

# "Managers Disease" and a holiday in the Engadine

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generous ideas. He died at Pont-Farbel, near Gland, at the home of his son-in-law in 1920. To the farthest corners of Russia he had cast the good seed of culture and education in its widest sense.

[S.N.T.O.]

### **"MANAGERS DISEASE" AND A HOLIDAY IN THE ENGADINE**

The Swiss clergyman, Albert Bitzios, whose pen-name was Jeremias Gotthelf, described in his exciting book "The Black Spider", the unconsciousness of man towards an actually devilish scourge, the black spider, which suddenly attacked people and carried them off.

Nowadays there is another scourge, Managers Disease, which tears people away from Life in their best years. Managers Disease — an insidious conception, unpredictable; almost, it would seem, unavoidable; provoked by the rush with which we are whipped through time; provoked by the excessive demands we are required to fulfil, by the wearing of our physical, mental and spiritual strength, by the stimulants to which we resort in order to conquer our constant tiredness, namely by use of the "civilisation" poisons nicotine, caffeine and alcohol; and then by the imagined lack of time for necessary recuperation. He who finds his way to a health resort is a lucky person. That which is a direct inducement for a cure — a stay in a health resort — is at the same time a cure for Managers Disease, which is a consuming illness.

Now what can the visitor do in order to overcome Managers Disease? Actually there is nothing for him to do — or, to put it correctly, he should do nothing. Above all, everything that makes his life an unnatural one should be left undone. He should leave his car in the garage and not tear all over the place from force of habit. He should abide by his plans, in accordance with his doctor's orders, just as conscientiously as he regards them at home. He should inwardly relax, not think about his job, his cares and problems, but devote himself to glorious idleness, to doing sweet nothing, to enjoying his holiday; whereby it does no harm to hear the morning songs of the birds and take a walk, in order to achieve a favourable spiritual attitude towards successful recuperation.

It is well known how we lack oxygen where we live in the haze of our cities, and how particularly bad the air conditions are in cars because of excessive carbon dioxide. But oxygen is so very important to our lives — which is why we have to provide ourselves with as much oxygen as possible: "Fill up with oxygen"! What is of especial aid to those with Managers Disease is contact with nature; this can be obtained by roaming through woods and across meadows, giving oneself time to rest awhile to enjoy the quiet and to hear the whispering voice of nature. And then it has to be borne in mind what a blessing good sleep is. And how would it be to consider carefully whether the kind of life that causes Managers Disease must really be led, if it is really right. It would be worthwhile to think this over.

It is not surprising, and there is no reason to be suspicious when it is asserted that holidays are indicated in cases of consuming and debilitating illnesses. "Follow the laws of nature and your welfare is established".

(St. Moritz Courier.)

### **AN AMUSING BOOKLET**

*The Editor of the "Swiss Observer" received the following letter by "ck" thirty years ago, and it is reprinted from the issue of 10th June 1933.*

"I have received a little book entitled "Twenty Polyglot Rhymes" by E. A. Hopkins which is an attempt at versification in four languages. The result is curious, and considering the enormous difficulty there is in making the lines not only rhyme but also scan, I think the author is to be congratulated on his efforts.

"It is bad enough when one tries to write poetry in one language, but when four are mixed up together the difficulties are almost insurmountable, because the genius of each language is different and the rhythm is not the same.

"However, the result is distinctly amusing, and I think I cannot do better than quote two examples.

#### **MODERN EVE.**

Dear "Mother Eve" was fond of fruit,  
Der Apfel schmeckte ihr recht gut,  
Mais elle, sans hésiter, donna  
A suo sposo la metà.

Our modern Eve "moves with the tide",  
Liebt Bubikopf und kurzes Kleid,  
Les bas à jour, les belles bottines,  
Gioielli anche, senza fin'!

\* \* \*

But "Man" remains, please don't ignore,  
"Der alte Adam", nach wie vor!  
Ce pauvre doit gagner sa vie,  
Anch' io debbo far' così!

#### **THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.**

When learning German, you must first  
Erraten vieles, was du hörst,  
Car bien des mots sont si bizarres  
Che non ci lasciano spiegar!

A Meat Safe (for your meat or grouse)  
Bekanntlich schliesst die Fliegen aus!  
Puisque les mouches n'y peuvent entrer,  
Si bagnano nel tuo caffè!

But tell me (mind, I'm not a crank):  
Warum heisst dies ein "Fliegenschrank"?  
C'est un des mots si nécessaires  
Per un tedesco di saper'!

One thing I love: The German Grammar,  
Denn sie vertreibt den "Katzenjammer"!  
Ce mot, en allemand, veut dire  
Che troppo birra fa soffrir'!"