

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL.

How noble a sight it was; the mass march of the pipers along Princes Street; a stirring proclamation of the 15th Edinburgh Festival.

Edinburgh's own folk delight in the knowledge that for the duration of the Festival, Auld Reekie is the cultural capital of the world. To this beautiful city lovers of the arts flock from a multitude of countries. Such is the reputation made in the few years since the Festival was born. Not all the attractions represent the arts. Truly Scottish were the Edinburgh Highland Games at Murrayfield; something of the very essence of the nation, much appreciated by visitors, especially those whose ancestors were of Scottish blood.

In addition to the Scotland versus Ireland athletics match there were several Invitation events, which many well known Sassenachs entered. But surely no one would challenge Scottish supremacy in tossing the caber. But for all the Highland might and brawn, the task was too much for some.

But at last the caber was conquered; a superb effort of strength, knack and timing.

The 100 Yards invitation. The former British 220 - Yards champion, Dave Segal was the winner. Time, 9-point-7.

There was a talented field in the Invitation Mile. The eleven runners rather crowded the five-lap track. G.E. Everett upheld the honours of Scotland, but was unable to hold off the challenge of J.P. Anderson, of the Three A's.

J.P. Anderson won, with Derek Ibbotson second, M.R. Beresford third.

Anderson's time was 4 minutes, 7-point-9.

There'll be brisk trade all through Festival time, especially in places whose goods have the authentic accent of Scotland. Every visitor wants to take home something to remind him of the gallant country and its romantic capital. What history and what tradition.

In aid of the Marie Curie Memorial Foundation, there was a Fashion Show at Adam House. Its theme, Autumn and Winter. Susan modelled "Davos" an after-aki ensemble in Persian Lamb and Gaberdine.

Sheila beautifully wore a long mink stole. In the audience, mouths visibly watered.

Cheri; a restaurant dress in Black Crepe. In its own way, next winter looks like being as lovely as this summer.

Again mink. Judy modelling a Jasmine hooded bolero. Provided by Members of the British Fur Trade Alliance the mink creations on display at this show were probably a finer collection than there has ever been at one exhibition.

A full length mink, Tourmaline, would necessitate a lady's husband drawing a cheque for £5,000. And there wasn't a woman present who didn't mentally say "Worth every penny"

That unforgettable spectacle, the Edinburgh Tattoo, was staged on the Esplanade of the Castle.

The 7th Sphis. An Algerian cavalry regiment, bringing to Scotland the breath of French North Africa.

Instructors from military depots in several parts of Scotland gave a gymnastic display (without apparatus) which could not have been bettered anywhere.

And here, something to stir the blood and linger in the memory of every visitor to the Edinburgh Festival, the massed bands of the Royal Marines, the Royal Scots Greys and the Scots Guards.