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his power of leading the world, steadily and steadfastly, the world itself could not go quite mad, at any rate not for long. Are we still so sure of that? Doubt is raised by those "head-lines" again, ament which I wrote some weeks ago, but we still find that the finer elements of the English Nation, and by English I naturally mean the British, have it in their power to keep that moral leadership of the world which, as I said, a short while ago, seemed to be the undisputed, nay undisputable prerogative of the British race. But, the immediate future will be watched anxiously by us who love England and the English and who wish them well, not for their sake only, but for the sake of the whole, sorely tried human family.

The *Lausanne Reparations Conference* has been hamstrung, pour le moment. It is not our privilege, nor duty, to blame one side or the other for the vexatious delays that crop up and, like sand thrown into machinery, produce friction. Let us hope that Lausanne will yet be able to have its proud name associated with a successful Reparations Conference and meanwhile, also with a view to showing the article to some of your English friends, let us see what the Dundee Courier & Advertiser write about

**If You Went to Lausanne:**

When travellers learned that it had been arranged to hold the Reparations Conference at Lausanne they smiled a knowing smile.

"Lausanne, why Lausanne?" said the uninitiated. To them it was only a town in Switzerland with a wireless station that transmitted some excellent programmes.

But those who had made the pilgrimage to Switzerland knew why the diplomats had decided on Lausanne, and congratulated them on their good sense.

The Reparations Conference, whether it takes place on January 25th or whether it is postponed, will be fraught with issues that affect the whole world.

*History and Modern Luxury.*

What better place, then, than Lausanne? It is easily accessible; it has the conference tradition; it has the necessary qualification of being in Switzerland; and it has unrivalled scenic attractions.

If diplomats cannot arrive at a wise decision in this town of many charms they certainly will not do it anywhere else on this earth.

Lausanne, beautifully situated on the southern slopes of the Jura Mountains, close to the northern shore of Lake Geneva, is a delightful mixture of the old and the new.

History jostles side by side with the comfort and luxury of 1932.

It has a beautiful Gothic cathedral, which was begun in the 10th century and was not completed till three centuries later, and some of the finest hotels in Europe.

*Gardens and Golf.*

You would revel in its numerous gardens, some of which command magnificent views, and if you are a golfer you would be playing on a course higher than Mount Battock and nearly as high as Mount Keen. You would get electric cars to take you up to its 3,000 feet level.

*Famous Scholars.*

The Cathedral of Notre Dame is the crowning glory of Lausanne and the finest example of medieval ecclesiastical architecture in the country. This church was the scene of the dispute between Calvin, Farel, and Viret in 1536, a dispute that was to have important repercussions, leading, as it did, to the introduction of the Reformation into the city.

Lausanne has for centuries been renowned for its educational facilities. The university, as such, dates only from 1890, but as an academy it dates from 1537.

Many famous scholars have been attracted by the antiquity of the city and the charm of the surrounding district.

Notable among these was Gibbon, the English historian. The house in which he wrote the greater part of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is still shown.

*A Famous Dish.*

But Lausanne has much more to offer the tourist than historical associations, fascinating though the study of its old buildings may be.

Perhaps even more famous than its cathedral and castle — though one says it at the risk of sacrilege — is the dish "fondue au fromage," of which Lausanne is the natural home.

There is a real art in making and a greater art in eating this dish. To make it you require just a suspicion of garlic, chopped Gruyeres cheese, salt, pepper, and white wine, in which the other ingredients are boiled.

It is served in a semi-liquid state, bubbling with goodness, in an earthen pan. Into this appetising mess one plunges a fork on which is speared a piece of bread. When the bread is well saturated it is withdrawn and cooled by the simple process of waving it in the air.

This is by no means easy, for Lausanne law casts dark looks on those who spill their cheese. Even if you manage to avoid spilling it yours croubles are not ended, for you have an excellent chance of burning your lips with the molten cheese. But when you have mastered the art you will understand why people go to Lausanne. The cheese fondue season begins in autumn.

*A Town Crier.*

Another very old custom that intrigues visitors is the hourly announcing of the time from the cathedral tower. There is something curiously reminiscent of the East in this almost seven-centuries-old practice, which is carried on day in day out amid the comfort and modernity of present-day Lausanne.

During the day one can scarcely distinguish the voice of the crier, but in the evening it floats over Lausanne clear and musical from the tower of the cathedral.

*Importance of a Tunnel.*

To-day Lausanne has over 67,000 inhabitants, whereas in 1803 it had less than 10,000, and less than half a century ago little more than 33,000.

The opening of the Simplon tunnel in 1906 gave a big fillip to the prosperity of Lausanne, and greatly increased the commercial importance of the town, which is now on the international highway from Paris to Milan.

Lausanne manufactures tobacco and machinery and the chocolate which one always associates with Switzerland.

At least two important treaties have been signed at Lausanne, so that there is justification for saying that the town has the conference tradition.

**NEWS FROM THE COLONY.**

**NOUVELLE SOCIETE HELVETIQUE SWISS INSTITUTE ORCHESTRA.**

We are in luck's way! A no less pleasing than extraordinary coincidence will probably produce for us one of the finest entertainments that could possibly be presented to the Swiss Colony in London.

Subject only to his accepting our invitation, we hope to grace the forthcoming literary and musical evening on the 17th February at Conway Hall, by not one but actually two of the greatest of our literary men of Switzerland. The evening will be of such a national character as we cannot hope to see frequently. While Mr. Jean Bard will give us a recital in French during the first half of the evening, we shall actually be able also to enjoy a similar recital but in schwyzerdütsch by no less a person than Mr. Alfred Huggenberger.

Next week's article in this column will give those who do not know Mr. Huggenberger's work, an idea of his life and literary activities. We shall also then be in a position to definitely confirm the arrangements which are now "en train."

In any case a celebrity like Monsieur Jean Bard appearing in the first half of the evening, will already be a great attraction, but the combined appearance of two celebrities on the same evening will be a red letter day for the Swiss Colony in London.

It is very greatly to the credit of Mr. Dick and the Swiss Orchestra to agree to such an unexpected change of the programme, but as a matter of fact we shall not be deprived of the pleasure of the main features of their programme. Miss Bindschedler will still give us the Mozart Concerto separating the two literary portions and we shall hear the Orchestra at the beginning and at the end of the evening in their usual fine fervour.

We believe that this function will attract the Colony to a degree that few entertainments could, and we also believe that the memory and joy of the evening will last for a long, long time in our minds.

**CITY SWISS CLUB BRIDGE COMPETITION.**

Entries for this competition are now closed. There are 14 competitors who have to play thirteen rubbers each. So far Weil is the only player who has completed his games; his total score of 84 looks promising though Chapuis with an average of 7.8 and seven more rubbers to play has a good chance of beating him. Billeter's chances for the boobie prize are waning as his friend Smith seems to aspire to these honours.

The following are the comparative scores, the figure in brackets indicating the number of rubbers played so far: Chapuis (6) 7.8, Weil (13) 7.2, Meili (9) 7, Schorno (11) 6.5, Kaiser (12) 6.4, Boehringer (12) 5.3, Bernheim (8) 5.2, Newman (5) 5, Jobin (11) 4.7, Frei (10) 4.5, Senn (6) 3.2, Maeder (10) 2.6, Billeter (9) 2.1 and Smith (2) 0.

**SWITZERLAND IN LONDON.**

In one of the recent numbers of the *Swiss Observer* I saw an advertisement which was headed "Come to see Switzerland in Soho." I felt rather a wee bit sceptic, was, — I reasoned to myself, — somebody trying to pull the legs of the readers of this famous paper, or was it a "bona fida" invitation to all those, who, by reason of currency inflation and increased fares, will have to follow Mr. Snowden's advice to be patriotic and to stay at home.

A reporter's job is to find out, and so it happened that I wended my way to the Swiss Hotel, 53, Old Compton Street, W., in order to get a glimpse of my native country. "Right down in Soho."

Was there going to be a "yodding" landlord to greet me, would sweet buxom maidens present me with Alpenrosen and Edelweiss, would there be a "Buremusig" to render musical honours? All these questions, and many more I asked myself when entering the precincts of Soho.

Now I do not wish to mislead any of my readers, and I therefore state right away, that the landlord did not "yodde" when he saw me, (I do not blame him for that) nor did the buxom ladies throw Alpine flowers at me. Instead of a peasant band, playing the tune "Gott zum Gruss," a barrel organ outside played: "You are my heart's delight," a very appropriate melody indeed, and a grateful glance was sent to those quarters, where handsome ladies, not in Swiss costume, were awaiting my orders. Now I call this very good stage management, and I could not expect a heartier welcome even in real Switzerland.

Having overcome the emotion of this unexpected reception, the sight-seeing began. I saw before me a large picture depicting the "Matterhorn," in its entire splendour and glory, at the foot of which was nestling a little mountain village. The church and some of the dwelling-houses were lit up, giving the whole an atmosphere of grandeur and peace. I am not, and never was an alpinist, but in spite of my ignorance, I have rather some misgivings as to what is going to happen to that effigy of "Jonnie Walker" which is placed in front of the painting walking with sprightly steps towards the sun-kissed heights. His white tights and top hat will be hardly a suitable equipment in which to conquer the King of the Alps. —

But there are other pictures in that "Alpine Parlour," not all typically Swiss, there is, *f.i.*, on one side of the wall a portrait of that famous warrior General Kitchener, and its presence rather puzzled me, but when I noticed opposite a photograph of a Swiss Landsturm (or was it Landwehr) soldier, which strikingly resembled "myne Host," I jumped to the conclusion that this was an allegorical illustration with some deep meaning, but known only to my host. The picture of a sweet Lady, *now also Swiss*, was a welcome relief from the one depicting, the Devils Bridge, with its horrors, which hung above.

But that it not all of "Switzerland in Soho," in the Bar Parlour hangs a reproduction of a picture, which I have often admired in Switzerland; it shows a chain of mountains at sunset, and in front lies the lovely lake of Lucerne. I was greatly interested to learn that the original is from the brush of the proprietor's brother.

There are also various copper plate engravings depicting the heroic deeds of William Tell, which proves that the owner of the Swiss Hotel is not only an excellent Hotelier, but also a good patriot. Then one's eyes meets a lovely little Chalet, surrounded by a rockery, quite a masterpiece, and this little mountain dwelling place has brought back to me a host of sweet memories of wanderings amongst the beautiful surroundings of my native land.

And then the numerous bottles with their precious contents, there was..... no, on second thoughts, I have decided not to divulge the goodness of it all, I want my readers to go there and find out for themselves. They will not regret their visit to "Switzerland in Soho," it is, of course, not quite the real thing, (but can we ever find an adequate substitute?) but it is a place where we can feel for a few minutes, at least, at home, and amongst our own folk; also we do not risk getting sea sick, (at least I hope not), nor do we get worried by porters and customs officials, therefore I recommend to all those who are for one reason or another unable to visit Switzerland this year to go to Soho, "its cheaper and it is patriotic," and it answers our slogan

"BUY FROM SWISS"