

ACROSS THE POND

by Miss Windsor



Hello Darlings!

Greetings, all Whidbey Islanders! Well, "blow me down with a feather," as the expression goes! Aren't I such a lucky girl to be graced with your most exquisite company once again, and on such an auspicious and memorable occasion – "what occasion?" I hear you mutter. But, before we proceed any further, you are instructed to greet your very own English culinary delight with wide open arms. Of course, my dears, Miss Windsor shall reciprocate your loving gesture with a rather hospitable warm embrace as she welcomes you back into the heavenly clutches of her magnificent bosom of culinary affairs – "lovely jubbly!" (American Translation: brilliant/great) I hear you, enunciate.

Okey dokey darlings! Any idea what the time is on the "dickory dock?" (Cockney Rhyming Slang for: clock) Miss Windsor can only hope one of her American yoke-fellows may hazard a jolly good guess! But,

for those who haven't got a "scooby doo," (Cockney for: clue) then please listen attentively to Miss Windsor as she presents her clue by performing a rather entertaining rendition of a 1960's American "pop" classic called "It's my Party!" Ready, Maestro! One, two, three: "It's my party and I'll eat cake if I want to, eat cake if I want to, eat cake if I want to, you would indulge too if it happened to you!"

I dare say, darlings! - all this talk about cake has made Miss Windsor a trifle "peckish!" Do you concur? But more importantly my dears, One hopes you listened to Miss Windsor's velvety dulcet tones with rapture. But the question is, "did her accomplished rendition ring any bells, as such?" If not, then shame on you! However, darlings, there's no time to despair - whatsoever! And with great generosity, Miss Windsor kindly bestows upon her darling good fellows one more clue for good measure! Now, isn't Miss Windsor quite the "bobby dazzler!" (American Translation: a remarkable person).

Darlings, now you may furnish Miss Windsor with your undivided attention as she hums a rather jovial tune, by the most glorious Sir Cliff (American Translation: Cliff Richard – an English "pop" sensation of a bygone era), and it goes a little something like this: "congratulations and celebrations, hmmm, hmmm, hmmm, hmmm!" (Miss Windsor's head bobs from side to side, as she hums this extremely gleeful song)

Now tell me darlings, has the "penny dropped yet?" as the expression goes. (American Translation: a belated realization of something) If so, and without further ado, please proceed to your closet with a "hippity hop" and get yourself "dressed up to the nines" (American Translation: to dress flamboyantly) in your most distinguished finery – in readiness for Miss Windsor's swanky "Soiree!" Of course darlings, Miss Windsor extends an invitation to all her rather exuberant compadres



Miss Windsor's Birthday Cake

of a culinary kind, to join in the merriment, and together we'll celebrate Miss Windsor's birthday in style – how spiffing!

Darlings, before we venture out to "paint the town red," so to speak (American Translation: to go out and enjoy oneself flamboyantly), one feels compelled to share with your good selves the details of Miss Windsor's most recent culinary frolics of the Birthday Cake kind, of course! - "bloomin' marvellous news," I hear you "hoot" with excitement!

So, me old "briney marlins" (Cockney for: darlings), Miss Windsor certainly had a "gay ol' time," as the expression goes – whilst recreating a recipe from yesteryear, by the one and only Victorian and exceedingly English culinary marvel – Mrs. Isabella Beeton. Of course, darlings, it's imperative to say, One also accepted a helping hand from your very own American culinary "goddess" - the illustrious Fannie Merritt Farmer. And it goes without saying, my dears, it was indeed a rather splendid union of the culinary kind!

Moving on swiftly darlings, Miss Windsor calls upon your frightfully vivid imagination as she reveals the details of her latest culinary triumph. First off, after scouring through her 1906 edition of *Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management* which was first published in 1861 – the year Miss Windsor's Great Great Grandmother Georgina entered this world – One quickly stumbled upon a rather delicious sounding recipe for Coconut Cake. So, without further ado, Miss Windsor set about recreating this recipe in order to bake her very own Birthday Cake - "bake her own Birthday Cake," I hear you utter. Please no pity darlings, Miss Windsor has no intention to share even a smidgen of her rather toothsome creation with your good selves! "How could she have the effrontery, to do such a thing?" I hear you bellow! Oh well, you may recall darlings, "it's my party and I'll eat cake if I want to!"

Although Mrs. Beeton's recipe was lacking in some vital instructions – for example: type and size of cake tin, etc, Miss Windsor decided to make her Birthday Cake using two vintage "sandwich" tins by Ovenex, which she purchased at the Anacortes Indoor Flea Market during her recent explorative culinary journey in the USA. Also, this rather delectable cake was to be laced with a scant drop of lemon essence – yummm – a perfect combination of flavour and texture, don't ya think?

In need of some assistance, One called upon the judicious words of America's very own and rather extraordinary Fannie – oh I say, darlings! Therefore, Miss Windsor set about her search for a piquant type

of cake filling by consulting Fannie's first ever published book, called *The Boston-School Cook Book* (1909 edition). Here, Miss Windsor discovered the perfect filling for Mrs. Beeton's Coconut Cake, called Lemon Cocoanut Cream. Sounds absolutely heavenly, darlings!

First off, Miss Windsor tackled Fannie's cake filling! This required one cup of shredded cocoanut, which surprisingly, One struggled to find in the local shops of London town. However, "come hell or high water," as the expression goes, Miss Windsor prevailed. And the only option available to Miss Windsor was to make her very own. Therefore, and without further ado, Miss Windsor consulted yet another "mentor" – the jolly old Internet!

Miss Windsor followed a step-by-step guide, which involved baking a whole cocoanut! After 20 minutes in the oven, and as stated in step three, the cocoanut should've naturally split open! However, and yes you've guessed correctly darlings, Miss Windsor's cocoanut failed to do so! Goodness gracious me! Now, the only option available was to force the "darn thing" open. So armed with a hammer – indeed, that was certainly a "sight to behold," darlings – Miss Windsor executed an "almighty blow" to the poor and rather defenceless cocoanut! Swiftly followed by another which was accompanied by an unwelcome cascade of perspiration – that merrily rolled down One's forehead – how delightful! Then, eventually, Voila! The darn thing opened. Evidently darlings, Miss Windsor's efforts certainly paid off in the end, thus, her "homemade" shredded cocoanut was a success!

Thankfully darlings, her Ladyship's Birthday Cake did, indeed, turn out to be quite a culinary masterpiece! Evidently, Miss Windsor certainly succeeded in baking herself a rather mouth-watering and scrumptious Birthday Cake, which was purely for her own self-gratification – how naughty! However, as always my dears, all recipes are available via my website: www.miss-windsor.uk

Now darlings, One must retire to Miss Windsor's rather palatial "Parlour" (Translation: sitting room) with an extra-large slice of her very own Birthday Cake – how scrummy! But before we depart, Miss Windsor bestows upon your good selves, oodles of sincere gratitude for making her birthday an unforgettable one! Until we meet again, One would be delighted to make your acquaintance via Instagram, Twitter and Facebook (@misswindsoruk).

Cheerio for now,
Miss Windsor X

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