

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: - (1929)

Heft: 414

Artikel: A schoolgirl in Switzerland

Autor: [s.n.]

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-692617>

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A SCHOOLGIRL IN SWITZERLAND.

I arrived at Lausanne station one glorious morning in September, and found myself one of a crowd of chattering, excited girls, all bound for a year or so in Swiss pensionnat. The crowd soon divided into little groups, and one by one these melted away, and were whirled off in taxis to begin their new life.

School in Switzerland is one of the most delightful experiences any girl can have. To begin with, the surroundings are perfect. My bedroom possessed a balcony, as is usual in Switzerland, which opened out on to the most glorious view of the lake and of the Alps, an ever-changing panorama of colour, light and shade. Then, it is all so different to what one has been used to, even the food; and also it is most interesting to make friends with girls of other nationalities, and compare views, which are usually startlingly different.

Let us take an average day in a Swiss school. Petit dejeuner is at 8 a.m., lessons begin at 8.30, and continue until twelve, with an interval for a petit pain at 10.30. In the afternoon, in winter we go out; and after tea, do preparation until dinner; after which there is reading, sewing, or a visit to a theatre or concert. In the summer preparation is done in the afternoon, and there is tennis or a walk after tea, when it is cooler.

It sounds rather monotonous, but in reality this is not so. There is so much to see and do. One of the greatest joys is going for excursions to various places. Lausanne is a splendid centre for visits to Geneva, Berne, with its bear-pit and chocolate factories, of especial interest to school girls, Montreux, Vevey, and a host of other places. One of the loveliest excursions is to Les Avants, when the narcissi fields are in bloom, and afterwards to Montreux to see the Fetes des Narcisses.

Lessons, admittedly, are rather a struggle at first. Meals, too, are somewhat miserable affairs to begin with, when everybody round laughs at jokes you cannot understand, and you are possibly feeling homesick. It is surprising how quickly you begin to join in, though, and to understand everything. Lessons comprise history, literature, geography, mythology, and history of art, and it is quite amusing learning history from the French standpoint.

It appears that the English did not win so many battles as is popularly supposed; I was even assured, by a mistress who was slightly pro-German, that the English did not win the battle of Waterloo, and only the timely intervention of Blucher saved the day! This must not be taken as a sign that incorrect lessons are given, for it appears that all countries are prejudiced in the same way; and we were gravely informed by an Austrian girl that her country almost invariably won their battles! Drawing, music, and singing lessons are taken from visiting professors, and also dressmaking lessons, while most girls study another foreign language, Italian or German.

There is great excitement at Christmas, when a visit is paid to a Winter sports centre. Hotel life is such a delightful change from the pensionnat, and there are always plenty of English people, so that it is quite like home once more. The days are crowded, skating, skiing, tobogganing, failing, and dancing, in the evenings. This is where the smaller pensionnats score for they go to hotels, whereas the larger ones have to go to pensions, which is not nearly such good fun. In the evening if there is no dancing, there are concerts, most amusing affairs, for a number of Swiss singers in national costume come and yodel, a rather deafening procedure at times. Sometimes too, treasure hunts are organised, and various games, and often, if the ice is in good condition, there is skating on the illuminated rink, with an orchestra snugly hidden in a corner by a huge stove.

It is all very delightful, and the only disadvantage in the modern girl's eyes is, that one has a distinct tendency to get fat, on account of the quantities of cream. Still, it is worth it, when one comes home, speaking French more or less fluently, with a store of happy impressions which will last for always.—*Liverpool Echo*.

THREE NEW PLAGES IN SWITZERLAND

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY.

Two years ago I named Locarno as the best place known to me for sun and air and water bathing as late in the year as September and October; and many readers who took my advice then and last year have since written to say Thank you. There may be more to remark about Locarno later on; meanwhile I note it again, for readers with late holidays who want a month of summer even yet can get away as far as Italian Switzerland, and do not want the ostentatious and vulgar company of the aristocrats or pseudo-aristocrats and their parasites who nowadays spoil such places as the Lido.

Now on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, better called Lac Leman, three new plagues have just been established. They are signs of the times in many ways, and might be commented on from far more points of view than our present one. They are at or near Montreux, Vevey and Lausanne Ouchy, all within a few miles of each other. They have cost much money, in this economical Switzerland. Partly they serve to attract visitors, especially Montreux plage, just beyond the Castle of Chillon. But the latest, at Vevey, is chiefly used by the inhabitants of Vevey itself and the little towns and villages on the lake and the hills near by.

As in Germany, on the Rhine and the Neckar, described here in past years, as on the Danube and elsewhere throughout Europe, this widespread, rapid and extremely popular extension of open-air recreation places is really the result of the teaching and practice of a few pioneers, who wish to prevent such diseases as tuberculosis.

The greatest of them now living is Professor Rollier, of Leysin, a few miles away from these new plagues. He began his work in 1903. I have been trying to get its meaning known and used in England ever since 1921, not least by means of this page of the "*Daily News*"; and now, in his own Switzerland he is not only honoured—as I recorded here a year ago during the First International Light Conference at Lausanne—but actually followed in popular practice.

My present purpose, in my very limited space, is not now to urge readers in general to visit Vevey, where the newest and best of these plagues has just been opened—for in September they should go further, beyond the Alps—but it is most respectfully to draw the attention of the public authorities in England to the example of these and other plagues.

We are told that Eastbourne—I think—is sending a committee to study the constructions at other seaside places. That is good. But a more important enterprise would be on new lines already widely noticed in the Press.—*Daily News*.

MEMORIES OF THE MUOTATHAL.

To-day the Muotathal—still one of Switzerland's "undiscovered" valleys—dozes away a calm existence amid green meadows and brooding sweeps of pine forest. Behind the huddled chalets of its villages rise the fantastic pinnacles of the great Staldengarten. Deep in a cleft between the massive mountain walls the Muota crashes and thunders, spanned high above by that narrow stone bridge over which Suvaroff and his Cossacks galloped exactly 130 years ago in that forgotten episode of the Napoleonic wars which brought terror and bloodshed to the peaceful Alpine valley.

The Muotathal is best reached by the postal automobile service running from the little town of Schwyz—eight miles distant. For centuries the valley has been a place of strategic importance, the converging point of mountain routes from north, south, east and west.

It was in September, 1799, that war streamed into the Muotathal. The time is still talked about by the villagers of to-day as though it was almost a recent event.

France was then fighting Austria in the great preliminaries of the struggle, which had its climax at Waterloo. Allied with Austria was Russia—represented in the Swiss sector of hostilities by the famous Suvaroff and his Cossack army. Following his march over the mule tracks of Saint Gotthard, when he drove the French before him after murderous fighting on the Urner Joch itself, Suvaroff made an amazing forced march with 20,000 troops over the Kinzig Kulm (7,000 feet) and dropped down into the Muotathal.

On September 27th, 1799, an advance detachment of Cossacks arrived at the mouth of the Hurthal. Two companies of French left to defend the approach to Schwyz were ignominiously routed. Then Suvaroff himself appeared, borne on a litter by eight captured Swiss, and followed by his 20,000 men and 10,000 horses and mules.

The Russian commander made his headquarters in the nunnery of St. Joseph, where his room is still shown. His men, wet and frozen after the ordeal over the Kinzig Kulm, were billeted in every house, in rude shelters among the

meadows, in sheds, stables, anywhere where some sought of roof was available. There he waited for the approach of a French division of 8,500, who were marching out from Schwyz.

As the French entered the narrow valley Suvaroff craftily retired. He waited until the whole enemy division reached a point where the valley suddenly widens. Then he let loose his wild Cossack cavalry.

The French broke and fled at the first onslaught, pursued by the yelling Cossacks towards the narrow neck of the gorge. At the bridge—still called the Suvaroff bridge—the struggle became a desperate hand to hand melee. The slaughter was appalling. Hundreds of men—French and Russian—locked in a desperate death-grip, became crowded on the narrow bridge and crashed into the ravine below. When the French at last were able to make such escape as they could, 4,000 bodies littered the quiet valley.

TIRO FEDERALE 1929.

THANKS TO DONOR'S IN OUR COLONY.

We have pleasure in publishing the following communications forwarded to us by our Legation. As is known, the Swiss Societies of our Colony have, in conjunction with the Legation and the Consulates, made a collection for a prize for this year's Federal Shooting Fete in Bellinzona. The result was most gratifying as a silver bowl could be presented to the prize committee of the Fete. This, our prize, was awarded to the Militärschiessverein of Nieder-Uster, Canton Zurich. Following are letters of thanks from the Prize-Committee of the Fete and from the prize-winners.

Hochgeachteter Herr Minister!

Das Eidg. Schützenfest in Bellinzona, das nun schon der Vergangenheit angehört, hatte uns derart stark in Anspruch genommen, dass in der Erledigung vieler Korrespondenzen eine unliebsame Verzögerung eingetreten ist; so auch in der Beantwortung Ihres geehrten Schreibens vom 16. Juli ablinn, was Sie gütigst entschuldigen wollen.

Wie beeindrucken uns heute, Ihnen mitzuteilen, dass die "Swiss Rifle Association" die avisierte silberne Schale uns überbracht hat. Wir erfüllen nun die angenehme Pflicht, Ihnen Herr Minister und allen den lieben dort niedergelassenen Schweizern, die zur Spende dieser prächtigen Ehrengabe beigetragen haben, unsern verbindlichsten Dank auszusprechen. Das schöne Geschenk ist als Sektionsgabe verwendet worden. Der betr. Verein wird sicher eine grosse Freude an diesem Preise haben.

Bei diesem Anlass sprechen wir Ihnen und allen geschätzten Mitarbeitern an der Gabensammlung den herzlichsten Dank aus für die grosse und aufopfernde Arbeit, die Sie zu Gunsten und zum guten Gelingen des aufs beste verlaufenen 42. Eidg. Schützenfestes geleistet haben. Sie dürfen versichert sein, dass wir die tatkräftige Unterstützung, die uns von Ihrer Seite und von Seiten der Auslandschweizer im Allgemeinen zu teilen geworden ist, gebührend zu schätzen wissen.

Genehmigen Sie, geehrter Herr Minister, mit dem Ausdruck unserer Dankbarkeit auch die Versicherung unserer volkommenen Hochachtung.

Für das Gabenkomitee:

Der Präsident: Sig. A. BUZZI.

Der Vize-Präsident: Sig. HILFICKER.

Liebe Miteidgenossen:

Sie hatten die grosse Liebenswürdigkeit, an das diesjährige Eidgenössische Schützenfest in Bellinzona als Ehrenpreis eine grosse silberne Schale, versehen mit der Widmung

I SVIZZERI DI GRAN BRITAGNA AI TIRATORI A BELLINZONA, TIRO FEDERALE 1929.

zu stiften.

Diese wundervolle Ehrengabe, die vom Gabenkomitee des Bellinzona-Festes dem Sektionswettkampf als hochwertige Gabe zugewiesen worden ist, ist unserem Vereine, der sich in der dritten Kategorie von ca 850 Sektionen den dritten Rang zu erringen vermochte, zugefallen.

Wir nehmen nun gerne die Gelegenheit wahr, Ihnen, liebe Miteidgenossen, für dieses hochherzige Geschenk von ganzem Herzen zu danken. Sie können versichert sein, dass die kostbare Gabe von uns stets in hohen Ehren gehalten wird. Dieselbe hat neben dem grossen materiellen und künstlerischen Wert, einen noch viel höher einzuschätzenden ideellen Wert und bitten wir Sie, uns den Stolz zu gewähren, mit dem wir Nieder- und Obersteren nun den edlen Zeugen Ihrer grossen Heimatliebe beherbergen und beschützen wollen.

Genehmigen Sie, liebe Miteidgenossen, nochmals unserser herzlichen Dank für das wertvolle Geschenk und, indem wir Ihnen unsere herzlichsten Wünsche für Ihr stetes Wohlergehen im fremden Lande übermitteln, entbieten wir Ihnen allen nicht minder aufrichtige und herzliche Schweizergrüsse:

Namens des Militärschiessvereins
Nieder-Uster,

Der Präsident: Der Aktuar:
Sig. F. SCHLUMPF. Sig. H. AEBERLI.

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