A memorable alpine experience

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treasured; hence there was felt an almost personal responsibility as to their fate.

And now it is learned that they are safe — the superb Goyas, the El Grecos, the Velasquez and all the rest. Thanks to Switzerland — shelter for political refugees, haven of lost causes, chosen hiding-place for valued possessions — they are safe and will soon be seen again in that proud building in Madrid's tree-shaded park.

Last March, it is revealed, Madrid's invaluable art treasures, 4,000 in number, were removed from the threat of danger and put into the charge of the Secretary General to the League of Nations at Geneva. Recently it has been deemed safe for these treasures of art to be returned to Madrid. And once more Switzerland has merited the gratitude of the nations.

The Swiss National Exhibition, of course, gets plenty of Press notices and in some of the papers, especially the 1/- weeklies, you will find some nice illustrations too. So, for instance, in the *Sphere* of July 15th which has an accompanying article from which I quote the following only:

Several manufacturers of aluminium products were interested in showing their wares. None has done so — that is, none as an individual trader. Instead, the visitor has been given a complete epitome of a great industry, from the mine to the finished article. All the industries of the country and its many-sided rural life have been similarly treated and the result is completely successful.

One might mention as outstanding the Pavilion of the People, for here is brought home in dramatic form that astonishing diversity of the Swiss people — racially, linguistically, and culturally — already referred to. One must refer, too, to the clever solution of what is, perhaps, the greatest drawback to all exhibitions, namely, foot weariness, a problem that defeated even the great Paxton.

When you feel that you have walked enough in the Swiss National Exhibition, you enter a small boat to be wafted along a canal that takes you through flower-scented gardens, beer gardens and even through great halls where at ease you view industrial exhibits. This water-borne way of seeing exhibition sights is not the least of the triumphs of the Swiss engineers.

G.G.

Turning now to the lighter side of life, here is news which may make you ponder or, according to your nature and inclination, which will tickle your imaginative powers:

Puppets in the Window: *Christian Science Monitor*, 22nd June.

An interesting exhibit to be seen at the Swiss National Exhibition in Zurich is a shop-window where mechanical figures draw attention, by appropriate action, to the beauty, or the utility, of the garments they display.

One cannot help thinking that the introduction of this idea would do much to attract the customer into the shop. For immobility allows the immaculate figures in the window salon to retain a superhuman sangfroid, an impervious majesty of deportment, into which the sensitive man in the street may even read a faint disdain of his own aspirations. Great must be his self-confidence if he dares to see himself there as others will see him, or to imagine, for a moment, that he could wear with any credit the mantles of such Olympians. Once let them move, however, and he will but think of the added grace he could bring to their clothes, and be heartened to make his purchase.

Incidentally, one foresees that, with such methods, the shop-window of the future will be the most popular of street entertainments. It may even develop into a true puppet show, and the tailor's Dummy, and the milliner's Model, become characters as famous as Punch and Judy.

On this my first week of writing again in our London Paper, it would hardly do for me to add a lot of my own thoughts to the above.

Returning to the political situation, — from which you will rightly deduce that these lines are written during office hours — just now, Tuesday, 12.55 p.m., some twenty aeroplanes flew over the City and made an imposing spectacle, in spite of the drizzle. They made me feel once again how *very* unlikely it is that any one country, supposed there was a major war, would risk inviting retaliation from the air by starting air raids. Like our compatriots at home, our motto should be

to be prepared? YES,

to be afraid? NO.

Kyburg.

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A MEMORABLE ALPINE EXPERIENCE.

Most of your readers will remember having seen the picture of the Château de Chillon with the magnificent background of the seven points of the Dent du Midi; and it was at Champery, at the foot of the Dent du Midi, that I arranged to meet Alexander Burgener in the summer of 1904.

After the arrival of Alexander Burgener, we struck bad weather, and our climb of the Dent du Midi was retarded as we were obliged to stay for awhile in the hut of the Alpe Bonaveau.

But eventually, my wife and I, and our guide climbed the Haute Cime of the Dents; the triangular sign at the top was covered with the most extraordinary shapes formed by ice and snow.

The upper part of the peak was slate and the climb to some extent hampered by insecure foothold.

We descended then to Salvan and tramped towards Chamonix by way of Fins Hauts. Upon my arrival there I found that our luggage had been tampered with, but the hotel proprietor was most obliging and made our loss good.

Then came the principal item of our programme: Mont Blanc. Alexander Burgener was quite prepared to take sole charge, although the French guides do not look favourably upon one guide acting alone.

We started off in good spirits, and at Pierre Pointue we stopped for refreshment. Unfortunately the white wine did not agree with Burgener and for some time he suffered great discomfort but continuing our walk towards Grands Mulets, he soon had completely recovered. We had to shelter for some time under an overhanging rock, as we ran into a storm.

Presently we were joined by a party who had come from Montanvert, and we continued our ascent together, discussing as we climbed, the "Matterhorn." One of the party belittled the Matterhorn from a mountaineering point of view which drew loud protests from Alexander Burgener, who valiantly defended his favourite peak.

We arrived at Grands Mulets in the early evening and were photographed by our companions who turned out to be the brothers Abrahams of Keswick, famous as photographers, as well as mountaineers. They have made splendid climbs in the English Lake district, and taken wonderful photographs, in those days they carried plates. —

After a short night's rest, Alexander and I left the Grands Mulets at 1 a.m. by the light of a lantern. One of the most intriguing sights that it has been my good fortune to see in the Alps was the stretch of street lamps down below, the lights of Chamonix forming a resplendent cross in the darkness.

Presently our lantern was "cached" to be picked up on our return. One ticklish crevasse had to be traversed on all fours and Alexander lost his temper with me, saying that I did not follow his actions closely enough, evidently he was not happy about this particular crevasse. When we reached the Vallot hut we made a good meal and were presently joined by the Abrahams' party, who however, did not continue the climb, as one of them had mountain sickness.

On we trudged towards the top in deep snow which had to be trodden in with each step and which made our task tremendously toilsome, we had not bargained to be sinking for hours up to our knees in snow but we should have been prepared for this by the bad weather conditions. My wife told me after our return, that we had been watched from Chamonix. Nine hours after leaving Grands Mulets, we reached the summit of Mont Blanc; Alexander Burgener, having made a Herculean performance.

Whilst we were slowly mounting the last arrete we were photographed by the Abrahams', and I treasure this greatly, as it shows us actually labouring and not merely posing.

The picture is of an immense field of snow with two black specks on it, to wit, Alexander and myself. When we were seen to have reached the summit from Chamonix a cannon was fired, for which I had the privilege of paying Frs.5. Presumably this practice has been now discontinued, as the ascents of Mont Blanc are too numerous to be notable. We returned to Chamonix by the same route, and I was terribly tired, floundering about towards the end but Alexander exhorted me to hold out and I did not disgrace him. After a welcome bath I went into dinner and was promptly pounced upon by an American, who waited to shake hands with a conqueror of Mont Blanc.

A day or two later, we moved up to the Hotel Montanvert at the side of the famous Mer de Glace. Here we again met the Abrahams' and inspected their beautiful Alpine photographs, and a famous English mountaineer Walter Larden, who had been making a special study of the house inscriptions in the Loetschental; he had come over one of the passes and I have seldom seen anyone so deeply tanned.

After a memorable walk up the Mer de Glace to the so-called Jardin at the foot of the Grand Joranes, Alexander and I climbed to the Grand Charmes, a most interesting expedition, with some splendid rock-climbing and a steep snow couloir, which upon our return, we passed down with our faces towards the wall, but one felt absolutely safe with such a guide and a more experienced climber than myself would have made light of such a passage in the snow.

Here again we were photographed by the Abrahams' just on the top of the Charmoz.

To conclude our season, my wife accompanied us up to the Petit Charmoz — an interesting small rock climb, and back then into the Rhone Valley and by degrees to our Lares et Penates in old England!

J. J. EBERLI.

VIème GRAND PRIX AUTOMOBILES DE SUISSE.

L'aurons-nous ou ne l'aurons-nous pas? Durant longtemps il fut douteux que cette grande et passionnante épreuve pût voir le jour cette année, bien des raisons sérieuses militaient contre cette reprise. Mais des milieux influents, parmi lesquels l'hôtellerie et les garages, de même que les autorités bernoises (Ville et Canton) se prononcèrent pour l'affirmative. Ces milieux savent, en effet, ce que cette manifestation internationale désormais célèbre signifie pour la Suisse, en particulier pour la Ville fédérale. Dans ces conditions le comité a décidé de remettre sur pied le Grand Prix de Suisse automobile. Ce sera

le 20 août

soit à la date retenue au calendrier international. Ce jour-là, donc tous se retrouveront sur le circuit idéal — non seulement pour l'agrément des spectateurs mais pour la technique de course — qu'est celui du Bremgarten aux portes de Berne. Les travaux d'organisation devront cette année être parachevés en un minimum de temps. Aussi ont-ils commencé avec ardeur. Comme on sait les organisateurs ont à cœur de ne rien négliger pour faire du Grand Prix de Suisse Automobile, à chacune de ses nouvelles éditions, quelque chose d'encore plus parfait et plus captivant si possible. On peut être sûr que le 20 août, sur la piste bernoise, il y aura bien du nouveau à voir, et du palpitant.