good old sleep will be the cure;
An' Pa, he sniffs an' makes no kick,
For women folks is always sick;
An' Ma, she smiles, let's on she's glad—
When Ma is sick, it ain't so bad.

(Author Unknown)

*Can you identify these names with Breakfast Club:
Sabu, Bierman, Kemp, Tommye Birch, Byron Nelson,
Corn, Lillian Cornell, Larry Cotton, Irene Rich?*

THE MOO COW MOO

My Pa held me up to the moo cow moo
So close I could almost touch,
And I stroked him a couple times or two
And I wasn't a fraid cat, much.
But if my Papa goes into the house,
And my Mama she goes in too,
Then I sit as still as a little mouse
For the moo cow moo might moo!

The moo cow moo has a tail like a rope
And it's frazzled down where it grows
And it's just like feeling a piece of soap
All over the end of his nose.
The moo cow moo has lots of fun
Just swinging his tail about,
But if he opens his mouth I run—
'Cause that's where the moo comes out.

The moo cow moo has ears on his head,
And his eyes bug out of their place,
And the nose of the moo cow moo is spread
All over the end of his face.
And his feet are nothing but fingernails
And his Mama don't keep them cut
And he gives his milk in water pails
If he don't keep his handles shut.

Now if you or I pulls them handles
The moo cow moo says it hurts,
But our hired man just sits close by
And squirts, and squirts, and squirts.

(A School Child)

CONSCIENCE

Who has not heard, when temptation grows,
That inner voice of hidden echoes?
Who has not felt that unseen power
Which guides our destiny from hour to hour?
Who has not known when lured by sin
That restraining voice—the voice within?

For within the soul of every man
There lives a force, a guiding hand
That points the way from wrong to right;
Our inner fort of moral might.

Have you solved the riddle? It is not hard.
Some call it Conscience,
I call it God!

—Dr. Champneys Holmes, Atlanta, Ga.

Courage is fear that has said its prayers.

TREES

I think that I shall never see
A hazard rougher than a tree,
A tree, o'er which my ball must fly,
If on the green it is to lie.
A tree which stands that green to guard,
And makes the shot extremely hard;
A tree whose leafy arms extend,
To kill the mashie shot I send;
A tree that stands in silence there,
While angry golfers rave and swear,
Niblicks were made for fools like me
Who cannot ever miss a tree.

(Author Unknown)

*When they play swing music it's Walter Bluepuss and
his Indigo Cats.*



"Order, Please"



The Swedehearts



Don-Kay

THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN

She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction,
A woman's the greatest of all contradictions.
She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse,
But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house.

She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse,
She'll split his head open and then be his nurse.
And when he is well and gets out of bed,
She'll pick up a tea-pot and throw at his head.

She's faithful, deceitful, keen-sighted and blind,
She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind.
She'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down,
She'll make him her ideal, she'll make him her clown.

You fancy she's this and you find that she's that,
For she'll play like a kitten and bite like a cat.
In the morning she will, in the evening she won't,
You're always expecting she does, but she don't.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MEN

Men are what women marry. They have two feet,
two hands and sometimes two wives, but never more than
one dollar or one idea at a time.

Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same
material. The only difference is that some are a little
better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into two
classes; husbands and bachelors. An eligible bachelor is
a mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion.
Husbands are three varieties, prizes, surprises, and con-
solation prize.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest

plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science,
sculpture, common sense, hope, faith, and charity—espe-
cially charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender,
violet-scented thing like a woman should enjoy kissing
a big, awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco and bay-rum
scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, it frightens him to death, and if
you don't flatter him, you bore him to death. If you
permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in
the end, and if you don't, he gets tired of you in the be-
ginning.

If you believe him in everything, you soon cease to
interest him, and if you argue with him in everything,
you soon cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells
you, he thinks you are a fool, and if you don't, he thinks
you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colors, rouge and a startling hat, he
hesitates to take you out. If you wear a little brown
beret and a tailored suit, he takes you out and stares at
the woman in gay colors, rouge and a startling hat all
evening.

If you join him in the gaities of life and approve of
his smoking and drinking, he swears that you are driv-
ing him to the devil. If you don't, he vows you are snob-
bish and too nice.

If you are the clinging vine type, he doubts whether
you have any brains, and if you are modern, advanced,
independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart.
If you are silly, he longs for a bright person, and if you
are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate.

A man is just a worm of the dust, he comes along,
wiggles about for while, and finally some chicken gets
him.

Watch out, Big Boy!

BILL'S IN TROUBLE

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out West,
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast,
To think the boy whose futur' I had once so proudly
planned,
Should wander from the path o' right an' come to sich
an end!

I told him when he left us only three short years ago,
He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty crooked row—
He'd miss his father's counsel, an' his mother's prayers,
too,
But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd
have to go.

I know that's big temptation for a youngster in the West,
But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist,
An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waitin' snares
That lie like hidden serpents in life's pathway every-
wheres,

But Bill he promised faithful to be keerful, an' allowed
He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud,
But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his
mind,

An' now the boy's in trouble o' the very wustest kind!
His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed
That Billy was a-trampin' on a mighty rocky road,
But never once imagined he'd bow my head in shame,
An' in the dust'd waller his ol' daddy's honored name,
He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty
short;

I just can't tell his mother; it'll crush her poor ol' heart!
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to
her—

Bill's in the Legislatur' but he doesn't say what fur.

(Author Unknown)

WHAT IS OLD AGE?

What is Old Age? I want to know . . .
Is it a trembling of the hands,
Or speech uncertain . . . slow?
Is it a faltering of the step,
A dimming of the eyes,
That creeps upon us unawares
'Ere we scarce realize?

What is Old Age? I think I know . . .
It is the aching tenderness
That work-worn hand bestows;
That sage advice that comes with years;
A step that shows the Way;
And eyes that view with tolerance
Yet long for yesterday.

Old Age is but the softening
Of life's bright morning sun;
That fades into the grey of dusk
When day is done.

Old Age is but the twilight hour
Of all the hours gone by;
That calmly watches while the night
Steals o'er the sky.

Old Age is but an interlude . . .
That trembling, stops to yawn;
Then bravely steps into the dark,
To meet the Dawn . . .

—Hazel Granger Madill, Hermosa, S. D.

HARD-EARNED WAGES

An artist who was employed to renovate and retouch the great oil paintings in an old church in Belgium, rendered a bill of \$67.30 for his services. The church warden, however, required an itemized bill and the following was duly presented, audited and paid:

For correcting the Ten Commandments.....	\$ 5.12
For renewing heaven and adjusting stars.....	7.14
For touching up purgatory and restoring lost souls	3.06
For brightening up the flames of hell, putting new tail on the devil and doing odd jobs for the damned	7.17
For putting new stone in David's sling, enlarging head of Goliath.....	6.13
For mending shirt of prodigal son and cleaning his ears	3.39
For embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbon on his bonnet.....	3.02
For putting new tail and comb on St. Peter's rooster	2.20
For re-pluming and re-gilding left wing of the Guardian Angel	5.18
For washing the servant of high priest and putting carmine on his cheek.....	5.02
For taking the spots off the son of Tobias.....	10.30
For putting earrings in Sarah's ears.....	5.26
For decorating Noah's ark and new head on Shem	4.31

Total \$67.30

(Anonymous)

YOU'RE OUT

They were seated in the parlor
 And the lights were turned down dim:
 He was a Major Leaguer, she a fan quite fair and trim,
 He knew not as he opened up the game of love,
 That father was the Umpire, on the stairway just above.
 "I like your form," he led off first,
 "With me you've made a hit,
 Your curves are good, you have the speed
 And you are looking fit.
 Now if with you, my turtle dove,
 I've made a hit likewise,
 Won't you join in and play the game,
 And make a sacrifice?"
 "You must show me first," she pitched at him,
 "How high you stood last fall.
 Show me your fielding average,
 And how hard you hit the ball."
 He started warming up at once
 With victory in his eye,
 He shoved a fast one 'round her neck,
 The other was waist high,
 Just then the Umpire butted in,
 She cried, "Oh! Father, please,
 There is nothing wrong for George is only
 Showing me the squeeze."
 The old man gave an irate snort,
 And said: "I'll help the fun
 By showing George another play
 That's called the hit-and-run."
 He swung like Casey at his best,
 A soul-inspiring clout.
 The son of swat, slid down the steps,
 The Umpire yelled, "You're Out."

A BRIDE'S PRAYER

"Oh, Father, my heart is filled with a happiness so wonderful that I am almost afraid. This is my wedding day, and I pray Thee that the beautiful joy of this morning may never grow dim with years of regret for the step which I am about to take. Rather, may its memories become more sweet and tender with each passing anniversary.

"Thou has sent to me one who seems all worth of my deepest regard. Grant unto me the power to keep him ever true and loving as now. May I prove indeed a help-mate, a sweetheart, a friend, a steadfast guiding star among all the temptations that beset the impulsive hearts of men. Give me skill to make the home the best loved place of all. Help me to make its lights shine farther than any glow that would dim its radiance. Let me, I pray Thee, meet the little misunderstandings and cares of my new life bravely. Be with me as I start on my mission of womanhood and stay Thou my path from failure. Walk Thou with us even to the end of our journey, hand in hand down the highway to the Valley of Final Shadow, which we will be able to lighten with sunshine of good and happy lives. Amen."

(Author Unknown)

NUTHIN' TO LEAVE BEHIND

Some people boast of wealth or fame,
Yet they had nuthin' when they came;
Never had any more clothes than me,
Just added one to the Family-Tree.

Then I had nuthin' to trade and sell,
I held my own and done right well;
My store of wealth has been my Mind,
I've got nuthin' to leave behind.

Though stocks and bonds go up and down,
Or all the banks close up in town;
They can't disturb my peaceful rest,
No burglars rouse me from my nest.
I know there's nuthin' I could lose
But just a pair of worn-out shoes.
When I balance up my book I'll find
I've got nuthin' to leave behind.

Now in worldly goods I must confess
A man like me can't stand success;
For financial wealth I do not care,
I'd not feel safe a millionaire;
There's too much income tax to pay,
That's why I spend mine every day.
When I pass through the Golden Gate
They'll never fuss over my Estate.

If I get three square meals per day,
That's all I could ask for anyway;
And when I reach Glory I will share
The same service as a millionaire.
Though many days I don't earn a dime,
Just peckin' away and killin' time;
From my last invoice here I'll find,
Nuthin' to take nor leave behind.

—George B. Dooley, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

*Escort: How about sleeping in a circular bed. Then
you can't get out on the wrong side in the morning.*



Top—Purely Fishtishous; Center—Marion's former hobby; Below—Lee Alkire and Ernie Swearingen give the Oscars a Swift once over.

YOUTH

Youth is not a time of life . . . it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees . . . it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions . . . it is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair . . . these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement of the stars and star-like things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing child-like appetite for what next, and the joy and game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long are you young.

When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then are you grown old indeed and may God have mercy on your soul.

(Anonymous)

THE LITTLE BROWN PATH

A little brown path ran from our house to yours,
As little brown paths will run out-of-doors,
Wiggling its way past the pear tree and shed,
Under the clothes-line, pushing ahead,
On by the plum stump, across the drive
'Till at friendship's door it did arrive.
Worn through the grass, tramped in the snow,
Like a knight's lone way of long ago,
Through summer and winter, springtime and fall,
That little brown path seemed to call, call, call.

Thousands of times, back and forth,
On errands, nonsensical, some of worth,
We made our visits, borrowed, returned,
Responded to sick calls, gossiped and learned,
Induced a drain to make a start,
Mended the pump or some broken part
Of the sweeper, the washer, the kitchen sink,
Cleaned an old pen and filled it with ink,
Sharpened our pencils, took the boys to school,
And ate chili soup when the nights got cool.

Much as scales balance, pan for pan,
We did what we could, what neighbors can
To make our deeds weigh well with yours,
Pleasures for pleasures, chores for chores,
And through it all ran the shuttle of cheer,
Weaving the fabric of friendship so dear.
When you were ill, those long, weary weeks,
And the pallor of death showed in your cheeks,
We did what we could, as to One above,
Our only claim to the Kingdom of Love.

But the little brown path, through sunshine and showers,
Runs no more from your house to ours.
You're gone from that place and the path grows green,
Strangers don't keep such a link between,
But the thread of love our feet designed
Will run through the years, in a finer kind,
Between our lives. You'll not be gone!
Though the years be many and the years be long
A little brown path, between heart doors,
Will wind its way from our house to yours.

—Barton Rees Pogue, Upland, Indiana

BE GOOD TO YOURSELF

What simple, sincere logic there—
Or is it perhaps a kindly prayer?
A prayer to rid one's self of gloom,
So in each life there will be room
For appreciation of joys which so abound
In the simple things we have around . . .
A baby's gurgling, sweet quick laugh,
A bird in a rain pool, taking a bath,
The wind's caress, or sun's bright ray,
The friends we see from day to day.
Surely, "Be good to yourself"—
By keeping hate and envy on the shelf,
And by giving the world the best in you,
As has so often been proven true,
The best will then come back to you.
So the best way that you really can
"Be good to yourself"—is by
Being good to your fellowman.

—Minnie Brehm, San Antonio, Texas

TOUCHING SHOULDERS

There's a comforting thought at the close of the day
When I'm weary and lonely and sad,
That sorta grips hold of my crusty old heart
And bids it be merry and glad,
It gets in my soul and it drives out the blues,
And finally thrills through and through
It's just a sweet memory that chants the refrain,
"I'm glad I touched shoulders with you."

Did you know you were brave, did you know you were
strong,
Did you know there was one leaning hard,
Did you know that I listened, and waited, and prayed,
And was cheered by your simplest word?
Did you know that I longed for that smile on your faee,
For the sound of your voice ringing true,
Did you know I grew stronger and better because
I had merely touched shoulders with you?

I'm glad that I live, that I battle and strive
For the place that I know I must fill,
I'm thankful for sorrows, I'll meet with a grin
What fortune may send, good or ill,
I may not have wealth, I may not be great,
But I know I shall always be true,
For I have in my heart that courage you gave,
When once I touched shoulders with you.

(Author Unknown)

*Sam Romeo got a pair of pajamas last Christmas and
still doesn't know whether to wear them inside or outside
his nightshirt.*

THE TELEPHONE GIRL

The telephone girl sits in her chair
And listens to voices from everywhere,
She hears all the gossip, she knows all the news,
She knows who is happy, and who has the blues;
She knows of our troubles, she knows of our strife,
She knows every man who talks mean to his wife;
In fact, there's a secret 'neath each saucy curl
On that quiet, demure-looking telephone girl.

If the telephone girl told all that she knows,
It would turn half our friends to bitterest foes;
She could sow a small wind that would be a big gale,
Engulf us in trouble and land us in jail;
In fact, she could keep all the town in a stew,
If she'd tell the tenth part of the things that she knew.
Oh! Really now, doesn't it make your head whirl
When you think what you owe to the telephone girl?

(Author Unknown)

*In Queen Anne's time, the chief of the Clan McNeill in
the Scottish highland would send his trumpeter to the
topmost tower of his castle along about nightfall to send
forth a bugle note proclaiming to the world that the
McNeill had dined and that now the rest of the world
might dine also. Don says that in his "castle" Mrs.
McNeill sends one of the youngsters to the head of the
basement stairs to tell the head of the clan that he leave
off shoveling coal in the furnace now because the rest of
the family have eaten and there's finally room for him at
the table.*

*King Solomon with his thousand wives certainly was
the original Marryin' Mann!*

TEN LITTLE MOTORISTS

TEN Little Motorists, driving in a line,
One tried to pass the rest
Then there were NINE.
NINE Little Motorists, sadly I relate,
One passed a traffic light,
Then there were EIGHT.
EIGHT Little Motorists, young and not so deft,
One tried to show his skill
And SEVEN were left.
SEVEN Little Motorists, touring in the sticks,
One failed to dim his light
Then there were SIX.
SIX Little Motorists, very much alive,
One did not see a train,
Then there were FIVE.
FIVE Little Motorists, sped to the shore,
One skidded in the rain
Then there were FOUR.
FOUR Little Motorists, coming from a tea,
One faced about to chat,
Then there were THREE.
THREE Little Motorists, this is sad but true,
One slumbered from fatigue
Then there were TWO.
TWO Little Motorists, racing just for fun,
One passed upon a crest,
Then there was ONE.
ONE Little Motorist, though it's seldom done,
Lit a match to gauge his tank,
Now there are NONE.

(Anonymous)

ME—MYSELF

When I wake up in the morning
In a nasty frame of mind
Criticizing other people
For the little faults I find.
I can always, if I want to,
Make myself ashamed of me
Just by looking in the mirror
And appraising what I see.

There it is as clear as water
All the selfishness and greed
Written right where I can see it—
One good look is all I need.
There's a line that tells me plainly
How I failed to see the way
I could make another happy
And thus brighten up his day.

There's a wrinkle standing boldly
On my forehead to proclaim
That I failed to do my good deed
And defend another's name;
So, when I am faulting others
On myself I put the bee
Just by looking in the mirror
And appraising what I see.

—Gene Arnold

It was suggested one time that listeners could take their morning exercise by peeking under the radiator. A literal lady in Newark followed that advice and discovered a gold watch that had been lost for months.

GOSSIPY EARS

A gossipy tongue is a dangerous thing
If its owner is evil at heart;
He can give whom he chooses full many a sting
That will woefully linger and smart.
But the gossipy tongue would be balked in its plan
For causing heart burnings and tears
If it were not helped out by the misguided man
Who possesses two gossipy ears.

Oh, the gossipy ears are the ones that believe
The evil reports they are told;
The sly, subtle tales which they gladly receive
Would tarnish the purest gold.
The cruel, "They say" which goes floating about
Like a hidden foe, fostering fears,
Would lose all its force were it firmly shut out
By the man with the gossipy ears.

When the man with the gossipy tongue happens by
With his stories of evil and strife,
We surely should look him right square in the eye
And ask him his mission in life.
We ought to refuse him a chance to retail
The false, idle rumors he "hears;"
He ought to be locked up somewhere in a jail
With the man with the gossipy ears.

(Author Unknown)

NOBODY ELSE BUT YOU

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

Ain't no use to sit and dream
About that pot of gold,
Or about the things you'd like to have
When you find you're growin' old.
When the speculatin's over,
And the propaganda's through,
You know who's gonna be holdin' the bag—
Nobody else but you!

So I been smokin' and wonderin'
'Bout a lot of fancy schemes
Where I could get rich without any work—
And I'm sure they're all just dreams.
'Cause you'll find out as you go along
And see things clear on through—
Things worth while are the things that are earned
By nobody else but you!

—William L. Miller

Don: Is your uncle still mopping up floors at that hotel?

Jack: Yeah—same old floorflusher!

Cadet: Pardon me, I'm leaving for the nearest army camp to see a cannon ball.

Benny Gill: Hear about the guy who hoarded his sugar? She got tired of it and went out with somebody else.

MRS. McNEILL'S SONG

(To the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

My body lies over the dish pan—
Must wash dishes three times a day,
And dust floors, and mop up the kitchen,
Cause we all know, grime does not pay.

Dishes, dust pan, floor mop, wash pail each day, I say—
Dishes, dust pan, floor mop and wash pail each day.

My telephone rings all the morning
The front and back doorbells ring, too,
It makes such a lovely diversion
When you've nothing but housework to do.

Dishes, doorbells, telephones ringing each day, I say—
Front door, back door, I'm coming, get out of my way.

My baby lies over the bathtub,
My baby is splashing like mad,
Then comes formulas, bottles and strained foods
And cod liver oil for the lad.
Splash, baths, bottles and formulas, too, every day, I say—
With dishes, dust pans and telephones ringing away.

Then Don comes home tired from broadcasting
His Breakfast Club—and wipes off his feet.
Says, "I knew you had nothing to do, dear,
So I brought home three fellows to eat."

Why, Don's job is simple, and if I could change places
with him, why, say—
I'd leave home and children—

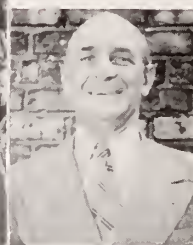
Wait a minute—what am I saying—how in the world
would Don know what to do when Tommy or Donny
wanted to find something, or when the gas man came, or
what food to order, or how to clean the house, or if the
baby needed—no, sir! . . . I'm crazy about my family
and home and I'll stay where I am and love it!



BENNY GILL



She can also dish it out



ELMER

Elmer: Aaah! I'll never forgit me foist proposal. It was to Moittle—a buxom babe of 50 summers and only her old lady knows how many winters. Da more I looked at her, da more I realized dat Darwin was right. Pois-eration stood out on me forehead. But I must, I must go on. So raising me right arm, I cleared me troat—and fainted. Dey brought me to. So I fainted again. Dey brought me to. I fainted again. Den dey brought me two more. It was delicious!

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BOWLERS

1. After picking out the best ball, run and stand in front of your favorite alley, thus giving no one a chance to bowl there.
2. Before throwing the ball, have your captain call the attention of all the bowlers to your perfect stance.
3. If you make a strike, look around and smile.
4. If you make two strikes, calmly walk over and chalk it up, being very careful not to smile at this time.
5. If you make three strikes in a row, nonchalantly light a cigaret; even if you don't smoke, light one anyhow.
6. If you throw the ball in the gutter, grab your leg quickly and limp to the bench, growling something about slippery shoes or bad breaks.
7. If you get a railroad, study the situation carefully, meanwhile thinking of the good time you had on your vacation. Then try and make it.
8. If you have a low score, tell the captain confidentially that you did it for the purpose of getting a bigger handicap. If you haven't your bowling shoes or if you haven't your own ball, remember these are also good excuses for low scores.
9. If a bowler on the opposing team makes a bum shot, laugh loudly and attract everybody's attention.

10. If your opponent makes a strike, always sneer and talk about horseshoes and four-leaf clovers.
11. Never give the other team any credit, always talk about how funny they throw the ball.
12. When marking score, look around and if no one is looking, mark down a few more than you made.
13. If you miss an easy spare, laugh it off and say you tried something new.
14. If your team lost the last game, point to the fellow who made a couple of bum shots and yell: "You're the fellow who lost the game." This will restore his confidence and he will appreciate your calling his attention to the matter.
15. If you lose a couple of games, complain to the secretary about the lousy bowlers on your team—the guy that makes the most complaints is automatically elected secretary for the next year.

(Anonymous)

A favorite Breakfast Club gag concerns the embarrassed and tongue-tied usher in church who said to a lady: Mardon me, padam, do you sish to be weeted? (Lady—Yes, I'll sit here.) But you are occupewing the wrong pie. (Lady—What?) I'll mave to hoove you. (Lady—What?) Oh, jnst a linit mady, I'll set gumbody else sew you to a sheet!

"—WE CAN GET 'EM UP—WE CAN GET 'EM UP—WE CAN—" In private, the theme song of the Breakfast Club is, "Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning." Even after ten years, it's not one yawn easier, and the cast is as reluctant to get out of the hay as you are. Baker says the only completely successful method is, simply, to stay up all night.

SURELY EVERYONE KNOWS BY NOW EXECUTIVES HAVE NOTHING TO DO

"As everybody knows... an executive has praetieally nothing to do . . . That is . . . execept . . . To decide what is to be done . . . to tell somebody to do it . . . to listen to reasons why it should not be done by somebody else . . . or why it should be done in a different way . . . to prepare arguments in rebuttal that shall be eonvincing and eonelusive . . .

"To follow up to see if the thing has been done . . . to discover that it has not been done . . . to inquire why it has not been done, to listen to exeuses from the person who should have done it . . . and did not do it . . . To follow up a seond time to see if the thing has been done . . . to discover . . .

"That it has been done but ineorreetly . . . to point out how it should have been done . . . to eonelude that as long as it has been done . . . it may as well be left as it is . . . to wonder if it is not time to get rid of a person who eannot do a thing eorreetly . . . to refleet that the person in fault has a wife and seven ehildren . . . and that eertainly . . .

"No other exeutive in the world would put up with him for another moment . . . and that . . . in all probability . . . any suceessor would be just as bad . . . and probably worse . . . to eonsider how mueh simpler and better the thing would have been had he done it himself . . . in the first plaee . . . to refleet sadly that if he had done it himself . . . he would have been able to do it right . . .

"In twenty minutes . . . but that as things turned out . . . he himself spent two days trying to find out why it was that it had taken somebody else three weeks to do it wrong . . . and then realized that sueh an idea would

strike at the very foundation of the belief of all employees that . . . "An exeutive has nothing to do."

THE HOMEMAKER'S PRAYER

Lord of all pots and pans and things; since I've no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things, or watching late with Thee,
Or dreaming in the dawn light, or storming heaven's gate,
Make me a saint by getting meals, and washing up the plates.

Altho I must have Martha's hands, I have a Mary mind;
And when I blaek the boots and shoes, Thy Sandals, Lord,
I find,
I think of how they trod the earth, what time I serub the floor;
Aeept this meditation, Lord, I haven't time for more.

Warm all the kithen with Thy love, and light it with Thy peace;
Forgive me all my worrying, and make my grumbling cease,
Thou who didst love to give men food, in room or by the sea,
Aeept this service that I do—I do it unto Thee.

When Mayor Edward J. Kelly of Chicago visited the Breakfast Club, he told this one. A young couple were in Chicago just to see the show. Being from the country they arose early and about six o'clock they took a cab. "We want to go to the Breakfast Club," said the husband. "Sorry, mister," replied the driver, "But Kelly closes all them joints down long before dis."

WHAT IS GOLF?

Golf is a form of work made expensive enough for a man to enjoy it. It is a physical and mental exertion made attractive by the fact that you have to dress for it in a \$200,000 club house.

Golf is what letter carrying, ditch digging and carpet beating would be if those three tasks had to be performed on the same hot afternoon in short pants and colored socks by gouty-looking gentlemen who require a different implement for every mood.

Golf is the simplest looking game in the world when you decide to take it up, and the hardest looking after you have been at it ten or twelve years.

It is probably the only known game a man can play as long as a quarter of a century and then discover that it was too deep for him in the first place.

The game is played on carefully selected grass with little white balls and as many clubs as the player can afford. These little balls cost from seventy-five cents to \$25.00 and it is possible to support a family of ten people 'all adults' for five months on the money represented by the balls lost by some golfers in a single afternoon.

A golf course has eighteen holes, seventeen of which are unnecessary and put in to make the game harder. A "hole" is a tin cup in the center of the "green." A "green" is a small parcel of grass costing about \$1.98 per blade and usually located between a brook and a couple of apple trees, or a lot of "unfinished excavation."

The idea is to get the ball from a given point into each of the eighteen cups in the fewest strokes and the greatest number of words.

The ball must not be thrown, pushed or carried. It must be propelled by about \$200.00 worth of curious

looking implements especially designed to provoke the owner.

Each implement has a specific purpose, and ultimately some golfers get to know that purpose. They are exceptions.

After each hole has been completed, the golfer counts his strokes. Then he subtracts six and says, "Made that in five. That's one over par. Shall we play for fifty cents on the next hole, Ed?"

After the final or eighteenth hole, the golfer adds up his score and stops when he has reached eighty-seven. He then has a swim, a pint of gin, sings "Sweet Adeline" with six or eight other liars and calls it the end of a perfect day.

(Anonymous)

HIGH FLIGHT

"Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sun-lit silence. Hovering there
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.

Up, up the long delicious burning blue,
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark or even eagle flew.
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand—and touched the face of God."

*By John Gillespie Magee, Jr.
(Killed in Action with R.C.A.F.)*

LUCK

"Do I believe in luck? I should say I do. It's a wonderful force. I have watched the careers of too many lucky men to doubt its efficacy.

"You see some fellow reach out and grab an opportunity that the other fellow standing around had not realized was there. Having grabbed it, he hangs on it with a grip that makes the jaws of a bulldog seem like a fairy touch. He calls into his play his breadth of vision. He sees the possibility of the situation, has the ambition to desire it, and the courage to tackle it.

"He intensifies his strong points, bolsters his weak ones, cultivates those personal qualities that cause other men to trust him and cooperate with him. He sows the seeds of sunshine, of good cheer, of optimism, of unstinted kindness. He gives freely of what he has, both spiritual and physical things.

"He thinks a little straighter, works a little harder and a little longer; travels on his nerve and enthusiasm; he gives such service as his best efforts permit. He keeps his head cool, his feet warm, his mind busy. He doesn't worry over trifles.

"He plans his work and then sticks to it, rain or shine. He talks and acts like a winner, for he knows in time he will be one. And then—LUCK does all the rest."

(Author Unknown)

Tommy McNeill: Donny hit me because we were playing navy and he torpedoed me in my engine room.

When Don gets to his feet he's only half through his bath

PRAYER FOR A MOTHER

Please, Lord, give her enough to do—
Stitching up a cloud or two,
Scrubbing down the Golden Stair,
Patching robes the Seraphs wear,
Keeping all the star-points sharp,
Mending haloes or a harp,
Or washing all the tell-tale traces
Of grime from off the Cherub's faces.

Oh, give her tasks enough, Lord, please,
To keep her busy; languid ease
Would bore her in Your blessed land;
Keep her busy eye and hand
And foot and mind: Lord, You shall see
How very useful she can be,
And how contented; Lord, You know
She was a mother here below.

—Anne Mary Lawler

A couple named Anna and Abe lived in the Ozark mountains. On the very first trip they ever made into town they brought back a big ice cream sundae with goo and fruit on it. The natives for miles around gathered to look at it. But Anna and Abe argued about which one would eat it. The argument grew so hot they decided to separate for good. It was quite a sight, they say, to watch all those natives looking at that ice cream to see Abe 'n' Anna split!

Every time you lick a war stamp and paste it in your book you're helping to lick the Axis and give 'em a good pasting.

SHAVING BLUES

You wake up in the mawning
And your eyes will hardly open
You're stretching and a' yawning
As your neck you start a' soapin'.

And when your map's been flooded
You growl and groan to see
Your face with whiskers studded
Like a eucalyptus tree.

Then you sigh and sling the lather
As you seowl into the glass
And you think how you'd much rather
Be a pretty beardless lass.

Your razor twixt your fingers
You propel from chin to cheek
Until not a whisker lingers
On your smooth and shining beak.

But the part I didn't mention
On the chin and cheek and lip
When you didn't pay attention
And the blade began to slip.

Are those pretty scarlet scratches
Scattered o'er your angry face
And those whiskers still in patches
Where your razor missed the place.

So you shout to heck with shaving
And your face with goo still smeared
You resolve to seek a haven
Where a man can grow a beard.

Yes, you sound a violent warning
That you'll go where men are men
Ah, but wait—tomorrow morning
You'll be baek to shave again.

—Don McNeill



*TOP:
The Mann of the
Golden West.*

*CENTER:
"What'll we give
'em tomorrow?"*

*BELOW:
See Poem to left.*



MYSELF

I have to live with myself, and so
 I want to be fit for myself to know;
 Always to look myself straight in the eye.
 I don't want to stand, with the setting sun
 And hate myself for the things I've done.
 I want to go out with my head erect;
 I want to deserve all men's respect;
 But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
 I want to be able to like myself.
 I don't want to look at myself and know

That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.
 I never can fool myself, and so
 Whatever happens I want to be
 Self-respecting and conscience-free.

(Author Unknown)

A PROBLEM DEEP

Drowsy eyes, heavy head, in his tired hand clutched
 a toy
 Dinner done, nightie on, it was bedtime for the little boy.
 Yet he climbed into my lap, "Daddy, one more question,
 please."
 Brows contracted, weighty problem, as he sat upon
 my knees,
 "Daddy—firemen, soldiers, sailors, engineers and such,
 Do I have to be like that if I ever want to amount
 to much?"
 Simple question? Ah, but was it? How to make him
 understand
 For a moment I was speechless, then I took his little hand,
 And said, "Tommy, don't you worry; engineers are
 mighty fine,
 So are firemen, soldiers, sailors, but you're a boy of mine,
 And I want you to be famous if that's how it is to be,
 But if not, my son, you'll always mean just as much to me.
 So be happy, and keep healthy, like you are— stay sweet
 and pure;
 If you'll always be yourself, boy, you'll amount to some-
 thing sure."
 Pretty pleased with myself, was I—having solved this
 problem deep
 So I looked to see what Tommy thought—and he—was
 sound asleep.

—Don McNeill

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you are trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh;
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must—but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a "failure" turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don't give up, though the pace seems slow,
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man;
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup;
And he learned too late, when the night slipped down,
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure inside out—
The silver tint of the cloud of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit—
It's when things seem worst that you musn't quit.

(Anonymous)

When members of the Breakfast Club cast dance with the fans in the audience should they be called fan dancers?

"GOT TO UNDERSTAND"

Got to understand the lad—
He's eager to be bad.
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,
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.
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.
His companionship enjoy.
Don't forget—he's just a boy.

(Author Unknown)

Don: I don't mind it now that the baby has taken over my library. In the evenings I just pull my chair into the kitchen, open up the refrigerator door and read by that little light that goes on.

TO SOMEONE WHO IS THINKING OF DIVORCE

Do you know what goes on
In the heart of a child of divorce?
One who loves both mother and dad;
No matter what age—
He will always long
For the home that he might have had.

In his childish mind
There is never a doubt
But that mother is a queen and daddy a king,
Don't you realize
It upsets his whole universe,
When they start their bickering?

He is dreadfully lonely;
In his confused little soul
There lurks this terrible doubt:
"Am I in the way?
I wonder if I am
What they are always quarreling about?"

Oh, you men and women
Who have such a child—
Won't you change the path you're pursuing?
Take a look into
The heart of your boy or girl
And see the harm you are doing.

Don't you know that
Your child is the most precious gift,
The God above ever gave you?
How could you plan to
Destroy all his dreams
To forfeit his faith in you, too?

Won't you forget
That you ever planned
To be other than husband and wife?
And find real happiness
In planning together
To better your little child's life.

—Mrs. James Burgess, Ballston Center, N. Y.

TO AN ADOPTED CHILD

Dear, do not weep. By every act of mine
I am your mother . . . by my sleepless nights
By every step in the long day's design
That I have taken; by the sweet delights
Of your blessed companionship; by the clear gaze
By all my care in your beginning days;
Your warm, soft body held against my breast
Warmed me and dried my disappointed tears.
You made a real home of our lonely nest.
Now we look forward to the fruitful years
With you beside us bearing in your hands
The love that every mother heart demands
I am your mother, though you may not be
Flesh of my flesh. Our love goes deeper still.
You are my heart's adopted part of me.
I am your mother by the power of will.
Because I did not want to walk alone . . .
From the whole world, I chose you for my own.

—Anne Campbell in "Detroit News"

*A friend is one who knows all about you and loves
you just the same.*

*Middle age is that time in a man's life when he'd rather
not have a good time than have to get over it.*

"AND THEY ALL PLAYED BALL"

The game opened with Molasses at the stick and Smallpox catching. Cigar was in the box with plenty of smoke. Horn on first base and Fiddle on second base, backed by Corn in the field, made it hot for Umpire Apple, who was rotten. Axe came to bat and chopped. Cigar let Brick walk and Sawdust fill the bases. Song made a hit and Twenty made a score. Cigar went out and Balloon started to pitch, but went straight up. Then Cherry tried it but was wild. Old Ice kept cool in the game until he was hit by a pitched ball; then you ought to have heard Ice cream. Cabbage had a good head and kept quiet. Grass covered lots of ground in the field and

the crowd cheered when Spider caught the fly. Bread loafed on third and pumped Organ, who played fast and put Light out. In the fifth inning, Wind began to blow about what he could do. Hammer began to knock and Trees began to leave. The way they roasted Peanuts was a fright. Knife was put out for cutting first base. Lightning finished pitching the game and struck out six men. In the ninth Apple told Fiddle to take his base. Oats was shocked. Then Song made another hit. Trombone made a slide and Meat was put out on the plate. There was lots of betting on the game and Soap cleaned up. The score was 2 to 1. Door said if he had pitched he would have shut them out.

(Anonymous)

Here Are Those Baby Pictures!



Number two baby is Gurgling Don; Fourth from left is Cutie-pie Nancy; Next, Itsie-bittsie Marion; Last, Worryin' Waller. Jack won't admit whether he's the first or third infant shown, so you can have your choice.

Every Armistice Day for several years it's been my pleasure to read on the air a charming story written by Dorothy Van Houten of Berwick, Pennsylvania. She based it on an original tale by Mary Raymond Shankland Andrews, who wrote "The Perfect Tribute."

THE YELLOW BUTTERFLIES

At the turn of the century, in a small town in Virginia, not far from Arlington, there lived a dear little flax-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. 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 was 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 these beautiful butterflies. They have come to welcome Jimmy back home."

A BREAKFAST CLUB SQUARE DANCE

Git your partner—swing her by your side,
Kick yer heels and off you glide.
Sling that lady—let 'er go
Then grab her arm with a do se do.
Jump around the ring and shake 'er
Even though you're fat like Baker.
What do you care if you've got big feet.
Look at me. So I ain't neat!
There comes Susie, Nell and Sal
You don't mind if she ain't your gal.
Squeeze her waist and kiss her cheek
Watch her smack you on your beak.
Say, this might get to be a bore.
That's all there is, there ain't no more.



Ozark Jim Owens



For Our Boys



Big Bill Krenz



Diaper Don

DEFINE "PETUNIA"

A petunia is a flower like a begonia.
A begonia is meat, like a sausage.
A sausage and battery is a crime.
Monkey's crime trees.
Trees a crowd.
The rooster crowd in the morning, and made a noise.
A noise is on your face, like your eyes.
The eyes is the opposite of the nays.
A horse nays; a horse has a colt.
You get a colt in the head and go to bed with
DOUBLE PETUNIA.

(Anonymous)

EVELYN LYNNE LEAVES BREAKFAST CLUB

(from Eppes Gazette and Corn County Bungle.)

A local girl, Evelyn Lynne, who used to reside in Eppes, has made good in the big city. After several years in the north she has landed a husband and will reside in Tulsa, Oklahoma, home of the groom, who is in the radio broadcasting business, but is thought well of in spite of that in his home town. His name is Ed Coontz, no relative of Si Coontz who lives five rods from here and whose heifers are often advertised on these pages. By the way, Si tells us he has a Jersey Heifer for sale cheap in case any of our readers are interested. Miss Lynne will be remembered by the population of Eppes as the young girl who used to sing so well in the church choir. Since she left the other member of the choir has been James Haskeff. As you all know, Mr. Haskeff is in the real estate business and often advertises on these pages. Right now he has a choice 40 for sale on the other side of the river. Asking price is \$400 but he will take anything as his crops were bad this year again. Miss Lynne will be married in Chicago and will wear a wedding dress which she had already bought on time payments according to her aunt, Miss Honeychile Lynne of East Waters, Alabama. Miss Honeychile Lynne, as you know, is a seamstress, and often advertises on these pages. Right now she has several yards of gingham she is holding in lieu of a customer. The editor of the Eppes Gazette and his staff, my wife, wish to extend to Miss Lynne an invite to return to her home town of Eppes when she will be greeted by the mayor, the fire chief, and the chief of police, all of which offices your editor has held for forty years as is often advertised on these pages.

—Don McNeill

LOVE AND ARITHMETIC

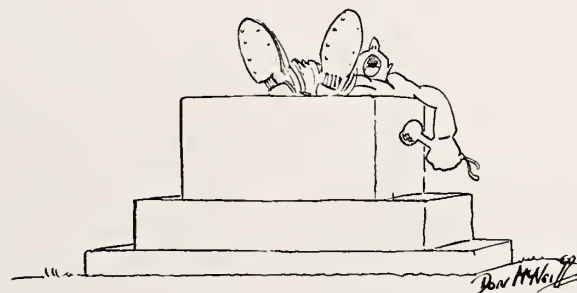
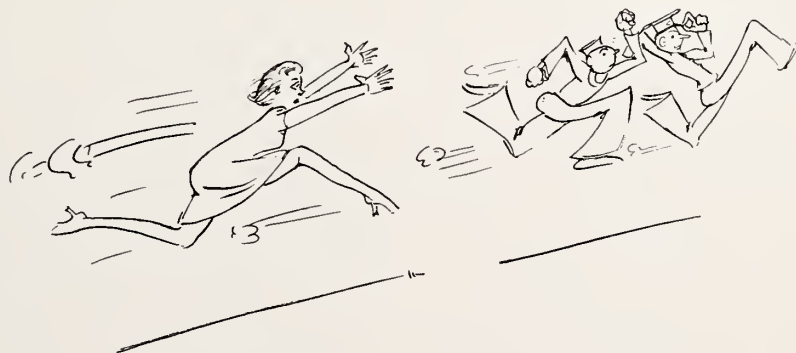
He was teaching Eliza arithmetic,
He said that was his mission
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
And said, "Now, that's addition."
And so he added smack to smack
With joyful satisfaction
And soon he took a few from her
And said, "That is subtraction."
And still they sat there side by side,
In mutual admiration
He said, while paying back tenfold—
"That's multiplication."
But father came and raised his foot,
And snorted in derision
The chap struck earth three miles away,
Pa said—"That's long division."

(Anonymous)

Cadet: Speaking of hunting, the best shot I ever made was when I fired at one frog and five hundred of them croaked.

Don once said that an Indian named Benny, rowing his father up the Hudson River in a canoe, became tired and asked his dad if he could stop. "Yes," said the old man, "that will be all, Benny." And that, said Don, is how Albany got its name. A New York Historical Society politely, but coldly, wrote to say that he must have been misinformed.

DON'S PEN AND INK IMPRESSIONS OF THE GANG—
CAN YOU IDENTIFY THEM?



THE BREAKFAST CLUB

Here is one of those studio interviews with a youngster telling all.

The first Breakfast Club engineer was Charlie Butler, pictured top right.

"Who's the boss, you or your husband?" asks Don and goodness knows what answer he got.

Walter is ready to cue in the orchestra as Don returns from the audience.

Scandal! The M. C. rates a kiss on the stage on a personal appearance.



IN ACTION



"Let's Draw Straws" and Nancy got the short one.

The Vagabonds sing much better when properly refreshed.

If you have a magnifying glass you might read those signs.

Governor Dwight Green of Illinois addresses the Breakfast Clubbers at a bond rally.



Jack becomes "Sir Knight of the Morning" at the St. Paul Winter Carnival.

Joe Louis gets Don's autograph backstage at a Will Rogers Memorial Show.

What did the Mayor of Minneapolis say to the Mayor of Chicago before they went on the air? Don won't tell!

A LITTLE WALK AROUND YOURSELF

When you're criticizing others,
And are finding, here and there,
A fault or two to speak of,
Or a weakness you can't bear;
When you're blaming someone's weakness,
Or accusing some of pelf—
It's time that you went out
To walk around yourself.

There are lots of human failures
In the average of us all;
And lots of grave shortcomings
In the short ones and the tall;
But when we think of evils
Men should lay upon the shelves
It's time we all went out
To take a walk around ourselves.

We need so often in this life
This balancing of scales;
This seeing how much in us wins
And how much in us fails;
But before you judge another
Just to lay him on the shelf—
It would be a splendid plan
To take a walk around yourself.

(Author Unknown)



"Hi-O-Tom and Don!"



Swift heads give Don a hand



A master sergeant at Ft. Sheridan

THE GREATEST MAN WHO EVER LIVED

"Here is a man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in an obscure village. He worked in a carpenter shop until He was thirty, and then for three years He was an itinerant teacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never went to college. He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where He was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but Himself. He had nothing to do with this world except the power of His divine manhood. While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him. He was turned over to His enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon a cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had on earth while He was dying—His coat. When He was dead He was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

"Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone, today He is the centerpiece of the human race and the Leader of the column of progress. I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever were built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has

THAT ONE SOLITARY LIFE."

—*Bishop Phillips Brooks*

A TOAST TO MY SUCCESSOR

Here is a toast that I want to drink to a fellow I'll never know—

To the fellow who's going to take my place when it's time for me to go.

I've wondered what kind of a chap he'll be, and I've wished I could take his hand,

Just to whisper, "I wish you well, old man," in a way that he'd understand;

I'd like to give him the cheering word that I've longed at times to hear;

I'd like to give him the warm handclasp when never a friend seems near.

Will he see all the sad mistakes I've made and note all the battles lost?

Will he ever guess of the tears they caused or the heart-aches they cost?

Will he gaze through the failures and fruitless toil to the underlying plan?

And catch a glimpse of the real intent and the heart of the vanquished man?

I dare to hope he may pause some day as he toils as I have wrought,

And gain some strength for his weary task from the battles which I have fought.

We'll meet some day in the great unknown—out in the realm of space;

You'll know my clasp as I take your hand and gaze in your tired face,

Then all the failures will be success in the light of the new-found dawn—

So I'm drinking your health, old chap, who'll take my place when I am gone!

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"America is Up. The Breakfast Club Now Leaves the Air!"



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