Forthcoming events

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Mlle. Trudi Staub, appeared, in a "très chic " evening frock.

There were wonderful toilettes to be seen and glorious jewellery exhibited. Colonel Bon, our untiring host, in turn conducted the large and fine orchestra or played the accordeon, he was the life and soul of the company. Wine flowed almost in streams and champagne corks sounded like an incessant bombardment.

At three o'clock a.m. a cold supper consisting of cold meats and "Bündnerfleisch" was served. I left the company soon after, as I was auxious to snatch a few hours sleep, but I was told that the last revellers went to their rooms shortly after 6 a.m.

I was able to start with two of my colleagues of the "Times" and "Evening Standard" the same morning soon after 8 o'clock on a swift and lovely walk towards Silvaplana, it was a won-derful morning the peaks of the surrounding mountains were bathed in golden sunshine. Sledge on sledge passed us, the bells on the horses gaily tingling, they brought the people from around to the polls, as on that Sunday the popu-lation voted on Romantsch becoming an official hanguage of our country. language of our country.

One of my companions, much to my surprise. suddenly started to eat snow, excusing himself with being "most damnably thirsty," I only hope that the visitors of St. Moritz will not imitate him, or this famous winter resort will come to a sad end.

At 10 o'clock a.m. we left our luxurious abode, as I thought to go direct to the Air Port in Samaden, but no such luck, we had to empty the cup to the bitter end.

A cocktail party was arranged for 11 o'clock at the Grand Hotel, on arriving the orchestra started the time "It's a long way to Tipperary," a tune which on all our "wanderings" accom-panied us, as a sort of signature tune, it was really most amusing.

After very appetising refreshments were served both "liquid and solid" the Director of the Hotel made a little speech giving the toast to H. M. the King and Switzerland, whilst the band struck up the respective National Anthems. On departing from these hospitable quarters the band came outside the Hotel, and would you believe it, played again "It's a long way to Tipperary."

Then at last off to Samaden, more drinks Then at last off to Samaden, more drinks, more handshakings and after having said "thank you very much" for this overwhelming hospi-tality we boarded the Douglas machine which stood outside the hangar to take us back to Zurich, where an official Luncheon offered by the Management of the SWISSALE availed us Management of the SWISSAIR awaited us.

Once again we beheld a glorious view of the mountains, not a breath of wind stirred, there was not a cloud in the sky. As a special treat Flight-Captain Nyffenegger took us over the peaks of the Bernina, peaks on peaks and shining claciers passed us glaciers passed us.

Deep below we saw Davos when passing over the Parsenn, — the Parsenn Derby, which was held on that Sunday, provided a pleasant inter-lude, — the cable railway which connects Davos to the Parsenn snowfields and the Weissfluh was chearly rightly clearly visible.

In the distance both Chur and Klosters could In the distance both Chur and Klosters could be seen, some of the slopes were crowded with ski-ers lounging in the sun, we passed over many of the high peaks only a few hundred feet above them and seeing these cold almost cruel-looking tops, I took, figuratively speaking, my hat off to all mountaineers; I had always imagined that the attainment of the summit and the view there-from was the raison d'être of the craft, but I have come to the conclusion that the summit is not a reward in itself, but a fitting culmination of endeavours.

On nearing Bad Ragaz clouds prevented us obtaining a view below, and the rest of the jour-ney was accomplished high above the clouds in golden sunshine, in the distance the high peaks of the Alps could still be seen. Shortly before landing at Dübendorf we dived through the clouds, what a contrast it was from light to dullness

An " *apéritif* " was served at the Restaurant of the Aerodrome followed by a Luncheon.

Mr. H. Pillicholy, joint managing director with Mr. E. Groh, in a speech given in perfect English, thanked the members of the party for having taken part in this first Non-stop flight, expressing the hope that this successful trip would remain in the memory of all the partici-pants. Capt. Macmillan expressed the thanks of the Party for this invitation which will be treasured by all those who had the good fortune to take part in it. to take part in it.

At 2 p.m. we started on our homeward journey, landing at Croydon after exactly a 2h. 55m. flight.

Mr. Oliver K. Whiting of the B.B.C., who took part in this flight, gave a vivid description in the Regional programme, saying that this flight will prove to be a mile stone which will link two friendly nations together.

Of one thing I am perfectly sure, and that is, that my English colleagues have not only been deeply impressed with the hospitality of our countrymen, but with the grandeur and beauty of our homeland, they will, as everyone told me, never forget this flight over the giants in their Alvine eigendeur Alpine splendour.

To me, as a Swiss it has made me love my country still deeper, may God preserve it and watch over it, and may I close this narrative with Gottfried Keller's unforgettable words:

" Lasse strahlen Deinen schönsten Stern

yet-

W.1.

W.C.1.

Nieder auf mein irdisch Vaterland.

