



AUNT DAISY

brings you the

WEEKLY CHEER BUDGET



SHE PAYS HOMAGE AT THE SHRINE TO THE FALLEN AT EDINBURGH CASTLE

It is with some trepidation and diffidence that I begin telling you of my little visit to Scotland; partly because I loved it so much, and thought it so beautiful that I know I cannot do justice to it.

But, partly, too, because so many of you know Scotland so well—its rugged, majestic hills; its moors covered with purple heather; its curving roads beside still lakes; its great stone castles and fair estates around which cluster the dwellings and various businesses of the near and distant kinsmen of the Castle's Laird.

One does not easily forget Scotland with its steep valleys and swift rivers; its great old trees, often forming a canopy over the well-kept roads; its fields of barley, just golden and ready for harvest when I saw them; its ancient ruins of abbeys and castles, so rich in legend and familiar through the vivid writings of Sir Walter Scott, which we used to read with such interest when I went to school, but which, alas, seem to hold less fascination for youngsters of today.

Those who know and love their Scotland, cannot fail to be more or less disappointed with my little story, because they will know how much I missed, and how poorly I describe what I did see.

Yet, perhaps they will make excuses for me too; because I had only a few days in Scotland; and most of those had to be spent at the wonderful Empire Exhibition at Glasgow, which was where my immediate duty lay.

The Memorial

I WRITE this within a few days of Armistice Day, so that my first tale must be of the beautiful Scottish National War Memorial in Edinburgh, generally conceded first place among the many noble memorials to that devastating heartbreak, the Great War of 1914 to 1918.

It was a bright, sunny afternoon in the middle of August when we were driven up the winding, hilly street, and through the old part of Edinburgh, past the Market Cross, and along High Street, right up to the old Castle on the top of the Hill.

We saw the cannonball embedded in the wall of a house up there—the Scottish people

will remember that!—and we found a place among the scores of cars to park our own.

I asked if it was some special occasion, as there were such crowds of people, like ourselves, intent on seeing the Castle and the Shrine; but the two gentlemen who were giving their time and energy and experience towards showing us as much as possible of their beautiful country, replied that it was always like that.

Indeed, we found that it was so everywhere, both in England and Scotland. Every place of interest was always crowded so that it seemed to us like a perpetual week-end!

On Castle Hill

WE stood awhile to see the famous view from the Castle Hill; but as it was getting well on towards 4 o'clock, we thought it best to go inside without delay, and crossing the bridge over the moat, entered the courtyard of the old seventh-century Castle.

I am always filled with awe and reverence when I go to historical places; but a lorry full of Seaforth Highlanders rattled so cheerfully past us on their way in to some duty, and they looked so merry and care-free in their plaid trousers, that I came out of my clouds a little.

But even the least reverent-minded of the crowd became stilled and earnest as we all approached the wonderful and

beautiful Memorial. It stands in the central and highest part of the Castle Hill, and forms the north side of the historic Crown Square.

The outside has been made to harmonise with the roughness of the old rubble walls. Its shape is an oblong, and its walls are those of the old barracks, which were not in use after the garrison was removed to Redford Barracks in 1923.

The beautiful entrance porch in the middle of the building is new, and so, of course, is the Shrine, which opens off the Hall of Honour, and corresponds on the back part of the oblong building, to the porch on the front. The stone was brought from Northumberland.

Scots Who Fell

WE went up the wide semi-circular steps of the porch. At the top, as if on guard, are the Lion and the Unicorn, one each side—the Lion holding a shield on which is the Union Jack, while the Unicorn has the St. Andrew's Cross on his.

On the keystone of the arch over the door is carved a winged heart, and over it are the words—"To the Glory of God, and in Memory of Scots who Fell, 1914-1918."

Above this is a very high recess with a beautifully carved arch over the top, and holding a tall and beautiful statue representing the Survival of the Spirit. Above this again

is a shield on which is Royal Lion (the Scottish emblem) and a crown. It is a noble entrance.

Hall Of Honour

WE passed through the oaken doors, and came to the Hall of Honour, round which everyone passes, in orderly file, on the way to the climax—the Shrine itself, with the wonderful bronze frieze, which is a record, for future generations, of everybody who was affected by the War, all in battle-kit or working dress, and with their weapons for maiming people, or their bandages and materials for healing them.

Soldiers, sailors, women's services of all kinds, medical services, were all represented, even dogs and horses and camels and donkeys and pigeons—all who took any part at all in the war.

Next week, I shall take you round the walls and windows of the Hall of Honour, and then into the Shrine.

BIG PRIZES FOR BEST CHRISTMAS RECIPES

FUNNY how even in our New Zealand summer, we cling to English Yuletide traditions. And when it comes to Christmas dinner, we may substitute lamb and mint sauce for turkey, but our Christmas pudding and our Christmas cake are almost exact replicas of the puddings and cakes under which English dinner tables will be groaning.

Now, most "Record" home cooks have their own special recipes for Christmas puddings and cakes, and here's some good news. The "Record" is conducting a big Christmas recipe competition, to be judged by Aunt Daisy and "Chef." There will be a prize of Two Guineas for the best Christmas pudding recipe submitted, and Two Guineas for the best Christmas cake recipe. Any recipe may be used by the "Radio Record."

Recipes, which should be addressed "Christmas Recipe Competition," c/o "Radio Record," Box 1680, Wellington, must be sent in before November 25. This competition does not interfere in any way with the "Chef's" weekly competition, in connection with which prizes of 10/6 are awarded weekly for the best recipe submitted.

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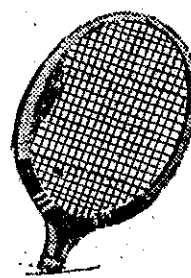
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