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FEDERAL.

THE FIRST OF AUGUST BADGES.

The sale of this year's First of August Badges and postcards has resulted in an amount of about Frs. 24,000 being handed over to the special fund in favour of the mountain population whose lands have been damaged (without recourse to insurance) through landslides, floods and cloud-bursts. Nearly 20,000 badges have been sold in addition to about 14,000 postcards.

SWISS HORSES AT THE DUBLIN SHOW.

As in former years a Swiss team has been competing at the Royal Dublin Horse Show. Col. Ziegler (Thun) was again in charge of our équipe which was made up of Major Kuhn, Lieut. Col. Mettler and Lieut. Dégallier. Of the six horses two had to be left behind at Holyhead owing to sickness.

In the International Cavalry Jumping, the Swiss secured fourth place with 30 faults being beaten by the English, Swedes and Belgians.

NEW ALPINE CLIMBS.

A new, i.e., a so far never attempted descent from the Jungfrau has been effected by the two guides Christian Rubi and Ernst Gertsch. They returned from the summit to the Silberhorn over the eastern flank near the Rothbrett glacier down the Schwarzmönch into the Lauterbrunnen valley.

The Matterhorn has for the first time been conquered by what is called the North Wall. This is the tremendously steep northern side over which on July 14th, 1865, Lord Douglas with his three companions fell to their doom after they had successfully negotiated the first ascent. The distinction of this hazardousfeat belongs to the two brothers Schmid from Munich, who, after eighteen hours' perilous climbing in bad weather reached the "shoulder" where they bivouacked in the Solvay Refuge.

(See special article).

BANK FUSION.

Subject to the approval of the respective shareholders an amalgamation had been arranged between the Comptoir d'Escompte de Genève and the Union Financière de Genève. The existing share capital of these two institutions amounting to Frs. 110 million will be supplemented by a further issue of Frs. 40 million, which will be taken up as to 10 million locally in Geneva and 15 million each by the Crédit Suisse in Zurich and the Swiss Banking Corporation in Basle.

HONOURING A SWISS IN SERVIA.

A bust was unveiled last Sunday in one of the public parks in Belgrade in memory of the Lausanne Professor Dr. Richard Archibald Reiss who was an officer in the Servian army and had taken a prominent part in the fight for freedom. He was also instrumental in framing the present constitution of Jugoslavia.

SWISS EXPORT TRADE.

The figures for the month of July just published show a drop of nearly 30% in the value of export as compared with the same period last year. Agricultural products, machines and watches are the chief sufferers. As regards imports it is noteworthy that the importation of boots and shoes—one of our staple industries—has considerably increased: in fact, Switzerland is at present buying more shoes from abroad (91,830 pairs) than we are exporting (84,069). There was also a remarkable increase in the importation of beer and wine during the last month.

SWISS GOVERNMENT TO HAVE FOURTH OFFICIAL LANGUAGE.

Not satisfied with having French, German and Italian all as official languages, the Swiss Government is about to add a fourth to this list. This new official language is known as

"Rhetoromanche"—"Romanche" for short—and is regarded as Switzerland's only native language.

It is of Romance origin, and is believed to have been originally the tongue of the fugitive Tuscan who sought refuge in what is now Switzerland at the time of the first Roman Emperors.

"Romanche" is spoken principally in the Canton of Grisons, and specially in the Engadine, but the Canton of Geneva has decided to create a special chair at the University of Geneva for furthering the study and use of the language.

THE ZONES DISPUTES.

According to a communication issued by the Hague Tribunal Sept. 30th, has been fixed as the last date by which further written observations have to be handed in by the two parties. It is anticipated that the third—and presumably the last—phase of this unsatisfactory controversy will come before the International Court some time in October.

LOCAL.

One of the small steamers on the lake of Zurich struck Mr. Adolf Hennes who was swimming near the shore; he has now died from his injuries. Mr. Hennes was a music teacher and solo-cellist at the Tonhalle orchestra.

Groaning noises from a roof gutter attracted the attention of passers-by one morning last week. Upon investigation a chimney sweeper was discovered in an exhausted state. He had spent the previous evening in a drinking bout, but instead of going home force of habit had directed his steps to a roof top; there he was overtaken by the cloud-burst that visited Zurich last Wednesday night. How he had managed to retain his hold all the time is not reported.

LUCERNE.

A new boat was commissioned last Saturday on the Lake of Lucerne. The "Mythen"—which is its name—is driven by two Maybach motors of 150 H.P. each and is capable of carrying 200 passengers. The body and interior is constructed of "Anticorodal," a new aluminium alloy manufactured by the Neuhausen Company.

VALAIS.

As a protest against the imposition of Frs. 60,000 towards the cost of constructing a new road from Salvan to Finhaut the whole of the communal council of Finhaut has resigned.

ST. GALL.

A catastrophe of coal-gas poisoning has been prevented through the prompt action of the staff at the station of Lichtensteig and neighbouring doctors. A gang of 42 workmen were laying cables in Wasserfluh tunnel between Lichtensteig and Brunnadern when they were overcome by gas fumes. One of the men managed to crawl out of the tunnel and give the alarm. They were all saved in the nick of time though some of them had to pass the night in the local hospital.

VAUD.

Through some defect in the steering gear the car of Mr. Henry Hulman, a chemist in Cossigny, dashed against a rock and became a total wreck. His wife and a friend, Madame Bastardoz, were killed on the spot whilst Mr. Hulman and Mr. Albert Vionnet, the manager of a local savings bank, contracted serious injuries.

The unclosed barrier at a level crossing was the cause of a serious accident that took place in the early hours of Sunday morning near Bussigny. The party were returning from Lausanne and as the car was crossing the railway line in the darkness of the night it was caught by a passing goods train. The occupants consisted of four young people who had been to a cinema performance in Lausanne. Elisabeth Profit of Ecublens was killed on the spot whilst the other three—Angèle Richard from Ecublens, Aimé Despends and Marcel Celelough from Bussigny—were transported to the hospital in Lausanne with serious injuries.

TICINO.

A lively skirmish took place last week in the valley of the Muggio on the Italo-Swiss frontier. A band of about 40 smugglers on being discovered by Italian frontier guards and asked to "surrender" commenced firing their revolvers. The shooting bout continued until the Italians received re-enforcements when the smugglers retired into Swiss territory. One frontier guard was killed and others received minor injuries.

SWITZERLAND IN SUMMER.

I have travelled in many lands and I cannot but admit that of them all Switzerland forces itself on the memory in a way that is all its own. Rivers and streams everywhere: rivers that have been held fast in the winter's frozen grip are set free in summer to rove and babble over a sunny land, amid imposing scenery of mountain and lake and charming rural landscapes, studded with quaint houses nestling beneath glaciers and snow-fields, so high up that thaw never touches them, and yet the whole within so limited a compass that every part is accessible.

The upper regions of the Alps are clothed in perpetual snow, of such a depth that great slow-moving fields of ice flow towards the lower altitudes in late spring and through the summer.

Most of Nature's thawing is done below 6,000 ft., though in the sheltered upper valleys the higher temperature helps a little during the warmest hours of a warm day. A good place to observe this phenomenon is in any of the passes at this altitude. I have stood on the Rhone Glacier and seen water trickle away beneath me to the Mediterranean, while a few miles away the Rhine was discernible, a small mountain stream, running down the side of the Oberalp Pass; and a little further south in the Upper Engadine rises the Inn, which joins the Danube and runs into the Black Sea. To the south also, just on the other side of the Maloja hill, there are streams which join the Po and thence flow into the Adriatic. So that you have rivers running into such far-apart points as the Black Sea and the North Sea, fed by Swiss snowfields that melt within a few miles of each other.

The charm of the lowlands is no less striking, especially when the vista is unobscured by summer mists and there is a tall mountain range within the panorama. Then, the snowfields, peaks and darkened precipices of the higher Alps form an endless vista of changes and colour effects as the sun advances from crest to crest, lighting up the successive slopes and revealing new details to every examination, or, in the evening, as the sun sinks behind a glowing crimsoned mountain, set high above a darkened range of foothills, one feels that awe which only Nature's handiwork can produce.

The cities are in no way behind the country in their appeal to beauty lovers. Berne on a sunny day in spring or summer is an enchanting town. Through the translucent atmosphere of early morn, when the aerial mists from the River Aar rise over the highly coloured foothills, and beyond, far away, can be seen the giants of the Bernese Oberland the colour of brick dust, against the clearest of skies. While through the soft air comes in wondrous harmony the music of the great bells of Berne. There are no bells like them in Switzerland, except those that ring the matin and vesper hours at Soleure, which have a tone that is theirs alone.

Berne is the capital of Switzerland and also of the canton stretching from the French frontier on the Jura to the crest of the Oberland range. There is a pleasure in the streets, with their fountains, and the arcaded houses that slope outward. The fountains seem to be taken from old-fashioned children's books, with their columns, figures and shafts of sparkling water. Some of them are painted, giving a brightening effect to the darker tones of the quaint houses. Story-book towers stride the main streets, and especially the Zeittglocken Tower, with its famous mediæval clock, takes you back many centuries. The city is surrounded on three sides by the Aar, flowing at the foot of high banks and crossed by two high-level road bridges. Everything is neatly kept, and bright and spotless, and the public buildings, both ancient and modern, are worthy of the history of the place.

There is one statue which has always excited the interest of the stranger. It dates from the sixteenth century, when feeling ran high between Jew and Gentile over a report that the Jews had sacrificed a child. The statue represents an ogre wearing the conventional Jewish dress and hat, with one hand holding a child while the other holds a bag from which other children are trying to escape.

There is no particular brilliance in Berne, no magnificent palaces teach us our place in life, but rather rows and rows of simple, countrified houses line the picturesque streets through which two modern streams of traffic flow, the public and private vehicles. Down the hill from the Minster

there is the Nydeck Bridge which leads to the Bear Pit. Here the bears of Berne are alive and well, living that pampered life that municipal ownership brings.

Returning over the bridge and up the Kramgasse one passes the Zytglogge, or West Gate of Berne. This marks the end of the Kramgasse. It is a fine tower of the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries, surmounted by a clock which strikes the quarters. Just before the bronze figure at the top of the tower strikes the hours a cock crows. Then a little man turns an hour-glass, and from the tower a procession of bears and knights pass in and out of two doorways.

The old town stands sturdily on its elevated peninsula, set 1,788 feet above sea-level, and all round the peninsula rush the green-blue glacier waters of the Aar. The long, delightful, irregular streets which stripe the peninsula from top to bottom, are ancient and modern at the same time. The Bundesplatz is a large open space surrounded by buildings which are all in keeping, with the one great exception; the Bundespalast, which offers a poor contrast to the old Rathaus, and whose three domes are an unfortunate eyesore. But the beauty of Berne is the market, which stretches down from there through the Bärenplatz to the Waisenhausplatz.

There is romance in the names of Rhine and Rhone, the twins which are born in the same lap, but carve their own roads of fame. At Basle Switzerland parts with her now enormous offspring, and although other routes of entry into the Alps have been hewn out of solid rock, the waterway is the oldest and most romantic.

The Swiss Government has made unceasing efforts to encourage shipping on the Rhine, and Basle has thus become one of the chief ports on the river. By reason of its favourable position on the borders of France, Basle has become a centre of European commerce, the chief railway and air lines centre on this town, and if it were not for the mountainous nature of Switzerland and the impossibility of navigation over the Swiss portion, the river would be the great highway across Europe.

Basle is situated at an altitude of 900 feet above the sea, with close proximity to the Jura and the Alps, the Vosges and the Black Forest. The best way to approach this city is on foot. Enter by the Mittlere Brucke, or Middle Bridge, or come in through the old streets until you are standing on the cathedral terrace overlooking the Rhine and its bridges and quays. Beautiful gardens and green surroundings lend the approaches the appearance of a domain, so that by the time you reach the town hall you are at home.

From the terrace you can see the mighty river below, where it first rejoices in its freedom from compression of the great cliffs which confine it all the way from Schaffhausen, but here it enters on its commercial career as a highway for great ships.

The Jura mountains are not so high as the average ranges. They are a fine range of limestone crests, running along the northwest border of the country, and stretching into the Italian-speaking canton of Ticino, whereas the Alps proper, with their glaciers and snowfields, occupy more than half the total area of the whole country. The Alps are the giants of the ranges, but they are surrounded by a girdle of lesser heights which command splendid views of the great elevations from almost every peak, distance and angle. The lesser heights are undulating and richly wooded in a manner that the more frigid altitudes will not sustain; they will also support an amount of cultivation unknown at the practically uninhabited higher points. This part is dotted with many interesting towns of mediaeval character, and the temperature is as unlike the average Swiss conditions as it is possible for it to be.

The country traversed on the way to Zurich lacks none of the details recounted in the foregoing pages. Zurich is the headquarters of Eastern Switzerland, and it includes broad reaches of rolling country and many industrial districts, which do not obtrude themselves on the landscape by reason of smoke pollution, as this is entirely absent owing to a highly-efficient electrical system in use all over the country. The Santis and Todi are the Alpine districts of this canton, the latter surpasses the former in scenery, and it is one of extraordinary grandeur, and little known, except to mountaineers.

The city of Zurich has a population of close on 250,000 inhabitants; it is the largest in the country, favoured on one hand by its industrial importance, and on the other by its position on the edge of Lake Zurich. The old parts of the town are the most interesting, built, as they are, on both sides of the River Limmat, round the three famous churches of St. Peter's, Fraumünster, and Grossmünster. The view across the lake, with its busy steamer traffic and background of snowy mountains, is very charming. A better view is obtained if you ascend about 2,050 feet above the town of the Dolder, and, better still, from the Uetliberg, another 805 feet up. Most of this ascent can be done by the cable railway from the town. Similar vistas are obtainable from the Rigi-Bahn and Zurichberg, which can be reached by funicular. Both these mountains

afford a sweeping view as far as the Alps in the South, and north to the Rhine.

A walk through the town from the station to the lake will convince you that Zurich is a city of importance; the rows of fine covered-in shops and stately buildings give an impression of wealth that is hard to dispel. The shores of the lake are studded with busy, industrious villages, most of them bearing a peculiar resemblance to little German hamlets, which they practically are.

The whole confederation of twenty-two states, known as cantons, three of which are sub-divided in half-cantons, make up the republic of Switzerland. The language of the major part of the people is German, and that is also the official language. Next comes French, and then Italian. About 43,000 people speak what is known as Romansch, a dialect allied to Latin; this is only spoken in certain districts in the Grisons, whereas German is spoken almost everywhere. The Romansch tongue is also supposed to be of Raetian origin. There is a patriotic effort afoot to preserve this speech, similar to the Gaelic revival in Ireland, though it is likely to meet with greater opposition. Some of the most enthusiastic scholars have discovered that it has a grammar which can be taught in the schools. This is a new discovery, but sufficient to kill any language. The people of Graubünden in the Grisons take great pride in their descent from the tribe of Raetians, which was subjugated by Rome about 15 A.D. The country is full of legends of Roman days.

The railway, following its narrow, canyonlike valley, winds in and out as it climbs toward the summit of the range, burrowing through mountains until, for an hour or two near the top, you are underground half the time, roaring through inky tunnels. Far below on the high road wooded slopes twist themselves about tiny farms, and skirt little red-roofed villas and then lose themselves in the forests. Valleys clothed in sombre firs open off the permanent way and disappear between folds in the mountains. Emerging from the bowels of the earth you come to a pause on the topmost ridge where the wooded slope, cradling a thriving town, falls sharply away below you. Here one of the engines is detached and you coast down the tumbling mountain into a pleasant rolling country of prosperous farms and great stretches of sable woods.

The villagers live close together and farm principally on the mountains. Here I learnt the meaning of the word "alp," though I have since discovered that it is a piece of knowledge shared by the authoress of "The Constant Nymph." *Alp* does not mean a rocky mountain peak, but a mountain field, and often owned jointly by several people. In July and August the farmers go to their little huts on their *alps*, and eat hay, make cheese, or pasture their cattle. They transport the hay and cheese on little wagons, often man-drawn, but usually pulled by cows.

One of the most delightful sights of this range is the morning procession of goats gathered by the herd with a goat-horn. He pastures them during the day and at twilight collects them by a few notes on his horn and takes them home again.

Alexander Jacob Reynolds,
The Scottish Field.

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THE MATTERHORN CLIMB.

The climber who wishes to ascend the Matterhorn in the tracks of its conquerors, Edward Whymper and Leslie Stephen, must take his time; it does not do to rush from the railway station at Zermatt to the fruit shop and the general store and then to throw oneself impatiently at the mountain. He should pass a quiet afternoon at Zermatt, spend a fine evening along some byway, and reserve a room in a hotel having a south window, through which the "Lion of Zermatt" may look uninterruptedly the entire night. He thereby creates for himself a certain psychological preparation for his forthcoming feat of endurance. Personally I was not lucky enough to get a room with a south window, but before turning in I did not fail to cast a last glance on the stupendous mountain, peacefully illuminated by the pale light of the moon.

The next morning large drops of rain commenced to fall from a lightly-clouded sky. But, though I, this kind of weather soon changes and sunshine will follow, as I packed my things and commenced to climb.

At a height of 9,842 ft. there is a hotel, built and maintained by the Municipality of Zermatt, and next to it a hut of the Swiss Alpine Club. There I met my guide just at the moment when the last rays of the setting sun were falling on the high Alpine range. Thereafter, the whole panorama became wrapped in the mantle of starlit night, points of light glimmered in the valley, and the full moon rose to complete the wonderful scene. And we slept cheek by jowl with the most imposing mountain in the world.

It seemed a pity that picks clanked and mountain boots clattered shortly after midnight; but, after all, we had not climbed so far just to sleep. There were, in all, five parties ready to set out; these went forward one after another into the dark, to embark on their attack on the Matterhorn.

The weather did not seem exactly propitious; a cold wind whistled over the edge and the stars were mostly concealed behind vapoury clouds. But as the sun commenced to animate the mountains and the eastern horizon became rippled with red, the diaphanous vapours were dissipated. A short distance above the present hut are the ruins of the old refuge, whence the path rises easily; one follows the ridge, deviating now and then a little to the left, soon to regain the outer edge of the ridge where there is no risk from falling rocks.

Half-way to the peak we find the Solvay refuge, where one may shelter in the event of change of weather, accidents, and nightfall, but where, under normal conditions, only a short stop is permitted. It is usual to remain here merely a few minutes because, in the meantime, day has dawned. The character of the ascent now completely alters, for whereas the climb from the Hôtel Belvedere to the Solvay refuge is chiefly over loose rock, there is now a short track over snow on the so-called "shoulder." Thick and strongly-secured ropes assist one along over the precipitous sections where, in 1865, four Matterhorn conquerors (Lord Douglas, the Rev. Hudson, Mr. Hadlow, and the guide, Michel Croz) lost their footing and fell over the precipice. After leaving the "shoulder" behind and standing at the foot of the defiant "roof" one must call a short halt and take a glance over the precipice, which falls vertically more than 3,000 ft. in a series of bare walls to the Matterhorn Glacier, the grave of Whymper's companions, where the yawning gaps have engulfed many an unfortunate. To be overtaken here by a thunderstorm, I thought, must be extremely unpleasant, and I bade my guide start the attack on the "roof." This makes little appeal to Alpine skill, but is a considerable tax on one's muscular strength. Strong ropes are suspended down the extraordinarily steep ridge and on epulls oneself up rapidly by this means, whilst the visitors at the Mont Cervin and Zermatterhof hotels amuse themselves through the telescope at our rope-dancing. At any rate, they had to get up early as it is only just six o'clock.

To stand on the most coveted peak of the high Alps inspires an overpowering sensation, and no one who has lost his heart to the mountains can withstand the call of this peak. This fact has been admitted by the foremost Alpinists of all times.

We did not remain at the top for long because a penetrating wind howled over the mountain and threatened to hurl us off the ridge. But we did not fail to observe the imposing view which is typical and unique in that everything to north, south, east, and west is imperiously dominated by the haughty mountain.

The Matterhorn trip, which took exactly seven hours from the hut to the peak and back, ended at the Schwarzsee (Black Lake). Here we lunched, with the gleaming white glaciers as neighbours the imposing Titan rising nearby in incomparable grandeur. We remained at its foot the whole afternoon and only descended when the light commenced to fade, sublimely conscious of an undying friendship made with the mountain of mountains.

"Sphere."

Walter Schmidt.