

Zeitschrift: The Swiss observer : the journal of the Federation of Swiss Societies in the UK

Herausgeber: Federation of Swiss Societies in the United Kingdom

Band: - (1933)

Heft: 618

Artikel: [Back home](#)

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DOI: <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-693485>

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BACK HOME.

“Die schönen Tage in Aranjuez
sind nun zu Ende.” F. Schiller.

When, some five weeks ago I packed my bags, to leave this hospitable island, in order to visit once again the *old country*, I made my mind up to forget all about the S. O., and to leave all the little troubles and vexations, which are the lot of a journalist, behind me. It was my intention to slip quietly away; but it was not to be, already in the first number of the *Swiss Observer*, after my departure, my good friend and valued collaborator “Mops” gave the game away. In fact he did even worse, he made the readers of the *Swiss Observer* believe, that I was sent out on an important mission to *straighten out* some of the intricate problems with which our country is confronted, amongst them the budget deficit. Although I am closely related to a family which has for half a century been intimately connected with the banking world, I have not the slightest notion or the foggiest idea how to cure this disease of which the whole world suffers. Furthermore, I am, according to “Mops,” supposed to have suggested a *clean up* to the Swiss Federal Railways authorities, and here again, I am sorry to say, I failed lamentably; having travelled to and about Switzerland by motor-car, I did not have the heart nor the pluck to call at the S. F. R. headquarters in Berne, to offer my advice, this omission I am sorry to say had some disastrous results, as I am since told by a good friend of mine, who is connected with this institution, that the staff has suffered a substantial reduction in their emoluments; this I am sure I could have prevented. — Unfortunately I was also not able to do anything for our farmers, firstly, I am not a great milk consumer myself, and secondly, after a short talk which I had the pleasure to have with Professor Laur, on the occasion of his last stay in London a few weeks ago, I was convinced that their case could be more ably put before the authorities, than I could ever do. — I profess therefore that I have entirely failed in the imaginary mission, with which my friend “Mops” has entrusted me; following, however, his splendid advice, I intended to look up the “Bundesrat” regarding a shipment of “Berner Schinken,” Cervelats, eggs and cheese for the numerous collaborators of the *Swiss Observer*. Unfortunately my visit coincided with the arrival in the capital of two crowned heads, and the various members of the Bundesrat were “otherwise engaged” when I called; but I understand that orders will be given, to a well-known firm in London, in the vicinity of Tottenham Court Road to supply the needful, against “meat coupons.” —

I read with great pleasure the excellent 1st of August article of my old friend “Kyburg” and

LONDON GOSSIP.

— GROUSE SEASON —

As a matter of fact it started on the 12th of August, and there is nothing more important on the British Calendar. Special Trains are run to the North Country and Scotland, and almost everybody who owns, can afford to rent, or is blessed with a friendly invitation to shoot a moor, is off, guns and baggage. — The invitation from my “Lordly” friends naturally would reach me again just a few minutes after the last train for the season had left, but I had a “grouse” for dinner just the same the other night. Well, if you ask me though I would much rather have a minestrone, a Pagan portion of “Bindner-schinken” and mother’s “chäschnopfli” — but, of course, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, and that’s that.

And in Hyde Park thousands of leaves, weary of life, start already falling, playing while they fall with the wind and some little dog, who is trying to catch them on their way to earth. From the Midlands I hear that the swallows and the starlings are gathering already for their trip to sunnier lands — predicting an early winter, and reminding us that we have been getting older for another summer again.

And since we cannot lift our earthen bodies to follow the heights and lands of our winged thoughts and desires, I wonder how many plans, long carried, and ideals, longcherished — are being dropped like the leaves in Hyde Park, as another summer has passed, as the holidays are over, and the alarm clock calls us to shave, to breakfast, to hop on the bus — and to do all the rest of those well timed things and moves which make us respectable citizens — but never birds.

* * *

I am not so sure whether the fact that there is a falling off of the marriage market is another sad story? Of course, this signifies the thwarting of many fond plans and bright hopes. I understand that the ratio of marriages to the popula-

also his subsequent articles; to set his mind at rest, I can assure him that I have not only “taken in” the beauties of nature but also a few “other things” owing to the immense heat which accompanied me wherever I went. Some of my good Birmingham friends, whom I met in one of our popular holiday resorts, can testify to this. Coming back to a statement of “Mops” that I was sitting in the “Bäre-Grabe” wiping my noble brow with a red and white handkerchief, I wish to assure him that I knew of a much more comfortable and less dangerous place, to get cool, and where I was undoubtedly much less an annoyance to the “inmates”; still I must congratulate him on his vivid imagination, it would have made a pretty picture for publication in the *Swiss Observer*.

Now having referred to a few more or less complimentary allusions of my friends to myself, I take this opportunity to thank them most heartily for having supplied the Publishers, during my absence, with such excellent copy. I will now endeavour to put down some of my impressions which I gathered in Switzerland from conversations with various people in all walks of life about different subjects which are at present much in the Public eye, such as the various “Fronten,” and the Economic situation etc., etc. I propose to start in next week’s issue with an article on the “Fronten,” unfortunately I just missed Dr. Latt of the N.S.H. at Zurich, owing to his absence in Italy, where he took part at a Conference, as I am sure he could have supplied me with much valuable information.

ST.

PERSONAL.

We have great pleasure to extend to our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. F. Zogg, of 17, Cavendish Gardens, S.W.14, our heartiest congratulations on to-day’s happy event of their Silver Wedding Day.

CITY SWISS CLUB.

The Committee deeply regrets to inform the members of the death of
Mr. CHARLES ISLER,
member of the Club since 1932, which
occurred at Basle on the 22nd of August,
after a long illness, at the age of 30.

The interment took place at Wohlen,
on the 24th of August.

CHARLES ROBERT ISLER †

We deeply regret to inform our readers of the death of Mr. Charles Robert Isler; a partner in the firm of Messrs. Bertschinger, Isler & Thody Ltd., at the early age of 30.

M. Isler was born at Wohlen (Aargau) on the 29th of April 1903; after leaving school he entered his father’s firm of Messrs. Bertschinger & Cie, straw plait manufacturers at Wohlen. Later on he went to Paris on behalf of the firm and in 1923 he came over to London to look after his father’s interests. Two years later the ambitious young man went to Canada and the United States, to gain some new experiences, and in 1927 he returned to London, where he started together with Mr. Thody, the firm of Messrs. Bertschinger Isler & Thody Ltd., acting as representative of his father’s firm, as well as for some other Continental manufacturers. Hard work, aided by the experience which he gained abroad, soon brought the business on a flourishing basis, when symptoms of a fatal illness which appeared early this year, put a sudden stop to his untiring activities. At the end of May, this year, Mr. Isler, left London in order to consult the eminent specialist Prof. Dr. Suter at Basle, in whose clinic he spent two weeks before entering, on his advice, the Kurhaus Sonnegg near Lucerne, where he hoped to regain his failing health. A steady improvement in his state of health took place and hopes ran high. After a stay of 5 weeks at the Clinic he returned to Basle, where unfortunately he had a relapse which proved fatal. On Tuesday, August the 22nd he peacefully passed away.

Mr. Isler, who was a member of the City Swiss Club, had a small circle of devoted friends, who will sadly miss his ever cheerful smile. The funeral took place at Wohlen, (Aargau) on Thursday, August 25th.

ties in nearly every country fell to its lowest in the last statistical year. It brings undoubtedly the conditions of that year much nearer our sympathies than does the price of hogs or the scarcity of tax collections. It probably signifies that many young people anxious to marry were standing by their relatives in need and putting off their own happiness. Quite possibly it means also that many who would have met and drifted together toward matrimony, or even hastened in that direction, never met at all, but stayed home and economised. — On the other hand it may gratify contemplating the number of divorces that did not come up because there was nothing to separate, — which incidentally reminds me of that old maid who was wheeling a baby in a perambulator. I didn’t know you were married, said a friend to her, I thought you were an old maid? And she replied: I am, but I am not one of those miserable ones!

* * *

I saw Josephine Baker wriggling her chassis many years ago in Paris, and I am still shaky today when I happen to think of it. Of course, I apologize profusely for thinking of the dusky cabaret queen right after I was telling about the dear old maid with the perambulator. As a matter of fact, I was very much aroused to read some time ago that Miss Baker had been proclaimed to the world as a lion eater and that her name was given to the dishes of a meal which she did not even attend. How absurd of an overeager journalist to imagine that a tender little girl would eat lion meat. Anyway Josephine Baker will go to law to prove she didn’t eat lion meat at a banquet in a Paris restaurant, and next month she will show us in London what a tender, shy little girl she still is. — Once all this is made clear to the world anew, the World Economic Conference may safely resume their sessions again later on in the year.

* * *

Hitler says a woman’s place is in the home — but I wonder whether it occurred to the Ger-

mans as yet that Hitler is unmarried? But that isn’t at all what I wanted to talk about. — I understand that electric neck heaters are suggested for people who get seasick or airsick. The idea is to heat by electric current the small bulb of nervous tissue inside the back of the neck just at the junction between the spinal cord and the brain. Results were remarkably successful. Seasickness, seasickness, airsickness and all similar conditions were relieved at once, and it is believed that electric heat may prove to be an important new way to calm or regulate the entire nervous system. But why on earth I should have been associating Hitler, electric neck heaters and seasickness — I don’t know. Anyhow, I am willing to apologize again just to save the *Swiss Observer* from being prohibited throughout Germany!

* * *

And then, of course, you all know the little story of the girl of sweet seventeen who advertised under a different name that she would like to make the acquaintance of a refined gentleman with an eye to romance. Mother said: how awful! But did you get any answer? Only one, sweet seventeen replied — from father!

This is just to remind you, in the words of Harry Taft, that a man’s life is filled with crosses and temptations. — He comes into this world without his consent: he goes out against his will. The trip between is exceedingly rocky. If he is poor, he is called a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest; if he needs credit, he can’t get it; if he is prosperous, everyone wants to do him a favour. If he doesn’t give to charity, he is a stingy cuss; if he does give, it is for show; if he is acting religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner; if he dies young, there was a great future for him; if he lives to an old age, he missed his calling.

If you save money, you are a grouch; if you spend it you are a loafer; if you get it you are a graftor, and if you don’t get it, you are a fool. — So what’s the use?

“Mops.”