

What's doing in our Colony?

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Lord Stamfordham,
Private Secretary to H.M. The King,
Buckingham Palace.

My Lord,—The Swiss Contingent to the International Scout Jamboree at Birkenhead on the point of re-barkening at Tilbury on the L.M.S. Steamship "Alsacien" for their country, desire His Majesty the King to be informed how very much all the Boys and their Leaders enjoyed their stay in His Majesty's country. They carry away with them the highest appreciation of all the wonderful things they have seen in this great Country and they also wish to thank His Majesty for the high honour he has thought fit to bestow on their Chief for whom they will always preserve the warmest affection.

That His Majesty's complete convalescence may only be a matter of a few weeks is the fervent wish of all, and if our little country could be of any benefit to his health, His Majesty may rest assured that every Scout would heartily welcome his Royal Visit at any time.

I have the honour to remain your Lordship's humble servant,
FRITZ SCHEURER,

Official Leader of the Swiss Delegation.

The next morning the following letter accompanied by an exquisite bouquet of flowers was handed in at the Royal Palace by Mr. Frederick's private secretary on behalf of the Swiss Boy Scouts who by that time had crossed the Channel.

Lord Stamfordham, 15th, August, 1929.
Private Secretary to H.M. The King,
Buckingham Palace:

Mr. Fritz Scheurer, Official Leader of the Swiss Delegation at the International Scout Jamboree at Birkenhead, has the honour to present his compliments to His Majesty's Private Secretary, and would be extremely thankful if this modest bunch of flowers, which the Swiss Scouts desire to be used in one of His Majesty's apartments, could be employed for this purpose.

Mr. Scheurer regrets to trouble His Majesty's Private Secretary, and he desires to thank him for this courtesy. FRITZ SCHEURER.

His Majesty's Private Secretary replied by wireless as follows:

Fritz Scheurer, Leader Swiss Boy Scouts, L.M.S. Steamship "Alsacien," North Foreland Radio: "The King has received with much pleasure your telegram and thanks you all for the kind message and good wishes to which your telegram gives expression. His Majesty is delighted to hear that you have enjoyed your visit in this country and wishes you and your contingents bon voyage and a safe return home."

Except for the following rejoinder I must leave matters for the present where they are.

Endeavours will certainly be made to get to the root of this unfortunate neglect, which I fear lies "at home" in this instance and certainly not here. In this connection I would just mention that some of our compatriots seem to take the Swiss Legation as a sort of Theatrical Agency, whose sole mission it would be to provide our colony with entertainments, and if anything goes wrong, they immediately pounce upon the Legation as having failed in its duties. I wish these gentry would take a leaf out of the book of the nation whose hospitality they are enjoying and comport themselves as the English do, instead of glibly criticising where it is least justifiable, and openly showing disrespect to our Minister, and also to members of the Legation, as was the case at Hendon during the delivery of the various patriotic speeches when disgracefully noisy conduct emanated from the refreshment tent, so that two English friends of mine voiced the opinion that "Democracy" also seemed productive of "ulcers."

Although, usually, truth begets hatred, that shall be no bar to reprimand where it is called for, this should be the mission of a Colony Organ, otherwise it is a still-born institution.

O.J.W.

CONCERNING THE MILITARY TAX. A REPLY TO MR. NOTARI.

Letter to the Editor.

Dear Sir,—What a corollary to the just celebrated Festa Nazionale, the Tiro Federale in Bellinzona, the inspiring speech of our great Ticinesi Signor G. Motta, the praise in general of the patriotism of the Ticinesi to read of the threatened renouement of the most sacred, most precious birthright, our Swiss citizenship, the envy of many nations, publicly advertised because justice to a grievance is not ipso facto obtained.

I disassociate myself entirely from the ill-advised letter of my friend Mr. W. Notari in your last issue of the 17th August. I believe he overstates the facts. If grievances there are I feel certain a more sensible and diplomatic handling of the question would obtain readier redress than a fantastic letter which gives one the impression as if the Military Authority had committed a terrible crime whereas the whole question is purely a personal one.

Yours truly,

OSCAR GAMBAZZI.

(We are very glad indeed to be able to publish the above forceful rejoinder to Mr. Notari's letter published in our issue of the 17th of August. —THE EDITOR.)

What Happened at Kienthal? REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

Kienthal? Kienthal? Does the name recall anything to mind or have we already forgotten that Bolshevism was hatched in that nest?

I spent last year at Kienthal, merely as a tourist, however, for I had entirely forgotten that it has an historical interest attached to it. This fact was brought to my remembrance through a long paradoxical discussion with my travelling companion on the question as to whether or not we have a right to put an end to life. . . .

A little incident told us casually by our guide—not that we needed a guide to cross so easy a pass, but we wanted our bags carried—just missed setting the discussion ablaze. . . .

One of my companions was recalling a happy and beneficial stay he had made at the hotel of the Griesalp, and said he had known there a neuroathetic lady who was so much in love with the mists that she only cared to go out when there was a fog. Consequently she often got lost and a search had to be made for her. One day she was found wandering just above one of the famous cascades whose rhythm had fascinated her, but she showed no gratitude to her rescuer. Was she not, after all, mistress of her own fate?

"Yes," intervened the guide, "it must have been above the Falls of Dürdenbach, because I, too, rescued a traveller from there. He was a queer fellow, a foreigner, a German, or more likely a Russian."

"Was it long ago?" asked one of the party, not much interested in what the answer might be.

"During the War. It must have been in the Spring of 1916, in the month of April, because snow and ice were still about. The man had slipped, he was hanging over the water only holding on by his hands, he could not climb up and was calling for help. But no one heard him on account of the noise."

"I happened to pass that way. I saw him, I climbed up and seized him by the arm. Just in time! The next moment he must have fallen. When we were out of the scrape he looked at his hands that were red and bleeding, then he rubbed them together, chuckling all the time. At last he said in German:

"You have done a great thing; you will hear more of me by and bye." But I never have heard more of him."

"Did he tell you his name?"

"No, he did not! I knew he came from Kienthal where there was a great mustering of foreigners at the Hotel Baer, although it was not in the season."

"At Kienthal, at the Hotel Baer, in April 1916! Jove! my friend, you saved either Lenin, Radek or Trotsky! You would have done far better to let him fall over, for your rescued man has caused the fall of innumerable heads; so are not you, too, a little guilty?"

But the honest Swiss face showed no comprehension of the paradox nor of the joke. A guide who holds out his hand across the abyss is only following his calling, and even if it had been a question of saving Lenin, could he have hesitated?

And was it Lenin? It certainly was not Lenin. In all probability it was one of the other Russian revolutionaries, for the Russian revolution was brewed in Switzerland, and it was touch and go that there was not a revolution in Switzerland as well.

It was very near it on the 10th and 11th November 1918, while the Germans were entreating for the armistice which should put an end to the war. The attention of the world was diverted from these facts; but, to-day, history should carefully collect them. . . .

A first conference was held during the summer of 1915 at Zimmerwald, a charming little village in the Bernese Country: nearly all the Russian staff were already there, Lenin, Trotsky and Zinovieff; while Switzerland was represented by two Socialist delegates, Naine and Grimm. The name of Grimm, who was always agitating, should be retained in order to understand through his career how easy it is to pass from Socialism to Communism and finally to revolution. Lenin was then living at Zürich, from there he directed the propaganda, for it was at Zürich that Bolshevism was elaborated, and even then they were preaching desertion from the Army and Navy, and against national defence.

But though the Conference of Zimmerwald, followed by another held in the Casino at Berne, are well known and talked of and even quoted in various manuals, the one held at Kienthal, important in another sense, is often passed over in silence. It was kept far more secret, yet it was there that the momentous resolution was taken definitely to abandon the minority programme for Bolshevism or the majority programme.

It opened on the 25th April, 1916, in the unobtrusive and rather pleasant little hotel "L'Ours"; forty-five members were present, among whom were Mme. Angelica Balabanof, Lenin,

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