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The Swiss Observer

FOUNDED BY MR. P. F. BOEHRINGER.

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HOME NEWS



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FEDERAL.

THE NOVEMBER RIOTS IN GENEVA.

The report of the military Court of Inquiry into the Geneva shooting affair of November 9, when 13 persons were killed and about 60 wounded during a Communist riot, has been published. The Court examined 220 witnesses, among whom 147 were civilians, many of whom had volunteered their evidence.

The Court found that the soldiers were called out when the police were unable to resist the pressure of the mob and were on the point of giving way. As soon as the soldiers, 108 in all, arrived on the square to assist the policemen they were surrounded by the crowd and urged to shoot their officers. They were then attacked by well-organized groups of men who tried to snatch from them their rifles and ammunition. In a few minutes 10 rifles, 15 bayonets, one machine-rifle, two pistols, and some ammunition were taken from the soldiers, 19 of whom were injured. The position of the small force became so dangerous that the officers ordered it to fall back and take shelter in front of a big hall where 94 men rallied round the officers. As they were being pelted with stones some soldiers asked the officers to be allowed to fire. Permission was refused. A new attack was then made on them and they were ordered to load their weapons. Two revolver shots were fired at them and the officers shouted at the crowd saying that they were going to fire. The bugle was sounded, and as the attack was pressed and the lives of the soldiers were menaced, order was given to fire one round. The first volley had no effect. The attack was renewed with fury and was only stopped when it was realized that several people had been killed and wounded. The firing lasted 15 seconds and 112 rounds were expended.

The Court found that the troops had fired in self-defence and that there was therefore no ground for prosecuting the officers who ordered them to do so.

The findings of the Court have been endorsed by the Federal Military Department.

SWISS BANK REPORTS.

For the year ending 1932, the following dividends have been declared:

Preliminary figures of the Swiss Bank Corporation for 1932 show a net profit of Frs.10,282,208, against Frs.12,608,521 for 1931. After placing Frs.750,000 to pension fund and providing for a dividend of 6 per cent. (against 7 p.c.), the forward balance is Frs.1,302,091, against Frs.1,523,031.

Schweizerische Kredit Anstalt: 8 per cent. (1931 8%); Eidgenössische Bank: 5 per cent. (1931 5%); Schweizerische Volksbank: 3 per cent. (1931 3%); Schweizerische Bankgesellschaft: 4 per cent. (1931 5%); Schweizerische Bodenkredit Anstalt: 7 per cent. (1931 7%); Schweizerische Genossenschaftsbank in St. Gallen: 5 per cent. (1931 5%); Bank in Menziken: 5½ per cent. (1931 7%); Volksbank in Hochdorf: 5 per cent. (1931 6%); Spar- & Leihkasse Surenthal, Schöffland: 5½ per cent. (1931 7%).

LOCAL.

ZURICH.

M. Felix Hofmann from Zollikon, has been appointed head of the Zoological Gardens at Zurich, in succession to Dr. Steiner, who has recently retired. M. Hofmann, who studied at the University of Zurich spent nearly 20 years in Sumatra where he acquired an extensive knowledge of the animal world.

The Federal Council has appointed Dr. Werner Sulzer from Winterthur, to the post of Factory Inspector of the 3rd district in Zurich, in succession to Dr. Wegmann.

Owing to the "Flu" three schools in Zurich had to be closed down.

The "Schloss" Schwandegg bei Waltalingen has been partially destroyed by fire. The damage caused is considerable.

BERNE.

The cantonal government has decreed, that no married women should be employed in their administration, if it can be proved that the husband has an income sufficient to provide for the respective family.

The death is reported from Berne of M. Karl Indermühle at the age of 55. M. Indermühle was a well-known architect, and many churches and schools were designed and erected according to his plans. The deceased was for many years a member of the Grand and Town Council.

BASLE.

M. René Albert Koechlin, the builder of the Kemser Power station has been made an officer of the Legion of Honour.

M. Niklaus Stüssy-Brenner, a former Manager of the Swiss Bank Corporation has died at Basle at the age of 72.

ST. GALLEN.

M. Beat Stoffel, one of the leading industrialists in Eastern Switzerland celebrated his 70th birthday.

In the interests of the Textile industry of Eastern Switzerland and, as head of the firm of Stoffel & Co., Mr. Beat Stoffel has been indefatigable, likewise leading the "St. Gall Fine Weaving Mills," with factories at five different points, dotted over the Canton of St. Gall; the big Spinning & Weaving Mill at Mels, which he bought from Messrs. Schuler & Co., in 1920 and, finally, controlling some of the Finishing, Dyeing & Printing works near St. Gall.

Mr. Beat Stoffel further gave his interest to the development of the Aluminium Trade in Switzerland, as a result of which there emerged, eventually, the great undertaking of "Aluminiumwerke, A.-G." in Rorschach, with which were in close connection the "S.-A. d'Aluminium," Coire and "Folien, A.-G.", Arbon.

The Manager of the Kühltürme & Handels A.G. in St. Margarethen will be prosecuted for negligence in connection with the disaster which occurred last November when 9 people lost their lives, and 40 workhands were more or less seriously injured.

SOLOTHURN.

The death occurred in Solothurn of Dr. Manfred Bott at the age of 77. Dr. Bott was a well-known and popular physician, and for many years gave his services to the "Bürgerspital." In the army he obtained the rank of a Colonel and was for some time "Korpsarzt" of the 2nd Army Corps.

FOOTBALL.

29th January, 1933.

CHALLENGE NATIONAL.

Aarau	0	Grasshoppers	8
Urania	0	Servette	0
Nordstern	3	Carouge	2
Young Boys	1	Lugano	1
Blue Stars	v	Basel and	
Zurich	v	Chaux-de-Fonds	

postponed.

FIRST LEAGUE.

In this division, the second half of the Championship with its promotion and relegation problems has commenced.

Old Boys	2	Seebach	2
Brühl	2	Locarno	1
Oerlikon	2	St. Gallen	2
Luzern	2	Winterthur	0
Montreux	1	Cantonal	1

Next Sunday, Swiss Cup, Round Four.

CITY SWISS CLUB.

PLEASE RESERVE
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25th

for the
DINNER AND DANCE

at the
MAY FAIR HOTEL, Berkeley Square, W.1.

OF THIS AND OF THAT.

By Kyburg.

Even I, I confess, do not always find time or have the inclination to read through my weekly copy of the Swiss Observer at once and so it came that, a slight attack of Lumbago preventing me from playing Golf, I sat down for a quiet hour yesterday afternoon and started to browse through the pages of several weeks' copies of our Swiss London Paper. And a jolly sight more profitable, I found it, than wallowing through the pages and pages of mostly dreary Sunday Express stuff.

It so happened that I read my good friend "ST." 's article of a week or two ago, in which he gives our Swiss Federal Government the hint to subsidise the Swiss Observer to the extent of £500 per annum, although, as far as I am concerned, the sum might easily be exceeded. This "hint" sent me dreaming, because I foresaw possibilities affecting me, and I forthwith began to think what I could possibly write about, to justify any claim, I might put in, later on, to share in the rain of gold that might fall on all the collaborators of our Paper who, hitherto, have worked, and worked willingly, for the love of the thing and for the love of our Country and whose sole reward, so far, has been the sense of duty nobly done. — (Splendidly expressed — Ed. S.O.)

Naturally I also began to envisage how the paper might be made greater and better, how technical developments now impossible might be achieved, how more able and better qualified writers might be drawn upon to supply our Readers with really first-class reading matter. And, as is so often the case, when one considers such matters and when, as one grows older and more experienced, one also thinks of the possible reactions such development might produce. And it occurred to me a saying which took my eye when reading the introduction of John Stuart Mill's essay "On Liberty" namely "Success discloses faults and infirmities which failure might have concealed from observation."

How true this is. Of Newspapers perhaps still more than of other enterprises and certainly more than of individuals.

We who have the task or who at any rate wish to study the expressions of opinion set out in the Press, find ourselves face to face with the "failures and infirmities" exhibited by the successful newspapers pretty soon. We have only to compare their opinions on any given subject, or better still, we have only to see how they endeavour to trick their readers into believing their own particular brand of politics, by reporting speeches and opinions of leading men and women in such a way, as to blend them nicely to fit in with their particular brand, and we shall soon feel something akin to physical nausea.

There would be pretty few "successful newspapers," if their readers took the trouble to read also other papers, and if by doing so they then found out how they are being misled. I think we could count the honest newspapers on the fingers of our hands.

I am not even trying to be bitter because the Daily Express published an utterly scurrilous article about Switzerland and Captain Hope. No one in his senses attaches any importance to what any of the Beaverbrook Papers write and most people, I imagine read those papers daily, because Punch appears once a week only.

Naturally I know that "Truth has many facets," but some of the "truths" put before the readers of the daily Press could not, by any stretch of imagination, claim to be genuine facets.

Not only sins of commission, but notably and in most instances, sins of omission are the nefarious weapons of those scribes, and when I find, for instance, that an important Company with a capital running into seven figures publishes a balance sheet to which eminent Auditors of London have added a rider to the effect, that some of the assets are, in their opinion, overvalued, and when I find that most papers publish the results of that Company in glowing terms and with flattering headlines, and omit any mention of that rider, well, what am I to think about the honesty not only of the City-Editors in question, but of these papers?

When again, I find leading articles willfully misrepresenting the doings of the League of Nations, when I read summaries of speeches made in that assembly and find, looking into another paper, a summary of the same speech but giving a totally different impression, what, I ask again, am I to think about? Truth has many facets? Yes, and methinks most Editors consciences have many convenient facets too.

You may wonder, dear Reader, why I am bothering you at all with such matters? Well, I don't know quite myself, I am just following up a trend of thoughts produced by that dream I referred to. Perhaps I am wondering whether it would be possible, provided some millionaire philanthropist came along and financed the project, to establish an absolutely TRUTHFUL newspaper, a paper which would have the motto "Sans peur et sans reproche" and would live up to it. I wonder, perhaps, whether our little Swiss Observer would or could be the nucleus on which to build up. — Only to negative any such idea, you think? Well, I am not sure either. After all, most big things have had little beginnings and provided that we had the cash and were prepared to put every other consideration except the building up of such a paper aside, it might be done, or, at least attempted.

There is one fundamental principle which such a paper would have to follow and that is, again according to Stuart Mill's Essay "On Liberty."

"Complete liberty of contradiction and disproving our opinion is the very condition which justifies us in assuming its truth for purposes of action; and on no other terms can a being with humane faculties have any rational assurance of being right."

This is not a definition governing the so-called "liberty of the Press," but an axiomatic formula to guide Editors in their handling of news and of opinion.

Meanwhile, to shut down on my dream and come down to Earth again, and while we are patiently awaiting our millionaire's coming, our Readers might help us, more than they have obviously done so far, by asking their friends to sport the paltry few shillings necessary to become regular subscribers to the Swiss Observer. I know times are hard and money is scarce, and I know that 12/- mean twelve visits to the Cinema, provided you are alone! But then, surely you are not a subscriber because you pity us and wish to help us, but because you have found that the arrival of our jolly little paper, once a week, provides you with a kick, as one now says, so elegantly, and brings you into contact once a week with your homeland. True, the Radio does the same, true also, your letters from home do the same and often better, but where is that Swiss who can honestly say that our Swiss Observer is not worth the paltry few shillings subscription? If there is such a Swiss I shall be glad to have his views on the matter. Let him write to me or to the Editor, we have thick skins and can stand a lot, and he need not mince his words either. I promise him a good hearing and a dignified retort! Come on, let's have some fun and don't

REMINISCENCES. I ENTER SOCIETY.

by
ST.

To every man or woman born into a certain *milieu* comes a time, when "Society" claims them; in short when they have to make their début or what the French call, "aller dans le monde." Some make their bow in most exalted circles, and others in humbler ones; but whatever the grade, it is undoubtedly a great event in the life of the one, who is about to enter into what is known universally as "Society," and of which it is said, that it is ever ready to worship success, but rarely forgives failure.

The act of "entering" takes various courses, all subject to the customs, ranks, and circles into which one is born. Amongst the savages, the entry into Society is attended, in many cases, by a long period of trials previous to the initiation. During this period the young men or women, form themselves into temporary republics in the recesses of the forest, when they dwell entirely apart from the rest of their tribe. Then again, in some Eastern countries, the entry into Society is accompanied with much ceremonial pomp, the candidates ornament themselves with jewellery of all kinds, bracelets, leather thongs, etc. To come to nearer or more civilised countries, we find, f.i., that ladies put white ostrich feathers in their hair, cover their lily white arms with white kid gloves, and drag a long train behind them. They usually are brought to the "slaughter-house" in a motor car, where they pass their time, waiting for the entry, by knitting, playing cards and by being admired by an envious crowd, which passes complimentary or often rude, remarks about the "victims." They enter Society as ordinary "females" and henceforth are expected to be "Ladies" in behaviour as well as name. Men, f.i., dress up in more or less becoming uniforms, which are known as Court or Levee Dress, of which knee-breeches are a distinct feature, instead of putting feathers into their hair they carry a dainty little sword; but I have never yet been able to discover for what reason, as I cannot conceive that they are going to slay each other on that conspicuous occasion. They are then supposed to make a very deep bow, or if they are lucky, to shake hands, and on leaving the place, they are

grumble only and look wise. Let's have it! —

The BIG BANKS have now published their melancholy balance sheets. Melancholy, because they report great increases in their deposits. Money is idle. Money, the token which ought to help the exchange of goods, from one hand to the other, from one country to the other, is IDLE. So are unteemed million of men and women. So are, in many instances, their digestive organs!

The old Romans and Cicero who used to wind up his speeches with "quousque tandem?" TO WHAT END?

We, 20th century mortals are like frightened rabbits and behave as such. We slink about in our burrows, one looking to the other, watching his actions, his behaviour and trying to deduce from them what will happen next. We are mostly inarticulate. We have wonderful means of communications, by land, sea, air and by wireless, but what use do we make of them?

We have Governments, or at least, some of the countries have. What use do they make of them?

WE ALL KNOW where the rub is. WE ALL KNOW NOW, even those of us who did not know 18 months ago, WHAT TARIFFS DO.

Governments come and Governments go and the Slump goes on. HOW LONG? TO WHAT END?

Towards the end of the Great War, there arose President WILSON and his 14 Points. A great shout of deliverance swept across all lands, when his 14 points became known. Everybody felt in his heart of hearts that WILSON was right and that feeling soon became so strong that the Belligerents had to take notice of it. Analysed, the 14 Points were simply what the World-conscience had felt for some time. But, President WILSON VOICED that feeling.

The World now wants a VOICE which can interpret what it feels, so that all peoples in all lands can join in and with one mighty shout acclaim the TRUTH of that voice.

WHERE IS THAT VOICE?

I have a sort of intuition that such a CALL will come. Sooner or later, but it will come and then the World will rub its eyes and begin to see clear. All the tawdry discussions about who started the Slump, who put up the Tariffs first, who stole the Gold, the token of exchange, all the undignified pourparlers which have been going on for such a time to turn JAPAN into a proper frame of mind or out of the League of Nations, all such questions will appear in their true light. Mind you, it is not, as if not everybody did not KNOW NOW what is right and what is wrong.

then supposed to be really and truly "Gentlemen."

The day of my entry into Society, many, many years ago is still vividly in my memory, it is true there were no feathers and no swords, but it was nevertheless an imposing show, and coincided with the very day on which I finished my apprenticeship.— One fine day my mother acquainted me with the fact that a friend of the family, had been appointed to a high government position in relation with banking, and that he was giving a reception and dinner, to which the cream of Society in my home town was invited, accompanied by their various offspring. These were exciting times for myself and my brothers and sister, and not a day passed without some reference to this great event. I felt however a little uneasy; as mentioned before, on that very day, I was to leave the firm where I had spent three long years, trying to become an efficient business man. It was the age long custom in this institution, that on leaving, the departing one should invite his former colleagues to a little luncheon, and treat them to a small barrel of beer. In view of the impending party, at the house of my family's friend, I tried to make an exception to the rule, or to at least postpone the luncheon to a more opportune moment. But for some reason or other this was not possible, and after a more or less heated argument with my parents, I received the permission to invite my colleagues to the customary luncheon, which was held at a small Restaurant in the town, provided I should later on make an appearance, and my *début* into Society. I can still remember, how my mother, gave me some sound advice on how to deport myself at the two parties. I was particularly requested not to forget to "whom I belonged," and that we had been brought up decently, and that I should be judged by my manners. I promised faithfully that I would bear all those counsels in mind, and after I was inspected as to clean collar, ears and finger-nails, I was dismissed. My luncheon party was a great success, I made a little speech to my colleagues, who still had to "slog" along in the fetters of their apprenticeship, telling them how sorry I was to leave them, — although in fact I was jolly glad to have seen the last of them. In return they also expressed their heartfelt regret at losing my valued collaboration, and the youngest apprentice even recited a poem, which he had composed for the occasion, and each verse closed

But the conscience of the WORLD has not found its mouthpiece and is waiting for it. IT WILL, IT MUST COME.

Friend "ST." sent me the St. Galler Tagblatt of January 19th and in it I find a report of a conference or a speech made before the League of Nations Union and the Pan-Europe-Union, entitled "Die Schweiz in einem europäischen Kleinstaatensblock."

The question as to whether Switzerland ought to join such a group of European small Nations or not may be discussed from various angles. What is interesting and what throws a lurid light on present-day conditions is that such a question should be discussed at all, when we have the League of Nations still in existence! Again, LET THAT VOICE COME SOON, O LORD!

PERSONAL.

Nous sommes navrés d'avoir à annoncer le décès, lundi dernier après une courte maladie, de Madame Alice de Cintra, mère de Monsieur Raoul de Cintra. Soeur cadette de George Dimier, elle était veuve du Docteur de Cintra, de Genève, qui lui aussi fit un séjour prolongé à Londres, et nombreux sont les membres de notre Colonie qui ont gardé un souvenir affectueux de cet homme calme et charmant d'abord si accueillant.

La défunte partageait ses séjours entre ses deux fils de Londres et à Genève au cours des années qu'elle passa dans notre ville, elle avait groupé autour d'elle un cercle de nombreux amis attirés par sa personnalité d'où rayonnait une grande affection.

Genevoise dans l'âme, active et pleine d'entrain, son départ laissera un grand vide et nous adressons à sa famille, l'expression de notre profonde sympathie.

Un service funèbre a été célébré à l'Eglise Suisse vendredi dernier, suivi de l'incinération à Golders Green. Parents et amis accompagneront les cendres dimanche prochain, à Genève, jusqu'à la tombe de la famille.

Monsieur Marc Mange et sa famille remercient bien sincèrement les nombreux amis qui leur ont témoigné tant de sympathie lors de leur récente et grande épreuve.

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London, W.C.1.

with the Refrain: "Fare well, Exelsior!" I thought it was awfully nice, and I really began to feel sorry to say valet to such fine specimens of the commercial fraternity. There were many sing-songs, and many glasses were emptied on the slightest provocation. As the afternoon wore on, the singing became louder, but rather less melodious and a note was sent upstairs by some person in authority, that various customers did not enjoy the concert, with the usual result, that everyone bellowed louder than before, and remarks such as killjoys and wet blankets were uttered. It was unanimously agreed, that we were living in a free country, and therefore could do as we liked; these high sounding words, so full of common sense, were sealed with two extra rounds of beer, the glasses to be emptied in one gulp. A glance at my watch revealed the fact that the time for my departure was rapidly approaching, and after many handshakes, and tender words of farewell, I said good-bye to my former colleagues in order to "enter Society." On the way to the appointed place I tried hard to memorise the many counsels I had received that morning, but striving to think as hard as I could, my brain only echoed time and again those insane words: "Fare well, Exelsior!", and for a time I even forgot to "whom I belonged."

The first stop was made at a flower-shop, where I bought a bouquet of carnations which were surrounded by asparagus fern, and the whole was neatly enveloped in spotless white tissue paper; and onward I marched with a martial stride, swinging my arms like propellers. On arriving at the front door, I could hear merry laughter and sounds of many voices. I rang the bell, once, twice, three times, nobody seemed to take the slightest interest, in a fit of despair I even kicked the door, doing more damage to my foot, than to the door, but then suddenly I remembered those words of my mother, "by your manners you will be judged," and as a last attempt I pressed the button of that infernal bell, until I got the cramp in my finger; it was no good, I came to the conclusion that the servants were either deaf or drunk. Warily I started to trot round the house, when I perceived, that a door leading into the garden was ajar and peeping through the opening, I saw that it led straight into the Drawing Room, where the whole company was assembled. There I could see the elite of my home town, amongst