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## NEWS FROM THE COLONY.

## UNION TICINESE.

## OUTING TO SOUTHSEA.

With the nearest approach to punctuality, which one can reasonably ask for the assembling of 110 individuals, three motor-coaches of luxurious type took off from 74, Charlotte Street, W., on Sunday, the 18th instant, carrying a gay party of members of the Unione Ticinese, accompanied by their families and friends, to Southsea for the annual summer outing.

An overcast sky and a gusty wind did not, from the early morning, let us entertain any high hopes as to the amount of sunshine to be expected, and the majority turned up well equipped with raincoats, umbrellas and warm wraps as protection against any untoward surprise the clerk of the weather might be keeping in store.

The still deserted streets of the Metropolis were soon left behind, and the coaches, keeping a comfortable speed, allowed the occupants to enjoy to the full the sights presented by the pleasant English countryside; the deep set green of the meadows and pasture land providing a vivid contrast to the lighter shades of the foliage of the trees and of the shrubberies on the way-side.

The indifferent weather seemed to call forth a general apathy in Nature; no birds to be heard singing in the trees and the cows out in the meadows were not grazing, but lying indolently, the empty stare of their wide glaucous eyes fixed on no object in particular, and at all unconcerned either of the tree tops swaying in the wind or of the noisy traffic on the road.

Guildford was reached in an hour, and from there, avoiding the green mass of the Hog's Back, we sped on towards Godalming on the River Wey.

The leaden clouds which in the meantime had been gathering closer and closer, obscuring the far view, released at this point the first down-pour since the journey started. The spirits of the participants were by no means damped, whilst a patch of clear sky on the far horizon rekindled hopes that at our journey's end more favourable weather conditions might obtain.

On leaving Surrey, the Portsmouth Road, as it rises towards the highest point of the South Downs, marks the boundary between the Counties of West Sussex and Hampshire. The scenery revealed, once the top has been reached, can well rival in its beauty and in the spaciousness of the view on to the surrounding green vales, and the distant lines of hills, some of the lesser famous panoramas of our native Alps.

A short halt at the Seven Thorns Hotel allows us to stretch our legs and to take refreshment of a non-alcoholic nature.

At one o'clock we make our entry into Ports-

mouth. We pass along the high stone wall encircling the Dockyard, from the open gates of which we catch a glimpse of the grey funnels of a mighty man-o'-war lying at her moorings.

At our headquarters for the day, the Café Royal, at Palmerston Road, Southsea, we are warmly welcomed by the proprietor, Mr. C. Ferrari, whose beaming face betrays the joy of renewing old acquaintances and of making new ones.

Without further ado all sit down to appease the appetites which had been whetted sharply by the chilly air and the long coach ride.

The excellent antipasto misto had all the elements of the succulent antipasti that mark the beginning of most of the generous meals with which we are welcomed back on visits to our homes in our native Ticino.

Towards the end of the dinner Mr. Elvezio Albertolli, with a pleasant little speech, part of which he delivered in Italian, extended to the party the official greetings of the numerous colony of erstwhile inhabitants of Semione, an important centre of the Valle di Blenio, now resident in Portsmouth and Southsea.

Miss Albertolli then entertained the diners with their songs, which she sung with much gusto, especially the first one (interspersed with one or two misspellings), a Ticinese folksong, was enthusiastically applauded.

Excusing himself for having to make yet another speech, our President, Mr. W. Notari, then rises to express the official thanks for the efficient organisation of the outing to Mr. R. Orelli and to his coadjutors, Messrs. Togni and C. Bolla, and for the excellent fare to Mr. Ferrari.

With sincere feelings of regret the audience then heard of his intention to transfer on to other shoulders the arduous duties of the Presidency of the Society that he, for so long, has so worthily performed.

The time between 3 and 5.30 p.m. instead of being devoted to sea bathing, trips to the Isle of Wight, and so on, was inexorably spoilt by the persistently bad weather. The majority had to be satisfied with a leisurely walk along the sea front, a visit to the Clarence or South Parade Piers, keeping, of course, constantly an eye on convenient places that at the shortest notice would offer shelter from the frequent and copious showers.

After tea, Mr. Ferrari, in a short but appropriate speech, thanked the party for the visit for which he felt honoured, and he can well rest assured that, seeing the way we were treated, the many to whom this was the first call will not let it be the last.

On the way home the songs in which our folklore is rich came into their due, and what the singers lacked in harmony they made up in youthful zest.

*cusj.*

## THE NEW SWISS BROADCASTING STATION.

Switzerland's latest station is that on Monte Ceneri. It has recently been testing on various long-medium and long waves. Its first wave of 680 metres had to be abandoned, as it was causing interference with shipping traffic; the next wave it tried — that of Geneva, 760 m. — also caused interference with existing services, and so it fled up to 1,140 metres, where it will probably remain until the Lucerne Conference decides on its future wave. The Emettore Nazionale Monte Ceneri, as the station is officially termed, is due to begin a regular broadcasting service as soon as the Lucerne Conference closes and its wavelength has been decided upon.

The station itself is a 15 kW Marconi transmitter, and is situated on the pass of Monte Ceneri, in the middle of the fortified territory there. For that reason no foreigners are allowed to visit the station. I am told that the view from the top of the aerial masts, which are 400ft. in height, is excellent. Locarno and Bellinzona can be seen on one side, and Lugano on the other. The situation is over 2,275ft. above sea-level, and certainly gives the station considerable range.

## Famous Bell as Interval Signal.

The studios, together with the offices of the recently-founded Swiss Broadcasting Company, the Ente Autonomo per la Radiodiffusione nella Svizzera Italiana, are situated in Lugano, on the outskirts of the town, on the way to the railway up the Monte Bré. Standing on the roof of the building one has a very complete view of the Lido bathing strand, of the football ground and tennis courts — an ideal spot, in fact, for running commentaries of sports events.

The building is painted brown outside. It contains four studios: a speech studio, a medium studio for chamber music, the large studio, and the announcer's "den," which is combined with the gramophone recital table as at nearly all Swiss stations. The interior decoration of the main studio strikes an original as well as a tasteful note. The walls are a deep yellow, the broad beams supporting the ceiling are dark red, and the curtains and hangings are of pearl grey.

In order not to make announcements too long it has been decided to announce "Radio Svizzera Italiana." The opening signal is the sound of a gong, struck once, and the interval signal is one of the most beautiful I have heard. It consists of a faithful reproduction of the bells of a typical Tessin church, the Campana di Pazzalino, a church in the old Roman style, not far from the studio building. At present a gramophone record reproduces the sound, but in the near future special metal tubes will be installed, and these will be struck, during the intervals, by the swing of a pendulum in a standard grandfather clock.

Eminence, Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, accept a free heel from such ordinary beings as a haberdasher or ironmonger? It has never been disclosed, though, how many of the Delegates, unfortunately this time, had to stay away from the King's Garden Party at Windsor Castle, on account of having gone through a divorce court?

Delegates and divorce courts, necessarily, bring us to the subject of hair growth. Did you know that everybody should grow a little more than a quarter of a pound of hair on the head every year? providing that one is not too emotional. The big hair doctors have found out that all baldness proves temperament, either having been suppressed or let "loose" too easily—in bygone days.

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And no matter how hard we tried to keep the ladies out of this week's gossip, here they are again. It will be possible in the very near future for any member of the fairer sex to be completely "made over." The new designs, if we may call them so, will far surpass the old ones like rouge and lipstick, dyed hair and tinted finger-nails. Even in London, eyelashes are being sold already, and detachable finger-nails which can be "laid on." Perfect half-moons are supposed to be one important feature. New York now brings demountable lips and noses. You wonder what finally will be left of the original girl—well there was a time, not so far away, when paddings and air-cushions were fashionable. And thinking that all this is done merely to please those ungrateful males?

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There was a bit of a gloom in the air this week, and many a friend we met thought he did not feel so well. Oh, yes we know there is Quarter Day on the 25th, and that the word "tax" comes from the Latin "taxare," meaning "to touch sharply." No further wisecracks are needed, except that car loadings improved by 65%, the pig iron production increased by 65%, and that tin and rubber shares are on the up and up.

*Mops.*

## LONDON GOSSIP.

## MIDSUMMER WEEK.

We were all so frightfully busy with ourselves and other people's affairs that we did not even notice midsummer day—come and go. And that is just as it happens with life. Before we think of it, it has been June 21, for all of us. Tragic it is, to have to realize and admit in the autumn of life that the day, when the sun was longest above the horizon, has been lost on trifles and values that did not matter.

Whether or not success is reached, however, depends very much on what is meant by success individually—but somehow the meant is progressing upon the individual failures and misfortunes as well. And looking from the stars, it must seem that each and every one has done his part, whether he be materially proud of it, or whether he be a self-accurring loser. We are, in fact, all winners when we have to say Good-bye!

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In spite of the last few years of depression and growing pessimism, some men have not been afraid to show again a lead into the future by making mankind aware of what has been accomplished in the nearby past. The Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago is just what its name implies—a brilliant visualisation of the advances in science and industry during the last hundred years. We are told that there are 82 miles of spectacular exhibits in more than five hundred elaborate displays. Our friends write of jewels they saw, and of the processes by which they are being wrested from the earth, of milky latex, flowing from a tree, becoming rubber, of the latest improvements in telephone technique, including a demonstration of how one wire can carry nine messages at once—and more and more wonders. Round the world you go, and far back into the past. There is no room for conceit, they continue, only for admiration and joy to be alive and to

work, no matter how humble one's task may seem, towards some ultimate purpose.

One of these "ultimate purposes" is, incidentally on sale in Harrod's. It is a cunning device which surely is a treat for all the lazy folks who don't want to get up before breakfast—and who does? When going to bed, you simply set the clock for the time you want to have your tea. The clock then starts the flame under the tea-kettle, and when the water boils it runs automatically into the teapot. The lid of the teapot shuts, starts the alarm, and there you are—Good morning. The whole mechanism is sold for £4 5s. We have immediately started to make inquiries for an automatic shaving device, a self-acting toothbrush, and something that would help to catch the morning 'bus in time—but without results, so far.

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"Man of good reputation too,

At least regarded so by many,

Who sell, ye gods, it is too true,

A maid of honour for a penny."

sounds rather shocking. But these "maids of honour" don't object in the least, being nothing less nor more than "honourable" cheese cakes, sold at the "original shop" in Richmond. The name originated 200 years ago through Henry VIII, who, seeing Ann Boleyn and some maids of honour eat "quantities" (oh, those good old days) of these cakes, and not being able to find out what they were indulging in, baptised the cakes "maids of honour." So they are called up to this date. Why then should we call them at home so very ordinarily: "Chäs Chüchli."

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The World Economic Conference has done a great deal for the City of London. There is talk of a trade boom for stores and shops and restaurants, in spite of the fact that the delegates did not take much notice of the invitations issued by the City Livery Companies the other day. That just shows what a whale of a difference there is in the "looks" of a name. After all, how could His