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THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

The following letter has been addressed by the Swiss Minister to the Presidents of the various Swiss societies in London—:

The general conditions of present times have unfortunately made it advisable again this year to abstain from organising a general gathering of the Swiss Colony in London in celebration of our National Festival, the FIRST OF AUGUST. It is a source of sincere regret to me to find myself thus deprived of the pleasure of spending a few hours with my compatriots in common commemoration of the founding of the Confederation.

But I will not fail to take this opportunity of sending you, Dear Compatriots, by means of these lines, a message of good wishes for the weal of your Society, yourselves and your families. I know that to-day your thoughts are with those in the Homeland where, at the inspiring sight of the mountain fires, every Swiss renews his vow of unflinching faith and allegiance to his beloved Country.

In times like the present ones the unswerving determination to do one's best for the common welfare is more than ever indispensable. This duty rests as much with those who are living abroad as with those at home. My relations during long years with your Society have given me ample proof of the loyal and devoted feelings of its Members to their Country and I know that in the future as in the past they will continue their work in a spirit of true and fruitful patriotism.

Believe me, Monsieur le Président and Dear Compatriots,

With patriotic greetings,
Yours sincerely,

(Signed) C. R. Paravicini.
(Swiss Minister).

LONDON GOSSIP.

— COWES WEEK —

That means that another "season" has come to an end for those who have the money or a titled father. The glittering shows and marriage markets are going to be closed after Cowes week, and mothballs will be set over disappointed hopes and broken hearts — to keep them alive for still another year. Those who can afford to defy time and space in spite of the depreciated value of the £, will move along — I believe, Venice is the next stop for a September season. It must be a tough job to keep up with the world of the wealthy, not to miss an occasion and to be at the proper spot somewhere on the planet, at the proper time. How fortunate are those, on the other hand, who only watch the court procedure from the side-walks, stand on a public park chair to look at a celebrity, and run along the streets to get a glance at some Daimler car with a stuffed monkey in it — and think of what an amount of money they save, too! Now, since all these thrills have practically come to a standstill for this year, we shall have to return to the beautiful parks of London to watch ourselves, and instead of indulging in idle talk about rich peoples' dresses, jewelry, love and other affairs we might gossip about our dear neighbours' children, or some friends of whom we positively know that they spend more on "keeping up appearance" than they can afford.

Cowes, incidentally, is a splendid affair. A friend of mine who has just come from there, assures me that he feels absolutely as if he could never go back to work again after what he had seen during 48 hours on somebody else's yacht. — He himself is a Lord who started a one-man garage some weeks ago in the West End on 7 pounds capital. There you are, where are you?—

* * *

La coupe est perdue. — I have been hoping all the way long for a miracle that would give those grand Frenchmen of the Tennis game yet another victory. Of course, I do not see any reason why England should not win the Davis Cup for once, providing the Daily Express is not making too much noise about it — but then you see, I had 5 shillings on France to win! Anyway the French lost, and so did I — but when I heard how they gave over the cup and the champion honours, I just had to quote Kipling's lines:

If you can take one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,

COLLEGE OF THE SWISS MERCANTILE
SOCIETY LIMITED.

For the first time since its inception the College held a First of August Celebration. An elaborate programme was prepared and the function, under the Chairmanship of the Principal, took place at the Union Helvetia, beginning at 2 p.m. Some 200 Students, gaily decorated with the First of August Badge, the proceeds of which this year are destined for the "Schweizerische Natur- und Heimatschutzbewegung," significantly displaying a marmot with a silk ribbon of the national colours. The Society was represented by Messrs. E. Hardmeier, A. C. Stahelin, J. J. Boos, J. H. Attinger, H. H. Baumann and F. Streit. The Teaching and office Staffs appeared in corpore, and the Meeting was also honoured by the presence of Mr. H. E. Weaver, External Examiner of the College.

Mr. E. Hardmeier, Chairman of the Education Committee, addressed the gathering and read a letter addressed to him by the Swiss Minister, Monsieur C. R. Paravicini, conveying a message of patriotic greetings. The Secretary, Mr. J. J. Schneider, with a fervent patriotic address, inculcated a real First of August atmosphere into the audience. Loud applause followed the speeches and there now followed item after item of a very interesting programme, such as Swiss songs, recitations and musical items. A "Schützbank" caused great merriment and items of particular interest were a recital in English of two scenes from Schiller's William Tell, performed by a number of students who had been very efficiently coached by a member of the Teaching Staff, and English community singing.

The innovation proved an unequalled success and the whole function was carried on in a spirit of real, unmingled patriotism. The authorities of the College can be congratulated for having arranged a First of August Celebration and thus given the Students an opportunity to commemorate the National Day abroad. The occasion is worthy of and commendable for repetition.

W.B.

And lose, then start again at the beginning,
And never breathe a word about your loss —
Well, you know the rest. —

* * *

I have an American radio set which naturally makes a lot of unnecessary noise, at times. Since I learned, however, what the "cosmic hiss" on the radio actually is, I do not get excited or perturbed in the least. — It has been discovered that the hiss does not follow the sun, as originally presumed, but that it is something that gains on the sun four minutes a day, or a whole rotation of the heavens in a year. This is exactly as the stars do, as of course, every amateur astronomer or star-gazer knows. — To cut the long story short, the cosmic hiss is simply the by-product of some wide spread galactic happening, such as transmutation of mass into light, a mighty murmur of atoms disturbed. — So don't just shut off in disgust when your radio should begin to hiss — but give those aroused atoms a chance, and incidentally, if you are mystically inclined you may see in this "static" messages from intelligent beings on unseen planets of remote stars!

* * *

And here is some more statistics to keep you cool if the hot days of the other week should return. — The world suicide rate rose to a new height from the slump. It ranges among the nations, from 3.3 per 100,000 in the Irish Free State to 34.5 in Austria. — Since the market crash 123 persons have nose-dived to eternity from high window sills of hotels etc., alone, for instance — in New York. — It has been found that such suicides almost invariably go in proverbial threes. Someone jumps, and the contagion of suggestion inspires two others in quick succession. Out of the 123 in New York only 7 were women, and nearly all were past 40. Most of them were unpremeditated; only 14 left notes. A horror of the future, a handy window and a sudden impulse were the prime motivation for what they hoped might be oblivion. Yes, there is sometimes fun where one would least expect it. I know a man, long obsessed with a suicide mania, he told me so himself, who wanted his passing to appear accidental, and being an expert swimmer, he decided to swim out to sea until his strength gave out. He tried it twice, but always turned back in time. What a chance he did not try jumping out of a window?

* * *

Coming to a brighter subject — the Dahlias are already blooming, the parks are dressing for a second spring before autumn. And second spring it must somehow be, because I heard already the cats crooning again: "Have you ever been lone-

LIST OF SOCIAL AND SPORTING EVENTS
IN SWITZERLAND.

- August 13th, Golf: Central Switzerland Championship AXENFELS.
August 13th, Motor-Car Gymkhana TARASP-SCHULS-VULPERA.
August 13th, Swimming Contests KLOSTERS.
August 13th, Swimming Contests in Lake Stanz PONTRESINA.
August 13th, Sailing: International Regattas LAUSANNE.
August 13th, Rowing Regatta BRUNNEN.
August 13th, Festival in the Woods LENZERHEIDE.
August 13th, Wrestling: Contests at the Brünig MERINGEN.
August 13th to Sept. 14th, Exhibition: Culture in the South Seas (Collection Dr. Bühler) BASLE.
August 14th, Midsummer Festival at Pléiades VEVEY.
August 14th, Tennis: International Zermatt Championship ZERMATT.
August 14th, Golf: Ladies' Cup Competitions SAMADEN.
August 14th and follow. Days, Tennis: International Palace Tournament (St. Moritz Championship) ST. MORITZ.
August 14—19th, Vacation Course, org. by the "Geneva Institute of International Relations" GENEVA.
August 14th, Tennis Tournament BURGENSTOCK.
August 14th, Swimming Contests RHEINFELDEN.
August 14—20th, International Tennis Tournament (Bernese Oberland Championship) WENGEN.
August 14—21st, Tennis: International Pays d'Enhaut Championship CHATEAU D'EX.
August 14th, Tennis: Grindelwald Championship GRINDELWALD.
August 14-19th, Tennis Tournaments (Valais Championship) CHAMPERY.
August 14-26th, Vacation Course org. by the Geneva International Summer School GENEVA.

some — have you ever been blue-ne." And the other night, I turned into an odd little cinder sack of a Mews, nestling so forlornly in the shadows of a Square. Door lamps cast searching blobs on the narrow sidewalks and cobble stone giving it an aching melancholy. — A night watchman moved from some doorway across my path. "I am just looking around" I ventured. He merely cleared his throat. At the blind end is a locked iron gate. A cat stirred out of a nap, arched its back, and then executed a friendly rub against a trouser leg. — As a cloud obscured the stars, a young couple turned in from the streets. They walked slowly, arm in arm, their voices in soft murmurs. Before one stoop they stopped, and there was about them that stillness that suggests how full two hearts can be. Then, as though in sudden alarm, he bestowed a quick peck and shuffled off towards the exit. There was the closing of a door, a series of foot falls on a stair, and out of the window drifted a voice, "Mother, I'm engaged." —

* * *

Another 1st of August has gone by. — Everywhere in the world the Swiss have gathered; at home the church bells were ringing, fire-works went off — and it was a great show. On every table-round some speaker got uneasy after the coffee had been served, memorizing some passages from Gottfried Keller or Mr. Kyburg. And every year we all delight anew hearing the same phrases of the year before, the same hot air tickling our patriotic hearts. By the time the last toast has been said and drunk everyone feels what a fine fellow he is, and how grateful la Patrie should be to him.

But after all, isn't the meaning of the 1st of August something far deeper down in every Swiss heart, something that becomes profane if it is spoken out. What makes us all love our Switzerland wherever on earth we happen to earn our bread and butter — cannot be said with fire-works nor with a pat on the back. I know, we Swiss do like "Schützenfeste," but when it comes to the 1st of August, and I have been celebrating the occasion in the East, across the big pond and in the South — I prefer the Swiss rather on any of the other 364 days of the year. And as regards our patriotism, the love sincere for our country, our tradition and history — Well, it is a great, silent fact that does not want hurrah nor need hot air to make it live and grow.

Mops.