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DON McNEILL'S BREAKFAST CLUB YEARBOOK



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Presenting...

**THE 1954
BREAKFAST CLUB YEARBOOK**

**A COLLECTION
OF FAVORITE POEMS
PHOTOGRAPHS AND STORIES**

Don McNeill

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FAVORITE POEMS . . . READINGS

Inspiration . . . faith and reverence . . . friendship . . . whimsy and humor are the ingredients blended and served daily on the Memory Time portion of Don McNeill's Breakfast Club. Called "the heart of the Breakfast Club", Memory Time was one of the original features introduced by Don McNeill in 1933.

There have been a number of Memory Time booklets published through the 20-year history of the Breakfast Club. This edition presents the most frequently requested Memory Time poems and readings offered during the year of 1953.

A conscientious effort has been made to give proper credit to the authors and publications concerned. If we have failed to locate or list the author of any poem, we ask forgiveness and permission to rectify the error in subsequent editions.

Y Y Y

TAKE TIME WISELY

Take time to work, it is the price of success.
Take time to think, it is the source of power.
Take time to play, it is the secret of youth.
Take time to read, it is the foundation of wisdom.
Take time to pray, it is the way to heaven.
Take time to dream, it is the highway to the stars.
Take time to be friendly, it is the road to happiness.
Take time to laugh, it is the music of the soul.
Take time to look around, it is the short cut to unselfishness.

Catholic Hospital News

Here are two tried and tested recipes for the family chef. They were originally published by Marshall Field and Co. to accompany a film on social relations and were sent to us by Dr. Albert C. Baker, rector of the Trinity Episcopal Church, Bessemer, Alabama.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY DAY

1 cup friendly words
2 heaping cups understanding
4 heaping teaspoons time and patience
Pinch of warm personality
Dash of humor

Instructions for mixing: Measure words carefully. Add heaping cups of understanding; use generous amounts of time and patience. Cook with gas on front burner. Keep temperature low — do not boil! Add dash of humor and a pinch of warm personality. Season to taste with spice of life. Serve in individual moulds.

RECIPE FOR A TERRIBLE DAY

Take a pint of ill humor;
Add one or more unfortunate incidents.
Set over a good fire.
When boiling point is reached,
Add a tablespoon of temper.
Baste from time to time with sarcasm.
Cook until edges curl.
Add handful of haughty words;
As mixture curdles, stir furiously.

Warning: Do not cover — may blow top! Serve while sizzling.

BEATITUDES FOR TEACHERS OF CHILDREN

Blessed are you when your church says, "Teach our children,"
For then are you numbered among those who follow the great
command, "Go . . . teach."

Blessed are you when children think of you as a trusted friend,
For in establishing this relationship with the children, you have
attained one qualification of a good teacher.

Blessed are you when, with the children, you see beauty, love, truth,
and live in righteousness,
For as you teach, you also will learn and grow.

Blessed are you when you are able to think of the needs of every
child as you plan your work,
For understanding, affection, and security are essential to
Christian life and growth.

Blessed are you when other teachers seek your counsel and help,
For comradeship is a source of mutual strength and confidence
to those who share a common purpose.

Blessed are you when fathers and mothers recognize your sincerity
of purpose,
For Christian teaching is doubly sure when the home and
church are in partnership.

Blessed are you when you are not satisfied with your ways of teach-
ing children,
For self-improvement is always possible for those who earnestly
desire to become better friends and guides of children.

Blessed are you when zeal for the Kingdom of God fills your heart,
For he who guides children in the way of love, good will, and
righteousness, is already building the Kingdom of God.

Mary Skinner

*From Children's Division
Yearbook, General Board of
Education of The Methodist
Church. Used by permission.*

*Christobel Dean, director of Neff College, Philadelphia, wrote
the following introduction to a poem he submitted to LIFE
TODAY Magazine.*

"One day as I sat by a window looking at the high hills beyond,
I found the mother whom I thought I had lost. There was nothing
dramatic about her return to me. No vision of an angel in a white
robe with outstretched arms; no strange touch on my shoulder, or
low whispering of my name. It was just a quiet lifting of my
sorrow; a gentle drying of my tears; a steady awakening from blind
loneliness. That was when I wrote

THIS I KNOW

She walked a high road, I could see her there . . .
A prayer upon her lips, a flower in her hair,
Her skirt blew in the wind, her head was high,
She trod the earth, yet seemed to breathe the sky,
And always she was singing as she went . . .
A song of triumph and of rich content.

One morning early as I watched her there . . .
A prayer upon her lips, a flower in her hair,
Eagerly waiting for the break of day,
A sweep of sunrise came and carried her away.
She caught a glimpse of high roads further on,
And, looking back, went out to meet the dawn.

I cannot see her as she moves along,
But always, always, I can hear her song.
And somehow I am sure that now she knows
The reason why she's singing as she goes.
I cannot trace her reachless wanderings,
But this I know . . . that she still walks — and sings!

Christobel Dean

Four different subscribers sent the following verse to *The IDAHO FARMER* last year when this publication asked for a "grandmother poem". As far as is known, it originally appeared in a "second reader" 50 or 60 years ago.

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRANDMOTHERS

Grandmothers are very nice folks;
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do as he likes
And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all,
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples and pennies and cakes,
Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to ma's,
To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,
T'other way when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies — a whole row — in the cellar.
And they're apt (if they know it in time)
To make chicken pies for a feller.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs
And say, "Ah, these boys will be boys!"

"Life is only so short at the best;
Let the children be happy today."
Then they look for a while at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About heaven and when they shall go.



And then a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what must come at the last,
For grandmothers all have to die.
I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night.
Some boys more than others, I s'pose;
Such fellers as me need a sight.

This beautiful "farewell" poem was written to a Breakfast Club listener by her husband shortly before he died. Thomas J. Tuttle, a Denver poet and humorous writer, addressed the message to his wife, Mary, and sealed it to be opened after his death. Eddy Rogers has composed music for the poem and it has been performed on the air several times.

I'LL BE CLOSE BY

When I am gone, I shall not die,
For I will always be close by;
I'll never leave your side at all,
But listen — for your beck and call.

To dry your tears, you'll always find
Me near, to soothe your troubled mind;
I'll never leave you, this I vow,
But be as close as I am now.

And when alone, you'll understand,
You'll even feel me touch your hand;
While I caress your smiling face,
And hold you in a fond embrace.

We'll laugh and talk — just I — and you,
And do the things we used to do.
We'll stroll along some shady lane,
And live the fun we've had — again.

And when at night your prayers are said,
I'll gently tuck you into bed,
Then softly kiss you a good night,
And tell you things will be all right.

And when the morning comes anew,
I'll still be waiting up for you.
When I am gone, I shall not die,
For I will always be close by.

Thomas J. Tuttle

DAILY DOZEN FOR WORRIERS

1. *Believe in yourself* —
You are marvelously endowed.
2. *Believe in your job* —
All honest work is sacred.
3. *Believe in this day* —
Every minute has an opportunity to do good.
4. *Believe in your family* —
Create harmony by trust and co-operation.
5. *Believe in your neighbor* —
The more friends you can make the happier you will be.
6. *Believe in uprightness* —
You can't go wrong doing right.
7. *Believe in your decisions* —
Consult God first, then go ahead.
8. *Believe in your health* —
Stop taking your pulse, etc., etc.
9. *Believe in your Church* —
You encourage others to attend by attending yourself.
10. *Believe in the Now* —
Yesterday is past recall, tomorrow may never come. Don't let the world situation give you the jitters.
11. *Believe in God's promise* —
"I will be with you always," He meant it!
12. *Believe in God's mercy* —
Failure today is best forgotten. If God forgives you, you can forgive yourself. Try again tomorrow.

*Whatever your problem is —
GIVE PRAYER A TRIAL*

The Daily Dozen will work. I know!

*Rev. Herbert Alastair MacOdrum,
Minister, Kydd Memorial Presbyterian
Church, Rosemount, Montreal.*

Some of the best prose and verse today is written by anonymous copy-writers in America's great advertising agencies. A good example is the following essay taken from an advertisement of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.

HE COMES IN SECOND

Everybody likes a winner, and there are always people ready to cheer for a good loser. But who ever heard a song for the man who comes in second?

So this is in praise of the almost-winner, the nearly-champion, the next-to-the-biggest, the second-best. This is the song of Mister Two.

You hear unflattering names for Mister Two. "Also-ran", they call him, and "runner-up". Names that make you think of a fellow who couldn't quite make it.

Don't let that fool you.

Ask the winner of any race how good a man is Mister Two. He'll tell you it's Mister Two who made him run so fast; Mister Two pressing hard at his heels, threatening always to overtake and pass him.

Ask the salesman who won the contest, what kept him plugging after hours, looking for the extra order. Ask the directors of the giant corporation why they keep changing their product, seeking the new improvement, the added advantage. What drives them? What keeps them hopping? It's the salesman with nearly as many orders. It's the company with the product almost as good.

It's Mister Two.

In this country, we're proud of the quality of our champions. Our big men come very big. Our fast men run very fast. Our wise men are the wisest and our great men are the greatest that a country could hope to be blessed with. And why is that? Couldn't it be because, hot on the heels of every champion, runs a great Mister Two? Couldn't it be because great Mister Two's grow naturally in a land where the race is always open and everybody can run?

So this is for you, Mister Two. This is your song. This is for all the days you tried for first, and came in second. It's for the nights

when you wonder if you ought to go on trying . . . since nobody seems to notice.

We notice, Mister Two. We know the score. Winner or not, you're a natural champion. There couldn't be a race without you, Mister Two.

Y Y Y

"This little letter," writes Annie Lee Funk, "has brought me valued correspondence and pleasant experiences. Strange to say, most people think I have had a tragic life. I haven't! Mine has been the 'common life.' I still write — I still teach school."

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa Claus:

I have not written you for a long, long time, but the gay little toys of Happiness, the shimmering tinsel of laughter, the gleaming baubles of Joy, the bells of Cheer that rang in my voice, the candles of Faith ashine in my eyes, the kind thoughts like Gold and Frankincense and Myrrh, and Love like a star in my soul — all these that I once had are tarnished and broken and lost now — all, all! And so, at long last, realizing their preciousness and repenting my carelessness, humbly, contritely, I ask you for Christmas:

Please, please fill my wayward heart with graciousness; give me forgiveness of those who have stolen my laughter; bring me cement of contentment that I may mend the fragments of my shattered joys; leave me a whistle of cheer, a pair of rose-colored spectacles, and a life full of the fruits of kindness and patience. If you can't spare me so much, why just bring the Love and Faith, for with those I can build myself a prayer wherein I can talk again with God.

And please don't forget the many other unfortunate grown-ups everywhere, who won't have any Christmas unless you bring them these same gifts I so desire. Love and thanks, from

THE CHILD WHO GREW UP

P.S.—I have moved from the old place on Sunny Heights. Be sure and don't miss me in The House That Looks Forlorn at the End of Cynical Street.—T.C.W.G.U.

Copyright 1948, Annie Lee Funk

Here is a fine tribute to our boys in service. It was written by our good friend, Phil Maxwell, who is known throughout the country as director of the famous Chicagoland Music Festival, sponsored by THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE Charities, Inc. We are sure Phil was thinking not only of his own son, but all of our boys who have grown to manhood.

HI, TOUGHIE!

You're my greatest puzzle, son. Just when I think I have your attention, you spin about and run away like a gazelle. You aren't very tall, but you can climb clear out of my sight.

You crawl to breakfast, but go like lightning when there are dishes to do.

You cringe when Mother calls you "dear", but grin from ear to ear when your gang yells, "Hi, Toughie!"

You sleep best late in the morning, and for you nights are wasted time. Your lips say one thing, while your eyes dance a contradiction.

You're a quick-change artist. You can leave home looking like a fashion plate and return within the hour ready for the laundry.

You can make me mad and sad all at the same time. Just when I'd like to wallop you, you do a magic switcheroo and make me want to put you a little stronger in my will.

You're never on time, but when you arrive everything seems to be O.K. When you're noisiest you get in my hair, but when you're quiet it's mighty lonesome.

Once you crossed your mother, but you tried to hold back the tears when she was ill.

Well, Toughie, that was yesterday. It now seems a long, long time ago.

You're now tall and straight and the T, U, I and E in TOUGHIE—they help spell out another word—LIEUTENANT! TOUGHIES everywhere, I salute you.

— Philip Maxwell



Last fall, Don McNeill received this letter from Miss Yetta Dunn, of Kinston, North Carolina. She's a 22-year-old negro girl, handicapped because of muscular dystrophy. Despite her inability to get around like others — despite the limited sphere of her life — she's a real cheerful person. And her letter should be a morale booster for all our handicapped or shut-in Breakfast Clubbers. She says in part:

"I'm too busy to be lonely or despondent. I crochet and sell the things I make. I sing in the church choir. I read extensively. I listen to the radio, and that includes "Breakfast Club" of course. I go places, every place I can in my wheel chair. In other words, I try to keep doing something all the time. I regard my handicap as a personal challenge. If only other handicapped persons would look upon it that way, they could be so much happier. Among the many things which have given me comfort and courage is the following poem of an unknown author."

PRAYER OF FAITH

God is my help in every need.
God does my every hunger feed.
He walks beside me, guides my way,
Through every moment of the day.

I now am wise, I now am true,
Patient, kind and loving, too.
All things I am, can do and be,
Through Christ the truth that is in me.

God is my health, I can't be sick.
God is my strength, unfailing, quick.
God is my all, I know no fear,
Since God and love and truth are here.

Author Unknown



GROWING UP

Was it yesterday I laced his shoes,
Wiped his nose and bemoaned each bruise;
Fastened the buttons he couldn't reach
And built sand castles on the beach?

Taught him to count on his ten pink toes;
Listened with care to his little-boy woes;
Plied him with spinach as part of a game;
Guided his hand as he printed his name;

Spanked his bottom and dried his tears;
Scolded and cuddled and calmed his fears;
Tried to explain why the stars twinkled?
(No wonder my brow is perpetually wrinkled).

Was that yesterday? Why, how time flies!
Today he's a scholar and wordly-wise;
He's not much amused at the jokes we make
And scorns Santa Claus as a silly old fake;

Scoffs at the once-loved Easter rabbit
And terms good-night kisses a babyish habit.
For now he's grown up and so utterly cool . . .
Today, you see, he started to school.

Betty Heiser

*Reprinted by permission of
BETTER HOMES & GARDENS*

WHAT IS AMERICA?

What is America? What is the U.S.A.?
Well, it is purple mountains and fruited plains —
But it's smoke stacks and railroad ties, too;
It's air-coaches and ice-cream sodas,
Be-bop and symphonies.
It's Christmas stockings and plush hotels,
Production lines and skyrockets;

It's TV sets and antique shops,
Advertising signs and factory whistles.

You can put all that together — and add a million bags of fertilizer
— a thousand juke boxes — a hundred diesel locomotives;
But the inventory isn't even started.
For America's also the country preacher's warm handclasp,
The quick come-back of the smart-looking stenographer;
It's the set jaw of the high school halfback,
The sharp eyes of the farmer;
It's the soft quiet talk of a mother to her baby,
The big laugh at the bowling alley;
The close harmony at a wiener roast.

It's the crackle of ham and eggs frying,
The smell of gasoline exhausts and popcorn;
But America isn't just the sum substance of all things you see
and hear and touch.

America is ideals — beliefs — feelings —
The opportunity to work your way through college selling
magazines;
To invent and sell a million new can-openers;
To get a job or quit one;
To open a hot dog stand or farm your land.

It's the freedom to talk back to a cop or boo a politician;
To invest your money or hide it under the mattress;
To worship God in your own way;
To run your own life.

But, you have to look ahead to see America;
For, most of all, America is a state of mind — a point of view —
a love of moving on — beyond the next hill —
the next filling station — the next frontier —
Expanding — growing — living — beyond the horizon.
That's America! That's the U.S.A.!

Tom Wolff

*Reprinted by permission of
The Ohio Edisonian, employee
magazine of The Ohio Edison Company.*

A REAL MAN

*Breathes there a man with soul so dead . . . who cannot say,
"This I am . . . this I can be!"*

A real man never talks about what the world owes him; the happiness he deserves, and the chances he ought to have, and all that. All he claims is the right to live and be a man.

A real man is just as honest alone in his work in his own room as he is in public.

A real man does not want pulls, tips, favors. He wants work and honest wages.

A real man is loyal to his friends and guards their reputations as his own.

A real man is dependable. His simple word is as good as his Bible oath.

A real man does a little more than he promises.

A real man does not want something for nothing, so the get-rich people cannot use him.

A real man minds his own business. He does not judge other people.

A real man always has excuses for others, never for himself. He is patient and charitable to them; to himself he is strict.

A real man is glad to live and not afraid to die.

A real man never hunts danger and never dodges it when he ought to meet it.

A real man's love is like a dog's and that's saying a great deal.

A real man is the finest, best, noblest, and most refreshing thing to find on all the green earth, unless it be a real woman.

*Reprinted by permission of D. R. McCleary,
Editor of PARTS PUPS Magazine*





An old Memory Time poem inspired the hit tune "Woman" which Johnny Desmond introduced last fall on the Breakfast Club. The words and music for this popular song were written by Dick Gleason.*

WOMAN

A woman is something both evil and good,
 But too complicated to be understood.
 An angel when lovin'; a devil when mad.
 A woman can make you both happy and sad.
 Afraid of a cricket, she'll scream at a mouse,
 But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house.
 She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse.
 She'll bust his head open and then be his nurse!
 She's bashful, deceitful, keen-sighted and blind,
 Simple and crafty and cruel and kind.
 In the morning she will, in the evening she won't;
 You're always a-thinkin' she will, but she won't!

To complement "Woman", Eddy McKean of the Breakfast Club staff then wrote "Man." It was set to music by Dick Gleason and sung for the first time by Johnny Desmond.*

MAN

A man is a creature we can't overlook,
 As easy to read as a page in a book.
 He'll boast and he'll brag of the women he spurned.
 But just like a doorknob, his head can be turned.
 As strong as an ox or as meek as a pup,
 He's just a small boy who will never grow up.
 A leader by day, he can make business hum,
 Then wind up at night, under some woman's thumb.
 Complains that he's henpecked and treated so bad,
 But if he's ignored, then he hollers like mad.
 He knows all the methods of landing a fish,
 But still can't be trusted at drying a dish.

* Copyright 1953, Studio Music, Inc.

Our good friend, Bud Rainey — a 30-year radio veteran — of Hartford, Conn., is a regular contributor to Memory Time. Here is another gem from his book "Dreamtime."

FORGIVABLE LIES

Sonny sat upon his hassock with his elbow on his knee,
And he looked a little puzzled as he softly said to me:
"What's machine-guns made for, Daddy?" and he looked into
my eyes,
And I felt a little startled, for he took me by surprise.
"Oh," I said, "they're made for windows, as a symbol or a mark;
Used in front of famous buildings, and on statues in the park!"
Then he asked, "Do they hurt people?" And I lied and answered,
"No.
They're just made for decoration, and they're only used for
show".

He accepted what I told him, and he studied for a while,
Then he snuggled close beside me and he gave a little smile:
"What are cannons used for, Daddy?" And I feared my lips would
balk.
But I falsified an answer, "They're to put beside a walk."
Then he asked me, "Are they dangerous?" And I said, "No,
not at all,
They're just used to guard the flagpole or the entrance to a
hall."
"Then," he said, "why do they have them at the Arm'ry, by the
door?"
And I said, "To hold the doorsteps, they're for weight and
nothing more."

Now, he didn't know the answers that I gave were untrue,
But on questions like he asked me, what else could a father do?
"Tell me, Daddy," he continued, "what are bombs that burst in
air?"
"Why, they're fireworks," I deceived him, "like they shoot
down at the Fair!"

"They won't hurt you then," he murmured." "No," I said, "they're
just for play;
Only used for celebrating and on Independence Day!"
"Now I know," he softly whispered, as the sandman took his toll,
And my conscience started hurting, gnawing steady at my soul.
Then I hugged him tight and kissed him as he cuddled in a heap,
And I whispered to him softly as he lay there fast asleep:
"Sonny boy, forgive your daddy . . . all my answers were untrue;
You're so very young I figured it the better thing to do.
So forget it and be happy, for it won't be long until
You find out the things you spoke of were made to hurt
and kill.
Much too soon the truthful answers, will flare up before your eyes,
So forgive your daddy, Sonny Boy, for telling you those lies!"

RECOGNIZE ANYTHING FAMILIAR?

Gibbon finished his monumental work, "The Decline and Fall of The Roman Empire," just 165 years ago. He listed five reasons for Rome's catastrophic end:

1. The rapid increase in divorce; the undermining of the dignity and sanctity of the home, which is the basis of human society.
2. Higher and higher taxes — the spending of public monies for free bread and circuses.
3. The mad craze for pleasure; sports becoming every year more exciting and more brutal.
4. The building of gigantic armaments, when the real enemy was within — The decadence of the people.
5. The decay of religion; faith fading into a mere form, losing touch with life and ability to guide people.

*Reprinted by permission of the
HUDSON NEWSLETTER and the
Hudson Motor Car Company.*

Some mighty fine advice for girls AND boys is given in this article by Curtis Mitchell. It originally appeared in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY and was reprinted in the February, 1953 issue of THE WOMAN.

HOW TO SPOT A WOLF

My daughter looked me straight in the eye and asked, "Dad, how does a girl spot a wolf?"

The problem began the day my daughter was elected high school queen and brought her football squad home for waffles. Since then my home has been the happy hunting ground for tall, dark and hungry young Americans. And my shoulders have borne the problems of any parent with teen-age daughters. Who are these young men who come into our homes? How often do we really know the boys who invade our household?

Young men, it seems to me, can be divided into four groups:

First, those who are decent in the best sense of the word.

Second, those who might like to be wolves but need a girl's co-operation and encouragement.

Third, those who are genuine wolves stalking their quarry with every trick of flattery and make-believe love.

Fourth, men whose "romantic" emotions are so uncontrolled as to make them mentally sick and physically dangerous.

Usually, one group looks about like the others. But some of them, acting like the boy next door, have the charm of Perry Como and the guile of Richard Widmark at his movie meanest. How is your daughter to tell the difference?

In all my experience, nothing stands out so significantly as a talk I had with Doctor Helen Langner, New York psychiatrist.

"There is no infallible test, but when you talk to a man, listen hard," she says. "How does he talk about his own sisters or his mother? Is he considerate or not? What subjects does he discuss? Are they healthy or diseased? Does he talk exclusively about dancing, gambling, drinking or sex? Is he contemptuous of marriage and social restrictions? Most particularly, watch for the first time he is different from what you thought he was going to be.

"I have told my daughters these important things:

"Widen your circle of friends and of course, get to know many men. Study those your friends regard as wolves — see how they 'operate'. It won't be long before you'll be able to spot them.

"Your surest defense against a wolf, aside from being able to spot him early, is your own strength of character. Stick by your own moral values — don't let others talk you into things you don't approve. You have grown up with certain standards, and you have confidence in them. Don't give them up, even if you think you're in love. In fact, that's just the time you'll want to stick most closely to them. If the man you love doesn't respect your moral standards, he's not for you — and you're lucky that you found him out in time.

"As you grow older, your experience and your common sense will combine into what we call 'womanly intuition'. That will stand guard over you long after you have forgotten how your Dad once worried himself gray over your beach parties and midnight hayrides."

A BLOOD DONOR'S PRAYER

Grant me no lesser favor, God, than this . . .

That by my giving

Some war-spent, but courageous, eager son

May keep on living.

Grant that the faithful rhythm of my veins

And my heart's singing

May bring an urgent quickening, and stay

His soul's far winging.

Because I have no stalwart lad by birth

To call me mother,

I ask this small, maternal share in one

Dear to another.

Then I shall walk a quiet but exalted way,

Glad in the knowing

I fed the flame, and for some unknown son

Life is still glowing.

Nell Griffith Wilson

JUST BEFORE HER BEDTIME

We love her in the morning,
When she's waking up with glee;
And when it comes to bathtime,
How she splashes! You should see!
And while she's playing with her toys,
She's precious as can be.
But just before her bedtime —
Well, just come along with me!

Her nose is getting itchy,
Food is spattered on her dress.
Her hair sure needs a brushing,
Yes, you might say — "She's a mess!"
But the sandman's round the corner.
Ten minutes — maybe less.
It's just about her bedtime, —
She's *so* sleepy . . . can't you guess?

Her bottle's all been taken,
(Though the tendency's to loll)
And waiting for her in her crib,
She sees a much loved doll.
Thumb in mouth she watches drowsily,
The shadows on the wall.
It's just about her bedtime —
And we love her best of all!

When a baby comes to live with you
It brings unceasing joy.
And it doesn't really matter,
If it's a girl or boy.
At times they're loud — at other times,
They're like a cuddly toy.
But when the next stop's dreamland —
That's the time we best enjoy.

Nancy Kincaid



STUDENT CHEATERS

by Dick Lacey

This fine article is recommended reading for parents of all teenagers. It originally appeared in LIFE TODAY, February, 1953, and is reprinted here by permission of the author and the Henry Publishing Company, Concord, New Hampshire.

To cheat or not to cheat — that is the question facing every single boy and girl entering high school. A recent survey at one top-ranking high school, reveals that 91% of the pupils in the three upper classes either have cheated or now cheat; that 56% think no worse of other students who cheat; and that 26% would vote for a candidate for an important school office even if he was an habitual cheat.

Chances are that if similar surveys were made in other high schools, results would be substantially the same. School officials are puzzled by the situation. But one thing is virtually certain, cheating is definitely on the rise. There has always been a certain amount, of course, but probably never before has it been so evident as it is now.

What are the causes, and what can be done to eliminate it? The pressure upon youngsters nowadays is tremendous. Parents, teachers, college admission requirements all conspire — unwittingly — to make good marks an end in themselves, rather than a means to an end. The consequence is that many children will do almost anything to avoid failure or poor marks.

The typical boy or girl knows next to nothing about cheating until he reaches the ninth grade. Here he begins to run into much more emphasis on marks than he has ever felt before; he finds a pattern of cheating easy to fall into. At first he merely copies homework. He does this to save time, because he has so many other activities that he cannot do all the work assigned to him. He sees cheating is generally accepted by those around him; that other pupils think no worse of him for cheating; and that it's no different in a way, from some of the things he sees his parents and other adults do. It is very likely that sooner or later, the student rationalizes that cheating is not really wrong at all.

Here are some of the things which the wise parent can do:

1. At all times observe the most scrupulous honesty at home.

When father is doing 65 miles per hour where the speed limit is 45, and mother says "Better be careful, dear." What will the children think when he replies, "Oh, that's all right, there aren't any cops in sight!"

When Junior passes his 12th birthday, don't on any account try to keep on taking him to the movies for half price, no matter how young he looks for his age.

2. Remove some of the pressures which encourage cheating.

A parent should encourage his children to aim high and to achieve the best possible results; but remember that perhaps Junior just can't get those "A's" you've set your heart on. He may be just an average "C" student.

Early in your youngster's high school career visit his school. Talk with his principal and teachers. Find out just what his capabilities are. Then, don't expect too much of him. By all means, try to get your child to live up to the limit of his potentialities. But beware if you try to goad him beyond that limit!

3. Exert some supervision over your child's homework.

There is nothing wrong with helping your child with his homework if — and it's a big if — you give the right kind of help. You are not helping him at all if you just do the work for him; in fact, you are almost encouraging him to cheat by doing this. But if you guide him over the rough spots, helping him to help himself, then you are giving the right sort of aid.

4. Stress religion and morality in your home.

It is not likely that a child readily will take to dishonest practices if religion is an integral part of his home life — not just something that he may be exposed to on Sundays. Especially should the parent and the school work hand in glove to indoctrinate boys and girls with the idea that cheating is absolutely dishonest; and that one should not only refrain from cheating at all, but should refuse to condone, excuse or tolerate it in others.

When you live in a place for a long time and then for one reason or another have to move to another city, it can cause a tug at the heart. Such was the case of Ruth Schowalter of Alexandria, Louisiana, who wrote us a letter about it and a song, which Johnny Desmond sang. In her letter, she said:

"Two years ago we were transferred to Louisiana by the U. S. Forest Service and had to leave the very beautiful city of Madison, Wisconsin, which had been home to us for almost eight years. It wasn't easy . . . and if you know Madison at all, you will understand how someone with poetic leanings could easily be inspired at such a time. So I wrote:

PARTING WITH MY HEART

Did you ever love a spot such an awful, awful lot
That leaving it meant parting with your heart?
For you'd built a dream house there, and its walls were
 bricked in prayer
For the dear ones who had shared it from the start.

There is no one thing to say counts the most in any way;
It's a hundred little things, and many more;
Just a house where children play, and a church where
 good friends pray;
There's a park, a school, a corner grocery store.

Chorus:

Streets that you've walked,
And neighbors you've met.
A yard full of sunshine,
Feet, small and wet!

There's a spot I love like this, it's a dream I'm going to miss,
For we've lived there with our happiness and tears.
But though much is left behind, there are other dreams to find,
And new spots to love a lot in future years.

Maybe you will feel a little better about paying your share of the income tax when you read the letter Burton Schindler of Chicago wrote to the CHICAGO DAILY NEWS. He calls it:

THE GREAT AMERICAN BARGAIN

Recently I completed my income tax for 1952 and discovered that it cost my wife and me about \$4 a day to be Americans last year. At first, I complained as usual, but on second thought, it seemed that we had gotten quite a bargain.

For our \$4 a day we were entitled to free complaint about high taxes, governmental bungling, and the high cost of living for every one of the 365 days of the year. And on Nov. 4th we were given an extra dividend and were permitted to vote to change the things we disliked.

For our \$4 a day we bought 24-hour protection at home and abroad, by an Army, Navy, Coast Guard, Air Force and FBI . . . thorough surveillance of the foods and drugs we bought . . . National Parks to visit on our vacation . . . our mail delivered each day . . . the administration of our Social Security Fund . . . and daily weather forecasts.

That \$4 a day helped pay a debt we owe to a lot of servicemen who died or were wounded to make sure we were safe. It provided food, clothing and shelter to their widows and orphans. It helped pay the wages of the men overseas who are keeping us free.

It bought guns, shells, planes, ships, food and clothing to enable them to defend themselves. It bought turkey dinners for servicemen on Christmas and gave them movies at night.

Our \$4 a day bought us the right to live and love and work every day of the year without fear . . . and most of all, it gave us 24 hours of hope in the future every day of the year.

Burton Schindler

Pictorial Review

The year 1953 produced more than its share of pictorial highlights. It was Don McNeill's 20th Breakfast Club year and his 25th year in radio. Trips to the Pacific Northwest, California and through the East also added new luster to Breakfast Club's history. These events and many others, like the 20th Anniversary simulcast show (left), are presented here in review.



20 YEARS OLD

Mayor Kennelly of Chicago, proclaimed June 23, 1953, "Don McNeill Day." It was the 20th Anniversary of Breakfast Club. The American Broadcasting Company and Philco celebrated the event by simulcasting the show.

It was March Time around the breakfast table when the picture below was taken. Among the 1500 guests who crowded the Terrace Casino of the Morrison Hotel, were the twenty "Original Breakfast Club Babies" shown above right. Each was born on June 23, 1933 during the hour of Breakfast Club's first broadcast. Following a six months' search, they were brought in from Canada and 17 states.

Finally, a four-foot cake was presented to Don by Willard Rutzen, general manager of the Morrison Hotel, and the catering staff.



The twenty-first "Original Breakfast Club Baby" — the one to grow on — was reunited with his mother on the simulcast. Ben F. Round was flown in from the Pacific and his mother was brought in from Syracuse, N. Y.



THE McNEILL FAMILY

The McNeill family joined Don on the anniversary show. He is shown, above, with his father and mother and his sister, Agnes. Kay is seated with the boys, Tom, Bob and Don Jr.



An hour before show time, thousands lined up in front of the Seattle Civic Auditorium. More than 6200 attended the broadcast. At the same hour, the Presidential Inauguration was being telecast in Seattle.



Pacific Northwest

CALIFORNIA TRIP

Breakfast Club's first trip to the Pacific Northwest covered 5,686 miles and nine cities. More than 29,000 fans attended broadcasts in Spokane, Vancouver, B. C., Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Oakland, Pasadena, Long Beach and Hollywood from January 18 to 28, 1953.

A member of the Canadian Kiltie Police Honor Guard (upper left) came on stage after the Vancouver broadcast to entertain the Breakfast Club gang. He presented Kay with a bolt of McNeill plaid.

Sam, Don, Johnny and Peggy presented this interesting picture (below) to 3200 fans in Portland, Oregon.





Twenty years later, "The Two Professors" pose for a picture in Pasadena. Don McNeill and Van Fleming teamed together on a West Coast network program in 1931 and 1932.



It's "Aloha" for Don and Kay McNeill as they sail for Hawaii in 1953.

Fran, Don and Peggy meet the press on TV in San Francisco.

Twin girls and two other "Breakfast Club Babies" pose with Don and Kay McNeill after a Hollywood broadcast.





Leading the orchestra, Sam finishes with a down beat . . . coatless, tieless and pantless!



April Fool

What started out to be an April Fool gag (with everyone doing someone else's job) turned out to be a smash hit. Examples: Announcer Don Dowd (right) sings the "Desert Song" ala Dennis King and Eddie Ballantine (below) leads March Time ala Sam Cowling.



Milwaukee's City Hall and Marquette University welcome Don and Kay McNeill "home."

25 YEARS LATER



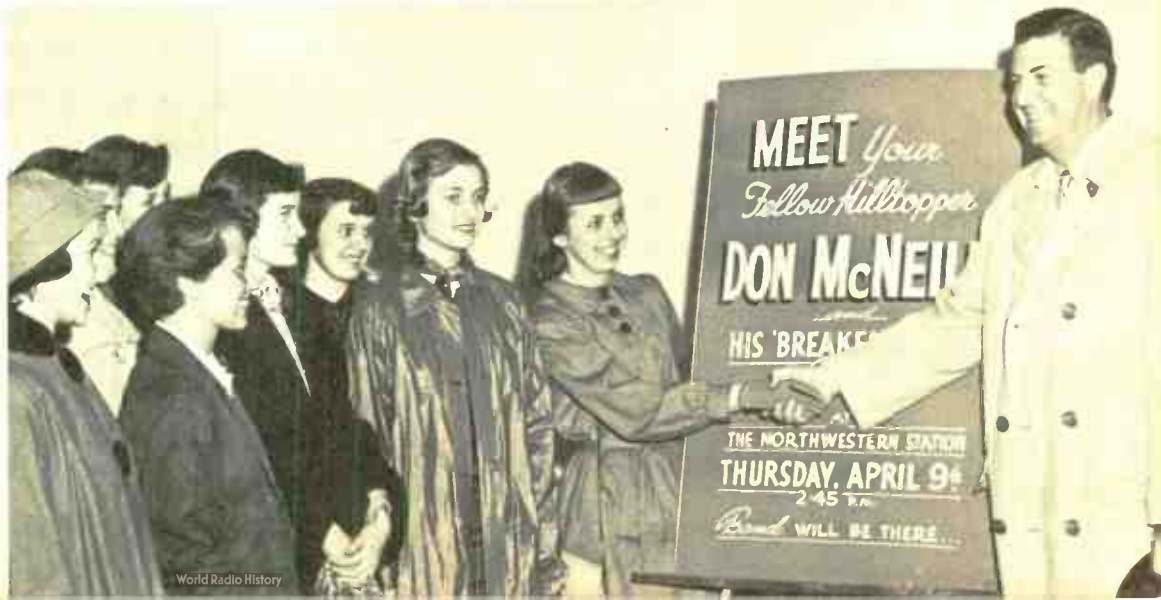
It was "Homecoming on the Hilltop" for Don and Kay McNeill when the Breakfast Club originated a broadcast from Marquette University's Memorial Union in Milwaukee, April 10, 1953. Don met his wife on the Marquette hilltop in 1928, shortly before he took his first radio job.

Left, the Rev. Clarence Ryan, S.J., vice president of Marquette, and Beverly Rempe, prom queen, welcome Kay McNeill. Below, Don receives the glad hand from a group of coeds.

WELCOME

DON

MC NEILL





Blood PROGRAM

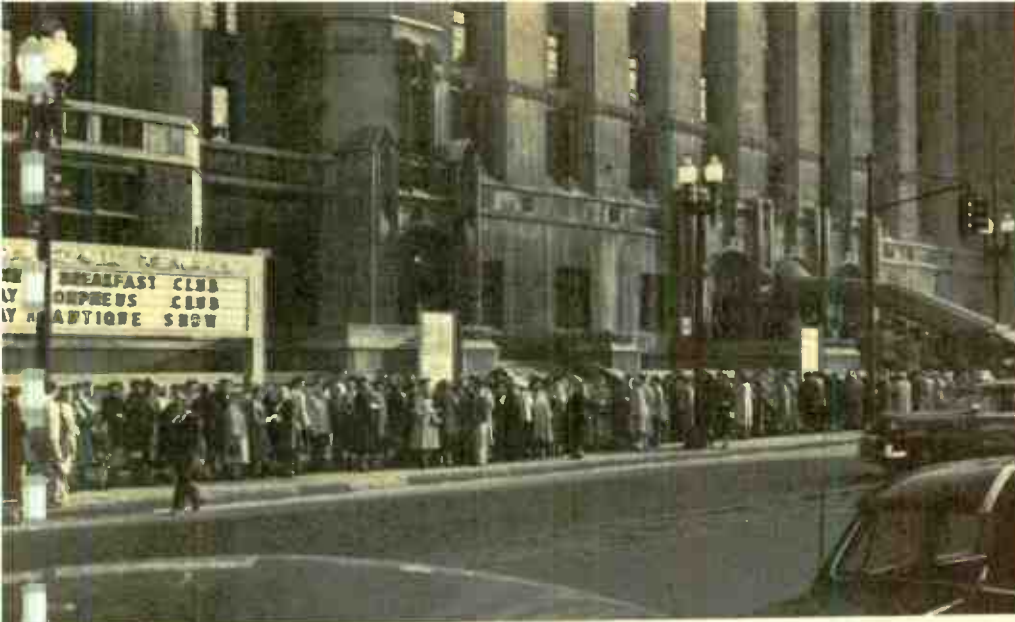
The Red Cross Blood program was given a substantial boost last spring when Don McNeill and the Breakfast Club gang showed how easy it was to give blood by actually doing it. The photographs on this page were taken just before the gang left on the 1953 Eastern trip. This example prompted more than 2,000 Breakfast Clubbers in the six cities visited to donate a pint of blood.

ABOVE: Don and Fran Allison (Aunt Fanny) check in at the Chicago Blood Center.

TOP RIGHT: Blood pressures are taken by Red Cross nurses, who report "you can give blood."

CENTER RIGHT: Don McNeill asks, "How am I doing?"

LOWER RIGHT: It's all over and the gang enjoys a cup of coffee.



Eastern Trip

Breakfast Club's 1953 eastern trip began in Detroit on May 4. It was homecoming for Johnny Desmond, who started his singing career on a Detroit radio station at the age of 11. Johnny's mother and dad (below) entertained the Breakfast Club gang at a spaghetti dinner the night before the show.

Some of the 3,000 Detroit fans who attended are shown (upper left) in front of the Masonic Temple an hour before the broadcast. On the show, Sam Cowling (lower left) met Tory, president of his bird club, and Mrs. J. E. Riordan. Sam presented his parakeet friend with a handful of worms.

Other cities visited on the trip were: Cleveland, Youngstown, Pittsburgh, Rochester and New York City.





ABOVE: Don and Kay enjoy brunch with sponsors' wives in Pittsburgh, May 7.

On Tour

The press captures Johnny and Fran at a Rochester reception.

Host stations and sponsors keep the gang busy attending parties and benefits.



Fran Allison as "Aunt Fanny" and Sam Cowling harmonize in Cleveland.





The camera stops Kay and Don as they arrive in New York.



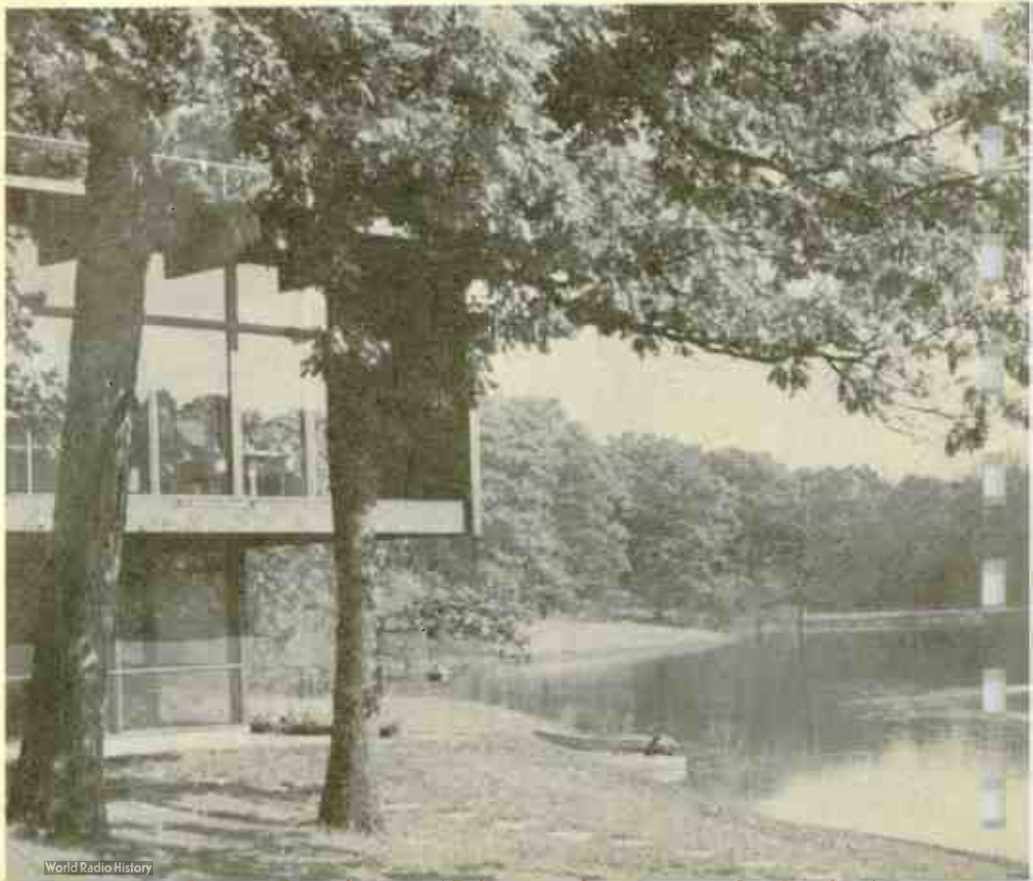
BLOOD DONORS occupied seats of honor at all the Breakfast Club shows on the eastern trip. In Youngstown, above, 175 donors wore Red Cross mortar board hats when they attended the May 6 broadcast.

BELOW: Sam and Johnny vie for a "seat of honor" on the opening broadcast from New York's Radio City.



Boys Camp

For the second consecutive year, Don McNeill shared his vacation with a hundred boys. Groups from eight different Boys Clubs in the Chicago area were Don's guests each week at his summer home in Northern Illinois. Sam Cowling, below, was also on hand to help entertain the boys. Each group made an appearance on the Breakfast Club. Above is the Boys Club of Cicero around the breakfast table with the cast and Peter Donald, who did his usual fine job of pinch-hitting for Don.





Introducing

EILEEN PARKER

Pretty Eileen Parker, a blue-eyed brunette from Fredonia, Pa., is the new "singing sweetheart" of the Breakfast Club. In July, 1953, she replaced Peggy Taylor, who left the show to tour Europe. A former church choir singer and vocalist with bands around her home town, Eileen is the youngest of 11 children. One of her first official assignments was to accept a "Mike Award" on behalf of the Breakfast Club from the American Legion Auxiliary convention in St. Louis. Below, Eileen presents the award "For Best Entertainment Program" to Don McNeill.





Special SHOWS

Don McNeill and the Breakfast Club cast again gave generously of their time and talent for many worthy causes in 1953. Special shows and appearances were made for Cerebral Palsy, Boys Clubs, City of Hope, Christophers, Red Cross, C.Y.O. and Boy Scouts.

Don and Jerry Lewis (upper left) were among the 200 celebrities who appeared on the 28-hour Cerebral Palsy telethon from Chicago in May. On the City of Hope telethon (lower left), Don appeared with Jack Carson, Monica Lewis and Jim Moran who sponsored the show. Don and Marilyn Maxwell (below) were guest stars of "ol' ski-nose" on Bob Hope's television show.





Kansas City **SHOW**

"About 7,200 husbands in the mid-west went without breakfast when Don McNeill's Breakfast Club originated a broadcast from the Kansas City Municipal Auditorium." That is the way the Kansas City Star reported the October 5 show staged by Philco dealers and Station KCMO.

The Star also published the photograph (upper left) of six housewives from Siloam Springs, Ark., who left home at midnight in a motor car. After running out of gas, being towed six miles by a milk truck and getting lost in Kansas City, they arrived at 6:30 a.m. They were rewarded with front row seats and an invitation to take off their shoes!

The night before the program, Don joined former president Harry S. Truman and Tom L. Evans (below) in dedicating Station KCMO-TV.





Birthday BROADCAST

Don McNeill's birthday present from his family and sponsors was a day off . . . the first weekday morning in 21 years that he could enjoy in bed! It happened on Dec. 23, 1953, Don's 46th birthday. While he rested at home (below), Kay McNeill and the boys carried on from the studio. The telephone in front of Don Jr. (upper left) was connected directly to the toastmaster's bedside, but it was used only once. That was at the end of the show, when Don Sr. called to compliment everyone for a fine performance.

LOWER LEFT: Kay is dwarfed by the size of her three boys (Don Jr., Bob and Tom) and the birthday cake presented to "ole sleepy-head."





Christmas

BROADCAST

"Admission restricted to members and the staff" was the order of the day when the Breakfast Club originated its Christmas broadcast from the Off-The-Street Club in Chicago. As the pictures to the right so vividly show, more than 1,000 happy club members attended. Star of the show was the 4-year old blonde (above) Don picked out of the audience to sing.

Sponsor gifts for the Christmas party following the broadcast included: Swift & Co., ice cream, toys from Quaker Oats and Bobbi-White Rain, and a 21-inch Philco television set for the club.





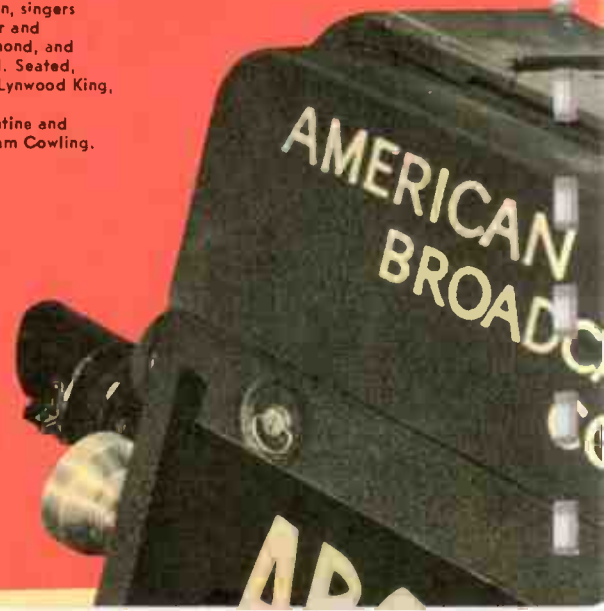
Breakfast Club

SIMULCAST

Breakfast Clubbers in the eastern and central time zones now can see as well as hear their favorites. Since February 22, 1954, Don McNeill's Breakfast Club has been on ABC's radio and television networks simultaneously.

Aunt Fanny (Fran Allison) was ill when the photograph on the left was taken, but she joins the gang three times a week around the radio-TV breakfast table.

Standing, left to right,
Radio Producer
Cliff Petersen, singers
Eileen Parker and
Johnny Desmond, and
Don McNeill. Seated,
TV Director Lynwood King,
Bandleader
Eddie Ballantine and
comedian Sam Cowling.



FAVORITE STORIES . . . QUIZZES

Most Breakfast Club interviews reveal only a small facet of the many-sided nature of Don McNeill's guests. Occasionally, Don learns more about these people through correspondence and follow-up interviews. Some of these true stories are presented here, together with Inquiring Quizzes — a new Breakfast Club feature.

IN MEMORY OF HAZEL

by DON MCNEILL

Children in Center, North Dakota, obviously cannot recall the rigors of the 1920 winter there. But they know of Hazel Miner, who was 15 when March that year brought signs of spring.

Routinely, one morning in the middle of the month, Hazel helped dress her younger brother and sister, and took them to school on the family horse-drawn sled. Snow flurries came up after lunch — but what mattered another inch when Dakota snow was measurable in feet? At about 3, there seemed an increase in the flakes, but the sky did not begin to darken for another hour.

Hazel secured permission to leave school early. Hastily she bundled her brother and sister into the sled, then clucked at their horse to begin the familiar 2½ miles home.

The darkness and snow worsened, and the girl suddenly realized that she could no longer plainly distinguish her horse. She shook the reins, urging greater speed. Occasionally, she leaned back to reassure her brother and sister who were shivering from the cold.

Hazel did not realize, however, that she had lost the road, until a sled runner lurched into an unfamiliar rut. She stepped off the sled into snow above her knees. Grasping the horse's bridle, she tried to guide.

Suddenly the sled hit an obstruction and tipped over, throwing the children clear. Terrified and aware that Hazel could not upright the sled, they began to whimper. Only then did the brave girl accept the fact that all they could do was live through the night.

Under the scant shelter offered by the overturned sled, with only a lap robe to cover them, Hazel warmed the children with her body and began to tell stories. She continued for a long while. If a child drowsed, there came a caution: "Don't, we've got to stay awake — Daddy will find us in the morning."

Hazel Miner was right. The search party led by her father tracked them through the snow. But she was dead — her body still hovering protectively over the two children who, though unconscious, were alive.

Today, Hazel Miner sleeps in a cemetery, flanked by her parents. The way Dakotans feel about her is evidenced by a stone memorial in front of the county courthouse:

IN MEMORY OF HAZEL MINER . . . TO THE DEAD A TRIBUTE
TO THE LIVING A MEMORY . . . TO POSTERITY AN INSPIRATION

*Reprinted from Coronet August
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Are You Color Conscious?

Color exerts a more pronounced effect on our lives than most of us realize. The following quiz, which appeared in the May, 1953 issue of EVERYBODY'S DIGEST, was designed to give you a colorscope rating. Rate yourself before looking at the answers.

Answer

1. What is the most universally popular color?
2. What is the most generally disliked color?
3. What colors do most men prefer?
4. What color is preferred by most women?
5. Which color has the most stimulating effect on our senses?
6. Which color has the most depressing effect?
7. Which color is most restful?

Answers on page 47

A FRIEND TO THOSE WHO NEED HER

by DON MCNEILL

This is the story of Henrietta Additon, superintendent of New York State's women's prison and reformatory known as Westfield Farms. When you meet Miss Additon you're surprised. You think to yourself, "But this gentle lady can't be director of a prison!"

Henrietta Additon started out in life as a schoolteacher. But she soon grew far more interested in handling the problems of young people than in teaching them, so she quit to join a charitable organization. Shortly after that, she became probation officer of the local municipal court.

It was there that she first realized the desperate plight of girls who get into trouble with the law. She was deeply moved to see this "sad procession of wayward girls," as she called it, and wanted to do something to help them find themselves.

The more Miss Additon listened to the stories of how they came to commit the crimes that brought them up before her desk, the more she was convinced that the solution to their problems was not punishment, but rehabilitation. She maintained that they should have been sent, not to prisons, but to schools where their lives could be re-directed into better, happier channels.

So, when she was offered the job as superintendent of Westfield Farms, she accepted eagerly.

That was twelve years ago, and today, under the direction of this gentle lady, Westfield is turning out, not ex-convicts, but young women trained and adjusted to make their way in the world.

I think the best way to show you Miss Additon's method with these girls is to tell you what she has done for one of them. This youngster, whose name is Fay, was a typical member of that "sad procession." Fay's parents died when she was sixteen, and since they had left her a little money and she'd always had an urge toward the glamour of the "Big City," she left her small-town home and came to New York. She had only two years of high school and wasn't trained for any sort of job, but that didn't bother her. She was pretty and felt sure she'd land an exciting job.

But Fay met nothing but disappointment. She had no training of any kind. Nobody wanted to hire her. Finally she landed a job as housemaid, a far cry from the glamorous job of her dreams.

Even then her troubles were not over. The lady of the house began to have suspicions, entirely unfounded, that Fay was making a play for her husband. One morning she accused her of it, and Fay, this last blow being just too much for her, struck the woman.

Fay was arrested and sentenced to Westfield Farms.

And there, at Westfield, she met Miss Henrietta Additon. To Fay, Miss Additon's soft voice seemed to be saying the only kind words she'd heard since she'd left home. "Don't be frightened," Miss Additon was saying. "We're your friends here."

Miss Additon told Fay a little about Westfield. There were no cells — just rooms each girl could decorate as she pleased. There was plenty of recreation, a beauty parlor run by the girls, classes of all kinds. As she talked, Fay began to get a funny feeling about this place and this nice woman.

Miss Additon went on, "I see in your file that you'd like to be a secretary some day. Do you want to take a stenography course while you're here? You can also take an academic course and get your high school diploma if you like."

By the time her sentence was up Fay had not only completed the stenography course and received a high school diploma, but had been elected class valedictorian. And in her speech she said:

"If we ever make anything of ourselves in life, it will be because of Henrietta Additon. She takes us each to her heart. She makes us all her friends. She gives us back to ourselves and sends us out into the world new and better people. Thank you, Miss Additon."

Fay is a very competent bookkeeper for a small firm in New York right now. And Miss Additon? Well, she's still at Westfield Farms, still helping girls find the right path in life and giving them the training and courage to follow it.

*Reprinted from True Story, December 1952
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STRANGER IN THE CHURCH

by DON MCNEILL

For the men who worked the coal fields of southern Belgium a century ago, only the slightest margin divided safety from disaster. In the spring of 1879, the precarious balance was destroyed when a mine explosion killed and injured scores of villagers from Petit Wasmes.

In the crisis, no one fought harder to save the survivors than a young Dutchman, who had abandoned a career as an art dealer to become their minister. He nursed the wounded night and day. He fed the hungry and clothed the poor. He even scraped the slag heaps to give his people fuel.

In return for his devotion, the miners accepted him as one of their own, attending his services in greater numbers than ever before. But when a church superior inspected the village, he was shocked to find that his young subordinate lived in a simple hut and dressed in an old soldier's coat and a suit made of sacking.

"You look more miserable than the people you teach," he exclaimed. "What have you done with the salary we paid you?"

"I gave it to the miners," the minister said simply.

"You've been here six months," replied the visitor, "but it will take years to rebuild the conventions you've destroyed. Your appointment is canceled!"

The pompous clergyman departed indignantly, while the young minister remained stunned. For weeks, nothing could lift him from despair until one afternoon, the awkward gait of a miner bent beneath a sack of coal caught his eye. He felt in his pocket, pulled out a pencil and an envelope and began to draw the toil-worn figure with easy, rhythmic strokes.

As he worked, energy flowed back to him for the first time since his dismissal. His drawing technique was crude, but he worked fiercely, intensely, and somehow caught the rugged spirit that gave his people strength and dignity even in suffering.

Day after day, he sketched from dawn to dusk, capturing charac-

ter, movement, mood. He walked 15 miles to visit an art shop to talk to an artist. Then he announced his decision to the villagers. "I'm going back to Holland to study painting," he said.

His step was firm as he walked away, although he would remember his failure as long as he lived. Yet, had he succeeded as a minister, he might never have turned his genius to the bold and brilliant art that has since taught the world his name — Vincent Van Gogh.

*Reprinted from Coronet September
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How Much Do You Notice Your Husband?

by EDDY MCKEAN

Men are notoriously unobservant of the clothes their wives wear. But is the same true of wives? To test your own powers of observation, here is a little quiz. No fair peeking at him or the answers while you fill in this questionnaire.

Answer

1. What color socks is your husband wearing today?.....
2. Is he wearing anything in his lapel buttonhole?.....
3. Does he part his hair on the left or on the right?.....
4. Is he wearing a single-breasted or double-breasted suit?.....
5. When he dresses, does he put his shirt on before his pants?.....
6. What size hat does hubby wear?.....
7. What is the color of his eyes?.....
8. What is your husband's favorite color?.....
9. Where does he carry his pocket comb?.....
10. In which pants pocket does he carry his change?.....

Answers on page 47

How Shy Are You?

Here is another test to help you analyze your emotions and thoughts. It was prepared by Dr. James F. Bender of The National Institute for Human Relations and appeared in the July, 1953 issue of *YOUR LIFE* magazine. There are three possible answers to each question: "yes", "no" and "sometimes". Check the column that best fits you.

	Yes	No	Some- times
1. Do you feel self-conscious when you have to go out and look for a job?
2. Do you find it difficult to start a conversation with a stranger?
3. Are you unhappy and uneasy in the company of the opposite sex?
4. Do you blush easily?
5. Do you avoid wearing certain styles because you don't want to be too "showy"?
6. Would you rather stand in the rear, than walk down the aisle to a front seat?
7. Do you feel painfully self-conscious when you stand before a group?
8. Do you get more pleasure from reading than from associating with others?
9. Do you feel that others get more fun out of life than you?
10. Are you ashamed to express sincere affection for others?

Answers on page 46

LOVE BRIDGES THE MILES

by DON McNEILL

The spirit of July Fourth is in this story, which was first told me in a letter from one of our listeners who lives in Detroit, where it happened. Later I got the details from the actual persons involved.

The story starts in a little town in Yugoslavia, long ago. A woman with her young daughter, Evangeline, arrived from America on a visit to relatives. There were eager reunions and revisiting of fondly remembered places. The little girl soon found a congenial playmate, a curly-haired boy named Jevan. Together they played, romped through the old streets, and picnicked in the meadows. Evangeline told the little boy about America.

Then the American lady and her daughter returned to the United States.

Evangeline grew up, married, and had her own little daughter, Cathy. But her marriage did not have a happy ending — and eventually she had to set up a home for herself and Cathy.

Jevan, too, experienced suffering. He went through the second world war, was taken prisoner by the Nazis, liberated, transferred to a displaced persons camp. During this time of misery, he dreamt often of the new world across the Atlantic. At length, after much effort and heartbreak, Jevan obtained a visa for Canada.

He was helped to locate in Windsor, Ontario, where he was given a job in an automobile plant. He was profoundly happy.

Eventually, Jevan began to seek information about Evangeline from his Yugoslavian neighbors. Presently his search was rewarded. Yes, a friend told him, he knew the family. The girl was married.

Jevan's heart sank; a cloud dimmed his bright hopes. But — "But I don't think the marriage lasted," he was told.

And where did this girl live? Right across the river in Detroit, the American neighbor city of Windsor.

Jevan wrote to her and soon received an enthusiastic reply. They arranged to meet, for the people of Detroit and the people of Windsor visit each other freely with only the minimum of governmental regulation.

The months that followed were months of growing love for Evangeline and Jevan. Finally, they started to make arrangements to get married. And then what seemed an insurmountable obstacle loomed in the path of their romance. Evangeline could not be married in Canada because of the differing divorce laws in the two countries, and it would take almost a year to process her divorce there; Jevan could not marry in the United States because he didn't have an American visa. He had applied for one, but since he was a displaced person, a long period of investigation would be required.

So these two stood, figuratively, on either side of the boundary, their arms outstretched to each other. But inexorable laws prevented their marriage.

Did I say inexorable? Not at all. On both sides of the border were people of good will. They tried to find a solution for the lovers — and did. Let Evangeline stand on one side of the border line on the bridge, and Jevan on the other; let them stand close enough so that the marriage could be performed.

And this is what actually happened. On a recent Saturday, both stood on the international bridge as planned, one on each side of the boundary line. On both sides were smiling officials of each country. Judge O. Z. Ide, of the Detroit Records Court, was with the bride on the American edge of the border line and officiated at the ceremony which made Evangeline Karsal the wife of Jevan Urosevric. Then, as Evangeline moved her head towards Jevan to exchange the wedding kiss, a spokesman for the international officials of the bridge came forward and held out a plaque. "This is a wedding gift from us," he said.

The plaque read: "An expression of friendship in the hearts of two peoples with like ideas and ideals."

In telling me the story of this remarkable experience, Evangeline said, "No matter what good fortune my husband and I may enjoy, our greatest treasure will remain this gift from the two countries."

The wonderful thing about what happened to Evangeline and Jevan is that we can all enjoy their gift — It's the unity of the North American democracies.

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Are You Pampering Your Husband?

One of our Breakfast Club listeners prepared this "Inquiring Quiz" to determine if she was treating her hubby right. We thought you would like to try it yourself . . . and compare your score with hers. Just answer "Yes" or "No".

	Yes	No
1. Do you refrain from "backseat driving" when he is at the wheel?
2. Do you expect him to fix your breakfast occasionally?
3. Do you go to ball games or other events that you don't care for, just because he likes them?
4. If hubby dislikes your new hat, do you take it back?
5. If you dislike his new hat, do you insist he return it?
6. If he forgets your birthday, do you suffer in silence?
7. Did you choose your hair style because hubby likes it . . . rather than because you like it?
8. Do you back him up on the stories he tells friends about his fishing ability?
9. Do you let him have a "night out with the boys" any time he asks for it . . . no matter what you have planned?
10. Do you ask his permission before inviting your relatives to the house?

Answers on page 47

How Typical Are You As A Woman?

by EDDY MCKEAN

Some people will tell you that women are all mixed up; that they don't know their own minds. We talked this over with a psychologist. He gave us a set of questions to ask and his own opinions as to the normal answers to expect. If you are curious about how "womanly" you are, try this quiz. Check off "true" or "false" as you go down the list.

	True	False
1. I seldom take things back, once I've purchased them.	-----	-----
2. I often become angry when others try to hurry me.	-----	-----
3. My moods swing from high to low at least once a week.	-----	-----
4. When I hear someone has spoken cattily about me, I am tempted to do the same about them.	-----	-----
5. I have a place for everything in my purse, and everything is in its place.	-----	-----
6. When I meet someone I dislike, it always shows in my face.	-----	-----
7. I never have to try on more than 3 hats to find one I like.	-----	-----
8. When a policeman blows his whistle at me in traffic, I never get flustered.	-----	-----
9. I never recite my husband's faults to other women.	-----	-----
10. I accepted my husband the first time he proposed.	-----	-----

Answers on page 47

A LITTLE BOY'S LOVE

by DON MCNEILL

I want to tell you about a man I know. He was happily married but had no children, and after being married twelve years, he and his wife realized that their home was lonely. One day the wife said, "John, I've been thinking — couldn't we adopt a child?"

John had always thought of an adopted child as a stranger, but now he looked at his wife and suddenly the only important thing was to have a child — any child. "Yes," he said slowly.

His wife was delighted. Immediately they applied at the nearest adoption agency. They wrote that they wanted a baby boy, and John, already filled with the pride of a prospective father, added that he would like the boy to be as much like him as possible.

The agency turned the letter over to one of its case workers. Some time later John and Barbara were called to the agency. The lady they were dealing with told them she had found just the child for them. But, she said, the boy was not a baby; he was over eight.

John was keenly disappointed.

"This boy's mother," the case worker explained, "died almost three years ago, and he has been cared for in boarding homes ever since. You see, no one wants him. Too old." John and Barbara sat back limply. There was a tug at their hearts. "But David is a fine child," the worker went on. "Would you like to see him?"

Barbara nodded quickly. They went into a spacious room where several children, who were waiting for a medical check-up, were playing. David had been brought here also on the pretense of a check-up. He was called over and introduced to two nice visitors. David looked up gravely at John and Barbara and said, "Do you have any little boy in your home?"

Barbara's eyes filled. John stooped down and said, "No, but we would like one." His eyes, too, were misty.

The agency official led John and Barbara out of the playroom. "Think it over, and see more of David," she suggested.

John and Barbara left, haunted by the expression on David's face — an expression of almost desperate hope and a certain wisdom.

"Let's not be hasty about this," John said to his wife on their way

home. "Let's just see this boy again."

They saw him in a few days. John talked to him a few minutes, then drew his wife aside. "Look," he said, "doesn't he have the same kind of crooked smile I have? And doesn't he jerk his left shoulder the way I do?"

"And he has your blue eyes," she pointed out eagerly.

"Look — that's strange," John said. "Watch him walk."

"You're right," Barbara agreed. "He does walk like you."

The couple saw David twice after this, and each time both were struck by his uncanny resemblance to John.

John said finally, "I'd—I'd like him to be our little boy. Would you?"

"Yes," Barbara agreed unhesitatingly.

David was adopted.

"Never," John wrote to me, "were we so happy as when David came into our lives. We soon found that being an older child was a great advantage. And what was quite remarkable was that the older he grew, the more he resembled me."

Sooner than John and Barbara had ever dreamed, David was ready for college. He packed up his things, took some of his books, his portable phonograph, his favorite records and was off.

John wandered into David's room, which looked like a storm had gone through it. A piece of paper was lying on the floor. John picked it up. He was startled to find this was the letter he had written ten years ago to the agency, the letter in which he had specified that he wanted a child that looked like himself.

The realization came to John that in some way this note had fallen into David's hands. He must have read the letter and with the precociousness of a lonely and suffering child had modelled himself to resemble John.

"Sometimes I wonder," John wrote me, "if David had actually tried to make himself like me or whether it was just meant to be."

John has a right to believe it. There is more to adoption than merely taking a child into your home. It is the developing of an actual parent-and-child relationship and all that goes with it. And the bond is the same whether the child is six months or six years.

*Reprinted from True Story, February, 1953
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How Good A Husband Are You?

This "score card for husbands" originally appeared in a 1953 issue of MARRIAGE magazine.* It was written by Paul Popenoe, Sc. D., director of the American Institute of Family Relations. To find out how good a husband you are, or have, check one of the three columns for each of these eight questions:

	Yes	No	Some- times
1. Do you give your wife an allowance, to spend as she chooses, without accounting for it?
2. Do you still "court" her, now and then, with candy and flowers . . . in addition to remembering birthdays and anniversaries?
3. Do you help her in handling the children and other home responsibilities?
4. Do you make it a point never to criticize her in front of others?
5. Do you share at least half of your recreation hours with her?
6. Are you as nice to her relatives, as you are to your own?
7. Do you try to understand her moods, and make allowances for any faults she might have?
8. Do you tell her at least once a day that you love her, and act as if you mean it?

Answers on page 47

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How Good A Friend-Maker Are You?

Many of us are so wrapped up in the fast pace of living, we may overlook or neglect a most important facet of life — our friendships. To see how you rate as a “friend-maker”, try this quiz. It was prepared by F. M. Lester and appeared in *YOUR PERSONALITY* magazine.* Note that you have a choice of three answers for each question.

	Seldom or Never	Some- times	Frequently or Always
1. Do you avoid saying things about others, which you wouldn't say in their presence?
2. When you make a promise, are you careful about fulfilling it?
3. Even in an argument, are you careful to keep your temper under control?
4. Do you avoid the use of sarcasm or anything which might rub people the wrong way?
5. If you like a friend's car, clothes, or children, do you tell him about it?
6. Are you patient and tolerant with people who do not agree with your viewpoint?
7. Do you avoid doing all the talking?
8. Do you ask your friends for their advice and opinions?

Answers on page 46

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THE GIFT THAT SAVED A LIFE

by DON McNEILL

Not too long ago, there was a pretty girl named Nan, who lived in an average-sized city in California. Two men were in love with her. One, Frank, had just finished college and was getting a good start in business as a salesman. The other, David, was a medical student who was just completing his internship at a local hospital.

Actually, Nan was in love with Frank, but she had known David most of her life and liked him very much, too. And, each date she had with David brought him closer to her. Finally, however, the day came when Nan realized she had to decide between the two men.

She told David of her decision: “I can't go out with you any more,” she said. “It just wouldn't be fair.”

“Then it's definitely Frank?” David asked.

“As definite as he wants to make it,” Nan replied.

David was a good sport and he knew how to take defeat. “Well, then,” he sighed, “I wish you the best of luck and a happy life. And,” he added smiling, “if you let me know when the wedding will be, I'll get you the nicest wedding present I can. But you'd better make it soon, because the Army has plans for me.”

The Army's plans included sending David to Korea in the Medical Corps just a short time later.

In the meantime, Nan was seeing Frank constantly. Then one night, the matter was settled; Frank asked Nan to marry him. Two weeks later they were man and wife, happily and completely in love.

Several weeks after they had returned from their honeymoon, Frank was called into the Army. Nan followed him until Frank got his orders for overseas duty. The real moment of heartbreak had come.

“Don't worry, honey,” Frank told her when he left. “I'll be back before you know it.”

One long kiss, a few tears, and Frank was gone to Korea.

About three months after he had arrived there, Frank, a member of a combat patrol, was sent ahead of the line to probe strong enemy forces. The patrol advanced up the side of a hill with only slight fire from the enemy. Then, as they reached the slope facing

the Communist forces, a tremendous barrage let loose. Frank was among the first to go down. He was seriously wounded in the chest.

Medics rushed to Frank's rescue and carried him down to a platoon aid station.

At the aid station, the wounded were being treated with great speed. Then, suddenly, because of the unexpected heavy casualties, the doctors ran out of blood plasma. Quickly, they set up means for giving direct transfusions, from man to man.

Several doctors offered themselves. Frank was one of the wounded who needed an immediate transfusion. He was placed next to a young doctor. Lying there, half-conscious, Frank suddenly stared in amazement at the doctor. It was David!

"Fancy meeting you here," David grinned.

"Fancy!" Frank gasped. Then his head drooped weakly.

The medics worked hard and fast. The transfusion was completed and Frank was prepared for evacuation to a hospital behind the line. As he was leaving, a doctor said to him, "Don't worry, boy, you'll be okay now. That transfusion did it."

Then David came over to say goodbye. "I got the news that you and Nan were married," he said, trying to sound casual. "It's nice to be able to congratulate you in person. I promised Nan a wedding gift. Soon as I get a chance —"

"Wedding gift?" Frank repeated. Then a smile of deep gratitude came over his face. "Wedding gift — you've already given it, Dave.

David stared at Frank, then gave a little laugh. "Don't the darnedest things happen around here!" he said.

This story was told to me by an officer who had returned from Korea and was visiting our radio show. "I'll always remember that incident," he said gravely, "because out there, and whenever there are serious injuries, blood can be the most precious gift people can receive. I only hope more and more of the home folks will realize this and give their blood."

To this I can only add with all my heart: please do!

*Reprinted from True Story, May, 1953
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How Much Does Your Husband Annoy You?

by ELIZABETH POPE

An article in McCALL'S magazine pointed out that it was perfectly normal for a wife to get annoyed at her mate now and then. But according to the author, Elizabeth Pope, it's the degree of annoyance that matters. She compiled a check-chart, which, if you are honest with yourself, serves as a "barometer" of your married life. Each question has two answers, labeled "a" and "b". Check the one that you feel fits you best . . . and you'll arrive at your own "emotional temperature."

1. *When you find someone else doing the very thing that annoys you in your husband, are you . . .*
 - (a) almost as annoyed as when your husband does it?
 - (b) not particularly affected one way or the other?
2. *Do you find your feelings of annoyance are . . .*
 - (a) stronger on some days than on others?
 - (b) about equally intense all the time?
3. *When you and your husband are talking about your relationship, do you . . .*
 - (a) discuss your grievances calmly?
 - (b) usually become emotional and defensive?
4. *Do your feelings of irritation usually . . .*
 - (a) disappear as soon as what caused them is over?
 - (b) do they continue long after the event?
5. *When you are annoyed at your husband, do you . . .*
 - (a) let him know that you are annoyed, and why?
 - (b) do you go on acting mad or hurt, with no explanation?
6. *Are you aware that you yourself may be annoying him?*
 - (a) yes.
 - (b) no.

Answers on page 47

How Good Are You In An Emotional Crisis?

by NORMA AND LUTHER CONANT

Here is a theoretical situation with three possible answers. We found it in THE WOMAN magazine, condensed from WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. After considering the problem, which answer would you advise? Which would you choose for yourself, if confronted with this situation?

An attractive and vivacious young widow, age 29, is the mother of two small children. She has an excellent job as a secretary. A man whom she has respected as a friend for years, but with whom she is not in love, professes his love for her. He wants to make a home for her and the children. He is leaving the city in a month to take a new position. He asks her to marry him. Realizing there are three possible answers, she comes to you for advice. Check the one answer which you deem the right decision.

- A. She doesn't have deep romantic love for him, but she does feel they will be happy together and that remarriage would be wonderful for the children.
- B. They are both young and a marriage at their age, based solely on respect and companionship, would be cheating both of them. It would show a lack of faith in the future.
- C. The excitement and challenge of the new life in a new city, as man and wife, would almost certainly bring with it a fulfillment of mutual love.

Answers on page 46

A DOCTOR'S FAITH

by DON MCNEILL

Doctor O. T. Scamahoin lives in Pittsboro, Indiana. He has lived there all his life and has brought some 4000 babies into the world. Now, seventy-odd years old, the people in his community honor him highly for the good he has done.

We also honored Doctor Scamahoin when he appeared recently as guest on our Breakfast Club program. After the regular interview on the air, I learned some more about the doctor and his work. I was particularly struck by a remark he made: "I never go out on a case without God Almighty." I asked him if there was some experience behind those words. This is the story he told me.

The first case Doctor Scamahoin had after he started his medical practice was an extremely difficult one. While delivering a baby, the mother started to hemorrhage. The new doctor was badly frightened when he saw her life was in danger, but he finally managed to save her and the baby.

This close call left Doctor Scamahoin quite shaken. He was suddenly amazed at the responsibilities facing a doctor. He realized that he could not have pulled this mother and baby through if God had not guided his mind and hands.

As the years passed, Doctor Scamahoin treated many patients. His skill became greater and greater, and he learned the vital lessons that experience teaches.

Then, one midnight, the doctor got a call — another expectant mother. The doctor had had a very busy day and was very tired, but he dragged himself out of bed, dressed and set out.

As he drove along, he thought of the hundreds of mothers he had cared for and all the babies he had delivered.

Finally, the doctor arrived at his patient's home. It was a small frame house, badly lit by a kerosene lamp. The only person with the mother-to-be was her grandmother, a nervous, frightened woman.

"Oh, doctor, hurry!" she cried.

Doctor Scamahoin calmed her, then quickly and surely he set about his work.

The kerosene lamp cast weird shadows in the room as the doctor moved it from place to place, trying to get better lighting. Finally, he told the grandmother to hold the lamp over the patient's bed. As the old woman gripped the lamp, her hands began to tremble.

"Careful," the doctor warned.

"I'm trying to be," she said shakily. Her knuckles grew white as she squeezed her fingers around the lamp.

Outside, the howling wind suddenly swirled into a wild screech. The grandmother uttered a cry, grew pale, then crumpled to the floor, unconscious. As she fell, the lamp slipped from her hands and toppled on the bed, smashing the glass chimney. In a flash the bed covers and straw mattress burst into flames.

The bed was blazing, the old lady lay on the floor in a faint, the young mother lay on the bed, terror-stricken.

The horror of the situation overwhelmed the doctor—a paralysis seemed to grip him. The only light came from the burning bed, and it cast a terrifying glow through the room.

Then the young mother cried out, "God help me! Please, God help me!"

The words struck Doctor Scamahoin with almost physical force. They reminded him that there was a Power beyond himself on which he could rely. God was with him now, as He had been before.

The doctor snapped out of his daze. "God *will* help!" he said to the woman. Then, with movements faster than he had ever thought himself capable of, he grabbed a blanket and started to snuff out the fire. The flames scorched his hands and face. But finally he gained control over the fire and slowly put it out.

Then he rushed to the unconscious grandmother. As soon as he had revived her, he hurried back to the young mother. She looked up at him with a sort of beatific smile.

"God did help me," she whispered.

"Why not?" the doctor said. "He's always with me on my calls." Then he added softly, "Only I had almost forgotten that."

Despite the accident, the young mother's baby was delivered safely. The mother fared well, and so did the grandmother. "And as for me," Doctor Scamahoin concluded, "I've never since gone out on a case without the Almighty at my side."

*Reprinted from True Story, April 1953
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What Do You Want Out Of Life?

The basis of this test was an article by James F. Bender, Ph.D., in the 1953 Spring issue of WOMAN'S LIFE magazine. Each of the 11 questions has three possible answers: "Yes", "No", or "Sometimes". Check the column under the heading which fits you best, to see if you know what you want out of life.

	Yes	No	Sometimes
1. Are you satisfied with your lot?
2. Do you enjoy telling about your failures?
3. Do you hesitate to follow a well-conceived plan until you get the opinion of others?
4. Do you get discouraged if you can't have what you want?
5. Do you believe in the power of prayer to help you get what you want?
6. Do you believe in the theory "All things come to him who waits?"
7. Have you worked out a personal philosophy of life?
8. Are you happiest when helping others?
9. Do you know what you want to be ten years from now?
10. Can you be hard-headed and realistic when evaluating yourself?
11. Do you think you have more determination than your friends?

Answers on page 47

SURPRISE FOR A HERO

by DON MCNEILL

It was a frightening prospect for the young lieutenant, one of the first real heroes to come back alive from World War II. A radio network was to dramatize the story of the day he sat alone on top of a shelled-out tank destroyer and killed or wounded more than 50 Nazis, winning the Congressional Medal of Honor.

A country boy, orphaned in his teens and raised by his sister in a tiny town, he had never known fame, wealth, or much formal education. Assigned a task in the battle for Europe, he had carried it out in what seemed to him the only way possible.

But that was behind him. He was glad it was over. This business of being a hero — and now a radio actor — well, it wasn't for him.

He went to the studios that morning and met the writers and directors. They seemed nice enough and were all amazed that he was even more impressed with them than they were with him. They showed him the script he was to read.

Patiently, the director and the other actors tried to help him, but when the words came out they weren't real. He heard the director whisper to one of the writers, "Well, he may be a hero, but the Lord knows he'll never be an actor!"

That didn't hurt. He never wanted to be an actor.

What a relief it was when the director decided to bring in a professional to play his role. He sat in on a couple of the rehearsals.

The day before the show, he overheard some of the actors talking about him. "What a sweet little guy, so shy he can hardly talk."

But the fates have ways of surprising even young war heroes who only want to get home to Farmersville, Texas.

The young lieutenant who was too shy even to talk, who wanted no part of the likes of actors, not only still carries with him the distinction of being the most decorated military man in American history, but he has also managed to become a Hollywood star.

His name is Audie Murphy!

*Reprinted from Coronet July
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ANSWERS

How Good A Friend-Maker Are You?

Scoring: Four or more check marks in the same column, gives you a definite classification. For example, if you have answered "seldom or never" to at least four of the eight questions, you may have an inferiority complex. You are masking it with a false superiority.

If you placed four or more checks in the "sometimes" column, you are an average "friend-maker", but a little on the lazy side. You make friends easily enough, if you choose to put out the effort.

If the majority of your answers are in the "frequently or always" column, you are kind and sympathetic. Congratulations! You probably have more friends than you can count.

Finally, if you have less than four check-marks in any one column, you don't quite know how to make friends; nor how to keep from making enemies. Follow the advice of the Chinese philosopher, says the author, and "see no evil, hear no evil and speak no evil." This will help you to become a much better "friend-maker."

How Shy Are You?

Scoring: Each "yes" answer counts 15 points against you. A perfect score would be ZERO, because each "no" answer is valued at nothing and each "sometimes" answer counts 5 points against you. The higher the score, the shyer you are. If you score more than 100, according to Dr. Bender, you are too shy for your own welfare.

How Good Are You In An Emotional Crisis?

Answers: "B" is the decision that reflects a sound and adventurous attitude toward life. If the woman were 45, "A" might well be indicated. "C" reflects the illusion that new places alone can change personal relationships.

How Much Does Your Husband Annoy You?

1. Answer "a" counts 16 points against you. If similar faults in other people annoy you, then you're much too annoyed with your husband.
2. Answer "b" counts 16 points against you. If your annoyance is equally strong at all times, regardless of how tired, happy or healthy you are, then hubby's annoyances are a real problem.
3. Answer "b" counts 20 points against you. Sound marriage relationships often depend on your ability to talk over differences.
4. Answer "b" counts 16 points against you. If hubby's annoyances continue long after they've occurred, then your resentment is much too deep.
5. Answer "b" counts 20 points against you. Unless you can communicate your feelings of annoyance to him, he can't know about it and correct same.
6. Answer "no" counts 16 points against you. Before you can honestly criticize hubby's faults, you must analyze yourself for any possible faults you may have that annoy him.

Highest reading of 104 indicates FEVER! The lower the reading, the more healthy your "emotional temperature" is.

How Typical Are You As A Woman?

Scoring: Our expert says that the typical woman will answer "true" to every question, except 4 and 5. Each correct answer is worth 10 points. The higher the score, the more you're like other women. A score of 80 to 100 means you run true to form. Between 60 and 80, you're trying to be different. Below 60, blame the expert . . . not us!

Are You Color Conscious?

Perfect score is 105 . . . 15 points for each of the following correct answers: 1. Red; 2. Dull yellow; 3. Blue; 4. Red; 5. Red; 6. Violet; 7. Green.

How Good A Husband Are You?

Scoring: Each "yes" answer scores 10 points; each "no" answer counts nothing; each "sometimes" answer adds 5 points to your score. The higher the score, the better. The perfect husband, Dr. Popenoe says, would answer "yes" to all eight questions. A score between 60 and 80 permits you to take a bow. You're a good hubby! Between 40 and 60 points is not bad, but watch it! You may be slipping. Below 40, you're headed for the doghouse!

How Much Do You Notice Your Husband?

Scoring: Now let your husband check your answers. Each right answer is worth 10 points. The higher the score, the more observant you are. If you score 80 to 100, you are "Old Eagle-Eye" herself; between 60 and 80, maybe you are too busy looking at other women. If you rate below 60 points, are you sure you have a husband?

Are You Pampering Your Husband?

Scoring: Our Breakfast Clubber says any "Yes" answer on questions 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 counts 10 points against you. The higher the score, the more you're pampering your mate! In other words, a score of 60 or less means you're making the old boy stand on his own. Between 60 and 80, watch it, you're weakening. You're raising a boy, if you score between 80 and 100!

What Do You Want Out Of Life?

Scoring: Each correct answer is worth 10 points . . . any answer in the "sometimes" column receives 5 points credit. Dr. Bender says the correct answer is "yes" to all questions except 2, 3, 4 and 6. The higher your score, the better you are prepared to face life and go after what you want. A perfect score is 110! A score of 90 is excellent; 75 to 90 is good. But if you score lower than 60, you had better sit down and do some thinking about the future!

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