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The Swiss Observer

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HOME NEWS

ZURICH.

The farm buildings belonging to Mr. Höhener at Gossau were destroyed by fire, due to self-ignition of hay. The bulk of the furniture, all farm implements and whole store of fodder fell a prey to the flames. Unfortunately insurance covers only Frs. 35,000.

A youth of 20 named Früh, from Wil near Rafz, succumbed to the injuries sustained in a collision between his motor cycle and a motor car on the main Schaffhausen—Zurich road. The pillion rider escaped unhurt. N.Z.Z.

LUZERN.

An eminent business man has died at Lucerne in the person of Louis Schnyder von Wartensee. He was Director of the Kreditanstalt, Vice-Chairman of the Steamboat Company and on the Board of the Rigi and Bürgenstock railways. He was 68 years of age. St.G.

Criminal hands have burned down the home of farmer Anton Kneubühler at Hergiswil. Scarcity of water prevented effective help, so that practically all the contents of his home were lost. N.Z.Z.

GLARUS.

Fire has destroyed the stables situated near the Ziger factory at Mollis and belonging to farmer Fischli. Self-ignition of hay is suspected. N.Z.Z.

SOLOTHURN.

The public house "Spiegelberg" at Halten near Kriegstetten was reduced to ashes by a mysterious fire, which rapidly enveloped the whole building. The inhabitants just managed to escape with their lives. Two motor cars, two cows and all the furniture were destroyed.

Karl Früh, of Solothurn, aged 25, was killed in a road accident near Oensingen. He and his brother were on an outing on their motor-cycles when for some unknown reason they collided. The brother, Jean Früh, as well as a pillion rider, were only slightly injured. N.Z.Z.

BASEL.

Traffic in the Basel Rhine harbour in September shows an appreciable increase over September 1928. Goods handled during the first nine months of this year exceed by 17,000 tons the volume of the same period in 1928. N.

Extraordinary presence of mind was shown by a young painter, who fell from the third storey of a new building at Hagentalerstrasse. He managed during his fall to twist his body so successfully, that he escaped the wooden boards immediately beneath him and landed on a fresh heap of soft earth. He did not appear seriously hurt and, after a momentary lapse into unconsciousness, he returned to his work, but was prevailed upon to consult a doctor. N.

ST. GALLEN.

During the shunting of an engine the barrier near Ziegelbrücke station was opened to allow a heavy motor lorry to pass. Unfortunately the heavy vehicle could not be moved quickly enough to prevent a collision with the returning engine preceded by a goods wagon. The lorry driver and his mate jumped to safety at the last moment, while the lorry was reduced to matchwood. St.G.

A BOOK ON THE SWISS ARMY.

"L'armée suisse, ses origines et traditions, son état présent sa raison d'être," published under the supervision of Colonel E. M. G. Léderrey, by several authors, has just appeared. It is a wonderful review of the history of our army and should be a useful addition to the libraries of our Swiss Societies and of individual members of our Colony.

ALPINISM.

A Bernese climber named Herron fell down a rock wall on the Stockhorn from a height of 200 metres and was killed instantaneously.

In the Peccia valley two women, a mother and daughter, fell down a precipice of the depth of 50 metres and were killed.

APPENZELL.

Fifteen year old Emil Lutz, weaver apprentice at the Wolfhalden orphanage, has made an early start on the wrong road. Having delivered a piece of work at Thal, he returned late with cuts and blood over his face. He said that he had been attacked, gagged and robbed of his money. Police enquiries soon proved his untruthfulness. He admitted that he had lost the money, and that he had injured his face by cutting it with his knife and thorns. N.Z.Z.

DER BERNER MALER RUDOLF MÜNGER†

Die Trauerkunde vom Hinschied Rudolf Müngers, die vor einigen Tagen von Bern ausging, hat überall Anteilnahme und ein ernstes Besinnen auf die grossen Verdienste dieses Mannes geweckt. Denn Rudolf Münger ist dem Schweizervolk kein Unbekannter. Nicht nur, dass er im weitem Umkreis seiner eigentlichen Heimat in so manche Kirche durch ein prächtiges Farbfenster Anmut und Andacht hineinmalte, oder dass er der Stadt Bern im grossen Kornhauskeller eine volkstümliche Sehenswürdigkeit von der echten, guten Art schenkte (von allen den Wappen, Scheiben und Urkunden ganz zu schweigen)—nein, weit über dies Schaffensgebiet hinaus ist Müngers Kunst mit dem Schweizervolk aufs innigste verbunden durch die hervorragenden Buchillustrationen—es sei hier vorerst nur auf den Röseli-garten hingewiesen—die ungewöhnlich starke Verbreitung fanden und als ein herzhafter Ausdruck schweizerischen Wesens jedermann für sich gewannen. Lässt sich doch eine Bücherreihe wie der Röseli-garten heute gar nicht mehr aus unserer Kultur und unserm Volkstum wegdenken.

Wenn je von einem Künstler gesagt werden darf, er sei aus dem Volke hervorgegangen, so trifft dies auf Rudolf Münger zu. Sein Schaffen ist wie das Volkslied selber; aus der unverbildeten Seele des heimatlichen Stammes hervorgegangen, Fleisch von unserm Fleisch und Blut von unserm Blut, warmen Schweizerblut. Und dabei doch immer mit einem Zug nach reiner, allgemeingültiger Schönheit. Wenn Münger für die Kirchen Engel malte, so hatten sie aufgebundene Zümpfen und Antlitze wie gesunde Berner Landmädchen; wenn er aber auf der andern Seite die irdischen Knaben und Jungfern aus Gotthelfs Geschichten oder aus dem Volkslied zeichnete, so war es bei allem handfesten Bauern-tum doch eine verfeinerte helvetische Edelart mit Gestalten voll stiller, schlichter Weihe.

Auch seiner Herkunft nach gehört Münger ganz dem Berner Volke an. 1862 wurde er als Sohn eines Gipfers und Malers geboren. Er lernte das väterliche Handwerk und bildete sich neben dieser strengen Berufsarbeit während Aufenthalte in Rom, Stuttgart, München und Paris zum Künstler aus. In Bern erwarb er sich 1885 das Zeichenlehrerpatent. Aber erst nach mühevoller, entbehrungsreichem Ringen gelangte er zu den grösseren Aufträgen, die ihn bekannt und hochgeachtet gemacht haben.

Auf dem Gebiete der Buchschmuckkunst hat Münger von seinen besten, unvergänglichen Werken geschaffen. Da darf immer wieder der Röseli-garten als eine der originellsten, reizvollsten, Lieder-sammlungen der ganzen deutschen Literatur gerühmt werden. Diese Liederbüchlein sind einfach unerschöpflich an lustiger und ernster Phantasie, an feinem Stilgefühl und an herzhafter Kraft. Dann die zahllosen Porträte von Volkstypen in den Bärdütsch-Bänden von E. Friedli oder die überaus lieblichen bunten Bilder des Schweizer Kinderbuchs von Otto von Greyerz, das unter dem Namen "Güggelbuch" bei der Jugend begeisterte Aufnahme fand. Ausserdem hat Münger jenen die Zeichnungen für Titel und Einbände der Tavel-Erzählungen geschaffen und damit eine Bücherreihe herausgebracht, deren wahrhaftes, geschmackvolles Gewand mit den feinen dichterischen Absichten Tavels Hand in Hand geht. Ueberhaupt war diese kluge Einfühlung und Anpassung an den speziellen Charakter einer Dichtung eines der hervorragendsten Merkmale von Müngers Kunst. In dieser Hinsicht hat er auch dem Berner Heimatschutz-theater und der Heimatschutzbewegung überhaupt durch seine Bühnen- und Kostümentwürfe unschätzbare Dienste geleistet.

Rudolf Müngers Werk ist durch seinen Tod nicht zu nichte geworden. So schmerzlich er auf seinen vielen Tätigkeitsgebieten vermisst werden wird, so lebenskräftig ist doch der Stil, den er geschaffen hat und so deutlich das Ziel, das Andere nach ihm in seinem Geiste erstreben werden. N.S.H.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

By KYBURG.

Solferino.

So many do not know the difference between the Swiss Flag and the Red Cross that the following reminder may be of interest:

Erith Observer 20th, September.

After witnessing the battle of Solferino—between France and Sardinia against Austria—in 1859, a Swiss named Dunant wrote a vivid little book on the terrible manner in which the wounded suffered. The book was translated into many languages, and representatives from many countries met in order to devise ways of lessening the sufferings of the wounded. The conference was held in Switzerland, partly as a compliment to Dunant, and partly because that country was regarded as neutral. Finally the ensign of Switzerland—a white cross on a red ground—was "reversed" and the Red Cross was adopted as the "sign and symbol" of those who tended the wounded.

While living at Hampton Hill during the early times of the War, I naturally hoisted the Swiss Flag on the 1st of August 1916, but, when returning home from the City in the afternoon, I was told that several neighbours had called during the day, asking whether the house had been turned into a temporary Hospital!

Stupidity.

The following is culled from the *Morning Post*, 2nd October and my heading explains itself for any one who is more or less sane still. But I give it as an example of how misleading views are being manufactured still in certain quarters.

A QUESTION OF APPETITE.

A correspondent in Switzerland writes: "A Swiss caterer noted for his successful public dinners, wedding luncheons, &c., tells me that a repast for eighty English people only serves for thirty German guests. Also, when feasting the Fatherland, he has to instruct his staff to hurry the dishes along lest what is intended for half a dozen persons be transferred to a plate as one 'portion.' Seven pork cutlets as one helping is not unknown. No wonder Germany won the War!"

What did William Tell Wear?

The Observer, 22nd September.

There is a dress reform movement in Switzerland, and the peasantry take it very seriously. William Tell, they argue, and all the Swiss heroes wore loose knickerbockers, while the long trousers now generally worn were only introduced with the French revolution in imitation of the pantaloons. Now they want knickerbockers and bare knees again, and whilst at work in the open air they are beginning to wear the minimum of clothing.

This summer's heat has greatly favoured the movement. At many schools just now the boys wear nothing but light white knickerbockers at gymnastics, and the girls are bare-legged and wear costumes resembling bathing suits. There was some opposition against these dresses, especially from the Catholic clergy, but without much success. The custom of abolishing stockings has made much progress this summer.

Travelling through various parts of Switzerland in August/September, I was struck by the fact that one could hardly see a stream or little river without noticing lots and lots of youngsters and grown-ups in bathing costumes, and even without, sun-basking and, where there was enough water, splashing about. Every lake in Switzerland, I should say has at least one Strandbad, while one of my friends actually bought a private Strandbad on the Untersee, where he and some 20 of his friends went bathing nearly every Sunday this summer. Surely a much

NOTA BENE!

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better way of passing a Sunday, than going for a short walk with plenty of drink at the end of it, as it used to happen in the old times, when some men used to look forward to a wet, or "Jassers" Sunday!

The Police of Switzerland.

I daresay most of us, *horribile dictu*, at one time or another in our young days had to spend 5.50 Frs. for exceeding the speed limit on a bike, or for making too much noise at an hour when good people wanted to sleep peacefully. It may therefore be of interest to read something about the modern Swiss Police Force, which, happily, is now a very fine body of men, as good as any.

Police Review, 27th September.

When I went to the Rotary Club lunch at Lucerne on the 12th September, after having holidays on the lake-side for a fortnight, I had seen one Swiss Policeman, and he was directing traffic in the city; so that I began to wonder whether the law-abiding and good-natured Swiss people needed any Police at all to keep them in order. At any rate, I thought, after my experience in Paris and Brussels last year, that if there was a Swiss Police Force the readers of the *Police Review* would like to hear anything I could find out about it. So I mentioned the matter to my neighbour, the brilliant young *advokat*, Dr. F. Heller.

Here I was in luck, for Dr. Heller is *persona grata* with the local Police, both because his uncle was a former Chief Constable of the city, and because of his own personality and attainments. I told Dr. Heller that I could hardly believe there was any native crime in Switzerland, but he assured me that it was on the increase, and added that there had been three murders in the last two years, whereas there had been none the previous ten. This may help readers to realise—that one is very apt to forget—the very small human scale of things in Switzerland.

Small as the populations of the Canton and city are, Lucerne has its own City Force, as well as the Cantonal Force, and it was to the headquarters of the City Police that Dr. Heller so kindly took me.

Here, in the absence of the Chief Constable, I was introduced to his secretary and deputy, Herr Brun, who met me with that cordiality, frankness, civility and intelligence that one associates with a good Swiss. He told me that a candidate for the City Police Force has to pass an examination of the usual type—History, Geography, Arithmetic, etc.—and in addition—and this is the one matter essentially different from the English outlook—he must have command of at least two languages out of German, French, English, and Italian. The candidate must have done his military service, and must have a minimum height of 5ft. 6in.

Once accepted for training, he lives in barracks and is a recruit for a year, during which time he is thoroughly trained in his duties. He is paid £12 a month. At the end of this time, if finally accepted, he is a fully-fledged Policeman, and if he gives satisfaction and proves competent, he will in time become possibly an "appointed man" and subsequently a Corporal, and finally a Sergeant.

The wages paid per year are as follows:—
Policemen—£165, rising to £257.
Appointed men—£167, rising to £261.
Corporals—£172, rising to £269.
Sergeant—£184, rising to £290.

Thus it will be seen that an elderly Policeman may be receiving higher pay than a young Sergeant. When a man retires, he may receive as much as 60 per cent. pension, and if he is killed on duty his widow will receive a substantial gratuity.

It may seem a little strange that Lucerne City Police should only have one unimportant entrance examination, but we must remember that the Swiss have a record of the identity and career of every citizen from birth upwards, so that they know a good deal about the applicant and can find out more. Moreover, the Swiss as a race strike one as being extremely sound in heart, lung and brain, and when all is said and done the total City Police Force consists of but 86 men.

I had such a pleasant interview that I thought I should like to repeat the experience with the Cantonal Police, especially as the City Police are subordinate to them, so I asked the Deputy Chief, who at once got on the telephone and then sent me along.

Here I was taken in tow by an interpreter named Bucher, who introduced me to Insp. Habermacher. What the interpreter—a pleasant, solemn, round-faced man—said to the inspector I do not know, but the latter seemed to have the "Police mind" at its worst. He actually wanted to see my passport! I need hardly say that I had left it behind at my hotel at Gersau, and considering how complete my introduction to him was, I thought the request unnecessary. I half expected to be

either kicked out or thrown into a deep dungeon, but the Inspector apparently thought better of it, and after some hesitation handed me over to Sergt. Baume. This man was dressed in a long thin blue kind of smock, and his hair was a tangled mass of curls, so that at first glance I took him for a country carter airing a grievance, but looking again I found a fine square forehead overhanging wide apart twinkling honest, kindly and intelligent eyes, and soon discovered the Sergeant to be, like Herr Brun, one of the finest specimens of the Swiss type.

Unfortunately, the Sergeant spoke no English, and his French was a good deal more fluent than mine, so that, although helped by Interpreter Bucher, I feared that I might misunderstand him. However, I gathered that appointment to the Cantonal Police is similar to, but a shade less rigorous than, that to the City Police. There is no minimum height, and the training, which is very thorough, lasts for six months only. A Cantonal Policeman begins with work in the town, but after he has had thorough experience of this he is moved into the country. His promotion then once more depends upon practical skill and success and not upon subsequent examination. I asked Sergt. Baume whether this did not put a man too much in the power of his immediate superior, e.g., his Sergeant. He replied, "Not at all, because men are moved from one part of the Canton to another so that they have different superiors in different years. Moreover, if a man thought his Sergeant was not treating him fairly he could at once apply to be moved to a different district."

Before I left, Sergt. Baume was anxious to show me the elaborate and complicated card index systems which the Swiss Police have. Card indexes are, of course, used all over the world, but I think they particularly suit the careful, methodical, accurate Swiss brain. The Cantonal card indexes contain photographs, finger-prints, and full particulars of thousands of criminals, far more indeed, apparently, than the total population of Lucerne, though how that can be I am not quite sure! One special card index the gallant and charming Sergeant assured me (can I have misunderstood him? French is a tricky language!) contains 100,000 entries of foreign criminals, wanted by their respective Police, of whom particulars have been sent to Lucerne. No doubt Switzerland, like Belgium, is a place of refuge for wanted men. Certainly, if any such man attracts the attention of the Lucerne Police he will be found somewhere in that terrific index!

Those little transgressions above referred to, generally took place on Saturday nights and next morning we used to be very contrite and feel very good and go to Church. *The British Weekly*, 26th Sept. publishes an extremely interesting article on the:

Success of Protestant Missions.

Swiss Protestant editors keep a vigilant watch on missionary literature in many languages, not excluding the annals of the Roman Propaganda. Professor A. Thiébaud, of Nenchâtel, quotes in his paper, *Journal Religieux*, for September 21, from an article written by Père Bacteman, a Roman Catholic missionary in Abyssinia. The quotation appears under the heading "Un jugement catholique sur les missions protestantes," and though the extract is taken at secondhand from a Waldensian newspaper, *L'Echo des Vallées*, there is no reason to doubt its authenticity. Our personal experience of Swiss Reformed journalism is that a strict censorship is imposed on all doubtful "copy."

Père Bacteman begins with a reminder that Roman Catholic preachers and writers found amusement, at no distant date, in caricaturing the work of Protestant missions. He feels that in view of the gigantic effort now being made by the Protestant Churches, it is right that his own people should know the truth. We could have wished that the Waldensian paper had quoted the exact source from which it took the citation; but no doubt this would be easily forthcoming on inquiry.

"In 1815," writes the missionary, "there were 175 Protestant missionaries; in 1920 there were 20,500; to-day, according to the World Missionary Atlas published last March by the New York Institute of Social and Religious Research, the personnel of Protestant missions, European or American, has reached the figure of 29,188 members. Women missionaries number 8,619 married and 9,125 unmarried workers; the native staff has risen to 151,735, of whom 10,493 are ordained ministers." After dwelling on the enormous increase in the missionary revenue of the Evangelical Churches, the writer goes on: "In 1815 there was no Protestant school. A century later we find 46,580 elementary schools, 1,500 secondary or higher schools, 295 industrial institutions, 101 universities, with a total of 24,000 scholars." Figures for China show

GESCHÄFTS-ANZEIGE

Anstatt durch Zirkular, gestatte ich mir auf diesem Wege meinen verehrten Landsleuten anzuzeigen, dass ich das von Herrn F. W. Rühmann anno 1887 gegründete, sich eines sehr guten Rufes erfreuende,

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bis dass mer überall seid:
Wä mer würkli öppis Guets will z'Esse ha,
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WANTED for end of October, Cook-General, besides English Nurse, in Swiss family, Surrey.—Write Cook, c/o Swiss Observer, 23, Leonard Street, E.C.

ENGLISHWOMAN, delicate health (not tuberculosis), wants comfortable home with private family for winter months; must be right up in mountains, where she can spend active life; could pay up to £2 2s. per week.—Write A.B., c/o Swiss Observer, 23, Leonard Street, E.C.2.

6,636 Protestant missionaries, against 2,440 Roman Catholics; in India, Japan and Corea the comparison yields a no less significant result.

"Such is the truth," says the missionary in conclusion. "An immense effort in men, in money and in foundations. These facts are indisputable; these figures are undeniable in their formidable eloquence. And if the proportion continues to increase we shall be submerged in twenty or thirty years."

We have quoted these figures with all reserve, and certainly from no desire to see the "submergence" of any Christian effort. History affords sufficient testimony to the heroic pioneer labours of Roman Catholic missionaries in Canada, China, Japan and other lands which lay in heathen darkness. But there is a tendency in some quarters to undervalue the great work of the Reformed Churches in the foreign field, and it is time that the truth should be known.

And to follow up the above, I think the following article from *The Observer*, 22nd Sept. is also interesting:

Marburg and the Reformation.

It is now four hundred years since the great dispute on religious matters took place at Marburg. In September, 1529, the two reformers, Luther and Zwingli, accepted the invitation of Count Philip of Hesse to meet for a "friendly talk." Recently there was a celebration of this historic anniversary at Marburg, and in the German and Swiss Press there were articles pointing out the true meaning of the event and the century-old errors and misinterpretations that prevailed in the history books about it. Luther and Zwingli drew up "fifteen points," on all of which they agreed, except on one, namely the question of transubstantiation, in which Zwingli could not believe, whilst Luther wrote in Greek the words "it is" on the table before him. Up to recent times historians used to put all the stress on this dramatic quarrel, constructing out of it an unbridgeable chasm between the confessions and characters of the two reformers, calling Luther the man of faith, and blaming Zwingli as the obstinate politician.

It is the merit of Professor Köhler, formerly of Zurich, now of Heidelberg University, to have pointed out the immensely greater importance of the fourteen points on which agreement was reached and by which a common front against Rome was created. Thanks to his teaching the religious dispute of Marburg is no longer considered a keen quarrel between two unyielding spirits, but recognised to have been the "friendly talk" it was intended to be. Some of the recent Marburg orators appealed to this spirit of tolerance and reconciliation which has seen a splendid revival in the Stockholm negotiations of the World Federation of Churches. Satisfaction is felt in Switzerland that the somewhat distorted character of the Swiss reformer, Ulrich Zwingli, has been restored to its true nobility.

It was on his return from Marburg, and doubtlessly strengthened by the fourteen points of agreement, that he took the decisive steps to bring about the reformation in Switzerland. This autumn will see a number of festivities celebrating this event, especially at Wildhaus, his native village, where his birth-house still stands.

Religion is to a great extent emotional. So is music and the latter's softening influence on the savage breast is well known. But, still more softening than music—and not only to the body, but also to the head (wou-wou!)—is bottled sunshine and what could be more interesting than the following account of

The Vintage

Manchester Guardian, 28th September.

There is always poetry in the gathering of the vintage, and of all the grape harvests that of Burgundy most nearly approaches the English spirit. Our hop-pickers from Kent would not feel out of place there, for the arrangement of the grape vine, which is the least artistic in Europe (the grape is not allowed to grow higher than a large-sized currant bush), follows the same lines as the hopfields. Rag-tag and bob-tail predominate in the vineyards; tramps, gypsies, peasants from the wild Moran, with a sprinkling of respectable villagers. There is no romance save in the lovely names of the stations through which the P.L.M. roars—Chambertin, Beaume, and Nuits San Georges.

In former days before ever a grape was picked the Mayor of Dijon and the Sheriff called the "bandes des vendanges," riding from village to village ceremoniously accepting bread and salt. To-day a paragraph in the

paper suffices, and a man can start picking in July. In "Le Côte" a vine-yard is an investment, gilt-edged and as sound as War Loan and where we buy railways or colonials, the Burgundian invests in a "clos." The clos may provide sufficient wine for two or two hundred; either way every Sunday sees the citizen in the country personally superintending its health.

The vintage in the Tyrol still has much of the atmosphere of an old folk-song. When Merano was its capital and the vintage started in October the grapes were the best in the district. Clad in a Napoleonic hat garlanded with trails of goose, turkey, eagle and hen's feathers the guardian of the vines patrolled untiringly. His short breeches were of leather, the tusks of the wild boar dangled from his chest, and he was armed with switch and pike which he was forbidden to use. Officially, the paths through the Tyrolean vineyards are closed from mid-August to the end of October, but the guardian has his own methods of prohibition. The hedges are ablaze with red berries, so he breaks off the crimson-tinted branches, shapes them like a star, and in the centre carves a hand with outstretched fingers pointing away from the vineyard. The watcher is entitled to "Tobaks Kreuzer," while at the same time he adds to his income by fining trespassers in the adjoining chestnut woods, which are also closed. To-day the guardian, though preferring less original headgear, still lives in the vineyards for weeks on end, sleeping in a rough hut and eating food sent by the farmer. He must be a man of good character, strong and lusty, able to attack or withstand trouble.

During the next few weeks the mountain roads in the Valais will be swarming with peasants migrating for the vintage. The youngest citizens toddle ahead with the grandmothers, men carry beds on their heads, women are bent double under cooking pots, yet they are obviously content—almost gay. Last time they passed this way it was to water the vines and the work was hard and dangerous, for they are irrigated by glacier water which the vintners say "becomes alive" as it flows through the wooden conduits carried along dizzy heights over fearful ravines. In bad weather the conduits get smashed or carried away by avalanches, yet repairs must be made if the vines are to live. So perilous are such repairs that the presence of a priest with the Sacrament is as much taken for granted as part of the equipment as timber for mending. Now, in the vineyards they have sated, weather-beaten men and women gather the grape harvest. Half-naked babes shout and sprawl, dogs superintend, old crones sort the grapes, mountain and lake are lost in a shimmering haze, and the poetry of the Swiss vintage is almost lyrical.

In the Romagna the vintage is the culmination of the year. As early as August the grapes were stripped of their leaves so that they could bake in the sun till their hearts are like syrup in their tight-drawn black skins. Soon after dawn great wooden carts lumber down the vine alleys, creaking mournfully, drawn by meek white cattle who plunge up to the fetlock in the loose rich soil at every step. The vintners creep through the vine rows clipping, and they sing the vintage song of Servius Tullius. In white head-dresses with blue skirts and scarlet kerchiefs, the women move smoothly and gracefully, basket on head.

How different is the Tuscan vintage, which has the calm purity of the hills of Umbria, ascetic, yet tender. From the terrace one is at the apex of a net of deep wide grassways with avenues of vines trained along mulberry trees. The grapes are muscatels—great globes of jade speckled with agate. With branches two feet long they distil the perfume of the white rose of Rome.

Top-hatted Sweeps!

I am afraid I am not sufficiently au fait with comic songs to know if anyone has written a song about top hats on the lines of the well-known ditty, "Where do flies go?" The top-hat is not the present wear, although it retains its dignity and is never likely to be superseded in its special sphere. I am interested to learn, however, from the Rev. W. Galpin, Vicar of St. Mary's, Summers-town, that the borough chimney sweeps at Davos, in Switzerland, wear top-hats as they ride their cycles, and carry on their shoulders a ladder, a long thin rod, and a huge coil of rope, with a weight attached to one end and a brush to the other. Presumably the Swiss sweep is a person of some importance, for he is an official. The mayor sends to each hotel-keeper and householder a regular notice, with information that on a certain date the sweep will call. On his arrival he proceeds to reach the roof from a specially provided trap-door, climbing the chimney by means of the ladder, and drops down therein the weight, pulling the rope to the bottom of the chimney, where his assistant drags the brush and soot to its desired haven.

CITY SWISS CLUB.

"Regular Subscribers" who of course are also "Constant Readers" of the S.O. will have noticed that no account of the September meeting of the C.S.C. appeared in these columns. I do not know if this omission is to be taken as a compliment to the Club's Special Reporter or if it is to be attributed to the laziness of the members present. Passions! I was unable to be present and I will therefore do my best to give a true and faithful account of what took place at the September meeting.

Twenty-five members and three guests were present. One new member was elected. No resignations. The consideration of the Rules was once more adjourned. Apparently the meeting now came to an end, even the opportunity afforded by the "faits divers" not producing any subjects capable of exciting an animated discussion, but Mr. Barbezat came to the rescue and gave an exhibition of his skill as a prestidigitator which, as I am informed by the dictionary, means "one who is skilled in legerdemain" which means "light of hand" but which on further investigation would appear to have no sinister meaning but merely designates a "juggler."

But here the dictionary has let me down as I understand he did not juggle but conjured much to the apprehension of Pagani for among other curious, audacious and magic tricks, he put lighted cigarettes into napkins and burnt them not, but history does not relate what was found next morning.

Thirty-five members and one guest were present at the October meeting. Two new members were elected. No resignations.

The President proposed the health of Mr. C. Chapuis who was with us once more after his recent severe illness. We were all delighted to see him looking so well and heartily congratulate him on his magnificent recovery which almost makes me believe in the efficacy of the art of medicine.

The question of the Cinderellas for the coming session was then discussed and after the discussion had threatened to assume the proportions of the debate on the Rules, it was settled that the January and March dances should be held at the Metropole Hotel and the February dance at the Mayfair Hotel.

And once again the Club bravely tackled the question of the Rules and the article concerning the Club House Fund.

Many were the speeches and long was the discussion (absent members do miss such a lot) but finally an agreement was reached and at the next meeting a final vote will be taken and the Rules adopted en bloc. The meeting was closed at 11.15 p.m. ck.

SWISS BANK CORPORATION.

The savings bank accounts which may be opened at the West End Branch of the Swiss Bank Corporation at 11c, Regent Street, S.W.1, have always enjoyed favour with members of the Swiss community in London and many others who have appreciated the generous interest terms offered. The increase of the rate of interest on these savings bank accounts to 4½ per cent. (following the rise in the London Bank Rate), will therefore be welcomed by holders of the savings books and by all who contemplate availing themselves of this very attractive form of investment for their liquid funds.

Full particulars about the opening of such accounts can of course be obtained upon application to the Regent Street branch of the Swiss Bank Corporation, next door to the Office of the Swiss Federal Railways.

SWISS MURAL POETRY.

(An einem Haus bei Adelboden. 1744.)

Leb stes vergnügt
Wie es Gott fügt.
Hier baute ich nach meinem Sinn
Doch jedem nicht gefällig bin
Wenn es nun eben nicht gefallt
Der denk er hab es nicht bezahlt.
Dreieinig alleinig preiswürdigste Lieb,
Dir dank ich sehr herzlich und innigst voraus.
Ich bitte geleite mich ferne und gieb
Allwegen den Segen zu Felder und Haus
Den werthen Gutthätern auch dank ich sehr schön;
Gott reichlich sie zeitlich und ewig belohn.
Ein jeder trachte doch zu bauen seine Hütten
Auf solchem guten Grund und fester Fundament
Das Jesus selbst ist der für uns hat gelitten;
So ist die Wohnung gut und nimt ein End.
Wachet.
Auf Gottes Hoffnung und Vertrauen
Hat Gilgan Schmid allhier gebauet,
Und Madlena Zenfen sein Ehemahl.
O Gott, erfüll es überall
Mit deiner Gnad und reicher Segen;
Daran ist alles gar gelegen.

Please reserve FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22nd,
for the BANQUET and BALL of the
CITY SWISS CLUB.

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