DO YOU HAVE A MINUTE TO SPARE?
I HAVE THREE VERY SHORT STORIES TO TELL. I'M PRETTY SURE YOU'LL FIND THEM INTERESTING. THE FIRST ONE IS ABOUT A BOY WHO ALMOST SAID...

GOOD-BY TOO SOON!

"FRED LOCKHART WAS HIS NAME AND EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE GOING HIS WAY. HE WAS PRESIDENT OF THE JUNIOR CLASS AT PLAINVIEW HIGH AND CAPTAIN OF THE BASEBALL TEAM. FRED'S FUTURE SEEMED ROSY AND HIS PRESENT SEEMED...

SAFE!

THAT YOUNG FARM BOY HAD WHAT IT TAKES! AFTER SCHOOL, HE'ID RUSH RIGHT HOME AND HELP HIS FATHER OUT IN THE FIELDS...

WISH I COULD AFFORD A HIRED HAND, FRED.

FORGET IT, DAD. NOW YOU JUST TRY TO TAKE IT EASY. YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING PEAKED LATELY.
"Then, one day, like a bolt out of the blue, it happened! Fred's father died."

"I'm the man of the family now. Nobody's left to take care of them... but me."

"With almost all their meager savings gone, Fred's future was bleak and his present was bitter..."

"There's nobody else to run the farm. We have no choice, Mom... I have to quit school!"

"You're sure you'll have to drop out, Fred?"

"Do you think I'm leaving because I want to, coach?"

"Fred felt trapped. He felt he had nobody to turn to... HE WAS ALONE."

"Fred!"

"Coach—good to see you... sorry I blew up at you the other day!"

"Forget it, Fred. Say, have you dropped in yet at the Social Security office?"

"Social Security? That's for old folks, isn't it?"

"No, it means more than that, Fred. Social Security benefits can be paid to a worker's family when he dies."

"Fred felt trapped. He felt he had nobody to turn to... HE WAS ALONE."

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A FEW DAYS LATER IN THE SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICE...

SIT DOWN, MRS. LOCKHART. YOU, TOO, FRED. DID YOU BRING THE FARM RECORDS WE TALKED ABOUT?

YES, SIR. HERE THEY ARE.

THESE RECORDS OF MR. LOCKHART’S EARNINGS SHOW HE WAS INSURED UNDER SOCIAL SECURITY. WE CAN PAY YOU $255 IN A LUMP SUM!

AND IN ADDITION, YOU’RE ENTITLED TO A MONTHLY FAMILY BENEFIT. LET ME SEE... FOR A WIDOW WITH THREE CHILDREN, WITH MR. LOCKHART’S EARNINGS ABOUT $200 A MONTH.

FRED, DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD RENT THE FARM TO MR. TINKER? WE COULD MOVE INTO TOWN UNTIL YOU FINISH SCHOOL.

GREAT! WITH OUR SOCIAL SECURITY CHECK, THE RENT AND WHAT I CAN EARN AFTER SCHOOL, WE CAN GET ALONG.

“FRED COULD HAVE SAVED HIMSELF A LOT OF HEARTACHE IF HE'D INQUIRED AT THE SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICE PROMPTLY AFTER HIS FATHER’S DEATH. BUT ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. FRED’S FUTURE WAS ROSY AGAIN...

“AND HIS PRESENT WAS... SAFE!”
THE CARD BEHIND THE CARD...

THE APPLICATION THAT YOU FILL OUT WHEN APPLYING FOR A SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER IS CALLED A FORM SS-5. WHEN YOUR ACCOUNT NUMBER HAS BEEN ASSIGNED AND STAMPED ON IT YOUR SS-5 IS SENT TO THE SOCIAL SECURITY RECORD-KEEPING HEADQUARTERS IN BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

IF LAID END TO END THE 151,000,000 FORM SS-5's ON FILE THERE WOULD REACH 17,654 MILES...

FOR NEARLY EVERYBODY WITH A JOB...EVERY FAMOUS STAR...HAS FILLED OUT AND SIGNED AN SS-5.
MY SECOND STORY IS ABOUT A BOY NAMED JOE HARRIS. JOE HAD JUST BEEN GRADUATED. HE WAS OUT HUNTING FOR HIS FIRST FULL-TIME JOB. AND THAT'S HOW HE CAME TO MEET UP WITH —

The SMART ALECK

UP, BOY, UP... SAY AREN'T YOU JOE HARRIS?

I'M REX MONTGOMERY, REMEMBER ME? I PLAYED FOR ROOSEVELT HIGH.

YEAH... I REMEMBER YOU ALL RIGHT. YOU WERE A GREAT QUARTERBACK.
IN PERSON. AND YOU WERE THE GUARD WHO KEPT SWEARING ME...YOU UP HERE FOR A JOB TOO, JOE? BETTER GRAB YOURSELF AN APPLICATION BLANK AND START MAKING WITH A PEN!

JOE WROTE SLOWLY AND STEADILY. HE WANTED THIS JOB. HE COULD THINK OF NOTHING ELSE. THAT'S WHY HE HAD STUMBLED. AND THAT'S WHY REX'S STREAM OF CHATTER WAS GETTING ON HIS NERVES NOW...

HUSTLE IT, JOE! HUSTLE IT!

JUST THEN— O.K., BOYS, I'M FREE NOW. WHICH ONE OF YOU WAS HERE FIRST?

I WAS, SIR.

JOE WAITED. THE MINUTES DRAGGED BY. BEADS OF SWEAT APPEARED ON HIS FOREHEAD...

WON'T THAT SMART ALECK EVER STOP TALKING IN THERE?

O.K., SON, YOU MAY COME IN, NOW.

HE'S JUST BEING POLITE. THERE'S NO JOB OPENING ANY MORE...NOT AFTER THE SMOOTH LINE THAT SMART ALECK MUST'VE HANDED HIM!
"But then—"

Just wait outside for a few minutes, please—I have to make a phone call.

How'd it go, Joe? Did he grill you but good? What do you think, Joe? Are you getting the job?

Could be. I hope so.

"Again that incessant chatter while the minutes dragged by..."

Boy, that sure would be something—landing a job on the first day out, huh, Joe? Real jet-propelled-like! No grass growing under your feet, no sir! Yeah, Joey boy, you got what it takes.

"Suddenly—"

I have positions for both of you if you can start work tomorrow.

Yeowww! Er...I mean yessir!

That's it then. All I have to do now is see your social security cards.

Social security card?...I—I lost mine! D—do you really need one before you start working?

Well, we need it to make our social security report and we would like to have it when you start work.

I—I goofed, let me see what I can do.

Rex! Wait.
IT'S NOT AS HARD AS IT SOUNDS, REX. THE SOCIAL SECURITY CARD COMES WITH A STUB. MAYBE YOU STILL HAVE THE STUB SOME PLACE AT HOME! I'M PRETTY SURE... YOU TAKE THAT STUB TO THE SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICE, THEY'LL ISSUE YOU A NEW CARD RIGHT OVER THE COUNTER!

GIVE IT A TRY, REX! BRING YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY CARD WITH YOU TOMORROW MORNING WHEN YOU COME TO WORK.

"FIRST REX HOT-FOOTED HOME AND TURNED HIS ROOM UPSIDE DOWN UNTIL HE FOUND..."

"THE STUB!"

"NEXT REX DASHED RIGHT DOWN TO THE SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICE..."

"HERE YOU ARE, SON. LUCKY YOUR FRIEND TOLD YOU ABOUT THE STUB. WE WISH EVERYONE WOULD REMEMBER THAT!"

"WHEN YOU APPLY FOR A JOB...

YOU SHOULD HAVE YOUR CARD!

SOCIAL SECURITY ACCOUNT NUMBER

"NEXT MORNING...

THANKS A MILLION, JOE. I GUESS I SOUNDED LIKE A SMART ALEC... I WAS NERVOUS AS A CAT BEFORE. GUESS THAT'S WHY I KEPT SHOOTING OFF MY MOUTH SO MUCH.

"FORGET IT, REX. LET'S GO TO WORK. WE'RE ON THE SAME TEAM NOW.

BUT THE STUB SHOULD BE FILED AWAY CAREFULLY AT HOME. THEN IF YOU loose THE CARD JUST BRING THE STUB TO YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICE, AND THEY'LL GIVE YOU A DUPLICATE CARD FASTER THAN YOU CAN SAY SOCIAL SECURITY!"
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE ON THE "GIVING END" OF SOME FACTS OF LIFE FOR A CHANGE? DOES EVERYBODY IN YOUR FAMILY KNOW THE FOUR TIMES HE SHOULD BE SURE TO VISIT HIS SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICE? MAYBE THEY DO...MAYBE THEY DON'T. BUT ONE THING'S FOR CERTAIN...IT'S TOO IMPORTANT TO TAKE FOR GRANTED. THESE ARE THE FACTS TO TELL YOUR FOLKS!

THERE ARE FOUR TIMES FOR ACTION...FOUR TIMES TO CHECK WITH YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICE:

1. WHEN YOU GET YOUR FIRST JOB, BECAUSE YOU NEED A SOCIAL SECURITY CARD TO GET PROPER SOCIAL SECURITY CREDIT FOR YOUR EARNINGS.

2. AFTER A DEATH IN THE FAMILY —TO LEARN IF SURVIVORS INSURANCE BENEFITS ARE PAYABLE.

3. WHEN SOMEBODY IS DISABLED —TO FIND OUT IF HE'S ELIGIBLE FOR DISABILITY INSURANCE.

4. WHEN YOU RETIRE OR REACH RETIREMENT AGE...TO GET INFORMATION ON RETIREMENT BENEFITS.
JANET BAILEY WAS THE THIRD TO COME BACK! BUT BEFORE SHE DID SHE WAS SURE SHE HAD SEEN

**The END of a DREAM!**

I'M SORRY, MRS. BAILEY, BUT I'M AFRAID YOUR HUSBAND WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO WORK AGAIN.

THIS IS IT... GOOD-BYE TO MY DREAM.

LATELY THE DREAM HAD DOMINATED JANET'S LIFE. IT HAD BEEN WITH HER EVER SINCE DAN HAD FIRST "POPPED THE QUESTION."

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, HON.

JUST DREAMING, DAN...

THE SAME OLD DAYDREAM. THE ONE ABOUT US...OUR GETTING MARRIED NEXT JUNE...SETTING UP HOUSE, RAISING A FAMILY...

WHY CALL IT A DREAM? WITH BOTH OF US WORKING WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH OF A NEST EGG TO TAKE THE PLUNGE... WHAT'S TO TRIP US?
THE DREAM STAYED WITH HER, NEVER DIMMING.
JANET WALKED ON AIR... SHE WHISTLED WHILE SHE WORKED!

IN JUNE YOU WILL BE A MARRIED LADY. THEN YOU WILL COME HERE WITH YOUR HUSBAND AND I WILL WAIT ON YOU.

YOU’RE NOT GETTING RID OF ME THAT FAST. DAN’S JUST STARTING OUT IN A BUSINESS... FOR A WHILE WE’LL NEED TWO INCOMES TO MAKE ENDS MEET.

THE DREAM DIMMED FOR A MOMENT, HOWEVER, WHEN HER FATHER SUDDENLY ENTERED THE HOSPITAL.

DON’T BE SILLY, JANET. DAD WILL BE UP ON HIS FEET BEFORE WE KNOW IT... YOU GO RIGHT AHEAD WITH YOUR WEDDING PLANS.

BUT NOW... FOUR MONTHS LATER... DAD WAS STILL IN THE HOSPITAL AND THE DOCTOR HAD JUST SAID HE WOULD PROBABLY NEVER WORK AGAIN.

I’LL FORGET THE WEDDING, DAD! I HAVE A JOB... I’LL SEE THE FAMILY THROUGH. NO, JANET, IT’S NOT FAIR... YOUR DREAM...

SHH, DAD, YOU MUSTN’T EXCITE YOURSELF. I DON’T MIND. WHICH DO YOU THINK MEANS MORE TO ME? OUR FAMILY OR A DREAM?

JANET PUT ON THE SAME BOLD FRONT WHEN SHE BROKE THE NEWS TO DAN. BUT WHEN SHE WAS ALONE...
It is not right for you, Janet. It is a terrible shame.

What else can I do? There's no other way to keep the family together!

But maybe there is! I have heard of sick men getting... How do you call it... Social Security benefits! Please, Janet, promise me you'll go ask at the Social Security office.

Why not? What do I have to lose?

So the next day, feeling she had nothing to lose and perhaps a dream to regain, Janet came in...

Let me see now. Your father's been working under Social Security regularly for years.

Well, it seems as if he might be eligible for disability insurance payments of about $120 a month. If so, your mother and brother would get $60 a month each, too. Now this is all you have to do...

A few moments later...

By the way, Miss Bailey, if this works out the way I hope it will—don't forget to come back in June and register your new name with us. That way you'll keep getting Social Security credit for all your earnings under your new name.

All Janet had to do was get medical reports from the doctor and the hospital. There were some papers to be signed by her father and mother. And the Social Security office sent a man to the Bailey home to help fill out papers...
NOW THE DAYS PASSED SWIFTLY, FLYING BY ON THE WINGS OF HOPE, AND THEN ONE DAY...

MOM! DAD! SOME MAIL JUST CAME FROM THE SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICE!

OH, JANET, I'M SO HAPPY! $120 FOR YOUR DAD AND $60 EACH FOR BOBBY AND ME. AND WE'LL CONTINUE TO GET CHECKS EACH MONTH...

DOES THIS MEAN I'LL GET THAT BIG SLICE OF WEDDING CAKE, SIS?

AND SO...

SUCH A SMILE ON YOUR FACE I HAVE NEVER SEEN BEFORE, JANET! YOU ARE HAPPY NOW, EH?

WHY SHOULDN'T I BE? NOW THAT MY FAMILY'S SOCIAL SECURITY IS SEEING THEM THROUGH.

MARCH

WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THE LAST STORY. NOW DO YOU SEE WHY I CALL THEM "THE THREE WHO CAME BACK"?

AND NOW DO YOU SEE HOW I HAPPEN TO KNOW THEM...?
THERE ARE PLENTY OF THEM IN THE
NATIONAL EMPLOYEE INDEX
AT THE SOCIAL-SECURITY BUILDING NEAR
Baltimore. THEIR FILES CONTAIN...

2005 REELS OF
MICROFILM EACH OF
WHICH CONTAINS ABOUT
90,000 NAMES OR A
TOTAL OF 223,000,000...

...AMONG WHICH ARE THESE RATHER
UNUSUAL NAMES...

MELODY
TUNE

DOGTOWN
SLIM

UNITED STATES
NEVER GAMBLE
SAFETY FIRST
STICK AROUND

GREAT SCOTT
MERRY CHRISTMAS
JULY A. SEPTEMBER

PORK CHOP
BORN YOUNG
TRUE STORY

ILL SUNG
JULY BONUS
SLOW BURNS

UNUSUAL AGES
THE OLDEST PERSON IN THE COUNTRY RECEIVING SOCIAL
SECURITY IS 122 YEARS OLD. AMONG THE YOUNGEST TO HAVE
SOCIAL-SECURITY CARDS ARE TWO LITTLE SISTERS, 6 MONTHS OLD...

CHARLIE SMITH, 122 IN JULY 1964,
STILL RUNS A SMALL STORE
IN FLORIDA.

THE STONE SISTERS OF WHITTIER, CALIFORNIA,
"APPLIED" FOR SOCIAL-SECURITY CARDS AT THE
AGE OF 6 MONTHS SO THEY COULD BEGIN
A TELEVISION CAREER.
"I never thought I'd 'come back to school' after Dad died. But what with the $255 lump sum and the $200 monthly family social security payment they're sending Mom... I'm back at school again."

"I never knew that a man who worked under social security could receive disability benefits... and that his wife and children could receive payments, too."

"No two ways about it... your social security card is valuable. Keep it in a safe place... and file the stub away carefully at home. Then if you lose the card, the stub will get you a duplicate card right away."

There may be information about benefits that you don't know. The place to find out is at your nearest social security office.

U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare
Social Security Administration

January 1965