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war durch das offene Fenster in die Kammer eingedrungen und versuchte nun, auf der andern Seite über das Bett hinweg durch das Fenster wieder ins Freie zu gelangen, was ihm nach einiger Mühe auch gelang. Der Eindringling hat natürlich einigen Schaden verursacht, für den der Besitzer des neugierigen Ochsen aufkommen muss.

* * *

Diamantene Hochzeit.—In Richterswil feierte das Ehepaar Friedrich und Bertha Walder-Dübelbeis zur Mühle im Kreise seiner Kinder und Enkel die diamantene Hochzeit. Beide Jubilare stehen im 83. Altersjahre und sind bei guter Gesundheit immer noch rüstig.

* * *

Glückliche Rettung.—Unterhalb der Dampfschifflande in Basel glitschte am Freitag Abend ein Knabe, der sich auf dem etwas unter Wasser stehenden unteren Rheinbord aufhielt, aus und fiel in die Fluten. Der nahe Vater, der seinem Kinde sogleich nachsprang, um es dem Strom zu entreissen, konnte trotz eifriger Bemühungen den Jungen nicht an Land bringen und trieb mit ihm rheinabwärts. Ein Fischer konnte dann jedoch die Unglücklichen mit Hilfe seiner Angelrute ans Ufer bekommen und sie retten.

(“Tagblatt für das Birseck, Birsig- und Leimental.”)

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La Ligue des Croix-Rouges nous quitte.—Le conseil général de la Ligue des sociétés de la Croix-Rouge, réuni à Genève au mois de mars, a voté une résolution décidant le transfert à Paris du secrétariat de la Ligue, pour la durée de deux exercices, sans préjuger de l'avenir, puisque la question du siège du secrétariat de la Ligue est à l'ordre du jour de la session de 1924.

Les sociétés nationales membres de la Ligue ont jugé que leur secrétariat, organe de coordination des œuvres de paix de la Croix-Rouge et de propagation universelle d'un nouvel idéal d'hygiène, aurait avantage à se fixer dans un centre où les ressources de publicité, de documentation, de contact avec certains milieux sont plus rapidement accessibles qu'ailleurs.

En se déplaçant pour ces motifs d'ordre purement technique, le secrétariat tout entier garde un souvenir reconnaissant et ineffaçable de la cordiale hospitalité et des nombreuses marques d'attention qu'il a reçues à Genève pendant près de trois ans. Il y laisse d'ailleurs des attaches, car toutes les mesures sont prises pour que les travaux de la commission mixte du comité international de la Croix-Rouge et du secrétariat de la Ligue se continuent d'une façon aussi suivie que par le passé.

Les bureaux de la Ligue commenceront leur transfert dans le courant du mois d'août, et à partir du 1er septembre toutes les communications devront être adressées au nouveau siège central: rue Quentin-Bauchart, 7, Paris VIII^e; télégraphe, Li-cross; téléphone, Elysée 36-70, 36-71. (“La Suisse.”)

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Grisons.—Une foule nombreuse assistait dimanche après-midi à l'inauguration officielle d'une plaque, placée au-dessous de la cabane Bovat, près de Pontresina, en souvenir du Dr. Coaz, ancien inspecteur principal des forêts, l'un des fondateurs du Parc National. Des discours ont été prononcés par MM. Hoessli (St-Moritz) qui retraça la carrière de l'ancien inspecteur principal, Buhler, conseiller national, de Berne, Engi de Bâle-Melchior Scans et Hitz, de Pontresina.

(“Gazette de Lausanne.”)

* * *

Au Splügen.—Les fêtes du centenaire de la construction de la route du Splügen ont eu lieu dimanche.

La Confédération était représentée par M. Plattner, conseiller d'Etat des Grisons, et par M. Walser.

Le gouvernement italien était représenté par le préfet de la Valteline, M. Rossi, par le vice-directeur du Touring-Club italien, M. Bognetti, et par M. Dante Bertacchi, chef de division des chemins de fer de l'Etat.

Aux sons de la Marche royale et de l'Hymne Suisse, on a fait tomber la toile du monument que les deux nations ont élevé en souvenir de la construction de la route. Il porte deux inscriptions, l'une en italien, dictée par le poète Jean Bertacchi, l'autre en allemand, exprimant cette idée: “Cette route a servi pendant un siècle à des œuvres de paix; que ce soit là aussi sa tâche dans l'avenir.”

Le préfet de la Valteline a pris la parole, de même que le poète Bertacchi.

Les autorités italiennes et suisses se sont réunies ensuite pour un banquet; des toasts s'échangèrent.

(“Gazette de Lausanne.”)

NOTES & GLEANINGS.

“Cheap living in Switzerland” is the keynote of a shoal of articles that have appeared in the London and provincial press with reference to the holiday season. The ball seems to have been set rolling by two ladies, who, having booked rooms in a hotel which was very fashionable before the war, were met at the station by the manager; so delighted was he to see them; they had to pay no more than eight francs a day for accommodation and full board. Whilst this little episode has found space in several provincial dailies, some of the London papers have dealt with the subject in a very exhaustive manner. *The Daily Telegraph* (July 15th) in an instructive article entitled “Continental Holidays” dwells on the present moderate charges of Swiss hotels, where the ample accommodation and the absence of visitors from low-exchange countries have been followed by a lowering of prices and very keen competition. It is pointed out that by booking beforehand with Messrs. Cook a week's visit to Lucerne can be secured at a first-class hotel for 12 guineas, and if the traveller wishes to extend his stay £5 10s. covers another seven days. In conclusion the writer opines that there is no great difference in the cost of an English and Continental holiday, except the period be very short. The less fortunate, who have to eschew fashionable hotels, can hardly resist the temptations contained in the following lines from *The Field* (July 22), which record the impressions of an English traveller who was surprised to find in Switzerland comfort and luxury at reasonable prices:—

“As to prices, it would be idle to pretend that the fat of the land is being given away with a cup of tea. But if you compare the charges in English houses of similar standing, you certainly get better value for less money. A friend has been spending a month at Thun, and fared plentifully, if not sumptuously, with cleanliness and simple comfort, for three half-crowns a day. Pensions run from six to twelve shillings a day, and certainly offer a great change after the average English boarding-house. First-class hotels charge twelve to twenty-eight shillings, and second-class eight to fifteen shillings a day all found, and the word “all” is scarcely an exaggeration, for there are no extras beyond beverages and tips. If you go to a place like Lugano, now out of season, but kept in full swing all the year round, you may make almost any terms you like, and enjoy privacy and luxury as well as marvellous scenery and all the perfumes of sub-tropical vegetation without a sense of undue extravagance.

The cost of food is racing down in Switzerland, and all hotels have recently reduced their charges 10 per cent. The great attraction of their methods, especially when you come from Austria, is the spirit of generosity apparent everywhere. Your Austrian seems incapable of keeping to a bargain. He may agree with you for 5,000 crowns a day for the season, and next week he will raise you to 10,000 or 15,000. And he is always reducing your portions, seems to grudge you every mouthful, and wants to whisk away your plate. Your Swiss, on the other hand, begins with businesslike terms. You may think them high, but you know where you are. And then you get more than you bargained for. He becomes a host rather than a landlord, and gives you more than you expect, and money need never be mentioned again except when you go through the formality of paying your bill. I have always been rather chary of submitting myself to a pension, imagining that it meant a sort of glorified prison fare, with endless repetition of the cheapest provisions. But in Switzerland there is not only infinite variety, there is the realisation of a desire to gratify as well as satisfy. On the lakes of Italian Switzerland I counted no less than fourteen different kinds of fish at fourteen consecutive meals, and they actually included soles, which had sounded to me as incredible as a Swiss navy. But the head waiter told me with a complacent smile that we were only twenty-four hours distant from the sea at Ostend, and that soles travel very comfortably in ice.

The Swiss railways would alone suffice to assure the Swiss supremacy of travel. No doubt I was prejudiced, coming from Austria, where the first class is the same as the second—ragged,

dirty and uncomfortable, at three times the price—and where the tunnels fill your lungs and eyes with sulphuretted hydrogen and cinders. It was like coming home to find soft cushions and feathery divans all spotlessly new, with looking-glasses and all the comforts of a country house. But the great surprise awaited me when I reached the St. Gotthard tunnel and discovered that the line had recently been electrified at a cost of eight millions sterling. In the case of any other long tunnel you are not merely choked, but prevented from seeing any scenery when you emerge. Here you could have kept your windows open all the time without inconvenience and taken in all the little impressions of a wonderful feat of engineering. And immediately outside you get instant glimpses of wonderful waterfalls and ancient castles and quaint little old-world villages, emerging from all sorts of unexpected peaks and wooded fastnesses.

Switzerland is too hackneyed to need an interpreter. We have known her and our fathers have explained her for a century, but it is as well to realise that here at any rate the horrible consequences of war are absent, that there is no atmosphere of hating or striking or class jealousy, and one may still count upon a welcome everywhere. Here all the comfortable climates are offered almost within a stone's throw of one another. When cold rains are unexpectedly persecuting the elect in London or Paris, you may bask at Lucerne, and if you suddenly feel a craving for cool airs, you have only to take a funicular and find yourself speedily on a mountain top with a possibility of snow and a certainty of a fantastic panorama. Now is the time to take advantage of Switzerland, for the old prosperity is bound to return, and while the old comfort will remain, the new welcome of emptiness and the excessive attention of the moment may prove but a passing phase. The wisest maxim for travellers is: Always go where you are wanted."

* * *

The claims of the Swiss climate for combating and curing human ailments are, as a rule, centred on one particular disease, and the treatment of rheumatism has not drawn any special attention beyond our own borders. A correspondence in the *Morning Post* (July 15th), headed "A Swiss Haven of Rest," assigns to the waters of Yverdon-les-Bains effective curing properties against rheumatic, nervous and digestive troubles. The little town is described as an ideal resort for such a cure, possessing "no *chorale* of a morning, no band of an afternoon, no crowds, or dances, or fireworks, and not the ghost of an English chaplain." According to this, Yverdon seems to be an idyllic place, but hardly likely to enter into serious competition with the great Continental spas, but we give the word to the "would-be-lonely" *Kurgast*:—

"Bathing begins about 7 a.m., and goes on to midday; the baths are beautifully kept, plentifully towelled, and reasonable in price. From 12 to 20 baths may be prescribed (regulated, of course, by considerations of age, sex, and illness), and two or three glasses of water, but the writer, who was conversant before the war with most of the leading German spas—Homburg, Wiesbaden, Kissingen—would like to testify to the special carefulness and graduated treatment of the Yverdon specialist, which proved quite as effective as the more drastic methods of Germany, in cases of rheumatism, neuritis and indigestion.

Of the medicinal qualities and quantities of the 'La Prairie' water it is best for the lay-pen to write little; anyone can have an analysis of the Yverdon Springs on application to the management, and can submit the combinations of lithium, calcium and bicarbonates of varying importance to their own doctor.

Of the hotel accommodation—rooms, service, cooking—there is but one opinion: everything is excellent, as a Swiss house under careful personal control is sure to be. The gardens of 'La Prairie' supply vegetables and fruit in abundance. Pension prices begin at 11 francs, and there is a small Kur-tax of 2 or 3 francs a week; the bath charges, on the ticket system, work out at about half-a-crown a time, and tips are on a moderate scale; the doctor's fees are equally reasonable.

Compared with any fashionable German watering-place before the war, the expense of living is about the difference between the shilling and the franc, and even with the present rate of exchange (the loss of 5 francs in £3) a cure in Yverdon is not a great extravagance, because no incidental expenses to involve money-spending ever arise.

The little town provides chocolate, musical boxes, boot mending, nothing more—the country round is pretty, but devoid of excursions and interest. The pleasure-seeker can cross the Lake to Neuchâtel, where he will find more chocolate and musical boxes, and can involve himself with mendacious cobblers and ensure an indefinite number of expeditions to retrieve his boots—but of amusements, so-called, there are none. Health seekers at Yverdon must take plenty of books, and, if possible, a hobby, as well as a limitless capacity for lazing through sunny, sleepy afternoons, when the only business of the day—the Bath—is over, and the chief pleasure—the Dinner—is still some hours distant.

But put Peace, soothed nerves, returning appetite, long nights of refreshing sleep, into the scale against Amusements, and let the tired Londoner choose.

The after-cure to a necessarily lowering treatment can be easily worked from Yverdon without much further travel. The mountain railway reaches in a leisurely hour Sainte Croix, the busy home of the Clock-Cuckoo and the Mechanical Bear. An hour further on, by post wagon or private carriage, Les Rasses, with its big hotel facing the splendid panorama of the Mont Blanc range, but the cheerful activities of Sainte Croix and its comfortable old Hotel d'Espagne prevailed in the writer's case over the grandeur of the higher and more expensive station.

Ten days in the busy little place, surrounded by lovely walks and drives, finished a month's holiday, to the health-giving properties of which one who has had to keep rheumatism at bay for years would fain testify to his countrymen in like case."

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Anent some specimens of Swiss lake dwellings which have recently been added to the prehistoric department of the Ipswich Museum, the *East Anglian Daily Times* (July 14th) reconstructs in a long and interesting article ancient pile dwellings (Pfahlbauten), describing the probable habits and mode of living of these villagers.

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Motor Transport (July 29th) publishes an abstract of a paper recently read by a well-known French expert at a meeting of Civil Engineers and dealing with the navigation of the Rhine. The arguments and deductions in favour of the French lateral canal are admirably paraded before the uninitiated reader, who cannot but come to the conclusion that this international question has finally found a most simple and natural solution.

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It affords us both consolation and encouragement to note that other newspapers share with us the experience that subscribers very often neglect or delay paying up their subscriptions, and we are always on the look-out for an effective remedy. However, the *Westminster Cathedral Chronicle* has hit on a novel method which baffles imitation, for the current issue records that "the Editor recently had 'the honour of being presented in private audience to the 'Holy Father, Pope Pius XI. . . . Before leaving, the 'Editor asked the Holy Father to bless the readers of this 'magazine, and the following is the answer he gave: "'Certainly I will, but first of all I bless the Editor. "Then I send my blessing to all your readers. And—yes, "I see that you must be subscribers. You have a large "number? Well, then, I send a special blessing to all "who have paid up their subscription!"

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