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and York. It is, of course probable that the unfavourable outlook of the weather had something to do with the poor muster of our Midland friends, as it was raining in torrents on Saturday until Sunday morning, but at the time of our departure on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, when it cleared up and our President's usual good luck, that he always was favoured by good weather with his parties was re-established.

At the very kind invitation of our esteemed Club member, Mr. E. Dommen, Manager of the world renowned firm of Nestlé, we made our first halt at Tutbury where we were received by Mr. Dommen, his charming daughter and his son. After a most interesting tour of inspection of the beautiful factory of Condensed Milk and kindred productions, Mr. Dommen with his usual generosity gave the party an *al fresco* treat of some of his productions including "Gruyère" or "Emmenthaler" Cheese which could not be surpassed as to quality, flavour and appearance, if it had been made in Switzerland itself, and hearty congratulations are due to the enterprise and success of our energetic and enterprising friend Mr. Dommen. The treat was greatly appreciated by all, and we must apologize to Mr. Dommen for the quantities of cheese and liquid refreshments which disappeared. I would mention that this is not the first visit of our Club at the invitation of Mr. Dommen, because we were at his place in Tutbury as far back as 1906, and this occasion is still vivid in the memory of the only two members attending the present party.

After the excellent "Znöni" or shall we call it Breakfast, we had to make a move to get to Matlock in time for our picnic of Sandwiches and other delicacies which our good Ladies had prepared for us at home. Unfortunately we had no time to explore the beautiful surrounding country or climb the two "Tors" or explore the old Leadmines, but the glorious drive from Matlock to the beautiful and picturesque Peak District of Derbyshire to Buxton amply compensated us for it and it was a treat to pass through "English" Switzerland.

In Buxton, at the Palace Hotel, we were regaled with a sumptuous "High" Tea which would have done justice to the most fervid epicure as to quality, service and quantity.

Alas, time was up all too soon and we had to think of getting ready for our return journey, to the Midland Metropolis, and after a short stay at the "Cow in Th' Thorns" which is one of the most interesting Hostels in Derbyshire, having existed since 1460, we reached our homes soon after 10 o'clock. There is no doubt that it was a most enjoyable outing, well managed by our President, Mr. Peter Brun, to whom our thanks are due, and I only wish that I had the talent and the descriptive power of the Editor of the Swiss Observer, to do it justice.

C.R.

LONDON GOSSIP.

— WIMBLEDON WEEK —

We just had to squeeze in at the Wimbledon Stadium on Saturday. We were not so lucky as to get tickets for the Centre Court, but we found 2 square inches of standing room. When we bent our knees low enough we practically faced the King and the Queen in their box; when we stood tip-toe we just missed the green and the players. — There was our favourite Cochet with whom we went through agonies until it was sure that he had beaten Jones. — Another silent prayer we had for Peggy Scriven to win — and it worked out, too. We analysed Satoh, Crawford and all the rest of them, and imagined ourselves knowing something about tennis. — A dapper, little Frenchman, de Borman was playing the doubles with Lacroix on court No. 2, against the Americans Stoeven and Sutter. De Borman had all the spectators and even the Umpire's smile on his side. He kicked his own "seat" with the racket whenever he made a mistake and did many other stunts, which all amused the crowd — but failed to make him win the match. By 6 o'clock we had flat feet, that not even "iced" lager would "re-inflate," and our eyes began automatically to turn left-right, left-right!

* * *

There are spectacular players in every game; they may get most of the applause, but they very seldom win. — It is very much the same in everyday life. Many work so hard, are always on the run with legs and arms and words, and even jump up a flight of stairs — without noticing the waiting lift. These are the "hustlers" who are always so busy — and always claim never to get a real chance. On the other side are the seemingly lazy "things," who appear mostly half asleep — and still get on top. There must be a supreme law of economy, not only as regards shillings and pence — but as well in respect to thoughts and deeds and everything. If you work too hard, you become ill, — if you eat too much,

MADAME PARAVICINI'S RECEPTION.

About 300 members of the Swiss Colony attended the Reception given at the Legation, by Madame Paravicini on Friday last, to meet Monsieur Stucki, Minister Plenipotentiary, and the Swiss Delegates of the Monetary and Economic Conference.

On this occasion the various reception rooms and offices of the Legation were thrown open for inspection.

KRISE UND LUXUS.

Beständig hören wir Klagen und Jammern über die Not und Schwierigkeiten der Weltwirtschaft. Gar mancher hat mit Sorgen zu kämpfen und mag nicht in die Zukunft schauen. Von schwerer Arbeit kommt und trifft Problemen nachsinnend, begegnen dem schweigenden Familienvater ein paar Damen nach neuester, auffallender Art gekleidet und lebhaft plaudern — ohne Sorgen und scheinbar glücklich. Gerne wird geflucht über solche Frauen, die für ihre Toilette ein halbes Vermögen ausgeben, über Leute, die sich Diener und Auto halten, sich jedes Vergnügen leisten, jede Modelaune mitmachen, kurz sich jeden Luxus gönnen, während der Nächste nicht Mittel und Wege weiß, um seiner Familie den Lebensunterhalt zu bestreiten, wenn diese Krise noch andauert. Nicht genug kann über die Verschwendungsucht und Herzlosigkeit der Vermöglichen bei dieser Not und Arbeitslosigkeit geklammert werden. Und mancher, der sich dies und das noch leisten könnte, verzichtet, — da es ja genug Elend in der Welt gebe. — Und doch, denken wir einmal, die vielen, und es sind ihrer wirklich viele, die vielen Reichen und Wohlhabenden würden ihre Bedürfnisse einschränken, die verwöhnte Frauenwelt die Toilette beschränken, Dauerwellen, kosmetische Artikel und allerlei modische Kleinigkeiten als überflüssig abschaffen — wie unendlich viele Näherrinnen, Schneiderinnen, Modistinnen, Coiffeuses und andere Spezialistinnen, Arbeiterinnen und Verkäuferinnen würden brotlos! Das Auto würde als unnötiger Luxus abgeschafft, Radio, Staubsauger, Eischrank etc werden als unnötig und überflüssig erachtet. Ja, was dann? Die vielen Folgen, die solche Denkungs — und Handlungsart haben würde, wären nicht auszudenken. Gesellschaftliche Anlässe würden auf ein Minimum beschränkt, um der Weltkrise gemäss leben zu können!!! Und dann?? Was haben die Bessertuerten dann noch zu tun? Zu arbeiten, und so viele Angestellte würden wiederum entlassen, was die Zahl der Arbeitslosen noch erheblich vergrössern würde. Nein, also lieber nicht weiter denken und die Leute, die es vermögen, ruhig ausgeben und verschwenden lassen, so kommt das Geld unter das Volk und mancher findet Arbeit. Lassen wir ruhig Patou und Agnès, Antoine und Jenny entwerfen, Mercedes und Rolls Royce, Bugatti

und Cadillac neue Modelle auf den Markt bringen, alle Errungenschaften auf technischem Gebiet aufzukommen und die Modewelt alle Neuheiten in Kosmetik, Schmuck, Schuhe und die hypermodernen Toiletten ausprobieren, tanzen wir Rumba, tragen wir Lachfrisur und Fohlenmantel — wenn wir nur alles mit unserem Gewissen ins Reine bringen können, — es ist doch schöner, überall, etwas Neues, immer etwas anderes, noch nie dagewesenes zu sehen, als wenn die Reichen und Bessergestellten in uniformen Kitteln durch die Straßen zögen und ihr Geld im Schranken hätten! — Schliesslich muss jeder mit seiner eigenen Haut zu Markt gehen! Und hoffen wir dass auch unter der modernsten Hülle ein edles Herz schlage und unter dem elegantesten Stulpenschuh eine recht freigiebige Hand den Armen und Darbenden gegenüber verborgen sei.

Mariann.

CHEAPER SWISS TRAVEL.

A special reduction of fares on the Swiss Federal Railways is authoritatively reported. This is in the region of a cut of 30 per cent., and will be in force between July 1st and September 15th. It applies to return and circular tickets issued in Gt. Britain. Already there has been a reduction of fares and the new concession brings the total saving up to 45 per cent. It does not apply to tickets purchased in Switzerland.

The higher, the fewer, of course.

But here is the exception. A report of the Swiss Alpine Club, just to hand, shows a great increase in mountaineering and in high Alpine excursions. The higher the more. During the past mountaineering season, the 113 hostels, situated at an average height of 8,000 ft., received 75,752 visitors. Of these, the most popular proved to be that of Corno, in the Levantine, with 2,716 visitors. The second favourite was the Britannia Hut, situated at 10,000 ft., above the Allalin glacier, between Zermatt and Saas. The Britannia Hut was presented to the Swiss Alpine Club by its British members twenty-three years ago, and in 1929 was enlarged, and re-opened in the presence of a great number of British climbers, under the leadership of General Bruce, of Mount Everest fame.

Tourist Facilities.

Switzerland awaits some definite result from the World Conference as anxiously as do the large nations that surround her. Their prosperity and well-being are to a great extent hers.

Her tourist and hotel business, one of, if not the most important of her sources of income, is for the moment badly hit. The political and financial instability of Germany has deprived her of the bulk of her summer visitors for the last two years, while England's difficulties have sadly reduced her British visitors, who for many years have formed the majority of her winter guests.

well — even if you think too hard it might do harm. The greatest men have all been such "economists" who never allowed themselves an unnecessary exertion, who did not waste a fancy thought, — who had somehow just everything "under control." And to the "hustlers" we might say that it does not matter so much what one does as what one gets done — and at the proper time. — Oh yes, we know that some of our "fastest" ones from Berne will find something in these lines to flatter themselves.

* * *

For those who keep on thinking too hard — so that wrinkles appear all over the face, a Dr. L. Berger in Paris has good news. This also will interest the ladies, since we know that our grandmothers used to get rid of wrinkles by clapping a raw beefsteak on the face! — The latest is a process of applying face-healing serums, such as horse serums, cow serums, lamb and pig serums to the skin. And it is said to be beyond doubt that organic pig serum, for instance, has locally a beneficial effect on the skin, making it fresher, more supple, rosier. — Should not our most eminent biologists be thanked for such a discovery?!

* * *

And, incidentally, have you noticed that little girls are in favour now. Big, soft blondes of former years are no longer wanted; they are considered as too spectacular, and we are given to understand that men are ashamed to be seen with them. — Should the "weaker" sex have realised by now that they get much easier what they want by appealing to the big, strong men for protection? — It sure seems to work nearly every time. The girl with that "selfmade man" expression never had a seat offered her in the Underground; but all the men were delighted to give the shy, little girl a big hand for across the street. — We dare not think of what all women could do with them if they only would find out how easy they are to be pushed or lead if "handled" from the proper angle.

Whether it be a fox terrier or just a human being — excuse that slip in the graduation — fate is surely kind to all happy, carefree little souls. We saw one of those cute little fellows of a dog chasing something that did not exist — somewhere in the lovely grass of the Park. Everything must have appeared so heavenly beautiful to him, the morning shadows which he tried to catch, the sounds of the wind in the leaves far above him, and then all those extremely interesting perfumes of hedges and trees. And then, following a sudden inspiration he decided, tail up, to run across the street. But a car came along in full speed and the little terrier somehow just seemed to disappear. — He was not even scratched; getting up on his wobbling legs, he shook himself, gave the "thing" that had turned him over a significant look — and was happy himself again.

* * *

And to conclude we should like to remind all those "personalities" in business, clubs, politics and churches anew of the mysterious "Rule No. 6." If you do not know about rule No. 6, here is the story:

It was during the war, that a general who was chairman of a certain commission, sent for a subordinate officer. In reply to the General's request as to what the facts were on a given question, the young officer did not confine himself to a specific answer, but elaborated on what his ideas were as to how the war must be won. After listening to this uninvited discourse for some minutes, the General brought the young officer to order with the sharp command: "Captain, you will please bear in mind rule No. 6 of this council!" The young man, somehow taken aback at his superior officer's sternness, inquired: "I beg your pardon, Sir, but what is rule No. 6?" The General's terse reply was: *Don't take your self too damn seriously!* — A politician observed that if rule No. 6 was so good, he should be glad to know what the rules from 1 to 5 were. The General replied: There are no others!

Mops.