

Das Millenium

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From Domodossola the line winds up the valley of the Toce and then begins to climb the northern slopes of the Vigezzo. In bold curves it makes its way through the rich vineyards and chestnut groves. Below is spread the tremendous panorama of Domodossola, the Toce plain, and the valley of Bognanico. Above the snow peaks of Monte Rosa glisten like huge crystals.

After Trontano the valley contracts. Here the engineers of the line faced their grimmest obstructions. The railway had to be literally cut along galleries through the virgin rock of the mountain, while immense viaducts were constructed to span the lateral ravines of Antoliva del Lupo, Graglia, and Margoligo. At one point the line almost overhangs the mountain side, which plunges sheer to the forests in the valley bottom.

As the Swiss frontier is approached from the Italian side the scenery becomes wilder. The great cliffs draw together in heavy masses. Far below the Ribelasco plunges a white foaming torrent that is the frontier line between two nations.

From Camedo, the first Swiss station, the line proceeds down to the Hundred Valleys, one of the most imposing regions in the canton of Tessin. Here the main valley is split into innumerable clefts and ravines, a wild chaos of rock and forest of awe-inspiring loveliness.

At Intragna one gets a first panorama of Maggiore, spread like a huge blue sheet in the distance, after which the descent to lake level commences. Gradually the mountains recede and fruitful vineyards, maize fields, and soft blossom-laden orchards line the track on either side.

The journey of 33 miles from Domodossola to the Swiss Federal Railway station at Locarno, or vice versa, takes about two hours. It is one of the finest short alpine railway trips in all Switzerland.

Handling Perishable Traffic at Geneva:

Modern Transport, 22.3.30:

Some time ago the Swiss Federal Railways, at the instigation of representatives of the cold storage industry, and in co-operation with the French railway companies, formed the Société de Gares Frigorifiques, Entrepôts et Ports-Frances, having for its primary object the establishment of an up-to-date cold-storage depot at Genève-Cornavin station. This depot, now completed, occupies an area of 2,390 sq. yd. It incorporates two wings, one on the north and the other on the south side, these being offices and staff cloakrooms respectively. A large yard, traversed by a platform parallel to the cold storage rooms, is used for the loading and turning of lorries and carts.

The cold-storage accommodation at Genève-Cornavin comprises 25 cold rooms having a useful surface area of 2,152 sq. yd. and a capacity of 8,510 cu. yd. The temperature varies between 5 and 50 deg. F.

The compressor machines are housed in an annex to the main building, underneath which are three-phase transformers and atmospheric condensers. The lower ground floor contains a large chamber cooled to between 46.4 and 50 deg. F., where goods are checked and sorted for customs and dispatch. Opening out of this on the station side are three smaller chambers with different temperatures, in two of which vegetables, fruit, preserves, butter, and nutritive fats are stored, the third being a freezing chamber. On the street side there are five refrigerating chambers forming a kind of basement, and in these are stored vegetables, beer, bananas, and preserved foods. Under the offices, and separate from the main part of the warehouse, are two cold rooms with special antechambers for storing fish. The upper-ground floor is composed of an extensive room with four doors opening on to the yard. Connected with it are five cooling chambers, in two of which a minimum temperature of 14 deg. F. is maintained for frozen produce. The other two, where the temperature varies between 32 and 50 deg. F., are for fruit, meat, poultry, salt provisions, preserves, etc. Adjacent to the upper-ground floor is an ice store, with a capacity of between 35 and 40 tons, in which ice for the railway refrigerator vans is kept. The upper storey is laid out in a similar manner to the ground floors, but is connected with eight cooling chambers. The depot is operated partly as a "free port" for international perishable transit traffic, and partly as a free-of-tax warehouse for goods intended for consumption locally and in other parts of Switzerland. A custom house is maintained.

The refrigerating equipment consists of two-compound Sulzer ammonia compressors, one being kept in regular use and the other held in reserve. Refrigeration is effected by one or two centrifugal 18-h.p. motor pumps. Each chamber is cooled independently and has its own regulating shutters. Powerful freezing apparatus distributes dry cold air throughout the premises, renewing the air and removing all trace of odour.

PESTALOZZI SAYINGS.

Recent browsing in a library in Zurich, brought to light a little, old book of collected sayings of Heinrich Pestalozzi, father of the common school. Many of the curious, homely sentences, dropped by the self-sacrificing Swiss teacher during his toilsome pioneering effort to bring education to the masses, seemed worthy of translation for present-day thought.

To be happy man must not only be well provided for but he must believe that he is.

Strong people love what draws upon their strength, but not all weaklings like to have such men in their midst.

Deeds teach man and deeds sustain him. Away with words. Earth is heaven if one seeks peace, does right, and wishes little.

I praise the smooth stone but I fear smooth words.

It is a great human strength to endure without impatience until a matter ripens.

He who allows wood to be split upon himself often receives the axe in his back.

An instrument out of tune offends the ear, but a heart out of tune offends the soul.

A babbling brook is pleasing, but not a babbling person.

The sloth rests for the sake of rest; man rests that he may work again.

Beautiful little Switzerland does honor to her teacher Pestalozzi alongside William Tell. His gentle, lined face looks down from schoolroom walls. The story of his life is held before Swiss youth as an example of distinguished service in citizenship.

Zurich, where Pestalozzi was born, January 12, 1746, honors her illustrious son with a compelling bronze statue prominently placed in a square facing her principal street. Man high above the crowd he stands, the kindly, worn, stooped Father Pestalozzi, wholly sunk in the questioning look of the tattered boy he holds by the hand. Zurich also houses the Pestalozzianum, finest school shrine of Switzerland, a mansion converted into a museum for Pestalozzi relics and Swiss school exhibits of outstanding merit. In Yverdon, castled scene of his demonstration school for teachers, may be seen another much-loved statue of Pestalozzi talking to two children.

Stanz, where at Government behest Pestalozzi herded refugee children into a bare, drafty, unfinished convent after the devastation by the French in 1798, and welded them into a makeshift, love-permeated family school while acting single-handed as nurse, housekeeper and provider to seventy-odd forlorn bits of human drift, as yet rears no monument to his memory. Even the school slate that he invented in Stanz has now passed into discard.

Neuhof, village scene of the youthful Pestalozzi's zealous attempt, unaided by public or private funds, to found a self-supporting orphan settlement that should be the means of demonstrating to the government the practicability of his educational views, still shows the Pestalozzi farm buildings and reminds the stranger that here the big-hearted house-father bared his everyday experience in the throbbing peasant classic, "Leonard and Gertrude." To save paper he wrote the story between the lines of an old account book.

Near Neuhof, in the little village of Birr, a schoolhouse fittingly marks the great teacher's resting place. The gable end of the building forms his headstone. "All for others; for himself nothing," so reads his epitaph. He chose a toilsome way of life, want dogged his steps, misunderstanding impugned his motives; yet never did he lose faith in his idea of education of the hand, head and heart of the child as the means of uplift of the people.—(Christian Science Monitor.)

DAS MILLENIUM.

Nach dem angestrengten Marsche
Ueber Stock und Stein,

Durch ein dichtes Schneegestöber,
Kehrt man gerne ein.

Also weid ich meine Schritte
Einem Wirtshaus zu.

Pfleg' in froher Zecher Mitte
Der ersehnten Ruh!

Trink' nach alter Väter Weise
Manch ein Gläschen leer;

Mit den Alten Schritt zu halten,
Fällt mir gar nicht schwer.

Und des Lebens Sorgen schwinden
Mählig aus dem Sinn:

Bald vergess' ich auch, dass ich
Rattenfänger bin.

Komm' mir vor als grosser Staatsmann,
Feiner Diplomat,

Der der Welt Geschicke leitet,
Wie an einem Draht;

Seh' nich als berühmten Feldherrn,
Wunderbar'n Strategen,

Der dem Gegner, noch so findig,
Zehnumal überlegen.

Als erprobter Weltverbesser
Giess' ich alles um:

Macht gefasst Euch also nächstens
Auf's Millennium! MUTZ.

Charley and the Long Dresses Fashion.

There's nothing new under the sun. Everything is simply a recurrence of old worries. This need not be applied only to corns; final demand notes for income tax, and similar joyful events in life; no, it is also true as regards Fashion.

When a native of the South Seas invented an adornment of the nose in the shape of a ring, what did he say to his Island Beauty to make the fashion popular? "My dear, this ring will make your appeal irresistible! Besides, it is so hygienic. All the medicine men of the South Seas are agreed on that!" The dictators of Fashion are still "putting it across" by following the example of that sly native. Whether they prescribe hats like cartwheels or little pot-lids, sandals or Russian boots, curls or Eton crop, boyish slimness or curves—they always persuade you that this fashion is the only one which is beautiful, natural and hygienic, and any other style is a crime! And then one year later, lo and behold, all that was criminal in fashion is suddenly the very latest and the only thing, etc., etc.

Now it is again the turn of the long, trailing dress. "Charley," said Phyllis with radiant "complexion," "how do you like my new dress?" Why do they always ask "how do you like my dress," but never "how do you like the bill?" Anyway, they don't really mean "how does the dress please you?" what they want to know is "how do you like me in it?" Wouldn't they feel flattered, if any man had the courage to tell them the truth: "I like your dress, but you are the giddy limit in it?" Not even to my worst enemy would I recommend such outspoken truthfulness. No, I always reply "Dearest, you are a dream in any dress." She snorts: "It's the dress I am asking about."

"It's glorious, Phyllis. Such a line! What a marvellous figure! I simply fail to find words."

Phyllis thought I was sarcastic; but when she wanted to rush at me, she caught her heel in her dress. Although I nearly burst with suppressed mirth, I kept a straight face. Just like the puppy hearing "his master's voice," when he is hunting for the backstid which the puppy swallowed. Oh yes, wearing a long dress and walking in a long dress are two totally different things.

I helped Phyllis up, and that settled the dress topic for the day. In my heart, however, I thought "this dress is too long, I must manage to cut a piece off without letting her see it."

And so I did, in the stillness of the night. As I had no tape measure, I had to rely on guesswork. Every time the scissors dropped on the floor, I had a fright, and whenever I pricked my fingers I had to suppress the natural tendency of my speech. Still, alone I did it. And the piece I had taken off seemed big enough to me. Somehow I finished the hem (uneven hems are still worn) and hung the dress again in the wardrobe.

Quaking in my shoes I awaited the result of my handiwork, fully expecting musical accompaniment to the tune of the Hymn of Hate. But Fate decreed otherwise! Our landlady, true to the motto "Mind your neighbour's business," had listened at the key-hole. As it is always so much more interesting to do what nobody asks you to do, and to leave undone what you have been requested to do, she made up her mind to shorten the dress.

Two days later, when I came home, I found Phyllis in the best of spirits. She sat at her sewing-machine and did something to her dress. "Darling," she smiled, "I did notice that you thought my dress too long; so I am shortening it to please you. Just you wait and see."

My eyes nearly dropped out of their sockets, my hair stood upright like soldiers on parade, and my teeth chattered as though the dentist had fitted a motor cycle in my month and forgot the silencer!

Then "Finished," cried Phyllis, and slipped the dress on. I had just time to catch her as she fainted. This was no longer a dress; it might have done service as a bridge coat.

At the theatre the curtain would have been rung down. Unfortunately such simple endings do not happen in domestic entertainments. The final act was prolonged, very much so; yet it ended happily: I was to be allowed to buy Phyllis a new dress.

It's a long one, a very long one; still when I compare it with my face on receiving the bill, after all it is not so long!

KARL ETTLINGER (Munich)
in the National-Zeitung.

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