

family fare

(Continued from page 22)

Fresh Apple Cake

TO PREPARE: 25 MIN. TO BAKE: 45 MIN.

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 cup hydrogenated vegetable shortening or all-purpose shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 2 cups chopped apple (2 to 3 apples)
- 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts

1. Lightly grease (bottom only) an 8x8x2-in. cake pan. Set aside.
2. Sift together the first four ingredients and set aside.
3. Put shortening into a bowl and add sugar gradually, beating until fluffy after each addition. Add the egg gradually, beating well after each addition. Stir in the apples.
4. Beating only until blended after each ad-

dition, add dry ingredients in thirds to the creamed mixture. Finally, beat only until smooth (do not overbeat). Blend in the chopped nuts. Turn into pan.

5. Bake at 350°F 45 min., or until cake tester or wooden pick comes out clean when inserted in center of cake. Cool in pan on cooling rack.

6. Cut into squares and serve with sweetened whipped cream. One 8-in. sq. cake

Vegetable Soup with Cervelat

CONVENIENCE FOOD RECIPE

TO PREPARE: 7 MIN. TO HEAT: 10 MIN.

- 1 10 1/2-oz. can vegetable soup
- 1 soup can water
- 1/2 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 1/2 teaspoon black pepper
- 1 cup cubed cervelat sausage

Blend first four ingredients together in a saucepan. Set over moderate heat until mixture begins to simmer. Add the sausage and simmer 10 min. Serve immediately with crisp crackers. 2 to 3 servings

The Doctor

(Continued from page 9)

I was tired of the effort involved, bored with the whole thing. I decided to abandon it. Abruptly, I bundled up the manuscript, went out, and threw it on the farm midden.

Drawing a bitter satisfaction from my surrender, or, as I preferred to phrase it, my return to sanity, I went for a walk in the drizzling rain. Halfway down the loch shore I came upon old Angus, the farmer, patiently and laboriously ditching a patch of the bogged and peaty heath which made up the bulk of his hard-won little croft.

As I drew near, he gazed at me in some surprise: he knew of my intention and, with that inborn Scottish reverence for "letters," had tacitly approved it. When I told him what I had just done and why, his weathered face slowly changed, his keen blue eyes, beneath misted sandy brows, scanned me with disappointment and a queer contempt. He was a silent man, and it was long before he spoke.

"No doubt you're the one that's right, Doctor, and I'm the one that's wrong . . ." He seemed to look right to the bottom of me. "My father ditched this bog all his days and never made a pasture. But pasture or no pasture," he placed his foot on the spade, "I canna' help but dig. For my father knew and I know that if only you dig long enough it's here a pasture can be made."

I understood. I watched his dogged working figure with rising anger and resentment. I was resentful because he had what I had not: a terrible stubbornness to see the job through at all costs, an unquenchable resolution brought to the simplest, the most arid, duties of life. And suddenly, in a flash, I saw that weakness in my character to which I had hitherto been blind. Indeed, my dilemma became magnified, transmuted,

until it stood as a touchstone of all human conduct. It became the timeless problem—the comfortable retreat, or the arduous advance without certainty of reward.

I tramped back to the farm, drenched, shamed, furious, and picked the soggy bundle from the refuse heap. I dried it in the kitchen oven. Then I flung it on the table and set to work again with a kind of frantic desperation. I lost myself in the intensity of my purpose. I would not be beaten, I would not give in. I wrote harder than ever. At last, toward the end of September, I wrote *finis*. The relief, the sense of emancipation, was unbelievable. I had created a book. Whether it was good, bad, or indifferent I did not care. *I had kept my pledge.*

THE NOVEL I had almost thrown away was chosen by the Book Society, dramatized and serialized, translated into 22 languages, bought by Hollywood. It has sold, to date, some five million copies. (Editors' note: Mr. Cronin's first novel was "Hatter's Castle.") It has altered my life radically, beyond my wildest dreams—and all because of that most inspiring moment of my life, when an old Scottish farmer gave me a timely lesson in the grace of perseverance.

But that lesson goes deeper still. Today, when the air resounds with shrill defeatist cries, when half our stricken world is wailing in discouragement and fear: "What is the use . . . to work . . . to save . . . to go on living . . . with Armageddon round the corner?" I am glad to recollect it. In this present crisis, with no shining vision to sustain us, the door is wide open to darkness and despair. The way to close it is to stick to the job, no matter how insignificant, to try to do it well, and to finish it.

The virtue of all achievement, as known to my old Scots farmer, is victory over oneself. Those who know this victory can never know defeat.



...AND WITH PROTECTION AT HOME

How lucky she was to buy her "Homeowners" insurance too from State Farm! She saved real money, and got more protection than her former "fire insurance" provided. ■ The "Homeowners" is an all-in-one package covering (1) Home, (2) Contents, (3) Thefts, (4) Liability. It saves about 25% over the cost of buying such coverages separately. And in addition, the State Farm "Homeowners" policy usually costs less than those of most other companies. ■ You can buy one now—and get credit for your present policy. Call your State Farm "Family Insurance Man." He's listed in the Yellow Pages under "State Farm Insurance."



STATE FARM/THE CAREFUL BUYER'S HOME INSURANCE

State Farm Fire and Casualty Company, Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois