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siedeln from 1516-18, the people of Schwyz brought a new Abbot from St. Gall, which had received the Faith hundreds of years before from Irish missionaries.

Being a "beaver" myself, I well remember the great fun I had when the "beaver-craze" was at its height shortly after the Great War. I never dreamt, however, that a beard might be the subject of legal action, but at Geneva the other day, — but listen to this:

Bearded Men's Rights:

"Morning Post," 25th Aug.

A Geneva eccentric who believes, among other things, that men have as much right to grow their hair long as women have to cut theirs short, has vindicated the honour of all hairy beings by creating a valuable precedent in Swiss law.

Charged with causing a grave scandal by wearing a beard some eighteen inches long with hair to match, and thus contravening Article 233b, paragraph 3 of the regulations for the control of locomotives and the maintenance of public security, the gentleman concerned defended himself with vigour before the Bench, who discharged him without a stain on his character.

Undeterred by the dictates of fashion and the jeers of his neighbours, the old gentleman has for years cultivated a magnificent flowing growth. Not satisfied with the full effect of this, he took to wearing a voluminous blue blouse, wellington boots, and a sweeping black sombrero.

The ensemble was so startling that when he took a stroll to the railway station recently, he was surrounded by a large crowd consisting largely of unbearded youths. Not the slightest bit worried, the old gentleman continued his dignified way, but officialdom in the form of an over-zealous stationmaster intervened.

"Causing a Scandal."

"You are causing a scandal within the meaning of the Act, and thus menacing the security of my trains," declared the official, "and I order you to leave the station premises."

MY FLIGHT.

By ST.

To set the minds of my readers at rest at once, I hasten to say, that the above title does not mean to convey, that I have rushed away in a wild stampede from my editorial chair, either from fear of some pressing creditors or to seek protection from my too ardent admirers. —

No, it simply means that I have "gone up," not in anybody's estimation, (I am too modest to believe in such a possibility), but actually in the Air, or you may call it into the ether, it sounds better. — Yes, I have actually left mother earth, and travelled above the passing clouds, heavenwards, towards the stars which, of course, were invisible, it being broad daylight, but nevertheless I knew they were somewhere in the vicinity. Stars always make me feel romantic, with the exception of those, which are caused when one comes into unexpected contact with some firmer object.

As this is my first experience of having left terra firma for any length of time, I am anxious to tell my readers, who have never yet gone into the higher regions, how I felt, and what miserable little beings they look from the heights above. This is not meant to be an insult, but never before in my life have I experienced such an elated feeling, as when I looked down on the millions of my fellow men who were still earthbound. They looked like ants scurrying out of a big ants nest, whilst I was passing over in the majestic glory of a beautiful summer morn.

The first act of this drama, — if I may call it thus, considering that to many of us mortals an air journey still contains certain fears and risks, perhaps an eternal parting from home and family, — was set at the offices of the Air Union, at Haymarket, where I was promptly put on a scale, which reminded me of a time some forty odd years ago, when I came out of the doctors bag. This time however, the scale was a little larger, and the weight put upon it rather heavier. A label was handed to me by some obliging member of the staff, which rather put me into a quandary, as I was not quite sure whether I had to put same round my neck, as a sort of identification disc, but a glance around revealed to me that it was simply a luggage label; a sigh of relief left my manly bosom. I already had visions that perhaps in some lonely spot somewhere in France this label would be dug out of a heap of débris, to tell the world that the remains of ST. were perhaps mouldering underneath, a victim of modern science, a flower nipped in the bud. I had hardly time to wipe away a tear, when we were ushered into a comfortable motor coach to

But the hirsute gentleman was a believer in personal as well as civil rights.

"The station is State property and I have just as much right to be here as you," he retorted with considerable dignity. "What is more, I have a perfect right to grow my hair as I like, and in any case it is not hurting your railway."

So the stationmaster called a policeman and the King of Beavers was arrested.

Whether it was because they admired his beard or his courage, or whether it was because he had committed no offence against the Swiss State railways, the magistrates acquitted the old gentleman, and he left the court amid the cheers of the assembled populace, a justifiably proud upholder of the rights of man.

And that's that.

PELERINAGE A FARNBOROUGH.

Faites l'expérience. Posez à une vingtaine d'Anglais moyens la question de savoir ce qu'il y a de spécial à Farnborough, si un souverain étranger y repose? la réponse sera négative. Et quand vous parlerez de Napoléon III, on croira que vous vous moquez; on ira même jusqu'à prétendre que Napoléon III n'existe que dans votre imagination. L'insulaire ne se souvient que de celui qui l'a attaqué.

Et pourtant, la famille de St.-Cloud est réunie à nouveau, là, en terre étrangère, ignorée, au milieu de l'indifférence. Tous trois dans des tombeaux identiques, immenses, du même marbre poli. En sortant de Guilford, en plein Surrey, la route traverse la campagne semée de villas, de cottages, éclatante dans sa monotonie. A chaque croisement de routes, des écriteaux dirigent les automobiles vers le fameux Tattou, cette grande manifestation historique et militaire, au camp d'Aldershot, qui réunit chaque année en juin, toute la société. L'approche du camp est signalée par de la troupe, des cavaliers. Et voici Farnborough. Mais il s'agit de trouver l'église, la crypte. Même dans ce village qui s'étend, il faut interroger pour savoir où repose l'empereur. Enfin, à droite, au bord de la route, une modeste plaque indique l'abbaye. On enfonce dans un

fouillis de grands arbres qui isolent complètement l'église du reste du monde. Brusquement, on atteint l'église gothique, l'abbaye de St.-Michel, trop grande presque pour ce refuge. Elle est desservie par des Bénédictins français, venus de Solesmes. On pénètre, croyant apercevoir le but du pèlerinage. Mais ce n'est pas là. Il faut tourner et c'est derrière que l'on pénètre dans la froide chapelle. A gauche, le fils. Sur le sépulchre aucune inscription. On n'a pas osé inscrire Napoléon IV. Au-dessus, une seule palme de fer, de son officier d'ordonnance. A droite, Napoléon III s'inscrit en lettres d'or. Le guide bafouille quelques explications: l'empereur a son grand uniforme, ses décorations, etc. Sur le tombeau, une couronne d'une association italienne de Solferino. Mais ici, ni au mur, rien de la France. Seule l'Italie s'est souvenue et ce souvenir émeut. Enfin, au-dessus de l'autel, dans un tombeau de même pierre, de mêmes dimensions, logée trop haut, Eugénie. De dessous le tombeau du prince, le guide indiscret tire et montre un souvenir naïf d'une princesse anglaise qui fut amoureuse de la jeune victime des Zoulous. Et dire qu'à chaque visite cette profanation se renouvelle!

C'est Eugénie qui a organisé, arrangé cette crypte, qui y a préparé sa place. On évoque ces trois funérailles, ces cortèges de Chiselhurst, de l'Afrique australe, de Madrid. De la petite gare voisine, que de rares trains desservent, le dernier cercueil, espagnol, est venu, reçu en 1920 par une garde de souverains étrangers. Ceux d'Angleterre étaient là.

Pendant plus de 50 ans, la souveraine déchue descendait de Farnborough Hill, sa résidence, près de là, pour se recueillir auprès de ceux que Dieu lui enleva, comme elle écrivait en 1880 "un par un... en lui laissant l'amertume des regrets comme seul compagnon de route." Que tout cela est mort, et que cette oasis de verdure, ce refuge catholique français — sans la France — au milieu de cette campagne anglaise si violemment différente, apparaît historiquement classé.

Napoléon II à Vienne, les deux derniers en plein Hampshire, Charles X à Goritz, et tant d'autres, jetés au vent ou autre part. La France n'est décidément pas généreuse pour ceux qu'elle a, un jour, enthousiaste, acclamés et à qui elle a permis de porter son nom.

be taken to London's great Air Port, Croydon. The door was closed with a bang, the engine started, the journey into the great unknown began. I do not know if any of my readers ever noticed how many cemeteries there are on the way to Croydon. I seem to have counted scores, or was it pure imagination? I felt quite relieved when we arrived at the Air Port, there on the vast field one could see dozens of those large silver birds intending to take their precious loads miles up, towards heaven.—

We pass now the passport officers, a glance at the papers, a nod to the policeman at the door, that the bearer is safe to depart, we enter on to the track, right in front of us stands motionless the "Golden Clipper," the machine which is to take us to the "La ville Lumière."

The luggage is now brought along on a little trolley and stored away, one sharp glance reveals to me that my bag, bearing the famous label, has been taken aboard, steps are wheeled to the entrance door at the side, and the passengers are invited to take their seats. The captain arrives, a dapper clean-shaven Frenchman accompanied by the wireless operator, they shake hands with some officials on the field, "Bon voyage" is wished to them. The pilot and his companion have now taken their seats at the wheels, first one engine begins to turn, then the second and then a third; a deafening noise, the whole machine seems to be alive with vibration. I am handed some cotton wool by the steward, who is shouting to me at the top of his voice, I cannot hear a word, but by his signs and gesticulations I presume that he wishes me to put it into my ears; judging from the quantity which is handed to me, he must consider my ears are pretty large, but I do my best. Through the little window which separates the pilot's cabin from that of the passengers, I can see the captain raising his hand, it is the signal for the departure. A bump which makes me grip the side of my comfortable armchair, makes me realize that we are moving, I watch the huge wheels running over the field, we are now taxied to the spot where we are to take off; after a few moments of rather heavy jolting which makes me wish that my breakfast had been less substantial, we arrive at the starting point, the engines begin to roar at top speed, we are off. The wheels still slightly skim the ground, houses, trees, masts, etc., are passing by at a tremendous speed, a glance down at the side reveals to me that we have left the ground; we are now circling over the large aerodrome, slowly gaining altitude. In the distance I can see the Crystal Palace with its brilliant glass roofs reflecting in the sun; for miles and miles around nothing but a huge sea of houses, the monotony of which is broken here

and there by some open spaces, presumably Parks. Higher and higher we climb, the houses are getting smaller and smaller, the people are beginning to look like tiny pin heads, we are now leaving the millions of little chimney stacks, which, like warning fingers are pointing heavenwards. We are flying over the beautiful countryside, deep below, little villages, silvery streams and winding country lanes are passing by. Fields, woods and small lakes appear and disappear, it is an unforgettable sight. In the distance heavy clouds make their appearance, they look like a huge forbidding wall, as if they wish to delay us from going any further. We encounter now the vanguard of the clouds, they pass us with tremendous speed (we are travelling at about 150 miles per hour), nearer and nearer comes the huge wall then a little jolt, I glance at my neighbour with an anxious look, but he seems undisturbed, we are climbing still higher. Small clouds are temporarily obscuring the view, we strike one heavy cloud, it looks like a thick mist, and for a moment even the large wings of the machine disappear; a most uncanny feeling overtakes me, and for a moment I begin to reflect what on earth ever made me leave mother earth. I pass over at a quick glance my earthly pilgrimage, I seem to remember the early days of my boyhood, Fata Morgana like I see the house where I was born and brought up, I see my parents, I seem to remember faces long forgotten since, and a feeling of immense sorrow for any moment of sorrow and discomfort I have brought upon myself gets hold of me. I make a silent vow that hitherto I will bring nothing but joy to my fellow men. Then suddenly the veil is lifted, the sun in all its golden glory is greeting us anew, the grey earth has disappeared, and with it that heavy feeling; as far as the eye reaches, there is one great sea of silvery white clouds, it looks like one vast unending glacier, furrowed with deep crevasses. Forgotten are all the worries, here is freedom from all the earthly fetters, the yearning after liberty is fulfilled, and with awe we admire the work of the creator. Like a huge eagle we are floating through the ether. The shadow of the machine reflects on the clouds and follows us like a faithful companion, the only companion in this immense vastness, — no, — there in the distance is another machine coming from the opposite side, deep down from the heart we are sending greetings to our fellow men, who like ourselves are speeding through the air, no doubt animated by the same feelings. I am glad that the noise of the engines makes any conversation with one's fellow passengers almost impossible, the awe-inspiring view calls for quiet meditation.

(Conclusion in our next issue.)

On a bien ramené Napoléon I de Ste-Hélène, et Louis-Philippe d'Angleterre, pour St-Louis de Dreux.

Et si c'est ainsi qu'on veut marquer les désastres de 70 et 71, où donc s'arrêter dans ces vengeances posthumes?

Agénor KRAFFT.
"Gazette de Lausanne."

LONDON CHILDREN IN SWITZERLAND.

At last the longed-for day arrived, and on Saturday, the 18th of August, the Swiss Sunday School left England for the Homeland. We had a perfect crossing from Dover to Calais and, after a long and exciting train journey, we reached Gwatt.

We had first glimpsed the Swiss mountains at 5 a.m., and since then had been continually thrilled by each successive wonder of the scenery.

To everyone's delight, we found that our "Châlet Switzerland" was beautifully situated beside the Lake of Thonne, surrounded by mountains. On clear days, we have a fine view of the Jungfrau, the Mönch, the Eiger and the Bluemlisalp, and on our very first day we saw the memorable Alpine glory!

The Châlet itself is very pleasant and we take a great pride in keeping our rooms clean and tidy. We have the real Swiss food, and it took some little time for the children to become accustomed to it.

Already we are growing stronger and are all very fit. To us London children it is a constant delight to be able to row and bathe every day. The "Swiss natives" are extremely kind, and it is a novel experience to be allowed to pick up fruit as we walk along, and to shake plums from the trees! Although we cannot always converse with the people, anyone of us wearing our beret with the Swiss cross on it, is always welcomed, and we find it very amusing trying to make ourselves understood.

We have climbed several mountains, and visited Thonne with its interesting castle. We were also impressed by the 1,000 year-old church at Amsoldigen. We intend to go up the Niesen and to the Blue Lake, and also to visit Berne, the capital.

Besides helping us to make new friends, this holiday has enabled many of us to see our relations for the first time, and nearly every day brings fresh visitors to our Châlet.

We are all busily collecting souvenirs of this wonderful holiday, and each child is keeping a personal diary. Also a kind friend is preparing an album, of the snapshots we have taken, for each of us! It has been very interesting to notice how closely our actual experiences resemble our play "If We Went to Switzerland" and we are continually quoting from it.

The wonderful three weeks have only fired us with a great ambition to return another year to this marvellous Homeland of ours.

B. Doluchanjan and J. Campana.

(Sunday School of the "Schweizerkirche.")

LONDON SWISS RIFLE TEAM.

The friendly competition with the "Surrey County Rifle Association" referred to in our last issue has evoked considerable interest and several members of the Swiss Team have entered for this event. The Swiss group will be in charge of Mr. Henry Senn and the competitors are requested, on arriving at Bisley Camp, to apply at the Middlesex Club pavilion where full instructions will be awaiting them.

PERSONAL.

We wish to extend our sincere sympathy to Mr. Alfred Schmid and Mr. Arnold Schmid of the Glendower Hotel, Glendower Place, S.W.7, whose mother died at Baden (Switzerland) on Sunday, September 2nd, at the age of 76.

MARRIAGE.

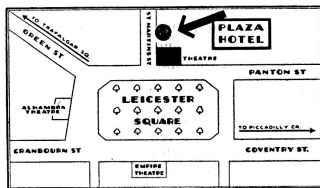
The marriage took place last Sunday, September 2nd, at S.S. Peter and Paul Church, Bromley, of Miss Dorothea Pfirter and Dr. F. Avery Jones.

The bride who looked charming in her dress of white angelskin lace applied on net and embroidered in silver, was given away by her father. She was attended by three bridesmaids wearing turquoise blue silk dresses, trimmed with silver tissue and hats to match. The Church was beautifully decorated and there was a full choral service.

About 50 guests attended the reception which followed at 12 Kinnaird Avenue, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pfirter. Amongst those present were: Mr., Mrs. and Miss Haeblerlin, Mr. and Mrs. John Schäd, Mr. Henry Senn, Mr. George Marchand, Mr. Gustave Jenne, Mr. F. G. Sommer.

The happy couple left for Switzerland where they intend spending their honeymoon.

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FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

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"Colossiens 3 v. 16. — M. R. Hoffmann-de
Visme.

6h.30 — Prédication — par le même.

Dimanche 16 Septembre.

Jeune Fédéral avec services de Cène: 11h. et
6h.30.

MARIAGE.

Arnold George Larsen et Christiane Metha
Thondahl. — le 14 Août 1934.

SERVICE FUNEBRE.

Au cimetière de Finchley:

Mme. René Cordelier, née Alice Rosa Robert,
du Locle et de la Chaux-de-Fonds—décédée
le 23 Août 1934, âgée de 43 ans — le 27
Août 1934.

M. R. Hoffmann-de Visme reçoit à l'Eglise, 79,
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Sonntag, den 9. September 1934.

11 Uhr morgens, Gottesdienst. Predigt:
Herr Pfarrer Brodbeck.

7 Uhr abends, Gottesdienst.

Eidgenössischer Dank-Buss- und Betttag,
Sonntag, den 16. September.

Gottesdienst morgens 11 Uhr und abends 7
Uhr und Feier des Heiligen Abendmahls.

Der Ertrag der Betttagsscollekte ist für die
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Dienstag 12-2 Uhr in der Kirche; Mittwoch
5-6 Uhr im "Foyer Suisse."

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