Editorial

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EDITORIAL

I hope hibernation comes to an end soon; I certainly had enough of the cold and the rain. Six months ago we said the same about the drought. Why can't we get a more even mix? We'll never know; probably it's just so we have something to moan about.

When we decided on Glarus as a topic for this Helvetia, I looked at the map and once again derived great joy from the fact that Glarus is such a well-defined entity within natural borders. The only breach is the Urnerboden, of course; topographically speaking the Urnerboden should be part of Glarus, as the Klausenpass is the watershed. Like most of our readers who went to school in Switzerland I grew up with the story how it came about - an utterly immoral story, you will agree. Here it is, for our readers who were born here and who haven't been told, for obvious reasons:

In old times, Uri and Glarus both claimed the alp that is now called Urnerboden, Glarus with the argument that the stream running through the alp ran towards Glarus - and Uri with the argument that it was a good alp and they wanted it. So rather than wage war amongst confederates, it was decided to send two runners, one from Uri, the other from Glarus, and where they'd meet, the border should be. It was agreed that they should start running at a given date, at the first cry of the rooster - alarm clocks had not been invented yet, you see.

The people from Glarus chose their rooster and looked after him really well. They kept him happy with lots of hens, and they fed him well and talked to him nicely all the time. In contrast, the people in Uri were really mean to their rooster. They kept him in isolation and fed him a bare minimum, keeping him hungry all the time. The given day arrived. The hungry rooster in Uri woke up when it was still dark and cried for food. The Uri runner started running (- and I hope the rooster got fed afterwards). But in Glarus, the rooster slept in; he had no reason to cry that early. When he finally did wake up it was bright daylight, and the man from Uri had almost reached the Klausenpass when the man from Glarus could finally start running. He ran as fast as he could, but he had only just left Linthal behind him when he met up with the man from Uri. He pleaded with him, explaining that their rooster had been slow. Finally, the man from Uri took pity on him and agreed to be carried back. The man from Glarus carried the man from Uri back, up the slope- and then he collapsed and died. And that's where the border between the two cantons is till today...

Logic

The Japanese eat very little fat and suffer fewer heart attacks than the British or Americans. On the other hand, the French eat a lot of fat and also suffer fewer heart attacks than the British or Americans.

The Japanese drink very little red wine and suffer fewer heart attacks than the British or Americans. The Italians drink excessive amounts of red wine and also suffer fewer heart attacks than the British or Americans.

Conclusion: Eat and drink what you like; it is speaking English that kills you.

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