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much time and finance on it, just for the pleasure to be a small cog in the big wheel, which, in my opinion, is the secret that makes this undertaking always so successful.

We walked through the real old part of Basle, like Sattelgasse, Glockengasse, Schnabelgasse and not to forget the very narrow Imbergasse, where you can reach just about both sides of the alley with your outstretched arms, and everywhere the same picture: big lanterns followed by masked drummer and fifers playing their well-drilled and catchy melodies, the masks in a clique all the time in accordance with the subject on the lantern.

Well after dawn we went to snatch a few hours' sleep (apparently we weren't tough enough, like the true Basler Fasnachtler, who never goes to bed during the three days) before the big parade in the afternoon. This time all the lanterns and floats with the so-called "Waggis" went by in a big procession — and what a procession! Subject after subject, about all the most important events and personalities in the news during the past year in Switzerland, abroad and especially in Basle — all in witty and biting language. When I asked an official about the possible consequences that strong language could have, he only smiled and told me that things which happen at the Fasnacht were all tabu. The parade dured 3½ hours with 274 Cliques participating. The biggest were the Gundeli Clique with 78 fifers and 31 drummers, and the Alte Richtig with 63 drummers and 45 fifers — a really imposing sight and sound when marching by.

After a look at all the lanterns at the exhibition in the big hall of the "Muba" we drove back home to our village again. During the return trip we encountered the worst snowstorm I have ever experienced. Sometimes we had to drop our speed down to 20 km (12 miles) and we passed many cars stranded by the roadside in the snow. Instead of the usual two hours to do the trip, this time it took us four hours..

Thinking back, in spite of all the hardship, cold and trouble, it was a never to be forgotten experience and I give everybody the tip: don't miss it if you ever happen to be here at this time in Switzerland.

Laugh a little . . .

A lady asks her husband: "If you could choose between the most beautiful woman in the world and myself, whom would you choose?"

"I beg you", answers the husband, "don't encourage me to have false hopes".

* * * *

A lady has deserted her husband with his best friend. "Oh dear me", complains the lonely husband, "who knows when I shall find such a good friend again!"

—Nebelspalter