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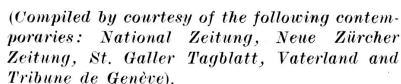
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PROFESSOR HUBER'S NEW POST.

National Councillor Schupbach having resigned as a member of the Delegation to the League of Nation, the Federal Council has appointed Professor Huber for this important office, a choice which has found universal approval. As will be remembered Prof. Huber was a member of the International Court of Justice at the Hague, which body he presided in 1925-1927.

BERNE.

Army—corps commander de Loriol has tendered his resignation to the Federal Council, a successor has not yet been appointed.

Colonel E. Armbruster has resigned from the position of town commandant, a post which he held for the last ten years. His successor will be lieutenant-colonel E. Kollbrunner.

BASLE,

Dr. J. Brodbeck-Sandreuter, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the "Gesellschaft für Chemische Industrie in Basel," has celebrated his 25th service Jubilee. Dr. Brodbeck entered the company in 1906 as secretary to the management and was made a Director in 1918. Since 1928 he was Chairman of this institution.

GRISON.

Since the Swiss Canton of the Grisons was thrown open, at long last, to motorcars, the numbers of road tourists have increased enormously every year. The Grand Council has now voted a sum of 12,500,000 francs (£500,000) towards road construction and repair, to be spread over a period of ten years.

GENEVA.

Col. Fernand Feyler, military critic of the "Journal de Geneve," and editor of the "Swiss Military Review," died at the age of 62, after a long illness.

Col Feyler was professor of war history, strategy, tactics, army organisation, and administration at the Federal Polytechnic of Zurich. During the war his articles on the military operations were universally quoted. He always foresaw events, and when in August, 1914, the German Army was marching on Paris he boldly prophesied its failure. In 1915, when the question of the introduction of compulsory military service in England was discussed, Col. Feyler wrote the introduction to a book entitled "A Citizen Army," which showed how a country can have a citizen army without becoming militarised.

The Grand Council of the State of Geneva, by 48 votes to 47, refused to sanction the proposed loan of 50,000,000 gold francs (2,000,000) to save the Bank of Geneva from liquidation.

The Finance Minister of the Canton and City of Geneva, M. Alexander Moriaud, has resigned. He was Government representative of the Board of directors of the bank. The depositors to the number of 18,000 are mostly Genevese tradespeople. The Genevese Government was a small shareholder in the bank.

The experts' report shows that the capital and reserves of the bank amounted to 27,000,000 francs (£1,080,000), and that the losses amount to 25,000,000 francs (£1,000,000). In case, however, of the bank going into liquidation, the loss is expected to be more than double that figure. This failure is certainly a disaster to the City of Geneva, and comes at a time when economic conditions here are as bad as elsewhere.

The death is reported of M. Henri Boveyron, banker and former State Councillor at the age of 80.

Have you ever been present at the launch of a great ship? It is a spectacle with a thrill—or a series of thrills—quite peculiar to itself.

Big ships attract big crowds; their launch upon the great ocean appeals to the heart, as does a wedding. It is the starting point of a great adventure, and "she" is all that matters. Gossip has a place at great launches. All depends, of course, on how goes the launch. Let there be one little hitch and there will be a shaking of heads. Let there be even a departure from the normal ritual at the "christening"—whether it be from the bursting of a bottle of champagne on the massive bows, or the more picturesque release of a flight of doves (such as the Japanese prefer)—and there will be many who will express uneasiness for the vessel's future.

In the four years before the War I happened to be present at the launching of three of the greatest vessels of their kind. One took place on the Tyneside, the second at Clydebank, and the third at Belfast. The tradition of the Irish launching was against the customary use of champagne. At the end of the War, the great ship which had gone "dry" into the waters of Belfast Lough was lying at the bottom of the Mediterranean; the other fine vessels, despite many vicissitudes, passed through the four years of nightmare unscathed. May one not be excused, therefore, for a belief that something really does depend on the nature of the send-off or on "how things go" during the ritual of inauguration?

If this is truly the case, then a great and happy future lies before the Swiss Landessender of Beromünster (77 kW., 459 m., 653 kc/s), the latest addition of the "big noises" in European broadcasting.

No ship taking to the water has ever had so picturesque a send-off as this new "voice of the mountains" whose opening ceremony seemed to be attuned in every way to the spirit of broadcasting and to the lives of those to whom, in future, she will bring a world of music and of useful things hitherto denied to Swiss peasant life.

The Beromünster transmitter stands, as I found it, on a rolling plateau of waving grass, an hour's ride north of Lucerne, at a height about three-quarters that of Snowdon. Swinging in the long grass were wild flowers of all colours, rivals in their way to the gems of melody shortly to be borne abroad from the same spot on the invisible ripples of the ether. It was a perfect day. Around the station, on one side, at a distance, was a chain of snow-clad peaks. Much closer, also around the station, were living chains of children holding festoons of laurel, bouquets of wild flowers, and the flags of the country which they so justly love. A few minutes before we had been in Beromünster itself, a picturesque German-Swiss village, rich in churches, dominated by one which existed long before the Norman Conquest.

In this village—a mass of colour by reason of its hydrangea-bedecked fountains and the hundreds of streamers and flags suspended from the roofs and windows—we had been met, first by village maidens in the particular costume of their commune, who had insisted on placing in our buttonholes bouquets culled from their countryside; then by the village band, playing with a precision and understanding of which they have every reason to be proud, and finally by the “big-wigs,” who gave us most hearty welcome.

We had quenched our thirst in the principal village inn whose carved stone pillars and whose sideboards in an upper room, with a panelled ceiling, reminded us that they had been in service since the middle of the sixteenth century. We had learned in that inn that the art of the village maidens was not confined to their skill in the blending of wild flowers, but that they could interpret the folk songs of their country with a diction and an ensemble of a rare order. I was not surprised, therefore, when we arrived within the shadows of the transmitter, to find that the same young women, with their traditional bonnets, their wonderfully-worked bodices and many coloured aprons, had already taken their place before the microphone, in readiness to follow the inaugural speech with some further songs full of the joy of living and worthy of their land. They were joined, a little later, by a youth of the village who added colour by means of his accordian. The speeches were worthy of the occasion—which

(Continued on back Page).

By KYBURG.

THE BASLER YODLERS:

It is perhaps just as well that the Radio Times did not publish the programme of last night's Variety during which our Yodlers from Basle were billed to produce themselves, in full. I doubt whether many of us would have sacrificed a wonderful summer evening if we had known beforehand that we were going to hear our boys in four songs only and that in between we should have to bear the croaking raucous noises of an American Band and the more or less feeble jokes of some humorists.

Jean de Casalis was very good, as she always is and that little lecture on melody-cribbing was very interesting too. That band, however, playing at the beginning, in the middle and at the end, was atrocious and sandwiching our Yodlers in between might be compared to an old Appenzeller saying, which, as this is a family paper, I will refrain from citing.

As to the four songs given us by the Basle Yodlers, they were good, especially in the softer passages and the attack of the choir. They made me feel young and "behaglich" in turns, they made me laugh happily and smile a vain smile of remembrance, they filled me with that one and only feeling which comes to a man, long used to exile, when he sees, hears and feels his native country and countrymen again.

But, the four songs were much too short and, for me at least, spoilt somewhat, as I indicated, by the rest of the programme.

I cannot understand the B.B.C. because surely, Yodlers not only rejoice the heart of Swiss, but especially also of Welsh and Scots, and I should have thought that the B.B.C. would give our chaps much more scope. However. THANK YOU, YOU BASLER YODLER! I hope to hear you again and soon, by tuning in one of our Swiss stations.

Among this week's gleanings, I have been favoured by a copy of the "Der Bärenspiegel" which is, I think, a sort of Bernese "Nebelspalter," only, of course, not so good! I have to add that, otherwise I should lose my Zurich-birthright!

But, I am sufficiently cosmopolitan to enjoy a good story even if it is directed against us citizens of Switzerland's most important canton. I take this from the "Bärenspiegel."

In Zürich wird ein ungemein geistvoller Witz herumgeboten: "Es sei ja ganz klar, warum sich der Ballon so lange in der Stratosphäre aufgehalten habe und warum er so langsam habe herunter gehen müssen: es sei doch ein *Berner* dabei gewesen!" — Fabelhafter Witz, nicht? Aber der Herr Professor wusste wohl, warum er einen *Berner* und keinen *Zürcher* mitnahm. Wie hätte z. B. ein *Zürcher* in der engen Gondel *gähnen* können? —

Überhaupt die Limmat-Athleten! Da überreichen sie beim Empfang in Zürich dem Professor eine goldene und dem Doktor nur eine silberne *Medaille* — wie wenn die Beiden nicht das genau gleiche geleistet hätten. —

Frau Professor Piccard äusserte einem Reporter gegenüber, dass sie nicht die mindeste Angst um ihren Mann gehabt habe. Nur bei einem allfälligen Fallschirm-Abprung wäre es gefährlich geworden. Als echter Professor vergesse ihr Mann nämlich meistens den Schirm. —

In *Amerika* hat der Flug (weniger der Wissenschaft, als des Höhenrekordes wegen) grosse Begeisterung ausgelöst. Bereits tragen die Damen den sog. "Piccard-Hut," eine Art Märitchörbli-Sturzhelm-Modell.

Den rechten Mann auf den rechten Platz!

Zum Landgemeindeschreiber kommt ein Mann und verlangt Unterstützung wegen Arbeitslosigkeit. Zuerst werden die Personalien notiert und dann fragt der Gemeindeschreiber: "Ude, was cheut der eigetlich?"

"Ja glehrt ha-n-i neume nüt."

"Chöit der schrybe?"

"Nei; für e Name mache-n-i drü Chrützli."

"U rüchue?"

"E chly. Emu zämezeue bis uf nüfn oder zähe."

"U läse?"

"Nei, aber i verstah's, we's e-n andere vorlist."

"U süsch? Chöit der süsch no öppis?"

"Nei, nid dass i wüsst."

"Ja loset, guete Ma, i euem Fall gits numen