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carried his instrument, which in so many of us awakened sweet memories of yesteryear, from the stage, amongst long and loud applause.

The first part of the programme finished with two songs (Espoir et Bonheur by Silcher and A la montagne by Bischoff-Ghiliouma) under the efficient conductorship of Mme Weber.

An interval of an hour was then announced in order to allow the artists, and their audience to look after their material requirements.

In the "Foyer" a number of stalls were set up containing the most tempting delicacies, such as strawberries and cream, delicious pastries, ices, sandwiches, coffee bar, and last but by no means least, a kitchen where most appetizing hot sausages were cooked and handed out, the latter stall seemed to me to be the principal attraction. As in former years the catering was entrusted to Mr. and Mrs. A. Schmid from the Glendower Hotel, and I am sure, everybody will agree, that no better choice could have been made; the refreshments supplied were excellent, and the service most efficient; it is not an easy undertaking to cater for nearly a thousand people in the bare space of an hour.

During the interval the Swiss Orchestral Society regaled the audience with some popular Swiss tunes, in which, on the invitation of the conductor, everyone joined in singing.

The second part of the programme was started by the "William Tell" Overture from Rossini, and the Orchestra, and its popular conductor Mr. P. Dick, are to be congratulated on their fine performance. The Colony can indeed be proud to possess an orchestra of such fine quality.

Mlle. F. Keller, with her "Vaudoiserie" and Mr. E. Wirz in "Jung and Alt" Fabel earned much applause on their excellent performances.

A Swiss concert without some yodeling is almost unthinkable, and the organisers were lucky in having been able to supply this want in the person of Mr. F. von Bergen, whom many might have heard previously, either at some of the Swiss functions, or over the wireless. Mr. v. Bergen is a fine singer, and the three songs which he sang were greatly appreciated.

The Swiss Choral Society, under its sympathetic conductor Mr. E. A. Seymour, sang two songs; they are not a large choir, but what they lack in numbers, they make up in the quality of their singing. The "Abendglocken" by Franz Abt was sung with great feeling, sincerity and earned much applause. Mr. M. E. Seymour, then played Lemmens' "Marche Triomphale" on the organ, and I hardly need mention, that he gave an excellent rendering of this fine composition.

In summing up, I wish specially to direct the attention of our readers to the wood-cut on the programme, and on the postcards, which is the work of our compatriot M. Pierre Savoie, it is a fine piece of work, and does great credit to the artist.

It is the privilege of the Press to criticize, but there is in fact very little criticism to be done, I for one greatly missed the performance of the Sunday School children, which in former years, used to be such a splendid and much appreciated

turn, perhaps next year we shall once again see our "little ones" on the platform.

I might perhaps mention one little occurrence which somehow irritated me.— The spacious platform, which, as it ought to be, is in full view of the audience, contains two doors, one on the left and one on the right hand side, these doors were frequently used, by gentlemen going in, and it so happened, no doubt by coincidence, that when one entered by one door, another one emerged by the other, which struck me as rather amusing; then a number of frantic signals were issued from the corners of the platform, which reminded me of my army days, when we were signalling to distant bodies of troops, some movements of the enemy; these physical exertions might have been necessary, I do not know, but it certainly distracted the attention of the audience from the performing artistes, and thus proved to be rather irritating. To avoid these, in a way small disturbances, I suggest that they should be in future embodied in the programme as a special turn. The "going in and coming out" might be billed as "The Simplon Express" and to render it more attractive, the orchestra should play Honnegger's "Pacific No. 231." The "signalling" might appear under the following heading: "Lost mountaineer trying to attract the attention of rescue party" whilst the orchestra plays the well-known melody "Von ferne sei herzlich gegrüsst," this, I am sure would be an improvement. —

Otherwise it was a most successful entertainment, and I am glad to hear that the financial result is quite satisfactory.

The Committee certainly deserves the thanks of all those, who through their efforts, were privileged to spend a few happy and carefree hours amongst their compatriots. It has been said so often that many of our countrymen, are turning up to this annual event, whom one never sees at any other functions, and I sincerely hope that the atmosphere of homeliness which prevailed, will induce at least some of them to give their support also to some other functions in the Colony as it is now, more than ever necessary, that we Swiss stick together, to face with a united front, and with one purpose, some of the knotty problems, which are of vital interest to all foreign residents in this hospitable country.

In concluding I wish to say that the 64th Fête Suisse was once again a great success.

ST.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

By Kyburg.

Now that the Great Conference is sitting in London, now that Representatives of very nearly all the Nations of the Earth are meeting in order to discuss the ways out of the terrible crisis which is afflicting us all, it is, perhaps, open to a Swiss to dream of the wonderful future in store for mankind, provided this World Conference acts in the spirit of the old mottoes which have, to its lasting benefit, ruled the Swiss people.

would seem that the expenditure was in vain. Yet there is a little country of rich and poor, of people of different races and languages who are governed by the one thought of being Swiss, whether they are at home or as a little group somewhere out in the world. Everybody is nationalistic to-day, and patriotic to-morrow, of course, — but with the Swiss it is a quiet, mutual understanding — even, if they do not seem to like each other very much, occasionally.

* * *

Just because the American delegates got a bit messed up with the English language should by no means give birth to an all around pessimism, as some news papers try to make believe already, with regard to the success of the World Economic Conference. After all is said and done, it surely is America's privilege to follow her own course in respect to currency inflation and other matters about which the nations of the world are conferring in the "Zoological" Museum in Kensington. Besides, there is always a chance that two "view-points" may meet sooner or later at a crossroad. It is with politics just as it is in family life. Any son, if he happens to be strong and "fundamentally" healthy, wants to have his own way against father's advice. Sometimes these youngsters agree with their parents, when they need medical assistance for swollen eyes and broken noses — but still they will always know better.

* * *

On the other hand, however, those of us who pride themselves on being graduates of the school of hard knocks, who still cling to the idea of being thoroughly practical, may well ponder the words of Dr. Robert Hutchins "as has been amply demonstrated in recent years," he says, "practical men are those who practice the errors of their

One for All and All for One.

This Swiss motto has been further explained by the great poet Schiller in his "William Tell" where he makes one of the three confederates say: "Wir wollen sein ein einzig Volk von Brüdern, in keiner Not uns trennen und Gefahr."

And this, I think, would be my text, had I been invited to address the Delegates of the Nations of the Earth.

The last decade has shown us that, economically, the Nations of the Earth are interdependent. There are some, it is true, who even to-day, close their eyes wilfully to the obvious facts, but they, riding hobby horses of their own, like children, and playing Struwwelpeter in the World's Kindergarten, need not be taken seriously, except when their mischievous antics become a real danger to the public peace. I am referring to the Empire-mongers, not here alone, but in various countries, to those scribes whose pens have been bought by vested interests and whose opinions, penned with such poisoned weapons, are demonstrably wrong and very often contradictory.

But, on the whole, the world knows to-day that if one member of the human family suffers, the others are likely to suffer too, and that the well-being of the one rests on the well-being of all.

The World Conference has the task of furthering the well-being of all. In attempting this task, it will have to ascertain the ills besetting its individual members, because the elimination of these individual ills, will lead to the well-being of the whole community.

Platitudes! Perhaps. But platitudes are necessary when you want to make progress. Unless you can teach the World to visualise the future, its future, you won't get far, and to force the World to take such long views it is necessary to use platitudes.

Had I a say in these matters, I would force the attention of the Delegates to this World Conference on the above cited motto. I would hammer it into their heads that they are not in London as delegates of their own countries only, but as Delegates of the Human Family and that, as such, they have a responsibility graver than many a King has ever had.

These Delegates can save the World. They can only do so if they subordinate the claims of their individual countries to the major claims of the World as a whole.

That requires the ability to look ahead, the wisdom of trained experience, the courage of a man strong enough to abide by the dictates of his conscience and fortified by his faith in the destiny of mankind.

One single people of brethren. That is the vision that must inspire the Delegates.

Utopia is a nice word. So convenient to quieten the dreamer who sees vision, so easy a word to flatten him out in conversation and to score over him and make him the laughing stock of the company. But the Utopia of to-day is the reality of to-morrow, and if it had not been for the dreamers, where would the World be to-day?

The man who is ashamed of speaking his thoughts, because they might be called Utopian by his fellow-men is never a leader, never a wise

forefathers. The man, who is sometimes right, studies the practices of practical men. If he wishes to stay right, he does not practice them!" — There is sound meat for us all in these remarks. Few are able to put aside personal ambitions or desires sufficiently to give themselves a true picture of any problem in their line. And now is the time we need true pictures and unbiased suggestions. With all deference to the wisdom of our forefathers, we must remember that we are facing problems far different from theirs in many ways. — The way to be really practical to-day is to refuse to be hampered by practices of the past.

* * *

But what the world and every human being needs most of all — is constructive optimism. We do not mean that optimism that makes people sit down, looking at the far blue hills, dreaming of that motorear, that rise in salary or that new dress. This kind of optimism is as cheap as the pessimism that tries, unintentionally maybe, to drip the poison of defeat into the roots of all beginning. — When religion is no longer taught for the purpose only to make people unafraid of death, but unafraid of life instead, when faith and hope are not merely conceived as beautiful words, and pluck and perseverance cease to be understood only as things of the war — then we shall become constructive optimists. And we shall no longer look at monetary problems, over-production and under-consumption as a crowd of Messrs. "Cannots" Ltd. — badly in need of Eno's Fruit Salt.

* * *

And after all these beautiful things which incidentally everybody knows, were said once more, the world-improvers, very much pleased with themselves arose from their seats, shook hands — and had another drink before they left.

Mops.

LONDON GOSSIP.

— ANOTHER WEEK —

Young and old is quite willing to bring home a real "pain in the neck" from Hendon's Annual Air Pageant. — The smoke screen display was not offered this year, since the sky itself was a screen of smoky grey. But it would seem that not even a nasty rain could keep an "air-minded" crowd away. The roaring of those flying birds, no doubt, is music and the secret power in those wings, is mystery. — We accept so easily that man has conquered the air, that we are Kings of the ether, but do we actually conceive the wonder — as the Greeks saw their Gods disappear in the skys towards Olympus. It must have been a desire, for ever in human souls, to reach the stars. — And no matter how high the unobtainable, there is still another excelsior beyond.

* * *

And from the air we came back to the sea again. The Naval Pageant in Greenwich is another living book, telling of the spirit of man to conquer the unknown. Adventures and accomplishments are shown in a spectacular procession through the ages. And we did not forget either to think of the Swiss navy of long ago, fighting battles on our beautiful lakes!

* * *

And that brings us to the 64me Soiree annuelle Suisse de Londres in the Central Hall in Westminster. It was not a "spectacular" show of pomp and glitter, phrases and toasts, but a quiet trooping of the colours under the one flag of ours. And the achievement that lies beyond this emblem is as great as any accomplishment of man. — The world has sacrificed 10 million lives in one great war, for democracy — and often it