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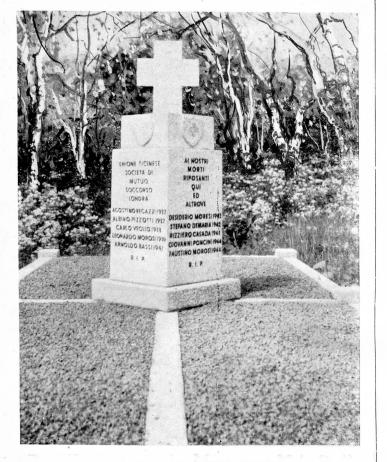
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HOMAGE TO THE DEAD.

Before these enlightened days of State-financed social security, it was the pride of every Friendly Society worth its title to bury its dead and to hallow their memory. The UNIONE TICINESE, Mutual Help Society of London has been no exception to this tradition.

We take pleasure in publishing a picture of the memorial stone which has been erected at St. Mary's (Catholic) Cemetery, Kensal Green, W.

The monument is in grey Cornish granite, a cross upon a plinth eight foot high. It stands upon four adjoining graves in which twentyone members lie buried, whose names and year of burial are inscribed on the four sides of the plinth, under suitable inscriptions in English and Italian. Above these are the Federal and Cantonal shields. The stone is dedicated also to members who have found their last resting place elsewhere on these hospitable Islands. The Society have another three graves at the same cemetery each holding eight departed members, and each with a fitting memorial.

The new burial ground of the Unione Ticinese is now at Finchley Cemetery, where also the Ladies' Section hold two graves in which two of their members, sisters, are already resting.

The latest memorial is being inaugurated at a special dedication service to be held at Kensal Green on Sunday, June 19th, at 4 p.m., the Swiss Catholic Chaplain, Rev. Fr. Lanfranchi, officiating.

We understand that despite the good response to the subscription the cost has exceeded the available funds by about £80. The Society appeal to all "Ticinesi", who would like to do so, to send their donations to the Secretary, Mr. E. Berti, at 32, Whitehall Park, N.16.

J.E.

"O SCHWEIZERLAND, O SCHWEIZERLUFT"

O Switzerland, your fragrant air, Your mountains with e'erlasting snow, To you my mind does oft repair, Oppressed with silent woe. O home of our freedom whose songs I'm repeating, Shall I nevermore hear your welcome, your greeting? O Switzerland, o fragrant air, O cherished Switzerland.

O Switzerland, the songs you sing Have filled me with gladness and cheer, When will again their echoes ring In my enchanted ear? When shall I once more 'cross the dark and still meadows

Their harmony hear in the evening shadows? O Switzerland, O songs you sing, O cherished Switzerland.

O Switzerland, your tender kiss, By rosy and soft lips bestowed, How much its thrilling warmth I miss, Exiled from my abode. Yes, fondly we kissed, then, alas, came the parting, The memory lingers — the wound is still smarting. O Switzerland, o tender kiss, O cherished Switzerland.

O Switzerland, O fragrant air, Blessed are they that dwell with delight Where chamois haunt their rocky lair And eagles soar in flight. O homeland, to you life and freedom we're owing, For you I am yearning with heart overflowing. O Switzerland, o fragrant air, O cherished Switzerland.

(Translated by J.J.F.S.)

