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by motor lorry. According to the terms of the notice inserted in the *Feuille Officielle des Chemins de Fer*, this measure is subject to the conditions that it should be applicable to traffics which had forsaken the rails for the roads, or was likely to do so; that the rates so granted should procure to the railway a reasonable return, and that the consignor should undertake to send by rail a minimum quantity of goods annually, and to reduce or discontinue the use of motor transport.

Protests have been raised against such measures being taken by the railways on the ground that they are contrary to the law on transport, which declares null and void any agreement by which one or several consignors benefit by reductions of rates, and which declares legal only those reductions of rates properly published and equally available to all under the same conditions. The official reply to this contention is that the requirements of the law on transport of 1893 resulted from the fact that the railways had in fact a monopoly, and that without the intervention of the legislator it could have given preference to certain users over others, or to certain districts over others, by an arbitrary fixing of rates. Now, on the one hand, the transport monopoly no longer exists as a result of the introduction of the motor vehicle; and, on the other, the rates granted by the railway managements with a view to meeting road competition do not form rate reductions in the sense of the legal prescriptions mentioned above. In fact, it is not the railway but motor transport which has enabled the consignor to send his goods at lower rates than other people. Hence, by bringing its rates to the same level as those of motor transport the railway does not create, as regards the users, a difference in rates which did not already exist. The arrangement between the "Sesa" and the railways is on a commission basis, the former being paid a percentage of the receipts on all traffic handled. These discounts, it is stated, will undoubtedly be kept at a low rate seeing that the "Sesa" is not primarily a profit-earning concern and possesses but a small staff.

#### The Spas of Switzerland.

The following descriptive article from the *Queen* (April 25th) will more particularly interest those of our readers who contemplate taking the waters:—

"Most of the spas of Switzerland offer scenic beauties and attractive climates in addition to the excellence of their mineral waters; and the baths can in nearly all cases be taken in the hotels attached to the bathing establishments, which is an arrangement of great convenience to the guests and at the same time it means protection in case of bad weather.

Climatically Switzerland is exceptionally well situated, since the spas are at altitudes ranging from eight hundred to six thousand feet above sea-level, and the effect of altitude is thus added to the action of the waters as it causes a reduction of atmospheric pressure, more intensive action of the sun, purer and drier air, and stronger radio-activity.

As there are over one hundred and fifty Swiss spas, it is impossible to refer to all of them; but the chief ones are dealt with below in alphabetical order.

*Aquarossa* (1,740 ft.) is the only spa in Italian Switzerland with warm springs, which contain arsenic, iron, lithium and radium. The season is from April until October, and the treatments (fango packs, baths, massage, sun-baths, etc.) are for sciatica, chronic rheumatism, skin ailments and general debility. The district has a rich alpine flora and there are charming walks and fair fishing.

*Avenue* (2,350 ft.) in the Grisons, has its season from June to September. The waters are sulphur and the treatments are for gout, nervous ailments and liver. The Naheim treatment is also given. The advantage of Avenue is the combination of tonic Alpine air and the waters.

*Baden* (1,160 ft.), 25 minutes by rail from Zurich and an hour from Basle, is among the most important of the Swiss spas and an account of its waters and treatments was given on April 11th.

*Brestenberg* (1,440 ft.) is practically unknown to English visitors, but it is a place with treatments suited for cases of arteriosclerosis and patients desiring quiet surroundings. The village is in the orchard valley of lakes to the north of Lucerne. In spring the Seetal is a mass of fruit blossom and the light railway from Lucerne to Wildegg affords one of the most delightful excursions, though it is not as popular as the lake excursions from Switzerland's tourist metropolis. The Brestenberg waters are chalybeate and there are treatments for heart and kidney ailments. Milk cures are also carried out and in early autumn the grape cure can be taken, as there are extensive vineyards in the neighbourhood, which is historically of exceptional interest, for the valley is not only a valley of lakes and orchards but of ancient castles.

*Gurnigel* (3,450 ft.) has become better known to English people as a winter sports centre

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than as a spa, but its baths have been of local importance since the 16th century, and since 1905 they have been modernised. The waters are sulphur and there is also a chalybeate spring. The treatments include sulphur baths, Naheim baths, and dietetic treatment. June-September is the season.

*Lenk* (3,310 ft.), Bernese Oberland, is known for its strong hydrogen sulphide spring and the waters are used in the treatment of chronic catarrh of the nose, throat and larynx, bronchial catarrh, catarrh of the middle ear, asthma and anaemia. The season is from May until the end of September.

*Loèche-les-Bains* (4,200 ft.), in the Canton Valais, is an hour by light railway from Loèche on the main line of the Simplon. The waters are strongly radio-active and contain chiefly sulphate of lime. Every hotel has its own bathing installation. There are two large sulphur swimming baths. The waters are used for gout and rheumatism, sciatica, anaemia, and skin diseases; and the season is from May to October.

*Passugg* (2,530 ft.) is in the Grisons near Chur, the junction for Davos and St. Moritz. The season is May-October, and the ailments treated include those of the digestive organs and kidney and nervous diseases.

*Ragaz* (1,550 ft.) is between Zurich and Chur. The baths have been known for many centuries, and the Wildbad spring has a wide reputation. There are five different bathing establishments with ninety-three single baths and one big covered swimming bath. All the baths are served with a continuous supply of thermal water (98 degrees Fahr.). Naheim and many other baths are given. Ailments treated include gout, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, digestive disorders, heart diseases, and general debility. The season is from April until October. There are several good hotels and the amusements include golf, tennis, dancing and fishing. Ragaz is a favourite place of call for visitors from the Engadine after the winter season and to the Engadine just before the summer season.

*Rheinfelden* (840 ft.) is a small town not far from Basle. Its brine baths have been famous for centuries, and the present bathing facilities are quite modern. The season is April-November, while some of the hotels are open all the year. All treatments are given in the hotels, and they include brine baths with or without carbonic acid, baths with the "mutterlaug" containing iodine and bromine, fango, hydrotherapy, electrotherapy, diathermia, inhalation, and terrain cures.

*Schinznach* (1,050 ft.) has of late years become greatly favoured by English visitors. Its warm springs were appreciated by the Romans. The waters are classed among the strongest radio-active sulphur springs of Europe. The daily output is more than 396,228 gallons with a temperature of 91 degrees Fahr. The hotels are situated in a beautiful park which extends from the Aar to the hills of the Castle of Habsburg. The climate is mild, the air is pure and free from dust, and the average summer temperature is 62 degrees Fahr. The newly-equipped and comfortable bathing establishments are in direct connection with the hotels by means of closed-in galleries. The sulphur water (which is bottled and exported) is used in the treatment of rheumatism and gout, bronchial asthma and skin affections. There are two doctors in residence and the season is April-October.

*St. Moritz-Bad* (5,400 ft.) is not so well known to English visitors as the Dorf, as most of its hotels are closed in winter. The fame of the baths can be attributed to the combination of the sunny, dry Alpine climate with the therapeutic action of its sparkling chalybeate springs, its fango treatment with the Alpine fango, and rest cures. The treatments are useful in cases of anaemia, bronchial asthma, hay-fever, cardiac debility, and nervous diseases. There are eight doctors in residence.

*Tarasp and Vulpera* (3,750 ft.) are known for their Glaubersalt springs—unique in Switzerland and similar to those at Carlsbad, Marienbad, Vichy and Kissingen. The advantages lie in the combination of the mineral action of the waters with the Alpine air and the sunshine of the mild Lower Engadine. There are ten different springs of varied composition. The installation for

drinking and bathing cures is modern, and great success has been achieved in the treatment of diseases of the digestive organs. Seven doctors are in residence from May 10th to September 20th.

*Val Sinistra* (4,440 ft.) is in a side valley of the Lower Engadine, and the bath establishment is in the midst of pine woods. The springs are ferruginous and are used in cases of nervous and skin diseases.

*Yverdon* (1,300 ft.) is on the south shore of Lake Neuchâtel. Its bathing establishment, constructed by the community in 1730, was entirely remodelled in 1905 and is now quite up-to-date. The waters are sulphur (77 degrees Fahr.) and are used in the treatment of rheumatism and gout, diseases of the kidney and liver, and bronchial asthma. The season is May-October, when two physicians are in residence.

Other Swiss spas include Aigle, Disentis, Bex, Lavey, Henniez, Vals, Heustrich, Morgins, etc., particulars of any of which will be given to readers if desired.

#### The First Multi-Millionaire.

Under this title *T.P.'s Weekly* (May 5th) recounts the odyssey of one of our compatriot's who had emigrated to the land of unlimited possibilities:—

"There is no more startling story of the vicissitudes of human fortune than that of Johann August Sutter, of Switzerland—who went to America and there became John A. Sutter—set forth by M. Blaise Cendrars, in "L'or" (Paris: Bernard Crasset). He was born poor, and he died poor; and, in the meantime, he had been the richest man in the world—potentially, if not actually, the first of the American multi-millionaires—the actual owner, in fee simple, of the Californian gold fields and the ground landlord of the present cities of San Francisco and Sacramento.

He left his country, in the first instance, for good, with the police hard on his heels and a number of creditors very anxious to discover his whereabouts. Having crossed the frontier and reached France, he provided himself with a meal by milking a Frenchman's cow—using his hat as a milk pail—and stole sufficient money for his immediate needs by going through the knapsacks of a party of German students who were taking a walking tour in the Jura. Thus he got to Paris, where he cashed a forged letter of credit and there he disappeared.

His wife, family and friends had to wait fourteen years for further news of him. When they got it he had "made good" in America.

The list of the occupations which he followed before making good is long and miscellaneous. He served behind druggists', drapers' and butchers' counters. He tramped the country as a pedlar. He worked in a saw-mill. He taught mathematics in a school and won a substantial purse of dollars in a prize fight. Then he became a farmer near St. Louis; and finally he was moved by travellers' tales to make his way to California.

There was no direct route to California in those days; the Apaches blocked the way and scalped the travellers. In order to get there Sutter had to go, first, to Vancouver, and thence to Honolulu, whence he was eventually dumped on the beach of what is now the city of San Francisco, but was then a mission station, with a few fishermen's huts. It belonged—one is speaking of the early eighteen-forties—not to the United States but to Mexico; and it was from the Mexican Governor, Alvarada, that Sutter obtained permission to found a settlement which he called "New Helvetia."

It was a successful settlement. Sutter lived in it in style, as the Chief of a State, holding

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### SWISS WINES.

Valais, Fendant ...	49/-	55/-	Dezaley ...	52/-	58/-
Neuchâtel, White ...	46/-	52/-	Johannisberg ...	50/-	56/-
" Red ...	54/-		Dole, Red Valais ...	57/-	63/-

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the official appointment of Guardian of the Frontier. He owned vast estates, and thousands of cattle, sheep and horses, raised an army with which to overawe the Indians, and was escorted by retainers in gorgeous uniforms when he travelled.

He was allowed to retain his property and his proud position when the Americans annexed California, continuing to live in a fort defended by nine guns and a garrison of one hundred men. And then, one day, gold was discovered on his estate, and that discovery was his undoing.

The rush began. The 'forty-niners—tens of thousands of them—came streaming in; Sutter's retainers and his workpeople—mostly Indians and Kanakas—deserted him and joined them. There was no police force to compel them to respect Sutter's rights; and they did not respect them. They pegged out claims on his land. They milked his cows and picked his fruit, and cut down his trees. When he himself pegged out a claim of his own, the Kanakas whom he hired to work it stole the gold. The question for him was: Should he go back to Switzerland and live quietly on the modest competence which he had been able to save out of the wreck, or should he try to vindicate his rights in a Court of law.

He decided upon the latter course; and his claims were so numerous and so enormous that it took him four years to prepare his case.

The number of persons on whom he served writs for settling on his land without his leave was 17,221. The amount which he claimed as ground landlord of San Francisco, Sacramento and other townships was £40,000,000. He also sued the State Government for £5,000,000, because it had failed to protect him from the trespasses of the 'forty-niners; and he claimed a royalty on all the gold which had been extracted from his immense estates.

Judgment was given in his favour, in all these suits, by Judge Thompson of the High Court of California, on March 15th, 1855; so that it may fairly be said that he was, at that date, theoretically the richest man in the world.

Theoretically, but not practically; for two insuperable obstacles blocked the way when Sutter tried to realise his wealth: the law's delays and the fierce indignation of the Californians. The judgment of the Californian Court required the confirmation of Washington; and Sutter had no sooner set out for Washington, to make his representations there, than the mob started rioting. It burnt down the San Francisco Court House, and destroyed all the papers contained in it. It threatened to lynch Judge Thompson, who had to run for his life; and it then proceeded to destroy Sutter's own country house, ravaging his vineyards and vegetable gardens, felling his fruit trees, emptying his cellar, slaughtering his cattle and his poultry, and hanging his Kanaka and Chinese employees.

He was ruined at a stroke. The rest of his life was devoted to the unavailing attempt to procure justice at Washington; and he died—a pauper and a broken man—of an apoplectic seizure outside the Capitol, at Washington, on June 17th, 1880. It is a wonderful story, most graphically told by M. Blaise Cendrars.

**FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL NEWS FROM SWITZERLAND.**

The subscription lists to the new Swiss Federal Railways loan of Frs. 150,000,000 are now open. The loan is of the 4½ per cent. type, coupons are payable on the 31st May and the 30th November, and the whole loan is redeemable on the 31st May, 1944, at par. The new issue is intended in the first place to provide for the conversion of the 5½ Federal Railways loan of 1918-19 which falls due for redemption on the 30th November, 1928, and in so far as stock still remains available for the purpose, holders of the Swiss Federal Treasury Bonds of 1923 Series V. will receive an opportunity of converting their holdings into bonds of the new loan. Any balance eventually remaining is open for public subscription at 98%.

The position of the Swiss Federal Railways has undergone a very satisfactory improvement of late. For the year ended 31st December, 1927, the gross revenue amounted to 335½ million francs, while gross expenditure was 267 million francs, leaving a gross working profit of 128½ million francs. The ratio of revenue to expenditure thus works out at 67.51 per cent., as compared with 70.77 per cent. in 1926 and a maximum of 96.59 per cent. attained in 1921, at the time of the Railways' worst post-war difficulties.

After meeting all interest charges, etc., the net revenue for 1927 amounted to somewhat over 6 million francs, which is a very good showing when compared with the deficit of 9½ million francs on the preceding year.

The large Swiss chemical manufacturing concerns have been able to look back upon a fairly satisfactory year's working in 1927. The Société Suisse pour l'Industrie Chimique in Basle closed the year with a net profit of Frs. 5,120,425 as compared with Frs. 5,027,013 in 1926, and is again distributing a dividend of 15 per cent.

The Fabrique de Produits Chimiques ci-devant Sandoz in Basle, is also able to maintain its dividend distribution at the same rate as last year, viz., 25 per cent., having made a net profit of Frs. 2,828,740 as compared with Frs. 3,183,571 in the previous year.

**QUOTATIONS from the SWISS STOCK EXCHANGES.**

BONDS.		May 1	May 8	
Confederation 3% 1903	...	82.50	82.50	
3% 1917, VIII Mob. Ln	...	102.00	102.00	
Federal Railways 3½% A-K	...	86.52	86.50	
" " 1924 IV Elect. Ln.	...	102.37	102.37	
SHARES.		Nom.	May 1	May 8
Swiss Bank Corporation	...	Fr. 500	Fr. 777	Fr. 780
Crédit Suisse	...	500	865	887
Union de Banques Suisses	...	500	720	717
Société pour l'Industrie Chimique	...	1000	2767	2720
Fabrique Chimique ci-dev. Sandoz	...	1000	4800	4837
Soc. Ind. pour la Schappe	...	1000	4222	4025
S.A. Brown Boveri	...	350	640	630
C. F. Bally	...	1000	1580	1550
Nestlé & Anglo-Swiss Cond. Mk. Co.	...	200	927	925
Entreprises Suisse S.A.	...	1000	1210	1210
Conn. de Navig n sur le lac Léman	...	500	535	535
Linoleum A.G. Giubiasco	...	100	280	297
Maschinenfabrik Oerlikon	...	500	775	780

**AUS DEM "AFRIKA FLUG."**

*(Der nachstehende Auszug ist mit gütiger Erlaubnis des Verlags dem von Orrell Füssli in Zürich in deutsch und französisch veröffentlichten Buche "Afrika Flug" entnommen, das Mittelholzer's Flug durch den schwarzen Erdteil ausführlich in Wort und Bild beschreibt. Sein Begleiter, Lieut.-Col. René Gouzy wird am 23. Mai in unserer Kolonie einen Vortrag halten.)*

**VON ATHEN NACH ALEXANDRIA.**

Alles war zur Fahrt bereit und wir hatten uns schon von unsern Landsleuten verabschiedet, als im Augenblick des Abflugs Mittelholzer bemerkte, dass eines der Seitensteuer versagte. Zurück zum Kai—Nachprüfung! Während der Nacht war der an der Boje vertäute Apparat vom Wellenschlag stark geschaukelt worden. Dabei hatte des Meerwasser das Gestänge des Seitensteuers mit einer Salzkruste bedeckt. Da blieb nichts anderes übrig, als den Abflug auf den folgenden Morgen zu verschieben.

Während des ganzen Tages arbeitete Hartmann unablässig unter Beihilfe eines Unteroffiziers des griechischen Flugdienstes an der Maschine, so dass am Abend der Schaden völlig behoben war. Um neun Uhr hatten wir uns im bescheidenen Gasthof von Phaleron zu Bette gelegt.

Am Morgen des 13. Dezember (da heisst es noch, die Flieger seien abergläubisch!), brachte uns eine Schaluppe um 6 Uhr 30 zum Flugzeug. Diesmal gab es keinen "blinden" Abflug. Zwar sprang der Motor auch nicht gleich an, denn die Nacht war sehr kühl gewesen. Doch um 8 Uhr 30 hoben wir uns in die Lüfte, hinauf in einen Himmel, an dem sich grosse kupfrige Wolken jagten. Brise aus Nordnordost—also sehr günstig für uns. Doch wie lange, oder vielmehr bis wohin würde dieser Wind anhalten? Das blieb vorläufig Geheimnis. Denn wir starteten ohne jede Kenntnis der Wetterlage, wie sie jenseits von Kreta herrschte. Vielleicht eine Unvorsichtigkeit. Doch es blieb uns nichts anderes übrig.

Ich bekenne, dass ich in diesem Augenblick doch einige Erregung empfand. Auch Mittelholzer schien besorgt. Allein er hatte entschlossen die möglichen Schwierigkeiten ins Auge gefasst. Bei der Fliegerei muss man stets mit unvorhergesehenen Umständen rechnen, und wer nichts wagt, gewinnt nichts. Der Apparat hat übrigens seine volle Benzinbelastung, mit der wir uns zehn Stunden in der Luft halten und 1,500 Kilometer zurücklegen können. Von Athen bis "gegenüber" sind es bloss 1150! Wir haben also einen Ueberschuss. Zwar keinen überwältigenden. Doch nun frisch drauf los!

Auf etwa 400 m Höhe fliegen wir um 8 Uhr 50 über das Kap Sunion. Das anfangs so trübe Wetter schied sich aufklären zu wollen. Im Süden ging der wunderbar blassgoldene Himmel in ein azurnes Blau über, und bald warf die blendende Sonne ihre Strahlen auf das Meer. Vor uns liegt die endlose Kette der Kykladen, und die einzelnen Inseln dehnen sich wie eine Reihe von Panzern riesenhafter Schildkröten in die Weite, wo sie sich im Dunst verlieren. Unter dem Flugzeug brodelte das Meer und wirft seine Schaumkämme empor. Selten nur lässt sich eine Barke erblicken, die über den erregten Wogen auf und nieder tanzt. Um so besser—so haben wir den günstigen Wind für uns. In sausender Fahrt—zuweilen mit 170 Kilometer—jagt die Schweizland ohne jedes Schlingern vor dem Winde dahin und überholt nacheinander die Inseln Keos, Thermia, Seriphos, Siphnos und Sikinos, während zur Rechten die berühmte Venusinsel Milos auftaucht. Alles kahle, bräunliche, zerrissene Eilande, wo die Brandung wütend gegen die hohen Steilküsten donnert, an denen da und dort kleine Dörfer mit weissen Häuschen nisten. Auf der Höhe von Jos packt uns plötzlich ein gewaltiger Wirbel und wir stürzen mit einmalmal hundert Meter tief in ein Laftloch. Mittelholzer, der gemächlich in der Kabine seinen Photoapparat 13 x 18 nachprüft, tut einen unfreiwilligen und sehr gefährlichen Luftsprung, erhebt sich aber sofort und

stürzt nach dem Steuersitz. Der kostbare Apparat liegt in einer Ecke. Ich selbst hielt mich an den Wänden fest. Glücklicherweise hat niemand Schaden gelitten. Nach diesem "Weckruf" und der Wiederherstellung unseres Gleichgewichts steuern wir gegen Thira oder Santorin, das wir um 10 Uhr überfliegen. Emsige photographische und kinematographische Geschäftigkeit! Dreimal umkreisen wir das vulkanische Gelände, das stark an den Krater der Insel St. Paul erinnert, die einsam aus den Wassern des südlichen Indischen Ozeans emporragt. Santorin zeigt aus der Vogelschau die Form einer Krone. Auf der innern Lagune sind einige Inselchen, zweifellos frühere Eruptionskegel, sichtbar. Auf dem Rande der Krone liegen mehrere Ortschaften; zwei davon sehen recht stattlich aus. Mittelholzer zeichnet eifrig die Dampfildungen (Fumarolen) und Schwefelablagerungen. An bestimmten Stellen, wo sich der Schwefel ansetzt, ist der Boden von chromartigem Gelb. Ein höchst merkwürdiger Anblick, dieser in den Annalen der Vulkanologie klassische Inselstück, ein Anblick, der das Herz unseres Geologen hätte höher schlagen lassen...wenn wir ihn nicht leider hätten durch Benzin ersetzen müssen!

Nach Santorin liegt vor uns nur noch das unendliche Meer. Hier und dort ein paar unbewohnte Eilande. Um 10 Uhr 50 fliegen wir über das einsame Riff von Chaminolisi, das unser Führer, nur nach dem Kompass sich richtend, mit bemerkenswerter Genauigkeit ansteuert. Unendlich zeichnen sich am westlichen Horizont Kap Sidero und die Küste von Kreta ab, während wir in westlicher Richtung Kosos, die letzte der Sporaden erkennen.

Eine halbe Stunde später sind Kreta und die Sporaden hinter uns verschwunden und nun jagen wir hinaus ins unbekanntere Abenteuer. Es ist genau 11 Uhr 30. Wir werden festes Land erst wieder 650 Kilometer weiter südwärts zu Gesicht bekommen...wenn unser Motor durchhält. Das Wetter hat sich glücklicherweise endgültig aufgehellt, nachdem uns noch ein von Norden herangewehtes kräftiges Gewölk reichlich begossen hat. Zweifellos der Abschiedsgruss des kalten und feuchten Europa!

Ich sitze neben Mittelholzer, der ein sehr ernstes Gesicht macht—unser Führer legt sich offenbar Rechenschaft darüber ab, dass unsere Sache mehr oder weniger vom Glück abhängt!—und betrachtet das Meer, das, soweit das Auge reicht, vor uns in sonnenbeglänzten Wogen schaukelt. Warum sollte ich nicht gestehen, dass ich eine sonderbare Erregung fühle, die ich aber sehr rasch unterdrücke. drücke. Wozu übrigens das Unruhe? Unser wackerer B.M.W.-Motor hat seine Proben zur Genüge abgelegt.

Stunde um Stunde, Ewigkeiten wie mir scheint, fliegen wir über die endlose Wasserfläche. Von Zeit zu Zeit werfen wir, Mittelholzer und ich, einen Blick auf den Chronometer, dessen Zeiger uns heute mit hoffnungsloser Langsamkeit vorzurücken scheint. Im Süden tauchen weissliche Wolken auf wie Eisberge. Vom Dröhnen des Motors gewiegt, denke ich an Amundsen und seine Gefährten, die im Jahre 1925 dem Pol zuflogen, hinein ins Unbekannte. Unermüdet lässt unser B.M.W. sein Brummen hören und setzt keine Sekunde aus. Die Einsamkeit und Stille der Umgebung sind schrankenlos, fast erdrückend. Soweit der Blick reicht—kein Schiff. Das schlimme Unwetter, das in den letzten Tagen diese Gegend heimgesucht hat, ist ohne Zweifel schuld daran. In Alexandria sagte man uns später, am Sonntag habe ein Sturm gewüthet wie noch nie. Voll Besorgnis erwarteten uns die Landsleute. Wären wir an jenem Tage abgefliegen, dann...Wie man sieht, ist ein Unglück immer zu etwas gut und wir beglückwünschten uns nachträglich zu dem Unfall mit dem Seitensteuer vom Sonntagmorgen. An so dünnem Faden hängt das Schicksal!...

Ich sprach soeben von Schiffen. Wir sahen im ganzen drei, oder vielmehr zwei und eine Rauffahne am Horizont. Unsere Aussichten, im Falle einer Panne aufgefrischt zu werden, waren also recht gering. Und zwar um so geringer, als unsere immer noch beschädigten Schwimmer bei so aufgeregter See nicht lange flott geblieben wären. Vorausgesetzt, dass uns die Wogen nicht von vornherein zum Kentern gebracht hätten, wäre es uns nur möglich gewesen, den Apparat zwei bis höchstens drei Stunden über Wasser zu halten. Doch ist es überflüssig, sich dabei aufzuhalten, da ich ja noch da bin, dem Leser unsere Odyssee zu erzählen.

Gegen 14 Uhr 30 dreht sich plötzlich der Wind und bläst aus Südost. Zum Glück nähern wir uns dem Ziel. Um 15 Uhr 05 erblicke ich durch den Feldstecher einen langen, grellweissen Streifen. Land—Aegypten—hurra! Unsere Gesichter heitern sich auf.

Das Wasser wird allmählich trübe und die Azurfarbe des Meeres geht in ein schmutziges Gelb über. Offenbar das Schlammgeschiebe des Nils!

Um 15 Uhr 25 fliegen wir zum ersten Male über den schwarzen Erdteil. Oder vielmehr über den gelben, denn der schmale Landstreifen, den wir 300 m unter uns erblicken, zeigt ein helles Braun, das nur zeitweise von grünen Flecken durchsetzt ist: Palmen! Unsere Meerfahrt hat vier Stunden gedauert. Vier Stunden zwischen Himmel und Wasser!