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UNIONE TICINESE. ANNUAL BANQUET AND BALL.

The Annual Banquet and Ball of the Unione Ticinese, took place last Tuesday at Pagani's Restaurant, Great Portland Street, W.

Those who have, by virtue of their office, to attend the numerous functions in the Swiss Colony, are apt to feel the strain towards the end of the festive season, but somehow when I received the invitation to attend the Banquet of my Ticinese friends, I did not hesitate one single moment to accept same, knowing from past experiences, that I was in "for a good thing," and before I write another line, I wish to state that I was not disappointed.

Banquets nowadays are, of course, conducted invariably according to set rules; we have the loyal toasts, we hear the President eulogizing the merits of his Society, we listen to a Gentleman who expresses the thanks on behalf of the guests, for having been bidden to their hospitable table, and last but not least, the Ladies are told, that without their presence the evening would fall rather flat, but as the toast to the Ladies is on most occasions confined to a Bachelor, I refuse to take him seriously, although I agree that a Banquet without ladies, is like roast-beef without dripping. — I only mention these things to emphasize, that those amongst my readers, who are often complaining, that every function is always the same, have some reason for their objection to attend more than one Banquet a year. I have given this matter some serious thoughts, and quite accidentally hit on some new rules which might revolutionize the Banqueting procedure. Some time ago, I had the pleasure to dine with a very good friend of mine at a well-known West-end Restaurant, much to my surprise he started his dinner with a fruit salad and an ice-cream, followed by a soup, and ending up with a mixed grill. After having questioned him very thoroughly as to his state of health, and whether any traces of insanity have ever been noticed amongst the various members of his family, he explained to me, that he cannot see why things should not be reversed some times, as it adds to the attractiveness and enjoyment of life. I am not so sure, whether my friend is not right, and I would suggest, in order to break with the usual, and by now stereotype methods, to have f.i., all the speeches before the dinner actually starts, this would have two very great advantages, firstly, those who always profess to hate speeches could "skip" them, secondly, I feel convinced that the speeches would be considerably shorter, as undoubtedly the various orators would be anxious to finish their harangues as soon as possible, so as to sit down at an early moment to enjoy the dainties which are going to be put before them. For the present I shall not interfere with the Menu, but I am still "thinking," and hope to put before my readers a complete scheme in the near future. Having said this, I had better continue with the pleasant task of describing the happy gathering at Pagani's.

In defiance of being called a materialist or even worse, I wish to state that the outstanding feature of this festival was the exquisite dinner, words almost fail me to describe, and to convey the goodness of it, it was a meal fit for Kings, and the Chef at this famous Restaurant has endeared himself to about 175 members and guests, who had "the time of their life," or "the meal of the year." If I would have had my way I would have added one more Toast to the list, namely "To the Master of the craft, Monsieur le Chef." The *Huitres de Whisttable* slipped down like butter, the *Tortue Verte au Madere* made one long for more. A sweet Scotch lady who sat next to me, beamed with joy when the *Saumon de Montrose Poché* was carried in, and her excitement was fully justified. The next course consisted of *Suprême de Ris de Veau à la Pagani*, and this was supreme. Then followed *Granite des Alps*, which I would translate as "a chip of the old block" and a fine chip it was. The *Poussin en Casserole* was tender and sweet, and so was the *Bombe Glacée Fédérale*, and as to the *Plaisirs des Dames*, it really pleased the dears. Many years ago I was told that a good wine never gives you a headache, on waking up the same morning, I felt as "fit as a fiddle," need I say anymore?

Having now made all the readers of the S.O., who were not present, green with envy, I will proceed with my narrative.

The toast-master announced with a voice which did great credit to his vocal cords, that the Swiss Minister, Monsieur C. R. Paravicini, would propose the toast to "H.M. The King," which was followed by the toast to "The President of the Swiss Confederation and the Swiss Federal Council." Both toasts were enthusiastically responded to. I also wish to mention, that during the dinner, an excellent little orchestra, called the "Lazzaroni" under the direction of Mr. Gino Berni, regaled the company with melodies of the golden South, and when Signor Berti sang that old and yet ever young song, *O sole mio* I could see the faces of our Ticinesi brighten up, no doubt they were thinking of that glorious sun which is

shining over their beautiful canton, over those lovely lakes, those gorgeous valleys of which they are so proud.— I was in thoughts in my beloved little Gandria, when tremendous cheering interrupted my spiritual wanderings, and switching off my visions, I realized that M. Notari, the popular and beloved President of the Unione Ticinese was going to speak.

He started his oration with the words "Fate has dealt me a cruel blow," my heart sank into my boots, and I began to wonder, what terrible blow has fallen on this noble head, but I was much relieved when he explained that the "blow" really concerned the listeners for having to bear with another speech from him, and looking around, I noticed that the "burden" was carried lightly. The President extended a hearty welcome to M. Paravicini, Hon. President of the Unione Ticinese, he also greeted the representatives of the following Societies:

City Swiss Club: Mr. G. Marchand and Mr. J. Zimmermann.

Swiss Mercantile Society: Mr. and Mrs. A. Stahelin.

Fonds de Secours: Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Gamper. Swiss Club (Schweizerbund): Mr. and Mrs. Caluory.

Swiss Observer: Mr. A. Stauffer.

In concluding his short address, he expressed the wish that the "blast of the economic blizzard" will soon subside and make once again room for a cheery optimism. On resuming his seat M. Notari received a hearty ovation, and many were the affectionate cries "Good old Willi" and "Our Willi," oh! how I envied him for his popularity, and I hope to be called one day at such a function "Our Alf."

The applause with which M. Paravicini was greeted on rising to propose the toast to the Unione Ticinese, was no less hearty. He said:

I have made a special point of being here at the Annual Dinner of the Unione Ticinese, as circumstances have unfortunately deprived me of having this pleasure these last years.

I am now agreeably surprised to find that in the meantime your Society have changed their annual meeting-place, for although the vast and imposing rooms at Monico's always formed a most pleasant background for this function — and how could this be otherwise when they are the creation and property of a man hailing from your own beautiful Canton — I, for my part, think that there can surely be no better place in London for your meeting than the one where we are at present.

Pagani's has for many years been a household word amongst the Swiss Colony in London whenever the problem of finding comfort, pleasant surroundings, excellent food and choice wines, has arisen. No wonder then that a combination of these factors should create a particularly happy atmosphere; no wonder that on many occasions, in our Colony's various meetings, difficult and thorny questions are happily solved, — in this very place, chosen for the very purpose; — solved perhaps in certain cases not so much owing to the conciliatory spirit and sense of moderation of our compatriots as owing to the perfect composure and sweet manners which they imbibe from such Ticinese surroundings.

Incidentally, the present owner, whose name may not be that of the founder of this beautiful place, but in whose veins there nevertheless flows the blood of that famous originator, M. Meschini himself contributes largely to the attractiveness of this place, especially since he is surrounded by a family who enhance this quality of attraction, and the charm of whom we have had many occasions of appreciating.

The Unione Ticinese is one of the centres of the Swiss Colony, and a centre of which one speaks well with particular facility; the good things one says about it do not need much explaining — the great, open and sincere spirit of its members is amply reflected in the life and appearance of the Society.

The Ticinese for whom patriotism is an empty word, has yet to be found, no matter whether he lives in his home country or whether he dwells and works elsewhere in the world, England, America, Far East, or anywhere. But what makes him especially dear to his northern brothers in Switzerland is that this patriotism, though serious and deep, does not take either a clumsy and noisy or a pompous and gloomy form; it is always joyous as well as usefully active, and appeals to us northerners as a really pleasant and often as a melodious manifestation of feeling.

Well, the Unione Ticinese is an excellent reproduction in miniature of our beautiful canton between the Gotthard and the southern lakes, and at and on its table, encircled by the walls of Pagani's, you find, besides other precious things, a good deal of the fresh air and the warm sun of the Ticino. — In these surroundings it would be wellnigh impossible

for me to speak of the hardships of the World Crisis, and the difficulties of our national economy. We know that we are all in the grip of adverse circumstances, in Switzerland as well as anywhere else; even as beautiful a spot as your home canton is not spared, although one would think that now more perhaps than ever its beauty would lure care-worn and crisis-weary mankind away from their statistics to its lovely, carefree corners.

But I am sure that you have not come here to listen to a tale of woe, nor have I come here to tell you one. It is one of the traditions of the Unione Ticinese that here one may put off one's troubles and forget one's cares in gaiety and beauty, which is what we are all bent upon doing to-night.

On resuming the Fauteuil Présidentiel, M. Paravicini was vociferously cheered.

A very touching ceremony took place, when the Minister presented Mme. Meschini on behalf of the Members of the U. T., with a beautiful bouquet of red and white carnations, he literally leaped over the table to make this presentation, and I only wish some of the diplomats at Geneva would jump as easily and gracefully over their obstacles. An accolade was accorded too, and surely well merited.

M. G. Marchand, an old and trusted friend of the U. T., then rose to thank the Society on behalf of the guests for their generous hospitality, he said:

Some little time ago, I was thrilled when reading in the columns of the famous S. O. that I am a kind of sweetheart of the U. T. — No greater compliment has ever been paid to me, and I am very proud of it.—

To-night, however, I feel somewhat uneasy for as a sweetheart of your Society, I never had so far, to go through the ordeal of making an after-dinner speech, and I am not quite sure whether the task which has been allotted to me is a kind of new privilege bestowed upon me, or if (may I be allowed to use a diplomatic formula) I am no longer persona grata.

I hope however, that I am right in assuming that after having peacefully and most silently enjoyed your wonderful hospitality for a number of years, your President thought that the time has come for me to say something about it.

I have, in fact, a great deal to say and more probably than you care to listen to, knowing however, that you all hate speeches as much as I do, I shall confine myself to congratulating you, Mr. President and your Committee for having this year given to your Annual Banquet a more congenial atmosphere by holding it in these familiar surroundings.— There is no better place than home, and Pagani's is the home of every Swiss in London.

The annual dinner of the U. T. has always been considered as a great event in the Swiss Colony, and year after year we have been looking forward to it. — To-night more than ever we appreciate the privilege of being the guest of a Society where good will and true friendship are the most sacred principles, generosity the order of the day, and patriotism their religion.

Mr. President, on behalf of the guests, I thank you most heartily for your very kind hospitality, and I will now ask my fellow guests to be upstanding and dring to the health welfare and prosperity of the U.T.

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Great applause rewarded the "sweetheart" of the Society.

M. Gambazzi, an old and popular member of the U. T. expressed the thanks and admiration which the members of the Society harbour for their Hon. Vice-President, M. A. Meschini, and the great applause with which these words were received was a sure sign, that everyone agreed with the words which were so nobly uttered.

M. Meschini yielding to insisted calls from the four corners of the Banqueting Hall, thanked the various orators for their flattering reference to him and his family. He expressed his great pleasure, that he had for the first time, the honour to serve his countrymen of the Ticino assembled at their Annual Dinner at his establishment.— Thus the speech-making came to an end, and all and sundry adjourned to the Dancing Hall.

Miss Eva Cattaneo, our gifted compatriot, regaled the company with some beautifully rendered songs. On closing one's eyes, one could have imagined oneself transferred to Covent Garden on a Gala night, her golden and powerful voice made one's heart beat quicker, and I only regret that we have not more often the pleasure of hearing her.

I am now coming to the Ladies, and this chapter makes me feel rather uneasy. I have been repeatedly teased about my reports concerning the "sweetest of the sweet," as a matter of fact, when composing the present report, a friend of mine called, and asked me whether I was again writing about the "beautiful" ladies whom he feels sure, I never see. I felt inclined to be downright rude, but on second thought I considered that it would be the better policy to ignore his sarcastic remarks. Braving the consequences, I proudly state that there were many lovely ladies present, and they added greatly to the attractiveness of this function.

I was more than pleased to see amongst the participants my old friends Mr. and Mrs. Bolla and their charming daughter, Mr. Bolla, who is a member of the Ticinese for over half a century, looks as young as ever, then there was Mrs. Lunghi with her equally charming daughter, and many more faces one is always glad to meet.

It was a merry crowd which danced to the accompaniment of an excellent orchestra, for those who found dancing too extracting, "The Lazzaroni" provided a welcome diversion in the Restaurant part adjoining. At 2 a.m., Auld Lang syne was sung, a signal for the parting from good friends after having spent sunny hours in their midst. ST.

VOM RECHNEN UND LIEBEN.

Von Alfred Huggenberger.

Fortsetzung.

Peter Wassmann setzt sich auf einen Stuhl; er wagt nicht gleich, sich nach ihr umzusehen. Doch wie er das tut, muss er sich höchlich wundern, wie aus dem bescheidenen, willfährigen Mädchen von vorhin plötzlich ein eigenwilliger, fester Mensch geworden ist. Er erinnert sich daran, wie er ihr in Kindertagen auf dem Schulplatz zu Siebengrüt gleich den andern Schülern etwa "Einspänner" nachgerufen, weil sie beim Spielen meistens abseits stand, und wie sie dann in ihrem ohnmächtigen Zorn mit Steinen nach ihnen geworfen.

"Ich weiss schon, was du jetzt denkst," sagt sie nach einer Weile kleinlaut. "Du denkst, das sei nur so eine Grille von mir, ich hätte ja nie sein wollen wie die andern. Wohl freilich hätte ich so sein wollen. Du weisst halt nicht, was mich geplagt hat, und ich kann es dir jetzt auch nicht zu wissen tun. Ich bin halt einmal so, ich kann nichts leicht nehmen, als Kind noch fast weniger als jetzt. Aber ich weiss, dass ich bei dem bleiben muss, was ich gesagt habe. Es ist mir nicht bloss wegen mir, es ist mir auch wegen dir."

Der Freier am Tische ist mit seiner Siegeszuversicht am andern Ende angelangt. Es ist etwas in ihr daheim, überlegt er bei sich. Man braucht sie nicht rein bloss um's Geld zu nehmen. Im gleichen Augenblick ertappt er sich über der Erwägung, ob es denn wirklich ein Ding der Unmöglichkeit wäre, auf ihre eigensinnige Bedingung einzugehen?

"Ich will mir's einmal überlegen," redet er in den Tisch hinein. Voreilig, denn die Frage ist für ihn bereits wieder erledigt. Nein! trotz er im stillen. Ich wäre ein Weiberknecht von der ersten Stunde an.

Und unversehens fällt ihm jetzt die Lydia Gereits wieder ein. Die würde keine solchen Geschichten machen. Und ist dazu hübsch, wirklich hübsch. Ihr Lachen ist ja wohl etwas kurz; aber es steht ihr einfach alles an, was sie tut. Ein Bekannter von Emmetholz, bei dem er sich im Vertrauen über das Mädchen erkundigte, hat ihm gesagt, sie sei immerhin so ihre sieben-achttausend wert. Und wie die sich schön zu machen verstehe! Er müsse Sonntags oft selber staunen; in der Woche komme sie einem manchmal nur als so ein verzauselter Spatz vor.

Elise Wenk ist jetzt wieder nähergetreten, sie steht, halb von ihm abgewendet, am unteren

PENSIERI PRIMAVERILI.

"Primavera è nell'aria e per li campi esalta si che a mirarla intenerisce il cuore."

Per un animo gentile, creato per sentire profondamente la bellezza, la serenità, l'amore, è davvero un piacere dolce, che rasenta forse il dolore (strano come molti piaceri danno delle sensazioni uguali a quelle provocate da un dolore...) il trovarsi quasi d'improvviso davanti al risveglio della natura: quando tutto si annuncia gaio, quando la terra s'addobba a festa e par sorriderci, se pur ancor un po' timidamente, per quasi farsi scusare la sua freddezza invernale; e il venticello giuoca cercando di arruffarle la testina che essa scote, scote lietamente per scacciare via quel leggero pulvischio di neve che ancora la brizzolano... L'aria è tenue, impregnata di mille effluvi, sembra vada sussurrando misteriose parole ai calici appena schiusi dei semplici fiori campestri che di nuovo si trovano lì, meravigliati, a guardarsi in giro tra il verde chiaro dei prati; e sotto la terra ancora umida per la recente neve par d'udire il sommesso trepidar di tanti insetti che, impazienti, s'appressano a ridestarsi, a lavorare. E come il carezzevole rintoccar continuo delle campane sembra più armonioso in un mattino fresco primaverile, melanconico forse ancora, ma non più di quella melanconia che opprime e ci rende gravi... questa scende in noi e ci invoglia a vivere, ad essere buoni...

I monti sotto un velo ceruleo si confondono con il cielo di cobalto, tempestato, la sera, da stelle più brillanti, più vivide...

Dai loro nascondigli, sugli alberi ancora spogli, escono, in giri bizzarri, battendo le ali, trillando come sol loro sanno, gli uccelli e riempiono l'aria con i loro cinguettii che durano mille cose, o, forse, una sola: "viviamo, amiamo." E garruli, bramosi anch'essi di sbattere le ali, avidi di vita e di sole, sbucano da non so dove, frotte di bimbi... alcuni tentennando i primi passi, cinguettando per la prima volta alla primavera; tendono le loro incerte braccia, sorridono, incoinci che l'inverno ritornerà, incoinci che la loro vita non sempre sarà così mite, benigna, non sempre sarà solo primavera... eppure... se un raggio di stella fulgida potesse rimanere nascosto nel loro cuore, se un lembo d'aria tiepida, turchina potesse accarezzare sempre il loro animo, anche nell'inverno della vita, anche nelle avversità, nelle aspre lotte, potrebbero ricavare conforto, potrebbero attingere forza per, fiduciosi,

Tischrande. "Ja, denk einmal recht darüber nach," sagt sie arglos und mit redlicher Freundlichkeit. "Denk auch daran, dass mein Vater vielleicht heute noch da wäre, wenn er sich geschont und nicht mit dem unregelmässigen Leben die Gesundheit verdorben hätte."

"Den Zimmerli von Emmetholz hat man noch mit 80 Jahren auf dem Wochenmarkt in Jonenbruck gesehen," bringt Peter etwas verlegen vor, indem er mit den Fingern leicht auf der Tischplatte trommelt.

Sie sieht bekümmert vor sich hin. Sie merkt wohl, dass sie noch einen harten Stand bei ihm hat. "Weisst du, was mein Vater einmal gesagt hat, als er krank im Lehnstuhl sass, in seiner allerletzten Zeit?" sagt sie leise. "Er hat zu mir gesagt: Du, Elseli — jetzt hab' ich doch von meinem Land und von dem schönen Himmel über Guggelhut wenig Genuss gehabt."

Er erfasst den tiefen Sinn ihrer Worte nicht; er räuspert sich ein wenig und spielt seine letzte Karte aus. "Ich könnte das ja auch vorbringen, was du vorhin gesagt hast: Es fragt sich jetzt nur, ob du mich magst oder nicht..."

Da geschieht wieder etwas, was Peter Wassmann nicht erwartet hat. Sie tritt ohne ein Wort zu sagen, bedachtsam zu ihm hin. Sie legt einen Arm um seinen Hals, nur lose, ohne jede Heftigkeit, und küsst ihn leise auf die Stirn. Aber augenblicklich, wie wenn sie es schon bereut hätte, ist sie von ihm weg und steht an ihrem vorherigen Platze.

"Du weisst es jetzt," sagt sie treuherzig. "Das ist der erste Kuss, den ein Bursche von mir bekommen hat." Sie kann ihm klar und ruhig ansehen. Und jetzt bringt sie wahrhaftig ein schmales Lächeln fertig, obwohl es in ihren Augen feucht glänzt. Peter Wassmann ist es zumute wie einem, der einen verborgenen Schatz entdeckt hat. Sie kommt ihm auf einmal lieb und begehrenswert vor.

Er geht mit ausgestreckten Armen auf sie zu. Aber sie wehrt heftig ab und weicht rasch und scheu vor ihm zurück. Die Hand auf die blanke Messingklinke der Küchentüre gelegt, bleibt sie stehen und wartet, bis sich der Enttäuschte etwas zurechtgefunden hat. "Fürchtest du mich denn?" fragt dieser nach einer Weile etwas betreten. "Nein," erwidert sie einfach. "Aber wir dürfen noch nicht so sein zueinander. Den Kuss hab' ich dir nur gegeben, damit du weisst, ob ich dich mag oder nicht. — Du hast mir das Andere ja noch nicht versprochen. — Er hat sich wieder gesetzt." Und wenn ich es dir heute versprechen würde — Elise?...
"Den Namen hast du jetzt aber schön

proseguire; i sassi pungenti, dolorosi, potrebbero tramutarsi in soffice zolla fresca cosparsa di fiori primaverili, e il sorriso buono, ancora potrebbe ornare il loro viso, spianare i freddi solchi tracciati dal dolore e dalla lotta, troppo spesso purtroppo...

Fatelo vostro, nella primavera, il raggio splendente, trattenetelo gelosamente nascosto... l'inverno vi sembrerà meno diaccio, meno severo... meno vuota, solitaria la vita; fulga sempre nel vostro sguardo la stella della bontà, dell'amore, che è tutt'uno, perchè quando si ama non si può non essere buoni...

Marzo 1933.

Elena Lunghi.

SWISS ECONOMICS AND FOLK-SONGS.

MIXED DIET AT N. S. H. MEETING.

The queerly assorted evening programme of the last monthly meeting of the London Group of the New Helvetic Society, which was held at the Small Conway Hall, has been none the less successful despite the obvious incongruity of the two main items announced. Dr. Rüfenachts causerie on the present economic position of Switzerland, Mrs. Hügli-Camp's recital of Swiss songs. The numerous friends and members of the Society who found their way to Red Lion Square, were provided with both food for thought and the great pleasure of hearing some of the most charming folk-songs from home rendered with amazing competence and artistry.

That Dr. Rüfenacht, whose efficient handling, help and advice in commercial matters at our Legation has earned him the highest esteem in trade circles in a very short time, would give his audience a telling and stimulating picture of the conditions in Switzerland, as he has done on a previous occasion, was to be expected. But Madame Hügli-Camp, hitherto unknown to most of us, gave the audience a delightful surprise. Mrs. Hügli-Camp is over here on behalf of Prof. Buser's Boarding School for girls in Chexbres, Vevey, and Teufen, St. Gallen, to interview parents who wish to send their daughters to a finishing school in Switzerland. She is American by origin, the widow of a well-known Swiss lawyer. Living in Switzerland for many years, she has with an obviously tremendous gift, mastered enough of our Swiss languages to enable her to sing our best folk-songs in German, French and Italian, with all the nuances of dialect accor-

gesagt," lobt sie mit stiller Freude. "Fast wie der Vater, als er mir auf dem Todbett zum letzten Mal die Hand streichelte. Jetzt bist du mir nichts mehr schuldig, das ist so viel wert wie ein Kuss." Er fühlt, wie sich sein Herz dem eigenartigen Mädchen warm und wärmer entgegen neigt. Es ist eine schöne, ruhige Innerlichkeit in ihren Blicken, besonders jetzt, da sie so ernsthaft und aufrichtig zu ihm redet.

"Ich möchte halt vorerst noch gern hören, was meine Mutter dazu meint," sagt er, und es ist ihm durchaus ernst mit seinen Worten. "Der Vater hat manchmal noch Sorge, das Schaffen könnte mir bei dem Marktgehen mit der Zeit verleidn; aber die Mutter kennt mich besser, sie weiss, dass ich es zu etwas bringen will." Nun tritt sie wieder aus ihrem dunklen Winkel hervor. "Weisst du was, das machen wir jetzt so: Ich geb' dir drei Monate Zeit. Bis dahin weisst du, ob du es über dich bringst, mir zu lieb. Und wenn du bis dahin noch nicht mir dir fertig bist, dann kommst du herauf und wir reden nochmals miteinander, ganz verständlich, wie heute. Wir wollen einander nicht anflügen. Vielleicht erzähl' ich dir dann noch von etwas anderem. Wie meine Mutter manchmal in ihrer grossen Verlassenheit geweint hat, wie sie in Herzensnot gekommen, vielleicht gar auf unrechte Wege. O, ich hab' in meiner Kinderzeit so viel sehen und erfahren müssen, dass ich nie recht jung sein konnte."

"Das sagt sie alles wegen der Bedingung," denkt Peter bei sich. "Nicht ein Tüpflein lässt die sich abmarkten." Aber ihre zähe Standhaftigkeit vermag ihm als etwas sehr Achtbares einzuleuchten. Was ist die Lydia Gereits mit ihren kleinen Liebeskünsten gegen sie?

Er steht auf und gibt dem Mädchen die Hand. Sie begleitet ihn hinaus, ohne ihm ihre Augen noch einmal zu schenken. Die Stubentür lässt sie offenstehen, dass die Lampenhelle in den breiten Haugang herausfällt. Unter der Haustür will er sie an sich ziehen, doch sie wehrt gelassen ab. "Du weisst ja genug," sagt sie. "Eigentlich fast zu viel."

Peter Wassmann schreitet auf der schmalen Zufahrtstrasse durch den dürrig erhaltenen Baumgarten in die kalte dunkle Herbstnacht hinaus. Er schielt nach dem Stamm hinüber, hinter dem er sich vor kaum einer Stunde noch versteckt gehalten.

"Was kann nicht alles in einer Stunde geschehen," sagt er leise zu sich selber. Er meint wirklich, ein ganz neuer Mensch mit neuen, besseren Gedanken geworden zu sein. "Jetzt müsst' ich ihr nachlaufen, und wenn sie keinen roten Rappen hätte..."