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**J. J. PFAENDLER †.**

*That brave old heart has ceased to beat,  
That noble head is laid to rest.*

We deeply regret to announce the passing away of Mr. J. J. Pfaendler, which occurred suddenly, on Tuesday, December 19th, 1950, on his way home from the office.

This untimely departure came as a great shock, not only to his family but also to his great circle of friends.

Once again death has taken away from us one of the "old guard", a man, who has served the Colony well and also his country which he loved so fervently.

We, who stay behind, can hardly grasp the fact, that we shall not see his friendly face anymore, nor enjoy his always pleasant company. He has, as surely as he would have wished it, died in harness, but, alas, all too soon, we would have wished him a few years of leisure, when he could have enjoyed a well-deserved rest from his arduous labours; it was not to be, Providence has taken him away from his nearest and dearest, and from his friends. We shall all be the poorer for his departure.

\* \* \*

J. J. Pfaendler was born on the 25th of March, 1883, at Lichtensteig (Toggenburg). Having lost both his parents in his early youth, great responsibilities were cast upon him, so that when he was barely fourteen years of age, he had already to settle matters in connection with his father's affairs, who was in business as a Master Hatter.

On leaving school he underwent a three years apprenticeship with the "Toggenburger Bank" and afterwards stayed several months at the "Ecole de Commerce" at Neuchâtel. Then followed three years of employment with the "Toggenburger Bank" both in Rapperswil and St. Gall.

In the year 1904, he came to these hospitable shores and after having spent altogether four years

in a Stock-Brokers office and two commercial firms, he entered in 1908, the Employment Office of the S.K.V. in London, which was, at that time, managed by the late G. E. De Brunner. Two years later (1910), Mr. Pfaendler was appointed Manager of the said Office.

To his new and responsible position he devoted all his energy, and very soon the Agency became known, not only amongst the Swiss in this country, but also to British business circles.

J. J. Pfaendler never shrank from hard work, and although difficulties and disappointments — especially during the last few years, when labour restrictions became more and more severe — never succeeded in putting a damper on his enthusiasm. There are many thousands of our compatriots who have to thank him for the start of a successful career.

It was perhaps an obvious conclusion that our departed friend should take an interest in the London section of the S.K.V., which is known as the Swiss Mercantile Society. The writer has been able to watch the work he rendered to the Society for over 38 years. He never pushed himself forward, but when help or advice was required he gave his services unstintingly. I had the pleasure to sit with him on many a committee and at meetings, and what astonished me always, was the alertness with which he grasped matters and how, after a heavy day's work, he was prepared to study documents and give his opinion.

For many years, he rendered great services to the Society as Secretary of the Education Department, and especially was he untiringly busy in finding the necessary funds which enabled the S.M.S. to start the Day School at Henrietta Street, which later on proved such a great success at Fitzroy Square.

But not only the business side of the Society was within the sphere of his activity, for many years he was the life and soul of the entertainment side; at dances he acted as M.C. — making things lively — at dinners, smoking concerts, etc., he charged himself with the arrangements, and wherever friend Pfaendler had a finger in the pie, the pie was fit for consumption.

It was only right, that such services should be acknowledged and the writer prides himself on having in 1918, as President of the Society, proposed Mr. Pfaendler as an Honorary Member, a proposal which was accepted with unanimous acclamation.

Mr. Pfaendler was a member of the City Swiss Club for the last 40 years, and a very active member of the Swiss Male Choir and other Swiss Societies.

In December, 1911, he married Mlle. Nina Cecile Delphine, whose parents were of Swiss nationality; this marriage was a very happy one. His wife presented him with three sons and one daughter, to whom he was a most devoted and loving father.

If life brought him success, he was, undoubtedly, deeply indebted to his faithful partner in marriage who shared with him not only joy but also sorrow. She has by her brightness and cheerfulness

made many a dark hour look sunnier and many a heavy burden lighter.

\* \* \*

A Church service was held on Friday, December 22nd, at St. James' Church, Muswell Hill, N.10, followed by cremation at St. Marylebone Crematorium, Eastend Lane, N.2, at which a large congregation attended.

We tender our deepest and most sincere sympathy to his widow and children, who have lost a devoted husband and a loving father. We shall not forget him; his life, which was devoted to duty and loving care, will be a shining example to all of us.

FAREWELL DEAR JACK!

ST.

### IN MEMORIAM

of JEAN JACQUES PFAENDLER, † December 19th, 1950.

We cannot realize that you have pass'd  
From us, as in the twinkling of an eye,  
And yet — this week we said our last good-bye,  
When wintry dusk its eerie shadows cast.

Your whole life long, up to the very last,  
Were you intent your talents to apply  
Through work and duty nobly done; to tie  
The sacred bonds of love and friendship fast.

Your loyalty, your conscientious care,  
In striving to help others on their way,  
Was faithful service without parallel.

That Mona-Lisa smile, the kindly air,  
Were all your own and will not fade away  
From grateful thoughts of one we loved so well!

GALLUS.

### LETZTER KERZENGLANZ.

Noch duftet das Haus vom frohen Fest,  
Verhallt ist der Weihnachtsjubiläum kaum.  
Doch der Alltag mahnt, und wir finden uns  
Zum Abschied beim brennenden Lichterbaum.

Sachte erlöschen die kleinen Flammen  
Draussen liegt der Schnee so dicht.  
Was kümmert es uns? Wir sind beisammen  
Vereinigt beim sterbenden Kerzenlicht.

Wir blicken in die Zukunft mit stummen Mund,  
Die Schatten wachsen, es dunkelt im Raum.  
Fest hält jedes diese Zerrinnende Stund'  
Vom schönsten und seligsten Kindertraum.

Die beglückenden Lichter verabschieden sich leis —  
Nun kämpft noch das letzte — es macht sich bereit  
Und trägt aus Liebe zu jedem im Kreis  
Einen Wunsch in die unendliche Ewigkeit.

R.B.P.

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