

TWO MEN WERE HEADED FOR A POPULAR HOTEL DINING ROOM. THEY BORE A LOOK OF BEING WORN FROM A STRENUOUS DAY'S BUSINESS, AND, AS THEY RELAXED, ONE WAS HEARD TO SAY: "EATING WAS ONCE THE JOY OF LIVING FOR ME, BUT TODAY IT IS ALL VERY DIFFERENT; THERE ARE NO THRILLS; I NEVER CARE TO EAT; I'M NEVER HUNGRY ANY MORE. TELL ME, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"



Awakening Sleepy Appetites

Today, more than ever, every man craves his mother's "love of niceties" as reflected in her cooking.

Suggested from an interview with MICHAEL MASSARA, Steward, Omaha Club and Omaha Country Club.

He was looking at his engagement book. Monday called for noon luncheon at the Athletic club; evening dinner was scheduled with the Ad-Takers club; Tuesday luncheon showed the Lions club; Wednesday was open; Thursday was Rotary, Friday night was the Father and Son banquet and Saturday a Press club banquet for the noon hour.

Harry Nichols was 34. He had been raised in a quiet little village out in the state. He had graduated from Nebraska university. Harry was known as an all-American football star and after leaving college his popularity gained for him a place on one of the great newspapers as sport writer.

His progress in newspaper work had been rapid. He was now the managing editor and his days were filled almost to the breaking point with business and luncheon engagements. Saturday afternoon he managed to get away from the office for a round of golf and Saturday night was the one night that he spent at home with his little family.

But something was wrong with Harry's Saturday night dinners at home. They lacked the anticipation that he had once enjoyed. He played hard at his game of golf, thinking that possibly he had not allowed time for the outdoor air to sharpen the pangs of hunger. Yet, no matter how late he stayed or how hard he played, Harry never sat down to his wife's table feeling that he cared to eat.

Of course, his wife noticed it, and it worried her. Could it be that the strain of his new position was impairing his health. She wondered. Often she checked herself from asking the reason, thinking that Harry might resent it. Surely it could not be the food. Although the caring for the two children demanded a great deal of her time, she reminded herself that she always asked for the best of meats and foodstuffs and paid the highest prices. Still she knew that Harry was becoming a lighter eater every day, and it worried her.

A business trip called Harry east. He arranged to take his wife with him and spend a few days on the return trip with a brother he had not seen since he had given up the road and married an old-fashioned "school mam."

Harry and Beth had speculated a great deal upon the event of meeting Brother Jim's bride. On the way out to the house Harry had joshingly said that he just couldn't imagine a school teacher cooking for dear old Jim! And together they laughingly agreed that if Jim's appetite now compared with his boyhood desire for "goodies" that cooking for him must indeed be a real task.

The meeting was indeed a happy one and after a rousing exchange of greetings Harry exclaimed: "Beth, look at this fat rascal of a brother of mine." "Why, Jim, old man, you're looking wonderfully well. How do you do it?"

"It's a dark secret, Bud—just wait till you know the cook."

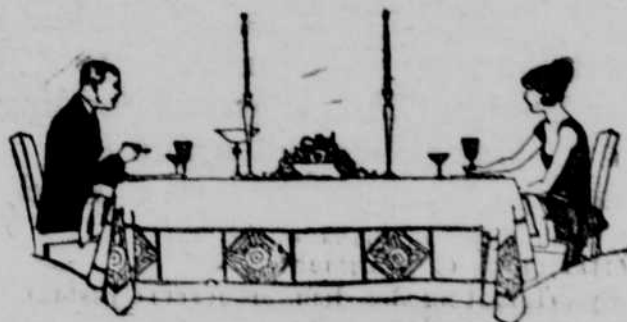
Jim's wife announced dinner and Harry came forward with his customary reluctance. But something was different! At the first taste of the meats he sensed a desire for more. Everything he tasted seemed to invite him to eat more. His appetite had returned! He could hardly restrain himself from deliberately gorging himself with these delightful foods. Beth was horrified. Twice she stepped on his toes and frowned under her napkin to tell him to stop acting like a starving man. But still he ate, until finally he gave a sigh of relief and made this announcement:

"Jim, this dinner has been a revelation to me. It has awakened within me a craving for food that I have never before experienced. With all due respect to my wife's cooking, I am forced to admit that this is the first home meal I have really enjoyed in more than five years. Beth is a good cook. There must be some other reason for this revelation. If you love your brother, Jim, let your wife tell Beth the secret of her cooking."

So happy was Beth in the knowledge that Harry had regained his appetite that she forgot to resent what might have been construed to mean a reflection upon her ability as a cook. But during the next few days she and Jim's wife spent many happy hours discussing methods of "awakening sleepy appetites."

"There really is no 'secret' about these new dishes, Beth," she had said. "The whole trouble with us housewives is that we have allowed the chefs in the big restaurants and clubs to outthink us. We're afraid when we see a popular dish with a long foreign name that there's something mysterious about the preparation of it."

Since I've been reading up on the Art of Cooking I have discovered that the dishes so popular with the men at the club are really very simple. I used to think that if I bought the most expensive meats and foodstuffs, that the dinner would take care of itself. But it won't. And it would surprise you to learn just how economical these dishes are, if properly prepared."



When the visit ended, Harry found a little roll of neatly written recipes in the grip pocket.

"What is this, dear?" he asked. "Oh that's the result of my training in the Art of Cooking." And she continued, "I'm not going to let you lose your appetite for my cooking if I have to go back for a post-graduate course!"

And here are the recipes that brought Beth to the sharp realization that there is something to the Art of Cooking besides buying the best meats and foodstuffs at the highest prices.

Menu for an Early Winter Dinner

Menu

Blue point oysters on the half shell served with sliced lemon.

Hot consommé of chicken, served with celery and olives and salted crackers.

Broiled filet of beef hash in cream potatoes and combination vegetable dish of cauliflower, peas and asparagus tips, served with drawn butter and salt to taste.

In preparing the beef, cut the filet into slices one and a half inches thick, wrap with a strip of bacon, brush with lemon juice and olive oil and broil not more than twelve minutes.

Serve with drawn butter and chopped parsley. In preparing the potatoes, select eight medium sized potatoes for a dinner of six; boil with jackets on and let them get cold before removing coats. Chop very fine. Put into pan with butter, salt, pepper and a pint of cream and boil on slow fire for 25 minutes. Hot rolls are delicious with this course.

Head Lettuce Thousand Island Dressing Mayonnaise

Chop two hard-boiled eggs, dill pickles, pimientos, green pepper, parsley, caper (a few), tomato catsup and chili sauce. Stir into mayonnaise and serve with salted crackers.

Creme Ramversie

Instructions: To one pound of sugar stir a half glass of water until it thickens like caramel. Put into mold to form lining of dish; six eggs, beat well with pint of cream, pint of milk, two teaspoons of vanilla, sugar to taste.

Stir and pour into mold and bake in dish set in pan of water (about two inches of water). Bake one hour.

Creme Ramversie should be made the day before and left in the mold until ready to serve. Take from mold and serve at table. Use mold with hollow center. Center to be filled with ice cream. Add coffee, fruit, crackers and cheese if desired.