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Dinner of the Swiss Rifle Team

at the SWISS HOTEL, OLD COMPTON STREET

on Saturday, November 3rd, 1934.

On the conclusion of the Shooting season, the members of the Swiss Rifle Team, who gave such a creditable performance at Fribourg, on the occasion of the "Tir Fédéral," made a rendez-vous at the Swiss Hotel to have a little dinner, to which their respective ladies were invited as well.

I was looking forward to this evening, because these "sharp-shooters" are a jolly crowd, in spite of their handling such deadly weapons.

M. C. R. Paravicini, the Swiss Minister was in the Chair.

On arriving, at the "Zofingerhof," (this was the name given to the Swiss Hotel on the Menu), I found three prominent members of the team at the entrance door, which made my heart jump for joy, and I was just going to tell my life's companion, how honoured we ought to feel to be thus received, when I heard one of the Gentlemen exclaim, "it is only the Swiss Observer!" whereupon the three prominent members promptly disappeared, and after some reflection, I came to the conclusion that the reception was meant for some more prominent personality.

This happening however did not act as a damper, I have received harder knocks in my life than that, and after all what social standing has a newspaper man nowadays!! The portly lady who took my hat and coat made fully up for my first disappointment, she gave me a most cordial reception, saying that I get fatter and fatter, and that it was a nice day, but that there was rain in the air, which always affects her corn etc. It was indeed a friendly reception, and my journalistic heart once more felt light and happy.

After this short intermezzo, I entered the prettily decorated "Banqueting Hall" and lo and behold, my eye met a table full of handsome presents, which I was told were later on to be distributed. There were bottles of wines, liqueurs, whisky, hares, pheasants, cigars, cigarettes, bags, etc., and I nearly forgot, a beautiful salami. The latter made my mouth water, and I felt sorry that none of my pockets were large enough to hold this delicacy, as I had some dark designs to make it disappear at an opportune moment.

Having inspected all these wonderful things, I was forcefully dragged, much against my will, to a little corner, where a nice cosy bar was installed, and where I was made to drink some mixture, which looked very much like a cock-tail. I made no opposition, as one never knows to what length these riflemen will go; as a matter of fact I had visions of being shot on the spot in case I put up any resistance. After having done my duty I was released and was allowed to shake hands with some of the attractive ladies who were adorning the room with their radiant beauty.

I was just going to pay a few compliments when again I was ordered to take my place at the table, and the Chairman of the evening, Monsieur C. R. Paravicini, the Swiss Minister, accompanied by the President of the Rifle team, M. de Bourg and the Secretary *pro temp.* (this is latin) M. Boehringer entered. Everyone was then allowed to sit down and the first act of the evening began.

Lest I should forget, I must mention at once, that the dinner was excellent, and the vote of thanks which was later on bestowed on Mr. and Mrs. Wyss was fully deserved. It was not only a meal fit for Kings but also fit for Diplomats and humbler personalities. To a man who is fed on kippers and bloaters, trout is always a delicacy *par excellence*.

During the dinner, the Chairman drank wine with various members of the company, not forgetting the ladies, and even the Press was thus honoured; this was a befitting recompense for the sleight which I had received previously. I nearly choked from excitement and I imagined that some members went green with envy. One should not feel revengeful it is not a virtue, but I am told it is human, and alas, I am only human.

When the dessert was served, I noticed that a discussion between some members arose; not being very near to the top table I could only hear such words as "money" and "handicap." With my proverbial alertness, I imagined that the gathering had suddenly gone into committee, and I tried to disassociate myself from this part of the proceedings, reflecting that it must be a very serious matter, especially as money handicaps even sometimes affect a member of the community

who does not shoulder a rifle. However, it looked as if the matter was satisfactorily settled, although some of my friends seemed to get red in the face, but then I know from experience that "Neuchâtel" vintage affects people on rare occasions like this.

After the usual toasts were rendered by the Chairman, M. de Bourg, President of the Swiss Rifle Team, officially welcomed the Minister, thanking him for the honour which he had bestowed on the team, by attending this informal gathering. He also expressed his appreciation to the members of the team, who, on their own expense, travelled to Fribourg and brought back as their reward, the beautiful wine decanter and a laurel wreath. M. de Bourg also thanked the Ladies for their presence and Mr. and Mrs. Wyss for the very fine dinner which they had served.

Needless to say that everyone felt very proud having thus been praised by the President, and to keep up this spirit of contentment M. Gandon was asked to play a few tunes on his splendid accordion, to which request he gracefully acceded. He played a few Swiss tunes and a valse with his usual efficiency, he made many of the participants home sick; thus forcing them unconsciously to have a further sip at the Neuchâtel and Dôle de Sion, in order to drown their sorrow.

After this, the Chairman of the evening, Monsieur C. R. Paravicini, addressed himself to the company in a very witty speech, using what he termed the "Schweizerische Schützenfest-sprache," a language which only those, who have attended a "Schützenfest" can fully appreciate. I am unfortunately quite at a loss to give a clear definition of this language, it certainly has a solemn touch, and I should say that it requires a few bottles of "Festwein" to really master this lingua to perfection. The Minister referred to the laurel wreath which the members of the team brought home from Fribourg and the fine pewter wine decanter, which he minutely described in a way which caused roars of laughter; he mentioned also that it sometimes happens that apart from bullets, wine bottles are also hurled through the ether at a Schützenfest.

M. Paravicini then presented in the name of the team a silver salver to M. P. F. Boehringer in recognition of the great services, which he had rendered to the team, with the following engraved inscription:

To Paul Frederick Boehringer, their faithful and untiring secretary.

The members of the London Swiss Rifle team;

which only bears out what I said before, that they are a very nice set of men.

Thus honoured, Mr. Boehringer thanked the members for their splendid gift, mentioning that he hugely enjoyed his association with the S.R.T., expressing the hope, that with the permission of their respective wives, they might be able to shoot again next year. The speaker also thanked the President, M. de Bourg, most warmly for the beautiful flag which he had generously given to the team.

Mr. W. Fischer, who, I should imagine, might be a master in the "Schützenfest-Sprache" spoke about the work of the team at Fribourg, paying a glowing tribute to M. J. C. Wetter, who was the only one of the team who was "crowned" with a laurel wreath; to which tribute the latter replied modestly.

Mr. Wyss then thanked the Minister and the team for the honour they had bestowed on him, by spending this evening under his roof. He expressed a wish that before long the two rifle Societies would again be united under the same flag, a comment which was greatly applauded by all present.

Mr. Senn also spoke, he hoped that the team spirit as well as the sporting spirit could be improved, for the benefit of all concerned.

Thus ended the speech-making part and Mr. Gandon again played tunes from the "old country," and Mr. Dübelbeiss gave a few "Yodel Solis," which made everybody feel very lively and shortly after 11 o'clock dancing began; which lasted until after midnight.

So ended the first dinner of the Swiss Rifle Team, which was a success, and to which everyone will look back with pleasure, amongst them yours,

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FUNERAL OF THE LATE DR. CARL SULZER-SCHMID.

The sudden death, at the age of 70, of the beloved Chief of the world-famous firm of Sulzer Bros. *Winterthur*, transformed my native town into a town of deep mourning, and this sincere feeling of sorrow found eloquent expression on Friday afternoon, 2nd November, when the population of Winterthur, members of the Federal and National Councils, the Cantonal Council, Town Council, friends from far and near, collaborators from various places in Switzerland and from abroad, accompanied the remains of the late Chief on his last journey.

Seven cars with flowers preceded the bier to the Town Church which was filled to capacity, over 2000 persons being present to pay their last tribute. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and after Dean Rhyner had sketched the life of the deceased and emphasised how by resisting temptations of various kinds, Dr. Carl Sulzer-Schmid had, from early youth until his death been able to fulfil his life's work in spite of the great diversity of occupation which he was called upon to attend to, and how he had steeled his character in hard work, coupled with deep religious beliefs, the "Stadtsängerverein Winterthur" aided by singers from the Sulzer Works, sang the beautiful "Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh" as a valedictory message.

Various speakers followed each other to the Pulpit and gave testimony of the enormous amount of beneficial activities successfully carried out by the deceased. Again and again they stressed the really fine qualities of the late Chief's mental make-up. His earnestness, his finely graded understanding of opposing points of view, his conviction that science, politics and economics must combine to achieve the best results, his love of the homeland, his unending endeavour to help it keep its place in the World of Industry and International Trade, his joy of creating something new, i.e., new from the engineering point of view, in short, all the speakers testified that the late Dr. Carl Sulzer-Schmid's work on Earth was fruitful in the very best sense of the word.

His passing over leaves a great void. He will be missed as Chief of the big Sulzer Works, as Member of the National and other Councils, of Industrial and Commercial Councils. He will be missed above all by his family and his friends.

It is, perhaps, significant that in his earlier days he found recreation in mountaineering, later on in music and the plastic arts and that, in his later years he spent happy hours in his beloved, beautiful garden. An admirer of Nature in her various forms and manifestations, he was himself a creator of new devices which, calling Nature's gifts to their aid, were invented and improved upon with a view to helping mankind along in its struggle for existence.

After all the speeches were spoken and so tribute paid to the memory of one of our great Winterthurers, a worthy successor, as was stated, of the late and unforgettable Dr. Sulzer-Ziegler, the "Stadtsängerverein" once again touched the mourners' hearts by a beautiful rendering of "O mein Heimatland" thereby ending a very impressive and at the same time beautiful service.

At the Crematorium Army-Corps-Commander Bridler spoke shortly on behalf of the friends and military comrades of the deceased and so passed away the body of one of Winterthur's great Sons.

Many great sons of Winterthur have preceded him and they will welcome him as one worthy to join the best among them.

Kyburg.

LONDON RADIO.

Our readers might be interested to hear that our compatriot, Mr. F. von Bergen, will take part in the Children's Hour programme, on the Regional, on Friday, November 16th, (5.15 to 6 p.m.) where he will render some yodelling songs, with the accompaniment of Mr. Gandon. Do not forget to tune in.

CITY SWISS CLUB. BRIDGE COMPETITION.

The first of a series of simple Auction Bridge competitions will take place on Tuesday, 13th of November, at 8.30 p.m. sharp at Pagan's Restaurant.

These competitions have been arranged so that inexperienced players stand equal chances to win a prize.

Three prizes will be drawn at the close of play on the same day. Further competitions will be arranged for subsequent Tuesdays.

*Drink delicious "Ovaltine"
at every meal—for Health!*