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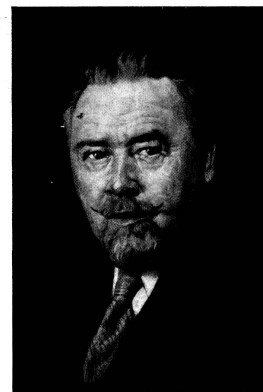
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Annual Banquet & Ball of the CITY SWISS CLUB on

Friday, 26th November 1937, at the Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W. 1.

P. F. BOEHRINGER, President, of the CITY SWISS CLUB.



The City Swiss Club held its 81st Annual Banquet and Ball at the Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W. 1, on Friday, November 26th.

If I say, that this annual event is one of the most brilliant functions in the Swiss Colony, I do not say so in a bragging manner; for the Club is in the happy position of having a very representative membership, and is thus able to come into contact with many influential English friends.

For years the City Swiss Club had bidden to their table celebrated Englishmen in all walks of life, Diplomats, Politicians, Financiers, Industrialists, Scientists, Travellers and Explorers, etc.; unfortunately, the war period, as well as the critical years of world crisis, put a temporary stop to some of these invitations, but I am glad to say, that the Committee of the City Swiss Club, under the leadership of its versatile President, has again reverted to its former practice, and for the last two years a large number of English guests have again been invited.

Although not the oldest Swiss Society in London, the City Swiss Club with its 81 "summers", has become a respectable old lady, but underneath a "withered" bosom she still harbours a young heart, and there are no symptoms of senile decay apparent, quite the contrary, the old lady can even get "frisky"; you ought to have seen how cheerful she looked on Friday last, in all her glory and finery.

Previous to the dinner, a reception was held by Monsieur C. R. Paravicini, the Swiss Minister, accompanied by Madame Paravicini, M. P. F. Boehringer, President of the City Swiss Club, and Mrs. Boehringer. Nearly 400 people shook hands with them before being ushered into the Foyer, where attendants in blue and gold coats and white breeches served cocktails.

The crystal chandeliers spread their light over a very brilliant gathering; the gay colours and sparkle of the ladies' dresses adding greatly to the gaiety of the scene.

An animated conversation was held in many languages, you could hear eloquent French being spoken, and the melodious language of our Ticinesi, Schwyzerdütsch was also heard, and I even listened to a conversation held in our fourth national language, Romansch—needless to say I did not understand a word of it—and, of course, English. I am sure there are not many gatherings held in this great Metropolis where so many tongues are spoken. One of the English guests mentioned to me that it was quite bewildering, and in order to save his face, as he termed it, he tried to explain to me in his best French why English people seem to be unable to master foreign languages; after his *exposé*, I heartily agreed with him, as I could not understand a word he said, but perhaps it was the fault of the cocktails with which the Club so generously treated their guests.

It was really a pity that this reception could not have been prolonged, as everybody seemed to be so jolly and happy, many acquaintances were made and old friendships renewed, but above the animated conversation the stentorian voice of the red-coated toast-master could be heard, announcing that dinner would be served. I noticed that the President, a little tired from having shaken so many "dainty" hands, made a dash to the cocktail bar to regain new strength and vigour for the heavy task which lay in front of him.

The company now made its entry into the richly decorated dining hall, awaiting upstanding the arrival of their Honorary President, the Swiss Minister, and its President, Mr. P. F. Boehringer, who were accompanied by their ladies, each carrying beautiful bouquets of flowers, which had been previously presented to them by the Hon. Secretary on behalf of the Club.

The orchestra played the Swiss National Anthem when these personalities stepped into the Banqueting Hall, and vociferous handclapping proved how popular they are. I noticed that behind the two Presidents, were exhibited the City Swiss

Club banner, together with the Union Jack and the Swiss flag.

Grace was said by Pastor C. Th. Hahn and the company sat down to enjoy an excellent Menu.

Choice vintages were served, amongst them I noticed such fine beverages coming from the "old country" as Dôle de Sion, Fendant du Valais and Neuchâtel, and many a smiling face gazed at the star which emanated from the Neuchâtel.

The musical programme during the dinner was executed by Colombo's Band, and it was sad to miss the jovial face of its leader, who on so many occasions had played at the Banquets of the Club. The band quite appropriately played a number of popular Swiss tunes, which many of us have sung in the days of our youth, and thus a real Swiss atmosphere was, perhaps, unconsciously, created.

Towards the end of the dinner, the toastmaster claimed silence for the customary toasts, and the Swiss Minister, in his capacity of "Président d'Honneur," first gave the toast to "The King," immediately followed by the one "The President of the Swiss Confederation and the Federal Council," both toasts were accorded musical honours.

And then came the time for the speeches, which, may I say, were very interesting and dealt with weighty matters. In one or two instances the speeches might have been a little shorter, so as to give more time for the social part of the evening. For years it has been a matter of much controversy whether a certain time limit should not be enforced, but somehow or other, these endeavours have not brought any tangible results.

The first speech of the evening was delivered by Monsieur C. R. Paravicini, who received a hearty ovation on rising from his "Fauteuil présidentiel," in proposing the toast "Anglo-Swiss Friendship," he said:

I have, as far as I can remember, never risen to speak at this, the most inspiring of our yearly Swiss assemblies in London, under more happy circumstances than those to-night.

Our present President has succeeded in gathering around him here an even larger number of compatriots and friends than ever before, and I must compliment him upon this remarkable achievement.

This is, no doubt, due to a great extent to his own personal attraction, but it is also due to his skill in giving this Banquet a note which connects the City Swiss Club with spheres somewhat beyond its immediate field of activity.

Last year you invited to your table a number of British friends, members of both Houses of Parliament, notable personages of the City of London and of the world of Science. This year you have looked to Switzerland for your Guest of Honour, thus privileging your fellow-members and their guests with the acquaintance of one of our own public men, whose influential part in the affairs of Switzerland needs no introduction.

You could not have made a happier choice. I am not going to trespass upon your right to welcome—with all due pomp and circumstance—M. Stucki, National Councillor and Minister-Designate of the Confederation in France.

But I must, nevertheless, have your permission to give expression to my personal joy at seeing here, on such an occasion as this, an old and faithful friend with whom twenty years of collaboration in the service of our country have kept me in close touch, and whose help has so often been of real value to me.

And you will easily understand that I am now eagerly looking forward to the time when our collaboration will have been established on the basis of a parallel diplomatic activity, and when he will have taken up his post of primary importance in the capital of France.

I have yet another reason for rejoicing at the visit of our friend. Owing to his presence, I can for once leave the principal speech of the

evening to someone else. This is an announcement which you will all, I am sure, receive with relief. But you will have to be patient for a few minutes all the same, for I have been asked to propose a toast which is dear to all our hearts, whether Swiss or British, namely: "The Anglo-Swiss Friendship."

In these disturbed times, when currents and counter-currents sweep ceaselessly across the political sky, when economic conditions suffer in the confusion of divergent operating factors from so many parts of the world, one is tempted to think that the airing of friendly feelings between the various nations is perhaps more a formula than the echo of a reality.

Also, whenever I go to a public dinner or meeting—and I go to a good many—I invariably listen to long protestations of friendship between any two countries, no matter what the political or economic relations between them may happen to be at the moment. A clever speaker always finds a means to show that, in spite of everything, there is an abundance of amity and goodwill everywhere.

Whether, on our way home, we are always convinced that every word we have heard is in harmony with the facts, or whether we are content to wonder at some rhetorical masterpiece, this I will not undertake to argue at length.

For me, the Swiss who loves this mighty island in the ocean and its people, it is an immense comfort to know that Anglo-Swiss friendship needs no rhetorical masterpiece to make one realise that it is there.

How many countries are there in the world who can say that they have been the friends of England, and England theirs, without a single moment of interruption for 600 years?

It is not merely a matter of peace or war. It does not follow that you are friends simply because you do not fight. Our two countries have no common frontier either on land or on sea. Does that make us friends? Not at all. We might say: we have nothing in common, neither geographically nor otherwise. We don't know each other and we don't want to know each other.

Why does neither of us think and act thus?

Because the good feelings between Swiss and English are nothing less than the outcome of human nature itself. Our friendship is not a matter of policy, not a scheme of any kind, nor dependent upon material advantages and calculations. Our friendship is a matter of soul.

When your people come to my country—I am now speaking to our English guests—and when my people come to yours, there is very little except for the obvious differences in their surroundings to make them think they are amongst strangers.

Those whom they see around them are, like their own people at home, the descendants of free men and the citizens of a free land, the English having given the world the example of the mother of Parliaments, the Swiss democracies never having known any other government than the government by the people itself—citizens brought up in a spirit of unity, tolerance and work, trained to take their share of responsibility towards themselves and others, and educated to the thought that their country expects every man to do his duty.

And last, but not least, there is the love for the beauties of nature and the gratitude at being—as each thinks—the son of the finest country in the world.

These are the elements of the spirit which brings English to Swiss and Swiss to English, and now I invite you to honour that perpetual friendship between them by raising your glasses. In so doing, I would like to ask the representative of H.M. Legation in Berne, Mr. Setchell, to convey to his Chief, Sir George Warner, a cordial

message from the Swiss in London, who follow His Excellency's untiring and fruitful activity in the spirit of that goodwill with intense interest and appreciation.

Monsieur le Président, Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you the toast of the friendship between British and Swiss, a toast which will be accompanied by the strains of our common national anthem, and I couple with it the name of my colleague the Swiss Minister-Designate to France.

Long and sincere applause greeted the oration of our Minister.

The microphone then changed places, and this time the toast-master asked for silence to hear the speech of Minister Walter Stucki. He was accorded a tremendous welcome, a sure proof that the members of the City Swiss Club fully appreciated the great services which our eminent compatriot has rendered and is still rendering to our country. He said:

It is a great handicap to be called upon to bring greetings from the home country and the Government to such an important Swiss Colony as the one gathered here this evening, when one is not speaking in one's native tongue. My difficulty is not lessened to-night, as it would be, were I speaking, for instance, in Paris. There a German-Swiss speaker is given a certain margin for what is called "Français-fédéral," the emphasis being generously laid upon the "fédéral" rather than upon the "français." But although we are shortly to have a fourth national language, there is as yet no "anglais fédéral." I must admit that I wonder very much whether English is not more widely spoken in our country than Romansch, but this is, of course, another story.

If my English meets with sharp criticism from my son, who is at present living in London—and I suppose that you will all agree with him on this point, taking sides as usual with the younger generation against the older one—let me tell you that the responsibility for this regrettable state of affairs lies entirely with the British Government.

Let me explain.

If, during the last fifteen years the British Government had made things as difficult for Swiss trade as have our neighbours on the West, for example, I would often have been called to London. And then, in the course of negotiations lasting for weeks and sometimes even for months, I could have polished up my English as I have been able to polish up my French.

But the fact is that both Great Britain and Switzerland distinguish themselves by their admirable conservativeness. Whereas we are knee-deep in uninterrupted economic negotiations with other great Powers, negotiations which frequently last longer than do the Agreements which result from them, the Anglo-Swiss Commercial Treaty dates from the year 1855 and rejoices in its ripe old age. Neither the crisis which took place at the end of the last century, nor the fierce strain of the World War, nor even the last great crisis, was able to shake its foundations. So farewell

any hopes I may have had of learning English in the course of economic discussions with my English friends!

Although I am not an Englishman, I must admit that I have sometimes found it very useful to be taken for one. Two instances of this are rather amusing and I must tell you about them.

When in London, some years ago, I felt that in my capacity of "country cousin" I really ought to visit the Port of London. On getting there, I was, however, stopped by that most popular example of the British community, a Bobby, who wanted to know what I was after. Taken aback somewhat, I explained that I wanted to see the Port and the Docks. My words, though few, were enough to convince this well-trained man that I was not English, and he asked me whether I was a Swede. This I denied, proudly mentioning our beautiful country. Whereupon he laughed and said: "You just go along, Sir, and see if you can't get some hints for the Swiss Navy!"

I have since had occasion, in Geneva and elsewhere, to see that it is sometimes advantageous to represent a small and not dangerous country; very often the little ones can say certain things which the big ones may not utter. I may be wrong, but I think that history can show that Great Britain's political attitude towards Switzerland has always run on lines parallel with the affable reply I received from the Policeman at the London Docks. And I think that we must all be grateful for this state of affairs, and never thoughtlessly do anything to spoil it.

I hope I shall not be endangering this valuable friendship if I tell you of the second occasion on which I was taken for something I am not. This time, I am afraid, I could be accused of wrongfully assuming another nationality and even of taking on foreign official duties.

It happened in 1923, when I was travelling in the overcrowded express from Düsseldorf to Frankfurt. The corridors were all packed with travellers, who were unable to find seats, but notwithstanding this I sat in my compartment in glorious isolation—not on account of my personal merits, but simply because the conductor had stated, emphatically and with conviction, that I was an Englishman and a Member of the Supervisory Commission! And so I was able to use my comfortable leisure to reflect upon how nice it must be to represent such a great and fearful Power.

Allow me, Monsieur le Président, and all of you, to thank you for asking me to come here this evening. And thank you, Sir, for the extremely kind words you have spoken about me.

I no longer belong to those Swiss who live permanently in our country and only occasionally visit Swiss Colonies abroad. Very soon I shall be at the head of the largest Swiss Colony on foreign soil. But this does not in any way lessen my pleasure in attending this gathering of Swiss citizens who live and work in the City of London.

For many years now I have taken a great interest in the problems of the Swiss abroad, and I know that there are a number of things that can

and must still be done for them. Of course I do not for one moment think that your enthusiasm would lead you to attempt to introduce a system of 22 cantonal governments in the United Kingdom. I am afraid that even the best of all Swiss pioneers abroad would find this a hopeless task. In fact, I could more easily visualise the success of our English friends were they to attempt to convince us, upright Swiss that we are, of the glory of such institutions as a King and a Royal Family. I was more than surprised and pleased to see how all circles of our otherwise so markedly republican country joined in celebrating and taking part in the Coronation festivities. An event of such a political and psychological nature as the Coronation cannot help but have an influence at a time when even in our own country there is increasing evidence of a trend of thought which questions the importance and reason for our little political organisation in the centre of a troubled Europe.

That such a sober-minded people like the English should find so much strength of unity in the idea of a King and a Kingdom, even in the face of economic and political emergencies, sets us thinking. On each of our frontiers we find vastly different sets of ideas, ideas which are still more alien to us, ideas of race, of language, blood, expansion, and leaders; ideas which aim at linking large nations into one unit—and this all tends quite often towards pandemonium. Many a thoughtful Swiss then asks himself seriously exactly what the political ideal common to all Swiss may be, which outlasts all our political and economic differences. For no people or nation can stay the course unless they have such an ideal. We cannot find a solution to this problem in the examples set by other countries. For centuries we have had our own political ideal, but unfortunately in recent times this seems to have sunk more or less into obscurity, and must now be recalled to the people's memory. The political ideal in question is that there should in the centre of Europe be a small people, entrusted with the safeguarding of the great lines of communication from West to East and from North to South, a people composed of various races, speaking different languages and adhering to different religions, who are entirely free to decide upon their own fate.

We can comply with this task if on the one hand we keep perfect neutrality and carefully avoid being mixed up in the quarrels of the big Powers and, on the other hand, if we can muster enough discernment and discipline to apply that most difficult form of Government, the direct democracy.

When we consider all the small party and economic quarrels which seem at times to be tearing our country to pieces, we may perhaps wonder whether in the long run we shall be strong enough to fulfil our mission of being a small, democratic League of Nations. But my own personal experiences in recent times have shown me how deeply the democratic sentiment is rooted in our people and how strong is the desire for co-operation and the understanding of our own mission.



CENTRE VIEW OF THE BANQUETING HALL.

(Top table left to right.)

Captain Andrews, Mr. Charles Graves, Mrs. Andrews, Mr. Frank Fehr, C.B.E., Sir John Laurie, Minister Stucki, Mrs. Boehringer, the Swiss Minister (Chairman), Mr. Boehringer (President), Mme. Paravicini, M. Setchell, Mme. de Jenner, M. de Jenner, Mme. de Rham, M. de Rham, Mrs. Hahn, M. Hilfiker, Pastor Hahn, Mrs. and Mr. Hofstetter, Mr. and Mrs. Suter, Mr. and Mrs. Dick, Mr. Wymann.

To solve the difficult problem which we are faced with, we can and must take this country as our example of chivalry in political battles and in national self-discipline. I think I am right in presuming that this statement will interest the Swiss abroad; if, though surrounded by powerful totalitarian nations, we seek our own best path to follow, if we are true to ourselves and if we carry out our task in a really democratic manner, our powerful English friends will maintain and prove the sympathy they have for us, the smallest democracy. They will understand that it is much more difficult for a small State, surrounded by large and powerful nations, to speak its mind than it is for a great Island Power to do so.

I agree with all my heart with our Minister's eloquent words of praise about the friendship existing between Switzerland and Great Britain. I would be very happy, and I am sure that our country and the whole Swiss Colony in London, would be very happy if this friendship could be enhanced by an increase in our commercial exchanges.

In the course of international conferences I have too often had occasion to discuss with my English colleagues and friends the question of greater commercial reasonableness and of a freer exchange of goods amongst the peoples of the world, not to hope that the commercial negotiations which are about to start between our two countries may be crowned with success.

These negotiations should be of value not only to the economics of the contracting parties, but should serve also as an example to a world torn by fierce waves of autarchy.

And so I am confident that the long friendship between our two democracies will assure the success of the forthcoming negotiations.

The speaker's fine *exposé* earned him a tremendous applause, which was fully deserved.

Shortly afterwards, the microphone was put in front of the President, Mr. P. F. Boehringer, the reception he received on standing up reminded me somehow of a football crowd, when the long-awaited goal has been scored, although not easily ruffled, the warmth of such a reception seemed to have unnerved him for a few moments, but he soon recovered and after a few bows of acknowledgement he addressed the company as follows:

M. le Ministre, Ladies and Gentlemen,

I have the great honour entrusted to me of proposing the health of "Our Guests." Their distinction and achievements are such that I will at once admit my incompetence of doing justice to my task but, as your President, I cannot spare you my feeble contribution to to-night's oratory.

The presence on my right of the Swiss Minister affords me considerable comfort and encouragement and I need hardly emphasize our gratitude to Monsieur Paravicini for having again taken the chair at this dinner in spite of his strenuous engagements elsewhere. I believe that in the course of this week he has already delivered half a dozen orations. I also wish to pay homage to Madame Paravicini who with dignity and charm continues to govern the numerous functions at our Legation.

You have already been introduced to M. Walter Stucki, but it is left to me to welcome him on behalf of the City Swiss Club. It is the first time—in my memory—that our Government has allowed one of its chief magistrates to attend, in an official capacity, one of our annual banquets. During the War, M. Stucki, in his capacity as Secretary-General of the "Département de l'Economie Publique," was the right hand of Federal Counsellor Schulthess who had the very difficult task of steering Switzerland's economy safely between the two contesting parties. M. Stucki was in charge of the delicate negotiations of securing the necessary supply of raw materials and food-stuffs which our peculiar geographical position threatened to undermine. His sound judgment and *savoir-faire* helped us to maintain our traditional neutrality in the economic field. No illustration of the adage of "being between the devil and the deep sea" has ever been more apt. After the War M. Stucki, as head of our "Board of Trade," initiated and successfully concluded the many foreign trade agreements which guarantee our country a measure of prosperity. I am proud to convey to Minister Stucki on behalf of the Swiss in Great Britain our admiration coupled with the sincere wish that his new activity in the French capital will add further laurels to his former successes.

It is now my privilege to welcome Sir John Laurie, the President of the City Livery Club. The majority of our members are business men engaged in the City of London and I avail myself of this opportunity of expressing our gratitude for the large measure of freedom which we enjoy and assure him of our staunch loyalty to the country of our adoption. A few days ago some of our compatriots were entertained by his Club at the Guildhall; they returned the visit of the City Liverymen who, last June, honoured one of the guilds at Berne by their presence at a

Zunftessen. I read in the Swiss Press that Federal President Motta, in proposing their health, stressed the unshakeable friendship and sympathy which unites our two countries. I do not know whether the repast followed the traditional lines and was unduly protracted, but the local newspaper also reported that the London Liverymen carried away the cheese which weighed over 200 lbs.

Another distinguished guest is Mr. Frank Fehr, C.B.E. An underwriter and member of Lloyds, he was already at the age of 21 senior partner in the important firm which carries his name and which was founded by his father. His family hails from the canton of Zurich. Prosperous in business, his talents and wide experience have always been given for the service of the community. He is as prominent in sporting circles as he is conspicuous in the business world.

I wish to extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Setchell, the commercial Secretary of the British Legation in Berne.

I am also happy to greet the collaborators of our Minister at the Legation: M. de Jenner, accompanied by Mme de Jenner, M. Rezzonico, M. de Rham, accompanied by Mme de Rham, and Mr. Hilker.

You will be pleased to hear that Mlle Mailart is among us to-night as the personal guest of the Swiss Minister. Though we cannot promise her as thrilling and adventurous a time as she experienced on her visits to the Far East, we hope she will thoroughly enjoy her short stay in our midst.

I also wish to greet Capt. Andrews, a vice-president of the Association of British Members of the Swiss Alpine Club; Mr. Gilbert Carr, the President of the American Society in London; and Mr. Charles Graves, who is about to publish a book dealing with the services of famous Swiss regiments in foreign countries.

As usual we have with us the delegates of the two churches and representatives of the sister societies in our Colony and the Provinces. They are all contributing in their particular sphere to the educational and social activities in our Colony. May I single out the Swiss Benevolent Society which has suffered somewhat heavily from the change in the monetary conditions in Switzerland.

The Press is represented by the *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily Mail*, *Daily Herald*, the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, the *Bund* and Mr. and Mrs. Stauffer from the *Swiss Observer*.

I will now ask you to rise and drink with me the health of our Guests with which I couple the name of Mr. Frank Fehr.

After the conclusion of this short and excellently rendered speech, we witnessed a repetition of the enthusiasm which had marked the start of his address.

Before I go any further, I venture to publish a complete list of all the guests, as time did not allow the speaker to mention the names of everyone present. Here they are:

Monsieur Walter Stucki, Delegate of the Swiss Federal Council for External Trade, Member of the Swiss National Council, Doctor h.c. of Basle University, Minister-Designate of the Swiss Confederation in France; Colonel and Alderman Sir John Laurie, T.D., J.P., President of the City Livery Club; Frank E. Fehr, C.B.E., Esq., Presi-

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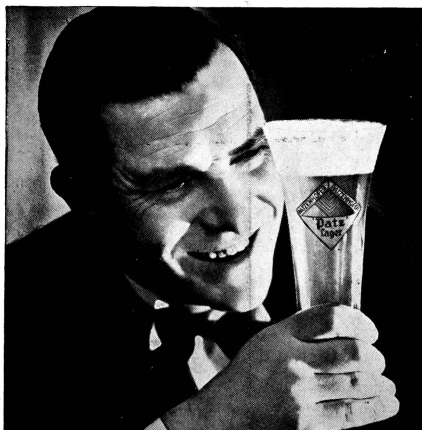
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Telegrams from various invited guests, who were unable to be present, arrived, and we publish their text herewith:

Sir Malcolm Campbell:

"Greatly regret unable to be with you to-night, my best wishes to all, regards.

Malcolm Campbell."

Late Federal Councillor, Dr. Calonder:

"Der Festversammlung City Swiss Club meine besten Grüsse und Wünsche.

Calonder."

L. Chapuis, Vice-President City Swiss Club.

"Deeply regretting unavoidable absence I send you my patriotic greetings and best wishes for a most successful and happy evening.

Louis Chapuis."

The response to the President's toast was entrusted to Mr. Frank E. Fehr, who, on rising, received a hearty ovation.

The speaker expressed his pleasure at having been asked to be one of the "Guests of Honour" of the City Swiss Club, "it is an honour," he said, "which I greatly appreciate."

He paid a warm tribute to Anglo-Swiss friendship, and mentioned how happy he always felt when in Switzerland, where the people are not only kind, but highly cultured. "If I were not British," he continued, "I would like to be a Swiss," this statement was greeted with much applause.

Mr. Fehr then related that during a Parliamentary election he was challenged by a heckler about his nationality, he informed the man that he was British born of Swiss parents, who became naturalised in this country, which satisfied the interrupter, and which also goes to prove how English people regard the Swiss.

The speaker also spoke of the spirit of goodwill which the Swiss people have towards other countries in international relationship, and their love of freedom, liberty and fair play. He mentioned the fact that in some small places, where there is only one church, the Protestant and Roman Catholic worshippers used the same building, a proof that tolerance is one of the virtues of the Swiss people.

"Switzerland," Mr. Fehr said, "has a good reputation in the City of London, her industry and commerce has reached a high point, and she has not only been successful in this sphere, but she has also produced famous men of high intellectual achievements in various fields of activity; she has maintained an enviable progress under a democratic government."

Mr. Fehr on the conclusion of his speech was greatly applauded.

Finally, M. R. Dupraz, President of the Swiss Benevolent Society, spoke very eloquently on behalf of the Funds of the organisation he represents.

The appeal so sincerely made earned a deserved response and yielded the satisfactory sum of £125.

The company then adjourned to the Foyer, so that the Hall could be made ready for dancing.

Dancing started shortly after eleven, and Colombo's Band proved to be very efficient and untiring in their endeavours to lure young and old to waltz round in either quick or slow tempo.

At midnight, a cabaret, called the "Dazzle 8 Girls," made its appearance, which was a welcome diversion for those who, for some reason or other, did not wish to dance.

These girls were indeed dazzling, they sang, danced and executed some hair-raising acrobatics; they were not exactly overdressed, and I was in deadly fear lest they would lose the little they had got on during their whirlwind turns. But nothing

happened, and I was just going to relax a little from the tension when one of these dazzling beauties singled me out for a "hugging." I am sure it was not for my "beaux yeux," it was most embarrassing and for once, after many, many years, I blushed again; but when I saw some of my friends being even more roughly handled, without even the sign of a blush, I dared to look my neighbour in the face once more. One charming lady sweetly asked me, whether I enjoyed kissing cabaret girls, I felt very uncomfortable, and I think it was rather unkind, because I never—anyhow not knowingly—made any attempt to kiss, I was simply "pressed," and willingly or unwillingly had to submit in order not to spoil a (good) turn.

Most enjoyable were the Paul-Jones, and another charming lady confided to me that she rather liked to dance with "strays"; I wasn't quite sure whether this was meant as a compliment: I might have "strayed" in my younger days, but of late I have been very consistent.

The Swiss valse seemed to be a great attraction, and especially so to our English visitors, my dancing partner, hailing from the fair fields of Essex, whispered to me that I should indulge in this practice more often, so as to get rid of my "awful fat," and that is what they call in the 20th century "polite ball-room conversation"!!

It came as a relief to me when it was announced that an unexpected visitor had arrived, who was going to entertain us, and lo and behold in came Mrs. Frei-Bernhardgrütter, the well-known "Yodlerin." She is the happy possessor of a powerful voice and I heard her alluded to as the "yodding nightingale." Next time, when I am in the country listening to the lovely sounds of a nightingale, I shall think of my yodding friend who gave us such a fine performance on Friday night, or was it Saturday morning?

Mrs. Frei hails from the beautiful canton of Appenzell, and when she sang as an encore, "Mi Vatter isch ein Appenzeller," my two table neighbours who also hail from that canton, were in Ecstasy, and I could hardly restrain them from carrying the lady shoulder-high through the ball-room, no easy work, when (no, I had better not).

At 2 o'clock a.m., the orchestra intimated that "Auld Lang Syne" should be sung, and thus a most successful evening came to a close.

It is not in my domain to write about the experiences a number of the revellers encountered on their way home through some of the worst fog which London has witnessed for a long time, but I am sure it would make very interesting "copy," especially so in my own case, which landed me in a fearful entanglement, and I will mercifully draw the curtain over that episode.

There remains nothing else for me to do, than to congratulate the City Swiss Club on their wonderful evening, which was a success from beginning to end. I would like to single out the Hon. Secretary of the Club, M. George Marchand, who bore the chief burden of the work, and who had a big share in the success of the evening.

St.

Apart from those already mentioned, the following were present:

Mr. Ammann, Mr. B. Apelbaum & Party, Mr. Akeret, Miss Bosshard, Mr. & Mrs. P. Bucher & guest, Mr. & Mrs. P. Bessire, Mr. Balser & guest, Mr. Anton Bon & guests, Mr. A. C. Baume, Mr. & Mrs. H. Binggely, Mr. & Mrs. Misses Beyli, Mr. & Mrs. Bartholdi, Miss Brun, Mr. & Mrs. Bernheim, Mr. & Mrs. Brauchli & party, Mr. & Miss Boos, Mr. Mrs. Miss Bindschedler, Mr. & Mrs. Beck, Mr. & Mrs. Bachmann & guest, Mr. O. Boehringer, Dr. Cruesemann, Miss Cruesemann & guest, Mr. & Mrs. Ceresole, Mr. & Mrs. Carr, Mr. & Mrs. C. Chapuis, Mr. & Mrs. Clarke, Miss Christen, Mr. & Mrs. Craddock, Mr., Mrs. & Miss Curnow, Mr. & Mrs. Charton, Mr. de Tschärner, Mr. de Stutz, Mr. & Mrs. de Cintra, Mr. & Mrs. Delaloye & guest, Mr. & Mrs. Dettwyler, Mr. & Miss Donat, Mr. & Mrs. de Watteville, Mr., Mrs. & Miss Epprecht, Miss Fehr, Mr. & Mrs. B. Fehr, Mrs. F. E. Fehr, Mr. Fessler, Mr. & Mrs. O. Frei, Mr. & Mrs. Fenton & party, Mr., Mrs. & Misses Frey, Mr. & Mrs. W. Fischer, Miss Frossard & guest, Mr. & Mrs. Fredaway, Mr. & Mrs. Flory & party, Mr. & Mrs. Grau, Mlle de Graffenried, Mr. & Mrs. F. M. Gamper, Mr. Gamper, Mr. E. Gassmann, Mr. & Miss Gattiker, Mr. & Mrs. Guignard, Mr. & Mrs. Gray, Mr. & Mrs. Homberger, Mr. & Mrs.

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