**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:** - (1930)

**Heft:** 455

**Rubrik:** Notes and gleanings

**Nutzungsbedingungen**

Die ETH-Bibliothek ist die Anbieterin der digitalisierten Zeitschriften auf E-Periodica. Sie besitzt keine Urheberrechte an den Zeitschriften und ist nicht verantwortlich für deren Inhalte. Die Rechte liegen in der Regel bei den Herausgebern beziehungsweise den externen Rechteinhabern. Das Veröffentlichen von Bildern in Print- und Online-Publikationen sowie auf Social Media-Kanälen oder Webseiten ist nur mit vorheriger Genehmigung der Rechteinhaber erlaubt. Mehr erfahren

**Conditions d'utilisation**

L'ETH Library est le fournisseur des revues numérisées. Elle ne détient aucun droit d'auteur sur les revues et n'est pas responsable de leur contenu. En règle générale, les droits sont détenus par les éditeurs ou les détenteurs de droits externes. La reproduction d'images dans des publications imprimées ou en ligne ainsi que sur des canaux de médias sociaux ou des sites web n'est autorisée qu'avec l'accord préalable des détenteurs des droits. En savoir plus

**Terms of use**

The ETH Library is the provider of the digitised journals. It does not own any copyrights to the journals and is not responsible for their content. The rights usually lie with the publishers or the external rights holders. Publishing images in print and online publications, as well as on social media channels or websites, is only permitted with the prior consent of the rights holders. Find out more

**Download PDF:** 11.12.2025

**ETH-Bibliothek Zürich, E-Periodica, https://www.e-periodica.ch**

## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

*By* KYBURG.

In a previous issue I tried to show that the result of travels is found to be a series of impressions on the mind which by and by, sooner or later, sort themselves out and form the memories, pleasant and otherwise, we carry away with us.

If that is so, it would follow that such "impressions of the mind" can also be acquired, perhaps, by reading vivid pen pictures depicting foreign scenery, or homeland beauties and—although I do not wish to ruin the Tourist Industry—travels may therefore and "perhaps" be enjoyed while sitting reading in one's deck-chair in one's own garden or even in a room.

So many of our readers have already joined the happy throng and gone wandering over Swiss Alps, or climbing our Alpine Peaks, or fishing in our blue lakes, that those of us who are left behind may, I hope, enjoy some of the thrills of their experiences by reading the following three extracts

The first is from an article entitled

**Joys of Climbing in the Alps.**

which appeared in *The Nottingham Guardian* of June 25th:

One of the few pleasures which we all share in common is that of reflection, the drawing upon the mind to surrender some fragrant moment of childhood or youth, and the demand of memory from its treasures to give back some gem of matchless beauty and purity.

When, having travelled the world, I sit in reflection, I seek again the pictures which have most stirred the emotions. They come readily enough, tripping forth from the recesses of my mind—a kaleidoscope of them—as rich and atmospheric in their original colourings, a fire in the drawing, aglow and filled with vitality, dramatic or serene.

One may employ an evening more fruitfully with such reflections, as I will try to show from the record of the world's most entrancing views. I have seen the sun rise among the Himalayas, painting their giant peaks rose pink and lemon, violet and purple against a cerulean sky tinted with gold; all around me, except for the faint music of a stream, a haunting solemn silence.

But the views which have the most abiding sweetness, and which rise always anew, are those from the Swiss Alps. These, being at our very doorstep, make the heart yearn for those brief weeks of relaxation when we may escape to them again, and enrich the memory with new gems.

Who cannot reach the summit of the Gemmi Pass, and view as they rise above the Rhone Valley the best known peaks in the world? The Gornergrat above Zermatt, Mecca of mountaineers, is surrounded by great ice glaciers of pale blue, sea-green, and emerald. Dazzling white, with their surfaces gleaming like a myriad diamonds, dominating them all stands the Matterhorn, forbidding and aloof, majestic tower of rock.

We may stand on the battlemented tower of the Castle of Tarasp, and gaze for fifty miles below the valley of the River Inn, noting its deep gorges, forests and glades, the whole hedged in by the rocky snow-capped peaks. And always from the mountain side the fairy orchestra of cowbells is heard, wafting its sweet music to the eager ear.

Life, however, does not consist of sitting by the fireside, but of action, if we would secure rich treasures for the storehouse of the memory, we must seek them. In the twentieth century the mountain will not come to Mahomet, though the development of modern communications has literally brought the Alps to our door-steps.

Of all outdoor sports none is more at once exacting and inspiring, nor commands greater reserves of physique and mental endurance than that of climbing. I am often astonished that, in an age of always greater comfort and ease, one direct outcome of which has been the rise and development of the Boy Scout movement and of a quest for health, the sport of mountaineering has not engaged the interest and acticity of all those who realise the value of the Spartan virtues.

Well, now! I have been digging in my small garden, have got thoroughly tired and acquired a truly wonderful thirst. Now I sit comfortably in an easy chair, a glass of thirst-quenching liquid at my elbow, my true comrade by my side, both of us enjoying good health, and now, while reading this article, I have quite enjoyed all these climbing sensations! Wonderful what a little imagination will do!

The next is from the *Inverness Courier* of June 27th, entitled

**Travelling Abroad**

and deals, you will find, mostly with that delectable little Paradise Lugano where the luckier ones among us have spent part of their honeymoon and the others dream of spending it one day! I confess, reading this exquisite article I could feel myself at Lugano again, I remembered that "most seductive café," I could see again the whiteish boats lying at anchor for the night close together in the lake. Phantom boats we used to call them. I could smell again the wonderful air on Monte Bre, hear the guitar player and his wife up there and the old songs, I can almost taste the Asti Spumante and hear the happy laughter of the crowd at Caprino. Well, I might go on for pages, reminiscing! But, I might get sentimental and let out little secrets of happy hours spent on the sunlit shores of Lago di Lugano with HER at my side. Happy days! You see, dear Reader, another set of vivid and most pleasant travelling impressions gleaned from reading an article—although, perhaps helped by previous experience. Anyhow, that article has brought back sweet memories, not only of honeymooning times, but also of the time when we helped to guard our beloved Ticino against foreign agression! And yet, thinking about it all, does it not produce a perhaps unwanted "impression," a sort of acute nostalgia? What power of attraction the Ticino has, what power of calling us back, again and again, never to say "Addio!"

More British people go to Switzerland than any other part of the continent, unless, perhaps, the South of France. Probably the towns on the Swiss side of Lake Geneva are the most popular, such as Lausanne and Montreux, and whenever one stays there, one is sure of meeting fellow-countrymen. Lugano, which is even more picturesque and an ideal spot in spring, is more frequented, perhaps, by German-speaking people than British, which seems a pity as it is so attractive. The town is built in semi-circular form round the lake, and rises on to the heights behind. There are quite a number of hotels on the hill-side from which one can get by funicular down into the town proper and on to the quayside. Our hotel, the Eden, situated in Paradiso, is as idyllic as its name, for it is one of the few hotels absolutely on the lake-side, with every bedroom and public room looking on to the water, and to the snow-capped mountains beyond.

It is sufficiently amusing to sit on one's bedroom balcony and watch the traffic on the lake, which on fine days is very considerable. Motor-boats chug-chug merrily past our windows, sometimes containing bronzed young men and women in the brightest of bathing-suits; steamers, gaily bedecked with flags and crowded with passengers, ply up and down, going east to Porlezza, and from there overland eight miles to Lake Como, visit the famous Villa Carlotto and Ville d'Este, all in one day; or if Maggiore and its beautiful islands appeal to one's imagination, the steamer from Paradiso will take one to Ponte Tresa at the other end of the lake, and thence by tram to Maggiore. If one merely wishes to peacefully perambulate the lake without actually stopping anywhere, one of the many steamers will oblige, doing the daily "tour du lac," delightful in hot, sunny weather. Or if one is energetic there is the huddled little village of Gandria, beloved of artists, clinging precariously to the hill-side, where farewell can be bidden to the boat, a walk home by the lake-side being far more popular. Half-way home there is a most seductive café with little tables clustered by the water's edge, and an excellent string band to enhance further the romantic aspect of the surroundings.

Indeed we heard much good music in Lugano. The Kursaal band played in the gardens on fine mornings, and in one of the large cafés the first violin of the small band was a real artist, so much appreciated that it was often difficult to find a seat during the afternoon at tea time, for that truly British meal has now become an institution abroad, though it is never included in hotel meals, but always counts as an extra. Perhaps our most delightful musical remembrance was when late one evening we suddenly from the lake heard the strains of two guitars, played by undoubted experts, and accompanying the throbbing notes of a rich baritone. Coming to us over the water in the dark the music made a peculiar appeal to the emotions, and there were many


*You must see the*

*Anglo-Swiss Revue*

**GOLDEN ARROWS**

by

ALFRED MAEDER *and* MADOVA

***July 14th to 19th***

*at the* ***Islington Empire***

***July 21st to 26th***

*at the* ***Shepherds Bush Empire***



**£50 FOR A SLOGAN**

A First Prize of £50 and 116 other Prizes are offered for a slogan for any one of the following

**SUCHARD CHOCOLATES**

*VELMA - (Plain)*
*MILKA - (Milk)*
*CAFOLA (Coffee Flavour)*
*BITTRA (Bitter Sweet)*

Ask your Confectioner for full particulars, or if any difficulty send p.c. to Suchard Competition Dept., Mather & Crowther Ltd., New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4.

***Entries Close July 26th***



Telephone Numbers: MUSEUM 4302 (*Visitors*) MUSEUM 7055 (*Office*)

Telegrams: SOUFFLE WESDO, LONDON

"Ben faranno i Pagani." *Purgatorio C. xiv. Dante*

"Venir se ne dee giù tra' miei Meschini." *Dante. Inferno. C. xxvii.*

*Established over 50 Years.*

**PAGANI'S RESTAURANT**

GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1.

LINDA MESCHINI, ARTHUR MESCHINI } Sole Proprietors.

**GOOD TAILORING—**

**—always scores.**

Better fit, better cloth and better workmanship mean better value for your money.

Suits from **3½ Gns.** to **8 Gns.**, but you get value for every penny you pay. Mr. Pritchett is well-known to the Swiss Colony. Ask to see him.

**A SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR HOTEL UNIFORMS.** Compare our prices.

**W. PRITCHETT**

**183 & 184, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.**

2 mins. from Swiss Mercantile School.



"*Presta*"

**THE FASHIONABLE MINERALS**

TONIC WATER
LEMONADE
GINGER ALE
GINGER BEER
SODA WATER

Obtainable at smart West-end Restaurants, such as the Carlton, Ritz, Pagani's, Monico, etc., etc.

*Proprietors:*

**The Apollinaris Co. Ltd., London, W.1**

*Ask for Quotations*



***MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS***

Not exceeding 3 lines:—Per insertion. 2/6; three insertions 5/-
Postage extra on replies addressed *c/o Swiss Observer*

BOARD RESIDENCE. Partial Board (full board Sundays), two minutes tube, trams and buses, 20 minutes City and West-End. Single 35/-. Sharing (separate beds) 30/-. Large garden, full size billiard table.—13, Carleton Road, Tufnell Park, N.7. 'Phone: North 3806.

BONNE OCCASION pour garçon intelligent, fort et actif de 15 à 16 ans, d'apprendre le metier de Pâtissier-Confiseur. S'addresser à Mr. F. H. Rohr, 10, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

YOUNG SWISS GIRL WANTED for general house duties. Summer in Bognor, winter in London, two in family.—Write: J. C. N., 2, Leopold Rd., S.W.19.

regretful sighs when it gradually receded into the distance.

There is always something poignant and romantic in the sound of music out-of-doors and on water, and another enjoyable and unforgettable evening was spent going over to the opposite side of the lake to dance. About a dozen of us were wafted across in a motor-boat, the only light on the smooth water being the reflected lamp of our own boat. Our boatman, an Italian, sang all the way, his sonorous voice ringing out over the still waters of the lake. Our intended destination was a little village called Caprino, but as we approached its quay not a light was visible, and concluding the inhabitants had all gone early to bed we went further down the lake to Campione, which is a small piece of Italy thrust into the middle of Swiss territory. In the days before Mussolini's advent, there was a flourishing casino there but Il Duco has put a stop to all that. Nevertheless the Italians, as always, looked very gay, their floor and band were excellent, and it was with reluctance that we departed, though we again enjoyed crossing the smooth, dark waters to the accompaniment of our boatman's song. This pleasant excursion was planned by the representatives of Messrs. George Lunn, all very pleasant young Englishmen, ready always to oblige whether one was under their wing or an independent traveller.

A steep climb, and we get to the Engadine and

**The Byways in the Bernina.**

which is again from *The Nottingham Guardian*, June 25th:

Fine weather in June sends thoughts flying here, there, and everywhere on holiday bent. "Where are you going to this year?" is a question on everybody's lips just now. Anticipation is quite half the fun of a holiday, and in many a home plans are maturing to make the coming summer vacation the best ever.

The great problem of where to go often takes some solving, particularly by those who find their truest holiday and much-needed rest in getting as far away from the beaten track as they can. Other people are much easier to satisfy, for the guide books and tourist agencies can tell them what they want to know. A popular place is a well-advertised place, and its beauties and amenities are widely circulated.

But some of the most enchanting spots, like the modest violet in its green and shady bed we learnt of in the First Form at school, hide their charms behind a veil of silence. Some of the loveliest escape the ubiquitous tourist agency and blush unseen, or if not actually that, then anyway seen only by those who have sought for themselves.

Such a one (or shall I be pendantically correct and say an one?) is to be found in eastern Switzerland, away from the busy tourist centres around Geneva's lake and in the Bernese Oberland, beautiful though they all are with exceeding great beauty, and attractive to a degree with their nice hotels and their fascinating souvenir shops.

There are three gates to be negotiated before Paradise can be entered. The first is Basle, whose museum houses some fine Holbeins and whose station-restaurant provides the most delicious *petit pains* in Europe. Every traveller going east from Basle knows the joy of those delectable rolls and butter, that apricot jam, that fragrant coffee in the comfortable restaurant after a wearisome night in the train. And if a vote were taken as to whether the picture of the *petit pains* were the more popular I know which would head the list, even though we are told that man does not live by bread alone!

The second gate is Chur, the junction for the Engadine, where the heavy long-distance express is left and the voyager boards the electric train which takes him 5,000 feet up among the mountains by a series of loops, tunnels, curves, and perilous-looking viaducts to St. Moritz. The third and last portal is St. Moritz herself, superb and serene with the Moritzersee at her feet and magnificent mountains behind her. Her charms, especially her winter ones, are known to every sporting enthusiast. Her ice-stadium, her curling rinks, her Cresta toboggan run dashing alarmingly right down to Celerina like a sort of super-watershoot, are internationally famous.

Here the last gate is unlocked, and sophistication and tourist hotels are left behind. If you tell the manager of your St. Moritz hotel you are going on to Alp Grüm he will ask in his stumbling English if you realise what you are going to. You probably don't, but when you have been there a day or two you know very well that you could not dream of changing your unpretentious but comfortable wooden chalet and its kindly signora for his well-appointed hotel, its bedrooms with their *acqua corrente* and all its other conveniences. Italian words come naturally to you at Alp Grüm, for are you not very near to the Duce's frontier, and do you not hear around you the soft liquid tongue of his fellow-countrymen?

The twisty, snake-like Bernina railway passes through indescribable wonders, past Pontresina and the glorious Morteratsch glacier up to the Hospiz, the highest part of the Bernina Pass, where the dazzling Cambrena glacier bursts with a glistening suddenness upon you. Then comes Alp Grüm, and perched on an Alp-spur which towers above you sits a little wooden chalet-restaurant. On the platform is a Swiss-Italian youth in shirt with rolled-up sleeves and shorts, wearing a very smart peaked cap, bearing in gold letters the legend "Hotel Belvedere." The cap constitutes his uniform, and thus hatted he is the porter of the hotel come to meet the train by which his patrons are arriving. Without the headgear he is just an awkward country hobble-dehoy of a lad.

Life on this mountain peak is very simple, but very satisfying ,very exhilarating, too, for the air is so tonic and your sense of physical well-being is so potent that you feel strong enough to move mountains. Were there ever such lunches as the signora packs up for you to take along on your daily tramps? Do hard-boiled eggs and cheese ever taste like this at home? Can peaches and apricots be so luscious and blooming anywhere but here, or what makes the cakes and *petit fours* so much crisper than those you buy in the *patisserie* shops at home?

What happy days you spend in the valleys on either side of the Pass. There is, for instance, the day you go to Morteratsch walking through woods of fir and larch, past the Bernina Falls foaming and crashing down the mountain-side. And then the amusement of trying conclusions with the glacier itself, an exciting job even with an ice-axe, and as likely as not your legs will slide from under you and you will sit down bump on its lovely gleaming slipperiness, only thankful you are not like the Swiss you have just seen take a toss with a big camera and tripod in his arms!

You can never forget the magic between-lights among the mountains, the mysterious twilight-time when behind you the setting sun is a ball of blazing fire and flaming clouds are flung across the sky. On one side of you are the snow mountains topped by frowning Piz Bernina, awful in their unsullied and spotless purity. The Cambrena glacier is in shadow, the cold blue of its iciness showing colder and bluer by contrast with the scarlet-stained heaven above, and below you the Lago Bianco with its opaque whitish water (so curiously white, and not as you expect a glacial lake to be, a bright green) gives amazing reflections of the mountains and the fiery sun. The moon rises brilliantly on the other side of you, while a herd of cows comes pad, pad over the snow in the Pass, the bells around their necks making the softest, sweetness musical jangle in the world.

Yes, stare and stare again, around my room, where darkness has fallen now, where an empty glass at my elbow half ashamedly tries to look like a full one and where a beloved voice mentions that it is bed-time!

But oh, during these minutes of reading all this, what a glorious, if somewhat condensed holiday we have had!

## CITIES OF SWITZERLAND.

The "playground of Europe" is generally regarded as a country depending on its tourist industry. This is because it happens that no other country has yet developed that industry to the same extent, and because few countries possess those scenic and climatic characteristics common to the land of the Alps.

But what may be true of the mountainous part of Switzerland in respect to its *industrie des étrangers* does not altogether apply to its cities. Some of them do appeal very much to visitors and even to large colonies of residents from other lands, especially England.

The chief cities have important manufactures —silks, embroideries, watches, chocolate, condensed milk, etc.—and they send to England over 300 million pounds' worth of goods every year.

These great industrial centres of Switzerland are unfortunately overlooked by the great majority of visitors, whose chief aim is to see the districts where scenery is the attraction.

The cities may be called at for a few days or

## Five Weeks in America.

*By* DR. K. E. ECKENSTEIN.

### III FLORIDA.

CONTINUED.

Daytona is a town of about 10,000 inhabitants and is a growing winter resort. It is a pleasant town, laid out in blocks in the usual American manner, with wide avenues bordered by trees. It is traversed by the 'Dixie Highway,' which is the main road from the north to Key West in the south and passes through Palm Beach and Miami. Daytona is 90 miles from Jacksonville and 336 miles from Miami. It has developed very considerably during the last ten years and contains numerous well-built houses. It would be even larger had it not been for the collapse of the land boom. Evidences of this land boom are frequently to be met with in Florida and one often comes across an estate laid out with roads and avenues but devoid of buildings. In America the development of real estate consists in first laying out the roads and then erecting the buildings instead of building the houses and then supplying them with roads as so frequently is the case here. A curious result of this collapse is the position of the hospital at Daytona. It was intended to build a large estate just outside the town and a new hospital was erected for the use of Daytona and the surrounding districts. When the collapse came the scheme was abandoned and so one approaches the hospital by a magnificent avenue passing through a town which does not exist.

On leaving the station one goes for about half a mile until one reaches a wide stretch of water which is known as the Halifax River. Along the banks of this river runs a wide avenue in which are the principal shops. The river is crossed by three or four bridges and on the opposite side is a strip of land about half a mile wide, on the further side of which is the famous beach.

Daytona Beach is bounded on the land side by sand dunes about six to ten feet high. It is fifteen miles long and is perfectly straight. The tide comes up to within about ten yards of the sand dunes and goes out for about a hundred yards. Its surface is level and is covered with fine white sand. A stretch of nine miles has been marked off and is called the Speed Record Course. This course is divided up by posts at the end of each mile, to which are attached loud speakers. Between the fourth and fifth mile posts is the measured mile over which the speed to obtain the mile record is calculated. At the entry and exit of this measured mile two wires are stretched across the beach so that a car entering the measured mile, when it crosses the wires makes an electrical contact which is recorded on a machine in the time-keeper's box which is situated near the exit. When the car leaves the measured mile another contact is made and so the speed obtained is calculated from a graphic record. Thus a competing car has four miles in which to get up speed, a mile over which its speed is recorded and four miles to slow down in, for this has to be done with the greatest care by gradual deceleration. Now, although the beach is flat and straight, its surface varies under certain conditions. In order that it may be in such a condition as to permit speeds of over 200 miles per hour it is necessary to have a north easterly gale. The north easterly gales not only flatten out the beach, but cover it with fine white sand which is of such a nature that when the tide goes out a hard white surface, almost like concrete, is left. The surface is then so smooth and hard that foot marks are hardly visible upon it and the wheels of the Silver Bullet, which weighed nearly five tons, did not sink into it.

When, however, a westerly wind prevails, the ocean partially removes this white sand and leaves patches of red sand, and although the beach is still comparatively smooth, undulations are present which cause bumps to cars going at high speeds.

During our stay, the wind was almost continually from the west, and apart from any technical questions about the car or the way in which it was driven, about which I am not competent to express any opinion, the beach was never in a condition to permit of speeds over 200 miles an hour, and this has been confirmed by the official report which has recently been issued.

* * *

The Daytona Municipality made a great splash over the speed record trial. The town was decorated with flags and a shop in the main street was used as Headquarters. The windows contained models of all the cars which had entered in the past attempts and shortly after our arrival one of the Silver Bullet was added. There were also souvenirs such as the helmet worn by the late Sir Henry Segrave when he made his successful run. Inside was a room which contained portraits of various competitors and in the middle was a large picture of Kaye Don which was lit up at night by a lamp placed some distance away on the floor in that manner beloved by Americans and to which I have already referred. In one corner of the room was a large glass topped case in which was a reproduction of Lee Bible's car as it was found immediately after his fatal smash. Around the walls were photographs apparently of all the accidents which had ever taken place on race tracks in America. We often wondered if these rather sinister souvenirs were intended to encourage competitors.

TO BE CONTINUED.