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First, with a smiling good-bye from the "Mercury" party at the Seeburg Chalets, we sped South between Pilatus and Lake Lucerne and made for the Brünig Pass.

The road was good, though not up to the best British standard. Soon we came in sight of the brooding waters of Brienzsee.

The forests looked gloomy under grey clouds, and I feared that we should be denied that lovely view of the Jungfrau which you should get from Interlaken. But luck was with us. As we came to that gay resort (dear to me from a memory of thirty years ago) we saw the shapely figure of the Jungfrau gleaming with celestial grace. Now we made for Latterbach and then up the Jaun Pass, reeling off the miles on the almost empty country roads. Mountains and forests kept me silent with enjoyment.

We stopped for lunch at Gstaad, that fortunate resort which claims to offer the best ski-ing in Switzerland. The air, fresh off the ice, made one long to stay here for mountain walks. It made me feel like a man of 21, good for tramping 40 miles a day. We were told that Gstaad had had a good season, largely because fashionable Egyptians had stayed there.

Imagine a golden valley, sheltered by forest-clad mountains, and shining Alps above them. Imagine everything sparkling and exhilarating, and with a sort of Grimm's fairy tale atmosphere, and perhaps you will have an inkling of what Gstaad is like, a quiet Harrogate in a golden bowl of the Alps.

So far we had been in German-speaking Switzerland, but the purring car engine now hastened us to the French-speaking parts. Gsteig sounded German enough. In a few moments we were climbing towards the Col de Pillon, and all around us were French place-names. As we breasted the top of the pass we ran into a curious change of scene. We had been climbing slowly through mist, in which we heard the music of cowbells from the invisible slopes below us. We might have been in some primeval forest, far from any other people, but as we reached the top we found ourselves surrounded by a medley of police, bright blue uniforms, motor cars, and newspaper sellers.

A man hastened to us with a Paris evening paper offering an account of the Tour de Suisse bicycle race. All was excitement and shouting. The Tour de Suisse is one of the great events of the year in Switzerland. The competitors, on their long and exhausting course, taking in some of the chief towns and famous passes of their country, were expected here soon.

On we pressed, past gathering spectators, towards Aigle, swept by rain. We passed under the famous mountain village of Leysin, where so many people go for medicinal sun-bathing. Now we came in sight of the Lake of Geneva and found the streets of Montreux, despite increasing rain, were full of spectators for the race.

Montreux looked very French and fashionable; I was astonished to find how magnificent were the buildings here and at the lakeside towns of Vevey and Lausanne. Until the present depression began, Switzerland basked in prosperity. Here you see the more decorative side of our civilisation expressed in the most modern concrete buildings, with sun terraces that look like promenade decks on a liner.

One of our pleasant interludes was a visit to the Castle of Chillon, a grim pile by the water.

We stayed at Vevey for tea with Commander Studd's wife, Lady Kathleen Studd, in a chalet commanding wonderful views. Then on to Lausanne, where at six o'clock our journey ended.

Here I called at once at the wireless studio. Since talking over the telephone from Leeds to officials at Zurich I had made some alterations in the manuscript to bring it up-to-date, and wanted to get them passed in accordance with B.B.C. practice. But what a difference there is between the Swiss radio methods and those of the B.B.C.! I walked into the studios, with no commissioner to stop me, and found myself in a long corridor that was partly a waiting room.

From a loud speaker a man's voice was booming excitedly against a background of cheering crowd. It was an eye-witness description of the Tour de Suisse.

A young lady, dark and spectacled, came to see who we were. I found this was Mademoiselle Golay, whose deep musical voice you may have heard announcing, for it is almost as striking as that of the famous woman announcer of Italy.

I explained that I wanted to have my manuscript passed. Mlle. Golay, all animation and verve, gave a glance at the new manuscript and said that would be all right.

"You have not put in any advertisements?" she asked.

"No," I said. "No direct advertising whatever."

She smiled, and shrugged that question aside.

"Would you like to see the talk studio?"

"I would."

The studio walls were covered with crimson. The room shone with light. There was a biggish table with a moveable microphone and a very good clock. It all looked bright and theatrical after the austere appointments of the B.B.C. studios in Leeds.

I suggested a voice test. Mlle. Golay shrugged it aside. "Oh, no," she said. "That will be all right. If you speak too loud or if you speak too softly I shall hand you a note to say so, but I am sure our amplifier will do all that is necessary."

A telephone bell rang. Mlle. Golay answered rapidly and competently. She is accustomed to answering the everlasting question, "What shall I do?" She reassured the inquirer, beamed upon me confidently, and began to speak of the Tour de Suisse, as you and I might speak of the St. Leger.

So Commander Studd and I went to dinner, greatly taken with the easy ways of the studio, and Mlle. Golay's darting, many-sided competence.

Our B.B.C. studio at Leeds is like a temple of science. This studio at Lausanne was thea-

trical. Photographs of famous people were posted on the walls of the waiting room. The spirit of the place was that of a green room.

When I returned a little before ten, after an excellent dinner, which included turkey, a dance orchestra was in full swing with "Night and Day." Mlle. Golay smiled upon us and kept dashing to the announce-microphone in the orchestral studio, coming out to greet people and to see that everyone was present and correct. At 9.59 she ushered me into the crimson room. At 10 she announced me in French and then in English.

A curious feeling grew upon me as I spoke. In the blaze of light in the crimson studio I was tempted to be oratorical instead of conversational. It was very different from the effect of the study atmosphere which the B.B.C. fosters. I had to try hard to make myself talk, and not orate.

When I had finished and Mlle. Golay's golden voice had said good-night to the world, she told me conditions had been good and there was no doubt London would hear me clearly. So out once more into the wet night to the Hotel Mirabeau, there to sleep in a powder-blue room, with bed and furniture ivory coloured, chromium fittings, and a polished wood floor, and an adjoining white-tiled bathroom. Swiss landscapes decorated the walls, and above my head an angel choir breathed a blessing.

MY FLIGHT.

By ST.

(Continuation).

This time I continued my journey in a small Fokker machine belonging to the "Alpar Bern," a Swiss Company which was founded five years ago. This concern, although quite young in years, has made great strides, and year after year has considerably extended its services.

With great expectations I boarded the machine, which was to take me to my native town, this time I was the only passenger as far as Bienne, where an intermediate landing was effected. The short journey from Basle to Bienne, taking only about a quarter of an hour was beautiful, far in the distance the whole chain of the Bernese Oberland was visible, whilst underneath the heights of the Jura mountains were spread out in majestic glory. Back to my mind came those 1914/15 days when I kept watch together with my comrades in arms in the Jura; far from above I could recognise towns and hamlets through which we used to pass in those critical times.

Suddenly there came into sight the lakes of Neuchâtel, Murten and Bienne, an unforgettable sight, over hills and valleys we were speeding along. The St. Peter's island, where I used to spend my holidays as a youth awakened in me happy memories of carefree times long since passed. For miles and miles one could see vineyards and forests, rivers and green fields. This was indeed an earthly paradise. At Bienne we picked up some passengers, and after a halt of barely two minutes we took the air to approach the capital of Switzerland.



In front there was the majestic chain of the Alps, I could discern the threatening pyramid of the Finsteraarhorn; the Mönch, Eiger and Jungfrau as well as the Blüemlisalp forming a massive group; and further back as a faint line I could locate the Valaisian Alps. Not a cloud spoilt this heavenly picture, it was a view which I shall cherish as long as I live, I was immensely proud of my beautiful little country. I have travelled along the Riviera, I have admired the beautiful Bay at Genoa, seen from the heights of the Campo Santo. I have wandered along the

Rhine from Cologne to Mainz, I have "hiked" in the lovely Schwarzwald, admired the coasts of Brittany and Normandy, and nearer home, Cornwall, South Wales and Devon, but none of these glories of nature have impressed me half as much as this wonderful flight over this lovely countryside with its green hills, valleys and lakes towered over by the snow clad Alps, and silvery glaciers.

A feeling of immense happiness filled my heart, this world is so beautiful, why must we make it so hard for each other to enjoy life? why should there be wars, why should we ever embitter our lives with petty jealousies and class hatred when we could each of us live happy and content in God's beautiful nature!! Every thing earthly seemed to me so pettish so devoid of any grandeur.

But there was no time for further reflections, in the distance appeared the steeple of the Minster of Berne, we were following the windings of the River Aare, and next I could see the Federal Palais, on which the Swiss flag was hoisted, as it was the 1st of August, the National Day of the Swiss Confederation. And now we were right over the town, I could see the house where my dear ones dwelt, I saw scores of places which I have visited during the last few years, they were greeting me like old friends, the humming of the engines sounded to me like a symphony of love. Home, back home, what a feeling of joy, I felt like jumping out to embrace my native soil, but reason prevailed, and after all I am a Bernois, and we are used to take things rather slowly. We were now nearing the picturesque Aerodrome on the Belpmoos, the engines were shut off, and in a slow-glide we landed. I could hardly realise that on the same morning,

I was still in London, and barely 5 hours later I was almost in the heart of Switzerland. On alighting from the machine, I had the great pleasure of meeting M. H. Pillichody, Manager of the "Alpar Bern," and one of Switzerland's foremost pilots. Here as before I was greatly impressed by the courtesy of all the officials, right down from pilots to the smallest office clerk, I found nothing but courtesy, right from Croydon, Le Bourget, Basle and Berne. These "Air" people are indeed as fine a set of men as I have ever met.

The return journey, which I undertook three days later was every bit as enjoyable, and this my first trip into the ether will be one of my most treasured experiences, and I can heartily recommend a flight to Switzerland to all of my readers, I am convinced they will enjoy it as much as I did.

"In dem lichten Schweben
Ahnen wir ein ewig' Leben.—
Flügel rauschen leis im Wind —
Schwingen trägst Du, Erdenkind!"