



Notes of a New Yorker

The Wireless: Radio historian Harriet Van Horne quotes a medico as saying that listeners to the daytime soap operas expose themselves to "increased blood pressure, nocturnal frights, vasomotor instability, vertigo, gastro-intestinal disturbances, profuse perspiration, tremors and a slight touch of tachycardia".

Of course, that doctor is talking about only those who LIKE the programs. . . Marion Coveridge, the minor (she's 14), packs a wallop with her ballads Sunday evenings via ABC. . . Too many radio jesters really believe the studio audiences' howls as legitimate. The result is that the comedies are getting careless. What brings big laughter in studios often brings yawns in the parlors.

The Love Letter of the Week: From Quentin Reynolds' book, "The Captain Rises". "Most of what I wrote in the diary is nothing but gossip. Still I suppose if a thousand years from now someone were to dig up the Winchell columns of the 1920s, he would get a pretty clear picture of life here during these hectic days. You cannot discuss gossip columns by saying they discuss only trivial things. To a great extent they reflect the age in which we live."

Editorial Dept's Novlette: It happened in the city room of one of the Big Town gazettes. . . Two of the boys were back to say hello. . . One (who has never been out of the country) wore the army oak leaf. . . The other wore the gray-green of the marines, with a couple of laurel-won stripes. . . Tipped and chattering, the Major called upon the Marine to salute. . . The kid responded quickly. . . After all, he had been only a copy-boy; the Major had been an editor, if you please. . . It was a tight, tense moment. . . A real editor looked up from his work with studied puzzlement. . . "Tell me," he said in clipped, clipped, clipped syllables, "which one of you was it who killed six Japs on Guadalcanal?" . . . The Major waddled out the door. . . The kid was too modest.

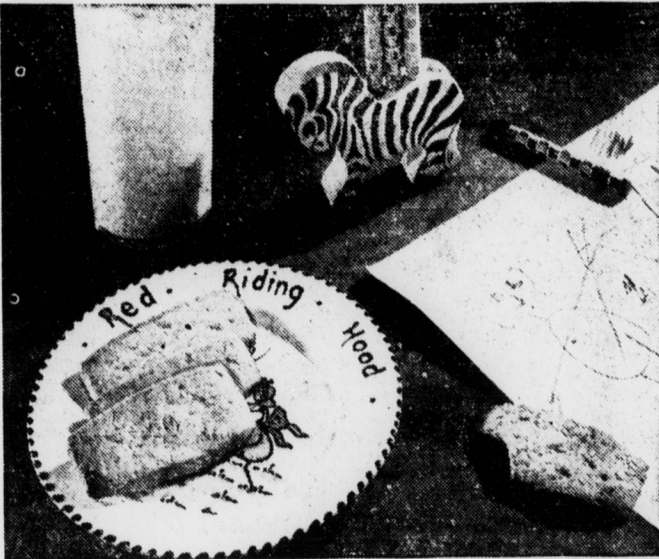
Midtown Vignette: This is one of those shawt-shawts that caress the eyes and ears. . . He is a very smart member of a Fortress crew now being rehabilitated after service among the flak in Europe. . . He has most of the campaign ribbons but no medals for outstanding heroism. . . Two of his buddies leave several. . . The lads had a few hours leave last night and decorated to go to one of the night spots with their buddy and his bride. . . He had because he had no silver star or other medals—the other two didn't wear theirs.

The Magic Lanterns: Hollywood, which has too often pictured a kick on a Jap's pants as the pay-off for Pearl Harbor, gets down to cases on "The Purple Heart." Here's a flicker that brings the film colony up to date. Its story gets inside you and twists and burns with its report on the Snekkanese savagery. The tale is told not with a lullaby, but with a typewriter of cold steel. Dana Andrews, Sam Levene and Richard Conte are superb as the captured fliers. . . Nora Bayes gets her bang sung and danced in "Shine On Starburst Moon," a rich load of ye old tyne nostalgia. Its typical of the them-was-the-daysish musicals, and you can't imagine anyone not reveling in some of the memories of the big town before it went soft on crepes Suzettes and laced shoes.

On the forthcoming film of Nora Bayes' life "Shine on Harvest Moon," they omit this incident. . . Nora once wired E. F. Albee, the swindler magnate: "Beginning next week my salary must be \$10,000 a week." . . Albee replied: "Your salary will remain \$1,000 per week." . . Nora opened as scheduled, but after singing eight bars of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" she stopped the music and told the audience: "That's \$1,000 worth of my act"—and walked off.

Then there's the one about the playwright who was called upon to make a curtain speech. . . He rambled on and on, with words going round and round looking for an idea. . . When he came to the phrase: "I am speaking for the benefit of posterity"—a heckler in the audience drove him from the stage with the speech: "Yes, and if you aren't quick about it, they'll be along to hear you."

No column on stage stories would be complete without one about John Barrymore, whose pungent wordage packed more of a wallop than most critics. . . During a rehearsal with an uppity actress, Barrymore made some harsh remarks about her work. . . The actress drew herself up to her full height and snapped: "I want you to remember that I am a lady!" Barrymore made a long, sweeping bow and came up with the rapier reply: "Madam, I shall respect your secret!"



Quick Pickup . . . Cookies and Milk (See Recipes Below)

Fill the Cookie Jar

Sometimes I think the cookie jar is the favorite piece of equipment in the American home—especially in the kitchen. At least it's the most popular, and that's not just among the youngsters for many a time the oldsters make the path to the cookie jar just as often as the children.

If there are cookies in the house, then it's the kind of a house that spells "Welcome Home," for cookies are not just delightful to have, they often take the edge off hunger when it's most necessary—after school, or after a meal to give it the finishing touch.

Cookies aren't hard to make. They take less ingredients, and they go much further. Keep a list of favorites on hand that will keep the cookie jar filled no matter how popular that jar is!

Save Used Fats!

Oatmeal and peanut butter have long been popular ingredients in cookies, but here they are together—guaranteed to be doubly popular: **Oatmeal-Peanut Butter Cookies.** (Makes 4 dozen)

- 3/4 cup peanut butter
- 3 tablespoons shortening
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 1/2 cups oatmeal

Hermit Bars.

(Makes 4 dozen)

- 1 cup butter or substitute
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 cup milk or coffee
- 1 cup baking molasses or sorghum
- 4 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 2 teaspoons baking powder

Lynn Says

Make Cookies! It's fun to make cookies when you have the "know-it-all" right at hand. Make it easy for yourself by following these simple directions:

Start heating the oven before you actually make the cookies so all will be in readiness when you pop the sheets in the oven.

Assemble all the equipment needed. Assemble and measure the ingredients.

Prepare cookie sheets next. If cookies contain much fat, sheets need not be greased. Pans for bars should be buttered, lined with waxed paper, then buttered again.

Shortening creams best at room temperature. It should not be melted as this injures texture and flavor of cookie.

Eggs are usually well beaten before added to the shortening and sugar. If the quantity of eggs is small, they may be added directly to shortening and sugar.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

- Pan-broiled Ham Slices
- Paralyzed Potatoes
- Fresh Asparagus
- Endive Salad—French Dressing
- Whole Wheat Rolls
- Orange Whip *Cornflake Cookies *Recipe Given

- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon each, ginger, cloves
- 1 cup nuts, chopped
- 2 cups raisins

Mix butter and sugar together. Add well-beaten eggs, milk or coffee, molasses and about 1 cup of flour. Beat well. Mix and sift remaining flour, salt, soda, baking powder and spices and add to first mixture. Add chopped nuts and raisins. Grease pans and line with waxed paper. Spread cookie mixture evenly in pans and bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven until firm. Cut into squares while warm and remove from pans while still warm.

Save Used Fats!

A cornflake cookie with orange flavoring will really enchant the family:

- *Cornflake Refrigerator Cookies. (Makes 5 dozen)
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons grated orange rind
- 2 cups cornflakes
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup milk

Blend shortening and sugar together. Add orange rind. Crush cornflakes into fine crumbs. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Mix with crumbs. Add to first mixture alternately with the milk. Shape the dough into rolls about 1/2 inches in diameter. Wrap in wax paper and chill until firm. Slice and bake on ungreased baking sheets in moderate hot oven (425 degrees) about 12 minutes.

Orange Refrigerator Cookies.

- 1 cup butter or substitute
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind
- 2 teaspoons orange juice
- 1/2 teaspoon lemon extract
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup wheat germ or wheat bran

Cream together butter and sugar. Add egg, orange rind and juice, and lemon extract. Sift together flour, baking soda and baking powder and salt. Add nuts and wheat germ or bran. Add this to creamed mixture. Stir until well mixed. Shape into long rolls. Wrap in wax paper. Place in refrigerator to chill. When ready to bake, slice thin, and bake in a moderate (375-degree) oven for about 10 minutes until golden brown. Remove from pan. Cool.

Save Used Fats!

- Economy Brownies.**
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 2 squares melted chocolate
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 teaspoon baking powder sifted in
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup nuts, chopped fine

Mix in order given, bake in a greased shallow pan in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 20 to 25 minutes. Cut in squares and cool.

Get the most from your meat! Get your meat roasting chart from Miss Lynn Chambers by writing to her in care of Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Dearborn Street, Chicago 6, Ill. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

NOTHING WORTH SAYING

In the hills of Arkansas, a son was born to one of the natives. As he grew from infancy he never spoke a word and his parents raised him as a deaf mute.

One day the father was bent over at his work in the orchard and did not notice that he was directly in the path of an enraged bull.

"Look out, Pa," the son shouted. "Here comes the bull."

The father ran to safety and expressed his joy his son had found his speech.

"Well, Pa," the son replied, "I just ain't had nothing to say before."

U. S. O.

Jane—That soldier is an awful flirt. I wouldn't trust him too far.

Joan—I wouldn't trust him too near!

Light Fingers!

Jones—Do you think that fellow down the street is crooked?

Smith—Crooked! He's so crooked I count my fingers every time I shake hands with him!

Beg Your Pardon?

Bill—You owe that fellow an apology.

Joe—Well, if I said anything I'm sorry for, I'm glad of it!

A CLOSE SHAVE!



Jones—There's only one thing that keeps you from being a bare-faced liar!

Smith—Yeah? What's that?

Jones—Your mustache!

Two Nuts

He—I have an insane impulse to hug you close!

She—You're not insane! You're talking sense!

Lucky Fellow

Mrs. Glutz—What excuse have you for not being married?

Mr. Plotz—I was born that way!

Try This One!

Wit—What's the difference between a girl and a horse?

Nit—I don't know.

Wit—You must have some swell dates!

Hard to Please

Jack—Have you ever met the girl of your dreams?

Mac—Yeah, lots of times!

Second Youth?

Mr. Smith—Dear, will you love me when I'm old and feeble?

Mrs. Smith—Of course, I do!

Smart Fellow

Jack—What would you do if you married a rich girl?

Mac—Absolutely nothing!

SAD NEWS!



Blue—You never want to laugh at your wife's hat when you first see it.

Brown—Why not?

Blue—Wait till you see the bill!

Ohnk! Ohnk!

Jack—Do you know anything about pigs?

Mac—Sure. My father raised a big one once.

Jack—So I see!

Not Light Headed!

Joan—I don't like men in the air force.

Jane—I suppose you think they're no earthly good!

No Back Talk

Harry—I'm a man of few words.

Jerry—I know—I'm married myself!

Simple Method

Joe—How can you tell if a woman really loves you?

Bill—Easy. If she really loves you, you can make her do anything she wants to.

Sure It's Love!

She—It's mostly you I care for. I care for your money only up to a certain point.

He—Yeah, the decimal point!

Finders Keepers

Pvt.—Hey, she's a real pin-up! She ain't got a friend, has she?

Sarge—Yep.

Pvt.—Who?

Sarge—Me!

No Rationing?

Waiter—We have everything on this menu. What would you like?

Diner—A clean menu!

Slight Draft

She—Does this wind bother you?

He—Oh, no. Talk as much as you please.

Dangerous Type

Harry—What do you mean by calling that girl a suicide blonde?

Jerry—Well, she dyed by her own hand!

PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE



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8587 10-20

Pattern No. 8587 is in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 12, short sleeves, requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch material; 1/2 yard for tulip applique.

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SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

Window screens, rust-proof and flexible, that will roll up like shades are among the rubber products promised for post-war service by B. F. Goodrich technicians.

In 1942, automobile graveyards were packed with 2,043,000 cars. It is estimated that 1,976,000 cars will have ceased their rubber-wearing activities in 1943 through the medium of the wrecker.

Don't forget the spare in rotating tires, for rubber not in service eggs more rapidly than when in actual use.

At least 16 Latin-American countries have soil and climatic conditions suitable for the growing of rubber.

B.F. Goodrich

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