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OWN RECIPE BOOK



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DRINKS, TOGETHER WITH A ROLICKING DISSERTATION ON THE JOYS
OF KING BOURBON AND ITS BROTHER RYE, BY COLONEL COBB HIMSELF

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FOR THE YEAR

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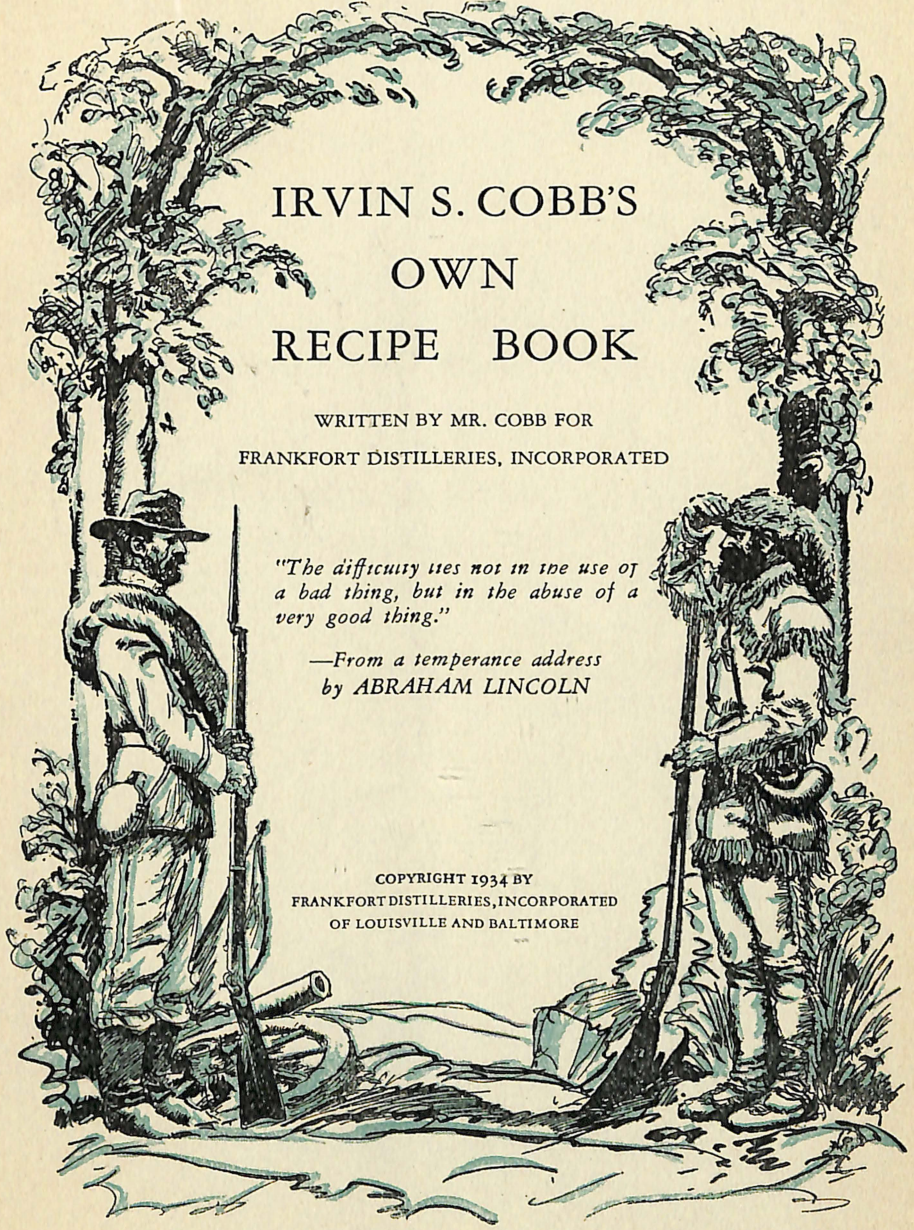
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IRVIN S. COBB'S
OWN
RECIPE BOOK

WRITTEN BY MR. COBB FOR
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INCORPORATED

*"The difficulty lies not in the use of
a bad thing, but in the abuse of a
very good thing."*

*—From a temperance address
by ABRAHAM LINCOLN*

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FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INCORPORATED
OF LOUISVILLE AND BALTIMORE

F O R E W O R D

PROBABLY no one in all America is so well qualified to speak with authority upon the subject of whiskey as Irvin S. Cobb.

He was born and bred in ol' Kaintucky, where prime Bourbon ranks with beautiful women and fast horses as the favored toast of the citizenry. He has personally experimented with the delights of whiskey in all its manifestations. And in his novel, "Red Likker", he brought to American literature the best story of whiskey-making ever written.

So Frankfort Distilleries (which, like Mr. Cobb, is a Kentucky institution) takes sincere pleasure in presenting to you this masterpiece of Mr. Cobb's. We know you'll enjoy what Mr. Cobb has written. And we feel sure that among the drinks for which he has given such eloquent directions, you will find your own favorites.



— more lovely babes shall blossom

BY inheritance, by nativity, and by virtue of personal conviction, I claim the right to deal with this pleasing subject. So far as the annals appear to show, the first of our tribe to land upon the coasts of the Western Hemisphere — one Deacon Henry Cobb, who left Ireland just ahead of a warrant for rebellion against the Crown and then left England a few hours before a bailiff arrived with a writ — was also the first English-speaking resident on this Continent commissioned to “draw spirits,” which I take it meant he probably was the pioneer licensed publican and victualler of all the glad New World. (See official church records of Situate colony, in Massachusetts, for the year 1636.) Nothing is said about his serving free lunch.

Upwards of two centuries later, the worthy deacon’s descendant, my paternal great-grandsire, developed the love for fast horse-flesh which ever since has distinguished our family. We may the better understand this love of his when I tell you he succeeded in getting beyond the borders of

Vermont because he rode a horse that was faster than the sheriff's horse was. He headed for Kentucky where he opened up for business and where his breed, or some members of it, have been domiciled ever since. There is a diary



of a traveler who, shortly after 1810, made a journey through the settlements on the farther fringes of the Southern Wilderness and had a fairly bumpy experience of it, but the only time he ever quit a party before the party was over was when, by his own confession, he jumped out of an upstairs window of "Squire Cobb's Tavern" into the Cumberland River and swam that icy stream to the comparatively peaceful territory of the Chickasaw Indian Nation on the opposite shore. He didn't come back for his other shirt; he sent back for it.

Moreover, it was in my own State of Kentucky that one of the four authentic whiskeys originated. For, mark you, there are but four properly recognized varieties, to wit: Scotch whiskey and Irish whiskey in Great Britain, Rye

whiskey and Bourbon whiskey in America. This here fiery stuff called corn whiskey, whether white or red, is an unlawful offshoot from the Bourbon tribe and among Kentuckians, at least, is regarded as but an illegitimate orphan of the Royal Line, born out of wedlock in the shine of the moon, left as a foundling on the doorstep of some convenient bootlegger and abounding in fusel oil.

And it was not this corn whiskey or "moonshine," but true and regal Bourbon (which averages sixty per cent maize) that the late Will Lampton had reference to when he penned his immortal verse with its forgivably libelous tag-line:

Kentucky, oh, Kentucky,
How I love your classic shades,
Where flit the fairy figures
Of the star-eyed Southern maids;
Where the butterflies are joying
'Mid the blossoms newly born;
Where the corn is full of kernels,
And
 The
 Colonels
 Full
 of
 Corn!

Warning:—Illicit corn liquor may easily be identified by these signs: It smells like gangrene starting in a mildewed

siló; it tastes like the Wrath to Come; and when you absorb a deep swig of it you have all the sensations of having swallowed a lighted kerosene lamp. A sudden violent jolt of it has been known to stop the victim's watch, snap both his suspenders, and crack his glass eye right across — all in the same motion. Personally, I would recommend it only to persons who are headed for the last hiccup and want to get it over with as soon as possible. And if you must drink it, always do so while sitting flat on the floor. Then you don't have so far to fall.

So now, if in these pages I should seem to lean rather lovingly toward gallant old King Bourbon rather than toward his estimable half-brother Prince Rye, I pray the reader may bear with me and excuse my preferences on the grounds of local pride, or, would you say, insular bigotry? The best Rye, as most everyone knows, has always come from Maryland, just as the best Bourbon has always come from Kentucky. This noble circumstance is due to the gracious co-mingled chemistry of a certain climate and a certain soil formation and a certain limestone underlay; plus a certain crafty knack in the mixing and the making that was handed down from the fathers who discovered generations ago this immutable law: that truly great whiskey must be made by the "sour mash" method, which in contrast to the commonly used "cooker" process,

allows slow-working Nature to bring out the full, rich fragrance of the grain; and who knew, too, the value of that most vital and precious of the ingredients, a certain radiantly pure spring water found only in Kentucky and Maryland. This same beneficent alchemy of generous Nature has decreed that where these clear sweet fountains gush forth out of the everlasting ledge, there too the richest, lushest blue-grass shall grow, like a warp of living silk in the loom of the fragrant meadows; and the finest race horses on earth shall be bred, and the most aromatic mint shall sprout, and the sweetest, nuttiest maize shall ripen, and — so some perhaps prejudiced patriots proclaim — more lovely babes blossom into beautiful maidenhood than in any similar area of the habitable globe. Far be it from a native son to deny this final boast, although it stands conceded that in the important detail of pretty women other spots justly are celebrated. In this connection I think of Richmond and New Orleans, Baltimore, Minneapolis, San Francisco — notably San Francisco. In fact, I regard San Francisco as being the Paducah, Ky., of the Pacific Slope.

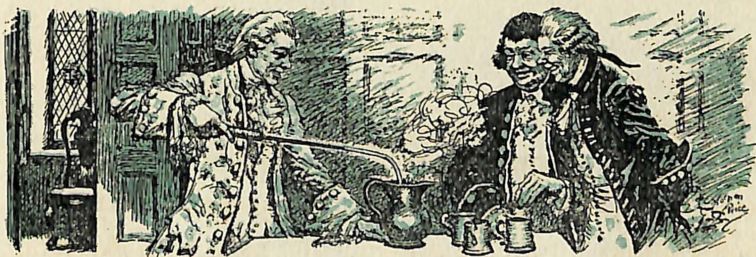
That mention of the old home town reminds me of a little story. Something is always reminding me of a little story, seems as if. In the good old B. V. D. days (Before Volstead Descended) when Prohibition was as yet a cloud no larger than a man's hand — I reckon we might as well

call it the Pre-Cellophane Era and be done with it — a philanthropic distiller down our way sent a perfectly marvelous Christmas present to a thriftless friend of his back in the hills. He sent him a baby-sized barrel containing prime sour-mash Bourbon. About ten days later, the recipient appeared with the empty container and an expectant look on his face, and intimated that he could use some more of the same. "Look here, Shep," said the distiller, "aren't you kind of crowding the mourners just a little? It hasn't been more than a few days since I gave you eight whole gallons of my very best." "That's right," agreed Shep, "but, Kernel Goodman, suh, you got to remember a kag of likker don't last very long in a fambly that can't afford to keep a cow."

EVEN as two of the great whiskies are American creations, so also it is said this land of ours produced the first mixed drink. Surely, we subsequently have been the sponsors for more agreeable variants of palate-soothing combinations than all the rest of the nations rolled together, and this, next only to Bourbon and Rye, forms America's greatest contribution to the realm of civilized and rational

indulgence. For we gave to the world the julep, we gave it the cocktail in all its myriad forms, we gave it the rickey and the fizz and the cobbler and many and many another delectable concoction of inspired genius.

Yet consider how starkly elemental were the beginnings of this fine art: The earliest chronicled American potation was called Flip. The formula required that there be stirred into a pitcher of strong home-brewed, or amateur beer enough crude molasses to sweeten the beer and give it something to fight with. To the above conglomeration, for harmony's sake, was added rum in the proportion of one full jorum of the rum for each drinker, thus conferring general authority on the whole. And after that, as a dainty final stroke, the mess was heated by plunging into it a red-hot poker. And then — believe it or not, dearly beloveds,



— and then our sturdy brass-lined forebears actually drank it!

They drank it for breakfast!



— traditionally, with holly and mistletoe

The rest of the forenoon being spent in songs and folk-dancing.

* * *

(Time out of five minutes will now be taken to permit the modern reader to brood upon this strange behavior on the part of the founders of the republic.)

* * *

The interesting concoction in question dated back to before the Revolution. Personally, I'm inclined to think it may have had quite a good deal to do with bringing on the Revolution. Among the more advanced and cultured of that remote age, Flip sometimes was improved by breaking a raw goose egg into the dram before serving. It was then known as "A Yard of Flannel." People who couldn't afford a goose egg might use instead a hen's egg or, in emergency, even a wild pigeon's egg. Hence the familiar quotation: "The short and simple flannels of the poor."

From such primitive antecedents it seems a far cry to a real Southern eggnog, the proper prescription for which will be found elsewhere in this volume. The eggnog flowers best at Christmas. Traditionally it goes with the holly and the mistletoe, the good cheer and the kindly Yuletide fellowship. I'm skeptical about Santa Claus sometimes, but I believe in the foamy, creamy luscious eggnog, Old Dominion style. In fact, I maintain that on Christmas morn-

ing every worthy male adult in this country should be permitted to have at least one eggnog.

A cold weather brother to the eggnog is the old-time Tom and Jerry. In Down Yonderland, where I came from, the succulent Tom and Jerry reached its delectable fruitage with the first snowfall of the year, and not a minute sooner. This was ritualistic and ordained and quite as it should have been. I look forward to every Fall when I may welcome its lordly return. In those ancient days it usually was served piping hot, whereas invariably the eggnog came to your lips in a chilled state. On a night when the drifts sifted down across the roof shingles and the banshee voice of the wintry wind shrilled in the chimney top and the frost etched its elfin pictures on the window pane, then the Tom and Jerry attained the very flower of its perfection. Then the first sip laved your throat with a velvety touch; then the next soothing swallow fanned your middle system to a gentle simmer, and when you had emptied your tumbler and stepped forth, robust and unafraid, into the storm you could feel the afterglow of that beneficial compound searching you all over.

However, as one having experience in these details, I would recommend that, no matter how great the temptation, the customer take only a single Tom and Jerry, or at most two. After the second there is in one man an impulse to

weep pensively because the antelope have vanished from our Western plains; in another a wistful inclination to sing some quaint roundelay of which the singer has forgotten the tune and can't remember the words; and in yet a third, a tendency to lose things, even bulky objects. I remember that once, being borne away on the winged enthusiasm of the moment, I absorbed three Tom and Jerries in a row, and mislaid a cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg.

I wonder if that cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg can still be knocking around somewhere, mooing plaintively for old massa?

COME we now, reverently, please, to what I insist is the queen mother of all the infusions — the Mint Julep. Who first compiled this most regal of refreshments? Nobody answers. But our hearts are throbbing monuments to his anonymous memory. The very origin of the julep is wreathed in the mists of antiquity — the same as the early wandering of the Celts, the identity of the inventor of books or the mystery of who it was that smote Billy Patterson. We do know that it was evolved in the South, that it has been enshrined in the affections of a grateful constit-



— pistols at dawn

uency for at least a century. Throughout the universe it now is popular, and that loud and thankful labial acknowledgment of its superiorities at the conclusion of the draft is the smack that was heard around the world.

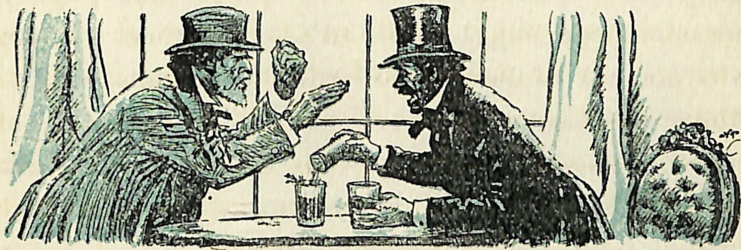
There are many schools of thought on this important subject, as there are many methods of adorning the masterpiece. So great has been the argument on this subject that often the controversy could only be solved by recourse to pistols at dawn. One group holds that the bruised mint should be left in the potion. But my grandfather always insisted that a man who would let the crushed leaves and the mangled stemlets steep in the finished decoction would put scorpions in a baby's bed. And as for the dash of nutmeg which some barbarians insist on sifting across the top of the glass — well, down our way we've always had a theory that the Civil War was not brought on by Secession or Slavery or the State's Rights issue. These matters contributed to the quarrel, but there was a deeper reason. It was brought on by some Yankee coming down South and putting nutmeg in a julep. So our folks just up and left the Union flat.

Some expert practitioners insist on Rye as the basic motif. Practically all Marylanders, many Virginians and Carolinians, New Yorkers and New Englanders and a few Tennesseans hold this doctrine as sanctified. The majority of Kentuckians, the folk of Chicago, the middle and far west,

Texans, Missourians and Louisianians swear by holy Bourbon, but all the deft technicians, wheresoever found, agree that the liquor must be old, mellow whiskey — the blandest in its savor, the richest in its perfume, the most lingering in its softly-expiring after-aroma.

In the name of the julep I have seen high crimes and flagrant misdemeanors committed. In one Corn Belt city, which I shall not name here because probably it's enough ashamed of itself already, I have stood in horror and with seared eye-balls have seen a julep converted into a harsh green tea by the sacrilegious use of peppermint sprigs — not mint, peppermint! But if one's fancy inclines that way why not just swallow a mothball and be done with it? Along the Eastern Seaboard — north of Baltimore, of course, because they know better there — I have been affronted by an architectural monstrosity, containing such foreign substances as flavoring extracts, canned goods, artificial coloring, grated cinnamon, and almost anything else that wasn't nailed down. Any person who would call that a julep — and these savages actually did — would be sufficiently ignorant to think Cincinnati is a new form of chewing gum. And once, in Farther Maine, a criminal masquerading as a barkeeper at a summer hotel, reared for me a strange structure that had nearly everything in it except the proper constituents of a julep. It had in it sliced

pineapple, orange peel, lemon juice, pickled peaches, sundry other fruits and various berries, both fresh and preserved; and the whipped-up white of an egg, and for a crowning atrocity a flirt of allspice across that expanse of pallid meringue. When I could in some degree restrain my weeping, I told him things. "Brother," I told him, between sobs, "brother, all this needs is a crust on it and a knife to eat it with, and it would be a typical example of the supreme effect in pastry of your native New England housewife's breakfast table. But, brother," I said, "I didn't come in here



for a pie, I mentioned a julep; and you, my poor erring brother, you have done this to me! Go," I said, "go and sin no more or, at least, sin as little as possible."

For myself I like best the New Orleans julep and the Kentucky julep of which latter, however, there are at least three standard versions. I was present in a New Orleans club on a historic time when a very prominent Wall Street banker, who had come down there to celebrate Mardi Gras

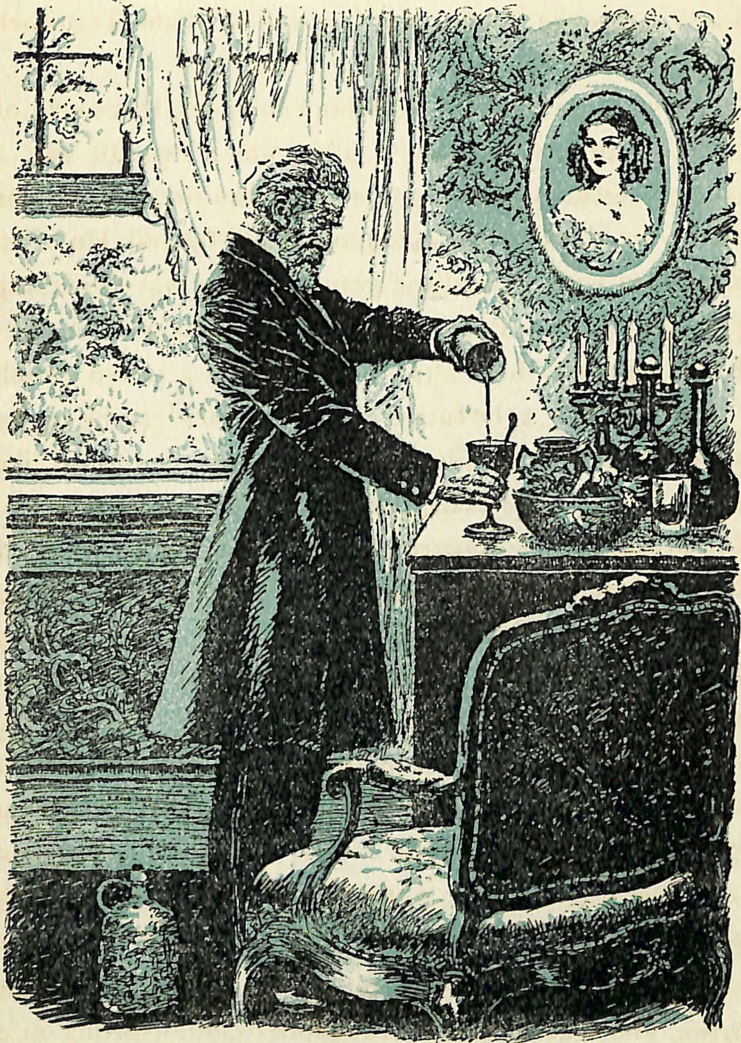
and had stayed over to put on a little private Mardi Gras of his own, was introduced to the genuine article in the line of a Creole julep, Carnival style. You should have witnessed what a magic transformation it was that stole over that man. At the outset he seemed but poor material to work on, too. For he was a typical Wall Street investment banker — had an eye in his head like an undertaker's night bell, and a jaw like a clamped wolf-trap, and, so I would suspect, thought of the future only in terms of thirty, sixty, and ninety days. Further to show you just how conservative he was: he was almost the last stand of the North American side-whisker, now, alas, practically an extinct species, along with the fur-bearing plush ear-muff, the red woolen pulse warmer, the great auk, and the Ozark sulphur-rumped jujupecker.

After his first helping of julep he went right out in the open, and said that although he came of old Puritan stock from up in the interior of Massachusetts, he was proud to take this opportunity of stating that his people always had been very strong Southern sympathizers, and to this good day kept a steel engraving of Robert E. Lee hanging in the front hall. Following the next replenishment, he requested that somebody be so kind as to take him riding in a barouche along the old bayou so he could harken to the mocking-bird warbling in the magnolia tree and watch the moonlight sifting through the lace-like tracery of the Spanish mosses.

After the third of these insidious liquid knickknacks had kissed his lips and slid down him, he began dozing, only rousing to say he'd like very much to break a fifty-dollar bill, provided he was absolutely sure they'd give him all his change in Confederate money. His mood changed then, and when I left he had just offered to whip any damn-Yankee in the house.

AFTER all I reckon though that my faith, ever since my adolescence, has been bedrocked in the Kentucky julep. I used to like to watch my uncle make one — a grizzled, unreconstructed, veteran gunner-officer he was, one-time chief of artillery on Breckinridge's staff and fairly active in Johnston's Army — until Johnston ran out of Army. He always held that the best mint grew on the grave of a Confederate brigadier so that the congenial essences of the slumbering warrior's soul might steal up through the sod to whisper to the tender roots of that fronded greenery waving above, while he awaited the bugle for Eternity's roll-call.

I wonder whether any mint grows on the mound where my uncle sleeps? I hope so. Anyhow, may he rest in peace — and he will, if Over There he can find somebody to

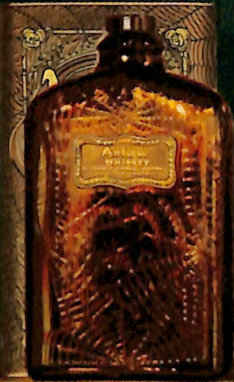


— a majestic rite, a solemn ceremonial

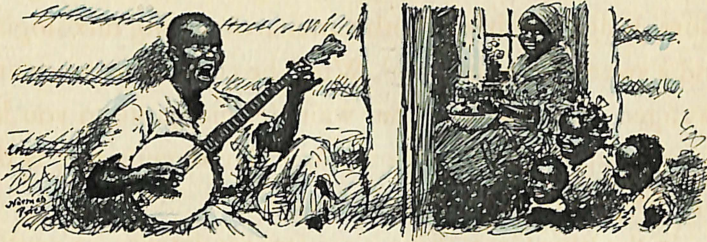
listen while he cusses out General William Tecumseh Sherman.

He was one of your old school julepists, this uncle of mine. With him building a julep was a majestic rite, a solemn ceremonial, and going about the preparations, he was every bit as serious as a grand lodge funeral. He lifted the spoon with a ritualistic gesture. There was something pontifical in his very approach to the sugarbowl. The sideboard became a high altar, the demijohn a sacred vessel.

But presently, as he fussed and manipulated; as the snowy rime formed on the silver goblet, and the ice tinkled like sweet small temple bells, poetry entered into the worshipful proceeding — poetry and romance and snatches of bygone visions. You caught the plunk of the banjo and the melancholy throatiness of some Afric chant drifting from a whitewashed log-cabin across damask tobacco-patch and shimmering hemp-field; you seemed to behold the cardinal bird, weaving in and out, like some living bright shuttle, through the woof of the hackberry's foliage; you glimpsed a pretty girl with a moss-rose at her breast and a dimple in her cheek, where she leaned against a porch pillar of an old red-brick homestead set on the crest of a rolling hill; you watched the fat cows splashing in the shady creek, and waved to a thoroughbred colt cavorting in a knee-deep pasture, and nodded to an old black stable-boss



half asleep in his shade-dappled dooryard; and you sent your best wishes after a sunburnt youngster on a single-footin' hoss racking down a sandy road for to see his true love.



Oh, vanished lady! Oh, darky music! Oh, my Old Kentucky Home!

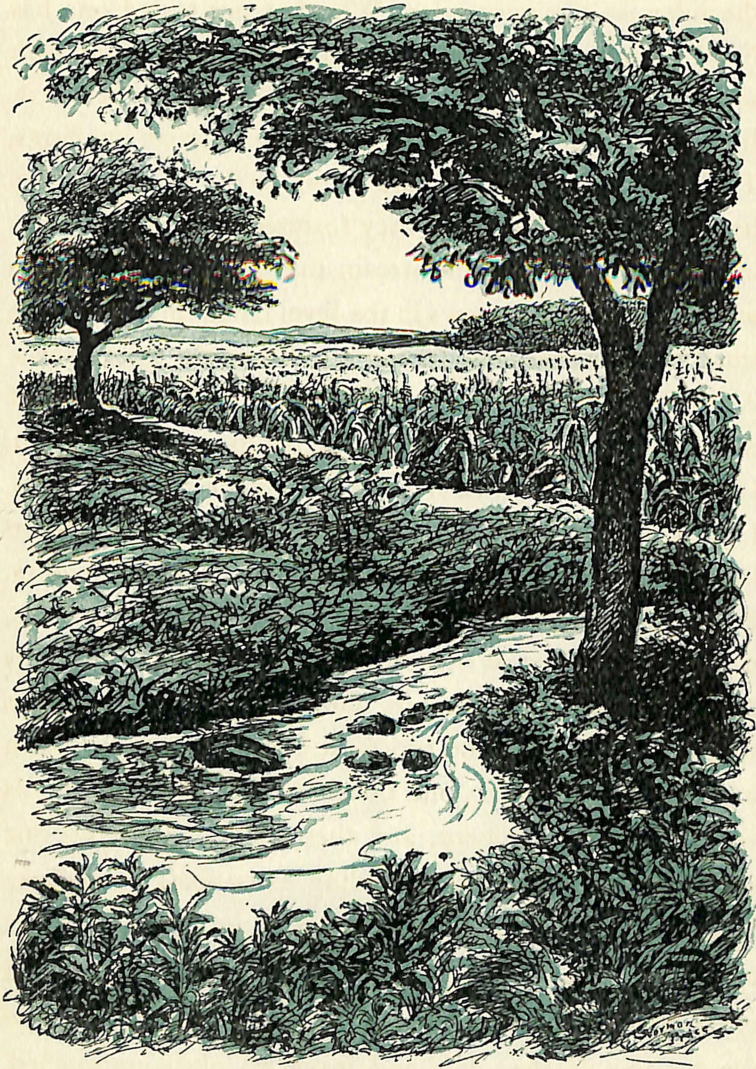
IT took my uncle a full twenty minutes of measuring and blending and stirring and decorating, to fabricate your julep for you. And by that time your tongue hung down on your chest like a pink plush necktie, and your mouth watered until no longer could you control your own riparian rights, and if, instead of being about the most glamorous mixture that ever was mixed, that which, with a courtly bow from the hips he now bestowed upon you, had been an infusion of poison-ivy juice and old rubber galoshes,

nevertheless you'd have drunk it and you'd have liked it!

This revered uncle of mine had his own ideas but, generally speaking, he followed the formula of one of the old masters, the late Judge J. Soule Smith who lived — while he did live, which was a long time ago — up in Lexington. Now, Judge Smith was both a monarch among mixologists and a sweet singer in Israel. When he cleared his voice and twanged on his harp — but wait; let me quote to you his remarks upon this illustrious topic. Here, verbatim, is the way he poured the language forth:

“In the Blue Grass there is a softer sentiment — a gentler soul. There where the wind makes waves of the wheat and scents itself with the aroma of new-mown hay, there is no contest with the world outside. On summer days when from his throne the great sun dictates his commands, one looks forth across broad acres where the long grass falls and rises as the winds may blow it. He can see the billowy slopes, far off, each heaving as the zephyrs touch it with a caressing hand. Sigh of the earth, with never a sob — a tender sigh, a lover's touch, she gives the favored land. And the moon smiles at her caressing, and the sun gives benediction to the lovers. Nature and earth are one — married by the wind and sun and whispering leaflets on the happy trees.

“Then comes the zenith of man's pleasure. Then comes



— where Bourbon and mint are lovers

the julep — the mint julep. Who has not tasted one has lived in vain. The honey of Hymettus brought no such solace to the soul; the nectar of the gods is tame beside it. It is the very dream of drinks, the vision of sweet quaffings. The Bourbon and the mint are lovers. In the same land they live, on the same food are they fostered. The mint dips its infant leaf into the same stream that makes the Bourbon what it is. The corn grows in the level lands through which small streams meander. By the brook-side the mint grows. As the little wavelets pass, they glide up to kiss the feet of the growing mint, and the mint bends to salute them. Gracious and kind it is, living only for the sake of others. Like a woman's heart it gives its sweetest aroma when bruised. Among the first to greet the spring, it comes. Beside the gurgling brooks that make music in the fields, it lives and thrives. When the bluegrass begins to shoot its gentle sprays toward the sun, mint comes, and its sweetest soul drinks at the crystal brook. It is virgin then. But soon it must be married to old Bourbon. His great heart, his warmth of temperament, and that affinity which no one understands, demands the wedding. How shall it be? Take from the cold spring some water, pure as angels are; mix it with sugar till it seems like oil. Then take a glass and crush your mint within it with a spoon — crush it around the borders of the glass and leave no place untouched.

Then throw the mint away — *it* is a sacrifice. Fill with cracked ice the glass; pour in the quantity of Bourbon which you want. It trickles slowly through the ice. Let it have time to cool, then pour your sugared water over it. No spoon is needed; no stirring allowed — just let it stand a moment. Then around the brim place sprigs of mint, so that the one who drinks may find taste and odor at one draft.

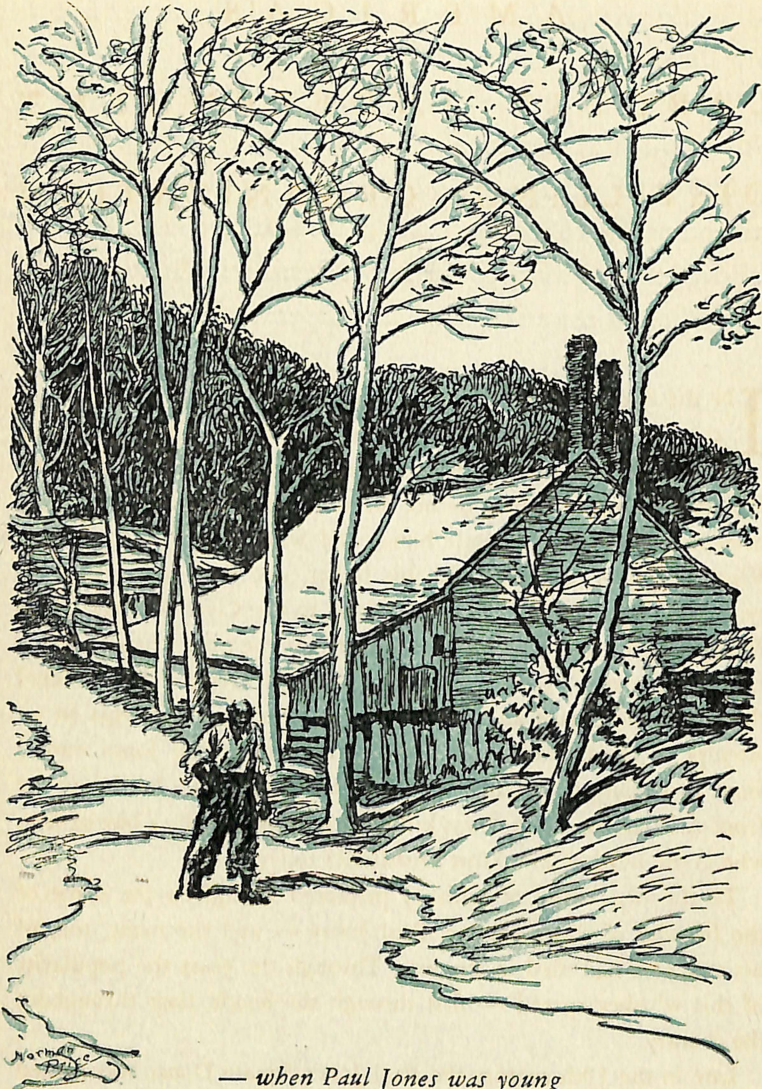
“Then, when it is made, sip it slowly. August suns are shining, the breath of the south wind is upon you. It is fragrant, cold and sweet — it is seductive. No maiden’s kiss is tenderer or more refreshing, no maiden’s touch could be more passionate. Sip it and dream — you cannot dream amiss. Sip it and dream — it is a dream itself. No other land can give so sweet solace for your cares; no other liquor soothes you in melancholy days. Sip it and say there is no solace for the soul, no tonic for the body like old Bourbon whiskey.”

After that rhapsody I’m afraid anything else in the line of prescriptions must seem sort of flat-like and tame; still shall I do my best with recipes which follow now. I would call the list a tolerably complete one, but make no profession that it is all-embracing, all-comprehensive, because the supposedly faithful scout I sent out for the last batch, has been strangely missing for some days now. We have asked the good monks of St. Bernard to hunt for him, but he is still

lost and with him, I fear me, a few of the lesser known medleys.

So much for that. With your approval, we will now go into our shorter dance numbers, leading off with cocktails.

But first, with your indulgence, I should like to present to you on the following pages what I believe is both a brief and interesting story of Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, for whom I have the pleasure to pen these lines.



— when Paul Jones was young

A M E R I C A ' S
L A R G E S T I N D E P E N D E N T
D I S T I L L I N G O R G A N I Z A T I O N

I N the Spring of 1865, a lieutenant of a Virginia Regiment of the Confederate Army turned homeward from the Civil War battlefields to find his house in ruins and his family destitute. His family's wealth which before the war had been considerable had been invested in Confederate bonds and was gone. In Georgia this Virginia soldier, together with his father, one Paul Jones, then 66 years old, began making whiskey. Prior to the Civil War the Jones family had lived in Lynchburg, Virginia. At the time when Sherman began his march "from Atlanta to the Sea" General Lee ordered the young lieutenant and his brother, a colonel, to Georgia in an attempt to check Sherman's advance. The elder Paul Jones moved from Lynchburg to Atlanta to be near his family. In a battle not far from Atlanta, the colonel was killed. It is his son, then a boy of five, who is the head of Frankfort Distilleries today.

To the first brand of whiskey produced was given the name of the founder of this company, Paul Jones — and the name, too, of his son who had died in the war. Through the years the popularity of this whiskey spread — first through the South, then throughout the country.

Late in the 19th century the Paul Jones Square Dance was named

for it and the whiskey became even more famous.

In 1886 the Jones family decided that Kentucky was better suited to fine whiskey making and they removed their growing business from Atlanta to Louisville. They brought out more brands and acquired others, among them Four Roses, one of America's most celebrated whiskies.

When Paul Jones the founder of the company died, his son and grandson carried on. Today, the third and fourth generation of the family control Frankfort Distilleries — a record of family tradition which probably has no parallel among the large distilling companies in America today.

During Prohibition Frankfort added still further to its prestige. Operating under one of the seven distilling permits issued by the government, it supplied a large part of the medicinal whiskey produced and consumed in the country. In one year, more than 20,000 physicians purchased Frankfort whiskies for office use. One Frankfort brand, Antique, became known as the finest medicinal whiskey made.

When Repeal came, Frankfort was ready with two plants in Kentucky and two in Maryland. Possessed of unusual whiskey-making experience, Frankfort had established at Louisville one of the first whiskey research laboratories in America. Here a complete miniature distillery had been built and hundreds of whiskey-making experiments had been conducted. Through these experiments, Frankfort had gained much knowledge of the exact science of distillation. It had also proved conclusively that the traditional "sour mash" method of distilling, by which its whiskies have always been produced, is the only way great whiskies can be made. And Frankfort had learned, too, that when it comes to aging whiskey, there is no substitute for Father Time and charred oak barrels — that in no other way can whiskey be mellowed into rich, ripe smoothness.

Whiskey-making is still more an art than a science — still largely a matter of family formulae and inherited skill. The men who perform the key operations in Frankfort's distilleries are, almost without exception, men who have been brought up in their respective jobs. And in many cases, they are men whose fathers and grandfathers performed these same operations before them.

In every drop of whiskey that Frankfort Distilleries produce, there is pride of craftsmanship. An independent company controlled by the grandson and great-grandson of its founder, it can and does zealously guard the whiskey-making tradition and skill gained from four generations of distilling experience.

During prohibition, Frankfort sold *only* through legal channels. So far as is known, no Frankfort whiskey was ever bootlegged. Frankfort emerged from that trying period with the respect and approval of every governmental inspecting and regulating authority.

Today, Frankfort follows this same rigid policy. It sells its products *only* through legal outlets. For Frankfort believes that whiskey—*good whiskey*—has a rightful place in the world. It will bend every effort to see that its whiskey is sold legitimately and used temperately.

THE FRANKFORT PACK



The Frankfort Pack — patented and used only by Frankfort Distilleries — is probably the most important invention in the history of whiskey packaging. It is undoubtedly one big reason why Frankfort whiskeys came through prohibition without a single bootleg blot upon them.

For this tin-top-and-bottom carton makes tampering or adulteration impossible. The bottle

within cannot be removed without destroying the carton. So if this carton is intact, you can be sure the whiskey you buy is the same fine, mellow liquor placed in the bottle by Frankfort at its bottling plants.

On the center pages of this book are pictured Frankfort's principal whiskeys. Others are listed on later pages. Look for these brands at your dealer's — ask for them at your favorite hotel, club or cafe!

MEASUREMENTS *and* ACCESSORIES

In all recipes given herein:

A *pony* equals a 1 oz. liqueur glass.

A *jigger* equals a 1½ oz. whiskey glass. (Before prohibition, a whiskey glass held 2 ozs., so if you want to be generous, use a 2 oz. jigger.)

A *glass* means a wine glass holding 3 to 4 ozs.

It will be noted that some of the recipes direct that the mixture be stirred, not shaken. The reason is simple. The only function of ice in most cocktails is to cool the drink. If a shaker is used, the ice melts too fast, and the drink becomes thin. So in making such cocktails, use a mixing glass and spoon.

The "syrup" called for in some recipes is a simple syrup made by boiling sugar in water. Sugar may be substituted for syrup in such cases. But the zealous mixer will prepare some syrup and keep it bottled for use.

Absinthe is not legal in the United States. But Pernod, which is Absinthe with the questionable ingredients eliminated, may be had. So where a recipe calls for Absinthe, we have substituted the legal Pernod.

Where a recipe calls for Rum, we advise using the white variety which is especially adapted for mixed drinks.

For really skillful mixing, the properly equipped serving pantry or home bar should contain the following articles:

Corkscrew, with a long, sharp shank which draws the cork gently but firmly without tearing it; cocktail shaker; mixing glass; long-handled silver spoon, for stirring; strainer; lemon and orange squeezer; lime squeezer; ice bag and mallet; wooden pestle; bitters dasher, or dasher top for bitters bottle.

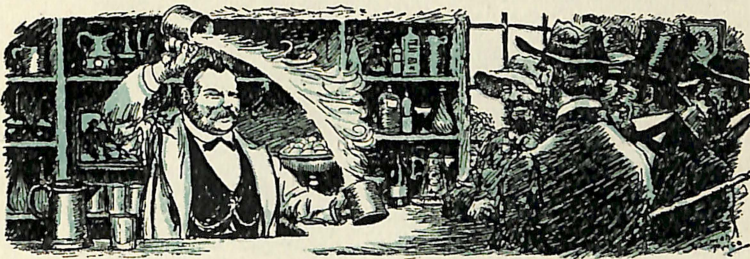
• C O C K T A I L S •

Remarks in italics by Irvin S. Cobb

ALEXANDER: $\frac{1}{3}$ Paul Jones Four Star Gin, $\frac{1}{3}$ Creme de Cacao, $\frac{1}{3}$ Sweet Cream. Shake well with cracked ice and strain. *Alexander must have been a ladies' man, for this is certainly a ladies' drink.*

RUM: 1 jigger Cuban-type Rum, juice of 1 Lime, 2 dashes Grenadine. Shake well with cracked ice and strain. *More popular in Cuba than revolutions.*

BLINKER: 1 jigger Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey, $\frac{3}{4}$ jigger Grapefruit Juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ jigger Grenadine. Shake well in cracked ice and strain. *Try it and you'll know where it gets its name.*



BLUE BLAZER: Use 2 large silver mugs, with handles. Into one mug put 1 glass Paul Jones or Antique Whiskey; into the other mug, put 1 glass boiling water. Ignite the whiskey and while blazing, mix both ingredients by pouring them from one mug to the other four or five times. Sweeten with 1 teaspoon Powdered Sugar and serve with piece of Lemon Peel. *This invention of the great Jerry Thomas, the most illustrious of American barkeepers, is included for the sake of the record, with the admonition that no amateur should attempt to make it unless first he takes the precaution of turning in a fire-alarm because unless good old Truck Six arrives promptly on the scene he is likely to find himself burning several hours with a clear blue flame, like an alcohol stove.*

BRONX: $\frac{1}{2}$ Paul Jones Four Star Gin, $\frac{1}{6}$ French Vermouth, $\frac{1}{6}$ Italian Ver-

mouth, $\frac{1}{8}$ Orange Juice. Shake well with cracked ice and strain. *History credits Johnny Solon, of the old Waldorf, with inventing this famous number.*

CHAMPAGNE: 1 lump Sugar, 1 dash Angostura Bitters, 1 piece Lemon Peel, 1 cube of ice. Fill up with Champagne. *And don't let 'em dump a lot of fruit in it for you.*

CLOVER CLUB: $\frac{3}{8}$ Paul Jones Four Star Gin, $\frac{1}{8}$ Grenadine, $\frac{1}{8}$ Lime Juice, white of 1 Egg. Shake well with cracked ice and strain. *Born at the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, and named for a club of legal and literary lights who used to meet there.*

COMMODORE: 1 teaspoon Syrup, 2 dashes Orange Bitters, Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ Lime or $\frac{1}{4}$ Lemon, 1 glass Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey. Shake well with cracked ice and strain. *Worthy of Commodore Paul Jones, who didn't invent it. He preferred his liquor straight.*

CROW: $\frac{2}{3}$ Antique or Four Roses Whiskey, $\frac{1}{3}$ Lemon Juice, 1 dash Grenadine. Stir well with cracked ice and strain. *You'll crow, all right.*

DAIQUIRI: $1\frac{1}{2}$ jiggers Cuban-type Rum, Juice of 1 Lime, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Powdered Sugar, a little Pineapple Juice. Shake well with cracked ice and strain into saucer champagne glass filled with finely shaved ice. *This is the recipe used in the Florida Bar at Havana, Cuba. The third edition of this particular series should be served with a wheelchair.*

DE RIGEUR: $\frac{2}{3}$ Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey, $\frac{1}{3}$ Grapefruit Juice, 1 teaspoon Honey. Shake well with cracked ice and strain. *A Prohibition invention. I don't go for it.*

DIXIE WHISKEY: 4 glasses Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Angostura Bitters, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Curacao, 2 teaspoons Creme de Menthe, 2 small teaspoons of Sugar. Shake well in cracked ice and strain. (This recipe serves six.) *From long and vivid experience, I can vouch for this one.*

DUBONNET: $\frac{1}{2}$ Dubonnet, $\frac{1}{2}$ Paul Jones Four Star Gin. Stir with cracked

ice, strain and add twist of Lemon Peel. *One of the world's best appetizers. I heartily endorse it.*

ED DEXTER: $\frac{3}{4}$ glass Four Roses or Paul Jones Whiskey, 2 dashes Curacao. Stir well in ice, strain and serve with twist of lemon and orange peel. *Named for a sincere drinker and recommended only for such.*

FRENCH 75: $\frac{2}{3}$ Paul Jones Four Star Gin, $\frac{1}{3}$ Lemon Juice, 1 teaspoonful Powdered Sugar. Pour into champagne glass containing cracked ice and fill with Champagne. *I had my first of these in a dugout in the Argonne. I couldn't tell whether a shell or the drink hit me.*

JACK ROSE: $\frac{1}{6}$ Lime Juice, $\frac{1}{6}$ Grenadine, $\frac{2}{3}$ Applejack. Shake with cracked ice and strain. *So named because its color is that of the Jacquemot Rose.*

MAMIE TAYLOR: Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ Lime, 1 jigger Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey. Pour into tall glass, add some cracked ice and fill up with Ginger ale. *When this drink was invented, early in the century, James Gordon Bennett ran the recipe in the "New York Herald," stating that he considered it most decidedly news. He was right — it was not only news, it was good news.*

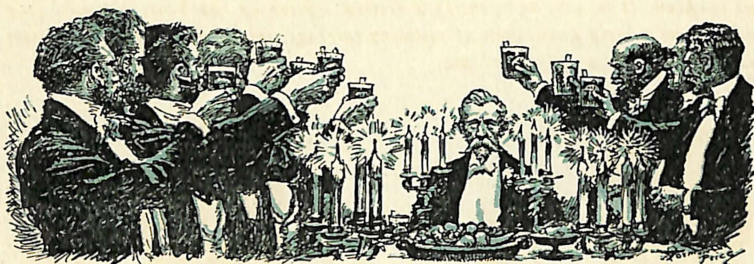
MANHATTAN (DRY): $\frac{2}{3}$ Four Roses or Paul Jones Whiskey, $\frac{1}{3}$ Italian Vermouth, dash of Angostura Bitters. Stir well with cracked ice, strain, and serve with Cherry. *One of America's greatest contributions to civilization. If you like your Manhattan still dryer, substitute French Vermouth for Italian, and twist of Lemon Peel instead of Cherry. If recipe given is too dry for you, make the drink half and half, whiskey and Italian Vermouth.*

MARTINI (DRY): $\frac{2}{3}$ Paul Jones Four Star Gin, $\frac{1}{3}$ French Vermouth, 1 dash Orange Bitters. Stir well with cracked ice, strain and serve with Olive. If you prefer your Martini less dry, leave out the bitters and use half gin, one-fourth French and one-fourth Italian Vermouth. *This, it goes without saying, is the queen of all cocktails.*

MOUNTAIN: White of 1 Egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey, $\frac{1}{6}$ Lemon Juice, $\frac{1}{6}$ Italian Vermouth, $\frac{1}{6}$ French Vermouth. Shake well with cracked ice and strain. *I've brought more than one Mahomet to the Mountain.*

OLD-FASHIONED WHISKEY: One-half piece Sugar, 2 dashes Angostura Bitters, $1\frac{1}{2}$ jiggers Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey, 1 slice Orange, 1 slice Lemon, 1 slice Pineapple, 2 dashes Curacao. Muddle sugar and bitters with pestle. Add cube of ice, whiskey and Curacao and decorate with fruit. *This*

cocktail was created at the Pendennis Club in Louisville in honor of a famous old-fashioned Kentucky Colonel. I claim it was worthy of him.



ORANGE BLOSSOM: $1\frac{1}{2}$ jiggers Paul Jones Four Star Gin, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ Orange. Stir well with cracked ice and strain. *This was invented at the old Waldorf to honor a visiting Irish poet. He never got to his dinner.*

ORIENTAL: $\frac{1}{2}$ Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey, $\frac{1}{4}$ Italian Vermouth, $\frac{1}{8}$ Curacao, $\frac{1}{8}$ Lime Juice. Shake well with cracked ice and strain. *Then grab a shawl and go into your dance.*

PINK LADY: White of 1 Egg, 1 tablespoon Grenadine, $1\frac{1}{2}$ jiggers Paul Jones Four Star Gin. Shake well with cracked ice and strain. *Named for the famous operetta.*

RYE WHISKEY: 1 dash Angostura Bitters, 4 dashes Syrup, 1 glass Paul Jones or Four Roses Rye. Stir well with cracked ice, strain and serve with Cherry. *This is the daddy of all whiskey cocktails.*

SAZERAC: Dissolve 1 lump of Sugar in a teaspoonful of Water. 1 dash Peychaud Bitters, 1 dash Pernod, 1 jigger Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey. Stir well with cracked ice, strain and squeeze Lemon Peel on top. *Some people think this cocktail is the most important thing that has occurred in New Orleans since Andrew Jackson licked the British there and certainly since the Mafia riots. Consume too many of these cocktails and you'll think the rioting has broken out all over again. But taken in reason — oh joy, oh rapture!*

S. G.: 1 teaspoon Grenadine, $\frac{1}{3}$ Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey, $\frac{1}{3}$ Lemon Juice, $\frac{1}{3}$ Orange Juice. Shake well with cracked ice and strain. *The "S. G." stands for that famous British regiment, the Scots Guards, who first designed this cocktail. It is easy to identify a retired officer of the Scots Guards. Just look for an elderly gentleman of military carriage, with an iron-gray mustache and a breath like a hot mince pie.*



SIDECAR: $\frac{1}{3}$ Lemon Juice, $\frac{1}{3}$ Cointreau, $\frac{1}{3}$ Brandy. Shake well with cracked ice and strain. *One of America's best loved compounds.*

STINGER: $\frac{1}{3}$ White Creme de Menthe, $\frac{2}{3}$ Brandy. Shake well with cracked ice and strain. *While classified as a cocktail, this is really an after-dinner drink, served in place of a liqueur.*

SWISS FAMILY: 2 dashes Pernod, 2 dashes Angostura Bitters, $\frac{1}{3}$ French Vermouth, $\frac{2}{3}$ Four Roses or Paul Jones Whiskey. Stir well in ice and strain. *Get Chris, of East 45th Street, New York, to make you one of these.*

WARD 8: 1 teaspoon Grenadine, $\frac{1}{4}$ Orange Juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ Lemon Juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ Paul Jones or Four Roses Rye Whiskey. Shake well with cracked ice and strain. *This drink is especially popular in Boston where it originated. Bostonians over-indulging in same, find the crooked streets of their city beautifully adapted for going home.*

WHISKEY SPECIAL: (6 people) 3 glasses Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey, 2 glasses French Vermouth, $\frac{1}{2}$ glass Orange Juice, dash of Nutmeg. Shake well with cracked ice, strain and serve with an Olive. *When the above six*

people begin to look like twelve people, it is then time to quit serving this entrancing little number.

• H I G H B A L L S •

WHISKEY HIGHBALL: To 1 cube of ice add drink of any Frankfort Distilleries Rye, or Bourbon Whiskey and fill up with carbonated water. Add small piece of Lemon Peel if desired. *The standard beverage of the Western World.*

GINGER ALE HIGHBALL: Made as above, using any Frankfort Distilleries Rye or Bourbon Whiskey and using ginger ale instead of carbonated water. *Personally, I dislike to see the taste of fine whiskey sullied by ginger ale.*



POKER HIGHBALL: Put three lumps of ice in each of four 24-oz. glasses. Divide a quart of Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey among the four glasses and fill with carbonated water. *Many's the flush I've caught on these.*

• J U L E P S •

The Mint Julep is the most widely discussed and most debated recipe in the whole realm of mixed drinks. It is almost impossible to find two experts who agree on the way it should be made, and to recommend a certain method is inevitably to bring down on your head the wrath of some other julep school. However, may we say that these two recipes have proved exceedingly popular?

ORIGINAL KENTUCKY MINT JULEP: Put 12 sprigs Fresh Mint in bowl, covered with Powdered Sugar and just enough water to dissolve the sugar, and crush with wooden pestle. Place half the crushed mint and liquid in the bottom of a crackled glass tumbler, or in sterling silver or pewter tankard. Fill glass half full of finely crushed ice. Add rest of crushed mint and fill remainder of glass with crushed ice. Pour in Four Roses or Paul Jones Whiskey until glass is brimming. Place in ice-box for at least an hour (preferably two or three hours — if you can wait that long). Decorate with sprigs of mint covered with powdered sugar when ready to serve.

GEORGIA MINT JULEP: 4 sprigs Fresh Mint, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon Powdered Sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ jiggers Four Roses or Paul Jones Whiskey. Place mint, sugar and whiskey in glass, fill with crushed ice and stir gently until glass is frosted. Decorate with sprigs of mint — *and start singing "Dixie."*

• S O U R S •

WHISKEY SOUR: Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ Lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Powdered Sugar, 1 jigger Antique or Four Roses Whiskey. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into a Delmonico glass, add a little carbonated water, and decorate with fruit if desired. *This is one of the world's grandest pick-me-ups.*

• R I C K E Y S •

GIN RICKEY: Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ Lime, 1 jigger Paul Jones Four Star Gin. Put 1 cube of ice in glass, add Lime Juice and Rind of Lime, and Gin. Fill with carbonated water and stir. *Invented in Shoemaker's Cafe, Washington, D. C., during a hot spell in the early part of the century, and named for Col. Joe Rickey, an old-time Washington character.*

WHISKEY RICKEY: Same as Gin Rickey, using any Frankfort Rye or Bourbon Whiskey instead of Gin.

• F I Z Z E S •

DERBY FIZZ: 1 jigger Four Roses or Paul Jones Whiskey, 5 dashes Lemon Juice, 1 teaspoon Powdered Sugar, 1 Egg, 3 dashes Curacao. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into small highball glass, fill with carbonated water. *Invented by an unknown hero one Derby Day in Louisville, some summers ago.*

GIN FIZZ: Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ Lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon Powdered Sugar, 1 jigger Paul Jones Four Star Gin. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into small highball glass, fill with carbonated water. *Deservedly one of America's most popular concoctions.*

GOLDEN FIZZ: Same as Gin Fizz, adding Yolk of 1 Egg.

IMPERIAL HOTEL FIZZ: $\frac{1}{3}$ Jamaica Rum, $\frac{2}{3}$ Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey, 4 dashes Lemon Juice, Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ Lime. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into small highball glass, fill with carbonated water. *It takes an expert to make it, but you couldn't spend your time better than in looking for that expert.*

MORNING GLORY FIZZ: Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ Lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon Powdered Sugar, white of 1 Egg, 2 dashes Pernod, 1 jigger Four Roses or Paul Jones Whiskey. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into small highball glass, fill with carbonated water. *A friend of mine once inserted four of these Morning Glories into himself with as many quick nervous mannerisms, and arrived at his apartment at 5:30 A. M., speaking an unknown tongue and wearing a waiter's apron and a perfect stranger's hat. Later he claimed the language he had used was Ancient Sanskrit.*



NEW ORLEANS FIZZ: Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ Lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon Powdered Sugar, white of 1 Egg, 1 jigger Paul Jones Four Star Gin, dash of Orange Juice, 1 tablespoon Sweet Cream. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into small highball glass, fill with carbonated water. *This edifying delicacy originated at the famous old Ramos bar in New Orleans. If you shake it as the bar-boys at Ramos' do — for ten minutes — you've got something to write home to the folks about. But quit while you can still write — some way this drink seems to take right hold.*

ROYAL FIZZ: Same as Gin Fizz, adding whole of 1 Egg.

SILVER FIZZ: Same as Gin Fizz, adding White of 1 Egg. *After four of these it is advisable to go to bed. P. S. — Put handgrips on the bed.*

• C O L L I N S E S •

The original Collins was the John Collins, made with either dry or Holland Gin and named for a popular waiter at a restaurant called Lummer's House in Hanover Square, London. When the drink was made with Old Tom (or sweetened) Gin, it was called a Tom Collins, which was a very good thing because a fellow can still say "Tom Collins" quite distinctly long after he has lost the ability to pronounce, let us say such a name as "Sissie Fitzsimmons" without sounding like a Roman candle getting ready to go off. Today, through the changes wrought by Time, a Tom Collins is made with dry gin: while the name "John Collins" is reserved for the drink when made with Holland Gin.

TOM COLLINS: Juice of 1 Lime or $\frac{1}{2}$ Lemon, 1 teaspoon Powdered Sugar, 1 jigger Paul Jones Four Star Gin. Put ingredients in a tall glass, add cube of ice and fill with Club Soda or other carbonated water. Stir.

JOHN COLLINS: Made as a Tom Collins, using Holland Gin.

TOM COLLINS WHISKEY: 5 dashes Syrup, juice of 1 small Lemon, 1 glass Four Roses or Paul Jones Whiskey. Put ingredients in tall glass, add cube of ice and fill with carbonated water. Stir. *A delightful summer concoction.*

• D A I S I E S •

WHISKEY DAISY: Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ Lime and $\frac{1}{4}$ Lemon, 2 dashes Grenadine, 2 dashes Carbonated Water, 1 jigger Antique or Paul Jones Whiskey. Use silver mug, or highball glass, put in above ingredients, fill with finely crushed ice, stir until mug or glass is frosted, decorate with Fruit and Fresh Mint

and serve with straws. *This drink was widely popular before Prohibition; but died out during Volstead. It deserves a re-birth.*

GIN DAISY: Same as Whiskey Daisy, using Paul Jones Four Star Gin instead of Whiskey.

• F I X E S •

GIN FIX: 1 large teaspoon Powdered Sugar, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ Lemon, 1 jigger Water, 1 glass Paul Jones Four Star Gin. Pour into highball glass filled two-thirds full of shaved ice, stir and decorate with fruit. *These will fix you up in no time.*

WHISKEY FIX: 1 large teaspoon Powdered Sugar, dissolved in a little water, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ Lemon, 1 glass Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey. Pour into highball glass, filled two-thirds full of shaved ice, stir and decorate with fruit. *I prefer this to its gin brother, but try 'em BOTH and decide for yourself. Only don't try 'em both at the same sitting.*

• S L I N G S •

GIN SLING: Dissolve 1 teaspoon of Sugar in a little water, 1 jigger Paul Jones Four Star Gin, 1 lump of Ice. Put in highball glass and fill with either plain or carbonated water. If served hot, use Pilsener beer glass and sprinkle Nutmeg on top. *I'm not very familiar with this as yet. I MUST catch up on my bar work!*

SINGAPORE SLING: Juice of $\frac{1}{4}$ Lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ pony Paul Jones Four Star Gin, 1 pony Cherry Brandy. Shake well with cracked ice, strain and fill with carbonated water. Use highball glass. *This comes to us from a famous club in Singapore.*

WHISKEY SLING: Same as Gin Sling, using Four Roses or Paul Jones Whiskey. *If you're a bred-in-the-barrel whiskey lover, I'm sure you'll prefer this number to its gin cousin.*

• S M A S H E S •

WHISKEY SMASH: Dissolve 1 lump of Sugar in a little Carbonated Water. Add four sprigs of Fresh Mint and muddle slightly with wooden pestle. Place 1 cube of Ice in glass and add 1 jigger of any Frankfort Rye, or Bourbon Whiskey. Squeeze Lemon Peel, decorate with slice of Orange and serve. Use old-fashioned cocktail glass. *I had my first of these in Charleston, S. C., and Providence preserve me, I'll have a lot more before I die.*

GIN SMASH: Same as Whiskey Smash, using Paul Jones Four Star Gin instead of Whiskey. *There is as much difference between good gin and the bath-tub variety as there is between finely distilled, aged whiskey and moonshine. Use Paul Jones Four Star Gin.*

• C O B B L E R S •

WHISKEY COBBLER: 1 teaspoon Powdered Sugar, 1 jigger Antique or Four Roses Whiskey. Fill highball glass half full of cracked ice, add sugar and whiskey, stir well and decorate with slices of Orange and Pineapple. *This will do things to you if you don't watch out.*

• F L I P S •

WHISKEY FLIP: 1 Egg, 1 teaspoon Powdered Sugar, 1 jigger Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass, sprinkle Nutmeg on top. *This is especially recommended for one of those days when the frost is on the pumpkin.*

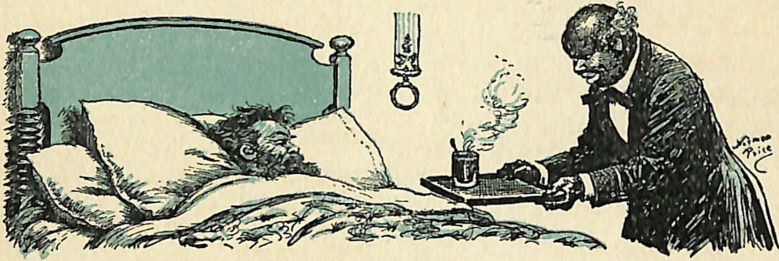
SHERRY FLIP: Same as Whiskey Flip, using Sherry instead of Whiskey.

• T O D D I E S •

WHISKEY TODDY: 1 teaspoon Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ glass Water, 1 glass Four Roses or Paul Jones Whiskey, 1 small lump of Ice. Put in toddy glass, stir with a spoon and serve. *Ab! How this takes me back to my grandfather's knee!*

• H O T D R I N K S •

HOT WHISKEY TODDY: 1 piece of Sugar, 1 piece Cinnamon, 1 piece of Lemon Peel, 4 Cloves, 1 jigger Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey. Dissolve sugar in a little hot water, add other ingredients and fill with hot water. *I took my first of these to cure a cold. But why wait for a cold?*



• M I L K A N D E G G D R I N K S •

MILK PUNCH: 1 tumbler Sweet Milk, 1 tablespoon Powdered Sugar, 1 jigger Antique or Four Roses Whiskey. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into highball glass, and sprinkle Nutmeg on top. *Some call this a tonic, but it's a good luncheon beverage at any time. Especially after a hard night.*

EGGNOG: 1 Egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon Powdered Sugar, 1 jigger Paul Jones or Four Roses Whiskey, $\frac{1}{2}$ tumbler Sweet Milk or Cream. Beat up white and yolks separately. To beaten yolks, add sugar, whiskey and milk, stirring each in separately. Then stir in beaten white, and serve with Nutmeg on top. Use sherbet glass. *What's Christmas or New Year's without an Eggnog? It will make any man feel like Santa Claus.*

TOM AND JERRY: 1 Egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger Jamaica Rum, 1 teaspoon Powdered Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Powdered Allspice, $\frac{1}{4}$ pony Brandy. Mix together the yolk of the egg, Jamaica Rum, sugar and allspice, then add the white of the egg beaten to a stiff froth, and the Brandy. Put a tablespoon of this mixture in a glass, add 1 jigger of Brandy if desired, and fill up with hot water or hot milk.

(If served cold, use cold sweet milk.) Sprinkle Nutmeg on top. *Then give three long, rousing cheers for Professor Jerry Thomas, to whose ingenuity and wisdom we owe this greatest of cold-weather compounds, and whose service to mankind is immortalized in its name.*

These are the whiskies that Frankfort makes —

FOUR ROSES	OLD BAKER
PAUL JONES	MEADVILLE
ANTIQUE	WHEELHOUSE
SHIPPING PORT	HONEY DEW
WOLF CREEK	OLD CABINET
OLD OSCAR PEPPER	OLD NECTAR
OLD WILDERNESS	OLD PIRATE
MATTINGLY & MOORE	SHANDON BELLS
LUCKY STAR	INDIAN TRADER
OLD VELVET	KERRY PATCH
BROAD RIPPLE	GALLANT KNIGHT
KENTUCKY TRIUMPH	DUFFY'S MALT

and

PAUL JONES FOUR STAR GIN

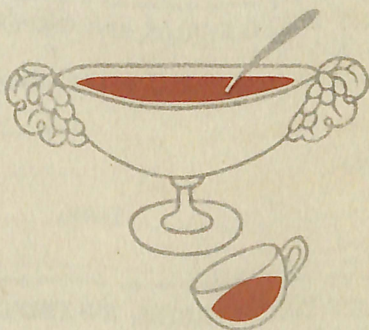
• I N D E X •

	<i>Page</i>
COCKTAILS	39
HIGHBALLS	44
JULEPS	44
SOURS	45
RICKEYS	45
FIZZES	45
COLLINSES	47
DAISIES	47
FIXES	48
SLINGS	48
SMASHES	49
COBBLERS	49
FLIPS	49
TODDIES	49
HOT DRINKS	50
MILK AND EGG DRINKS	50

FRANKFORT is not one of these distilling companies that rushed in with Repeal.

Frankfort has been making fine whiskies since 1865. Even during Prohibition, Frankfort operated, under one of the seven medicinal liquor licenses granted by the government. During this time, Frankfort supplied a large part of all the medicinal whiskey consumed in America, furnishing more than 20,000 physicians with their office whiskey.

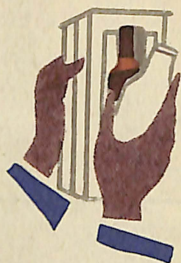
Believing that sooner or later Prohibition would be repealed, Frankfort also utilized this period to establish one of the first distilling laboratories in the United States. In this complete laboratory, Frankfort conducted all kinds of whiskey-making experiments — with the result that Frankfort *proved* conclusively that the old-fashioned method which it has always used produces the very finest whiskey.



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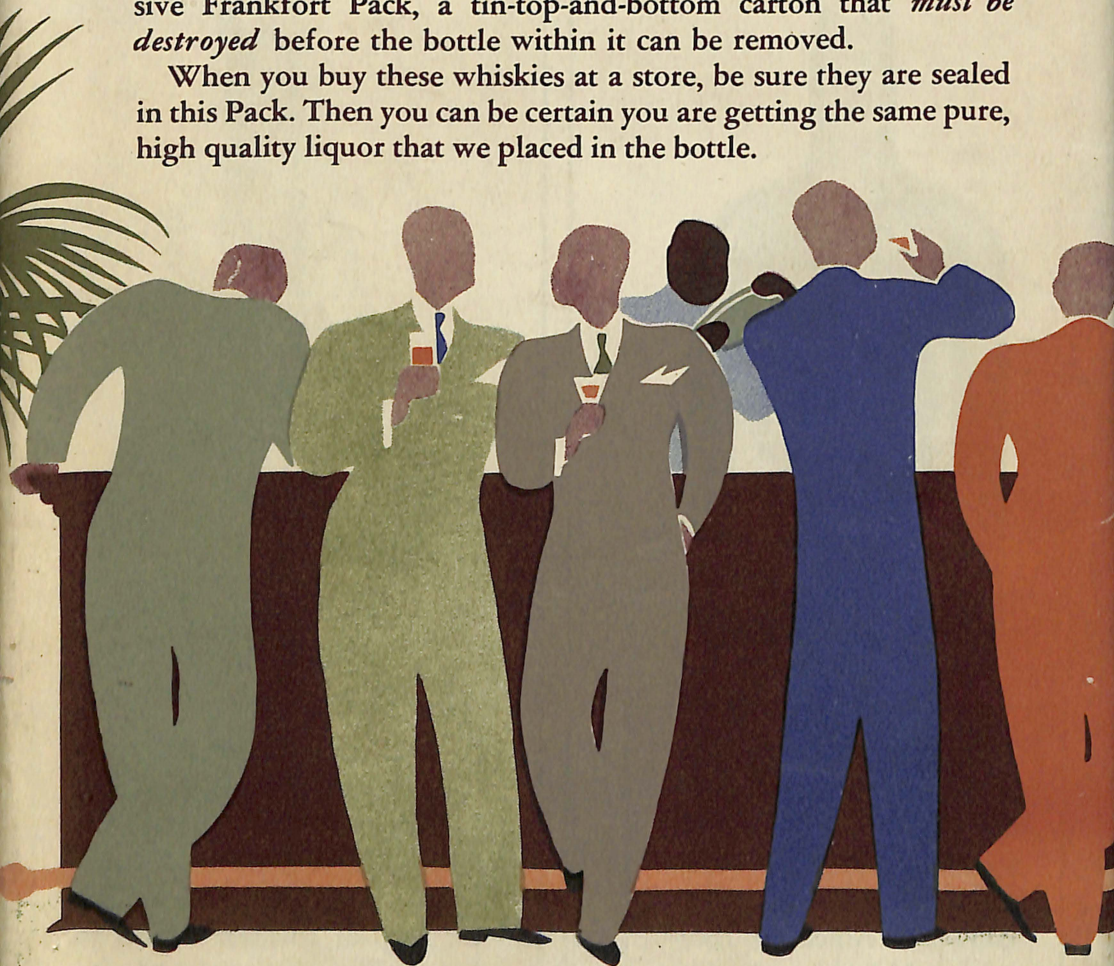
THE FRANKFORT PACK



*your guarantee
of purity in whiskey*

Before any of the three Frankfort whiskies listed below leave our bottling plant, they are sealed in this exclusive Frankfort Pack, a tin-top-and-bottom carton that *must be destroyed* before the bottle within it can be removed.

When you buy these whiskies at a store, be sure they are sealed in this Pack. Then you can be certain you are getting the same pure, high quality liquor that we placed in the bottle.



PAUL JONES

A national favorite since 1865

FOUR ROSES

Full-flavored, fragrant as its name

ANTIQUÉ

A smooth, mellow whiskey of superlative quality