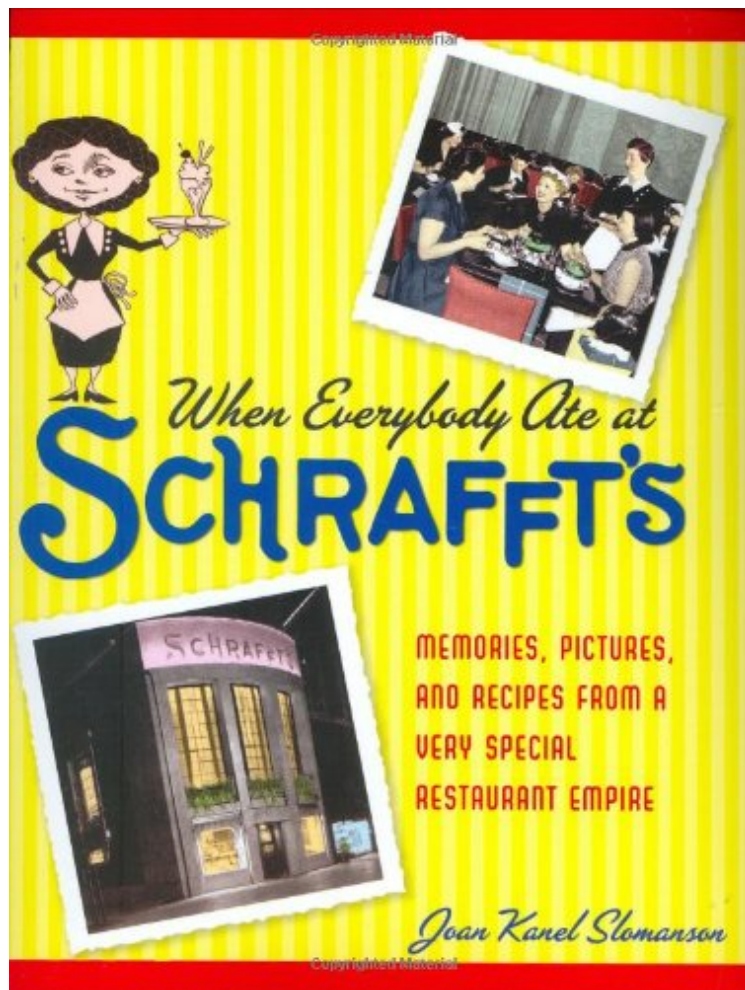


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When Everybody Ate at Schrafft's: Memories, Pictures, and Recipes from a Very Special Restaurant Empire

Joan Kanel Slomanson

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Joan Kanel Slomanson : When Everybody Ate at Schrafft's: Memories, Pictures, and Recipes from a Very Special Restaurant Empire before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised When Everybody Ate at Schrafft's: Memories, Pictures, and Recipes from a Very Special Restaurant Empire:

12 of 12 people found the following review helpful. "S" for Shadow Layer Cake, Superb Food, and SCHRAFFT'S!!!By BookAcePage 147.... I stopped and stared at that picture of Schrafft's Fordham Road "Bread" window (I believe the opposite window had Peanut Brittle in it) the same way I would physically stop and eat it all in with my eyes, back in the 1950's, when I was growing up in the Bronx.Mom Sylvia LOVED their Shadow layer cake and their WONDERFUL coffee -- We would eat there at least once a week (amazing, since our income level was not

even considered middle class, back then) -- Mom would bring us kiddies there -- right after church on Saturday (Our Lady of Mt Carmel) OR right after another one of these agonizing shopping trips to Alexander's ("Ma!! Hurry Up!! Ma!!! They don't even have a TOY department here!!!!") Schrafft's was truly a hallowed place. Their food was exceptional. Their ice cream was out of this world. I remember many times going in for Breakfast with Mom Sylvia and Sis, and asking Bill (the handsome guy who worked the counter at Fordham Road) "What's the Cake of the Day?!" And he would smile, call down the dumbwaiter and in seconds, a thoroughly confused bakery attendant ("They want WHAT for breakfast?!") would slide a layer cake into the dumbwaiter's gleaming, waiting tray, and the morning's first layer cake would appear, gliding up from the bakery below - and Ma, Sis and I would have cake for breakfast. As the book makes quite clear -- Schrafft's cakes were glorious -- nectar and ambrosia -- and the best cake of them all was their Shadow Layer Cake -- oh I WISH you had put that recipe in this book!! -- (Or if it IS there then I haven't found it yet). Shadow Layer Cake was the ONLY thing that could calm down not only my stentorian, strident, 5'1" warrior-mother Sylvia, but also her equally formidable friend Dolly - when those two were sitting at the kitchen table, slowly devouring a whole Shadow layer Cake, drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes in their stylishly long (this was the 1950's, remember) cigarette holders, us little kids (who would run out the door to commit mayhem on the streets of Flatbush - and we ALWAYS got home safely!) knew that PEACE would reign until the whole cake was devoured. Sitting at Schrafft's counter was fun -- sitting at the tables at Schrafft's was a European experience -- you were waited on hand and foot, and all the little kids were prodded to mind their manners. And of course, we'd always bring "something Schrafft's" home to eat, in a white box, all tied up in string, and carried like it was the relic of a saint. Sometimes it would be Mom's Food-of-the-Gods -- Shadow Layer Cake -- other times, "just" cookies, much to Nonna Lucia's consternation (granny lived with us) -- she'd be up to her elbows in dough, making Italian Wedding cookies or Italian Wine cookies and we'd waltz in the door bearing sweets from Schrafft's -- LOL!! Recipes, images of old menus (oh... what memories they evoke!), cartoons, stories and anecdotes are liberally sprinkled throughout this book. Wonderful! Wonderful!!! This book is small but mighty -- well-written, with a tribute from Frank G. Shattuck himself (I knew that name as well as I knew my own name, by the time I was 5 years old) has great recipes, exceptional nostalgia, and makes me long for those days when you could find a Schrafft's everywhere in Manhattan and in my neighborhood in the Bronx as well. It gladdens my heart to know that I can bring a little bit of Schrafft's back into my home, with all those wonderful mouth-watering recipes liberally sprinkled throughout this book. Like stars in the night sky slowly being extinguished one by one after a beautiful night's dream, Schrafft's beautiful restaurants started closing down, one by one. The one on Fordham Road was still there in the early 60's -- after that, I know not when it shuttered its doors. However, there were still one or two Schrafft's left in Manhattan -- I remember keeping a copy of my bill until it faded, from one Schrafft's that I happily dined in, in the early or mid 80's. Maybe one day.... there will be a Schrafft's revival??? I can dream. You can call me a (Schrafft's) dreamer -- but (maybe) I'm not the only one....! Thank you for a book well-written, with lots of love and memories on every page. ALL my friends from the Bronx are going to hear about this one!! BTW -- Page 107 brought me some unexpected joy. Thank you. PS -- Did you know-- there was also a Schrafft's in (Laurel) Maryland, on the Baltimore Washington Parkway in the 60's -- as a heartbroken Bronx kid who had to move from New York to live in Virginia -- it eased my broken NY heart when I saw it as we were enroute from NY to Virginia, and I dined several times in that Maryland Schrafft's -- no it was NOT New York, but the fact that there WAS a Schrafft's not far from me was a great comfort to this very homesick kid. That restaurant closed some time in the 70's, I think. I of 1 people found the following review helpful. Don't ruin your memories of Schrafft's by reading this book. By Anita F. Gaiero One feels the author included so much extraneous filler to make it a book, that what started off well, simply dribbled into a nothingness. Perhaps, this should have been written simply for the gentleman who asked her to write it to distribute to his friends as gifts... certainly not to be offered for sale. Having treasured memories of Schrafft's insofar as the food as well as the service... the personnel were wonderful and welcomed you back with the type of service and a memory for what one liked... that is seldom found today. The recipes for the most part don't even seem to match the splendid type of food that we enjoyed there over the years. I purchased two copies, one to give as a gift to a friend who had wonderful memories of Schrafft's in N. Y. and while I shall still give it to her it will now be accompanied by an apology and an explanation that I fell for the hype and did not realize how very poorly written it was nor the thinness of the content. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Happy Memories By Elaine Dellabadi saw the author interviewed on "Appetite City" hosted by William Grimes - former NY Times food editor = very interesting - little "tidbits" about the company and some recipes. Schrafft's holds a very special place in my heart. As kids in the 1960's, we ate out 2x/yr - once in summertime - along with the latest summer movie and once at Christmas - when my parents took us to see the Rockefeller Center Christmas Tree and the store windows. Schrafft's was the treat for dinner - they had one very close to Radio City - which we also went to - still have the live Nativity with real animals!! - after Schrafft's closed it became a TGI Fridays. - the favorite was their "Peter Rabbit Sunday" - made with lady fingers, vanilla ice cream, raisins, and chocolate syrup. Wish they were still around!!

When Everybody Ate at Schrafft's is a lavishly illustrated book about the Schrafft's restaurant empire and the era in

which it thrived. It will bring back memories to former customers and provide recipes from the past, as well as awaken interest for those long-gone days in people unfamiliar with Schrafft's.