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impartially, fairly and squarely and should any reader have found some or all of his quips unpalatable, just put it down to what some of his friends call "Max's nasty tongue!" Cheorio till next Season!

M.G.

CUPWINNERS 1933: F.C. BASEL.
CHAMPIONS 1933: SERVETTE.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Group 1.

	Goals			
	P. W.	D. L.	F. A.	Pts.
Grasshoppers	14	10	3	56
Basel	14	7	4	29
Lugano	14	6	4	18
Chaux-de-Fonds	14	7	1	16
Young Fellows	14	5	2	7
Urania	14	5	2	35
Biel	14	6	8	29
Carouge	14	1	2	11
Relegated to League I:	F.C.	Carouge.		4

Group 2.

	Goals			
	P. W.	D. L.	F. A.	Pts.
Young Boys	14	10	3	1
Servette	14	10	3	1
Lausanne	14	8	4	2
Concordia	14	6	3	5
Zurich	14	4	5	5
Blue Stars	14	3	2	9
Nordstern	14	3	2	9
Aarau	14	—	2	12
Young Boys	beat Servette	2	1	1
Relegated to League I:	F.C.	Aarau.		

Young Boys beat Servette 2:1 in the deciding match for the group-championship.

Relegated to League I: F.C. Aarau.

LEAGUE I.

Group 1.

	Goals			
	P. W.	D. L.	F. A.	Pts.
Bern	16	14	1	1
Grenchen	16	12	1	3
Etoile Ch. d. F.	16	8	2	6
Racing	16	8	1	7
Cantonal	16	5	5	6
Solothurn	16	6	2	8
Bözingen	16	4	2	10
Olten	16	3	2	11
Montreux	16	3	2	11
Promoted to National League:	F.C.	Bern.		
Relegated to League II:	F.C.	Montreux and F.C.	Olten.	

Group 2.

	Goals			
	P. W.	D. L.	F. A.	Pts.
Locarno	16	12	2	2
Bühl	16	11	3	2
Seebach	16	7	4	5
St. Gallen	16	7	4	5
Bellinzona	16	6	3	7
Luzern	16	4	5	7
Winterthur	16	5	3	8
Old Boys	16	3	5	8
Oerlikon	16	1	3	12
Promoted to National League:	F.C.	Locarno.		
Relegated to League II:	F.C.	Oerlikon and F.C.	Old Boys.	
Promoted from League II to League I:	F.C.	Juventus, Krenzlingen, Fribourg and		
Monthey.				

MAGIC TRIP TO SWITZERLAND.

From Britain to Switzerland and back in three days was recently the pleasant experience of a young Scotswoman. The time factor made a journey by air compulsory. Her impressions make interesting reading.

At Croydon there is no time for dallying (she says). I have my secret suspicions that the courteous officials speed the parting traveller across the space from 'bus to aeroplane in case among them there should be a latent craven who may elect to change her (or his — it has been known) mind at the eleventh hour, and decide to go to the Continent by the more prosaic surface route. Our floating hotel — for it is scarcely less in its sumptuousness — is straining at the leash. It is the Hengist, one of the "H" class, and the last word in luxury, efficiency and comfort.

We troop in, shepherded by a steward with an ambassadorial manner, and settle down in our roomy armchairs upholstered in cool blue. We do not tip our porters, for the good and simple reason that we did not require to engage any. Our luggage, for which we receive counterfoil, is looked after for us from the moment it is weighed until we arrive at our destination, and we travel carefree of the worry of what often turns out to be a troublesome encumbrance.

Before I have spread my papers on my ample table the air express claps spurs to its side, so to speak, and with a majestic dignity it taxies off, and almost immediately with no unpleasant sensation of speed we find ourselves climbing gently into the air while the aerodrome and huge hangars sink beneath us. Though I have on several occasions flown the Channel, the quietness and the smoothness of the giant liners come each time as a fresh revelation.

Speeding on Velvet Air.

Flying about 5,000 feet high, we come to the sea between Hastings and Bexhill, reaching the French side at Le Tréport and not Le Touquet, as I have hitherto done. The Channel is in turns a sheet of quicksilver and a great sapphire, satin cushion encrusted with diamonds. The sky is an azure canopy, and soon the water becomes a blended mosaic of gentian, turquoise and tourmaline indicolite.

There is little shipping to be seen on this route, and we are left unchallenged monarchs of a blue infinitude. It is magic — white magic — the very soul of the poetry of motion — to be skimming up there on velvet air speeding so easily and lightly to foreign lands. I feel a glad exhilaration and warm rush of gratitude that I have lived in this wonderful age of sky travel. I am no engineer, and to see the great wings cleaving the heavens is to me nothing short of a miracle which can never become ordinary and commonplace.

Now we see France, *La belle France*, indeed this smiling morning, with its sands "glistening like gold." A white battalion of tufted clouds sail serenely out to greet us.

Casinos, hotels and golf courses catch the eye as the aeroplane heads south on the remaining one hundred miles to Paris. Past the mud-banks of the Somme, past the historic forest of Crecy, we go and quickly overtop the railway junction at Abbeville. Soon the advance guard of Paris, the red-roofed suburbs, come out to meet us, and the Eiffel Tower points its great finger at us as we bend down to the large hangars of Le Bourget.

"Bang Goes Saxpence."

Here the real adventure of my flight begins. I leave the good ship Hengist with a feeling of regret, mixed with a pleasant thrill of anticipation for the new and greater enterprise in front of me.

I enter the restaurant of Le Bourget to buy some fruit. My marketing is not extensive, for my Scottish sense of thrift is outraged when "bang goes a saxpence" for a small orange. I am disappointed in our old ally, and trading negotiations are abruptly terminated.

The aeroplane into which I now step is an entirely different type of machine from the cross-Channel giant. It belongs to the "Atalanta" class, which is being used this summer on the Paris-Basle-Zürich route before going on tropical service in Africa, India, or somewhere else "East of the Suez."

Instead of the blue and cream upholstery of the Hengist, here are cool wicker chairs which can be by a simple contrivance, be adjusted to fit one's somnolence or alertness, as the case may be.

The "H" class has accommodation for 38 passengers; the "Atalanta" takes nine souls only, for its primary function is to carry mails, but it has also been designed for the comfort and security of passengers. Like a featherweight it mounts, spreading its wings over the boulevards and gardens of the French capital until we soar over the Marne, where "le boating" is in full swing.

Over secluded and exclusive châteaux we float, surmounting the well timbered district around Romilly; over the Valley of the Aube where it meets the Seine, until we look down on Brienne, with its white château dominating the country on the central hill.

After Luxeuil we sight the Vosges. The clouds commune with the mountain tops, but we climb higher. At this altitude the lakes are mere "dewdrops in the hollow of a leaf." Still we mount, and now we are above a cloudland like a great snowfield, with peepholes revealing dolls' towns

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with roads like bits of string linking them together.

Over strange, white pastures I ride, "like Arion on the dolphin's back." The clouds thicken and assume fantastic shapes. Some take on the semblance of monster mushrooms, while others have the appearance of a thousand tents in a military encampment. There are clouds like horseshoes, others white bushes or snow-laden trees — now it seems as if we were on a golf course with snow-covered hummocks and winding alleys, with here and there the dark earth showing through like a sable bunker.

Soon the world is entirely hidden; there is no hint of it. If the people of Mars are looking down on this part of our planet, I cogitate, they must believe it is enveloped in impenetrable snows. Streamers of vapour glide past us like a procession of ghosts to some white Inferno. But always there is the blue canopy above — "blue as Our Lady's gown."

Bathos.

Through vaporous clouds we fall. Has anything happened? My face perhaps registers perturbation.

The captain emerges from the cockpit. Has he come to tell me of some mishap? He stoops over me. "Blow your nose," he advises unromantically. "That will relieve any air-pressure on your ears," and at the same moment as he makes this prosaic remark I espied below me the green water of the Rhine and the well-built town of Basle springing up to us. Like a swallow we skim the river, circle over roofs and tree-tops, and glissade gradually to the ground.

There is a clean and airy restaurant at Basle aerodrome where a pot of good tea may be obtained — the qualifying adjective is not one that can be universally employed on the Continent to the cup that cheers. More potent beverages may also be had along with a substantial meal if the inner man has not been fortified on the cross-Channel plane, where one can breakfast, lunch or dine as in a first-class hotel. We wait, if my memory serves me correctly, about three-quarters of an hour at Basle, then mount again our aerial Pegasus.

Over happy-looking villages fringing the Rhine we fly. There is a delicate and almost impalpable breeze, and the sweet-scented air seems vibrant and living. There are a thousand fragrant exhalations and a potent fresh odour of green things. Everywhere the witch Spring has flung out her rich tapestries. The fertile domains seem limitless. Trees foam into a milliard specks and flecks of colour. Quivering lights come and go on the river, and the secret hiding places of Beauty are revealed. On we go — past pretty little Brugg on the Aare, with its islets round her, like a swan with its cygnets, near where is the Castle of Hapsburg, the ancestral residence of the late Austrian Royal Family.

As we head up the Valley of the Rhine with the mountains of Germany on one hand, the Juras loom up on the other. The Bernese Alps and the Engadine can be glimpsed on the right with their amber streams and their swift-running, blanched waterfalls.

Gracious Switzerland.

It is a lyric flight. The aeroplane is drumming out an exultant song of triumph for victory achieved. We are at our journey's end. We have reached Dubendorf Aerodrome.

Switzerland is in her most gracious mood. The translucent Zurich See smiles at us, and the River Limmat, which helps to feed it, sparkles at our approach. Entering a foreign country is often something of an ordeal by surface transport, but everything is made easy for the air traveller. The Custom House officials are considerate, and do not stir my belongings round like porridge, as has so often happened when I have arrived by a more commonplace mode of transport. I am escorted by genial and polite officials to the waiting 'bus, which runs us into Zürich, with its blue and white tramcars, and its policemen directing the traffic in blue and white enclosures to match.

Some people there are who assert that air travel is monotonous. For the seeing eye this is not so, for there is an everlasting variousness in light, in cloud, and in shade.

On my return journey when I lunched at Zürich, had tea at Le Bourget, dined in the air liner crossing the Channel in a terrific thunder-storm (but outside the danger zone), and arrived in London with an ample margin of time to catch the Scottish express, my experiences were totally dissimilar to the outward bound trip, but equally delightful.

From both journeys I have brought back a rich treasury of memories of beauty and space never before conceived.

Irish Times.

PERSONAL.

We have much pleasure to inform our readers, that the wedding of Miss Ruth Bertschinger, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Bertschinger of "Lyme Regis" 77, Wood Vale, N.10, with M. Marcel Pradervand of Payerne will take place on July 19th, at the Temple de Ressoudens, Canton de Vaud, Switzerland. We extend to the young couple our best wishes.