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it passes, but in order that the spring sun may melt the snow many weeks earlier than would be the case on the north slope. Moreover, if the road runs for many miles high up on the slopes of the Meien Valley, where it passes to a large extent through sections in the rock and over artificial embankments instead of in the bed of the valley where less labour and expense would have been required, this is not without its reason. In winter the avalanches pass right over the road into the valley without covering it with tremendous masses of snow, and even the avalanches on the other side of the valley, which often sweep up the opposite slope, cannot reach it and damage its bridges and other constructions.

The new Susten road is also laid out with a view to the villages and agriculture in the districts through which it passes. The first principle was to take as little cultivated land as possible in order not unduly to reduce the already meagre means of existence of the inhabitants. For this reason the road has been let into the mountain-side at more than one place where it could quite easily have been built on the flat. It was the aim, however, that the road should link up the solitary villages but not dissect them and it has therefore been led round these villages and hamlets, even if considerable additional expense was entailed.

Finally long stretches of the old narrow road which the two cantons, Berne and Uri, built already 130 years ago were made available to pedestrians by connecting them with the motor road which occasionally passes over them. All these problems were solved in the best possible way to make the Susten road the perfect alpine pass.

In this way with the considerable financial assistance of the Confederation — in accordance with the constitutional structure of Switzerland — the two cantons concerned have not only realised a magnificent achievement in the Susten road, but also a means of communication of the utmost importance and a work of great aesthetic value.

This route is now ready for thousands of visitors, from Switzerland and all other European countries and even from other continents who are already looking forward to visiting a hitherto unexplored part of Switzerland and seeing one of her proudest achievements in road-engineering.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

We intend to go to press on Friday, March 29th, 1946, and take this opportunity of thanking the following subscribers for their enlarged subscriptions:—

Miss A. Wiedmer, A. Rueff, H. Monney, A. G. Pluess, C. Hagenbach, E. Dubois, F. Eggar, C. Baerlocher, A. Steiner, A. Knapp, E. Steiner, L. J. Faivre, R. A. Merz, Mrs. Th. Lunghi-Rezzonico, S. Lorisognol, O. E. Simmoth, A. Biucchi, H. Frutiger, M. Lienhard, L. Lindhurst, Mrs. H. Sharp, M. Wintsch, R. Back, A. Hohlfeld, A. Strittmatter, M. Zullig.

'LA VRAIE CIVILISATION.'

(This entertaining exhilarating account of a trip to Switzerland is reprinted, with acknowledgement, from the Oxford paper "Isis," February 6th.)

The one o'clock London — Paris train from Victoria (the time varies according to the tides) is filled with English and French business men, American army officers, U.N.R.R.A. service women with bright enamelled faces ready for the Continent, and a sprinkling of frightened prostitutes returning to their native land.

At Newhaven and Dieppe the completion of the thirty-three forms required for a visit to Switzerland bears fruit in the shape of two single tired stamps from an official who, on the French side, wears no uniform. In the queue at the douane a little French girl whispers to her mother, 'Mais, alors, tout le monde parle anglais, maman.'

Dieppe bears the traumata as well as the scars of war — a restless cafard, seasoned by the lawless elements of ex-prisoners and discharged soldiers. From their first-class compartments passengers have ring-side glimpses of the brawls outside waterfront cafés. The train, well-lit and heated, and infinitely more comfortable than its English counterpart, proceeds slowly through the night and arrives in Paris at 5.30 a.m. the next morning. Those who did not have cars to meet them were just unlucky. There are no taxis in Paris, there is little food, the electricity is switched off at 7.30 on alternate sides of the Seine every morning, and — above all — THERE IS NO HEAT. The average Parisian is cold, cold, cold, all over him, all of the time.

Though Paris still has its charm, the intellectual atmosphere of a city that names its streets after authors, the somnolent *je-ne-sais-quoi* of the quays, yet it has tasted morally — far more than Naples — of the aftermath of war. The famous joke is still current where a German officer, entering Picasso's studio, exclaimed in horror 'Did you do all this?' To which the painter replied 'No; you did.' Most English people imagine (if such a thing is possible) that Paris bread was put back on the ration, after having been taken off for a month, because there wasn't enough to go round. The truth is that the Parisians were so hungry that, when bread was de-rationed, they made themselves gravely ill eating too much of it.

Nevertheless it is possible to eat 'trop bien,' as one Frenchman put it to me, in the many brilliant little 'marché noir' restaurants dotted around Montmartre — Le Rendezvous des Bretons, Le Petit St. Benoît, Le Gafner, to name three. Paris still lives, as Sartre, considered her most important literary figure to-day, claims.

From Le Bourget aerodrome, Airfrance (a concern which, I think, is optimistic in its aspirations to 'span the world') takes you to Geneva in a pleasantly converted JU troop-carrier. I felt I was about the only Christian in the aeroplane and longed for a false nose. Out of those I travelled with, I was later to meet four — still wearing their vast gold Croix de Lorraine (to show their patriotism) — in the Palace, Gstaad.

At Cointrin airport, Geneva, most of us bought a large bag of bananas, tangerines and grapes, costing a few centimes. As I had no Swiss money, my first job was to telephone. I was surprised to find

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