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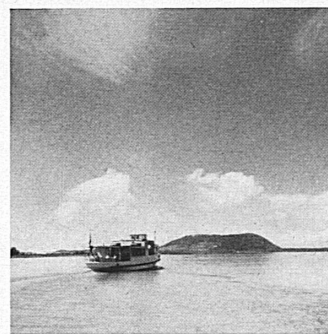
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Top: The Lake of Bienne is a favourite goal for school outings. — Oben: Der Bielersee bildet ein beliebtes Ziel für Schulreisen. — Ci-dessus: Le lac de Bienne, but favori des courses scolaires.

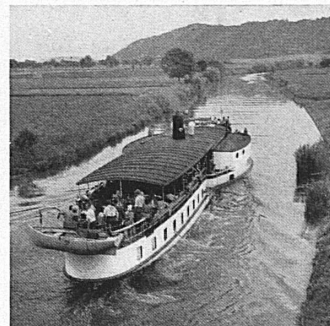
Photo: Baumgartner.



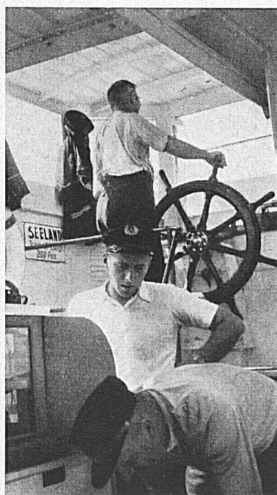
Above and down: White-painted boats bring you around the lake—and farther on to the lakes of Neuchâtel and Murten. — Oben: Unter weitem offenem Himmel fährt das Schiff von Biel aus gen Westen zur Insel. — Ci-dessus: De Bienne, le vapeur met le cap vers l'ouest, en direction de l'île St-Pierre. Photo: M. A. Wyss.

Unten: Bieler-, Neuenburger- und Murtensee sind untereinander durch Schiff-fahrtskanäle verbunden. — Ci-dessous: Des canaux navigables relient les lacs de Bienne, de Neuchâtel et de Morat.

Photo: Focus-Bilderdienst.



THE LAKE-AND THE ISLAND OF PURE PEACE!



Top: On the steamer. — Oben: Bootsfahrt auf dem See. — Ci-dessus: En bateau sur le lac.

Photo: M. A. Wyss.

Right: Quiet little creeks and bays all over the place where you fasten your boat and let fly your thoughts... — Rechts: Ruhe und Ausspannung am stillen Strande der Petersinsel. — A droite: Détente sur le rivage de l'île St-Pierre.

Photo: M. A. Wyss.

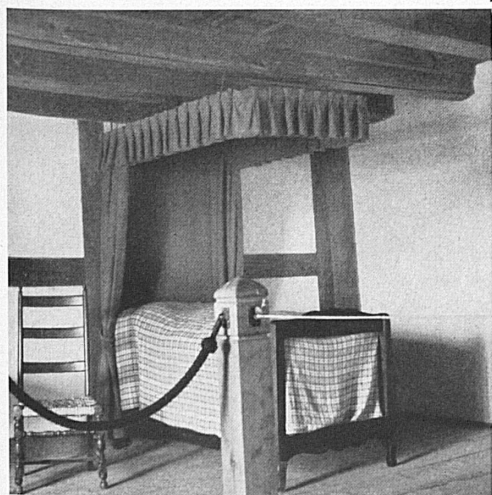


Right: The rear part of the island was submerged for a long period. — Rechts: Der obere Teil der Insel, der sog. «Heidenweg», lag lange Zeit unter Wasser. — A droite: Pendant de longues années, les eaux recouvrirent la partie postérieure de l'île.
Photo: Steiner.

You better get there by train—there is a fast one speeding from Zurich to Bienne in no time! Because your car will be of no use when you reach that town, a mixture of modern, concrete, city-fronting houses and attractive little places that look perfectly out of time and quite mediæval. You may dine in the restaurant of a towering ten-storey building—but then get out of it!

Down at the lake, small steamers, clean-looking, smooth and friendly are waiting for you; it's like a dive into cool, blue, shallow water when they start off with you—and there is that gentle breeze that's always fanning you! And there is a sky! Not the earnest looking sky of Central Switzerland that goes with solemn mountains and often likes to frown at you with heavy clouds like rain-promising fingers. A blue sky where little feather-white veils sail across the wide open horizon and the gentle slopes of wax-greenish vineyards go down to the lake where villages and tiny hamlets reflect themselves in the blueish water beside white-painted fisher boats.

And there is the island of St. Peter. No car ever hit that sandy shore where dark-green fir-trees draw a strange and rare pattern of Mediterranean scenery against low-swung beautifully wooded hills. Light pours down on woods, vineyards, corn-fields and sandy paths. Hidden in thickish undergrowth, made for wonderful imaginative kid-plays, are the whitish tents where happy holidayers live—sunbathing, swimming, fishing, doing nothing, just being happy! And if there is need for water or food they will find it farther on in the heart of the island. An ancient monastery, you'll restore yourself there in the cool refectory where you'll eat de-



Above: The room where famous poet and philosopher Jean-Jacques Rousseau spent some time back in the summer of 1765. — Oben: Jean Jacques Rousseaus Zimmer. — Ci-dessus: Jean-Jacques Rousseau a vécu dans cette chambre en 1765.

Right: View from Ligerz across the Lake to the island. — Rechts: Ligerz und Petersinsel. — A droite: Gléresse et l'île St-Pierre.
Photo: M. A. Wyss,

licious white bread grown on the island and sip a greenish white wine that tastes like nothing before. There is peace around you, pure peace and the only noise is that of a distant threshing-machine that's like the beating hum of Nature's own pulse... Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the famous writer and philosopher of 18th century spent two months on this favoured island—people will show you his austere room on the

first floor—and I wonder if it wasn't here that his summoning "Back to Nature!" was uttered for the first time or at least repeated with fuller conviction of his heart. The City of Bern as owner of this little island has done a very good thing in not letting anybody build a house or set up a roof that lasts longer than the time of a summer full of sun and happiness.
Mawyss.

