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leuchten die Blumen und Sträucher des kleinen Gärtchens hindurch. Dank zollt man dem Besitzer, dass er uns wenigstens diese eine Mühle als Anschauungsmittel aus alter Zeit erhalten lässt. Das ist noch Heimatschutz, nicht nur in Worten, sondern auch mit der Tat. Wandert man weiter in schattiger Kühle auf dem gutgepflegten Wege, teils über prächtige, der Umgebung angepasste Naturstege, so wird man blass erstaunt sein über die Wildheit und die Romantik dieser Schlucht, die so vielen noch unbekannt ist, trotzdem sie so nahe zu erreichen ist. Es ist ein Naturwunder, dessen Betrachtung sich niemand entgehen lassen sollte, zudem es sich ja so gemächlich gehen und auf den etlichen Ruhebänken des Verschönerungsverein Zürich ausruhen und träumen lässt; man lasse seine Sorgen nur unten bei der alten Mühle liegen und man fühlt sich hier so wohl und geborgen von der Hast und dem Jast des Alltages. Mächtige, rote Gletscherblöcke, die vor Jahrtausenden wohl der Linthgletscher in langsamer Fahrt hierher geführt und gelagert haben, liegen in der waldigen Schlucht verstreut und sind ein Eldorado für die stets sprungbereite, wagemutige Jugend, die die Einsamkeit mit ihren hellen Rufen und ihren frohen Gejauchze erfüllt. Diese Blöcke—es ist wohl Sernif, ein rötliches Gestein, das dem Namen des glarnerischen "Sernf" nach so genannt sein möchte, sperren da und dort dem Jörrenbach breitpurig und unerbittlich den Weg, so dass er zu allerlei wunderlichen Seitensprüngen und Fällen veranlasst wird, die der Schlucht, dem Fällandertobel, des Anziehende verleihen.

Das in Obstbäumen eingebettete Dorf, das dem Tobel den Namen gegeben, war vor alter Zeit jedenfalls eine Römer- und Alemannensiedlung, schon vor tausend Jahren erscheint "Fenichlanda" und nachher "Vallanda" in der Chronik. Zahlreiche Funde von römischen Münzen und anderen Altertümern sind greifbare Zeugen über das Alter von Fällanden. Das Kirchlein ist gegen fünfhundert Jahre alt und wurde erst kürzlich wieder aufgefrischt, welche Verbesserungswerke alle den Fälländern, als fortschrittlich Gesinnten, nur ein gutes Zeugnis ausstellt. Ist doch die Bacheindeckung auch Notstandsarbeit. Mögen sich die Fälländer ihr Kleinod aus der Urzeit bewahren, das sie in der alten Mühle und ihrem "Tobel" haben und auf das sie stolz sein dürfen, in der jetzigen Zeit erst recht! Besonders der Lehrerschaft sei dieses Naturdenkmal als geschichtlicher Anschauungsunterricht für die Schulen empfohlen.

("Schweizer Wochen-Zeitung.")

* * *

Ein Jubilar.—Am 1. September hat in aller Stille Professor Paul Böhlinger, Ordinarius für Kirchengeschichte an der Universität Basel, seinen 70. Geburtstag gefeiert. Prof. Böhlinger ist ursprünglich Zürcher; er wurde am 1. September 1852 in Glattfelden geboren und hat als junger Pfarrer auch einige Jahre in dem zürcherischen Niederhasli gewirkt, bis ihn dann 1879 die Gemeinde von St. Peter in Basel zu ihrem Seelsorger berief. Da wäre nun an praktisch theologischen, an gemeinnützigen, an wissenschaftlichen Arbeiten und Leistungen—Böhringers erste Angelegenheit war die Vervollendung einer von seinem Vater Friedrich begonnenen Kirchengeschichte in Biographien—eine reiche und schöne Fülle zu nennen. Noch in Zürich hielt Böhlinger als junger Privatdozent Vorlesungen; und das akademische Lehramt ist denn auch, zumal nach dem Rücktritt vom Pfarramt zu St. Peter (1914) immer mehr Zentrum und Kern seines Wirkens geworden. Bald griff Böhlinger auch in das Gebiet der internationalen kirchlichen Verständigung über und ist auch manchen Kongressen und neulich wieder in Kopenhagen tatkräftig für die geliebte Sache eingetreten. Jedoch, wie sollte das Schaffen eines Mannes, der noch so beneidenswert stark mitten im Flusse der Taten und Gedanken steht, auf Tag und Stunde gewertet werden können? Die schönen Worte vom 'otium cum dignitate,' die an solchen Anlässen beinahe unvermeidlich geworden sind, verbieten sich hier von selbst; kein 'otium' für einen Mann, der mit der Spannkraft eines Dreissigers seine 70 Jahre trägt und all seinen Freunden und Bekannten wie ein fester Punkt in dem trüben Gewirre dieser Zeiten erscheint; alle 'dignitas' aber und alle herzliche Verehrung, und diese sei ihm an der Schwelle des achten Jahrzehnts auch an dieser Stelle dargebracht.

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La T. S. F. à Romont.—Un parent de M. Paul Bondallaz, le préfet de la Glâne, membre de la Société Marconi, fait procéder actuellement à l'installation, sur l'une des tours du château de Romont, d'appareils de téléphonie sans fil. Les Romontais auront, grâce à cette heureuse initiative, le privilège rare d'entendre les concerts qui se donnent à Paris et dans d'autres villes à l'usage de la T. S. F.

("Gazette de Lausanne.")

NOTES & GLEANINGS.

The advent of September marks the beginning of the end of the holiday season. For many the annual period of joyous relaxation is already a retrospect. From the accounts of recent visitors to Switzerland we find that the tender beauties and stern grandeurs of our native land, with the glamour of romance over all, still exert their ancient fascination over the heart and mind and imagination of the beholder.

Among our readers there are doubtless those to whom a visit to Switzerland is still a pleasure that lies in the future. The following notes of the experiences and impressions of a tourist party just returned may aid them in deciding that the pleasures of anticipation shall be converted into the pleasures of realization, say, next year! The Rev. Charles Humble writes thus in the *Primitive Methodist Recorder* (Aug. 31st):—

"One evening was devoted to the organ recital in the R.C. Cathedral. Without this a visit to Lucerne would be very incomplete. The organ contains 4,950 pipes. All was great, but interest centred in the rendering of 'The Storm in the Alps.' The wind, the rain, the thunder were most realistic. One child was so frightened that he had to be taken out, while one lady pulled up and tightened her shoulder cover, as the wind seemed to sweep along the church. All this, however, fell short of the dear old lady who, in a northern chapel, put up her umbrella as the same piece was being played. Concerning the week at Lucerne there was one chorus of appreciation, and accompanied by the wonder as to whether it was possible for Grindelwald week to be equal to it. For this we had not long to wait and see.

The journey from Lucerne to Grindelwald was made through the Brunig Pass, and during this ride we realised that we were beholding another kind of Switzerland. Without the artistic beauty of Lucerne we were introduced to a Norwegian type of awe-inspiring grandeur with the added resemblance of great waterfalls. One section of our party visited the Gorge of Aar, and proclaimed this to be their most wonderful sight. The other group had the advantage of the sail from Brienz to Interlaken, which lies between the lakes of Brienz and Thun. All were disappointed at not having more time in Interlaken, but from there the train had to be taken to Grindelwald. The mountain village burst upon us amid excitement and amazement.

We were startled to hear frequently what sounded like the firing of guns, but were informed that these sounds were the cracking of ice. Some also witnessed a few avalanches, but fortunately where and when they were in no danger. The Great Schiedeg at the foot of Jungfrau was ascended by train for our first excursion, and then it was a sight to behold, most of our party tobogganing like schoolboys. It was our first experience on the snow in summer. On another day nearly all our party in roped groups crossed the lower glacier, and then a few brave ones set out for the upper glacier, a much more serious adventure. With mingled feelings we watched them in their excelsior mood far up the heights, then across the lofty glacier, and the watchers were truly thankful when they saw all in safety on the lowlands. The Alpine climbers were enthusiastic about their experience. The excursion to Muren was considered by the majority the greatest day of all, while others still held to their preference for Engleberg.

Train was taken down the valley to Lauterbrunnen. From here we were motored to see the Trummelbach waterfall. It is a tremendous fall even in August, and all wondered what it must be in the spring season. It thunders down its hidden self-made way. By a peculiar arrangement of lights in caverns a weird effect is produced. It looks as if all around a roaring torrent is on fire. To see it from the summit we had to ascend by a 'lift.' From Lauterbrunnen we were conveyed by another funicular railway, very steep, to the summit, along the edge of which we went by another train to Muren. From this exalted village we had our best view of the Bernese Oberland. The depth of valley between was immense, but the snow line seemed very near to us. . . ."

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To many the idea of Switzerland as "the playground of Europe" is quite familiar, but it may come as a surprise

to them to learn that she is also not the least among the States "of chief industrial importance." The *Birmingham Post* (Sept. 1st) reports as under:—

"One of the questions to be dealt with by the Council of the League of Nations during its present session in Geneva is that of the eight States "of chief industrial importance" which, under the Labour section of the Versailles Treaty, are entitled to seats on the governing body of the International Labour Office. That body consists of twelve Government representatives, six of employers and six of workpeople. All the employers' and workers' groups and four members of the Government group are elected by the corresponding elements in the International Labour Conference, but the remaining eight Government seats are allotted to the eight most important industrial States. The list adopted for the purposes of the present governing body consists of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Japan, Switzerland, and (pending the adhesion of the United States) Denmark, while the four elected Governments were Spain, Argentine, Canada, and Poland. A strong claim was made by India for inclusion among the eight States "of chief industrial importance," and as the decision of any question in regard to these States is entrusted by the Treaty to the Council of the League, the Indian claim has been the subject of its prolonged investigation. The issue turns mainly on the definition of the term "industrial importance" and the criteria which should be employed. A report on this question has been prepared for the Council, which will give its decision in time for it to take effect when the new governing body comes to be appointed at the International Labour Conference in October."

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We all collected stamps in the palmy days of our youth, but few pursued the hobby so far as to deserve the dignified appellation of "philatelist." By amateur and expert alike, however, the following notes on rare Swiss Stamps will be appreciated; they are from the pen of Mr. Fred Melville (*Daily Telegraph* Aug. 31st) and have reference to the International Philatelic Exhibition which opened at Geneva on September 3rd and remains open till September 12th:—

"Foremost among the exhibits will be several of the greatest collections known of the rare early stamps of Switzerland, stamps that figure in the forefront of the rarities of the world in stamps.

The Swiss cantons were the first European authorities to follow the example of Great Britain in issuing stamps. Zurich and Geneva sharing the distinction with the South American Empire (as it was then) of Brazil in issuing their first postage stamps in 1843, and Basle followed in 1845, all several years prior to the general extension of the postage stamp system to the countries of the Great Powers. The proposal to simplify the work of the Postal Department was laid before the Zurich Council of State on August 13, 1842, and it was based upon the method of prepaying postage by means of stamps, as recently introduced in Britain. By adopting this system the rates could be simplified and reduced, so that there would only be two rates for the interior of the Canton, viz., 4 rappen for letters circulating within one 'rayon,' which was the district served by any one post-office, and 6 rappen for letters passing anywhere in the Cantonal 'rayon,' that is to say, from any one district to another within the limits of the Canton. The Council of State gave its decision in favour of the proposals on January 21, 1843, and ordered the preparation of the two now famous Zurich stamps, which were issued shortly afterwards. The exact date of their emission is not known, but from existing specimens it is clear that they were in circulation early in March. The earliest known dated copy is March 2, 1843.

The design was a simple one, comprising a large numeral '4' or '6' imposed upon a ground of trellis work pattern formed by oblique lines, in groups of four crossing in diamond formation. The border is formed of a double-lined rectangle with ornaments and the inscriptions 'Zurich' at top and 'Cantonal Taxe' at the bottom. The stamps were lithographed in sheets of 100 (10 by 10) by MM. Orell, Fussli & Co., of Zurich, and the lithographic artist drew each stamp five times, and his strip of five drawings was transferred twenty times to the stone to form the set of 100. As a result of the first five being separately drawn we get five easily recognisable types of each denomination.

The impression, as with the first 1d. British stamp, was in

black, but the paper was ruled with horizontal red lines, and later with vertical red lines. The Cantonal Archives of Zurich are very incomplete in records of these stamps, and no information has been obtained of the numbers printed or used. The 4 rappen is the rarer of the two denominations, being quoted at £100 to £110 unused, and £60 used; the 6 rappen is worth £15 to £20 unused, and about £8 used. One of the stamps on the 6 rappen stone was defective, and was 'retouched,' creating a scarce variety of this denomination quoted at £75 unused and £40 used.

The Geneva stamps include the celebrated 'double' stamp of 1843, 5c. by 5c. black on yellow-green, worth over £200. the 'small eagle' of 1845, worth £15 unused, £10 used; and the 'large eagle' on yellow-green or blue-green, which are quoted from £6 to £16 each. Two other stamps now classed under Geneva in the Transitional period (i.e., pending the Federation) used to be attributed to Vaud. They are the 4c. black and red of 1849, an extreme rarity, worth £200 unused, £120 used; and the 5c. black and red issued a few weeks later, a more accessible stamp at £25 unused, £12 used. Of the Geneva issues I may have something further to relate upon seeing what treasures the Swiss specialists present at the forthcoming exhibition.

The other rare cantonal stamp is the 'Basle dove,' a very pretty little stamp in nice condition. It was issued on July 1, 1845, and, unlike its cantonal predecessors, was engraved on copper, from a design by an architect, M. Berry, who embodied the arms of the ancient town, and in the centre a white dove with a letter in its beak. The stamps were printed at Frankfurt. For some reason the postage stamp idea did not catch on at Basle as it had done in Zurich and Geneva, and very few were used. The stamp catalogues at £50 unused, £36 used. A few years ago someone found among the archives at Basle a part sheet of fifteen of these stamps, which had been mislaid for over sixty years. It is a unique block of these stamps, whose value would be much more than fifteen times the £50 price of a single specimen."

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Swiss linguistic abilities generally are well and widely known, and horrid examples of "English as she is wrote" from Swiss sources are few and far between. The following gem from *Punch* (Sept. 6th) has a peculiar and rare lustre all its own:—

WARNING TO UNSOCIAL CLIMBERS.

NOTICE IN A SWISS HOTEL.

"It is defended to circulate in the corridors in boots of ascension before seven hours of the morning.
"Les chiens le même."

HERE AND THERE.

By J. H. Cortesby.

"Yes, gentlemen," said an occupant in the smoking compartment, "real ambition starts in childhood. If we only follow its impulse, not only do we attain our object, but actually go far beyond it. Yes, our ambition is gratified beyond our wildest dreams. Look at me. In my boyhood I was anxious to become a pirate. To-day"—and he gazed proudly round the carriage—"to-day I run a successful seaside hotel!"

Some people returning from their seashore holidays may have cause to believe that there is some truth hidden in the manner in which youth dreams of ancient daring deeds of sea brigandage and pillage can be transformed into civilized honest business realities.

To be a "bold, bad pirate" does not, happily, represent the only ambition of youth. Children's ambitions vary greatly and seem to fall in line with the life whose colour strikes most powerfully their imagination and which lies within the radius of their limited knowledge.

Mr. Adrian Beecham, a son of Sir Thomas Beecham, for example, who was born and lives in a home where music forms the main topic and interest, could not but be charmed with the prospects of reaching the heights of the