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NOTIFICATION.

LA LEGATION DE SUISSE a l'honneur d'attirer l'attention des citoyens suisses sur les informations suivantes concernant le rassemblement et l'estampillage en Suisse des titres de la dette d'avant-guerre non-gagée de l'ancien Gouvernement autrichien ainsi que de la dette hongroise d'avant-guerre non-gagée (rente couronnes, rente or, etc.).

1) *Titres autrichiens.*—Les citoyens suisses possédant des titres de la dette autrichienne d'avant-guerre non-gagée avaient été invités, par notification parue dans le "Swiss Observer" du 5 novembre 1921, à envoyer leurs titres en Suisse pour l'estampillage, en vue de faire valoir leurs droits.

La Commission des Réparations a décidé, ultérieurement, que parmi les titres à soumettre à l'estampillage pouvaient également être compris ceux mis en gage auprès de créanciers suisses et qui, le 16 juillet 1920, se trouvaient en dehors du territoire des Etats successeurs de l'ancienne Double-Monarchie. Jusqu'au 15 mars 1922, lesdits titres peuvent donc être envoyés à une banque suisse, accompagnés d'un certificat de nationalité et de pièces justificatives, établissant qu'en date du 16 juillet 1920 les valeurs en question ne se trouvaient pas dans le territoire desdits Etats successeurs et constituaient une propriété hypothécaire de celui qui les produit.

2) *Titres hongrois.*—Les ressortissants suisses qui possèdent des droits de propriété ou de gages sur des titres de la dette hongroise d'avant-guerre non-gagée (rente or, rente couronnes, etc.) sont invités, afin de sauvegarder leurs droits, à envoyer immédiatement à une Banque suisse ceux de leurs titres qui se trouvaient le 26 juillet 1921 en dehors du territoire des Etats successeurs de l'ancienne Monarchie austro-hongroise (Autriche, Hongrie, Pologne, Roumanie, Royaume des S.H.S., Italie et Tchéco-Slovaquie).

Il y aura lieu d'annexer à ces titres:

- 1) un certificat de nationalité,
- 2) des documents établissant que ces valeurs sont en leur possession en propriété ou en gages et qu'ils se trouvaient le 26 juillet 1921 hors du territoire des Etats successeurs de l'ancienne Monarchie austro-hongroise (borderau d'achat, certificat de dépôt, attestation du Consulat ou d'une Banque, déclaration sous serment, etc.).

La Légation et les Consulats de Suisse en Grande-Bretagne seront en mesure de donner aux intéressés des explications complémentaires.

LEGATION DE SUISSE.

Janvier 1922. 32, Queen Anne Street, Londres, W.1.

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HOME NEWS

The International Court of Justice has held its first sitting at the Hague Palace of Peace on Monday last, Professor Max Huber attending as Swiss judicial member of the Court.

* * *

The traditional annual banquet given in honour of the Diplomatic Corps by the Swiss Federal Council took place at Berne on Saturday last.

* * *

On Thursday of last week an avalanche descended near the Southern entrance to the Simplon tunnel at Iselle, necessitating the deviation of the Simplon Express via the St. Gotthard route. It was anticipated that the tremendous masses of snow, which blocked the railway track for some distance, would be cleared away within twelve hours.

* * *

The extent to which smuggling by travellers, who enter Switzerland either from Austria or Germany, has developed during the last twelve months, is revealed by an official report which states that from January 1st to December 31st, 1921, 4,837 travellers were apprehended by Swiss Customs officers. The amount by which these travellers attempted to defraud the Swiss Customs revenue totalled nearly 35,000 francs.

* * *

The former chief cashier of the Loetschbergbahn, Sidler, who during the years from 1902 to 1921 has embezzled just on 400,000 francs, has been sentenced to five years imprisonment by the Assize Court of Berne. While a revision of the books was in progress last March, Sidler absconded to Germany, taking from the safe a further 10,000 francs in cash. Two days after his flight he was, however, arrested and brought back to Berne.

* * *

OBITUARY.—National Councillor Arthur Eugster, who in consequence of failing health resigned his seat last spring, has succumbed to a stroke at his home in Speicher on January 7th last.

The deceased had many friends in this country, where one of his sons is resident.

Another branch of the family has also been settled in England for decades, a prominent member of it being Lieutenant-Colonel Eugster, who was attached to General Lord Allenby's staff in Palestine.

A biographical memoir by one of our contributors, who has made a close study of ex-National Councillor Arthur Eugster's fruitful public career, will appear in our next issue.

* * *

The last surviving member of the second generation of the Sulzer family, Dr. J. J. Sulzer-Imhoof, died at his residence near Winterthur on the 6th January in his 67th year.

After having terminated his technical education and studies at Winterthur, Zurich and Dresden, Dr. Sulzer went abroad, entering the services of Messrs. Carels Frères, Ghent, Lobnitz & Co., Renfrew, and Napier & Sons, Glasgow, re-entering his father's and uncle's works at Winterthur in 1883, being made a partner in the firm of Sulzer Bros. in 1888.

For the prominent and successful part Dr. Sulzer took in the construction and development of high-power Diesel engines the University of Zurich conferred upon him the distinction of Doctor of Science.

In an appreciation of Dr. Sulzer *Engineering* says:—

"Dr. Sulzer-Imhoof was a born engineer. He was a gentleman with whom one was always pleased to have dealings by reason of his unvarying courtesy. The members of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers visited the works of his firm at Winterthur on the occasion of the summer meeting held in Zurich in the year 1911, and his kindly reception of them will long be remembered."

NOTES & GLEANINGS.

Three stimulating articles extolling the virtues of winter sports and resorts having appeared in the period under review, Sir John Foster Fraser in *The Evening Standard* (Jan. 28th) is an easy first with his characteristic facile description of revels at St. Moritz, where everybody who is anybody is putting in at least a fortnight. The following are a few extracts:—

"Half the British peerage has been here, is here, or is coming. The chief reading, and in some cases the only reading, is the 'visitors' list'—and when you come to the French aristocracy, each name always requires a line and a half."

"The Swiss hotel proprietor requires as great organising genius as the general of a successful campaign."

A fifth of the population in St. Moritz to-day are waiters of the cosmopolitan type. Has any waiter ever written a book of his travels?

I met a waiter the other day who recalled he had served me in Buenos Ayres, New York, Algiers, Paris, and London. That recognition cost me three francs.

Each of the big hotels seems to appeal to a particular clientele. The Palace is tremendously aristocratic, the Kulm is cosmopolitan and gay, the Carlton is select, and the Suvretta attracts folk who are really somebody.

Ostensibly everyone who comes here wants the tonic of exercise a mile above sea level.

After a month, however, I have come to the conclusion that not a few come here chiefly to have what is called "a gorgeous time." There are some things in which St. Moritz could give Monte Carlo a tip or two.

When twenty odd years ago I made my first acquaintance with Swiss winter sports, we stayed at humble hotels, with no carpets on the floors, fed plainly, were up before dawn for our ski expeditions, returned weary, sprawled in the little lounges with iron stoves in the centre of the rooms, and were all in bed by ten, except on special occasions, when we hopped for an hour or two.

Such places no doubt still exist. But most of us have become luxurious. We travel in a special Engadine express from Boulogne to Chur, we reach our village not by several hours of sleighing, but in an electric train, we stay at swagger steam-heated hotels, where, people, especially the women, dress more delightfully than at the Carlton, we eat to the music of a Viennese orchestra, and we dance and hold high revelry till

—well, as a middle-aged fogey I generally go to bed three hours before most of my friends think of going. . . ."

"Perhaps in your wanderings round London you see in the shop windows the most flaming coloured 'winter sports' costumes and you wonder who on earth wears those things? Well, they are worn out here."

The best place to see them is at Hanselmans—and Hanselmans is a St. Moritz institution. All the world goes there to tea, and a fat old man sells you cakes, and red-cheeked Swiss lassies bring you tea, and you sit amongst radiant costumes, which suggest a Czecho-Slovakian-Jugo-Slavian cinematographic conference. . . ."

"Celebrities here are as cheap as Counts in Poland. You would not take that heavy old boy wobbling round the skating rink for one of the greatest financiers of the world. And that girl, powdered with snow whilst she hilariously explains that this is the first time she has ever been on ski, and she feels as though she were coming to pieces, you would scarcely imagine to be an English Countess, whose portrait is constantly appearing in the shilling illustrateds."

Here is a picturesque figure sauntering up the village street, with a large checked cap rather jauntily perched on one side. Surely you have seen that delicate Shakespearean countenance somewhere! As he looks in the window of the little bookshop and approves of the display of Manx novels, you recognise him as a great author. . . ."

Davos, however, still holds its own, and Ward Muir in the *Daily Sketch* (Jan. 21st) calls it the metropolis of the winter-sport district:—

"Although Davos is one of the most cosmopolitan spots in the world, English influence has imposed itself on all the aspects of the life here."

The local youths' athletic club of the valley, for instance, play football in summer and ice-hockey in winter; both games introduced from England. The skating rink, though now expanded by municipal enterprise, was originally built by English residents.

Toboggan racing was invented by the English. Ski-ing was acclimatised from Norway, not by Norwegians, but by Englishmen. And curling came, if not from England, at any rate via England from Caledonia.

The history of Davos, from the day when John Addington Symonds, en route for Egypt in 1877, stopped here and built himself a chalet, and never went to Egypt after all, down to the significantly heedless moment in February, 1914, when many young English champion tobogganners and ski-runners said cheerily to their Davos hosts, "We'll be back in December as usual," and, long before December came, had gone to meet death in the trenches instead, is all a tale of English sportsmanship—a sportsmanship which has profited not Davos alone, but a score of similarly situated centres in the Alpine snows.

Davos is 5,000 feet above sea level. Something over sixty years ago the parish doctor of the village—as it then was—observed that phthisis never occurred among the aborigines.

Now, this was curious, for by our modern standards the Swiss peasant is one of the worst 'frowsters' on earth; he thinks open windows a crime, and in various other respects is—or was—by no means a hygienic person.

Moreover, the peasantry of various low-lying countries (including, alas our own) have a quite considerable phthisis death-rate, as the doctor knew well. He investigated and composed a learned treatise for a medical journal.

And that was the beginning of Davos as a health resort. It is still a health resort. But owing to the energy of the English—most restless of mortals—it has gradually become a pleasure-resort, too.

The first English invalids were not content merely to 'cure' (that is, repose on couches in the sunshine). They insisted on enjoyment.

With the obvious result that they the more rapidly recovered—an interesting example of the principle recently re-discovered under the name of auto-suggestion.

From this has developed the whole of the now elaborate organisation of winter-sports.

So, if when I speak of Davos as a health resort, you picture one of those haunts of hypochondriacs where old women and red-nosed Anglo-Indian colonels creep about in bath chairs, drink the waters, and discuss their ailments, you will be ludicrously in the wrong.

If there are any old women here, they are scuttering to and fro on ski and snowballing their own grandchildren. And if there are any Anglo-Indian colonels too paralytic to toboggan,