

Zeitschrift: The Swiss observer : the journal of the Federation of Swiss Societies in the UK

Herausgeber: Federation of Swiss Societies in the United Kingdom

Band: - (1925)

Heft: 217

Rubrik: Notes and gleanings

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dark, velvet-soft enticement lay the lake, blithe, but elusive. And almost indistinguishable, like some playful siren on mischief bent. A few greedy seconds, and the scene vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

Ten o'clock, and—"Lugan-no" shouted a porter. We jumped on to the railway line at a clean, bright-as-a-new-pin railway station, and glancing beyond the station, the magic scene spread before our eyes caused me to deliberate seriously with myself as to whether I was really awake or not.

Having decided that I was not indulging in a dream of almost blinding vividness, I rubbed my eyes well and ventured another look. The station apparently lay on the hillside above the little town which stretched down to the edge of the lake, and the entrancing whole—town and lake and mountains—sparkled and danced under a soft flood of light which lit up so bewitchingly a scene that one began to speculate furiously as to the exact whereabouts of Aladdin's lamp!

To the left some public gardens, themselves in darkness, were edged by a row of lights that hung over the water with apparently no other object than to add to the gaiety of the picture. The mountains on the opposite side of the lake stood out clearly, yet gaily and not too massively. Monte Bré sportively flourished a line of soft red lights that marked the path of its "funicular." Salvatore replied with another line of pale yellow.

They brought us glasses filled with crimson, dancing liquid—the only possible sort of nectar under the circumstances, surely—and we sat on a balcony overlooking the lake to drink in scene and port wine in alternate quaffs.

The end of the town in which we were quartered is called "Paradiso," and one can picture the triumphant smile of those responsible for the name when they burst upon the world with a challenge so unanswerable. I had no difficulty in believing I had dropped into Paradise.

Lugano by day has no disillusionments to offer. Such a quaint little town it is, virginally, miraculously clean as most of these lakeside towns seem to be. And in this matter there is, apparently, great rivalry between town and lake, for I have never seen water more transparently clear either in its deep blueness or the milky-blue of the sunny, early morning.

We boarded the white steamer in the afternoon under a sun that shone with uncompromising splendour, and the steamer picked her dainty way along—in order, I suppose, not to sully any more than she could help a lake like a piece of rare jewellery.

Each old-world, picturesque village nestling among the hills on either side shone in the sun like some bright gem in an emerald setting, and in the centre of it all lay the broad band of deep, sapphire-blue on which we journeyed.

The Psychology of Mountaineering Accidents.

Nothing is less painful nor more comforting than to go to one's last home via an unexplored Swiss alpine crevasse—these are the conclusions of a Genevese writer whose book is reviewed in the *Morning Post* (Sept. 14th). So this is a new tip for those who prematurely wish to retire from the surface of our disreputable planet, and I shall not be surprised to hear of some enterprising touring agency arranging special parties with reduced return fares for the actors and spectators in this new craze.

Robert Sans-Terre, of Geneva, a climber of reputation and the victim of an unusual number of mountain accidents, has written an interesting little volume, "A Travers les Périls de l'Alpe," in which he discusses the psychology of such accidents with an authority due to his personal experiences. The sub-title of his volume is, "Les sensations extraordinaires." It is thoroughly justified. The author's adventures and escapes, in what he calls the Kingdom of the Vertical, are sufficiently hair-raising, and are better not read, as I read them, the night before starting on a climbing expedition.

M. Sans-Terre has an appropriate name, for he seems more at home falling through space than standing securely on terra firma. The gods of the mountains are evidently his friends. "I have had the misfortune," he says, "to be the victim of many accidents, due mostly to my own imprudence, and the rare good luck to have come through them with no mental anguish, and with but insignificant wounds." He has fallen down precipices, been caught by avalanches, passed a night in a crevasse, hung over an abyss from his ice-axe, been exposed to falling stones, and has broken through a cornice on an arête where only a miracle saved his life. And the most interesting part of his book is what he has to tell about the thoughts, emotions, feelings of a man in these positions, and his positive assertion that no physical pain attends an actual fall.

On hearing an account of a mountain accident, he writes, the first impression, after those of pity and terror, is that of curiosity. How did the guide, wounded by fallen ice which has

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swept away his companions, manage to cross the glacier alone in search of help? What were the feelings of the man who passed hours in a crevasse, uncertain whether help would ever come? What terrors are felt by the unfortunate man who falls over a precipice, and what kind of suffering is experienced by a party roped together when swept headlong down the couloir by an avalanche? Usually, he says truly, the newspaper accounts are brief, the accounts of the victims who escape still more brief. The psychology of the situation is not touched upon. The author hastens to make good the omission so far as his own accidents are concerned, and his firm assurance that no pain accompanies a fall is certainly a comforting one. There is doubtless mental anguish, he thinks, though of very brief duration, just before a fall—when a man feels he is going to slip—but any accident of this kind that is sudden, unexpected, and which one has had no time to foresee, is painless.

To someone whose friend had fallen to his death down a couloir the author quotes a letter he sent by way of comfort: "You ask me," he writes, "what in my opinion were the sensations of the poor young man as he crashed down the couloir, dashed from side to side on his way to the edge of the abyss . . . I can assure you that your friend, as indeed all who have met their death by such a fall, experienced no physical pain at all. Even though it lasted several minutes, and resulted in broken limbs and terrible wounds to the head, such an accident, because of the stupefaction and shock experienced, is accompanied by no physical pain, and by a mental pain of only the briefest duration." Nature, he holds, provides an anodyne in such a case; he quotes the well-known story of Livingstone and the lion, and mentions that soldiers in the heat of battle are too excited to suffer at the moment. "I would go so far as to say," he adds, "that where mountain accidents, falls from heights, are concerned, these far from being painful, have quite another effect: that, in fact, each shock against the rock produces a sort of 'électrisation du corps assez agréable,' and that this renders the body insensible to pain, and counteracts both psychological and physiological tension."

His comparative analysis of the various kinds of mountain accident is also interesting to any climber. Which, for instance, is the most terrible? Which involves most mental torture? Is death by cold a painful one? Lying in the depths of a crevasse, bruised, wounded, waiting for problematical help, is this more dreadful than the blows and smothering due to being caught in an avalanche? Having spent a night on a glacier himself, he says that he only began to suffer physical pain when, with rescue, the blood returned to the extremities of his body. The victim of an avalanche, again, if quickly stunned by a blow from some huge lump, or if suffocated by the terrific mass of snow, have no time, obviously, for physical suffering. The worst fate, in such cases, is to be buried just below the surface, unable to move, unable to pierce the walls of what may prove a living tomb. There may be air to breathe, even space enough round the face for the voice to cry out to those who can be heard digging and searching overhead, but not enough for the voice to carry beyond the immediate hole. An avalanche of powder-snow, of course, means instant suffocation; the lungs are choked in a moment; there is no time even for realisation.

This reminds me of a little paragraph which during the last few days has been found in some of the English papers and which, I believe, was culled from an over-zealous French paper. It is to the effect that in the bedrooms of a certain Swiss hotel a notice is placarded to the effect that "visitors undertaking high-mountain climbing expeditions are requested to pay their bills before they start." Nobody, of course, could blame that particular hotel proprietor for his commercial prudence and foresight, but I fancy this refers to the ordinary notice about leaving which an ingenious mind has somewhat maliciously interpreted.

Vintage Time.

The following is from the *Glasgow Herald* (Sept. 11th):—

While we are busy in this country with our

harvest homes, the inhabitants of Switzerland are making merry over the "Vendange." High up on the terraced slopes of Lac Léman, on whose "flots d'azur" white-sailed barges move like giant butterflies, dotted here and there are tiny farms, in front of which creepers hang like blood-dyed curtains. To those whose acquaintance with the vine has so far been confined to the graceful twining plants of the greenhouse or to the spirals of the Hampton Court giant, these rows of stumpy rasp-like plants come at first as something of a disappointment. But when vintage time arrives and everyone is pressed into the service of gathering in the harvest, these same colourless patches present an animated scene. From early morning till sunset the pickers (mostly women) are hard at work gathering the "grappes," which the farmer collects in an elongated basket or "panier" slung on to his back. By the retaining wall there are generally to be seen two patient cream-coloured oxen yoked to a wooden carreau or elongated cart waiting to receive the sea-green or purple fruit, as the case may be, which is then taken to the winepress, where the juice is squeezed out either by means of machinery or by tramping it with bare feet. It is then put into large tubs or "cuves" and left to ferment, when it is drawn off into casks and bottles and stored away in the "cave" or cellar.

The toil, however, is tempered by much merriment, and on a clear day, when "The sun with a golden mouth still blows blue bubbles of grapes down the vineyard rows," the workers in their coloured smocks give a gay and happy impression. It is the duty of Jean, the foreman, to examine the plants after they have been picked to see that no fruit has been overlooked by some careless worker, and custom has decreed that Jean may claim a kiss from the offender (from

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the farm hands at least). Needless to say, omissions of this sort are much more frequent if the supervisor be young and "bien beau."
 Even as I write I can recall the scene, and with what delight our whole pensionnat sallied forth to help. "Mangez autant que vous désirez" was Mademoiselle's parting advice—an injunction which did not need to be repeated a second time. We soon discovered, however, that enough is as good as a feast, and that one bunch, or "grappe," is just about as much as anyone can consume at a time. Eaten thus with the scent of the vines pervading the atmosphere and in the heat of the sun, the grapes have an elusive flavour which it is difficult to capture elsewhere. It may be worth while adding that we swallowed seeds and skins without a qualm, and there was no immediate outbreak of appendicitis such as we are led to expect by authorities on the subject.

After the harvest has been gathered in there follows a night of feasting and jollity when the owner of the farm (be he the "seigneur" of a "château" or just a simple "fermier") invites all the helpers to feast at his board. Lanterns are lit and hung up in the old stone-paved courtyard, where the young people dance under the chequered shade of the trees to the music of the flute or fiddle, or, if more up to date, to the strains of the gramophone. Wine is handed round, and the fun grows fast and furious, lasting till the morning and making the old ravers ring with songs and toasts to the "Succès au Vendange."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL NEWS FROM SWITZERLAND.

Switzerland has now for a long time been in a position to enjoy all the advantages of a gold currency, although her paper circulation is still on an inconvertible basis. The return of Great Britain, Sweden and Holland, together with various overseas countries, to gold standard causes attention to be directed to the situation of Switzerland. The question has been systematically studied in the last two bulletins issued by the Swiss Bank Corporation, and it is shown that the position of the national finances is now sufficiently strong to eliminate danger of fresh inflation of government origin while the balance of national payments has regained a state of equilibrium sufficient to justify the free exchange of bank notes against gold. Why, therefore, should Switzerland delay in taking her place with Great Britain, Holland and Sweden?

The objections are immediately connected with her membership of the Latin Monetary Union, which, though inoperative in present practice, is still an existing entity in Europe and cannot be dismissed from European monetary politics without further ado. One point to be emphasised is that Switzerland undertook in 1921 that if free convertibility of notes should be resumed, she would at once take over at their full nominal value the five-franc pieces of the Union which are at present held by the National Bank. These amount to about 156 million francs, and the original owner States have agreed to take them back during a period lasting from 1927 to 1932, paying for them in gold. A new agreement between the Bank and the State might easily remove this difficulty, or a special loan might be raised to cover the amount involved. There are, however, more subtle underlying reasons to delay the return to gold—more particularly the continued adherence of Switzerland to the bi-metallism consequent upon her membership of the Union. The five-franc piece of the Union is legal currency in Switzerland, but is of no practical value for meeting foreign payments. It, therefore, remains to be seen what will be the future of the Union, and what will be the trend of the currencies in France, Belgium, Italy and Greece, where the franc is at present depreciated. Switzerland must decide between three courses: whether she will remain faithful to the metallic franc, whether she will adopt a pure gold standard, or whether she will ally herself to some other European group. When the monetary situation of the countries which surround her is completely cleared up, it will be time for her to adopt definite resolutions regarding a return to the convertibility of notes.

QUOTATIONS from the SWISS STOCK EXCHANGES

BONDS.	Sept. 15		Sept. 22	
	Frs.	Fr.	Frs.	Fr.
Confederation 3% 1903	78.75	77.50		
5% 1917, VIII. Mob. Ln	100.12	100.27		
Federal Railways 3 1/2% A-K	81.87	81.75		
Canton of Basle (City) 4% 1910	100.45	100.65		

SHARES.	Nom.		Sept. 15		Sept. 22	
	Frs.	Fr.	Frs.	Fr.	Frs.	Fr.
Swiss Bank Corporation	500	697	697			
Crédit Suisse	500	752	759			
Union de Banques Suisses	500	588	597			
Société pour l'Industrie Chimique	1000	1750	1762			
Fabrique Chimique ci-dev. Sandoz	1000	3097	3085			
Soc. Ind. pour la Schappe	1000	3362	3367			
S.A. Brown Boveri	350	357	357			
C. F. Bally	1000	1151	1148			
Nestlé & Anglo-Swiss Cond. Mk. Co.	200	234	230			
Entreprises Sulzer S.A.	1000	918	910			
Comp. de Navig'n sur le Lac Léman	500	588	575			

EIDGENÖSSISCHE GLOSSEN.

St. Galler Aufklärung.

Vor acht Tagen erlebten wir zwei Dinge: In Bern ein Volksfest, und im Kanton St. Gallen eine Volksabstimmung. Im Westen war alles schön und gut, man sang und tanzte und zeigte die alten und neuen Trachten—wer sollte noch am ächten, währschaftigen Geist der Schweizer zweifeln? Im Osten war es nicht halb so schön und gar nicht gut. Aber es handelte sich hier auch nicht um den Schein, sondern um Schuldentilgung und Frauenstimmrecht. Auf diesem Gebiete kann man sich mit einem Kuhreigen nichts vormachen. Die Frauen mochten in ihrem mit Meerriehr gesteihten Tuchmiedern nach Bern reisen und den ausländischen Diplomaten stolz zuwinken, zu Hause würde unterdessen von dem wackeren Mannesvolke beschlossen, dass die Weiber vorläufig in den Kirchgemeinden nicht mitzureden hätten. Und gleichzeitig beschlossen diese Männer mit 3 gegen 2, dass sie selber nichts von dem vorgeschlagenen Schuldentilgungsgesetz wissen möchten. Es ist ja klar, dass ein Volk sich gegen neue Steuern wehrt, wenn von den 71,000 Einkommensteuerpflichtigen 67,000 in Zukunft jährlich eine Extrasteuer von 80 (achtzig) Rappen bezahlen sollten. Man denke: 80 Rappen im Jahr, das ist keine kleine Summe! Nun muss also die Staatsschuld von nahezu 39 Millionen noch ein wenig auf die Amortisierung warten. In dieser Summe sind zwar neben den Defiziten der Verwaltungsrechnungen 12,3 Millionen Aufwendungen zur Linderung der Not während der Kriegs- und Nachkriegsjahre und die gleiche Anzahl Millionen für die Ausführung gemeinnütziger Werke, also Ausgaben für das Volk, sodass die Mitwirkung des Volkes bei der Rückzahlung dieser Schulden nicht unberechtigt erschiene. Doch das Volk wollte nicht, und die Sozialdemokraten können stolz sein auf ihren Sieg. Wenn es sich um 80 Rappen handelt, wird, scheint, auch der andersdenkende Bürger ein Sozialdemokrat. Und so weiss man nicht, wen man bei dieser ganzen Geschichte mehr bemitleiden soll: die Bürger oder die Sozialdemokraten . . .

Schweizertrachten.

Die Trachten feiern eine Wiedergeburt. Gut; niemand wird verlangen, dass man diese Wiedergeburt ernst zu nehmen habe. (Es handelt sich übrigens um eine internationale Erscheinung: am vorigen Sonntag feierten auch die Pfälzer und die Badenser Trachtenfeste.) Es gibt aber etwas anderes, das immer wieder ernst genommen werden sollte. Es hat zwar nicht an Gelegenheiten gefehlt, hier davon zu reden. Aber es gibt immer wieder neue Gelegenheiten, um davon zu reden: Von einer Vereinfachung unserer Bedürfnisse, ohne dass man damit bis zur höchsten Stufe amerikanischer Rationalisierung des Wirtschaftslebens steigen müsste. Wir denken immer noch zu wenig daran, dass wir irgend einer Laune, einem Gelüste, einer Mode folgend, morgen das nicht mehr kaufen, was wir heute mit Freude gekauft haben. Wir denken nicht daran, dass beispielsweise jede Aenderung der Zeichnung des Musters, des Gewebes, für den Fabrikanten eine Gefährdung seines Fabrikbetriebes ist. Wir kaufen, was uns gefällt, was uns heute gefällt, und morgen aus irgend einem unerklärlichen Grunde (wegen Paris oder Wien oder London) nicht mehr gefällt. Der Fabrikant möge sich danach richten. Gewiss, er richtet sich danach, mit dem Erfolge, dass die Ware teurer wird (auch der Fabrikant existiert) oder dass die Ware nicht teuer genug verkauft werden kann in anbetrachter aller Umstände (und dass der Fabrikant nicht mehr existiert). Wir stehen in wirtschaftlichen Nöten aller Art. Wenn wir daraus die Folgerung zögen, dass auch der Konsument denken muss, so wäre dem Produzenten schon halb geholfen. Wenn der Gedanke einer Schweizertracht auftaucht, auf Grund dieser Überlegungen (ich gebe zu, es ist eine Utopie), nicht auf Grund historischer Gefühle und scheinbar vaterländischer Gedanken, so wäre der Schweiz zu gratulieren. Wenn sich die Schweizer und Schweizerinnen einigten, bestimmte Tuchsorten zu tragen (wobei man immer noch seine Phantasie walten lassen könnte), dann würde beispielsweise unsere Wollindustrie die Hände über dem Kopf zusammenschlagen vor Freude. Sie könnte sich danach einrichten, wir hätten billigere Stoffe und die Fabrikanten einen besseren Verdienst. So einfach wäre es. Aber es ist eben zu einfach!

Schweizerische Arbeitszeit.

Wir haben überhaupt keine Freude an der Rationalisierung. Beispielsweise lassen wir unsere Zweiteilung des Tages ruhig fortbestehen. Es machen sich zwar in jüngster Zeit wieder Stimmen geltend, die für eine Einführung der englischen Arbeitszeit sprechen. Sie werden wohl auch diesmal ungehört verhallen. Der Schweizer scheint keinen Sinn dafür zu haben, dass diese grosse Mittagspause ein Luxus ist, ein kostbares Vergnügen, dabei ein Vergnügen, bei dem recht wenig herauskommt. Man reißt sich selber gewaltsam und ohne Nötigung im Höhepunkt des Tages aus dem Rhythmus der Arbeit, eilt oder fährt unter Umständen halbstundenweit, um zu essen, belastet Trambahnen und Bundesbahnen mit seinem Gewichte, ohne dass die Bahnen dafür etwas Entsprechendes erhalten (denn man ist ja abonniert), kommt müde oder gereizt zum Mittagessen, um

zu den eigenen Gedanken auch noch die Gedanken aller andern Familienmitglieder zu erhalten, läuft oder fährt zurück, braucht wieder Zeit, um von neuem in Gang zu kommen, und erscheint abends zu einer Zeit zu Haus, wo's zu spät zum Wandern, Spielen und Werken ist, und doch zu früh zum Schlafen. Begnügten wir uns mit einem Butterbrote um die Mittagszeit, so hätten wir schon vor Fünf die Freiheit des Christenmenschen, die Kinder am Arm, den Himmel über uns und die frische Luft in der Lunge. Wir wären nicht mehr an die Stadt oder Stadtnähe gefesselt, der Zug dürfte uns auch weiter führen, als es jetzt erlaubt ist, und es wäre sicherlich vieles besser und nichts schlimmer. Die Schulen wären genötigt, an dieser Befreiung des Menschen irgendwie mitzumachen, die Kinder kämen auch zum Achtstundentag, und wer sollte eigentlich gegen dies alles etwas einzuwenden haben? Wirtschaftliche, gesundheitliche und seelische Vorteile in Hülle und Fülle, und doch tut man es nicht? Vielleicht, weil es auch zu einfach ist?

(Felix Moeschlin in der "Nat.-Ztg.")

THE RIGHT TO VOTE OF THE SWISS ABROAD.

Of recent months we have read quite a good deal in reference to this question, but nobody appears to go to the root of the matter, viz., Does the Federal Constitution really exclude the Swiss abroad from enjoyment of their political rights? I say it does not.

I have in my school days listened to well over 150 lectures on the Federal Constitution, by an eminent jurist and judge, one of the best living authorities on Swiss constitutional law, but I do not remember this question having been thrashed out. It is, however, not difficult.

The rights and the duties of the citizens towards the State are determined, at any rate in their guiding principles, by the constitution. We Swiss abroad ought, no doubt, to congratulate the makers of the constitution, the Swiss citizens who lived before us, upon the fact that the Federal Constitution does not mention once in its 130 odd articles, either explicitly or by inference, the question of Swiss residing abroad. When we consider that the constitution goes so far even as to prescribe that "les animaux de boucherie" are to be stunned before they are bled, it may perhaps appear surprising that no reference whatsoever is made to Swiss citizens outside Switzerland.

But the makers of our fundamental law were building strongly, and this fact is our greatest protection from the clutches of bureaucracy, if we know how properly to use it. It makes it evident that all Swiss citizens have the same rights and the same duties towards the State, immaterial whether they are inside the territorial frontiers or not. The only difference, in principle at any rate, are the limitations deriving from the operation of International Law and International Treaties.

The article relating to our political rights is No. 43, the material portion of which reads:—

"Tout citoyen d'un canton est citoyen suisse. Il peut, à ce titre, prendre part, au lieu de son domicile, à toutes les élections et votations en matière fédérale, après avoir dûment justifié de sa qualité d'électeur."

According to the letter of the law, if the country where we live allows it, I think we ought to have the right to vote even here. That we should, at any rate, have the right to vote at our place of Swiss domicile, even if we only return temporarily, is, however, indisputable.

The duty to do military service or to pay military exemption tax is specified in just the same general way: no mention is made of Swiss abroad. It would, therefore, seem natural that the Legislative and Administrative authorities, in giving effect to the provisions of the constitution, would follow a line of logical thought and elementary justice. None of that is, however, apparent in our legislation in this respect.

For the purpose of the fulfilment of our military duties we are kept on the register of the unit to which we belong; we pay military exemption tax when we are on leave abroad, and are kept on the respective registers; we are under obligation to return to Switzerland, at our expense, immediately the army is mobilised, and although we may still be in possession of a permit of leave, if we should happen to be in Switzerland, even only temporarily, when our unit is doing military service, we are treated as deserters if we do not join it within 24 hours, although we may be totally unaware of it. One would think it only logical that we should be allowed to have our say immediately we return home, but this is not the view taken by the Federal Legislation. To my way of thinking this conclusion represents an incorrect application of the constitution and of the will of the people expressed therein.

The question has really been of little importance to the Ticinesi, because, with a few ups and downs, it is now getting on for 50 years that the laws of the Ticino give the right of vote to the Ticinesi living abroad. At any rate, they are retained on the voters' lists and can exercise their political rights immediately they return home, and this also in Federal matters. This right is further