

The Breakfast Club 1948 Yearbook

Come Inside
With Kay
and Don McNeill...



It's Party Year on the Breakfast Club



Garden Party at the McNeills



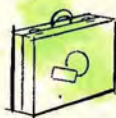
1948 Anniversary Party



Favorite Studio Parties



The Fourth Party



Off-Mike Parties

The Breakfast Club 1948 Yearbook

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Come to our Parties

Dear Breakfast Clubbers:

This year we want to share with you some of our parties. An exciting party of the garden variety was held at our house, June 22, for the Breakfast Club families, Don's presidential campaign workers and our fine neighbors. The following day we all celebrated the start of Don's sixteenth year as Toastmaster of the Breakfast Club. Remember?

Kay McNeill

DON
McNEILL
FOR
PRESIDENT



*The laugh is on Don as four-year old Betsy Dowd tells him to
"stop spitting in my face."*

Kay's Story of the Garden Party

(You probably heard this broadcast from the McNeill back yard in Winnetka, Ill., June 22, 1948. Here are some of the pictorial highlights with notes by your hostess, Kay McNeill).

Whenever I think about the broadcast from our garden and your wonderful letters telling us how much you enjoyed it, I am glad all over again.

Don considers it the most thrilling broadcast of his Breakfast Club career. I agree with him, but some of my thrills came before the show.

We were without help at the time. And to complicate matters further, I had to get Tommy and Donny ready to leave for camp. For three days I was on a merry-go-round of sewing and ironing, scrubbing and polishing, cleaning up the garage and yard. I even moved the garbage cans and the dog house into less conspicuous corners.

Then by roaring at man and beast for two more days, I managed to keep things in order.

Meanwhile, ABC engineers and telephone men were crawling all over the house, putting up lines and testing equipment. In the wee hours of Tuesday morning the broadcast lines went dead. When they got them working again a cloudburst descended upon us.

That was the situation when Don came outside at 7:30 A.M. to huddle with us under the back yard canopy, which was losing a valiant fight with the elements. He was in excellent humor, intrigued by the novelty of being able to sleep until the last minute. That was the gift his sponsors promised him for the last day of his fifteenth year; and he was making the most of it.

We all cheered up when the rain stopped a few minutes before eight. Our 200 guests shed their raincoats with a mighty roar of joy as the Breakfast Club went on the air.

The rest of the story you know, or can learn from the pictures and captions that follow.



Another show-stopper was our fine milkman, Ed Houellen. He had a bottle of milk for each member of the cast and a plug for Philco.

Here is the young lady who stopped the show. She is the youngest daughter of Don Dowd, Swift & Company announcer.

I saved some of the milk for our youngest guest, six-month old Donald Bennett, but his audience was more important at the moment.

The sun appeared for the first time at hymn time when the children sang "America The Beautiful." This touched us deeply.



Radio's Largest Family...

Don and I are very proud of the fine family men who work with him on the Breakfast Club. Altogether there are 54 children in the families of the cast, orchestra and staff. Most of them came out in the rain for our garden party.

Six-month old Donald Bennett was the youngest child Don interviewed. He didn't utter a sound, which made him a chip off the old block. His father, "Silent Jim" Bennett, is Don's personal representative.

There was no such problem with the older children. They spoke right up when Don questioned them about their hobbies and ambitions and their father's work. Here are a few of the choicest remarks:

"The three most famous B's in music are: Bach, Beethoven and Ballantine"—Ted Ballantine, 20.

"Those aren't pigtails. 'Tricia has braids.'"—Betsy Dowd, 4, who also authored the spit remark.

"When I play monopoly I always get bank-ruptured."—Tommy Montiegel, 8.

Breakfast Club wives also contributed charm and wit to the broadcast. Eileen Petersen, wife of Producer Cliff Petersen, was the pretty Toni girl of the day. Beryl Vaughan, radio and movie star who is the wife of Announcer Ken Nordine, worried about the sun popping out her cute freckles.

We all sympathized with Del Cowling who fell over a chair on her way to the breakfast table to read a Swift commercial about her husband, Sam. Helen Owens got a big laugh when she told Don it would be all right for Jack to sing to the other wives.

"Let nature boy have his fun," she said.



About half the children crowded into this picture with Don, but one little fellow wishes his mother would rescue him. He is Tommy Mulroy, a neighbor.

In Action!

That's Tommy telling his dad about the fun Donny and he expect to have at camp this year. Donny grins in agreement.



Jack serenades Announcer Bob Murphy's two little daughters, while a bunch of the boys critically watch Tommy at the keyboard.



A brunet picture of her mother, 13-year old Mary Ann Owens tells Don about the singing record she made with her dad.

And so it went. One laugh after another as our neighbors, friends, and Breakfast Club families helped us stage our first garden party.



DON McNEILL
FOR
PRESIDENT

Bring your own... in the best Breakfast Club tradition

Patsy Lee was joking during the garden broadcast when she kept asking "When do we eat all the stuff in those baskets?" But, believe me, no time was lost after the show in unpacking them and distributing the goodies to all our hungry guests.

Don raises his cup in a toast to the excellent music contributed by Tommy Thomas, Eddie Ballantine and Oscar Chaousow. But the boys are too busy to notice it.



Because breakfast is never served on a Breakfast Club broadcast, the invitations read: "Bring your own." We had the largest collection of sweet rolls, doughnuts, coffee cakes, hard rolls and home-made bread that I've ever seen in one place.

Swift & Company furnished three delicious pre-cooked Premium hams and the coffee and table service was supplied by a caterer. I really had nothing to do except to stuff myself and see that all the wives who served got something to eat.

The excitement and the outdoor air gave everyone extraordinary appetites. We licked our platters clean. Flag, our springer spaniel, was happy too. He got the ham bones.



Some of the small fry get help from Jack Owens, while Sam and Cliff Petersen help themselves.

MEMORY ALIVE

around the Breakfast Table



After saying goodbye to the last guest and seeing the boys off to camp, Don and I found the house and garden refreshingly quiet. Even Bobby, who is too young for camp activities, seemed to enjoy the change. He started to haul out toys he hadn't touched in months.

Don and I settled down to compare the events of the day with other favorite Breakfast Club broadcasts. Finally, I brought out the scrapbooks to settle a mild dispute that arose over the number of times Don had broadcast from home.

Don was right. This had been only the third broadcast from home. The first time was in 1938 when Don conducted the show from bed while the rest of the cast carried on from the studio.

The other time was our Christmas morning broadcast in 1945 when all the families of the cast came over to open their gifts.

I had been counting the broadcast when Don had a strep throat. But that show originated from a hospital. It required as much fixing and planning as a home broadcast, I told Don, so he conceded we were both right.

With the scrapbooks in front of us, it was easy to lose ourselves in memory time. Would you like to join us?

Twenty Years Ago...

A Page from the McNeill Family Album

I met Don at a Marquette University dance in Milwaukee, twenty years ago. He likes to take credit for getting my date to exchange dances, but I feel I had something to do with it, too.

The exchange worked out perfectly. We danced the rest of the evening together and arranged it so that our partners accompanied each other home.

This is one of the first pictures we had taken together.



At the time, Don was editor of the college yearbook, president of the junior journalism class and a member of two leading fraternities. He was just getting started in radio. By doing his own work and that of the man who hired him, Don was very popular at the station until he asked for a raise. Then he switched to another Milwaukee station.

On this job he earned \$35 a week by writing a daily radio column, illustrating it and announcing. Louisville was the next stop. Here, too, Don was an announcer, a cartoonist and a radio columnist. When his salary was raised to \$60 in 1930, he proposed to me. We were married a year later in San Francisco.

By this time Don and Van Fleming, a fellow announcer from Louisville had sold their comedy show, "Coo Coo College", to a West Coast sponsor. For eighteen months we enjoyed prosperity. Then the sponsor cancelled. After trying to sell the show in New York and Chicago, Van and Don broke up the act and we returned to Milwaukee.



The above sketch is Don's own idea of the way to break into radio. Later he added a broom to his working tools.

Fifteen Years Ago...

Page one from the Breakfast Club log...



This is the photograph Don submitted to the network when he auditioned for the job fifteen years ago.

Back where we started from again, Don worked hard to develop a successful Saturday Night Jam-borce program in Milwaukee. He lost this job because the station manager thought he had no future in radio.

I stayed on with my folks while Don came to Chicago to look for a job. He lived in a dollar-a-night hotel room and wrote me hopeful letters.

The big break came at the start of Chicago's Century of Progress in 1933. At the time it looked like just another job. He was hired to emcee an early morning show known as The Pepper Pot. To earn his \$50 per, he also had an announcing schedule until mid-afternoon, six days a week.

The first thing he did was change the name of the program to Breakfast Club. Those early Breakfast Club programs can best be remembered in negatives. There were no studio audiences, no interviews, no producer, no rehearsals, and no sponsors.

On the bright side there was a fine vocalist and a good orchestra led by a wonderful musician—Walter Blaufuss. Until he became ill in 1942, Walter was Don's strong right arm. Dick Teela, the vocalist, left in 1934 and Jack Owens took over the singing duties.

Two members of that original 12-piece orchestra continue to charm Breakfast Club listeners. They are Eddie Ballantine, trumpeter, and Bill Krenz, pianist. Bill is a regular soloist on Thursdays and Eddie has been the director since Walter Blaufuss died in 1944.

The first Breakfast Club program was conducted by Don on Friday, June 23, 1933. The things I remember about that show were Walter conducting his own composition, "Your Eyes Have Told Me So", Bill Krenz playing "Nola" as a piano solo, and Don reading Memory Time and leading March Time.

Each fifteen minute "call to breakfast" was introduced by the musical theme "Too Much Mustard." But to me, listening at home, this two-step melody was bread and butter.

Even in the early days they did the unexpected on Breakfast Club. Here is Jack Owens emceeing, Walter Blaufuss singing and Don conducting the orchestra.



Ten Years Ago...

Another page from the Breakfast Club log

By 1938 there were several new faces and jobs on the Breakfast Club. The only five-year men left were Don, Walter Blaufuss, Bill Krenz and Eddie Ballantine. Jack Owens had departed for Hollywood as had Fibber McGee and Molly, Bill Thompson and Clark Dennis, who had appeared on the show briefly. Johnny Johnston was the current male vocalist.



Breakfast in Bed

Annette King was the songstress of the year, having been preceded by Edna O'Dell (1935) and Helen Jane Behlke (1936). The only character role on the Breakfast Club — Aunt Fanny — had been introduced in 1937 by Fran Allison.

Don says two things made him realize about this time that the Breakfast Club "had arrived."

One was the attitude of the musicians and the other was the demand for broadcast tickets. In the early days it was hard to get musicians up at 6 a.m. Now they were asking to be assigned.

Until 1936 there had been no audience at the show. When a hopelessly ill ex-marine wrote in to say that he wanted more than anything else in the world to be present at a broad-

cast, Don opened the studio doors wide. Since then nearly 100,000 persons a year witness the show in action.

Perhaps the highlight of 1938 was the Breakfast in Bed broadcast with Don fulfilling a long felt ambition to conduct the show, pajama-clad, from his own bed at home.



Fran Allison, Don and Johnny Johnston arrive in Fargo, N. D., for an early B. C. personal appearance show.



Ten years ago Sam was a streamlined singing guitarist. Here he is with Louie Perkins and Gill Jones of Three Romeo fame.

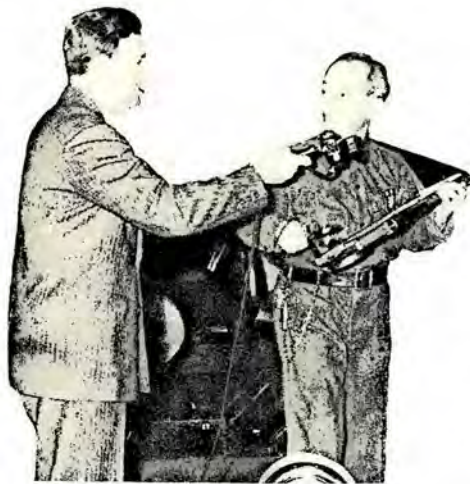
Five Years Ago...

It seems like yesterday, but it was 1943

With radio stations all over the country carrying the program by 1943, Breakfast Club was on its way to becoming a national institution. It had a fine sponsor, Swift & Company, and a daily listening audience of uncounted millions.

A big share of the audience, of course, was in military camps and hospitals. And evidences that the Breakfast Club had a morale-building value to the armed forces as well as to mothers and fathers of boys in the service were contained in every mail delivery.

Don and the cast visited as many of the camps and hospitals as their five day-a-week broadcasting



One man's band

schedule would permit. On the home front, they helped to originate the national paper salvage drive for children and they made many bond-selling appearances.

Nancy Martin and Marion Mann, who shared vocalist honors with Jack Baker, were much in demand those days as patriotic tunes filled the airplanes. Current singing acts on the show were The Cadets, The Vagabonds and The Romeos.

Our annual appearance with the three boys on the program at Christmas time was marked by two-year old Bobby speaking his first lines. As you can see by the picture below, we were all very proud of him.



Donny, Don, Jack Baker, Tommy, Sam, Nancy Martin and I wait expectantly for Bobby to wish everyone "A Merry Christmas."



Our Sing-Up Girls, Marion Mann and Nancy Martin, kept us all humming the new and the old patriotic songs.



I heard Don start his sixteenth year on the Breakfast Club from an easy chair. The garden party broadcast of the day before had been a little exhausting, so I stayed at home.

Don's dad came down from Sheboygan for the show and supplied an unrehearsed laugh. Near the end of the program Don strolled over to where Mr. McNeill was sitting and said:

"Here's a gentleman I know very well. How long have you been listening to me?"

"For a little over 40 years," was his reply.

"But, I've only been on the air 15 years," said Don.

"Don't forget I'm your father and you started talking at an early age," Mr. McNeill answered.

Three of the most popular guests to appear on Breakfast Club in the preceding year were saluted on this show and presented with souvenir ears of corn. These winners had been selected from a poll conducted by the cast, orchestra and staff.



After the program Aunt Fanny presented Don with a super birthday cake. He managed to save some of it for Bobby and me.



The cast and three of the most popular guests of 1948 pause during the anniversary party to show their teeth. Don has just awarded souvenir ears of Breakfast Club corn to Doyt (Butch) Akom, Jr. of Akron, Ohio, and to Mrs. Smith and Smiling Bill Mahoney of Chicago.

Harry McNeill, Don's favorite fishing companion, helped his son launch his sixteenth year with a sly remark about having been a steady listener for over 40 years.

Mrs. Smith, the Chicago housewife who has so many troubles, is finally stopped by the cameraman. Before and after the picture she gabbed on and on about the difficult time she had getting dressed for the anniversary party.



BREAKFAST CLUB SALUTES AVERAGE FOLKS...



In keeping with his performance, little Butch Akom receives a souvenir ear of Breakfast Club Corn.

On an informal program like the Breakfast Club anything can happen. And it usually does happen when Don goes searching for personalities with his hand microphone.

Sometimes he finds a nationally prominent name in the audience, but most of the people he talks to are just average folks. Once they overcome their initial fear of the microphone, it is usually difficult to stop them from talking.

Interviews with children often highlight the show. The most uncontrollable youngster ever to appear on Breakfast Club was six-year old

Doyt (Butch) Akom, Jr. of Akron, Ohio. He showed up in the audience last February and immediately captured the fancy of the entire cast by conducting interviews, kissing Patsy Lee, imitating Cruising Crooner Jack Owens and conducting the orchestra with Eddie Balantine's baton.

These antics won him a return visit to the show and the title of "favorite small fry" guest during Breakfast Club's fifteenth year. Bill Thompson won the favorite Hollywood guest spot and Smiling Bill Mahoney and Mrs. Smith of Chicago shared the Main Street titles.

... AND HOLLYWOOD FAVORITES



Harold Russell, the handless vet and winner of an Academy Award, provided a sparkling interview on the show last September.



Jack Carson, another Milwaukeean, was one of the favorite movie and radio personalities to appear on Breakfast Club.

Don tries to look provoked when Bill Thompson greets me with a kiss on the cheek. Whether he is himself or "Mr. Wimple, Boomer or Old Timer" from the Fibber McGee and Molly show, Bill Thompson is always entertaining.



Dennis Morgan lends an ear and concludes that Don's singing hasn't improved with the years. They worked together in Milwaukee radio 16 years ago.

Main Street Favorites...

Don's first 100-year old guest on the Breakfast Club — Ferdinand R. Jeschke of Melrose Park, Ill. — also ranked high with the voters who selected our favorite guests.

Ed Houellen, our milkman, insisted that I be in this picture. But it was his famous refrigerator survey and his booming voice that won him the votes.



Friends on the north side of Chicago know this pert little lady by the name of Mrs. Adelina C. Jackson. But around the breakfast table she will always be our beloved "Mrs. Smith," a Breakfast Clubber who likes to talk.



Mrs. Iowa Fay Havelly Saylor, the druggist's wife from Burrton, Kansas, nearly took the "gabbies" title away from Mrs. Smith when she appeared on the show this spring.



Smiling Bill Mahoney, a Chicago small business man, always puts on a good show with his Irish songs, jigs and concertina. He was a street car conductor when Don discovered him five years ago.

Favorite Small Fry Guests...



Mrs. Doyt Akoni of Akron, Ohio, and Butch proudly display the ear of corn which he won as Breakfast Club's favorite "small fry" guest of 1948.

Fifteen-year old Bill Munns of La Grange, Ill., insisted that the Breakfast Club was rehearsed when he was interviewed last summer. It took the whole cast and most of the hour to convince him otherwise. You see, Bill is studying to be an FBI agent and he isn't easily convinced.



Nick Convitchi helped Don observe national newspaperboy day by telling how he came to this country from Greece with his brother and sister. All his newspaper earnings, he said, go to his mother who has since joined the family here.



Robin Morgan, star of Juvenile Jury, was a perfect little lady when she did a guest appearance on Breakfast Club. Her ready and courteous answers won her many friends.



Carey Otis, a cub scout from Wilmette, Ill., came to the Breakfast Club to report the doings for his school paper. He surprised Don with this amusing comment: "After watching Don McNeill broadcast, I'm going to give up writing and be a radio man. It's better than working."

DON McNEILL
FOR
PRESIDENT



Don and I both agreed that the giveaway-program-in-reverse was the most memorable studio party of the year. As a matter of record, Don thought it topped the Madison Square Garden broadcast of 1946 and the Christmas in July program of 1945 for human interest.

The whole thing started because the Breakfast Club is not a giveaway show, a fact that Mrs. Rose Kral of Wilmington, Ill., kidded about when Don interviewed her last September. Her remarks prompted Don to take up the question of giveaways with you listeners.

When 99 per cent of you said not to spoil Breakfast Club with material giveaways, he decided to do one show in which the audience did the giving. Believe us, we'll never forget your generosity.

Gifts valued at more than \$10,000 were brought into the studio on that November 7th morning for Don to distribute to the needy of Chicagoland. Among the donations made by the 600 people from 24 states who jammed the studio were food, clothing and household items ranging from dishes and towels to vacuum cleaners, a refrigerator and an electric stove.



Aunt Fanny and Don, on the opposite page, and Sam and Patsy Lee, above, take inventory of the mountains of gifts received for the reverse give-away show. Each member of the cast contributed a gift, too. Don gave an electric sewing machine to a widow with eight children; Jack Owens a complete layette; Aunt Fanny, a half-dozen house dresses; Patsy Lee a set of blankets; and the orchestra donated 6,000 pounds of coal to six deserving families.

As soon as the carload of gifts could be loaded into trucks, Don and the cast left the studio with representatives of the Cook County Bureau of Public Welfare to distribute the "loot" among the bureau's list of needy families.



Sam provided the laugh of the program (see Patsy's expression) when he gave his suit, shirt, socks and shoes to a blind man. This left Sam with only a suit of red underwear.



A mother and her seven children were speechless with emotion when Don showed them the refrigerator and huge basket of food donated by Philco and Swift & Company.



More than 100 other deserving families received baskets of gifts similar to the one Don is shown carrying into a flat.

McNEILL FAMILY DAY



To see how the boys have grown in five years, compare this picture with our Christmas 1943 group on page 11. Sam hadn't made up with Bobby when this photo was taken.

At Christmas time each year we McNeills take over the Breakfast Club program for one morning. This has been an annual event since 1935 when Tommy and Mary Ann Owens made their radio debut at the ripe old age of 14 months.

We made our 13th annual appearance on December 19. At Memory Time, Tommy said "thanks" for the 15,000 cards, letters and gifts you Breakfast Clubbers sent him when he had polio. The boys and I participated in the commercials and then we each spoke a little piece at Inspiration Time. Here is a sample of our "poetic" efforts:

Bobby: I'm the youngest one in the family,
So I catch the most abuse.
Someone is sure to holler "Stop!"
When I get on the loose.

I try to keep up with my brothers
But when they get too rough,
I make believe I'm crying
'Til someone calls my bluff.

Donny: I'm the middle one in the family,
So I get the rawest deal.

When there's dirty work around the house
Who does it? — Donny McNeill.

Sure it's tough to be in the middle
But it's really no cause for tears,
Because my Dad says in the middle
Is where he's been for years!

Tommy: I'm the oldest kid in the family
And the biggest one of course,
But just because I'm big, sometimes
They must think I'm a horse.

There's one good thing about being large
To my Dad this won't be news,
I can wear his socks and shirts and shorts,
And pretty soon, his shoes!

Kay: I'm the mother of this family
And never mind my size.
I'm the kid behind the dust mop
And the hand behind the pies.

I like to take care of my four boys.
Yes, four of them — that's true:
Tom, Don and Bob, and you know dads
Can act like children, too!



I'd prefer to omit this picture, but the editor tells me we need it as a filler. It shows me spoiling a perfectly good duet by Aunt Fanny and Sam.



The whole family is enjoying this chat with a studio visitor.

Five-year old Barry Collins of Chicago asked to talk to our boys, so Don hands him the mike.



LIFE BEGINS

When your toastmaster celebrates a birthday



There is something about a birthday party that thrills me. But the one Don celebrated on the Breakfast Club, December 23, slayed me.

It was his fortieth and gayest birthday. Everyone dressed and acted like four-year olds to prove that you are only as old as you feel. Don was outfitted in a size 40 Lord Fauntleroy suit, complete with a Breton sailor hat and buckle slippers.

Sam Cowling modeled the "new look" for the carriage trade, while Jack Owens looked like the barefoot boy with face of tan. Patsy Lee wore a pink pinafore apron and Producer Cliff Petersen was very artistic looking in his jumper suit and beret.

The "kids" enjoyed the birthday party as much as the audience.



Don got some worthwhile advice on life from a cub scout when he went interviewing.



Jack found a bashful victim for his "Happy Birthday" song.



Baby-sitting, the way Patsy and Sam played it, was some fun.



There was a loud report and a gummy face after this picture was snapped.

Old friends—new faces...

January and February were hectic months around the breakfast table. If Don and I weren't visiting sick friends, we were welcoming back old friends or making new ones feel at home.

The merry-go-round started early in January when Patsy Lee was hospitalized for three weeks with virus pneumonia. On successive weeks, three Breakfast Club favorites — Annette King, Evelyn Lynne and Nancy Martin — returned to the show as temporary replacements for Patsy.

Annette commuted daily between the studio and Aurora, Ill., where she keeps house for her fine husband and four children. Evelyn replaced Annette during the second week just like she did in 1939 when Annette left the Breakfast Club to become Mrs. Frank R. Reid, Jr. Evelyn is the wife of Eddie Koontz, an Oklahoma City disc jockey.

Nancy Martin, who in private life is Mrs. Sam McEldowney, flew in from Altadena, Calif., for the last week of Patsy's convalescence.

While Patsy was in the hospital and Fran Allison was recovering from a milder form of a virus infection, Sam developed a case of the giant hives. As miserable as he was, Sam handed us all a good laugh by wiring the girls: "Dear Patsy and Aunt Fanny. I'm lonesome. Come over and see my itchings."

When everybody was healthy again, Jack and Helen Owens took a three weeks vacation in Hawaii. His place was taken on the program by Clark (The Lark) Dennis, a Breakfast Club regular back in 1936. While in Hawaii Jack wrote the "Hukilau Song" as a possible successor to his No. 1 hit tune, "How Soon?"

Two new friends came to visit us during the year. Allen Prescott, known in New York radio as the "wife-saver," was master of ceremonies last fall and again this spring when Don went on his annual hunting and fishing trips.

Jack Paar took over the show in February when we "second-honeymooned" in California. He led Sam, Jack and Patsy a merry chase for two weeks with a new type of emceeing.



On one of his visits with us, Allen Prescott had the pleasant task of awarding a puppy to a boy.



Patsy was in the hospital and Jack was on vacation when Evelyn Lynne and Clark Dennis handled the vocals like they used to years ago.

Jack Baker, another eight-year veteran of Breakfast Clubbing, got into the act twice during the year. Here he is at rehearsal with Eddie Ballantine and Patsy Lee.



Nancy Martin, who was a Breakfast Club regular for eight years, sent us this sun-kissed photo from her home in California.



Jack Paar even had fun at his own expense when he was on the show. "Last summer," he said, "I was Jack Benny's substitute. Now I am Don McNeill's. They'll soon be calling me the oleomargarine of radio."



This is Annette King and her lovely family. Left to right, they are Susan, Frank, Patsy, Daddy Reid, and Tommy.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

March 17 is a holiday of the double-header variety in the McNeill household. Besides being the feast day of the patron saint of Ireland, it is also the birthday of our own Robert Patrick.

The Breakfast Club orchestra observed the day by playing several of my favorite Irish tunes. These include: "Did Your Mother Come From Ireland?", "Mother Machree", "When You and I Were Young Maggie", "My Wild Irish Rose", and "A Little Bit of Heaven."

For the fourth consecutive St. Patrick's day, Smiling Bill Mahoney was a guest on the show. He sang a medley of tunes, including "Mush, Mush, The Irish Washwoman" and "Wearing Of The Green."

Two youngsters from Valparaiso, Ind., brought this cute poem to the broadcast:

*We're two little Irish girls,
Hanrahan's our name.
We should be in school,
But we're here just the same.
We had to come to Breakfast Club
today, by hook or trick
To wish a "Happy Birthday"
to little Robert Patrick.*



The shillelagh and harp are put to practical use as Bobby reminds Don that it is St. Patrick's day. Bobby was seven years old.



EASTER PARADE



Our Easter bunny answered to the name of Sam. Here he is handing out eggs to Tommy Petersen and Noel Owens.

The Easter bunny visited the Breakfast Club early this year. He was a fat little rascal, who hopped around in the audience during the third and fourth quarters, distributing eggs to the children.

Because Breakfast Club isn't broadcast on Saturday or Sunday, Good Friday and Easter were observed on the same day. The second quarter featured sacred music and an all-time favorite Memory Time poem, "Did Christ Have A Little Black Dog?"

A surprise feature was provided by little Mary Holter of Elmhurst, Ill., who recited a Swedish prayer taught to her by her grandmother. The English translation is as follows:

*Dear God, Who holds all His children dear,
Look down on us His little ones.
Wherever we go, wherever we wander,
Please carry us in Thine arms.*

On Easter Saturday, we made our annual pilgrimage to a children's hospital on the north shore. Tommy and Bobby are helping me load the auto in the photograph below.



Manhattan Merry-go-round...



It was thrilling the first night in New York to see a huge dirigible cruising across the skyline with Don's name illuminated in letters, 27 feet high and two blocks long.

On the sidewalks of New York we met many fine Breakfast Clubbers. A lovely lady and her baby spotted me on Fifth Avenue even before I alighted from the taxi.

While the welcoming crowds blocked sidewalk traffic, they were extremely considerate and courteous.



Personal appearances on the sidewalks of New York, nine broadcasts from Radio City and one from Philadelphia marked Breakfast Club's annual Eastern trip, May 3 through May 14.

More than 13,000 persons attended the Radio City broadcasts, while 3,200 attended the broadcast and telecast from Philadelphia's Academy of Music.

The New York sidewalk appearances gave many Eastern Breakfast Clubbers, who had been unable to get broadcast tickets, the opportunity to see their favorites in person. Don and I, Jack and Eddie, Aunt Fanny and Patsy, and Sam made the sidewalk appearances. The first person to identify us became our guest at the broadcast and breakfast the next day.

Sam claimed no one identified him when he visited Central Park zoo. But on the show May 14, a gentleman brought in evidence that he had found "Sam." We are publishing their pictures below, so that you may be the judge.



The gentleman behind the mike is telling Don that he found Sam in the zoo. "Take him back," Don commands. "Sam monkeys around enough as it is."

It was a rainy, dreary morning when Don stepped outside the Radio City studio. He was promptly "discovered" by two smiling fans.





Always full of fun, the versatile and loyal Breakfast Club orchestra entered into Don's mock presidential campaign with great glee. For the campaign theme song they paraphrased Gershwin's "Wintergreen For President"* to "Don McNeill For President."

More than half of the orchestra members are composers and arrangers. All have been recruited from top-flight symphony orchestras and "name" bands. This explains why the Breakfast Club orchestra, with a minimum of rehearsal, achieves the rhythmic feel of a dance band one minute and the classical or serious approach the next.

Because most of the group can double on two or more instruments, it is possible to feature a brass choir of eight instruments, a wood wind choir of nine, a string ensemble of ten, and a Hawaiian ensemble. At times the entire orchestra becomes a glee club.

The 19 musicians, comprising the orchestra, have spent a total of 147 years around the breakfast table. Two of them, Maestro Eddie Ballantine and Pianist Bill Krenz, have been with Don since the start of Breakfast Club.

Personnel of the Breakfast Club orchestra, shown at the top and left. Top: Maestro Eddie Ballantine. Brass Section: George Oliver, Charlie Tamburino, Jimmy Sims, Don Jacoby, George Jean. Rhythm Section: Jack Shirra, Tommy Thomas, Bill Krenz, Seymour Dragan. String Section: Oscar Chausow, concert master; Ethel Hand, Ennio Bolognini, Ben Senescu, Fritz Wolff. Reed Section: Tommy Filas, Louis Cohen, Herbie Palmer, Abe Cholden.

* Copyright 1932 by New World Music Corp.
Used by permission.

Don McNeill For Pres-i-dent*

Every section of the country joined in the campaign fun. Starting with Don's nomination in Philadelphia (below), the laugh party gathered momentum as everybody jumped on the mirth band-wagon. His faithful mascot, "Woody Woodpecker," led the bit parade most of the way.

**DON McNEILL
FOR PRESIDENT**

Ray Milland carried the banner in Hollywood.

Chicago's prettiest were on hand to give Don and the gang a sendoff on a North Western railroad special.





The "McNeill For President" campaign came into full bloom on May 12 when the Breakfast Club was broadcast and televised simultaneously from Philadelphia. There, before an enthusiastic audience of 3,200 in the Academy of Music, the Breakfast Club Fourth Party "nominated" Don with all the hoopla of a political convention.

Philco's super home-office staff master-minded the whole "convention", even to bringing us down from New York in a special presidential car. Television set-owners in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and New York also saw the show. Here is what some of the critics said about the "double-cast."

"In throwing his hat into the ring, McNeill is following a comic tradition almost as old as American democracy. As television (the program) showed great promise." — John Crosby.

"ABC has itself a top radio and television property in Don McNeill's Breakfast Club." — Radio Daily.

"One of the most entertaining live shows ever seen in these parts over television." — Variety.





In Philadelphia's Broad Street Station, Don promised his Breakfast Club constituents "happiness in early morning doses." Then in deference to me, he limited his baby-kissing to three-year olds.

Along the parade route to our hotel and at the railroad station, more than 25,000 Breakfast Clubbers turned out to greet us.



Each member of the cast rode from the station to the hotel in a decorated auto. It was great fun to see all our Philadelphia friends.



THE SOUTH

Greets a Favorite Son



Thousands crowd in to Atlanta's Union Station at 8:30 a.m. to greet Don and the cast. He promises "a joke for every kid; a smile for every man."

Following his nomination, Don and the Breakfast Club "kitchen cabinet" conducted a whirlwind campaign. Each morning over the ABC network they "stumped" the 48 states, Hawaii and Canada for Fourth Party votes.

When the regular party candidates experienced trouble in the South, Don jumped at the chance of wooing Southern voters with a personal appearance in Atlanta, Ga. Here is the way the Atlanta Constitution reported this important campaign maneuver:

"The politically-wavering South found its favored son yesterday (June 12). He is Don McNeill, ABC-WCON Breakfast Club star who is

waging a mythical campaign for the presidency.

"I'm going to get the country out of the red and the Reds out of the country," he boomed in approved political voice last night to 8,000 wildly cheering supporters at the Municipal Auditorium.

"McNeill hit his peak at this Optimist Club-sponsored show that attracted fans from hundreds of miles away. All 8,000 went McNeill slap-happy. 'When I'm elected President,' he chanted, 'here's what will replace 'The Missouri Waltz.' Then the orchestra broke into "Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech."



Another crowd was waiting outside the station with placards, cheers and pomp. A mounted horse patrol and brass band escorted the gang to the hotel.

Up and down famous Peach-tree Street, Don is hailed as "The South's favorite Yankee."



Patsy Lee, Aunt Fanny and Hal Drake, president of Atlanta's Optimist Club, climb aboard as the "presidential car" delivers Don to the hotel entrance.



Commuters were slowed down to a walk when the presidential party left Chicago's Northwestern Station for its "decision dinner" in Highland Park.

Midwest Hails a Native Son But Don Elects Not To Run!

Withdrawal from the presidential race became a possibility when reports indicated that radio listeners were taking Don's campaign seriously.

The South started the stampede by picking Don as their "most revolting" candidate; the West "Warren-ed" him not to covet the White House; and the East threatened to make the country "Dewey-eyed."

When Don's political advisers gathered for a dinner conference in Highland Park, Ill., the big question was, "Will the Midwest accept the 'corn-standard' of the Breakfast Club party?"

To find the answer, it was decided to hold another convention. New Philadelphia, Ohio, a lovely town of 13,000, was selected as the site because all parties, including the Fourth Party, had met in old Philadelphia.

If you were listening Friday morning, August 13, you know what happened. See the opposite page for a few pictures of this historic broadcast.



Surrounded by newspaper, magazine and press association writers, Don and I listen to their political advice. "Go to ---- New Philadelphia," they said.

Sudden Decision Stuns Tuscora Park Convention As Delegates Howl

Harvey R. Conser of Strasburg, who has a collection of 68,000 campaign buttons, told McNeill that his would be 68,000. After the collection, the duo obtained 300

Governor Thomas J. Herbert (center) and Mayor Robert Lukens were among the 8,000 spectators (below) who heard Don terminate his mock presidential campaign in a broadcast from New Philadelphia, on Friday, August 13. "It wouldn't be sporting," he said, "to continue. I'd be the only candidate with five hours a week of radio time . . . in the morning before people have started to think."

An excited crowd of 2,000 Canton, Ohio, Breakfast Clubbers greeted the cast (left) when their private car arrived at the Pennsylvania railroad siding. Another 20,000 fans turned out in the rain to wave hello as the 147-auto caravan rolled through Canton, Massillon, Navarre, Strasburg, Columbia and Dover on the 29-mile journey to New Philadelphia.

OFF-MIKE PARTIES



After refusing all through Don's Breakfast Club career to be lured West, we finally capitulated in February. But the trip was strictly for rest and sunshine.

The only concession we made was to stop for a visit with Tom Breneman on his "Breakfast in Hollywood" show. The full significance of this visit didn't dawn on us until two months later when we learned of Tom's sudden death.

Then we spent a restful week at a ranch near Palm Springs, Calif. I learned that riding was more than mind over matter, but I did dearly love those flapjack breakfasts out in the open spaces.

Returning to Los Angeles and Hollywood, Don talked to some of the movie people who had everything to offer but the right kind of a story. The Dennis Morgans and other old friends entertained us until we left for home via San Francisco.



Our Chicago traveling companions, Mary and Ralph Bergsten, share a joke with us at the Brown Derby.

AFTER 17 YEARS...



The wedding party included my sister, Eleanor, and Van Fleming, Don's West Coast radio partner. The boys were sporting mustaches, while Eleanor and I were arrayed in 1931's best-cut, fur-trimmed suits.



We made a dream of seventeen years come true on this first California vacation by returning to the little Spanish church in San Francisco to renew our marriage vows. The inevitable photographer was present, so we posed on the steps just like we did in 1931.

Don was doing a West Coast network show, "Coo Coo College", with Van Fleming at the time of our marriage. My mother, father and sister, Eleanor, came west with me for the ceremony. Eleanor and Van helped us tie the knot on September 12.

Seventeen years later, the mustache has disappeared but the smile is still there.

From Birmingham to St. Paul

Alabama, City Go Out 10,000 Strong For Breakfast Clubbers

BY LILY MAY CALDWELL
News Radio Editor

Birmingham and Alabama turned out almost 10,000-strong to greet a thunderous welcome to the ABC Breakfast Club Saturday.

Two shows were necessary to take care of them. And then many were turned away, even after extra chairs had been added in the orchestra pit for visitors from other states.

It was a grand show, and everybody had a grand time. They sang "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" with Jack Baker. Before the two-hour program was over, most of them were participating, one way or another in the show, just as they do on the ABC network program. Heard Mondays through Fridays over The News-Age-Herald Stations over The News-Age-Herald Stations WSGN-FM.

A MAN ON THE FRONT ROW married for 32 years. Joined pretty little Patsy Lee on the stage for a duet and kiss on the forehead. . . A young couple from Gadsden married Friday and boneymoon in Birmingham. received a big deep-freezer in recognition of the bridegroom's gift at diaper-changing. . . Children in the audience were judges and received dollar bills from Don McNeill and Sam Cowling.

McNeill was priceless. I doubt if he's topped by any emcee in the business—not even Bob Hope. It was amazing how he had acquainted himself with our local personalities and politics and how in step with our general thinking were his comments that always drew laughs. * * *

PATSY LEE IS AS CUTE as they make them and another reason for television. She scored a hit singing "Little Alice Blue Gown" in a stunning white evening gown that she and her mother made. And her "Easter Parade" number stopped the show.

And Aunt Fannie! Really a charming lady, both off-stage and on, and every bit as funny as she is on the air. She received one of the biggest ovations of the evening when Don introduced her.

Clowning Sam Cowling kept the audience in various stages of laughter with his antics.

Jack Baker, a favorite here in Birmingham where he has appeared with the Barber Shop Quartet since leaving the Breakfast Club, drew the biggest hand with his singing of Irish melodies. The shows here succeeded in putting enough money in the Civitan Club treasury to build that recreation room out at Mercy Home.

Personal appearance shows were staged by the Breakfast Club in ten different states during the last twelve months. More than 70,000 fans attended these shows which are always sponsored by service and women's clubs for charitable organizations.

The Birmingham News clipping at the left tells the story of the two shows sponsored by the Civitan Club in Birmingham, Ala., April 3.

Other appearances made in 1948 were: Omaha, Neb., January 17; St. Paul, Minn., February 6; Albany, N. Y., May 1; Camden, N. J., May 5; and Atlanta, Ga., June 12.



This is part of the Saturday afternoon crowd that greeted the Breakfast Club in Birmingham.

Personal Appearance Shows



Backstage in Birmingham, Aunt Fanny reads a fan note to Jack Baker (left) and Patsy Lee, vocalists. Jack Baker came over from Memphis to substitute for Jack Owens who was nursing a strep throat in Chicago.

Eddie Ballantine's effort to sing "Omaha" in his old home town falls on the deaf ears of Don, Fran Allison, Annette King — who was subbing for convalescing Patsy Lee — and Sam.



Sam, Don and Eddie model the latest Winter Carnival headgear.



Sam gives Don a big hand in the grand finale at the St. Paul Winter Carnival. This show was attended by 13,000 fans.

KANSAS' GREATEST NEWSPAPER—LARGEST PAID CIRCULATION IN KANSAS

THE WICHITA SUNDAY BEACON

Served by Associated Press, AP Wirephoto, International News Service and Chicago Tribune-New York Times-New York News Service

VOL. 95, NO. 306 WICHITA, KANSAS, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1947 FINAL HOME EDITION 62 PAGES

HOME TOWN

AROUND YOUR HOME TOWN

EDITOR McNeill's Note: Getting Aunt Fannie to write something about her life is like trying to keep a pig in a pen. She is the original fat and selfish and fat (both strictly and fat). With the help of one of her sons, Mr. LEVINE's good reputation in the following of Fannie around the town on Friday and Saturday were able to get this column to print. Hope you don't mind.

I think that the first thing that Aunt Fannie did when she came to the town was to go to the bank. She had a lot of money and she wanted to put it in the bank. She had a lot of money and she wanted to put it in the bank. She had a lot of money and she wanted to put it in the bank.

John Rosebough thinks the Chickadee Trail Jubilee is a wonderful idea, gives the grown-ups a chance to be kids again. Fannie is an ardent fan of the Chickadee Trail Jubilee and has been the same several times in Chicago. Fannie says one reason her husband is such a silent man is because they listen to the Chickadee Trail Jubilee every morning and Fannie doesn't dare say a word until it is over. By then he's forgotten what he wanted to say in the first place.

The Jubilee is really a very good idea. It's the only one of its kind in the world. It's the only one of its kind in the world. It's the only one of its kind in the world.

I think I might have a good idea. I think I might have a good idea. I think I might have a good idea. I think I might have a good idea. I think I might have a good idea.

Old Carth writes Wichita would be a jubilee every year so he could fall in his cowboy suit more often. Since the initial announcement was made on the Chickadee Trail Jubilee, the jubilee has been without his western attire—ten-gallon hat, cowboy boots and all the trimmings. He's in the market for a good one.

I think I might have a good idea. I think I might have a good idea. I think I might have a good idea. I think I might have a good idea. I think I might have a good idea.

"I think I could write any column on any subject," says the old man. "I could write any column on any subject. I could write any column on any subject. I could write any column on any subject. I could write any column on any subject."

Art of Piano Playing Is Explained by Bill Krenz

BY BILL KRENTZ
A few years ago, when I was a young man, I was very much interested in the art of piano playing. I was very much interested in the art of piano playing. I was very much interested in the art of piano playing. I was very much interested in the art of piano playing.

Merry Sunshine' Learns Advantages of Early-Rising

BY LESTER WICK
Wichita knows Bill Wick. He is a very good man. He is a very good man. He is a very good man. He is a very good man. He is a very good man.



COMPARISON, SHOW OF ARTIST—The artist, Mrs. Fannie, is shown in the top left corner. The artist, Mrs. Fannie, is shown in the top left corner. The artist, Mrs. Fannie, is shown in the top left corner.



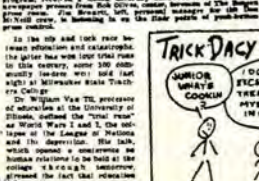
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'Be Yourself,' Patsy's Advice to Teen-Agers



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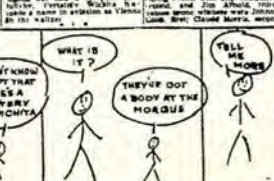
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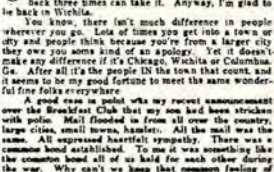


EDITOR-FOR-DAY TAKES OVER



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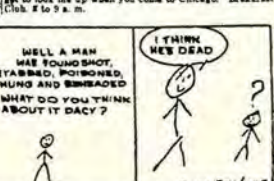
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DON McNEILL'S Editorial Column

The following editorial was written by Don McNeill, assistant editor of The Beacon. It is a very good idea. It is a very good idea. It is a very good idea. It is a very good idea. It is a very good idea.

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IT'S OLD HOME TOWN TIME

Wichita, Springfield, Ill., Flint and Grand Rapids, Mich., Duluth and Tulsa also produced capacity audiences when the Breakfast Club came to town last fall and winter. The Wichita Beacon (opposite page) brought out a special edition to celebrate the event. Don was guest editor and all the gang contributed stories and features.

Tulsa and Wichita both welcomed Jack Owens back as "a local boy who made good." He was born and raised in Tulsa, but began his radio career in Wichita in 1930.

Chicago-born Eddie Ballantine was honored in Omaha where he attended high school from 1921 to 1923. Duluth, Minn., hailed Producer Cliff Petersen in his old home town.



Sometimes it takes a little coaxing, but usually Don gets all the local news from the kids. Sam stands by here, hoping to be educated.



When pranksters moved a stuffed bear into his Duluth hotel room, Sam nonchalantly offered his visitor a smoke.



Sam's home town is Jeffersonville, Ind., but the lad makes himself at home wherever he goes.

Dinner Table Parties

The annual ABC bowling and golf banquets are always well attended by Breakfast Club folks, proving that not all of our parties are held around the breakfast table.



With George Oliver's help at the piano, George Jean signals that the bowling team prize money is to be split three ways. Winning team captains are Jack Shirra, Jack McCord and Lou Perkins.



After 18 holes of golf and dinner, no one is able to leave the table.



More winning golf smiles.

Mary Hartline of Junior Junction fame has no trouble getting good bowling scores; her problem is to keep Sam from stealing "pin money."





Now it's time to hear from the Breakfast Club listener . . .

The real stars of Breakfast Club, Don has always said, are the Breakfast Club listener and the studio visitor.

Your part in the program was assured from the very beginning. Those first mornings in 1933 were real nightmares. Don would come home so discouraged that I was afraid he was going to give up the job. It isn't easy, you know, to be bright and cheerful every morning.

Fortunately, his mood and misery didn't go out over the air lanes, because you began to write him saying how much you enjoyed visiting with him around your breakfast

table. Your gay, warm letters have set Breakfast Club's pace ever since.

A letter from a sick marine first opened the studio doors to visitors. Last year 95,457 fans attended broadcasts. But as much as the studio audience contributes to the program, it is the mail from his unseen audience — now averaging about 10,000 letters a month — that really inspires Don.

Breakfast Club features like Memory Time, Inspiration Time and the Sunshine Shower are entirely dependent upon your contributions. So, keep them coming!

Prayer Time

"First in the Hearts of Breakfast Clubbers"

Our favorite Breakfast Club feature is the moment of silent prayer. And, because of the mail and comment it attracts, we know it is a favorite of yours, too.

"One thing that has helped me to stay on the wagon," a member of Alcoholics Anonymous in St. Paul wrote Don, "is your program. During your impressive moment of silent prayer, I always ask God to help me. He never has failed. I've gotten by for two years now."

Don introduced Prayer Time in October, 1944, while we were still involved in World War II. He usually dedicates the fifteen seconds to a silent prayer — each in his own words, each in his own way — for a world united in peace. Occasionally, he asks for a prayer of thanksgiving for blessings received or to further family understanding.

Carole and Jennifer Bittle



Elizabeth Godbey

A woman with five children recently wrote that she and her husband had decided to get a divorce when she heard Don offer the moment of silent prayer for families separated because of misunderstandings. "That sounded like it was meant for us and sure enough," she said, "the following evening my husband returned. Thank you, Don, that was the guiding hand we needed."

Another example of faith in prayer was reported by a woman whose mother suffered a stroke in England during a bombing raid. "I suggested that she pray with us daily around the breakfast table. My dad said she prayed faithfully for several months and then one day she just got out of bed and walked down stairs. Now I am sure your moment of silent prayer helped her. May God bless you!"

To show Don how their lovely daughters respond at Prayer Time, Mrs. M. H. Godbey of Atlanta, Ga., and Mrs. Kenneth Bittle of Reading, Pa., sent him the pictures on this page.

Sunshine Shower

Dispensing sunshine in the form of post cards and letters to "shut-ins" is another favorite pastime around the breakfast table. Begun by Ole Olsen during a visit as guest emcee, the Sunshine Shower has been a regular feature since 1946.

Each day listeners are asked to send a "sunshine greeting" to a patient in the hospital or institution specified. As a result, millions of letters have been sent to hundreds of institutions.

The photographs on this page show what happens when an institution receives a Breakfast Club "shower." The children at the Mercy Home in Birmingham, Ala., assemble in a classroom (lower right) to receive their letters and gifts. Each child is encouraged to acknowledge the letters he receives. Thus, many Breakfast Clubbers and patients become pen pals.

The institutions to be showered are selected from suggestions sent in by listeners. The only time individuals are named is when some national figure or some member of the Breakfast Club family is hospitalized. Individual recipients during the last year were: General Pershing, who died recently; Patsy Lee, Fran Allison and our own Tommy, who recovered from polio last fall.



Popular Poems and . . .

This yearbook is another result of your letters. Years ago, when you began to write for copies of Memory Time poems and Inspiration Time chats, Don found that the only practical way to fill your requests was to publish a book. The material he uses on the program is cleared only for radio broadcasts and, because of copyrights and other restrictions, it can not always be distributed or published. But once a year he secures publication rights to quite a few. Most of the popular readings of Don's fifteenth Breakfast Club year are printed on the following pages.

The most requested poem of the year, *The World Is Mine*, was clipped from the Chicago Sun. It was written by Dot Aaron of Chicago.

THE WORLD IS MINE

Today, upon a bus, I saw a lovely girl with golden hair.
I envied her, she seemed so gay, and wished I were as fair.

When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her hobble down the aisle;
She had one leg, and wore a crutch, and as she passed—a smile.

O God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two legs. The world is mine.

And then I stopped to buy some sweets. The lad who sold them had such charm
I talked with him—he seemed so glad—If I were late 'twould do no harm.

And as I left he said to me: "I thank you. You have been so kind.

"It's nice to talk with folks like you. You see," he said, "I'm blind."

O God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two eyes. The world is mine.

Later walking down the street, I saw a child with eyes of blue.

He stood and watched the others play; it seemed he knew not what to do.

I stopped a moment, then I said: "Why don't you join the others, dear?"

He looked ahead without a word, and then I knew—he could not hear.

O God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two ears. The world is mine.

With legs to take me where I'd go—
With eyes to see the sunset's glow—
With ears to hear what I would know—
O God, forgive me when I whine.
I'm blessed indeed. The world is mine!

Dot Aaron



Ennio Bolognini, Bill Krenz and Oscar Chausow frequently are called upon for solos at Memory Time.

The housewife is beatified in this selection. Sent in by Mrs. Joseph Sweeney of Kansas City, Kansas, it is published with the author's permission.

BEATITUDES FOR A HOUSEWIFE

Blessed is she whose daily tasks are a labor of love, for her willing hands and happy heart translate duty into privilege, and her labor becomes a service to God and all mankind.

Blessed is she who opens the door to welcome both stranger and well loved friend, for gracious hospitality is a test of brotherly love.

Blessed is she who mends stockings and toys and broken hearts, for her understanding is a balm to humanity.

Blessed is she who scours and scrubs, for well she knows that cleanliness is one expression of godliness.

Blessed is she whom children love, for the love of a child is more to be valued than fortune or fame.

Blessed is she who sings at her work, for music lightens the heaviest load and brightens the dulllest chore.

Blessed is she who dusts away doubt and fear and sweeps out the cobwebs of confusion, for her faith will triumph over all adversity.

Blessed is she who serves laughter and smiles with every meal, for her buoyancy of spirit is an aid to mental and physical digestion.

Blessed is she who preserves the sanctity of the Christian home, for hers is a sacred trust that crowns her with dignity.

Mary Mae Oesch

Inspirational Chats...1948

A mother, whose 20-year old son died of heart disease, found comfort in this poem by Edgar A. Guest. Her son's doctor, a Breakfast Club fan, gave it to her and now she wants to share it with all of us.

TO ALL PARENTS

"I'll lend you for a little time a child of mine, "He said
For you to love the while he lives, and mourn for when
he's dead.

It may be for six or seven years, or twenty-two or three;
But will you, till I call him back, take care of him for
me?

He'll bring his charms to gladden you; and should his
stay be brief,

You'll have his lovely memories as solace for your grief.

I cannot promise he will stay since all from earth return.
But there are lessons taught down there I want this
child to learn.

I've looked the wide world over, in my search for
teachers true,

And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes I have
selected you.

Now will you give him all your love nor think the
labor vain,

Nor hate Me when I come to call, to take him back
again?"

I fancied that I heard them say, "Dear Lord, Thy will be
done,

For all the joy Thy child will bring the risk of grief
we'll run.

We'll shelter him with tenderness, we'll love him while
we may

And for the happiness we have known forever grateful
stay;

But shall the angels call him much sooner than we've
planned,

We'll brave the bitter grief that comes and try to under-
stand."

*This poem is from the book ALL IN A LIFETIME
by Edgar A. Guest, Copyright 1938 by
The Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago.*

Dad criticized the sermon.

Mother thought the organist made a lot of mistakes.

Sister didn't like the choir's singing.

But they all shut up when little Willie piped up:

"Still it was a pretty good show for a nickel."

Some mothers go through the experience Toni
Moran writes about so entertainingly. Edna
Blaski of Denver, Colo., who sent in the poem,
and our own Aunt Fanny say it is too true to life.

SEE HERE, YOUNG LADY

She doesn't like my figure or the powder shade I wear.
She disapproves my posture and the way I do my hair.
She finds my voice displeasing and my humor "off the
beam."

No one could ever be the mess my daughter makes me
seem,

Not that she's ever rude, dear no, she simply oozes tact
In pointing out the virtues and the graces that I lack.

"Jenny's mother has a
figure that is simply
too divine."

(And her eyes will wan-
der sadly o'er this forty-
four of mine).

"Dottie's mother takes
us bowling, she can
roll two hundred ten!"

And "Mother, please
don't tell me that
you're wearing brown
again."

"Jill's mother's suit is
orchid, but of course
her skin is fair."

Then shyly, "Darling,
have you thought of
touching up your
hair?"

I know it's really funny and I've no cause to be hurt.
But sometimes it's a trifle thick, and that is when I blurt:
"Now, listen here, young lady, I'm no beauty, I agree,
But this is what God gave me and it's good enough for
me."

She retires in hurt silence, and I am left to muse
That I, a score of years ago, was standing in her shoes.

I blush now to remember the convictions that I carried
Concerning the shortcomings in the woman Father married.

Oh, age will bring her wisdom, so I keep my tongue in
cheek,

For the spirit may be willing, but the flesh is very weak.
I can't measure to her standards, but I'm waiting hope-
fully

For the day her daughter looks at her the way she looks
at me!

Toni Moran



FATHER DIAPERS THE BABY

It's quite a feat and I don't mean maybe
This business of diapering the baby;
But it's got to be done, and so I begin
Juggling a diaper and safety pin.

I survey him warily and he
Defiantly looks back at me.
Come now, baby, stay still a minute.
There! I almost had him in it!

It should be a simpler procedure, I know.
Was there ever a baby who wriggled so!
Come now, lad, there's no need to cry,
If anyone should be wailing, it's I.

He's in, he's out, he's up, he's down!
I wonder if my hair is still brown.
Allah be praised, the deed is done!
Ye gods! He needs another one!

May Richstone

TRIBUTE TO THE MOTHERS

Many years ago, a Chilean was visiting Buenos Aires, Argentina, where he was very kindly received, especially in the home of a well-known family. Upon leaving the capital, he asked the lady of the house to bring the family album, and he wrote therein the following as a token of his gratitude:

"Milady, there is a woman who has something of divineness because of the immensity of her love; a woman who when young, has the bearing of age, and who when old, has the vigor of youth; a woman who, if untaught, discovers the secret of life with a greater wisdom than a sage; who, if educated, accommodates herself to the simplicity of children; a woman who, being poor, is content with the happiness of those whom she loves, and being rich, would gladly give all her wealth in order not to suffer in her heart the pangs of ingratitude; a woman, who being vigorous, shudders at the cry of a baby, and being weak, sometimes is invested with the might of a lion; a woman, who while she is alive, we do not know how to appreciate, because at her side all pain is forgotten, but who, after she is dead, we would give everything we are and everything we have to see her again, to receive one sole embrace, to hear one word from her lips . . . Do not ask me the name of this woman, if you do not want me to dampen the pages of your album with tears, because I saw her pass my way . . .

When your children grow up, read this page to them; and they, covering your face with kisses will tell you that an humble traveler, in token payment of many kindnesses received, left here, a sketch of a Mother."

This tribute is based on fact, according to its author, the honorary consul of Chile — *E. de Solminibac*



A conscientious effort has been made to give proper credit to the authors whose works are published in this book. If we have failed, we ask forgiveness of the author and his permission to rectify the error in subsequent editions. We wish to thank all who have cooperated with us.



Carmen Judson has a beautiful, prayer-like way of saying "the best things in life are free!"

SUNSETS FOR SALE

Suppose that people had to pay
To see a sunset's crimson play,
And the magic stars of the Milky way . .

Suppose it was fifty cents a night
To see the great moon's saffron light,
Or watch a gull in its graceful flight.

Suppose God charged us for flowers and rain
Put a purchase price on a bird's glad strain
Of music . . . the dawn mist on the plain.

How much would an autumn landscape cost,
Or a window etched with winter frost,
And the rainbow's glory, so quickly lost?

How much, I wonder, would it be worth
To smell the good, brown, fragrant earth
In spring . . . The miracles of birth . . .

And love? How much would people pay
For the laugh of a child at close of day;
Suppose God charged us for that, I say:

Suppose we paid for a glimpse of hills,
For the song of rippling mountain-rills,
And the mating song of the whip-poor-wills;

For curving green breakers on the sea,
For grace, and beauty, and majesty,
And all those things He gives us free;

Ah, what a poor return for these
We yield at night on bended knees
Forgetting thanksgiving . . . mumbling please . . .

Ignoring the moonlight across the floor,
The voice of a friend at the open door,
We beg the Master for more—and more!

Carmen Judson

We are indebted to Vera G. Howard of New Orleans, La., for sending us this lovely poem.

FOR YOU

The things you loved I have not laid away
To molder in the darkness, year by year;
The songs you sang, the books you read each day
Are all about me, intimate and dear.

I do not keep your chair a thing apart,
Lonely and empty—desolate to view—
But if one comes a-weary, sick at heart—
I seat him there and comfort him—for you.

I do not go apart in grief and weep,
For I have known your tenderness and care.
Such memories are joys, that we may keep
And so I pray for those whose lives are bare.

I may not daily go and scatter flowers
Where you are sleeping 'neath the sun and dew—
But if one lies in pain through weary hours,
I send flowers there, dear heart—for you.

Life claims our best, you would not have me waste
A single day in selfish idle woe.
I fancy that I hear you bid me haste
Lest I should sadly falter as I go.

Perchance so much that now seems incomplete
Was left in my poor way to do,
And I shall love to tell you—when we meet—
That I have done your errands, dear, for you.

Ida Blakeman Issertell

MOTHERS-IN-LAW

Some of the stories are kind of raw
That are being told about mothers-in-law
That she's always mad and in a fuss
And when she is, she will rave and cuss.
And when she's really on a big tear
She'll gnash her teeth and pull her hair.

But all these stories, both old and new;
Are a lot of bunk and just not true.
For all of us know she's a good old gal
And, if treated right, is a regular pal.
Of course, she likes to give advice,
And when she does, just treat her nice.

And you will find, if you treat her
right,
She is ready to help you, day or night.
If you are in trouble or sick and in
pain,
She'll come if you call her and never
complain.

So, when you just feel like wringing
her neck,
It may be yours that needs it, by heck!

Author Unknown



Whenever mothers-in-law are saluted on the Breakfast Club Sam assumes the pose you see above. Actually, he and his mother-in-law are real good friends.

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 clubhouse.

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 by gouty-looking gentlemen who require a different implement for every mood.

The game is played on carefully selected grass with little white balls and as many clubs as the player can afford. It is possible to support a family 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. It is 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 the 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 shower, glass of lemonade, sings "Sweet Adeline" with six or eight other liars and calls it the end of a perfect day.

Anonymous

VIRTUES OF THE DOG

He neither forgets you nor neglects to welcome
your home-coming.

He doesn't talk back.

He accepts whatever you do as right.

He does not gossip or backbite.

His life is a sermon on unselfish affection without
hope of reward.

In prompt obedience he is a model for children.

He will run his four legs off to make you or your
children happy.

Like a real hero he will risk his life for you
and yours.

If children are rough, he will endure it.

If children are unkind, he will forgive it.

If he does not get enough to eat, he will forget it.

If you burden him too heavily, he will bear up as
best he can.

He is thankful for his simple food.

He seldom sulks or long retains a
misunderstanding.

His added friends do not lessen his
affection for you.

He does not question your dress or
station in life.

He respects your temperament and
seeks to please you.

He does not bore you with his troubles.

He is polite and thanks you with a wag
of his tail for every kind word or act.

He does not bore you with his troubles.
asking why.

He trusts you supremely and is the very
embodiment of faith, hope, and love.

Author Unknown

This poem was responsible for preventing a divorce
action. A woman had sent the children to her mother,
had packed her clothes and was waiting for a cab when
Don read "Precaution" at Memory Time. It touched her
so deeply that she dismissed the cab when it arrived,
unpacked and sent for the children.

PRECAUTION

They say a wife and husband, bit by bit,
Can rear between their lives a mighty wall,
So thick they can not talk with ease through it,
Nor can they see across, it stands so tall!
Its nearness frightens them, but each alone
Is powerless to tear its bulk away,
And each, dejected, wishes he had known
For such a wall, some magic thing to say.

So let us build with master art, my dear,
A bridge of faith your life and mine,
A bridge of tenderness, and very near
A bridge of understanding, strong and fine—
Till we have formed so many lovely ties
There never will be room for walls to rise.

Elaine Evans

TO ANY DADDY

There are little eyes upon you,
And they're watching night and day;
There are little ears that quickly
Take in every word you say;
There are little hands all eager
To do anything you do;
And a little boy who's dreaming
Of the day he'll be like you.

You're the little fellow's idol;
You're the wisest of the wise,
In his little mind about you,
No suspicions ever rise;
He believes in you devoutly,
Holds that all you say and do,
He will say and do, in your way
When he's grown up like you.

There's a wide-eyed little fellow,
Who believes you're always right;
And his ears are always open,
And he watches day and night.
You are setting an example
Every day, in all you do,
For the little boy who's waiting
To grow up to be like you.

Author Unknown

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

"TEN WAYS TO KILL A SOCIETY"

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



At the rate requests for copies of this anonymous verse are pouring in, it may become one of Breakfast Club's all-time favorites. It was submitted by Arebie Grant of Folcraft, Pa.

THE MASTER IS COMING

They said: "The Master is coming
To honor the town today,
And none can tell at whose house or home
The Master will choose to stay."
And I thought while my heart beat wildly,
What if He should come to mine?
How would I strive to entertain
And honor the Guest, divine?

And straight I turned to toiling,
To make my home more neat;
I swept, and polished, and garnished,
And decked it with blossoms sweet;
I was troubled for fear the Master
Might come ere my task was done,
And I hastened and worked the faster,
And watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties
A woman came to my door;
She had come to tell me her sorrows,
And my comfort and aid to implore.
And I said: "I cannot listen,
Nor help you any today,
I have greater things to attend to."
And the pleader turned away.

But there soon came another—
A cripple, thin, pale and gray—
And said: "Oh, let me stop and rest
Awhile in your home, I pray!

And I said: "I am grieved and sorry,
But I cannot help you today,
I look for a great and noble Guest."
And the cripple went away.

And I thought I would spring to meet Him
And serve Him with utmost care,
When a little child stood by me,
With face so sweet and fair—

And I said: "I am sorry for you,
You are sorely in need of care,
But I cannot stop to give it,
You must hasten off elsewhere."

I waited till night had deepened,
And the Master had not come;
"He entered some other door," I cried
"And gladdened some other home!"

Then the Master stood before me,
And His face was grave and fair;
"Three times today I came to your door,
And craved your pity and care;
Three times you sent Me onward,
Unhelped and uncomfited,
And the blessing you might have had was lost
And your chance to serve has fled."

"O Lord, dear Lord, forgive me!
How could I know it was Thee?"
My very soul was shamed and bowed
In the depths of humility.
And He said: "The sin is pardoned,
But the blessing is lost to thee,
For, comforting not the least of Mine,
Ye have failed to comfort Me."

Author Unknown

To ease the load as we travel along
life's road, many Breakfast Clubbers
have found inspiration in this selected verse.

MY BURDEN

God laid upon my back a grievous
load—
A heavy cross to bear along the
road—
I staggered on and lo, one weary day
An angry lion sprang along my way.
I prayed to God; and swift at His
command
My cross became a weapon in my hand.
It slew my raging enemy, and then,
Became a cross upon my back again.

I faltered many a league, until at
length
Groaning, I fell, and had no further strength,
"O God," I cried, "I am so weary and lame:"
Then straight my cross a winged staff became.

It swept me on, till I regained my loss;
Then leaped upon my back again a cross.
I reached a desert, o'er the burning track
I persevered, the cross upon my back.

No shade was there, and in the burning sun
I sank at last; and thought my days were done.
But lo: God works many a glad surprise
The cross became a tree before my eyes.

I slept. I woke to find the strength of ten
I found the cross upon my back again.
And thus through all my days, from that to this
My cross, my burden, had become my bliss.

Nor ever shall I lay the burden down;
For God some day will make the cross a crown.

Selected



In Memoriam



Don's first appearance on "Breakfast In Hollywood" in February, 1948, was also the last time the two friends met.

TOM BRENNEMAN R.I.P.

Born June 18, 1900

Died April 28, 1948

*Don's Memory Time tribute to our good friend, Tom Breneman,
is reprinted here by request*

I was just finishing breakfast after our show April 28, when my secretary, Mary Canny, was called to the phone. She came back to the table and told us the news: Tom Breneman had died a few hours before. We all sat around speechless — just couldn't believe it . . . a shock-stunned silence. I left the table, went to my office and turned on my radio to Tom's program as I have done countless mornings before. Instead of that cheery voice and familiar chuckle — organ music and solemn voices paying tribute to Tom. Then the full meaning of it all hit me right between the eyes.

I had made one of my usual cracks about Tom just a few minutes before on the air. Maybe he would have made some remark about me this very morning if his voice weren't stilled. Maybe some of you think "Don, aren't you kind of ashamed of yourself at some of those jokes you pulled about Tom? and my answer is "no." No, I am proud of them—not the jokes of course, but proud of having such a good friend on the air with whom I could exchange insults and not mean a word of it. And I am happy to say Tom felt the very same way.

I will never forget the first time we met face to face in 1946. He was here in Chicago for the premiere of his picture, "Breakfast in Hollywood." The good-natured kidding of each other that we exchanged on the air had already gone on for several years. It was just one of those things that sort of grew naturally from remarks of people we would interview. It was not a planned feud in any sense. We had written many letters to each other and talked on the phone before this meeting but I will never forget the actual handshake itself. We were in Tom's room as we shook hands, we both said: "Why you old son of a gun!" And then we sat down and looked at one another. It was just like that — two old friends who had never met before; both admired, both respected each other and we weren't afraid to say so.

From then on we met every time we could, climaxed by the visit that Kay and I had with Tom at his restaurant in Hollywood just two months ago. He *did* look

tired and he told me he was taking a long rest with Billie — that's Mrs. Breneman. He wanted to know about my family and I about his. He was in fine spirits as usual and we thoroughly enjoyed his show. That show and his family were Tom's life.

"Keep the show going" was his motto; "Keep them laughing" was his creed. And most of you don't realize how hard that is some times when you don't feel like laughing yourself. There were mornings I know when Tom would much rather have slept than to face his audience but if he were able, he was there.

My first thought was that this morning I should make this whole show of ours a tribute to Tom, but I don't think that's the way he would want it to be. He would say, "Listen, McNeill, make some cracks about me — the worse the better — that's what I'd like." So I am trying to put all I feel about Tom and his tragic loss into these few words now and then try and carry on the rest of the show as always—as he would want it.

Tom, who gave away so many things on his show, gave most of himself — more than you knew — until now; and I want his grand wife, Billie, their son Tom Jr. and their daughter, Gloria Anne, to know that the prayers of Kay, Tom, Donnie and Bobbie McNeill, as well as every member of the Breakfast Club cast are with them. We will always remember the picture of that jolly man whose kidding about his age made us forget he was really only 47. His silly hats and chuckle were his trademark. It's a paradox that he who loved and respected old folks so much never lived to become one himself. But God knows best, and so I know you will say right with me:

"May he be lovingly remembered
So long as there are radios to dial
And orchids and good neighbors live in sunshine
So long as people still can laugh and smile.

We are all so speedily forgotten
When life on this earth must end—
But don't forget—Tom Breneman.
Yesterday we lost a friend!"

Favorite Inspiration Time Chats

A neighborhood baseball game inspired Don to tell the story of "The Kid Who Always Struck Out" on Memory Time last August.

THE KID WHO ALWAYS STRUCK OUT

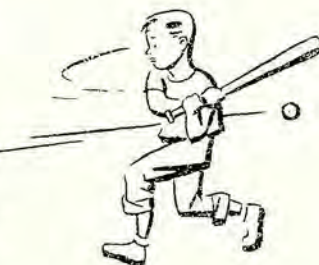
There's usually one on every team from every neighborhood.
A boy who can't quite make the grade; a lad, misunderstood.
His heart and soul in every play, he tried for every fly,
But he just can't field like the other boys; the ball goes zooming by.

And when his turn comes at the plate, the other side will shout
"Put 'em across—this guy can't hit!" He's the kid who always strikes out.
You'll never know the bitter pain nor the teardrops in his eye
As he stands there lost and awkward as that called third strike goes by.

Each game for him is a bitter draught, no fun and laughter there
He wants to be like the other lads without a worldly care.
But his whole world crashes at his feet, he's a mass of gloom and doubt
He'd like a hole to crawl into, each time that he strikes out.

His team mates somehow seem to sense that he can't quite make the grade,
There's indifference there, a sickly grin and then smiles so quickly fade:
He could stay home—all alone, and give up the game, of course
But he wants so hard to be one of them; it's a constant driving force.

So he grits his teeth and buoys his hopes, he's the last kid each side chooses.
Then it starts again—his bungling hands, and of course his ball team loses.
You watch the kid. You can't help admire the spirit in that breast
As he stumbles on and fluffs again and fails his every test.
And you somehow feel there'll come a day in another world perhaps
Where he'll get a chance and come flying thru like the other lucky chaps.
In the Great Beyond you can see him grin as the angels cheer and shout—
For that home run he's smashed o'er the Pearly Gates—the kid who always struck out.



Don McNeill

THE GAME GUY'S PRAYER

Dear God: Help me to be a sport in this little game of life. I don't ask for any easy place in the line up; play me anywhere You need me. I only ask for the stuff to give You 100 per cent of what I've got. If all the hard drives seem to come my way, I thank You for the compliment. Help me to remember that You won't ever let anything come my way that You and I can't handle. And help me to take bad breaks as part of the game. Help me to understand that the game is full of knots and knocks and trouble and make me thankful for them. Help me to get so that the harder they come the better I like it.

And, O God, help me to always play on the square. No matter what the other players do, help me to come clean. Help me to study and think a lot about the Greatest Player that lived, and other great players that are told about in the Book. If they found out that the best part of the game was helping other guy's who were out of luck, help me to find it out, too. Help me to be a regular fellow with the other players.

Finally, O God, if fate seems to upper cut me with both hands and I'm laid on the shelf in sickness or old age or something, help me to take that as part of the game, too. Help me not to whimper or squeal that the game was a frame up or that I had a raw deal.

When in the falling dusk I get the final bell, I ask for no lying complimentary stones. I'd only like to know that You feel that I've been a good, game guy.

Author Unknown

MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

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

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

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

Author Unknown

Because so many Breakfast Clubbers have experienced the joys that a child brings to home life, these verses by Frank Carleton Nelson have been frequently requested.

OUR BABY

We haven't had her very long, about a year I guess,
But she's changed our way of doing things, I really must
confess,
We used to like to travel 'round and o'er the country
roam,
But now we find a greater joy in
staying right at home.
We used to keep our house just
so, the upstairs and the down.
'Twas said we had the neatest
home of anyone in town;
We never changed a table, or a
dresser, or a chair;
We had a place for everything and
always kept it there.

Our lives were sort o' habit like,
we lived the system way,
Folks would come and call on us,
but never seemed to stay,
They'd always say, "we can't stay
long, we must be going on."
And then we'd sit and wonder
When our company was gone.

We couldn't understand it, for we
tried to treat them fine,
I told my wife the fault was hers,
she said that it was mine—

But everything is changed today, the people that we
know
Come and spend their hours with us and seem to hate
to go.

Little things that babies like are lying here and there,
And the furniture about the house is scattered every-
where.

The house is topsy-turvy, but we're living just the same,
Living as we never lived before the baby came,
Singing songs we never sang before we heard the voice
Of that baby God has sent us just to make our hearts
rejoice.

We marvel at the changes in our lives the baby's
wrought,
But we've learned the greatest lesson that has ever yet
been taught;
That to fill a home with pleasure and with happiness
to spare,
The only way to do it is to have a baby there.

From Poems of Everyday Life by Frank Carleton Nelson



The brightest little star in Jack Owens' life is his littlest daughter, Noel Owens.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Make me a wise mother, O God. Keep me calm and give me patience to bear the cares and worries of the daily routine of life.

Give me tolerance and understanding to bridge the gulf which exists between my generation and that of my children.

Help me to bear silently the physical and mental pain of these days and of those I love by reminding me that only through suffering can we comprehend the distress of others.

Let me not be too ready to guide my children's stumbling feet, but allow me to be ever near to bind their bruises.

Give me a sense of humor that I may laugh with them but never at them.

Let me refrain from preaching with words. Keep me from forcing their confidences, but give me a sympathetic ear when my children come to me.

Help me to teach them that life must not be filled with compromises, but must be replete with victories.

Make me humble.

Keep my children close to me, O Lord, though miles may separate us.

AND LET THY LIGHT SHINE ON ME THAT THEY TOO MAY PERCEIVE THY GLORY. AMEN.

Ruth Semrall Mackoy

OLD FRIENDS

New friends I cherish, and treasure their worth
But old friends, to me, are the salt of the earth.
Friends are like garments, that everyone wears —
New ones are needed for dress-up affairs.

But when we're at leisure, we're more apt to choose
The clothes that we purchased with last season's shoes.
Things we grow used to, are things we love best —
The ones we are certain have weathered the test.

And isn't it true (since we're talking of friends),
That new ones bring pleasure when everything blends,
But when we want someone who thinks as we do
And who fits, as I mentioned, like last Summer's shoe —

We turn to the friends who have stuck thru' the years
Who echo our laughter, and dry all our tears;
They know every weakness and fault we possess
But somehow forget them, in friendship's caress.

The story is ancient — yet fragrant and sweet —
I've said it before, so just let me repeat
"New friends I cherish, and treasure their worth
But old friends, to me, are the salt of the earth."

Author Unknown

High on the popularity list of Memory Time poems are these verses, clipped from Bob White's Scrapbook.

THE ADOPTED BABY

For fifteen years the house was neatly kept,
The floors each morning by the maid were swept,
The chairs were dusted and they held their place,
Like guards of honor, stern and grim of face.

They called it home, for love abided there,
But love needs more to feed on than a chair.
Order is Heaven's first law, the sages say.
I think myself, God smiles on disarray.

The disarray of little girls and boys,
The sweet disorder of discarded toys.
The bibs and frocks, the pretty bits of lace,
Which show there is a baby in the place.

For fifteen years the house was fair to see,
But lovelier far today it seems to me,
Upon the sofa, always stiff and clean,
Bottles and blankets and booties are seen.

And in a corner now a carriage stands,
Order has vanished at a babe's demands.
The home is different now, and so is she
And so by all that's wonderful is he.

They call this act adoption, but it gleams,
With God's fulfillment of long cherished dreams,
For there has come the happiness He gives,
To every home wherein a baby lives.

Clipped from Bob White's Scrapbook



The "adopted" daughter of the Breakfast Club is Patsy Lee, the 20-year old Oakland, Calif. sweetie, who first appeared on the show as a guest in October, 1946.

MA'S TOOLS

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

The caster on the table leg
Fell out. Pa said a wooden peg
Would fix it up. But ma kep' mum
An' fixed it with a wad of gum.

We could scarce open our front door,
It stuck so tight. And pa, he swore
He'd "buy a plane" as big as life —
Ma fixed it with the carving knife.

The bureau drawer got stuck one day,
An', push or pull, 'twas there to stay.
Says pa, "Some day 'twill shrink, I hope."
Ma fixed it with a piece of soap.

The window-shade got out of whack,
'Twould not pull down, nor yet roll back.
Pa says, "No one can fix that thing."
Ma fixed it with a piece of string.

One day our old clock wouldn't start.
Pa said he'd take it all apart
Some day an' fix the ol' machine.
Ma soused the works in gasoline.

The garden-gate latch broke one day,
Cows ate our sweet corn up. An' say,
Pa scolded like a house afire!
Ma fixed the latch up with hay wire.

So when my things gets out of fix
Do I ask pa to mend 'em? Nix!
But ma just grabs what's near at hand
An' togs things up to beat the band.

Author Unknown

TO A NEW DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

Forgive me if I speak possessively
Of him, who now is yours, yet still is mine;
Call it the silver cord disparagingly
And weave new colors in an old design,

Yet know the warp was started long ago.
By faltering step, by syllable and sound,
By all the years in which I watched him grow . . .
By all the season's turnings are we bound.

But now, I loose the cord, untie the knot,
Unravel years so he is yours alone.
And if there is a message I forgot
Or something that could help you, had you known,

I shall be waiting, hoping you will see
That him you love is also loved by me.

Hannah Kahn

Mrs. Elmer Knitter of Bridgeman, Mich., sent Don this poem which he read on the day before Christmas.

READY FOR CHRISTMAS

"Ready for Christmas," she said
with a sigh,
As she gave a last touch to the gifts
piled high.
Then wearily sat for a moment
and read
Till soon, very soon, she was nodding
her head.

Then quietly spoke a voice in her
dream,
"Ready for Christmas? What do you
mean?"

Ready for Christmas, when only
last week
You wouldn't acknowledge your
friend on the street?

"Ready for Christmas, while holding
a grudge?

Perhaps you had better let God be the judge.
Why, how can the Christ-child come and abide
In a heart that is selfish and filled with pride?

"Ready for Christmas, when only today
A heggar lad came and you turned him away
Without even a smile to show that you cared?
The little he asked — it could have been spared.

"Ready for Christmas? You've worked, it is true,
But just doing the things that you wanted to do.
Ready for Christmas? Your circle's too small.
Why, you are not ready for Christmas at all!"

She awoke with a start, and a cry of despair,
"There's so little time, and I've still to prepare!
O Father, forgive me, I see what you mean,
To be ready means more than a house swept clean!"

Yes, more than the giving of gifts and a tree,
It's the heart swept clean that He wants to see,
A heart that is free from bitterness — sin
Ready for Christmas — and ready for Him!

Alice Hansche Mortenson

AFFLICTION

God would not send you the darkness, dear,
If he felt you could bear the light,
But you could not cling to His guiding hand,
If the way were always bright,
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true, He has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear
Many a cruel thorn-crown
For your tired head to wear—
He knows how few would reach Heaven at all
If pain did not guide them there.
So He sends you the blinding darkness



*Aunt Fanny (Fran Allison) knows that Sam is
"Santa Claus' worst helper."*

And the furnace of seven-fold heat,
'Tis the only way believe me
To keep you close to His feet.
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your
Father's
And sing if you can as you go,
For song may cheer some one be-
hind you
Whose courage is sinking low;
And well if your lips do quiver—
God will love you better so.

Author Unknown

THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND

'Twas battered and scarred, and the
auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old
violin,
But he held it up with a smile,
"What am I bid, good folks,"
he cried,

"Who'll start the bidding for me?"
"A dollar, a dollar"; then, "Two! Only two?"
Two dollars, and who'll make it three?
Three dollars, once; three dollars, twice;
Going for three—" but no,
From the room, far back, a gray-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow;
Then, wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening the loose strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet
As a caroling angel sings.

The music ceased, and the auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said: "What am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.
"A thousand dollars, and who'll make it two?"
Two thousand! And who'll make it three?
Three thousand, once, three thousand, twice,
And going, and gone," said he.
The people cheered, but some of them cried,
"We do not quite understand
What changed its worth." Swift came the reply:
"The touch of a master's hand."

And many a man with life out of tune,
And battered and scarred with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd,
Much like the old violin.
A "mess of pottage," a glass of wine;
A game—and he travels on.
He is "going" once, and "going" twice,
He's "going" and almost "gone."
But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul and the change that's wrought
By the touch of the Master's hand.

*From "The Touch of the Master's Hand,"
by Myra Brooks Welch, Brethern
Publishing House, Elgin, Ill., 1941.*

ALL-TIME MEMORY TIME

In the following poems we have proof that some verses are ageless. These four, at least, have stood the test of time and are the most requested poems on Memory Time.

TO A CHILD THAT INQUIRES

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

JUST A BOY

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

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

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

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

*This poem is from the book
"WHEN DAY IS DONE" by
Edgar A. Guest, copyrighted
1921 by The Reilly & Lee
Co., Chicago.*

DID CHRIST HAVE A LITTLE BLACK DOG?

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

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

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

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

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

Elizabeth Gardner Reynolds

FAVORITES... BY REQUEST

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 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 me there are thirteen lunar months in the year.

In all there are 12 face cards to the suite, which tells me 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 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

For four years now, Don Dowd has kept us informed and entertained with those fine Swift & Company commercials. He plays many character parts on the show, including that of the Swift Butter & Egg man from Brookfield Corners.



Introducing Franklyn Ferguson, well known announcer, who is handling the first quarter KIX and Betty Crocker Soup commercials on Breakfast Club for General Mills.

Bob (Ace) Murphy has announced the fourth quarter-hour on Breakfast Club for the Philco Corporation since 1946. He is also the announcer on The Quiz Kids program, which makes it possible for him to tolerate Sam.





Clockwise, but no clock watchers, are: Betty Bean, Sam Cowling, Jeanne McNeely, Cliff Petersen, Mary Canny, Don, Helen Warren and Jim Bennett.

Office Party...



Fred Montiegel

A farewell party for Jeanne McNeely, who left Don's office in July to concentrate on home making, brought all but one member of the Breakfast Club business staff to the luncheon table. Fred Montiegel was called to the printers the day of the party, but we caught him at his desk later. He has helped publish all the Breakfast Club books.

Of the seven staff members who help Don behind the scenes, three of them are employed by the American Broadcasting Company. They are Producer Cliff Petersen and his secretary, Betty Bean, and Sam Cowling.

As Don's personal representative, Silent Jim Bennett is responsible for booking all Breakfast Club personal appearances. His secretary is Helen Warren, who succeeded Jeanne McNeely.

Mary Canny is starting her sixth year as Don's personal secretary. Her work day, poor girl, starts at 7 a.m. and usually does not end until 5 p.m.

Sponsors' Party...

The start of a new year with a fine old sponsor or the advent of a new sponsor on Breakfast Club is usually celebrated with a party and a thankful bow from the cast.

Swift & Company was Don's first sponsor. They started with a quarter-hour, three times a week, over 75 stations on February 8, 1941. Now they sponsor a half-hour, five times a week, over the ABC network of 265 stations in the United States, Canada and Hawaii.

September 3 is another sponsor anniversary. On that day in 1945 the Philco Corporation bought the fourth quarter-hour.

On August 16, 1948, we welcomed General Mills to the sponsoring family. They took over the first quarter-hour from Toni.



At an ABC breakfast, celebrating the start of Swift & Company's eighth year as sponsor of the Breakfast Club, Don and Vernon D. Beatty, advertising manager, are button-holed by Lee Mathison.



Jimmy Carmine, who is vice president in charge of many things at Philco, was the perfect host when Don did the broadcast and telecast from Philadelphia on May 12.



Don shares his bowl of KIX with Conkling Buckley, Jr. with the approval of Ed Smith, General Mills' radio director. Young Buckley stopped the show on Aug. 20 when he told Don that he wanted to be a baby doctor.

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"This is your Toastmaster, Don McNeill, saying so long and be good to yourself"

If you have wondered what Don means by "be good to yourself" as he signs off the Breakfast Club each morning, perhaps this explanation by John S. Phillips will answer your question.



After fifteen years of Breakfast Clubbing, Don McNeill's crystal anniversary ball tells the same old story. Tomorrow's program will be another premiere.

BE GOOD TO YOURSELF

Of course, not meanly and selfishly. If you make a blunder, recognize it, but do not punish yourself harshly by constant thoughts of self-criticism. How do you like it if a friend frequently brings up your mistakes? Learn what you can quickly from a failure and then bury the thought of it; act toward yourself as a real, kindly friend should.

BE GENEROUS TO YOURSELF

Satisfy reasonable desires for things and pleasures. Too many of us have inherited repressions of false ideas of the virtue of self-sacrifice. We give up something longed for and feel noble—also uncomfortable and regretful. Most of us know mothers, sisters, fathers, whose stern sacrifices bring only sympathetic pain to those for whom they are made. We need to reform our self-appointed martyrs. If you are one, begin the reform with yourself. You will add to your own joy of life; and that is contagious and spreads to those about you.

IF BAD LUCK BEFALLS YOU

Don't go off alone and pity yourself. Your best friend doesn't keep reminding you of your troubles. He helps you to forget them. You have to live with yourself a long while, so be friendly and encourage yourself in misfortune that you may go bravely ahead.

THINK WELL OF YOURSELF

You like the praise of friends and family. All right! When you know you've done a good job, say so to yourself. When you have moments of seeing clearly your own abilities, dwell on them and get satisfaction from seeing them. Of course, you must not be a silly egotist! Look at yourself as you would like to have others do, who may or may not speak out. Be just, not belittling.

IT SUMS UP — into a practical corollary of the Golden Rule:

**DO UNTO YOURSELF AS YOU WOULD
HAVE OTHERS DO UNTO YOU.**

John S. Phillips

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