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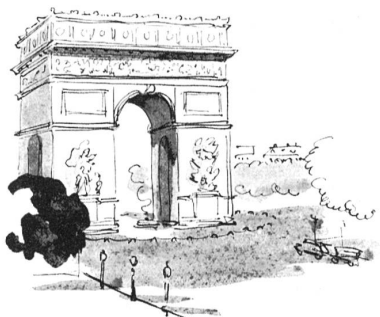
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Walk in Paris



A Parisian never goes on a journey, or, if he does, it is just in order to enjoy his coming back.

Yes, returning to Paris is a reward in itself. More than ever you are aware of the beauties of this lovely city ; it appears all the more glorious, you love it all the more tenderly after a separation.

Walk down the Champs-Élysées, saunter along the quais, down

the streets, across the bridges. All those well-known buildings and monuments never seem to acquire that insipid look of cheap picture-postcards — you will not grow weary of them.

To-day the Invalides still have that air of an immense balloon caught in a net of gold. The Eiffel Tower appears like the delicate spire of an invisible cathedral, and — look ! The Sacré-Cœur ?

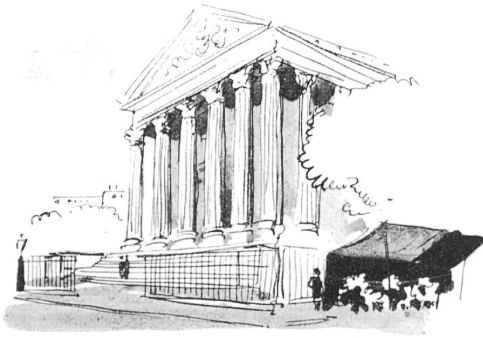
Or is it a group of huge white sails fluttering across the sky ?

Nothing has changed. The smartly-dressed women, the patient angler of the Seine, the newsvendor, the flower-girl — here they are, all of them, in the scenery you know so well.

People, scenes, and perspectives — how you love them !

Yet, why should you love them ? A labyrinth of streets, grey streets and houses, by no means beautiful, with five storeys and a balcony on the top floor, shops with pretty things in the show-windows.





MARCEL ROCHAS
Hanro, Liestal

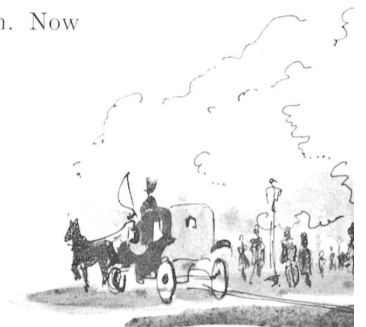


MARCEL ROCHAS
Tissage de Toile de Langenthal S. A.,
Langenthal



A very charming sight, although the whole display is a friendly illusion, made up of dummy things.

Just shops, houses and streets and, in addition, that touch of intimacy which is so hard to describe. Yet, when you are away from all that, it is not mere nostalgia you feel, but the exile. That is what we learned during the war. It is raining; the tarred streets and squares reflect the gaslight in the narrow backstreets where electricity is yet unknown. Now





MADELEINE VRAMANT
Heer & C^{ie} S. A., Thalwil

the weather is fine again : can you see, with your eyes shut, the exquisite sumptuous Place de la Concorde, the square of sculpted clouds and mist-like fountains ? It is my good luck to live in Paris. I can look at Notre-Dame on this morning in autumn, I can see both the towers and a nave crowned with fairy buttresses. Sky and stone blend in a splendid harmony, pale grey flushed with pink from the light of an uncertain sun. The Seine reflects the sky and the Cathedral in its grey-and-green waters.



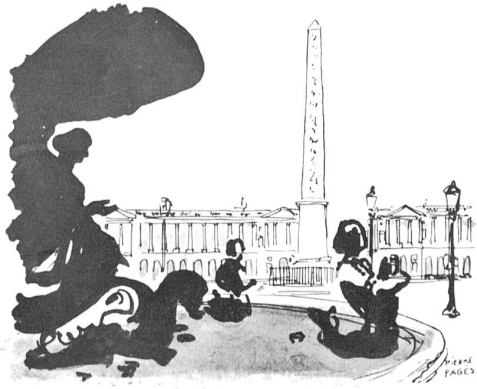
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Yes, let us walk through the streets of Paris, to gather a handful of memories. Through the Luxemburg Gardens, along the Boulevards, rue St. Honoré, to the Tuileries with their tapes-



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Otto Steinmann & Cie S. A., Wohlen



trylike groups of statues returned to their pedestals. Just outside the Gardens, at the entrance of the Concorde Underground Station, a mural plaque is daily decked with fresh flowers in tribute to those who died on this spot. They loved Paris — gave her their lives.

I can understand them — can you not ?

Henriette PIERROT

