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of the log fire it was cosy and peaceful. My host and hostess (Mrs. Graham) looked after me extremely well and spared no trouble to make me comfortable. If anyone knows the Swiss in Scotland, it is Mr. Hofstetter who came from Switzerland in the 'thirties to establish a silk dyeing factory at Balloch, a few miles from Drymen. With him there were some thirty Swiss, most of them from the Zurichsee region. They formed the nucleus of the Balloch Swiss Club. The factory, however, was sold to an American company, and now only five Swiss are employed there. Thus, the Balloch Club is getting smaller and smaller, and unless a transfusion of some new blood, possibly from Glasgow, will revitalise it, its days are numbered.

On that evening at the Loch Lomond Hotel at Balloch, there was no sign of "moribundity". It was a very happy company of some thirty people who gave me a most friendly welcome under the chairmanship of the Club's President, Mr. H. Berli. A number of Swiss from Glasgow had driven over to Balloch for the occasion. After the excellent meal, I again gave a talk on similar lines as at Dunfermline, and once again, I felt how important personal contact was.

The following day I was able to inspect Mr. Hofstetter's domain more closely — he is keen on shooting and fishing, and his home is in an ideal position for him to do both. Pheasants, in fact, come to feed on his lawn, and he has trout in his pond surrounded by bracken and Douglas fir. In the afternoon, the President of the Club, Mr. Berli, took me for a drive to the Trossachs. I could go on for quite a time enthusing about the beauty of Lochs Katrine and Vennachar, of Duke Pass and Lake Menteth, the only *lake* in Scotland. But I could never describe the most unusual autumn colouring, for only a paintbrush could give a true picture of the phantastic golds, reds and yellows which were the hedges and trees in the Scottish landscape. It was tea at Callander and then back again. For another treat was in store for me, a dinner at the famous Lomond Castle Hotel overlooking the banks of Loch Lomond. And then the next morning, Mr. Guido Ferrari, fetched us for a visit to

Glasgow.

There is not really a Swiss Club in Glasgow, though there are about sixty Swiss there, a large number of them Ticinesi or from the Poschiavo. There is a Relief Society for Scotland, too, but the interested Glasgow Swiss, on the whole, join up with the Balloch Club. There used to be an annual gathering with possibly a film show, but at the moment, there is not much activity. Mr. Ferrari took us to his well-known restaurant where Joe is head waiter. He has been in Scotland for over fifty years, and his real name is Guiseppe Negrini. Over a first-class meal, and a bottle of Auvernier, Mr. Hofstetter and our host told me about the problems of the Swiss in Scotland, and I, in turn, gave more information on the Federation of Swiss Societies and the "Swiss Observer".

On the way back to Drymen, the two gentlemen took me to the Glasgow Art Gallery to see Salvador Dali's famous "Christ of St. John of the Cross", and then we drove via Bearsden, Stockiemoor and Queen's View back to the comfortable bungalow on Boquhanhill.

The next morning it was good-bye. My visit had come to an end. As the "Royal Scot" left rainy Glasgow, and I waved, slightly sad and nostalgic, to my friends, I felt as if I were leaving home. I had gone to Scotland

to establish contact. In that I have succeeded; our compatriots up beyond the Border know more about us down South thanks to my visit. I have gained in knowledge about them and their problems. In addition, after barely a week, I left the richer by several good friends whom I am looking forward to meeting again — soon, I hope.

MM

PREVIEW OF THE 1965/66 WINTER SEASON

In the last issue it was stated that the new brochure "Winter Events in Switzerland 1965/66" and "News from Swiss Winter Resorts Winter 1965/66" (especially produced for skiing enthusiasts), could be obtained from the Swiss National Tourist Office in Zurich. We should like to add that both these publications may be had free of charge from the S.N.T.O. in London, 458 Strand, W.C.2.

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