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REGISTRATION.

The Swiss Legation desire to remind all Swiss citizens, residing in the United Kingdom and Ireland, of their obligation to register with the competent Swiss representative for the districts they are living in. Are expected to register, within a month of arrival, all Swiss citizens (except those who possess British nationality as a dual nationality) residing abroad for three months or more. The registration of the head of a family will include wife and children under age. The fee, connected with this formality, amounts to 10 francs for the first inscription and 5 francs for the annual re-inscription. Under certain circumstances, the fees may be waived either partially or wholly.

Will, therefore, all Swiss citizens to whom the above applies kindly attend to their re-registration by submitting their "Carte Matricule" (Registration Certificate) and 4/- (equal to 5 francs at the now reduced rate of exchange) for fee of renewal, or satisfy the requirement as regards original registration by forwarding their passport and 8/- (10 Fr.)

All changes in the personal status (births, marriages and deaths) and of residence should be notified.

The counties and parts of the United Kingdom and Ireland are adjudicated as follows:—

I. Consular District of LONDON, attended to by the Legation

(32, Queen Anne Street, W. 1).

Counties of Bedford, Berks, Buckingham, Cambridge, Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Essex, Hants, Hereford, Huntingdon, Kent, London, Middlesex, Norfolk, Northampton, Oxford, Somerset, Suffolk, Surrey, Sussex, Wilts, as well as the Isle of Wight and the Channel Islands.

II. Consular District of LIVERPOOL, M. A. J. Fontamaz, Consul

(9, Rumford Street).

Liverpool and the seaside districts of Cheshire and Lancashire, as well as the counties of Cumberland, Gloucester, Monmouth, Shropshire, Westmoreland, the Principality of Wales, Ireland and the Isle of Man.

III. Consular District of HULL, M. W. Thévenaz, Consul

(Lloyd's Bank Chambers, Market Place).

Hull and the counties of Durham, Lincoln, Northumberland, Rutland and York, with the exception of the towns of Bradford, Dewsbury, Halifax, Huddersfield and Leeds.

IV. Consular District of MANCHESTER, M. A. Guggenheim, Consul

(11, Albert Square, P.O.B. 502).

Manchester and the parts of Cheshire and Lancashire not included in the Consular District of Liverpool, as well as the counties of Derby, Hereford, Leicester, Nottingham, Stafford, Warwick and Worcester, and the towns of Bradford, Dewsbury, Halifax, Huddersfield and Leeds in the county of York.

V. Consular District of GLASGOW, M. A. Oswald, Consul

(58, Renfield Street).

The whole of Scotland.

SWISS LEGATION.

32, Queen Anne Street, W. 1.

London, January, 1923.

HOME NEWS

On Sunday, February 18th, the Swiss people will have to vote on the Savoy zones convention, concluded with France on August 7th, 1921, and subsequently ratified by both the State and National Councils. The demand for a referendum was signed by about 59,000 citizens, and although the matter is of essentially local (Geneva) importance, a lively propaganda in other parts of Switzerland is directed against the convention. The latter, briefly, abolishes the privileges of Savoy, which dated from agreements entered into in 1815 and 1860,

and the customs barrier will become identical with the political frontier. The French Chamber ratified the convention on the 2nd inst. by 424 to 7 votes.

* * *

Another measure, to be determined on the same day, is an initiative, demanded over three and a half years ago, and which seeks to invest the Federal authorities with the right of preventive arrest (Schutzaft). Similar dispositions were already contained in the "Lex Haeberlin," rejected last September by a large majority.

* * *

By a small majority (87 to 82) the National Council has abolished free postage, and the proposal is referred back to the States Council, who at the time was in favour of making no change.

* * *

During the year 1922 the clerical staff in the employ of the Confederation has been reduced by 23% as compared with 1921 (from 32,940 to 32,093), and the employees of the Swiss Federal Railways by about 5% (from 37,808 to 35,964).

* * *

A short but lively discussion took place last Monday in the National Council, when the proposed surrender of a Geneva property for the purpose of housing the International Labour Bureau was voted upon; the Socialist members seized the opportunity for severely criticising the League of Nations.

* * *

New five-franc pieces will be struck, showing on the obverse a typical herd-boy in his alpine garb (Junger Senn im Hirtenhemd).

* * *

Playing with a loaded rifle brought about the death of two boys in Wyden (Buchs). Hans Schütz, age 15, after accidentally shooting his playmate, Joseph Buch, age 10, went and hanged himself in the neighbouring wood.

* * *

A futile attempt was made on Saturday, Feb. 3rd, to derail the 8.30 express train from Biel to Solothurn. A large iron beam and heavy stones were laid across the line. A few arrests have been effected.

* * *

General Wille, in a long article in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (No. 163, Feb. 5th), entitled "Our Duty," pleads for Swiss intervention at the League of Nations in regard to the French policy in exacting reparations from Germany.

* * *

At the concours de chronomètres at Neuchâtel no less than 574 watches have been submitted. The list of awards has now been published, at the head of which appear the following well-known manufacturers, who have all secured a number of first prizes: Paul Dietheim, La Chaux-de-Fonds; Ulysse Nardin, Le Locle; and the Zenith Watch Co., Le Locle.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

The Winter Season.

The "high season" is now in full swing, and the most important sporting events will be decided before the end of this month. A stay at one of the fashionable resorts, with all their outdoor and indoor attractions, is indeed a strenuous affair and would seem to suggest the necessity of a rest-cure to follow. The hotel managers are ever anxious to devise and introduce new features for enhancing the lure of their particular district, and when the latter is fortunate in harbouring such a convincing journalist as Sir John Foster Fraser, their enterprise will not fail to secure recognition and widespread publicity. Sir John is at present "stuck away in an elevated Alpine fastness where it does not seem to matter what is happening down-stairs on the earth"; horse-racing on the ice is the all-absorbing topic, and the following is the description which has been sent to the *Evening Standard* (Feb. 2nd):—

"St. Moritz lake is frozen over and provides an excellent plain, but with beaten snow instead of turf. A staked 2000-metre course has been made; grand stands have been erected. There is the enclosure and the paddock. The totalisator offices for backing your fancy are the most important buildings.

A number of well-known jockeys, like Archibald McGee and O'Neill, are in St. Moritz, keeping themselves fit with winter sports, and mount well-known Continental horses.

The altitude of over 6000 affects the wind of beast as well as man, and there has to be a little acclimatisation in the case of both.

The St. Moritz meet has much of the good humour of Irish races. The mountain hotels are rather like

ships, where everybody gets to know everybody else within a week, and there is a constant interchange of hospitality, so that after a morning of skating or skiing we all have early and generous lunch and then jump into jangle-belled sleighs and off down to the lake, the merriest of family parties.

Everybody is there, from English peeresses to French prize-fighters and M.P.s. You can get a three-days' ticket to the grand stand for 50 francs, and you pay 2 francs for standing room on any one day.

Of course, there are the rugged, snow-covered mountains to look at; there is sunshine; there is a band; there is a stand where multi-coloured beverages may be purchased. There are no "bookies," but the Rennverein has set up two totalisators, and the amount put on the horses is divided amongst those with correct foresight, less a small percentage which goes to the village.

The English are the principal backers, but can only put their money on within ten minutes or so before the race is run, and the window is closed as soon as the horses have left the paddock. So there is always a theatre-like queue waiting to get to the windows. The highest price ticket is 50 francs and the lowest 5 francs. After the race there is a long queue to get small returns if the favourite wins, and a short queue to get a big return if an outsider romps home.

We are a quaintly garbed lot, a mixture of puttied golf enthusiasts in plus fours and sweatered Alpine climbers, and the ladies on the grand stand are in their furs and woollies and snow boots to keep their feet warm.

There is a tremendous boom; but it is nothing except the ice cracking under the assembled weight of 3000 spectators.

The jockeys are in their caps and colours, but they wear thick-soled boots and double socks when 'up.' There is a flat race, 'open to four-year-old and upwards horses of all countries,' over 1500 metres for 2000 francs. There are nine starters, and they take an interminable time far down the course in getting away.

But it is a thrilling and pretty sight as they come past the grand stand to make the circle of the course—the leaders easily to be seen, but the followers in a perfect mist of kicked-up snow.

"When one gets into that, which nearly blinds you, it is like a thick snow-storm, and almost impossible to break through," a jockey afterwards said to me. The favourite did not win.

Personally, I found the skijoring races the more exciting. The finest ski-runners in Switzerland are here. They are on ski, and whilst with one hand they hold on to a slight hauling-bar, with the other they grip the reins.

The horses go at the pace of runaways. It is thrilling. Ski-ers are thrown and dragged, and released horses scamper where they like. In the last furlong, with three runners together, the pace terrific, it always looks as though there must be a mix-up of the ski and a smash. When the leader goes down and the others are over him and past him in a smother of snow, there is a gasp.

Yes, skijoring is a great sport; one of the finest contests is when the best horses in the meet are mounted by jockeys, with lady competitors skiing behind.

It looks tremendously dangerous, especially when they all come along in a bunch, and the crowd gives a sudden shout when the ski-er is down and you see her crawling in the snow, whilst horse and rider plunges on ahead.

They all come in terribly blown, horses, jockeys, and ski-runners, coated with snow, and the women winners exhausted, but smiling."

Another writer in the *Daily Mail* (Jan. 25th), gives a vivid pen-picture of a ski-jumping championship, whilst a fair contributor in the *Westminster Gazette* (Feb. 1st) reveals the secret by which a six weeks' stay in the Swiss Alps can be converted into a regular "beauty cure."

The Night Life of Lausanne.

This is the title of an article by G. Ward Price, the correspondent of the *Daily Mail* (Jan. 29th); it does not do justice to the headline, but as a sort of a burlesque on the Conference it will make amusing reading. We, of course, accept no responsibility for the startling revelations. This is what he writes:—

"Ten weeks of talking—they must have wasted a lot of time!" is what some people are saying about the Lausanne Conference, now that its end draws near. But they are wrong, for the good reason that there has been nothing to waste it on.

M. Poincaré is said to have urged the choice of Lausanne for the Conference as being a quiet little town. The idea apparently was that it would be over the sooner for that.

But dullness clogs the brain even more quickly than amusement. And after ten weeks of the off-season in what is at all times a very quiet Swiss town of the boarding-school-sanatorium-half-pay-cordon type, the members of the Conference are bored to death.

Accustomed to the competing distractions of their various capitals, these diplomats have been reduced by the 'ennui' of the Conference to indulgence in strange pastimes. It came as a great shock to me one night when, in personal despair, I sought out the chief local cinema to find the gallery occupied by the best brains in the British Foreign Office, eagerly watching Charlie Chaplin interpret 'A Dog's Life.'

But it was left to the Italian admiral to provide a standing remedy for the monotony of leisure moments at Lausanne.

One evening, after a more than usually indigestible gala-dinner, which he had attended in full uniform, he offered to initiate his fellow-guests into an Italian game whose name has been anglicised as the Conference into 'botchy-botchy.'