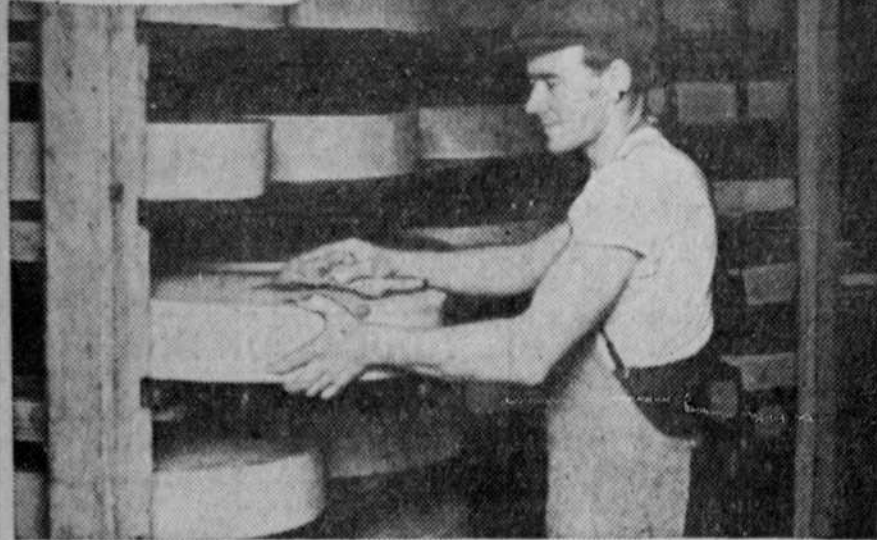


# GRUYERE FETE



Gruyere Cheese Is Stored for Ripening.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.  
GRUYERES dons festive attire on August first. It is the Swiss Fourth of July, and colorful ceremonies are the order of the day.

At dusk bells begin pealing joyously as you climb the steep path to the town.  
As you listen to the melodious tones you consider how much these bells mean in the lives of the people. They toll for funerals and national tragedies, clang out the time, summon to church, proudly ring out the glad tidings of victory, political or military, and sing hymns and old airs at the whim of the carillonner. Each call has a distinctive tone. Bells have spoken thus for centuries.

But this excited pean means only that some great event is about to take place. It inspires in you as you hurry along with the stream of laughing, singing country folk, that same expectant thrill that you felt as a boy when you chased the whining callope of the circus parade.

You crowd through the narrow arch of the ancient tower, a frowning pile, gray and forbidding, which once barred the way to the invader. Now it serves the peaceful purpose of framing the old gate and supporting the arms of Gruyeres—a silver crane on a gules shield, surmounted by a crown and held by two semi-naked savages, clubs in hand.

What a scene bursts upon you as you pass out of the entranceway and walk into the town's cobbled court! Throngs of people, dressed in gorgeous Gruyere costumes, are gathered in a medieval setting. All seem exalted, as are you, by the constant dingdong of the scores of bells, some loud and clear, others fainter and farther away, perhaps miles down the valley.

The scene is like an animated amphitheater, in which the central floor forms the arena, and the high gabled houses, with lace-capped heads craning from each Gothic window, make the tiers.

## Flowers and Flags.

The backdrop is a veritable rainbow of color. Every sill flaunts a box of brilliant geraniums and nasturtiums, making a kaleidoscope of the pastel hues. White-crossed, blood-red flags of Switzerland stretch between the houses and flutter from poles. Above most doors waves the scarlet flag of Gruyeres with a white crane strutting across its center. Nature, not to be outdone by the efforts of man, tints the billowing clouds with the rosy glow of an Alpine sunset.

Gradually, you work your way up the arena, past the central fountain with its washtubs and wooden boards worn smooth with much scrubbing, to the court's upper end. Like a stage before curtain raising, it is the focal point of all eyes.

The peal of the bells ceases, the echoes die away in the mountains. From afar the faint notes of an approaching band come through the hush. The music is that stirring song, "Le Ranz des Vaches."  
Tradition says King Louis XIV forbade his hands to play it, for the lilt tune made his Swiss mercenaries so homesick that they would weep and desert the colors when they heard it. Even today, when a Swiss is far from home, the refrain brings tears to his eyes. It produces that same tingling along the spine that a United States Naval academy man feels when "Anchors Aweigh" is played.

Soon you see emerging from beneath the arch a file of tots, gay in Gruyere costumes. At once a chatter begins in the audience, as mothers and fathers recognize their offspring. A vivacious little bride and handsome young bridegroom lead the parade. So small and neat do they seem that they might have been animated dolls paddling along—a Swiss edition of the Chauve Souris.

Each "doll" looks searchingly at the spectators. Every now and then she breaks into a blushing smile and shyly turns away; perhaps a parent had been glimpsed in the throng.

The happy children pass on, the eldest and tallest bringing up the rear. Arranged in steps, they resemble a bright-hued escalator moving down the path.

The men of the village and near-by lairy farms, young blades and gray-bearded sires, follow the children, solemn and in step, mindful, perhaps of their many months of military service. They wear traditional

dark-blue jackets with short, puffed-out sleeves, white shirts clean as new snow, and tiny skullcaps like those of college freshmen, only made of straw.

## Every Man Has His Big Pipe.

Some of these men come down from the high pastures to attend the fete. Each has his inevitable pipe, huge and cumbersome, with a lid to keep the sparks from flying on a windy day.

Behind their lords cheerfully march the maids and matrons, full-scale models of the infants. Broad-brimmed hats with black velvet streamers set off the good looks of these blond Swiss demoiselles and their brilliant dresses.

You turn to your Swiss friend, who has brought you here to his favorite village and knows his native land like a book. "I always understood that costumes were never worn any more in Switzerland. You see them only in picture postcards—models dressed up in museum clothes and posing for the photographers!"

"Oh, no," he says, "the people of Gruyere take pride in their costumes and cling to them. Once the garments were practically abandoned, but patriotic societies for preserving costumes delved into records and drawing of early days and these are the treasure-trove. They are Gruyere."

"Women don the bright dresses only on fete days, but the men wear theirs daily, even when herding cattle in the high pastures or making the famous Gruyere cheese."

The joyous parade meanwhile circles the fountain and comes back up the street, children toddling, their fathers and brothers still stern and solemn in military formation. It is to the village shrine beneath an overhanging eave that the procession winds. Here they gather, young and old, in a circle and sing the chorals and rollicking folk ballads, as their forefathers had before them.

Suddenly, as the last note of the last song dies away, a terrific bang is heard far down the court. All eyes turn, to sea a rocket bursting in the air, the sparks falling into the gay crowd. This is the signal the youngsters have been awaiting. Forgetting their lace and silk costumes, they rush pell-mell toward the man with the fireworks.

## Fireworks and Feasting.

Soon all are swinging sparklers, Roman candles, and red flares to make a fantastic sight in that ancient courtyard. Arched windows, gilded coats of arms hanging from house fronts, and bright flags stand out brilliantly in the glaring light.

If some old man-at-arms came to life and poked his head out of a window, the ghostly scene and popping din may have made him think the count's army was defending the town from a night attack.

Is this Switzerland? That staid land of snow-capped mountains and winter sports, where folk never wear costumes or perform the old dances?

A whirling cartwheel, on a post above the fountain, is the mad climax to the fireworks spectacle. While a sea of shouting, happy youngsters watch, a daredevil climbs up gingerly and steals the still red-hot frame as a souvenir.

You go into the hostelry for dinner. Entering, you pass the large kitchen with cooks and kitchen maids scurrying around with their array of shining copper pots and pans. The delicious aromas that come from that spotless kitchen are tantalizing appetizers.

Your charming hostess, matronly in her colorful costume with a dainty Swiss lace shawl thrown over her shoulders, insists that you come out on her terrace for a moment. You go rather reluctantly, for it is nine o'clock and you are hungry.

You are astounded by the view, as you step out onto the gravelly balcony, perched on the brink of a precipice. A ring of jeweled lights, sparkling from the mountains, encircles you.

"What are they?" You ask your hostess.

"Huge bonfires built by the herdsmen to celebrate August the First."

"You mean all of those twinkling lights, some down low in the valley and others high on the mountains, are specially built fires? What for?"

"Originally the Swiss used bonfires as a sort of medieval wireless to pass news of a victory quickly from one village to the next. Now they celebrate great events in their history, especially battles and alliances, by building the fires on anniversary days."

# SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington. — Congress is all headed for a big high tariff drive. So far it has no head, no organization. But that is bound to come. Up to date it is an individual industry and district situation. Some hundreds of different industries, which compete with imported products, are pounding away on their senators and representatives, insisting that amendments to the tariff law be passed. They want the rates on their products boosted high enough to make up for the increases in cost of production since the present rates were written, plus the increased costs to come when the pending wages and hours legislation is written into law.

For instance, take the manufacturers of women's shoes, up in Edith Nourse Rogers' Massachusetts district. Their principal foreign competition comes from Czechoslovakia. They had a duty of 20 per cent on women's shoes. Some time back they made a case before the tariff commission and succeeded in convincing the commission so completely that the commission gave them as big a boost as the law would permit—fifty per cent. This made the duty on sewn women's shoes 30 per cent.

But even this is not enough, even for present conditions, to equalize costs of production, the manufacturers say. Besides which, the Czechs have been sending in cemented instead of sewn shoes lately, and these have to pay only 20 per cent.

But when the new wages and hours law goes into effect, they point out, they will simply have to close down unless the tariff is boosted beyond the present legal capacity of the tariff commission to raise it. In short, they must have an act of congress.

## It Doesn't Happen

Politically speaking the idea of putting through a bill to raise the duty on shoes and shoes alone is almost unthinkable. It simply does not happen. Always there are more representatives from districts which buy shoes but do not make them and who therefore are inclined to vote against a measure which would have the effect of increasing the cost of living for their constituents.

This apparently does not occur to the shoe manufacturers. But it will to the representatives of shoe manufacturing districts before many days pass. For the interesting part of the situation is that shoes are just one of about a hundred industries which are worried to death by the increased costs the wages and hours bill is going to impose on them.

All of them are screaming to their friends on Capitol Hill that they will have to close down when the wages and hours bill goes into effect—unless they can get enough additional tariff protection to deprive the foreign manufacturers of this advantage.

The late Representative William P. Connery, of Massachusetts, who introduced the wages and hours bill in the house, attempted to meet the problem. His bill would bar goods produced without regard for the wages and hours restrictions of the bill. The senate draft has the words "in any state" after the word "production." Connery left these out.

But no one takes this seriously. They think it would be impossible to enforce, and they are certain his idea will disappear before the final passage of the bill.

## Worries Treasury

One trouble about the gold situation—which is causing flurries on Capitol Hill and gray hairs in the Treasury department—is that the gold producing and holding nations just don't believe us!

If they could be sure that Uncle Sam was not going to reduce the price of gold—in dollars—from thirty-five an ounce, the desire to sell just might fall off amazingly. Of course, it's true that gold is worth a little less to a good many foreign sellers than thirty-five good American dollars. They want the dollars, and what with tariffs, and quotas, and reciprocal trade treaties and whatnot, it is not so easy for them to get the dollars any other way than by shipping gold for them.

But nobody can estimate what the situation would really be if all the gold producers and holders in the world outside the United States could be convinced in some way that Roosevelt and Morgenthau were not going to reduce the price. At present, and for some months, there has been an uneasy feeling that the price would be reduced by the world's biggest gold buyer. Hence there was the urge to get under the wire before the price was lowered.

It's simpler when put the other way round. What the foreign chaps are really doing is not so much selling gold as buying dollars. For Uncle Sam to reduce the price of gold would mean to them simply that they would have to pay more

for these dollars. So the present situation is much like what would happen in a small town if all the housewives suddenly began to believe that canned milk was going to advance three or four cents a can, without warning, but very soon.

All the housewives in town, save a few who would be very hard up, would be at the grocer's next morning laying in a supply. Very provident ones would ask the price of a case, and incidentally such a movement, if sufficiently widespread, would have the effect of pushing the price of canned milk up anyhow, even if the rumor had been entirely false at the beginning.

## Close Parallel

This last is a very close parallel to what has happened on gold. As a matter of fact there was no intention whatever of reducing the price of gold when the rumors first began to circulate in foreign capitals. Some one figured out that America really didn't need all this gold, could not afford to go on borrowing money, on which interest would have to be paid, to buy it. So he began commenting on the possibility of a reduction in price by Washington.

The word went round the world like wildfire, and gold began pouring to the United States. It had been coming steadily before, but now it became such a flood that the British government stepped in, at the request of Washington that something be done about it, and began buying.

The trouble really is that all the precious metal dealers in the world—and they are credited with being a pretty shrewd crowd of operators—remembered the American silver fiasco. How the same administration now in power started to put the world price of silver up to \$1.29 an ounce, starting when it was around 45 cents. How they ran it up, by big purchases, to nearly 80 cents, and then, suddenly, got cold feet. Whereupon the price of silver dropped right back to 45 cents, with Uncle Sam still holding all the silver bought at higher prices.

They expect the same thing again, and it is not difficult to understand why.

## Big Fight Ahead

Compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, with government officials as the referees, will be the issue in the next big labor campaign, high New Deal officials predict. When it comes all the present labor leaders will be in the opposition, and will part company for the first time with a considerable element of the New Dealers.

The fight will not come, New Dealers admit privately, until the present campaign is over, with victory perched on the banners of organized labor. Some of them think this will take longer, but they do not expect the opening of the compulsory arbitration fight until the entire country is on a closed shop basis.

A hint of this, and that the probability is realized by New Dealers and labor leaders alike, was manifest in the recent Consumers' Power strike in Michigan. John L. Lewis rushed lieutenants to the spot by plane, stressing in his public statement that the men did not know an agreement had been reached. He obviously did not want a discussion as to the right of the men to tie up an industry, and punish hundreds of thousands of innocent bystanders, in order to hurry the negotiations.

But Governor Frank Murphy had just wired a demand that power be furnished without any such apology. It was immediately after hearing this that Lewis' statement was issued. There was a suspicion at C. I. O. headquarters that Governor Murphy's demand would have been made regardless of this agreement having been reached.

That was a disturbing thought. It involved not the obvious difficulty about unauthorized strikes, insubordination in labor ranks, etc., but whether labor has the right to strike when such a strike would bring hardship and suffering—instead of merely advanced costs—to the general public of any community. It is the sort of issue involved in the general strikes so much discussed a few years back, and tried unsuccessfully in England.

## Sure to Come

Compulsory arbitration is coming. There is no doubt about that. But it is not coming quickly. It may not come for several years. But the feeling even among strongly pro-labor New Dealers is that someone simply must be supreme, and this someone must have political responsibility—be responsive to the public.

But there will be no real move with any chance of success, the New Dealers say, until labor has won the present campaign. Until then, they think, the government should be on the side of labor.

For the objective, of course, is to have the principle of collective bargaining in operation in every industry, with the closed shop universal. When that stage is reached, they say, then labor must accept its responsibilities. It is almost unthinkable that its demands in every instance should be sound. Sometimes labor leaders will demand more than they should receive—the interests of the people who buy the products of that industry being considered. In such cases, it will be necessary for the government officials to decide on the merits of the dispute.

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# AROUND the HOUSE



Items of Interest to the Housewife

**Removing Peach Stains.**—Fresh peach stains can be removed from linen with a weak solution of chloride of lime.

**Picking Raspberries.**—Red raspberries will keep better if picked early in the morning.

**Luncheon Dish.**—Boil 2 pounds spinach, press out all moisture, and chop fine. Have ready ½ pound cooked macaroni and 2 hard-boiled eggs cut into slices. Well grease a pie dish, put in a layer of macaroni, sprinkle with grated cheese, and season with pepper and salt. Then put a layer of spinach with sliced eggs on top. Repeat the layers and pour in a little milk. Cover with a thick layer of breadcrumbs with pieces of butter on top. Bake for 10 minutes.

**Apple and Rhubarb Jelly.**—Cut apples into quarters. To every pound of apples add one cup of rhubarb juice. Simmer until the apples are soft. Strain through a jelly bag without pressure. To each pint of juice add one pound of sugar. Boil slowly, removing all scum until the juice will jell. Pour into tumblers and seal with paraffin.

**Cheese Molds.**—Pour 1½ cups milk over 2 cupfuls soft breadcrumbs; add 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 heaped cupful grated cheese, 1 teaspoonful salt, pepper

to taste, and 1 tablespoonful melted butter. Pour into buttered molds and bake from 20 to 30 minutes in moderate oven.

**Washing White Gloves.**—White gloves can be kept white by washing them after each wearing with a soft brush and a pure soap.

**Keeping Peeled Apples.**—Peeled apples can be kept white until used by keeping them immersed in water to which a little salt has been added.

**Preserving Broom.**—Soaking a broom in boiling salt water every two weeks will help preserve it.

**Orange Peel Marmalade.**—Take six orange rinds, or four orange, two grapefruit or orange and lemon rinds, cover with water and pinch of soda, cook till tender; drain. Take out white pulp with spoon. Put rinds through chopper, yielding two cups chopped rind, add water to cover, about two cups; add sugar, about two cups; simmer slowly for three hours. Bottle in the usual way. WNU Service.

# Uncle Phil Says:



**Better Improve the Other Foot**  
Put your best foot forward, of course, but that doesn't conceal the defects in the other one; it's got to come, too.

Meeting sudden emergencies makes one harboiled. Look at war and after-dinner speaking. "Travel is broadening;" it makes one more resigned to the nuisances at home.

Civilization may not be doomed, but it may be doomed to a good many dark ages in which brains are flouted.

One may not like pushing buttons in order to get things done, but he likes it better than doing the "things" himself.

There's one big fine word to say for a banquet; you forget the day's troubles there.



**"FOR EXTRA TENDER BAKED FOODS, I RECOMMEND JEWEL SPECIAL-BLEND SHORTENING!"**



Mrs. Carl Warthan, Chandler, Texas

Jewel makes finer cakes and hot breads, too. And it's grand for pan and deep-fat frying. Millions prefer this Special-Blend to any other shortening, regardless of price!

## THE PHANTOM HIGHWAY

THESE POST TOASTIES ARE JUST THE THING FOR AN AFTERNOON SNACK, MR. PURVIS!

**MELVIN PURVIS FORMER G-MAN**  
WANTS YOU TO JOIN HIS NEW CORPS OF SECRET OPERATORS

MELVIN PURVIS, Former Ace G-Man, who founded the Junior G-Man Corps, has formed a great new organization—Melvin Purvis' Law-and-Order Patrol. Members are Secret Operators. In this story, published as proof that CRIME DOES NOT PAY, Melvin Purvis is co-operating with two Texas Secret Operators, Jack and his sister Jane. They have rigged up a special short-wave radio...

The radio picks up a mysterious report that smugglers are about to cross the Mexican border... a thunderstorm is brewing...

THE SMUGGLERS MUST HAVE A SHORT WAVE RECEIVING SET OUT ON THE DESERT! I'M GETTING THEIR SIGNALS BUT THE STATIC MAKES THEM TOO FAINT TO UNDERSTAND!

WE'RE GOING OUT ON THIS OURSELVES... JANE, HAND ME MY BELT-RADIO RECEIVING SET!

But in a hidden pass south of the border the smugglers get the signals clearly...

THE WAY IS CLEAR... YOU CAN GET OVER THE BORDER BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS... BUT HURRY!

BUREAU! ZE SIGNAL FROM ZE RADIO! WE DRIVE THROUGH ZE DRY ARROYO SECO... WHILE EET EES STILL DRY!

FUNNY WE ALWAYS GET THESE REPORTS OF ALIEN SMUGGLING JUST BEFORE A BIG CLOUD-BURST IN THE MOUNTAINS...

BEEN THINKING OF THAT MYSELF... I'M GOING TO USE THIS FENCE FOR AN AERIAL AND SEE IF I CAN PICK UP THAT HIDDEN RADIO STATION!

WHAT PURVIS HEARD... PURVIS REPORTED IN VICINITY, HUNTING FOR YOU... WILL TRY TO LEAD HIM ASTRAY... RAIN STORM ABOUT TO BREAK... TIRE TRACKS WILL BE WASHED AWAY WHEN WATER RUSHES DOWN ARROYO SECO... BUT HURRY!

AH! THE ARROYO SECO! THAT'S THE SMUGGLERS' PHANTOM HIGHWAY! WE'VE BEEN HUNTING FOR! I'LL CALL THE TEXAS RANGERS!

## Boys and Girls!

BE A SECRET OPERATOR

IN MY NEW LAW-AND-ORDER PATROL GET MY NEW SECRET OPERATOR'S SHIELD AND MY SECRET OPERATOR'S MANUAL CONTAINING SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS... CODES AND PASSWORDS... SECRETS OF CRIME DETECTION... HOW TO WIN PROMOTION TO HIGHER RANKS... ALL MY PICTURES OF ALL MY WONDERFUL FREE PRIZES TO BE A SECRET OPERATOR. JUST SEND ME THE COUPON BELOW, WITH TWO RED POST TOASTIES PACKAGE-TOPS.

YOU BET, MR. PURVIS! ME TOO! THEY'RE SO CRISP AND CRUNCHY!

## WHY MILLIONS CALL POST TOASTIES

"THE BETTER CORN FLAKES"

HERE'S America's finest breakfast treat—crisp, crunchy, delicious Post Toasties! For Post Toasties are made from the sweet, tender little hearts of the corn, where most of the flavor is stored. And then, every golden-brown flake is toasted double-crisp, to keep its crunchy goodness longer in milk or cream.

For a special treat—try Post Toasties with bananas and cream. Get Post Toasties right away—the price is low. A Post Cereal, made by General Foods.

ALSO ASK FOR POST TOASTIES IN HOTELS, RESTAURANTS AND DINING CARS

MELVIN PURVIS, Battle Creek, Michigan  
I enclose... Post Toasties package-tops. Please send me the items checked below. Check whether boy ( ) or girl ( ). (Be sure to put correct postage on your letter.)  
( ) Secret Operator's Shield (2 package-tops)  
( ) Secret Operator's Ring (4 package-tops)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(Offer expires December 31, 1937. Good only in U. S. A.)