

Personal

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NEWS FROM THE COLONY.

SWISS BANK CLUB.
SMOKING CONCERT.

I greatly appreciated the invitation to attend the Smoking Concert of the Swiss Bank Club, which took place on the 28th of last month at the Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge. To be the guest of Bankers is to any ordinary mortal like me an undoubted honour, and hailing, as I do, from a Banker's family, I doubly appreciated the honour.

Now from an early age, it has always been drummed into my ears, that punctuality is one of the virtues of a banker, and this belief has accompanied me ever since I left my parental home, but last Friday I received a rude shock. In order not to be late I spent, to be exact, an amount of 4/- on a taxi to be sharp at 7 o'clock at the Bridge Hotel; I arrived there 5 minutes late, after having had a capital row with the taxi driver, when words were exchanged which are quite unsuitable to be published in the S. O. and which caused more than one blush on the face of my good lady. I fully expected that on my arrival the concert would be in full swing, but nothing of the kind, a well-known choir which was supposed to open the concert, was busily performing at the Hotel Bar, and judging from their shining faces, they seemed to be quite happy and contented in those quarters. To cut a long story short, I wish to say that the first number on the programme, was not rendered before another 40 minutes had elapsed, and inwardly I reckoned up how many drinks I could have had for the amount which I spent uselessly on that infernal taxi. To be fair, however, I ought to say that the delay in starting, was apparently due to a traffic jam which was general in the City on that night.

At 7.45 p.m. a Gentleman, who must have lost his temper, gave a terrific bang on the table with an instrument which looked like a hammer, and magic like, about 20 Gentlemen climbed on to a platform amongst the applause of an audience of about 250-300 people. Another knock, with no less force than the first one, had a soothing effect on the company, and the Swiss Choral Society opened the programme with a Swiss song, which, judging from the tumultuous applause, must have been to their liking, as a matter of fact, I can vouch for that, because a lady sitting at the same table as I had a tear trickling down her rosy cheek, surely this choir could not ask for any greater tribute. After that Miss Gladys Knight sang about "My Ships;" being an awfully bad sailor, I felt a bit nervous when she announced the title of her song, but I am glad to say it was alright and everybody was pleased that she safely landed in port. She had hardly sailed away, when Fred Gwyn arrived to entertain the company "With Plump Humour," and as he was as plump as his humour everybody was glad; although he had a most awful face (I hope he does not read this report, or he might have me up for slander). Ivor Walters, who followed was a tenor, and as tenors always sing of love, all the dear ladies present thought that he was an awfully nice man, and as he sang awfully nicely too "everything in the garden was lovely." Now, Edith Faulkner, was indeed a naughty girl, her "Character Studies" made me blush, and when she sang in a cooing voice "kiss me," looking in my direction, I felt like taking a big leap, but a look from my wife, and the thought that I was in exalted circles, made me behave.

The star turn of the evening, however, was undoubtedly the appearance of my friends, Elsie and Doris Waters. I am using deliberately the term my friends, because I know them perhaps longer than most of those who watched them that night. Our acquaintance dates back a few years ago, when I spent a holiday at Worthing, and as fate, or was it luck, would have it they were performing in one of the concert parties, and right away I lost head, heart and 2/6 over them, and I said then and there that if these two ladies would not make history, I would eat my hat. Well since then, they have made history and incidentally money too, they are regularly in the broadcasting programmes, they perform in the best circles, such as bankers, etc., and I have just started to eat an old straw hat of mine. — Of course, I do not want to swank, I have never spoken to them, and they have not the foggiest notion who I am, I waited at the stage door, for them down yonder at Worthing, and just when I was going to introduce myself, Doris gave me such a look, that I felt like jumping from the Pierhead: — but nevertheless they are all the same my friends, and perhaps one day, I will write to them and tell them how much everybody enjoyed their splendid performance at the Bridge Hotel. Then the next number was the interval, and much to my surprise, about 70 per cent. of the audience rushed to the door, I imagined that some high personality was either arriving or departing, and I joined the rush, doing a reporter's duty, but there was nobody coming nor going, but it was near closing

time at the Bar and there I met some friends of the choir who were getting ready to open the second part of the programme, which they started with a Buccaneer's song. They did it jolly well, what a good thing it was that there was an interval just before they appeared as sea brigands, their cruel laugh: ha, ha, ha, ha... went through me like a knife, and I was glad I was not alone with them.

Miss Gladys Knight then sang "A Song of Thanksgiving," because everybody applauded so much when she appeared in the first half, and Fred Gwyn, the one with the ugly face recited "More Nonsense," and judging from the thunderous applause he received, his nonsense was appreciated.

Ivor Walters, sounded a more classical note, by singing Coleridge Taylor's "Eleanore," and all the ladies looked again sweet and love sick; as an encore, he sang, "Come into the Garden Mand," but as Mand was nowhere near, he left the platform amongst the clapping of all the ladies in which all the bachelors joined.

Elsie Faulkner, the naughty one rushed again on the stage and she was even naughtier than before, her passionate appeals for love were heart-rending, and more than once I felt that something or other should be done for the good lady, but how could I? why are bachelors so slow nowadays!! When I was young and beautiful... (I had better keep quiet) —

As it was her bath night, she could not stay any longer and the jolly programme thus came to an appropriate close.

Dancing then started, and the second part of the evening was as successful as the first one, due to the efficient playing of the Cambrian Orchestra. I always had an idea, up till now, that Bankers are a very unapproachable lot (of course, they are sometimes) and make one at times feel most uncomfortable, but as I have no overdraft at the bank, in fact, not even an account (the only thing I can draw in a bank is my breath) I felt very happy and content. It was a most enjoyable evening and the Committee of the Swiss Bank Club is to be congratulated on their splendid arrangements.

ST.

A TRAVERS LA SUISSE.

The film show arranged by the Nouvelle Société Helvétique, took place last Saturday at St. George's Hall; as on previous occasions, and a large company witnessed an exceedingly interesting performance.

Previous to showing the films, M. F. Suter, the active President of this patriotic Society, welcomed the large gathering. Unfortunately the musical arrangements did not function, and an appeal to all musicians who might be amongst the audience, met with no success, but strangely enough the absence of music was hardly felt, and the hearty laugh and the ah's and oh's of the numerous little one's, compensated those who looked forward to hear some of our popular tunes.

Monsieur C. R. Paravicini, Swiss Minister, addressed the gathering in a few words, expressing his admiration for the useful work the Nouvelle Société Helvétique is performing.

The exceedingly clever performance of some of our well-known ski experts earned the admiration of all those, who had the pleasure of witnessing this show, especially those, who in years gone by practised this sport. The scenery was beautiful, almost overwhelming in its grandeur. The film was taken for the greater part in the Bernese Oberland and around St. Moritz. The majestic beauty of the Eiger-Mönch and Jungfrau made many a mountaineer's heart beat quicker, and recalled memories of happy care free times. To the writer it vividly brought back an excursion to the Jungfrau which two years ago; although the ascent was not made on ski's on that occasion, but in a comfortable railway compartment, it was none the less enjoyable.

The pictures demonstrated that the gentle sport of skiing is not confined to adults only, but also to the youngsters, and the frolics of some of the little ones caused much merriment and amusement. Ski races are very popular in Switzerland, and one does not wonder at it, after having seen the skillful way in which the participants twist and turn around the various posts; high jumps taken very gracefully proved that iron nerves are required to become a skilful skier.

Of great interest proved to be the pictures shown of glider flights, which were erroneously mentioned on the programme as "ice yachting." These machines are not driven by any motor power but depend entirely on the wind currents and, of course, on the skill of the pilot. We witnessed the start of one of these gliders from the Jungfraujoch.

As an extra treat for the children, Felix the cat appeared on the screen, and the hearty laughter and screams of delight was proof enough how this extra turn was appreciated.

It was a most enjoyable afternoon for young and old alike, for us "old stagers," it brought back sweet remembrances of happy hours spent amongst the beauties of our native land and, I am sure, in the youngsters it must have awakened a longing to go one day over there to see ours and their beautiful country.

The least we can do, is, to say to the Council of the N.S.H. thank you very much Gentlemen, we have enjoyed it very much, and please do let us have another show soon.

ST.

We are informed that Mr. Newman, in whose hands the musical arrangement laid, was prevented by the copyright rules of the various Gramophone Companies from playing records publicly.

We understand, however, that Mr. Newman has obtained a special license, and his famous records will be once again, on the occasion of future film shows, put at the disposal of his compatriots.

CITY SWISS CLUB.
1er Novembre 1932.

Je suis content de constater que le nombre de membres présents augmente, sans doute à la suite de mes observations le mois dernier. Je peux bien me permettre ce petit orgueil, mais évidemment la raison peut être tout autre. En tous cas il y avait quarante quatre membres et invités.

Après les toasts d'usage le Président a souhaité la bienvenue aux invités parmi lesquels se trouva le Docteur Rollier qui actuellement fait un stage à l'Hôpital Français de Londres comme Médecin Résident.

J'ai voulu interviewer le docteur Rollier pour le Swiss Observer, mais sa modestie l'a empêché de me faire part de ses observations sur ce que Pierre de Coulevain a appelé: "l'île Inconnue" mais j'ai conclu que le docteur Rollier comme tous les étrangers distingués qui publient leurs impressions dans les journaux quotidiens est rempli d'admiration pour tout ce qu'il a vu ici depuis son arrivée.

Trois admissions — Aucune démission. Le Président rappelle aux membres que le Banquet Annuel aura lieu au Mayfair Hôtel le 25 novembre prochain et l'ordre du Jour étant épuisé, lève la séance à 9 h. 20.

ck.

SWISS GYMNASTIC SOCIETY.

Combined Display with Dance in the Evening at
Union Helvetica Club, 1, Gerrard Place, W.1.

On Sunday afternoon, 6th November 1932, at 3.30 p.m. The Teams of the Swiss Gymnastic Society London will appear in public for the first time since their successful trip to Switzerland, in a Combined Display. The Society is to-day stronger than at any time since the war, and magnificent work should be witnessed at the forthcoming show. An interesting and entertaining programme has been composed consisting of The Aarau Free exercises by the team, Rhythms by the Ladies section, Individual work on Pommel Horse, Parallel Bars, Horizontal Bar as well as combined pyramids, tableau vivant and clown dance. Even the most fastidious of enthusiasts should find something to be satisfied with in this collection.

It is expected that the members of the Swiss Colony will not miss this opportunity of witnessing sport which is near and dear to all of us.

FUNERAL SERVICE FOR
SUZANNE HOFFMANN-DE VISME.

The Eglise Suisse could hardly accommodate the large congregation which assembled on Monday last, in order to pay their last tribute to the late Mme. Hoffmann-de Visme. Amongst the mourners was the Swiss Minister, M. C. R. Paravicini who was accompanied by his daughter, the Presidents of the various Swiss Societies and many other well-known personalities in the Colony.

Pasteur F. Christol from the French Protestant Church in Soho, officiated, and in very touching language passed in review the useful and noble life of the departed one.

PERSONAL.

Le pasteur René Hoffmann-de Visme et sa famille, dans l'impossibilité où ils se trouvent de remercier personnellement tous ceux qui leur ont témoigné leur sympathie ces jours derniers, les prient de trouver ici l'expression de leur profonde gratitude pour leur bonté.

We are sorry to inform our readers that Dr. M. Schroeter is seriously ill, and we feel sure they will unite with us in wishing him a speedy and complete recovery.