



Try these Tested Recipes from Edmonds-

SIMNEL CAKE

4 ozs. butter
4 ozs. sugar
1 teaspoon spice
1 " cinnamon
2 eggs
4 ozs. flour
1 teaspoon EDMONDS Baking Powder
Pinch of salt
4 ozs. seeded raisins
4 ozs. sultanas
4 ozs. currants
2 ozs. cherries
2 ozs. almonds
2 ozs. mixed peel
Rind of 1/2 lemon

Cream butter, sugar and spices. Beat in eggs one at a time, then add sifted dry ingredients. Mix in prepared fruit. Place half of mix-

ture in a papered tin, then a layer of almond paste, then remainder of mixture. Bake 2 1/2 - 3 hours at 350°F. in a round tin 6" x 3".

BANANA CREAM

1/2 pint water
5 bananas
1 packet EDMONDS Orange Jelly Crystals
5 teaspoons icing sugar
1 cup cream

Dissolve jelly crystals in the hot water and leave until cold. Peel and mash the bananas, and beat in the icing sugar until the mixture is free from lumps. Beat the cream

until stiff, and mix in the banana pulp, then stir into the jelly. Pour into a wet mould and allow to set. Serve with Edmonds Custard.

PEACH CELESTIAL

1 tin of peaches (small)
1 packet EDMONDS Jelly Crystals (Lemon)
1 egg white
Juice of 1 lemon

Dissolve jelly crystals in peach juice and sufficient hot water to make up to 1 pint. Add lemon juice. Leave jelly until cold, then dip each piece of peach in the jelly and put aside to set. Whisk the remaining jelly and when beginning to set, add the

beaten egg white, and continue beating until the mixture looks light and fluffy. Pour into a wet mould and leave to set. Turn out and decorate with jellied peaches. Serve with cream.

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Radio Review

SONGS IN CONTEXT

EWAN MacCOLL'S BBC session, *St. Cecilia and the Shovel*, which presented a handful of sea shanties, weavers', miners' and agricultural workers' ballads, was enjoyable and informative. The bitter character of many of the ballads before the music halls sweetened them up at the turn of the century, and the harsh way in which they were sung, set the songs back in their proper context, and by so doing gave them their full aesthetic worth. Somewhat surprisingly at least two of the items were modern, the tale of the engine-driver who thought his girl as "nice as the 8.45," and a truck-driver's ballad. The habit of song which in England once ran like a thread through the whole life of man is evidently hard to kill. Were it not for the fact that the inhibited highbrow mutely "collects" his songs, where the lowbrow either sings them or gets Tin Pan Alley to resuscitate them for him, a session like this could do a lot to break down the false distinction in values which stops a proper two-way traffic between folk art and its more sophisticated children.

Life on the Boards

LITTLE pieces of a past that is just beyond the horizon of our own memory keep on popping up with the jack-in-the-box look which precedes their entry into the golden world of legend. Perhaps it is in motion pictures that this past is made most vivid, although it is also given authenticity by the recollections of older people, like Hugh Barrymore, who has been telling us about life "on the boards." To him it all glows with an unrivalled splendour, and I must admit that I too find something more vigorous and artistic in the era which produced "Burlington Bertie." Mr. Barrymore considers that the old stager would have cold shouldered the wisecrack unless it was "in character." Tomorrow may endorse his opinion by a general return to character skits like some of the items in *Variety Ahoy*, which are so refreshing after the boredom of Bing's monotonous succession of wisecracks. In a long life as a professional actor Mr. Barrymore surely has more lively memories than can be told in two 3YA talks, so here's hoping that he can be prevailed upon to share them with us.

—Westcliff

Modern American Music

STATION 1YC's new Tuesday evening series, *Contemporary American Composers*, recorded by the NZBS, fills, if I may coin a phrase, a long-felt want. We are nowadays hearing more modern American music (of the serious kind) than ever before, but the works usually appear as part of miscellaneous programmes. When they are brought together, as in this series, we have a chance not only to get to recognise the idiom of different composers, but also to see that modern American music has a distinctive personality of its own, and that Copland, Piston, Barber and Ives

are as different from Britten, Berkeley and Rawsthorne as Bourbon is from Scotch. On the evidence of scattered pieces, I hadn't formed a very high opinion of Samuel Barber, but now, having heard two 1YC sessions of his works, I find his adaptations of localisms attractive and his range of moods beguiling. He appears at his best when sombre, as in his piano *Excursions*, where blues rhythms are effectively used, and in the impressive setting of Arnold's *Dover Beach*, well enough rendered in a recent programme by Stewart Harvey and the Ina Bosworth Quartet to overcome the initial handicap of John Gordon's remarkably uninspired reading of the poem itself.

The Weekly Miracle

AT one time, references to *TIFH* were so frequent in *Radio Review* that it seemed for a while in danger of being over-praised—if that were possible. It is now quite a while since it has had more than a casual dip of the lid from this page. Yet, while other BBC comedy programmes have come and gone, some visibly dying on their feet, *TIFH* retains, unimpaired, its freshness and cheeky individuality. The versatility of Edwards, Bentley and Joy Nichols and the bottomless invention of Norden and Muir continue to produce a weekly miracle of fun and wit. Just as Wodehouse is the only writer who can make me laugh aloud on a bus, so *TIFH* is the only session which can convulse me at home. Recent programmes have yielded a rich harvest of blooms—the maniacal dispute about daylight-saving, the horrible "things" from Mars who were susceptible to stewed rhubarb, the "Hollywood-versus-real-life" scene in the front seat of a car, the invention of chlorophyll, and so much else. And as we now have two shows and a repeat in Auckland each week, it's almost worth the increased licence-fee in itself.

—J.C.R.

All Passion Spent

THE commentator in a broadcast opera is relatively unappreciated, and it is a curious fact that the more complicated the plot of the opera the more necessary and the less appreciated he becomes. Passion radiates from the disc; there is shouting, wrangling, charge and counter-charge rising in musically inevitable crescendo to the beautifully resolved final clash; and then comes the commentator's insultingly reasonable explanation, as flattening in its effect as the caption at the bottom of a foreign-language film. But the commentator in *Orpheus and Euridice* had an easier task, and his comparatively infrequent pronouncements had an antiphonal value by contrast with the female voices. I was less happy, however, about the insertion of C. Foster Browne's rather academic appraisal of the work in the middle of the opera, where for me it certainly interrupted the melodic and emotional flow.

Words and Music

I HAD never really worried about the question of opera in English, secure in my possession of an opera book and believing that foreign language or no foreign language you can't hear the words much anyway. However, *Tantivy Towers*, a light opera by A. P. Herbert

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