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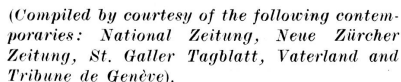
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PROFESSOR HUBER'S NEW POST.

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.

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 claps 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? —

Ueberhaupt 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 Märitzhörbli-Sturzhelm-Modell.

and now another one, this time against our Bernese friends :

Den rechten Mann auf den rechten Platz!

Zum Landgemeindeschreiber kommt ein Mann und verlangt Unterstützung wegen Arbeitslosigkeit. Zuerst werden die Personen 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 rächne?"

"E chly. Emu zämezeue bis uf nüün 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

eis: Trättet i di rächte partei y u wärdet z'Bärn inne Schuelmeister!"

Alas! Life does not consist of jokes alone, although many a philosopher or would-be philosopher has come to the conclusion that LIFE is one long joke. (j!) I said "alas!" because I am still in London, trying to earn my living, trying to forget that holiday time is here and that others, more fortunate perhaps than I have already gone to join the happy folks who wander over our Swiss Mountains just now.

But, really, it is not so bad. After all England is at its very best just now too and the scenery down our way, along the banks of the Thames Estuary is really wonderful, especially when we get our summery sun-sets, as we do these days. And, listen: Last week I was a very unhappy man. Could not hit a ball, could not find a comfortable stance even on the tee, sliced and pulled and was ready to sell my clubs for a song. Then, last Saturday, late in the evening I suddenly came on my game again. The whole outlook changed. Life became good once more, things took on a rosier hue, a fresh zest came into my being, a feeling that that elusive medal might yet be mine one day soon. Life is like that to a golfer, be he ever such a rabbit and those who do not play golf do not know, cannot realise what depths of feelings one has to plumb now and again.

And now I am looking forward to the next game. I am sure I shall do well, better than ever. I am sure too, when I listen to the small voice of experience, that to be sure in golf means dire failure! Again, such is life for golfers! Can you beat it? Can you understand it?

HIKING is a very ugly word to my mind, but, as so often, this ugly word denotes a very wonderful sport. That hiking is now all the rage is good for a lot of people. There is a revulsion from using motor cars too much, I think. People who, like myself, have been motoring for years and years, know that without some other, more muscle using pastime, the motorists is apt to get fat and lazy. HIKING coupled with motoring makes an ideal combination. You get your car to take you swiftly out of Town to some delectable point from which you then hike it. Walk, walk, walk! And what is more glorious than that feeling of physical tiredness which you can only get by walking?

Readers of the Swiss Observer may remember how I described motoring to Cornwall and walking down there and how rapturous I felt about it then and still do. However, to close this week's notes I will give place to a man much better qualified to write about such things than I am, namely to Lt. Col. G. S. Hutchinson, D.S.O.M.C. that lover of Switzerland. In Hiking and Motoring in The High Alps:

Hiking—and Motoring—in the High Alps.
Europe's "Empty Corner" Explored.

I have hiked nearly everywhere, often as a footslogger, sometimes as a tramp. I have explored the Western Highlands, vales, moors, and peaks of the Lake District, Wales, Yorkshire and the Borderland.

I have gone far afield, too. I have traced the headwaters of the Ganges among the Hima-

layas, climbed among the Smoky Mountains of Carolina, and in the Austrian Tyrol. I have marched across the blazing sands of the Sudan, and have penetrated the tangled scrub of Central Africa. I have walked the paved streets of every capital city in Europe, and those of Delhi, Melbourne, Colombo and New York.

But what I have seen has not always been as a hiker. I enjoy the luxury of speed travel, free from the irritations of the road, or high above the landscape, almost intoxicated by the thrill of the air. I tramp in the world's inaccessible places upon reliable legs. When I need speed with reliability I choose Rolls-Royce, with my foot on the accelerator.

The Inn Valley.

Last year in considering a summer holiday I felt an impulse to discover some place in Europe not overrun with charabancs, an empty corner, as it were, in which there might be found solitude, where Nature was unhurt by civilisation, and yet sufficiently close to centres of human contact and communication for me to keep in touch with the intricate network of affairs from which few men can afford for long to escape.

I desired, too, to have a pied a terre, some centre of culture so that the refinement of society other than my own, good music, and the stimulation of tennis and dancing would prevent me from relapsing into the state of a cave-dweller among rocks and forests.

In past years I have travelled up and down Europe. I know its capitals intimately—Lisbon to Constantinople, Stockholm to Rome; and its plains, forests, mountains, beaches, rivers, cities and lakes. I seem to have penetrated nearly every corner. Then a friend told me of the Swiss National Forest, and of the wonderful valley of the Inn, hedged in by mountains which form the frontiers of Switzerland, Austria and Italy.

Here I found the perfect playground: not only a place in which to amuse oneself in a diversity of ways—mountaineering, long tramps over high passes and through rugged, uninhabited valleys, with tennis, golf and excursions by motor—but a health resort which has few equals in Europe.

Superb Lake View.

The Rhatian Railway, one of the world's engineering feats, brings the traveller across gigantic mountain passes down to the valley of the Inn. But one may travel also in the coaches of the Swiss Postal Service. I preferred to explore these valleys by car.

I went through Switzerland to Coire, crossing the Julier Pass, 7,500 feet, with glorious views of the Bernina Range, and down to the exquisite lakeland of the Upper Engadine.

Beyond St. Moritz I was dazzled with the superb view of lakes skirted with woods, and above them the granite heights of Borgnuela, along the shores of lakes I glided to the incredibly rugged and steep pass of Maloja, evidently the result of some prehistoric landslide. Down the steep serpentine, amid giant pines and firs, I descended to the Italian frontier.

Then I turned east again through the Romanish country, with its mediaeval names and castles, Sus, Zernetz and Crastalasca, and over the Ofen Pass at 7,000 feet. Flanking my road lay the fortresses of the Swiss National Forest. As I sped beside it I seemed to peer upon a prehistoric world from the supreme comfort of 20th century civilisation.

Journey's End.

I came to my journey's end—Tarasp. For holiday-makers, the whole range of the Swiss National Park lies at their doorstep. In the splendour of its mountain scenery, the unique beauty of its valleys, and in its rugged picturesqueness it is not equalled in any part of Europe.

Between the two ranges of giant summits bounding the valley, with their high-lying secret glaciers and their sheer rocky walls, extend on the lower levels wide stretches of dark forest, chains of beautiful hills and plateaux of green meadow and golden field. Splendid castles, survivors from the Middle Ages, dominant features in the fairy landscape of this Alpine valley with its impetuous river, present an admirable scene.

The forests and high Alps are the hunting grounds for chamois, ibex and red deer: the meadows and valleys are richly carpeted with flowers in wonderful variety: while in Tarasp itself is not only a first-class tennis club, but also a very well-planned golf course, and some of the most beautiful gardens in which I have ever wandered.

The more adventurous may cross the snow passes to Davos and Klosters, or may scale such imposing peaks as Piz Kesch, Piz Buin and the Silvrettahorn. Those who seek only rest may find it in the peace of hotels, or in contemplation of the surrounding mountain heights.

Castle of Tarasp.

The Castle of Tarasp, restored and modernised by an eminent German chemist manufacturer, is a hostelry which in summer-time

still provides a Court for the princelings of Central Europe, as it did in the days of Jew Suss and the Ugly Duchess. Its battlemented walls have been honeycombed with garages.

The valley of the inn is filled with a quaint mediaeval mystery. Throughout its length, commanding the valley from high, rocky eminences, stand gaunt, turreted castles. Around their lower battlements are clustered the villages whose life, now quietly pastoral and prosperous, once swayed in feudal serfdom.

The very names of the villages and peaks carry romance—Vulpera, Sus, Pisoc, Lischarna, Zernetz, Scarl. Fine roads skirt the National Park, traversing the grand Ofen Pass leading to the Italian Tyrol, or following the course of the tempestuous Inn to Innsbruck, and south to St. Moritz and Pontresina.

New Springs of Health.

I am quite unashamed in my enthusiasm for Tarasp. It is a perfect holiday centre for young and old, for healthy and ailing. Most surely here can new springs of health be found in a spot combining all the vitalising properties of a spa, in its efficacious springs and baths, with the richness of Alpine sun and air, and the attractions of the holiday resort.

Vulpera Tarasp is a discovery. This empty corner of Europe is a safety valve, a means of escape; empty because therein is found none of the rush and turmoil of a city, no overheated and perplexed tourists. Here are just peaceful folk picking the fruits of pleasure and finding them wholesome and good; resting in a quiet that gives true solace; engaged in tennis, golf, or in a group of physical culture, stripped to the sun and air, with an enjoyment free from petty irritations.

The empty corner of Europe, free from aught of harm to body or mind, is filled with the spirit and the gifts of health. I shall go again this year.

PROMETHEUS AND EPIMETHEUS.

M. James F. Muirhead est un de ces Anglais, — il en est heureusement beaucoup, — qui connaissent autre chose de la Suisse que ses montagnes et ses hôtels.

Auteur d'un livre (*A Wayfarer in Switzerland*, London, Methuen) qui, tout en rendant à la beauté de notre pays un juste hommage, témoigne d'une connaissance réelle et intime de nos habitudes, de notre caractère et de nos lettres, M. Muirhead est un peu notre représentant littéraire en Angleterre. Il revendique pour la Suisse tel écrivain que les Anglais croyaient Allemand ou Français, fait lire Spitteler et Ramuz, écrit pour la nouvelle édition (1929) de l'*Encyclopédie Britannique* la notice générale sur la littérature suisse-allemande et plusieurs petites notices sur des écrivains suisses allemands contemporains. Mais surtout il aime et fait connaître Spitteler.

Ami du poète, admirateur passionné de son œuvre, dans son *Wayfarer* déjà il lui consacrait plusieurs pages. En 1927, il traduit *Lachende Wahrheiten* (*Laughing Truths*, London, Putnam's). L'année suivante, en collaboration avec Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne, célèbre depuis par son beau livre sur Lady Byron, il publie un choix de poèmes de Spitteler (*Selected Poems of Carl Spitteler*, New York, Macmillan and London, Putnam's). Voici enfin, paru chez Jarrolds à Londres il y a quelques semaines, *Prometheus and Epimetheus*, première traduction anglaise du premier en date des chefs-d'œuvre de Spitteler.

L'entreprise était délicate et belle. Traduire en anglais la prose tour à tour hiératique et familière du poète demandait, outre une intime connaissance de l'allemand (et de cet allemand particulier qu'est la langue de Spitteler) la plus sûre connaissance, le sentiment le plus fin, le plus aigu et le plus audacieux des possibilités et des ressources de l'anglais. La parenté des deux langues, les nombreuses affinités en particulier entre les traductions allemande et anglaise de la Bible rendaient seule la tâche possible.

M. James Muirhead a admirablement réussi. Limpide et cadencée, sa prose rythmée suit tous les méandres, rend toutes les nuances de l'original. Versets bibliques, envolées lyriques, formules épiques, abondante floraison de l'image et du geste, tout contribue à créer, sans effort apparent, sans arrière-goût.

Gazette de Lausanne.

REGENWETTER.

Der Wassermann regiert im Land.
Alles geht aus dem Leim.
Trotz alledem bring' ich's zu stand,
Zu machen einen Reim.
Im Freien sieht es traurig aus.
Grau ist der Horizont.
Da bleibe ich getrost im Haus,
Wo hold die Gattin traut.
Ihr Angesicht ist heiter, klar;
Süss lächelnd ist ihr Wunsch:
Ihr Auge strahlt so treu und wahr,
Tut "Schönes Wetter" kund.
Die Traute füllt den Becher voll.
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Lass' draussen regnen es wie toll,
Im Haus die Sonne scheint!

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