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THE BUNDESFEIER OF THE MANCHESTER COLONY.

It was a happy inspiration which prompted a great-hearted Swiss family to offer their hospitable and charming home for our celebration of the Bundesfeier. The shy modesty which forbids the mention of their name in this report is a symptom of their personal charm and their integral preservation of a Swiss atmosphere could not escape notice.

No fewer than 5 English Counties supplied the contingent of our festive gathering. They came from Lancashire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire and Yorkshire, which alone is ample proof of the deep attachment to the homeland felt by our scattered Colony in the wilds of the North, for it must be remembered that it was a hot day to undertake a protracted journey in overcrowded trains to a remote country station. It is therefore not surprising that the cool swimming bath in the garden was so keenly enjoyed by every relay of fresh arrivals and those who had left their bathing trunks at home may well have felt a grudge against the secretary for forgetting to mention this additional attraction in the invitation notice, though they were too generous to rag him for it as he deserved. The warmth and graciousness of the hostess' welcome melted any envy the sight of the pool can have engendered and then there was so much to enjoy that no ill-feeling could subsist. The beauty of the day, the loveliness of the surroundings, the joy of greeting old friends and of meeting new ones, all contributed to the happy atmosphere of a big family gathering. News were exchanged of personal and national interest and even a shaded nook was found in the garden for a yass. The Bundesfeier postcards and emblems, especially the latter, met with great admiration and as their prices had no ceiling, the disposal of these works of art called not for salesmanship but for a demonstration of the purchasers' generosity. The result will uphold our Colony's good reputation in such matters.

All this time, while the guests were enjoying themselves, our poor hostess was kept hot and bothered by the hard work of preparing tea for the numerous gathering. Having regard to the food rationing, everybody brought some victuals to the buffet and one or two of the contributions must have been calculated for the Swiss Colony of all England. The hostess' stately "Gugelhupf" and those "Basler Leckerli" were a real "Leckerbisse." A Thurgauer made the latter and when the war is over you may have his address; until then we keep him to ourselves, (except, perhaps, if some of you interesting people who hug so tightly to London, can be induced to pay us a visit and give us one of those talks of which we read with envy in the S.O.'s reports on the Metropolitan Swiss Societies' proceedings).

After this excellent collation we were too heavily laden to make a success of singing our national airs, though the piano gave a valiant lead. It required the town-crier's bell towards evening to assemble the party on the stoop, for our President, Mr. E. Kuebler, to deliver his short inspiring address on the significance of our celebration, expressing also our nation's privilege in surviving as an island of peace in a torn and storm-tossed sea of war, a centre of relief and a ray of hope for a world which will in the end have to be rebuilt on the foundations of tolerance and human

fellowship. His words evoked a silent prayer from all our hearts for the wise guidance of our beloved country's destiny. His thanks to our hosts for offering the homely refuge of their lovely home for this intimate gathering found an echo in our grateful applause.

A telegram of greetings was despatched to the London Colony with our good wishes for their great gathering on the morrow at the Stoll Theatre, Kingsway.

It came as a shock to find how time had flown and that the hour of parting had come so soon. The first ones to leave had to be literally torn away by force and they had to borrow bicycles in order to catch their train. To the others, half an hour's grace was given until a sudden thunderstorm drove us indoors. Eventually we had to run between showers and downpours, only to wait in the stifling heat which, like the crowded passengers, had taken shelter from the rain in the little station's waiting room, for a train three quarters of an hour behind time.

It was a Bundesfeier which we shall love to remember for, though so far from home, we felt so much at home, thanks to our kind compatriotic hosts.

R. R.

BUNDESFEIER AT LIVERPOOL AND PRESTATYN 1943.

The fine summer weather which lasted all the second half of July sent a big crowd of holiday makers to North Wales and the trains were packed. We cannot blame any of our friends in Liverpool for hesitating to undertake such an uncomfortable journey to join us here. However, Mrs. Macquarie soon remedied that. She arranged a walk on Saturday, 31st July, to the Wirral, that delectable peninsula between the Mersey and the Dee, the bedroom of Liverpool, where, however, still rural districts survive. Mrs. Macquarie took her fairly large party to the centre. It included Mmes Davidson and Erb and some of the girls (several are now married) they used to gather together, and several men, amongst whom figured Mr. Troxler of the Bold Street Swiss Café with a big cake with the national colours and other delicacies for the ladies in his pockets. Tea was at the "Green Lantern" and the afternoon was generally voted a success although at the finish a thunderstorm brought a deluge of rain. The party decided on a collection for the 1st August objective and Mrs. Macquarie sent the Consulate 35/- as a gift from the party which is gratefully acknowledged.

In Prestatyn Mr. Montag, our Consul, invited all the Swiss in the neighbourhood to tea on Sunday afternoon, 1st August, and although some could not come because there was torrential rain when they were about to start, still a representative gathering met. Mrs. L. J. Faivre, the Chancellor's wife, received the guests on behalf of the Consulate and Maryse, her daughter, decorated each lady with the first of August Abzeichen. The men had to do without, such was the run on this Abzeichen. Mr. Troxler had also sent a cake to us for which we owe him our thanks, and some of the ladies improved the tea table by special additions of their own. It was a regular family gathering. Urgrossmutter was there in the shape of Mrs. Steffen, now 84, Grossmutter Mrs. Cheetham, Mama Mrs. Cheetham junior and Christopher John Cheetham,

now eight months old, a happy smiling baby and as good as gold. May he always be as happy with his Swiss relations as he was with us.

The party was delighted to receive a telegraphic message from our Minister, Monsieur Thurnheer, who in spite of his manifold duties had not forgotten his countrymen in the North. We thank him for his kindly thought of us. The war disrupts. We used to be in fairly good touch with the Manchester Swiss, but we only see some of them occasionally as visitors here. Nevertheless we also want to associate with them in wishing Vice-Consul Hirs, transferred to New York, the best of luck in his journey and satisfaction and success in his new sphere of work. We looked upon Mr. Hirs as firmly acquired for Manchester, but the Service of the State knows no such thing.

"ROULEZ TAMBOURS" (A Battle-Song.)

(1) *The Drums:*

Ye war-drums, beat!
Our frontiers we are guarding,
Along the river lead us to the fight.
Beat gaily on, all thoughts of peace discarding,
We're soldiers all when we first see the light.
Keep steadfast hearts, they'll make you brave;
The Swiss who never knew defeat
Bred many a hero, ne'er a slave, } *Repeat.*
Ye war-drums, beat!

(2) *In Camp:*

Ye trumpets, sound!
When camp-fires, dimly burning
Reflect in yonder stream their fitful light,
To heav'n above, our solemn thoughts are turning
And many pray'rs soar aloft through the night.
Homeland, we shield thee, come who dares,
A living wall, we thee surround.
God sees us watching, hears our pray'rs, } *Repeat.*
Ye trumpets, sound!

(3) *The Colours:*

Ye banners float!
Our valiant standards flutter
Inscribed with many a glorious name,
Like brilliant stars, names we are proud to utter,
Of battles fought that gave us lasting fame.
Under your flag, each one aspires
His country's welfare to promote.
Be worthy sons of our sires, } *Repeat.*
Ye banners float!

(4) *Return:*

Songs of our land!
Our hearts with pride are glowing
Whene'er we hear the echo of your strains.
O cherished land, to you our lives we're owing,
A precious gift, yours alone it remains.
Mountains and streams, in charms competing
O may your beauty e'er expand.
We hail your welcome and your greeting, } *Repeat.*
Songs of our land!

(Transl. by J. J. F. S.)

SWISS MERCANTILE SOCIETY.

Following the successful discussion at the June meeting, when the subject "A Target for Trade in Peace-Time" aroused keen interest among the members, the Committee has decided to arrange for another discussion at the next Monthly Meeting, which will be held at Swiss House on Wednesday, September 8th, at 6 p.m.

The subject this time will be "The Beveridge Plan," and members will no doubt readily agree that the Committee could hardly have chosen a more suitable and topical theme.

Our President, Mr. J. J. Boos, who has made a thorough study of the Plan, will explain its working, after which there will be a general discussion. If the Beveridge Plan is put into force, and there is no reason to expect the contrary, it will affect everyone in the Colony, not only employees and employers, but also their families. Members and friends are therefore cordially invited to what promises to be a most interesting and instructive meeting and a particular welcome is extended to the ladies, who, it is hoped, will also take part in the discussion.

The 55th anniversary of the foundation of the S.M.S. will be celebrated on Saturday, October 9th, with an austerity luncheon, to be followed by a lecture by our well-known friend, Dr. G. P. Gooch, the eminent historian. Fuller details will be announced by circular and in the next issue of the Swiss Observer.

Please, therefore, reserve September 8th and October 9th for the S.M.S. WB.



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