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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 umpteen 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 "quoniam 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 *au...ast*, 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-conference 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 Kleinstaatenblock."

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 privés 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 attrayés 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.

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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. Wearily 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