NATIONAL IDENTITY IN SCOTTISH AND SWISS CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOKS: A COMPARATIVE STUDY

by

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**PREFACE**

This thesis is primarily an attempt to discover how a sense of nationality develops and which factors go to shape it. The hypothesis proposed is that a child's developing sense of national identity is influenced by ideas embodied in the stories, rhymes and songs, imparted to him originally by adults from an early age or read by him at a later stage.

The hypothesis is explored in several ways. The general pattern of development in children's literature is examined with particular reference to Scotland and Switzerland. The influence of historical, geographical and socio-economic factors in the two countries is assessed in relation to children's books. Selected pairs of books, written about 1870 and 1970, in as far as they proved available, are analysed in depth. Children's books from the minority languages and cultures within both countries are briefly discussed. Finally, because illustration and children's books are seen to be so closely connected, representative examples of children's book illustrations are compared. The validity of the original hypothesis is discussed in the concluding chapter.

It is made clear in the introduction and also in the body of the dissertation that I have had much help from many sources. First of all I must thank the staff of the 'Schweizerisches Jugendbuch-Institut' in Zürich, especially Verona Rutschmann, the staff also of the International Youth Library in Munich, in particular the then Director, Walter Scherf. I owe much to my two supervisors, Derek Bowman, of the German and Ian Campbell from the English Literature Departments of the University of
Edinburgh. I also remember with gratitude Doris Williamson who typed and retyped this lengthy work with inexhaustible good humour and skill, as well as Faz Faraday and Leon Litvack who checked the typescript with exemplary care.

I must also thank my children, Michael and Catriona Rowe, Douglas and Alison King, for constant support and constructive criticism, but most of all I am indebted to my late husband, Professor Donald Reid, without whose help, this research could not have been undertaken. The thesis is dedicated to him.

ADDENDA

Mention must be made too of most willing and expert assistance given by Catriona MacKinnon from Eriskay, who read Gaelic children's books with me, and by Thomas Diethelm who was always at hand to answer any "Schwyzerdütsch" query.
I declare that this entire work has been written by me and that no part of it has been previously published.
ABSTRACT

The purpose of this thesis is to propose the hypothesis that a child's developing sense of national identity is influenced by ideas embodied in the stories, rhymes and songs imparted to him by adults or contemporaries from an early age or read by him at a later stage. The hypothesis is explored by

1) examining the pattern of development in Children's Literature in general, but with particular reference to Children's Books in Scotland and Switzerland, including also a brief survey of books in the minority languages of these two countries,

2) by assessing the influence on these books of historical, geographical and socio-economic factors,

3) by comparing selected individual books from both countries, as far as they were available, written around 1870 and around 1970,

4) by comparing representative examples of illustrations from children's books.

By survey and analysis a conclusion was reached about the original hypothesis. It was deduced that the whole wealth of popular juvenile literature provides the child with a background against which he can construct his imaginary country. It cannot be proved, because of the imponderable nature of the material under discussion, that a child receives nationhood through literature in its many aspects. It is clear, however, that this particular genre of literature, addressed specifically to children and young people, certainly reflects and influences a shifting conception of nationality. It is no passive form of entertainment, but a continuous dialogue about the picture of national identity to be transmitted to future generations.
PART ONE
CHAPTER ONE

INTRODUCTION

In the seventies there was much discussion about the merits or demerits of Devolution. In Scotland the Royal High School was prepared to welcome the new Scottish Assembly, and during that period attempts were often made to define 'national identity' which was soon discovered to be 'a subject of engrossing significance and diverting complexity'.

The roots of our identity seemed to stretch back into childhood, to the attitudes of those who looked after or played with us, for children pass on their own lore to each other just as stories we were told or later read also contributed. We certainly inherited a tradition from the old heroes and there arose the question of a possible connection between 'national identity' and children's literature. It was not yet realised that like 'national identity' children's literature too abounds in contradictions, ambiguities and arguments making it a fascinating but necessarily complex field of study.

Initial interest was not so much in children and their books as in national identity.

After the Second World War I was privileged to meet and know men and women who had been in the Resistance in a number of European countries and who had come to London to be rehabilitated. Many of them came from relatively small countries: Holland, Denmark, Norway, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Yugoslavia. I was struck time and time again by the depth of their national feeling and their desire for freedom. I wondered how these emotions had been nurtured within them.
and thought they could probably be traced to early childhood. Years later, on returning to my homeland Scotland, I was surprised by the strength of national identity still so evident in a nation which had relinquished its sovereignty in 1707. It had simply never occurred to the people round about me that they were anything other than Scottish. I asked myself how such a feeling was kept alive and deduced that part of the answer might be found in the stories told and the songs sung to children at an early age. The tales or ballads would originally have been devised by grownups and would reflect the attitudes they passed on sometimes subconsciously to their children. In this way the two concepts of national identity and story-telling became fused in my mind and I began to devise a piece of research which might or might not reveal a connection between the two. I was unaware at this stage that this piece of research, primarily of a literary nature, would lead into other disciplines, history, psychology, sociology and education, the very disciplines that continue to make the critical assessment of children's books so difficult. Many questions arose in my mind about the nature of national identity and just as many about the nature of children's literature. This thesis is basically the story of my search for answers.

From the beginning I was intent on finding a small country I could compare with my own. In the end I chose Switzerland because I felt the similarities and the differences were sufficiently striking to make the comparison
fruitful, and more decisively because I knew the country already and could communicate with its inhabitants easily, at least in French and in German.

I began by rediscovering the background of both countries, with emphasis on history and geography, while as a parallel activity I kept reading as many children’s books as possible and made myself familiar with much critical writing on children’s literature.

The population of both countries is roughly the same, five to six million, although Scotland with all its islands has twice the area. Both the Scots and Swiss have long military traditions and have supplied soldiers for many armies in Europe and beyond. I was surprised to discover that they were sometimes comrades in arms. In 1763 they fought so bravely to relieve Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh), when it was surrounded by Indians, that their valour has been recorded on a monument erected by the Americans. In the speech of remembrance it was said: 'Nicht durch englisches Blut, noch durch die Tapferkeit dieses Volkes, sondern durch das Blut der Schweizer und Schotten ist der entscheidende Kampf der Weißen gegen die Roten vor 120 Jahren gewonnen worden'.

Both countries were also renowned for their love of homeland: 'Scotchmen, but particularly the Highlanders, are well-known to be subject to that 'maladie du pais', that longing desire of revisiting their native country, which characterises still more strongly the natives of Switzerland'. The Scots and Swiss are clearly wanderers, and their wanderings are by no means always voluntary. Poverty and persecution more often
provide the motivation than love of adventure. A display in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery in 1980 recorded Scots in Canada, Africa and India. Some were people evicted from their homes during the Clearances, others were merchants, soldiers and a goodly number of missionaries. Very recently the Swiss National Library in Bern kindly sent me a list of 176 books they hold on Swiss emigration. The titles come in all four languages of Switzerland as well as English, and sometimes reveal the reasons for emigrating: ambition and adventure, war and religious persecution.

Scotland and Switzerland have their national heroes, Robert the Bruce and Wilhelm Tell, from almost the same period in their history — the Wars of Liberation against respectively the English and the Austrians. They are countries in which a Protestant ethic is strong, deriving from the teachings of the Reformers Zwingli, Calvin and Knox. They share a seriousness of purpose and a passionate interest in education. They have a mixed racial inheritance and some ancestors in common: Celts, Romans and Germanic tribes. Very important in the history of both countries is the presence of large, and at times threatening, neighbours. Lastly in this brief survey of similarities, they are lands of great and varied scenic beauty, parts of which are mountainous and inaccessible.

The most fundamental difference is, of course, that Scotland which was for hundreds of years a sovereign power, with a monarch of its own, who in 1603 inherited the throne of England. This accession brought about indirectly the decision to abolish the Scottish Parliament and to join an incorporating
union with England and Wales as part of the United Kingdom. Switzerland, on the other hand, although an ancient Federation, only established itself as a Federal State in 1848, but already at the time of the Vienna Congress (1815) the permanent neutrality of Switzerland was guaranteed by the Great Powers. The United Kingdom remains a monarchy and retains an obvious class structure. Switzerland, from its inception and the defeat of the mounted Austrian knights by the sturdy Swiss peasants with their long halberds, remains a republic.

The socio-economic histories, especially since 1815, could not be more different. Union with England brought eventually much wider opportunities for 'the smaller, poorer, yet very proud and independent nation',³ but also involvement in many wars; Napoleonic, Crimean, Indian, South African and two World Wars. Switzerland although retaining a most stringent form of military service, has not been directly involved in a war since Napoleonic times. Instead it has developed and defended its tradition of neutrality, founding the Red Cross (1864) and later playing host in Geneva to many international organizations, for example the League of Nations (later the United Nations), the World Health Organisation, and the International Labour Office.

Scotland experienced the full rigours of an industrial revolution, Glasgow being at one point the second city of the Empire, and 'Clyde-built' a guarantee of excellence; Switzerland with only 'white coal' (water-power) at its disposal, developed lighter industries and benefited from its central position in Europe to expand its transport system, its banking, chemical and pharmaceutical industries. By contrast to Switzerland
Scotland is on the edge of Europe, sea-girt as opposed to land-locked and its population concentrated in the central belt. From 1603 onwards London has acted as a magnet and tended to draw talent from other parts of the United Kingdom including Scotland; there is no comparable drift in Switzerland. The biggest town, Zürich, has approximately the same number of inhabitants as Edinburgh, half a million. The federal system of government creates a number of centres corresponding to the cantons. The system may be slow and cumbersome, but the corridors of power in Switzerland are, after all, filled with Swiss people.  

These lists of similarities and differences, brief as they are, provide some clues as to what it means to be Scottish or Swiss. There seems to be a certain rugged independence about the atmosphere in both countries; yet when you ask a Scot how he first became aware of his nationality, the answer is nearly always ambivalent, whereas the Swiss, without exception in my experience, replies: 'When I saw my father put on his soldier's uniform, collect his gun from the cupboard and depart for his stint of military service'. The Scot feels somewhat uneasy about his nationality, aware that a largely English parliament in London has supreme power. The Speaker of the House of Commons in 1707 is said to have 'informed the house with satisfaction that they had caught Scotland and would hold her fast'. Switzerland, for all its federalism, has a strong centralised government and every Swiss male knows that at the age of twenty he will be called to the colours. His experience of military service must reinforce his sense of national identity.
Some aspects of each national consciousness are of particular interest. First of all there is the question of nomenclature. My susceptibilities as a Scot, British but by no stretch of imagination English, are bruised by the frequent use of British and English as interchangeable adjectives. The cultural image of Britain, perceived from outside as 'English' and from inside the country too by the same misleading and historically inaccurate title (and resisted by the Welsh and Northern Irish as well as the Scots) is one which suffers as a visible identity crisis. Such a crisis would not take place in Switzerland; there the crises are of language identity, minority preservation, dialect versus central language and cultural preservation in the face of encroachment. Nevertheless the contextual frame is without question Swiss: as members of the confederation, the Swiss look at themselves as Swiss with problems. As members of the United Kingdom the Welsh, Northern Irish and Scots have no such secure basis. In Scotland even the retention of its own legal system, its own church, its own system of education are not sufficient guarantees of a distinct and separate national identity.

This feeling of insecurity is reinforced by certain aspects of the tourist industry, very important to both the Scottish and the Swiss economy. How does one present a country which, although a nation, is not a state? Foreigners find this conception difficult and see very little difference between the Scots and the English. Scotland experienced hundreds of years as a separate kingdom and in consequence
to emphasize its uniqueness stress is constantly laid on the past and what is considered to be distinctive about it. For example, the garb of the old Highlanders, tartan kilt and sporran, even the pipes with their drones and fluttering ribbons, have become a symbol for the whole of Scotland.

Scotch Myths, witty as it was, was also serious in intent. It was an attempt to provoke debate about the representation of Scotland and the Scots, including the attribute of meanness, thriftiness or carefulness, which has received world-wide recognition in the 'Scotch Joke'. Even the Americans market sellotape as Scotchtape and the Swedes, West Germans and Swiss sell their reduced rail tickets coupled with a reference to Scotland. A kindly Austrian tourist once quoted to me:

'Alle Schotten sparen, alle Schotten, groß und klein, Doch nicht jeder Schotte muß ein Geizhals sein'.

The idea of combining thrift with tartan, the whole image of the music-hall Scotaman, was probably the invention of the Scots comedian, Harry Lauder and dates from the early years of the twentieth century. Although Scotland shares with Switzerland an impoverished past, the Swiss seem to have escaped this form of notoriety. Quite the reverse! Nowadays, Swiss babies are said to come into the world, furnished with their cheque-books. The Scots have never hesitated to underline their failings. James Boswell puts it quite bluntly on 28 November, 1764, writing from Soleure (presentday Solothurn) to his friend, John Johnston of Grange in Edinburgh:

'You are in a Scots town, I am in a Swiss town. I am in a clean town, you are in a dirty town....' On one occasion in Switzerland I was amused to find a stereotyped Highlander, complete
with kilt and glengarry, used as a symbol for 'Engeltear'.

The Swiss too have their stereotypes. Only a few months ago, I saw a whole army of Wilhelm Tells in a confectioner’s window. All around there are symbols of Swissness: edelweiss and gentian, climbing gear, cow-bells and collars, alphorns, crossbows and apples, mounds of chocolate bars, wrapped up in Alpine scenes, cheeseboards with Appenzeller cowherds in full costume. This is the face of Swiss tourism and on the whole the visitor is pleased with what he sees. I have also heard Switzerland described lately as a tight little, right little, rich little land where the authorities have little understanding for the young and their attitudes. The riots in Zürich in the early eighties, sparked off initially by the closing of a youth centre, brought out the police in vast numbers, in complete riot gear, making use of rubber bullets, water cannon and dogs. As an involuntary participant I had time to observe another side of Swiss life. The window smashing and the daubing of public buildings were wide-spread. This was a rising of the young and as such interested me in relation to the line of study I was pursuing. I did not know why the pot had suddenly boiled over.

There are many Swiss who are anything but smug as several recent books show. Two films I saw in Zürich in 1982 and 1983 convinced me that there is much heart-searching going on about Switzerland’s role in the Second World War. The first film, Das Boot ist Voll, is about the escape of German Jews across the border into Switzerland and the second,
Glut tells the story of a Swiss armament manufacturer which is linked to the fate of Polish soldiers interned in Switzerland. Children are much involved in the action of both films. In Scotland and Switzerland, in recent years writers and illustrators of children's books have treated socio-political themes involving moral questions, for example Joan Lingard's five books about Ulster and Jörg Steiner (writer) and Jörg Müller (artist) with their series of picture books.

Interestingly psychologists in Switzerland and Scotland, and lately in England, have carried out a number of experiments with a view to finding out what children felt about their homeland and how they viewed other countries. Psychologists certainly undertook this work in the hope of reducing national prejudices. Piaget, working in Geneva for UNESCO, concluded that children were 10 or 11 before they developed a sense of nationality. Jahoda in Glasgow posed similar questions to groups of Scottish children. They found the distinction between 'Scottish' and 'British' difficult. A six-year-old hit upon an ingenious relationship: 'One week I'm Scottish and the next week I'm British!' Tajfel in Bristol mentions the separate social identity of the Welsh and the Scots in Britain and also the French-speaking minority in the Canton Jura. He also dwells at length on the social psychology of minorities and enabled me to see from a fresh angle a problem which Scots and Swiss share. Much larger countries like England, France and Germany experience genuine difficulty in grasping the pressures which minorities feel and their inhabitants may often appear insensitive when confronted with a minority
viewpoint.

Two young Swiss sociologists carried out a survey of primary school history-books in all four language-areas of the country. They found that different emphasis was laid on national events, depending on the language-speaking area. Individual cantons too laid stress on more local happenings. Another of their conclusions was that national identity was reinforced by a sense of security. This finding seems to tie in with a previous observation I made about the Swiss child's apparent early awareness of his father's secondary role as a soldier, capable of protecting the country. Anliker and Schmid also told me that a new type of history book was being introduced which put more emphasis on world as opposed to national events. Recently a new history book, addressed to children of 12 to 14 in Scottish secondary schools, has appeared. It takes a wide view of events, while stressing the role of Scotland right up to 1980. The three authors are Scottish teachers and the publishers, John Murray, frequently bring out books of specific interest to Scots. These books attempt to increase the Scottish child's awareness of his Scottish heritage. The Swiss child already has history books like Wir wollen frei sein and is, in any case, more secure in his national role. Anliker and Schmid also told me of their visit to Paris where they had been invited to present a paper on their work. They returned rather crestfallen, for they found that the French had little intuitive grasp of the concept of other people's 'national identity'. Their experience confirms Tajfel's observation about large nations being almost unaware of minority doubts.
and uncertainties and, if they are aware, simply ignoring them—witness central government attitudes to Bretons and Corsicans.

Towards the beginning of the introduction I wrote that this thesis was primarily a literary one, and of course Scottish and Swiss historians and critics have frequently written on the subject of national identity. Both Scotland and Switzerland have pronounced inner divisions which make generalisations difficult and sometimes undesirable. It is obvious that a Gaelic-speaker from the Butt of Lewis will have a different identity from a Borderer, although they are both Scots. In the same way a German-speaking Appenzeller will have a very different outlook on life from a French-speaking native of Geneva, although they are both Swiss. In the fifties Kurt Wittig, a German, and hence perhaps a more objective commentator, wrote a history of literature, covering a wide field in time, back to the Britons, Picts, Celts, Vikings, Angles—our forbears whose blood still runs in our veins—and forward right up to the post-war period. He also included the Gaelic tradition, whereas most writers confine themselves to what is available in English and Scots. Throughout the book he suggests qualities which he thinks give Scottish literature its individual character: a love of freedom, an awareness of the common man, egalitarianism, rugged independence, a spirit of rebelliousness, a delight in the beauties of nature, but also a love of argument, especially about fundamentals. These qualities all appear too in Scottish children's literature and make clear that children's books are part of the same tradition.
Alan Bold wrote recently in the Introduction to his *Modern Scottish Literature*: 25 'Although Scotland is not officially an independent state, Scottishness is a recognised state of mind, sometimes an independent state of mind, occasionally a theocratic state of mind, frequently a confused state of mind accepted by Scots and acknowledged by observers. Physiologically the Scot may be no different from anybody else but has acquired a distinctive identity as a result of historical and cultural conditioning.' He then gives a résumé of historical events and their cultural consequences, resulting in the divided Scottish mind, but the last paragraph of his Introduction ends on an optimistic note: 'The best modern Scottish writers are individuals seeking to express the undivided self in an image of artistic wholeness'. 26 Scottish children's books mirror very clearly the divisions of the Scottish mind, but can also conjure up a vision of the undivided self: 'Somewhere beyond the rejoicing faces all around him, Coll saw his dream of the Stronghold enlarged to a vision of coastline after coastline dominated by towering impregnable defences; defences strong enough to stand for generation after generation, until Rome was finally defeated and there was no further need of his Strongholds'. 27

Arguments about what constitutes 'Scottishness' crop up frequently in literary journals and recently such a dialogue was conducted under an intriguing title. 28 The point at issue is whether 'sense of place' and, in particular, a Scottish place, is an essential ingredient in Scottish writing. Andrew Greig feels that such a suggestion negates the whole function
of literature and believes that Scottish identity will come through, whatever the subject matter. He lists the characteristics: 'qualities of scepticism, of sarcasm, of curiosity, of a persistent identification with the underdog, of a distrust of striking attitudes, of a refusal to be easily impressed, a certain edge that marks off the educated Scot from his or her English counterpart'. Kurt Wittig's and Andrew Greig's lists have certainly a common denominator. Setting aside 'scepticism' and 'sarcasm' which are foreign to children's literature, I could compile a very similar list from the Scottish and Swiss children's books I have read. Perhaps the key may be the smallness of these two nations in comparison with their large and powerful neighbours.

With four national languages, twenty-four cantons, two of them divided into half-cantons, all of them semi-independent, the Swiss have obviously problems of national identity. The German Swiss, much the largest percentage of the population (65%), speak in one language, 'Schwyzerdütsch', but write in another, Standard German, the French and Italian Swiss are greatly influenced culturally by France and Italy, the Romanche speakers of the canton Grisons, although fewer in number than the Gaelic-speakers of Scotland, have been helped federally to preserve their language.

In the eighteenth century the German writer, Johann Gottfried Herder (1744-1803) evolved many theories about language and nationality and published his most famous essay Abhandlung Über den Ursprung der Sprache in 1772. (Treatise on the Origin of Language). To sum up very briefly 'A language, then, is the
criterion by means of which a group's identity as a homogeneous unit can be established. Without its own language, a *Volk* (nation) is an absurdity (*Unding*), a contradiction in terms*. 29 Despite Herder's influential views Switzerland flourishes as an entity. To quote A.J.P. Taylor: 'The Swiss are indisputably a nation though they use four different languages..... The historian can look with unstinted admiration only at one state, Switzerland, where four nationalities live together with little conflict for superiority between them, without any claim that one nationality should dominate the others and with a united determination of four nationalities to maintain the unity and independence of their historic state*. 30 Although Taylor is equivocating a little with the words 'state' and 'nation', his meaning is quite clear. The Swiss, performing a highly complicated balancing act, make their federation work.

In the thirties the very existence of a Swiss 'national identity' was bitterly questioned by the distinguished French Swiss writer, Charles-Ferdinand Ramuz (1878-1947). 31 Shortly after this controversy in 1938 the Bundesrat (Federal Council) founded Pro Helvetia, an organisation very much like the Scottish Arts Council. The aims of the new organisation were clearly established by the government in Bern:

'Maintenir le patrimoine spirituel de la Suisse et préserver les caractères originaux de sa culture; encourager en Suisse les créations de l'esprit en s'appuyant sur les forces vives des cantons, des différentes régions linguistiques et des divers milieux culturels; préomvoir les échanges entre les différentes régions et les milieux divers; faire connaître à l'étranger les œuvres et les activités de la Suisse dans l'ordre de la pensée et de la culture*.
In this way the central government of Switzerland took immediate steps to counteract a threat to the national identity of the country.

In Scotland there is today a common language: English understood by all. In Switzerland problems of communication are much greater. The only general Swiss history of literature I know was published in 1958 in French, translated in 1966 into German, and into Italian in 1968, but it is now out of print. During the thirties and forties the Swiss felt a great need to emphasise their own nationality. They felt threatened particularly by events in Germany. Calgeri, in his history of literature, underlines the need for closer communication between the linguistic regions and writes about 'cette quête de l'esprit suisse' (this search for a national identity) which is not confined to literature but permeates the whole of Swiss culture. There is now a comprehensive history of Modern Swiss Literature available covering all four languages. The copy I have is in German.

In 1981 I heard Alfred Berchtold of the University of Geneva speak in Zürich on the theme of Swiss national identity. He used a number of specifically Swiss themes to illustrate his points: rugged independence, going back to 1291 and the oath sworn by the three Forest Cantons to preserve their freedom, love of the mountains, lakes and rivers, an interest in children and their education, determination and tenacity, but also tolerance of different viewpoints, a marked love of country, allied, however, with internationalism, sometimes a sense of frustration, caused by a feeling of
imprisonment in such a small, hemmed-in country.

Having explored a little the complex concept of national identity in Scotland and Switzerland, I now pass on to the second concept in the title of this thesis: Children's and Young People's Books, for it is in this area that I hope to find the answers to my question: what constitutes national identity? I shall be keeping in mind what has been written recently about national identity in Scotland and Switzerland and watching to see how far these views tally with the contents of juvenile books. At the same time I shall be looking back at myself as a child and remembering how I first became aware that Scotland was my native country. My father gave me early on a copy of Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*. From an early age therefore books and nationality were connected in my mind. My own children grew up in England but I was anxious for them to have some inkling of their Scottish heritage so I repeated the pattern of my own youth. They read *Scotland's Story* and D.K. Broster's trilogy which they loved. My own tastes were and remain somewhat international, so they also enjoyed all the Babar books, *Emil and the Detectives, Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Heidi* of course and a host of others. I have no doubt that Swiss fathers and mothers have passed on the heroic tales of their country in exactly the same way either by word of mouth or by the printed word. The tales may of course also be transmitted in a class-room situation or through radio or television. Mature men and women may well be sustained in moments of crisis by the deeds of their forbears.
Tales told to Scottish children for instance might well include the account of Roderick Mackenzie's action during the hunt for the Prince after the disastrous battle of Culloden (1745) when the Redcoats were combing the moors. Mackenzie knew that he strongly resembled the Prince physically so, pretending to be his sovereign, he decoyed the soldiers away from the Prince's hiding place. He was of course finally shot, but, as he lay dying, he called out: 'Mharbh sibh bhur Prionnsal' (You have killed your Prince) in the hope of misleading the pursuers further and gaining more time for the Prince. Much better known and familiar to most Swiss children is the story of Arnold von Winkelried at the Battle of Sempach (1386). When the Swiss peasantry fail to break the line of long Austrian lances, Winkelried gathers the sharp points to his chest and dies, calling out: 'Sorget für mein Weib! Sorgt für meine Kinder! Ich will euch eine Gasse machen!' (See to my wife! See to my children! I'll make a way for you!)

These are the brave tales from which national identity stems. They are very different, although both tell the story of courageous men who are willing to sacrifice themselves; the Highland Scot dies for a forlorn hope, a romantic dream, the Swiss, a member of a determined body of men, secure in his love of family, dies for a calculated reality. Scotland is a country riven by dissenjion, whereas the Swiss forge a unity from the most disparate elements.

I had no experience in the field of children's books and soon realised that if I was to pursue my research in any academic
way, I would need some expert help and guidance. Fortunately this was forthcoming through the Extra-Mural Department of the University of Edinburgh. Kate Luger came from the United States where she was a Children's Librarian. There Children's Literature is a recognised academic discipline, whereas in the United Kingdom, though studied to some extent in Teachers' Training Colleges and Schools of Librarianship, it is very much ignored at university level. I feel in sympathy with Stuart Hannabuss of the School of Librarianship in Aberdeen, when he writes: 'I've always been struck by the irony of not applying the standards we apply to English Literature to the literature we give children to read. Scaled down, such standards are both cogent and thoroughly workable.' This situation shows signs of changing. I found it initially difficult to trace Scottish children's books, as they are not classified apart from other children's books written in English which may come from a great many countries, for instance, the United States, Australia and New Zealand, but eventually I found an extensive bibliography, as well as a booklet, The Scottish Contribution to Children's Literature. The National Library of Scotland which houses the Mason collection of Children's Books, Edinburgh University Library, The Mitchell Library, Glasgow, the National Book League (Scotland), the Central Library, Edinburgh, have all been major sources of information. The Edinburgh Children's Book Group also provides many contacts with the children who are at the heart of this piece of research, with their parents and teachers, and with many authors and illustrators.
When I set out to plan a study of Swiss Children's Books, I had most helpful advice from the 'Institut für Jugendbuchforschung', of the Johann Wolfgang Goethe University, Frankfurt/Main, where children's and young people's books are studied at post-doctoral level. As a result I have worked intermittently over the past four years at the 'Schweizerisches Jugendbuch-Institut' and also spent three months at the International Youth Library in Munich, where I was able to study Scottish and Swiss children's books side by side. All through this piece of research, one of the main difficulties has been the non-availability of texts for comparative, simultaneous study. This problem was largely solved for me in Munich and I was able to make decisions there about comparative themes and ultimately about the individual texts I wanted to analyse in depth. As the thesis progressed, I became more and more convinced about the importance of children's literature in the formation and re-enforcement of national identity.

The 'Schweizerisches Jugendbuch-Institut' has been by far my greatest source of information and help in the whole area of Swiss Children's Books. There is an excellent library with a vast selection of children's books, reference texts and a plentiful supply of journals and a most knowledgeable staff. Various research projects have been carried through in the past few years: into Children's Comics throughout Switzerland, into Children's Bibles, into the provision of children's books for the large number of foreign workers and their children in Switzerland. A travelling exhibition on the work of Swiss illustrators and now the publication of a Lexikon Schweizer...
Bilderbuch-Illustratoren (1900-1980) in the four national languages have occupied much time, energy and talent. An on-going project is the publication of a History of Swiss Children's Literature which the authors have most generously permitted me to consult in German and French. The Institute also plays host to innumerable meetings and mounts frequent exhibitions. The last one I saw displayed many of the treasured old children's books possessed. Despite an obvious and wide-spread interest in children's books, there seems, as in Scotland, to be little involvement at the universities. Swiss publishers, however, continue to be very active and hold their own in the German-speaking world.

Within Zürich itself I have had help from Pro Helvetia, the Pestalozzianum, the 'Zentralbibliothek', the 'Schweizerisches Jugendschriftenwerk', the Folklore Department of Zürich University, but also from the National Library in Bern, the Vadiana Library in St. Gallen, the folklore department at Basel University and also of course from international organisations like IBBY (International Board on Books for Young People) and the International Institute for Children's Literature and Reading Research in Vienna. There have also been friendly and stimulating visits to the Bologna Children's Book Fair and the Bratislava Biennale for Children's Book Illustrators. I list all these organisations to show what an 'Open Sesame' an interest in children's books can be. It is the mixture of the simple and the erudite that makes this field of study so fascinating. I may at one point be delving into A Nursery Companion, whereas the next instant I am thinking of the
comparative aspect of my research, being assured that such a study, "gives a more balanced view, a truer perspective, than is possible from the isolated analysis of a single national literature, however rich in itself," while at the same time I hear Professor Prawer who has devoted a whole book to the defence of comparative studies 'warning that they may yield nothing of value because the subject has been unwisely chosen, the author lacks literary taste and flair, historical imagination or an eye for significant facts'.

With such a warning echoing in one's ears, caution is indicated. In this introductory chapter an attempt has been made to explore the Scottish and Swiss view of national identity and to outline sources of help in attempting to become better acquainted with the vast field of children's literature and the even more complicated one of books addressed to young adults. The next chapter is devoted to defining literature for the young, especially in the light of recent critical writing on the subject. 'In Britain and the United States alone, over 100,000 titles have been issued since 1957 – perhaps as many as in all the years preceding. It has also been a period when qualitative changes occurred at a similarly dizzying rate. Many of these changes were of such importance and sharpness as to occasion sharp debate and widespread public attention'.

An attempt has been made by writers and will continue to be made, to answer the following questions:

1. What is children's literature?
2. What is (and has been) the status of that literature as it affects the creator, the critic and the consumer?
3. What critical approaches should we sanction?
Egoff (Canadian) and Bator (American) are clearly trying to establish generally accepted critical guidelines. In Britain 50 Peter Hunt and others have been trying to do the same thing. Half a century earlier, the French critic, Paul Hazard, had a very different approach, poetical and heart-warming: 'Yes, children's books keep alive a sense of nationality, they also keep alive a sense of humanity. They describe their native land lovingly, but they also describe faraway lands where unknown brothers live. They understand the essential quality of their own race; but each of them is a messenger that goes beyond mountains and rivers, beyond the seas to the very ends of the world in search of new friendships. Every country gives and every country receives, — innumerable are the exchanges, and so it comes about that the universal republic of childhood is born'. 51 Paul Hazard was of course an idealist and could perhaps be described as an international patriot. He returned to France from the United States in 1941 to be with his country in her hour of need. He died in 1944. I think it is very important not to forget Paul Hazard's message in our endeavours to raise the status and quality of children's literature. Paul Hazard was a considerable scholar and occupied, from 1925 onwards, the Chair of Modern Literature at the Collège de France in Paris. *Books, Children and Men* remains one of the classics of Children's Literary Criticism.

The chapter on the nature of Children's Literature will I hope give a wider perspective on the scene today, but it is also important to see the main body of this thesis against the background of folk narrative from which so many children's books
spring and of early writing for children in both Scotland and Switzerland, so I hope to include two further chapters emphasising briefly the salient aspects of these periods. National traits begin to emerge with astonishing clarity.

In the critical discussion which forms the main thrust of this thesis, I have naturally imposed a framework on the literary themes of childhood which might reveal clearly a consciousness of nationality. I have selected pairs of books to compare, one Scottish and one Swiss, with similar themes. 'Scottish' means in my terms, written in English, by someone born and bred in Scotland or who has chosen to live there for a lengthy period. 'Swiss' means written in German in similar circumstances.

Thematically I have made four divisions:

1. **Everyday Life** covering the category known in German as the 'Bildungsroman', a novel which recounts the growth of the main character in the widest sense. Some of the great classics of children's literature come into this grouping and reveal a great deal about their country of origin.

2. **Fantasy** is to some extent the counterpart of the first category. It is a rich and diverse field for the children's writer and may cover the contrasting myths, sagas and wonder tales of different countries, as well as the invented mystery story or personal vision.

3. **Historical Fiction** is immensely powerful in shaping the national image in the child's mind which may well remain vivid within him throughout his life.

4. **Adventure**, in one of its many forms, is at the heart of all
children's stories, but the adventure story generally means action, excitement and is loved by children and most grown-ups. These tales can equally well let children 'discover who they are and what counts as worth doing and knowing'.

The very choice of category influences the discussion, but the field was so wide that selection was inevitable. In the event, it is to be hoped that this pairing for critical purposes will make possible not an artificial symmetry, but a body of hypotheses from which comparative critical deductions can be drawn.

No final deductions can, however, be drawn without mention of the minority languages and literatures within Scotland and Switzerland, which add a new dimension to the picture as seen so far and modify the pattern of development of children's books in the two countries. The final aspect to be considered is the illustration of children's books. Pictures are of immense importance to the child. Picture books for young children have often no words at all. Scottish and Swiss illustrations with similar themes will be compared and deductions drawn. Final conclusions will be outlined in a brief last chapter.
TRANSLATIONS

p. 3

Not by English blood nor by the courage of that nation, but by the blood of the Swiss and the Scots, was the decisive battle of the Whites against the Redskins won 120 years ago.

p. 8

Every Scot a saver is, whether big or small,
But that surely does not mean, Scots are misers all.

p. 15

To keep the spiritual heritage of Switzerland and to preserve the original characteristics of its culture, to encourage in Switzerland creations of the mind by gaining support from the living traditions of the cantons, of different ways of speaking, of diverse environments, to publicise abroad the achievement and the activities of Switzerland in the realm of thought and culture.

Please insert as indicated by omission mark above:
to promote exchanges between the different regions and diverse environments
NOTES FOR CHAPTER I


14. Peter Bichsel, Des Schweizers Schweiz (Zürich, 1969); Max Frisch, Wilhelm Tell für die Schule (Frankfurt/Main, 1971), Dienstbüchlein (Frankfurt/Main, 1974).


26. Ibid., p. 10.


31. Alfred Berchtold has written about this period under the heading 'Ramuz et l'existence de la Suisse: un débat des années trente'. His article was published under the auspices of the Alliance culturelle romande, cahier numéro 23, novembre, 1977, in Châne-Bourg, pp. 96-102.
35. Sir Walter Scott, Tales of a Grandfather (Edinburgh, 1928).
38. Aonghas Mac-a-phi and Sheila Denoon, Aisling Thoircuill (Torguill's Dream), (Glasgow, 1975), p. 43.
44. Lexikon Schweizer Bilderbuch-Illustratoren, edited by Verena Ruchmann and colleagues of the Schweizerisches Jugendbuchinstitut (Disentis/Mustér, 1983).


52. Margaret Meek, "The role of the story in the child's changing world" (paper read at the 18th IBBY Congress, Cambridge, England, 1982).
CHAPTER TWO

THE OVERALL VIEW

Children's literature was until fairly recently a very minor category, but in the last thirty years there has been a revolution in its status and range. In 1975 Edward Blishen published a collection of essays by well-established children's writers, called *The Thorny Paradise*, subtitled *Writers on Writing for Children*. Joan Aiken found some years back that announcing one's occupation as a 'children's writer' tended to be socially a conversation stopper, 'considered almost as embarrassing as making one's living from contraceptives or nappy-liners'.¹ Later in the same essay Joan Aiken reveals the confident belief of the writer who knows all literature is a single enterprise: 'To be a children's writer you need imagination, iconoclasm, a deep instinctive morality, a large vocabulary, a sense of humour and a powerful sense of pity and justice'.² John Gordon, whose books are usually read by older children, teenagers or young adults (the differing nomenclature reveals a certain uncertainty in the face of this age group) writes: 'The boundary between imagination and reality, the boundary between being a child and being an adult, are border country, a passionate place in which to work. Laws in that country are life-lines'.³ Joan Aiken and John Gordon are but two of a whole group of writers whose attitudes reflect the changing moral and social issues of our time and whose work has widened the literary scene for children. These authors are not writing to a preconceived formula.
Children are not regarded in a rather patronising way as negligible human beings. The experience of children, although limited, is constantly growing. Their capacity for emotion is as great as that of adults although they cannot analyse their feelings or express them verbally. (The same is true of course of many adults). They are not regarded as innocents to be protected from life's experience, but to be introduced to it. The taboos and silences of earlier children's books have gone. The gap between juvenile and so-called adult books has been blurred. It is widely realised that writing for children is anything but child's play, but remains a genre which is difficult to analyse and define adequately. A good children's book can be enjoyed by adults, and very often is. The reverse of course is obviously untrue. Children's books are undoubtedly, as Paul Hazard already asserted in the thirties, a part of the whole field of literature and art, not a special field unworthy of the serious attention of critics. Children's writing has now come consciously of age. The children's writer is a professional in his own right and has an assured status not only in his own native country but in the international field. Children and their books are indeed completely international. Kidnapped and Heidi are in every children's bookshop in the world and bring the atmosphere of their own country with them.

Before discussing children's literature in greater detail, a brief survey of post-war organisational and critical developments, particularly as they affect Scotland and Switzerland, is necessary. There are many external signs which point to a
growing awareness of the importance of children's literature and to appreciate this one must direct one's attention first of all to the international field. The most outstanding figure in the immediate post-war era is undoubtedly Jella Lepmann, trained as a journalist in pre-war Germany, and during the war a Jewish refugee in the United States, and returning after the cessation of hostilities as an officer with the American armed forces. She conceived the idea of using children's books to build a bridge between the children of all nations. Nationalistic and intolerant thinking were anathema to her. Children's book exhibitions were held all over Germany resulting in 1948, with the aid of a Rockefeller grant, in the founding of the International Youth Library in Munich. Her second great achievement was to initiate the IBBY Congresses in 1952 when Professor Ortega y Gasset delivered the opening lecture in which he set children's literature the task of cultivating the child's myth-forming powers and seeing to it that "the inner being in the child" is maintained in the growing person. IBBY remains an influential international body with its secretariat in Basel. A journal Bookbird in English, French, German, Spanish and Russian is published four times a year. Another international development is the founding in 1970 of the International Research Society for Children's Literature which encourages research at a high academic level, and now has over 200 members. Its secretariat is in New Jersey, the membership is worldwide.

The difference in national status between Scotland and Switzerland in the realm of children's books is very clear.
Indeed in the United Kingdom as a whole no official body emerges as being specifically concerned with children's literature. The National Book League in London is very active in the promotion of books in general and this includes children's books. The National Book League (Scotland) with headquarters in Glasgow has a section devoted to Scottish children's books and has recently published a survey of this field.6 A protracted correspondence in the Scotsman late in 1983 had revealed considerable discontent with a situation which allowed Scottish children's books to go out of print too easily. It was quite clear that correspondents wanted a Scottish image reinforced in their children's books. The Scottish Arts Council certainly supports the National Book League (Scotland), but does not give the obvious support the Welsh Arts Council gives to the Welsh National Centre for Children's Literature which now publishes its own journal, Drag-on's Tale. This somewhat uncertain approach to Scottish children's books detracts from a feeling of national confidence. It must be stated, however, that at United Kingdom level, children's literature is gaining recognition as awards like the Carnegie Medal for Children's Literature, the Kate Greenaway Medal for the Illustration of Children's Books and the Eleanor Farjeon Award for services to Children's Literature show clearly. More space is devoted to the review of children's books in the general press and by specialised journals. The most critically aware of the journals, Signal, first published in 1969, provides a forum for the serious discussion of children's books and topics associated with them. There is a corresponding
growth in the number of books, and in the raising of the standard of books, of a critical nature often reflecting the different disciplines connected with this field. Psychologists, sociologists, educationalists and literary critics inevitably write from their own viewpoints and all have a legitimate interest in children's books. British Research Seminars have also been held at the Universities of Southampton and Wales in 1979 and 1981 but expansion is slow, reflecting probably a lack of finance rather than a lack of interest. On the other hand the big general publishers have expanded their children's lists, there are more paperbacks available for children, bigger and more imaginatively presented children's sections have appeared in bookshops and now there are even children's bookshops, for example Glowworm and Stockbridge Children's Bookshop, both in Edinburgh.

Most of the activities and developments listed above can also be reflected in Switzerland; but there is in Bern an official central body, concerned only with children's literature in the four language areas of the country: Der Schweizerische Bund für Jugendliteratur. This organisation publishes the journal Jugendliteratur four times a year and also lists of recommended books for primary and secondary schools: Das Buch für Dich and Das Buch—Dein Freund. It also works closely with cantonal children's libraries. Cantonal and municipal authorities also organise readings in schools by writers of children's books. It is possible for a nominal subscription for anyone to become a member of this organisation and have advice about choosing magazines, comics and books for children.
Children's choice of what is read seems to be more systematically guided than in Scotland and parents and grandparents are intensely interested and involved. Of course German Switzerland is also part of the general German book-scene, but Scotland has however been absorbed to a much greater extent into mainstream British publishing.

Mrs Ewing wrote to her mother on January 2nd, 1868, defending rather humbly the activities of children's writers: "... small writers are wanted as well as big ones and there is no reason why donkey-carts shouldn't drive, even if there are coaches on the road". The situation is radically different today. The children's writer has more confidence in himself and his perception of his role is much clearer, although the skill involved in his work is sometimes underestimated.

What distinguishes children's from mainstream literature? They are not intrinsically different. One grows gradually into the other until they become merged. Initially there appear to be marked differences and the aims of the practitioners also seem to differ. Children by their very lack of experience seem to be more vulnerable so the children's writer feels a certain responsibility and assumes a caring attitude. This may result in a kind of writing that is flat, featureless, bland, easy to read, inhibiting to the imagination and even patronizing. The prime example of a highly successful writer within narrow limits is of course Enid Blyton whose works have been translated into countless languages and appear even today in Swiss bookshops and linger on in very culturally different countries like Malaysia, only there with the names of the English children changed to
Mohammed, Ibrahim and Fatimah, they still ate eggs and bacon for their breakfast! The changing of the names makes the whole exercise impossibly incongruous. Children with their own English names might have been acceptable as genuine examples of a different culture.

This present study, however, is concerned with a different subject. John Rowe Townsend, in his work on children's books, makes a clear distinction: 'This is a study of children's literature, not of children's reading matter. It seeks to discriminate. The books that are worth discussing and that on past experience are likely to survive are those that have engaged the whole heart and skill of the artist or writer'. In his foreword to the same book he writes: 'I believe that children's books must be judged to be part of literature in general and therefore by the same standards as 'adult' books. A good book must not only be pleasing to children, it must be a good book in its own right'. Writing of Treasure Island Professor Robson seems to share the same view:

'On its own plane it fulfills the primary function of all fiction to provide the reader with imaginative understanding of human nature in ideal conditions for the existence of that understanding'.

The Swiss critic and publisher, Peter Keckels, in a wide-ranging article about modern trends in Swiss children's literature, echoes Robson's view by suggesting that the child too, as well as the adult, is seeking for an interpretation of human nature, but stresses the distinction that Goethe makes between child and adult:
Wenn auch die Welt im ganzen voranschreitet, die Jugend muß immer wieder von vorne anfangen und als Individuum die Epochen der Weltkultur durchmachen ..., denn so absurd sie [die Kinder] einem reiferen Alter erscheinen mögen, Kinder bleiben doch Kinder und sind sich zu allen Zeiten ähnlich'.

Bearing in mind that the child is constantly changing and developing, Keckeis continues his article:

'Der junge Mensch liest nicht deshalb ein Buch, weil es 'modern' oder 'konservativ' ist, sondern als 'Zuflucht vor der Widersinnigkeit der "condition humaine"' (Roger Escarpit), der Spannungen wegen, die das Kindsein im Laufe der Entwicklung notgedrungen mit sich bringt'.

In his article Keckeis emphasises the permanent human values, shared by the best children's books ('best' being defined as that which a consensus of informed opinion has agreed over a period of time).

The children's writer sometimes tries to present his work from a double stand-point. He writes as a man but retains the eye of a child. He feels comfortable, writing from behind the mask of a child. It is a style of writing he may not even have consciously chosen; it suits him, he feels at home. That is one of the reasons why books like Treasure Island or Heidi continue to be read by children and adults, for people read very differently at different stages in life. Children's books are of course not open to direct comparison with Dickens and Tolstoi. Subject matter and language are restricted. Neither a child nor an adolescent has had an adult's experience of life and adult relationships. They cannot appreciate the subtle development of character, keenness of observation or depths of moral vision; yet reading at their own level, they can feel truly in the light of a partial understanding of a
text. Children may have difficulty in recognising irony, sarcasm and parody and may read a book in a different way from an adult to begin with, but they have the capacity to grow into a book at a later stage. Fortunately adults too can recapture the essence of the child that is still within the man and children have a glimmering of the adult they will one day become, and so there is common ground. There are no rigid barriers between books. Children and adults are searching for the same things, insight, understanding, wisdom, and are perfectly capable of helping each other.

It is generally agreed that literature is a means of communication. Writers may write to please themselves but they also hope that there is someone who will hear them. Language is of course the tool they must use. It is in this area that the difference between Scotland and Switzerland becomes in one respect clear. The Scots are, by and large, speaking a world language, for English often acts as a 'lingua franca', an accidental legacy of Empire and Commonwealth. The Swiss scene is much smaller and there is the added hazard that the German Swiss writer is not using the language in which he normally converses. I have time and again been surprised by the apparent change in temperament and even character when the German Swiss speak 'Schwyzerdütsch' among themselves and by the difficulty they experienced in translating their jokes into Standard German for my benefit. In a very different context an English naval captain once complained to me in the war about how slow the Lewismen, from the far north of Scotland, were to take orders. The mother tongue can prove a barrier as well
as an Open Sesame. The Swiss German children’s book, with very few exceptions, is translated into or written in Standard German to reach a wider public. This must make for a certain stiffness, however imperceptible, in the language, for the mother tongue, ‘Schwyzerdütsch’, must have deep roots in the Swiss identity.

It is not only the question of language in the context just outlined that distinguishes Scotland from Switzerland. For Scots there is a wide-open door to the English-speaking country of England itself. It cannot be fortuitous that so many of the early writers of children’s book spent most of their lives either in England or occasionally further afield: one may cite Robert Louis Stevenson, George MacDonald, J.M. Barrie, Andrew Lang, Arthur Conan Doyle, Kenneth Grahame, John Buchan. Nor is it fortuitous that the present generation of Scottish children’s writers, although the opportunity still remains to go to England, elect to remain in Scotland: Mollie Hunter, Allan Campbell McLean, Eileen Dunlop, George Mackay Brown, Iona Macgregor, Lavinia Derwent are but a few. Ease of communication may have something to do with this decision. In any case the horizons within Scotland itself seem wider than in Switzerland. The pressure of being enclosed in a very small country in the centre of a land mass has given the Swiss ‘ein versondertes Wesen’, roughly translated ‘a withdrawn character’ from which even the successful sovereignty of their state has not entirely freed them. The Swiss talk a good deal about the effect on them psychologically of what they call ‘die Enge’. Some feel they suffer because of the smallness and tightness of their country and they are not
thinking of these terms only in a physical sense; others see the problem of 'die Engel' as purely imaginary. The Swiss are well aware of these problems of language and geography. They also know that they have a reputation for being practical and not imaginative. Their best-known children's classics, The Swiss Family Robinson, Heidi and the Turnachkinder tend to strengthen that impression.

In an amusing but also moving article, written more than twenty years ago, Peter Keckeis tried to persuade his fellow-countrymen to be bolder in their creative writing. Some of his strictures on 'Käs Glockenschweizer' and 'Sennentracht' are very reminiscent of certain Scottish visual clichés.

The transmuting of the raw material of life is generally agreed to be one of the processes by which works of art are created and this process applies equally to children's literature. Writing for children is no easier than writing for adults and has specialised problems of its own. As we all know children's books are written by adults, published by adults, reviewed by adults and very often bought by adults for the consumers. A myriad of specialists apart from the children's writer, educationists, developmental psychologists, sociologists, teachers, librarians and of course parents quite understandably want to have their say and the literary critic has to come to a decision of his own. He is often asked as well to pass judgement on illustrations, a field in which he may have little competence. He may well also have a feeling of special responsibility because the consumer is a child whom he wants to introduce to the delights of reading. John Rowe Townsend,
who has participated many times in the selection of award-winning children's books, writes:

'What the reviewers and selectors were largely concerned with, more often than not, it seemed to me, was telling you what the story was about: a necessary activity, but not an evaluative one. I came to the conclusion that where they offered judgements the writers always concerned themselves with one or more of four attributes, which I do not place in order of importance or frequency. These were (1) suitability, (2) popularity or potential popularity, (3) relevance, and (4) merit. 'Suitability' is rather a blanket term, under which I include appropriateness to the supposed readership or reading age or purpose and also attempts by the reviewer or selector to assign books to particular age groups or types of children. 'Popularity' needs no explanation. By 'relevance' I mean the power or possible power, of themes or subject matter to make the child more aware of current social or personal problems, or to suggest solutions to him; where a story appears to convey a message I include under 'relevance' the assessment of the message. Finally by 'merit' I mean on the whole, literary merit, although often one finds that what one might be called undifferentiated merit is discerned in a book.

Of the four attributes I have mentioned ..... it may well have occurred to you that the first three are child-centred.... The fourth is book-centred: merit of the book. This is an important distinction: failure to perceive it has given us a great deal of trouble in the past, preventing us from understanding each other and what we are about'.

These are the criteria which Townsend has observed being applied to children's books at the present time and he feels, as I do too, that they are confusing. Since the subject under discussion is literature, the only vital question to be asked is whether the book has literary merit, and if children's literature is to be considered part of literature in general, it must be judged by the same standards as any work of the imagination. Meantime prizes for children's books proliferate;
theme, plot, characters and style are discussed, and experienced critics make their decisions.

Suggestions continue to be made towards defining more objective criteria and the literary critics are clearly motivated by a desire to understand and interpret this complex subject. In Britain the following researchers have made recent thought-provoking contributions in the field. Peter Hunt uses the terms 'value' and 'quality' on a kind of points scale, with emphasis on the language of a book as a clue to its deeper meaning. He has recently presented a most comprehensive thesis. Margaret Meek's academic work brings her into close contact with a wide range of children and adolescents. She feels we need a greatly extended model of children's literature, one which includes the reader in order to carry out a proper piece of research. Aidan Chambers argues convincingly that the criticism of children's books can only be taken seriously when a tradition emerges as a synthesis of the present viewpoints. He starts from another generally accepted idea that all literature is a form of communication and that in this case the 'implied reader' is a child. The author creates a 'second self', often in the guise of a child or an animal with human attributes who coaxes the child reader into the book and helps him towards the book's potential meaning. Since the child is initially a very inexperienced reader he may also need the aid of a mediator, a teacher or parent, who may well help to turn him into a literary reader.

With Aidan Chambers' theory in mind, I want now to look at two quotations, first from Treasure Island and then from The Wind
in the Willows. Stevenson is writing in the guise of a boy, Jim Hawkins, but giving in addition to the scene he describes, a grown-up dimension. Wallace Robson comments unerringly:

"For Jim the struggle with Hands is largely a 'Boy's Game' - this is after all, a boy's book - he heaves the dead O'Brien whom Hands had killed overboard like a sack of bran, but for the adult reader, the dead men are seen somewhat differently". 21

Now I quote directly from Stevenson:

"He went in with a sounding plunge; the red cap came off, and remained floating on the surface; as soon as the splash subsided, I could see him and Israel lying side by side, both wavering with the tremulous movement of the water. O'Brien, though still a young man, was very bald. There he lay with that bald head across the knees of the man who had killed him, and the quick fishes steering to and fro over both". 22

In a few words Stevenson displays his extraordinary gift for conveying to the adult reader the fate of men, while he keeps the story going for the young reader.

Kenneth Grahame can also be read on two levels:

"The Mole had been working hard all the morning, spring-cleaning his little home. First with brooms, then with dusters, then on ladders and steps and chairs, with a brush and a pail of whitewash, till he had dust in his throat and eyes and splashes of whitewash all over his black fur, and an aching back and weary arms. Spring was moving in the air above and in the air below and around him, penetrating even his dark and lowly little house with its spirit of divine discontent and longing". 23

Very simply put: the child sees and loves the busy little animal, the adult feels the return of hope.

These two books certainly fit in with Aidan Chambers' theory of a 'second self' who invites the child reader into the book; Stevenson uses a boy, Grahame an animal. The two books also have the power to fire the adult imagination and
operate on two levels, the child's and the adult's. That may explain the attraction children's books have for many adults; the child within still responds while the adult keeps watch. Most successful children's writers have the capacity to keep 'the eye of the child' at the centre of the story right through to the end. Many writers have felt the urge to tell a story to their own children or, as in J.M. Barrie's case, to the children of friends; or, as Beatrix Potter said, 'part of me stayed in my childhood until I was quite old'. They observe what children enjoy and master the techniques of presentation. Very occasionally, books intended for grown-ups like Robinson Crusoe or Gulliver's Travels are adopted by children because they can be read for the exciting narrative qualities. Occasionally too authors and illustrators seem to share a vision like George MacDonald and Arthur Hughes.

There is little reason to suppose that general theories about literature and its purpose are very different in Switzerland. Both Scotland and Switzerland belong to the European cultural tradition, but historical and geographical differences and cultural ties with particular countries, for example England and Germany, are certainly reflected in children's books and may affect their development and assessment. This may be particularly true in the case of children's literature, where writers are attempting to pass on very different national heritages. A review of critical literature concerned with writing for children, written in English in the United Kingdom, rapidly makes clear that the vast majority of contributors
are English and most of the texts and articles are published in England and very few indeed in Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. The very large population of England in comparison with the other three makes this inevitable, along with the concentration of publishing houses in the south. Among the critics mentioned there is only one Scot, Margaret Meek, who works in London. The Scot, in fact, has an open-ended nationality and wide horizons. In Switzerland the situation is almost reversed. Most children's book critics and the books they discuss will normally be written and published in Switzerland, although there are a great many translations especially from English and a growing number of Swiss authors have their books published in Germany and Austria. (I am writing now of German and not French or Italian Switzerland). Switzerland is much more of an entity than Scotland. It is after all a sovereign state in its own right. This fact undoubtedly affects the tone and attitude of the critics, although they share the same human values.

The 'messages' coming from Swiss children's books are of general interest to all children whatever their nationality, but they also reveal their country of origin as one would expect and the critics who interpret them usually share the background of the writers and understand every turn of phrase, reference or insinuation. Peter Keckel obviously believes that, while the best children's books know no frontiers, what they say springs from the deepest roots in their homeland:

'Alle diese Gestalten und Bücher gehören über nationale und zeitliche Grenzen hinweg zum unveräusserlichen Bestand, zur Innenwelt des lesenden
Kindes, gleich auf welchem Kontinent es lebt. Dem wertvollen Jugendbuch ist also eine natürliche Internationalität eigen, es erschließt dem Jugendlichen die Welt.

Aber diese natürliche Internationalität ist auch immer eine Art Dialektik des Regionalen, in all seinen Formen, Problemen und Spielarten. Um der Besonderheiten willen wird ein Buch von den Kindern aller Welt geliebt und verschlungen. Das gute Jugendbuch wird nicht auf eine verbindliche Art international. Es sind keine "Allerweltabücher", die etwa durch geistige Standortlosigkeit und verflachte Eigenart eine völkerumspannende Verständlichkeit erlangen. Im Gegenteil! Gerade jene Bücher, die in allen Kinderstuben der Welt gelesen werden, sind besonders eng mit dem Leben und der Denkart eines bestimmten Volkes verknüpft und in ihm verwurzelt. In zahlreichen Fällen sind es sogenannte "hausgemachte" Bücher, die aus der Intimität einen Signalzug über die ganze Welt angetreten haben.  

A certain 'Swiss' style of writing developed in children's books, most markedly after the very early setting up of a 'Jugendschriftenkommission' (Commission for Juvenile Literature) in 1858, much influenced by teachers and this tradition continued well into the twentieth century. The recipe was a mixture of adventure and instruction, with a good pinch of moral intent, hardly surprising in the land of Rousseau and Pestalozzi. The answers to a questionnaire, circulated by the International Youth Library among German school-children suggested that they found children's books from Switzerland 'boring, narrow-minded, amateurish and more suitable for very young children' (1959). Swiss critics during the sixties were more concerned with this image of their children's books than with defining what children's literature is. Hansjörg Ostertag, opening a Swiss Children's Book Exhibition in 1971 at the same Youth Library cited with endearing frankness and humour two children's books with the same theme, one from France but translated into German, the
second from German Switzerland. First the book originally
in French: a young girl's mother has had to go into hospital
and she is now alone in the house—

'Dem Mädchen fehlt vor allem die Zärtlichkeit, 
die sie von der Mutter erfuhr, und die durch nichts 
ersetzet werden kann. Thérèse kommt ins Schlafzimmer 
und sieht das Kleid der Mutter dort hängen. Sie 
schmiegt sich an den weichen Stoff und spricht 
sanft mit dem Kleid'.

'Das Schweizer Mädchen säubert bis in die Nacht 
hinein die Küche und sorgt für die kleineren 
Geschwister'.

Brief mention may be made of two other reports published 
in Germany on Swiss Children's Literature. Ruth-Gisela 
Klausmeier looked at children's books as a sociologist, not 
as a literary critic. Her conclusions on Switzerland do not 
strike me as well founded since she does not expect Swiss 
children to become artists, perhaps art patrons or good 
business men or sensible people! English and French 
children's books are also considered in this treatise.

The Swiss, Professor Jakob Steiner, working in Göttingen 
also sees the Swiss children's book scene as restricted.

Already great changes were underway in Zürich which 
resulted eventually in the creation of a centre in 1967 where 
advice and information on children's books could be given and 
where researchers could pursue their own interests. The moving 
spirit in all this was Dr. Franz Caspar who died suddenly in 
1977, but the Schweizerische Jugendbuchinstitut flourishes.

Soon Fritz Senft was describing new trends in Swiss children's 
literature. Picturesque myths like 'das Alpinum der jodelnden 
Sennen, der Edelweisspflückler und rotwangigen Trachtenmädchen'
were to be preserved for tourists and television, whereas an array of fresh subjects was already being treated in children's books: changing life in the villages, the building of motorways, the Third World, problems of immigrant workers. He suggested that children's books should cover all subjects:

Firn und Asphalt, Luftschoß und Hochhaus, Nonsens und Realität. In der konstruktiven Aufgeschlossenheit liegt die beste Gewähr, daß wir eine veränderte Welt nicht nur für die Jugend sondern mit ihr bestehen werden.31

Eight years later Jürg Schatzmann reported on further developments: recognition in the form of international prizes, increased publishing opportunities both in and outside Switzerland, fewer stereotyped roles for girls, more fantasy.32 Discussions continue both in the general press and in specialised journals like Jugendliteratur. Hans Peter Treichler recently wrote a hard-hitting series of articles on Swiss Children's Classics.33 Otto Steiger, who writes for both grown-ups and teenagers, was awarded in 1980 the prestigious Jugendliteraturpreis. In his speech of acceptance he avoids discussing theoretical differences between adult and juvenile fiction which he considers minimal, and regrets what he perceives as the low status of children's literature in Switzerland in comparison with other countries; but the main import of his speech is his belief in the vital importance of writing for the young who will create the world of tomorrow.34

The Germans appear to be more interested than the Swiss in theoretical aspects of children's literature, witness th
volume of essays published under the title "Ästhetik der Kinderliteratur" edited by Professor Klaus Doderer. I quote a few sentences from the fly-leaf:

**Plaidoyers für ein poetisches Bewußtsein**

Die Autoren formulieren ihr Unbehagen an der bisher zumeist pädagogischen Einschätzung der Kinderliteratur und plädieren für eine aesthetische Bewertung. Der Ansatz, sich mit aesthetischen Fragen innerhalb der Jugendbuchforschung zu beschäftigen, folgt auf eine Phase starker ideologischer Auseinandersetzung.

I return again to the book mentioned right at the beginning of this chapter because it throws such light on the process of writing for children:

"Children and adult masses love narrative. This is not looked on with favour in high culture. In masses of books of literary criticism narrative is a crude clothes-peg for hanging up the stuff that really matters and is really deep — symbol, image, characterization, social observation, theme. If that were true, it would also be true that children's books which are far more exclusively narrative than mainstream novels, were doomed to swim in shallow waters. But it cannot for long escape the working writer, however much Lit. Crit. he has been stuffed with, before he starts, that a narrative in itself is an image. It is a linear image, extended in time. It is an image of a sequence of changes. It can be coherent or incoherent, significant or silly, ugly or beautiful in itself. When superlatively executed, it carries a full charge of meaning, becomes incandescent in the mind."

There are twenty-two contributors to Edward Blishen's volume. Of these only one is a Scot: Mollie Hunter. Her nationality is emphasised: '"My spine tingled" or as we in Scotland say — "a grue ran up my back".' The Scot emphasises his nationality at once. If he is born and bred there, his voice does it for him. Mollie Hunter often makes doubly sure that people recognise her as a Scot on her foreign sorties by wearing tartan. In big countries like England
and France, nationality is simply taken for granted, the inhabitants enjoy the solidarity of numbers and do not feel threatened. Recently, when it became evident that Scottish children's books were in short supply Joan Lingard wrote:

'We need people to voice their opinions, exchange ideas, demand change in many areas of our national life. I am presuming we do have one of a sort, though many no doubt would wish to challenge that'. She goes on to say: 'To have a sense of identity it is necessary to have a knowledge and an awareness of one's own culture as well as that of other people'.

Defending Swiss children's literature against a charge of being dull, Hansjörg Ostertag reacts in a similar way:

'Handelt es sich etwa hier um einen Fall alemannischer Selbstkritik und latenter Unsicherheit?' The Scots and the Swiss have no need to explain to each other about the pressures of belonging to a small country.

To return to the work of Mollie Hunter: she feels herself to be deeply Scottish and the plot of all her books (she has written twenty-two) is set either in the Lowlands or the Highlands of Scotland. The heroine or hero with whom both she and her young readers can identify, is usually Scottish. She specialises in historical narrative or fantasy; only very rarely is her theme contemporary or domestic in background. She has found that her books are read all over the world in English or in translation, and that, far from being regarded as parochial, they gain from the individuality and authenticity of their setting. In _The Thorny Paradise_ she sums up her philosophy as the triumph of human love over the dark power of Soul-less Ones.
The components of this power are courage, compassion, humility, a passionate militancy in believing in the importance of truth, justice and honesty. Children have to learn as well as be entertained. The dark power of the Soul-less Ones, the concept of an Evil Presence plays no role to speak of in Swiss children's books. The Swiss seem to be more confident and practical in their approach, but they share with the Scots an intense love of their own countryside and a belief in freedom and independence for ordinary people.

Mollie Hunter has also written a book about writing for children, based on a series of lectures she gave in the United States in 1975, including the May Hill Arbuthnot Honor Lecture. She explains how she came to write for children and how she sets about it. Her views seem to me to be just as applicable to Switzerland or Scotland or anywhere else where there are young readers. She clearly writes with her whole heart and with as much skill as she can muster. Adults enjoy her books too, if they have managed to retain a child's sense of wonder and delight. From her schooldays onwards, she has known she had a talent for telling stories and a delight in words, but it was not until she had children of her own and observed how much they enjoyed her tales, that she made up her mind to become a children's writer. At the same time she began to sense the power of words, became aware of the vulnerability of children and developed a sense of responsibility towards them.

When she embarked on her career, there was already a tendency among writers to break away from the middle-class
conventions which had dominated British children's books for so long. Nurseries, nannies, boarding-schools, aristocrats were all strange phenomena especially to Scottish children for whom she particularly wanted to write. 1956, the year of the Hungarian Uprising, was a turning point in Mollie Hunter's life and the message the Hungarian children carried across the frontier into Austria: 'Look after our children, we are staying to fight' has remained in her mind. She thinks deeply about modern developments in books, especially for teenagers, the treatment of drugs, alcoholism, sex and emotional hurdles like the death of a parent or a divorce in the family. She thinks these subjects should only be treated in a way that increases the child's or teenager's understanding. Rape and extreme violence to which children are sometimes subjected she feels to be aberrations that have no place in the framework of children's books. Her views in fact are very close to those of the Swiss critic Fritz Senft - freedom with responsibility. 42

Mollie Hunter's books are by no means as solemn as the above account may make them sound. Many of her subjects are related to exciting and dangerous incidents in Scottish history or are fantasies based on mysterious folk-tales. 43 Her stories are always told through the child's eyes. Tales of witchcraft and the Other World fascinate her, but they provide only the background which is always meticulously researched. Her practice follows exactly the advice of the nineteenth-century Swiss writer, Johannes Staub, so beloved
by Swiss children for decades: 'Wer für Kinder schreiben und dichten will, soll auch wie ein Kind fühlen und denken können'.

In her last essay, 'The Limits of Language' in 'Talent is not Enough', Mollie Hunter discusses the connotations of words like 'dreich' (dreary) or 'fushionless' (aimless) or 'coorie doon thegither' (crouch down together) for the Scot. She goes on to analyse the Gaelic turn of phrase one sometimes meets in English and 'the softly slurred consonants and liquid vowel sounds' of Highland speech. She gives many examples of the magical effect of combinations of words from the simple 'Once upon a time' or 'Abracadabra' to Rudyard Kipling's 'He went back through the Wet Wild Woods, waving his wild tail, and walking by his wild lone. But he never told anybody'.

I give my own example from nearer home:

Here is the sea, here is the sand,
Here is simple Shepherd's Land,
Here are the fairy hollyhocks,
Here are Ali Baba's rocks.

But yonder, sea! apart and high,
Frozen Siberia lies; where I,
With Robert Bruce and William Tell,
Was bound by an enchanter's spell.

With the simplest of words Stevenson draws together the landscape of home and the immeasurable distances of fairy-tale and folk-tale. He then fuses all together by recollecting his childhood heroes and their homelands in a distant bewitching vision.
Even if the world as a whole strides on, the young must always begin again from the beginning and as individuals live through the cultural epochs of the world..., for however absurd they (the children) may appear to those of riper years, after all children always remain children and do not alter with the times.

The young person, therefore, reads a book, not because it is 'modern' or 'conservative', but as a refuge from the absurdity of the "condition humaine" (Roger Escarpit), because of the tensions which being a child, of necessity, brings with it in the course of development.

Käsglockenschweizer: dyed-in-the wool Swiss Sennentracht: cowherd's outfit

All these characters and books belong, beyond all barriers of time and nationality, to the indisposable property, to the inner world of every literate child, no matter in what continent he lives. For the valuable children's book possesses a natural internationality, which opens up the world to the young.

But this natural internationality is also always a kind of regional dialectic, in all its forms, its problems and its varieties. Because of its idiosyncratic detail a book is loved and devoured all the world over. A good
children's book is not international in a detached kind of way. There are no reach-me-down universally popular books, which, because of their lack of spiritual ties with any specific place, say, and their ironing out of identity, may be understood in every nation that there is. On the contrary, these very books, that are read by children the world over, are particularly closely bound up with the life and mental attitudes of an individual nation in which they have their roots. In many cases, indeed, they are 'home-made books' which, thanks to their homeliness, have laid the whole world at their feet.

p. 48

The girl misses especially the tenderness she received from her mother which cannot be replaced by anything else. Thérèse comes into the bedroom and sees her mother's dress hanging there. She nestles up to the soft material and speaks gently to the dress.

p. 48

The Swiss girl cleans the kitchen right into the night and looks after the younger children.

p. 48

The Alpine landscape of the yodelling cowherds, the edelweiss-pickers and the rosy-cheeked girls in costume.

p. 49

Firm and asphalt, castles in the air and tower-blocks, nonsense and reality. In constructive openness lies the
best guarantee that we will successfully cope with a changed world not only for youngsters but with them.

p. 50

Aesthetics of Children's Literature

Plea for Poetic Awareness

The authors state their unease about the assessment of Children's Literature which up till now has usually been pedagogical and make a plea for a more aesthetic assessment. The decision to work on aesthetic questions within the field of Children's Literature Research follows on a phase of vigorous ideological discussion.

p. 51

Is this perhaps a question of Swiss self-criticism and latent insecurity?

p. 54

Whoever wants to write and compose for children, has to be able to feel and think as a child.
NOTES FOR CHAPTER TWO


5. Patricia Crampton, *International Board on Books for Young People: An Introduction to the History and Work of IBBY* (Loughborough, 1975), British Council Course on Young People and Reading.


14. Alfred Berchtold, 'Ramuz et l'existence de la Suisse: un débat des années trente', an article published under the auspices of l'Alliance Culturelle Romande, in Chêne-Bourg, 1977, Cahier, 23 novembre, pp. 96-102, which discusses Swiss nationality in relation to the position of Switzerland, surrounded by great powers and feeling certain pressures, but also having widespread cultural connections. The founding of Pro Helvetia in 1938 is also mentioned.

15. Johann David Wyss, *Der Schweizerische Robinson* (Zürich, 1812-13); Johanna Spyri, *Heidi* (Gotha, 1881); Ida Bindschedler, *Die Turnachkinder* (Frauenfeld, 1906 and 1909).


19. Margaret Meek, 'Prolegomena for a Study of Children's Literature'. Paper read at Research Seminar on Children's Literature, Department of Education, University of Southampton, 1979, p. 34.


25. Peter Keckais, Nationale Grenzen für das Jugendbuch', in Der Schweizerbuchhandel, no. 10 (Thun, 1961), ibid.


28. R. Plant, Die Kiste mit dem grossen S (Aarau, N.D.),


33. Hans Peter Treichler, 'Schweizer Jugendklassiker wieder gelesen', five weekly articles from 13 October onwards in Kindergartenlaube, Weltwoche Magazin (Zürich, 1982).


37. Ibid., pp. 128-139.


CHAPTER THREE

THE ORAL HERITAGE

The two chapters, 'The Oral Heritage' and 'The Literary Tradition', are closely allied and both endeavour to show that children's literature comes like much other literature from a background of centuries of output. The emphasis of this thesis is on Scottish and Swiss children's books which must be seen against a wide international background for children's authors draw from many sources. England and Germany have had particularly close links with their two small neighbours Scotland and Switzerland. This thesis, however, is not an exercise in cultural nationalism, but an exercise in self-examination. Children's literature is both international and national. These two chapters underline points of interaction with the surrounding literatures, for example, the contacts between the Grimm brothers and Sir Walter Scott or the spread of popular literature from Germany to Switzerland as the book-peddlars struggled south from Eningen with their wares. Distinctive aspects of children's literature in Scotland and Switzerland have been emphasized: in Scotland a rich and imaginative ballad tradition and a successful chapbook trade, in Switzerland the distinctive 'Neujahrblätter' (New Year Broadsides) and the emphasis on education in children's books encouraged by the writings of Rousseau and Pestalozzi.

In the previous chapter 'The Overall View' Mollie Hunter's references to the power of the spoken word in her essay 'The Limits of Language' and Robert Louis Stevenson's mention of
almost legendary heroes in his poem 'Historical Associations' brings the reader to the next part of the framework in which this thesis is set and to a review of the oral heritage of both Scotland and Switzerland. Children have kept the oral heritage very much alive amongst themselves and their activities, including their language, games and customs have been very well documented. It is unlikely that children think of their rhymes and games as anything more than pleasurable occupations and they are probably unaware of the immense age of many of the jingles. Many children become aware of their heritage through the printed word and it must be difficult for them to realise that relatively speaking the written tradition is a new phenomenon. About 1800 fireside story-telling was probably universal in the Scottish countryside and it lasted into the twentieth century. The singing of songs and ballads lasted longer. Lullabies and stories were of course passed on from mother to child, but most tales were told in the evening in the house. People took turns at telling as the women spun and the men took turns at mending nets. There was no rigid division between children and grown-ups and bedtime was a very movable hour. There are some talented story-tellers today, but they tend to give a performance rather than take part in an everyday situation. 'The time-honoured phrases, the inflection of the voice, variations in speed and loudness, imitations of sounds, dramatic gestures, the hand on your arm, the compelling gaze' - these are all part and parcel of the oral heritage. The printed word cannot be brought to life in the same way, yet Hannah Aitken creates much of the atmosphere.
And once started the flow of stories, rhymes, riddlums and quirklums (puzzles) would probably hold out until bedtime, for "a copious supply of song, tale and drollery" was basic equipment for any nurse or grandmother worthy of the name. Here at least the children of past centuries were fortunate. Recently I was lucky enough to hear Jock Duncan speak about his days as a farm lad in Aberdeenshire, taking the colt foals to the sales away from their mothers for the first time and how he cuddled them like his own bairns. The warmth of his voice and his whole way of speaking was spell-binding. It was the oral tradition brought to life in a unique way and made the listeners long for less standardized, mechanized entertainment.

The Swiss too have their tellers of tales, the most famous of them hailing from Graubünden. The isolated valleys of this canton, the largest in extent of all the cantons, provided an environment which encouraged an intimate community life. Leza Uffer who grew up in Graubünden began to collect folk-tales or wonder-tales during the thirties and later published several collections. A similar situation was found in the islands of the Outer Hebrides in Scotland, but there it is the sea that isolates the communities and not the mountains (although the sea can also be a highway). Probably the most famous of all the Graubünden story-tellers was the itinerant shoemaker Barba Plasch. His tales are preserved, but his way of life has gone. These story-tellers held their audience like actors in the theatre. They knew their stories by heart and had large repertoires which had been passed down by word of mouth. They were at home in a country setting, but in many ways were very like the 'cabaret' artists in a town like Basel. Curiously enough Franz Hohler who writes fantasy books for children also enjoys a reputation as a
'cabaret' performer. It is the oral tradition come to life again in a different context.

There are two branches of folk literature which closely concern children and young peoples: folk poetry and song and folk narrative. It seems logical to consider first the rhyming sounds a child may hear in infancy for:

'A language is learned and a culture planted in childhood. So these rhymes should precede the pleasure derived from hearing the more mature ballads and folk-songs. Indeed the fundamental quality of these rhymes attunes the young ear to all poetry'.

'Clap hannies, clap hannies,
Till Daddie comes hame,
For Daddie's got pennies,
But Mammie's got none'.

This jingle echoes still in my own ears from childhood.

Already in the late eighteenth century collectors were attempting to save this oral heritage. The Germans were the first in the field: in 1778 and 1779 Herder published a collection of popular songs and ballads of many nations, *Stimmen der Völker*. Influenced by Herder's theories and practice, Goethe and Lenz were already noting Alsace folksongs in the 1770s. Brentano and Arnim continued this work. Soon other scholars followed suit. In Edinburgh Robert Chambers published a collection containing as well as rhymes much information about customs in the Borders of that time. Sayings connected with rivers like the Till and the Tweed or mention of long-established families and their lands like the Haige and Bemerside reflect clearly the country of origin. Hogmanay (New Year's Eve) is widely celebrated in children's rhymes handed down from one generation to the next:
'Get up, goodwife, and shake your feathers,  
And dinna think that we are beggars;  
For we are bairns come out to play,  
Get up and gie's our hogmanay!'  

In Glasgow another publisher, David Robertson, produced in  
the years 1832 to 1847 collections entitled Whistlebinkie or the  
Pipe of the Party. From the same firm came in 1844 a  
publication more expressly intended for children: Songs for the  
Nursery, songs to interest and instruct. The collection has an  
unusual introduction, advocating kindness to children, and  
suggesting that 'the nursery forms the national character even  
more than the schoolmaster.' Robertson goes on to quote from  
a letter he had received from Lord Jeffrey, the then Lord Advocate  
and one of the founders of the Edinburgh Review, praising the  
collection and advocating the use of the 'Scotch':  

'There are more touches of genuine pathos; more  
felicities of idiomatic expression, more happy poetical  
images, and, above all more sweet and engaging pictures  
of what is peculiar in the depth, softness and thoughtfulness  
of our Scotch domestic affections, in this extraordinary little volume,  
than I have met with in anything like the same compass since the days of Burns'.  

Even today this collection sounds fresh and evocative, for example:  
'Creep afore ye gang', 'Dinna fear the doctor', 'Chuckie', 'Ye  
maun gang to the school'. David Robertson's selection is  
exclusively written in the vernacular.  

A revival of the vernacular, or at least its retention,  
particularly in children's poems, came after the Second World  
War. There were two movements, firstly the collection of  
traditional poems in Scots and secondly the writing of original  
verse for children also in Scots. The pioneers in the first  
group are undoubtedly Norah and William Montgomerie with their
above-mentioned collections of Scottish nursery rhymes. A good example is 'Tam o' Crumstane.' A mounting-stone can still be seen at the gate of Duddingston Church in Edinburgh:

Tam o' Crumstane

'A loupin-on stane
Is a very guid thing,
For a man that is stiff,
For a man that is auld,
For a man that is lame
0 the leg or the speuld,
Or short o the houghs 14
Tae looup on his naggie'. 14

Through the seventies and into the eighties collections of traditional and original verse for children, interspersed with short stories, have continued to appear so that Scottish children have a wide variety of choice. Verse speaking is popular in schools and keeps the oral tradition alive in a different way. 15

But in the nineteenth century when children, and indeed many adults, were illiterate, the human voice was paramount as a means of communication. James Hogg records his mother's protest to Sir Walter Scott:

'There were never ane o' my songs prentit till ye prentit them yoursel', and ye has spoilt them awthegither. They were made for singing an' no for reading, but ye has broken the charm now, an' they'll never be sung mair'. 16

Work had already been done in the eighteenth century. 17 Sir Walter Scott was indeed one of the earliest conservationists of the Scottish oral heritage and there were advantages in preserving a written record. Despite Mrs. Hogg's strictures, a sense of nationality still lingers even in the printed word, although the reader is much affected by the taste and skill of the scribe or collector.
We are fortunate in having available the results of a huge and painstaking piece of research work done by Iona and Peter Opie which is largely based on an oral culture kept alive by children themselves, passed on from one generation to the next and sometimes dating back hundreds of years. With the cooperation and active help of many people concerned in different ways with education, they carried out surveys all over the country including Scotland. North of the Border they drew their results from towns as far apart as Golanpie and Langholm. These results drew attention to rhymes, riddles, jokes and customs collected directly from the children themselves and echoed the findings of an earlier worker in this field, Norman Douglas, who thought the rhyme, quoted earlier, 'Rise up, guid wife, an’ shake yer feathers' was current in a slightly different version at the time of Mary, Queen of Scots. It seems that children are good guardians of rhymes and songs and that the oral tradition uncovered by the Opies is still widespread.

The Scottish children are nowadays not speaking Scots or Gaelic in any numbers whereas Swiss German is universally spoken and there is no break in the linguistic aspect of the oral tradition. Swiss children will continue to talk their own dialect in the playground and the home. At the same time they learn Standard German as a quasi-foreign language. It follows inevitably that the pre-school poems and songs are in 'Schwyzerdütsch' or dialect. This oral heritage binds all German Swiss together in one sense, but isolates them in another. The foreigner is presented with an added difficulty. Scotland and Switzerland are in a curious situation vis-à-vis one another. Union with a
very large neighbour speaking a universal language is making Scotland less Scottish, whereas Switzerland with all its diversities is clearly Swiss. 'Schwyzerdütsch' is a strikingly successful language without a literature of any magnitude.

'Schwyzerdütsch' is an Alemannic dialect closely related to those spoken in south-west Germany. For hundreds of years Switzerland had close cultural links with the 'mother country'. Swiss children had access to a rich oral cultural tradition and with increasing literacy to a written one. Like the Germans the Swiss gradually became interested in their own cultural past. Folksongs, rhymes, riddles, animal poems and action songs were finally published, rather later than in Scotland.

Johannes Staub (1813-1880) was a most influential figure in the field of popular children's literature. His Staub-Büschli (1842-54) were beloved by generations of children and were read well into the twentieth century. They contained traditional material, tales and poems by known authors and attractive simple poems for children by Staub himself. He combined the activities of a collector, editor and author/illustrator. Others also contributed to the art work. To some extent Staub makes a bridge between the oral heritage and the written tradition.

Publishers, particularly Sauerländer in Aarau, played a very important role in Switzerland as they had done in Scotland. Sauerländer encouraged the publication of 'Schwyzerdütsch' collections of traditional rhymes. Robert Suter's Am Brünneli contains one of the most famous repetitive rhymes, versions of which vary considerably in spelling and vocabulary as one would expect with a rhyme passed on by word of mouth. The version quoted
below was illustrated by Felix Hofmann in 1963: *Joggeli wott go Birli schütte*. A child can turn the pages of the book quickly and bring the rhyme to life. This is the last verse:

'Do geht de Meischtersälber us und foht a resonniere.
Metzger wott jëtz Chälbi stäche,
Chälbi wott jëtz Wässerli sufe,
Wässerli wott jëtz Fürli lösche,
Fürli wott jëtz Chnabeli brönne,
Chnabeli wott jëtz Hündli haue,
Hündli wott jëtz Joggeli bisse,
Joggeli wott jëtz Birli schütte,
Birli wänd jëtz falle'. 23

Gradually material was gathered more systematically so that by 1926 Gertrud Zürcher was able to publish the definitive work in this field, containing more than four thousand rhymes with their variations. 24 On a more homely level Alfred and Klara Stern published *Röselichranz*, complete with illustrations and music. 25 In this collection is to be found a gay little rhyme about that most Swiss of mammals, the marmot:

'Murmeltierli tanze,
Eins und zwei, drei und vier,
Schöne Pumeranzog
Das schöne Murmeltier.
Und so la la und so la la
Tanzt das schöne Murmeltier,
Und so la la und so la la,
Tanzt das Murmeltier'.

Several more collections of traditional rhymes have been published recently. *Verse, Sprüche und Reime für Kinder* with contemporary woodcuts, is one of the most attractive. 26 This collection has already run into eight ever larger editions. It contains many action songs for young children riding on their mother's knee:
'So ryté die Herre, die Herre, die Herre',
and with slackening pace:
'So ryté die Buure, die Buure, die Buure',
and finally very fast to simulate the rogues escaping:
'So ryté die Schelme, die Schelme, die Schelme'.

That unique publishing organisation, the 'Schweizerisches
Jugendschriftenwerk' also publishes periodically a small selection
of Swiss German rhymes:

Ich han as chlyses Schiffli, ich gahne mit zum See
und gib em dànn as Püffli, dànn faherts devo, Ju-heel
I fahre mit uf Zuri und chauffe-n-alerlei
und bringe spaat am Aabig mya Schiff voll Chrööli hai'.

There are tunes included and pictures outlined by the distinguished
illustrator Felix Hoffmann, ready for children to colour themselves.

The most recent anthology of 'Schwyzerdütsch' poems for
children contains both traditional rhymes and others freshly minted
for today's children. Even the postscript is written entirely
in 'Schwyzerdütsch'.

Another product of the oral heritage loved by Scottish
children in particular is the ballad which tells a story in
poetry and often in song. Ballads were not written in the first
place for children and young people, but they have become popular
with them and have remained so with every succeeding generation.
The mixture of drama, narrative and lyric easily captures the
imagination of the young. The ballad remains firmly in the
oral tradition and may well have first been sung in the Middle
Ages by the wandering minstrels. In a desire to preserve
record of this tradition, Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, County
Down in Ireland, published in 1765 Reliques of Ancient English
Poetry. This book had a profound effect on the thirteen-year-old
Walter Scott and fired him with an enthusiasm, resulting later in his collection, *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802-3). James Hogg and his mother greatly helped him in this enterprise.

The Border country of Scotland had been for generations the scene of much bloody fighting, often on horseback, for sudden sorties and speedy returns dictated the pattern of this warfare. The English were not the only enemy. Feuds among the powerful Border families were commonplace. Names like Douglas, Kerr, Scott, Elliott, Maxwell and Armstrong recur throughout the ballads.

One of the most renowned, filled with expectation and foreboding, is 'The Battle of Otterbourne', which begins thus:

'It fell upon the Lammas tide,  
When muir-men win their hay, moor  
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride brave  
Into England, to drive a prey'.

Scotland has a rich and widespread ballad tradition which even today does much to maintain a sense of national identity in Scottish children.

War is by no means the only subject matter; love and adventure play a big part closely entwined with the supernatural. The strange otherworldly atmosphere quickly ensnares the emotions of the young, witness 'Tamlane':

'O I forbid ye, maidens a',  
That wear goud on your hair, gold  
To come or gas by Carterhaugh,  
For young Tamlane is there'.

or in 'Thomas the Rhymer':

'True Thomas lay on Huntlis bank,  
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee, fairy eye  
And there he saw a ladye bright,  
Come riding down by Eildon tree'.
In such a sea-girt country as Scotland, the sea naturally plays an important role, providing the background to the fight against the enemy as in 'Sir Patrick Spens' or against the foe in the ballad version of Sir Andrew Wood's final encounter with the Earl of Surrey. One of the most beautiful and haunting ballads, 'The Great Silkie of the Sule Skerry' (The great seal of Shool Skerry) takes us right up to Orkney and twenty-five miles out into the Atlantic west of Hoy:

'I am a man upon the land,
I am a selchis on the sea,
An' whin I'm far from every strand
My dwelling is in Shool Skerry'.

The ballad tells the story of a boy born to a seal father and a human mother who joins his father in the sea where they are both shot by a hunter. 29

There is a great wealth of traditional ballad material in north-east Scotland, mainly in Aberdeenshire, where there were in late medieval times great and independent families like the Hays, Keiths, Gordons and Ivines. One ballad begins:

'It fell about the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men:
We maun draw to a hail'. 30

It soon became clear to me in my investigations that there was no tradition of balladry in Switzerland comparable to the Scottish one, nor for that matter to the German. It was necessary to continue to search and to question. Surely through all their service in foreign armies, the Swiss must have remembered their homeland and those they loved. They must surely have sung of their innermost feelings. When the Germans, Arnim and Brentano, were collecting material for the
first edition of *Das Knaben Wunderhorn* in the early nineteenth century, Switzerland had not yet assumed its present form. Only in 1874 did this come about. There were thousands of Swiss fighting as mercenaries in Napoleon's armies; sometimes they fought against him, but in both cases they belonged to Swiss regiments and felt the honour of Switzerland depended on them. This was a strange situation which had lasted several hundred years. This type of foreign service had already been opposed by Zwingli in the sixteenth century, but was not forbidden until 1859. This military tradition provides the theme for several children's books and for a ballad which came to light later. In 1914 Switzerland declared a state of permanent neutrality and has maintained that position ever since.

The Swiss have a long military tradition like the Scots and one might have expected this to be reflected perhaps in ballad. Scots and Swiss certainly fought for freedom and also as mercenaries, but the Scots seemed to enjoy fighting for its own sake, not only against the English, but against themselves. The Swiss are essentially a peasant people who destroyed the power of the mounted knights. The Swiss believe in freedom and in strength through union. A retrospective exhibition of Ferdinand Hodler's work in Zürich (1983) revealed the physical and moral strength of the old Swiss or 'Eidgenossen'. Eventually in the *Volkskundliches Seminar* (Folkstudies Department) of Zürich University a book came to light which contained a ballad as fine as the Scottish ones. It is called 'Das alte Grenchener Lied' and refers to a period when young Swiss men were being recruited to fight in the Low Countries. The same poem appeared
much later in two German collections. Von Greverz searched in the Solothurn archives and found details of the original 'Babs'. The charm of the ballad and its power to move come from the honour and simplicity of the overwhelming love the two youngsters feel for each other, the father's understandable reluctance to let his daughter marry so young, the boy's rash enlistment for the war in Flanders and the final pledge of his love. This is the last verse:

'Und wenn der Himmel papierig wär,
und jeder Stärn e Schriber wär,
und jeder Schriber hätt siebe Händ,
sie schrieb doch minner Liebe kes Xnd'.

There were ballads which appeared as broadsides, in medieval Switzerland. They had very varied themes, war, love, religion, nature and homeland, but none, apart from 'Das alte Grenchener Lied', has become a genuine folk ballad. Swiss scholars researched the field as their German counterparts had done, but only 'Kunstballaden' (literary ballads) appeared.

In 1918 Eschmann, himself a successful writer of boys' books, published a selection of ballads, including some by Gottried Keller and Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, but only one poem in 'SchwyzerDutsch' by Meinrad Lienert has the feel of a traditional ballad like 'The Flowers of the Forest'.

'Am Pfyfferbank ay Hock ist læär;
Es hangt äs Fähndli drüber hær,
Dr Lieni hend e'im Wältschland glo
Sys Pfyffli lyt au neimewo'.

Goethe wrote of the Grenchner poem: 'ein köstlicher Ausdruck des schweizerischen-bäurischen Zustandes und des höchsten Ersignisses dort zwischen zwei Liebenden'. It seems clear that despite the beauty of occasional ballads, there is no real tradition
of this kind in Switzerland. I think the answer lies in the nature of the dominant social group over a very long period when such a tradition might have taken root. They were hard working peasants, struggling against the elements and against those who would be their masters. There were no grand families to supply leadership nor were they wanted. The peasants gained in independence, but they lost in creativity and imaginative power. This is clearly seen in the dearth of fantasy and wonder in Swiss children's books until quite recently.

Children's book illustrators, however, have drawn more deeply from the well of folk literature, as the chapter on their work will clearly show.

The last section of this chapter is concerned with three further aspects of the oral tradition: folk-tales, myths and legends. It is important for the English reader to realise that the word 'Sagen' does not mean 'sagas', which are so closely identified with the Icelandic or Norse tradition. 'Sagen' is used in German Switzerland for legends which have an element of factual truth in them, whereas 'Legenden' tend to be stories about saints. 'Sagen' are more numerous in Switzerland than 'Märchen', preferably translated by 'folk-tale' rather than 'fairy-tale'.

There is a tendency towards fact rather than fancy, but it is only a tendency and should not be exaggerated. Folk-narrative is an area in which numerous Scottish and Swiss scholars have laboured and these labours have produced a vast reservoir of inspiration for children's writers. Many tales, myths and legends have been skilfully edited for children and retain their liveliness and freshness.
Others have been trivialised and sentimentalised. The 'fairy-tale' has suffered in particular from this type of treatment. Finnish scholars, in the second quarter of this century, developed theories about folk-tales which they thought had been passed on by word of mouth for hundreds of years and had moved from one country to another and from one side of the world to the other.

There are often several versions of a story even within the same country. In 1962 the Aarne-Thompson motif-index of folk-tales was finally completed, making it possible to trace the progress of any given story-type in its many variants. Versions of 'Cinderella' can be plotted throughout the world, but only Scottish and Swiss versions are of concern in this study.

It was the German brothers, Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm, who laid down the first guidelines for workers in this field. Kinder- und Hausmärchen were published between 1812 and 1815. Jakob Grimm has recorded his debt to the Scottish folk-tale tradition. In 1812 he wrote to his brother Wilhelm:

'Das Volksmärchen vom Froschprinz habe ich in einem schottischen Buch heute Nachmittag gefunden, ich glaube kein Volk steckt so voll mündlicher Tradition als dieses'.

Jakob was also in correspondence with Sir Walter Scott, himself an enthusiastic collector of folk-tales, and they kept each other informed of fresh discoveries in this field. In 1823 Scott wrote to Edgar Taylor, the first translator of the Kinder- und Hausmärchen about the marked similarities in the themes of the German and Scottish folk-tales.

The first collector of tales whose work can be compared with that of the Grimm brothers is John Francis Campbell of Islay. His task was quite different for the tales he collected
were told in Scots Gaelic, a language widely spoken in the Islay of his day. He himself, with some help from friends, undertook the translation into English. He had a somewhat unexpected background, for he was a kinsman of the Duke of Argyll and an old Etonian, who had learned Gaelic in his boyhood from a piper detailed to look after him. In the dedication to his *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, he writes to the Marquess of Lorne:

'Amidst the curious rubbish you will find some sound sense if you look for it. You will find the creed of the people, as shown in their stories, to be, that wisdom and courage, though weak, may overcome strength, and ignorance and pride: that the most despised is often the most worthy; and that small beginnings lead to great results.

You will find perseverance, frugality and filial piety rewarded; greed, pride and laziness punished. You will find much that tells of barbarous times; I hope you will meet nothing that can hurt, or should offend'.

Campbell had a team of workers to help him with this monumental task and he has had many imitators right up to the present day. Hundreds of tales were rescued from oblivion and preserved for the national heritage. His monument still stands on a hill near Bridgend, looking out over Loch Indaal; part of the inscription reads: 'Loved alike by Poor and Peasant'. The qualities he cites as admirable in his dedication are common to the folk-tales of other nations and are peculiarly suited to appeal to the idealism of the young.

One other nineteenth-century collector in Scotland should be mentioned partly because his description of the arrival of an itinerant story-teller is so like that of the Swiss folklorist
and collector, Leza Uffer, in his native Graubünden; Sir George Douglas writes:

'The arrival of one of these story-tellers was an important event. As soon as it became known, there would be a rush to the house where he lodged and every available bench, table, bed or beam or the floor would quickly be appropriated. And then for hours together — just like some first-rate actor on the stage — the story-teller would hold his audience spell-bound. During his recitals, the emotions of the reciter were very strongly excited, as were also those of his listeners, — who at one time would be on the edge of tears, at another would give way to loud laughter. There were many of these listeners, by the way, who firmly believed in all the extravagances narrated. And such rustic scenes, as I hope presently to show, have been by no means without their marked effect upon Scottish literature'.

They have probably had an even more profound effect on children's literature. Not only are the tales retold, but a whole secondary world of magic is brought to life in the mind, the heart and the imagination of the writer and of the child. The visual element in a story, doubly important to children, draws endless inspiration from folk material. Illustrators of children's books demonstrate this time and again.

Since the Second World War dozens of collections of folk-tales for children have been published based on the work of the nineteenth-century collectors. The School of Scottish Studies, founded in 1952, records material from Scottish informants, in Gaelic and Scots, and publishes a journal called _Tocher_ (Dowry). Some school-teachers have encouraged their pupils to gather stories, still remembered by old men and women in their community, usually in the country districts. This brings the old and the young together, an experience of benefit to both.

The Swiss were closer to the Grimm brothers since they had
a language in common and indeed several of the Grimm tales were taken down in Swiss German. The sisters, Gretchen and Dortchen Wild, of Swiss parentage, supplied Wilhelm with his first tales and later Dortchen became his wife. 'Der Vogel Greif' from Aargau, 'Der Hans' from Basel, 'Die drei Sprachen' from Oberwallis are examples of Swiss tales in the collection.

The Swiss collectors inevitably copied the methods of the Grimms. The first collector was Otto Sutermeister, followed closely by his friend Heinrich Herzog. They have both been mentioned earlier in this chapter. 'Sagen' and 'Märchen' tend to be regarded in Switzerland as two separate categories. One of the most attractive collections is undoubtedly Arnold Büchli's Schweizersegen, particularly the edition illustrated by Felix Hofmann. The standard of Swiss children's book illustrators is extremely high as their work in the international art magazine Graphie shows. Every fourth year an entire issue is devoted to the work of children's book illustrators from about all countries.

Inspiration has been drawn from the folk-tale by collectors and editors on the one hand and illustrators on the other, with the result that today's children benefit directly from the work of the nineteenth-century scholars.

In order to exemplify similarities and differences, folk-tales are now compared, two versions of Cinderella, one Scottish and one Swiss. They must have been created during the wanderings of our not so dissimilar races and reflect their distilled wisdom. These tales were originally told by a single story-teller and gradually changed in repeated tellings from one generation to another. The atmosphere of many tales changes as they pass
from Switzerland to Scotland; the skeleton remains but the fleshing is altered by a different culture, in other words the story is basically the same, but the version differs. The Germanic tribes are still present in Switzerland north of the Alps, but the Celts have long gone and the Vikings were perhaps never there as they were in Scotland. In the Swiss tales are found stoic characters, homely details, a down-to-earth practical attitude and an inventive spirit and in the Scottish ones an imaginative otherworldly quality from the Celts and from the Norse the feeling of making the best of everything and keeping a good face to the foe. These are just strands in the national character of the two countries, but at times they emerge with astonishing clarity.

The first Cinderella version was written down for J.F. Campbell on Islay by Hector MacLean, a local school-master, in 1859. His informant was Ann Darroch who got it from Margaret Connel. The second version was heard by Johannes Jegerlehner in the Turtmann valley not far from Zermatt and appeared later in his collection Blümlisalp in 1913. His informant is not named. The title of the Scottish story is 'The King who wished to marry his daughter'. The Swiss title, 'der Drächengerudel' is much closer to the English title, being connected with the hearth and cinders.

The Scottish girl tries to stave off the unwanted wedding by demanding gifts as a condition of acceptance. One of these is a gown of the cotton-grass which grows on the Scottish moors. When all fails, the girl puts to sea in a kist (chest), lands safely and finds employment as a kitchen-maid in the royal palace.
In the end a little bird whispers the news of her whereabouts in the prince's ear and true to the tradition of Scottish fairy-tales he understands the language of all living creatures. The Swiss girl is threatened too by her father but takes practical steps against the threat by making her escape in a cart. At one stage she is given a ring by the prince. She reveals her presence in the kitchen by sending the ring back baked in a cake. There are many shared features in the two versions: no wicked step-mother, no ugly sisters, no fairy god-mother, no midnight ball, no mutilated feet, the prince seeing his future bride for the first time in church. What could be more appropriate for adherents of John Knox and John Calvin? The Scottish version is perhaps more imaginative, the Swiss more down-to-earth, but both girls value independence and the freedom to choose their own husbands. What is more important, they have the courage and determination to carry out their plans.

Folk-narrative and its effect on children's literature is of international interest. Lillian H. Smith, in Canada, has recognised the special relationship between children's books and folk-tales. They possess many qualities that appeal to children: they have drama, clarity of theme, intensity of action, effective dialogue, a pervading tone and intriguing patterns, beginnings and endings. They spring from and in turn arouse wonder and imagination, pity and terror. Never to be forgotten in 'The Black Bull of Norroway' is the climb up the glassy mountain:

'Seven long years I served for you,
The glassy hill I climbed for you,
The blood-stained shirts I washed for you,
Will you not waken and turn to me?'
The knight heard and turned to her. Not only is the lass reassured but the child reader too. Lillian Smith does not forget the other folk areas: the stories from mythology, Greek, Norse, Celtic, Teutonic, nor the sagas, epics and legends. They, too, in their modern retellings, add another dimension to the life of both Scottish and Swiss children.

Max Lüthi, now Emeritus Professor of Folklore of the University of Zürich, has written a great deal about 'Sagen' (legends) and 'Märchen' (folk-tales), emphasizing the local Swiss connection of the former and the universal application of the latter. Like Lillian Smith he sees 'Sagen' and 'Märchen' coming to life again in the pages of school-books and collections of tales. The old story-tellers have gone, but their influence remains. Stories of the cowherds, the mountains and glaciers, struggles for freedom, the importance of co-operation in a community are all part of the Swiss child's background. Lüthi ends his article with the words:

'Beide, Märchen und Sagen, sind bildende Mächte, deren der heranwachsende junge Mensch bedarf und die man ihm im empfänglichen Alter nahebringen sollte'. 55

Many modern children's writers have been influenced both in the themes chosen and the methods of writing used by myth and folklore. 56 The examples given, suggest a Swiss predilection for the picture-book. Neil Philip 57 discusses some Scottish children's books in which he detects clear evidence of their authors' awareness of an ancient oral tradition and the effect this has on their writing. He gives many instances citing chapter and verse and his arguments are convincing. One of his prime examples is Robert Louis Stevenson's Kidnapped with
its sequel *Catriona*.

In the work of a later writer, George Mackay Brown, the inspiration from traditional sources is even clearer. Two of his children's books *The Two Fiddles* and *Pictures in the Cave* show what can be achieved by a stylist with an intuitive understanding of his material. A knowledge of folk-literature can spark off a writer's imagination and give him a creative view of a contemporary situation. Alan Bold writes

'Mackay Brown has done something remarkable in modern literature, he has successfully renewed a tradition by applying to it the innovations of modern writing techniques. In George Mackay Brown's work the old saga voice and the old ballad manner blend with the modern accents of Orkney.'
So off the master goes himself  
to try and sort things out:  
Butcher, butcher, kill the calf,  
Calf, calf, drink the water,  
Water, water, quench the fire,  
Fire, fire, burn the stick,  
Stick, stick, beat the dog,  
Dog, dog, bite Johnny,  
Johnny, Johnny, shake the tree,  
Bring down all the pears that be.

Little marmot, dance,  
One and two, three and four,  
Like a lovely pomerance,  
The lovely marmot dances,  
And so la la and so la la  
The lovely marmot dances,  
And so la la and so la la  
The marmot dances dances.

This is the way the gentlemen ride, gentlemen ride, gentlemen ride,  
This is the way the peasants ride, peasants ride, peasants ride  
This is the way the rascals ride, rascals ride, rascals ride.

I have a little ship, I take it to the lake to play,  
I give it then a little push and so it sails away. Hooray!  
I sail on it to Zürich and buy all kinds of things,  
Later in the evening gifties back it brings.
If the heavens were made of paper,
And every star a scribe above,
And every scribe had seven hands,
They never could describe my love.

On the pipers' bench his place is bare,
Only his banner hang limp there.
Lieni is left in foreign ground
And nowhere can his pipes be found.

an exquisite expression of Swiss peasant circumstances and
the sublime experience of two lovers.

I found the folk-tale of the Frog-Prince this afternoon in a
Scottish book. I don't think there's another nation so full
of folk-tradition as the Scots.

Both folk-tales and legends are formative powers which the
developing youngster needs and with which he should have
contact at an impressionable age.
NOTES FOR CHAPTER THREE

1. Mollie Hunter, *Talent is not enough* (New York, 1975), pp. 103-123.


12. *Whistlebinkie or the Piper of the Party*, selected and edited by David Robertson (Glasgow, 1832-47). A whistlebinkie was a guest who attended a penny wedding without paying, sat on a bench by himself, and could whistle to amuse the company. Compare the German word 'Bänkelsänger'.

13. *Songs for the Nursery, songs to interest and instruct*, selected and edited by David Robertson (Glasgow, 1844), Introduction.

15. A Scots Kist (1972); Scotescape (1978); A Scots Handaen (1980); Scotsgata (1982); Ram Tam Toosh (1982), mainly selected, occasionally composed, published by Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.


17. Patrick McDonald, A Collection of Highland Vocal Aire (Edinburgh, 1784).


24. Kinderlieder der deutschen Schweiz, collected and edited by Gertrud Zürcher (Basel, 1926).


27. Summervögli rot und blau (Zürich, Schweizerisches Jugendschriftenwerk Nr. 840, 1975). The pages are not numbered in these booklets.


31. 'Eidgenossen' is today simply the equivalent of Swis, but the name goes back to 1291 and the 'Eid' (oath) sworn on the Rutli meadow by the three 'Waldstätte' (forest places) which were Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden. They swore to accept only the judgement of a man who accepted neither reward nor money and was one of themselves. The word 'Genoese' comes from old High German and means someone who holds property in common with others. See F. Kluge, Etymologisches Wörterbuch (Berlin, 1963), p. 248.


34. *Die Schweiz, Land, Volk und Geschichte in Ausgewählten Dichtungen* (Switzerland, land, people, history in selected poems), edited by Heinrich Kurz (Bern, 1853).

35. *Hundert Balladen aus der Schweizergeschichte* (A hundred ballads from Swiss History), edited by Ernst Eschmann (Zürich, 1918), p. 162.


37. The word 'Märchen' is difficult to translate into English. There is no real equivalent. Fairy-tale is simply the translation of 'conte-de-fées'.

38. Examples of these scholars are: Lord Archibald Campbell, *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition* (1889-95); Alexander Carmichael, *Carmina Gadelica* (1928-1971); Otto Sutermeister, *Kinder- und Hausmärchen der Schweiz* (1869); Heinrich Herzog, *Schweizersagen* (1871).

39. Antti Aarne published his first classification of folk-tale types in Helsinki in 1910. Stith Thompson revised this work also in Helsinki in 1928 and continued the same research in Bloomington, Indiana, USA, resulting ultimately in the Aarne-Thompson motif-index of fairy-tales in 1962.


42. *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, selected by J.F. Campbell (Edinburgh, 1860-2, 4 vols.). Vol 1, Dedication to the Marquess of Lorne, p. v.


45. 'The Giant with the Golden Hair', *Tocher* 33 (Edinburgh, Spring, 1980), pp. 165-183.


57. Neil Philip, 'Children's literature and the oral tradition', paper read at a seminar on 'Further approaches to Research in Children's Literature' (Cardiff, 1982), pp. 5-22.


Written literature has many roots in oral tradition, but it has also developed a distinct tradition of its own which can most easily be viewed chronologically since the evidence is clearly before us. What was written or adapted for children is the main concern of this thesis and an attempt will be made to establish what national attitudes, if any, writers have attempted to pass on to them. The old chroniclers were not consciously passing on attitudes. They were simply recording their story and telling a story remains now, as it was then, the most sure way of focussing the attention of the reader, especially if that reader is a child.

First there are the medieval manuscripts in which are to be found some of the most potent ideas which still shape our lives. Originally penned in the Latin of the day, the Declaration of Arbroath contains the words:

"... for as long as but a hundred of us remain alive, never will we on any conditions be brought under English rule. It is in truth not for glory, nor riches nor honours that we are fighting, but for freedom - for that alone, which no honest man gives up but with life itself."

Later on children's stories will often be seen to reflect these sentiments both in Scotland and Switzerland, although it will be Swiss peasants and not barons who pronounce them.

The invention of printing and its relatively rapid development in Europe, preceding the Reformation by such a short time, was crucial to the spreading of new beliefs and attitudes and made it much easier to transfer these ideas to
children, initially perhaps by reading aloud to them. Printers, publishers and booksellers, some often carrying out all three operations, flourished. As techniques improved so did the possibilities of appealing to children by combining the visual pleasures of pictures with learning. The subject matter of children's books widened and their horizons, although still largely bounded by devotional or moral tales, gradually expanded. An endeavour will be made to trace the development of writing for children, be it very briefly, on through the Enlightenment, the period of the Napoleonic wars and their aftermath, as far as the middle of the nineteenth century, when this genre of writing began to show signs of becoming an art form in its own right. Scotland and Switzerland share the same wide sweep of European culture and so do their much larger neighbours who have languages in common with them. This is clearly reflected in children's books. Harvey Darton has summed up these relatively early stages in children's literature:

'There is really only one "text" in these pages, and that is that children's books are always the scene of a battle between instruction and amusement, between restraint and freedom, between hesitant morality and spontaneous happiness. That conflict is not confined to the nursery'.

The medieval period has particular significance for children for the old chroniclers continue to have a profound effect on the young readers of today. John Barbour, archdeacon of St. Machar's, Aberdeen, and the shadowy figure, Blind Harry, chose the two most famous Scottish heroes for their themes, Robert the Bruce and William Wallace. Barbour was writing about 1375 and Blind Harry between 1470 and 1480. Both
chroniclers set great value on courage, but also on 'freedom' and 'right'. The German literary historian Kurt Wittig writes:

'Barbour's theme is, fundamentally, the moral and political conception that the conventional knightly virtues - prowess, chivalry, loyalty, patriotism itself - are of no account unless they are supported by the ideals of 'freedom' and 'right', and in this respect at any rate, this 'romance' is without parallel in the Middle Ages'.

The Scots like to think that they still have in them something of the old virtues. Recently two children's books have been published to remind the young of these national heroes and the ideals they fought for: freedom and justice.

Professor J.G. Robertson writes of spirited Swiss lays, dating probably from the fourteenth century, commemorating the victories of Sempach (1386) and Näfels (1388), but these battles do not seem to have inspired any juvenile fiction, although an excellent, modern, well-illustrated history series gives a moving account of this whole period, highlighting the heroic action of Arnold von Winkelried. The Swiss have their own chroniclers, notably Hans Schriber of Obwalden who about 1470 wrote down an account of the semi-legendary events surrounding the foundation of the Swiss Confederacy. His chronicle, Das weisse Buch von Sarnen, white because covered in pigskin, contains the first written account of Wilhelm Tell's encounter with Gessler and what followed. This story has been told several times for Swiss children and recently it was published as a picturebook, featuring as its hero, not Tell, but his son. Bettina Hürlimann found her inspiration in Jeremias Gotthelf's Knabe des Tell (1846). In 1971 the Swiss dramatist Max Frisch, wearied by the unquestioned apotheosis of Tell wrote and then
published in Germany his Wilhelm Tell für die Schule,9 witty and
scathing, not universally appreciated by the Swiss. Such an
event is indicative of a wind of change blowing through
Switzerland at the present time. The problem is, as always
when debunking myths, not to throw the baby out with the bath-
water.

Sir Walter Scott was attracted to this period of history
when the Swiss were struggling to maintain their independence
under threat from Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. In his
novel, Anne of Geierstein, he describes the two spokesmen for
the Swiss Federation as they defy the Duke: 10

'Know that you may, if it be God's will, gain
our barren and rugged mountains, but like our
ancestors of old we will seek refuge in wilder
and more distant solitudes, and when we have
resisted to the last, we will starve in the icy
wastes of the glaciers. Ah, men, women and
children, we will be frozen into annihilation
together, are one free Schwitzer will acknowledge
a foreign master'.

Scott has dated his story very precisely in 1474. The Swiss
defeated the Burgundians in 1476, probably the greatest triumph of
Swiss arms ever. The booty from these battlefields can still be
seen in the Historical Museum in Bern, including the carpet of
a thousand flowers, woven in Brussels in 1466. It is indicative
of values held in common by Scots and Swiss, that Scott should
take pleasure in highlighting the two rugged Swiss peasants to
the detriment of the Burgundian knights, echoing the sentiments
of his fellow-countryman, Robert Burns:

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that'. 11 gold

The armed, free peasant does not exist in today's Switzerland,
but a certain equalitarian attitude remains. The Middle Ages
also produced in translation a literary form, not devised especially for children, but quickly adopted by them: the Fable. The animal characters, the simplicity of language, the easily understood moral made the Fable ideal reading material for children. Probably introduced from the East by Aesop the Phrygian to the classical world, the Fable soon became established in Europe, taking on a new identity through the skill of the translator. Robert Henryson wrote in Scots between 1480 and 1490, *Morall Fabillis of Esone the Phrygian*. It is not difficult to imagine his pupils in Dunfermline enjoying 'The Taill of the Uponlandis Mous and the Burges Mous'. Right up to the present day fables have retained their popularity with children and there have been countless renderings, often beautifully illustrated. A new edition of Henryson's translation was recently published. Fables were equally popular in the German-speaking areas of Europe. Martin Luther approved of them and of folk-tales too. In a short treatise, *Abhandlungen Über die Fabel* he wrote:

Wir sehen, daß Kinder und junge Leute durch Fabeln und Märchen leichtlich bewegt und also mit Lust und Liebe zu Kunst und Weisheit geführt werden....

Like the folk-tale the fable ran the danger of being sentimentalised, prettified and trivialised according to the fashion of the day.

Switzerland is much nearer Mainz and Wittenberg, the early centres of printing, than Scotland. The first printing presses were set up in Switzerland about 1468, whereas in Scotland not until 1507. Ulrich Zwingli came to Zürich in 1519 and immediately began to put his ideas on church reform into practice. He had been greatly influenced by the Humanist
Erasmus who showed his interest in the education of children by publishing in 1522 *Familiarum colloquiarum formulae* (Guidelines for family discussions) which appeared in a German translation in Zürich in 1539/45. Zwingli wanted to take the church back to the simple beliefs and practices of the New Testament and was anxious to train children as early as possible to that end. In 1524 he wrote *Herr Ulrich Zwingli Lehrbischlein* for his stepson, then fourteen years old. Unfortunately war broke out between the cantons which favoured the new teaching and those which adhered to the old. It was only after Zwingli was killed in 1531, that a compromise was reached. This was based on the teachings of a remarkable man, Nicklaus von Flüe, popularly known as 'Bruder Klaus', who was to become the hero of an interesting children's novel.

Bruder Klaus's advice consisted basically of two guiding principles: never become involved in foreign wars and never be intolerant in matters of religion. By the Treaty of Stans (1481) he brought peace to the warring urban and mountain cantons. These principles have become enshrined in Swiss public life and also have led to accusations of dullness and slowness in decision-making. Over a long period, not surprisingly, Swiss children's books have been accused of the same faults.

It was in Geneva that the Reformation showed its most uncompromising face. John Calvin, a brilliant Frenchman and a Reformer with rigidly held convictions, finally settled there in 1541. He was joined in 1544 by the Scotman, John Knox, also a refugee from religious persecution in his own land.
The two men remained firm friends until Calvin's death in 1564. When Knox was invited back to Scotland in 1559, it was Calvin's form of Protestantism he resolved to introduce. He came back to a divided country, for the young Catholic Mary, heir to the Scottish throne, was soon to return from France where she had grown up, to claim her inheritance. Scotland was a country laid waste too in the 'Rough Wooing' when Henry VIII of England devastated the Scottish lowlands in his frustration at not obtaining Mary's hand for his son Edward. From now onwards Scotland was to be essentially a Protestant country with a policy that would lead eventually to the severance of the 'Auld Alliance' with France and to union with England.

Like Zwingli Knox was intensely interested in the education of children and in his own way a great idealist. He wanted to use whatever money he could salvage from the dispossessed church (less than he had hoped) towards the fulfilment of his dream of a parish school in every parish and a borough school in every town. Children were profoundly affected by his plans. Literacy became widespread and opportunities were provided for 'the lad o' pairts' (poor, but clever boy) to better himself. In Knox himself there was an aggressive spirit of independence and egalitarianism which carries echoes of the Scottish past and foretells the stormy future. The Earl of Morton was heard to exclaim at Knox's funeral:

'Here lies one who never feared the face of man'.

Knox died in 1572. Not long afterwards in 1603 came the Union of the Crowns and the removal of the court to London. In 1611
the authorised version of the Bible was published in English. No version appeared in either Scots or Gaelic. These two events, the Union of the Crowns and the translation of the Bible into English, resulted in a certain loss of confidence on the part of the Scots.

Very little in the way of books seems to have been provided for children during the Reformation period apart from Catechisms and the Bible itself but the spread of literacy and respect for education opened many doors. The oldest children's book traced in the National Library of Scotland is the Aberdeen Hornbook (1622), containing an A.B.C. and the Lord's Prayer.

A second book, An account of the last words of Christian Kerr, who died in Edinburgh on the fourth of February in the eleventh year of her age, was destined to become a best-seller. Christian's parents wanted more people to benefit from the wisdom and grace of their child and they were persuaded to allow publication. Her words move us over the years: 'Dear mother, remember that I was but lent to you...', and it is a fresh and readable book even today. The modern reader feels close to Christian and her parents as they prepare for the inevitable parting. Finally, the Proverbs of Solomon, newly translated out of the original tongue, very commodious for the use of young children (1672) is a tiny little book for all its thirty-one chapters and not particularly attractive. It was exhibited at an Edinburgh Festival Exhibition in 1976 as perhaps the oldest known children's book printed in Scotland. For the next two hundred years and more reading material for children was based firmly on religion and education.
This was equally true in Switzerland. After the Reformation much energy went into producing catechisms, for the Reformers felt that the most important step for the future was to fix the tenets of the new faith firmly in the receptive minds of children. There was also a strong Counter-Reformation in German Switzerland, for several cantons, especially the original members of the Federation, remained staunchly Catholic. The Jesuits wrote plays for their pupils which developed into a successful theatre movement in schools.

In Zürich, however, lay-writing for children began in an almost fortuitous way and started a fashion later copied all over German Switzerland. An old custom demanded that scientific, philanthropic and public bodies should make a donation towards the heating of the public houses where they held their meetings. This took place at New Year, when children delivered the money for their parents and received in exchange as refreshment Veltlin wine and 'tirggeli' (a kind of biscuit). The whole arrangement was eventually regarded as too expensive and when the children arrived in 1645, they received instead a copper-plate engraving with a few lines of poetry below. The Central Library of Zürich, founded in 1629, produced the first offering called 'Die Tischzucht' (Table Manners). The occasion was obviously being used for educative purposes. These 'Neujahrblätter' (New Year Sheets) were generally printed on high-quality paper and folded. Bettina Hürlimann showed some of those in her private collection a few years ago (1982) in the exhibition hall of the same library. They were beautifully
produced and clearly destined for well-to-do children. Distinguished members of the community, artists, writers, poets, even politicians, volunteered as contributors. The 'Neujahrblätter' lasted well into the nineteenth century and covered a wide range of subjects. They were particularly important in the eighteenth century as a source of non-religious reading matter for children. Two books which stand alone were also published in the seventeenth century. Both had a profound effect on children's literature in Scotland and Switzerland. Bishop Jan Komensky or Comenius, born in Moravia, presentday Czechoslovakia, published in 1658 his unique Orbis Pictus (Pictures of the World), a kind of pictorial encyclopaedia for children which enjoyed enormous popularity throughout Europe. The second book is Pilgrim's Progress, published in England in 1675 by John Bunyan, not designed in the first instance for children, but capturing their imagination from the very beginning and being translated into almost every known language.

By the end of the seventeenth century the production of books and their distribution were becoming organised, but the internal organisation and the geographical position of Scotland and Switzerland within Europe were totally different. Communication between intellectual centres in German Switzerland, Zürich, Basel, Bern was easy and Switzerland itself was central to Europe itself. Ideas were more easily shared; the educational writings of Rousseau, especially La Nouvelle Héloïse (1760) and Emile (1762), injected fresh theories into the educational world and freed children from some previous restraints. In 1781
Pestalozzi published *Lienhard und Gertrud* presenting a more loving and more free picture of family life than that found previously and later by his own actions in educating the orphans of the Napoleonic Wars at Yverdon helped to revolutionise school life. What were known as 'helvetische Züge' (Swiss characteristics) began to appear in Swiss children's books: a deep feeling for nature, especially for the Alps, an interest in Swiss history, the spread of Republican sympathies, an interest in practical things, the importance of family life for children are a few. Some of the earlier books revealing these traits are listed below. Not only educationists like Pestalozzi wrote for children but also Johann Jakob Bodmer, who was primarily a scholar, was also the author of plays for schools, 'Die Botschaft des Lebens' (Zürich, 1771) and 'Der Fussfall vor dem Bruder' (Zürich, 1776).

The situation in Scotland during this period, that is eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, was quite different from that of Switzerland. Switzerland, despite its diverse language, was becoming more of an entity, a nation state in fact. Scotland, by the Union of Parliaments, had become an integral part of the United Kingdom and had to some extent lost its identity. There was one area of children's literature, however, which flourished greatly in Scotland. That was the chapbook. Mary Kenneway named the whole first part of her bibliographical thesis on Scottish children's books, 'The Chapbook Era'. Small printing presses turned out hundreds of chapbooks. There were dozens of chapbook printers in Scotland. The enterprising
James Catanach from Burntisland had even moved south to Newcastle, and later his son of the same name, a pioneer in cheap books for children, settled at Seven Dials in London.

'Little girls and boys will find
At Catanach's something to their mind...'
went the rhyme.24

We are indebted to Victor Neuburg for much information about the distribution of these printers,25 mostly as to be expected in Edinburgh and Glasgow, but as far north as Aberdeen and including Ayr, Kirkcudbright and Newton Stewart in the south-west which suggests a possible connection with the Covenanters. No Highland press is mentioned. In the Highlands the communities were widely scattered, the roads poor, most people would have spoken only Gaelic. By the early nineteenth century, sermons and tracts had given way to more popular material and many books and plays were being produced for children.26 Chapbooks were of course the cheap end of the market and were often distributed by pedlars. The word comes from the Anglo-Saxon 'ceapman' and is the same as the German 'Kaufmann', a 'salesman'. Chapbooks were printed initially on large sheets of cheap paper and folded down into specific numbers of pages. There were also upmarket publishing houses in Scotland. Still functioning at the present day are Nelson, founded in 1798, Oliver and Boyd (1806), Blackie (1809), Collins (1820) and Chambers (1832).27 Chapbooks lasted the best part of two hundred years, but their heyday was the latter half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century.
The apparent absence of children's chapbooks in Switzerland will be discussed later in this chapter; first the situation in Scotland needs to be reviewed. Harvey Darton has a poor opinion of chapbooks, but Miss Helen Bell, Librarian at the Mitchell Library, Glasgow, takes a different view:

"A wide range was covered in these popular pamphlets, history, religion, superstition, romance, the supernatural and every kind of humorous, fabulous and murderous tale. Abridged versions of novels and other literature of the period were common, as were collections of poems and songs. These latter circulated in great profusion and were probably the most popular of all the chapbooks... the existence of a cheap popular literature, such as the chapbook, meant that a very basic literacy, once attained, could be maintained within the family.... The vast number of chapbooks which survive today testify to the extent of their interest - and to their durability."

Several records remain, reminding us of the pleasure these books gave:

"One morning early in July, 1763, James Boswell visited the printing office in Bow churchyard which was run by the Dicey family. There he bought a number of chapbooks which he said had amused him in his childhood. "I have always retained a kind of affection for them, as they recall my early days", he wrote on the flyleaf of a bound volume of his chapbooks which now forms part of the Child Memorial Collection in Harvard College Library."

More than a hundred years later, Robert White, poet and local historian, wrote:

"I well remember that my mother on going to a neighbouring town always brought me a penny history or a half-penny collection of songs and this little memorial of her affection was looked for with the utmost earnestness."

Some of the Glasgow publishers became quite famous, notably J. & M. Robertson who published in 1801 a toy-book history, by unnamed 'approved authors'. The dedication runs thus:
'To the young Gentlemen and Ladies of Great Britain & Ireland, particularly to the Youth of North Britain',

and it ends with the pious hope:

'May the disagreeable distinction of Englishman and Scotchman be forever lost, in the common, in the glorious, in the envied name of Briton'.

James Lumaden & Son, Glasgow, even earn an accolade from Harvey Darton as

'a firm noted for the elegance of their cheap books'.

The chapbook publishers produced hundreds of books with nothing specifically Scottish about them, but always in their lists there were titles from Scottish history, for example, *Narratives of the Battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Brig*, dealing with the Covenanters and *The Haughs of Cromdale*, commemorating the last battle in 1690 in one of the campaigns in support of the Stewart cause.

Across in Edinburgh Willy Smith published broadsides as well as chapbooks:

'There's Willy Smith the carpenter,
Become at last a publisher,
You'll meet his works in rhyme and prose,
Throughout this land of cakes and bross'.

His titles all suggest Scotland: *The Laird o' Cockpen, Donal the Piper, The Guisers' Song, The Ceremony of Hallowe'en, The Dominie*. One name stands out among all the chapbook writers, Dougal Graham, the skellat bell-man of Glasgow ('skellat' is the type of bell a town-crier uses). He wrote authentic Scottish chapbooks, widely read by children. He had been out in the 'Forty-five' and wrote an eye-witness account of the period. He is credited with *The Scots Piper's Querries, or John Falkirk's Cariches* (Riddles). The introduction makes his intention and his audience clear:
'Old Piper John, if you desire
To read at leisure by the fire,
Twill please the bairns and keep them laughing
And mind the goodwife o' her daffing!'35

This chapbook era was a highly successful period in Scottish publishing for a mass market. In a country, 'which has no respect for rank and inherited wealth', 36 that was a satisfying achievement. 'Oor Wullie' is perhaps the modern character who most closely reflects that attitude.37

Chapbooks are representative of a popular peasant literature and many of them can be read with pleasure and interest by both adults and children. Mary Kennaway's choice of title 'The Chapbook Era' for all children's books up to 1830 bears this out. Sydney Goodsir Smith takes a similar view:

'... we have a less exclusive separation of the different classes of the community than in most other countries, an easier transition from one class to another, and, consequently, oddly enough, a much more truly united people than most others. This is shown not only in the dismay caused to the English soul during the 'Forty-five' when it was discovered that a mere shoemaker held a commission in the Prince's army, but we can see it also in the fundamentally popular tradition of Scottish literature'. 38

Goethe's account of his life as a boy in Frankfurt and the pleasure he took in the old German chapbooks are well known:

'Der Verlag oder vielmehr die Fabrik jener Bücher, welche in der folgenden Zeit unter dem Titel 'Volks- schriften', 'Volksbücher' bekannt und sogar berühmt geworden, war in Frankfurt selbst, und sie wurden, wegen des großen Abganges, mit stehenden Lettern auf das schrecklichste Löstepapier fast unleserlich gedruckt. Wir Kinder hatten also das Glück, diese schätzbaren Überreste der Mittelzeit auf einem Tischchen vor der Haustüre eines Büchertrödlers täglich zu finden, und sie uns für ein paar Kreuzer zuzusagen. Der 'Eulenspiegel', 'Die vier Haimonskinder', 'Die schöne Melusine', 'Der Kaiser Oktavian', 'Die schöne Magelone', 'Fortunatus', mit der ganzen Sippschaft bis auf den 'Ewigen Juden', alles stand uns zu Diensten, sobald uns gelüstete,
nach diesen Werken anstatt nach irgend einer Nächerei zu greifen. Der größte Vorteil dabei war, daß, wenn wir ein solches Heft zerissen oder sonst beschädigt hatten, es bald wieder angeschnappt und aufs neue verschlungen werden konnte.\textsuperscript{39}

Goethe conveys the shear joy of the child in his book, but at the same time makes the reader aware of the brisk trade in chapbooks, carried on in eighteenth-century Germany. The same enthusiasm was shown as in Scotland, but the light-hearted way in which the well-to-do Frankfurt boy disposed of the cheap little books contrasts sharply with the attitude of his Swiss contemporary, Jakob Senn:

'Es dürfte nur bald scheinend als hatt 99 mir an literarischen Ergötzungen ganz und gar nicht gefehlt und wäre mir allezeit ein Bibliotheklein ausserlesener Sachen zur Verfügung gestanden. Dem war aber leider nicht so; ich besass nur zwei kleine Büchlein eigen, alles übrige musste ich geliehen zu bekommen suchen und was ich dabei für Not hatte, das weiss nur ich und der liebe Gott. Die Leute waren sehr ungeflüglt gegen den kleinen Knirps und es kostete manchmal Tränen, bis man mir den Reutlinger Artikel für ein paar Tage Überliesl.\textsuperscript{40}

Both writers make quite clear how important the chapbooks were to them. Goethe gives some idea of the contents drawn, in his case, from the folk-tales of the oral tradition, but any and every subject was grist to the chapbook mills: religious and moral tales, stories of adventure with ghosts, witches and the devil, all kinds of happenings, strange, amusing or dangerous, accounts of robberies and murders alternating with historical happenings, but all told in a simple way, for this was reading-matter for the masses. Allowing for differences the subjects were the same as those in the Scottish chapbooks. None of the chapbooks were printed in Switzerland. Neither
in Zürich in the 'Volkskundisches Seminar' nor in Basel in the 'Schweizerisches Seminar für Volkskunde' — the folklore departments of the two universities — was there much information available about Swiss chapbooks, but this was clearly an area in which research was being undertaken. Professor Rudolf Schenda has published two books on popular reading matter: *Die Lesestoffe der kleinen Leute* (München, 1976) and *Volk ohne Buch* (Frankfurt am Main, 1970), which make clear what happened in Switzerland during the chapbook period. At that time Switzerland was a loose confederation whose frontiers to neighbouring countries were more open. Although there does not seem to have been any native growth, Swiss children enjoyed chapbooks from abroad. Professor Schenda has given a fascinating account of the export trade from South Germany. 41

Up until quite recently in Switzerland literary historians have shown very little interest in this kind of reading matter, but the climate is changing. Not surprisingly very little of this material seems to have survived, but there may well be more in existence than is surmised. The chapbooks in the Mitchell Library are thought to come mainly from unsold publishers' stock. One theory is that Scottish parents would not or could not buy these books for their children. Nowadays these books would have been pulped and disappeared completely. No children's chapbooks, either Swiss or German, have, it seems, yet come to light in Switzerland. What is suitable reading matter for children has been a controversial subject down the ages. Chapbooks might well have not been deemed worth preserving given the opinions voiced in Heinrich Wolgast's
treatise: *Das Eland unserer Jugendliteratur* (the wretched state of our juvenile literature), and certainly in comparison with books addressed to middle-class children. The whole question of what youngsters read in the nineteenth century is discussed by Rudolf Schenda in *Volk ohne Buch*.

The main centre which supplied German Switzerland with chapbooks was the town of Reutlingen with its surrounding villages. From there the 'colporteurs' (pedlars) in considerable numbers streamed out through Switzerland often to exchange their books for silks and muslins. The village of Enningen was devoted to the book-trade, as the Welsh town of Hay-on-Wye is today. August Köhler, a theology student, was amazed in 1790 by the Amazonian-like women pedlars, with chests of books on their backs, not so very different from the west-coast women of Scotland with creels of peat. Köhler speaks disparagingly of the chapbooks:

'schlechte Bücher, Volkslieder und Märchen, wie sie nur dem rohen Landsmann schaurig genug sein mögen'.

From the date it is clear that Köhler was writing in the Age of Enlightenment (or Reason) when such reading-matter would have been suspect. Justinius Kerner, who was both poet and doctor, living in the little Swabian town of Weinsberg, remembers seeing much the same books as Goethe in Frankfurt, but in the market-place in Reutlingen, about 1786.

There is good reason to suppose that similar book trade-routes existed from France into French Switzerland, based on Épinal. No evidence was forthcoming about Italy.

Why the Swiss did not apparently develop an indigenous
chapbook printing industry remains a matter for conjecture. One possible answer is that they already had a lively equivalent of their own in the 'Kalender' or Almanachs which were published every year throughout Switzerland, often associated with different districts or towns and quite clearly of Swiss origin. It is not surprising that they have become collectors' items, for the woodcut illustrations are sometimes outstanding and cover a wide range of subject. One character which appears again and again is 'der Basler hinkende Bot' or 'Le Véritable Messager Boiteux de Neuchâtel', often as the illustration on the front cover (the hobbling postman). As time went on the 'Kalender' grew in size and contained far more than dates, horoscopes and weather forecasts. They supplied reading matter for the whole family and helped to keep literacy alive. Many of the stories were 'borrowed' from earlier books like Johann Peter Hebel's 'Schatzkästlein' (Treasury), for there was no law of copyright. They were read throughout the year and must have provided entertainment for generations. The 'Kalender' also contained much practical advice along the lines of the eighteenth century bestseller the 'Noth- und Hülfe-Büchlein für Bauersleute' (Help-in-need Compendium for Country Folk). Several students in the Folklore Department of the University of Basel have written dissertations about 'Kalender'. Lately a collection of popular 'Kalendergeschichten' has been published. Chapbooks have disappeared, but popular literature still abounds both for grownups and children. A perusal of any highstreet bookstore makes that clear and very often parents are heard to exclaim:
'Well, it keeps him reading anyway'.

It was stated in the preface to this thesis that the first group of books for detailed study would be chosen from a period as near to 1870 as might prove feasible. It seems appropriate now to summarise the more obvious trends in children's literature in both Scotland and Switzerland during the immediately preceding period. Since there is no published history of children's books in Scotland, Harvey Darton's Children's Books in England seems the most sensible choice as a guide since he clearly includes Scotland in his survey. For information on Swiss children's books I rely on the Geschichte des deutschen Jugendbuches by Irene Dyhrenfurth where there is a chapter 'Deutschsprachiges Jugendschriftum der Schweiz' by Margarete Dierks of the 'Institut für Jugendbuchforschung der Universität Frankfurt/M'. This is supplemented by very full notes by Verena Rutschmann of the Schweizerisches Jugendbuch-Institut for the opening exhibition of the Institute in its new premises, 1983.

Children's books in Switzerland, towards the end of the eighteenth century, being still products of the Age of Enlightenment, endeavoured to train both the heart and mind of the young reader. They imparted moral teaching as well as information, and books that purported solely to entertain were frowned upon. Johann Kaspar Lavater, one of a group of distinguished Swiss scholars, wrote for his daughter a whole collection of aphorisms, Vermischte Lehren. There was a growing interest in the education of girls and Nanette Rothpletz-Mais published Schilderungen aus dem Leben und Beiträge.
Rousseau had a profound influence in Britain; Thomas Day's compendium of fictionalised Rousseau for youth, Sandford and Merton (1783-89) was still flourishing in the 1880s. John Ruskin, who was of Scottish parentage, though born in London, wrote in his autobiography *Præterita* (1885-9) about the books he had read in the 1820s. He mentions the noble and imaginative teaching of Defoe and Bunyan on Sundays; a course of Bible work as soon as I could read; Maria Edgeworth's *Laurence and (with Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues*) her little book of knowledge, *Harry and Lucy*. For history there was Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather* and later for the young adolescent, Mrs Sherwood's *series of novels* The Lady of the Manor and Henry Milner. 55

It is important to remember that all these books were written for and read by middle or upper-class children. The average weekly wage for workmen was considerably less than a pound a week. The price of *Alice in Wonderland* is quoted about 1860 as 6/-. Free public libraries were in their infancy, school libraries were rudimentary, cheap editions were still in the future. The Religious Tract Society and the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, founded towards the end of the eighteenth century, continued to produce books as cheaply as possible. James Nisbet and Thomas Nelson, both Scottish Evangelicals, came down to London and worked in this field as publishers. All these endeavours helped to combat illiteracy which was still widespread.

The same desire to help and to spread knowledge was also apparent in Switzerland. In Basel in 1777 a society, called *die GGG*,
Die Gesellschaft zur Beförderung des Guten und Gemeinnützigen (Society for the Propagation of the Good and the Useful) was founded which initiated the public Library Service in the Canton of Basel (1807). It is noteworthy that there is no mention of religion in the title, reminding the reader of the rational attitudes of the Enlightenment. Publishers also began to take a special interest in the young, especially Sauerländer in Aarau, and Orell Füssli and Tracheler in Zürich. Very similar developments took place in Scotland. Blackie and Collins in Glasgow and Oliver and Boyd in Edinburgh are equivalent Scottish publishers. The recent exhibition 'Sesam öffne dich' at the 'Schweizerisches Jugendbuch-Institut' reveals very clearly changes in children's books resulting from changes in educational theory. Rousseau's *Emile* (1762) eventually had a profound effect on education in Switzerland, including naturally children's books. Books packed with information to be mastered by children gave way to simpler texts within the experience of the child himself. The view, however, that books should teach as well as amuse, was retained.

Periodicals for children began to appear. Christian Felix Weisse edited the influential *Der Kinderfreund* (Children's Friend, Leipzig, 1776-1782). Most Scottish periodicals for children were stereotyped in character and connected with Sunday schools. There was a strong temperance slant, renunciation of the demon drink often leading to miraculous conversions. One unusual and stimulating children's magazine, called *Excitement*, lasted from 1830 to 1845 (Edinburgh, London, Dublin). Unfortunately the editor Adam Keys was finally
dismissed because of the secular nature of the publication. Instruction rather than entertainment was to be the keynote all through the nineteenth century in Scotland. 57

The most successful of the children’s periodicals in Switzerland was Johannes Staub’s Kinderbüchlein, which first appeared in 1843 (Zürich). Staub himself wrote part of the Kinderbüchlein as well as editing it. This publication continued well into the twentieth century. The content of these magazines or booklets did not vary very much: stories with a moral, fables, riddles, poems and illustrations. One striking feature of children’s books in both Scotland and Switzerland at this time is the description of poverty-stricken children being helped by middle-class youngsters and the general acceptance of the situation as normal and inevitable. The following description is typical:

‘Nie hat wohl Herr Tarney ein größeres Vergnügen empfunden als damals, da er die Frau Gräfin und ihre Töchter unter etlichen Stiegen Leinwand antraf, aus welcher sie Hemden für arme Wittwen und Waisen verfertigten.... Er sah die Liebe der ersten Christen in diesem Zimmer’. 58

Very similar sentiments are echoed in the hymn:

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them high or lowly
And ordered their estate. 59

But a much brighter age was on its way, what Harvey Darton calls the ‘Dawn of Levity’. 60 New avenues were to lead children in very varied directions to fairy-tales and fantasy and sometimes pure fun. Catherine Sinclair in Edinburgh was to produce in 1839 Holiday House which Harvey Darton calls ‘the best, original children’s book written up to that time and one of the jolliest
and most hilarious of any period.61

A golden age for children's literature was very close.62 Writers and illustrators of great talent and sometimes genius were about to concentrate on the young. This was certainly true of Britain, where a surprising number of gifted children's writers were Scottish in origin, such as Robert Louis Stevenson, George MacDonald, Andrew Lang, R.M. Ballantyne, J.M. Barrie, Kenneth Grahame, Mrs Molesworth and S.R. Crockett.

Earlier in this chapter a number of children's books were mentioned which were considered to have particularly Swiss features, and now the most famous of them all was to appear, namely Johanna Spyri's Heidi (Gotha, 1881), which over the years has almost become identified with Switzerland.

In the Preface to this thesis I proposed the hypothesis that a child's developing sense of national identity is influenced by ideas embodied in the stories, rhymes and songs imparted to him by adults from an early age or read by him at a later stage. So far I have attempted to explore the hypothesis under the headings of the first four chapters. Now the time has come to examine in depth and to compare individual books from both countries. The field is wide and should allow valid conclusions to be drawn, always bearing in mind that literature is not an exact science and that critical judgement and personal taste must play their role. The later group of books, chosen for individual analysis come, as far as possible, from a period nearly a hundred years later. They act as a control group and should strengthen the final conclusions to the thesis.
TRANSLATIONS

p. 94

We see that children and young people are easily affected by fables and fairy-tales and are therefore led towards art and wisdom by delight and love.

p. 104

The publishing house or rather factory producing these books which later on became well-known even famous under the name 'Volksschriften', 'Volksbücher' (chapbooks) was in Frankfurt itself and these books, because of their enormous turnover, led to them being almost illegibly printed from stereotypes on the poorest quality of soft paper. We children therefore had the good fortune to find every day these precious remains of the Middle Ages on a little table at the door of a dealer in cheap books and to get hold of them for a few pence. Till Eulenspiegel, the four children of Haimon, the beautiful Melusine, the Emperor Octavian, the lovely Magelone, Fortunatus, together with the whole tribe including the Wandering Jew - all were at our disposal, should we want to snatch at these works in preference to some sweetmeat. The biggest advantage in the whole arrangement was that, if we had worn out any of these tales by constant reading or re-reading or damaged them in some way, another copy could soon be got and again devoured a second time.
p. 105

It might well appear as if I had plenty of literary delicacies and as if I always had a little library of choice things at my disposal. That wasn't unfortunately the case though; I only had two little books of my own. Everything else I had to borrow or try to get hold of and what miseries I experienced in my endeavours, only the good Lord and I know. People were very unfriendly to this little chap, and sometimes I was reduced to tears before they would let me have the Reutlingen chapbook for a few days.

p. 107

poor-quality books, folk-songs and fairy-tales, penny-dreadfuls to suit the taste of the roughest country bumpkin.

p. 112

Herr Tarney never experienced greater pleasure than when he met the countess and her daughters among some piles of linen out of which they were making garments for widows and orphans. In this room he saw the love of the early Christians.
NOTES FOR CHAPTER FOUR


9. Max Frisch, _Wilhelm Tell für die Schule_ (Frankfurt/Main, 1971).


17. Maria Dutli-Rutishauer, Der Hüter des Vaterlands (Einsiedeln, 1935).

18. These three books, the Aberdeen Hornbook (1622), Christian Kerr's last words and the Proverbs of Solomon are in the Special Collections of the National Library of Scotland. There is no further information about the Hornbook. Christian Kerr's last words were published by Robert Sanders, one of Her Majestie's printers (Glasgow, 1703) and the Proverbs of Solomon was published by His Majestie's Edinburgh Printers (1672).

19. There is some doubt as to where the Pilgrim's Progress was first published, perhaps by a chapbook publisher in London, John Marshall of Gracechurch Street. In Marshall's seventeenth-century list there is A Book for Boys and Girls or Country Rhymes for Children by John Bunyan, which is thought to be the same book as Pilgrim's Progress. This information comes from F.J. Harvey Darton, Children's Books in England (Cambridge, 1932), pp. 63-4.


21. Solomon Hirzel, Edle Züge aus der Schweizer-Geschichte (Basel, 1806); Johann David Wyss, Der Schweizerische Robinson, edited by his son, Johann Rudolf Wyss (Zürich, 1812); Friedrich Meißner, Alpreisen mit seinen Zöglingen (Bern, 1801).


26. Dr. Emily Lyle of the School of Scottish Studies, under the auspices of the Extra-Mural Department of the University of Edinburgh, has spoken about the Peace Egg Chapbooks in Scotland, for example, The Peace Egg or St. George's Annual Play for the Amusement of Youth, Sir James the Rose, An Old Scottish Tragic Song and Sir Neil and Glengyle, the Highland Chieftain, 2 November, 1983.


29. *Chapbook Literature*, an index to material in the Mitchell Library, Glasgow (Glasgow, nd) i-v. Children's booklets, such as Lumaden's children's chapbooks, are not included in the index as yet, but Miss Helen Bell allowed me to examine the stock held.


32. J. & M. Robertson, *A New History of Scotland* (Glasgow, 1801), Dedication.


34. Willy Smith, *Smithland* (Edinburgh, 1833). There are no page numbers. Pamphlets and broadsides are bound in one volume with 'Smithland' on the spine.


37. 'Oor Wullie' is a comic character in the *Sunday Post*, created originally by Dudley D. Watkins (Dundee, 1936).


40. This quotation is from the catalogue 'Sesam öffne dich' of the opening exhibition of the Schweizerisches Jugendbuch-Institut, 30 June, 1983; from the section entitled 'Bücher aus der Krämerkiste' (Books from the Pedlar's Pack).


44. Rudolf Schenda quoted Köhler in *Die Lesestoffe der kleinen Leute*, p. 11; original source p. 140.

45. Rudolf Schenda quotes Kerner in *Die Lesestoffe der kleinen Leute*, p. 11; original source, p. 140.


52. Johann Kaspar Lavater, *Vermischte Lehren* (Zürich, 1776).


55. Ruskin's account of the books he read as a boy in the 1820s are spread through the first volume of his autobiography as follows: Defoe and Bunyan, p.1, the Bible, innumerable references, clearly showing how important the Bible was in his childhood and later, Maria Edgeworth is mentioned many times, *Lazy Lawrence*, p.153, *Harry and Lucy* p.76-81, *Joyce's Scientific Dialogues* p.82, *Scott's Tales of a grand-father*, p.85, *Mrs. Sherwood's novels* p.114 (London, 1885-9), 3 vols.

56. 'Sesam, öffne dich', 1 July - 26 August 1983. Exhibition of books from the collection of the 'Schweizerisches Jugendbuch-Institut'.


58. Johann Peter Miller, *Historisch-moralische Schilderungen ... 1. Theil* (Schafhausen [sic], 1799). Quoted from the programme of the exhibition 'Sesam öffne dich' (Zürich, 1983).

59. This was third stanza of Mrs. C.F. Alexander's 'All things bright and beautiful' in her *Hymns for little children* (1848). Omitted from later editions, see Handbook to Church Hymnary (Oxford, 1935), p. 9.


PART TWO
CHAPTER FIVE

DETAILED STUDIES OF SELECTED TEXTS

A. Everyday Life

All four books which form the subject of this chapter are stories of family life and have as their central character a child experiencing the joys and sorrows of growing up. They are examples of 'Bildungsromane', which S.S. Prawer translates as 'novels of development and education'.\(^1\) I am approaching these books with no fixed ideas about national identity and any conclusions drawn will relate directly to the texts. The first two books were published towards the end of the nineteenth century and reflect many of the social attitudes and conditions of the times. They are Heidi, written in two parts and subtitled 'Heidis Lehr- und Wanderjahre' (Heidi's years of apprenticeship and travel) and 'Heidi kann brauchen, was es gelernt hat' (Heidi can make use of what she has learned)\(^2\) and Cleq Kelly, subtitled 'Arab of the City'.\(^3\)

Johanna Spyri (1827-1901) grew up in the village of Hirzel near Zürich where her father was the local doctor. She married the 'Stadtschreiber' (Town Clerk) of Zürich and lived most of her life there. She began writing fairly late in life and wrote only children's books. None of her other books was to attain anything like the world fame of Heidi. S.R. Crockett (1859-1914) was born in Kirkcudbrightshire in south-west Scotland and was for a time a Free Church minister in Penicuik near Edinburgh. He wrote for both adults and children. Cleq Kelly is addressed to an older age-group than that of his other children's books. It
is in fact an early example of the teenage novel. Crockett gave up his charge in 1895 to devote himself to fulltime writing. He died in Avignon.

Heidi and Cleo are presented to the reader in a wide variety of situations, at home, at work, in the city and in the country. They both are placed in very difficult family situations early in life and both are impoverished, but from the very beginning the high Alpine meadows in Heidi provide a marked contrast to the dark filthy cellars of Edinburgh's High Street closes in Cleo Kelly. Since the death of both parents, Heidi has been looked after by her aunt Dete and when the story opens, another crisis looms, for Dete has been offered a good job with a rich family in Frankfurt. She decides to abandon Heidi, aged five, to the care of her grandfather, regarded by the villagers down in the valley as an embittered recluse. Fortunately Heidi touches the heart of 'Alm-uncle' (Alm is an Alpine meadow) and a strong bond of love is gradually forged between the child and the old man:

"Heidi erwachte am frühen Morgen von einem lauten Pfiff. Als es die Augen aufschlug, kam durch das runde Loch ein goldener Schein auf sein Lager und auf das Heu daneben, daß alles ringsherum leuchtete. Heidi scheute erstaunt um sich und wußte durchaus nicht, wo es war. Aber nun hörte es draußen des Großvaters tiefe Stimme, und jetzt kam ihm alles in den Sinn: woher es gekommen, und daß es nun auf der Alm beim Großvater sei, und nicht mehr bei der alten Ursel, die fast nichts mehr hörte und meistens fror, so daß sie immer am Küchenfeuer oder am Stubenofen gesessen hatte. Dort hatte dann auch Heidi bleiben müssen oder doch ganz in der Nähe, damit die Alte sehen konnte, wo es war, da sie es nicht hören konnte. Da war es dem Heidi manchmal so
eng drinnen, und es wäre lieber hinaus- gelaufen. So war es sehr froh, als es in der neuen Behausung erwachte und sich erinnerte, wiewohl Neues es gestern gesehen hatte und was es heute alles sehen könnte, vor allem das Schwänli und das Bärli. Heidi sprang eilig aus dem Bett und hatte in wenigen Minuten alles wieder angezogen, was es gestern getragen hatte, denn das war nicht viel. Nun stieg es die Leiter hinunter und sprang vor die Hütte hinaus. Da stand schon der Geißenpeter mit seiner Schar, und der Großvater brachte eben Schwänli und Bärli aus dem Stall herbei, damit sie sich der Gesellschaft anschlossen. Heidi lief ihm entgegen, um ihm und den Geißen guten Tag zu sagen. 4

The mention of the golden morning sunlight in this passage already gives the reader an inkling of the joy that lies ahead for Heidi. The bliss she is later to experience in these Alpine surroundings becomes so basic to her wellbeing that she cannot go on living in the city of Frankfurt and suffers what would now be called a 'nervous breakdown'. Her deep sense of the beauty of the landscape is only one ingredient, although a vital one, in her happiness. 'Alm-uncle', Peter, the goatherd, his old blind grandmother down in the valley, all are considered immediate family, but included in the family too are the goats. Heidi quickly gets to know them individually and understands their needs and in return they love her. Heidi's warm-hearted nature, her need to love and be loved are clearly evident in the passage quoted. Her impulsive actions, her deep desire to make others happy, which includes re-integrating her grandfather in the village community, her unawareness of artificial standards of behaviour, these are the qualities which have endeared Heidi to
generations of children all over the world. Johanna Spyri does not allow religiosity and rigid moral standards to obtrude to any great extent in Heidi and from the very beginning of the story she paints a well-balanced picture of a small Alpine community and its struggles in a harsh climate, where interdependence makes cooperation essential.

Cleg's father, Tim Kelly, had come originally from Ireland as a harvest-man and charmed the Scottish girl, Isabel Beattie, into marrying him. He has developed into a cruel, violent drunkard and housebreaker, and the only period of comparative peace Cleg and Isabel enjoy is during the father's absence in the Calton Jail. When the story begins, Cleg and his mother have had to move from Meggat's Close for non-payment of rent and are living in a tumble-down cottage in a brick-yard on the outskirts of Edinburgh. Cleg is now twelve, not afraid of his father, but not yet able to defend his mother as he would like. The love between Cleg and his mother is heartbreakingly clear to the reader, but also the Scottish boy's anxiety not to appear 'soft', his qualities of courage and leadership and the depth of emotion within him.

The Kelly family is far down the social scale. Throughout the book Crockett reveals gradations of class through the language used. Here is his description of Isabel Kelly's last day on earth:

'She made the house as tidy as she could compass during the morning hours, steadying herself with one hand on the wall as she went about. Cleg, of course, was playing outside. He had come racing in for his dinner with a wisp of hair sticking out of the hole in his hat. Isabel smoothed it down, and because her hand touched him like a caress Cleg
put it from him, saying, "Dinna, mother, somebody micht see ye!"

It was hot, and the boy was a little irritable, but his mother understood.

Then, as he took the plate of broth, he told his mother all that had happened in the brick-field that day. He had carried clay for Joe, and Joe had given him a penny. He had been at a rat-hunt with the best terrier in the world. He had also chased Michael Hennessey twice round the yard after a smart bout of fisticuffs. Thereupon the men had cheered him, and called him a "perfect wull-cat" - which Cleg took to be a term of praise, and cherished as a soldier does the "penn-orth o' bronze" which constitutes the Victoria Cross.

Crockett conveys in Cleg's own language the boy's belief that emotion should not be displayed in public. He also makes clear to the reader Isbel's sensitive understanding of her son's view of himself as a hero figure: 'the hard man' of Scottish tradition. After dinner Cleg goes out to play again while his mother watches from the window:

'It seemed to her to be almost time now. She leaned forward wearily to call her son to help her. But he was sitting on a brick throne in the midst of his castle, dressed as Robin Hood, with all his merry men about him. He looked so happy, and he laughed so loud, that Isbel said again to herself, "I can manage yet for half an hour and then I shall cry to him."

But her son caught sight of her at the window. He was so elated that he did not mind noticing his mother, as a common boy would have done. He waved his hand to her, calling out loud - "Mither, mither, I'm biggin' a bonny hoose for you to leave in!"

Isbel smiled, and it was as if the sun had smiled on the hills of her dream, and touched her thin face and made it almost beautiful for the last time before sundown'. 5a
The relationship between the boy and his mother is central to the passage above, but there are other aspects of Cleg's character which Crockett stresses and will continue to do so all through the book: his admiration for the tough little terrier, his triumph over Michael Hennessey, his pleasure in being described as a wild-cat, his respect for the Victoria Cross. He sees himself as Robin Hood, an identification which underlines the living power of a myth. He is momentarily a brave outlaw leading his band of men and able to protect the poor against the power of the authorities. In this elevated position he can afford to behave as a common boy. Deeply imbedded in his soul there is pride, closely allied to courage and a desire for independence, qualities often supported by determined pugnacity.

After his mother's death Cleg manages to construct a little home for himself, with the help of an apprentice joiner, in Callander's wood-yard. Mercifully his father is still in prison. One day Mr. Callender himself comes across the renovated hut:

"The builder went round the little hut and at the further side he came across Cleg Kelly dribbling water upon the drooping daisies from a broken brown teapot, and holding on the lid with his other hand.

"Mercy on us! what are you doing here, callant?" [lad, boy] cried the astonished builder.

Cleg Kelly stood up with the teapot in his hand, taking care to keep the lid on as he did so. His life was such a succession of surprises provided against by watchfulness, that hardly even an earthquake would have taken him unprepared.
He balanced the teapot in one hand, and with the other he pulled at his hat-brim to make his manners.

"If ye please, sir", he said, "they turned me out at the brickyard, and I brocht the bits o' things here. I kenned ye wadna send me away, Maister Callender."!

Another aspect of Cleg is shown here. He has all the instinct of a home-maker, added to which he likes flowers and is prepared to take trouble to make them grow even in the most unpromising of circumstances. Both these interests will develop as he grows older and give a completely different dimension to his life. His conversation with Mr. Callender reveals Cleg's sense of humour and his charm as well as his realistic attitude to life. Cleg has assessed the builder's character accurately and he is allowed to stay. Mr. Callender is the first of several kindly grown-ups in the story, both men and women, in no way mawkish, who offer help when needed. Together they add an optimistic, and at times even idealistic tone to the book. It is the same tone the reader senses in Heidi and will meet again in many children's books.

Spyri and Crockett are clearly both concerned about children and want to point out what actions and thoughts they, as grown-ups, consider admirable. They are both moralising, as most children's authors did in the nineteenth century, for example, The Golden Thread or Peter und die Folgen der Unwissenheit. Both Heidi and Cleg are pulsing with life and every chapter brings fresh interest and excitement. They are the sort of books that many adults enjoy reading. Heidi is only five when she goes to Frankfurt and nine when she returns so that her experience is limited; Spyri, however, builds her
story carefully round her young heroine and draws some innocently amusing situations like the introduction of the basketful of young kittens and the saving up of the white rolls for the old grandmother who can no longer chew properly. Cleg is older and a boy, with a different tradition behind him, but he is capable of great gentleness and affection, as we see him repeating his mother's homemaking pattern and later looking after Vera and her two brothers. There is very little sex type-casting in either book in the sense that women and girls are restricted to domestic situations, whereas men and boys are presented as having much wider possibilities. Klara's 'Großmama' is as strong and dominant as any of the men, and all the women in the Scottish story, with the tragic exception of Cleg's own mother, more than hold their own in varied walks of life. There is very little class differentiation either. 'Großmama's' habit of calling Fräulein Rottenmeier by her second name alone, is not so much putting her in her place as rebuking her because of her treatment of Heidi. 'Alm-uncle' is an assured and dignified man who seems unaware of any feeling that a difference of social class might make. Cleg may speak with a broad accent but that does not reduce his confidence. There is a certain rugged independence about the characters in these two books, whatever position in life they occupy. That attitude is by and large common to Scots and Swiss.

In Heidi religion plays a decisive role. 'Alm-uncle' is the only person who does not attend church and he does not teach Heidi to pray. Only when 'Großmama' befriends her in Frankfurt,
does she learn about prayer and at first she is disappointed because God does not make it possible for her to return straightaway to the mountains. This family situation is described with insight by Spyri. There is a suggestion that the Swiss villagers could have been more charitable in their treatment of 'Alm-uncle' when he returned with his motherless son and that they are wont to view with hostility and suspicion anyone who does not conform to their way of thought. This particular village is near Maienfeld in Graubünden and consequently Protestant. The minister plays an important part in the community.

Spyri makes the reader feel that Heidi could not have had a kinder mentor than Großmama!

"Du betest doch jeden Abend zum lieben Gott im Himmel und dankst ihm für alles Gute and bittest ihn, daß er dich vor allem bösen behüte?"

"O nein, das tue ich nie", antwortete das Kind.

"Hast du denn noch nie gebetet, weißt du nicht was das ist?"

"Nur mit der ersten Großmutter habe ich gebetet, aber es ist schon lange her, und jetzt habe ich vergessen".

"Siehst du, Heidi, darum mußt du so traurig sein, weil du jetzt niemanden kennst, der dir helfen kann. Denk einmal nach, wie wohl das tun muß, wenn einen im Herzen immerfort etwas drückt und quält, und man kann so jeden Augenblick zum lieben Gott hingehen und ihm alles sagen und ihn bitten, daß er helfe, wo uns sonst niemand helfen kann und er kann überall helfen und uns etwas geben, das uns wieder froh macht".

In Heidis Augen fuhr ein Freudenstrahl: "Darf man ihm alles, alles sagen?"

"Alles, Heidi, alles".
Das Kind zog sein Hand aus den Händen der Großmama und sagte eiligt: "Kann ich gehen?"

"Gewiß, gewiß!" gab diesem zur Antwort. Heidi lief davon und hinüber in sein Zimmer. Hier setzte es sich auf einen Schemel nieder und faltete seine Hände und sagte dem lieben Gott alles, was in seinem Herzen war und es so traurig machte. Es bat ihn dringend und herzlich, daß er ihm helfe und es wieder zum Großvater heimkommen lasse."7

Heidi returns to Switzerland, armed with her new faith, and eventually she coaxes her grand-father back into the Christian community of the village. His bitterness is melted by her affection. He is greatly helped by realising that he is needed and that he possesses both the skill and the compassion that eventually bring about Klara's cure. Klara's own self-confidence is increased when she becomes aware that the little goat Schneehöppli loves her and is dependent on her. This is a new feeling for a girl like Klara. The final sentence in the whole book is spoken by Peter, the goatherd's old blind grandmother, whose whole life has been transformed by Heidi's love for her:

"Heidi, lies mir ein Lob- und Danklied! ist mir, als könne ich nur noch loben und preisen und unserem Gott im Himmel für alles Dank sagen, was er an uns getan hat".8

The only character in Spyri's book who behaves in a violent and aggressive way is Peter, the goatherd, when he hurls Klara's wheelchair down the mountainside, an action that springs out of all-devouring jealousy. He cannot bear to share Heidi with all the strangers from Frankfurt. But Peter, who never doubts the existence of God, fears Him greatly and expects immediate
retribution for his wickedness in destroying the wheelchair. But there is no Old Testament God in Spyri's book to wreak vengeance. The beautiful picture book which Großmama gave Heidi in Frankfurt suggests a kindlier God. It is indicative of Spyri's viewpoint that the book, through usage, falls open almost automatically at the story of the Prodigal Son, and indeed it is Heidi's reading of this particular story that finally touches her grand-father's heart.

A much more belligerent and aggressive note is immediately struck by Cleg Kelly in Crockett's book. "It's all a dumb lie! God's dead!" are the opening words of the story, spoken by Cleg in the gloomy cellar off the High Street in Edinburgh, known as Hunker Court Mission School. He has been referred at last to the superintendent of the Sunday School, in private life a tallow chandler and general dealer. Cleg has been making a continuous nuisance of himself by distracting other pupils. The superintendent's final rebuke rings out:

"And so, if you do not repent, God will take you in your iniquity and cast you into hell. For, remember, God sees everything and punishes the bad people and rewards the good". 10

Crockett describes the scene between the ragged bare-footed boy, charming and articulate in his own way, and the sanctimonious superintendent who inevitably expels him:

'So as the resisting felon is taken to prison, Cleg Kelly, heathen of twelve years, was hauled to the outer door and cast forth of Hunker Court. But as the culprit went, he explained his position.

"It's all gammon, that about prayin'," he cried. "I've tried it heaps of times - never fetched it once! An' look at my mother.
She just prays lashings, and all the time. An' my father - he's never a bit the better - nor her neither. For he thrashes us black and blue when he comes home just the same. Ye canna gammon me, Pund o' Cannies, with your lang prayin' and your short weight. I tell you God's dead, and it's all a dumb lie!"'

The last accents of the terrible denunciation lingered upon the tainted air after the door had closed, and Cleg Kelly was an outcast. "But the owed silence was sharply broken by a whimp and jingle which occurred close to the superintendent's ear, as Cleg Kelly, Iconoclast, punctuated his thesis of defiance by sending a rock of offence clear through the fanlight over the door of Hunker Mission School."

It is basically a funny scene in which Cleg comes off best. Phrases like 'the tainted air' and 'the owed silence' catch the atmosphere of the Sunday School class. Crockett makes quite sure the reader realises that the man in charge of the school is also the man who gives his customers short weight, but the irony of the situation is presented in quite a light-hearted way. The inference that Cleg's father praying does not improve his character is sharper.

With his tongue in his cheek Crockett continues in the next chapter:

'Cleg Kelly was now an outcast and alien from the commonwealth. He had denied the faith, cast aside every known creed, and defied the Deity Himself. Soon he would defy the policeman and break the laws of man - which is the natural course of such progression in iniquity, as everyone knows'.
Here Crockett is being critical of the attitudes of Edinburgh society, especially of the 'unco guid', the ultra-respectable. He knows, and the reader soon learns, that the policemen, and especially their wives, are fond of Cleg, for they see through to the core of the boy and know how many good deeds he unostentatiously carries out. He does not become a law-breaker but develops in quite a different way from his father. The man Cleg meets later and most admires in his heart is Muckle Alick Douglas, the porter at Netherby Junction and an elder of the strict Cameronian Kirk, brave, modest and loyal. There is a basic attitude in Crockett's book which is diametrically opposed to Spyri's apparently uncritical acceptance of religion. In the last line of the chapter 'Why Cleg hated his father' Crockett raises the question of why God permitted such poverty and wickedness to flourish in the slums of a city like Edinburgh, where drunkenness, violence and suffering are commonplace. Cleg and Vara, in spite of coming from such a background and having little contact with organised religion, both grow into responsible people. Crockett obviously does not regard belief in the Almighty and adherence to a church as the necessary concomitant of virtue, something which Spyri seems to suggest in Heidi. 'Alm-uncle' is only finally accepted by the village when he joins the church. Crockett accepts more readily than Spyri views and behaviour different from those generally accepted by the conventional society of his time.

Although Spyri and Crockett differ in their attitude to religion, the human qualities they admire and would like children
to emulate are very similar. High on the list is compassion for other people and a willingness to be involved with them. Heidi is compulsively kind and does not rest until she has persuaded 'Alm-uncle' to mend all the shutters in the house of Peter's blind grandmother. When she returns from Frankfurt, her newly acquired reading skill is immediately used to remind the old woman of hymns she had known and loved and also to teach Peter himself the rudiments of literacy. Cleg Kelly spends half his week's wages on buying food for Vara and her two little brothers in their dank cellar, but he is embarrassed by their gratitude:

'Vera's heart broke out in a cry, "O Cleg, I canna thank ye!" And her tears fairly rained down while she sobbed quickly and freely.

"Dinna, Vera, dinna, lassie!" said Cleg, edging for the door. "Ye maun stop that or I declare I'll hae to rin!" 13

Cleg's reaction is typical of the boy. In a situation which means a great deal to him emotionally, he is no longer ready of tongue and he does not want to appear 'soft', so he begins to put on his 'hard man' act again.

Many of the grown-ups in both books under consideration are compassionate and loving and their maturity enables them to handle emotional situations especially when they are dealing with children. 'Großmama' for instance treats the incident of Peter and the invalid chair with kindness and insight:

"So nun ist's gut, die Sache ist erledigt", schloß die Großmama. "Nun sollst du aber auch noch ein Andenken an die Frankfurter haben, das dich freut. So sag mir nur, mein Junge, hast du dir auch schon mal was gewünscht das du haben möchtest?" 14
Together they agree that Peter shall have a 'Zehner' (sixpence) every week of his life from then on.

Vera, who has fled from Edinburgh on foot with her brothers to escape from her violent, drunken mother and to search for her father who has gone to Liverpool to seek work, is befriended by a simple country woman. Vera, at the end of her strength and starving, had asked if she might have the dog's rejected porridge and milk for her brothers:

'She almost dragged the children into the house. Then and there she spread such a breakfast for them as Vera had been seeing in her dreams ever since she grew hungry. It seemed that Gavin grew plumper before her very eyes, with the milk which he absorbed as a sponge takes up water. And there appeared to be no finality to Boy Hugh's appetite. He could always find room for just another scone, spread with fresh butter and overlaid with cool apple jelly such as Vera in her life (had never) partaken of. 15

How much that meal reminds the reader of 'Alm-uncle' preparing his meal of goat's milk and cheese in his Alpine hut for Heidi and Klara! The food of childhood remains forever associated with home in all our minds.

As the story unfolds in both books, other good qualities are emphasized: courage and steadfastness, loyalty and independence, generosity and, because children tend to love them so much, kindness to animals. Heidi befriends the tiny goat, Schneehöppli, so often pushed aside by the others; Cleg beats out the fire in Holyrood Park as it threatens to encroach on the hedge sparrows' nest.

Pretentiousness and snobbery come in for disapproval in both books. Fraulein Rottenmeier is more silly, insensitive and
unimaginative than downright cruel. In fact Spyri never allows cruelty to appear in a violent form, whereas Crockett seems to regard violence as an unpalatable but unavoidable reality. Drunkenness is never mentioned in Heidi, but in Cleo Kelly drink is obviously a social evil on a huge scale. The most wicked characters introduced by Crockett are Tim Kelly and Sal Kavannah who are both drunkards. They particularly resent and indeed hate their children, Cleg and Vars, who, they feel, are trying to be better than their parents. Towards the end of the book, Crockett allows the action to deteriorate into a mixture of sentimentality and melodrama with many unlikely turns and twists, whereas Spyri is much more successful in managing and shaping her material towards a realistic and believable conclusion.

The Alpine background is of immense importance in Spyri's book. The mountain ranges of Falknis and Schesaplana, the breathtaking sunrises and sunsets, the wild flowers and birds, the goats in their summer pastures, above all the sound of the wind in the fir-trees - these are life-giving sounds as far as Heidi is concerned. The landscape carries a blessing for her of almost religious intensity. Away from these surroundings she cannot thrive. Spyri returns again and again to descriptions of these scenes, not in isolation but in relation to their influence on Heidi. Her love for her grandfather and the beauty of the landscape are inextricably interwoven in the depths of her soul so that away from them she suffers from crippling homesickness. The good old doctor in Frankfurt
eventually decides that only a return to Switzerland will help.

Spyri’s descriptions are usually calm and peaceful, only occasionally does she mention the dangers and problems of winter in these altitudes. This is her account of Heidi’s first visit to the mountain pasture:

‘Das Tal lag weit unten im vollen Morgenglanz. Vor ihm erhob sich ein grosses, weites Schneefeld, hoch in den dunkelblauen Himmel hinauf, und links davon stand ein ungeheuerer Felsenblock, zu dessen beiden Seiten ein hoher Felsen turm kahl und zackig in die Blüte hinaufragte und von dort oben ganz ernsthaft auf das Heidi niederschaute. Das Kind saß mäuschenstill da und schaute ringsum, und weit umher war eine grosse tiefe Stille. Ganz sanft und leise ging der Wind über die zarten, blauen Glockenblümchen und die goldenstrahlenden Cystusrosen, die überall auf ihren dünnen Stengelchen herumstanden und fröhlich hin und her nickten. Der Peter war nach seiner Anstrengung eingeschlafen und die Geißen kletterten oben an den Büschen umher. Dem Heidi war es so schön zumute, wie noch nie in seinem Leben. Es trank das goldene Sonnenlicht, die frischen Lüfte, den zarten Blumenduft in sich ein, und wünschte gar nichts mehr, als immer so da zu bleiben. So verging eine gute Zeit, und Heidi hatte so lange zu den hohen Bergriesen drüben aufgeschaut, daß es nun war, als hätten sie alle Gesichter bekommen und schauten ganz bekannt zu ihm hernieder’. 16

To Heidi, looking across at them from the pasture, the mountains seem like giants looking down at her. How overawed she was is brought out by the way she sat as still as a mouse and yet after some time the same mountains have developed the faces of friends. She is so enchanted by all the sensations conveyed to her by the surroundings that she would have liked to remain there forever. It is a mystical experience which brings new life to Heidi. Spyri
continues the theme of intense attachment to homeland in Frankfurt which to the child seems like a prison. Even from the top of the church tower, she can see only roofs, towers and chimneys.

'Da zog es bald seinen Kopf zurück und sagte niedergeschlagen: "Es ist gar nicht so, wie ich es gedacht habe".'

All the same Heidi develops emotionally and intellectually and learns about another world from observing the middle-class scene around her. She makes several new friends, such as Klara, 'Grama', Herr Seemann, the old doctor and Sebastian, the butler, whereas Tinette, the maid, and Fräulein Rottenmeier teach her about snobbery and prejudice. Spyri introduces a few comic scenes which nearly all revolve round Fräulein Rottenmeier and her inability to behave in a natural way. She lives in an uncomfortable limbo, being neither middle- nor working-class. She will never be at home anywhere.

In the first part of Heidi we catch a glimpse of the impoverished Swiss working abroad. Tante Dete and Heidi herself are doing precisely that, but in the second part the Frankfurters come to visit Switzerland. Eventually the old doctor will restore an old, ruined patrician house in the village, something which gives the reader a glimmer of the tourist potential of the Alps. Heidi seems to be essentially the same child when she returns from Frankfurt, but she has changed:

'Das Frührot glühte über den Bergen und ein frischer Morgenwind rauschte durch die Tannen und wagte die alten Äste mächtig hin und her. Das Heidi
The last sentence communicates something new about Heidi: she realizes what is expected of her in the society around her, in which a child was expected to be neat and clean and to arrive on time. The sub-title Heidi kann brauchen, was es gelernt hat in fact shows Heidi as a responsible child applying the knowledge she acquired in Frankfurt. She is no longer the Rousseausque child of nature, free from constraints.

In stark contrast the sub-title of Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City, suggests a homeless boy fighting for his existence. The lands and closes of Victorian Edinburgh, towering and grey, provide a somewhat grim background, but Cleg is certainly no pitiful figure. He himself provides most of the action and usually gives as good as he gets. He has a great need to win and dominates his environment in the country just as easily as in the town. Witness his encounter with a rustic wholaughs at his odd clothes and refuses to tell him the way to Sandyknowes, where Vara and her brothers have made their home with Muckle Alick. Crockett's warlike figures of speech help to emphasize Cleg's aggressive instincts:

'At last he bade his adversary farewell, with a double machine-gun fire of words and still heavier ammunition.
"Thi'\vc will maybe learn ye, country!" he cried, "after this to gie a civil answer to a civil question".

"Wait till I catch you!" the young man shouted, stung to desperation.

Whereupon, just for luck, Cleg ran in and delivered a volley at point-blank range, which sent the man of straw clattering up the road. It was certainly not wise to dally with the prize marksman of the Sooth Back, who on his good days could break any particular pane in a fifth story window that you liked to specify, nine times out of ten. 19

Cleg lives on his wits and has no great respect for the niceties of law and order, but his kind heart and his willingness to protect the disabled or the victimised win him friends in quite influential circles of Edinburgh. He only leaves the city for the country in order to find Vara, Hugh and Gavin, but once there he quickly adapts and finally becomes a successful market-gardener. He has clearly inherited the talents and interests of his forbears. He is obviously a leader among boys: his fight with Kit Kennedy behind the barn, his vanquishing of the harridan Mistress McWalter, his swim across dark Loch Spellanderie put him in the same class as the heroes of children's fiction like Huckleberry Finn. All through Cleg Kelly there are also amusing scenes, to name only one, like Muckl Alick's ejection of the drunken Irish drovers from a First Class Carriage, when they defy the young and inexperienced station-master. On the whole Crockett takes a more quizzically cheerful view of life than Spyri.

There are two areas of interest which have a place in many of the Swiss and Scottish books under discussion: the first concerns movements of population. In some books Switzerland is cast as a small, impoverished country whose citizens tend to seek
work elsewhere as domestics, soldiers, chimney-sweeps; in others it is portrayed as a prosperous, tight little country which offers jobs to foreigners willing to hew out tunnels and roads or keep hotels functioning. Lisa Tetzner’s Die schwarzen Brüder (1941) tells the story of impoverished boys who went in the nineteenth century to work as chimney sweeps in Milan. Niklaus Bolt’s Svizzero (1912) describes the influx of Italian workers into Switzerland. The Swiss National Library in Bern has provided a list of 176 books they hold on Swiss emigration which gives evidence of a vast exodus from Switzerland down the years, most frequently to the United States of America, but certainly to every continent in the world. Scotland too plays a dual role. The potato famine in Ireland and also the need for seasonal harvest workers brought immigrants to Scotland, hence the Irish names ‘Kelly’ and ‘Kavanaugh’ which Cleg and Vera bear. Wars also brought incomers. In A Sound of Chariots, for instance, Bridie’s father is an Ulsterman from Belfast who fought with the Irish Fusiliers. But soldiers also tended to be exported from Scotland and are a source of some national pride, although they may be also regarded as victims of exploitation. Cleg admired them and perhaps Crockett did too. He describes Cleg on his way to Vera and the children with the food he has bought for them:

‘He walked with his head in the air and his chest out, just as he used to march when he heard the regiments coming down the High Street from the Castle, and caught the first glimpse of their swinging tartans and towering plumes’. 20
The Highland Clearances, the mass removal of crofters from their land to make way for sheep and deer, and the subsequent exodus, usually to Canada, Australia and New Zealand, feature in many children's books. A minor export from the Highlands was children's nannies (Beatrix Potter pays tribute to hers) and I am sure these women, with their store of bed-time folktales, awakened not only the interest but also the creative impulses of their charges.

The second area of interest the German Swiss and Scots have in common is language. Spyri writes in Standard German with only a few concessions to her Swiss background, for example Dörfli, Alm-öhi, Schwänli, Bärli and so on. In her time Swiss books tended to be published in Germany, as indeed hers were. There was a very large public for books in Standard German throughout central Europe. The situation has changed since then. 'Schwyzerdütsch' is now generally accepted as the first language of German Swiss children, but the written language remains Standard German, which is used by all Swiss publishers, with the exception of a small number specialising in Schwyzerdütsch texts, usually containing verses for children. The curious convention has therefore been accepted, presumably because there would seem to be a minute public for Schwyzerdütsch books, of allowing Swiss characters to converse in a language they do not normally use. This situation has certainly caused frustration, as not being able to write in one's mother tongue inevitably would. Emil Zopfi, a successful children's writer, wrote his first book in Schwyzerdütsch, but since no publisher would handle it, he was forced to translate
There seems to be no way out of this impasse which may cause a certain stiffness in German Swiss writing. Despite his initial frustration, Zopfi has been awarded the prestigious Swiss 'Jugendbuchpreis'.

Crockett is writing, more or less, in Standard English for long sections of *Clan Kelly* and the Scots language he puts into his characters' mouths is modified to be more comprehensible to a wider reading public. He succeeds in giving an air of authenticity to the Lowland Scotland of that period. The children are speaking the language they hear around them which helps to establish in the reader's mind a certain national identity.

There has been a great deal of controversy in Scotland on the subject of language, literature and the preservation of national identity, a subject which will be discussed in the later chapter 'Minority Languages and Cultures'. Some of Crockett's ideas may well stem from the theories of the German writer, J.F. Herder, who made a connection between nationhood and language in *Über den Ursprung der Sprache* (1772). The Swiss recognise the dichotomy between the spoken and written languages in German Switzerland, they also realise that Switzerland is a nation without a common language. As usual they effect a compromise. This question was discussed in depth recently.

On the evidence of these two nineteenth-century children's books, the Swiss seem more law-abiding, more confidently religious, more serious, less aggressive than the Scots. But the comparison also involves country and town, a girl and a boy, a child and an adolescent, a woman writer of fifty and a man of thirty-five. Nationality remains certainly as a constant factor, but the
novels are rather like kaleidoscopes. Only a tiny shake is required to make the view quite different. All the same, the more books that are examined with carefully contrasted themes, the more clearly will a recurring pattern emerge. Cleg and Heidi seem to behave in certain ways, conditioned by their environment and family inheritance. In the second half of this chapter two books are considered, where the action takes place in villages; the children, again of different sex, are closer in age; there is also a gap in age between the writers; this time the woman is considerably younger than the man. The period is much later, probably the thirties of this century.
Felix by Fritz Brunner (1970) and A Sound of Chariots by Mollie Hunter (1973) are both concerned with children in the context of everyday life and with their development within a family circle. Mollie Hunter (1922-) was born in Longniddry near Edinburgh, but now lives in the Highlands near Inverness. She has written many books for children; they may be placed in three categories, fantasy for the younger reader, historical novels for those in their early teens and "realistic" novels for young adults. Fritz Brunner (1899- ) is one of the doyens of Swiss children's literature. He lives in Küsnacht near Zürich and has been a secondary school teacher most of his life. He has been the recipient of many honours for his books and his services, both inside and outside Switzerland in his chosen field. His best-known book is probably Aufruhr in Brusada (1960).

My aim here, as in the first half of this chapter, is to establish which national characteristics are identifiable; a secondary aim is to decide whether on the evidence of the texts the intervening years between the two pairs have affected a change in national outlook.

The central event in both books is the premature death of the children's father and the effect this happening has on the families left behind, particularly on Felix Marti and Bridie McShane, both aged nine to ten. Very important characters are of course the two mothers, Margrit Marti and Agnes McShane, whose love, courage and steadfastness hold their families together. Felix has as background a German-speaking district of woodland, streams and lakes, A Sound of Chariots is more precisely located near Edinburgh on the shores of the Firth of Forth. Felix is
the youngest of four children. His brother Urs is already attending a teachers' training college in French Switzerland and his two sisters, Elsi and Margrit, are at a technical college. The family home is a well-established pub, run by both parents. In the McShane family there are five children. Bridie has three elder sisters, Nell, Moira and Aileen, all still at school, and a younger brother William. The village in which they live has three distinct groups within it. Near the sea, in large detached houses, live the 'English', mainly well-to-do Scots with Anglicised voices. The main population lives centrally; but there is in addition a crescent of semi-detached houses, the 'Earl Haig Housing Scheme for War Veterans', one of whom is Patrick McShane, fit enough to be employed as an A.A. patrolman.

Felix begins with a happy family outing, organized by Jakob Marti as a special treat for his wife, to celebrate their twentieth wedding anniversary. He has hired a coach and pair, two magnificent horses, Pischka and Dama, in their carnival harness. He sits up on the box, driving with great expertise and occasionally allowing Felix to hold the reins. The pleasure and happiness of the occasion fills the whole first chapter:

'Im Talgrund tauchten die ersten Häuser
des Heimatdorfes auf. Die Pferde tänzelten
und gingen in Trab über. Ihre Mähnen flogen.
"Stalldrang", lächelte der Vater. "Aber
wir fahren nicht direkt ins Dorf hinunter.
Für Mutter legen wir noch eine Ehrenrunde
auf der Höhenstraße ein, die sie so gern
hat. Im Föhrenbuck ist der Abendkaffee
bestellt".' 29

Music is very important in both these books, and, particularly in Felix, is often the centre of family life and also provides
entertainment in the pub. Felix and his mother often play violin and piano duets. Jakob Marti does not seem to spend a great deal of time with his family because he has many other commitments in the village. Patrick McShane loves to sing with his family. He particularly likes to walk along the see-shore and sing his Irish songs, especially to Bridie with whom he has a great affinity. Perhaps more than anything else, after his death, it is his voice that haunts her.

Felix is a good-natured, out-going boy, who is easily persuaded to help his friends with their home-work and take part in dramatic performances in aid of a Swiss-staffed hospital in South Africa. Felix tends to be one of a group, but Bridie who has a great gift for telling stories to younger children likes to act on her own. Jakob Marti is a person of some consequence in the village; he has been made the 'Friedensrichter' (Justice of the Peace) for the district and also the branch-manager of an insurance firm. His death has therefore wider community repercussions. Running a pub too has meant to some extent living in public.

Tragedy is, however, not far away. Jakob has stood surety for his friend, the oil-merchant Venner, whose horses he had hired, and becomes involved in the latter's bankruptcy. Gradually a feeling of anxiety builds up:

"Und der Vater? sitzt er tief in der Tinte"?
"Du fragst zu viel, Felix. Das ist nicht für dich".
"Ich will alles wissen. Ich habe Angst um den Vater. Ich kann nicht mehr schlafen....".30

One evening the sisters are disturbed by a barrel being rolled up to the counter by their father.
"Sonst trägst du es doch immer".

"Ich bin heute so müde", tön te es matt zurück. Unruhig zischte der erste Schaum aus dem Nickelhahn.

"Vater gefällt mir nicht", sagte die Mutter zu Urs. "Diese Woche ist er zweimal ohne Mantel ausgegangen und bei kaltem Regen und Naßschnee nach Hause gekommen".

Jakob Marti has to go to bed, supported by Felix, while his wife carries on.

'Als Felix hinter den Schranktisch zurü ckehrte, winkte ihm die Mutter vom Klavier her.

"Das letzte Lied, Schau nicht so ernst drein!
Die Leute sollen uns nichts anmerken".

"Tanzen und springen,
Singen und klingen,
zu musizieren,
und jubilieren,
steht allzeit mein Sinn".

So lautete das Lied. Felix zerriß das Herz.

His mother is determined they shall all put on a brave face in public. Within a week Jakob Marti is dead. A great number of relatives from both sides of the family gather for the funeral. Frau Marti walks behind the coffin, flanked by her two sons followed by the girls. Afterwards she organises a huge meal. Felix is kept busy serving, but he overhears conversations which frighten him and threaten his future. He fears a break-up of the family.

A Sound of Chariots opens with the tragic picture of Agnes McShane, arriving home alone in a hired car from the hospital where her husband has just died. Her five children are waiting with a neighbour, Mrs. Wallace.

'Bridie ... heard her mother say,
"I'll have to tell them".
Her voice sounded thick and breathless as if she was frightened. Mrs. Wallace gave a gulping sob and looked away from them. A fuzziness seemed to grow in Bridie's head and through it her mother's voice came again,

"Your father's dead".

Her voice seemed to go round and round like an echo in a cave. Bridie heard it booming in her head and she became confused trying to sort this out. The voice was in her head echoing round and round... the echo was in a cave... her head was a cave... then the booming in her head sharpened in pitch and steadied to the shrill focus of William's voice screaming. 33

It is a Sunday morning and Mrs. McShane sends Bridie and Aileen out on their newspaper round as usual.

"Get your coat on, Bridie". Her mother wasn't listening to her. "You know it's selfish to let people down". 34

Apart from this one chapter, the first part of the book is a series of flashbacks which show the McShanes as a happy and united family and go further back to the beginning of the relationship between the husband and wife. The parents clearly love each other and their children. There are strains in the marriage. Agnes McShane belongs to a strict religious sect, called the 'Plymouth Brethren', whereas her husband, an Ulsterman from Belfast, has no official religion. "Humankind is my religion" is a saying of his. 35 His political opinions are much more radical than those of his wife:

"The world’s no better now than it was in Christ’s time, Bridie, and it won’t change till everyone is prepared to fight for truth and justice. Remember that. We’ve got to be revolutionaries, like Christ, if we want a better world".
Mollie Hunter skilfully uses Bridie's chance discovery of a bundle of old letters to reveal to both reader and child how her parents met each other at the time her father was a prisoner-of-war and wounded. Bridie is momentarily conscience-stricken and afraid when her mother finds her reading the letters, but Agnes McShane, gentle and understanding, tells her the whole story. Patrick had run away from home, where he was miserable with a stepmother, and joined the army as a drummer-boy. He felt very grateful to the military authorities for the only formal education he ever had. Agnes Armstrong, as she then was, had been asked to write to a prisoner-of-war and chose him, because she thought a Dublin Fusilier, the only one in the camp, might be lonely. After the war they married and even Agnes's parents, at first suspicious of a non-religious Irishman, were won over by Patrick's charm and zest for life.

The background of war, the reader's awareness of the disabled men and their sufferings, a certain emphasis on the fleetingness of life have no counterpart in Felix. One could say that Fritz Brunner infuses his characters with a more positive, realistic, forward-looking approach to life than Mollie Hunter who attempts to analyse the inner pain of the Scottish child and her struggles towards a creative calling. Bridie undergoes a more complex maturing process than Felix. A further strand which enriches the texture of *A Sound of Chariots* is the special relationship between Bridie and her father. Jakob Marti makes no distinction between his children, but Patrick McShane loves his youngest daughter unduly. Perhaps to prepare her for coming difficulties
after William is born, Agnes McShane says, "You've lost your place in the sun, Bridie", but she remains in her father's words, "as good as any laddie". That is a revealing expression of his loving pride in her.

In the same way Fritz Brunner entitles one of the chapters in Felix 'Die Mutter wehrt sich wie ein Mann'. The form these compliments take clearly reflect our Scottish and also the Swiss patriarchal society. As well as his desire to change society Patrick McShane passes on to Bridie his belief in the importance of courage and truth. One of the most dramatic and moving passages in the book describes Bridie's conquest of the big boys' slide while wearing her tatty shoes, when she becomes aware that the pride within her has conquered her cowardice. Shortly before his death Patrick impresses on her again that lies bring their own punishment of unhappiness and, seeing she is downcast, he offers to sing for her:

'She asked for "She moves through the Fair" and her father sang it, his hands on his knees and his face turned to look out along the red- and-gold path the setting sun had laid across the still waters of the Firth. A quiet song it was, a sad and lovely song with plaintive notes that trembled sweetly on the air and melted gently away into the dying day ... she wished that his singing to her at that time and in that place would never end ... she knew as certainly as she had ever known anything that she would no more forget the song or the time and manner of its singing than she would ever forget her father himself'.

There is a certain nostalgic melancholy, an awareness of other worlds, a vision perhaps of 'Tir nan Og', the Celtic
Never-Neverland in Mollie Hunter's description of the evening, that is quite lacking in *Felix*. Fritz Brunner does not reveal to the reader in any detail the inner grief of Margrit Marti. There is no crying in the night to be overheard. As in *Heidi*, the moments when nature is at its most beautiful are also happy ones, the singing is communal and the occasion marked by the re-appearance of the dress with the blue cornflowers.

The second part of both books is concerned with the mothers' attempts to keep their families going. Jakob Marti is liked and respected, especially for his ability to settle disputes, a skill very important in a Swiss context, where emphasis, based perhaps on historical necessity, is on reaching a solution by participation and discussion. This responsibility comes to an end with his death, as does his work for the insurance agency, and even running the pub is considered too difficult for a woman alone. Jakob had acquired many new customers through his business connections. Fritz Brunner shows us Margrit Marti surmounting her difficulties with adroitness and determination and he is very critical of several men: the farmer from Neuenfeld who, with one eye on the main chance, tries to marry her; the superintendent of the orphanage who knows best and would like to split up her family; and, most reprehensible of all, Herr Hartmann who tries to bully and swindle her. Margrit Marti perseveres because she sees the retention of the pub as her only life-line. After all it had belonged to her father and she had been helping to run it all her life. There is not much probing and brooding in *Felix*. The emphasis is on action. Indeed the endless
activity in the pub does not leave too much time for introspection. Felix is kept busy with his homework, his music lessons and all the new tasks that economic necessity has created. Frau Marti's many responsibilities strengthen her resolve. The orphanage superintendent is only one of three men who advise her not to keep Felix at home.

"Das kommt nicht in Frage", fiel ihm die Mutter ins Wort. "Ohne meine Kinder ginge ich zugrunde. Die drei zu hause können mir helfen wie niemand sonst, und Urs am Seminar bringen wir auch durch".

"Das glauben wir nicht. Ohne einen Mann im Haus geht in der Wirtschaft kaum mehr die Hälfte ein, und Sie werden verlumpen mit Ihren Kindern". Von der Nickelbrille des Waisenpflegers sprangen böse Blitze. Die Mutter zuckte zusammen wie unter einem Schlag. Sie hob die Hände wie zur Abwehr.


The hard regime continues for them all. Felix puts on his skis and collects the subscriptions for the men’s choir from the outlying houses and farms. He has a moment of terrible panic when he tumbles in the deep snow and momentarily loses the satchel with all the money. Only the action of a kindly motorist who stops and illuminates the whole scene with his
headlights solves the problem. Felix is suddenly forlorn:

'Er sehnte sich nach einer kleinen Freude. Leer was für ihn die Welt. Die Mutter stand wie vor einem Abgrund.


"Fünfzehn Franken weniger als heute morgen. Wo soll das hinaus?"

Ratlos schaute der Junge nach dem Kleingeld.

"Was müssen wir machen?"

"Auf alles verzichten, was wir nicht dringend brauchen".

"Was meinst du damit?"

"Auf das Backwerk zu Weihnachten, auf die süßen Zimtsterne und Mandelringe, die Mailänderli und Krapfen. Wir können uns ... auch keinen Christbaum leisten".

Then suddenly and unexpectedly Felix is given a Christmas tree as a reward for helping the wood-cutters and offered payment to coach his friend Willi for the secondary school entrance-examination. All four friends, Willi, Dölf, Martin and Felix pass the examination and, to put their newly acquired map-reading skills to the test, set off on a cross-country expedition to the lake. Fritz Brunner conveys the atmosphere of friendship, the light-hearted spirit of adventure, the idyllic sail back along the lake-side with the master mariner, Toni Morf. Nowhere in the Scottish book even for a moment is there such an evocation of childhood friendship.

But Felix is about to be involved in an incident which, however painful will set him on the road to maturity. Bibi, another friend, persuades him into a game in which the two of them decorate a newly white-washed wall with coloured balls of putty. It is an
act of vandalism which is obvious to the whole village. Frau Marti is in such a state of desperation when she hears how much it may cost to put right, that she completely loses control and thrashes Felix with his belt, while Anne, the maid, holds him firmly. Felix is so humiliated that he runs away and is not found until the following day by his friends and their fathers. Fritz Brunner does not analyse to anything like the same extent as Mollie Hunter what goes on within the adolescent during moments of anguish, but Felix's later action in playing the fourth hand in the men's card game, while his mother interviews Herr Hartmann, suggests a new stage in his development. It takes mother and child a long time to re-establish a close relationship, but again good comes out of misfortune. In a new-found, sympathetic understanding of Frau Marti's situation the villagers rally round to help repair the wall and the members of the men's choir underwrite the debts caused by Venner's bankruptcy. Group action is offered and accepted in a way foreign to the communities of A Sound of Chariots, where a certain conception of Scottish pride might well preclude such a solution. Frau Marti's confidence gradually increases; she deals firmly with day-to-day problems in the pub which starts to regain its former popularity. Frau Marti is beginning to win her battle, her children are proud of her, Elsi using a traditional phrase of approval: "Du stellst deinen Mann, Mutter".43

Felix ends with a counterbalancing chapter to the anniversary-outing description with which the book begins.
Toni Morf, the master mariner, issues a most imaginative invitation to the four boys, Willi, Dolf, Martin and Felix and all their families. They are to spend a day on board the huge, gaily decorated barge making music, playing games, dancing, feasting and singing. Overhead at the masthead flies a paper Chinese carp, symbol of courage and strength. Toni Morf shows his practical idealism by his insistence on taking over the remaining debts, occurred in good faith by Jakob Marti. As mentioned earlier, Margrit Marti wears her dress with the blue cornflowers for the first time since her husband's death. Like the carp it is also symbolic. It heralds the inner acceptance of a new life. This story ends on a very positive and confident note, echoing the village doctor's remark when he reads the title of Urs's music:

"Festliche Kantate: lebhaft und vergnügt..."
Das hast du gut ausgewählt, Urs. Immer trauern kann man nicht. 44

The effect of Patrick McShane's death on his children is made more devastating, because Agnes McShane is unable to control her emotion. The fury of her grief contrasts for them sharply with her usual gentleness:

"The intensity of her mother's emotions frightened Bridie. It frightened them all so that, although they wept in sympathy with her at the beginning of each outburst, it always ended up for them in tears of terror. In the grip of this terror they would try to pull her hands away from her face as they begged her wildly not to cry, and in the end she would hear them and try to bring herself under control again. But there was one terrible occasion when they were all babbling and pulling at her like this and she shrieked out suddenly, "There's no God! THERE'S NO GOD!"
William stared up at her in bewilderment. The others shrank back from her with horrified disbelief in their faces. Bridie could feel the same expression showing in her own face and the feeling persisted even after her mother had collapsed into tears again and wept herself out. 45

There is an echo here of Cleg Kelly's defiant shout, but Bridie's mother's cry wells up out of momentary despair.

Agnes McShane has not the same resources as Margrit Marti. She is physically not so robust, and the rheumatism which had plagued her before her husband's death becomes more acute. She has only her widow's pension and some money from Patrick's insurance which soon comes to an end. William is also so young that she hesitates to leave him and go out to work. Patrick had been the dominant partner and his loss makes her feel initially helpless. Her terrible fear is that she and the children should have to go 'on the parish', as the taking of public relief was called. This would be a terrible affront to her pride and independence. Eventually Mrs. McShane's native courage reasserts itself and she learns to live with her situation. Her quiet patience and dignity and her love for her children gives them the support they need.

Mollie Hunter treats the experience a child suffers on losing a parent by death in much greater depth than Fritz Brunner. Before Bridie adjusts herself to this loss, she undergoes several mystical experiences of great intensity. The beauty and the impermanence of nature, the fear, horror, and bloody disfigurement associated with death awaken tortured visions. The onset of her own puberty, after an initial shock,
marks a new period of acceptance and the beginning of womanhood. In this book Mollie Hunter is attempting boldly to stretch the imagination and enlarge the experience of her readers.

After her father's death Bridie cannot bear to take part with her sisters in the ritual of burying Nell's pet rabbit Bluey in the garden in a shoe-box. She rushes away to be by herself. Mollie Hunter analyses the turmoil of emotion in Bridie's adolescent heart and mind, not as an observer, but as one who remembers these feelings vividly from the experience of her own childhood and also has the poetic power to translate her suffering into literature.

'*... her thoughts stood out with a cold and terrible clarity... Heaven was impossibly remote in her imagination now. It was only death she could think of for only death was real now that she really understood what it was - eyes blind, ears stopped up, senses all swallowed up in coldness and blackness, everything ending in cold black nothing. That was what had happened to her father - and if it could happen to him, it could happen to her. 46

She becomes aware of her own impending death as never before and the resolution grows within her to make the most of the time vouchsafed to her.

'*... she was not going to be like her mother and spend time in weeping now that she knew how precious it was. She would hold on to the very end, even of this, and then she would be able to look back and say triumphantly that she hadn't wasted a moment of Time. 47

Although her love of life returns and her desire to write reasserts itself, a long period of nightmares follows; she is imprisoned by her mother's grief and constrained by family ties. This results in her feeling 'sad and guilty and lonely. Very lonely'. 48 Shortage of money makes it impossible for her to stay on at school. Her three sisters are already out in the world and ahead for her lies the humdrum routine of work in her grandfather's shop in Edinburgh. Disappointment and foreboding close in on her. The urgency of the situation,
a sense of transience, a desire for immortality, epitomised already for her by her father’s singing, cause her to think again of the Marvell couplet:

'But at my back I always hear,  
Time's winged chariot hurrying near'.

It is at this moment of crisis on Bridie’s very last day in school that Mollie Hunter introduces a character of far-reaching importance. During what might have been an end-of-term, routine encounter Bridie blurts out her bitterness and the emptiness caused by her father’s death to Dr. McIntyre, the teacher of English, who was already aware of her talent and of her response to literature.

"He shouldn’t have died – it wasn’t fair! He wasn’t old, Dr. McIntyre, he wasn’t old! And he loved life, my mother’s said so, often."

"Then live for him!"

Dr. McIntyre slid off the desk as he spoke and stood looking almost angrily at her.

"You are your father’s daughter. He’s in your brain and in your blood. Live for him. Don’t let your talent die because he is dead. Let it flower from his death and speak for both of you." 50

Mollie Hunter shows the teacher instilling courage and confidence into his pupil and at the same time giving her a vision of a certain kind of immortality. The scene rings so true that the reader feels it may well be drawn from life.

Dr. McIntyre plays a not dissimilar role to Toni Morf in Felix. Indeed in this chapter of the thesis there are several similar characters who bridge the gap between the generations, for example Lal in the Grey Dancer, Tachako in the fantasy Techipo, Father Anthony in The Popinjay or Karrer Joggeli in Beresina. As Agnes McShane stands alone on the station platform with William, waving farewell to her fourth daughter, she may appear a forlorn figure, but she has regained her faith in God, and in her own quiet modest way has won her battle.

The church, indeed religion, plays only a background role in Felix, although the family are obviously churchgoers and Jakob Marti has been a long-serving member of the male-voice choir in church.
In fact they sang twice during his funeral service, a special honour for

"'Jakob wär nächstes Jahr Ehrenmitglied geworden', sagte Vetter Jean".51

Frau Marti is clearly a supporter of the church and she will not countenance a word against their young Protestant minister from Basel who likes to play the drums. Nor will she allow any of the children to use bad language. Felix mentions his Sunday school, but only in passing. He is clearly aware of wrong-doing, like cheating about the school essays, lying to his teacher, setting the village dump alight, being jealous of Willi's gifts as an entertainer, but none of this weighs heavily on him. The general attitude to religion is very relaxed.

Felix, however, shows he has a tender conscience in one respect. He is concerned about the role drunkenness plays in the community and by the fact that the family business is connected with the sale of alcohol. He notices what happens when people become addicted to drink. On his round, collecting subscriptions, he witnesses the enforced sale of all the goods and chattels of a farm where the owner has drunk away all his profit. He observes the drunken farmer in the pub who tries to be over-familiar with Frau Marti; he is worried by the sudden death of the master smith who had lingered over his drink before going out into the cold night air. Most of all he wonders about the death of the foolish young steeple-Jack who, after a few drinks, insists on laying a wager as to who shall reach the top of the church steeple first. Fritz Brunner makes no great issue out of drunkenness but he clearly wants to draw attention to the problem, in the same way as S.R. Crockett did in Clen Kelly. Neither of
the woman writers consider this subject at all. It may not have been sufficiently within their personal experience to warrant treatment.

Religion, on the other hand, is very important in the Scottish village. Mollie Hunter devotes the third chapter of her book mainly to the role of the church and in doing so reveals a certain degree of scepticism. There is no meeting House for Plymouth Brethren, so Mrs McShane sends the children to the Church of Scotland Sunday School which, she feels, will give them some knowledge of the scriptures. Patrick McShane is a tolerant man who raises no objection. Soon Bridie outgrows Sunday School and attends church services which she enjoys, particularly the hymn-singing and the dramatic and exciting Old Testament stories. Her father regards the church as a serious obstacle to social enlightenment. The ex-servicemen from the Earl Haig Housing Scheme attend church only on Armistice Day. Bridie, aged seven, is aware of the discrepancy in the views of her parents and wonders whether she 'might have to choose one day between Heaven with her mother or Outer Darkness with her father'. She even tackles the minister about the church being an obstacle to social enlightenment and is told she must pray for her father's salvation.

Mollie Hunter uses two completely different tones in this chapter. She is quite ironic when she talks about 'Heaven' and 'Outer Darkness', but deadly earnest, when Patrick and Agnes McShane discuss socialism and religion:

"A little less politics and a lot more religion would do you a world of good, Patrick. You'd be far better down on your knees praying for the souls of those in the village than trying to force socialism down their throats."

Her father put his hands on her mother's shoulders.

"Agnes", he said, "I know you'd face lions for your faith. But it's your faith remember. Don't try to force it on me."

One of the most poignant aspects of the book is Agnes McShane's
utter devotion to her husband. Patrick's real religion is politics and he feels impelled to go regularly to the Parish Meeting and put his point of view and just as regularly he is thrown out. But Agnes is always there waiting outside to protect him from further violence and any pursuers draw back. There are echoes of a bitter class struggle in Mollie Hunter's book entirely missing from Felix. Bridie admires greatly the qualities of loyalty and courage in her parents when it comes to standing up for what they believe in. These traits are just as marked in her mother, gentle as she is:

"Hadn't she been the only one who stood up beside Willie and Alec Grant when they got converted by the Faith Mission Sisters and the whole village had turned up to jeer at them preaching from the Market Cross". 55

There is obviously plenty of unkind bigotry amongst the ordinary folk as well as amongst the snobby inhabitants of the grand houses by the Firth. Agnes McShane has had to take evening work as a table-maid in cap and apron. Bridie is particularly proud of the way her mother puts up with the arrogant Mrs. Benson and the disdainfully amused Claude who regards poor people as barely human. Bridie forgets how alienated she had been by her mother's terrible grieving. All the old love came flooding back, when she saw her mother, as it were, loving her enemies and not hating those who despised her poverty:

"I'm proud to have you for my mam. You're better than any of them". 56

It is interesting to note that Bridie, a girl, is permitted to show emotion more openly than Clegg, a boy.

Schooling takes up a large proportion of children's time,
and there is a marked difference between Felix's experience of school and Bridie's. Felix's teacher in the primary school is 'Lehrer Großpeter', jocular and lively, but shrewd and well-liked by his pupils. Their holiday task is to report in essay form any genuine conversation they have overheard. In exchange for a mouth-organ and some unusual stamps Felix writes Dölf's and Martin's essays as well as his own. Herr Großpeter has his suspicions but does not take the matter further. Felix, however, ends up with a much lower mark than his friends. The school is well organised, the parents involved and anxious that their children should pass into the secondary school. This type of involvement is very much the norm in the Scottish village too. Herr Großpeter handles difficulties without fuss. When the policeman comes to complain about the boys (no girls were involved) setting fire to the village dump and causing noxious fumes to penetrate the whole village, he metes out an extra exercise for Saturday. The culprits are to design suitable posters on the hazards of fire-raising. The best of these will be sent to the police officer. All four close friends pass into the secondary school and find it stimulating to have so many different subject-teachers. Felix is happy in school and the atmosphere is relaxed. There seems little doubt that, if his mother can afford to keep him on at school, he will become a teacher like his brother.

Bridie is an intelligent child too, but much more introspective than Felix. Her chief delight is in words and she spends a great deal of time over her essays. Unfortunately her new teacher, an Englishwoman called Miss Dunstan, has a narrower idea of style than Bridie and holds her work up to ridicule. If
Bridie argues, she is strapped twice on each hand. Bridie is so upset that she loses her temper and it becomes quite clear that there is a great deal more than a difference of opinion over style in this confrontation between teacher and child. There is certainly an anti-English strain, missing from Cian Kelly, in this book. There is no anti-German bias in either Swiss book.

"I don't give a bloody damn for you and your belt!"

Miss Dunstan, in turn, is enraged:

"I've put up with enough from you, you little Irish bog-trotter!"

She took two swift strides forward and lashed downwards. The belt whipped round the calves of Bridie's bare legs. It was the short belt of heavy leather used in all Scottish schools, and the pain of the blow was intense. This scene is the climax to a predominantly racial conflict.

Earlier in the chapter mention is made of Bridie's hatred of Miss Dunstan, particularly of 'her hard English voice'. This head-on collision between pupil and teacher is compounded by the inexperience of the teacher and the means she had, at that date, of inflicting corporal punishment. There is no equivalent scene in Fritz Brunner's book; although there are doubtless confrontations in Swiss schools too, he has not chosen to highlight one. The emphasis is on conciliation, and the only outright aggressive scene is between Felix and his mother. Both Scottish books, considered in this chapter, seem to reflect a more violent society.

Fortunately Mrs. Mackie, the Headmistress, hearing the commotion, intervenes and handles the situation tactfully. She makes clear to Bridie that although she personally appreciates
the original turns of phrase, such outbursts of temper cannot be permitted. In the event, all four McShane girls go on to the George Wishart Secondary Institute, but with their father dead, they cannot finish the course for lack of money. This fact is accepted with great regret, for education is seen to be of vital importance and to be an opener of many doors.

Both Felix and A Sound of Chariots reveal their country of origin by geographical references and place-names and by the language used. Early in the story Frau Marti expresses the love she feels for her village and the countryside roundabout with a poetic image.


Mention of der Rigi, Sankt Gotthard and Sankt Moritz emphasize the reality of the country. 60 Swiss words are used for several occupations in the village: der Spengler (tinsmith), der Werkmeister (master-builder), der Wagener (coach-builder) and of course they are all 'Eidgenossen' (citizens of Switzerland). 61 Felix' trousers have been made by his mother out of an old suit of his father and have twenty-two different pieces. His classmates call them his 'Kantonshose' and Willi cannot resist making up a little jingle:

"Zürich am Knie und Bern am Knie Hose voller Geographie". 62

The songs, sung in entertainments, are in 'Schwyzerdutsch' and on board the ship the master mariner, Toni Morf, is touched to hear his favourite one:
"-e Schwyzerländli ischt jo chly"(Switzerland is so small).
The villagers form a homogeneous group, but their shared nationality
is only mentioned when they meet some 'Auslandschweizer' and try
to make them feel at home. They would undoubtedly speak only
'Schwyzerdütsch' among themselves, but Fritz Brunner maintains
the convention of using Standard German, thus making his book
accessible to a wider public. Judging from the means of
transport and the abundance of home-made entertainment, Felix
takes place forty to fifty years ago.

Mollie Hunter makes the location of her story plain in the
first few lines, but there are many other clues. The names of
the characters, Soutar, Wallace, McLaren, Bruce, Blair, Mackie,
McIntyre are like a Scottish roll-call, but not McShane, for
that is undoubtedly an Irish name. Cleg's father was also an
Irishman, but his exodus was part of the general pattern of
Irish immigration in the nineteenth century. Patrick is a
very different sort of Irishman, an Ulsterman, originally
probably a Protestant, although he happens to be an unbeliever.
It was the war and his marriage to Agnes Hamilton that brought
him to Scotland. Although Scotland has been, since the
Reformation, a Calvinist country, there are considerable numbers
of Scots who were never Reformed. The bulk of Catholics in
Scotland are probably of relatively recent Irish origin. Cleg
mentions specifically that his father is a 'Papist'. Religious
differences will crop up in children's books from time to time,
because they are not dead issues even now. Patrick's friends,
however, are mainly ex-servicemen. He feels compassion for them,
whereas he rather despises the native villagers who do not question the power of the 'gentry'. Patrick particularly dislikes the 'English' "... They just spoke yaw yaw like English people because they were ashamed of their Scottish heritage". The village appears to be class-ridden and has no national identity in a Swiss sense, a feeling of community, so accepted that it is rarely mentioned.

A Sound of Chariots is written in Standard English with Scottish words and turns of phrase introduced from time to time. It is not unlike the technique used by Fritz Brunner, although true Scots or Lallans is very much a minority spoken language in comparison with 'Schwyzerdütsch'. Words like 'puir bairns' (poor children), bogle (goblin), message (errand), her mother would have 'given her a row' (would have reprimanded her) are all currently used. Bridie broadens her accent when she is speaking to the big boys on the slide: "A' course I'm no feared". It is important to bear in mind that Mollie Hunter is describing a Scotland of nearly fifty years ago, the same period as Fritz Brunner. Attitudes to accent have changed and one cannot speak of a BBC accent as prevailing any more. Radio and television announcers must of course be comprehensible, but there is now in the eighties a refreshing variety of voice.

The tones of Felix and A Sound of Chariots are completely different. Brunner writes in a lively, almost jocular manner and he keeps Felix on the move from one activity to the next, so much so that even the boys' long map-reading expedition has few descriptions of nature. Even when Felix skis up into the distant valleys to collect the choir subscriptions, he
concentrates on his job and, boy-like, seems almost unaware of the countryside apart from the dangers — a very different reaction from Heidi's. There is also very little mention of animals, except for the sympathetic sketch of the horses on the anniversary drive. There is no character like Nell McShane and her pet animals and the injured ones she rescues nor a scene like the enforced shooting of the cart-horse. Brunner may have felt that lengthy descriptions would bore his readers who would certainly be younger than those envisaged by Mollie Hunter.

The Scottish book is thoughtful, lyrical, poetic, introspective and, above all, personal. The reader is told of Bridie's innermost feelings, while Felix even at the moment of his greatest misery in the dark wood keeps us all at arm's length. From her father Bridie has perhaps inherited that sense of beauty which we tend to associate with the Celts. This is a description of the early morning world she saw on her newspaper-round:

'There was no one but herself there to see it, no one to come between herself and the live, springing freshness of the gardens at this hour. She could stand in any one of them and stare at a leaf, a petal, a silvered snail track, the pattern of a tree against the sky, until the impression of its colour and shape was so vividly imprinted on her mind that it became an integral part of her; until sometimes by some deeper magic of transference, the process was reversed and some part of herself was totally absorbed into the high point of glory on which the light and colour of the morning seemed momentarily to tremble.'

This type of communion with nature is reminiscent of Heidi.
and underlines the difference between the 'heroines' of Spyri and Hunter and the 'heroes' of Crockett and Brunner. But no sooner does such a thought come to mind than it is rejected, for the children have not been type-cast. Cleg and Felix are domestically as efficient as the girls and expected to be so. Heidi with the goats and Bridie with her early newspaper round are just as active as the boys. One could make a more valid distinction, based on nationality. There is a hardness in the two Scots missing from the two Swiss children. Both Cleg and Bridie stand and fight when necessary, and Bridie as staunchly as Cleg. One has only to think of the Big Boys' Slide or Major Morrison's savage black Alsatian to be convinced of that. Heidi and Felix work easily with other people. Heidi manages to get her grandfather, the Frankfurt folk and the villagers to co-operate. Felix and his friends join forces with Toni Morf and, together with their families, solve Frau Marti's problems. Cleg and Bridie are basically loners, bent on solving their problems by themselves. They eventually come to terms with life and make contact with other individuals, but the routes they travel are lonely. They are noticeably more independent than Heidi and Felix and they feel impelled to speak out and, if need be, challenge authority. They do, however, receive help from compassionate and understanding grown-ups like Muckle Alick and his wife Mirren and Dr McIntyre who help them to realise their very different ambitions.
3.

Great changes have taken place in the interval of time, separating the publication of these two pairs of books, Heidi and Clea Kelly, Felix and A Sound of Chariots. The position of children and their books has radically altered. This study, however, is only concerned with changes that may or may not be reflected in the four books under scrutiny.

There are some things which are permanent. Being part of a family and being able to love and be loved remains of paramount importance in the life of a child growing up in any country and at any time. The family patterns differ in the four books. In Heidi's case her grandfather takes the place of her dead mother. Clea's own mother, before her premature death, has given him enough love to see him through. Margrit Marti and Agnes McShane are very different women, but their children never doubt their love. All four writers, Johanna Spyri, S.R. Crockett, Fritz Brunner and Mollie Hunter share similar values and want to foster similar virtues in children, the most obvious being courage, loyalty, independence, kindness and generosity. Violence and cruelty are abhorrent to all four authors, but are to be seen in both Scottish books. Pretentiousness and snobbery are mocked in Heidi, Clea Kelly and A Sound of Chariots, but are not treated in Felix. On the other hand, both Felix and the goatherd Peter suffer the pangs of jealousy and envy.

Practical help is offered in the Swiss books. Toni Morf in Felix acts in the same way as Herr Seemann and the old Herr Doktor in Frankfurt, wherever he sees need. There is no 'deus ex machina'
in either Scottish book; compassion takes the form of infusing courage into individuals who might otherwise be unable to endure conditions which cannot be altered. Cleg protects Varra, Hughis and Baby Gavin, and Patrick tends his ex-comrades. Help, especially of a co-operative nature, is accepted more easily in the Swiss novels. Frau Marti is happy to let the church-choir go surety for Herr Venner, the oil-merchant, in place of her husband, and is quite simply thankful when Toni Mofr also comes to the rescue. In Heidi Klara accepts help from Heidi and her grand-father, whereas the Scots seem prouder and more aggressive. They want to 'go it alone' and survive by their own efforts. Cleg is a supreme example of that attitude, revealed in one action after another. With a little encouragement from Dr McIntyre, Bridie goes out into the world, confident of her ability to write poetry. All she needed would be: 'A little light, a little time'.

There are two other areas in which great changes in attitude have taken place: religion and education. In Heidi belief in God and His power is mentioned time and again; religious observance is seen as central to life. In Felix the Marti family certainly attend church and the children go to Sunday school, but belief in God barely impinges on the story. Frau Marti is never mentioned as praying to God in her need. In A Sound of Chariots the situation does not appear to have changed to the same extent. The church is in a powerful position in Cleg Kelly, although rejected by Cleg himself. The Scottish village in A Sound of Chariots is full of church attenders and Agnes McShane is basically a very religious woman, although in
her greatest need she finds no comfort in God. Bridie, because of her love for both her parents, is torn initially between their differing views, but ultimately she feels no need to be religious. She is not slow to notice that the ex-service men wearing their medals, only attend church on Armistice Day.

One conclusion which may be drawn from all four books is that the church has greatly declined in influence in both Scotland and Switzerland, but Fritz Brunner in Felix finds that it still provides a very satisfactory framework for life, especially in country districts, however much religious fervour may be absent. In A Sound of Chariots the church fulfils the same useful function as in Felix, but Bridie's father and, by inference, her older self, reject what it preaches. God is for them 'The little spark of the divine in man'.

Heidi and Cleo Kelly were published at a time when school attendance had not long been compulsory. Heidi was illiterate. It was Frau Sesemann in Frankfurt who taught her to read and she in turn taught Peter, the goat-herd. Cleg had picked up reading and writing partly from the Hunker Court Mission School and partly from Miss Celie Tennant, the Edinburgh equivalent of Frau Sesemann. In Felix school is seen as providing the ladder to success in life and an assured place in a meritocracy. Parents' anxiety over their children's progress is an indication of how much they believe in the system. By the time Bridie enters her village-school, education has been compulsory in Scotland too for over fifty years. The names of the prizes, awarded to successful pupils, bear witness to the long-established respect for education:
'Menzies Memorial Prize for Arithmetic', the 'Nelson Trophy' and the 'Tait Prize for English'. Heidi, Cleg, Felix and Bridie are not privileged children and the course of all four stories suggest the Swiss and the Scots share a deep-rooted belief in the value of academic opportunity and achievement.

There is also a change in attitudes to nationality between the earlier and later pairs of books. The Swiss appear more secure in their feeling of national identity, while the Scots appear to be more threatened. When Heidi was written, there seems to have been barely a frontier between South Germany and Switzerland and there was no threat from a big aggressive neighbour. It was quite normal for Johanna Spyri to have her book published by Perthes in Gotha. By the time Felix appeared Switzerland had successfully defended its neutrality in two world wars and had increased its national confidence. In the years between Heidi and Felix Swiss publishing had made dramatic advances so that Fritz Brunner chose the Swiss firm of Orell Füssli in Zürich quite naturally too. In Heidi the Germans from Frankfurt are not really regarded as foreigners. In Felix the only contact with 'abroad' is with 'Auslandschweizer' (Swiss emigrants) on a visit to their homeland. Cleg takes a pride in the kilted soldiers, swinging their way down from the castle, he does not feel they or he are exploited, but in A Sound of Chariots the atmosphere is quite different. The 'English' are resented because they are seen as imposing an alien, inferior, snobbish and inhuman culture, or so it appears to Bridie and her father. These feelings are reinforced in
Bridie by her encounters with the owners of the big houses. Both Scottish books were published in London by Elder, Smith & Co. and Hamish Hamilton respectively, names which suggest a Scottish connection, if only in the past.

The next chapter will consider the world of fantasy in two pairs of books. Fantasy of one kind or another has long been connected with children and their books. The 'other life' too may complement 'this life' which has been the subject of the present chapter and yield some clues to the invisible and intangible aspects of the literature discussed in this study.
A. Everyday Life


Cleg Kelly is a boy of twelve in the slums of Edinburgh towards the end of the 19th century, living in a tumble-down cottage on the edge of Holyrood Park. After his mother's death Cleg strikes out on his own, throws his father's house-breaking tools into Duddingston Loch and gets a job delivering newspapers on the recommendation of Miss Celie Tennant, a young, attractive, middle-class lady who had met him in the Sunday School. Cleg befriends a girl of his own age called Vera who is in a worse plight than his own. He rescues her, along with her little brother Hugh and the baby, Gavin, from her drunken and violent mother, Sal Kavannaht, and finds shelter for them in a shed in a wood-yard. Meantime Sheemes Kavannaht, Vera's father, has gone away to seek work in Liverpool. Sal discovers the new home made by Cleg and, in desperation, Vera runs away in search of her father, taking the little children with her. Cleg leaves Edinburgh, determined to find them again. After many mishaps, Vera and the children get as far as Netherby Junction, where Hugh is almost run down by a train and only saved by quick action on the part of Muckle Alick, the porter on the down line. He takes Vera and the boys to his wife Mirren who immediately mothers them all. Vera gets a job as a maid-of-all work on a farm with a nagging, unpleasant employer, Mrs. McWalter. There Cleg eventually finds her. He too finds work with the eccentric General Theophilus Ruff. Muckle Alick, by a heroic act, saves the boat-train from certain derailment, but is himself killed. Mirren, Vera, Hugh and Gavin become a family unit. Cleg gives them all the help he can, while continuing to work for the general. The story now
takes another turn. Ted Kelly and Sal Kavannah re-appear and attempt to burgle the general's house, injuring Cleg severely with a metal bar as he attempts to give the alarm. In the event the general and the two criminals die in somewhat bizarre circumstances. The tale deteriorates into an unlikely series of events. Miss Celia Tennant re-appears, now engaged to Donald Iverach, junior partner in an Edinburgh firm and heir to the general who has also left a substantial sum of money to Cleg! The last chapter is concerned with the founding and opening of a club for youngsters in the South Back of the Canongate.
Heidi, a Swiss child, orphaned when one-year old, is looked after by Dete, her mother's sister, with some help from the maternal grandmother. The grandmother dies and Dete, on being offered a job in Frankfurt, decides she can no longer care for Heidi, now aged five. The story takes place near Maienfeld in German Switzerland towards the end of the 19th century, and begins as Dete is on her way with Heidi up to the hut of the paternal grandfather, known as the 'Alm-uncle', an embittered old man who has no contact with the village below, apart from Peter, the goatherd, who fetches the two goats, Schwänli and Bärli, every day to take them up with his own to the high pasture. Dete leaves Heidi with 'Großvater', as she calls him, and departs for Frankfurt. She re-appears when Heidi is about eight and takes her almost forcibly away, promising her that it will be easy in Germany to find a supply of fine white rolls for Peter's 'Großmutter' who has difficulty in eating the hard brown bread. Heidi joins the family of Herr Sesemann, a rich businessman and a widower, who lives in Frankfurt with his only child, Klara aged twelve, a semi-invalid confined to a wheel-chair. Heidi is to be Klara's companion. Fräulein Rottenmeier, who supervises the house and Klara during Herr Sesemann's frequent absences from home on business, is extremely disappointed to discover how young Heidi is and that she cannot read at all. She leaves Heidi in no doubt of her disapproval. 'Großmama', Herr Sesemann's mother, comes from Holstein on a visit and, with her encouragement and insight, Heidi begins to read easily. On her departure Heidi seems to relapse. Herr Sesemann takes the advice of his old
doctor friend and sends Heidi back to Switzerland, diagnosing her case as one of extreme home-sickness. Klara is very distressed as she has grown fond of Heidi and promises to come to see her soon.

Heidi's health improves immediately she is re-united with 'Alm-uncle' and 'Großmutter'. Heidi takes great pleasure in reading aloud to the old woman who is quite blind. 'Großmama' eventually does come on a visit with Klara who has to be carried up the mountain in her chair and then placed in 'Alm-uncle's' care. 'Großmama' returns to Bad Ragaz, not far away. Meantime Peter has become very unhappy and jealous, since Heidi never seems to have time for him since Klara's arrival. In a fit of rage, while no-one is around, he hurls Klara's chair down the mountain in the hope she will then have to go away. Instead Klara finds that, with the help of 'Alm-uncle' and her own determination, she gradually learns to walk again. The story moves towards a happy conclusion, Peter is forgiven, 'Großvater' is accepted by the local minister and the village. He agrees to move down to the valley during the winter months so that Heidi can go to school. He will have also as a companion the old 'Herr Doktor' who has decided to retire to the village.

This is the story of the McShane family who live in a village on the Firth of Forth, not far from Edinburgh. It dates from the period not long after the first World War. There are five children in the family - four girls, Nell, Moira, Aileen, Bridie (the main character in the book) - and William who is much younger. Patrick McShane is an ex-serviceman who lives with his wife and children in the Earl Haig Housing Scheme. Some of the other veterans are very badly disabled.

The first part of the book begins with Patrick's sudden collapse and death. A series of flash-backs tells the reader about Agnes McShane's young life as a member of the Plymouth Brethren, her gradual involvement with Patrick to whom she wrote when he was wounded and a prisoner-of-war, their eventual meeting and very happy marriage, despite radically different views on religion and politics. The parents love all their children, but there is a particularly strong and intimate bond between Patrick and his youngest daughter, Bridie, who is very much like him. He endeavours to pass on to her his philosophy of life, which can be summed up as a belief in humankind and in the divine spark in man himself. The cardinal virtues he endeavours to instil in Bridie are courage, compassion and truthfulness. He himself continues to express his opinions, however unpopular they may be, and encourages Bridie not to boast rather untruthfully about her prowess on the dangerous Big Boys' Slide, but to master it truly and alone.

The second part of the book is concerned with Agnes' overwhelming grief and her initial denial of God, her constant struggle with poverty and ill-health, but the main theme is the inner
development of Bridie, her growth to womanhood but, more particularly, her conviction that she will fulfill her destiny as a creative writer. The years of struggle pass — for the children, usually with fruit-picking and newspaper rounds, for Agnes McShane, work as a shop assistant in Edinburgh — until the strain of travelling proves too much, then she finds employment as a charwoman in the big houses near the village. All the girls do well at school, especially Aileen, who originally wanted to study medicine but settles for nursing since money is not available. Ultimately the girls all leave home and make their way in the world. Only William remains at home with Agnes. A state of equilibrium, if not happiness, has been attained.

The events in this story take place in Sonnenmatt, a village supposedly in German Switzerland, surrounded by woods and near a fine lake. The date is probably the late nineteen-twenties. The Martis own a prosperous public-house in the village, and when the story opens, Jakob Marti is driving his wife and family round the countryside to celebrate his twentieth wedding-anniversary. There are four children: Urs, at a teachers' training college, Elsi and Margrit at a technical school and Felix in the top class of the primary school. Music is very important in the Marti family, and also features as an entertainment in the pub.

This happy way of life is suddenly brought to an end by Jakob Marti's death. Frau Marti is left with unexpected, financial burdens, for her husband has stood surety for his now bankrupt friend, Vanner. She is determined to keep her family together and also to run the pub which had belonged to her father. Jakob had been an important man in the village, a much respected Justice of the Peace and the manager of the branch of an insurance company. His old friends feel it is quite beyond Frau Marti to make a success of the pub and advise her strongly against such a plan, but they have no constructive alternative to offer, so she battles on with the help of the children and Anna, the maid. Felix helps by skiing out to collect the subscriptions for the church choir, by coaching a fellow pupil, by waiting table in the pub, above all by contributing to the musical entertainment. Despite all their endeavours the takings of the pub drop.

Felix enters the secondary school successfully with his three
closest friends. They enjoy the map-reading exercises so much that they spend a whole day, making their way in a straight line to the lake. There they are befriended by the master mariner, Toni Morf who takes them part of the way home in his barge to the sound of singing and merriment.

Felix, full of high spirits, lets himself become involved in a foolish escapade with a quite different friend, Bibi. They throw coloured lumps of putty all over a newly white-washed wall. It is going to cost a great deal of money to repair the damage, and Frau Marti, in utter desperation, thrashes Felix with his belt. He runs away and hides in the woods. Fortunately this episode draws the attention of the villagers to Frau Marti's plight and they offer help, as does Toni Morf. Felix gets over the estrangement with his mother and the story ends on an optimistic note with a party for the four boys, their parents and their friends on board the decorated barge. This event marks Frau Marti's mastery of the situation.
Heidi was wakened early in the morning by a loud whistle. When she opened her eyes, a golden light was shining through the round hole onto her bed and the hay nearby, making everything roundabout shine like gold. Heidi looked about her, surprised, and completely ignorant of where she was. But then she heard her Grandfather's deep voice outside and now she remembered everything: where she had come from and that she was now up on the mountain-pasture at her Grandfather's and no longer with old Ursula who could barely hear anything any more and was usually so cold that she always sat by the kitchen-fire of the living room stove. That was where Heidi had also had to stay or else quite near so that the old woman could see where she was since she couldn't hear her. There Heidi felt sometimes so shut in, and she would have preferred to run outside. So she was very pleased when she woke up in her new home and remembered how many new things she had seen yesterday and all the things she might see today, especially the goats little Swan and little Bear. Heidi jumped quickly out of bed and in a short time had put on everything again she had worn yesterday, for that was very little. Then she climbed down the ladder and leaped out of the hut. Goatherd Peter was already there with his flock and Grandfather was just getting Swan and Bear out of their shed to join the rest. Heidi ran up to him to bid him and the goats good-day.
"But you pray every evening to God in Heaven, don't you, and thank Him for all good things and ask Him to protect you from all that is evil?"

"Oh no. I never do that", answered the child.

"Have you never said your prayers, then, Heidi? Don't you know what it means?"

"I only said my prayers with my first Grandmother, but it's a long time ago now and I've forgotten".

"Look, Heidi, that's why you can't help being so sad, because you don't know anyone now who can help you. Just think what relief it must bring, whenever there's something constantly weighing on your heart and continually causing pain and you can go at any moment to God and tell Him everything and ask Him to help where nobody else at all can help! And He can help everywhere and give us something to make us glad again".

A gleam of joy came into Heidi's eyes: "May one tell Him everything, everything?"

"Everything, Heidi, everything".

The child withdrew her hand from Grandmama's hands and said quickly, "Can I go"?

"Of course, of course", replied the latter. Heidi ran out and across into her own room. Here she sat down on a stool and put her hands together and told God everything that was in her heart and that was making her so sad. She asked Him urgently and sincerely to help her and to let her go back home again to her Grandfather.
Heidi kann brauchen, was es gelernt hat (henceforth referred to as Part II)

p. 186

"Heidi, read me a song of praise and thankfulness! I feel the only thing I can still do to praise and glorify and thank our Lord in Heaven for all He has done for us."

Part II

p. 171

"Now everything's in order, and the whole matter is closed", concluded Grandmama. "But now you must also have something to remind you of the Frankfurt people which gives you pleasure. So just tell me, my dear, have you ever wished for something you would like?"

Part I

pp. 48–50

The valley lay far below, filled with the radiance of the morning. There rose up in front of her a wide expanse of snow, high into the dark-blue sky, and to the left of it stood a huge rocky mass from both sides of which a high tower of rock soared up, bare and jagged, into the blue, and from up there looked down earnestly at Heidi. The child sat as still as a mouse looking around, and all about her was a vast deep silence. Softly and gently the wind passed over the delicate, blue harebells and the shiny golden globe-flowers, standing around everywhere on their slender stems, nodding gaily to and fro .... After his labours Peter had fallen asleep, and the goats were climbing round the bushes at the top. Heidi had a sensation of wellbeing as never
before in her life. She drank in the golden sunlight, the cool currents of air, the delicate fragrance of flowers and she wished for nothing more than to remain there forever. So quite a while passed, and Heidi had looked up for so long at the great mountain giants over yonder, that it seemed now as if they had all got faces and were looking down at her just like good friends.

Part I
p. 130
Then she soon drew back her head and said, despondently:
"It is not at all as I had imagined".

Part II
p. 24
The glow of the dawn spread over the mountains and a fresh morning breeze rustled the firs, making the old branches sway vigorously to and fro. Heidi opened her eyes, the noise had wakened her. This rustling sound always stirred Heidi to the very core of her being and impelled her to come out amongst the firs. She leapt out of bed and hardly had time to get ready; that, however, was absolutely necessary, for Heidi was now fully aware that one must always look clean and tidy.

p. 8

Down in the valley the first houses of the village were coming into view. The horses quickened pace and broke into a trot. Their manes streamed out. "Stable's calling", smiled Father, "but we are not going to drive straight down into the village. For Mother we've added a lap of honour along the high road which she likes so much. Evening coffee's ordered at the 'Föhrenbuck'".

p. 47

"And what about Father? Is he up to his neck in it"?

"You're asking too many questions, Felix. It's not good for you".

"I'm frightened about Father. I want to know everything. I can't sleep any more...".

p. 57

"But you've always been used to carrying".

"I'm so tired today", replied the weary voice. The first froth hissed out of the nickel tap.

"Father worries me", Mother said to Urs. "This week he's been out twice without a coat and come back home in the cold rain and sleet".

p. 60

When Felix got back behind the counter, Mother gestured to him from the piano.

"The last song! Don't look so serious. We don't want people to notice there's anything the matter with us".
"Dancing and springing,  
Singing and ringing,  
To make music sound,  
Jubilation abound,  
Is always my whim".

These were the words of the song. Felix' heart was breaking.

p. 74

"Out of the question", broke in Mother. "I could never survive without my children. The three at home can help me as no one else can, and we'll manage to get Urs through Training College too".

"We don't agree. Without a man in the house the pub takings will be scarcely half as much any more, and the children and you will be beggared". The orphanage-superintendent's nickel-rimmed spectacles gave off hostile sparks. Mother shuddered as if she had been struck. She raised her hands as if in defence:

"That's not going to happen, even if I were obliged to manage everything with the children alone. They support me in a way you don't, gentlemen". Felix was about to jump up and, standing at his mother's side, defy these men. But a certain timidity held him back. Mother had implanted it. Whenever the village council gathered for its meeting in the adjacent room, one always had to be twice as quiet as usual and only the bailiff slipped into the room with bottles and glasses.

p. 77

He longed for a little pleasure. The world held nothing for him. Mother was on the brink of an abyss. Yesterday Felix had stuck it out in the bar until ten o'clock. Mother had wanted him to remain. The 'Dörrbirnenbauer' from
Neufeld was the only customer there. Mother, sewing at the table, said nothing. When the customer at last left, she paid the money into the till.

"Fifteen francs less than this morning. Where's it going to end"?

Helplessly the boy looked at the change.

"What are we to do"?

"Do without anything we don't need urgently".

"What do you mean by that, Mother"?

"All the things we bake for Christmas, the sweet cinnamon stars and almond rings, the little Milan biscuits and fritters. We can't even afford a Christmas tree either".

p. 87

Cantata for festive occasions: vivace and felice ... you've chosen well, Urs. One can't go on mourning forever".

p. 66

"Jakob would have become an honorary member next year", said Cousin Jean.

p. 149

Mother fights like a man.

p. 155

"You're doing your bit, Mother".

p. 10

"Sonnenmatt", said Mother with enthusiasm.

"Our village couldn't have a more beautiful name. The woods and meadows as they slope down surround it like a mussel-shell. And then the open view towards the lake in the valley with the Alps beyond".
NOTES FOR CHAPTER 5 (A)


5. S.R. Crockett, *Cleg Kelly* (London, 1896, pp. 29-30 (henceforth to be referred to as *CK* followed by the page number).

5a. *CK*, pp. 52-33.


10. *CK*, p. 3.


29. Fritz Brunner, Felix (Zürich, 1970), p. 8 (henceforth to be referred to as F followed by the page number).

30. F, p. 47


32. F, p. 60.


34. SC, p. 6.

35. SC, p. 73.

36. SC, p. 34.

37. SC, p. 15.

38. SC, p. 19.


40. SC, p. 111.

41. F, p. 74.

42. F, p. 77.

43. F, p. 155.

44. F, p. 87.


46. SC, pp. 132–3.
47. SC, p. 139.

48. SC, p. 162.


50. SC, p. 238.

51. F, p. 66.

52. SC, p. 31.

53. SC, p. 32.

54. SC, p. 33.


56. SC, p. 213.

57. SC, pp. 55–6.

58. SC, p. 54.


60. F, pp. 21, 31, 40.


62. F, p. 76.

63. F, p. 118.

64. SC, p. 29.

65. SC, pp. 5, 41, 95, 94.

66. SC, pp. 169–70.


68. SC, p. 47.

69. SC, p. 185.
6. Fantasy

1.

The four books considered in this chapter all have an element of magic or of the supernatural in them, but they are not simply retellings of traditional folktales, myths and legends. Invented fantasies may also re-interpret familiar material.

George MacDonald (1824–1905) and August Corrodi (1826–1885) were near contemporaries and prolific writers, who over a long period wrote for both adults and children, but today they are largely remembered for their children's books. For a number of years from 1868 onwards George MacDonald edited a magazine Good Words for the Young and in it he published several of his own stories which have since come to be regarded as among the greatest tales of fantasy for children ever written in English. J.R.R. Tolkien,¹ C.S. Lewis² and Maurice Sendak³ have all acknowledged their debt to him.

George MacDonald⁴ was born in Huntly, a small town in Aberdeenshire, originally one of six boys. His mother died when he was eight, but her sister was able to look after the family for several years until his father made a very happy second marriage. From both his parents George MacDonald inherited qualities, associated with the Highlands of Scotland, especially an awareness of another world alongside the one in which we live. He took a degree at the University of Aberdeen, became a Congregationalist minister, but after six years gave up the active ministry to become a freelance writer for life.
He married happily and his many children gave him first-hand experience of the young.

August Corrodi was born in Zürich, the son of a minister, Wilhelm Corrodi, also a writer for children. He too lost his mother, when very young, but had a happy relationship with his stepmother. He remained an only child. He was a man of many gifts. Initially he studied theology at Basel, but soon turned to art and earned his living for a long time as an art teacher. This occupation brought him into contact with many children and allowed him to develop his gifts as a storyteller. He was also a talented musician, wrote many plays for children in 'Schwyzerdütsch' and also translated Robert Burns' lyric poems into that dialect, demonstrating an astonishing affinity between the two languages.

Before I embark on a closer examination of the two nineteenth-century books I have chosen, *At the Back of the North Wind* and *Onkel Augusts Geschichtenbuch*, it is necessary to draw attention to a marked difference between Scotland and Switzerland in one particular area of children's literature at that time. In the field of fantasy books for children there were many stories I could have chosen by Scottish writers or at any rate writers with a strong Scottish connection. Only a few may be listed here: *The King of the Golden River*, *The Golden Key*, *The Light Princess*, *The Princess and the Goblin*, *The Princess and Curdie*, *The Cuckoo Clock*, *The Gold of Fairnielie*, *Prince Prigio and Prince Ricardo: The Chronicles of Pantouflia*, *Peter Pan*, *The Wind in the Willows*. During my first visit to the 'Schweizerisches Kinder-und Jugendbuchinstitut' in Zürich in 1980, the Swiss had difficulty
in finding fantasy books, especially from the earlier period, apart from collections of traditional folktales. They eventually chose the works of August Corrodi whose books were out of print, but they suggested a collection made by Professor Otto von Greyerz and published by him in 1922. This volume contains only children's stories some of which are undoubtedly fantasies. They are drawn from a wide selection of Corrodi's works. Greyerz felt strongly that Corrodi had not had sufficient recognition in his lifetime. The Literary Society (die Literarische Vereinigung) of Winterthur and its president Dr. Hunziker were behind the venture. There are sixteen stories and one playlet in the memorial volume, but only seven stories come under the heading of fantasy. All were written between 1853 and 1879.

In 1983 there was a joint memorial exhibition in Zürich of the work of August Corrodi and Hans Witzig, another talented illustrator, educationalist and author born sixty years later. In the opening exhibition, "Sesam, Öffne Dich", of the 'Schweizerisches Jugendbuchinstitut' in its new premises, there were several beautiful first editions of Corrodi's books, illustrated by the author in colour, which made clear his imaginative talents in a way the black and white pictures of Professor von Greyerz's collection failed to do.

It is difficult to find a satisfactory explanation for the lack of invented fantasies for children in Switzerland. Naomi Lewis writes: 'Invented fantasy came late into children's lives. Hardly anything can be found before the later 1840s. But once the breach was made the river flowed in fast'. Earlier in the century there was much disapproval of fairies and fantasy for
children.\textsuperscript{15} This disapproval seems to have lasted longer in Switzerland and indeed, in Corrodi's time certainly, writing for children had a marked didactic and moral tone.\textsuperscript{16} Many of the writers were schoolteachers, as Corrodi himself was, but his stories are quite exceptional in a Swiss context at that time. He loved to tell stories directly to children and to see their reaction. He has described himself:

"Es war einmal ein Mann, der konnte schreiben und malen und liebte auf der ganzen weiten Welt nichts so sehr wie die Kinder. Und wo er hin kam, hatten ihn auch die Kinder in der ersten Viertelstunde schon sehr lieb...."\textsuperscript{17}

Going round the exhibition in Zürich, I was struck by a quotation on one of the posters which reported Corrodi as saying:

"Was tut der Menschen grösse Zahl mit meinen Gaben? Sie spottet ihrer oder geht gleichgültig an ihnen vorbei".

It is a sad and rather bitter quotation, but the climate has changed today and there are more Swiss fantasy books around,\textsuperscript{18} but not in vast numbers. Some Swiss put this down to generations of unrelenting toil, with nothing in between them and destitution but hard work. Whatever the explanation, there is no shortage of fantasy when it comes to the illustration of children's books but that field will be explored in a later chapter.\textsuperscript{19}

It is important to emphasize, before going on to a more detailed examination of fantasy books, that they are being analysed in this instance to see whether particular national traits come to light, or whether in the universal realm of fantasy such traits tend to vanish.

In 1893 George MacDonald published a collection of essays,
A Dish of Orts, one of which is called The Fantastic Imagination.

Writing of his fairy-tales, he says:

"When such forms are new embodiments of old truths, we call them products of the Imagination; when they are mere inventions, however lovely, I should call them the work of the Fancy; in either case Law has been diligently at work.... Law is the soil in which alone beauty can grow; beauty is the only stuff in which truth can be clothed; and you may, if you will, call imagination the tailor that cuts her garments to fit her, and Fancy his journeyman that puts the pieces of them together, or perhaps at most embroiders their button-holes. Obeying law the maker works like his creator, not obeying law, he is such a fool as heaps a pile of stones and calls it a church". 20

MacDonald sees his fairytales as interpretations of God's universe, but with as many meanings as the reader may give them. He seems to be both saint and mystic and it comes as no surprise when he writes:

"For my part, I do not write for children, but for the childlike, whether of five, or fifty or seventy-five". 21

Although Corrodi's was a lesser talent, he and MacDonald are in some ways akin, for Corrodi wrote a book called Ein Buch ohne Titel, aber für Kinder von sieben bis siebenmal sieben. 22

At the Back of the North Wind 23 is the story of Diamond, a London coach-and-cab-driver's son. It is an account of his two lives, his inner dominant life and outward reality, or as W.H. Auden put it in his Afterword to The Golden Key 24 the Secondary World and the Primary World. The tale is told ostensibly by a young tutor who has won Diamond's confidence. MacDonald mentions Herodotus and Durante as tellers of a similar story, but it is from much nearer home that he quotes, from James
Hogg's *Kilmeny* (1813): 25

'Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare,
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crowed,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;
But seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spoke of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been,
A land of love and a land of light,
Without sun, or moon, or night,
Where the river swayed a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam;
The land of vision it would seem,
And still, an everlasting dream'.

*At the Back of the North Wind* is a land from which no traveller returns, for the entrance is normally by death.

MacDonald was a deeply religious man and his North Wind is an angel of death, described by him as going mysteriously about her duties, whether it be sinking ships or carrying Diamond, whom she loves, gently but irrevocably to his fate. On one occasion Diamond manages to persuade the North Wind to carry him as far as she can and he is able apparently to enter the country at her back:

'Diamond walked towards her instantly.
When he reached her knees, he put out his hand to lay it on her, but nothing was there save an intense cold. He walked on. Then all grew white about him, and the cold stung him like fire.
He walked on still, groping through the whiteness. It thickened about him. At last, it got into his heart, and he lost all sense. I would say that he fainted, only whereas in common fants all grows black about you, he felt swallowed up in whiteness. It was when he reached North Wind's heart that he fainted and fell. But as he fell he rolled over the threshold, and it was thus that Diamond got to the back of the North Wind.' 26
George MacDonald's fantasy embraces life and death and draws them both together. His imagination is working on a huge scale, incorporating the whole of our known universe and beyond, and yet at the centre of his vision is the heart of a little child which radiates love, goodness and innocence.

Outside the tiny mews, where Diamond lives happily with his parents, there are chill and sometimes evil forces at work, but such is the strength of MacDonald's faith and the power of his inspiration that inner and outer reality seem to fuse and be ruled by the same eternal law.

Nobody but Diamond sees the North Wind who only comes at night to visit him, the first time slipping through a small knot-hole in the hay-loft above the horses' heads. In Arthur Hughes' original illustrations she appears as a beautiful, tall and stately lady. She disappears for long or short periods, but always returns, sometimes as a tiny being among the flowers, but usually at Diamond's window, ready to carry him away in her arms or nestling in her hair, through the storms, into a mighty cathedral, over the icebergs, above the clouds, even pausing for rest on the decks of ships. When Diamond returns from his one visit to the back of the north wind, other people find him somehow transformed, but they do not know where he has been and he is unable to describe what he has seen. His parents worry about his sleep-walking, friends of his own age, Nanny, the crossing-sweeper, and cripple Jim, think of him as 'simple' or having 'a tile loose', while the
cab-drivers call him 'God's baby'. They must all see him as otherworldly because of his concern for others, especially the weak, helpless and innocent like babies. Even his appearance seems to them ethereal.

There are subsidiary fantasies within the grand design, stories within a story, as it were. Two of these concern Diamond and the stars and Nanny and the moon. Diamond has a dream one night. He hears a voice from the stars calling on him to come up. He has to make his way round a rose bush, down a mossy staircase, up, up a stream until he comes to a place, where angels with wing-buds are digging out stars and then looking down through the star-holes at the earth below. Occasionally an angel leaps through a hole perhaps on her way to earth. There is a suggestion that Diamond may have done just that. They all rest, play and sing together, but when Diamond wakens up, he cannot remember the words. Nanny, now a patient in hospital, has a complementary dream. She finds herself in the moon, being instructed by Man-in-the-Moon on how to clean the moon's windows. He gives her bread and honey, but then unfortunately, despite orders to the contrary, she opens a box, the possession of a beautiful lady very like the North Wind, and allows three bees to escape. Nanny wakens in the hospital ward, frightened and ashamed of herself.

Mr. Raymond plays an important role in the plot of Behind the North Wind. He is a rich gentleman who uses his wealth to help others. He befriends both Diamond and Nanny and is a generous benefactor of the hospital, in which Nanny is a patient. He is often persuaded to tell the children stories and one of
these is called Daylight, sometimes published separately as a short story in collections. It is really George MacDonald's version of The Sleeping Beauty, and the changes that he makes allow the reader to deduce some of MacDonald's own values. The baby Princess is condemned by the wicked fairy to be asleep all day and awake all night.

"A nice prospect for her mother and me!" thought the poor king; for they loved her far too much to give her up to nurses, especially at night, as most kings and queens do - and are sorry for it afterwards. Daylight is also condemned to wax and wane like the moon. She is only rescued, when the prince sees a human form like a little dark heap on the earth and takes it to be an old woman dying.

"Mother, mother!" he said - "Poor mother!" and kissed her on the withered lips. From the alterations he has made it is not difficult to deduce the importance of family life to MacDonald and his compassion for the poor and old. His visionary conception of love as a binding force in life and beyond it dominates many of the scenes in the main story: the love between parents and children, between man and wife, between friends, between horses and humans, between Diamond and North Wind. Innocence, purity and virtue radiate from Diamond to an extraordinary degree and these qualities spill over into the picture of everyday life in Victorian London. MacDonald draws and binds fantasy and reality together.

Right through the book there are poems, some of them quite long, which are really songs. Diamond himself sings quite a few of them to his baby sisters almost as nonsense rhymes, and once he has learned to read, partly through the good offices of Mr.
Raymond, he reads a MacDonald version of 'Little Boy Blue'. Nearly all the songs, however, are spontaneous inventions of Diamond, even 'Little So Peep'. These poetic creations flow through the book like the streams MacDonald was so fond of, and along their banks the reader catches glimpses of myriad animals and flowers. The very last song is sung by Diamond on his final journey, when North Wind allows him to pause and sing to a lady who cannot sleep for pain:

'Sure is the summer,
Sure is the sun,
The night and the winter
Are shadows that run'.

The poems are simple but not dull. They bring a feeling of joy and light and hope into a story which at times threatens to become too austere and frightening.

MacDonald's knowledge and love of horses, a legacy of his Aberdeenshire childhood, gives the story a special dimension for children. The great horse, Big Diamond, whose name comes from the white lozenge on his forehead, and after whom little Diamond is named, is really the joint hero of the book. MacDonald gives a masterly account of the horses' life in the stables, how they sleep and eat, what they feel about their masters and their masters about them. Diamond understands of course what the horses say to each other, and listens with interest, when Big Diamond loses patience at last and scolds his fat and lazy stable-companion, Ruby. The work of the horses who pull the cabs and buses in all weathers through the streets of the city, their courage and endurance, and the devotion of the cab-drivers, especially of men like Diamond's father, and the struggle of
their families to make ends meet - this whole life-style is carefully noted, including the problems the drunken cabman makes for himself and his family.

A coachman's job brings him into immediate contact with members of the middle-class. MacDonald does not seem to query the 'status quo' in Victorian London. There is none of the defiant criticism of Cleg Kelly, but now and again the reader detects a far-off echo of the egalitarian Scot.

Diamond is reproaching North Wind for leaving him alone:

"Yes, but that was your fault", returned North Wind. "I had work to do, and besides, a gentleman should never keep a lady waiting".

"I'm not a gentleman", said Diamond, scraping away at the paper.

"I hope you won't say so ten years after this".

"I'm going to be a coachman, and a coachman is not a gentleman", persisted Diamond.

"We call your father a gentleman in our house", said North Wind.

"He doesn't call himself one", said Diamond.

"That's of no consequence: every man ought to be a gentleman, and your father is one". 33

Surely there is an echo of Robert Burns here:

'The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the goud for a' that'. 34

and the reflection of a Scottish attitude.

All through the book, both in the 'fantasy' and the 'reality', there is great emphasis on the importance of courage. Alone in the great empty cathedral, Diamond is frightened, but finds North Wind at last:
"Why did you leave me, dear North Wind?"

"Because I wanted you to walk alone", she answered.

"But it's so much nicer here!" said Diamond.

"I daresay, but I couldn't hold a little coward to my heart. It would make me so cold."

"But I wasn't brave of myself", said Diamond, .... "It was the wind that blew in my face that made me brave. Wasn't it, North Wind?"

"Yes: I know that. You had to be taught what courage was. And you couldn't know what it was without feeling it: therefore you were given it. But don't you think you would try to be brave yourself next time?"

"Yes, I do. But trying is not much".

"Yes, it is - a very great deal, for it is a beginning. And a beginning is the greatest thing of all. To try to be brave is to be brave. The coward who tries to be brave is before the man who is brave because he is made so and never had to try". 35

In 'real' life, Diamond's behaviour, from this point of view, is exemplary: when his father falls ill, he looks after Big Diamond himself with great kindness, he harnesses the great horse himself, and takes out the cab in difficult and dangerous conditions. When the cabmen observe his courage, they always give him a hand with the harnessing thereafter. Diamond does not hesitate to enter the roughest, meanest streets to rescue Nanny from her hovel and faces the termagants who try to take his clothes. He also makes a great effort to appear cheerful when he sees his parents lose heart.

MacDonald has great admiration too for those who do not reveal their inner misery:

'Nobody can suffer alone. When the cause of suffering is most deeply hidden in the heart, and nobody knows anything about it but the man himself,
he must be a great and good man indeed, such as few of us have known, if the pain inside him does not make him behave so as to cause all about him to be more or less uncomfortable'.

Admiration for courage as the cardinal virtue is a marked characteristic in Scottish children's books. So far Clad, Bridie, Diamond have all displayed it. It is not just coincidence that the title of J.M. Barrie's Rectorial Address to the students of St. Andrews was simply **Courage.**

But it is the extraordinary power of MacDonald's vision that dominates the book, the picture of Diamond in North Wind's arms, buffeted by the fury of the elements and around them the whole vast universe, remains in the mind. Peter Pan has caught the imagination of the world's children and their parents, but Peter's flight from his Kensington nursery-window is cozy make-believe, when compared with Diamond's journey to infinity.

Love of children and joy in their company characterises August Corrodi. In the postscript to **Onkel Augusts Geschichtenbuch** Professor Otto von Greerz writes:

'Er ist der erste, der nicht belehren und bessern, sondern nur beglücken will, der erste der sich zufrieden gibt, wenn er die Kinderseelen in ihr Lebenselement, in harmlose Heiterkeit versetzen kann'.

As these words suggest, Corrodi immediately strikes a very different note from MacDonald. His stories are set in the framework of magnificent woods near Winterthur, which he knew intimately and loved dearly, and he has left us a sketch of himself, sitting in these woods, telling a tale to three young charges. Although some of the stories are indeed tragic, it always seems to be the height of summer, when Corrodi sets out on these rambles with his
young friends, whose laughter echoes through the trees.

Between 1853 and 1879 Corrodi published seventeen collections of stories and nine plays for children. Of the seventeen examples of his work finally chosen, eight are either fairy-stories or have an element of fantasy in them. The others are legends retold or stories of everyday life, enlivened by amusing or exciting adventures, generally set in the country, in a village or a small town.

One marked difference between Scotland and Switzerland should be underlined here: there were and are no vast cities in Switzerland like Glasgow, still less like London, with all their slums, so the environment, in which Diamond lived, would have been unknown to a Swiss child. Corrodi's stories were made up to interest and amuse children, and told to them directly, only appearing later in book form. They retain the warm intimacy he must have enjoyed with his audience. He himself appears in many of the stories as 'der Onkel'.

The contrast of atmosphere between the works of MacDonald and Corrodi is so great that momentarily the reader feels he is passing from darkness into light.

Two of the themes treated by MacDonald recur in Corrodi's work. *Die Geschichte der schönen Theoda* (1853) is concerned with a mysterious land beyond human ken, which exists alongside our own everyday life. This particular tale is set in a comforting frame. Corrodi has taken two children, Aurelio and Klara, to visit the chapel of a castle nearby. 'Die schöne Theoda' is depicted in a fresco, and it is her life-story that Corrodi tells. Theoda was the daughter of a count, who had
owned the castle eight hundred years earlier. She had loved and tended her garden so faithfully that one day the Queen of the Flower Spirits emerges from a silver-white lily and offers to initiate her into the secrets of the flower and fairy kingdom. She is vouchsafed a sight of all the activities underground, including the constant battle of the plants against destructive insects. Corrodi had a special interest in botany and entomology and there were beautiful technical drawings which bore witness to his skill in the 1983 exhibition in Zürich. MacDonald's soaring imagination included the heavens, but Corrodi thought of the myriad activities going on all the time out of sight under the ground. This strange underworld provides a supernatural element in several of his stories. Theoda herself is borne away to a garden of indescribable beauty. Eventually she comes back to her own earthly garden, but remains in touch with the Queen of the Flower Spirits and her attendants. Corrodi's story is not extended. It only touches on the mysterious kingdom of the flowers, death and regrowth and the spiritual forces at work. Like MacDonald Corrodi too includes verses, but on the whole they tend to be pedestrian jingles. His prose is more varied and rhythmical. This is how he describes Theoda's first meeting with the flower fairies:

"Fürchte dich nicht, liebes Kind, ich bin die Königin der Blumengeister und habe dich lieb, weil du uns so artig pflegst und wartest".

Theoda hatte sich bei dieser freundlichen Rede von ihrem Schrecken erholt, stand auf und beschaute das Figürchen in der Nähe. Da schlug die Elfenkönigin in die Händchen, und auf einmal schwäben und flogen aus
allen Blumen des Gartens ganze Scharen von kleinen Elfen und umtanzten die erstaunte Theoda in fröhlichem Ringeltanze. Alle trugen zarte, wie aus Luft gewobene Gewänder von den verschiedensten Farben: die Rosengeister blassrote, dunkelrote und weisse, die Liliengeister silberweisse, die Nelkengeister — diese waren die wildesten im Tanze — dunkle und bunte, die Geister der Kornblumen himmelblaue, die der Ringelblumen goldene, je nach den Farben der Blumen, die sie bewohnten.

 Dann sangen sie mit leisen Stimmen:
 Ringe, ringe, reihen
 Tanzen wir den Reihen,
 Wenn der kühle Abendtau
 Singt auf Wald und Au,
 Schweben durch die blaue Luft,
 Leben von dem Blütenduft,
 Wir singen,
 Wir springen,
 Wir fliegen
 Im Schiff am kühlen See,
 Im Gras und grünem Klee,
 In Feld und Strauch und Busch,
 Ringe, ringe, husch!” 41

The end of the story is tragic. Theoda’s wild and wicked brother destroys her garden and she dies of shock. Corrodi does not develop the idea of “the other world” to any extent. It remains the harmless fancy of a summer’s afternoon and a reminder to children that flowers need care and attention.

The second theme is death. MacDonald’s unique spiritual vision seems to create a universe of its own with laws of its own which cover both life and death. Corrodi too has his vision, not on MacDonald’s vast scale, but it has its own truth. The story in this collection which best reveals this vision is called Mona. Ein Märchen (1857),
Mona lives in a cottage in the woods with her parents, a wood-cutter and his wife who also collect herbs. She loves to explore the forest, and one day while trying to trace a brook to its source, finds herself impeded by rocks and roots. The tiny root-people tell her she will have no difficulty if she nibbles a certain plant:

"Das heisst Mykrynusa minima oder zu deutsch 'kleinste Verkleinerin' und wenn du dies isset, so wirst du so gross wie wir und kannst mitgehen".

Derweil reinigte sie das Pflänzlein im Bach.

"Aber ist's nicht giftig"? fragte Mona.

"O ja, so giftig wie eine Brachnusse. Nun? Dal"

"He ja denn!" sagte Mona und ass das Pflänzlein.

Jetzt zog sich des Kindes Zunge zu einem kleinwinzigen Mauszünglein zusammen, das Köpfchen ging auch wie ein Leinenzeug im Waschen und so nach und nach alles bis auf die Fuss spitzen hinab. Natürlich wäre ja seltsam gewesen, wenn die grosse Zehe allein in ihrer ersten Grösse geblieben wäre, ungefähr so gross wie das ganze Figürchen zusammen. Da hätte es ja schrecklich zu schlep pen gehabt und wäre überall angestossen. Nein, nein, auch die grosse Zehe wurde so klein wie das übrige. Es war aber unserer guten Monali doch ein bisschen seltsam, als es sich das Gras und die Blumen so rasch über den Kopf wachsen sah und nun die herzigen Moosfrüchtchen seinen Augen so nahe kamen und die Käferlein so gross wurden, so merkwürdig unheimlich gross, ja, ja! aber die beiden liessen ihm nicht lange Zeit zum Staunen und Fürchten, sondern führten es schnell unter das Wurzelwerk und verschwanden mit ihm unter den Boden".

This passage about Mona's transformation into a tiny root-person is quoted at length to give the reader an impression of Corrodi's style, as he speaks to children and makes little jokes.
to spark off their imagination. He is an immensely friendly and loving man, who attempts to reduce the frightening aspect of the 'underworld'. Meantime Mona remains for a year with the root-people, living underground and mastering the lore of roots, including methods of destroying their insect enemies. Eventually she emerges from the ground not far from her parents' cottage. They realise in the end that this tiny being is their lost child. No antidote can be found to change her back to human dimensions, and when her parents die, she is marooned in the cottage in a desperate situation. Birds take pity on her and lead her to a plant which they think may help. Mona's acquired skills enable her to free the plant's roots from the ground, to kill the evil worm at its base and set the 'Waldfräulein' (wood-maiden) free. The 'Waldfräulein' is as beautiful, as powerful and as good as any Fairy Queen. With a single kiss she restores Mona to her human size:

"Und nun blieb Mona beim Waldfräulein, das lehrte sie mit der Spindel spinnen, und wenn die Spindel so lustig auf dem Boden tanzte, dann war's unseres Kind so wundervoll und heimelig wie noch gar nie vorher, und auf einmal verstand es, wenn die Zweige im Winde rauschten, dass sie den Blumen unten die herrlichsten Geschichten erzählten; verstand auch was jedes Käferlein summte, jedes Mücklein tönte, jedes Gräselin lispelte, und ward mit hohem, freudigem Erstaunen erfüllt, wie der Wald eine grosse, schöne Familie ist und alles lieblich zusammen lebt und zusammen spricht.

Und da bat Mona: "Liebes Waldfräulein, o lass mich bei dir bleiben, mir gefällt's so bei dir!"

Und so lebten sie zusammen lange, lange, bis Mona starb. Da verwandelte Waldfräulein
ihre Asche und bildete daraus die Anemonen
und so hatte Waldfräulein jeden Frühling
an den schönen weissen Blütensternen eine
liebliche Erinnerung an die liebe Mona'. 43

Death is certainly a theme in this wonder-tale. The
description of Mona's parents lying dead in their cottage and
her inability to help is stark and chilling, but Corrodi sees
death in the context of nature as leading to a rebirth. He
thinks in terms of the cycle of life and death, of which human
beings are a part. There is nothing expressly religious in
his stories, although his moral stance obviously owes a great
deal to the Christian ethic.

Corrodi himself is under the spell of the forests and he
allows Cornelia, in *Die Stadtkinder im Walde* (1858), to express
this for him:

O Wald, O Wald, du lieber grüner Wald!
Wenn unten das Bächlein rauschet
Und Gras und Blume lauschet,
Wies ihnen erzählst Geschichten fein
Von Elfen und Nixen und Waldfräulein.
Dann jauchz ich, dass es lustig schallt;
O Wald, O Wald, du lieber, grüner Wald!44

His frequent lyrical descriptions do not have the power
of MacDonald's, but they have their own intimate charm, which
was greatly enhanced for me by the sight of Corrodi's coloured
illustrations in their original form. The many shades of
grey and green, the wild berries lightening the forest
darkness, Mona seeing a tiny root-person for the first time,
children and parents gathered around the story-teller in
the village spinning-room to hear his wondrous tales — all
these pictures underlined Corrodi's ability to enliven
his work by giving it another dimension. 45
The forests are the background to fairy-tale happenings that still entrance children: rescued insects who repay their benefactors with gifts of gold and magic potions, the mysterious grey bird that leads to treasures buried in the roots of trees, the wicked grey-green manikin who imprisons his victims under a huge hat of iron, lined with felt. But in Carradi’s tales there is no fear of ‘good’ being defeated by ‘evil’ in any basic sense. The victims are all set free by a little mouse, released from the enchanter’s spell.

The sheer beauty of the landscape itself, in ‘real’ life as it were, exercises an almost mesmeric effect just as surely as the mountains did in Heidi. This extract is from Mela. Ein Märchen (1858):


Carradi’s forests also house people, who are viewed with suspicion and sometimes treated with downright hostility and even violence by the settled community. These are the poachers, timber thieves and gypsies. In George MacDonald’s Victorian London there are also groups of unacceptable citizens, like
the youths who attempt to rob Diamond of his hard-earned takings, Nanny's cruel, drunken grand-mother and cripple Jim's mother, who had broken his leg as a baby. Most of these people belong clearly to the world of reality, but Corrodi's gipsies introduce an element of the supernatural:

"Oberhaupt hatte das Mädchen Wesen einen eigenen Zauber auf die ganze Gesellschaft geübt, und, wer sollte es glauben, der Vater füllte ein Glas mit dem Dunkelroten und bot es dem Mädchen. Dieses nahm den Wein, sah den Geber an und sagte:

"Porterwein und rotes Blut Schmecken beide frisch und gut".

"Habe letzteres noch nie probiert!" lachte der Vater, "aber du scheinste?"

Das Mädchen antwortete nicht ..... "Ich will auch!" rief auf einmal Cornelia zum grossen Erstaunen der beiden anderen Kinder und hielt das feine, weisse Händchen hin. Die Zigeunerin faßte es rasch und rief:

Schwarzes Auge, schwarzes Haar, Halt dein Herzen rein und klar.

Dann küßte es das Kind heftig auf die Stirne und war verschwunden wie eine Sternschnuppe. 48

Cornelia's father, the forester, is disappointed that he has missed the chance of questioning the girl and Cornelia is filled with uneasy foreboding when, waking in the middle of the night, she sees her father and her uncle Fortunat going into the forest with loaded guns.

But there is no overt violence in Corrodi's collection and very little that is frightening. The general tone of the book is carefree, and unhappiness is kept at a safe distance. On the other hand, John Rowe Townsend in Written for Children (1965)
comments on *At the Back of the North Wind*:

'The story is a full and complex religious allegory. I did not like it myself as a child, finding it cold and frightening. As an adult I have re-read it with respect but still with rather little pleasure'.

Although MacDonald’s story is set in London and the language used is Standard English, the mood of his book reminds me of districts near the Aberdeenshire coast, where the people are sometimes immensely stoical and brave. Corrodi does not tell a tragic tale with the same conviction.

In *Der Wassermann und die Königstochter* (1859), Corrodi tells the story of a Merman, who falls in love with the beautiful daughter of the king, and not unwillingly she eventually goes out over a golden bridge to join him as his queen, and in seven years she bears him seven sons. One day she hears the sound of church bells and is consumed with a longing to see her parents again. The Merman puts no obstacle in her way:

'Da liess sie der Mermann gehen, und als sie heimkam, da neigten sich die Bäume und die Blumen vor ihr, und als sie in die Kirche kam, da neigten sich die Edelleute und die Grafen und Ritter vor ihr. Und als sie in ihren Kirchenstuhl ging, da machte ihr der Vater das Bankürtlein auf, und die Mutter legte ihr ein prächtiges Kissen auf die Bank. Und die Königstochter sang und betete und hörte die Predigt. Und nach der Predigt ging sie zu ihren Eltern, küsste sie und war sehr traurig, dass sie schon wieder heim müsse. Aber die Eltern sagten:

"Wir lassen dich nicht gleich wieder fort, Kind, du musst mit uns zu Mittag essen".

As the meal is nearing its end, an apple suddenly falls into her lap and she calls out to her mother to cast it into the
fire and so destroy the Merman. His reaction is to say that the princess can only leave him if the children are divided equally between them. This is the judgement of Solomon, for one of the children would thus have to die. The princess returns to her husband and never comes back again.

Although there are some attractive scenes in Corrodi's retelling of what is basically a well-worn tale, I find his version unsatisfactory, for the motif of true love between beings from different elements, leading inevitably to tragedy, is missing. Instead the reader is left with the feeling that a compromise has been reached, that the princess was perhaps inveigled into marriage for the wrong reasons and that she has no love for her husband. I cannot help contrasting George Mackay Brown's retelling of a similar story which is heartrending. 51 There may simply be a congenital difference between two writers, but I am inclined to think that the contrast between a sea-girt and a land-locked country must also influence the imaginative understanding of this theme.

Corrodi writes in High German but his vocabulary tells the reader at once that he is Swiss. He uses such terms as 'Franken' (Swiss francs) p. 210, 'Vierbatzenstück' (small obsolete coin) p. 12, 'Grünneli' (little well) p. 114, 'Hübsel' (hillock) p. 114, 'Öppis' (something) p. 114, 'Krättli' (basket) p. 211, and of course local placenames, for example, 'die weisse Alpenkette von Säntis bis zur Jungfrau' (p.46). 52 One of his stories, Lustige Geschichte eines gelben Lebkuchens (1853), makes his nationality very clear:
"Ich heisse Zyprian Honigseim und bin von Bienenstockhausen in der Schweiz" ..... "Doch da kommt Frau Christine".

"Nun rüstig an die Arbeit!" sagte dies, als sie eintrat, band sich eine weisse Schürze vor, wusch die Hände rein, setzte die Brille auf die Nase, ohne welche sie nie lebküchelte, und bald waren die sieben Gesellen in eine so innige Gemeinschaft geknotted, dass sie gar nicht mehr auseinander konnten. Dann gingen in den Ofen mit ihnen, und in kurzer Zeit kam ein Lebkuchen heraus, so schön, so schön, dass es gar nicht zu beschreiben ist!

Eine Mutter mit ihren Kindern trat in die Stube und kaufte ihn, und als die Kinder den Kuchen verzehrten, ahnte wohl keines, was die sieben Gesellen noch vor kurzem erzählt.

So ists zu- und hergegangen, und wenn ihr Lebkuchen esset, denkt an die sieben Gesellen, die drin stecken!" 53

Following on the pattern of the first chapter, I shall now attempt to draw some general conclusions from these two books. First of all it should be borne in mind that MacDonald belongs to a group of writers, Scottish by birth, who, by force of circumstances, chance or choice, spent most of their adult life outside Scotland. Andrew Lang, J.M. Barrie, R.M. Ballantyne, R.L. Stevenson, Arthur Conan Doyle and Kenneth Grahame come into this category. That fact must affect the point of view from which they wrote. Secondly Onkel Augustas Geschichtenbuch was the only text available to me. MacDonald wrote At the Back of the North Wind when he was approaching 47, in 1871, while Corrodi's stories, chosen by me for discussion, were written from 1853 to 1858, when he was between 27 and 32, so they are the work of a young man. His later work consists nearly
exclusively of plays for children. Thirdly, fantasy, by its very nature, may have a universal significance beyond national, or indeed human frontiers.

One must conclude that the Scots are more imaginative than the Swiss simply from the number of fantasy books for children produced. Perhaps the Celtic-Viking racial mixture in their veins goes some way to explain this. The geographical background has also greatly influenced the imaginative vision; sea, storm and townscape in MacDonald's work contrasts with Corrodii's underground and forest life. MacDonald's religious faith is too wide to be confined to any particular version of Christianity. August Corrodii, in marked contrast to his countrywoman, Johanna Spyri, barely mentions religion. He seems to be a naturally good man whose kindness rubs off on others, as does MacDonald's. They both have compassion for all living things. MacDonald's book has a grimmer, chillier atmosphere with an emphasis on the need for courage to face life, perhaps the legacy of Scottish winters, whereas Corrodii's tales breathe of leisured summers long ago, suggesting an altogether kinder climate.

The two books to be presented in the second half of this chapter make a marked contrast in both style and conception of fantasy. Both writers were young, at the time of writing. Again a woman writer chooses a girl as her main character, and a man selects a boy, this time a younger boy. Both books are short, reflecting perhaps the competing demands on young people's leisure time.
The Grey Dancer is by Alison Fell (1944 - ), who was born in Dumfries in Scotland, and grew up in villages in the Highlands and the Borders. She was trained as a sculptor at the Edinburgh College of Art, but she now lives in London where she has been active for several years in the Women's Movement and has edited the Spare Rib Anthology of fiction. She writes poetry and has recently published a novel for grown-ups. The Grey Dancer is her only children's book so far. She has a son of sixteen.

Franz Hohler (1943 - ) lives in Zürich. He is a man of diverse talents, well-known for his one-man entertainments, live, on radio and on television. He has written stories and plays and made records. He has written several children's books: Tschipo, provided the text for a delightful picture book, In einem Schloss in Schottland lebte einmal ein junges Gespenst (Aarau, 1979), and a collection of short stories, Der Granit-Block im Kino (Darmstadt and Neuwied, 1981). He publishes in both Germany and Switzerland, looking for a wider public and perhaps also underlining a more cosmopolitan attitude.

C.N. Manlove, in his book, Modern Fantasy, writes of two broad classes of fantasy: 'comic' or 'escapist', and 'imaginative' fantasy. Without any doubt The Grey Dancer comes into the second category. Alison Fell's vision of life and death is both poetic and mystical. Franz Hohler's Tschipo is a much more light-hearted affair, although in his last chapter an attempt is made to say something profoundly important about human relationships. Annie Latto, the heroine of The Grey Dancer, is a precocious
and sensitive child of almost twelve. On the book-jacket Jennifer Eachus depicts her against her Highland background, encircled by the symbols from her dream, which will give her the necessary strength to go forward. Tschipa is a small boy of eight, a town-dweller, whose adventures take the form of a 'Robinsonnade' but without any of the schoolmasterish atmosphere of the Swiss Family Robinson. Hohler, in his foreward, emphasises the fact that his story is make-believe, and Arthur Loosli's black and white drawings echo that intention. Only the coal island illustration seems over-sinister for the text. Hohler writes:

Wenn man lang genug an etwas denkt, denn wird es plötzlich irgendwie wahr. Es ist eben nicht so, daß alles, was man bloß im Kopf hat, unwahr ist, und alles, was es sonst gibt, wahr. Manchmal ist das, was man im Kopf hat, viel wahrer als das, was es sonst gibt. Oder ist es auch nie passiert, daß Ihr so fest an etwas gedacht, daß Ihr alles andere vergessen habt? Oder daß Ihr so fest von etwas geträumt habt, daß Ihr gemeint habt, es sei wahr?

The use of the familiar form of address in German makes it clear that Hohler is addressing his young readers directly and that he is impressing on them that however real his story may seem to them, it is still not true. It is certainly both 'comic' and 'escapist' and most successful, when it remains within that framework. In a sense Hohler escapes out of everyday life, of which we catch only a brief glimpse at the beginning and end of his story, although Tschipa from time to time suffers a twinge of homesickness. Annie Latto lives her day-to-day life right through Alison Fell's book,
but the strength of her imagination allows her to participate in a second life which immeasurably enriches her own.

In *The Grey Dancer* Annie's father had previously driven the school bus, but he is now employed as a construction worker on the new dam at Laggen. Her mother helps in the Big House at Dal. Annie seems to be their only child and is still at the local primary school. Her father is succeeded as a driver by Lachlan McLennan, called by the children 'Lal', a stranger to the valley, thought to have come with the tinkers over Rannoch Moor from Moidart or even from the Isle of Skye. He soon endears himself to Annie, when he helps to alleviate the pain of a wasp sting by getting her to hold some sphagnum moss to the sore place. She is an intelligent child, who senses there is something otherworldly about Lal which attracts her.

After school Annie loves to climb up to the wood on the ridge of Dal and particularly to sit under the tallest birch-tree, which she has christened the Grey Dancer. From there she sees across the whole Laggan valley, and it is on such an occasion that she is surprised by Fergie, the ghillie's simple-minded son:

"Got ye!" Fergie's breath was right in her face, and all his bad teeth stared at her, so that her mind went to the row of dead buzzards and crows which hung on a hazel-tree in the field to scare off vermin.

A frightening chase through the heather follows. Annie slips and falls. She is scared in spite of herself, when Fergie pins her to the ground; suddenly out of the sky swoops a giant eagle that pecks Fergie's arm, drawing blood and terrifying him. Annie now undergoes a mystical experience:
A queer feeling came over her then as Fargie lay moaning beside her. It was a feeling of lightness and strength, as if her bones had turned to hollow steel, and the muscles of her thin arms glowed for a minute like molten strings of glass coming off the blower’s pipe. There was a ring of heat around her like a forge. The fine feeling only lasted a few moments, but it left something changed. Although Annie could never have said it to friend or foe, she knew that the eagle had left something to her. Like some kind of territory which was in her own keeping.

Fergie stirred beside her, and clenched his fist.

"Ye wil nae come in", not knowing why she spoke so, and with a swipe of her muddy sock she slapped him once across the face. His mouth gaped open in surprise and he reeled back.

Annie only gradually realises that Lal is the reincarnation of a young man, who had lived and died in the valley more than a hundred years earlier at the time of the Clearances, and that he also possesses the power to come to her rescue in the guise of an eagle, a power which he will exercise again in the course of the story.

In the meantime old Mrs. Black, the Dominie’s mother dies, and on the day of the funeral the school is closed. Annie thinks it is too fine a day to spend indoors, so she makes her way up to her favourite trees:

She sat chewing a head of clover and watched the bees fight to keep their balance against the strength of the wind while they sucked the nectar from foxglove and wild rose. On the pond by her house the family of mallards took off with a faint splash and flutter. Annie dozed, soothed by the summer sounds and the groans from the Grey Dancer, until a flap of wings woke her, and she opened her eyes in a dazzle of light. It was Lal.
As promised, he had come to tell her his strange story and Annie thrills with anticipation. Alison Fell gently underlines Annie's growing awareness of Lal as an attractive young man, but quickly involves her in the drama of his tragic love-story. It takes several meetings for the full tale to be told, from his first sight of Isobel, the lame girl, as she came into the village of Laggan, carrying her spinning-wheel, to the last terrible scene of their earthly life, when their croft home is burned about them, while their souls take shelter in the bodies of an eagle and a river trout, only able to meet at Midsummer's Eve at the fork of the burn, perhaps never to be finally re-united. Annie wonders why he has chosen her to hear his story. There is much pain in his reply:

"Because, Annie, there are those who beat at you, and bear down on you, and you have it in you to stand firm and brave. And I see in your eyes the wildness - and the longing too, of the old Gaels. Och, I see it often enough in the children, before the Kirks and the Dominies choke it out like life's breath from a wood-pigeon". Lal's voice filled with rage, and his hands made a quick twisting in the air, the twist that breaks a neck. "I see you seeking and not finding", he went on, "and Scotland is aye full of those who forget the seeking and live on, never hearing the speak of the land, never noticing their hearts wither within them". 64

Alison Fell skilfully blends the human with the super-human dimension, time and eternity. There is a whole vision of the Highlands in a supposedly golden age, made all the more beautiful, when contrasted with the Clearances, the coming of the Cheviot,
the tyranny of the Kirk and Dominie, the final devastation by jerry-builders and anglicised lairds and the ensuing endless empty acres. The eagle and the trout are prime poetic symbols of majesty and wisdom. Lal's vision is at this stage in the story bitter and backward-looking; he and Isobel are imprisoned by time and circumstances, but ahead lies their union in eternity.

Annie's father has long known that all was not well at the dam:

"From what I've seen at the works, I cannae be certain the tunnel construction's safe. There's been accidents too. Hushed up, ye understand. The building contractors - they cut corners, ye ken." 65

The climax of the story is reached on Midsummer's Eve, when Annie has a vision of Lal's meeting with Isobel:

'She saw the man-eagle suspended in the air, and then plunging down into Laggan burn like a gull after herring. Without ripple or splash the bird vanished beneath the surface. And Annie could see into the deep pool by the reeds, see Lal the man embrace a girl whose red hair rippled with the water and whose white skin glistened slippery as scales. The two of them swam to where the burn met the flooded area by the dam, and Annie saw them come up on the land where the old half-submerged road emerged from the water. She saw them about to disappear round a bend in the road, and panic gripped her, the fear and knowledge that they would be gone forever'. 66

Earlier in the day the dam opening-ceremony is successfully completed, but during a violent storm in the night the fuel tanks on Bohepic Hill are struck by lightning, a landslide is triggered off, the whole mighty dam bursts its banks and a sheet of water
comes flooding down the valley. Annie's father has gone out to see where he can help; a sudden compulsion comes over Annie and she slips out behind him only to be swept away by the flood. She regains consciousness in an ambulance, making for Pitlochry. Some days later she learns that she was rescued by Lachlan McLennan, with the help of a girl in a green dress, a stranger to the valley. Annie was by no means the only one saved by them. Sadly, her father adds, they were both later found drowned.

It takes Annie a long time to surmount her grief, but her parents are drawn closer to her and support her with more obvious expressions of their love. In the last pages of her story Alison Fell emphasizes the healing power of love both in the everyday life around us and in our own inner life. Lal and Isobel, by dying again, as it were, in helping others to live, have shown Annie a way forward out of a gloomy and despairing past and given her the strength and courage to go steadfastly forward. Lal and Isobel, too, are released into a true immortality from the spell that separated them as eagles in the sky and trout in the stream.

Hohler's Tachipo is an enjoyable fantasy of an entirely different kind. The language is geared to a much younger age group and many of the situations calculated to appeal, especially to boy readers. The whole story is based on Tachipo's ability to dream so vividly that his dreams are translated into real life. His parents are finally alerted to the problem, when the family flat is flooded by a fishing dream. Immediately neighbours below are inconvenienced, and the fire brigade summoned to pump
out the water. The following day Tachipo, an only child, is taken by his mother to the doctor, who prescribes lots of soup, fresh air and sleeping pills. A week later the doctor is able to give them some more information:

"Ich habe mich in der Zwischenzeit etwas umgetan und mehr über diese seltsame Krankheit erfahren. Es ist bei uns nur ein einziger Mensch bekannt, der das auch hatte, und dieser Mensch ist leider seit über einem Jahr verschwunden. Er war, soviel ich gehört habe, Pilot, und ist von einem Flug nicht mehr zurückgekehrt. Aber in seinem Fall hat das auch geholfen, das mit der Suppe und der frischen Luft und der Pille. Wir fahren jetzt einmal ein halbes Jahr lang damit fort, das ist bestimmt das richtige für unseren Pippo".

"Ja, Herr Doktor", sagte Tchipo, und die Mutter wunderte sich, daß er so brav ja sagte.

Auf dem Heimweg war Tachipo ganz fröhlich, und die Mutter dachte, er sei sicher fröhlich, weil er nun wisse, daß es nichts Schlimmes sei. Aber Tchipo war aus einem ganz anderen Grund fröhlich.

Nach dem Abendessen tat er nur blöß-so, als ob er die Pille hinunterschlucke, in Wirklichkeit behielt er sie in der Hand und steckte sie in die Tasche. Das ist für Pippo, dachte er. Von Tchipo hat der Doktor nichts gesagt. 67

The stage is now set for Hohler's fantastic story. The whole style of writing is low-key and factual, making the fanciful extravaganza which follows all the more amazing. Blended in here and there is often a touch of humour, based on a situation, as in the passage above, or on a play on words. This makes a direct contrast to the more serious Scottish book.
By his ruse with the pill Tschipo retains his ability to dream vividly. He actually manages to dream the pilot's cap and goggles into his bed. So powerful is his dream on this occasion that he dreams himself right out of his own life and on to the tropical island, where the pilot, Tschako (a nickname for the cap he always wore) has landed. Together they experience a series of amazing adventures, which at times threaten to become really dangerous, but Hohler keeps the action going at a spanking pace so that threats never materialize at any rate as far as Tschako and Tschipo are concerned. Hohler is writing for a younger age group than Alison Fell and he keeps this well in mind. The feeling of being safe, despite a myriad of strange happenings never leaves the reader, and he is pretty sure in his mind that Tschako and Tschipo will get home.

From the very beginning Tschako realises that their most likely return to Switzerland is through one of Tschipo's dreams, so always at bedtime his last words are 'Schlaf gut und träum schön'. Tschipo has of course no control over his dreams. Most nights he does not dream at all, but fortunately at one point he dreams of a motor-boat - and there it is, waiting for them in the morning. This boat, complete with compass, makes their whole voyage possible, although there is no impression of a vast ocean, at most perhaps of a Swiss lake. The names of the islands on which they land: 'Snorcorora', 'Snircirora', 'Snurcurora', and finally their destination, 'Snarcarora', which can move at will, are intended to be as confusing for the reader as they were for Tschako and Tschipo.
and the compass! One has to laugh when the parrot is defeated by the difficulty of pronouncing 'Snarcarora' and goes on shrieking, 'Oral! Oral!' and when the name is seen to be derived from 'schnarchen' (snore), the sound made by the king, which reverberates throughout the island. Tachako has been unable to deliver the 'waking pills' to the king, Snarco IV, who had dreamt of the plane crashing and hence caused the accident in 'real' life. Unfortunately, by the time Tachako arrives at the king's bedside, the 'waking pills' have been eaten by a water-lily, but Tschipo dreams so powerfully that his entire school class is transported from Switzerland, right in the middle of a gym lesson, on to the king's gigantic bed with its notice: 'DO NOT TOUCH'. The final waking of the king is described with great gusto:

"Aaaah!" rief der König Snarco der Vierte von Snarcarora. "Aaaah!" und er rief es so laut, daß Tschipo erwachte und merkte, daß er mit allen Klassen- kameraden im Bett von König Snarco war, und alle lagen wie ein Haufen ausge- schütteter Kartoffeln über dem König, aber dieser König, der soeben noch riesenhaft groß in einem riesenhaft großen Bett gelegen hatte, war überhaupt nicht mehr riesenhaft,
sondern ein ganz gewöhnlich großer Mann, der unter einem Haufen zappelnder Kinder lag und fast erstickte'.

Hohler underlines the reality of this fantastic situation by spelling out in full the names of three of the children and adds to the fun by hinting at the king's smelly feet and then giving him his full royal title. Some of this 'nonsense' humour is reminiscent of *Alice in Wonderland*, a book which has never been as popular in Scotland as in England, perhaps because 'it deals with manners not morals'. Naturally the English might be inclined to quote: 'It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding'.

Soon after the king wakes up, a plane arrives from Switzerland and Tachako flies all the children home.

The main part of Hohler's story is built around a series of islands with the strange names already mentioned. These islands have all been affected in peculiar ways by King Snarco's dreams, although Tachako and Tschipo realise this only much later in the story. The first island has been changed into coal, but luckily Tschipo is able to dream it back again. In the next island the realms of nature are reversed; birds swim and fishes, including murderous sharks, fly. The following island has turned to gold with all its inhabitants. Tschipo again saves his companions from this fate by dreaming the right dream. The penultimate island is the most sinister of all, for around it fly the drawers from a gigantic chest of drawers like a tower-block, inanimate objects, given a life of their own whose function it is to capture everybody and everything and lock them up in the chest, this time Tachako and Tschipo as well.
Again the correct dream produces the correct key and they all escape, including the parrot and a beloved hare. The final island, Snarcarora, provides all kinds of challenges, including boots that sail and an enormous cat on which they can ride.

This list does no more than indicate the scope of Hohler’s inventive power. He seems to have no overt moral purpose. The whole tale is a gigantic frolic, in which Tschako, the man, and Tschipo, the boy, play their parts, but these very parts indicate very clearly how a man and a boy should behave. Hohler cleverly establishes a friendly relationship with the reader by letting him listen in, as it were, to conversations between Tschako and Tschipo and smile at the comedy in the situation. He also introduces from time to time the sort of comic element that little boys enjoy. Here Tschipo reproaches Tschako:

"Du hättest nicht verdammt sagen sollen", sagte Tschipo, als sie sich nach dem Essen in eine Ecke gelegt hatten. "Nämlich wenn ich verdammt sage, bekomme ich einen Anpfiff von den Eltern, aber der Vater darf verdammt sagen".


"Soviel ich will?" fragte Tschipo.

"Ja", sagte Tschako, "es verleidet dir dann schon".

"Verdammt, verdammt, verdammt!" sagte Tschipo.

"Also, schlaf gut", sagte Tschako.

"Du auch", sagte Tschipo. "Verdammt gut", drehte sich ein bißchen auf die Seite und schlief sofort ein.....". 73

Later in the story the confidence of the boy in the man is emphasized, for Tschako has kept any worries he has to himself:
Tschako’s quiet resolution rubs off on Tchipo. When Tchako is captured by a marauding drawer and when he is later removed by a court official, Tchipo has learned to act on his own initiative.

One of the themes in The Grey Dancer is also the friendship between an adult and a child, or in this case one should perhaps say a man and a girl. Lal passes on his values explicitly, the most important quality being in his view the courage to stand up for what one believes to be right. He tells Annie the history of her own valley and of the Clearances that had taken place there, weaning her away from any docile acceptance of her fate. But Lal is no ordinary person; he is the man-eagle, an extra-terrestrial being, a symbol perhaps from deep down in the collective Celtic subconscious memory. She is vouchsafed a vision of the old village of Laggan, learns of the laird’s decision to clear the crofters in favour of ‘four-legged ones wi’ woolly coats’. She is told how Isobel and Lal lead the opposition, how she is summoned to appear before the Kirk Session, accused of ‘unlawful practices’ and ‘irreligious conduct’. They refuse to put up the banns for her wedding to Lal. She defends herself with eloquence and
courage, attacks the minister, the laird and the elders, 

finally turning to Lal:

"This is my man", she said, "and I'll have him". My knees knocked and I blushed like fire, I was that taken aback, and shamefully, I was so fear I near forswore her there and then. Murdoch put his arm in mine, and bore me up as she continued.

"And I'll make my wedding", she went on, in an ancient, lilting voice that was Isobel's and yet was not. "Aye, I'll make it under high heaven, on the moor where there's beasts that stand straight and dinnae crawl, where there's fine air to breathe instead o' the reek of mealy-mouthed lies. Be damned to you!" And she stepped off the stool so that the sunbeam, losing her hair, seemed to go out of the place.

I ran and took her arm ...." 77

It is the infusion of courage from Lal and Isobel that makes Annie stand up to the bullying Dominie, Black Alistair. She outwits him in his own class-room, but it is the horrific scene on the day of the school picnic to celebrate the completion of the dam that stays in the reader's mind. Black Alistair does not think that Annie is climbing up the shoulder of Bohespic Hill fast enough, so he cuts himself a birch rod from a young tree and lashes out at her bare legs. Annie finally collapses on the path with Black Alistair towering above her.

"It was then she felt a kind of hissing in the air, a stirring in the bracken that was like a sigh. And she remembered. With all the strength that was in her suddenly set free, she jumped to her feet. Her eyes blazed as she snatched the whip from the Headmaster's hand, and slashed him once, hard, across the cheek.

"Don't ever", she hissed, "don't ever do that to me!" Black Alistair put one hand up to his face. He stared at her in shock, while the blood started to run'. 78
She races away, Black Alistir, maddened with rage, close behind. It takes Lal, half-eagle, half-man, to defeat him finally.

"One more finger laid on Annie", the voice said, "one finger laid on any child of the glen, and I'll fly that miserable flesh over the mountain and drop it to the bottom of Loch Ericht for the pike to nibble on".

And then the eagle's wings beat hard, and its great weight hung in the air above Black Alistir's head, with its claws flashing within an inch of his eyes.

Alistir fell to his knees and whimpered then. Annie saw him cower down as meek and scared as any bairn he'd ever walloped, and her heart was light.

Inside her head the voice sounded again. "You can be proud of this day's work, lass". And the eagle was gone in a ripple of air, swooping across the valley. 79

The Dominie never recovers from this encounter and is shortly afterwards crushed to death in the landslide.

The extracts quoted above again underline the respect for courage, previously noted in a Scottish context, and suggest a certain element of violence in Scottish society. There is also a tumultuous period of Scottish history seen in flashback and interpreted from the viewpoint of the victims.

The whole fantastic story in Tschico, by contrast, lacks fire. It is told in a calm, tolerant, at times amusing way. Hohler sometimes presents the scene from the child's point of view and makes the grown-ups seem comic. His father's bright idea of combining the soup and fresh air of the doctor's prescription results in the family eating their meals clad in
overcoats. Tschako and Tschipo are part of the same fantasy. The same ‘rules’ govern them and consequently the tale unfolds with a specious air of logicality. Tschako teaches Tschipo a great many things: how to catch crabs, to load the boat correctly for a voyage, to steer it, to set snares. He is a kindly understanding man. After some initial hesitation he allows Tschipo to keep the hare as a pet. The love of the boy for the hare is one of the heart-warming aspects of a story, which occasionally seems like science-fiction. Tschako also passes on his own standards to Tschipo in a very unassuming way:

"Hast du die Weckpillen nicht verloren, als du abgestürzt bist?" fragte Tschipo.

"Nein", sagte Tschako, "ich habe sie hier in meiner Jacke".

"Und warum willst du sie jetzt noch bringen, wenn es doch schon zu spät ist?"

"Vielleicht ist es halt doch nicht zu spät".

"Aber wenn es doch zu spät ist?" fragte Tschipo.

"Ich halte es eben gern, was ich versprochen habe", sagte Tschako. 80

Hohler also likes to give information of a factual nature, and at times addresses himself directly to his young readers:

"Muränen, das weißt ihr, sind jene Ekel, die in Klippenpalten wohnen und mit ihrem ungemütlich scharfen Gebiß andere Fische überfallen. Tschipo wußte das, weil es im Fischbuch von Onkel Herbert stand. Ihr müßt Euch eben auch einmal ein Fischbuch wünschen, oder habt ihr keinen Onkel Herbert?" 81

He likes to make direct contact with his readers and make them feel members of a friendly group. 'Going it alone' is not part of his philosophy. Co-operating with others and being part
of a group seems to be a feature of such children’s books. Corrodi too made direct contact with his group of children. Before Tschako and Tschipo leave for Snircirora, Hohler makes his readers feel they too are going on the journey:

"Da Ihr sicher auch alle möglichst rasch nach Snircirora fahren wollt, beschreibe ich hier nicht mehr lang, wie sie das Boot parat machten, obwohl es noch allerhand zu tun gab, zum Beispiel den Kaninchendreck könnte man nicht einfach so liegen lassen, und dann mußte neues Wasser nachgefüllt werden in den schönen Krug, den sie erhalten hatten, und Benzin mußte aus einem Ersatzkanister in den Tank gegossen werden, und frisches Grünzeug mußte für den Hasen abgerupft werden, und Nüsse mußte von einem Strauch gerissen werden für den Papagei..."

Cleanliness and orderliness is taken for granted and the list of desirable actions to be taken towards this end is rattled off in the passive voice like the framework for a day of satisfying domesticity. There is an echo here of the Swiss Family Robinson and of the legendary efficiency of the Swiss housewife. The almost pedantically down-to-earth tone adopted gives more verisimilitude to the fantastic parts of the book.

Hohler uses much the same successful technique as J.M. Barrie did, when he asked the children in the audience to clap if they believed in fairies and so save Tinkerbell’s life. Hohler asks them to hold both thumbs tightly to encourage Tschipo to dream, although they may have to loosen one thumb so as to turn the page and find out what happens in the next chapter. Later on, as Tschipo runs against time to pick up the magic key for the
chest of drawers, Hohler calls out to his readers: 'Helft ihm, Kinder, helft ihm!'\textsuperscript{85} This technique of involving children in moments of make-believe crises gives some of the power of the old story-tellers to this account of Tschipo.

Hohler is much less successful in his last chapter, when he attempts to explain why all these fantastic things happened. Coleridge's words come to mind:

'That willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith'.\textsuperscript{86}

The reader must have faith in the truth of the fairy-tale; otherwise it is without meaning, pure dross in fact. So, of course, must the writer. Here are the words of the king, used to explain his dreams:

"Ach, lieber Minister", sagte König Snaresco, der jetzt zu faul gewesen war, um etwas zu sagen und nur amüsiert auf dem Bettrand gesessen hatte, wenn er nicht gerade jemanden umarmen müßte, "es ist wunderbar, daß mich endlich jemand berührt hat, wahrscheinlich habe ich nur so idiotisch geträumt, weil mich nie jemand berührt hat. Von jetzt an will ich nichts anders mehr tun als berühren, berühren, berühren!"\textsuperscript{87}

Presumably Hohler is making a plea for people to be more outgoing, friendly, affectionate, loving in their relationships with others. Such an attitude would release the pressures which cause people to opt out of life into dreams. Instead of being allowed to continue to accept Hohler's make-believe for what it is - a nonsense fantasy - the reader is being persuaded by the king to change his way of life. I regard as a stumbling block, however, the emphasis on the word 'berühren' as a panacea, for the word is normally taken to mean bodily contact.
There are two things wrong with this part of Hohler's story. The first is of minor importance: the use of the word 'berühren' without prior explanation of any kind. The second is rather more complicated. For a short time Hohler seems to leap from one kind of fantasy into another. He emphasizes the fact that his fantasy is not true, but he is also drawing a moral: 'Love one another'. He has not succeeded in fusing fantasy with truth. The homecoming in Switzerland is much more credible.

A foot-note should perhaps be added. There is no tradition in Scotland of showing emotion of a personal nature in public, however deeply felt. The recent euphoria of the football field is a different kind of emotion. This may perhaps be part of a Calvinist inheritance, and behaviour in this respect is changing. Hohler's homily with its text 'Berühren' suggests there may well be a similar restrictive pattern of behaviour in Switzerland which he feels needs altering. There is a snatch of conversation between Peter and Wendy in J.M. Barrie's play Peter Pan that reminds the reader of King Snarco IV's notice "Berühren strengstens verboten!". It occurs near the beginning of Act I when Peter flies through the window and meets Wendy for the first time:
Peter: You mustn't touch me.
Wendy: Why?
Peter: I don't know. (Stage direction: He is never touched by anyone in the play).

Both authors may be pointing out that this is an inhibition both countries have in common.

Alison Fell's book, from the very first page, is set against the background of Highland Scotland. The location is Perthshire and the date is 1953, the year of the Queen's coronation. The reader is soon introduced to Annie's favourite vantage point, the birch wood on the ridge of Dal:

'She leaned her head back, resting it against the trunk of the tallest tree of the wood. She named this tree the Grey Dancer, for the way it swayed and rippled its branches higher than any other tree of Dal, and wilder. She yawned, and stretched out beneath it, raising her arms behind her head and clasping them round the papery bark of the trunk. She put her ear close to it, listening. From within came the familiar creaking and rending which had always convinced her that the tree yearned to be dancing - not just in the top branches which she could see waving and fluttering against the blue sky - but in all of it, a whole long movement which even the deep roots joined in'.

Annie is as yet unaware of the significance of this tree, for it was under its branches that Lal and Isobel plighted their troth. It is a link with the history of the valley and the people who lived and loved and suffered there. She does not know either that the birch tree was a traditional lovers' trysting-place.

There are other signs of the book's Scottish origin, like the pre-Christian ceremony which Isobel devises for herself and Lal, in which she invokes Bride, who was the old Celtic goddess
of fire and of crops, a fertility goddess, later disguised as St. Bridget in a Christian cloak. Isobel is carried away by the solemnity of the occasion:

'And then she went on to chant the lines of some ancient blessing of wedding or of harvest, she told me.

"The mother of birch trees keens a high song. The mother of landslides is heavy-hipped. The mother of rainbows speaks glory".

Afterwards she smiled and untied the wreath from about us, so that the branches sprang back into place with their leaves shaking and whispering. And in that way we were wed, without priest or prayer book, on the open heath'.

Of course the Celtic myths, woven into The Grey Dancer, were wide-spread in pre-Christian times, and the Helvetii round Bern certainly worshipped the Celtic goddess, Artio.

The wedding-feast, prepared by Isobel, has a much more familiar ring even in present-day Scotland:

'That night our wedding supper was laid out in Isobel's cottage by the burn. There was ale and whisky, meat and game, and oatcakes, cheese, and all manner of currant jam'.

Alison Fell emphasizes the Scottish background in many other ways. Although the book is written in Standard English, the speech of local people is modified to suggest Scots. This helps significantly to create the tone of the book and to underline the gulf between the Big House and the villagers. The children's names, Sandy McPherson, Mairi McDonald and so on, are clearly Scottish, so are the names of the dances in the village hall, the Gay Gordons, Strip the Willow, and the many place-names like Murchus, Crianoch or Loch Ericht which cause incomers some
difficulty with pronunciation.

Only the first few pages of Tschino are set in German Switzerland; the language used is High German, but Hohler makes quite sure early in the story that his readers know Tschino is a Swiss boy. This is largely achieved by introducing Swiss German expressions, which Hohler explains sometimes amusingly. To monoglot Germans and Austrians he makes the Swiss world sound cosy and friendly. 'Chilbi' (fair) p.9, 'Znünipause' (nine o'clock snack) p.10, 'Chabia' (nonsense) p.29, 'Grüesi' (good-day) p.33, 'Salu' (Hello) p.61, 'Exgüsi' (Sorry) p.102, 'Zemorge' (breakfast) p.114, are a few. There is casual mention of geographical features, like the Matterhorn and the Bernese Oberland. In Snarcarora Tschako is slightly put out, when he discovers that the king's courtiers have studied in Freiburg im Breisgau (not Uechtland), in Frankfurt a. M. and in Austria, but none of them in Switzerland. Before the Swiss schoolchildren depart for home, there is a real 'get-together', when they sing Swiss, German, Italian and Rätoromanisch songs.

Apart from a brief mention of Tschipo's mother and the gym-teacher, who sat on one of King Snarco's bed-posts and played the tambourine, there is barely a reference to women in the whole story. This is in marked contrast to The Grey Dancer, in which Annie and Isobel play vital roles. Although Tschino is clearly a fantasy and full of larger-than-life incidents, the atmosphere of the book is middle-class and provides no social commentary. The Grey Dancer is a very serious book, which looks at Scotland through the eyes of a working-class child, who
is beginning to ask questions.

To Lal, Annie and Isobel, life and death are inevitably bound together in a tragic and mysterious union. There is no dimension of this nature in Hohler's work at all. His fantasy is addressed to a younger age-group of course and is exciting, funny and lighthearted. Annie knows that when the other two have finally gone, she must face life stoically and alone, but that they have left her the legacy of courage. The last page of the book describes Annie's farewell visit to Lal's deserted home:

'And then Annie's breath came whistling out in a long sigh. On the mantelpiece was a sheet of paper, rolled up like a scroll. In one bound Annie was across the room. When she unrolled the paper the white knife slid out into her hand, and she looked down at the drawing of the Grey Dancer.

Annie held the knife in the palm of her hand and watched her tears blur the shining blade.

A small wind came through the room then, stirring the pile of dust. And in her head, it was as if the wind had set up a rustling, like the shiver of reeds at the loch's edge. And in the whispering she seemed to hear, faint but clear enough, the words:

"We leave you the knife for truth, and for the fight". Annie stood there an age in the white room, until the weeping stopped, and with it the twisting in her heart.

Then, slipping the knife into the pocket of her dress, she walked out into the sunshine and closed the door firmly behind her'.

The action of The Grey Dancer is confined to a remote Highland village, but it seems to span the universe. Tschipo describes how a man and a boy accomplish a bizarre voyage, solve every problem that presents itself and come safely home. Both
of them have courage and tenacity, ingenuity and determination, but the violence, the evil and the otherworldliness of *The Grey Dancer* are absent. The class of Swiss schoolchildren, tumbling about on King Snarco's bed, makes such a marked contrast to the cowed class of Scottish children, ruled by the sadistic Black Alistair, that even when given the date of the Scottish story, the reader must draw an inevitable conclusion about violence in the two countries. There are certainly challenges, dangers, weird phenomena galore in *Tschipo*, but few moments that touch the heart. Tschipo and Tschako enjoy a real friendship, but Snarco and his courtiers are as unreal as the pack of cards in *Alice in Wonderland*. Hohler's easy solution, as earlier suggested in this chapter, does not quite ring true. The last page of *Tschipo* marks the difference in mood from *The Grey Dancer*. The Swiss atmosphere seems comfortable and cozy. There is a not dissimilar contrast between MacDonald and Corrodi that suggests a national difference. It is worthwhile quoting a whole key page of *Tschipo* to strengthen such an impression. The Swiss children are on their way home with Tschako at the controls of the aircraft:

'Tschako lud während des Flugs alle Kinder einzeln ein, nach vorn zu ihm ins Cockpit zu kommen, und als letzter kam Tschipo und durfte dafür am längsten bei ihm bleiben, und bevor ich Euch noch sage, daß sich die Eltern von Tschipo und Tschako unmassig freuten und ihre beiden weggebliebenen Söhne lange umarmten, als sie zu Hause landeten und daß die Eltern Tschipo von jetzt an immer vor dem Einschlafen umarmten, und daß die Lehrerin von jetzt an auch lieber turnte, weil sie immer mit der Klasse Snarcarora spielte, und daß jeder einmal die Rolle des Werni Lutz spielen wollte, der noch
im Grunde genommen schuld daran gewesen war, daß der König aufwachte, weil er ihm ins Gesicht gesprungen war, und daß Übrigens der Werni Lutz von jetzt an ein guter Turner war, weil ihm dieser Sprung so in die Knochen gefahren war, und daß Tschako und Tschipo selbstverständlich gute Freunde blieben und Tschipo von Tschako immer Postkarten erhielt von allen Orten der Welt, an die er jeweils gerade flog — bevor ich auch also all das sage, möchte ich Euch noch erzählen, was Tschipo und Tschako im Flugzeug mit einander sprachen, als sie hoch über den Mittelmeerwolken ihrer Heimat entgegen schwebten.

"Du, Tschako?" sagte Tschipo,
"Ja?"

"Glaubst du überhaupt, daß wir das alles erlebt haben?" Und wisst Ihr, was Tschako sagte? — Genau! Wie seid Ihr da nur draufgekommen?

Er drehte seinen Kopf zu Tschipo, zwinkerte mit den Augen und sagte: "Eigentlich nicht".

By addressing his young readers, using the familiar plural which is lacking in English, Hohler draws them all into a friendly cozy group so that they can all celebrate, along with Tschako and Tschipo, their homecoming from a land of Make-believe. It is this final conversation which emphasizes the gulf in outlook between the Scottish and Swiss books. George MacDonald and Alison Fell believe implicitly in another world beyond the natural, familiar one. Belief in that unseen world has not changed in a hundred years. August Corrodi and Franz Hohler, by the time they come to the end of their stories, are seen to want to make the best of the world they know here and now. Their kindly, tolerant and relaxed approach to the
difficulties they encounter offers an alternative view of life to the one found in the Scottish books.

3.

Differences over the years between the two pairs of books are in some ways not so striking as in the first chapter. Fantasy by its very nature tends to be concerned with universal and eternal subjects and to be above national differences. In actual fact the fantasy books under consideration reveal very clearly their different roots, but they do not set out to analyse social developments or family life in such detail that the reader immediately sees contrasts between the earlier and later books, apart from obvious differences like the development of aeroplane travel. All four books again make clear the importance of love in children's lives. Diamond loves and is loved. His relationship with North Wind, his parents, his friends, people he barely knows, is essential to his well-being. Annie suffers deeply at the loss of Lal and Isobel. The death of the rose bush, symbol of love in Corradi's story, Der Garten der bleichen Benedikta, proclaims his view. Hohler's whole elaborate fantasy is finally ascribed to a lack of love.

In At the Back of the North Wind little Diamond saddles big Diamond all by himself and drives out alone and in The Grey Dancer Annie Latto faces up to Black Alistair alone. In neither of the Swiss books are children such loners. Corradi
puts his whole collection within the framework of a group of children who, if need be, can enter a sad story like Die Geschichte der schönen Theoda to bring comfort. Hohler brings a whole class from Switzerland to rescue Tschako and Tschipo.

The position of religion, however, seems to have changed. George MacDonald's vision derives clearly from his religious faith, whereas Alison Fell, if anything, shows hostility at least to the Kirk, although her general attitude is very much a spiritual one. Corradi has a relaxed attitude to religion. It obviously is not of great importance to him, but his story, Was des Pfarrers Wilhelm während der Sommerferien erlebts, shows him well-disposed to the minister and his family. Religion is never mentioned in Tschipo.

It is clearly seen to be of importance for Diamond to learn to read, and both his parents and Mr Raymond help him. At that time it would have been very easy for a boy like Diamond to remain illiterate, but he learns quickly and gets much pleasure out of reading to others, very much as Heidi did. In Onkel Augusts Geschichtenbuch the children are able to go to village schools which are clearly happy places. Only Wilhelm, the minister's son, lives later in lodgings in the nearby town to attend a school where he can learn Latin and Greek, and eventually he becomes a minister like his father. In both the later books, school attendance is automatic. Annie Latto goes to a small village school and is a bright child, who probably enjoyed school until she entered the top class with the Headmaster, who made the children's life a
misery by a not uncommon sadistic use of the strap. None of the children in the two Swiss books seem to have undergone such harsh treatment at the hands of teachers. There are no descriptions of school life in At the Back of the North Wind, for Diamond never went to school. Annie's experience reveals one of the drawbacks to a school system, of which Scots in the past have tended to be proud.

The only reference that George MacDonald makes to Scotland in his book, is an oblique, botanical reference to Scottish children calling auriculas 'dusty millers' and of course the very important reference to James Hogg's 'Kilmey'. The description of the violent storm at sea and of the horses spring from his childhood in Aberdeenshire. It was probably in a library in a great house in the far north of Scotland that he came across the German Romantic writer, Novalis, who helped to inspire his imaginative fantasies. But MacDonald lived long before a Scottish Renaissance was ever thought about. He may have been happiest in Italy, where he spent about twenty years. Alison Fell's attitude, as revealed in The Grey Dancer, is quite different. One cannot identify the views of the writer with those of the heroine. Annie Latto, seeing the Clearances through Lal's eyes is suspicious of the attitudes of the lairds and ministers of that time. In her own time she shares her father's mistrust of the developers. The impression left on the reader's mind is of a Scotland under threat. Alison Fell may share these views. Neither Corrodi nor Hohler feel particularly under threat. Corrodi
belongs to the same period as Spyri, when the frontier between Switzerland and Germany was rarely thought about. Hohler comes across as confidently Swiss, as all his cheerful references to Swiss vocabulary peculiarities suggest, but he also makes a cosmopolitan impression. His world, rather like his fantasy, has no limits.

The disparity between the tradition of fantasy writing in Scotland and Switzerland still persists, but there are more Swiss authors now in that category, whom one can compare with Mollie Hunter, George Mackay Brown or Eileen Dunlop. Beat Brechbühl has edited a collection with a highly suggestive title. Jörg Steiner, the writer, and Jörg Müller, the illustrator, have produced together a number of highly successful fantasies, which tend to have a social message. Interestingly the Swiss publishers are now selling in Germany and Austria. The Second World War gave Swiss firms an opportunity to develop which they were not slow to exploit. As I have indicated earlier, the pre-1914 group of children's books tended to be published in Germany. Political developments under Hitler changed all that. Now the West German book market has recovered, and German Swiss writers would naturally like to benefit from that. In this situation Switzerland is of course a sovereign power. The United Kingdom is dominated by London, although there are some very active, small, Scottish publishers. Giant enterprises, like Blackie and Collins, both Scottish foundations, have recently moved their Children's Book Divisions to the London area.
The next chapter is concerned with historical fiction for children. I felt that the history of a country would certainly reveal the origins of national attitudes and that has proved to be correct; but categories of children's books, notably historical fiction and adventure stories, tend to be astonishingly intermingled, especially in the earlier period. Rigid classification may in any case be self-defeating. In Scotland some themes like Mary, Queen of Scots, Bonnie Prince Charlie and the Clearances recur again and again, whereas in Switzerland, Calvin and Zwingli and religious themes in general have been virtually avoided in children's books. Only Bruder Klaus, Niklaus von Flüe, with his conciliatory attitudes and devotion to his country, appears. There is, however, no shortage of other historical subjects.
B. Fantasy


A small boy, called Diamond, lives in London about the time this book was written. He is the son of a coachman and cabdriver and has his home in a mews with his parents, where he has a bedroom of his own, really the loft directly above the horses. His favourite horse and friend is Big Diamond who has a white star on his forehead and after whom the small boy is named.

Diamond is very friendly with a lady, invisible to all but himself, whom he first meets when she calls to him through the little knot-hole in the boarding of his room. As a rule she is tall, beautiful and dignified, but she can also be so small as barely to be seen among the flowers. She is called North Wind, but even Diamond does not know who she is. She is certainly a great and powerful goddess who seems to control all the elements and can act as the Angel of Death.

The story is told on two levels, a realistic and a spiritual one. First of all, there is a picture of Victorian London and the reader is presented with a wide variety of people: Mr. Coleman who employs Diamond's father and his family; Mr. Raymond, a wealthy philanthropist, who helps destitute children and ultimately engages Diamond's father as his coachman in the country and employs Diamond as a page in his house. Then there are Diamond's own friends: Nanny, the road-crossing sweeper, cripple Jim, his immediate neighbours, the drunken cabman and his wife, the group of cabmen who, when his father falls ill, help Diamond to manage horse and cab in the rough London streets, most important of all, Diamond's father and mother and presently his two baby sisters whom he adores. To them Diamond tells stories,
sings songs and recites poems mostly out of his own head.

Secondly, there is the magical world which Diamond shares with North Wind: the most magnificent journey of all when North Wind carries him through storms, mountains and icebergs to the far north, where he manages to enter the country at her back, but only fleetingly, for he has yet to make the final journey with her, from which he does not return in any earthly sense. He is found lying dead in a big attic room by Mrs Raymond. The other name by which he is known, God's Baby, seems appropriate then.

This magical world has other aspects. MacDonald weaves into his story three tales which are almost complete in themselves. Mr. Raymond tells a very original and moving version of The Sleeping Beauty on one of his visits to the Children's Hospital. This story he calls Little Daylight. Diamond himself also pays a visit to the stars in the heavens where he watches the little angels dig out individual holes and he himself leaves for earth through the star-hole. Nanny visits the moon where she is taught to clean windows but unfortunately she allows three bees to escape and so causes a storm.

The final aspect of the magical world is Diamond's relationship with the horses whose language he understands. Ruby, Big Diamond's partner in the coach and pair, tends to be a fat, lazy horse. Little Diamond appreciates the courage of the horses as they are driven through the streets of London in all weathers and their desire to please their masters. The two Diamonds are really the joint heroes of this book.
The fantasy stories in this memorial volume are as follows:

**Der Garten der bleichen Benedikta** tells a medieval love-story, connected with some local ruins, which Onkel August relates to his young friends. Adelmar, a youth from a local aristocratic family, is fond of Benedikta, a village girl. He is sent away to Paris where his love for her fades. This is reflected in the fading of her rosebush.

**Der Wasserman und die Königstochter** is about a Merman who falls in love with a beautiful earthly princess whom he takes to his palace under the sea. She does not wish to return from a visit that he allows her to pay to her parents and suggests sharing their seven sons. He will only agree to an equal division, so she returns to him forever.

**Lustige Geschichte eines gelben Lebkuchens** takes the form of an amusing conversation between the ingredients in a ginger-cake before the cake is baked and sold to a woman and her children.

**Die Stadtkinder im Walde** is quite a long account of how two town children get lost in the mysterious wood. Corrodi increases the mood of mystery by introducing a magic grey bird and a kindly ant. There are also tales of timber-thieves, poachers and gipsies, but at the end of the day the children are fetched by their parents and taken home.

**Mela, ein Märchen** is full of magic happenings and enchantments. Mela, a headstrong and rather uncaring child, is sent through the woods with a letter and apples to her grand-father. She eats some of the apples and reads her mother's letter. The greygreen mannikin casts a spell over them all but they are eventually freed.
Mona, ein Märchen is another mystery tale. Mona loves plants and trees, and by nibbling a herb she is able to join the tiny root-people as one of them. Sadly she is unable to regain her former size until her parents are dead and she is able to free the 'Waldfräulein' with the help of the grey bird. Die Geschichte der schönen Theoda is another medieval story, connected with a local castle and its chapel. There Theoda had lived, tending her flowers so beautifully that the Queen of the Flower Spirits invites her to see the innermost workings of the earth, where the flowers must wage a constant war against insects. Thereafter the Flower Spirits keep in touch with her. In the end her wicked brother, Adalmar, returns and destroys the garden. The chapel contains a beautiful fresco, depicting Theoda which seems to smile with pleasure, as Corrodi tells her story.
Annie Latto is a girl of eleven who lives in a small village in Perthshire in Scotland with her parents. Her father works on a hydro-electric scheme, where a new dam is being constructed, and her mother helps in the big house of Dal. It is 1953, the year of the Queen's coronation. The class of which she is a member is taught by the sadistic Head-master, called by the children, Black Alistair.

The new driver of the school bus is Lachlan McLennan, Lal for short, who is kind to Annie when a wasp stings her leg. She senses that there is something unusual about him, and the children think he may be a tinker, who has come across Rannoch Moor from Moidart.

One day, when Annie is sitting up on the top of the ridge of Dal under her favourite birch tree, she is attacked by Fergie, the simple-minded son of the ghillie, a boy of about fifteen. Suddenly out of the sky a huge eagle swoops down and rescues her, terrifying Fergie. Eventually it dawns on Annie that Lal has the power to take on the eagle's shape. Over a period of time he tells her his story, that he is really a crofter who had lived in the glen a hundred years earlier at the time of the Clearances, when people were driven off the land to make way for the more profitable sheep. He was in love with the lame girl, Isobel and wanted to marry her, but they had led the opposition to the laird's plans for the land, thus incurring the enmity of the authorities. The Kirk Session refuses Isobel permission to marry in church, accusing her of what amounted to witchcraft. She defies minister and elders and
in the end she and Lal celebrate their wedding under the tall birch tree, according to pre-Christian rites. Not long afterwards their cottage is set on fire and they both perish in the flames. Their souls move into the bodies of eagle and trout respectively and are only able to meet on Midsummer's Eve.

Annie bravely stands up to Black Alistair in the classroom, is later beaten about her bare legs by him as she climbs the hill to the school picnic, when she is rescued again by the man-eagle. The dam is duly declared open, but is damaged during a violent storm and floods the valley. Annie has gone out after her father and is swept away by a sheet of water and wakens up in an ambulance on the way to Pitlochry. She only learns later that Lal and a girl in a green dress, a stranger, had rescued her and others, but were later drowned. Afterwards in Lal's deserted room she finds a picture of her tree, the Grey Dancer, wrapped round a knife and hears Lal's voice saying "We leave you the knife for truth and for the fight".

Tschipo is a boy of eight who lives in a Swiss town — where exactly is not specified. His real name is Philipp, but he is never called that, only Tschipo. He lives with his parents in a flat and seems to be an only child. He develops unusual symptoms, which made his mother take him hurriedly to the doctors: whatever he dreams about at night is translated into his real everyday life. If he dreams about walking in a wood, there are the pine cones in the morning in his bed. It becomes all too much, when he dreams of fishing and the whole building is flooded. The doctor prescribes fresh air, soup and sleeping-pills and during the following visit he tells them of a similar case, a pilot who has now gone missing.

Tschipo finally dreams himself onto the tropical island, where the pilot, Tschako, has been forced to land. The main part of the story describes the many adventures the two have together, visiting in the motorboat, dreamed up by Tschipo, a whole series of fantastic islands with confusing names, from 'Snurcurora' to their destination, 'Snarcarora'. They spend time on a coal island, another on which the birds swim and the fish fly, a third where everything and everybody has turned or is turning to gold, a fourth, perhaps the most frightening, where the main feature is a chest of drawers as big as a block of flats. The drawers fly out to capture whatever catches their attention, and in the end Tschako, Tschipo, the hare and the parrot all end up prisoners. Fortunately Tschipo is able to dream up a key to unlock the drawers. Everyone escapes, including the native islanders.
The chest is burned down and Tschako and Tschipo set out once more for Snarcerora, at first with little success. It turns out to be a floating island and suddenly looms up behind them. Adventures now come thick and fast. They walk over the sea in boots that swim. These shoes take them through a gate, over a lake, up a waterfall and on to the edge of an enormous bath. The tap can speak German and seems to know all about Tschako’s crash; the soap-dish, as large as a boat, also speaks German. They explain that whatever the king dreams comes true and they are unable to wake him up. Unfortunately the waking-pills Tschako had brought with him to cure the king have been eaten by a water-lily. Tschipo dreams his whole class from Switzerland on to the king’s bed and Werni Lutz wakens him up. The king explains that he dreamed these strange dreams because nobody ever touched him.

The end now comes quickly. A Swiss aeroplane comes to fetch them and Tschako flies them all home. Tschipo’s parents become more loving to him so that he has no need to dream weird dreams any more.
August Corradi, Hans Witzig, Kinderbuchkünstler Literaten Pädagogen
20 September bis 5 November 1983, Zentralbibliothek Zürich

Quotation from *Für mein kleines Völklein* 1856
There was once a man who could write and paint and loved nothing so much in the whole world as children. And wherever he went children loved him too from the very first quarter of an hour....

Quotation from a poster in the exhibition — no source given
What did most people do with my gifts? They made fun of them or else passed indifferently by.

August Corradi, *Onkel Augusts Geschichtenbuch*, edited by Professor Otto von Greyerz (Winterthur, 1922)
p. 368 from the postscript by Dr. Rudolf Hunziker.
He is the first who wants not to instruct and improve, but only to give pleasure, the first who pronounces himself satisfied, if he can transport children into their element of innocent gaiety.
p. 296

"Do not be afraid, dear child, I am the Queen of the Flower Fairies and I'm fond of you because you've looked after and waited on us so kindly". At these friendly words Theoda had recovered from her fright, stood up and looked at the little figure closeby. Then the Fairy Queen clapped her hands and suddenly there floated and flew out of all the flowers in the garden flocks of little fairies and danced round the astonished Theoda in happy circles. They wore delicate garments, as if woven out of air, in a great variety of colours: the rose fairies wore pale pink, dark red
and white, the lily fairies silvery white, the carnation fairies — they danced, most energetically of all — dark and bright, the cornflower fairies sky blue, the marigold fairies yellow, and all of them in the hues of the flowers they inhabited.

Then they sang in soft little voices:

"Round, round, all around
Dancing our beloved round,
As the evening dew descends
And with wood and pasture blends,
Swaying through the azure air,
Fragrant flowers provide our fare;
We sing,
We spring,
We fly,
In cool lake, afloat, we're seen
In the grass and clover green,
In fields and shrubs and hedgerows low,
Round and round and off we go!"

pp. 235–6

"That is called Mikrynusa minima or in English 'least make-littler'. If you eat it you'll become the same size as we are and be able to go with us".

In the meantime she cleaned the little plant in the brook.

"But it isn't poisonous?" asked Mona.

"Oh, yes. About the same as nux vomica. Well? Take it".

"Here goos!" said Mona and ate the little plant.

Now the child's tongue shrank to a teeny-weeny mouse's tongue, her head shrank like linen in the wash and bit by bit everything right down to her toes. Of course, for it would have been odd indeed if only her big toe had remained the same size,
about as big as her whole body. Then she would have had an awful time, dragging it about, bumping into everything. No, no, her big toe became as small as everything else. But our dear Mona felt a little strange, when she saw the flowers and grass grow up past her head so quickly and the dear little cranberries come so near her eyes and the little beetles become so large, so amazingly, uncannily large. Oh yes, but the two did not allow her much time to be astonished or afraid but soon led her into all the roots and disappeared with her underground.

p. 242

And so Mona remained with the Woodmaiden who taught her to spin with the spindle and as the spindle tripped so merrily on the floor, our child had never felt so good, so much at home and suddenly she understood, when the branches rustled in the wind, that they were telling the most splendid stories to the flowers below; she understood also what every little beetle was humming, every tiny midge was saying, what every blade of grass was lisping and was filled with a great joyous amazement at the way the wood was one big, beautiful family and that they all lived and spoke so graciously together.

And then Mona asked: "Dear Woodmaiden, oh let me stay with you. I'm so happy with you".

And so they lived together for a long, long time until Mona died. Then the Woodmaiden changed her ashes into anemones. So the Woodmaiden had every spring a gracious reminder of dear Mona in the beautiful white starry flowers.
"O wood, O wood, you dear green wood!
Below the brooklet rushes clear
While grass and flowers long to hear
The stories that it tells of sprites
And wood and water nymphs' delights,
My merry shouts reflect my mood.
O wood, O wood, you dear green wood!"

Mela sat down in a spot, where many flat stones were lying, warmed through by the sun. From there she could see over the whole stream. On the other bank great willows hung down into the water, old tangled roots, carried downstream, gleamed from the depths and some beautiful yellow water-lilies floated in amongst their broad leaves on the warm surface.
Away in the distance flitted the shadows of the white summer-clouds that bring good weather. Then followed another gleam of sun, and so it went merrily on. It was so still, so lonely there, that it seemed as if for a radius of a hundred miles or more, no people lived. Mela sat on the stones, put her hands round her knees and stared for a long time, silent and motionless, into the water.

Indeed the girl's personality had cast a spell of its own on the whole company and, would you believe it, Father filled a glass with dark red wine and offered it to the girl. She took the wine, looked at the donor and said:

"Red blood and port wine,
Both taste fresh and fine".
"Something I've never tried!" laughed Father, "but you have, it seems."

The girl didn't answer....

"I want a go too!" Cornelia suddenly called out, to the great surprise of the other two children and held out her little white hand. The gipsy took it quickly and said:

"Black eyes and black hair,
Keep heart white and fair!"

Then she gave the child a big kiss on the forehead and was gone like a falling star.

p. 98

Then the merman let her go, and when she got back, the trees and the flowers bowed down to her and when she entered the church, the noblemen and counts and knights did likewise.

And when she entered her pew, her father opened the little door to her seat and on it her mother placed a fine cushion. And the king's daughter sang and prayed and listened to the sermon.

And after church she went to her parents, kissed them and was very sad that she already had to go back home. But her parents said: "We're not letting you go away again so soon, you must dine with us".

p. 46

'the white chain of the Alps from the "Säntis" to the "Jungfrau"

pp. 121-125

"I am called Cyprian Honeycomb from Beehivetown in Switzerland".

"Look! Here's Frau Christine".

"Now let's get on with the work!" said the latter on entering,
put on a white apron, washed her hands, put on her spectacles, without which she never baked ginger-bread, and soon the seven journeymen were kneaded into such a close community, that they could never be separated. Then into the oven with them and in a short time out came a loaf of gingerbread, so fine, so fine, that no words can describe it!

A mother came into the room with her children and bought it, and when the children were eating the cake, not one of them dreamt what the seven journeymen had been telling each other a short time before!

That's what happened, children, and whenever you eat gingerbread, give a thought to the seven journeymen inside!

p. 6

If you think long enough about something, it also somehow suddenly becomes true. It is just not right that everything you have only in your head is untrue and everything else is true. Often what you have in your head is truer than anything else. Apart from that, surely it must sometimes have happened to you, that you've thought so hard about something that you've forgotten everything else? Or that you've dreamt so hard about something that you've thought it was true?

p. 15

"In the meantime I've made a few enquiries and found out more about this strange illness. We know of only one other person who has had it and he unfortunately disappeared more than a year ago. From what I've heard, I've gathered he was a pilot who did not return from a flight, but in his case, that business with the soup and the fresh air and the pill also helped. Let's carry on with these for six months, shall we? That's the right treatment for our Pippo, I'm sure".

"Yes, Doctor" said Tschipo, and his mother was surprised that he said 'Yes' so nicely.

On the way home Tschipo was quite bucked and his mother thought he must surely be bucked because he knew it was nothing serious. But Tschipo was happy for quite another reason.

After supper he just pretended to swallow the pill, actually he kept it in his hand and put it in his pocket. That's for Pippo, he thought. The doctor said nothing about Tschipo.
"Sleep well and pleasant dreams".

Then, to cap it all, Werni Lutz, who is the worst at gym, jumps right onto the King's face. The King, without waking up, seizes Werni and is about to strangle him. Werni howls, whereupon Tschipo shrieks: "Get the King, all of you!" and the whole class fling themselves on the King; they all grab him somewhere, some by his arms, others by his neck, some even crawl down under the bedcover to his knees and the two cheekiest, Daniela Hebeisen and Leo Leuenberger, hold their noses and creep down to his feet where they tickle the King as hard as they can.

"Aah!" shouted King Snarco IV of Snarcarora. "Aah!" and he shouted so loud that Tschipo woke up and noticed that he was in King Snarco's bed with all his class-mates and all were lying like a heap of potatoes spilled all over the King, but the King, who a moment earlier had been lying like a giant in a gigantic great bed, was no longer a giant at all but just an ordinary big man who was lying and nearly suffocating under a heap of wriggling children.

"You shouldn't have said 'Damn!'" said Tschipo when they had both lain down in a corner after their meal.

"You see, when I say 'Damn!' I get told off by my parents, but my Father is allowed to say 'Damn!'".

"That's right", said Tschako. "Then I can too. Until we get home, I'm looking after you as if I were your father. Only as far
as I'm concerned, you can say 'Damn' as often as you like."

"As often as I like?" asked Tschipo.

"Yes", said Tschako, "You'll soon get sick of it".

"Damn, Damn, Damn!" said Tschipo.

"Right then. Sleep well", said Tschako.

"You too", said Tschipo. "Damn it well", turned over on his side and fell fast asleep....

p. 53

'Apart from a bit of homesickness down in his tummy, Tschipo found he was happy and he had as much faith in Tschako, as one usually has only in one's father - he was confident that Tschako would get him home again'.

pp. 39-40

"Didn't you lose the waking pills when you crashed"? asked Tschipo.

"No", said Tschako, "in my jacket".

"And why do you still want to deliver them, when it's already too late?"

"But perhaps it's not too late yet".

"But what if it is too late?" asked Tschipo.

"I like to keep a promise", said Tschako.

p. 45

"Lampreys, you know, are those horrors that live in the clefts of cliffs and attack other fish with their unpleasantly sharp teeth". Tschipo knew about that because they were in Uncle Herbert's fish-book. You must sometime ask for a fish-book - or haven't you got an Uncle Herbert?"
'Since you all certainly want to get as quickly as possible to Snirciora, I'll not go into how they got the boat ready, although there was still no end of things to do, for instance you couldn't just leave the rabbit-droppings lying around and then the fine jug they had been given had to be topped up with fresh water and petrol had to be poured from a spare can into the tank, fresh greens had to be picked for the hare, and nuts had to be plucked from a bush for the parrot.....'

p. 93

"Help him, children, help him".

p. 139

"Oh, dear Minister", said King Snarco, who up till then had been too lazy to say anything and had just sat on the edge of the bed, amused, whenever he didn't have to embrace anyone, "It is wonderful that someone has at last touched me, apparently I dreamed in such an idiotic way because no one ever touched me. From now on I won't do anything but touch, touch, touch".

p. 140

"How were you able to dream such dreams?" asked King Snarco. "Did no one touch you either?"

Tschipo considered the matter.

"Yes", he said at last, "that's true. My parents hardly ever touch me and never kiss me".

"Then you must tell them to do the same thing as I have just ordered my subjects to do. 'Touch one another!'"
During the flight Tschako invited the children to come into the cockpit and join him one by one, and Techipo came last and was therefore allowed to stay longer with him, and before I tell you that Tschipo's and Tschako's parents rejoiced immoderately to be able at last to embrace their two long absent sons, when they landed in their homeland, and that Tschipo's parents from now on always kissed him before he went to sleep and that from now on the teacher enjoyed gym more, because she always played at Snarcarora with her class and that they all wanted to have a go at the part of Werni Lutz who was actually responsible for waking the King up because he had jumped on his face, and that, moreover, Werni Lutz was now a good gymnast, because that jump had entered his bones, and that Tschako and Techipo remained good friends and that Techipo constantly received post-cards from Tschako, from whatever corner of the globe he had just landed in - before I say all that, I should just like to tell you what Tschipo and Tschako said to each other as they were hovering high above the Mediterranean clouds on their way home.

"I say, Tschako?" said Techipo.

"Yes?"

"Do you really think that all these things happened to us?"

And do you know what Tschako replied? Exactly. How did you manage to guess?

He turned his head to Techipo and said with his eyes twinkling:

"Not really."
NOTES FOR CHAPTER 5 (8)


4. Greville MacDonald, George MacDonald and his Wife (London, 1924).


17. August Corrodi,Für mein kleines Wölklein (Stuttgart, 1856).

18. For example Heiner Groß, Willi und die fliegende Strassenbahn (Zürich, 1970); Hans Brunner, Dreimal im Kreis und dann immer gerade aus (Aarau, 1981); Jörg Steiner/Jörg Müller, Der Eisblumenwald (Aarau, 1983).

19. Part Three, Chapter 7, Illustrations.


23. George MacDonald, *At the Back of the North Wind*, p. 92 (henceforth referred to as BNW, followed by the page number).


26. BNW, p. 90.

27. BNW, p. 184.

28. BNW, p. 228.


30. BNW, p. 208.

31. BNW, p. 221.

32. BNW, p. 287.

33. BNW, pp. 32-3.


35. BNW, pp. 69-70.

36. BNW, p. 103.


38. *Onkel Augusts Geschichtenbuch*, ed. Professor Otto von Greyerz, p. 369 (henceforth referred to as OAG, followed by the page number).

39. All are listed in the programme of the exhibition mentioned earlier in this chapter. Among the best-known are *Ferientage auf Onkels Schloß* (Kassel, 1953), *Aus jungen Tagen, Geschichten und Bilder* (Stuttgart, 1957), *Schloß Waldegg und seine Bewohner, Ein Sommerferienbuch für die Jugend* (Stuttgart, 1860). The plays for children are nearly all in Schwyzerdütsch.

40. OAG, p. 293.
41. OAG, p. 296.
42. OAG, pp. 235-6.
43. OAG, p. 242.
44. OAG, p. 158.
45. August Corrodi, *Aus jungen Tagen* (Stuttgart, 1857); *Dorfgeschichten für die Jugend* (Stuttgart, 1858).
46. OAG, p. 185.
47. OAG, pp. 163-4.
50. OAG, p. 98.
52. OAG, p. 46.
53. OAG, pp. 121-5.
56. Information from dust jacket of Alison Fell, *Every Move You Make* (London, 1984), and from correspondence with Alison Fell.
60. Franz Hohler, *Tschido*, p. 6 (henceforth referred to as T, followed by the page number).
62. GD, pp. 16-7.
63. GD, p. 25.
64. GD, p. 38.
65. GD, p. 67.
67. T, p. 15.
68. T, p. 52.

73. T, p. 32.
74. T, p. 53.
75. GD, p. 53.
76. GD, p. 53.
77. GD, p. 56.
78. GD, p. 71.
79. GD, pp. 72-3.
81. T, p. 45.
82. T, pp. 63-4.
84. T, pp. 73-4.
85. T, p. 93.
87. T, p. 139.
88. T, p. 140.
89. GD, pp. 13-4.


92. GD, p. 59.


94. GD, p. 59.

95. GD, p. 89.

96. T, p. 142.

97. OAG, pp. 47-8.

98. OAG, pp. 191-230.


C. Historical Fiction

1. Robert M. Ballantyne (1825-1894) and Robert Schedler (1866-1930) are the two writers whose children's books I have chosen from the earlier period under consideration to give a view of history in their respective countries. Already as a boy of sixteen Ballantyne followed the well-beaten Scottish track to Canada to work for the Hudson's Bay Company, where he remained for six years. His first successful book was The Young Fur Traders, an adventure-story for boys, and when The Coral Island was published shortly afterwards, he became a best-seller. Thereafter he wrote book after book all his life long and continued to be acclaimed. Hunted and Harried (1892), subtitled A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters, came very late from his pen. This period of history has rarely been treated by writers for young people, especially presented, as it is in this case, from the Covenanters' point of view. Ballantyne has, however, clearly researched the period carefully and avoids depicting Claverhouse as the charming and romantic "Bonnie Dundee". He is attempting to write a work of historical fiction rather than an adventure story. Ballantyne was an artist as well as an author, publishing a series of stories for very young children, in which animals with human attributes are the only characters. Some of his work will be seen in the chapter concerned with illustration.

Robert Schedler (1866-1930) was a very different kind of man. He was born in Altstätten near St. Gallen in the Rhine valley, where his people had lived since the Reformation, and he had to overcome many difficulties before he could attend the
secondary school in St. Gallen. From there he made his way to the Universities of Basel and Jena before entering the ministry. All his life he was devoted to the poor and the old and did what he could to help them. He had little time to devote to writing, but for eight years he edited a journal of the Reformed Church, the Schweizerische Reformblätter, and undertook some historical research. He was also interested in young people and their education, and it was with them in mind that he published Der Schmied von Göschenen (1919), his only work of fiction, which is by any standard a masterpiece. He died suddenly in 1930.

Hunted and Harried has for its subject the history of Scotland between the Union of the Crowns in 1603 and the Union of the Parliaments in 1707, a century which saw much bloodshed in both Scotland and England. More particularly it portrays the period from 1660, when upon Cromwell’s death Charles II returned from exile, and 1688, when William of Orange and his wife, Mary, were offered and accepted the throne of Great Britain, thus putting an end to the Stuart dynasty. In Ballantyne’s words:

‘Charles II filled the throne. Unprincipled men, alike in Church and State, made use of their position and power to gain their own ends and enslave the people. The King, determined to root out Presbytery from Scotland as less subservient to his despotic aims, and forcibly to impose Prelacy on her as a stepping-stone to Popery, had no difficulty in finding ecclesiastical and courtly braves to carry out his designs; and for a long series of dismal years persecution stalked red-handed through the land’.
Many Scots particularly in the south-west of the country regarded the King's policy as an attack on the freedom of conscience of the individual and were determined to uphold that freedom. As early as 1638 members of the nobility and clergy as well as ordinary people had signed the National Covenant in Grayfriars Churchyard in Edinburgh, in opposition to Charles I on much the same issue, hence the name 'Covenanters' for the signatories, a name borne also with pride by those who practised their way of worshipping God throughout the later period of appalling persecution, named ultimately the 'Covenanters' Killing Time.' People in Scotland were to be forced to take an oath of allegiance to the King, recognising him as the Head of the Church as well as Head of State. This they refused to do, nor would they attend services in church conducted by curates, willing to take such an oath, who had been foisted on them. Instead they gathered in the open air in conventicles, in barns or on the hill-sides to hear their own ministers preach, offences which were declared punishable by death by the so-called authorities. Ballantyne's sympathies are clearly with the Covenanters and all the heroes and heroines of his exciting and tragic story are of that persuasion. He was anxious that Scottish children should not forget what their forefathers had fought for. I have outlined the background to the book in such detail because this period of Scottish history is not so well-remembered or understood as the campaigns of Wallace or Bruce or the Forty-Five. It is of interest, however, that in the last few years an old Covenanters' house has been transported, stone by stone, from the hills by a group of young people under
expert supervision and rebuilt as a Covenanters' Museum in the
town of Biggar.

Schedler is concerned with a much earlier period long
before either Switzerland or cantons came into being. The sub-
title of his book is Eine Erzählung aus der Urechweiz, which simply
means a story taken from the beginnings of Switzerland. He
describes events leading up to the year 1231, when King Heinrich
of Hohenstaufen, at the request of his father, the Emperor
Friedrich II, grants freedom to the people of the valley of
Uri. The parchment, known as the 'Freiheitsbrief' (letter of
freedom), can still be seen today in Altdorf. Schedler tells
the story behind this first step towards the free association
of cantons, known as Switzerland today, but he also tells the
story of how another freedom was achieved, the freedom of the
Alps, as it were, the building of the first bridge across the
Schöllenen gorge, which linked Italy directly with Germany
and brought prosperity to the valley of Uri, and thus for the
first time freedom from want. Neither of these freedoms,
political or economic, can be achieved for the valley of
Uri, until Heini, the hero of Schedler's story, has gained his
freedom, for when the book opens he is a bondsman of the Count
of Rapperswil and can be sold to another master, along with other
youngsters from the valley at any time that Konrad, the Count's
steward, sees fit. Schedler understands and describes the
medieval background of his story so well and has such an innate
sympathy for the mountain peasants of that day, that the modern
reader is immediately involved. The illustrator, Felix Hoffmann,
has also been inspired by the text to produce some of his finest
imaginative insights.

When Ballantyne's story begins, the struggle of the Covenanters against the Privy Council, appointed by Charles II, has been going on for very nearly eighteen years:

'This council which was ruled by two monsters in human form, namely, Archbishop Sharp of St. Andrews and the Duke of Lauderdale, having obtained full powers from King Charles II to put down conventicles and enforce the laws against the fanatics with the utmost possible rigour, had proceeded to carry out their mission by inviting a host of half, if not quite, savage Highlanders, to assist them in quelling the people. This host, numbering with 2,000 regulars and militia, about 10,000 men, eagerly accepted the invitation, and was let loose on the south and western districts of Scotland about the beginning of the year, and for some time ravaged and pillaged the land, as if it had been an enemy's country'.

Ballantyne's opinion of the 'Highland Host', as this body of troops was later to be called, although it included many Lowland Militia, is quite clear, and I have no doubt this kind of experience did much to fuel dissensions within Scotland at a later period and to drive a wedge between Highlanders and Lowlanders, a theme which will be treated in the next chapter, when Robert Louis Stevenson's Kidnapped is considered.

Ballantyne is, however, not only concerned with freedom of worship, but also with a soldier's moral responsibility to carry out orders which he considers inhuman. Ballantyne quotes Cleaverhouse as saying:
"In any service I have been in, I never inquired further in the law than the orders of my superior officer."

This is fortunately not a view shared by the young hero of *Hunted and Harried*, Will Wallace, who starts out in the story as a dragoon under orders to hunt down the rebels. He is accompanied on his mission by Glendinning, a hard-bitten soldier, intent on settling a private score with Andrew Black, a Dumfriesshire farmer and a staunch Covenanter, one of the main characters in the book. Will soon realises he cannot carry out the orders given and confesses to Glendinning:

"I'm thoroughly disgusted with the service. I know little or nothing about the principles of these rebels - these fanatics as you call them - but tyranny or injustice I cannot stand, whether practised by a king or a bagger and I am resolved to have nothing more to do with such fiendish work."

"Young man", said the swarthy comrade in a voice of considerable solemnity, "ye has obviously mista'en your callin'. If you werenae new to these parts, ye would ken that the things ye objec' to are quite common. Punishin' and harryin' the rebels and fanatics - Covenanters they ca' theirsels - has been gaun on for years ower a' the land. In my opinion it's well deserved, and nathing ye can do an' say will prevent it, though what ye do an' say is no unlikely to cut short yer ain career by means o' a rope roond yer thrapple."

When a little later on Glendinning attempts to intimidate a child, Aggie Wilson, and to kiss a young girl of about 15, Jean Black, Will knocks him senseless and takes to the moors as a deserter. This action sparks off Ballantyne's whole drama and shortly brings the reader face to face with the Covenanters.
When Schedler's tale opens, Heini, a peasant boy of 15, is on a visit to his uncle, Kuono von Hospental, the Keeper of the watch-tower in the valley of Uri, when suddenly a troop of knights is sighted afar off, the vanguard of Emperor Friedrich II's army, on the way to Basel. The Emperor must arrive there before his rival, King Otto of Brunswick, but first he must have shelter for the night. After a careful scrutiny this is granted and for a short time the valley watch-tower becomes the headquarters of the Emperor himself and Heini one of the participants in the drama of events:


Heini volunteers to take a message from the Emperor to the Bishop of Basel telling him that help is at hand and should this be successfully accomplished, he hopes to obtain in return his freedom from serfdom. Heini's journey on foot to Basel enables Schedler to describe in greater detail medieval conditions. The mission is successfully accomplished, but alas, the promised parchment granting freedom never materialises. Thereafter Heini puts no trust in the promises of princes. Along with five other boys he is sold to the monastery of Sankt Urban, a Cistercian foundation in Aargau, and so a long way from his home in Göschenen. The journey to Sankt Urban, under the escort of
the fair-minded knight, Eberhard von Grünenberg, is used

to present further aspects of the countryside and of the
towns. On their arrival the boys are amazed by their first
sight of the huge monastery with its frequent religious
services and vast workshops in which they are to be apprentices.
This story takes place long before the Reformation so there is
no religious conflict, but Heini's vision of a bridge, inspired
by the Emperor's words, to span the Schöllenen gorge,
is forever present.

In many ways Der Schmied von Gösgen is a 'Bildungsroman'.

On the way to the monastery Heini has already been befriended
by an old miner who by teaching him to compromise helps him to
come to terms with his unexpectedly continuing bondage. The
whole tone of their conversation is completely different from
anything in the Scottish book, where problems tend to be met
head-on:

"Du wirst dort schaffen müssen, aber
auch das ist kein Übel, im Gegenteil. Du
lernst dabei und wirst ein tüchtiger
Arbeiter. Das gibt dir Vertrauen zu
dir selbst und verschafft dir die Achtung
der Rechtdenkenden. Wenn du dich gut
hältst bekommst du auch einen rechten
Lohn. Die Brüder in Sankt Urban sind
gerecht. Spare dein Geld und später
kauf dich los. Die Klosterrherren
werden es gern gewähren". 14

The overseer at the monastery soon recognises Heini's
character and intelligence and listens with sympathy and
insight when the boy at last confides in him:
"Meister, ich muß ein großes Werk für meine liebe Heimat leisten. Es ist etwas in mir, das mir keine Ruhe läßt, bis ich es vollbracht habe".\textsuperscript{15}

He teaches Heini to be less bitter about the Emperor's apparently broken promise, teaches him to keep his own counsel; more important in a practical sense, he turns Heini into a first-class mason and advises him about the training as a blacksmith he will need to make the great chains to support a hanging bridge.

Father-figures like the overseer and Andrew Black in \textit{Hunted and Harried} occur often in children's books and play the important role of passing on the accumulated wisdom and skill of generations. More vital still is the feeling of being loved that they convey to children.\textsuperscript{16} I was much struck in the early pages of \textit{Der Schmied von Göschenen} by the calm, orderly measures taken in sequence by Kuono von Hospental to prepare his watch-tower for a possible assault and siege.\textsuperscript{17}

The whole atmosphere makes a marked contrast to the argumentative muddle of the Covenanters before the Battle of Bothwell Bridge in \textit{Hunted and Harried}.\textsuperscript{18} Although professional soldiers are being here contrasted with amateurs, which explains part of the difference, I am still left with the impression of a fatal inability to compromise and a self-destructive argumentativeness.

Shortly after his desertion from the dragoons, Will Wallace is found and taken prisoner by Andrew Black who escorts him home and soon sets him free, on realising the type of lad he is. Will has no knowledge of the real nature of the conflict between the Covenanters and the government. On the death of his father he has only recently come to Scotland from Ireland, bringing his
mother to live in Lanark with her brother. Poverty and the advice of a cousin had caused him to take service with the dragoons. This situation gives Ballantyne another opportunity to explain the Covenanters' viewpoint to the reader. He also makes a rather literary analysis of Andrew Black's character which fits awkwardly into a tale of action:

'Now this man Black is not easily described, for he was a curiously compound character. To a heart saturated with the milk of human kindness was united a will more inflexible, if possible than that of a Mexican mule; a frame of Herculean mould, and a spirit in which profound gravity and reverence waged incessant warfare with a keen appreciation of the ludicrous. Peacefully inclined in disposition, with a tendency to believe well of all men, and somewhat free and easy in the formation of his opinions, he was very unwilling to resist authority; but the love of truth and justice was stronger within him than the love of peace'.

The last sentence expresses the fundamental belief which binds Andrew and Will together and explains the depth of their friendship. Loyalty to one's friends recurs as a theme in both books and is the motivation for some of the bravest actions undertaken. But it is belief in their principles which bears Andrew and Will inexorably towards the disastrous defeat at Bothwell Bridge, where they are both taken prisoner. Andrew is condemned to incarceration on the Bass Rock and later transferred to Dumottar Castle, while Will is transported to Barbados to work as a slave in the sugar plantations. Only towards the end of the book are they reunited.

In Der Schmied von Gösgchenen even after the bridge is built
and the valley seemingly freed from poverty, Heini suffers another setback. The avaricious Hapsburg bailiffs raise the tax for using the bridge to such an extent that merchants begin to revert to the older routes. It is at this point that Heini, now a well-established blacksmith and a respected figure in the valley of Uri, sets out with his friend, Knopfli, for Sicily to petition the Emperor for freedom from Hapsburg tyranny. Heini tells the Emperor of his earlier, apparently broken promise and, crestfallen, the latter supplies a written promise of freedom for Uri. The freedoms, sought by Heini, have all had immediate practical advantages and have been won by steady, patient, determined and undoubtedly courageous efforts. The freedom, sought by the Covenanters, is altogether different and has no practical benefits beyond being left in peace. Heini is largely motivated by devotion to his beloved homeland, whereas the Covenanters are driven by their love of God. Compromise is not regarded as a solution by either side in the Scottish struggle but as a weakness.

In both books prisoners are taken and methods of extracting information or forcing confessions are described. Although the events in Hunted and Harried take place well over four hundred years later than those in Der Schmied von Göschenen, men remain as cruel as ever. The reaction of men, and in the Scottish book of women and children to torture is reported. The treatment of the boy, Ramblin' Peter, by the soldiers gives the atmosphere of several such scenes in the Scottish story:

'Not being satisfied with the truth of his replies they proceeded to apply torture in order to extract
The 'boot' and the 'thumb screws' were the main instruments of torture used against the Covenanters, and these are mentioned in the book frequently. At one point, Will's mother, Mrs. Wallace, and his uncle, David Spence, an old man, are driven from their home and found sheltering in a cave:

"What is the matter with your hands, uncle?" asked Will, observing that both were bandaged.

"They tried the thumb-screws on me," said Spence with a pitiful smile... "They wanted to force me to sign the Bond, which I declined to do - first because it required me to perform impossibilities; and second, because it was such as no government in the world has the right to exact or free men to sign." 21

Andrew Black's torture in the Council Chamber in Edinburgh, in the presence of the Duke of Lauderdale and the Bishop of Galloway is described in some detail, but the scene is unexpectedly brought to an end by the arrival of a 'cavalier, booted and spurred and splashed with mud' 22 who brings news of the murder of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, a noted persecutor. The Battle of Bothwell Bridge, thereafter the driving of the Covenanters all the way to Edinburgh, and the herding of the victims into Grayfriars
Churchyard are highlighted by Ballantyne. Mrs. Black (Andrew's mother), Mrs. Wallace, and Joan Black (Andrew's niece) share the misery of their men, for they live in a house in Candlemaker Row, which has a window overlooking the churchyard. Women are often treated as harshly as men. Isobel and Marion, Andrew Black's farm maids, are hanged in the Grassmarket. Margaret Wilson and old Mrs. MacLachlan are tied to stakes and drowned at the mouth of the River Bladenoch in Wigtownshire. The miseries, described by Ballantyne, are doubly bitter, for he is writing of civil war and the dissensions are among the Scots themselves: I cannot help feeling that Ballantyne dwells too much on the details of torture. Young people, if not children, should be aware of what their forbears have endured in a cause they believed to be just, but too much repetition of horrors blunts the effect of the story.

The possibility of torture is never far away in Der Schmied von Göschenen, but there are not as many detailed descriptions as in Hunted and Harried, perhaps because Schedler's book is addressed to a younger age-group. In the first few pages, however, the reader is made aware of medieval dungeons. A wandering minstrel is discovered to be carrying a hollow staff with a parchment message inside, which has to be sent to the Abbot of Disentis to be deciphered, for only the monks can read. Heini's uncle, the keeper of the watch-tower mentioned earlier, has the minstrel hunted down by two great black mastiffs and then lowered into a tiny dungeon. When no information about the message is forthcoming, the keeper tries to bribe the prisoner with food, but to no avail:
Schedler deals in a much more matter-of-fact way with these harsh measures and does not linger long over agonies.

Heini's journey to Basel on foot on behalf of the Emperor is full of terrors. He travels mostly by night, constantly haunted by the fear of capture and torture. He is befriended on the way by the night-watchman of Wassen, crippled in youth, on the orders of a Hapsburg, by being pulled up on a rope with sixty-pound stones tied to his feet. The experiences that Heini undergoes along the way are told in such a simple, clear, dramatic style and are always so well visualised that the reader feels he, too, is making the journey:

The real period of harassment comes with the advent of the Hapsburgs. Schedler makes sure that the reader understands how this has come about and Diestgen im Moos, one of the foremost men in the valley of Uri, and also Heini's father-in-law, appeals to him for help. Open confrontation with the Hapsburgs comes soon enough, and Heini is advised to seek refuge with his family in Italy with his good friend, Motto von Airolo. He does that but makes arrangements to be called back to Uri as soon as
Knopfli the minstrel, now languishing in some unknown dungeon, has been traced. The rescue of Knopfli is one of the most exciting parts in the book, but it is a snatch of conversation on a Greek ship, taking Heini and Knopfli to the Emperor in Palermo, that reveals the true extent of Knopfli's sufferings. He had never lost hope or his belief that Heini would rescue him. Their friendship is reminiscent of the staunch loyalty the Covenanters felt towards each other and the efforts made to rescue prisoners from Greyfriars Churchyard. Heini finds life on board ship very confining:

"Das ist kein Leben", sagte er zu Knopfli, "am Morgen, wenn man sich vom Lager erhebt, hat man schon Feiersend. Im Gefängnis kann es kaum ärger sein".

"Stimmt, aber bloß zu einem gewissen Grad", meint der Spielmann. "Wenn du vier Wochen lang in einem dunklen Gewölbe an einer feuchten Mauer mit Ketten angeschlossen gewesen wärest, das Essen in schmutziger Schüssel hingeworfen wie einem Hund und alle paar Tage auf der Folter gestreckt, um Dinge zu gestehen, die gar nicht wahr sind, würdest du anders reden".

"Wie hast du das aushalten können, Knopfli?"

"Ich hoffte auf dich, Heini, sonst wäre ich vor Kummer und Schmerz gestorben. Die Hoffnung auf deine nahende Hilfe hielt mich aufrecht." 25

The idyllic setting of the Mediterranean makes a sharp contrast to the northern dungeon, as does the loyalty and steadfastness of Heini and his friends to the Hapsburg bailiff and his vicious family.

Closely connected with capture is naturally escape. Both books have a strong element of adventure and excitement which makes them particularly attractive to the young. On one occasion
in *Hunted and Harried* Andrew Black is cornered by the dragoons and makes for the Cluden river near his home:

"On his right an open glade revealed to him the dark gorge through which the Cluden thundered. The stream was in flood at the time, and presented a fearful aspect of seething foam, mingled with dark rocks as it rushed over the lynn and through its narrow throat below. A path led to the brink of the gorge which is now spanned by the Routen Bridge. From the sharp-edged cliff on one side to the equally sharp cliff on the other was a width of considerably more than twenty feet. Towards this point Andrew Black sped. Close at his heels the dragoons followed, Glendinning, on a superb horse, in advance of the party. It was an untried leap to the farmer, who nevertheless went at it like a thunderbolt and cleared it like a stag. The troopers behind, seeing the nature of the ground, pulled up in time, and wheeling to the left made for the ford. Glendinning, however, was too late. The reckless sergeant, enraged at being so often baulked by the farmer, had let his horse go too fast. He tried to pull up but failed. The effort to do so rendered a leap impossible. So near was he to the fugitive that the latter was still in the midst of his bound, when the former went over the precipice, head foremost, horse and all. The poor steed fell on the rocks below and broke his neck, but the rider was shot into the deep dark pool round which the Cluden flowed in foam-flecked eddies. In the midst of the heaving waters he quickly arose, flinging his long arms wildly about, and shouting for help with bubbling crys."

This is a key passage which seems to crystallize in Andrew's dramatic leap the impossibility of ever destroying the soul of the Covenanters, whatever may be done to their bodies.

A number of other daring escapes keep up the momentum of Ballantyne's story, including one from Greyfriars Churchyard itself, and one even in the High Street on the way to interrogation in the Council Chamber, but death or long incarceration lies ahead for nearly all the Covenanters after
Bothwell-Bridge in 1679. The most courageous and resolute escape of all is made by Andrew Black from Dunnottar Castle. He is now so emaciated after years of captivity that, at dead of night, he manages to squeeze through his small dungeon window, opening on to the almost sheer precipice to the sea below. Once outside, on a tiny narrow ledge he reconsiders his position.

'Behind him were torture, starvation, prolonged misery, and almost certain death. Below him was perhaps instantaneous death, or possible escape.

He pushed off, again commending his soul to God, and slid down. For an instant destruction seemed inevitable, but next moment his heels struck the lower ledge and he remained fast. With an earnest "Thank God!" he began to creep along. The ledge conducted him to safer ground and in another quarter of an hour he was free!' 28

This passage brings the reader vividly back again to the idea of freedom, which is most important to the two books.

There are two major escapes in Der Schmied von Gössaden. The first involves five rich Italian merchants, laden with Flemish wares, on their way home. In Bern they recruit a Swiss bodyguard to escort them over the mountains. Heini, who has just completed his apprenticeship as a blacksmith, and is about to make the same journey himself, offers his services. Just beyond Faulensee on Lake Thun, a well-organised band of brigands, taking advantage of the narrow pass, attack the convoy. After a dramatic fight, in which Heini plays a leading role, Interlaken is safely reached and there two of
the merchants, badly wounded, have to remain behind. Heini escorts the rest of the convoy as far as Airolo. On the way he explains his idea about a bridge over the Schöllenen gorge which would greatly shorten the Alpine journey to Italy. As a gesture of thankfulness the merchants give Heini twenty gold coins, enough money to buy the iron for the suspension chains to support the bridge. Heini has bought his own freedom already, and now the building of the bridge becomes more and more equated with two other freedoms in his mind: freedom from poverty and freedom from Hapsburg tyranny for his homeland.29

The rescue of Knopfli from the castle at Amsteg is even more exciting. The whole operation is carefully planned; a secret way into the castle is known, so that the main entrance can be opened from the inside for Heini and his friends. Meanwhile they stand ready with ladders to storm the walls if need be. The bailiff and his wife are entertaining friends; the whole operation is over before they realise what is happening:


"Nar, du fragtest bis jetzt auch nach keinem Recht, wenn du gestohlen und gemordet hast", antwortet Heini drohend, "zu erst gib den gefangenen Spielmann heraus und dann komm selber ohne Waffen mit erhobenen Händen oder wir verbrennen dich und deine ganze Sippschaft bei lebendigem Leib mit samt dem Turm".

In einem Fensterschlitz des Turms erschien ein Lichtschimmer, dann ging das Tor auf, das etwa zehn Fuß über dem Erdboden angebracht war und Knopfl stieg die schmale Holztreppe hernieder.30

The Bailiff and his family and the visiting Bailiff's wife from
Altdorf are carried off as hostages. The final scene underlines the total success of the undertaking:

"Als die Urner mit ihren Gefangenen, dem erbeuteten Vieh und Plunder abzogen, schlug das Feuer schon zum Siller heraus und beleuchtete ihnen den Weg durch die finstre Regennacht."  

The heading of this chapter, "Selbsthilfe des Volks", epitomises this period of Swiss history and Schadler, in the last paragraph of the book, repeats the well-known Swiss rallying cry "Einer für alle und alle für einen!" There is a confident ring to that. Ballantyne ends his story on a proud, sad note with a quotation from the "Ayrshire Elder" (not traced by staff of National Library of Scotland):

"0 for the brave true hearts of old,
That bled when the banner perished
0 for the faith that was strong in death —
The faith that our fathers cherished.

The banner might fall, but the spirit lived,
And liveth for evermore;
And Scotland claims as her noblest names
The Covenant men of yore."

The escapes and rescues in both books make an interesting contrast. The Scottish escapes spring largely from impulsive decisions and are on a much smaller scale; the Swiss ones are the result of careful planning by a larger group of people and the outcomes are more permanently successful.

Women play an important part in Ballantyne's book. They attend the forbidden conventicles out on the moors and even very old, frail women stand firm under pressure. The three women who live in Candlemaker Row, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Wallace and Jean Black, accept their highly dangerous role without question, and their house is always open as a refuge for Covenanters. Marion Clark and Isobel Scott, Andrew Black's servants die with dignity and courage in the Grassmarket. A bystander says
... they ended their course bravely. 

Anse sang the 84th Psalm and the ither spake 
of God's great love an' free grace to her 
and to sinnfut man*. 34

Old Mrs. MacLachlan and Margaret Wilson, condemned to death by 
drowning, die just as bravely. 35

Ballantyne also introduces an element of romance. Several 
of the young couples are obviously in love, such as the ill-fated 
Quentin Dick and Margaret Wilson, and later on Ramblin' Peter 
and Aggie Wilson. It is the love between Will Wallace and 
Jean Black that Ballantyne chooses to highlight, but only when 
Will unexpectedly and happily returns from the Barbados, is 
their love declared. Will has just made himself known to 
Andrew in his basement workshop (Andrew is an escaped prisoner 
and still in hiding) when Jean enters. Black springs up:

"Jean, my wummin", he said hastily, 
putting on his blue bonnet, "there's no 
light enough for ye to be intrysuced to 
my freend here, but ye can hear him if 
ye canna see him. I'm gaun out to see 
what sort o' night it is. He'll tak' 
care o' ye till I come back".

Without waiting for a reply he went 
out and shut the door, and the girl 
turned in some surprise towards the 
stranger.

"Jean", he said in a low voice, 
holding out both hands.

Jean did not scream or faint. Her 
position in life, as well as her rough 
 experiences, forbade such weakness, 
but it did not forbid - well it is not 
our province to betray confidences! All 
we can say is, that when Andrew Black 
returned to the cellar, after a prolonged 
and no doubt scientific inspection of the 
weather, he found that the results of the 
talk had been quite satisfactory - 
eminently so! 36
Ballantyne's description of this episode is both coy and awkward. I assume he is attempting to suggest the traditional reticence of the Scot in an emotional situation, but to the modern reader Ballantyne's handling of the scene is stilted and faintly ridiculous.

In marked contrast women play a minimal role in Schedler's book, and when they do appear, the part they play is often an unpleasant one. The only woman presented in a kindly way is Heini's mother, and that largely by implication. On his way to Basl Heini is subjected to a torrent of questions from an old woman whom he has helped with her basket.

"Wo kommst du her?"
"Aus dem Lande Uri."
"Was ist dein Vater?"
"Er ist gestorben vor zwei Jahren, auf der Göschenen Alp beim Wildheuen erfallen."
"Und deine Mutter?"
"Sie plagt sich ab, um ihre sieben Kinder zu ernähren und zu kleiden, ich bin der älteste, im Winter werde ich fünfzehn Jahre alt."

Heini rows her across the Sampach Lake, but she is in no way grateful and resents his refusal to answer all her questions. Once on the other side Heini hurries on by himself.

"Das alte Weib bekreuzigte sich und flüsterte erschreckt: "Gott steh mir bei! Der hat ein böses Gewissen, so jung noch und schon so verdorben, ja, ja, ich sage es immer, die heutige Jugend — daß Gott erbarm!".

The meeting between Heini, now about twenty-two and his mother, after an absence of seven years, is by contrast restrained:

"Da trat eine ältere, noch rüstige Frau aus der Türe. Einen Augenblick stutzte sie, dann eilte sie auf den fremden Kriegsmann zu:

"Heini, mein Heini!" rief sie. "Gott Lob und Dank, daß du wieder daheim und so
gesund und stattlich, ganz wie dein Vater!"

Heini zog sein Mütterlein an die Brust. Ein seliger Augenblick des Wiederfindens nach so langer, langer Trennung. 39

Heini’s interest in the opposite sex is summarised in four bare lines:

"Heini hat mit Ness, der ältesten Tochter Distagens im Moos, den eigenen Haushalt gegründet und seine alternde Mutter zu sich genommen". 40

Later, when Heini is escorting his relatives safely to Italy to escape the Hapsburgs, the reader catches another glimpse of his family life:

"Auf Heinis Saumroß war das beste Handwerkzeug gepackt und darauf ritt sein dreijähriges Söhnlein, das fröhlich in die Hände klatschte und "Hü, Pusterli, hü!" dem Pferde zurief...."

"Tröst es dich, Ness, wir werden die Heimat wieder sehen", sprach Heinis Mutter zu der still weinenden, jungen Schwieger-tochter. "Heini ist klug und stark. Er wird schon einen Ausweg finden". 41

Heini’s mother’s words to her daughter-in-law are warm and kindly and they suggest a good relationship between the two women as well as a mutual love of their homeland.

Distagen im Moos’s wife, and therefore Heini’s future mother-in-law, has a sharp tongue. She gives Heini barely a civil welcome in the house and calls out after Distagen and Heini as they leave:


Der Bauer achtete des keifenden Weibes nicht".
She bitterly resents being excluded from the confidence of the two men, but her very attitude, as well as her words, tell the reader why this exclusion was necessary.

Worse women are to come; first 'die böse Gret' (wicked Gret) who is provoked by the new bridge and even more by Heini's skill and kindness in rescuing her, when she falls and breaks her leg,\(^43\) then Gret's daughter, 'die rote Trud', who is a harlot and hanger-on of the Hapsburgs, but it is the Bailiff's wife from Amsteg who is really evil. When the castle falls to Heini and his friends, she calls out:

"Erbarmen, ihr Männer," rief die Frau mit erhobenen Händen, "läßt uns frei, wir sind unschuldig an der ganzen unglücklichen Sache."


Both Ballantyne and Schedler create the different atmosphere of their two countries in very similar ways. The first similarity is in their use of language. Ballantyne uses Standard English throughout for his narrative, but most of the conversations are in Scots; only where Ballantyne wants to indicate a different background, for example, in the case of Will Wallace, some of the officers commanding the dragoons, the curates who have been sent mainly from England to replace dismissed ministers, the Duke of Lauderdale and Claverhouse himself does he introduce conversational Standard English. The first exchange in the book sets the scene as immediately in Scotland.
"We should be near the river by this time, Glendinning", said the leader of the party, reining in and addressing the swarthy trooper.

"Ay, sir, the Cluden rins jist ayont the turn o' the road there", replied the man, "Ye'll hear the roars o' the fa' in a menny or two".45

Descriptions of both town and country reinforce the feeling of being in Scotland. Edinburgh appears, for instance, in all-too-familiar terms:

'It was one of those dreary days not unknown to Auld Reekie, which are inaugurated with a persistent drizzle, continued with a "Scotch" mist and dismissed with an even downpour!'.46

Ballantyne also describes the preparation for a great conventicle at the Communion Stones in the hollow on Skeoch Hill in Dumfriesshire. Sentinels posted on the surrounding hills include Andrew and Will:

'They were too far distant to hear the words of prayer that followed, yet they continued to stand in reverent silence for some time - Black with his eyes closed, his young companion gazing wistfully at the distant landscape, which, from the elevated position on which they stood, lay like a magnificent panorama spread out before them. On the left the level lands bordering the rivers Cairn and Nith stretched away to the Solway, with the Cumberland mountains in the extreme distance; in front and on the right lay the wild, romantic hill country'.47

The longing of those confined in the city, for the countryside just described and for their distant homes breaks through occasionally, not with the same intensity as in Der Schmied von Gösschenen, but when peace eventually comes, the main characters in the Scottish story quickly make for 'the bonny hills of Galloway'.48

The copy of Hunted and Harried which I happen to possess is a very routine production from the beginning of the century, typical of
'Reward Books' given to children for good conduct and regular attendance. The pictures on the binding have no connection with the contents. The four illustrations are uninspired and, if anything, detract from the story. This is unfortunate, especially since Ballantyne has been described as 'perhaps the most popular of all Scottish authors for children' and at the back of my copy is a long list of works by R.M. Ballantyne - at least sixty.

Robert Schedler's book, including all the conversational passages, is written in High German which, naturally, makes it much more widely accessible to a German readership. The names of characters, such as Heini and Knopfli, of places like Altdorf and Disentis, the titles of the land-owners, der Graf von Rapperswil and Heinrich von Sax, and the occasional use of local Swiss terms like Emd (the second mowing of grass) p. 186, and Sustmeister (superintendent of shelters for pack animals) p. 13, however, indicate the Swiss origin of the book.

Landscape plays a much more pronounced role than in *Hunted and Harried*. The extremes of temperature, the contrast of plains and high mountains, the difficulty of communication - these factors often dictate the action of the story, and indeed the building of the 'Teufelsbrücke' (devil's bridge), symbol of freedom and a mastering of one of nature's obstacles, is one of the main themes in the book. Mention is made of houses, built low to avoid the force of the biting winds:

'Da und dort eilte ein stämmiger Bauer keuchend unter schwerer Emdürde mit behendem Schritt dem Dörfchen Hospental zu, dessen
Schedler very effectively varies and contrasts his physical settings. On his way to Basé, Heini sees a very different landscape:

'Hier weite Äcker und üppige Wiesen; überall tiefgründig, fette Erde, Frucht-bäume deren Äste unter ihrer süßen Last sich bogen.' 51

and contrasts this in his mind with his own poverty-stricken countryside. Yet Heini and his fellow bondsmen in Sankt Urban long for the mountains.

'Die Mönche erhoben sich und gingen durch den Kreuzgang in die Kirche hinüber. Heini aber und seine Freunde erstiegen einen unbewaldeten Hügel in der Nähe, dem [sic] sogenannten Eisenhut, und schauten nach den Schneebergen, die im Sonnenabendglanz aus dem fernen Süden zu ihnen herübergrüßten.' 52

The terrible difficulties of the Alpine passes are described in detail and the reader becomes aware of the almost superhuman qualities of body and mind needed to overcome them:


Heini has, however, developed an attitude which helps him to overcome these problems:
The main impression made by these books is of the importance attached to freedom by both authors. They endeavour to inspire their young readers so that they too will see life in terms of devotion to this ideal. Freedom in the Scottish book is an inner freedom, defined in religious and moral terms. Freedom in the Swiss book has more immediate results in practical terms: the teaching of the medieval church is accepted without question, so there is no religious conflict. Only the Children's Crusade meets with disapproval from two Knights of the Teutonic order met in Rotenburg. The bridge and the Emperor's letter may be symbolic of a new freedom, but they have instant benefits also for ordinary people. If there is a moral to be drawn from Der Schmied von Göschenen, it is the necessity of compromise as a preliminary to success. The 'happy ending' of Hunted and Harried is less convincing, since it is brought about by a 'deus ex machina' in the shape of William of Orange. No agreement has been reached, no lesson learned.

The two modern books chosen for the second part of this chapter again treat two quite different periods of history. This time the Scottish book is concerned with the earlier period and recounts dramatic events, leading up to the Reformation, but again a religious conflict provides the background and indeed dictates the actions of the young hero and heroine in their everyday lives. The happenings in the Swiss book take place during the Napoleonic Wars, when Switzerland was, as it were, in the
melting-pot and its ultimate shape was far from clear. Again no religious question is raised, although many moral ones are by the Swiss writer.

Careful and conscientious research is clearly reflected in both books. As in the previous chapters an attempt is made not to pre-empt issues about national identity, but to deduce from the texts themselves what values the authors are attempting to pass on to children, what picture they present of their countries. It is virtually impossible to disentangle a man from his nationality and endlessly intriguing to speculate to what extent his views, his attitudes, his entire personality are conditioned by national background. Writing children's books may well take an author back to his own childhood and make him clarify his thoughts about his own roots; at any rate his language must be clear and compelling if he is to succeed with the young. It may well be possible to draw some conclusions about the Scots and the Swiss, as they appear in their books for children and young people.

2.

The two authors whose books are considered in this second section are both well-established children's writers who specialise for the most part in historical fiction. Iona McGregor (1929 - ) was born in Aldershot but has lived in Scotland for many years. She teaches Classics in Edinburgh and all her children's books have historical themes. Adolf
Haller is much the older of the two and was already in his fifties when *Beresina* was written. He died in 1970.57 Iona McGregor was probably in her late thirties when *The Popinjay* appeared.58 The main events in *The Popinjay* take place in Scotland, in the town of St. Andrews in 1546 during a period of religious strife. The first supporters of the Reformation are being persecuted as heretics and George Wishart has just been burnt at the stake. Cardinal Beaton, responsible for Wishart's death, is himself about to be murdered in revenge by Norman Leslie and other Protestant lairds of Fife. Two foreign countries play important roles throughout the story. France, bound to Scotland since 1295 by the treaty, known as "The Auld Alliance", supports the Roman Catholics and also desires a French marriage for Mary, the little Queen of Scots, then aged four. England, the "Auld Enemy", or rather Henry VIII, wants Mary to marry his son, Edward, and thus unites England and Scotland once and for all. His rage and frustration, when thwarted, have resulted in the disastrous laying waste of southern Scotland, a campaign known as "the Rough Wooing". It is on the very day before Beaton's murder, that David Lindsay, the Cardinal's protégé and the hero of *The Popinjay*, now aged sixteen, arrives back in St. Andrews from Bordeaux, from where his father, a wealthy, Scottish wine-merchant, has been shipping wine to his homeland for many years, the Cardinal being one of his valued customers.

[Lindsay] had left Scotland twenty years ago, but his heart was still in this violent, divided country. Every evening he used to talk about the
brave sword fights and neighbourly quarrels that spiced the dull days at Pitcairnie. He told stories about his grand-father, who had died at Flodden, and although he was now a wealthy, respectable merchant, he was proud of the unruly Scots nobles that no king could keep in order. 59

David had already spent a year as a student at St. Leonard's College, sponsored by Cardinal Beaton. There he had shared a room with a fellow-student, Martin, whose mother was a tenant of Norman Leslie, the laird of Rothes. The two had become close friends. He is now returning after further studies in Bordeaux, which had included Greek and Latin, Logic, Mathematics and Astronomy; he can also fence and compose his own music for the lute; his clothes reflect the latest French fashion, and to ordinary Scots folk he appears a fop and a dandy and so is christened "The Popinjay". In short, he is now a young gentleman ready for the advancement he takes for granted. For him religion is a pure formality; the church will provide a lucrative career. He is smug and, in his mind, sees himself in a different class from Master Reid, the merchant and previous master baker, his father's old friend, who had accompanied him back from Bordeaux, where he had been buying fine cloth. David arrogantly assumes that money can buy him anything he wants. He is somewhat taken aback, when the coin he throws to Elspeth, the fisher-girl who has rowed him and Master Reid in from the French ship, "Giroflés", is smartly thrown back at him, much to the amusement of a beggar who snaps it up.

This novel is about the loss of illusions, the gaining of insight into hard facts, but it is by no means negative, for in the end David enters a world, where he is much less vulnerable
and where the new values he is about to acquire act as a protection.

Adolf Haller (1897-1970) was born in Muhen in Aargau and died in Luzern. For many years a teacher and school-inspector, he was deeply interested in Pestalozzi and published a novel about him, *Heini Wunderli von Torliken* (Aarau, 1944). The heroes of his books often have difficult backgrounds and in the event obey the dictates of conscience. Haller takes no obviously religious stance. He chooses David Zimmerli to be his hero in *Beresina*. David was an actual person who lived through the period of the Napoleonic wars and took part in the retreat from Moscow. Haller attempts an imaginative re-creation of his childhood and youth, telling the story in the first person, a technique which succeeds in involving the reader closely in the narrative. The story is told within a framework. David, now aged twenty, is in hospital, recovering from his appalling experience in Russia. He wants to get his young life into perspective and begins to write down an account of his early years and of the historic scenes, in which he has just played a part as a subaltern in one of the Swiss regiments of the Grand Army. This device permits Haller to tell his story with a freshness and immediacy which captivates the reader. Like his Scottish counterpart, David Lindsay, David Zimmerli is very ambitious, feels himself to be a cut above his companions, and despite lack of influence, money and any extended, formal education, he achieves his dream of becoming an officer.

Both authors make imaginative use of symbols. The epaulets
of officer rank symbolise David Zimmerli's ambition in the first part of Beresina. The loaf of bread brought to him in hospital stands for his Swiss homeland, the gold coin Karrer-Joggeli wears round his neck, hidden by his uniform, is the signal of his unspoken love for Rosina. In the Popinjay Martin's English New Testament, buried with him in the plague pit, represents his faith; the exquisite Venetian goblet shatters on the Cardinal's stone floor and with it all hope of advancement for David Lindsay. One of the most interesting contrasts between the Scottish and Swiss books in this chapter is provided by the way in which religion displaces homeland for the Scots, whereas love of country is paramount for the Swiss.

The first half of Beresina is concerned with David Zimmerli's life up to the age of eighteen, when he runs away from home to enlist. From early childhood he has been fascinated by soldiers:


David is a country boy, whose life is centred on the mill his father manages near Zofingen in German Switzerland, not far from Aarau. He is one of four children. The family pattern is such that, although the mother is loving and loved, the father is not able to communicate; he seems strict and dictatorial, which is perhaps a legacy of his own hard youth. The mill is a big concern, for there is also a saw-mill and a smallholding with several horses which David adores and is

...
allowed to ride. This part of Switzerland is occupied by the French and there are at least six soldiers always billeted on the Zimmerlis. The most painful family crisis is caused by the mother's death. Rosina, the eldest child, can almost manage the day-to-day running of the household, but eventually the father remarries a kindly, local widow, whom the children are to call Mama, but whom they find difficult to accept. He has the utmost difficulty in breaking the news of his remarriage to David who had been away in Granges at the time. The almost total lack of communication between father and children on any emotional level eventually isolates them all from him, but Haller through the reminiscences written in hospital, gives the reader insight into David's ambition, pride and loneliness and his secret decision to leave home at eighteen and enlist in one of the Swiss regiments serving under Napoleon, who has become a hero in the youngster's eyes. The slogan "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité" is accepted at face value. It is the second half of the book, the story of the crossing of the Beresina and the rearguard action, fought by the Swiss regiments, as they protect the withdrawal of the Grand Army, including the Emperor himself, the day-to-day account of ever-increasing hardships and perils which reveals the inner thoughts of David Zimmerli. Haller shows how his values gradually alter, how he comes to hate war, to despise the Emperor, to treasure the loyalty of friends like Karrer-Joggeli, to appreciate his home and to realise the depth of his father's love for him.

The events of the Scottish book in sixteenth-century St. Andrews are dominated by the Priory, the Cathedral, the
Castle, the two colleges St. Salvator's and St. Leonard's, but also by the sea. The Roman Catholic Church is still very powerful, but as Father Anthony, David's great friend and mentor, surmises: "The roof has begun to fall". The official date of the Reformation in Scotland is 1559, but long before then there was much unrest, violence and rioting. The sea remains a constant factor in a number of ways; it is the high-road that carries goods back and forth from the Hanseatic ports, the Low Countries and also France. After the seizure of the Castle by the Protestants, it is by sea that the Regent, Lord Arran, and the Dowager Queen arrive to win it back from the "Castilians", as the murderers of the Cardinal come to be called. Looking out from St. Andrews itself:

"[People] saw in the bay two ships gaudy with pennants and banners. The mizzens flew the white St. Andrew's cross on blue, and from the main masts fluttered the red lion rampant. The leading ship carried the royal arms of Scotland.

The two vessels sailed steadily towards the harbour; they rode low in the water and their decks were piled with wooden barrels, pikes and glinting pieces of armour". 64

But there were also fishing boats in and out of the harbour and the fishing folk are a community on their own, with their own superstitions. Elspeth's father, lost at sea, had been a fisherman and she herself earns her living mainly by fishing and by gathering mussels and crabs along the shore. In the town itself there are also groups of apprentices, organised by their guild or trade who can be provoked quite easily, especially if they have tarried too long in the taverns. The late-medieval,
unique Scottish town, teeming with life, is used skilfully by Iona McGregor to provide a dramatic and sometimes frightening background for her main characters, the Binnies, David and Master Reid.

Haller makes sure that the reader appreciates the divisions and fears within the Swiss Confederacy. At this period Switzerland, a tiny country, surrounded by powerful neighbours, could easily disintegrate and disappear. Political and social divisions are obviously deep. The ideas, spawned by the French Revolution, encourage 'the lower orders' to hope and make the ruling classes fear. David, still a little boy, gets into the habit of eating his midday 'piece' with an old one-legged gate-keeper, a retired soldier, who feeds his imagination with tales of the heroism displayed by the Swiss Royal Guard, when the Tuileries were stormed by the mob. He is already aware and proud of the Swiss tradition of independence, inherited from the Forest Cantons in their struggle for freedom from the Hapsburgs. Now there is war in his own country. When Napoleon's troops attack, the disorganised Swiss put up stiff resistance only in certain areas, notably round Neuenegg. Jakob Plüts or Karrer-Joggeli (Carter John), as he is known at the mill, describes one of the actions, in which the Bernese militia surprise the French:

'Auf der Straße und in breiter Front zu ihren Seiten — die Zofinger rechts außen — rückte sie unaufhaltbar durch Wald und Geestrüpp wieder Neuenegg entgegen und trieb die kriegsgewohnten, an Zahl ihnen dreifach überlegenen Franzosen vor sich her. Der Bernermarsch befeuerte den Mut, die noch unversehrten Banner flatterten im Morgenwind'. 65
At the end of the day Jakob asks himself:

"Waren der blutige Kampf und der harterstrittene Sieg umsonst gewesen? Sollte es keine selbstständige, freie Schweiz mehr geben?"

Shortly afterwards the astute Emperor declares Switzerland to be both independent and free and so is able to recruit Swiss soldiers once again for his armies. Throughout the Russian campaign, as David reiterates many times, the Swiss are intent on upholding the honour of their country: "Auch hier in Rußland kämpfen wir für die Schweiz".

When David Lindsay visits his old college friend, Martin, at St. Leonard’s, the latter calls him a 'popinjay' and 'more of a Frenchman than ever'. Wearing his blue-velvet doublet, David calls the following day on the Cardinal at the Castle and unwittingly allows the murderers to enter too. He tries to warn the Cardinal, but is summarily knocked down and locked in the chapel. When he regains his senses, he looks out at the window, only to see the "Girolé" departing for France with practically all his belongings on board. Martin comes to see him later in the day and, to David’s horror, reveals himself as a supporter of the murderers:

"The Cardinal was a godless tyrant. He burnt George Wishart and many other poor souls. He deserved to die. His fat priests are like leeches on the body of Scotland. It was God’s work that was done this morning".
Left once more alone, David shows resolution and pluck. He finds the postern-gate unlocked, slips out, but is spotted from the roof and shot in the foot. He struggles to the town, but discovers that fear has caused both Master Reid and the Priory Fathers to bolt their doors. Elspeth and her grandmother, Janet Binnie, rescue him, but the injury to his foot is beyond their skill, so they leave a message for Father Anthony to come, when he returns from the lepers at St. Nicholas. Although David realises by this time that Elspeth is really a Lindsay from Pitcairnie and so his own cousin, he is still too much of a snob to say so openly. Class distinction is rife in The Popinjay, and no less so in Beresina.

The man who shortly enters the Binnie's hut is to play a decisive role in David's life. In all four of the books in this chapter of the thesis there is a similar character representing the ideal human being who commands the respect and love of the young hero: in Hunted and Harried Andrew Black; in Der Schmied von Göschenen the overseer at Sankt Urban; in Beresina Karrer-Joggeli and in The Popinjay Father Anthony. These people can be seen as devices to teach the young, but they have been created with such skill and faith that the reader's heart warms to them. When Father Anthony arrives, David shows reserves of courage and strength, for he expects the treatment to involve cauterizing and boiling oil. But Father Anthony, erstwhile soldier, has learned the new methods, as practised by the French army surgeon, Ambrose Paré, whose teaching was beginning to revolutionise the treatment of wounds. David's foot eventually heals, leaving only a scar. He finds
that Father Anthony's work so interests him that he ends up by becoming his assistant. He also feels grateful to the Binnies and volunteers to help Elapeth mend nets, an occupation he finds exceedingly difficult but eventually masters.

David ceases to be a loner and becomes one of a group. Master Reid, the Binnies and he all join forces and for safety and comfort live in the bake-house. There is danger all around, for a mine has been sunk in the garden next door in order to tunnel under the Castle, but a counter-mine puts paid to that plan. By far the worst danger is an outbreak of plague. The Court moves at once to Linlithgow Palace, the siege is lifted, and the Castilians emerge from the Castle and begin to terrorise the town. Master Reid is threatened on several counts; he is a Roman Catholic who has served the court with bread, and has thus infringed the code of the Guild of Bakers by baking, although now a merchant. David had been working for James Cargill, a fisherman, as one of his crew, but he now turns his hand to anything. With tremendous courage he beats out the fire when the house is attacked by a mob of apprentices, but despite all his efforts old Janet Binnie, declared to be a witch and held responsible for bringing plague to the town, is dragged out of the house, tied to a sledge and pushed over the nearby cliff to her death. It is an unbridled scene of mob violence, in which wanton viciousness provides the climax to weeks of fear and horror. Thereafter even the plague dies down. Although on a much smaller scale, these events compare with the horrors of Russia, as shown in Beresina.
David Lindsay suffers two crises which many young people pass through. With Father Anthony's help, he has found a job which will be a vocation, but he has also to find a potential mate. McGregor describes with sensitive insight the burgeoning of David's love for Elspeth — her forthrightness, her independence, her efficiency, her courage and her beauty all evoke his admiration; possessive jealousy overwhelms him with regard to Master Reid who fortunately finds a more suitable match in Widow Brown; he tries to prepare Elspeth for another kind of life by teaching her to read and write; he feels ashamed of his earlier snobbish arrogance and deeply embarrassed when Elspeth admits she has known for a long time that he is her cousin. Neither Schedler nor Haller attempt to describe a sexual relationship nor a real flesh and blood girl. Schedler produces a series of clever, thumbnail sketches of repulsive women, probably drawn from life. Haller's women are mainly good and pure but very shadowy. Ballantyne's girls and women, although important, are like extras in a play. These men's books are really still 'Books for Boys'. Similarly *Heidi* became the forerunner of many 'Books for Girls'. These are categories which dominated writing for children for an unconscionable time. McGregor, the only woman writer in this chapter, has created, with subtlety and economy, a female character who is strong and resourceful, but not unduly aggressive and who has an attractive and affectionate disposition. Of course men can produce equally successful female characters, but they have not done so in these books, particularly in the Swiss ones.
At no point is the change in David's character more apparent than during the plague. His loyalty to his friend, Martin, who has attempted to escape from the more violent Castilians by hiding in the mine and is then later smitten by plague, is absolute. Along with Father Anthony, he tends Martin until he dies, and then together they carry him to the plague pit. Martin's New Testament in English, heretical and proscribed, is buried along with him. Friendship and compassion are seen to be of infinitely greater importance than any question of dogma. Moved as never before in his life, David makes his way home past the Castle:

'There were lights in the chapel and he could hear the words of the hymn. He leaned against the gate of the fore-court, as exhausted as if he had walked for several miles against a gale.

"Go, heart, unto the lamp of light,
Go, heart, do service and honour.
Go, heart, and serve him day and night,
Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.

Go, heart, with full and true intent,
To Christ thy help and whole succour.
Thee to relieve he was all rent.
Go, heart, unto thy Saviour".

David stood there for a long time with the tears running down his face. Then he groped his way up the Castle Wynd, thankful that there were no lights showing through the shutters of Master Reid's house. 71

David's friendship with Martin has increased his understanding of Protestantism, so it is with great interest that he now takes an opportunity offered to listen to John Knox, who has joined the Castilians, debate with the doctors of the university. It is a very different David who sails back at the end of the story to Bordeaux. With him goes Elspeth, who will be warmly welcomed by his father, ashamed of his son's initially churlish behaviour.
to her. The French fleet passes them on its way to St. Andrews and the final reduction of the Castle, almost as if a curtain were descending on the troubled events of the past year. But David's adoptive family in St. Andrews, the Binnies, Master Reid, Father Anthony and Martin, have provided him with new values which will inform his later life. David Zimmerli starts life in much more modest circumstances than his Scottish counterpart. It is a way of life he utterly rejects, as he strives ambitiously to improve his status in society. It takes a period of appalling suffering and the devotion of a simple man, Karrer-Joggeli, to make him reject the 'glory' of a military career, to see himself as serving rather than commanding, and to value the inarticulate, but constant and deep-rooted love of his father. Starting with dissimilar backgrounds and travelling by different routes, the Scottish David and the Swiss David have developed an almost identical set of values.

Even as a little boy, David Zimmerli loved the natural surroundings of the mill and remembers one day especially, when his father carried him shoulder-high:

"Ich bin immer ein leidenschaftlicher Reiter gewesen, aber jener Ritt will mich nun doch der schöne meine Lebens bedürken. Ich überragte alle andern; ich allein, glaubte ich, sah die Schlösser und die Kirchtürme an den dunkel bewaldeten Hängen. Unter mir wogt das reifende Korn im einbrechenden Wind, ein Wirbel vor uns sog Staub und Heufetzen von der Straße in die Luft. Ich war stolz wie ein König." 2

Later on he is thrilled by Karrer-Joggeli's account of how the Zofingen standard was rescued from the battle against the French, but gradually he becomes aware, through constant contact with
the French soldiers billeted in the house, that they were, just like the Swiss, 'einfache Leute' (ordinary people). He is asked home by the son of a wealthy industrialist, but he feels uncomfortable and patronised, particularly by the father:

"Dann fragte er mich, was ich werden wolle. Dachte er vielleicht an eine Schreiberstelle in seinem Geschäft? Mir aber schien in diesem Augenblick alles möglich. General hätte ich am liebsten geantwortet; doch ich fand das in Gegenwart der Schulkameraden gar unbescheiden und antwortete "Offizier!"

"Nicht Übel!" schmunzelte der Hausherr, fügte aber nach einer Weile hinzu: "Nun am Ende bist du auch mit dem Unteroffizier zufrieden!" 73

More than ever he wants to develop the social graces which he feels will help him to 'get on' and find a new identity. He is proud, determined and daring, longing to lead those around him. This period comes to an end with the death of his mother — he is ten-and-a-half.


Shortly afterwards his father allows David to go to French-speaking Switzerland where he learns a great deal from Pfarrer Estoppey, an eccentric and endearing character,
who does not appear to take his religious duties too seriously and introduces a welcome touch of humour to the story. Religion plays only a small part in David's life and in the book generally. David certainly feels, as he struggles through the waste of Russia, that some Providence appears to be watching over him, but the preservation of the honour and reputation of his country is the driving force within him.

The stay in Granges completes David's formal education for on his return home he finds Mamat, the new step-mother, installed and his own future decided for him; he is to be a miller. David realises he has no choice, so he determines to make a success of what he is offered, while using every spare moment to read. At the end of two years, he feels daunted by the prospect of a lifetime in the mill. His father lets him leave home and seek similar work elsewhere, but there is none to be had and he is offered only the traditional 'Zehrpfennig' (subsistence money) which makes him feel like a beggar. He is deeply humiliated and returns home. To his father he says: "Ich kann nicht betteln", to which the reply is simply: "So bleibe im Lande und nähre dich redlich".

When he is eighteen, he leaves home secretly and duly enlists as planned, but the reality is far from his dream. Almost immediately he falls ill and spends months in military hospitals, but eventually the fever leaves him and he is greatly encouraged to meet up again with Karrer-Joggeli who had joined up earlier. Just before he departs for Russia, his commission comes through, so he writes his father with this news in the hope
he will now feel proud of his son. David still hero-
worships the Emperor, but disillusionment begins to set in,
particularly when he is force-marched with thousands of
others to a parade. The great man neither appears nor
sends a message. David loathes being sent out to
requisition supplies from the starving peasantry, especially
when in one hut he finds a woman with six children and
absolutely no food. However he shows compassion:

"Ich suchte die schönste Kuh aus
der Beute, die wir schon bei uns hatten,
und ließ sie in den leeren Stall stellen,
einen tüchtigen Bund Heu dazu. Neben dem
Brot, das uns noch geblieben war, ließen
wir einen Sack Mehl zurück."

The Grand Army is now in full retreat. Fifty-thousand
men have been reduced to seventeen-thousand and out of the
four Swiss regiments only fifteen hundred men have survived.
David's inner thoughts reveal a marked change in his values:

'Als wir stundenlang in einer Kolonne
auf dem schmalen Waldweg nach der Quartier
zurückgingen, hatte ich Zeit meinen traurigen
Gedanken nachzuhalten. Und da kam mir einmal
in Erinnerung, daß heute der neunzehnte
September, also mein zwanzigster Geburtstag
sel. Ich erschrak. Wohin war es mit mir
gekommen? Nun trug ich in der Armee des
unbesiegten Kaisers die Epauletten, die
mir als Inbegriff allen Glücks auf Erden
erschienen waren. Allein sie machten mir
keine Freude mehr, obwohl wir vor wenigen
Tagen erst vernommen hatten, daß Napoleon
bei Borodino in einer großen Schlacht die
Russen geschlagen und unterdessen wohl
schon seinen Einzug in Moskau gehalten
hatte. Wo war mein Stolz hingekommen, der
mich immer von den andern mich absondern
hiß? Der ehrlichen Müllerhandwerks hatte
ich mich geschänkt; nun aber hatte ich mich
tum Räuber und Landstürzer erniedrigen
lassen. Was hätte mein Vater gesagt, wenn
ihm mein Tun bekanntgeworden wäre? Hatte
ich ihm nicht versprochen, daß ich seinem
Namens immer Ehre machen würde? Wie sollte
das weiter gehen? Ein Zurück gab es nicht
mehr."

78
The Swiss regiments now appear to have been reduced to a pitiful three-hundred men. David, to his amazement still alive and unwounded, searches for Karrer-Joggeli and finds him. It is clear the Joggeli is near death and resigned to his fate, but he is granted enough time to reveal two secrets. First he wants to make sure that David realises how his father, in his reserved way, loves his son: 'Der Vater war ein Schweizer; die Worte gingen ihm nicht leicht von den Lippen'. Joggelis anxiety to make this truth clear to David already builds a bridge from son to father and cements their love for each other even without words. The second secret is Joggelis love for Rosina, David's elder sister, which has remained unspoken:


In the Scottish book a similar reticence is shown by Elspeth. David's upbringing in Bordeaux has made him less reserved:

"Elspeth", he whispered, "I have something to tell you".

"No, David, dinna say it." She looked more agitated than he had ever seen her. "Not just now. Wait until the quarantine's over".

"Why?"

She looked down and reddened. "Maybe, you'd be vexed at yourself later". She laughed
awkwardly. "Folk take strange notions when they're shut up". She pressed his hand and slipped away to the next room. 81

David is one of the very few survivors of the disastrous Russian campaign. He cannot go directly home to Switzerland, but must spend some time in the military hospital in Landau. His father makes the long journey to Germany to visit him and David realises at last how much his father has suffered, blaming himself for David's flight from home:


With sudden insight David becomes aware that his father had wanted to fulfil his own dreams about the mill through his son. From now on, there will be no more 'getting on' for David. He will continue to be a soldier, but, as soon as he can, in the service of his own country.

Iona McGregor and Adolf Haller make very clear in the course of their stories many of the values they consider important: courage, loyalty, loving-kindness, compassion are high on the list. In both these basically very serious books there is violence. In the Scottish book it seems to stem largely from religious intolerance, fear, superstition
and drunkenness. Hatred lies just below the surface of this still medieval town and quickly erupts. In Beresina it is mainly the organised violence of war which is manifested, but on a vast scale. The Swiss regiments, selected to fight the rear-guard action of the Beresina crossings, bear the brunt of the Russian attack:

'Zum Viereck geballt, wehrten sie drei wütende Angriffe ab; vor ihren Baionetten wichen die Russen immer wieder zurück'. 83

Both the young heroes are ambitious and want to carve out careers for themselves. To David Lindsay power, position and wealth are initially of paramount importance. Only when he has lost all these, does he realise that human relationships are more important than anything else. David Zimmerli, because he starts further down the social scale, strives almost desperately for status and power. The extremely harsh experience of the Russian campaign makes him rethink his values: only his family, his friends, in particular Karrer-Joggeli, and his own small country seem important to him now.

When the values displayed are so similar, what is it that gives the books their national character? In The Popinjay the religious situation dictates the action and is divisive, so also is the political situation, with England and France playing at power politics at the expense of Scotland. The geographical situation of St. Andrews, with the ever-present sea, the busy little fishing-boats, the foreign vessels with their pennants and flags, the social organisation of Scotland with a court and a Queen - all suggests a very different class structure. Even small details like students playing
golf catch the eye. The distinctive Scots language also marks the story as taking place in Scotland. Although Iona McGregor writes in Standard English, some expressions might well keep a few readers guessing: "Come inby at once, you gyte old besom!" (Come into the house at once, you foolish old woman, p. 120), "Yon stupid carline" (that stupid old woman, p. 121), "wild camsteery lads" (wild, quarrelsome lads, p. 127), "they'll never dare stravaig" (they'll never dare wander, p. 155) are a few chosen at random.

During the period covered by *Beresina*, Europe was shaken to its foundations, first by the French Revolution and then by the Napoleonic Wars. The Swiss Confederacy, as a neighbour of France, was immediately affected and suffered war within its borders. This experience awakened and reinforced a strong feeling in the population of belonging to a particular national group. Nationalism in a Swiss sense derives from this period. Most of the events in Haller's book take place outside Switzerland, but the Swiss regiments form such a homogeneous whole that their country is always present. Their loyalty is not to the Emperor, whom they eventually seem to hate and despise, but to their own country. David Zimmerli is acutely aware from which town or village his comrades come. There is almost a family feeling amongst the Swiss soldiers of responsibility for one another. When Switzerland is attacked by the French, great strength is drawn from the old tradition of fighting for freedom. Banners, bearing inscriptions like 'Tapferkeit und Mannzucht' (courage and military discipline), become important as rallying points.
There is no feeling of nationality being threatened in the Scottish book. It is not an issue in the story. The language in *The Popinjay* is much more evocative of the country. Of course names like 'Sigi' and 'Joggeli' and obvious words like 'Kantonschule', as well as the almost automatic inclusion of a soldier's place of origin with his name, makes the book clearly Swiss. So does the singing in unison of songs of home, led by Lieutenant Legler from Glarus. Haller generally accepts the convention of writing in Standard German.

Like *Der Schmied von Göschenen*, *Beresina* has the incalculable advantage of being illustrated by the Swiss artist, Felix Hoffmann, who with every stroke of his pencil brings his countrymen to life. The difficulties of communication with father and step-mother mentioned earlier are admirably suggested (pp. 61 and 71); so is David's ecstatic joy at appearing on horseback as leader of his school-boy troop (p. 56). There are dozens of such sketches in both books. *The Popinjay* is not illustrated, but Krystyna Turska, the distinguished Polish illustrator, has provided an attractive cover for the Puffin edition of the book, with old St. Andrews in the immediate background, David in all his finery well to the fore, Elspeth with her beloved little monkey, Mahound, and old Mrs. Binnie working at the nets. Even Father Anthony and Master Reid are there. It is a cover well-related to the content of the book, which even suggests David's distaste for his first contacts in the town.
The most striking difference between the Scottish and Swiss books in this chapter is certainly in subject-matter. All four books are concerned with strife, but the conflict in Scotland is about religion. Roman Catholics are bitterly opposed to Protestants and the most one can hope for is an uneasy truce, even when the Reformation is an established fact. In *The Popinjay* Reformers are still heretics and are burned as such. In *Hunted and Harried* the quarrel is between two groups of Protestants, one of which recognises the king as head of the church and therefore has government backing. Members of the opposing group can then be dubbed traitors and executed. There is no tolerance, no compromise and freedom of conscience is not allowed. There are certainly echoes of these religious differences in Scotland today and certainly in an extreme form in Ireland.

It proved impossible to find a Swiss children's book in which religious persecution and conflict provided the main theme. There were certainly religious wars in Switzerland, and Zwingli, or even Calvin, might have served as a theme. One can only conclude that no writer wanted to present this type of internal struggle to young readers. Perhaps in such a small country, a confederation of so many cantons, the emphasis is on making a success of living together as the Swiss National Day of Celebration suggests. Religious intolerance seems to be a problem the Swiss do not want, even as a subject in children's historical fiction. The fight for freedom, basically from foreign domination, is the main theme in *Der Schmied von Göschenen* but in *Beresina*, the subject is
more complicated. Initially David sees Napoleon as a saviour of mankind, who will set all men free from old, outworn regimes, but in the end it is Karrer-Joggeli's simple but telling phrase which sums it all up: "Wozu das alles?" By the end of all four novels, the young heroes have learned to think for themselves, judge for themselves and feel for themselves.

3.

By definition historical fiction must be concerned with the past and the children's books just discussed range from the thirteenth century to the nineteenth. None of them describes the life of today, but all foreshadow the present and reflect clear differences between Scotland and Switzerland. It certainly was not foreseen that religion would provide an historical interest that would link the early and present-day Scottish writers and that in Switzerland there would be very little interest in religion as a subject and that the link between generations would be an intense love of homeland.

R.M. Ballantyne was such a prolific writer that it is difficult to imagine that he had time to do original research, but he had obviously studied the Covenanters with care and thought himself into their minds as far as he could. The other three writers, Schedler, Haller and McGregor, had all gone to primary sources about the periods they present and Schedler, especially, had made a life-time's study of the history and geography of his particular area. All the books make interesting
reading for grown-ups as well as for teenagers. They were not written in the first place for young children, but the style, vocabulary, shortness of the chapters, the dramatic action, graphic descriptions, the simplicity of the emotions and situations make the two modern books accessible to a wide age-range.

All four books are 'Bildungseromane' or 'novels of development and education'. This is a literary form which is easily adapted to suit children's books, in which the main protagonists are always young, setting out in life. Such a novel can encapsulate a short period of life or of history and is adaptable to the desires of the writers. The main characters are seen in a more convincing family setting in the two modern novels; the reader is more closely involved with the family groups and is made more aware of underlying stresses that affect young people. This is partly due to a simpler and more familiar style of writing. The mothers in the two older books, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Wallace and Heini's mother, are clearly good and true, but barely impinge on the reader. They have, however, provided a beneficial, loving atmosphere, which has meant a great deal to their sons in later life. All the fathers are dead. David Lindsay's mother is a cipher, as far as the book is concerned, and her son's selfish and arrogant behaviour reflects no credit on her. His father is almost in the same category. David Zimmerli's mother is a loving person and there is much of her in David, but his father, taciturn and unapproachable once she dies, closes all avenues of approach and David is suspicious of his
step-mother. Elspeth, who is a heroine by any standards, is an orphan and responsible for her seemingly senile grandmother. The main characters have a poor complement of parents between them, which is quite a common situation in children's books, for parents are notoriously technically difficult to handle. In thirteen out of the seventeen books discussed one of the heroes has lost one or both parents.

I have lingered so long over parents in order to show that the main source of stability, inspiration and love lies not so much in the family unit but in the substitute father-figures mentioned earlier in the chapter: Andrew Black, 'der Werkmeister' (overseer) in the monastery of Sankt Urban, Father Anthony and Karrer-Joggeli. Elspeth's substitute mother Widow Brown, who is brave, kind, efficient and above all sensible, arrives rather late, at a moment when Elspeth is nearly desperate. The outward historical circumstances have changed, but human needs remain basically the same. There must be communication and love, from whatever source, before the young heroes can achieve their potential in any sphere. There are many fascinating differences between the Scots and the Swiss, but the basic human situation is common to both nationalities.

The position of the church has obviously altered considerably down the centuries, and the changes are reflected according to the period of history, until the reader comes to Beresina, where the church and religion in general are barely mentioned. Only the delightful, old, bachelor minister,
Pfarrer Estoppey in Granges, with his knitting, his cat and his apron might well awaken an interest in religion. In *Der Schmied von Göschenen* the life of a great Cistercian abbey in its heyday is both impressive and moving and makes any visitor to south-west Scotland remember the ruined abbeys of the same order in their quiet valleys: Glenluce, Dundrennan and Sweetheart. In the story the universal church seems a reality again. The *Popinjay* and *Hunted and Harried* bring back the conflicts of the Reformation and the Covenanters, and remind us of our 'unfortunate and self-destructive love of fierce polemics'. This love is also reflected in children's books:

‘David edged his way towards the south door, "What's happening?" he asked a young man in a student gown.

"Oh, the same as usual. The Castilians have sent their preachers to argue with the University doctors. There's a new one today. He used to be one of the cardinal's notaries. Fancy a priest speaking against the Kirk! His name is Knox."

David pushed into the body of the church. The floors and galleries were crowded, and close to the altar rail near the pulpit, David saw a cluster of black University gowns and caps. There was a loud babble of conversation, but the preacher's voice rose above it all.

For a few moments David stood still and listened. The voice came from a swarthy bearded face. It rose and fell with loud ejaculations, and it spoke of tyranny and anti-Christ, and the reign of men of blood who had perverted the sacrifice of the mass.

Opportunities for education also increased considerably during the same period of time. Only the learned monks in the monasteries could read and write, when Heini and Knopfli went to Sicily to petition the Emperor for the freedom of Uri.
Only the highly privileged like David Lindsay could read and write and learn Latin and Greek in the year 1546, when Cardinal Beaton was murdered. Printing had been invented about 1454 and books were becoming more plentiful. The Reformers would soon encourage men to read the Word of God for themselves, but education, even simply reading and writing, would be for the few until well into the nineteenth century; even Duncan Sân MacIntyre (1724–1812), the great Gaelic poet, for instance, who lies now in Greyfriars Churchyard, not far from the Covenanters, was illiterate. David Zimmerli, who, above all else, wanted to become an officer in one of the Swiss regiments under Napoleon was told that he stood a much better chance of promotion if he could read and write and speak French. To David literacy meant the opportunity of moving into a higher social class and frequenting the company of cultivated people, so he applied himself with the greatest diligence and eventually won the epaulets he longed for with all his heart. But in the end it was the simple man, Karrer-Joggeli, he loved and revered.

Scotland and Switzerland, in its various forms, were impoverished countries, where just keeping alive was hard work. That is quite clear from Heini’s description of his mother and of the people he met on the way to Basel. There are a number of tough, old women in the book, who seem
to have survived. The bailiffs' wives certainly have more comfortable conditions but very circumscribed lives. The two Scottish books which cover the Reformation and the Covenanting period have plenty of women in them, some of them with strong and forceful personalities, and their status in the community seems well established. Only a minute percentage of women, aristocrats and ladies-in-waiting to the Queen and the Queen herself, would enjoy any advanced form of education. Girls like poor Elspeth had no opportunity to become literate, but it was obviously quite different for David's sisters in Bordeaux. Wealth as well as position could open doors. Most of the women had large families. Death in childbirth and the loss of children were commonplace. Old confused women ran the danger of being branded as witches, as happens in St. Andrews in *The Popinjay*. There is no mention of girls going to school, until *Beresina*, when the four Zimmerli children all go to the local primary school in Zofingen. Felix Hoffmann has drawn a delightful sketch of Rosina, Samuel and David on their way to school.90

The subject of the next and last chapter in this section is adventure stories. In some ways they bear the same relationship to historical fiction as fantasy does to everyday stories. The writer of historical fiction is interested primarily in interpreting history and he will make every attempt not to modify historical facts to fit in with his fictional characters. The adventure story writer, on the other hand, has no restrictions of that nature. He may,
however, choose to introduce an historical background to
his story and this should be accurate enough not to offend
the susceptibilities of his readers. *Kidnapped* is a case
in point and is consequently often listed under 'historical
fiction' rather than 'adventure'. All these categories
are inclined to overlap, and none more so than historical
fiction and adventure stories; indeed, one might
justifiably classify all children's stories as adventures.
What matters in this piece of research, however, is to find
out whether *Kidnapped*, and *Catriona* too if that may help,
can throw some light on what it means to be Scottish.
Historical Fiction


This story is set in south-west Scotland, in Dumfriesshire and Galloway, and in the town of Edinburgh, at the time of the Covenanters and their struggle against the government. The Covenanters, so-called because of the signing of the National Covenant in Greyfriars Churchyard in 1638, demanded the right to worship according to Presbyterian practice, whereas the King, Charles II, favoured Anglicanism, organised under bishops. The Scots saw this as a step towards Rome.

The events in Hunted and Harried take place between 1660, when Charles II returned from exile, James II was deposed and William of Orange offered the Crown of Great Britain in 1689. It is an account of two radically opposed groups of people, the Covenanters, forbidden to worship according to their conscience under penalty of death. The staunch Covenanter, Andrew Black, has a farm in Irongray, below which he has built a hiding place for refugees from the government dragoons. Associated with him are his niece Jean Black, his mother and Jock Bruce, a blacksmith, the two girls Margeret and Aggie Wilson, his shepherd, Quentin Dick, his two farm servants, Marion Clark and Isobel Scott, and the loyal boy, Ramblin' Peter. The group is joined unexpectedly by Will Wallace, a dragoon, who deserts from the army rather than carry out the inhuman orders given to him. He had come recently from Ireland on the death of his father, bringing his mother who now lives with her brother, David Spence. Spence after being tortured with thumb-screws goes into hiding and Mrs. Wallace goes to live with old Mrs. Black in Candlemaker Row in Edinburgh. Will
is the young hero of the book and he and Jean Black eventually marry. Other important characters are the brave ministers like Donald Cargill, Richard Cameron, John Welsh and James Renwick who address the conventicles. The implacable enemies, backed by the government, are the Duke of Lauderdale, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, Graham of Claverhouse and the dragoon, Glandinning.

After the defeat at Bothwell Bridge (1679), Andrew Black is sent to the Bass Rock and later Dunnottar Castle. Will is sent as a slave to the sugar plantations in Barbados. Some of the women have been savagely treated, the maids Marion and Isobel hanged, Margaret Wilson drowned. Nevertheless most of the Covenanters in Ballantyne's story meet again in Edinburgh, and Glandinning is killed trying to arrest them. In the nick of time news arrives of the landing of William of Orange. The Covenanters need fear no further persecution, and return home to rebuild their lives.

The events in this story take place in the thirteenth century in the valley of Uri in central Switzerland. It is on the direct route from Milan to Basle, but only potentially, for the Schöllenen gorge of the River Reuss forms an impassable barrier and travellers with their pack-horses have to take much longer roads over the Alps. The peasant farmers are beginning to think in terms of personal freedom, for many of them are bondsmen to overlords who can sell them at will. They would also like to free their valley from the oppressive rule of the Hapsburgs and their bailiffs. This book tells the reader how three freedoms are won for the valley: freedom from bondage for individuals, freedom from want due to the economic success of the Schöllenen bridge, and finally freedom from tyranny. Heini von Göschenen, later always known as the 'blacksmith of Göschenen', is the man who achieved all this for his valley, but always with help from other farsighted individuals.

The story falls into three parts. In the first part Heini is a boy of fifteen whose father has recently been killed while mowing grass on high Alpine ledges. He leaves a widow with seven children. Heini is the oldest. When Frederick II, the Hohenstaufen Emperor, arrives in Göschenen, on his way north from Italy with about two hundred knights, he asks for a volunteer to carry a message to Basle, telling the bishop to stand firm against King Otto of Brunswick, for help is on the way. Heini accomplishes the long journey on foot in less than three days and is given a promise of personal freedom from the
Emperor. Unfortunately the parchment granting freedom does not arrive, an experience which initially embitters Heini.

The second part begins sadly. Heini and five of his friends are sold to the Cistercian monastery of Sankt Urban in Aargau. He is befriended there by the overseer of the workshops, who encourages him in the idea of building the bridge, and Heini is trained as a mason and blacksmith. The overseer also teaches him to be patient and forget his bitterness. Heini earns enough money to buy his freedom and is also richly rewarded by Italian merchants whom he rescues from brigands. He succeeds in building the bridge, which brings prosperity to the valley.

The last part tells the story of the peasants' successful struggle against the persecution of the Hapsburg bailiffs, the rescue of Heini's friend, Knopfli, the minstrel, from imprisonment in the castle of Amsteg, and the final journey to Sicily to petition the Emperor for the freedom of Uri from the Hapsburgs, which is granted by Friedrich II, anxious to retrieve a broken promise. The scene, when the six simple peasants from Uri receive the freedom charter from the German, King Heinrich, the Emperor's son, in Hagena, makes a memorable end to the story.

As is perhaps fitting for a narrative which aims at being historical fiction, we know the exact date of David Lindsay's arrival in St. Andrews: 28 May 1546. He returns from Bordeaux with Master Reid a well-to-do cloth merchant and erstwhile master baker, an old friend of his father, himself a wealthy wine-merchant. David is now sixteen and hoping for rapid advancement from his patron, Cardinal Beaton, who is murdered by a group of Protestant lairds, as David comes to the Castle for an audience. David himself is incarcerated temporarily in the chapel, where he discovers that Martin, a close student friend is one of the Castilians and a devout Protestant. David makes his escape by the postern-gate, but he is badly wounded in the foot as he runs across to the town. The French ship, Giroflée, is seen departing with all David's possessions on board, all doors are locked and barred out of fear, but David manages to drag himself into the Binnies' hut, where Elspeth, who had previously rowed him and Master Reid ashore, lives with her grandmother and pet monkey, Mahound. Elspeth is a Lindsay of Pitcairnie through her mother, now dead, which makes her a cousin to David. This relationship is not recognised initially. Meantime Father Anthony, trained as a physician, comes from the Priory and treats David's foot successfully.

A quite different way of life develops for David. Gone is the popinjay with the fine clothes. Dressed like a fisherman, he helps the Binnies with mending nets, fishing and cleaning the hut, but he also goes with Father Anthony on his rounds and determines to become a doctor himself. Old Mrs. Binnie has long
been suspected of being a witch by the fishermen, and the apprentices. She is difficult and quarrelsome. It is the Castilians who finally attack, when she refuses them fish, destroy the hut and steal David's remaining money. Master Reid gives them all shelter permanently in his house. The Dowager Queen and her little four-year-old daughter, the future Mary, Queen of Scots, now hold court in the town and Master Reid is appointed their baker. The Regent, Lord Arran, initiates the siege of the castle by sinking a mine in the garden next door to Master Reid's house. The story now moves towards a climax with an outbreak of plague, the Court flees to safety in Linlithgow, and most terrible of all, Mrs. Binnie, accused of bringing the plague, is thrown over the cliff by a mob of apprentices.

The end of the tale is happy. David has long realised his love for Elspeth, Master Reid decides to marry Widow Brown, a much more suitable match than the intended one with Elspeth herself, the young people return together to Bordeaux, where David's family makes the new cousin welcome and he himself can begin his medical training. Back in St. Andrews the French fleet will reduce the castle, but they will be unable to hold back the Reformation.

David Zimmerli, the hero of this book, was an actual person who, as a very young man took part in the retreat from Moscow and died in 1875 as a respected officer in the Swiss army. The story, which is told in the first person, falls into two distinct parts: David's childhood and experiences, mainly in the country near Zofingen in German Switzerland, where his father is a miller, and then his departure from home, aged eighteen, unknown to his father, after a disagreement about his career. He enlists in a Swiss regiment in the French army, takes part in the Beresina crossings and is one of the few survivors to get back home. Haller himself points out that there are two sides to his account of the Russian campaign: the battlefields and what goes on in the human heart.

David is one of four children. He has an older sister and brother, Rosina and Samuel and a younger sister, Elisabeth. It is a happy family, in which the mother is loving and gentle, the father rough and strong, basically deeply affectionate, but incapable of expressing his feelings. David is unusually ambitious, highly intelligent and hard-working, but it is made impossible for him, mainly for economic reasons, to attend either the 'Lateinschule' or the 'Kantonschule', which would have made it much easier to become an officer, the dream of his life. He continues in the local Zofingen school, enjoys some wonderfully devised 'battle games' with his fellow-pupils which clearly reveal his potential. The most terrible experience of his young life is the death of his mother, when he is ten and a half. His father sends him for a while to French Switzerland
to Granges, where he meets a very different man from any he has known, the learned and eccentric 'Pfarrer' Estoppey.

On his return home he finds a new mother installed, a pleasant enough local widow, whom the children are to call Mama. His own future is also decided without consultation: his brother Samuel is to be trained in a local cotton factory, while he is to learn how to run the mill. He completes his apprenticeship, attempts to work elsewhere as a miller unsuccessfully, and takes the inner decision to enlist at eighteen.

The second part of the book is an intensely interesting and detailed account of army life in the early nineteenth century, during the period of the Napoleonic wars. David becomes an officer, but his great friend and mentor remains Karrer-Joggeli who had been a carter at the mill. Joggeli sacrifices his life for David by sheltering him in the bitter cold of the Russian night. At long last David returns to a German military hospital in Landau to which his father goes to visit him, feeling bitterly responsible for what had happened to David. Father and son are genuinely reconciled and at last there is communication between them.

"If Otto the Guelf gets to Basel ahead of me, I am lost. That Sätzberg over there – anyone who could conquer that mountain range would achieve something better and greater than the mightiest commander! He would establish a bridge between two worlds, which are at enmity, he would serve humanity by negotiating a settlement between Germanic and Roman civilisations. Five days from Milan to Basel! Whoever made that possible, could have anything he liked from me".

p. 89

"You will have to work there, but that's not a bad thing. On the contrary, you will learn in the process and become a good workman. That will give you confidence in yourself and win for you the respect of right-thinking folk. If you do well, you'll get a fair wage. The brothers in Saint Urban's are just. Save your money and later on buy your freedom. The monks will be happy to grant it".

p. 127

"Master, I must achieve a great work for my beloved country. There is something within me that will give me no peace until I have brought it to fruition".

p. 12

"Anyone who is such a bare-faced liar must do penance and fast". Slowly he pulled the basket up again out of the dungeon and handed it to the maid.
Towards midnight he heard the sound of horses' hooves on the road. He jumped aside and hid behind a briar bush. Two horsemen sped past, between them a prisoner tied to their saddles. Horribly, the moaning of the bound and tortured man, who was forced to keep up with the trotting horses, echoed through the quiet night. What crime could he have committed?

"This is no life", he said to Knopfli, "from the moment you get up out of your bed in the morning, it's leisure time. It can hardly be worse in prison".

"That's true, but only up to a certain point", said the minstrel, "if you had been four weeks in a dark dungeon, chained up to a damp wall, your food in a filthy dish thrown to you as to a dog, put to the rack every few days, so as to confess things that are quite untrue, you would speak differently".

"How did you manage to stick it out, Knopfli?"

"My hopes were pinned on you, Heini. Without that I'd have died of misery and pain. The hope that you would bring help kept me going".

The Hapsburg bailiff put his head out of a first floor embrasure and called down into the courtyard nervously:

"Who is there? Without a written challenge, to attack a castle is against the rules of war".

"Blockhead, you didn't ask up till now about any rules, when you pillaged and murdered", answered Heini threateningly.
"First of all hand over your prisoner, the minstrel, and then come out yourself, unarmed and with your hands up, or we'll burn you and all your kin alive together with the tower."

At a window slit in the tower there appeared a glimmer of light, then a gate, let into the wall about ten feet above ground level, opened and Knopfli came down the narrow wooden steps.

p. 239

As the men of Uri, along with their prisoners and their booty of livestock and goods, were setting off, fire was already belching out of the first floor and lighting the way for them through the dark and rainy night.

pp. 46-7

"Where do you come from"?

"From Uri."

"What does your father do"?

"He's dead, two years ago on the Göschenen Alp he fell to his death, mowing grass in the mountains."

"And your mother"?

"She's wearing herself out, getting enough to clothe her seven children. I'm the eldest. In the winter I'll be fifteen."

p. 48

The old woman crossed herself, however, and whispered fearfully:

"May God protect me. That fellow's got a bad conscience; still so young and already so depraved. Aye, aye, I always say, the youth of today - may God protect us from them."
Then an older, but still vigorous woman came out of the door; she hesitated for a moment, then ran to the strange man-at-arms:

"Heini! my own Heini!" she cried. "Thanks and praise be to God that you're home again, in such fine fettle and so well set up, just like your father".

Heini clasped his mother to his heart. A blissful moment of reunion for mother and son after such a long, long separation.

Heini had set up a home of his own with Nessa, Distegen im Moos's eldest daughter, and brought his aging mother to live with them.

The best tools were loaded onto Heini's pack-horse and his three-year-old little son rode aloft, clapping his hands and calling out to the horse: "Gee up, boy, gee up! ...."

"Cheer up, Nessa, we'll see our homeland again", said Heini's mother to her young daughter-in-law who was quietly weeping. "Heini's clever and strong. He's sure to find a way out".

"Be sure not to lend him any money!" the woman called venomously after them. "That would be the end, to lend money to that jumped-up arrogant simpleton who's so secretive and doesn't so much as say a word to us. Not a penny, do you hear, Distegen, otherwise you're doing your own children down, doing them down and wasting their money, are you listening, Distegen?, you're an unnatural father who should be strung up!" The peasant paid no attention to the nagging scold of a woman.
"Have pity, men", called out the woman with her hands up, "set us free, we're innocent of the whole unhappy affair".

"Seize the fiend!" shouted Knopfl in a fury, "she's much worse than her husband. When I was hanging on the rack, defenceless, unable to move a limb, the children stuck needles into my back and laughed, while she waved a glowing lump of coal to and fro in front of my eyes, taunting me: 'Now, minstrel, come on, sing your song'. My left eye is blinded".

p. 6

"Here and there a thickset peasant, panting under a heavy load of after-grass, was hastening with quick steps towards the village of Hospental, whose low-built cottages and outbuildings, weighed down by stones, clustered round the grey hospice as if seeking shelter.

p. 45

Here broad fields and lush meadows, everywhere deep rich soil, fruit trees, whose branches bent under their burden of sweetness.

p. 137

The monks rose and went through the cloisters into the church. But Heini and his friends climbed a bare hill in the neighbourhood, called "Helmet" and looked towards the snowy peaks which, in the evening sunshine, sent their greeting over from the distant south.
That morning, without rest, freezing, soaked through, they climbed to the top of the pass. The wet smooth granite slabs made the ascent indescribably difficult for the laden horses. Every minute the beasts stumbled and could scarcely be persuaded forward. By dint of shoving, friendly coaxing and blandishments, the exhausted, trembling animals were finally brought up to the watershed. The worst seemed to be over.

Then from the Rhone glacier over the highest ridge crept the mist at a weird pace like a gigantic grey dragon. In less than five minutes they were blanketed by pitch-dark fog. Visibility was down to three paces.

He encouraged the horses with friendly words. He understood the vagaries of the Alpine world and knew that dangers are best overcome with calm and composure.
I was entering my sixth year of life when 1798 began, that year which was so important for Switzerland. It will not therefore be anticipated that I should remember the happenings in their context. Yet I experienced them with passion. My early and unassailable desire to be a soldier contributed to that. My friendship with Karrer-Joggeli (Carter John) contributed too. He also told me later often and often about his great days.

Along the road and on a broad front to either side of it - with the Zofinger on the far right - they went forward irresistibly through the wood and undergrowth again towards Neuenegg and drove the French, war-hardened and three times more numerous, before them. The Bern march increased their courage; the still undamaged standards fluttered in the morning breeze.

Had the bloody struggle and the hard-won victory been in vain? Was there not going to be an independent free Switzerland any more?

Here in Russia too we are fighting for Switzerland.

I have always been passionately fond of riding, but all the same I like to think of that ride as the finest in my life.
I was higher than anyone; I, alone, so I thought, could see the castles and the church-towers on the dark wooded slopes. Below me the ripening corn waved as the wind made inroads; a swirl of wind ahead of us sucked out dust and bits of hay up from the road into the air. I was as proud as a king.

p. 36

Then he asked me what I wanted to be. Was he thinking perhaps of a job as a clerk in his business? But to me anything seemed possible at that moment. "General!" I'd liked to have replied, but in the presence of my fellow pupils that seemed somewhat pretentious and I answered "an officer".

"Not bad!" smirked the head of the house and added after a pause, "but in the end you'll be satisfied enough with the rank of non-commissioned officer".

p. 60

In the period following, our house was as if dead. Father plunged himself doggedly into his work, seeking oblivion. He often went past us children, without seeing us. How much it would have helped me to be allowed to throw myself into his arms, and it would certainly have made things easier for him. But we were both too austere and reserved by nature to be able to let our feelings take their natural course. At the same time I sensed, despite this, that my father was anything but indifferent to me.

p. 86

"I cannot beg".

"Then stay in the land and earn your bread honestly".
"I chose the finest cow from among those we already had as booty with us and put her into the empty cowshed along with a good bundle of hay. Besides the bread we had over, we left a bag of meal behind."

"For hours as we were making our way back, in single file along the narrow path through the wood, I had time to brood on my sad thoughts, and I suddenly remembered that today, the nineteenth of September, was my twentieth birthday. I was appalled. What had I achieved? A soldier in the army of the invincible Emperor, I now wore the epaulets that had seemed to me the sum of all earthly happiness. But they did not make me happy any more, although we had learned only a few days earlier of Napoleon's victory over the Russians in a great battle near Borodino, and that he had meantime probably already made his entry into Moscow. What had become of my pride that had always bade me draw apart from others? I had been ashamed to do the work of an honest miller, but now I had sunk to the level of robber and vagabond. What would my father have said, if my conduct had become known to him? Had I not promised him that I would always bring honour to his name? What was the next step to be? There could be no turning back from now on.

Father was a Swiss. Words did not come easily to him.
A new attack of coughing convulsed him. He opened his great-coat at the top and drew out a little linen purse which hung from his neck on a cord. "Inside this I've saved a gold coin" he whispered in my ear, "for years I've had it with me. Promise me, David, to take it home and give it to Rosina's eldest child. It's the only thing I have to leave. And may my blessing, if that has some value, be on Rosina and hers".

Then he told me about home, about Rosina, about Samuel, about Elisabeth, about Mama, about the horses, about the friends I'd played with at school, the local news of Zofingen and I felt the air around me warm. He handed over the little presents that the relatives had given him for me. And then, finally, almost shamefacedly, he took a loaf of bread out of his travelling bag, without a word, his very own present. I held the loaf in my hands, I smelt it, and the cornfields of home, our mill, the bakehouse took shape before me so that I seemed to smell their very presence.

Formed into a square, they warded off three frenzied attacks; confronted by their bayonets the Russians fell back again and again.
NOTES FOR CHAPTER 5 (C)

7. Biographical information sent by letter from publishers, Sauerländer, Aarau.
8. R.M. Ballantyne, Hunted and Harried, p. 12 (henceforth referred to as HH, followed by the page number).
9. HH, p. 35.
11. HH, p. 169.
12. HH, pp. 7-8.
13. Robert Schedler, Der Schmied von Göschienen, pp. 27-8 (henceforth referred to as SG, followed by the page number).
14. SG, p. 89.
15. SG, p. 127.
16. Alan Breck (Kidnapped), Lal (The Grey Dancer), Karrer-Joggeli (Beresina), Tschako (Tschipo).
17. SG, pp. 10-11.
18. HH, pp. 110-111.
20. HH, p. 27.
22. HH, p. 99.
23. SG, p. 12.
24. SG, p. 38.
27. HH, pp. 84-5.
31. SG, p. 239.
33. HH, p. 50.
34. HH, p. 145.
35. HH, p. 168.
36. HH, pp. 180-1.
37. SG, pp. 46-7.
38. SG, p. 48.
40. SG, p. 212.
41. SG, p. 223.
42. SG, p. 170.
43. SG, pp. 195-7.
44. SG, pp. 236-8.
45. HH, p. 2.
46. HH, p. 188.
47. HH, p. 31.
50. SG, p. 6.
51. SG, p. 45.
52. SG, p. 137.
53. SG, p. 155.
55. SG, pp. 101-5.
59. TP, p. 32.
61. B, p. 189, where Haller explains that his story is based on an account of David Zimmerli's life he had read in the Zofinger Neujahrsblatt, 1956.
63. TP, p. 183.
64. TP, p. 101.
65. B, p. 27.
68. TP, p. 18.
69. TP, p. 34.
71. TP, p. 146.
73. B, p. 36.
74. B, p. 60.
75. B, p. 64.
76. B, p. 86. See also Psalm 37,3.
77. B, p. 131.
78. B, pp. 131-3.
81. TP, p. 154.
84. B, p. 126.
86. B, p. 64.
88. TP, p. 183.
89. B, p. 89.
D. Adventure

1.

Johanna Spyri wrote Heidi in two parts: *Lehr- und Wanderjahre*, which tells the story of Heidi's journey to Frankfurt and what she learned there and *Heidi kann brauchen, was es gelernt hat*, an account of how she applied her newly acquired experience and knowledge on her return to Switzerland. Robert Louis Stevenson published *Kidnapped* in 1886 and its epilogue *Catriona* in 1893, when he had already been several years on Samoa, but David Balfour binds the two books together for Stevenson in much the same way as Heidi does for Spyri. It seemed therefore logical to treat these two books as one, and as a Scottish contribution to the adventure story in the earlier period under consideration.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), although constantly dogged by poor health, still managed to produce in a very short life a number of books which place him in the first rank of writers in English. By the general public he is perhaps best remembered by the children's classics: *Treasure Island* (1883), *Kidnapped* (1886), *A Child's Garden of Verses* (1885), *The Master of Ballantrae* (1889) and *The Black Arrow* (1888), but all of these are increasingly read and appreciated by adults. Like Sir Walter Scott, Stevenson was fascinated by his country's turbulent past but he was more interested in the interplay of his characters against that background than in the historical accuracy of the background itself. He has a magical talent when it comes to telling a tale of adventure, but it is the depth of his perception that fascinates the
grown-up as well as the child. The scenes that linger in the mind have really no connection with history as such. There are many such scenes in *Kidnapped* and *Catriona*, but the battle in the roundhouse, the quarrel in the heather, the seizure on Gullane sands come to mind. This quality of discernment, allied to his skill in conveying to the reader exactly what the characters are thinking and feeling, put Stevenson's two books on quite a different plane from Ballantyne's *Hunted and Harried*, which remains *A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters* and nothing more.

Niklaus Bolt (1864–1947), like his compatriot, Robert Schedler, was born and bred in the northeast of German Switzerland and lived so long that he is still quite well remembered there. He too was a minister but spent several years of his ministry out in Chicago. As one might expect, he was interested in education and social problems, and wrote non-fiction, including a biography of Pestalozzi; he also published a number of books for young people, the main characters in which are usually adolescent boys and girls, leaving home to seek adventure and normally having to combine that with earning a living. Only two of these are now read: *Peterli am Lift* (1907), a youngster from the Engadin, whose father is badly hurt in a fall and for whom the local hotelkeeper finds a job as a lift-boy in a grand hotel in Italy; and *Swizzero*, the adventure story chosen for this chapter.

We can now read *Kidnapped* and *Catriona* in the Chambers Centenary Edition which has the circumstances of the story inscribed on the fly-leaf:
"being Memoirs of the Adventures of David Balfour in the year 1751
How he was Kidnapped and Cast away;
his sufferings in a Desert Isle;
his Journey in the West Highlands;
his Acquaintance with ALAN BRECK STEWART
and other notorious Highland Jacobites;
with all that he Suffered at the hands of his Uncle,
EBENEZER BALFOUR OF SHAWS, falsely so-called:
Written by Himself, and now set forth by
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

There is a similarly detailed inscription for Catriona and the whole story is told in the first person, thus endowing the text with a feeling of intimacy and verisimilitude it might otherwise lack. On reading Kidnapped, the reader realises early on there is danger and excitement ahead, but for the moment he sees the peaceful scene of David, aged sixteen, bidding farewell to the kindly minister, Mr. Campbell, who, with his wife, has cared for him since the death of his parents not long before. The minister gives David his parting gifts, but then has difficulty in expressing his emotions, a not uncommon situation in Scotland:

'With that he got upon his feet, took off his hat, and prayed a little while aloud, and in affecting terms for a young man setting out into the world; then suddenly took me in his arms and embraced me very hard; then held me at arm's length, looking at me with his face all working with sorrow; then whipped about, and crying good-bye to me, set off backward by the way we had come at a sort of jogging run.'

David is so full of the prospect of a new and grander life, that momentarily he feels no corresponding emotion, but quickly reproaches himself.

Women play only a minor role in Kidnapped, but more than come into their own in Catriona. The witch-like crone, Jennet Clouston, appears like a portent of doom, as David approaches the house of Shaw, but disappears just as quickly.
On the island of Mull, after his experience of shipwreck and near starvation on Erroll, David has his first experience of Highland manners and hospitality. Towards evening he comes across an old gentleman, sitting smoking outside a cottage. He turns out to have very little English, only Gaelic, but they manage to communicate:

'... he took me by the hand, led me into his hut (it was no better) and presented me before his wife, as if she had been the Queen and I a duke.

The good woman set oat-bread before me and a cold grouse, patting my shoulder and smiling to me all the time, for she had no English; and the old gentleman (not to be behind) brewed me a strong punch out of their country spirit.'

Mrs. Stewart, wife of James of the Glensp is both brave and loyal and does not hesitate to provide David and Alan with money, when they are on the run, suspected of the murder of the Red Fox, Colin Campbell of Glenure. Ironically her own husband was to be later unjustly hanged for that very murder.

Alison Hastie, whose father was the inn-keeper at Limekilns, is also courageous and kind, when she rows Alan and David across the Forth to safety:

'Even after she was gone, we had nothing to say, as indeed nothing was enough for such a kindness. Only Alan stood a great while upon the shore shaking his head.

"It is a very fine lass", he said at last. "David, it is a very fine lass" .... For my part, I could say nothing, she was so simple a creature that my heart smote me both with remorse and fear; remorse because we had traded upon her ignorance; and fear lest we should have anyway involved her in the dangers of our situation'.

There is an echo of Flora MacDonald in this episode and
indeed the whole adventure of pursuit and escape is strongly reminiscent of an earlier period just after the Forty-Five, when the Prince was in the heather with a price on his head.

In the first part of *Catriona*, when David is developing his new role in Edinburgh as gentleman and laird, he meets the four ladies of Lord Advocate Prestongrange's household—his sister Miss Grant, and his three beautiful, talented daughters, who take some interest in grooming a new young man. But strangely enough for an otherwise sensible and ambitious Lowlander, it is the Highland girl, Catriona Drummond or MacGregor, with the renegade father, that David loves. She is in some ways the female counterpart of Alan Breck Stewart to whom David is also devoted. David's love for Catriona pinpoints the bitter conflict within Scotland itself. There is no doubt about the importance Stevenson places on Catriona's role in his hero's life. After all he has named the whole book after her. But in the end, for all her independent ways, Catriona will perhaps be absorbed into the social round of Edinburgh legal circles. Meantime Stevenson expends all his loving skill, humour and gentle irony on providing the reader with much innocent pleasure in the deepening attachment between his two restrained, but emotional Scottish characters.

The events in Niklaus Bolt's *Svizzero* take place almost a century and a half later in the heart of Switzerland, but the tale is in the same tradition as *Kidnapped*: the boy goes out into the wide world to seek his fortune. Christen Ablanalp, aged fifteen, has just been confirmed in the local church in Unterseen near Interlaken and is about to leave school. The
family is in very straitened circumstances, for the father, previously a policeman, is now bedridden and there are two children younger than Christen. The mother goes out to work as a washer-woman, is often tired and worried and has a sharp tongue like some of the women in Der Schmied von Göschennien. But in her heart she loves Christen and on this important day makes a special meal:

"Der Mutter Liebe zum Buben äusserte sich nicht in Worten. Aber eine gute Suppe hatte sie ihm gemacht, und ein zarter Rindbraten schmort im Ofen, schon während sie in der Kirche saß; Kartoffelsalat mit Kresse gab's dazu und Birnfladen mit viel Rahm zum Kaffee."

Christen's godfather has also marked the day with the present of a suit, with extra cloth for lengthening. He also offers an apprenticeship in his tailor's workshop. A bitter quarrel breaks out over this offer. Christen had for long cherished a desire to become an engineer or else to work in the open air like his mother's people, who had been hunters in the mountains:

"Was, nicht gehen willst?" schrie ihm die Mutter an, "wo wir gar kein Geld haben, dich etwas lernen zu lassen. Ein Gottesgeschenk ist das Anerbieten von Götti!"

"Und ich geh nicht!"

"Dauerbarer! Ist das alles, was der Unterricht eingetragen hat?"

"Lieber mauern als auf einem Tisch hocken mit den Beinen und sticheln!"

"Schneidern ist ein schönes Handwerk!"

"Ja, aber für Weiber."

"Du gehst!" rief der Vater aufgeregt.

"Ja, ich geh, aber nicht zum Götti!"

"So geh und werde nichts!"

Christen is later haunted by these words and the reader too hears an echo from Bereisina, for David Zimmerli's father takes much
the same stance. His father's words may sap Christen's confidence, but they also present a challenge. He throws a few things together and leaves home.

Eventually he finds himself on the station at Chiasso on the Italian frontier. There he is recognised by a Swiss lady, Fräulein Zurtannen, who is working as a welfare officer among the Italian immigrants and who knows his mother slightly. She becomes a very important influence in his life. Not only does she arrange for him to join the Italians going to work on the Jungfrau tunnel, make him a good meal, and pay his fare, but she also gives him a portable New Testament to carry in his breast pocket. This little book becomes eventually a symbol of his faith for him in the way Martin's English Testament did in *The Popinjay*.

Christen now has a permanent job and feels he can face his parents again. Having work and doing it to the best of one's ability is considered of paramount importance in this whole story. Work confers status and the possibility of moving up in the Swiss meritocracy. His mother shows her affection in her inarticulate but effective way:

'Schon krachte das Holz in der Küche unter ihren Fingern. Im Nu presselte das Feuer, und drei Eier kreischten in der Pfanne.'

She makes up a parcel of his good suit, not realising how rough the work was in the tunnel even on Sundays. As he hurries back to work, for Unterseen is not so very far from the Jungfrau:

'Sein Vater hielt seine Hand noch immer fest, obwohl in das Buben Hand die Eile zuckte. "Bub, halt dich gut!"'

Later on an Italian agitator among the workmen instigates a
strike. Christen refuses to take part and is quite badly hurt. When he comes home with his head still in bandages, his mother jumps to the conclusion that he has been dismissed for striking:

"Sie haben dich weggejagt", rief sie ihm entgegen. "Daß ihr streiken müßt! Ich hab's im Blatt gelesen - bist am Ende noch der Rädelsführer, und die Polizei ist hinter dir her. Jesuigott! So eine Schand für uns, wo der Vater selber Polizist ist!"

She is a very hard woman and for the first time Christen is near tears. Even the news his old teacher brings of Christen's brave stand against two hundred workmen does not impress her. Yet still her son remains loyal to her.

There are other women in the story too. In the school-holidays the Swiss in charge of the tunnel operations bring their wives and families up into the mountains. These women attempt to create a kind of family atmosphere and to alleviate a little the homesickness from which the Italians suffer so badly. Christen, who loves children and is adored by them, finds himself making a dangerous climb to uproot edelweiss which he transplants to a more convenient position so that Mariela, the engineer's little daughter can pick the flowers for her mother's birthday.

The Italian women form another group whose presence is felt mainly through their letters. Santino, a young Italian boy of fourteen—not seventeen, as he had pretended, to obtain the desperately needed job—gets regular letters from his mother which he shows to Christen and translates as best he can. The letters express love and pride, but also reveal an imaginative grasp of working conditions:
"Denk ich daran, wie du auf dem hohen Berg in schwerer Arbeit stehst, daß du Deine Hände an dem harten Gestein zerreissest, so drückt es mir fast das Herz ab. Denke ich aber an den Mut, den Gott Dir eingeflößt hat, in Schnee und Eis auszuhalten, daß Deine Mutter und Deine kleinen Schwestern essen können, so fühle ich mich so glücklich wie keine andere Mutter, weil ich einen tapferen Sohn habe..."12

These letters give Christen an insight into family life quite different from his own. He sees how they seem able to breathe hope and courage and the will to live into the men who receive them and he becomes less inclined to think that showing emotion is unmanly.

Years pass while the work on the tunnel continues. Christen’s parents begin to question in their minds the way they had handled their son. By the time the Jungfrau railway is officially opened, Christen’s father is dead, but his mother and Fräulein Zurtannen are his honoured guests at the opening ceremony:

‘Einen Augenblick standen beide noch still da. Dann schlang der Sohn seine Arme um die Mutter und führte sie zurück’.13

Niklaus Bolt has obviously decided not to develop any emotional relationship for Christen that could be remotely compared with that of David and Catriona. But friendship is a most important theme in both books: David with Alan; Christen with Albertelli. It is a relationship, particularly between a boy and an older companion, which occurs in all the books reviewed in detail. Of course it is a technically useful device for preparing a youngster for life, but friendship is also seen by the writers as a basic human need.
David and Christen had both left home and are immediately plunged into the dangers offered by their respective countrysides. In both *Kidnapped* and *Catriona*, the sea dominates a good part of the story, and with the map of the first edition now available we can follow the wide sweep of the Brig Covenant right up to the far north, through the sea passage between the Shetland and Orkney Islands, south through the Minch in between the Outer and the Inner Hebrides until the final shipwreck on the Torran Rocks off the coast of Mull. Stevenson knew these sea lanes well, for his family were distinguished light-house engineers and had many light-houses round the Scottish coast to their credit. He had himself first thought of becoming such an engineer, before qualifying in law as an advocate and finally devoting himself to writing. The research he had done into ships and their crews also stood him in good stead for *Kidnapped* as well as *Treasure Island*. From personal experience he knew how easy it would be to run down a smaller boat in the fog and to go on the rocks. Scotland with all its islands and lochs is a vast place and it only needs a single ship to carry a boy to the Carolinas and out of sight. In *Catriona* the weather is rough on the way from Leith to Rotterdam in the 'Rose', and it takes a lot of pluck for Catriona to leap in a half-gale from the height of the ship into a small boat well below, so that she might keep tryst with her father in Helvoetsluys.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the Highlands, where most of the action in *Kidnapped* takes place, were very inaccessible. Some military roads had been built by General
Wade between the two Jacobite Raising of 1715 and 1745, but for the most part there was only a huge expanse of mountains, lochs and streams, inhabited by clans, organised largely on a patriarchal system under individual chiefs, to whom the members of the clan were intensely loyal. At the time when David and Alan are fleeing from the forces of law, suspected of being implicated in the murder of Colin Campbell of Glenure, the Government in both London and Edinburgh were taking determined measures to destroy the clan system forever. The great Clan Campbell, however, under the Duke of Argyll, supported the Government and was consequently hated by most of the other clans, notably the Stewarts to which Alan belonged, and Catriona’s clan, the outlawed and nameless MacGregors, to which Rob Roy belonged and also his son, Robin Dug, who so enchanted Alan with his pibroch playing. James Stewart ‘of the Glens’ was hanged in 1752 for the murder of Colin Campbell, who had been empowered to evict tenants from the forfeited Ardshiel estates. It was the rents from these Stewart estates that Alan Breck was taking to his chief, Ardshiel, in France - at great peril to himself.

The Appin murder was never solved, but James Stewart has usually been regarded in the popular mind as the victim of judicial clan murder. There are many divisions in the Scottish past and there is a certain emotional tension connected with them even today, but Stevenson presents Kidnapped and Catriona with tolerance and understanding.

Edinburgh, a city remembered vividly from his youth by Stevenson and Leyden, a town closely connected academically with Scotland; these two centres, allied to the sea and ships, provide the background to Catriona.
The action in *Swizzero*, on the other hand, is largely confined to a much smaller area in a much smaller country, but the mountains of this Alpine massif, the Jungfrau, Mönch, Eiger and many more, are of an altitude unknown in Scotland. The incidents take place at the turn of the twentieth century, when the Swiss Alps were being opened up to transport and tourism. During the period 1898–1912 a whole series of railways were constructed to develop the Bernese Oberland, and it is against the background of these gigantic, inspired and daring engineering undertakings that the story of Christen Ablanalp unfolds.

It is important too to realise from the very beginning that Christen is working in very unusual circumstances, quite apart from the normal difficulties of the job. He is the only Swiss workman among hundreds of Italians, who come to do the heavy work in the tunnel because of unemployment at home. They have difficulty pronouncing the surname Ablanalp, so Christen becomes known universally as 'Swizzarol'. In some ways David Balfour feels the same, surrounded by Gaelic-speaking Highlanders especially in such a Highland place as Cluny MacPherson's Cave, even with Alan Brack beside him. But the largest group of immigrant workers, coming into Scotland to do similar heavy work, were the Irish from Donegal. Christen makes good friends in Sentino and particularly Albertelli, but he feels himself isolated nationally, especially when Albertelli is promoted and joins the Swiss officials in their administrative
building. To emphasize that he is different from the Italians Christen takes to wearing Swiss-style knee-stockings and short trousers. He definitely uses more soap than any of the Italians, as the teacher Treuherz from Graubünden who runs the workers' shop notices. This reminded me immediately that David had taken care in Mull to wash the old Highlander's cap before putting it on his own head.

Eventually Christen makes a distinct break with the Italians: 'Christen schlied jetzt mit den Deutschschweizern zusammen'. This takes place just before the careless accident he has, fooling around with three young Swiss, which lands him in hospital. He is so ashamed that he leaves the tunnel and goes to work in an aluminium factory in Valais.

There is much that Christen experiences in the company of the Italians that he will never forget: the way that together they are transforming the landscape and building a new environment:

'Die Jungfraubahn hat im Berner Oberland ein Türlein aufgetan, durch das Hunderttausende von Menschen eintreten, um glücklich an der Schönheit der Berge teilzuhaben. Den Leuten, die hier wohnen, bringt die Bahn aber Arbeit und das tägliche Brot, denn sie haben nichts anderes als ihre grossen Berge, aus denen sie leben müssen.'

He notices how they long to spend Christmas with their families and how on the way they are killed by an avalanche:

'Die wollten unbedingt heim, pressiert hatten sie, daß sie noch zum Christbaum heimkämen. Da kam der Schnee ins Rutschen – und tot hat man sie gefunden. Stehend sind sie gestorben'.

The high altitude brings some compensations:
Some aspects of their Alpine surroundings the Italians find particularly frightening, for with the spring, avalanches return:

'Donnernd fahren die Lavinen ins Tal hinunter. Grausen erfaßt die Söhne des Südens, die gezwungen sind da oben zu bleiben. Sie drängen in den Tunnel hinein'. 20

The strength and the violence of the 'Föhn' are terrifying and even in May the snowfalls are heavy. The Italians find these circumstances difficult to bear, especially when with the profusion of the spring flowers, their homesickness is increased. They all take then to wearing flowers:

'Mehr als die Sonne, die Königin des Himmels, geben die tausend Blumenaugen den Menschen da oben das Gefühl der Gottesnähe'. 21

But the Italians are not the only ones who experience these feelings. Christen, partly at the insistence of the children, has come back to work in the tunnel. At the final breakthrough, when all the excitement has died down, he returns by himself and looks out silently through the opening into infinity. He seems to undergo a spiritual change which reminds the reader of Heidi's experiences in the mountains:

'Über der Mathildenspitze stand der Morgenstern. Im Osten über den fernen Firnen ein leichter Schimmer. Vor ihm die Jungfrau sternumstrahlt.

Allein in der ewigen Stille. Heiliger Gott, wie groß bist du, und wie herrlich ist dein Name!' 22
Albertelli, Christen's great friend, is finally killed in an accident in the tunnel. He had been the only Italian to cross an invisible but rigid demarcation line between the Italians, who did the rough work, and the Swiss, who planned and commanded. At Albertelli's funeral, the Swiss carry the coffin as a mark of respect and this gesture is appreciated by the Italians:

"Es tat ihnen wohl, daß Schweizer einen der Ihren trugen; und aller Augen hingen [sic] an dem Ingenieur, der an dem Grab sprach und mit den Worten schloß: "Er war nicht nur das Vorbild eines Arbeiters, auch eines Mannes. Wir wollen ihm in unseren Herzen ein Denkmal setzen, das länger hält als dieses Kreuz von Holz"." 23

There is a similarity here between the situations, in which the Scottish Highlanders on the one hand and the Italians on the other find themselves. The Highlanders are driven from their homes for political and economic reasons and bitterly resent the evictions, which are already beginning in the aftermath of the Forty-Five. As David crosses the Sound of Mull to Morven, carrying the passport of Alan's silver button, he hears a great sound of mournful singing. It is the tune of 'Lochaber no more', coming from an emigrant ship bound for the New World. 24 In the train at Chiasso the Italians sing too, for leaving their homeland through necessity and not by choice, and journeying, forever perhaps, into an unknown and dangerous future are awesome experiences:

"Die Italiener fangen an zu singen, als wollten sie ihre Heimat in den Liedern mitnehmen, ein Durcheinander von Melodien aus allen Provinzen". 25

David and Christen are affected for life by their close contact with cultures so different from their own...
realisation that love and friendship know no frontiers.
David may well spend the rest of his life in 'good society'
in Edinburgh and be a success at the Scottish bar, but he will
always have at his side Catriona, whom Glengyle addressed
as a girl of twelve: "my kinewoman, you are the only lady
of the clan that has come out". Christen is accepted by
the German Swiss finally as one of the team and invited
by the engineer-in-charge to go on with him as his assistant
to the next construction job. He will realise his dream of
becoming an engineer himself, but Santino and Albertalli will
have left their values behind in his mind and heart.

There are remarkable resemblances between David and
Christen as they set out on their adventures, although their
expectations are quite different. Both are given Bibles and
both are Protestants, one at the outset suspicious of the Roman
Catholic Gaelic-speaking Highlanders like Alan Breck, and the
other of the Italian immigrants. Both boys become gradually
more aware and more tolerant of different approaches to life.
David's Bible is not mentioned again and religion plays very
little part in either Kidnapped or Catriona, except in a
conventional sense. Christen becomes an overt believer.
Bolt puts the same emphasis on religion as Spyri and both
stress their view of God; revealed through the beauties of
nature. Both these writers influenced the style and content
of children's books in Switzerland for decades. Loyalty and courage are qualities which both boys possess
and they are soon called upon to display them. David, held
prisoner aboard the Covenant, soon learns of the horrors
of life at sea through the pitiful cabinboy, Ransome, who
greatly admires Captain Hoseason and will admit to only one fault in him:

"'He ain't no seaman", he admitted.
"That's Mr. Shuan that navigates the brig; he's the finest seaman in the trade, only for drink; and I tell you I believe it! Why, look 'ere"; and turning down his stocking, he showed me a great, raw, red wound that made my blood run cold: "He done that—Mr. Shuan done it", he said with an air of pride.

There is violence in Swizzero too but no mention of drink as there is in Cleq Kelly, Felix and At the Back of the North Wind. Christen, completely surrounded by a hostile crowd of Italians, will not be intimidated and refuses to sign a letter of complaint prior to a strike:

"Ich unterschreibe nicht. Die Kost sei schlecht? Der Ingenieur ist, was wir essen. Der Direktor sei brutal? Ein Vater ist er für uns. Die Lebensmittel sind zu teuer? ...."

Christens Rede wurde immer wieder von Rufen und Drohungen unterbrochen, aber er ließ nicht nach, bis alles heraus war.

Jetzt warfen sich die Arbeiter auf ihn, als wollten sie ihn erwürgen. Einer hielt ihm den Mund zu und biß ihm das Ohr durch. Wie ein Löwe wahrte er sich....

Er stürzte über die Bahngleise zum Bürgerhaus. Das Blut rieselte ihm über die Jacke ....

Yet there is nowhere in Kidnapped, Catriona or Swizzero the detailed accounts of deliberately inflicted tortures that occur in Ballantyne's novel about the Covenanters, Hunted and Harried.

One will look in vain in Swizzero for any subtle psychological study of fear. Although Christen knows his life is at risk, he still attempts to prevent Uzielli from making the first break-through. Stevenson uses the wait in the round-house to allow David to analyse his fear for us:
"I do not know if I was what you call afraid; but my heart beat like a bird's, both quick and little; and there was a dimness came before my eyes which I continually rubbed away, and which continually returned. As for hope, I had none; but only a darkness of despair and a sort of anger against all the world that made me long to sell my life as dear as I was able. I tried to pray, I remember, but that same hurry of my mind, like a man running, would not suffer me to think upon the words; and my chief wish was to have the thing begin and be done with it."

Both boys are honest and true, and both know they can make only one decision, but Stevenson can use and combine simple words to convey a complex emotion with a skill unknown to Bolt.

There is one figure in Kidnapped and Catriona for whom there is no possible counterpart in Svizzera. Alan Breck Stewart is uniquely Highland, born and bred in a society doomed to disappear. He makes first and foremost an admirable foil to the young Lowlander, David Balfour. From the moment he appears, swinging miraculously on the brig's bowsprit, he dominates the scene. He seems the epitome of adventure, the archetypal hero who evokes wonder and admiration in the young. But it is his friendship with David and the interplay of their differing views and temperaments that make the story such a fascinating psychological study, as well as a straightforward adventure story. Stevenson also uses Alan Breck to present an idealised picture of old patriarchal values, pride in valour, loyalty to kith and kin, hospitality to strangers. The isolation of the Highlands had helped to preserve these almost Homeric values, as well as a lingering belief in the old gods and the spirits of nature. For the moment Alan stands four-square in the round-house.
'He was smallish in stature, but well set and as nimble as a goat; his face was of a good open expression, but sunburnt very dark, and heavily freckled and pitted with the small-pox; his eyes were unusually light and had a kind of dancing madness in them, that was both engaging and alarming; and when he took off his great-coat, he laid a pair of fine, silver-mounted pistols on the table, and I saw that he was belted with a great sword. His manners, beside, were elegant, and he pledged the captain handsomely. Altogether I thought of him, at first sight, that here was a man I would rather call my friend than my enemy'.

Alan's love of finery, colour and drama reveals the Celt.

After the terrible slaughter in the round-house, he composes and sings an account of the battle in the style of the old clan bards:

'This is the song of the sword of Alan:
The smith made it, The fire set it, Now it shines in the hand of Alan Breck.

Their eyes were many and bright, Swift were they to behold, Many the hands they guided, The sword was alone.

The dun deer troop over the hill, They are many, the hill is one; The dun deer vanish, The hill remains.

Come to me from the hills of heather, Come from the isles of the sea. 0 far-beholding eagles, Here is your meet. 32

Although the above lines are just a rendering into English of Alan's Gaelic song, something of the complexity of the warrior's intense pride, elation and triumph is caught.

David gradually realises that, despite his considerable prowess in the round-house, Alan has made no mention of David at all. His succinct remark sums up the whole affair and Alan's part in it:
'For though he had a great taste for courage in other men, yet he admired it most in Alan Breck'.

Stevenson devotes Chapters 20-5 of Kidnapped to 'the flight in the heather' with just an interlude in Cluny's Cave, when David recovers from his exhaustion and Alan gambles all their money away. This period is by far the severest test of the friendship, for the basic differences between the youngster and the man are laid bare, most of them rooted in the opposing environments that nurtured them. There are simple, though irritating disagreements, springing from Alan's love of cards and David's disapproval of them, but the yawning chasm is in the field of politics. Religion and language are less important. It is the sort of gulf between honestly held convictions that can lead to civil war.

Yet in this story the shared experience of the round-house has created such a bond of love and loyalty between David and Alan, that their personal relationship cannot be broken, whatever else divides the society in which they live. For the moment a fortuitously shared experience has made them both fugitives from the same law, for they were at one and the same time present at the Appin murder. Stevenson describes the stoical way they share the sufferings of the flight, when they may at any moment be discovered by the soldiers:

'That one good Scotch word, 'birstle', was indeed the most of the story of the day that we had now to pass. You are to remember that we lay on the bare top of a rock, like scones upon a girdle; the sun beat upon us cruelly; the rock grew so heated, a man
could scarce endure the touch of it; and the little patch of earth and fern, which kept cooler, was only large enough for one at a time. We took turn about to lie on the naked rock, which was indeed like the position of that saint that was martyred on a gridiron; it ran in my mind how strange it was, that in the same climate and at only a few days' distance, I should have suffered so cruelly, first from cold upon my island, and now from heat upon this rock. 34

Later on Stevenson uses quite a different style in the quarrel in the heather. Alan and David scarcely speak, when they do they insult each other until David draws his sword, but Alan will not fight him and throws his sword away. David, who is quite ill, collapses and so does the quarrel.

"Alan", I cried, "what makes ye so good to me? What makes ye care for such a thankless fellow?"

"Dead, and I don't know", said Alan. "For just precisely what I thought I liked about ye, was that ye never quarrelled; — and now I like ye better!" 35

Alan appears twice more in Catriona, but now he is far from his kith and kin, his familiar countryside, the very things that gave him such confidence and unique panache. He wanders with David through a landscape unfamiliar to him, as far as Gullane sands, a fugitive, and yet the reader feels that Lord Advocate Prestongrange wants him to escape. The whole mood is muted:

'I stood where he had left me, with my hands behind my back; Alan sat with his head turned watching me; and the boat drew smoothly away. Of a sudden I came the nearest hand to shedding tears, and seemed to myself the most deserted, solitary lad in Scotland. With that I turned my back upon the sea and faced the sandhills. There was no sight or sound of man; the sun shone on the wet sand and the dry, the wind blew in the bents, the gulls made a dreary piping....' 36
Alan and David meet again in Leyden and they go back towards France via Dunkirk, where Alan helps David to win Catriona and is himself nearly betrayed to the English by her father. The contrast between Alan and the whining James More, both of them Highlanders, is striking.

Catriona barely qualifies as a children's book and it is much too long to be a successful sequel to Kidnapped. It has some of the faults of Cleo Kelly, in which S.R. Crockett allows the story to ramble on, once the main characters become older. Even the love-story becomes oversweet and palls through a failure of nerve. But it is the way in which Stevenson allows David to develop in the course of Catriona that disillusioned the reader. David makes a brave attempt, when he returns to Edinburgh with Alan, to hold himself available as a witness for the defence in James of the Glens' trial at Inveraray, stronghold of the Campbells, but he is neatly side-tracked by the Lord Advocate and others, including perhaps innocently enough his daughters. What is particularly displeasing is the apparent ease with which David acquiesces in James of the Glens' fate, and then returns to Edinburgh for further training as one of the landed gentry and the legal establishment. Kidnapped started as an adventure story, whereas in Catriona history and adventure are uncomfortable bedfellows. It should be mentioned that Jenni Calder has written a most perceptive introduction to the Centenary Edition of Catriona, but she is not
concerned in this instance either with national identity or children's literature. What she writes goes some way to explaining the inability to compromise which seems a national feature in both *Hunted* and *Harried* and *The Popinjay*:

"The hanging of James Stewart for a crime he did not commit is in its way as symbolic of Highland devastation through Lowland connivance as the defeat at Culloden". 37

Stevenson's last words in *Kidnapped* and *Catriona* make a contrast:

"... whatever befell them, it was not dishonour, and whatever failed them, they were not found wanting to themselves". 38

"For the life of man upon this world of ours is a funny business. They talk of the angels weeping; but I think they must more often be holding their sides, as they look on; and there was one thing I determined to do when I began this long story, and that was to tell out everything as it befell". 39

The world of Niklaus Bolt's book, despite the infinite majesty of the surroundings, seems a small tight place, like the inside of the tunnel itself. Bolt knows very well right from wrong and consequently so do his main characters. Despite the obvious dangers and disruptions *Swizzera* is a reassuring book. When a store of dynamite explodes, a section of the tunnel roof collapses; Albertelli and Christen are caught at the far end, but there is a way out onto the glacier:

""Komm!"

"Unmöglicher, Cristiano, ich war unten, mußte zurück, Luft zu schlecht, Daiana".

"Dann so schnell wie möglich nach Grindelwald hinunter! Kannst du's übers Eis? Ich bin Schweizer, ich kann es, aber du?"
"Ich probier's".

Es war doch schwerer, als Albertelli geglaubt hatte. Die Sprünge, die der junge Schweizer mit angeborener Sicherheit ausführte, waren dem Italiener unmöglich. "Ich kann nicht".

"Du kannst!" schrie Christen.

Eine gähnende, grünblaue, tiefe Spalte trennte sie.

"Jetzt!"


"So ruhe ein wenig, ich bin auch müde".

Der Freund schlief in guter Hut, aber Christen verbrachte anstotvolle Stunden. Er ruft in die Eiswildnis hinein. Da sieht er durch die Gletschersersake zwei schwarze Punkte". 40

After hearing the explosion, the two young guides, Kaufmann and Schlunegger, had taken the initiative and climbed up from Grindelwald. With Albertelli roped in the middle they negotiate the return journey over the glacier.

In the style of the day Salt points the moral: 'So gibt der Mut der Starken auch den Schwachen Kraft'. 41 Contemporary children’s writers in Scotland draw morals from their stories in much the same way:

"Oh, blessed be the true one who follows the road, Holding fast to his Gold Thread of Duty to God, Who, when tempted, is firm, who in danger is brave, Who, forgetting himself, will a lost brother save." 42

Svizzero is claustrophobically dominated by the mountains, on all sides, and Bolt introduces further details which increase the Swiss, as distinct from the Italian atmospheres. The Italians love their own music and Santino's most precious possession is his mandoline. In the special shop they can buy
pasta, cheese, sausages and wine, all from home. They are delighted, when Bishop Bonomelli comes on a special visit to his Italian flock in the tunnel camp. The director's great St. Bernard dog, with the traditional name of Barry, takes to Christen at once. Nine little marmots, deep in their winter sleep, are brought up carefully to the glacier and tucked up in a specially prepared nest. When the fine weather comes, they will provide the children with endless delight. The celebration of Christmas brings the Swiss together as a family; the children have prepared presents for Christen and in the end it is their love for him that helps to bring him back. All these things, in themselves small, become symbols of homeland and forge links between individuals. The Swiss and Italians become more aware of themselves and more tolerant of each other as national groups.

In the end Santino dies and Albertelli is killed, so Christen is absorbed by the Swiss group. Those in charge become aware of Christen's potential and begin to make him over in their own image. For the first time the boy hears words of encouragement from those he respects:

"In dir steckt auch Kraft. Etwas starrköpfig kommst du mir vor. Aber läßt du dich leiten, so kann etwas Tüchtiges aus dir werden". 43

These words contradict the initial harsh judgement of Christen's own father, but they express a confidence that Christen will adapt to the general attitude of those in control. Christen himself is very encouraged, when he discovers that the engineer-in-charge has a background as simple as his own. He feels that
if he works hard, he will 'get on' and 'make good'. Christen very much exemplifies the Protestant work ethic. In *Kidnapped* and *Cattriona* David appears in a very different light; he inherits property, he does not earn money, he simply goes to the bank and cashes his draft; the forces that help him towards maturity are not closely connected with work as such. His contact with Alan Breck in *Kidnapped* has considerably widened his sympathies and made him more idealistic, but in *Cattriona* his association with the Lord Advocate and his circle in Edinburgh shows him a very different side of Scotland, and makes him more worldly. Stevenson underlines the complexity of the moral choice facing the young. Bolt seems to give a much clearer view.

*Kidnapped* is written in Standard English, but there is a liberal sprinkling of Scottish words, which Stevenson might well have used himself when at home in Edinburgh, for example 'canny' (prudent) p. 2, 'risep' (metal bar and ring attached to an outer door to make a noise) p. 3, 'sumry' (cupboard) p. 26, 'dunt' (knock) p. 38, 'bauchle' (bungles) p. 60. When ordinary people are talking or telling a story like Tam Dale the language becomes more purely Scots: 'Tod was a webster to his trade, his loom stood in the but. There he sat, a muckle fat, white hash of a man like creish, wi a kind of holy smile that gart me scunner'. (Tod was a weaver by trade, his loom stood in the outer room. There he sat, a great fat, white, slovenly, greasy man, with a holy smile that made me feel sick). In the Lord Advocate's house, the Misses Grant are speaking what looks like Standard English on the page. It is difficult to indicate any accent. There is clearly a class distinction in speech being
made by Stevenson. Catriona's native language is of course Gaelic. Of their very first encounter, David says she spoke 'with a pretty accent, most like the English (but more agreeable)'. Stevenson makes no use of Gaelic — we do not even see it on the page with an English rendering. There are quite a few Italian phrases used by the workmen. For instance, the foreman calls out, referring to the number of explosions he is listening for: "Sedici ..... Tutti partiti" (Sixteen ..... They've all gone off.) Another workman explains that he has left his homeland to earn money for his family and breaks into Italian to explain: "L'Italia è bella per i signori ma non per noi poveri" (Italy's fine for the well-to-do, but not for us poor folk). Bolt also introduces from time to time an Italian song, with a German translation, a device which successfully emphasizes national differences. Mr. Ranksiillor, the Queensferry lawyer, adds quaint variety with his use of Latin tags, a suggestion perhaps that ordinary people may find the law bamboozling. *Swizzer* is written almost exclusively in High German, with only the odd word, like 'Göttibub', suggesting Switzerland. The Ablanalp family would never have used the stilted German Niklaus Bolt devises for them. The German Swiss still have a problem, when it comes to conveying the atmosphere of their country in a widely comprehensible German. I am always startled by the change of personality the Swiss undergo when they relax together in their own language. In *Swizzer* the only sign of 'Schwyzerdütsch' is an occasional song:
Although both authors have elected to use standard forms of English and German, Stevenson makes the language used by ordinary people sound more natural by a liberal and adroit use of Scottish words.

The books to be considered in the next part of the chapter are again both by men and have, as their heroes, boys of much the same age. The Scot has just left school, the Swiss is still at school but a senior pupil. It is not surprising that adventure stories tend to be written by men and to feature boys, which is merely a reflection of society in Scotland and Switzerland even today, but it may be only a question of time until a woman writer specialises in this field. So far, in Scotland at any rate, women have tended to concentrate on historical fiction rather than 'straight' adventure. Examples are The Spanish Letters by Mollie Hunter and The Desperate Journey by Kathleen Fidler. Swiss women writers have largely remained in the field of psychological and social problems, but Klara Obermüller published in 1978 Nebel Über dem Ried, concerned with the environment; the environment is also the subject of Hana Schmitter's book about to be discussed. An outstanding woman writer of historical adventure is Lisa Tetzner with her Die Schwarzen Brüder. Again, as in the previous three chapters, the books will be analysed to see what light they throw on the Scottish and Swiss conception of each nation. Since the first adventure is sited on the distant Isle of Skye and the second takes place in the suburbs of a large town, the contrast should be marked.
Master of Morgana (1960) by Allan Campbell McLean (1921 – ) and Verwirrung an der N 19 (1967) by Hans Schmitter (1913 – ) are the books under discussion in the second part of this chapter and both are clearly adventure stories. Both authors are well established as children's writers, although Allan Campbell McLean has many more books to his name than Hans Schmitter. Both heroes are boys well on in their teens. Niall has just left school and Johannes will soon follow suit. The crofting/fishing life of the Hebrides contrasts sharply with the outer suburbs of a busy Swiss town. The adventures the boys undergo bring them tension and danger through encounters with law-breakers and their attempts to solve the mysteries confronting them are intended to maintain the reader's interest throughout both stories. Niall and Johannes emerge from their experiences more mature and clearly more tolerant. The activities, which dominate the two books, salmon-netting and motorway-building, are described in considerable detail, and since Niall is directly involved in learning to fish and to manage a boat in all weathers, the reader is immediately affected. Despite the noise, dust and dislocation, caused by the huge construction operation, the Swiss youngsters are genuinely interested in the complicated machinery and the complex processes they can observe. Although Niall is one of a team, he is the only boy among men and so in a sense he is alone, but one of the men, Long John, observes and admires his spirit, has the patience and takes the time to pass on traditional skills.
The Swiss appear as a group and, perhaps because of their numbers, seem somewhat threatening to the foreman, Schigg, on the motorway site. At any rate he resents their presence and is suspicious of their intentions, with the result that they engage in mischievous pranks of a fairly harmless nature. These are not, however, seen in that light by Schigg, who is exaggeratedly concerned about the orderliness and neatness of the site and much aware of his own importance and responsibility as the employee in charge. Schigg spreads a much tenser atmosphere around him than Long John who certainly seems relaxed on the surface, whatever may go on within. Both these older men are destined to play the same roles as Alan Breck and Albertelli in the earlier books, although such a possibility seems quite remote in Schigg's case. Both books are told in the first person, but in Verwirrung an der N 19 the narrator tells his story to a fellow patient in hospital, which puts the reader at a greater distance. Johannes seems to be thinking over his immediate past experiences and reflecting; Master of Morgane has a much more emotional ending. Niall stands alone on the shore, gazing out over the sea into the mist as the 'Kingfisher' disappears, bearing Long John out of his life forever.

Niall's father has been dead for two years, but his mother continues to provide firm and loving guidance for her three children, Ruairidh who is grown-up, Niall and Morag. One day Ruairidh is brought home on a stretcher, having fallen off a high bridge spanning the river mouth, where he worked as a salmon fisherman. Long John, although he has only one leg, captains the salmon fishermen and rescues Ruairidh
from the rocks and the sea all by himself. From his isolated
home Ruairidh is transported first to Broadford and then
Inverness, where he remains for weeks in hospital. Niall
describes this home:

“Our house stood at the foot of the croft
with its back to the rising moorland and the
cliffs and the sea. I looked at it as if seeing
it for the first time, thinking how it must
have looked to Ruairidh, homely and welcoming
when he came back from a long spell at sea in
strange parts.

It was a good solid house of gray stone,
with a slated roof and three storm windows
on the upper storey. My father had built it
himself with stone quarried from the hillside,
just as my great-grandfather had built, long
ago, the little thatched house behind the
stackyard which was now our byre.

This passage makes us see Niall and his family in a long
perspective – generations of crofter-fishermen, drawing their
substance from this land and this sea, feeling strongly
that this was their own native land. This family would
indeed in the old days have provided the chief with fighting
men, and the country more recently with sailors and merchant-
seamen. But the crofts all belong now to the estate of an
absentee laird, administered for him by a new English factor.
Niall is determined to help his family and so, without his
mother’s knowledge, he goes somewhat timidly to the Big House
to apply for Ruairidh’s job.

“I believe it was the thought of the old
Factor, and how easy it was to talk to him in
the Gaelic that made me loiter on the foot-
bridge. Ever since I had left school, over a
year ago, I had hardly ever spoken English, and
I was afraid of getting flustered and making a
fool of myself, because it is a tongue I am
not handy at’. 52

The Factor is quick to deny any responsibility for Ruairidh’s
accident, but grudgingly offers Niall the job at half a man’s wages. It is clear that the man and the boy have no shared beliefs or convictions and hence no language of any kind in common, but it is also self-evident that money is not the only reason Niall has for wanting to join the fishing crew. He does not believe that Ruairidh’s fall was an accident and he is determined to get at the truth on his own. The timid, awkward Highland boy has another side. He is brave, self-reliant and decisive and able to hold his own with the three men in the crew: Long John, Murdo and Big Willie. The women and girls play only minor roles in the story, as they do in more than half those discussed in detail; they are, however, presented sympathetically, even old Aunt Phemie, who had been a lady missionary in Africa and was extremely devout even by Skye standards. It is clearly a man’s world and one in which Long John is the leader. McLean, in choosing this name, acknowledges his debt to Stevenson, but Master of Morgana is a very different book from Treasure Island. Only the mixture of good and evil in John MacGregor and Long John Silver provides a link, and also the immediate impact of a powerful personality:

"His face was the colour of old well-worked leather, the result I suppose, of years of exposure to wind and weather, and he had the blackest hair I have ever seen on a man. It was the sort of black you find in a pot of boiling pitch, and there was not a single fleck of grey in it. I thought to myself that he had the face of an old pirate, and I very near gave a gasp when he came out from behind the cable. His left trouser leg was pinned back neatly below the knee, and he walked with a crutch."
He stuck out a leathery brown hand, tattooed with the head of a serpent, the body of the beast disappearing under the sleeve of his navy-blue jersey. The jaws of the serpent were open, and its long tongue reached out to his forefinger.

"John MacGregor", he barked, "Who are you?"

"Ruairidh's brother", I said, taking his hand.

He squeezed my fingers until the bones cracked. "A good worker, Ruairidh", he said, and I discovered later that this was the highest praise he had for any man. 53

This emphasis on the importance of hard and sound work occurs more frequently in Swiss than Scottish books. Both Svizzero and Schigg exemplify a firm belief in the virtue and necessity of hard work. Long John and Alan Breck can work hard, but work does not seem to be a tenet of faith. They are both intensely proud in a peculiarly Highland way, have disciplined themselves to be fighting men. Alan Breck is a professional soldier, and Long John fought just as surely against the whale and the weather in the South Atlantic.

'A good worker' in Long John's sense is a self-disciplined man. Subtly suggestive, however, is McLean's choice of the serpent (symbol of wiliness and duplicity) for Long John's tattoos; he is certainly not the sort of man he at first appears.

Johannes' immediate background is totally different. Whereas Niall's home is in the far west of a country which itself forms part of the seaboard of Europe, Johannes lives almost in the centre of a small, densely-populated country in the middle of the continent. On all sides he is surrounded by
people, houses and traffic. Both his parents go out to work and he seems to be an only child. An unusual feature in his home life is the presence of two grandmothers. The 'little Granny' (die kleine Großmutter) has plenty of spunk. She had once been arrested for knocking a policeman over the head with her umbrella when convinced he was wrongfully detaining somebody. When Johannes is summoned to see the juvenile magistrate, she volunteers to accompany him and does not hesitate to speak up for him. The 'tall Granny' (die lange Großmutter) observes the world from the kitchen window and is a great source of information on the comings and goings in the street. Feminine influence is strong in the house and Johannes has fewer household chores than his contemporaries. Anni, one of Johannes' five close friends, has many bright ideas and contributes much to the activities of the group. She disapproves of their destructive behaviour:


'Wie so soll ich aufhören", sagte Rolf. 'Schigg ist ein Schweinehund!'"

'Und du bist ein Schafskopf", sagte Anni. 'Wenn ich die vielen gelben Scherben herumliegen sehe ... dann regt mich das auf", sagte Anni. 'Es stört mich fast, wie wenn Brot weggeworfen wird. Ich hätte manchmal Lust, sie zusammenzulesen", sagte Anni'.

But Anni is as mischievous as any in the group; she becomes unintentionally involved in social work, instigates an imaginative prank and notices a fault in deduction made by the other young amateur detectives. She is likeable,
clever and not afraid to state her opinions. The author skilfully underlines Anni's more mature attitude, while at the same time emphasizing her cleverness and attractive appearance, but he is not overtly didactic in the style of earlier children's writers.

Apart from his home and friends, the other great influence in Johannes' life is the motorway, more particularly Herr Huber, the overseer on the site, of 'Schigg', as the group of youngsters call him:

'Schigg, den konnten wir nicht ausstehen. Nicht weil er so häßlich ist, sondern weil er uns verfolgte. Ob jemand schön oder häßlich, dafür kann er ja nichts. Meine Großmutter, die lange behauptet sogar, die Hässlichen seien innerlich manchmal die Schönsten. Mag sein.


Wenn er mit offenen Munde seinen Tabak kaute, glaubt man manchmal, in seinem Gesicht ein Schmunzeln festzustellen. Aber da täuscht man sich. Stimmt nicht. Er verzieht bloß die Birne. Der Mann leucht nie, hat keinen Humor.'

Schigg, then, is the very antithesis of a hero figure and yet by the end of the story he will have exercised as profound an influence on Johannes as Long John on Niall. Schigg is repulsively ugly and as aggressive as he is ugly. However his ugliness may make him more bad-tempered, because he is on the defensive and expects people to find him unattractive. Schigg on the
motorway site and Schigg at home turn out to be quite different. In public he exaggerates his unpleasant side to scare off potential vandals from the site, for which he feels personally responsible to his employers, Morf and Bucher. He is a loyal and trustworthy employee. Johannes and Anni discover that he is also a loving husband, a devoted father, particularly to his retarded child, Toni; Schigg discovers that Anni and Johannes are not the bad characters he had thought. These mutual discoveries change both youngsters and man for the better. Schigg may well have no sense of humour, Johannes may perhaps have no social conscience, but they have reached a working solution to their earlier disagreements. They have done more than that; they have shown how friendship and even love develop between human beings.

The relationship between Long John and Niall can hardly have a happy outcome. John MacGregor is a charismatic character with a long, adventurous past. Even at this stage in his life, he is a fine-looking man, with great panache and courage. His devotion to Niall and earlier to Ruairidh makes him behave to the bitter end as the hero-figure he is. Phrases, here and there in his conversation, reveal how deeply the loss of his leg has affected him: "If I were a right man still, with all my strength...", "A fine job, skipper at the salmon fishing, for a man with a mate's ticket – deep-sea at that – in his pocket". He had found jobs hard to come by for a one-legged man, he had bought a boat of his own, 'Morgana', and fitted her with a harpoon-gun for shark fishing round the Western Isles, but he
could not compete with the Norwegians. Eventually he became a salmon poacher, fishing six days a week for the laird and the seventh for John MacGregor and his crew with 'Morgana'. The very name, 'MacGregor', is grand, with the clan motto: "My race is royal". Stevenson's Catriona is a MacGregor, but must call herself Drummond, for her own name is outlawed. Long John has been given a name with many associations by McLean. Poaching has also a long and quasi-honourable history in the Highlands, before it became the sordid, commercial undertaking it often is today. Anyone born and bred in the Scottish Highlands has an ambivalent attitude to poaching. In Master of Morgana Niall and his friend Lachie have often taken 'one for the pot'. This is an area where the law and traditional sentiment are at variance. There seems to be no parallel situation in Switzerland, but in Scottish parlance, for all his nefarious involvements, Long John is no 'common criminal'.

Both Master of Morgana and Verwirrung an der N 19 are exciting adventure stories in themselves. Only at the very end of each book does the reader discover the solution to each mystery. Tension is maintained throughout both books, but it is the way in which the two boys, Niall and Johannes, pass through a series of dangers and difficulties, learning all the time more about life, the inevitability of heart-break, the problems that grown-ups face, the beauties of the environment and how so-called progress can sometimes destroy them, that is the real subject of these two books.

Niall knows already that the sea is a dangerous element and
the routine of the salmon fishermen in all weathers makes that doubly clear. Long John shows him how to steer the coble. It takes the three men and Niall to empty and change the six bag-nets in the estuary, to bring in the salmon and the used nets for cleaning and mending. Niall gradually rises to the challenge and a feeling of achievement fills him with exultation:

'All around me were the things I loved best; the towering cliffs, rising sheer from the sea, like the great walls of a giant castle, the harsh cries of the wheeling gulls, the trilling whistle of the scarlet-billed oyster catchers, the gentle slap-slap of the sea against the coble, and the talk of fishermen. Above all, the talk of fishermen....

It is a queer thing about the fishing, supposing you were being paid more for a poor catch than a good one, you would not be pleased. There is nothing to equal the joy of a good haul, and, when it is a noble fish like the salmon, you feel a pride that is not there with lesser breeds. Indeed, the salmon spoils you for other fish. You come to despise a lytha, or a cod, or a mackerel, looking down on them as so much offal.

When we had fished the last net there were six full boxes lying in the coble, and a fine array of salmon laid out on top of them as well. Looking across at them, I came near to bursting with the glory of the day. And when Long John let me bring in the coble myself, and I steered her safely up the narrow river mouth, I believe I was fit for tackling a lion single-handed'.

Even the terrible day of storm, when Long John insists on taking the coble out and they are nearly all drowned, does not deter Niall, but the two men, Murdo and Big Willie, are so incensed by Long John's foolhardiness that they leave the bothy, supposedly for good. To his delight Niall is left to have his supper alone with Long John and to listen with awe to his tales of the South Atlantic and of the hunt for the blue whale south of Cape Horn.
Johannes finds the building of the great viaduct for the motorway as exciting and thrilling in its own way as Niall finds the salmon-fishing. He is not participating directly as Svizzero did in the Jungfrau tunnel, but even from his own house he has a wonderful view of the whole construction and sees also the distant countryside being transformed. But he also realises that his pleasure is not shared by plenty of his compatriots round about: those who lived in the suburbs to enjoy their gardens, those like the retired train-driver, who felt the railways were needlessly giving way to these new monsters, the farmers who were losing fertile land in a small country, but above all the general populace who were sick and tired of the appalling noise and dust. Some even felt like attacking the cranes and the numerous containers of oil and petrol, needed to keep the machiners and vehicles functioning. Johannes conveys his enthusiasm:


Was das Material verschlingt! Das glaubt man kaum. Betonmischer von der Größe, wie Schigg sie verwendet, könnt man aufstellen, so viele man wollte, die würden niemals ausreichen. Das versuchen sie gar nicht. Irgend wo gibt es eine Großmischanlage, dort holen sie den
Beton. Von früh bis spät fahren Lastwagen den dickflüssigen Brei herab, leeren ihn in einen großen Silo. Darauf werden Behälter abgefüllt .... Der Lasthaken am Kranseil erfaßt sie, befördert sie hoch in die Luft. Der Kran fährt weg, schwenkt seinen Arm über die richtige Stelle, rollt gleichzeitig Seil ab und senkt den Behälter. Jetzt greifen die Arbeiter danach ....' 58

Johannes is amazed by the huge quantities of cement involved, the expert way it is conveyed and handled and finally brought to the place, where workmen can manoeuvre it into position. He is seeing a man-made world being created and Switzerland maintaining and extending still further a communication system at the heart of Europe.

Niall's second reason for joining the salmon fishermen, to ascertain how his brother really fell from the bridge, begins to occupy his mind. His certainty that Murdo, the Harrismann, was up there with Ruairidh, the entries of numbers and the word 'Morgana' in Ruairidh's diary, subsequently stolen by a bald-headed stranger, make him more puzzled and suspicious than ever. Menace seems to be closing in round him, and he is paralysed by fear at the sound of a scream and the sight of a bloody hand at the bothy window. In the event the 'ghost' turns out to be Murdo trying to frighten him away. The Harrismann is now convinced that Niall believes him guilty of attempted murder, attacks the boy and shakes him like a rat. Long John comes quickly to the rescue:

"When I had two whole legs, they used to say I was a bad fellow to cross", he said softly. "You mind them saying that, Murdo? Well, it is worse I have got, not better, ever since they took off my leg and gave me this piece o' useless timber. Useless!" He spat on the floor. "No bone or muscle
or good red blood, curse it, curse it. Just a hunk o' useless timber. But I can put it to good use when I am crossed'.

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when I saw his hand reach down and toss the crutch in the air. The red fellow must have seen him too, for he released me and stepped back. But he was too late. Long John caught the crutch near the end of the shaft and brought it down across the Harrisman's back. He let out a yell of pain and stumbled against the door. It crashed shut against his weight*. 59

Long John is a tough, violent man when roused, but as well as anger, all the misery and frustration of his semi-helpless condition goes into the blow. But the end of violence has not yet come, and Long John will save Niall twice more before their final parting. Niall is caught unexpectedly on the cliff face by Murdo, loses his footing and plunges down into the sea below. There follows a nightmare struggle to keep alive, as Niall makes his way, inch by inch along a ledge of rock towards the bothy. This is the time when, it is made clear that Niall leaves boyhood behind and becomes a man. In the end he manages to reach the bothy and is given first aid by Long John. Niall enjoys this last untrammelled friendship with Long John, who is about to be unmasked as the leader of the salmon-poaching gang, the master of 'Morgana' which calls in every Sunday to take a cargo of salmon to quiet Loch Duich for quick export to the south. This is a heart-breaking moment for Niall, probably for Long John too, for the depth of his love for his young friend is obvious. Niall will soon find himself on board 'Morgana', the plan being to put him ashore on the Crowlin Islands. All this is an experience Niall will
never forget. He will never again make a clear distinction between good and evil nor a dogmatic judgement on his fellow-men.

There is tension, fear in Verwirrung an der N 19, but the violence is at first confined to attacking objects, not human beings. All the same when oil-drum are ruptured and the mighty crane put out of action on the dark motorway-site, people begin to fear the next development. Johannes and his friends call the unknown attacker the 'Fassmörder' (Drum-destroyer). When the six youngsters themselves come under suspicion, partly because of their rash, threatening letter, they decide the only way to solve the mystery is to work together like a group of detectives and logically deduce who are the most likely perpetrators of the damage. There is never any suggestion of a supernatural force at work; the old haunted Highland bothy has no counterpart in the Swiss story.

Johannes is changing from the boy who only did a good deed so that he had a valid excuse for being out late at night, who could take part in the ploy of hanging up Schigg's warning lanterns in the nut-tree like so many Christmas baubles, into a determined, purposeful youngster anxious to solve the problem, posed by the outbreak of motorway vandalism. It is important to realise that this change of attitude has partly been brought about by his growing affection for Schigg's son, Toni and the realisation that the child loves him. He had given the boy a small tin frog that clicked when pressed, a little toy which gradually takes on a symbolic meaning. He
unexpectedly hears the click of the frog out at the Haselbacher's farm and realises Toni must be there with his father:


This seemingly insignificant action tells the reader something about Johannes' potential as a human being and about what he considers important. Meantime the noise from the motorway site becomes ear-splitting and another oil-drum is damaged. But this time Schigg does not suspect the youngsters. Johannes, too, begins to see Schigg in quite a different light:


Schmitter changes his style of writing to make the reader more aware of Johannes' growing affection for Schigg. He describes Schigg's hands as he adjusts the old storm-lantern so that they symbolise a lifetime of service. Johannes' heart warms to him.

Niall has already given plenty evidence of courage, by attempting to clear up the puzzle of Ruairidh's fall, even when faced by the murderous red fellow, by his whole attitude to the tempestuous sea, but most of all on board 'Morgana', when instead of accepting his fate meekly he knocks out the man
at the wheel with Long John's salmon club, wrecks the ship, but is then imprisoned in the wheel-house by the force of the water and, it seems, in mortal danger. There is no scene in Verwirrung an der N 19 to match the struggle that Niall puts up, with Long John's help, to escape death by drowning, nor is there a relationship as close as that of the Highland man and boy. Only the scene in the round-house in Kidnapped suggests a similar intimacy. Niall and Long John have in common the panache and imagination sometimes associated with the Celts.

Niall has undergone a whole series of initiation rites, as it were, to prove his courage. Johannes and his friends have now made careful and calculated plans to catch the 'Drum-Destroyer' and their testing time is near at hand. Johannes has a bedroom which actually overlooks the motorway site. He cannot sleep, although it is well before his turn to go on duty. Instead he makes notes on every movement he observes; he sits up in the window and with 'little Granny's' binoculars surveys the site. Johannes experiences mounting fear:


This is a turning point in Johannes' life. He is convinced
that whoever lurks out there is wicked and that he is up against evil. He visualises the encounter. He could convince himself that he need not go, but he goes, and thus demonstrates to himself and the reader that he is not lacking in cool courage.

He crosses over to the site and in a scene of considerable anti-climax finds the retired train-driver, Herr Vetter, a mild-mannered neighbour cowering in a ditch. He is the self-confessed 'Drum-Destroyer' who had reacted in this way, because of his dearly-loved, invalid wife's intense suffering from the constant, wearing noise of the motorway preparations. This explanation is not entirely satisfactory to the reader, but before we have had time to grasp all the implications of this revelation, Schigg appears from nowhere to check what is going on. At that identical moment a sports car draws up, lights are switched off, two figures make for the shed, where Schigg knows dynamite is stored. Preventing the theft of the dynamite takes precedence over everything else. Johannes pursues the taller thief towards the car:

'Ich war so aufgeregt, daß ich alle Angst vergeß und nur daran dachte, den fliehenden Burschen zu stellen. Wie das möglich sein konnte, wüßte ich nicht. Er durfte aber auf keinen Fall in der Dunkelheit untertauchen'.

An extremely exciting race ensues. Johannes has only one thought in his head: how to get first to the ignition key of the car. Using a manoeuvre, learned from his friend, Rolf, he trips up the intruder, and throws away the key before he is struck senseless to the ground. He ends up in hospital and it is there he recounts his story.
The ending to Hans Schmitter's story is the least successful part of it, as is seen in the apparently chance arrival of the criminals in search of safe-breaking explosives, their knowledge of where these could be found, the way Herr Vetter is exonerated from prosecution despite all the damage done, presumably because he helped with the capture of the criminals, the fact that Morf and Bucher permitted explosives to be kept in an unauthorised place and that Schigg knew of this. It is all too pat to make a satisfactory conclusion to the story of how a boy finds his way through a series of adventures to maturity. Leaving aside the 'whodunit' atmosphere of the conclusion, I still find the glossing over of Herr Vetter's guilt and the quasi-acceptance of Morf and Bucher's storage policy for dangerous explosives (because it never comes to light) somewhat disturbing. One cannot escape the feeling that a double standard is being applied: one for the Vatters and for firms like Morf and Bucher and another for the two dynamite thieves.

Some readers may also find the moral standards operating in Master of Morgana unacceptable. Donald Stewart who gives Niall a lift part of the way to the hospital in his old Austin leaves the car with its long expired licence right in front of the police-station in Portree. Niall says of Donald:

"He said he once knew a man who cut the label off a beer bottle and put it into the licence holder on his car and went around with it for years. I believe he was sorry it was not himself who had thought of that one. He had a good nerve, Donald'. 64

Such anecdotes remind us of gloriously funny films like "Whisky Galore", set in the Highlands. Niall
puts another view-point:

'I liked the moor. It held its secrets well. Many a distant forebear of mine had been hunted here by the English redcoats and untold generations of the men of my blood had been pursued across the moor by the Laird's gamekeepers, but not one of them had ever been caught. The moor was kind to those who knew it well, and there was not a bog or a hillock in the many miles of it I did not know like the back of my hand'.

Niall retains many of the attitudes of his ancestors and this gives him a certain compatibility of temperament with Long John, but the salmon fishing/poaching operations involving the 'Morgana' cannot be defended and have caused Long John to associate with really wicked men like Murdo, the Harrisman. Being brave, resolute, strong, loyal to his friends and remaining throughout the story a hero-figure, he has so much good in him that he must appeal particularly to the young.

The last pages of the two books are in marked contrast:

Long John has just made his final escape on board the 'Kingfisher', which normally comes from Portree to collect the official catch of salmon. Niall thinks he is recovering from a heart attack and has gone ashore at the bothy to fetch some rum:

"What are you doing?" I yelled. "You should be lying down".

"A MacGregor never lies down", he said "not until there is six feet of cold earth on his chest, or fifty fathoms of water, more like. I am off, Niall, so good luck to you, boy".

He throws across to Niall a knotted handkerchief with his silver pocket watch inside:
'Standing there at the river mouth, with the watch in my hand, I looked out across the Sound. The mist had almost reached the water at my feet, great swirling clouds of thick white vapour. There was not a rock or a reef in the Sound that would not be hidden by it. And there were score upon score of rocks and reefs lying in wait for the Kingfisher.

It was the Sabbath Day, and I thought of His disciples, Simon and James and John, who had left their nets to become fishers of men. The Lord would surely look kindly upon a fisherman. I shut my eyes and said a prayer.'

The ending of his adventure story with a prayer is perhaps McLean's way of reminding the reader of Niall's traditional Skye background and of the way the boy associates Long John with the most solemn thing in his life. Niall is pronouncing a requiem rather than saying a prayer, for in his heart he surely knows Long John has chosen to sail to his death. There is a poetic dimension to the scene too, for the watch is surely a symbol of time and eternity as well as representing the love the man feels for the boy.

*Er stand da am Fußende meines Bettes, sauber rasiert, braun im Gesicht, die grosassen weißen Zähne herausstellend.*

*Mir schien, er schielte weniger, ein klein bißchen weniger.*

*Er sagte: "Gut abgelaufen. Es hätte schlimmer ausfallen können. Mein Meister war recht zufrieden, daß wir das Knallzeug sicherstellen konnten. Es wurde nämlich in der Baracke auf vorschriftswidrige Weise..."*

Schigg does not ask too many moral questions of himself. He is pleased to have the approval of his boss and is delighted to accept the reward money from him which will enable the chair to be bought for Toni. He is fair-minded and honest, and he makes certain that Johannes gets his share. He is making a real effort to build a bridge to the youngsters. Johannes may well outgrow the relationship with Schigg, but Toni will remain a link, and the standards Schigg reveals in his private life must surely rub off on Johannes.

The landscape of one's country is one of the factors which dictates feelings of national identity. I have accordingly given it due attention in assessing the books chosen for detailed analysis. In this passage Niall is going out with the three men to empty the bag-nets:

'I could see the length of the gorge to the waterfall at its head, the bridge on the main road looking like a toy in the distance. There were sheep grazing on the cliff top, specks of white against the green, and a long plume of smoke from the bothy hovered motionless in the still air. Looking back from the clogle, feeling the movement as the bow lifted against the swell of the incoming tide, it made a sight that I knew would remain with me always'. 68
Niall is already looking back nostalgically and fixing the beloved picture in his mind, as if he felt already he would spend his life elsewhere, for work prospects are poor in the Highlands. The sea, the cliffs, the boat, the occasional sheep and the very distant horizon make a very different picture from the one confronting Johannes as he steps out of his house:

'Der Nelkenweg verläuft parallel zur Autobahn, etwas tiefer, einen Meter tiefer vielleicht. In die kleine Böschung fräß das Regenwasser Gräblein, schwemmte die Erde hinaus über den dunklen Asphalt. Lehmgige Fächer zeichneten sich am Straßenrand ab.

Plötzlich fiel mir auf, daß die Rinnsale nicht nur von Erde getrübt waren, sondern daß sie sich auch schmierig ansahen. Trotz des aufschlagenden Regens erblickte ich ölige Pfützen, blaurandige Ringe.

Johannes sees in front of him the man-made environment of the great motorway, not yet quite complete. What was in all probability a garden suburb has been fundamentally altered. He is seeing his country change before his eyes and takes a keen interest in how the transformation is being brought about. He is able to adapt himself to the demands of a new landscape and, if need be, modify it still further. He is an observant boy and suddenly notices the tell-tale traces of oil in the roadway, seeping out of the damaged drums. There is no distant vision in the scene and no suggestion of timelessness, nothing of the mystical or romantic.

Both McLean and Schmitter have modified their usage of English and German in order to indicate the national background
of their characters, but the language used also reveals
class, temperament and even age. The reader's ear soon
becomes attuned to variations in place- and family-names,
in everyday vocabulary and in sentence construction and his
enjoyment is increased by these fresh and unexpected deviations
from the norm.

*Master of Morgana* is written in Standard English, but
McLean wants to convey to his readers that many of the
characters are not speaking their native language, so he puts
into their mouth Gaelic turns of phrase in English, not all the
way through the book but sufficiently often for the reader's
ear and imagination to catch the echo of another culture.
McLean is offering a compromise solution to the problem of
conveying the mood of a language without using the language
itself. When Niall applies to the English factor for Ruairidh's
old job he has difficulty in understanding the queer clipped
speech. He tries to impress the factor with his knowledge
of outboard motors and volunteers:

"I was working the outboard on my brother's
boat since years,"

and wonders why the factor smiles to himself. Morag, Niall's
sister, wanting to convey that her brother likes his food
remarks:

"You are after eating more for your breakfast
than I take all day",

or Long John trying to say he has not told a lie:

"My tongue is straight enough, whatever".

The names of the characters, Niall, Ruairidh, Morag and
Catriona at once suggest a non-English background.

*Verwirrung an der N 19* is written in Standard German, an
agreed convention in Switzerland, but early in the story place-
names like Dunantplatz and forenames like Bächi and Anni are
ordinarily Swiss. Johannes and Schigg speak
ordinary colloquial German not the 'Schwyzerdütsch' they
would have used in real life: 'traxeln' (to climb) p. 44,
'Darauf kannst du Gift nehmen' (it's a dead cert) p. 84,
'Mumm haben' (to have guts) p. 132, are a few examples; see also pp. 20,
72, 100, 130, 140, 154. Hans Schmitter, as a school-teacher,
must have been very familiar with these expressions. One
of the problems of using language which is colloquial is
that it sometimes goes out of fashion, and may no longer sound
natural, but initially at any rate it makes the dialogue much
more authentic. Some of the vocabulary in the book is also
specifically used in Switzerland: 'die Trasse' (line of a road)
p. 25, 'die Matte' (Alpine meadow) p. 106, 'Trottoirrand'
(edge of pavement) p. 138. Occasionally too there are
examples of verbal fun, for instance, when the sharp-tongued
'little Granny' mimicks the farmer, Großenbacher, who has made
a mint of money out of selling his land for motorway purposes.
In his speech 'ch' is substituted for 'r'.

"Gemeinwohl geht voch", sagte er, "wenn
es füch die Allgemeinheit notwendig ist, muß
doch einzelne Büchgech ein Opfech bchingen
können". Ah, das muß man meine Großmutter,
die kleine, sagen hören. Sie senkt dabei
die Augenlider und büschelt den Mund, genau
wie der Großenbacher, aber genau! Zum
Quetschen!" 74

The narrator takes the reader into his confidence by addressing
him directly and includes him in the fun.

Inevitably, however, some of the atmosphere, especially
perhaps the humour, the drama, the poetry is lost by using
Standard English or German, but that is the inevitable price to be paid for a much wider readership.

3.

In this chapter, as has been noted already, all the writers are men and the main characters boys, although R.L. Stevenson has paid Catriona the compliment of calling his book after her. Reviewing in my mind the female characters in the adventure stories, considered in this chapter, I cannot see that their roles have appreciably altered with the passage of time nor do I see that these roles are in any way inferior to those of men and boys; they are simply different and complementary and have remained so over the years. In children's literature, as opposed to mere reading matter, - and all the books mentioned in this chapter are in this first category - women and girls appear in an extraordinary number of guises. One has only to think of Stevenson's Misses Grant and Schmitter's little and tall Grannies to see that. The women and girls living in the country, as opposed to the town, seem to lead more traditional lives, clearly because of the way rural society is organised. I would find it very difficult to make a general statement about the roles played by Scottish and Swiss girls. Anni in Verwirrung an der N 19 is, for want of a better word, a most 'emancipated' character. So are the Grant sisters in Catriona.

The situation is quite different when we come to consider men and boys and their roles in the adventure story. Here a
clear distinction can be made between the Scottish and Swiss books. In Kidnapped and Master of Morgana Alan Breck and Long John are dominant characters, larger than life, and seem almost like mythical heroes in the way that they dominate the existence of both David and Niall. They could, with their particular provenance, be related most easily to the Irish hero cycle of Finn and Cuchulainn, but for all their aura of romance, they are basically flesh-and-blood adventurers. They will both finally disappear into unknown futures, leaving David and Niall behind — but the two boys will have passed through the 'rites de passage' and will be able to cope with life alone. There are really no such dramatic relationships in the Swiss books, although there are the close friendships with Albertelli, depicted in Svizzero, and with Schigg in Verwirrung an der N 19. Svizzero and Johannes also take young and relatively helpless boys under their wing — Santino and little Toni — as if they wanted to pass on some of the help they themselves had received.

Both the Swiss books, Svizzero and Verwirrung an der N 19, are concerned with the creation of means of communication, in the case of the first the building of a railway tunnel through the Mönch and Jungfrau, which has resulted in the opening up of that whole area to tourism and sport, thus greatly increasing economic possibilities for the Swiss themselves. What started for Svizzero as an adventure grows in the end into something much bigger. The Swiss show they have the expertise and grit to transform their harsh landscape for the benefit of the community. Technical advances of all kinds have been immense
between the construction of the Jungfrau tunnel and the building of the motorways. Any modern map of Switzerland reveals what a planning programme has been accomplished. Many of Hans Schmitter's descriptions of land transformation, huge and complicated machinery, the storage of oil and explosives bring such a map to life. Niklaus Bolt's workers have been separated from the community at large and few people really know what conditions of work are really like. But the motorways, with the constant noise of explosions and the movement of transport, exert pressure on a large section of the populace and cause untold frustration and misery. That is the other side to progress and may in fact be a kind of modern vandalism.

In Svizzera religion plays an important part in Christen's life; and he sees the beauties of nature around him as a revelation of God. This dimension to life has simply vanished in Schmitter's book, although the tenderness displayed to Toni shows that loving kindness is still very much alive, but it needs to be awakened. Schmitter's group of young people are initially rather selfish and uncaring, but they work well together, once they make up their minds to solve the mystery of the motorway site. Only Anni and Johannes, however, go back willingly to help Sister Frieda look after the Schigg children and clean out the rabbit hutches. Schmitter sees his teenagers with a cool and realistic eye and does not describe any emotional or sudden transformation, although Johannes, by putting his own life at risk in the end, displays determination and courage. Schmitter succeeds in
drawing a picture of the confused world in which his youngsters live and conveys the uncertainties of the grownups as well as those of the young. In this respect Schmitter mirrors the changes in belief that have taken place since Bolt wrote *Svizzero*.

McLean makes a public acknowledgement of his debt to Stevenson in the very naming of his characters, but *Master of Morgana* is a much slighter book than *Kidnapped*. McLean has no Lowland character like David Balfour in his book and the sparkle of the contrast between Alan and David is missing, that sparkle which enlivens the whole Scottish scene. McLean also makes little attempt to develop the relationship between Niall and Catriona, so a whole area, explored in Stevenson, falls outside the province of his book. Religion is not a theme of any deep significance in these Scottish adventure stories, but is accepted as the conventional background of the young people's lives. In some ways Niall's reference to Christ and his disciples at the end of *Master of Morgana* strikes a contrived note, although McLean suggests in his presentation of Skye that religious values are widely held: Niall's mother makes every attempt to see that her children retain them. Despite the continuing depopulation, the falling off in the use of Gaelic and the intrusion of harsh commercialism, even in poaching enterprises, many traditional Highland values, like Niall's mother's unwillingness to accept money for her hospitality, are reflected in this modern story. There is far less change and fewer pressures in the distant islands of the west coast of Scotland than in the suburban scene, described by Schmitter.
The simplicity and style and shortness of the more recent books make them much more accessible to the young and give readers an opportunity to sample individual experience. The development of the paperback industry has also been of immense value in this regard. Furthermore universal education and the development of Youth Libraries have opened the doors wide.

This chapter concludes the survey of individual books for children and young people, drawn mainly from two periods, the late nineteenth and early twentieth century and the period following the second world war. The books analysed have all been written in Standard English or German and certain conclusions about national identity can be drawn from them. Such conclusions cannot, however, be fruitfully made without including two further aspects of children's literature in Scotland and Switzerland. One chapter will be devoted to books published in languages other than those used by the majority populations in both countries. In Scotland that means Gaelic and Scots, and in Switzerland French, Italian and Romanche. The final chapter in the thesis is concerned with the illustration of children's books. It early became clear that Swiss illustrators have made outstanding contributions in this area, and much of their work reflects their country more compellingly than the printed word, with its national limitations can ever do. Equivalent Scottish material has been found and assembled, and it is intended that the inclusion of the visual element, of such undoubted importance in children's books, will reinforce the conclusions ultimately drawn.
Adventure


This story takes place in Scotland a few years after the Jacobite rising of 1745. David Balfour, aged sixteen, whose parents are not long dead, says farewell to his foster-father, a minister, and sets out with a letter of introduction to his uncle, Ebenezer Balfour of Shaws near Edinburgh. His uncle first tries to murder him, then has him kidnapped on board the brig, 'Covenant', destined for the Carolinas to be sold as a slave. The weather is very stormy and in the fog off Mull the brig runs down a boat. One of the passengers manages to board the 'Covenant'. He is wearing fine clothes and a belt, weighted with gold coins, round his waist, the rents for his chief Ardshiel in exile in France. Captain Hoseason decides to rob the newcomer, Alan Breck Stewart, but David is shocked by the plot which he overhears and warns Alan. Together they fight off the attackers, but in the meantime the ship strikes the Torran Rocks and sinks. David is cast up on the island of Erraid, but escapes from there and, with Alan's silver button as a passport, makes his way to Appin, where he meets up with Alan at the very moment when Colin Campbell, known as the Red Fox, is shot. He had been on his way to evict more Stewart tenants. Alan and David are suspected of the murder and flee over the moor, pursued by soldiers. They are able to rest for a few days in Cluny MacPherson's cave on Ben Alder, they pass by Balquidder, where they hear Robin Dig, Rob Roy's son, play the pipes and are then rowed over the Forth by Alison Hastie. Mr. Rankeillor of Queensferry, David's lawyer, comes to their
aid. Ebenezer Balfour is confronted with his villainy, forced to recognise David as his elder brother's son and the real owner of Shaws. David now sets about helping Alan to make his escape to France.

In *Catriona*, the sequel to *Kidnapped*, David first sets about helping to have James Stewart, James of the Glene, acquitted. He has been wrongly accused of killing the Red Fox. The Duke of Argyll, head of the great Clan Campbell, is determined to find at least one scapegoat. In the High Street of Edinburgh, David hears a Highland girl talking to her attendants in Gaelic and immediately falls in love with Catriona Drummond or MacGregor, grand-daughter of Rob Roy and daughter of James More MacGregor, now a down-at-heel rogue who cannot be trusted. David is advised to ask Lord Advocate Prestongrange for advice. The latter admires David's courage and presents him to his sister, Miss Grant. His charming and talented daughters befriend David and introduce him to Edinburgh society. He finds out that Catriona is living in the Dean Village under the care of Mrs. Drummond-Ogilvy of Allardyce and endeavours to keep in touch with her. Prestongrange presents David to Simon Fraser, the forfeited Master of Lovat, now currying favour with the Government by helping to prosecute James Stewart. The Lord Advocate makes sure Alan escapes to France and that David is prevented from bearing witness at Inveraray for James, who is duly condemned and hanged. David's friendship with the Grant girls continues. They encourage him to continue his studies at Leyden and see that he travels on the same ship as Catriona, who, on her arrival in Holland with no money, is not met by her father.
as arranged. David takes her with him to Leyden and looks after her tenderly. She is greatly embarrassed by her father trying to arrange a match for her with David. Eventually she and her father go to Dunkirk, where James More attempts to have Alan Breck arrested by the English Captain Palliser of the 'Seahorse'. This plan misfires. Alan, David and Catriona go to Paris to her chief, MacGregor of Bohaldie and she is at last persuaded to marry David. After her father's death they return to Edinburgh.
store over the summer months. Most of all Christen loves the director's and engineer's children who come up during holidays, and their pets. There are great dangers to be faced: avalanches, explosions, accidents and at times violence and hostility from the Italian workers who strike and later use forbidden dynamite to break through the last feet of the tunnel and snatch victory from the incoming shift.

Christen is himself involved in a careless accident with a trolley and ends up in hospital for several weeks. There he undergoes a spiritual re-awakening and so much does he regret his behaviour that he leaves the tunnel, takes a job in an aluminium factory and gives to his parents all the money he had saved to train as an engineer. During the period in hospital he has as a fellow patient an American painter with a particular regard for the healing qualities of Switzerland. Christen begins to think of the tunnel through the Jungfrau and the Mönch as an adventure on a huge scale. The children welcome him back and the great task is eventually completed. Now Christen sees a whole new life open out before him.

Please note that p. 410 and p. 411 have been inadvertently transposed.

Christen Ablanalp, aged fifteen, lives in Unterseen near Interlaken, during the first years of this century. His father, who was once a policeman is not now well enough to work and his mother earns her living as a washer-woman. He has two younger sisters. His god-father suggests Christen join him as an apprentice-tailor. Christen cannot face this prospect and after a violent quarrel, leaves home. His first job is to protect golden eagles in the Muota valley, but that is only a seasonal occupation and he moves down south until he comes to Chiasso on the Italian frontier. He is still full of the excitement of adventure, and when he sees a large group of Italians in the station on their way to work on the Jungfrau tunnel he longs to go with them. He is recognised by a Swiss welfare worker, Fräulein Zurtanne, who knows his mother, and he is befriended by her. She makes arrangements for him to join the party, pays his fare, gives him a meal and a small testament which is to become an important possession. In the train he meets two Italians who become close friends of his, Santino, a young boy, and Albertelli, with whom he shares sleeping-quarters in the workers' huts. The small group of Swiss who are responsible for planning and carrying out the whole operation live separately in an administrative building. Albertelli is invited to become one of this small band, an unusual promotion. The work inside the tunnel is long and hard. Christen will work there in the end nearly five years. He makes good friends, Schlunegger, the postman, and 'Lehrer' Treuherz, who runs the
Niall, aged sixteen, lives in the island of Skye with his widowed mother, his older brother, Ruairidh and his sister, Morag on the family croft, not far from Staffin. Ruairidh works at the salmon fishing, and stays in a bothy at the river's mouth with three other men, John MacGregor (Long John), Big Willie, a local man who goes home at night, and Murdo, the red fellow, a Harrisman. One day news is brought of Ruairidh's fall from a narrow bridge, high above the river and he is brought home unconscious on a stretcher. The doctor decides to send him by ambulance to the hospital in Broadford, some distance away by road, on the far side of Sligachan and Portree. Niall is sent over later in the day, in Donald Stewart's car to bring back news of Ruairidh and also his clothes. Suspense and mystery enter the story, when Niall is told that a man has already collected the clothes. Luckily Niall is able to catch him up and to retrieve the parcel intact. In a trouser-pocket a diary is found which has the word, 'Morgana' entered several times, followed by a series of numbers. Getting news of Ruairidh's progress is difficult. Although the story takes place after the Second World War, there are few cars and telephones on the island and only an occasional bus. When Ruairidh is transferred to a much larger hospital in Inverness visiting becomes virtually impossible.

Niall succeeds in getting his brother's old job from the estate factor and joins the salmon fishers in the bothy. He is glad to earn some money especially for his mother's sake, but he is also suspicious about the circumstances, in which his
sure-footed brother fell from the bridge. Long John, so called because, like Long John Silver in *Treasure Island*, he has lost his leg, is in charge of the fishing operation. He grows to admire Niall's guts and determination and a close friendship develops between the two. The bothy is said to be haunted, the main reason why Big Willie goes home at night. Murdo, who, in Niall's mind, may have pushed Ruairidh off the bridge, is particularly aggressive. Long John uses his wooden leg to defend Niall, but Murdo still causes Niall to lose his balance and fall down the precipice into the sea. Niall survives, but is taken on board a ship, the 'Morgana'. The mysterious numbers in the diary are explained. These are the numbers of salmon poached on Sundays and exported on the 'Morgana'. The legitimate catch is delivered to the 'Kingfisher', a fishery vessel. Ruairidh had been attempting to gather information about the illegal operation. Niall, in an attempt to escape from the 'Morgana', wrecks the ship on a rock, but his life is saved by Long John. They are both taken aboard the 'Kingfisher', where John feigns a heart-attack when the other prisoners are being transferred up the cliff to a waiting van. The mist was coming down so the 'Kingfisher' had been forced to make for the bothy instead of Portree. Long John and Niall are left alone on the ship. Niall is sent ashore to fetch some rum, and while he is searching, Long John escapes in the 'Kingfisher'. 
Johannes lives on the edge of a town, probably in the Aare valley near Berne (we are not told exactly where), possibly in the early sixties, when the N 19, a new motorway, was being constructed. He is getting towards the end of his schooldays, earns money delivering newspapers, and is one of a group of six school-friends: Rolf, Kurt, Bächi, Olga and Anni. He is happy at home with his parents and two grandmothers, who are known as 'little Granny' and the 'tall Granny'. His mother will not allow him to ride through the traffic on his bicycle with the heavy bag of newspapers, but prefers to pay the tram-fare herself. She works in an unlicensed restaurant; his father also works locally, but what exactly he does is not made clear. Johannes seems to be an only child.

The main action of the story revolves round the relationship between the group of young friends and Herr Huber, the overseer of the section of motorway, or 'Schigg', as he is known to them. He guards the property of his employers carefully and greatly resents the pranks, played by the youngsters on the construction-site. On one occasion most of the group, organised by Anni, volunteer for social work which takes the form of looking after a retarded boy, Toni, and his baby sister. Their mother is ill in hospital and the father has to work late. This arrangement enables the group to get permission to be out late and they use the opportunity to hang up all Schigg's storm-lanterns on a tree on the site just like Christmas decorations. Meantime some really serious damage is done to an oil container and to a valuable crane. The young people are at once suspected
and so bitterly do they resent this, that they write a foolish, threatening letter, which they pin on the office door. They also set about trying to discover who the real culprits are in order to clear themselves. They find a tin of red paint, which had been poured into the working machinery of the crane, wrapped in one of their own newspapers. They attempt unsuccesssfully to track down the purchaser of that particular newspaper. Johannes and Anni are called upon to do another stint of social work and it comes to light that Schigg is the father of the children they have tended and whose rabbit-hutches they have cleaned out. This revelation transforms the whole relationship and Schigg no longer suspects them. The group organises a round-the-clock watch on the site. A neighbour, Herr Vetter, is revealed as the damager of the crane. His wife had been driven to distraction by the noise. He, in his turn, helps Johannes to corner one of two young criminals who were attempting to steal dynamite for safe-breaking. Johannes foils their escape by throwing away the ignition-key of their car. He is quite seriously injured and ends up in hospital, but Johannes and Schigg are well rewarded by the site-owners. A new and splendid wheel-chair can now be bought for Toni, which gives great pleasure to both grown-ups and youngsters.
The mother's love for the boy was not expressed in words. But she had made a good soup for him and a tender piece of roast beef was already simmering in the oven, while she was sitting in church; there was potato salad and cress to go with it and pear flan with lots of cream with the coffee.

"What? You don't want to go?" his mother shouted at him, "when we've no money at all for your education. Götti's offer is manna from heaven!"

"I'm NOT going!"

"You ungrateful boy! Is that all education's done for you?"

"I'd rather be a mason than squat on a table and sew!"

"Tailoring's a fine trade!"

"Yes, for women!"

"You're going!" shouted his father, roused.

"Yes, I'm going, but not to Götti!"

"Go then, and be a nobody!"

The wood in the kitchen was already snapping under her fingers. In next to no time the fire was crackling and three eggs were sizzling in the pan.

His father was still holding his hand tight, though the lad's hand was itching to be gone. "Take care of yourself, son!"
"They've given you the sack", she shouted at him.

"Fancy striking! I read it in the newspaper - so you've ended up after all as the troublemaker with the police after you! Good God! What a disgrace for us, and your father a policeman himself!"

"When I think of you up on the mountain, doing such rough work that your hands are cut to bits by the hard stone, I'm almost heart-broken. But then I think of the pluck God's given you, to stick it out in ice and snow, so your mother and little sisters don't starve. I feel prouder than any other mother, because I've a brave son."

For another moment they both stood quietly there. Then the son put his arms round his mother and led her back.

Christen now slept along with the German Swiss.

The Jungfrau railway has opened a door into the Bernese Oberland, through which hundreds of thousands of people have passed to enjoy the beauty of the mountains. But to the people who live here the railway gives work and their daily bread, for their only means of livelihood comes from their great mountains.

They just had to get home and they had hurried to be there
in time for the Christmas tree. Then the snow began sliding and they were found dead. They died where they stood.

p. 88

When in winter the valley is shrouded in mist, up aloft they have brilliant sunshine. Of course there are snowy days, but the sun always breaks through again triumphantly. On the heights at midday there is always a fiery glow from the heat. The glaciers shine like silver, the dark rocks like gold. And in the evening the rocks and the snow are blood-red.

p. 89

.... Like thunder the avalanches roar down into the valley. Fear grips the lads from the south who are forced to stay up there. They crowd into the tunnel.

p. 93

More than the sun, the queen of the heavens, the thousand eyes of the flowers give men up there the feeling of God's nearness.

pp. 209-210

Over the Matilda Peak stood the morning star. In the east over the dark firns a slight shimmer. In front of him the Jungfrau, shone round with stars.

Alone in the everlasting stillness. O God, how great You are and how glorious is Your name!
They were happy that the Swiss should carry one of their people and every eye was fixed on the engineer, as he made his speech at the graveside, closing with these words:

"He was not only the paragon of workmen, but also of men. Let us raise a monument to him in our hearts which will last longer than this wooden cross".

The Italians began to sing, as if they wanted to take their homeland with them in songs, a medley of tunes from every province.

Christen's speech was continually interrupted by shouts and threats, but he didn't stop until he'd had his say. Then the workers made a rush at him, as if they intended strangling him. One of them held his mouth shut and bit through his ear. He defended himself like a lion......

He rushed across the rail-track to the office. Blood was dripping down his jacket......

"Come on!"

"It's no good, Cristiano, I've been down and had to come back. The air's foul, stifling".
"Let's get down to Grindelwald then as fast as possible. Can you manage across the ice? I can, I'm Swiss, but what about you?"

"I'll have a go."

It was harder than Albertelli had thought. The young Svizzero leaped with an inbuilt confidence that was impossible for the Italian.

"I can't."

"You can!" shouted Christen.

A gaping, greenish-blue, bottomless chasm separated them.

"Now!"

Christen's strength seemed to be carried across to his friend. He jumped over. "I just can't go on", he soon moaned.

"Well, have a rest then. I'm tired too."

Under his watchful eye his friend slept, but Christen spent anxious hours. He calls aloud into the icy wilderness. Then between the glacial acres he catches sight of two black dots.

"You seem to me rather obstinate. But if you let yourself be guided, something good can be made of you."

The courage of the strong also gives strength to the weak.

Look! to mountain and to dell
The sun now bids farewell.
Look! on meadows far away
dark shadows hold their sway.
From mountain tops now flees the sun!
0 how red the glaciers run!

or alternatively in Scots, rendered by Hamish Whyte, Senior
Look! the sin flees the glen,
its last licht quits the ben.
Look! the faur meadows ower
The shadows gloam and glower;
the peaks tak leave o sin!
Hoo rid the glaciers rin!

p. 22

Then Anni took the matter up, the dark, wispy-haired girl. She is rather plump. Not really fat, just about right. Almost average.

On the way home from school she once said to Rolf: "Why don't you stop?"

"Why should I stop? Schigg's a swine!"

"And you're a blockhead," said Anni. "When I see the many yellow bits of glass lying about .... I get worked up", said Anni. "It worries me, almost like when bread is thrown away. I would sometimes like to clear them up," said Anni.

p. 16

That man Schigg - we couldn't stand him. Not because he's so ugly, but because he persecuted us. Nobody can help being nice-looking or ugly. My grandmother, the tall one, even asserts that ugly people are inwardly often the most beautiful. Maybe.

He persecuted us because - well really for no reason. We were just in his road. Everywhere, the whole time, we were in his road. If we happened to go near the Nissen huts, he'd chase us away, cursing and swearing. If we dared take a closer look at a machine, he immediately appeared, baring his teeth and shaking his fist. He seemed to think, that without his permission, no one was allowed to touch so much as a marker post.
When he chews his tobacco with his mouth open, you sometimes think you can see a look of pleasure on his face.

But there you'd be wrong. Not at all. He's just screwing up his mug. The man never laughs – no sense of humour.

p. 46

Have you ever watched how a big flyover is constructed? A part of the viaduct on our own motorway N 19 for example?

From morning to evening surfaces bigger than the floor of a gymnasium are poured out on our viaduct. Incredible! A forest of iron supports holds up a smooth well-constructed wooden floor. On this floor lie the uncounted rusty brown iron rods and wires, as thick as fingers or as pencils, which by dint of protracted labour are connected and intertwined.

And then the day comes when the cement cover can be poured.

The amount of material that swallows up! You'd hardly believe it. You could set up as many of the concrete-mixers that Schigg uses as you liked, there'd never be enough. They don't attempt to do that at all. Somewhere there's a large mixer – there they fetch the concrete. All hours there's lorries transporting the thick runny mixture, emptying it into a big silo. Then containers are filled up .......

the lifting hook on the crane cable grabs hold of them, lifts them high into the air. The crane moves back, swings its arm over the right place, pays the cable out at the same time and lowers the container. Now the workers set to ......
In spite of Schigg's presence, I wanted somehow to say good-bye to Toni, only I couldn't think how. Shake his hand? Pat his head? I did neither. Instead I decided to take his handkerchief out of his trouser-pocket, as Sister Frieda had done, and boldly wipe his mouth. I then got on to my bike and rode off.

No, I hadn't hated him for ages. But now when I saw him kneeling before me on the ground, there .... Those hands, that were attending to an old storm-lantern there, seemed quite familiar to me. They were strong hands, weather-beaten hands. Here and there the spilt petrol had washed the skin thoroughly clean. The clean places looked like spots. I suddenly liked them, those hands. And the whole man. Almost.

Doubts assailed me - or rather - I was afraid. All the same it was midnight, everyone was asleep, down there the 'Drum-Destroyer' was haunting the place, certainly sure to be brim full of feelings of hate towards the motorway, against everyone perhaps, and I was to catch him, was alone, was supposed to call out to him: "Stop! Hands up!" or something like that. And then it wasn't even my watch, I thought. ..... My stint doesn't begin until half past twelve. That was agreed, even in writing. And there's nobody who knows I've seen everything. I just need to keep my mouth shut.

But I went all the same.
I was so excited I forgot all my fear and I only thought of intercepting the chap as he made off. How that was possible I didn't know. But on no account must he be allowed to disappear in the dark.

He stood there at the end of my bed, freshly shaved, his brown face emphasizing his big white teeth.

I thought he was squinting less, a tiny little bit less.

He said: "It's all gone well. It could have turned out worse. The boss was very pleased that we managed to put the explosives in a safe place. You see they were being kept in the Nissen hut against regulations. If the gang had blown a safe with them, the firm of Morf and Buchar would have been in the soup. They would really have had to stump up", said Schigg. And then he added: "I reminded Morf about the blue bank-note he'd promised, because we'd caught the 'Crane-Killer', as you called him" - we he repeated once more - "and then he did the decent thing".

Schigg beamed. "He coughed up two. One belongs to you. Yes, yes! You put up a very good show. And Toni's already sitting in his wheel-chair. Marvellous! You really must come and have a look at it some time".

Carnation Way runs parallel to the motorway, but at a lower level, perhaps a yard lower. Rain-water had eaten away into the slight escarpment and washed soil out on to the dark asphalt. Streaks of clay could be seen along the wayside.

Suddenly I noticed that the gutters were not only muddied
with soil, but that they were also smeary. In spite of the driving rain, I noticed oily puddles, circles edged with blue.

p. 105

(Note: Großenbacher has difficulty in pronouncing 'r'. In his speech 'r' = 'ch').

"The common good is pachamount", he said. "If it's necessachy foach the public good, then individual citizens must make sacchifices".

Oh, you should hear my grand-mother - the little one - say that. She lowers her eye-lids as she does so, and purses her lips, exactly like Großenbacher, exactly like him! It's a scream.
NOTES FOR CHAPTER 5 (D)


5. K, p. 94.


10. S, p. 49.

11. S, p. 149.

12. S, p. 94.


20. S, p. 89.


25. S, p. 44.
29. S, p. 141.
33. K, p. 77.
36. C, p. 103.
37. C, p. xvi.
38. K, p. 211.
40. S, pp. 164-5.
41. S, p. 165.
43. S, p. 82.
44. C, p. 119.
45. C, p. 5.
47. S, pp. 52, 81.


52. MM, p. 34.

53. MM, p. 47.


55. V, pp. 16-7.

56. MM, pp. 135, 137.

57. MM, p. 92.

58. V, p. 46.

59. MM, p. 78.

60. V, p. 113.

61. V, p. 143.

62. V, p. 175.

63. V, p. 185.

64. MM, p. 19.

65. MM, p. 110.


68. MM, p. 51.


70. MM, p. 33.

71. MM, p. 36.


73. MM, p. 176.

74. V, p. 105.

75. 'Schweizerische Kinder- und Jugendbibliotheken', Report by Rita Iseli, Schweizerisches Jugendbuch-Institut (Zürich, 1979).