

"Funny cuts"

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CK. CORNER.

Some weeks ago, Kyburg became lyrical about the beauties of an English summer evening and after I had read his article I made up my mind to go to Switzerland this year for my holidays and look once again on the setting of the sun as it would sink slowly behind a mountain ridge and cast its last horizontal rays upon the snow clad heights opposite. It is many years since I was in Switzerland and I felt sure, if only I could go there again, I could be just as enthusiastic as Kyburg. I was not disappointed and on one of those rare evenings which have been vouchsafed to us this summer, when, after a glorious day, we have been permitted to watch those mysterious changes of colour which take place as the snow slowly changes from gold through mauve until the colour finally disappears to leave the snow appearing dead white against the velvet blackness of the sky, I could not help feeling that Kyburg had switched on the wrong knob. Nevertheless I am grateful to him for I had a most enjoyable tour through parts of France and Switzerland.

I have always been afraid of motoring in Switzerland partly on account of the difficulties which I feared might be encountered, difficulties which I had imagined from reading the brochure which is presented to the motorist on his entry into the country and which contains those instructions, restrictions, warnings, prohibitions and penalties which are intended to guide the ignorant foreigner on his way and partly from a fear that the mountain passes would prove too much either for the capacities of my car or for the skill of its driver.

But all these fears were unwarranted for I could not discover that there was any difference in practice from the regulations in vogue in other countries, and the passes proved to be much less difficult on close acquaintance than I had anticipated.

I cannot help feeling that the best way to study a country is to travel by road, because one is able better to note the gradual changes which take place not only in the scenery but in the people and in their customs. One of the first things which strikes the tourist as he passes into Switzerland from France, especially if he enters from the north, is the cleanliness of the villages. The difference is the more striking because I think that the villages of the Haute Marne are exceptionally filthy.

On the other hand, I must admit that I was disappointed with the state of the roads as I had always imagined that they were amongst the finest in Europe. Some are undoubtedly excellent, such as the Berne-Interlaken and Zurich-Basel roads, but, on the average, I think they compare unfavourably with the roads of France.

It is a long time since I visited certain parts of Switzerland and to my surprise, places like

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Bern, Interlaken and Lauterbrunnen seemed hardly to have changed, whereas in others such as Basel, Zurich and Thun many alterations have been made.

Certainly changes have occurred and although the mountains are still the same and the snow-fields and glaciers do not appear to have moved a centimetre, in spite of what geologists tell us, and although one still meets the gentleman who blows through an extravagantly long horn in order to produce an echo in the mountain and although in places the peasants still wear the same kind of trousers and hats and carry the same umbrellas as they did in the days of my youth, yet in other ways Switzerland has reacted to those influences which have made themselves felt elsewhere. On every lake, one sees here and there the variegated colours of a "Strandbad," and most of the fashionable resorts such as Wengen possess a "Lido." Many of these Sunbaths have been constructed with taste and are equipped with every luxury and it was sad to see them comparatively deserted, for during the past summer, sun bathing has been somewhat at a discount.

I was much impressed by the Sunbathing Establishment at Basel. It has been constructed on a large space of ground beyond the Badische Bahnhof and contains two large swimming pools, with concrete buildings containing café-restaurant, hairdresser, masseur, cigar store and other social amenities, dressing accommodation for 2,000 persons, open air gymnasium, terraces for sunbathing.

The little ones have not been forgotten for there is a special shallow bathing pool for them and a sand park in which they can play. The entrance fee is low, 15 centimes. The buildings are in concrete and have been constructed in a "modern style" which is not displeasing.

I cannot express too highly my admiration for the magnificent effort which has been made by the Council of Basel and the foresight and initiative displayed in spending an enormous sum of money in order to provide the citizens of the town with the means whereby they may obtain relaxation in a way which cannot be otherwise than beneficial to the health of the community.

The inhabitants of Basel are very fond of modern art in architecture, for a new church has just been constructed on these lines. It is built of reinforced concrete and reminds one of the block houses which were made during the war by delimiting the walls with planks of wood and pouring concrete into the intervening space, for on the outside the imprints of the planks are visible. The interior is essentially ultra modern. Modern is the pulpit, modern the altar and stalls and even the "benitiers" and confessionals are in the same style. At least, the architect has been consistent, for the windows are made of geometrically arranged pieces of tinted glass and for lighting arrangements use has been made largely of hidden lamps. The organ loft is in concrete and I understand a very fine organ is being installed. One of the chapels is finished and contains mural paintings in which the figures have that angular appearance which apparently is the great attraction of modern art.

I must confess that my first impression was distinctly bad. I could not help feeling that I was looking at one of the latest cinema palaces, but perhaps this criticism is unfair. The church is not finished and the final result may not give one quite such a shock. I suppose one is a little inclined to resent novelty in ecclesiastical architecture and no doubt the people who first saw gothic architecture, considered it revolutionary. Nevertheless it did come rather as a shock to me. The more so as I had just seen the cathedral of Reims a few days previously. It is exceedingly interesting to see the extraordinary skill with which the cathedral has been repaired. As is well known, it suffered almost as much from fire as from bombardment, for in 1914 the Gospel side was covered with wooden scaffolding as repairs were being made to the fabric.

This caught fire and the result can be seen to-day from the calcined state of the pillars and statues when the two sides of the building are compared. Fortunately, the main porch faced away from the enemy and although many of the statues were damaged, most of them were not beyond repair and the famous "Sourire de Reims" and "Ange de l'Annonciation" smile down as of

old on the passer by. One half of the cathedral is again in use and is shut off from the rest of the building by a temporary wall. A temporary altar and stalls have been erected against this wall and a small organ installed. Although most of the windows have had to be replaced by plain glass the famous rose window is intact. Luckily it was removed in time and the pieces have been replaced, so that this marvellous window can once more be admired. I was told that attempts are being made to reproduce the others but it is no easy matter to obtain the same colours for to-day, to a great extent, we have lost the skill of our ancestors in the making of glass windows.

The famous tapestries, which once lined the walls of the cathedral are now in the museum and for this reason and on account of the absence of statues and woodwork the interior of the cathedral is somewhat bare in appearance.

The roof has been restored and it is interesting to see the great care with which repairs have been made. Practically each individual stone of the immense structure has been examined and when a stone has been found to be calcined or damaged beyond repair, it has been removed and a copy made and inserted in its place.

All this has cost huge sums of money and in spite of many generous gifts from all over the world, although the main work of stabilising the structure so as to prevent the danger of collapse has been done, it has been found necessary to slow down the work through lack of funds and I believe it will be many years before the work of restoration will be anything like completed. Perhaps it will be impossible ever to restore the cathedral entirely for some treasures have been destroyed which cannot be replaced.

But much has been done and as one watches the Cardinal Archbishop preceded by the clergy slowly make his way to his temporary throne one can dimly imagine what the cathedral must have been like in the now departed days of its glory.

A visit to Reims is incomplete without a visit to one of the famous cellars during which one may be initiated into the mysteries of the making of champagne. It has always been one of life's little mysteries to me as to the manner in which the cork was introduced into a champagne bottle and at last I know how it is done.

We were taken over the cellars of Pommery and Greno and I think I will give a short account of them before returning to Switzerland.

A DRINK FROM "CHEZ-NOUS."

Many of our readers have no doubt at one time or another travelled to Yverdon-les-Bains, near Lausanne, to that well known Spa, which draws its famous natural mineral water from the Swiss Alps. It is here, at Yverdon, that many people go for a cure.

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We therefore warmly recommend our readers to take their "Johnnie" with an "Arkina" or get the "Arkina" habit, Morning, noon and night.

"FUNNY CUTS"

Hüt händ si de Hans z'Chile tho, e guete Ma. No Chile ist de Chlunderseppi no lang uf's Hanse Grab usse g'stande-n und hed gar märtelri g'schnupfet und brieget.— "Was briegist an, Seppeli?" frogt e do d'Dryssgistsbätteri.— "E—es ist au ga—ga—gar es Chritzi! We—we—we mer no e gu—gu—guete Möntsch hätt, se—se—se chunnd de Tüfel und ho—ho—holt e-n eim!"

Im Lorenazi sys Chueli hed g'chalberet. Do chunnd er zum Chilchmeier und seid: "Chilchmeier, mys Fallechli hed g'chalberet, aber de wüssid jo wohl, i ha das Milchli sust z'bruche: i thät's Chälbli ewägg gä; chaufid mer's ab! Est ist es schön's Chalb, es rächts Chalb, jä-n es brav's Chalb—und de wüssid er ömel, as's vo rächte Lüte chunnd!"

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