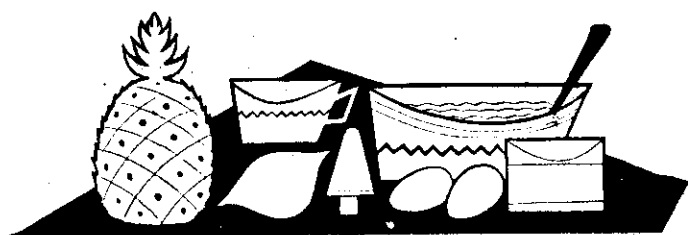


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with

NESTLÉ'S
reduced cream



*This flavoursome Frozen Pineapple Torte recipe wins £5
for Mrs. G. P. Churchman, 9 Park Lane, Timaru:*

FROZEN PINEAPPLE TORTE

3 egg yolks, dash salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 small tin pineapple (drained), 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 egg whites, 2 tablespoons sugar, one 8-oz. tin Nestlé's Reduced Cream, 1 cup pineapple jelly crystals. Beat egg yolks, salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar; add pineapple juice and lemon juice. Cook over hot, not boiling, water until the mixture coats spoon, stirring constantly. Add pineapple. Cool. Make a meringue from egg whites and two tablespoons sugar. Fold in whipped Nestlé's Reduced Cream and custard mixture. Coat sides of greased refrigerator trays with jelly crystals. Spread half the remaining crystals over the bottom of tray. Pour in custard mixture, cover with remaining crystals and freeze firm, about 3 hours. Serves 6-8.

*Mrs. P. E. Turner, 206 Nelson Street, Invercargill, wins £5
for this delicious recipe:*

BUTTERSCOTCH BISCUIT

BASE: 4 oz. butter, 4 oz. sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg, salt. Cream butter and sugar, add egg then dry ingredients. Press into tin, bake in a moderate oven until light brown.

TOPPING: 1 cup brown sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ 4-oz. tin Nestlé's Reduced Cream, vanilla, salt. Boil for three minutes. Remove from heat. Beat in 1 cup icing sugar until thickened. Spread over base while hot.

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Send in your favourite recipe for Nestlé's Cream — YOU could win £5. A prize of £5 is awarded for each new recipe or idea that Nestlé's publish with the sender's name. If you have a Nestlé's Cream recipe for baking, for desserts, for puddings, for party dishes, just send it in to "Nestlé's Cream," Dept. 5, Box 1784, Auckland. You're on to easy money — and you're on to something dreamily delicious when you top off a sweet with Nestlé's Reduced Cream.

ZRC 72-21

RADIO REVIEW

Grand Tour

LILI KRAUS is now at the end of her New Zealand tour and it will be, by her own public statement last Saturday, five years before we see her again. She has spent the last few months taking us on a tour of her favourite composers, and a more enlightening and persuasive guide to Mozart, Haydn, Schubert and Bartok could scarcely be imagined. Her account of the Schubert A minor sonata, Op. 143, rebroadcast last week, was a miracle of insight and control. Only pianists who have tried to play this formidable and curious work, feeling it under their hands lumpy and ungrateful, can fully realise the power of this great musician to make the apparently halting statements of a composer in enigmatic mood into the most poignant eloquence. The last movement is the strangest of all, the texture of the music shivering and dissolving into unearthly and terrible realms, and here Lili Kraus gave it the strangest frosty glitter, like an Antarctic snowscape, until the last page where the final despairing statement of the human theme is shattered and extinguished by shoals of octaves, which the pianist hammered out with amazing virtuosity. Her Beethoven Fourth concerto some months ago had the ripest tenderness and warmth, and nothing could be imagined more contrasting in mood than her account last Saturday of the Mozart D minor piano concerto. She gave the work a quality at once lofty and deeply piercing, aristocratic to the last beautifully moulded phrase, yet saturated with the deepest human feeling. Perhaps only a pianist trained as she has been in the Viennese tradition can bring off this air of poignant elegy and dying fall. One hopes that the five years will pass quickly.

—B.E.G.M.

Gerard Hoffnung

THE recent death of Gerard Hoffnung at a tragically early age will be mourned by many radio listeners.

Humour is so precious and rare a commodity that we can ill spare one whose wit and satire expressed itself in so many fields—the cartoon, the outrageous musical festival, the printed word and the radio "interview." I still think that Hoffnung's alleged interview on cinema-going is one of the funniest and most original things I have ever heard on radio. In him we have lost not only a humorist whose work always had a quality of grotesque fun which robbed it of any suspicion of malice, but also a potentially great radio figure. And he seems to have been one whom the Comic Muse touched very early. By pure coincidence, I came across the other week an old *Lilliput* (for January, 1942) which reproduced a "letter from a schoolboy," with margins adorned with clever, freakish cartoons and also printed five cartoons by the same schoolboy. The lad's name was Gerard Hoffnung, and this must have been his first printed work. The authentic Hoffnung touch was already there, in the weirdly funny figures singing inappropriate songs into the microphone. His healthy spirit of mockery will be greatly missed from the air.

Robust Shoemakers

I HAVE read Dekker's *The Shoemaker's Holiday* more than once for "professional" purposes and a few years ago saw a University production of the play. I must confess that I have always thought it something of a bore, with that kind of fill-up-the-ale-cans-ho-Jolly-Jenkin Elizabethan humour which couldn't have been very funny even then, and a crude mixture of boisterous noisiness and improbable romance which Shakespeare barely gets away with. But the BBC radio version struck the scales from my philistine eyes. Spirited playing can do much for an indifferent play, but it can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. This World Theatre production, if not a silk purse, was a pretty good nylon one, vigorous, robust, good-hearted and affectionately human. Perhaps Raymond Raikes's adaptation had removed some of the longueurs of the

(continued on next page)

The Week's Music... by GRAHAM PATON

IT was unfortunate—if unavoidable—that the week's most important musical event could be heard only from 1YC. This was the concert by the Auckland Junior Symphony Orchestra under Charles Nalden. It was an event to make not only the hearts of players' Mums beat faster; the rest of us had a dizzy vision of things to come—the time when, as Dr Krips foretells, people elsewhere will know about us as much for our music as for our prime mutton and cheese. From the members of this orchestra—many in, others barely out of, their teens—we met up with that lubricant which best makes the musical world go round. It is simply this: a sense of wonder; and it is a fragile quality more often found in the work of youth orchestras than in the routine-staled repetitions of the professionals. It takes the Krips of the world to dazzle the old hands with the reflection of the bonfires blazing on Mount Olympus. The young can see them for themselves.

But the Auckland Junior Symphony is exciting for another reason than that it makes music with character and spirit. It also got through the scores—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Vaughan Williams—without being overly foxed by the notes. Dr Nalden's policy of mak-

ing haste slowly—one programme a year—allows his section tutors to thrash out those technical problems which make life hard for the young amateur. When the public concert comes along enthusiasm is balanced by a surprising degree of technical competence. In fact, so much so that the orchestra has a good claim to be considered as Auckland's leading musical activity. The expressive detail of first violin phrasing in the *adagio* of Haydn's Symphony No. 97; the beauty of tone from oboe and cor anglais in the *Larghetto* from V.W.'s Fifth Symphony; the hushed *tutti* which ended the slow movement of Beethoven's Fourth concerto—all were achievements which would have earned professionals praise.

And even if you had heard everyone from Serkin and Gieseking to Dame Myra lay claim to Beethoven's Fourth concerto you would still have been fascinated (and moved) by the absolute belief which these young folk—the soloist, Barry Margan, who sailed through the work with storming temperament and a promising sense of poetry, is a mere 18—brought to the music; the *reprise* of the first movement was disturbing in both delicacy and intensity. It was a lesson to us all in true *cantabile* playing.