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# The Swiss Observer

FOUNDED BY MR. P. F. BOEHRINGER.

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## HOME NEWS



### FEDERAL.

#### SWISS CENSUS.

The latest figures to hand show a population of 4,068,770 (1920—3,880,320), an increase of 188,450 inhabitants.

#### GAS MASKS FOR OUR TROOPS.

The first order for 7,000 gas masks has been placed in Switzerland. In the recent military budget voted by the two chambers, an amount of 400,000 frs. was earmarked for this purpose.

#### MISS SWITZERLAND.

A selection committee has been appointed which will elect on January the 17th "Miss Switzerland." The chosen one will be the official representative of Switzerland at the competition which will take place on the 5th of February at the "Opéra," in Paris, to elect a "Miss Europe," and again later in America, when "Miss Universe" will be chosen.

#### EUROPEAN UNION.

The Commission appointed by the League of Nations to study the question of a Federation of European States, will meet at Geneva on the 16th of this month. Federal Councillor Motta and M. Stucki, chief of the Commercial Dept., will be the Swiss delegates.

### LOCAL.

#### LUCERNE.

The town council has voted a credit of 100,000 frs. as its share of the cost of building a railway line from Triengen to Entfelden. J.S.

#### BASLE.

Statistics issued by the "Aviatik" Company show that altogether 5,246 passengers passed through the aerodrome at Basle in 1930. The weight of letter mail carried amounted to 66,946 kg. and that of goods to 109,338 kg. N.Z.

Dr. F. Wieser, formerly President of the Swiss Communist party, and at present one of the editors of the *Basler Vorwärts*, has severed his connection with the Communist Party. N.Z.

#### FRIBOURG.

Last Saturday our contemporary *La Gruyère* at Bulle celebrated the 50th anniversary of its existence. J.S.

#### GENEVA.

Lieutenant-Colonel Adolph Duc of Lausanne has been appointed commander of the Genevese regiment. T.G.

Burglars paid a visit to the jewellery firm of Albert Guyot, at Geneva, and decamped with over 10,000 frs. worth of goods. J.G.

#### VAUD.

The death is reported from Moudon of M. Edouard Payot, who was for thirty years Head-Master of the Cantonal College at Lausanne. J.S.

The State Council has elected M. F. Porchet as its President and M. J. Dufour as Vice-President for the year 1931. N.Z.Z.

#### NEUCHÂTEL.

National Councillor Henri Calame has tendered his resignation as member of the National Council, the reason given being on account of the state of his health. M. Calame has been a member of Parliament for 26 years. His successor will be M. Henri Berthoud. N.Z.Z.

#### ST. MORITZ.

M. J. G. Crammond made last week a new record for tobogganing on the Cresta Run. Starting from Stream Corner in practice for the scratch race, he returned a time of 29 secs. Subsequently he won the race with three courses aggregating 90 1-5 secs., an average of just over 30 secs. per course. C.E.

The population of the canton Ticino is returned as 161,838, as against 152,256 in 1920.

## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

By KYBURG.

### A Night in an Alpine Club Hut

Chambers Journal.

One of the most fascinating branches of winter sports is, perhaps, ski-running on the glaciers and the winter-climbing of the higher peaks. The familiar delights of civilisation are exchanged for the more simple pleasures and good comradeship and adventures shared with a chosen few.

We were staying, four of us, at the chalet of a guide, far up in the Swiss Alps, as no hotels were open so high up at that time of year. Ordinary travellers do not come this way in winter; there is no railway, and all supplies have to come up on a mule's back. All around us were lofty ice peaks, hanging glaciers, and sparse, silent fir-trees. The peasants still wear the national costume and spin yarn at a spinning wheel. If you are favoured, you will be treated as an old friend and introduced to all the families in the village.

We arranged to be called at six o'clock next morning, and having struggled into ski-ing kit, and four pairs of goat's-hair socks and heavy boots, we crept downstairs, stiff with cold, to eat our breakfast. Hot coffee and fresh baked bread—the last we were to taste for some time—made us feel less comatose and more able to cope with the start; so, shouldering our rucksacks, which had been carefully packed with provisions the night before, we set off in single file towards the mountain.

The cold air off the glacier, as yet untouched by the sun, froze in our lungs, and, as usual, we were a very silent and 'sticky' party until we got into the rhythm of the pace set by the leading guide.

Presently we warmed up, and the steep slopes of frozen snow claimed our attention as we 'kick-turned' on our skis at the end of each zigzag. The view became more entrancing every moment; little pink clouds hovered over the snow-clad peaks, but soon the crystals sparkling in the sun forced us to put on our dark glasses, which would rather have spoiled our contemplation of the scenery, had we had time to look at it. We had not. In fact, a surprisingly large portion of the day, when climbing, is spent in looking at one's own or someone else's boots.

Just as we felt we could climb no longer without a stop, the guide called a halt, and we took off our heavy rucksacks with glad thoughts of lunch. The snow here was soft enough to allow us to sink in to our knees when we took off our skis, so we stamped it down with our feet sufficiently to make a firm platform on which we could sit on our rucksacks in comfort.

Bread, sausages, apples, and raisins were produced for our meal; but, in spite of our thirst from climbing in the dry air, we knew there would be nothing to drink but a thimbleful of tea out of a flask until we arrived at the hut that evening.

Now that we had leisure to examine them, our surroundings proved awe-inspiring and magnificent. On one side of us, grotesque séracs stood balanced on the brim of the ice-fall, while the green walls of the crevasses slipped away into the intricate mazes of tumbled ice. Very far below, minute black spots, which were people, could be seen moving about the distant village. But it was soon time to be on the move again.

Our route appeared to get steeper and steeper, nor was the snow very good. Some of us preferred to take off our skis and fix climbing-irons, a species of iron-pronged sandal, on to our boots, and to climb on foot up the rocky fin of the moraine; others were faithful to their skis, and trusted to the sealskins tied underneath to hold them on the frozen slopes. Either way was hard work, and it was a relief to get out of the narrow valley on to

the comparatively gentle terraces of the upper glacier.

The sun had disappeared and a flurry of bitter wind and snow stung our faces as we reached the exposed pass. The man in front, although only a few yards away, was barely visible, and the points of sharp, splintery snow cut our faces and temporarily blinded us. With fumbling fingers we drew our woollen helmets over our faces, and bent into the blizzard.

There was a wild exhilaration in defeating the elements and in struggling to keep the regulation place, like ships at sea, behind the person in front.

While the burst of storm was at its height we reached a particularly exposed portion of the route; before us was the steep slope of detestably hard snow, and below it a grey, swirling mist, veiling, as we knew, the jagged teeth of the broken ice-fall. One of the party in front slipped, and for one tense moment the others braced themselves in their stances to take the shock of the falling weight. Luckily our friend landed on a narrow ledge; a pull on the rope and a few moments for recovery, and we started off again.

The last half-hour had told on us all; grasping our ski-sticks on a long, right-handed traverse had made our hands feel suspiciously numb; agonising pains in partially frozen toes told of returning circulation; our lips were black and blistered, and our cheeks burnt on the side of the prevailing wind. How we longed to see the hut, but always there seemed one rise more before the top could be reached.

Presently the last slope was crossed, the last buttress turned. Before us stood a stout little wooden cabin, fair and square in the centre of a field of ice, with double doors and wooden shutters, proof against any blizzard, its iron chimney-pot promising the warmth and food which were to come.

Thankfully we crowded in, brushing the snow from our shoulders and piling up our skis in the corridor. One fetched in snow to melt for the pot; another lighted the stove with carefully preserved wood, brought up for the purpose in summer. Others unpacked the rucksacks and placed the provisions in baskets slung from the ceiling.

What we needed was tea; but some time must elapse before the pot could boil, so we turned our attention to our feet. Gratefully we dragged off our frozen boots, and exchanged them for dry socks and the loose, felt-lined clogs provided by the Swiss Alpine Club for those using the huts.

The temperature in the room was still nineteen degrees Fahrenheit below freezing, so we sat huddled round the stove, our shoulders draped in blankets, until the long-hoped-for drink should be forthcoming.

Soon gallons of hot tea were ready, drunk from aluminium mugs, which were even hotter. Every now and then someone would get up to replenish the 'kettle' with a ladle or two of fresh snow from the pail, and a savoury smell of macaroni cheese and good thick soup, prepared by the guides, made a satisfying supper. Each of us added luxuries from his rucksack, pâté de foie gras, jam, and raisins being very popular.

Now that the stove was burning and the big hanging-lamp was lit the hut was pleasantly warm. Cigarettes and pipes were lighted, maps brought out, and plans for the following day discussed.

The guides produced cards, or sat down to yarn with us, until, at 8 p.m., we struggled out to take a last look at the weather. The wind was still roaring round the hut, but a few stars were visible. We longed to stop and gaze at the wild beauty of the masses of gleaming ice and ebony rock, but the bitter temperature drove us hurriedly in again.

'Bed-time' comes early in the High Alps, for fuel must not be wasted, and an early start next morning was necessary. We kicked off our boots, put on extra woollen jerseys, gloves, and even fur helmets, and rolling ourselves each in his own blanket, with several more on top, settled down to get what sleep we could on the straw mattresses of the wooden bunks above.

At first it seemed impossible to hope for any rest. SnORES from the older hands resounded on all sides; the hut moaned and rocked in the wind; and the icy cold discovered a weak spot

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in the blankets, jabbing like an insidious knife into one's back.

That was soon righted by huddling closer to the person alongside; and in a few moments 'fresh air and exercise' had won the day, and we slept. At about two o'clock in the morning the atmosphere of the small compartment had become so stuffy that it was almost impossible to breathe. An effort to obtain a little fresh air by sliding open the door of the living-room was foiled by a large and hairy hand, belonging to one of the guides, that ruthlessly shut it again. Too sleepy to argue, we made the best of it, and, surprisingly enough, woke to find the fire had been lit and a smell of coffee was in the air.

Getting up was not too pleasant. Our boots were frozen so hard that it was only by burning paper inside them that we could, with difficulty, get them on.

A first glimpse of the outside world, however, pulled us together. Over the glaciers was a sea of amber light; the green ice of the crevasses was thrown up by the violet shadows of the snow-fields, while the topmost peaks were just touched by the rose of the early morning sun: nowhere on earth can be found a sight more lonely and lovely than a glacier at dawn. Two black choughs, the ubiquitous Alpine crow, appeared from the crags above us, seeking breakfast at our hands, which reminded us that we were hungry again, and after some coffee and hard-boiled eggs, now equally frozen stiff, we tidied the hut and left for our day's climb.

On a ski-ing expedition the members of the party are roped in pairs, or, at the most, three people together. The leader breaks trail and searches the snow-covered glacier for indications of hidden crevasses.

Slowly we threaded our way up, the guide making little halts every now and then to feel a suspicious snow-bridge with his ice-axe. If it held—good! If it gave way, we hoped we should succeed in doing what we had been taught to do in just such an emergency: the idea being that if the man in front breaks through, the person behind should do a technical skid with his skis and throw himself on to his face, at the same time pickinget himself, with his axe or ski-sticks, in the ice.

In spite of all caution, one man broke through, luckily only to his armpits. It was hard to imagine there was any danger, so slowly did he disappear into the hole; and it was only the sharp cry of 'Halte! Jump!' that made us who were behind realise that probably a chasm some thirty feet deep or more lay beneath us. A careful pull on the rope, and the porter who had broken through was extricated, none the worse for his adventure.

The sun had been up for some time, and the heat from the rocks and the glare of the snow made climbing very hot work, even in winter. Perspiration dropped from our faces, turning to beads of ice if we stopped for a moment in the shadow.

It was with unbounded relief that we reached the top of the *col* and found ourselves out of the oppressive airlessness of the glacier basin.

Once up on the ridge, we stuck our skis upright in the snow, and, discarding our rucksacks, ate a hasty lunch.

With climbing-irons bound to our feet, we set off to tackle the ice slopes which led to the summit. To the habitual mountaineer the ascent was easy, but to the uncertain novice the thin ridge of ice which had to be crossed before the main face of the mountain was reached, looked horribly narrow on top, and a drop away to the ice-fall beneath terrifyingly steep and deep.

The ridge safely negotiated, confidence in one's climbing-irons made the task of ascending the ice slopes a fairly easy one. Occasionally the guide cut a few steps with his ice-axe, while a long cornice of snow, curling like a frozen wave over three hundred feet of nothing, was treated with due respect, and we gained the base of the summit rocks at last.

Twenty minutes of panting effort, and we were on the top of our peak, the Strahlhorn, nearly fourteen thousand feet above sea-level.

Yodels from the guides resounded across the glaciers; old friends among the peaks were sought out and discovered surprisingly close at hand. Whichever way we looked, hundreds of miles of ice-clad peaks stretched away into the distance: Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, Mont Blanc, the evil and isolated Finsteraarhorn, to name but a few of the giants, surrounded by their attendant peaks and seas of moving ice, showed us their summits from an angle which appeared almost too familiar in objects which had once seemed so aloof and remote.

Now came the moment for the descent. Footholds, which had felt wide and safe coming up, seemed far more precarious going down. The rope belayed securely round outcrops of rock, we moved cautiously one at a time. A fair share of exciting moments was our lot before we reached the place where our skis were



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awaiting us. In the difficulties of a descent, one is too busy with hands and feet to realise the details of what is happening, and can only do the thing that seems obvious; and do it quickly.

With grunts of satisfaction we exchanged our climbing-irons for skis, and shouldering our sacks, started joyfully on the run home. Nothing can compare with the delight of ski-running down a glacier. Miles of untracked snow lay before us; the wind-rippled snow made the skis seem alive, part and parcel of ourselves, and the swish and hiss of the flying snow are sounds that can never be forgotten.

Long runs of three-quarters of a mile without a check; short, steep portions where the experts rejoiced in their skilful turns and the frailer brethren longed to take off their skis and walk; and finally the clean run out on to the home slopes above the village, the lights of which were already shining out.

Soon we came down to the tree level again; after visiting that barren region of snow and ice where no vegetation will grow, the woods, thin though they were, felt very friendly.

The first forerunner of civilisation was a winding path, and visions of a hot bath and supper spurred us to further efforts. At last the village was reached, and a welcoming beam of light from the open door of our chalet burst across the street as the women clustered out to welcome us in. With friendly laughter and many a 'God be thanked' for our safe arrival, they pulled our rucksacks off our backs and hustled us into chairs before the glowing stove, glad that the early Mass they had said before our departure had resulted in such a fortunate ending to the adventure.

### Why we don't hear Yodelling from Swiss Radio Stations

*Amateur Wirelless*, 3rd January.

I first listened to the wireless during my school days in London in 1923. In those days wireless sets were almost unknown in Switzerland, and the owners of such marvels were overwhelmed by visits from real and alleged friends. I felt a sort of sneaking wish to try my luck as an announcer upon my return home to Switzerland, if only for the reason that I am most interested in the study of languages.

One day I found in the papers an advertisement offering a position as female announcer at the Berne studio.

I was not the only applicant, by a long way, but only one among sixty! Our voices were first of all subjected to a short test before the microphone, and I found myself selected, with some three or four others, for a more exhaustive examination.

This examination was much more severe. I was asked to read long passages aloud on several occasions, in German, French (announcements are made at Berne in two languages), Italian and English, and I can't say I found the proceedings very amusing!

Anyway, I was selected.

In those days Berne was one of the very few European Stations in which women announcers were employed, and many of my correspondents wanted to know my age (fancy asking a woman!), the colour of my hair and eyes and so on. Many men asked for my photo, but that is not unusual.

Berne commenced its broadcast service modestly. True, the studio was large and elegantly furnished according to the standards which prevailed in those days, but as we only had one room, this must, of necessity, be used by the announcer also. There was no question, in those days, of a separate room for announcements and for lectures. One simply had to do

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the announcing surrounded by crowds of the artistes, singers, and actors.

One Sunday visitors came to the studio. An honest farmer, accompanied by his children, begged permission to visit the station. The visit stretched itself out interminably, however, and when I became thoroughly tired I took them to the control room and handed them over to an engineer. When they did eventually leave, the farmer suddenly pulled out his purse (a red checkered knotted handkerchief) and solemnly presented me with a two-shilling piece, whilst jerking his thumb in the direction of the engineer and inviting me to "share it with him!"

Although I know that all listeners are critical, it seems to me that the Swiss are even harder to please than the British.

The B.B.C. has to cater for urban and rural populations, but in Switzerland the problem is complicated by the fact that the public is divided into three main religions and three main languages. Although the whole population of the country is less than that of London alone, this faces the management of the programmes with a difficult task, for its means are very limited. There are at present about 100,000 licence holders in the country, and their contributions have to be allotted among five broadcast stations. In the beginning we used to receive a good many letters of approval, but there were also others demanding more programmes of local interest, and the peasant population, in particular, was always clamouring for the yodel songs so typical of our country.

So for two or three months several of our programmes contained yodel songs every week, with the result that the public became thoroughly sick of their beloved yodel songs in a very short while. After that the programme director was left in peace!

Switzerland possesses a large number of artistes, and among the vocalists, violinists, and pianists there are a few who enjoy a European reputation. These, of course, are engaged by the station on many occasions. Apart from these, however, we book prominent artistes from abroad and it has always been interesting to me to observe their varied temperaments.

The French always struck me as being a trifle "sloppy," whereas the British, to my surprise, were nervous from the moment they entered the studio. The Germans, on the other hand, were often far more self-possessed before their performance than afterwards. As for the Italians, their chief worry used to be whether they would be heard properly in their own country, on the other side of the Alps.

At the same time, I should have thought that for the Swiss National Programme which is being relayed from Basle to-night (Wednesday, 14th) the programme might have been arranged so as to include not only three songs in Romansch, but perhaps one in French, one in German and one in Italian too! Perhaps the members of the Liedertafel Basle excel in the old language of the Grisons. Well, we shall hear to-night!

#### Mr. Spahlinger's Demonstration

*New Statesman*, 3rd January.

More than five years ago, after long and detailed observation in Geneva, I published here two articles on the work of M. Spahlinger. In my view, that was already a "deplorably belated inquiry," and it may seem now very late indeed to return to the subject. There has never been the slightest doubt in my mind as to the facts, and I am proud to be able now to refer to those articles. But there have been grave difficulties obstructing the work, such as the exhaustion of M. Spahlinger's resources after colossal expenditure for which he has hitherto had no return; and also various campaigns of systematic vilification and hearty unscrupulous lying which beggar comment, and made it impossible to obtain a fair hearing. However, it is now a new day and we may proceed. In order to save time, the reader might be asked kindly to re-read those long-past articles, and we might then continue; but, as many readers cannot do so, I must briefly resume and quote from them. We must omit all the history and strictly confine ourselves to one part only of the whole subject—and that is the prevention of bovine tuberculosis by vaccination. This may seem a small matter compared with, for instance, the cure of human tuberculosis, from which a death still occurs in England and Wales alone every twelve minutes; but readers of this journal do not need to be assured that the conquest of tuberculosis in man is implicit in the prevention of the disease in cattle as surely as "the music of the moon sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale."

Let me quote from 1925:

"There is the problem of bovine tuberculosis. It is of immense importance in all the countries of the temperate zones. Millions of money are involved. It concerns the meat interests and the dairy interests. These are

not all. Despite the deplorably hasty assertions of Koch in London a quarter of a century ago, we now know positively that bovine tuberculosis can and does infect our children through tuberculous milk. Tuberculous meat is not a serious question, except as regards the loss to the farmer, for it does not infect us, thanks partly to inspection and partly to cooking; but tuberculous milk is a universal, potent, everyday source of human infection, and we have done little about it in more than forty years since the bacillus was discovered, beyond the invention of bacteriological tests for the presence of tubercle in cattle, and a certain degree of increased care in the application to milk of such processes as pasteurisation and pulverisation, of which the latter certainly deals with the infection. But we have many thousands of deaths in this country alone every year, caused by milk infection which our existing methods have failed to prevent. . . . What, then, of the cattle which one sees on M. Spahlinger's estate outside Geneva, and which he immunised nine years ago, so that ever since they have been perfectly indifferent to doses of tubercle bacilli, in quantities probably at least many thousands of times greater than could ever enter them under natural conditions? The answer of those who have studied the facts at first hand is that M. Spahlinger has indeed given us, now many years ago, the means whereby, when we please, we may abolish bovine tuberculosis, as Jenner (and the Eastern pioneers of inoculation before him) gave us the power, a century and a quarter ago, to abolish small-pox, and recent bacteriologists the power to abolish typhoid and the paratyphoid fevers.

We may say that the evidence, in these immunised cows, was not checked by any public committee, and that we need more. Let us, then, take steps for public, controlled, crucial tests of the most rigorous description. They should be undertaken henceforth. Nothing could be more welcome to M. Spahlinger or to any other honest investigator in like case. There is no doubt in his mind, or in those of his friends, that the result would be decisive. But I certainly do not consider that M. Spahlinger, who has already spent all his fortune and more on his researches, is now called upon to provide the funds for such experiments. . . . The utter mystery to me is in the failure of the vast financial interests concerned to act effectively. One can only conclude that they are cursed with the stupidity which is the plague of European capitalism to-day and against which, as we know, the gods themselves fight in vain."

The new tests for which I asked in 1925 have been made, in England, during recent months. The delay is at other doors than M. Spahlinger's. At a meeting held in London on December 9th, at which the Aga Khan presided, the responsible and authoritative committee which conducted the experiments published their report. Presumably my present space can be better used than in quoting largely from that report, much of which will be found in the daily press of December 10th. I have had the pleasure of meeting Captain R. G. Buxton, a well-known breeder of pedigree stock, and a member of a family honoured throughout the world—on whose estate and with whose animals the experiments were made. His personal assurance would weigh heavily in my mind, even had I seen nothing in Geneva years ago, and the present report were not signed by many men of the highest repute and experience. Here I need only quote some brief paragraphs from the Aga Khan's speech:

"On behalf of the Committee of Control, it is my privilege to announce that the Spahlinger vaccine for the immunisation of cattle against tuberculosis has been tested here in England, and has proved its efficacy beyond doubt. This vaccine is a perfectly safe and, in all circumstances, innocuous vaccine, for it is produced from *dead* germs. It solves the problem of ensuring that the milk and meat supply of the world can now be made safe from tuberculosis. . . . A number of calves, vaccinated with this vaccine under practical farming conditions, are to-day alive, well and normal, although five months ago they were inoculated with massive doses of hypervirulent living bovine tubercle bacilli. Unvaccinated calves of the same age and weight, which were given the same doses of virus in the same way, died in a month, riddled with the disease, as the post-mortem examinations showed. . . . A safe and practical method now exists of banishing tuberculosis from among cattle. . . . The moment has come when this great beneficent discovery should be announced."

It has, indeed! Five similar experiments, with similar results, have been made in Geneva since last I wrote here: but they were made

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*It's Patriotic and it Pays!*

abroad and by a foreigner, and by a vaccine of which the details of preparation have not been published. In reply to a question in the House of Commons Dr. Addison stated that he desired an independent test with experts in bovine tuberculosis. That is exactly what this test was; but of course, more can be made, until, indeed, all living bovines and humans have been gathered to their fathers. At all costs, we must be British.

The word *dead*, in the Aga Khan's statement, is all-important. Professor Calmette, another great foreign bacteriologist, has made a vaccine from a modified strain of living bacilli. Appalling tragedies, holocausts of infants, have on occasion followed its use, and the German Health Bureau has decided to prohibit the use of any living vaccine for tubercle in Germany.

Let us now try to clear our minds of prejudice, and study the facts fairly. It may, or may not, be M. Spahlinger's misfortune that he is not an Englishman, but a Swiss: in any case, his race and nationality have no bearing on the results of these experiments. Even if we doubt the validity of experiments made abroad, we are now faced with a demonstration made in England, by Englishmen of the highest standing: M. Spahlinger performed the vaccinations, and has never been near the place again; and we have here a matter of fact and not of ethics.

What may truly be ethical judgment on a man who, not being a medical practitioner, makes bacteriological discoveries at immense personal cost and seeks to get at least some of his money back whilst serving mankind, may, or may not, be a matter for discussion; but the ethical judgment on those who lie, or blindly deny and obstruct, on account of insular prejudice, or professional jealousy, when the lives and happiness of millions of mankind now living, to say nothing of the unborn, are at stake, cannot be doubtful. They are enemies of the human race, and a painful death from tuberculosis would be too good for them.

#### SWISS Y.M.C.A.

Next Sunday, the 18th of January, the English Conversational Circle will meet at 3.15 p.m. at the club room, 15 Upper Bedford Place, W.C.1. On Saturday, January 31st, at 6 p.m., a lantern slide lecture will be given by Mr. Wallis B. Elliott, Secretary for England of the Missions to Lepers.

#### DR. L. C. VAUTHIER IN LONDON

The Director of the Swiss University Sanatorium in Leysin, Dr. Louis C. Vauthier, has just left London after a short stay on behalf of the organising Committee of the projected International University Sanatorium to be erected at Leysin. The scheme involves the construction of a building for 208 University teachers and students suffering from tuberculosis, at the cost of £208,000. The students are to be enabled to proceed with their studies, enjoying at the same time the benefit of the cure.

The Swiss Federal Council have given their patronage to the scheme and granted a credit of £20,000 for the purpose, thus endowing twenty beds.

Dr. Vauthier, accompanied by M. F. G. Micheli, has met during his stay in London numerous personalities of the Indian Round Table Conference and obtained from them and also from several British personalities wholehearted promises of support for his splendid enterprise.

#### CITY SWISS CLUB.

It was New Year's Day in the Clubhouse.

That day in all the year

When our hearts are filled with gladness

And our . . .

And as a matter of fact it was not New Year's Day but the feast of Epiphany and ck was grumbling as usual and not finding anything better about which to grumble rouspetait tant qu'il pouvait parceqn'il n'y avait pas de gâteaux des Rois and the President was just in the middle of wishing everyone the Compliments of the Season when ck began to doze and then the Secretary began to read the minutes of the Annual Banquet and he was just about to read what everyone had said when he remembered that it was all in the *S.O.* and so there was no need for him to do so and ck began to have a nice dream about all the thrilling articles he was going to write for the *S.O.* during the coming year and how gentlemen prefer blondes but ck prefers brunettes but then ck is not a gentleman or at any rate so some of the correspondents of the *S.O.* once seemed to think and so it does not matter and then he thought of all the letters all the Jeannettes and Marys and other ladies were going to write and how he was going to reply to them and what Mr. B. would look like if he was clean shaven and what Mr. D. would be like if he wore a beard and what ck would be like if he had any hair on the top of his head but then hair