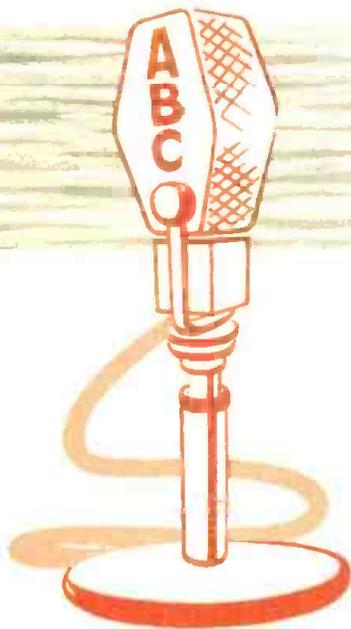


the
Breakfast Club... 1949 Yearbook



My 1949
Breakfast Club
Diary

Don McNeill



BORROWED FROM

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

Editor's Note



Although Don McNeill does not keep a personal diary in the literal sense, he does use his desk pad and the backs of envelopes to highlight the principal events of his busy days.

Thanks to Don's prolific pen and to his personal staff, who faithfully kept these scraps of paper, we are able to present the Toastmaster's personal impressions and comments of his 16th year on the Breakfast Club.

The story of the year is told chronologically. It began with the visit of the Governor of Idaho and his unexpected welcome.

Governor C. A. Robins of Idaho is still able to smile after his unexpected Breakfast Club foot bath. Don offers to dry him off, but the Governor threatens to come prepared with hip boots the next time.



Where's the Guv?

While clowning for a photographer, who was "covering" Governor C. A. Robins at the Breakfast Club, the gang upset the breakfast table and a pitcher of water. The first row of spectators, including the Governor who is at the extreme right where Announcer Bob Murphy is mopping up, were liberally doused with water. As you can see from their expressions, the audience thoroughly enjoyed it.

Aug. 26, 1948
Mustn't forget this one for the 1949 yearbook
The governor sure was a good sport!



No Contest
 Don has eye for beauty . . .
 and it's not directed at
 Sam's hirsute limb.
 Lois Nettleton wins without a contest.



The Governor of Idaho yielded to his neighboring state on August 27 when two Nevada beauties visited the Breakfast Club. Margaret Moseley of Reno and Alice Brady of Las Vegas were in town to call attention to the fact that present-day Nevada was granted to the United States 100 years ago by Mexico in the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

Miss Chicago was in the audience, too. A niece of one of Breakfast Club's sponsors, Lois Nettleton, made "Swift" work of Sam's challenge to a "calf contest."



*Sam loses a calf-
 contest to Miss Chicago*



OUTSHINE BIG NAMES ON VIDEO

BY JACK MABLEY

For all the money spent on the big 100-minute variety show with stars like Jerry Colonna, Ginny Simms, Borge, and Paul Whiteman and 60 musicians, we liked the Breakfast Club half hour better.

Don McNeill, Fran Allison, Sam Cowling, Jack Owens and Patsy Lee all are brimming with talent and do a smooth, graceful job of entertaining.

ABC has a gold mine of television stars in those five alone, and we hope they are on the air regularly soon.

— Chicago Daily News

Jack Mabley,
Chicago Daily News
television critic,
throws the Breakfast Club
a big bouquet.



Several television "packages" have been offered Don McNeill and the Breakfast Club cast, but none has been opened. There is no "Pandora mystery" about these unopened packages. It is simply a question of timing.

Breakfast Club has been televised in Philadelphia, New Orleans and Chicago.

These experiments were successful from the viewpoint of everyone except the cast. Outside of New York

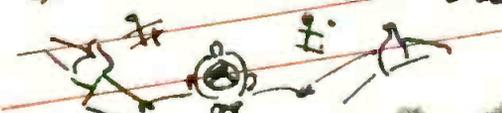
City there is no morning television programming as yet. Rehearsals and performances for an evening television show are difficult for the Breakfast Club cast to schedule as long as they have to prepare for five hours of AM broadcasting a week.

When these problems are solved, or when the right kind of a format is developed, you may be able to see as well as hear the Breakfast Club.



Sept. 17-1948

~~WENR-TV~~ — ~~we helped open~~
~~WENR-TV in Chicago~~
~~with a half-hour~~ * *
~~television show?~~



On Stage!

Sans script, and smeared with television makeup, the Breakfast Club kept a dinner date with Chicago video fans.

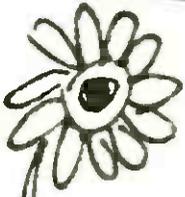
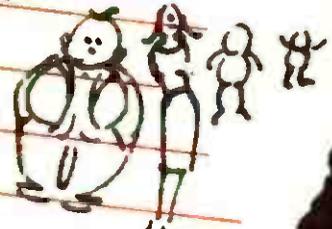
During the last twelve months, 462 organizations in 36 states, the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Canada asked Don McNeill and the Breakfast Club cast to do personal appearance shows in their communities. Invitations were accepted in Topeka, Nashville, Kansas City, New Orleans, Dallas, Fort Worth, San Antonio, Houston, Worcester, Baltimore and Washington, D.C.

Because of the strain of doing five hour-long early morning broadcasts each week, personal appearances are limited to one a month.

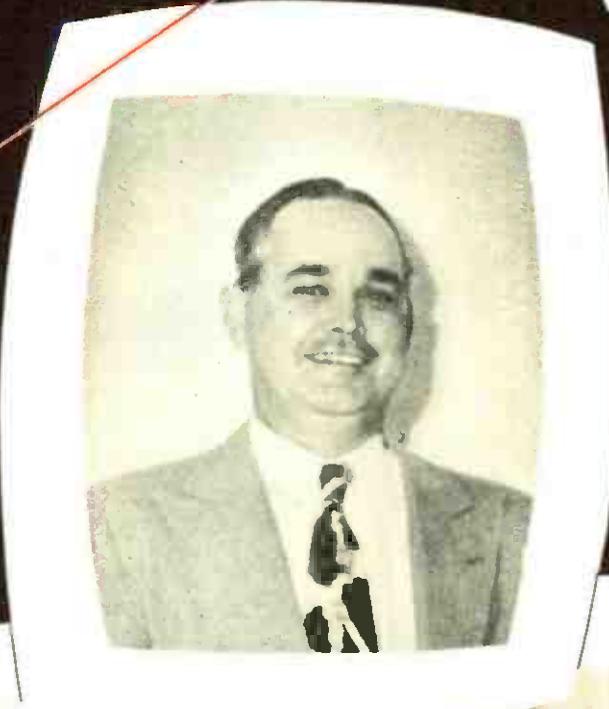
Topeka, Kansas, was the first stop on the Breakfast Club's fall and winter personal appearance schedule. Here, on September 25, a two-hour show was staged for 4,000 Breakfast Club fans. Sponsored by the Kiwanis Club of Topeka, the appearance helped the club's work among underprivileged children.

An added attraction at this show was the stage appearance of Jack Baker, who sang and ad-libbed on the Breakfast Club from 1936 to 1944. He is still a favorite at Radio Station KCMO in Kansas City, Missouri.

Sept. 25, 1948
 Our old friend
 Jack Baker came over
 to see our show at
 Topeka, Kansas

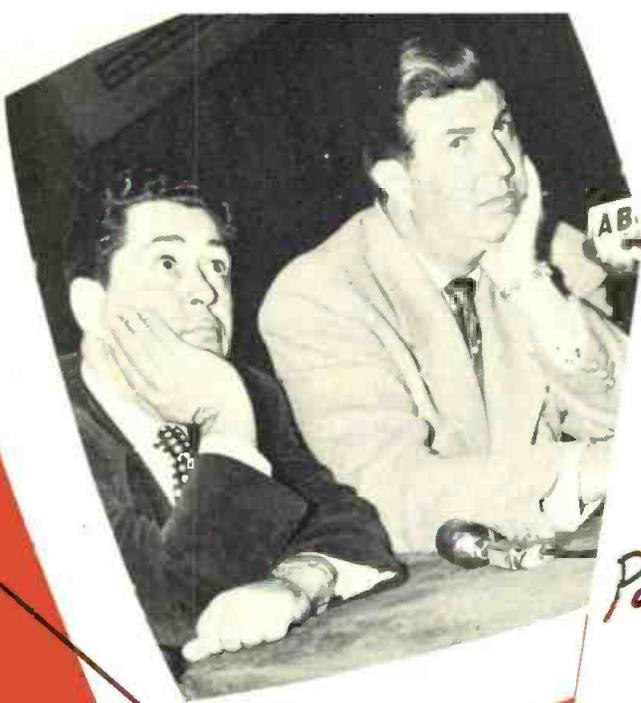
(4 Bakers now)



What's Missing?
 Don says there are two things missing from this Topeka picture of Jack Baker. One is his cigar and the other is his chewing gum. The "Louisiana Lark" still has that infectious grin and laugh.



Who's Homesick?
 Backstage at Topeka's Municipal Auditorium everyone seems to be happy but Patsy Lee. Left to right, you can identify Sam Cowling, Fran Allison (Aunt Fanny), Don McNeill and Eddie Ballantine by their grins and Patsy by a faraway look.



Wee is us!



When the American Broadcasting Company took over the Little Theater in the Civic Opera Building last fall for its radio and television shows, the Breakfast Club lost its original home — Studio A on the 15th floor of the Merchandise Mart.

Tons of corn, hundreds of lost chords and millions of laughs and sighs had accumulated during Breakfast Club's 4,577 broadcasts from this studio. The problem of moving physical effects like microphones, instruments and furnishings was easily solved.

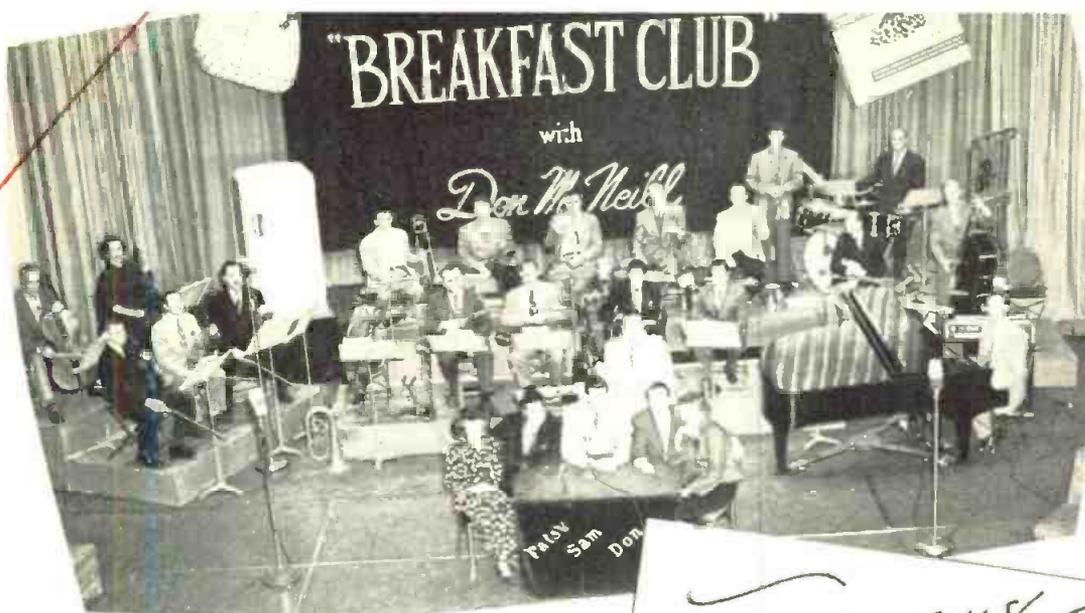
Two faithful network employees, Pat and Mike, appeared on the last program to take care of the intangibles. They swept up the Breakfast Club "corn", put the musicians to work chasing "lost chords" and told the network audience to bring their laughs and sighs to the new place — starting Monday, October 4.

Oct. 1, 1948 —
 — Hate to leave old
 Studio A in the Mart —
 after more than
 4,500 broadcasts

Pat + Mike helped move



Pat and Mike help us move!



Our New Home!

Several dozen Breakfast Clubbers, including Sam Cowling, had trouble finding the "Club's" new home on the morning of October 4, 1948. Through force of habit, they appeared at the Merchandise Mart.

Two minutes after the show was on the air Sam arrived at the Civic Opera Building all out of breath. He said he had been "mighty lonesome sitting over there in Studio A."

The audience and cast took to the new setup immediately. For one thing, 836 persons or nearly twice as many who gained admission to the old studio, could be accommodated in the new ABC Civic Studio.

Note to visitors: The ABC Civic Studio is located at the corner of North Wacker Drive and Washington Street. Admission is by ticket only. You can get free tickets by addressing a request three to four weeks in advance to Guest Relations, American Broadcasting Company, 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois.

Welcome to the ABC Civic Studio from (left to right) Louise Halper, Jean Davis, Charles Dwyer, Shirley Salmon and Marilyn O'Connor.



Oct. 4, 1948 -
We all put on
our teeth especially
for this picture in our
new home - the ABC
Civic Studio -





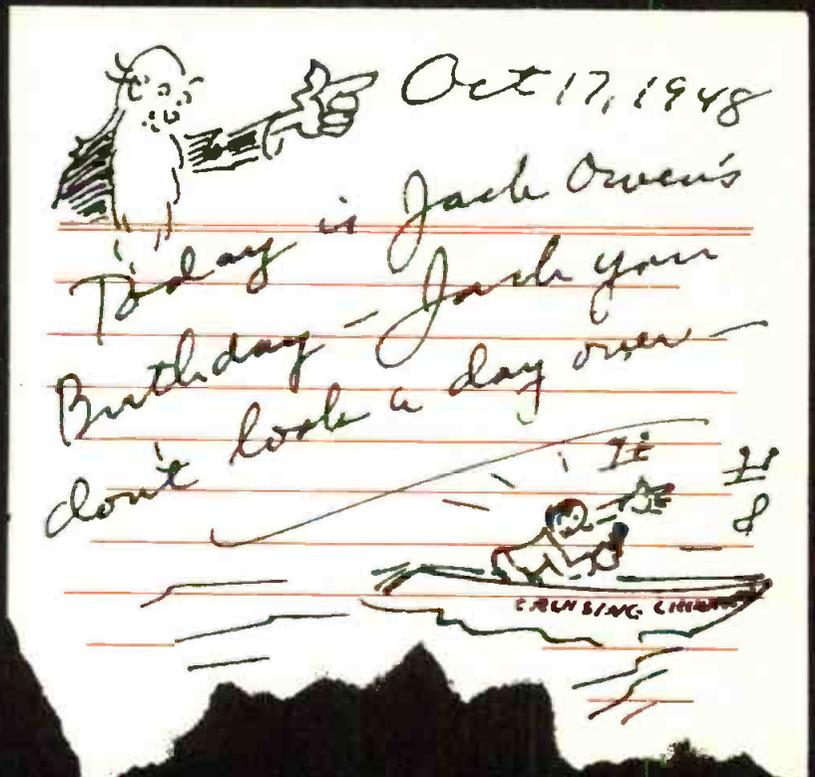
Jack Owens, the Cruising Crooner, uses a microphone like no other singer.

His title comes from the fact that he wanders through the studio serenading feminine fans face to face. Jack first auditioned as a vocalist with a Wichita station in 1930.

His first major success came in 1932 when he worked in Chicago as a vocalist with the late Hal Kemp's orchestra. He signed on with the Breakfast Club in 1934, but after two years went to Hollywood to become the singing-voice double of Jimmy Stewart, James Ellison and other stars.

While in the film capital, he turned to song writing, and since that date has written many hits. These include "Louisiana Lullaby," "Hut Sut Song," "I Dood It," "How Soon?", "Will You Be My Darling," and "The Hukitau Song."

He returned to Chicago and the Breakfast Club in 1944. He is the father of three children: Mary Ann, 14; Johnny, 2; and Noel, 8.



Mother Owens helps her son celebrate his birthday. Left to right: Johnny, Mrs. Jack Owens, Mary Ann, Noel, Jack and Mrs. Emeline Owens.





Cliff Petersen, the handsome young Swede who handles production details on the Breakfast Club, at one time sang on the program. He was the tenor with the Escorts and Betty quartet.

Because he glides into a wonderful Swedish accent at the least suggestion of smorgasbord, Cliff is one of the few producers in radio who is recognized as a regular member of the cast. His singing parts with the "Four Fathers" (Sam, Jack and Eddie are the others) and his occasional solos are program highlights.

He was born in Ashland, Wisconsin, but grew up in Duluth, Minnesota. While soloist on a Duluth station, he merged talents with three other young singers. They appeared on the Bob Hope show, the Kate Smith show and the Breakfast Club.

When the act was dissolved in 1944, Cliff served on ABC's midwest production staff. Since 1945 he has been assigned to Breakfast Club. Cliff is married and the father of two children, Tommy, 10, and Terry, 14.

Oct. 20, 1948

— Another birthday —

~~This one is covered all over with Smorgasbord —~~
Cliff Petersen, that is —



The whole family helps Cliff Petersen celebrate with a smorgasbord feast. Left to right: Tommy, Terry, and Elleen.

Oct. 23, 1948

~~In our best barn dance style we do a local broadcast before our Nashville personal appearance~~

Bill Pennell is completely captivated by Aunt Fanny. Patsy smiled in Nashville.



Nov. 14, 1948

~~Tom would certainly have been proud of her - Gloria Breneman did a swell job for Patsy~~



The Breakfast Club did two shows in Nashville, Tennessee, on Saturday, October 23, under the auspices of Station WSIX. Both shows were staged in the War Memorial Auditorium for the benefit of Youth, Inc., a teen-age club project sponsored by the Nashville Co-operative Club.

Another example of Nashville cooperation was shown earlier in the day when a station affiliated with another network turned its microphones over to the gang for a local broadcast. Their host, Bill Pennell, had more fun than anybody.



Gloria Anne Breneman, 20-year old daughter of the late Tom Breneman, substituted for Vocalist Patsy Lee the week of November 14. Patsy visited her parents in Oakland, California.

Mrs. Billie Breneman accompanied Gloria to Chicago, but Tom, Jr., stayed in school at Encino, California.

The famous Breneman smile

Our patient is doing fine reports Fran Allison's mother and husband.



Birthdates don't disturb Aunt Fanny as much as hospital-dates. When she returned to the Breakfast Club after her latest hospital siege, Don asked her if the doctors knew what she had.

"Right to the penny" she replied.

In real life, Aunt Fanny is Fran Allison. She is happily married and is featured on the puppet network television show, "Kukla, Fran and Ollie."

Fran was born in LaPorte City, Iowa, and was graduated from Coe College in Cedar Rapids. She was a school teacher for a brief period. In 1934 she changed from a village choir singer to a soloist on a Waterloo station.

She joined the Breakfast Club in 1937, but left the show two years later. Since 1944, however, she has appeared regularly three times a week. Her husband, Archie, is a music publisher's representative. Fran's mother, Nan, lives with them in a smartly remodeled coach-house on Chicago's near north side.

Nov. 20, 1948

Aunt Fanny write
tell us how old
she is - but we celebrated
her birthday anyway -

Mrs. Walter Grossman's impression
of Aunt Fanny.
"We love her in Tacoma, Wash."





Patsy and I sign autographs
while Aunt Fanny auditions a young pianist.

Nov. 27, 1948 -
 The kids at
 Mercy Hospital were
 as grand an audience
 as the Kansas Citians who
 attended our benefit
 show for the hospital



In reporting the Breakfast Club appearance, The Sunday Kansas City Star devoted a full column to what it called "a zippy show".

"From the time McNeill, easy and genial, walked out flicking imaginary lint from a bright blue suit and exclaimed, "Ain't this a dilly?" the audience was his," the paper said.

Sponsored by the Century Club of Children's Mercy Hospital and Station KCMO, the show attracted 7,500 persons — the largest crowd to see a Breakfast Club appearance all year.

Before the show, the cast spent several hours with the children at Mercy hospital. Sam stole this appearance, as far as the kids were concerned, by jumping into an empty bed and yelling for a nurse. A pretty blonde answered his call.

Texas, Indiana and Hollywood dominated the Breakfast Club program on Friday December 3. Glenn McCarthy, Houston's fabulous oil man and industrialist, came to Chicago to preview his first movie, "The Green Promise", and to invite the Breakfast Club to Houston on March 17 and 18.

With him in his private plane were the stars of his movie, Robert Paige and 10-year old Jeanne La Duke — a 4-H club girl from Mount Vernon, Indiana. Jeanne was chosen from 12,000 other 4-H girls to act in the movie. Her 4-H project is baking.

Over a cup of coffee after the program it was decided that the Breakfast Club would originate five broadcasts and four personal appearance shows from Texas cities, March 12 through March 18.

Dec. 3, 1948

Glenn McCarthy flew in today to invite us to open the Shamrock Hotel -



Jeanne didn't bring us any biscuits, but she did share her smile with Robert Paige, Glenn McCarthy and the guy who doesn't have any daughters



Among the guest stars who appeared on the Breakfast Club last year none was more attractive or talented than Dorothy MacNeil of the New York City Opera Company. No relative of the Toastmaster, Miss MacNeil accompanied Don McNeill in an aria from the "Pizzicota Polka" on December 15. The audience agreed that the lyrics and melody of "She-Boy-Gan" were more in keeping with his singing voice.



THIS IS JUST "MYSELF" IN A HURRY TO GET TO THE NEXT PAGE!

December 18, 1948
 One of Sam's fine feathered friends met us in New Orleans. Later we helped open WDSU's television station and did a benefit show for the Crrippled Children's Hospital





December 20, 1948

The boys and I celebrated ~~Kay's~~ birthday with a big toot. My birthday got lost in the Christmas rush again. Gotta do something about it!



Donny, Tommy, Kay, Bobby and Don McNeill

When the McNeill family made its Christmas appearance on the Breakfast Club, December 24, the audience asked the questions instead of the Toastmaster.

Kay answered "yes" and "no" to questions like, "Is Don easy to live with!" and "Does he try to emcee around the house?" They peppered the boys with questions about school, games, fishing, riddles and dogs.

The whole family participated in a commercial, titled "Bobby's Present to Daddy" The "colossal" gift turned out to be a pair of house slippers. Santa Claus appeared on the show, too, but he talked with an Ennio Bolognini accent.





Sammy, Mrs. Mary Hammill,
Sam, Del and Billy Cowling



The little man who came to sing on the program twelve years ago is still around heckling the Toastmaster of the Breakfast Club.

Sam still reverts to type occasionally by singing duets with Aunt Fanny or performing with the Four Fathers. Sam's dance is another favorite Breakfast Club stunt. He is also famous as the chronicler of Fiction & Fact from Sam's Almanac.

Because he jokes about Mrs. Mary Hammill, who lives with Sam and Del and their two husky lads in a comfortable apartment in Chicago's Rogers Park, Sam is accused unjustly of being a mother-in-law baiter. Actually, they are the best of friends.

Samuel Taggart Cowling II has black, curly hair, brown eyes and a dimple in his cheek. He stands five feet, six-and-a-half inches and is a bit on the portly side. His two sons, Sammy and Billy, are 12 and 10 years old, respectively.

Jan 8, 1949

Sam starts the
New Year right. He's
actually being nice to his
mother-in-law.

(P.S. - She baked a
birthday cake for him)

"Sam the handsome man," from
Buster Rogers,
Los Angeles,
California.

"Fiction & Fact
Sam," an im-
pression from
Ray Nolan,
Wilkes-Barre,
Pennsylvania



Jan. 20, 1949
 "Rosy" attends the
 President's Inaugural
 Ball — and we
 get a big kick
 out of helping
 her get there.

Her "children" and friends surround Mrs. Agnes
 Rozewicz as she receives transportation to Wash-
 ington from Don McNeill.



Dancing at the Ball with
 Illinois Secretary of State Barrett.



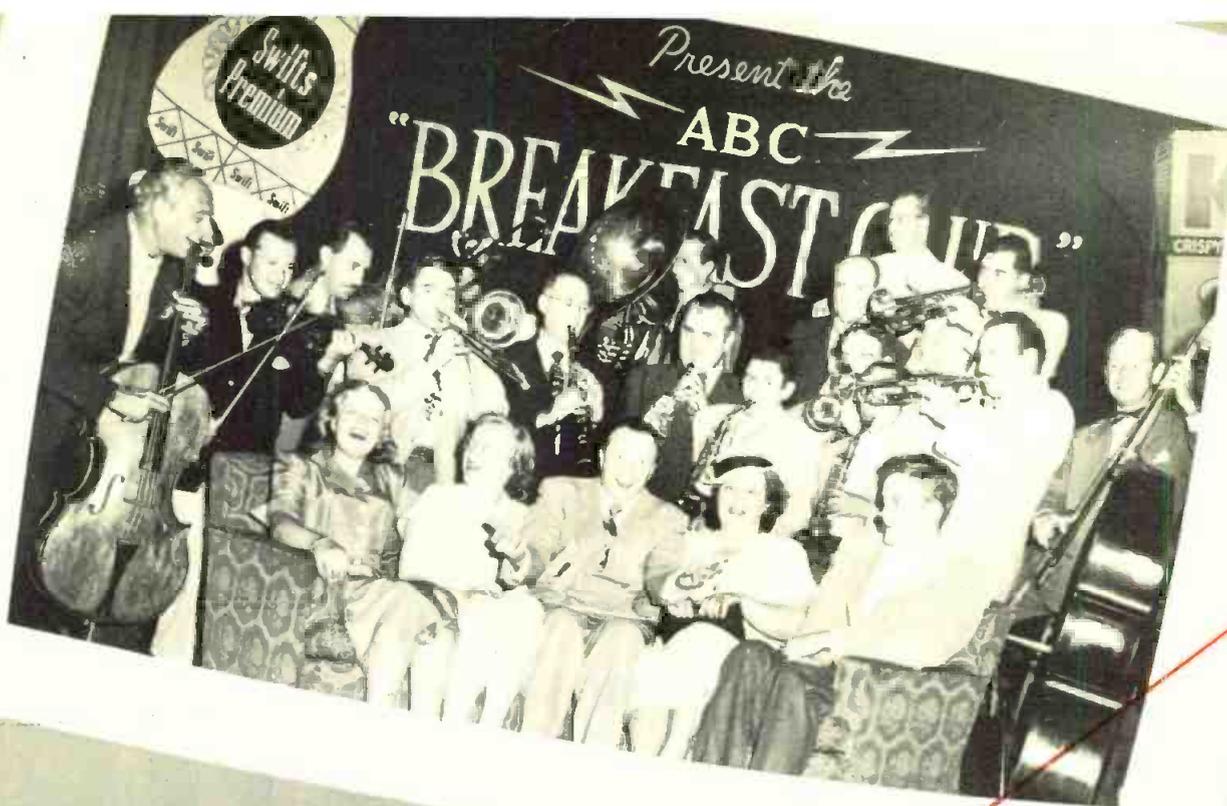
How an Austran-born traffic service guard
 on Chicago's north side was able to
 attend President Truman's Inaugural Ball
 is a story with a Breckfast Club background.

Mrs. Agnes Rozewicz, a widow, wrote President
 Truman last January asking him for an invitation
 to the Inaugural Ball. She told him, "If I get
 one, the children on my corner and their parents
 will know for sure that everyone has an equal
 chance in America!"

Two days before the Ball the invitation arrived.
 When word got around the neighborhood that
 "Rosy" was going to the Ball, she was outfitted
 with everything she needed except travel and
 hotel reservations and a gown for the Ball.

A special fitting at Marshall Field & Company
 produced a beautiful red lace gown. The same day
 he heard about "Rosy's" difficulty in getting
 accommodations, Don McNeill presented her with
 a roundtrip ticket on a non-stop flight.

At the Ball she talked to Margaret Truman,
 danced with Edward J. Barrett, Illinois Secretary of
 State and met scores of ambassadors and
 cabinet members.



Musicians all! Seated: Barbara, Betty, Eddie, Frances and Teddy Ballantine. First row: Ennio Bolognini, Oscar Chausow, Ben Senescu, George Oliver, Abe Cholden, Tommy Filas, Herbie Palmer, Louis Cohen, Don Jacoby, Jack Shirra. Back row: Fritz Wolff, George Jean and Ethel Hand, (are hiding), Bill Krenz, Tommy Thomas, Jimmy Sims, Seymour Drugan and Charlie Tamburino.

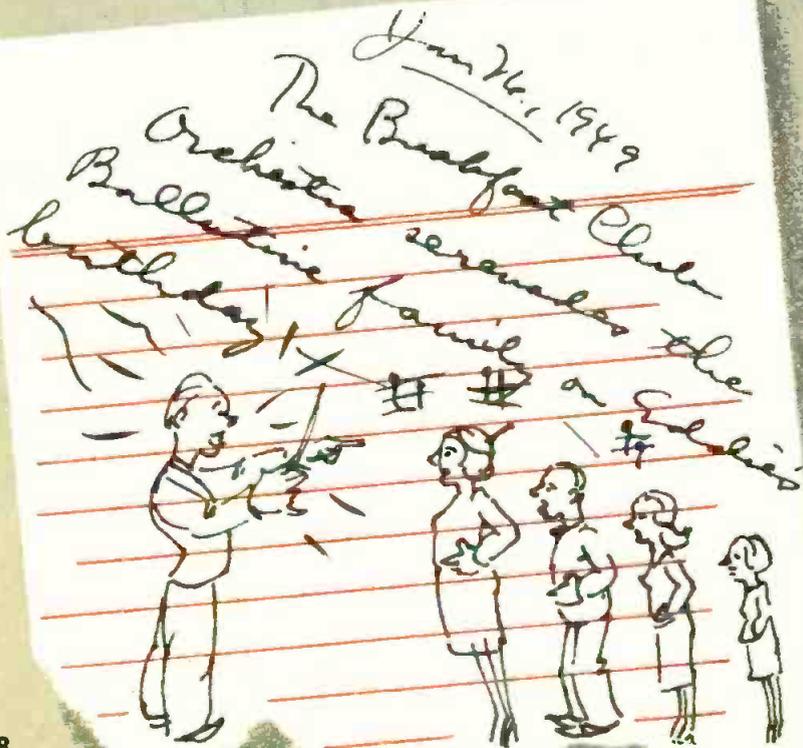


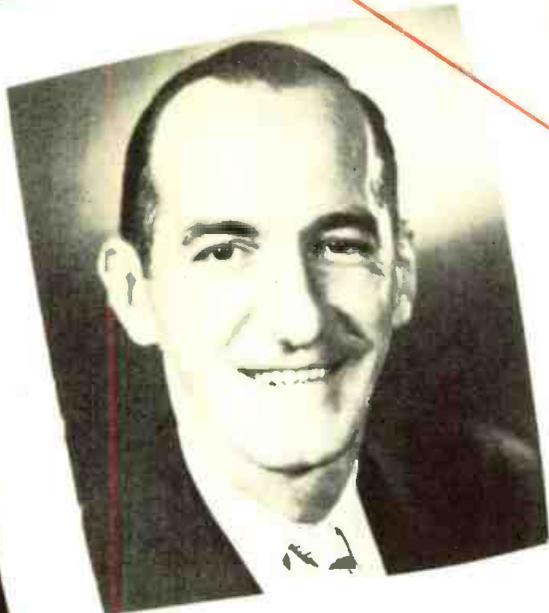
In place of the usual cake, Eddie Ballantine received an 18-piece salute from the Breakfast Club orchestra on his birthday.

Eddie Ballantine has been director of the versatile Breakfast Club orchestra since 1944, but he was a trumpet player in the band when Don McNeill started the Breakfast Club in 1933. Eddie started his musical career in 1931 as a radio network musician.

Although he was born in Chicago, Eddie attended high school in Omaha and college in Ithaca, N. Y. He interrupted his engineering course at Cornell University to marry Frances Ridley.

Since then he has earned a Bachelor of Music degree from Northwestern University and has composed dozens of popular and classical compositions. His three children also are musically inclined. Teddy is studying orchestration and arranging at a Chicago musical college; Barbara is a music student at Stephens college; and Betty is in high school.





Johnny Mungall

Feb. 7, 1949

~~We meet Johnny Mungall a few days earlier we found Bernie Christianson in the audience~~



An invited guest and a surprise visitor took over Jack Owens' spot on the Breakfast Club during the first two weeks of his vacation.

The invited guest was Johnny Mungall, an Irish tenor from Flint, Mich., who won national recognition last fall on the Horace Heidt show. Although he started to sing professionally when he was 15 years old, Mungall's big chance didn't come until he was 36 and the father of five children.

Bernie Christianson, the husky 11-year old who defeated polio, a lung congestion, mumps and a ruptured appendix in 1946, was the surprise visitor. During a routine audience interview in January, Don permitted him to sing "Galway Bay" for his grandparents in Minnesota.

The rest of the story is Breakfast Club history. Bernie's song and experiences drew so much comment that Don invited him back to substitute for Jack during the week of February 14.



Bernie



Febr. 8, 1949

A.B.C. throws 8th Anniv.
versary Party for Swift & Co.

I got a beat-up loving
cup and the gang filled
up on Brookfield eggs
and Premium ham
and bacon.



Saw is ready!



Where's the rabbit, Vern?



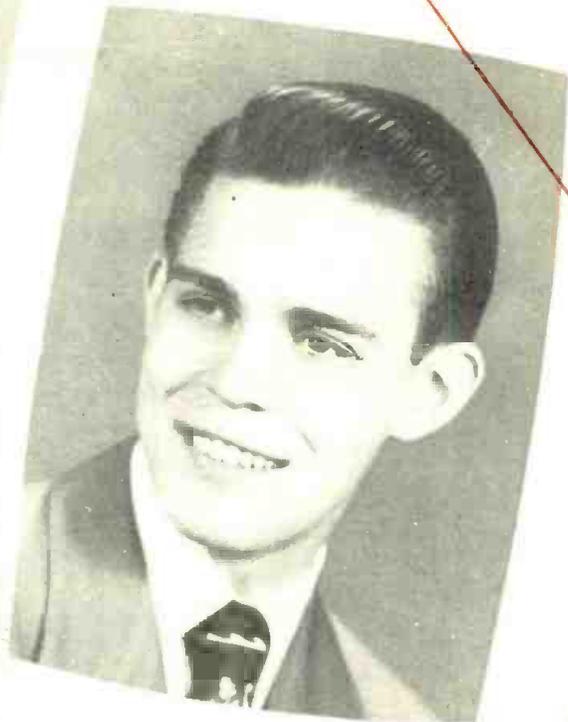
More than 100 radio, advertising agency and Swift & Company officials gathered around the breakfast table February 8 to celebrate Breakfast Club's 8th anniversary with its first network sponsor. Swift & Company has been a continuous sponsor since 1941.

Starting with a quarter-hour, three times a week over 75 stations, Swift & Company today makes it possible for millions of listeners to hear the second and third quarters of the Breakfast Club. The full ABC network of 299 stations in the United States, Canada, Alaska and Hawaii is now used to tell the merits of Swift's Premium Ham and Bacon, Swift's Brookfield products, Swift's Cleanser, Swift'ning and Prem.

Vern D. Beatty, advertising manager of Swift & Company, presented Don McNeill with a hand-dented loving cup which was inscribed: "The first 9 years are the hardest."

Feb. 21-28, 1949

Harry Hall and
Johnny Desmond sing
their way into our
hearts



Harry Hall



Continuing the policy of a new guest each week that Jack Owens was on vacation, a Milwaukee singer and a Detroit singer occupied the spotlight during the last two weeks of February.

The Milwaukeean was Harry Hall, a recent winner on Arthur Godfrey's program. He has been in radio and show business since he was 11 years old. For nearly a year now, 25-year old Hall has been appearing at Chicago's famous College Inn.

Detroit contributed its own Johnny Desmond for the week of February 28. A song-stylist and a popular recording star, 27-year old Desmond skyrocketed to fame with Bob Crosby's Bob-O-Links quartet and as a soloist with Glenn Miller's official Air Force band.



Johnny Desmond



Bernie Christianson, the 11-year-old who made an unscheduled singing appearance on the Breakfast Club in January and substituted for vacationing Jack Owens one week in February, won a regular berth on the show March 8. He is heard twice a week — Tuesdays and Thursdays — on General Mills' first quarter-hour.

This schedule permits him to attend his sixth grade classes regularly at the Cornell school on Chicago's south side. He rehearses his songs with the orchestra at 7 a.m. the two mornings he is on the show. He has a natural baritone voice, but can sing tenor and soprano



Hof sticks.

March 8, 1949

Bernie joined us around the Breakfast Table as a regular today. His biggest thrill was playing the drums!

SAW AS A DRUMMER IN A FEW YEARS



In guiding his youthful protege, Don McNeill has only one problem. And that is to keep Bernie from combining too many careers. Bernie would like to be a drummer, but Don believes Bernie has a great future as a singer and that one career at his age is enough. He is very modest: about his singing ability and if Don wants to pay him an extraordinary compliment he permits him to play the drums. According to Tommy Thomas, Breakfast Club's ace drummer, Bernie is a "hot stick man."

Bernie's other hobbies are farming, electric trains and motors. He spends his vacations on an Uncle's farm in Michigan where he is learning to drive a tractor.



Nothing dead
About Mrs. Tillman!

Every day is a premiere on the Breakfast Club. The broadcast of March 8 was a triple-header, because in addition to welcoming Bernie as a regular, Don McNeill uncovered two unusual audience interviews.

One was with Mrs. Flora Tillman of Marion, Ohio, who had the eerie experience of reading her own death notice. In her absence from home a few years ago, her husband received a telegram that she was dead. He went ahead and made funeral arrangements, including the publishing of a death notice.

Chai Huang, Chinese acrobat with the Strine circus, provided another thrill when he did a hand stand on a chair while Don interviewed him. He signed off with a few well chosen words in Swedish, leaving the Breakfast Club Toastmaster pop-eyed.

This will stand
you on your head!

March 8, 1949

~~Another one for the book!~~
I interviewed a woman
who read her own death
notice and a Chinese
acrobat who talked Swedish
upside down!



Texas tour!



Thirty thousand Texans in four different cities gave the Breakfast Club a riotous welcome, March 12 through 18, as the show made a whirlwind tour of the state. Five network broadcasts and four personal appearance shows were staged in seven days.

Broadcasting costs were shared cooperatively by Radio Station WFAA, Dallas; WBAP, Fort Worth; KABC, San Antonio; and KXYZ, Houston. Each station contributed part of the proceeds from the personal appearance shows to Texas charities.

San Antonio produced both the largest and smallest crowds on the trip. More than 6,000 turned out for the personal appearance show at the Municipal Auditorium, while attendance at the March 16 broadcast at Fort Sam Houston was limited to 300 personnel of Brooke Hospital.

Nearly 9,000 persons saw the evening show and March 14 broadcast from Fort Worth's North Side Coliseum for the Star-Telegram's Milk Fund. Dallas Breakfast Clubbers filled every one of the 4300 seats in the Fair Park Auditorium for the March 12 personal appearance. Another capacity crowd attended the Dallas broadcast, March 15.

Rushed to Houston by Glenn McCarthy's private planes, the "Club" did an evening show for the Variety Club, March 16, before originating two broadcasts from The Shamrock's Emerald Room. The St. Patrick's Day broadcast featured an interview with the mother of Glenn McCarthy. Her oil-man son and builder of the 20-million-dollar Shamrock was Don's guest on the March 18 broadcast.



Early birds get their pictures taken!

Left to right: Harry Doyle, Mrs. Franklyn Ferguson, Ralph Burgsten, Franklyn Ferguson, Les Wallack, Mary Canny, Mrs. Ralph Bergsten, Kay McNeill, Fran Allison, Sam (where's-the-body?) Cowling and Don McNeill.

March 11, 1949
 Off to Texas today!
 Kay and the whole gang
 along! Howdy Pardners!
 E.



March 15-'49
 Texas Hospitality is
 wonderful! I must have
 received 100 gal. of hats (10 gal.
 to the hat.)





A young Houston bachelor offers to show Patsy Lee around The Shamrock.



We meet Linda Brown, little Miss March of Dimes, in San Antonio.
(U. S. Army Photograph)



Sam leads the march around the breakfast table
In his "all-discovering" suit.



"When in Texas, do as Texans do!"
Thanks for the photographer's prop.



Amon Carter (Mr. Fort Worth) enrolls Don in "The Order of White Hats."

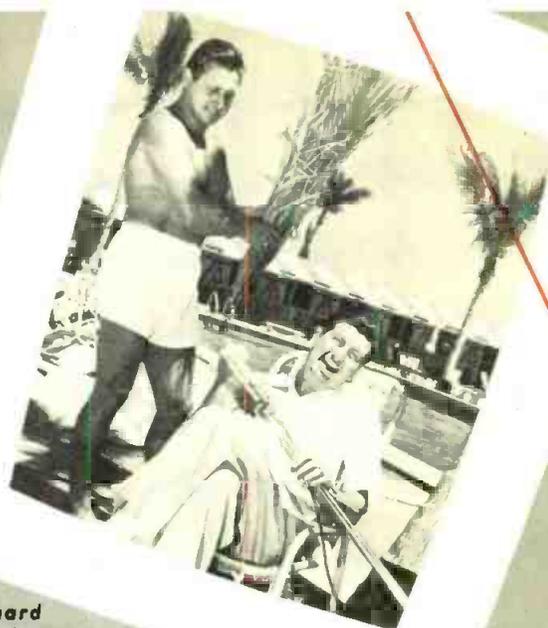


This patient in the Dallas Crippled Children's Hospital made up after the photographer left.



Instead of returning to Chicago after the Texas tour, Don and Kay McNeill headed for Miami Beach, Florida, and two weeks of needed rest. They were accompanied on this winter vacation by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bergsten, neighbors from Winnetka, Ill.

When they weren't sunning themselves on the beach, Don and "Bergy" were exploring the fabulous Everglades with rods and reels.



A life guard fans the breeze, while Don laughs at the microphone.

... But as soon as he spots a pretty victim, he goes to work.



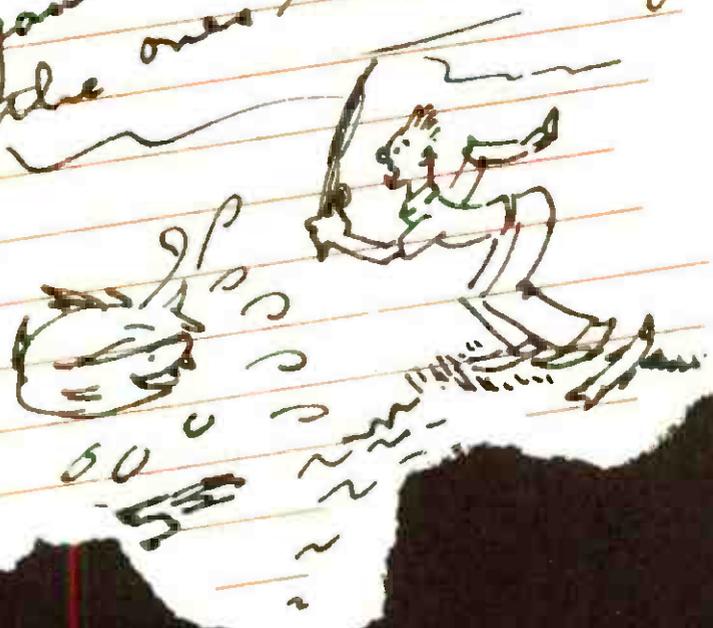
Allen Prescott, the "Wife-Saver", poses with a candy nosegay while substituting for the vacationing toastmaster.

March 20, 1949
 Ho-Hum! Nothing to
 do for two whole weeks, but
 sleep and fish while Allen
 Prescott carries on



March 22, 1949

Caught one today!
But you should have
seen the ones that got
away!



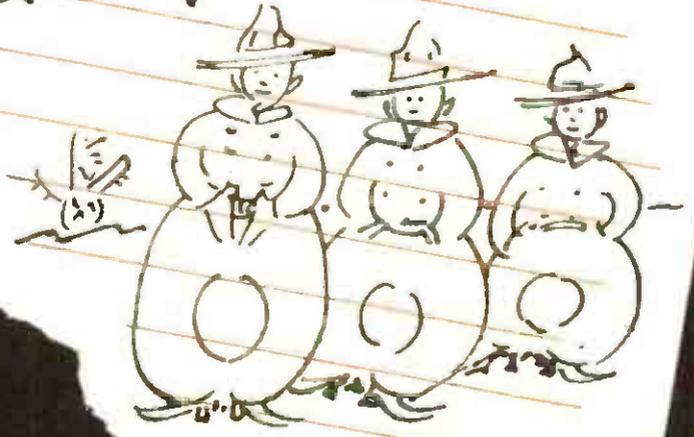
Don entered this 8-pound tarpon, caught on a light bass plug. In the Miami fishing tournament. He also entered an 8-pound 12-ounce channel bass and a snook that weighed 8 pounds 4 ounces.



Tommy, Donny, and Bobby McNeill (left to right) pose in the cowboy regalia sent them by San Antonio Fiesta officials.

March 24, 1949

Kay and I miss the
boys more than ever —
now that we've seen
them dressed up in their
Texas outfits!



TELEGRAM

CNI 94 PD — MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA,
MARCH 26 905AM.

PATSY LEE, BREAKFAST CLUB, CHICAGO,
ILLINOIS.

IF YOU WERE A MAN, YOU COULD VOTE
TODAY. HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PATSY.

KAY AND DON McNEILL

Patsy spends a quiet evening in her Chicago apartment with "Amber."



Cooked to perfection with the cellophane on!

No wonder Patsy Lee is so interested in men. Two of them helped her achieve national recognition as the singing sweetheart of the Breakfast Club.

Grandfather Ben Ortega started her on the right track five years ago when he insisted that she discard her ballet dancing for singing lessons. Producer Cliff Petersen "discovered" her two years later when she was singing on a San Francisco radio station.

Patsy's disarming naivete belies the fact that she won three beauty contests in California before the two gentlemen mentioned rescued her from the movies or the stage. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer C. Ortega.

Patsy stands five feet, three inches without bobby sox. Her hobbies are cooking, collecting dancing dolls and objects for her hope chest. She has never lacked a suitor, but being a sensible young lady she is waiting for "Mr. Right".



Grandpa Ortega tells Amber she is going to have fish for dinner as Patsy and her dad get out the rods and reels. Patsy's mother wishes them success.

Secretary Mary Canny enjoys a hearty laugh with the Toastmaster from way down Florida way.



Kay McNeill has a smile in her voice for the folks up north.



The Cruising Crooner action is in Miami, but the voice is in Chicago.



April 4-8, 1949
 Tried something different this week - Handled the show from Miami while the gang carried on in Chicago. Did ya like it?
 [Small drawing of a person with a crown]



Don rejoined the Breakfast Club cast April 4, but in voice only. He emceed the show for one week from Miami while the cast and orchestra were heard from Chicago by means of special two-way hookup.

Interviews and regular features, such as Sunshine Shower, Moment of Silent Prayer, Memory and Inspiration Time, were conducted before an audience of 450 in the Miami Women's Club.

When Jack Owens sang to the ladies in Chicago, Don, chaperoned by his wife and secretary, did a little cruising of his own in Miami. Thus, screams were recorded in both northern and southern accents.



Don receives Radio Best's Silver Mike Award from lovely Barbara Ann Scott of figure skating fame.

April was "Awards Month" on the Breakfast Club.

In a nation-wide poll taken by Radio Mirror and Television Magazine, fans voted the Breakfast Club their "favorite audience participation program".

In addition, Don McNeill received Radio Best Magazine's Silver Mike Award for outstanding performance. "It is an honor," Radio Best wrote in its May issue, "to present the Silver Mike to Don McNeill for proving that consistently high standard of entertainment can be maintained through the years".

On April 26, Don received a medal and a citation from the International Association of Lions Clubs for his contribution to public enlightenment and wholesome entertainment.

Breakfast Club also rated high in the Radio Mirror poll as a "favorite daily musical program"; and it was called "Chicago's top network variety show" by the Chicago Federated Advertising Club.

Breakfast Club Participation Records

1. Over a million listeners wrote for charter membership cards in 1944.
2. Nearly a million Breakfast Clubbers in 1949 bought coloring books from Philco dealers who turned the money over to the March of Dimes.
3. 17,000 fans jammed Madison Square Garden in 1946 for a Breakfast Club-Circus broadcast.
4. Most of the citizens of New Philadelphia, Ohio (population 12,000), attended a broadcast in the city park in 1948 when Don McNeill withdrew from the presidential race.
5. 104,000 listeners sent in for Swift & Company peanut butter coaster caps which were offered as a mysterious "something" in four different colors.
6. Including this edition, more than 550,000 Breakfast Club Yearbooks have been sold since 1939.
7. Breakfast Club broadcasts and personal appearance shows are attended by 150,000 persons a year.

April 14, 1949
 Thank you, Breakfast Clubbers, for voting the show "your favorite" and for your participation in the "Audience Participation" program. Hope we continue to merit your approval!
 J

the gang waits until after the show to eat breakfast, too. Left to right: Jim Bennett, Sam Cowling, Fran Allison (Aunt Fanny), Edie Ballantine, Don McNeill, Cliff Petersen, Patsy Lee, Jack Owens and Fred Montiegel.



A six-page, illustrated article, titled "Don McNeill, King of Corn", appeared in the May 10 issue of LOOK magazine. The article was written by Ben Wickersham and the photographs were taken by Jim Hanson, both of the LOOK staff.

"Anything for a laugh, if it's clean fun", was the way Wickersham summarized and explained the program's success. The entire edition of over 3½ million copies was sold out.



Jack, Patsy and Sam split an ear-drum with the Toastmaster.

April 26, 1949
 book appeared
 on the newsstands today
 with a story on the Breakfast
 Club. Ben and Jim did a
 swell job of "covering" us!



All photos (C) Look Magazine

Work-time!
Mary Conny
sets the pace.



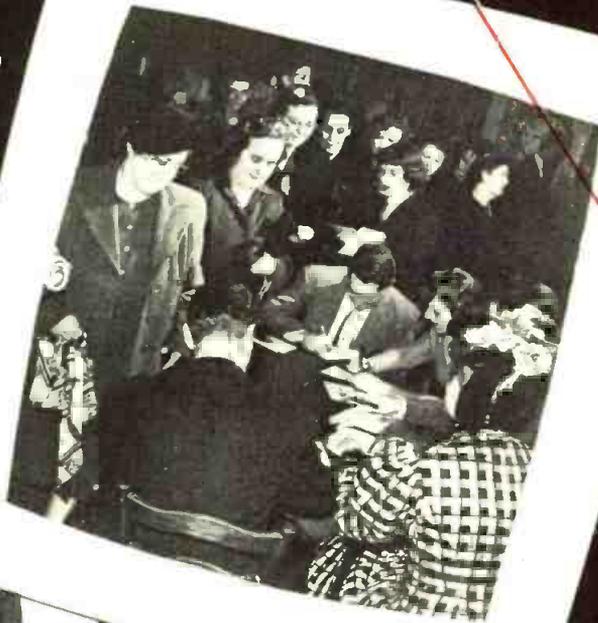
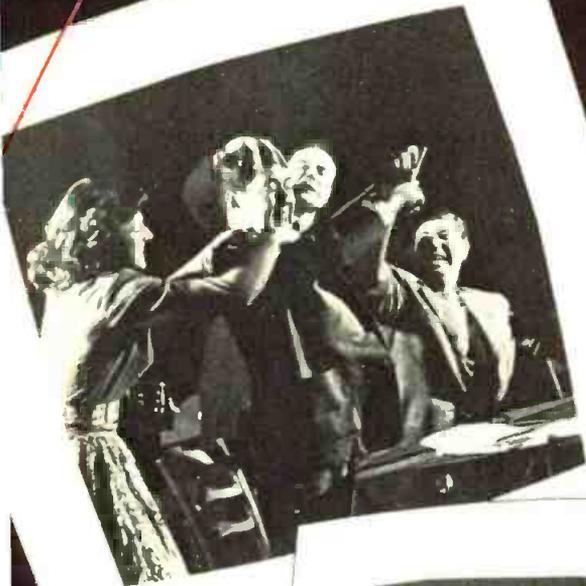
Play-time!
Flag begs for
his daily romp.

Family-time!
The Queen and
her court



LOOK what
~~else the photographer~~
~~found in covering the~~
~~Breakfast Club!~~

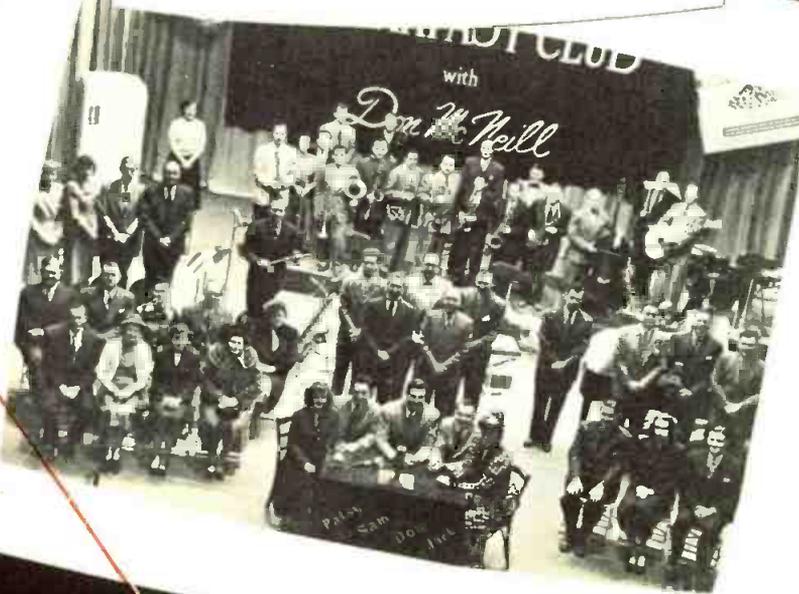
Sam blows his top!



Autograph-time!



Aunt Fanny tells a funny.



Cast, staff, orchestra
and one day's guests
fill the stage.

All photos (C) Look Magazine

May 20, 1949

We start annual

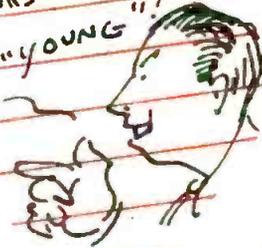


Eastern trip by
doing two shows
in Worcester, Mass.

GO EAST,
YOUNG MAN!



THANKS FOR
THE "YOUNG"



Breakfast Club's annual two-week pilgrimage to the Eastern Seaboard began after Friday's broadcast, May 20. The first stop was Worcester where a Saturday matinee and an evening show were staged in the Auditorium for the benefit of the Kiwanis Club's Underprivileged Child Fund.

Before the gang returned to Chicago on June 5, the Breakfast Club originated nine broadcasts from New York's 48th Street Playhouse and one from Convention Hall in Atlantic City. Personal appearances were also made in Baltimore and Washington, D. C.

The only mishap on the trip involved Sam. He bought some real estate in Central Park and spent most of the time trying to keep poachers off his property.

Philip Purrington and Howard Hinds of the Kiwanis Club welcome Don McNeill, Sam Cowling, Cliff Petersen, Kay McNeill, Bernie Christianson, Fred Montiegel and Patsy Lee to Worcester.





More than 6,000 enthusiastic Breakfast Clubbers attend the two Worcester shows. Top: Don interviews Mrs. Elizabeth Foley of Worcester who reports that she has been listening for 16 years and that her grandson is named after Don. Center: Judge Walter D. Allen must have enjoyed Patsy Lee's song. He stayed around for an encore. Bottom: Sam gets chummy, but keeps a watchful eye on the stage.



May 21, 1949
 Good news from
 Chicago today. Latest
 addition to the Breakfast
 Club family is David
 Perkins.

Another picture was added to the Breakfast Club family album when David Edward Perkins was born to Zoe and Lou Perkins, May 21. Lou is associate producer of the Breakfast Club. With Gil Jones and Sam Cowling, he was an original member of the Three Romeos.

Of the 42 persons actively engaged as cast, staff or orchestra members, 34 are married. Their 62 children, including three grandchildren, rate Breakfast Club as radio's largest family. The following four pages introduce these fine family groups.

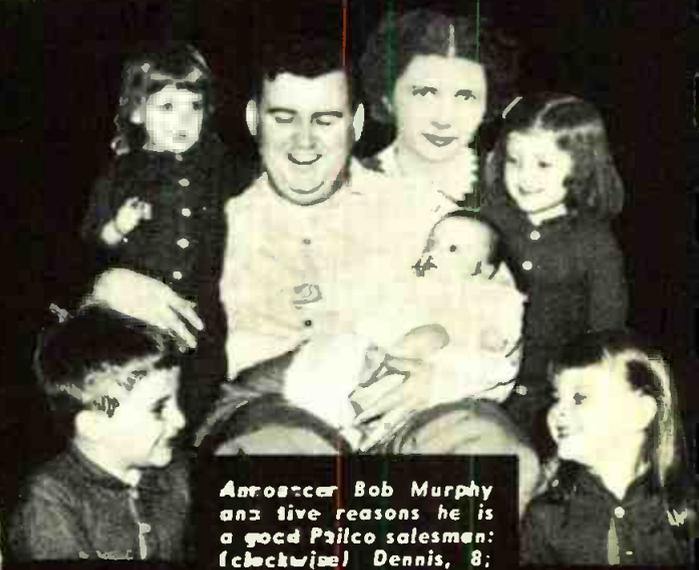


Associate Producer Lou Perkins and Zoe wake up one-month old David for his photographic debut.

Announcer Dan Dowd and his "Swift" actors: Betty, Tricia, 8; Donny, 14; and Betsy, 5.



Announcer Franklyn Ferguson and his "side-KIX's": Peter, 6; Alice and Diana, 10.



Announcer Bob Murphy and five reasons he is a good Paico salesman: (clockwise) Dennis, 8; Joan, 2; Louise, Mary Jane, 4; baby Patricia.



Engineer Jim Lato and his dial-twisters: (clockwise) Jim, Robert, 1½; Mildred, Jim Jr., 8; Sandra, 5; and Bill 3.



Manager Jim Bennett and four reasons for his silence: (clockwise) Sybil Bennett, Mary Kay, 4; Joe, 8; Jim Jr., 12; Jim and Donald, 1½.



Guest Relations Chief Jack Manley and his personal greeters: Mike, 2; Jack and Isabelle, and Johnny, 6.



Engineer George Smith and his family: George, Phyllis (Sister Mary Ellen Patrick), George Jr. 11, and Anne.



Editor Fred Montiegel and his severest critics: Tammy, 9; Genevieve, Fred, and Jimmy, 11.



Three little girls B.B.C.* — The same three girls A.B.C.*—Mary Canny, Helen Downey and Gloria Fichera, secretaries to Don McNeill, Jim Bennett and Cliff Peterson.

* (Before and After Breakfast Club)



Trumpeter Charlie Tamburino, Jane, 15; Rick, 18; and Constance.



Granpa Jack Shirra, Daughter Pat and her husband, George Thompson, Judy Starr Shirra and Wee Judy, 1 1/2.



Saxophonist Louis Cohen and Molly.



Guitarist Seymour Drugan, Sally, Dennis, 7; and Robert, 15.



Trombonist George Oliver, Jr., George Jr., 12; and Ronald, 6.



Music Librarian Rae Flecker, Judy, 6 1/2; Del and Gary, 7.



Concert Master Oscar Chausow, Susan Ann, 3; and Ballerina Leyah Chausow.

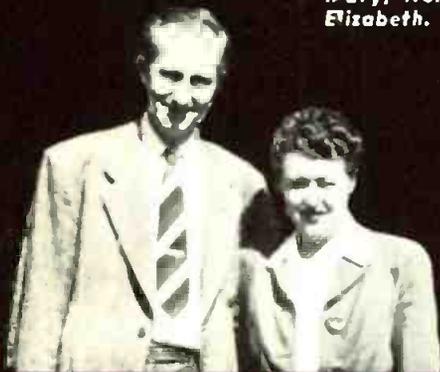
Frances, Bobby, 5, and Violinist Ben Semescu.



Drummer Tommy Thomas, Mary, Nona Sue, 3; Mary Elizabeth.



Trumpeter Don Jacoby, John David, 2; Doris and Michael Dean, 4½.



Pianist Bill Mrenz and Rachel.



Music Librarian Hal Hiatt and Ess.



Music Arranger Henry Coffey, Janice, 8½; Martha and Peter, 13.



Violinist Fritz Wolff, Grace, Nancy, 15, and Tam.

Saxophonist Abe Cholder, Great Grandfather I. Cholder, Mrs. Dorothy Jane Gold holding Ronald Allen, Jerry David, 2; and his dad — Ray Gold — and Mrs. Abe Cholder.



Saxophonist Herbie Palmer

Trumpeter Jimmy Sims

Celloist Ennio Bolognaisi

Violinist Ethel Hand

Saxophonist Thomas Filas

Music Librarian Maurie Ellis

Trombonist George Jean



Fran's New York experiences disturb Don.

Sam exhibits his profile to the lady who had difficulty saying, "A bigger breakfast perks up peple's peak-ed people."



From the first New York broadcast to the last, Eastern Breakfast Clubbers kept the 48th Street Playhouse jumping. Little 5-year old Bonnie Ann Baxter of Jamaica, N. Y., stole the opening show May 23 when she said: "Gee, you're cute, Don McNeill!"

Bertha Lescanec of Greenpoint, Pa., out-talked Aunt Fanny on the May 24 broadcast. She paid off her interview with the remark: "I think of you, Don, whenever I hang diapers on the fire-escape!"

Mrs. Harold Conover of Suffern, N. Y., was so excited about attending the show on May 25 that she arrived with her dress on inside out. Molly Malone, lately of Dublin, Ireland, turned the May 26 broadcast into a kissing-bee.


 Those Eastern audiences were wonderful and we got an extra hour sleep in the morning!
 Remember Bonnie and Bertha and Molly Malone?
 2



As usual, Sam fouls up March Time, but little Bonnie (behind Sam) thought it was "cute."





Hold that taxi!

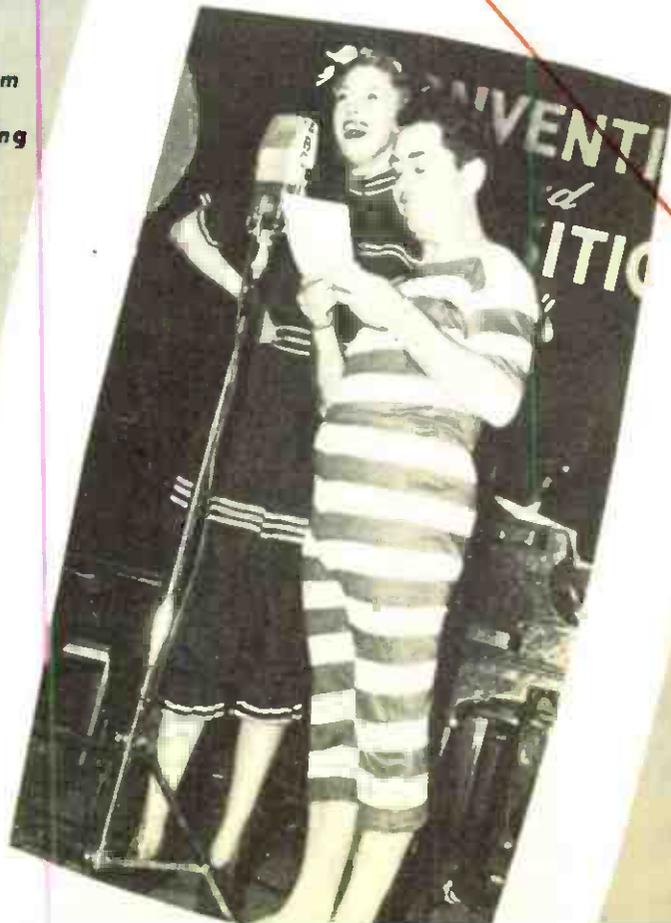
The Breakfast Club helped the National Restaurant Association wind up its 30th annual convention with a broadcast from Convention Hall in Atlantic City, May 27. More than 5,500 restaurateurs and New Jersey Breakfast Clubbers were guests of Swift & Company.

Two of the highlights of the broadcast are pictured here.

A restaurant owner shows Don, Patsy and Jack what the well-dressed Californian wore this winter. It's a suit of red flannels.



Aunt Fanny and Sam dressed for the part when they sang "By the Sea."



May 27, 1949
 What a busy weekend! Just had time to grab a bite in the hotel kitchen before our broadcast in Atlantic City. It was a Swift deal for the Restaurant Convention.

ATLANTIC CITY

BORED WALK!





Some of the 4,000 Breakfast Club fans who attended the Baltimore appearance.

One of the most enthusiastic crowds Breakfast Club ever played before filled the Baltimore Coliseum to capacity, Friday night, May 27. The appearance was sponsored by the Variety Club for their boys' camp.

An hour before show time every unreserved seat in the Coliseum was taken. It took a police escort to get the cast in and out of the building. Several times during the two-hour performance, the audience stopped the show as they enthusiastically greeted their favorites.

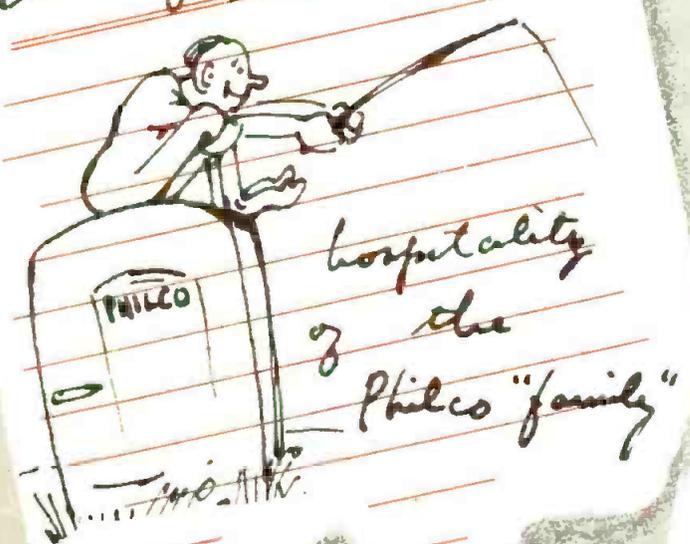
A dignified, but appreciative audience of 3,500 Breakfast Clubbers, government workers and capital sightseers greeted the gang in Washington's Constitutional Hall, May 28. This 11 o'clock morning show was sponsored by the National Capital Optimist Club for their Boys' Club work.

T-shirts for the McNeill boys are presented to the Toastmaster by four admiring young Washingtonians.

May 27-28, 1949
Still no rest!
Baltimore gives us a
wonderful welcome Friday
night before we now
come in Washington's
Constitution Hall.



May 29, 1949
Rest at last!
we enjoy the warm



From the nation's capital, the travel-weary Breakfast Club party headed for North Philadelphia where they were weekend guests of Philco executives. Some found relaxation in farm work; some in visiting places of historical interest, and others in just loafing.

All brought their best appetites to the gay buffet supper Mr. and Mrs. James Carmine staged Sunday night for the touring Breakfast Clubbers. Among the guests invited by the Philco executive vice president were Paul Whiteman, Stella Dallas, and key members of the Philco family.

The food supply in the Philco refrigerator and the home freezer took quite a beating before the Breakfast Clubbers left for New York City and another week of broadcasting from the 48th Street Playhouse.



Don helps Mildred and Jimmy Carmine whip up a Philco-fresh dish for his hungry Breakfast Clubbers.



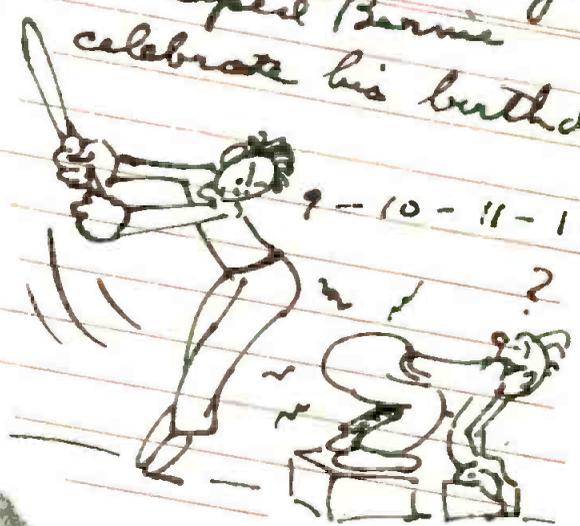
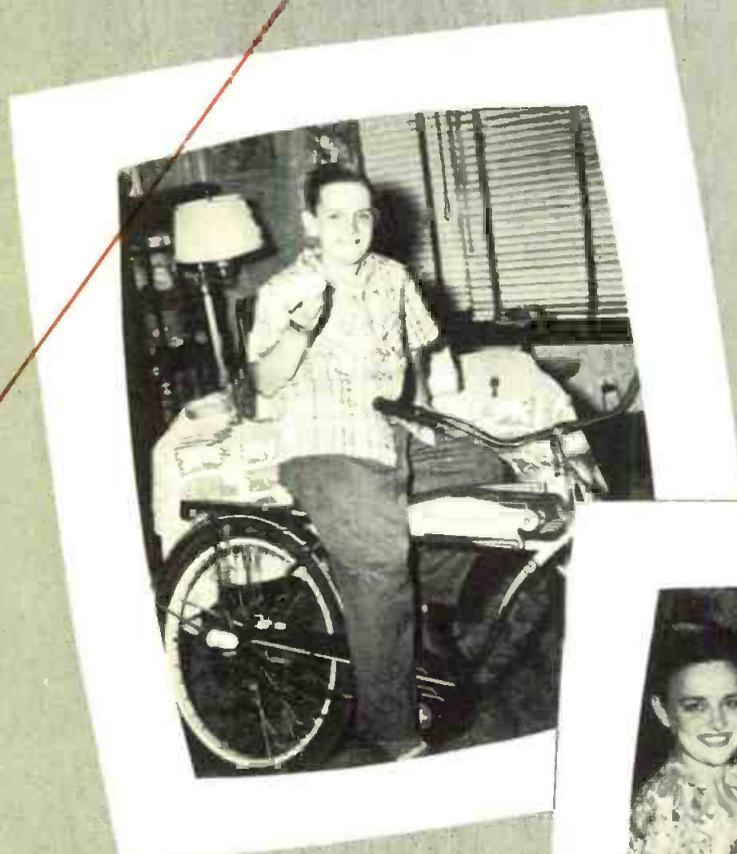
Sam and Jack entertain Jimmy Carmine, Fran Allison, Patsy Lee, Don and Paul Whiteman with one of their famous duets.

Happiest of all the Breakfast Clubbers to get home after 15 days in the East were the Christiansons—Bernie, his mother and sister, Barbara. It was the longest any of them had been separated from Dad Christianson and the other two girls.

A closely-knit family, the Christiansons cater only to Bernie's appetite. They fill him up with his favorite foods—KIX for breakfast, a steak or pork chops for dinner, and a quart of milk at each setting. He is four feet 11-inches tall and weighs 115 pounds.

Mr. Christianson is an accountant for a fire insurance company. Carolyn, the oldest girl, is married and the mother of a 4 year old boy. Barbara is 19 and Mildred is 6 years old.

June 9, 1949
 Three days after
 returning to Chicago
 we helped Bernie
 celebrate his birthday
 9-10-11-12!

"Now I can show the gang at school how I cycled in Central Park," Bernie mumbles between bites of cake as he tries out his birthday bicycle.



Carolyn Knutte, Mr. and Mrs. Christianson, Bernie, Barbara and Mildred take their eyes off the birthday cake long enough to pose for this family picture.



June 23, 1949
 Realized a life-time
 ambition today.
~~STPOFFTGBPTCWB~~
 helped me celebrate
 a half-year birthday
 and Breakfast Club's
 16th anniversary!

Breakfast Club sponsors, cast and audience load the stage with birthday and anniversary gifts for the Toastmaster, who presents all his "loot" to the Salvation Army.

The Society To Prevent One From Forgetting To Give Birthday Presents To Christmas Week Babies held its first meeting on the Breakfast Club's 16th anniversary program, June 23, 1949.

It was formed by Toastmaster Don McNeill, whose birthday is December 23, to call attention to the injustice of making one gift double as a birthday and Christmas remembrance. More than 900 persons, many of whom were born on or about Christmas, brought or sent gifts to the studio.

Valued at \$5,000, the "loot" included food, housewares, home furnishings, a movie projector, toys, clothing, a refrigerator, a row boat, outboard motor, life raft, a television set and radios. All were turned over to the Salvation Army for use in their Chicago institutions. Kay and Don McNeill completely outfitted a hospital room; members of the cast gave money to the Army's training school scholarship fund and the orchestra donated a truckload of coal.



Kay and Don McNeill visit the Catherine Booth Memorial Hospital where their gift was accepted by Major Amy Adams (left), superintendent, and tried out by one of the nurses.



Bernie tries out a new convertible tricycle under the watchful eyes of Patsy Lee and Colonel Robert Hoggard, chief secretary of the Salvation Army central division. Bernie's sponsor filled a boat with KIX for the kids at the Salvation Army summer camp in Wisconsin.

A small Breakfast Clubber tells Don she has the same trouble. Her birthday is in Christmas week, too. In the foreground is one of the six huge food baskets donated by Swift & Company.



Captain Tom Crocker of the Salvation Army accepts a refrigerator and a combination radio and television set from Don, Salesman Sam and the Philco Corporation. The refrigerator was sent to the Women's Emergency Lodge, while the television set was installed in the Army's Madison Street men's clinic.

More than a million listeners have written unsolicited letters to Don McNeill in the 16 years he has presided over the breakfast table. The bulk of this mail consists of requests, program contributions and suggestions, and friendly notes and cards.

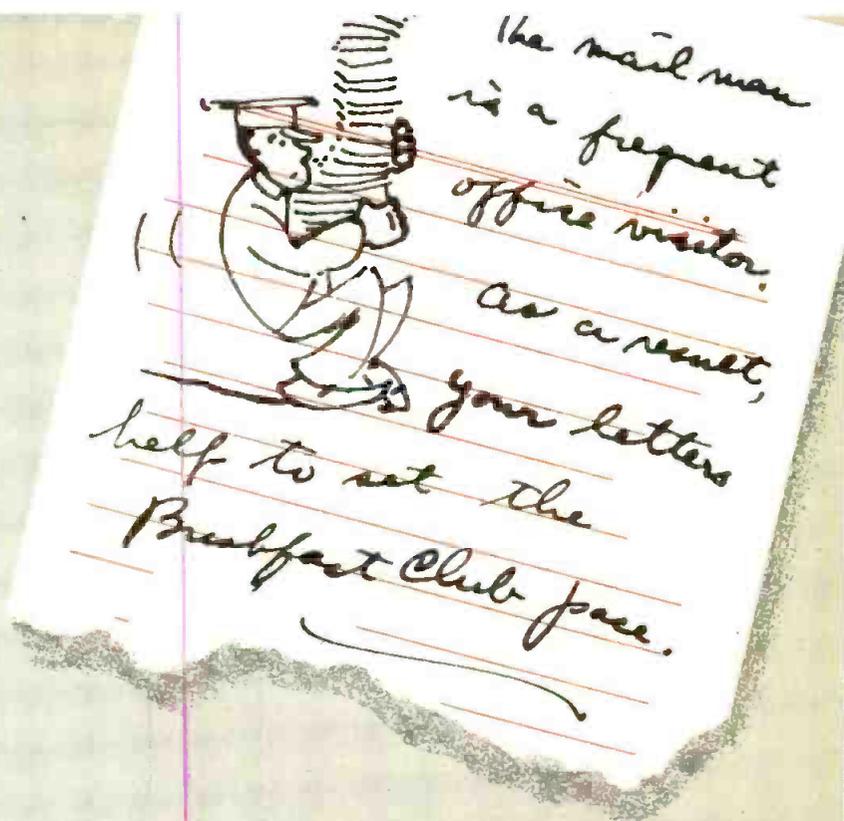
The 5,000 letters Don received last February when Bernie Christianson was discovered in the audience, is a good example of the power of fan mail. This spontaneous expression prompted the toastmaster to sign the 11-year old singer as a regular cast member.

Thousands of requests for copies of Memory Time and Inspiration Time poems also resulted in a series of Breakfast Club yearbooks.



Showering "shut-ins" with sunshine mail is another popular Breakfast Club feature. Each day, when Don McNeill asks listeners to send "a card or letter to a patient" in some recognized hospital or institution, hundreds respond.

A recent "shower", for instance, brought 1300 letters and cards to the McGuire Veterans' Hospital in Richmond, Va. The mail was displayed on bulletin boards in each ward for ambulatory patients and then distributed to isolated patients.



Most of the fan mail contains some reference to Prayer Time — a Breakfast Club feature Don McNeill started on October 28, 1944.

Prayer Time seems to have a special appeal for children. Little Larry Smith (left) of Washington, D.C., according to his grandmother, "is so impressed with your little silent prayer that he always asks God to bless Don McNeill when he says his night-time prayers".



These are the
 jewels and
 Inspirational talks
 you liked best in
 1949—

Most popular Inspiration Time message of the year. *The Chaplain Talks To His Team*, was clipped from the Notre Dame football program and sent in by Mrs. J. J. Thomas of Chicago. It was written by the Rev. Robert R. Joynt.

THE CHAPLAIN TALKS TO HIS TEAM

Buddy, this is your game. When you get in there, you're quarterback and captain. The north goal is between Heaven and eternal life . . . that's your goal. The south goal is Hell. The ball is your immortal soul. If you carry it over the right goal, you win . . . if you don't — you lose for all eternity.

Take a look at the opposition. The line from end to end is SIN. At the right end is PRIDE; and if you don't watch out, he'll mow you down like grass. Right tackle, ENVY. Right guard, SLOTH . . . He's a booze fighter, but keep away from him. Left guard, AVARICE. Left tackle, ANGER. Left end, LUST . . . and keep out of his way because he'll be in your backfield all afternoon. The backfield is Desire of the Flesh, Desire of the Eyes, Pride of Life, and at quarterback calling the plays himself — the Devil. It's a good outfit, and they've been playing together for a long time. They know all the tricks, and they've won a lot of games.

If you want, you can field an all-star team . . . The only team that has ever beaten Satan and his gang, a team that has a record of all wins and no losses. In the line, you have seven champions — the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. There's Wisdom, Courage, Understanding, Counsel, Piety, Fortitude, and Fear of the Lord. In the backfield you have, besides yourself, the three best . . . Faith, Hope, Charity.

You know the rules, the Ten Commandments. No dirty playing gets through. The referee is Almighty God Himself, and nothing gets by Him.

You can't win the game without the ball, and this ball is your immortal soul. If you lose it, you're stuck. God has given it into your keeping. You are the captain and the quarterback, so run the team well. Keep in condition by being faithful to your religion. Don't forget the practice sessions every Sunday in your Base Chapel. Have and use that surefire play that always works — PRAYER. You've had a lot of previous playing experience — So get out there and play ball for all you're worth. You have only this one game and everything depends on it. You don't know what quarter it is . . . The game may be in its closing minutes. And one last word, Buddy — There are no ties! Good luck to you, and God bless you!

—REV. ROBERT R. JOYNT



"This is your 'Philco Physiognomy,'" writes Artist Creig Flessel of Huntington, N. Y., who announces that it will soon appear in a comic strip. "Glad I don't have to draw the rest of you," he adds.

Top Memory Time poem for 1949 was written by Camille Kempfer Gillin of Elmira, N. Y. She says her little boy does the very things she describes in the following verses.

THAT LITTLE BOY OF MINE

Some where I've lost an angel and I've an
Indian in his place,
A savage who neglects to comb his hair
and wash his face.
He tears in thru' the front door in his rubbers,
mud and all
And drops his wraps on the sofa or the stairs,
or in the hall.
I find him lying on the ground when with
snow and slush it's soggy
And I bribe and reprimand him until my
brain is foggy.

His eyes are bright with mischief, his grin is
wide and sparkling.
He can't sit still to eat his meals and "butts in"
while we're talking.
He forgets to take his clarinet on the day
that he's to play,
Tells me AT NOON on Hallowe'en, "I'm to
wear a costume today."
His pockets are always bulging with various
gadgets and junk
Each washday I collect enough to fill a
traveler's trunk.

There's always an open shoelace to drag
along the floor and
His shirt tail hangs for all to see. — I CAN'T
TELL HIM ANYMORE.
If I'm not on hand when he retires, his P.J.'s
remain under his pillow.
While over the top of his night-stand his
drawings and Comic Books billow.
Oh I could go on for hours about the change
I see in my son,
Or I could write a book on it and my story
would have just begun.

But then, at night, when all are asleep and I
tiptoe into his room,
And stoop to kiss "goodnight" the cheek so
warm in Boyhood's bloom,
I see again the Angel child God entrusted to
my care.
And I thank Him over and over again for that
little boy sleeping there.
For, all too soon he will be a man, with
worries and cares like mine.
So I pray for strength and guidance to build
a character strong and fine.

This phase that he is passing through will
soon be a memory sweet,
Which I'll treasure with all those memories
that make my life complete.
The pride of my life he'll always be, the joy
of his mother's heart.
Until, someday, in this book our lives fill, a
page is turned and we part.



"This is exactly how we look every morning as we listen to you," writes Mimi Harvey of The Bronx, N. Y. "Wonder how you would look if you were vice versa?" she asks Don.

ON WOMEN AND WEEDS

Bad men — would like women
To be like cigarettes
In a case — so many
And all slender and trim
Waiting in a row
To be selected — and set a light to
And when finished with — tossed aside.

More fastidious men — prefer women
Like cigars — They are more exclusive
Look better and last longer.
But if the brand is good
They don't give them away.

Nice men — treat women like pipes
And become more attached to them
The older they get.
When the flame is burnt out
They still look after them
Knock them gently — but lovingly
And care for them always.
No man shares his pipe.

—UNKNOWN

Sent in by Nan Mulvehill, Honolulu, Hawaii.



"This is a sketch of myself at Prayer Time, drawn by my son, Roy. He is a senior in high school," writes Mrs. Norman Bubb of Holley, N. Y.

MOTHER

Some women have climbed to the heights of fame where only the few can go;
 Others have stayed in a little home where gardens and children grow
 And sewed on buttons and spread on jam, and cooked and ironed and swept,
 And worked in the night with weary eyes While the rest of the family slept.
 She's bound up bruises and banished cares, and thought up olden tales,
 Sewed baseball gloves for little boys; made dolls and kites and sails,
 And child size pies and apple tarts that children like to eat —
 Rewarded by the eager tread of little hurrying feet.
 She's worn hats and coats quite out of style, and gone with something less,
 To give a little blue eyed girl a hat or party dress.
 Stayed home around the evening lamp while others laughed and played;
 Shut away the merry scene, and smiled and talked and prayed.
 And yet she wants no sympathy for well she always knows
 There's something more to motherhood than wearing worn-out clothes.
 The gleam of costly jewels and the luster of soft furs
 Can't sparkle like the faces of the children who are hers.

—HELEN WELSHIMER, daughter of Dr. P. H. Welshimer, First Christian Church, Canton, Ohio

Sent in by Mrs. Edward Pilarski, South Bend, Indiana

MOTHER'S AND FATHER'S LITANY

To respect my children and in return
 To be worthy of their respect —
 To praise much and blame little,
 To emphasize their successes
 And minimize their failures —
 To make no promises to my children
 That I cannot keep —
 To have unbounded faith in my children,
 To be loyal to them both at home and abroad;
 To allow them the dignity of their own personalities,
 Not trying to make them over to my own desire —
 To care well for my children's bodies,
 But not at the expense of their minds and spirit —
 To be cheerful and ready to laugh because
 Children love laughter as they love sunshine—
 To have infinite patience with my children
 And to make allowances for them,
 Because they have so much to learn
 And I myself am not so very wise —
 To protect my children from my own nerves,
 Ill temper, personal prejudices, pessimism,
 and fears —
 To help them to choose
 The life work they are best fitted for
 Instead of gratifying through them
 My personal ambition —
 To reserve time and fresh energy for my children —
 So that I can be their close and interested friend —
 To fit my children to meet life and people
 Bravely, honestly, and independently—
 To give my children freedom, but
 To teach them how to use that freedom,
 So they will not confuse liberty and license—
 To show my warm love for my children
 As well as to conscientiously care for them—
 To manage them with intelligence and affection,
 And not by punishment, condemnation,
 Fear, faultfinding, and nagging—
 To guide my children instead of driving them
 To direct their energy instead of repressing it;
 To try to understand my children
 Instead of sitting in judgment of them;
 And through all misdemeanors both trivial
 and serious
 To love them steadfastly—
 May love and understanding help me.
 —UNKNOWN

PRAYER TO AN ANGEL

My dear, the day you went away
I thought our world was done,
I thought we were forsaken
When God recalled our son.
Your Daddy was beside me,
He tempered every tear.
He said somehow the pain would ease
With every passing year.

He told me we were lucky
To have the faith we do;
God needed one more angel
And he'd selected you.

And then one day a holy card
I hadn't seen in years,
Came to my mind, and its import
Has banished all my tears.

For thereon was a little boy,
An angel just like you
Was looking for his Master
And he had found Him, too.

And now when we are lonely
We think of you up there
We see you laying at God's feet
Your sweet and simple prayer.

We see you picking flowers
Your Grandpa surely grew,
We see them bringing joy to God
As they were meant to do.

We know your silvery little voice,
We always loved to hear,
Is singing praises now to God
In tone so sweet and clear.

I should have known that Heaven's
Where you were meant to be,
Because of all the Heaven
You always brought to me.

Before you came, we never knew
The wealth of love and joy
That God somehow embodies
In such a little boy.

Your going took the sunshine
From out of every day,
But we know you went on ahead
To help us find the way.

And when we're needing courage
We know God hears our prayer
For Heaven seems much nearer
Since we've an angel there.

EILEEN QUACKENBUSH

Received from the author, Eileen Quackenbush of
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

FRIENDS

'Twould never do for God to live across the
street
Or in the house next door where we should
daily meet;

So in His wisdom and His love He sometimes
sends
His angels kind to walk with us. We call them
friends.

Just friends, 'one word, but these few letters
can express

A wealth of sympathy and pure unselfishness.
One syllable, a single breath can form it —
friends.

But, oh, how much our happiness on them de-
pends!

When trouble comes, or loss, when grief is
ours to bear,

They come, our friends, with words of cheer
our load to share.

How could we face defeat without a friend's
caress?

Had we no friends to praise, how bare would
be success!

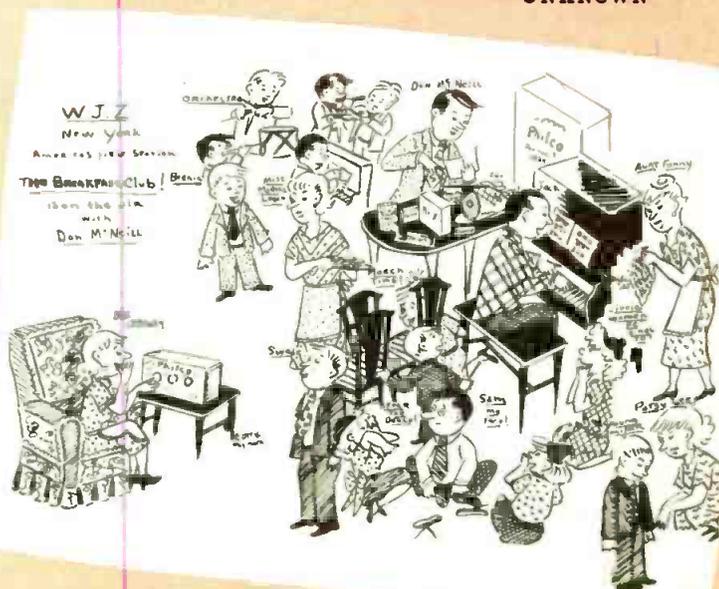
'Tis not God's plan that we shall see Him face
to face,

Yet He would hedge us in with His abounding
grace,

And so His messengers of love to earth He
sends,

They're angels, but we know it not, and call
them friends.

—UNKNOWN



What Mrs. R. W. Vannatta of Bethlehem, Pa., thinks her
friends, the Breakfast Clubbers, look like!

"What is deeper than a boy's love for his dog companion?" asks Harold Heller who wrote the following for Household Magazine.

FAREWELL AND WELCOME TO SKIPPY

Dear God:

I would like to tell you about my dog Skippy. Skippy is very old now, God. He is so old he can barely walk around and when we go riding in the car and take him with us we have to lift him into the car and lift him out. He can hardly see, too, and he is always bumping into furniture and he can only eat things cooked into small pieces and milk and he don't eat much of that.

My pop is going to take Skippy into the woods and shoot him. My pop isn't a bad man at all but he says he's got to do it because Skippy must be suffering.

He told me about it this morning. I didn't want to cry and I didn't actually but I guess some tears came to my eyes and my pop reached out and tousled my hair. "Pop, do you have to shoot Skippy today?" I said, and pop said, "Well, I think it best all way around if we got this over with." Then I said, "Would you please shoot Skippy tomorrow instead?" and my pop looked at me real close and kind of shrugged his shoulders a little and I said, "I would like to spend this last day with Skippy," and my pop said, "Well, all right," and he tousled my hair again.

So all day today I've been with Skippy, trying to feed him at lunchtime although he won't eat much, and patting him. I put him in my red wagon and pulled him around over the neighborhood, and I felt very bad because



"This sketch shows our son, Buddy, and the effect you have on his appetite," writes Carl F. Laubach of Corydon, Pa.

I remembered how Skippy used to romp after me at these places and bark and prance around and chase leaves in the wind and scamper after squirrels.

Then suddenly I thought of you, God, and that's why I came home and began writing to you. Nobody down here ever wants to die, God, people or dogs or cats, no matter how old they get. But I would appreciate it very much if you would let Skippy die before tomorrow, because he's going to have to get shot anyway and it would be nicer for him to just die.

I'm not trying to tell You how to run Your business, God, but sometimes I wish everybody didn't have to get old. Old people are the best people that are, they're always nice and kind and helpful, but the trouble of it is they can't get around so well and they don't hear very good or see very good.

Dogs are just about the same way.

It's not Skippy's fault at all. That's just the way it is down here when you get old, God, and I'd appreciate it very much, if it wouldn't be too much trouble for You, if You would let him die before tomorrow so we won't have to shoot him.

Pardon me for just a minute, God. There's somebody at the door. I'll be right back at my desk.

It was my pop! He said to me, "I just wanted to tell you—we won't have to shoot Skippy after all," and although I had the strangest feeling, I knew what he was going to say, word for word.

I said, "Why?"

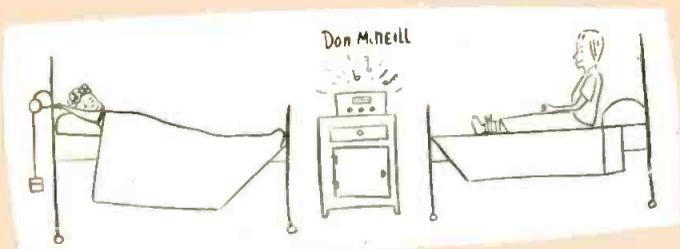
And he said, "Skippy has just died."

I didn't say anything for a little while and then I said, "Do you know whether he wagged his tail just before he died or not?" and my pop looked at me for about a second and then he said, "Yes, as a matter of fact, I think so."

So, God, here I am back at my desk and I want to thank You for being so nice about this. You got a swell dog up there in Skippy and I know You'll get along swell with him and he won't cause You any trouble. Most of all, though, God, I want to thank You for making him welcome and I know Skippy felt that way or he wouldn't have wagged his tail. Thank you so much, God.

Respectively,
ARTHUR

Sent in by Mrs. D. L. Foley, Gary, Indiana



From a hospital room last May came this youthful illustrated message: "This is how we look. Notice the grin. With your help we can take it on the chin." It was signed by Alice Straka (left) of Berwyn, Ill., and Blanche Tessen of Chicago.

TO HUSBAND AND WIFE

Reserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state, and your heart. Let no father or mother, or sister or brother ever presume to come between you or share the joys or sorrows that belong to you two alone.

With mutual help build your quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of ought that concerns your domestic peace.

Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once.

Never — no never, speak of it outside; but to each other confess and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance.

Renew and renew your vow. It will do you good; and thereby your minds will grow together contented in the love which is stronger than death, and you will be truly one.

—UNKNOWN

Sent in by Mrs. Alvin F. Drozda, Richmond, California



"I'm no Grandma Moses," writes Edna C. Hale of Denver, Colo., "but I like to draw and make scrapbooks for children. The sketch flatters me — a lady of seventy — who lives alone, but never is lonely with my radio."

More favourite
 poems and more
 sketches from sis-
 ters — showing
 that they listen —
 and love!

COMPANIONSHIP

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

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

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

— ANNE CAMPBELL, Detroit News

Sent in by Mrs. Herbert Geer, Topeka, Kansas

A PRAYER

Give me the faith that asks not "Why?"
I shall know God's plan by and by.
Give me the faith that looks at pain
And says "Twill all be right again."
Give me the faith that clasps God's hand
When things are hard to understand;
Give me the faith to bow my head,
Trustfully waiting to be led.
Give me the faith to face my life
With all its pain and wrong and strife.
And then with the day's setting sun
I'll close my eyes when life is done,
My soul will go without a care,
Knowing God is waiting there.

UNKNOWN

*Sent in by Mrs. W. S. Woodward,
Ocean City, New Jersey.*

By special permission of the Franciscan Fathers of St. Bonaventure College in New York, the companion bride and bridegroom prayers are reprinted here. They were featured on Memory Time last June.

A BRIDE'S PRAYER

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

Thou has sent me one who seems all worthy of my deepest regard. Grant unto me the power to keep him ever true and loving as now. May I prove indeed a helpmate, a sweetheart, a friend, a steadfast guiding star among all the temptations that beset this impulsive heart of mine.

Give me skill to make home the best loved place of all. Help me to make its light gleam brighter than any glow that would dim its radiance. Let me, I pray Thee, meet the little misunderstandings and cares of life more bravely.



"I love foolishness, but stop everything during Prayer Time when I know that half a nation is joining in silent prayer." — Mrs. Lorna Gallerani, Springfield, Mass.

Be with me as I start my mission of womanhood, and stay Thou my path from failure all the way. Walk with us even unto the end of our journey hand in hand down the highway of the valley of the shadow which we hope to lighten with the sunshine of good and happy lives.

O, Father, this is my prayer. Hear me, I beseech Thee. Amen.

Sent in by Mrs. W. K. O'Brien, Noughton, Mass.

A BRIDEGROOM'S PRAYER

O Heavenly Father, on this, my Wedding Day, I sense as never before Thy sacred Presence. It seems like the first glorious Sabbath in Paradise, when all was good and beautiful, when the universe lay at Thy feet in reverent awe, when the first man and the first woman listened to Thy voice in their pristine joy and innocence.

Behold, the woman Thou gavest me as my companion for this life's journey, kneels trustfully at my side. I thank Thee for joining our paths, and for granting us the privilege of sharing Thy power in perpetuating the work of Thy Hands. I know that she is Thy gift to me, and I vow in my deepest soul to love her, treasure her, and keep her with unswerving fidelity until my dying breath. May the love which knits our souls together today, never lose its ardor, its charm, its sweetness, and may spiritual wisdom and maturer understanding ever strengthen our holy bond as the days roll by, and as the bloom and vigor of youth give way to the infirmities of advancing years.

In joy and sorrow, in triumph and failure, I will stand by her side, not as her lord and master, but as a devoted friend and protector, sharing with her lovingly all I have and hold. I will build her a home, enduring, beautiful, peaceful; she shall be my queen, my comfort, the pride of my life.

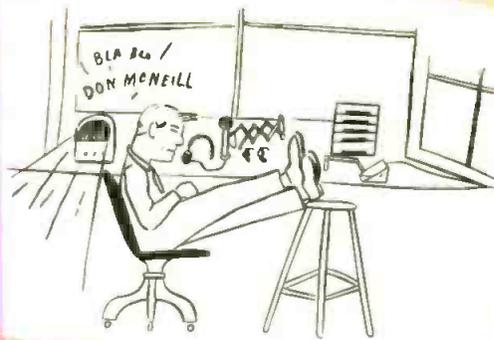
O Father, this is the prayer of my heart. Bless us and keep us in Thy holy grace.

Amen.

Sent in by Father Herscher, St. Bonaventure, N. Y.



"This is a self-drawing of my 15-year old daughter, listening to the Breakfast Club," writes Mrs. W. E. Burns of Monroe, N. C.



Telegraph Operator P. D. Finen, Jr., of Richland, N. Y., says "You relax me as completely as my sketch shows."

ON TEACHING THEM TO DRIVE

The Sweetheart

To learn to drive the auto, dear,
First push the lever into gear,
Then push your left foot in like this;
That's fine! Now teacher gets a kiss.

Now step upon the starter, so;
That makes the peppy engine go.
Now let your left foot back like this;
Good! Teacher gets another kiss.

Upon the gas you now must step,
That fills the engine full of pep.
That's great! You are a clever miss.
Here, teacher gets another kiss.

Now change to second. Now to high,
You do that just as good as I.
Now stop the car right here, and then
We'll do the lesson once again.

BUT THE WIFE

First, see your car is out of gear,
How? — by this gearshift lever here.
How can you tell? Why, feel it, see?
The thing is simple as can be.

Now step on that to make it start,
Great Scott! You'll tear it all apart,
If you don't take your foot off quick
The second that it gives a kick.

Now throw your clutch. For goodness sake!
Your clutch! Your clutch! No, not your brake!
Why? 'Cause I tell you to, that's why,
There, now, you needn't start to cry.

Now pull this lever into low,
Step off the gas and start off slow.
Look out! You almost hit the fence.
Here, let me drive! You've got no sense.

—WALLACE M. BAYLISS,
President, The Booth & Bayliss School

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

I am young enough to dread sorrow, I am young enough to have joys and sorrows, deep longings and high dreams, and many, many problems; and old enough to know that there is a cause for every joy, a cure for every sorrow — a solution for every problem, and a fulfillment for every aspiration.

I am young enough to desire success, and old enough to know that it can never be attained at the cost of health or character.

I am young enough to love to play, and old enough to have learned that most fun is having a hard task and seeing it bravely through. I am young enough to want to be good to look upon, and old enough to know that true beauty is from within.

I am young enough to seek far and wide for truth, and old enough to know that I most often find it in being faithful to the task at hand. I am young enough to learn the lesson — forget the experience and pass on to better things.

I am young enough to dread sorrow, pain, and misfortune, and old enough to be grateful for their chastening, mellowing influence. I am young enough to long for happiness, and old enough to know that it tarries longest with us when we seek it least.

I am young enough to crave true friends, and old enough to appreciate them when I find them.

I am young enough to have simple faith in God, in His goodness, in His loving care of me, in His wise and thoughtful plan for my life, and old enough to value this faith as the thing that gives my life purpose and makes it well worth living.

— UNKNOWN

Clipped from the Biggs Memorial Hospital News, Ithaca, N. Y., by Rosemary Palmer.

IF I HAD A SON ENTERING BUSINESS

By CHARLES P. McCORMICK

My son, be tolerant and open-minded, always keen to learn, but file it all in your head, not on paper like a student, for you are a man now. Success will come to you only through your desire to serve. By serving others sincerely, you will earn first-handed their attainments and their attributes. It will give you direction. Direction of mind coupled with physical efforts will make your "dreams" practical. Learn to be practical — learn to do thoroughly every job assigned you, and you will win respect and confidence. Learn to love your work and think of it as a game. Apply your knowledge of good sportsmanship on the field of honor and you will win hearts to you. Don't cut corners or be unsportsmanlike. Give the winner well-earned honors, and he'll befriend you; belittle him and you only belittle yourself.

Keep in mind always the necessity to forget yourself, your job, your work, and demonstrate it in action through the plaudits of your inferiors, and your superiors will take care of you eventually. If everything does not work out quickly to your satisfaction, blame yourself — and think! Think how you can improve yourself, your job, your work, and demonstrate it in action by cheerfulness and quickness accompanied with thoroughness. Be a sport—winning or losing—for one cannot stand on artificiality long. Learn to study people and distinguish the "four-flushers" from the real — the "bounders" from the go-getters, the "theorists" from the broad-visioned men, the "dud" from the thinker, and then you will know where to place your trust. Contacts with good men will help you just as those with "slothful" men will hurt you.

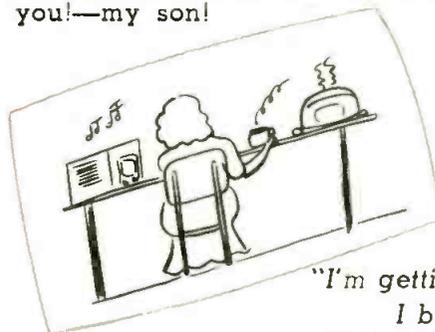
Try to be unselfish and true to your lofty ideals, and in setting them high never sidetrack yourself by ways of smallness or imposition on those under you. Your call in life, after all, is the work of your choosing — so choose it well and stick. Enjoy men of all classes and you'll understand them, but frown on the "lowly" and you'll find them unfriendly. One cannot live successfully without friends, but do not pay for your friendship by lowering your standards. Be helpful without being proud and cultivate a keen desire to study people's actions and habits, and remember that the future holds a place for students of man power. Take selling seriously and test

your strength and weaknesses, then build them upwards. Selling is essential to attaining success and money, but don't worship money and don't throw it away either for it is needful to attain social and business success. Make your business your major "sport".

Happiness, I believe, is contentment of mind and soul as a result of an earnest, honest endeavor to be helpful as you go down the short line of life. Serving makes fools out of some and wise men out of others, but remember the wisest and the foolish are not so far apart, after all, for both have sense—only one has lost his sense of direction and is drifting backward.

Cultivate the habit of learning something daily and accept criticism with an open, appreciative mind. Express yourself if it will help the conversation, but abstain if it will detract. Be independent in thought, yet ambitious, but always be tolerant. Be truthful ever and for goodness sake encourage "humor" for it will help you over the rough spots until you attain — which I know you will attain finally — "Satisfaction of Living".

Create a spirit of service, enthusiasm, and willingness and you will find young as well as older men wish you well and help you to climb the heights of success! Remember those that helped you, and, finally be unchanged in success and help others always in their climb by sympathy of understanding and encouragement, for you'll need others just as much to maintain your success. To know yourself is to insure these things that are good for you!—my son!



Lament

"I'm getting fat and
I blame you, Don.
This is what happens
while the air you're on:

At the table I sit from nine to ten.
No work do I ever get done then.
Just sitting and listening and eating away,
So now when walking do my hips sway."

— Mrs. C. J. Rutt, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

For several years on January 25 Don has read the following poem at Inspiration Time. It was written by Allan F. Herdman, Branchville, N.J.

ONE MONTH AFTER CHRISTMAS

'Twas the month after Christmas, when all thru
the house
Not a creature was smiling, e'en dad, the old
grouse.
The store bills were stacked on dad's roll-top
with care,
In hopes that collectors soon would be there.
Poor old dad was nestled all snug in his bed,
While visions of constables danced through
his head.
Mamma in her 'kerchief, and dad, the poor
sap,
Couldn't pay for the gifts, let alone take a nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a
clatter,
Dad sprang from his bed to see what was the
matter.
Away to the window he flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and counted the cash.
When what to Dad's wondering eyes should
appear—
But a big moving van and eight husky men
near!
With a little old driver so lively and quick
Dad knew in a minute it must be a trick.

More rapid than eagles those cursers they
came,
And they whistled and shouted and called
Dad a name.
"Now, dash you, now, darn you, we'll teach
you a lesson!"
The way that they shouted had poor dad a-
guessin'
They raced to the porch and right into the
hall;
Dashed away, dashed away, dashed away
all!
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to
the sky

So, into the parlor those cursers they flew.
And gathered up all gifts on which payment
was due.

A bundle of junk each had flung on his back,
And each looked like a peddler just opening
his pack.

Their eyes, how they twinkled! Their dimples
how merry!

As each one in his turn gave dad the rasp-
berry.

Each had a broad face and a little round
belly

That shook when each laughed like raspberry
jelly.

Dad, frightened and stumped — the right jolly
old elf,

Had to laugh as he watched them in spite of
himself,

No one spoke a word; Each kept on with his
work

And they filled up the big van, then turned
with a jerk—

And wiggling their fingers in front of their
noses,

And giving a laugh, to the big van, each
goeses.

They all sprang aboard and poor dad gave a
whistle.

As away they all flew like the down on a
thistle.

And they heard dad exclaim as they flew out
of sight,

"That's a load off my mind" and "It suits me
all right!"

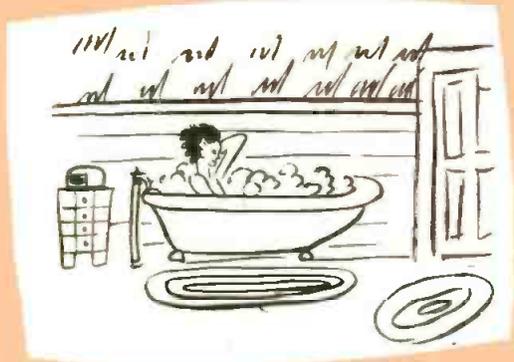


"What makes Sam
dance?" asks Mrs. Dot
Westlake of Washing-
ton, D.C.



"Why Sam's mother-
in-law!" answers Eth-
el Heath Fast of Can-
on City, Colorado.

"Good Morning, Breakfast Clubbers . . .
 May we salute you . . . ta, ta (blub, blub)"
 This is not a sketch of Jeanette O'Rourke of
 Terre Haute, Ind., she says, "but, it's human."



MORBUS SABBATICUS

Morbus Sabbaticus, or Sunday sickness, is a disease peculiar to Church members. The attack comes on suddenly on Sundays; no symptoms are felt Saturday night; the patient sleeps well and awakes feeling well; eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time the attack comes on and continues until services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better and is able to take a walk, an automobile ride; go visiting, talk politics and read the papers; he eats a hearty supper, but about church time he has another attack so he stays at home. He retires early, unless friends come in. He gets up Monday morning and feels well, goes to work, and never feels any symptoms of this illness until the next Sunday morning. The peculiar features are:

1. It attacks church members.
2. It never makes its appearance except on Sunday.
3. The symptoms vary, but never interfere with appetite or sleep.
4. It never lasts more than 24 hours.
5. It generally attacks the head of the family and continues to spread until every member is affected.
6. No physician is ever called.
7. It always proves fatal to the soul.
8. No remedy is known for it except prayer and repentance.
9. Real heart-felt salvation is the only antidote.

UNKNOWN.

Sent in by Mrs. C. F. Wahli, Knoxville, Tenn.

I WATCHED THEM TEARING A BUILDING DOWN

I watched them tearing a building down.
 A gang of men in a busy town,
 With a ho-heave-ho and a lusty yell
 They swung a beam and the side wall fell.
 I asked the foreman, "Are these men skilled
 And the men you'd hire if you had to build?"

He gave a laugh and said, "No indeed
 Just common labor is all I need.
 I can easily wreck in a day or two
 What builders have taken a year to do."

And I thought to myself as I went my way,
 Which of these roles have I tried to play?
 Am I a builder who works with care,
 Measuring life by the rule and square?

Am I shaping my deeds to a well-made plan,
 Patiently doing the best I can?
 Or am I a wrecker who walks the town,
 Content with the labor of tearing down.

UNKNOWN

Sent in by Mrs. Stephen R. Pierson, Germantown,
 Philadelphia, Pa.

The following poem was written by Mrs. Carl T. Larson of Carthage, Mo., at a time when her little boy was seriously ill with bronchial pneumonia. He had five sieges of it before the family moved to a warmer climate. Now he is a big, fine, healthy lad.

A MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Do you have a Christmas tree up there, Dear God?

I can almost see You smile and nod,
 For with You 'round that lovely tree
 A small blond boy must surely be.
 He was with me such a short, short while;
 Yet I learned to love his small sweet smile
 And loved to watch him shout with glee
 Around his own small Christmas tree.

Dear God, to You I come to pray,
 For does not the good Book say
 You who pray, do not pray in vain
 If ye do not pray for gain.
 I know You must have had a greater need of him
 Yet still my eyes, with tears do dim,
 So please place my love for him to see
 Around Your own small Christmas tree.

I THINK THAT GOD IS PROUD

I think that God is proud of those who bear
A sorrow bravely. Proud indeed of them
Who walk straight through the dark to find
Him there,
And kneel in faith to touch His garment's hem.

Oh, proud of them who lift their heads to shake
The tears away from eyes that have grown
dim,
Who tighten quivering lips and turn to take
The only road they find—to Him.

How proud He must be of them! He who knows
All sorrow, and how hard grief is to bear.
I think He sees them coming, and He goes
With outstretched arms and hands to meet
them there.

And with a look—a touch on hand or head—
Each finds his hurt heart strangely comforted.

—UNKNOWN

LITTLE BOY BLUE'S MOTHER

My little Boy Blue, it was long ago
Though it seems but yesterday
That you closed your eyes in dreamless sleep
And I put your toys away.

My other children have left the nest
And builded them homes of their own,
While in the house where they used to play
I have lived for years alone.

Not alone, for I feel you there,
With your smile of winsome joy;
The others have grown and gone, but you
Are the same little laughing boy.

How strange it seems that I've come to know—
So bitterly then I wept—
That the child I lost and mourned as dead
Is the only one I've kept.

—UNKNOWN

1



Thank you, Breakfast Clubbers, for your fine response to our request for impressions of what you think we look like and what you look like. Wish we had space for all your sketches. Here is another group: 1) McNotes from McNeill by Ray Nolan, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., 2) Dancing with Sam by Mrs. John Orr, Fair Oaks, Calif., 3) The Whole Gang by Ray McIntyre, Stonewall, Manitoba, Canada, 4) Aunt Fanny by Madge Everist, Canon City, Colo., and 5) Morning Bliss by Mrs. Karl Sell, DeCatur, Mich.

5



3



4





Titian-haired Nancy Donovan, whose thrilling soprano voice and Irish beauty is the toast of New York town, substituted for Patsy Lee around the breakfast table from July 11 to August 1. Patsy spent the three weeks with her parents in California.

A native of Olean, N. Y., Nancy went to the Big Town when she was 18. She spent the first year keeping books in an advertising agency and trying to get a singing job.

New York discovered her when she went to a skating rink with two girls from the office. While an organ played, the skaters sang. Nancy's voice reached high and brilliantly above the other voices. The manager immediately hired her as a nightly singer.

A month later, at the Cafe Maxim, she started a full-time singing career that took her to many of the nation's leading cafes, theaters and hotels. Her Breakfast Club assignment was Nancy's first major coast-to-coast radio appearance.

July 11, 1949
 Nancy Donovan, the
 New York ~~Olean~~, spends
 three weeks with us
 and we find a 2 1/2 year
 old singer in the
 audience.



Here is Daniel Joseph Moody, the 2 1/2-year old Cicero, Ill., youngster, whose lisping rendition of a popular tune stopped the show on July 14. By listening to the radio and to phonograph records, he has memorized 25 songs.



Before New KIX was introduced rationally on the Breakfast Club, Don McNeill and the cast were breakfast and luncheon guests of General Mills. The new cereal was given a terrific workout at both sittings.

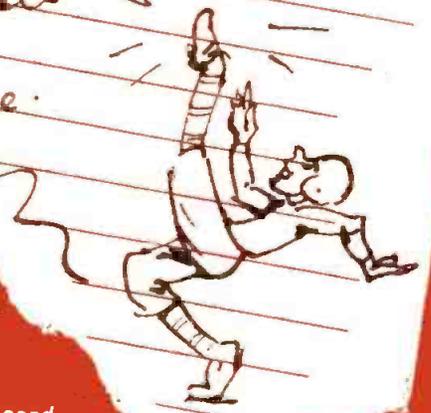
Between servings, the gang toured one of the three plants where KIX is made and packaged. As the pictures below show, Don and Sam lost no time in sampling N. K. after they saw them made.

Ed Smith, General Mills' director of advertising; Don, Paul Slightman, packing superintendent; and Sam are intrigued by the packaging operation.

July 14, 1947



We discover N. K. and they are T.I.T. Then we get a KIX out of visiting the plant where they are made.



Don needs no urging for a second helping. (Left to right) Henry Tombers, superintendent of Cereal plant; Sam Don, Ed Smith and William Evans, general superintendent of the South Chicago G. M. plant.





More than seventy Breakfast Clubbers, sponsor and network representatives said goodbye to Jack Owens and hello to Johnny Desmond, his successor, at a golf outing and farewell dinner on Friday July 22.

Jack Owens, whose songs and cruising crooner activities made Breakfast Club history for seven years, was presented with a set of matched luggage and a broken golf club. The luggage was to help him move his wardrobe around the nation on personal appearance and recording dates. The club was to remind him that he broke "100" on his final Breakfast Club outing.

July 22, 1949
 It's goodbyes and
 good luck, Jack,
 from the Breakfast
 Club family.



Don introduces Johnny Desmond to Breakfast Club wives and sweethearts.

Meet the Desmonds!
 Left to right: Diane, 3; Johnny,
 Baby Patricia, born on Ruth's
 birthday (May 19) and Ruth.



Johnny Desmond, the handsome young baritone who won international success as a vocalist, became a regular member of the Breakfast Club on Monday, July 25. He succeeded Jack Owens.

As a vocalist with the official AAF band, Johnny followed up earlier American successes with sensational appearances at armed force bases on the continent. He was heard weekly over the British Broadcasting Company network and was a favorite singer of the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

Johnny was born in Detroit, November 14, 1921. While studying at the Detroit Conservatory, he organized a vocal quartet composed of himself and three other students. Bob Crosby signed the group to sing with his orchestra after one audition. He changed their name from the "Downbeats" to the "Bob-O-Links".

During these one-night stands, Ruth Keddington joined the group, because other members of the quartet liked her voice. Johnny favored another singer, but today Ruth is Mrs. Desmond.

July 25, 1949
 We welcome a
 successful young singer
 to the Breakfast Club and
 meet Johnny
 Desmond's
 wonderful
 family!



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