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guaranteed by the great powers of Europe and Asia. The result was the Federal Pact, the official undertaking of the great nations never to violate Swiss neutrality.

To-day, therefore, Berne, the last stronghold of neutrality, pursues its own quiet way of life — rationed, it is true, and ready armed — but times have not greatly changed the tenor of its daily round.

It has been called the city of fountains. One American tourist claimed that he had visited no less than thirty-four of them. At the centre of the old main street, the Zeitglockenturm, ten fountains play a day and night cascade. They are three hundred and fifty years old, and were carved by a noted sculptor, Hans Geiler, free of all cost to the city. An ancient cloister of all times — and even the twelfth century homes are inhabited by prosperous merchants.

There is, inevitably, a twentieth century Berne, with its *neu stadt* (new city), its Ritz Hotel, its Broadway cinemas, and its white marble Parliament houses. Spotless gay white trams wind their slow way through cobbled streets laid down three quarters of a thousand years ago, and the tourist may sip his cocktail in a house where mediaeval popes once lived.

The chief trades of this peaceful city are chocolate making, spinning, and cheese exporting. Swiss chocolate is famed the world over, and the best of it comes from Berne.

Since the last century, Berne has been, relatively, by far the most important chocolate exporter in the world. It is, in fact, the Mecca of confectionery, and for centuries all the crowned heads of Europe would have nobody save a Swiss as their chief confectioner.

It is the political capital of all the many cantons or districts which constitute Switzerland. Geneva may be better known, through the ill-starred League of Nations, and Zurich may be better known as a railway centre — but Berne, as Swinburn remarked, is the brightest jewel in Europe's brightest diadem.

Let us hope that it will continue as the last stronghold of neutrality.

GARDEN PARTY

at the Main Restaurant, Zoological Gardens,
Regents Park, N.W.1.

On Saturday, July 12th a happy gathering of nearly 50 Swiss, in company of their ladies and friends, took place at the above venue and proved a great success, from every angle.

Our compatriot, Mr. A. Schorno, had made excellent arrangements and accommodated the party *al fresco*, amidst a bower of flowers, a most exquisite setting for such an event.

The menu proved a pleasant surprise in every way and was highly appreciated. It testified to the great capabilities of the Manager of the Catering Departments at Regents Park and Whipsnade, who honoured the company not only by his personal attention to all details, but also by his presence at the luncheon table, where Neuchâtel — served at exactly the right temperature — sparkled in the glasses on the snowy white festive board.

All this was conducive to the happy atmosphere which prevailed and those, who were fortunate enough to have taken part, will long remember the pleasant

hours spent in cheerful company and feel grateful for such a welcome break during the daily stress of the present times.

Let it be added that the coupon restrictions do not, so far, appear to have interfered with the ladies' summer wardrobes, whose diaphanous frocks vied with the floral surroundings and reflected the brightness of a perfect summer day, over which the storm clouds gathered — and broke — long after the coffee had been served and the party had dispersed in the various directions of the Park where, no doubt, most of them found adequate temporary shelter and eventually reached their homes, happy and with spirits undaunted.

W.D.

THE SWISS COLONY LIVERPOOL.

I attended recently the monthly gathering of our girls held in the house and garden of Mr. and Mrs. Davidson for in spite of the distracted times we live in, Mrs. Macquarie and Mrs. Davidson carry on these monthly gatherings which are more necessary than ever now.

Mrs. Davidson's house lies on the slope of one of the ridges which much enhance the beauty of the Wirral peninsula, the bedroom of Liverpool, and gives you a view over towards the Dee to the hills of Wales. A most charming vista. We debated, now that the Consulate has had to find a temporary home at Prestatyn, if we should not try to meet there for a first of August, the 650th anniversary of the foundation of our Confederation and the trend of the discussion was that we might. It depends, however, on how many can get leave of absence on that afternoon, in principle all would like to come.

We have all had disturbing experiences but none ended fatally like the swift passage from life to death of Mr. and Mrs. Caspar of Manchester. Probably Mrs. Macquarie and Mrs. Davidson had most to endure but neither Mr. L. J. Faivre nor I are likely to forget our hours amongst the debris in the basement of a high building completely burnt out attending to the forcing open of the safe and removing its contents. And all the while our thoughts were with Dr. and Mrs. Schedler at Ruthin, he seriously stricken down with hopes gradually fading that the skill of the doctors at Ruthin Castle might succeed in gaining the upper hand until the senior practitioner stepped in as he always does eventually with a final decision.

The Liverpool Colony also has lost a friend who quite obviously was at home amongst us and whose memory we shall treasure. We still have Mrs. Schedler whose friendship we intend to keep and to deserve. In happier times when social functions are possible with more ease than at present we hope to see her with us as often as she can come.

E. Montag.

APHORISM.

(To W. E. G.)

With head and heart gladly astir,
Sip life's sweet cup unhurried;
Once you no longer love — nor err —
You might as well lie buried!

Transl. by GALLUS.