

Notes and gleanings

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HOME NEWS

The initiative launched in the canton of Thurgau against proportional representation in the Grosse Rat, has been successful, and the matter will be submitted in the near future to the decision of the electorate, which as recently as August, 1924, refused to make this change in the constitution.

In order to wipe off the accumulated deficits of the municipal theatre of Berne, the State Treasury is contributing an amount of Frs. 2000,000; it is stated that if the theatre is to carry on, an annual subsidy of Frs. 150,000 is required.

The ecclesiastical authorities of St. Gall are issuing a public appeal for funds for the purpose of renovating the exterior of the local cathedral, the cost of which is estimated to exceed a million francs.

The rumour is being given publicity in the Swiss dailies that the ex-emperor William intends to settle down in the Ticino, considerable purchases of land having recently been affected by German interests in the vicinity of Monte Verità, nr. Ascona.

The strike on the frontier district railways of the Ticino has been settled, the Company agreeing to make sundry payments amounting to Frs. 38,000 for the benefit of staff funds.

The whole of the management—four in number—of the Vereinsbank, in Zurich, which closed its doors a few weeks ago, has been placed under arrest.

Samuel Zurlinden, the Secretary of the Swiss League of Nations Union, died in Zurich at the age of 66. By profession a schoolmaster—he was teaching for four years at a college in Beirut (Turkey)—he was for some time county clerk in Solothurn, but made himself a name as editor of the now defunct "Zürcher Freitagzeitung," a publication very much appreciated by Swiss residing abroad. He was the author of several books with reference to the last war and the formation of the League of Nations, to popularize the ideas of which in Switzerland, he was one of the foremost writers.

The damage caused in the canton of Solothurn by the inundations of last June, has been assessed at 2.3 million francs, of which Frs. 268,000 has been raised by public subscription in the canton.

A fire, due to a defective chimney, destroyed the upper part of the "Hotel du Midi," in the centre of the town of Sion (Valais), the damage amounting to about Frs. 100,000.

The well-known Kurhaus Tannenbergr, near Schwanden (Glaris), belonging to Mr. P. Zoppi-Stüssi, was reduced to ashes, due, it is surmised, to a defective chimney.

During the absence of the proprietor the residence and the best part of the factory belonging to Mr. Ed. Heid, timber merchant in Altendorf (Schwyz), became a prey to the flames, the fire having emanated from a chimney-fire.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Looking through my cuttings this week there is scarcely anything which is of even passing interest to readers of the S.O. It is on such occasions that it is difficult and verily invidious to make a selection which will satisfy the quest for information "as others see us."

Alluring articles extolling the manifold attractions of a Swiss winter holiday are already making their appearance in the English Press. Winter has, in fact, descended rather early and suddenly in Switzerland, the lower Alps down to a height of 3,000 feet being already covered with snow, and severe cold being reported from resorts in the Ticino. The prospects of a hard winter are of course welcomed by our hotel industry, which fared none too well last year in consequence of the exceptionally mild winter season. I reprint from the "Morning Post" (October 21st) a typical article which should go a long way towards whetting the appetite of would-be holiday-makers.

Winter Among the High Alps.

People flock to Switzerland each year from all over the world, and in ever-increasing numbers, for four principal reasons—climate, scenery, comfort, and sport. Let us take these four major attractions in turn.

First of all, climate. Here rid your mind at once of all associations and memories of winters at home; forget the fogs, the damp, the grey monotony, the cold east winds, and driving rain. You simply cannot realise winters out here in terms of the winters at home. Instead of sombre greyness, damp, and monotony, the dominant note of the Swiss winters is brightness, crispness and exhilaration.

You will remark at once the perfect stillness of the atmosphere and the heat of the sun. The air is so clear, dry, and rarefied that the sun's rays strike through it with an extraordinary intensity and warming power even on the shortest days, while the radiation of these rays reflected from the whiteness of the snow all round gives that wonderful brilliant light of the winter day in the Alps.

I have often skated out here without a coat, and continually sit out in the sunshine without an overcoat. Mr. Neville Lytton tells of making a sketch at an altitude of 6,000ft. "when the cold was sufficiently great to cause my water-colour washes to freeze when I laid them on the paper; but although the sketch took an hour and a half to complete, I never once felt a shiver, and my hands were as warm as could be."

The wonder and delight of a winter's morning directly after a heavy fall of snow! The flakes have been falling silently all day and all night, but on looking out next morning you notice they have stopped. Slowly, the heavy grey clouds lift up along the mountain sides, and the pine woods, all white, begin to appear. Patches of blue begin to show overhead, and gradually the sun bursts through the remnants of cloud, and you begin to see the peaks emerging sunlit out of the clouds, till one by one all the great mountains stand out around the valley, dazzling white and pure.

But I am breaking into the second great attraction of a Swiss winter, the scenery, and here I must protest. You cannot expect me to emulate Mr. Belloc's, "just but anxious fellow that sat down dutifully to paint the soul of Switzerland on a fan." After all the Alps are . . . well, the Alps, and you must take my word for it, or else come out and see for yourself.

One of the first Englishmen who wintered in the Alps, John Addington Symonds, writing from Davos in 1878, before wintering in the Alps had become the fashion, said, "It is true that the Alps in their winter robe of snow offer a spectacle which for novelty and splendour cannot be surpassed." They do.

Now we come to the great point of comfort. Any tourist agency will give you full particulars of the journey, engage seats and sleepers for you, but I do advise you to make up your mind soon, because there is going to be a bigger crowd than ever coming to Switzerland this year. As regards the comfort and accommodation at the sports centres themselves, there is a wide range, and consequently also of price, from the big Palace Hotels (the last word in modern comfort and luxury) to the smaller hotels and small pensions.

Here, again, it is enough to say that these hotels and pensions are run by the Swiss, which means that they are well run, carefully attended to, personally supervised by the management, and cleverly adapted to the tastes of their clients, with invariably good food, well served. Scrupulous cleanliness may always be taken for granted. There are bath-rooms in the humblest pensions.

AVIS.

La Légation de Suisse, 32, Queen Anne Street, London, W.1, invite toute personne qui a connu

M. Bernhard-Friedrich SPYRI,

de Bissegg-Amlikon et Bussnang (Thurgovie),
décédé le 5 juillet 1901 à Londres, à bien
vouloir se mettre en rapport avec elle.

Then there is sport and exercise for youth, middle age, and the period that comes after middle age, because no one likes to hear of old age. Imagine a vast rink of perfect ice, carefully renewed each night. Often these rinks belong to and are at the very door of your hotel. You put on your skates in a comfortable lounge, and then walk on the matting out on to the ice. How gay, bright, and lively the scene! An orchestra will be playing, and while some are practising figures, others are waltzing, or sitting about on benches, or curling.

Denis, of course, will not be content with the rinks. He will want something more strenuous for those long legs and eighteen years of his; and so will Joan. They will be bitten by skiing, and I don't wonder. There is nothing in the world like skiing. When you have plugged uphill for some hours, through woods, and along steep slopes, your ski on your shoulder and your rucksack on your back, you will suddenly emerge from the wood and reach the top of the col . . . and there, stretched out before you, will be the vast white spaces, the great winter world, and the dazzling white peaks, silent and calm and austere against a sky of Tyrrhenian blue.

Below you will be the valley, and when you have started off you begin to feel the swish of the ski through the powdery snow. And if you fall head-over-heels into the snow, as has been known to happen, you will not be so bird-like, but will get up again, none the worse, and consider it all in the day's work. If you wish to curl you will have to learn the language, but it really is not necessary nowadays to engage a professor, or spend a year or so north of the Tweed, for the purpose. At almost all winter sport centres in Switzerland the curlers are bilingual, and will translate for you. When you have "scoped" hard in an exciting match, you will have no doubt whether curling is exercise or not. Lugeing, bobbing, ice hockey, and skijoring will be going on during the winter, and you will have opportunities of seeing skijumping, which is really thrilling.

But let me say a word of days when you may feel inclined to give the winter sports crowds a miss and wander off by yourself to see something of the country. You will find wonderful walks through the white fairyland of the woods, with the great pines all bent down with snow, and the smaller trees all traced out in white filigree. The old brown chalets, with their great eaves covered with a foot or so of snow, and all fringed with icicles, are a constant delight. They look so warm and comfortable, sunk in the snow, with the blue smoke rising out of their roofs through the quaintest of chimneys.

Talking of holidays, here is an invitation to parents broadcast in the "Christian" (October 21st) to send their youngsters into what is called **Swiss Camps** where they may enjoy a short stay under proper supervision and guidance.

In past years, a fruitful work among young people has been done through the medium of the 'Varsities and Public Schools' Camps. Arrangements have again been made for separate parties of girls and boys to spend thirteen days (December 29—January 13) at Engelberg, Switzerland. Mr. Everard G. Derry writes: "Will those who are interested in the young pray that definite conversions and real blessing may result; and if friends know of any young people who might be able to go, would they put them in touch with The Secretary, 'Varsities and Public Schools' Camps, C.S.S.M. House, 3 and 5, Wigmore Street, W.1."

Cheap Electricity.

Instructive comparisons are quoted from a recent public utterance in the "Daily Express" (October 22nd).

"The British output of electricity per head is only 190 units, as compared with 1,190 in Canada, 1,070 in Switzerland, 623 in the United States, 248 in France, and 197 in Italy," said Dr. William Eccles in his presidential address at the Institution of Electrical Engineers last evening.

He considered that the slow rate of progress in Britain was due to the high price of electricity, the average price per unit obtained in this country being 1.9d., against .72d. in Canada, .60d. in Switzerland, and .4d. in Northern Italy.

"We are only getting six hours' work per day out of our machinery," added the speaker, "and this may be attributed to the shrinkage of demand from our basic industries."

Centralisation and interconnection are the

two main principles of the organiser who is going to cheapen electricity."

A Waterspout.

This rare phenomenon is described in the "Daily Mail" (October 27th).

In the neighbourhood of Montreux yesterday's gale (October 25th) a colossal waterspout, estimated to be 1,500ft. high, appeared in the sky.

The spout, which formed in the centre of the Lake of Geneva, travelled inland at great speed, sucking up large quantities of water, which later fell in the shape of big hailstones. It caused considerable alarm. The phenomenon lasted about ten minutes, the spout finally breaking up among the forests on the mountainside behind Montreux.

The storm was one of the worst in living memory experienced on the Lake of Geneva. The last steamer from Villeneuve to Geneva had a terrible buffeting and was only able to land her passengers at Ouchy, the waves making it impossible to put in at any other station.

When nearing Geneva the vessel heeled over alarmingly, and the crew were obliged to crawl about on their hands and knees. Most of the crockery in the dining-room was smashed. At certain parts of the lake shore the waves reached a height of 30ft.

Cheesemaking Wholesale.

This is the title of an entertaining account in the "Manchester Guardian" (October 26th); it evidently refers to the large whole Gruyère cheese which in the export trade has now been ousted by its smaller brother.

I have lived in Italy and had to eat my olives in bottles from a pickle factory in England; when I lived in vineyard districts in France my wine had to be sent from Paris; while anyone who lives by the sea knows the difficulties in getting fish. So I was not surprised, after several months in a Swiss hotel, to realise that not once had a Swiss cheese appeared on the table. Nevertheless I remonstrated with the proprietor. "Oh," he said, "I can't get cheese unless I send to N. for it. (N. was the nearest town, two hours by rail.) Everything made here gets exported at once. But why don't you go to one of the *fromageries*, where the cheeses are made? You will see hundreds of them, and there you can also eat some. The nearest is at S., eight miles away."

So off we started on a two-hour trek to the cheese factories, paradoxically called "Fruitières de S." The way led up a steep green hill-track, between lace-walls of beech leaves, fields of scabious and purple mountain thistles, and ramparts of pines. At every cross-track a thousand-armed pine held guard bristling with dead-wood bayonets. Brown cones hung thick and aloof. The track was steep, and every now and then we stopped to get our breath and gaze at the view below. Then wild flowers and pines grew scarcer, and the track led out into an open pasture—a grass-covered mound, with a sloping-roofed hut surrounded by a stone wall sprawled over its top, and cows clustered on it like mosquitoes over a swamp. We had just squeezed through a hole in the fence when a fair-haired young man with a sun-burned face came out of the door with an expectant stare.

We explained, and he laughed. "There's nothing to watch," he said; "it's very simple. But you can see anything you want." As he spoke another youth, with bare arms and chest, his only clothes a pair of blue trousers and braces and a red handkerchief on his head, came curiously towards us. His dark brown arms and chest were pock-marked with blue tattooings. Later he told us he had once been "in the navy at Cardiff."

The boys talked and laughed gaily, each one's shyness vanishing with the support of the other. They seemed very glad to have company—and two girls at that. "We see hardly anyone for the five summer months," they explained, "and it gets lonely. But you must meet our friends." And they led us into the chalet. It was a low, square, windowless room, very dim and very cool with its spotless stone walls and floor. Along one side ran a long wooden table. All round the walls were shelves from which hung wooden milking pails, oval wooden spoons the size of soup ladles, wooden pans, and giant shovels and dishes. Near one corner stood a round brick stove, like a well, and next to it, suspended from a beam by a black chain, hung a terrifying, huge black cauldron. A fire burned on the stove. But instead of the witches we half expected to rise out of the dimness three cheerful young men stopped their work and stared like the cows.

"Voilà, la cuisinière," and the tattooed young man heartily slapped an older man dressed in a short blue jacket, white shirt, and tiny straw cap like an inverted saucer, who was cutting up potatoes. Two men stood by the cauldron, one on either side. They were holding the sides of a thick net made of sacking. They forced it to the bottom of the cauldron, which was three-quarters full of a thick-looking, creamy

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liquid—milk, they assured us—then hauled it up as a net of fish is hauled; it was filled with a soft, white pasty substance. That must be the cheese! One of the men wrapped it up in a linen cloth and squeezed it between two plates of wood with an iron screw on top—an instrument like a bookbinder's press or a thumbscrew. The milk streamed out and down a slide into a barrel standing on the floor.

It was some time before they could grasp that the job was interesting enough for us to want it to be explained in detail; their curiosity was directed at my camera, and their one desire, sheepishly transmitted by their spokesman (the Cardiff sailor), to be photographed. When that had been promised the gentleman of the straw hat, among much laughter and commenting of his comrades and urging by us, started.

"It's nothing, you see. First you put the milk into this cauldron; then you add rennet (we keep that in pigs' bladders in the larder). You leave it on the fire two hours at 40 R (85 degrees centigrade), stirring. This is the stirrer," and he fetched down from the ceiling an instrument as tall as himself, the shape of an egg-beater. "Then you haul it out as you have seen us do. The pasty substance you saw in the net was the cheese."

"But that is not all?"

"Nearly. The cheese is left in the press twenty-four hours, and every two hours during the twenty-four the press is screwed tighter. (This reminded us more than ever of the thumbscrew.) At the end the salt is strewn over the top and the cheese is finished."

"But what becomes of the milk?"

"That is reboiled for the pigs. We have some in that shed over there. And the cream we make into butter."

"And when the cheeses are finished?"

"Come and look."

The only man who had not yet spoken led us into a larder off the other end of the room. They smiled at our gasps. All four walls were bordered with shelves, upon which lay cheese upon cheese, like solid wooden cart-wheels. A hundred of them. And 500 litres of milk to each cheese. Each cheese sold for £5. "We make one every day now; the first month of the summer we make two every day. We take all the milk of our 71 cows."

The Yodlers' Concert.

I have come across three critics of this concert and they are all practically of one mind; the trio seems to be singularly familiar with the habits of the early London milkman, presumably as a result of the latter's round not infrequently coinciding with the former's home coming from social duties. Thus reports the "Weekly Despatch" (October 24th).

A choir of about a dozen yodlers from the Zurich Oberland, sturdy Swiss Highlanders in peasant costume, gave a quaint concert last night at Wigmore Hall.

Most of them sang with their natural male voices, but a few soloists decorated the part-songs with the characteristic Swiss yodling—a musical effect which London milkmen often seem to be aiming at.

Last night's soloists were naturally more expert and artistic than our milkmen, whom one only mentions in order to give some rough idea of the effect. A crowd of London Swiss listened to the singing with great approbation. There was also good singing (without yodling) by a male-voice choir of London Swiss.

This is the variation of the "Daily Telegraph" (October 25th).

The normal severe entertainment at the Wigmore Hall is every now and then relaxed on a Saturday night, when a banjo recital is not unknown, or, as last Saturday, a yodling concert. Under the patronage of the Swiss Minister in London a party of merry Swiss peasants from the neighbourhood of Zurich sang part-songs adorned with those curious falsetto effects called yodels. There must be something in the pastoral life that encourages this manner of vocal production, for a variety of it (feeble, indeed, compared with the full Swiss development) issues from the lips of our London milkmen. The yodlers were the "stars" of this Zurich choir, and they were trained to the production of ex-

QUOTATIONS from the SWISS STOCK EXCHANGES.

BONDS.		Oct. 19		Nov. 2	
		Frs.	£	Frs.	£
Confederation 3% 1903	...	79.85	79.75		
" 5% 1917, VIII Mob. Ln	...	101.60	101.75		
Federal Railways 3½% A-K	...	83.50	83.30		
" 1924 IV Elect. Ln.	...	100.50	101.50		

SHARES.		Oct. 19		Nov. 2	
		Nom.	Frs.	Nom.	Frs.
Swiss Bank Corporation	...	500	776	784	
Crédit Suisse	...	500	805	810	
Union de Banques Suisses	...	500	667	660	
Société pour l'Industrie Chimique	...	1000	2373	2469	
Fabrique Chimique ci-dev. Sandoz	...	1000	3825	3975	
Soc. Ind. pour la Schappe	...	1000	2610	2730	
S.A. Brown Boveri	...	350	507	510	
C. F. Bally	...	1000	1240	1240	
Nestlé & Anglo-Swiss Cond. Mlk. Co.	...	200	552	560	
Entreprises Suisses S.A.	...	1000	987	987	
Comp. de Nav'g'n sur le Lac Léman	...	500	525	545	
Linoleum A.G. Giubiasco	...	100	85	87	
Maschinenfabrik Oerlikon	...	500	840	817	

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traordinarily powerful tones in their falsetto register. The yodling phrases were in the nature of bugle calls. It did not appear to be a vocal resource capable of any great artistic expansion. But it was curious and exotic; while to the numerous London Swiss who were in the audience it clearly evoked touching memories of home. The conductor of the yodlers was Mr. J. Würzler. The programme was contributed to by the London Swiss Choral Society (conductor, Mr. R. Gaillard)—a useful body of male voices.

And this the finale of the "Daily Mail" (October 25th).

A Swiss Yodel concert was given at Wigmore Hall by the choir from the Zürich Oberland on Saturday night. The singers were a dozen or so men, in peasant costume. Most of them sang part-songs in their natural voice, while one or two specialists added decorations in the form of the falsetto whoop peculiar to these hardy mountaineers.

What the London milkman attempts by a blind instinct the Swiss have cultivated into something of an art. The power developed on these falsetto tones was surprising.

The singers we heard had won a first prize for yodelling at Berne.

London streets might be made more musical at 7.30 a.m. if the leading dairy firms would bring over a Swiss yodelling expert to coach their employees.

There is probably first-class talent waiting to be discovered among our milkmen. Yodelling classes would then follow, on Swiss lines, at the leading competition festivals.

The same paper in its issue of October 27th contains a qualified appreciation from a professional correspondent who says:—

In view of the Swiss yodelling concert recently given at the Wigmore Hall, it may be of interest to note that although yodelling has apparently an aesthetic charm of its own, it is nevertheless based on a most undesirable vocal attribute so far as cultured singers are concerned—namely, breaks between the chest and head registers of the voice.

The approximation of the physiological activities of these respective productions are, as yet, very imperfectly understood. Consequently, the elimination of a break or join in the voice will often tax the resources of master and pupil to the utmost degree.

I once heard the late Jean de Reszke hopelessly beaten on a quite ordinary note, owing to difficulty here—despite the magnificence of his extreme tones in the upper register.

To which I might add it is ludicrous to judge yodelling by the ordinary musical standards and that it is little short of painful to watch in a closed room the forced production of falsetto notes. Yodelling belongs to the open air—the mountains—and depends for its effect upon proper surroundings.

EIDGENÖSSISCHE GLOSSEN.

Unsere Bahnen.

Vor neunundzwanzig Jahren hat das Schweizervolk im Stimmenverhältnis von 2 : 1 den Rückkauf der schweizerischen Hauptbahnen gutgeheissen. Man darf also getrost von einem Willen des Schweizervolkes sprechen. Doch mit der Abstimmung von 1897 ist es nicht getan. Die Schweizer von damals sind nicht die Schweizer von heute. Wenn es uns Männern von 1926 nicht gelingt, die Bahnen wirklich zu unsern Bahnen zu machen, so nützt die Willensäusserung jener, die damals die bundesrätliche Botschaft gutheissen, uns und dem Lande sehr wenig. Wir können aber die Bundesbahnen nur dann zu unsern Bahnen machen, wenn wir sie als unsere Angelegenheit betrachten. Die Bahnen sind nicht Sache des Bundesrates, der Bundesversammlung, der Generaldirektion, der Kantone, der Parteien oder der dreissigtausend Angestellten, sondern Sache jedes Schweizerbürgers. Das wissen und erleben die meisten unter uns zu wenig. Wir brauchen keine neue Abstimmung, aber wir brauchen immer wieder das lebendige Bewusstsein, dass die Zukunft der Bundesbahnen auf eine tiefe und folgenreiche Weise mit dem Schicksale des ganzen Landes verknüpft ist.

Wenn also heute mit Recht gesagt wird, dass die Lage der Bundesbahnen als ernst betrachtet werden müsse, so geht das jeden Einzelnen unter uns an. Wir können nicht so tun, als ob es uns nichts angehe. Wenn gemeldet wird, dass die Betriebseinnahmen sinken und die Zinsenlasten steigen, so ist das gerade so, als ob wir in unserm Privateinkommen mit geringeren Einnahmen zu rechnen hätten. Und wenn nun sogar ganz offen davon gesprochen wird, dass die Bundesbahnen über die jährliche Bundessubvention von 10,000,000 Fr. für die Elektrifizierung hinaus noch eine Ergänzungssubvention haben müssen, um die Zinssumme von 140,000,000 Fr. aufzubringen, so sollte eigentlich jedem Schweizer bewusst werden, dass wir damit in einen Zustand hineingeraten, der wahrhaftig nicht beneidenswert ist.

Denn es ist ein sehr geringer Trost, wenn gesagt wird, diese neue Subvention solle nur so lange ausgerichtet werden, "bis sich die Lage

wieder einigermaßen stabilisiert habe." Wer sagt uns, ob nicht die Stabilisierung gerade auf dem Billanzzustand von heute geschehen werde? Wer weiss, ob wir nicht froh sein müssen, die heutigen Verkehrsziffern beibehalten zu können? Europa ist kein Weltexportland mehr wie vor dem Kriege, die Konkurrenz des Automobils wird sicherlich nicht abnehmen, Gründe genug also, um an einer Besserung der Eisenbahnfinanzen zu zweifeln, wenn kein anderer Ausweg gefunden wird—als eine Subvention!

Unsere Autos.

Gibt es einen Ausweg?

Es gibt wenigstens Andeutungen verschiedener Auswege. Einer liegt in der Behauptung des Kommissionsreferenten Schüpbach (wiederholt von Nationalrat Dr. Hunziker, Zofingen), dass in der S.B.B.-Verwaltung 25 Millionen einzusparen seien durch Einschränkung vieler unnützer Arbeiten, Beaufsichtigungen, Schreibereien, Inspektionen usw. Bundesrat Haab ist uns in dieser Hinsicht noch eine Antwort schuldig. Seine Rede in der Besoldungsangelegenheit hat Zeugnis abgelegt von seinem redlichen Willen, die Geschäfte der Bundesbahnen sachlich und unpolitisch zu führen. Möge er uns jetzt auch noch dadurch zu Dank verpflichtet, dass er Schüpbach und Hunziker antwortet!

Eine andere Andeutung liegt in der Tatsache, dass die wissenschaftliche Betriebslehre der Eisenbahnen noch in den Anfängen steckt. Alles spricht dafür, dass mit fortschreitender Entwicklung der Betriebslehre (Bereicherung der Betriebssysteme und der Arbeitsvorgänge) auch die Lage der Eisenbahnen wieder eine bessere werden kann. Nicht umsonst sagt Prof. Carl Pirath, Stuttgart in Heft 4 des "Archivs für Eisenbahnwesen": "Die neuzeitliche Betriebswirtschaft bietet mit das beste Mittel, den Eisenbahnen in dieser wirtschaftlichen Auseinandersetzung den vornehmsten Platz zu erobern." Notwendig sei die gemeinsame Forschungsarbeit aller Eisenbahnverwaltungen! (Denn auch hier wieder handelt es sich um ein europäisches Problem. Die dänischen Eisenbahnen beispielsweise sind noch schlimmer daran als wir.) Steht die Schweiz, mit andern Worten die Direktion der Bundesbahnen an ihrem Platz? Hat man nicht Grund zu Zweifeln, wenn es sich herausstellt, dass man erst Ende Oktober 1926 die richtigen Kohlen findet für die Güterzüge im Rieckentunnel?

Und eine dritte Andeutung: Die Rhätischen Bahnen haben von 1913 auf 1924 ihren Personalbestand von 1656 auf 775 vermindert. Ist die Verschiedenheit der Bahnen so gross, dass etwas Ähnliches bei den Bundesbahnen nicht in Betracht kommen kann? Wir unterschätzen die Schwierigkeiten nicht. Doch gäbe es nicht auch hier wieder eine Lösung: Unterbringung überflüssig gewordener Arbeitskräfte auf den von den Bundesbahnen betriebenen Automobillinien?

Jedenfalls müssen wir einen Ausweg suchen. Jeder Monat, der in Untätigkeit vergeht, bedroht unsere Wirtschaft. Die Bundesbahnen müssen sich nicht anstrengen, ein Subvention zu erlangen, sondern sie müssen sich aus allen Kräften anstrengen—keine Subvention nötig zu haben.

Eine gewisse Untätigkeit unserer obersten Behörden in der Beeinflussung wirtschaftlicher Geschehnisse gehört bei uns zur Regel. Die Gefahr des Automobils (fremde Maschine, fremder Betriebsstoff) ist hier schon mehr als einmal angeht worden, gerade weil die Entwicklung des Automobilismus etwas Natürliches und Selbstverständliches ist. Hat unsere Regierung auf diesem Gebiete bis jetzt etwas getan?

Frankreich unterstützt Wagen, die mit Kraftgas betrieben werden, mit einer Prämie von 15,000 Fr. Solche Wagen bezahlen auch nur die Hälfte der Steuern. Warum? Weil sie keinen ausländischen Betriebsstoff benötigen, sondern mit Hilfe eines Gasgenerators aus Holz oder ähnlichen Stoffen ihre Kraft selber erzeugen. In Frankreich kommen die elektrischen Taximeterautos wieder auf. Und bei uns?

Wir schauen untätig zu. Und sind vielleicht in fünf Jahren auf einmal überrascht über das Vorhandensein von mehr als 100,000 ausländischen Automobilen und einer Benzineinfuhr von 1,6 Millionen Doppelzentnern.

Noch ist es nicht zu spät, um unser Automobil, unsern Betriebsstoff zu schaffen. Aber es kann einmal zu spät sein.

Felix Moeschlin in "N.Z."

Tell your English Friends
to visit

Switzerland

and to buy their Tickets
from

The Swiss Federal Railways,
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DER PESTALOZZI-KALENDER.

EIN VOLKSBUCH FÜR JUNG UND ALT.

Wie schon in der letzten Nummer des "S.O." erwähnt, ist das kommende Jahr ein Gedenkjahr an den Tod unseres grössten Pädagogen: Joh. Heinrich Pestalozzi. Auf den Pestalozzi-Kalender sind wir schon aufmerksam gemacht worden. In den nächsten Wochen soll die Anlage des Kalenders näher besprochen werden.

Auf den ersten Seiten stehen die Bilder Pestalozzi's und des Bundesrates. Die Jugend soll wissen, welche Männer im Auftrage des Volkes dessen Geschicke leiten. Dann folgt eine Merktafel für den Eigentümer des Taschenbuchs. Das Kalendarium gibt uns die Erklärungen der Monats- sowie der Tagesnamen. Interessant ist wie unser Dialektwort "Zieschtig" die Brücke bildet zwischen dem Original und dem heute gebrauchten Wort Dienstag in der Schriftsprache. Eine Kritik darf dem Kalendarium jedoch nicht erspart bleiben: Wer in einem Kalender Fronleichnam sieht, möchte auch das Reformationsfest verzeichnet finden.

Das Merkblatt des Naturfreundes! Ich glaube unsere Kinder in den Städten haben es etwas verlernt auf das Leben und Sterben der Natur zu achten. Aber selbst ein Städter kann diesem Werden und Vergehen nachgehen. Er sollte es deswegen schon, weil er gerade so wie der Landbewohner dabei diesem Gesetz unterworfen ist. Dann sollen aber unser Kinder Augen sich mehr der Natur zuwenden, weil die Betrachtung der Schöpfung schöpferisch macht. Die einzelnen Daten des Merkblattes hat der Besitzer des Büchleins selbst einzutragen. Z.B.: Kältester Wintertag, Ankunft der ersten Schwalben, Beginn der Birnbaumblüte, erstes Baden im Freien etc.... Diese Angaben kann man auch in London machen aus eigener Erfahrung.

Sodann wird der Sternenhimmel besprochen. Kant sagt: "Zwei Dinge sind's, die mich immer mit neuer Bewunderung erfüllen; der gestirnte Himmel über mir und das Gewissen in mir." Wie wichtig für Erziehende die junge Welt auf das Wirken über und in uns hinzuweisen, anstatt sie mit dem Geschehen um uns herum zu ersticken. Dann kommt ein ausführliches Kalendarium mit Merktafeln berühmter Männer. An jedem Tag mag der Inhaber seine Erlebnisse eintragen. Vielleicht ist mancher der jugendlichen Tagebuchführer zu etwas Grossen in dieser Welt und für seine Heimat berufen. Jedenfalls müssen wir den Glauben in unserer Jugend verankern, dass sie zu Grossen berufen ist. Aber freilich: Immer die Grösse gut, und die Güte auch gross. Das gilt von diesem wertvollen Kalender.

NOUVELLE SOCIÉTÉ HELVÉTIQUE. GROUPE LONDONIEN.

Revision of the Alcohol Legislation in Switzerland.
To the Editor of The Swiss Observer.

Dear Sir,—We are sending you herewith a copy of the Resolution which was unanimously passed on Friday evening last, and posted to the Federal Council in Berne.

We shall be glad if you will kindly publish same in your paper.

Thanking you in anticipation.

3rd Nov. 1926. Yours etc., J. C. BAER, President.

RESOLUTION.

Nous Suisses de Londres, réunis sous la présidence de notre Ministre, Monsieur Ch. Paravicini, sur l'initiative du Groupe Londonien de la Nouvelle Société Helvétique, et sous les auspices de sociétés suivantes:

	Fondée en
Société de Secours Mutuels	1703
Eglise Suisse	1762
Fonds de Secours	1870
Union Helvetia	1886
Schweizerbund	1887
Swiss Mercantile Society	1888
Swiss Y.M.C.A.	1888
Swiss Institute	1905
Swiss Choral Society	1921
Schweizerkirche	1924

après avoir constaté

1. que la situation découlant du régime actuel des alcools en Suisse appelle une urgente réforme de la législation fédérale sur l'alcool, si l'on veut enrayer le danger toujours croissant de l'abus de l'eau-de-vie,
2. que la Suisse dont la législation sur l'alcool, occupait autrefois l'un des premiers rangs parmi les nations de l'Europe se trouve actuellement en important recul sur celles-ci, tant par sa législation sur l'alcool en général que par son mode d'imposition en particulier,
3. qu'en Angleterre, pays qui tient hautement à la liberté individuelle, mais qui, con-

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for the BANQUET and BALL of the
CITY SWISS CLUB.