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two main principles of the organiser who is going to cheapen electricity."

#### A Waterspout.

This rare phenomenon is described in the "Daily Mail" (October 27th).

In the neighbourhood of Montreux yesterday's gale (October 25th) a colossal waterspout, estimated to be 1,500ft. high, appeared in the sky.

The spout, which formed in the centre of the Lake of Geneva, travelled inland at great speed, sucking up large quantities of water, which later fell in the shape of big hailstones. It caused considerable alarm. The phenomenon lasted about ten minutes, the spout finally breaking up among the forests on the mountainside behind Montreux.

The storm was one of the worst in living memory experienced on the Lake of Geneva. The last steamer from Villeneuve to Geneva had a terrible buffeting and was only able to land her passengers at Ouchy, the waves making it impossible to put in at any other station.

When nearing Geneva the vessel heeled over alarmingly, and the crew were obliged to crawl about on their hands and knees. Most of the crockery in the dining-room was smashed. At certain parts of the lake shore the waves reached a height of 30ft.

#### Cheesemaking Wholesale.

This is the title of an entertaining account in the "Manchester Guardian" (October 26th); it evidently refers to the large whole Gruyère cheese which in the export trade has now been ousted by its smaller brother.

I have lived in Italy and had to eat my olives in bottles from a pickle factory in England; when I lived in vineyard districts in France my wine had to be sent from Paris; while anyone who lives by the sea knows the difficulties in getting fish. So I was not surprised, after several months in a Swiss hotel, to realise that not once had a Swiss cheese appeared on the table. Nevertheless I remonstrated with the proprietor. "Oh," he said, "I can't get cheese unless I send to N. for it. (N. was the nearest town, two hours by rail.) Everything made here gets exported at once. But why don't you go to one of the *fromageries*, where the cheeses are made? You will see hundreds of them, and there you can also eat some. The nearest is at S., eight miles away."

So off we started on a two-hour trek to the cheese factories, paradoxically called "Fruitières de S." The way led up a steep green hill-track, between lace-walls of beech leaves, fields of scabious and purple mountain thistles, and ramparts of pines. At every cross-track a thousand-armed pine held guard bristling with dead-wood bayonets. Brown cones hung thick and aloof. The track was steep, and every now and then we stopped to get our breath and gaze at the view below. Then wild flowers and pines grew scarcer, and the track led out into an open pasture—a grass-covered mound, with a sloping-roofed hut surrounded by a stone wall sprawled over its top, and cows clustered on it like mosquitoes over a swamp. We had just squeezed through a hole in the fence when a fair-haired young man with a sun-burned face came out of the door with an expectant stare.

We explained, and he laughed. "There's nothing to watch," he said; "it's very simple. But you can see anything you want." As he spoke another youth, with bare arms and chest, his only clothes a pair of blue trousers and braces and a red handkerchief on his head, came curiously towards us. His dark brown arms and chest were pock-marked with blue tattooings. Later he told us he had once been "in the navy at Cardiff."

The boys talked and laughed gaily, each one's shyness vanishing with the support of the other. They seemed very glad to have company—and two girls at that. "We see hardly anyone for the five summer months," they explained, "and it gets lonely. But you must meet our friends." And they led us into the chalet. It was a low, square, windowless room, very dim and very cool with its spotless stone walls and floor. Along one side ran a long wooden table. All round the walls were shelves from which hung wooden milking pails, oval wooden spoons the size of soup ladles, wooden pans, and giant shovels and dishes. Near one corner stood a round brick stove, like a well, and next to it, suspended from a beam by a black chain, hung a terrifying, huge black cauldron. A fire burned on the stove. But instead of the witches we half expected to rise out of the dimness three cheerful young men stopped their work and stared like the cows.

"Voilà, la cuisinière," and the tattooed young man heartily slapped an older man dressed in a short blue jacket, white shirt, and tiny straw cap like an inverted saucer, who was cutting up potatoes. Two men stood by the cauldron, one on either side. They were holding the sides of a thick net made of sacking. They forced it to the bottom of the cauldron, which was three-quarters full of a thick-looking, creamy

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liquid—milk, they assured us—then hauled it up as a net of fish is hauled; it was filled with a soft, white pasty substance. That must be the cheese! One of the men wrapped it up in a linen cloth and squeezed it between two plates of wood with an iron screw on top—an instrument like a bookbinder's press or a thumbscrew. The milk streamed out and down a slide into a barrel standing on the floor.

It was some time before they could grasp that the job was interesting enough for us to want it to be explained in detail; their curiosity was directed at my camera, and their one desire, sheepishly transmitted by their spokesman (the Cardiff sailor), to be photographed. When that had been promised the gentleman of the straw hat, among much laughter and commenting of his comrades and urging by us, started.

"It's nothing, you see. First you put the milk into this cauldron; then you add rennet (we keep that in pigs' bladders in the larder). You leave it on the fire two hours at 40 R (85 degrees centigrade), stirring. This is the stirrer," and he fetched down from the ceiling an instrument as tall as himself, the shape of an egg-beater. "Then you haul it out as you have seen us do. The pasty substance you saw in the net was the cheese."

"But that is not all?"

"Nearly. The cheese is left in the press twenty-four hours, and every two hours during the twenty-four the press is screwed tighter. (This reminded us more than ever of the thumbscrew.) At the end the salt is strewn over the top and the cheese is finished."

"But what becomes of the milk?"

"That is reboiled for the pigs. We have some in that shed over there. And the cream we make into butter."

"And when the cheeses are finished?"

"Come and look."

The only man who had not yet spoken led us into a larder off the other end of the room. They smiled at our gasps. All four walls were bordered with shelves, upon which lay cheese upon cheese, like solid wooden cart-wheels. A hundred of them. And 500 litres of milk to each cheese. Each cheese sold for £5. "We make one every day now; the first month of the summer we make two every day. We take all the milk of our 71 cows."

#### The Yodlers' Concert.

I have come across three critics of this concert and they are all practically of one mind; the trio seems to be singularly familiar with the habits of the early London milkman, presumably as a result of the latter's round not infrequently coinciding with the former's home coming from social duties. Thus reports the "Weekly Despatch" (October 24th).

A choir of about a dozen yodlers from the Zurich Oberland, sturdy Swiss Highlanders in peasant costume, gave a quaint concert last night at Wigmore Hall.

Most of them sang with their natural male voices, but a few soloists decorated the part-songs with the characteristic Swiss yodling—a musical effect which London milkmen often seem to be aiming at.

Last night's soloists were naturally more expert and artistic than our milkmen, whom one only mentions in order to give some rough idea of the effect. A crowd of London Swiss listened to the singing with great approbation. There was also good singing (without yodling) by a male-voice choir of London Swiss.

This is the variation of the "Daily Telegraph" (October 25th).

The normal severe entertainment at the Wigmore Hall is every now and then relaxed on a Saturday night, when a banjo recital is not unknown, or, as last Saturday, a yodling concert. Under the patronage of the Swiss Minister in London a party of merry Swiss peasants from the neighbourhood of Zurich sang part-songs adorned with those curious falsetto effects called yodels. There must be something in the pastoral life that encourages this manner of vocal production, for a variety of it (feeble, indeed, compared with the full Swiss development) issues from the lips of our London milkmen. The yodlers were the "stars" of this Zurich choir, and they were trained to the production of ex-

#### QUOTATIONS from the SWISS STOCK EXCHANGES.

BONDS.		Oct. 19		Nov. 2	
		Frs.	£	Frs.	£
Confederation 3% 1903	...	79.85	79.75		
" 5% 1917, VIII Mob. Ln	...	101.60	101.75		
Federal Railways 3½% A-K	...	83.50	83.30		
" 1924 IV Elect. Ln.	...	100.50	101.50		
SHARES.		Oct. 19		Nov. 2	
		Nom.	Frs.	Nom.	Frs.
Swiss Bank Corporation	...	500	776	784	
Crédit Suisse	...	500	805	810	
Union de Banques Suisses	...	500	667	660	
Société pour l'Industrie Chimique	...	1000	2373	2469	
Fabrique Chimique ci-dev. Sandoz	...	1000	3825	3975	
Soc. Ind. pour la Schappe	...	1000	2610	2730	
S.A. Brown Boveri	...	350	507	510	
C. F. Bally	...	1000	1240	1240	
Nestlé & Anglo-Swiss Cond. Mlk. Co.	...	200	552	560	
Entreprises Suisses S.A.	...	1000	987	987	
Comp. de Nav'g'n sur le Lac Léman	...	500	525	545	
Linoleum A.G. Giubiasco	...	100	85	87	
Maschinenfabrik Oerlikon	...	500	840	817	

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