It was one of the most glittering social occasions Manchester has ever known. For the 150 guests attending the Swiss Gala Night in the city’s Café Royal, it was an evening they will never forget.

Above all it was a personal triumph for Swiss-born Charles, general manager of the Café Royal, who, in his richly-embroidered Emmentaler Sennenblouse, was the undisputed star of this £5-a-head, seven-hour party.

It was attended by the Lord Mayor of Manchester, the Mayor of Salford, Swiss Consul Charles Rosset, and many distinguished Northerners. Greeting them on arrival was the Swiss Cheese Band from Grindelwald, which had been brought along by Dr. Ernst Ackermann, economic adviser to the Swiss Gruyere Processed Cheese Manufacturers’ Association.

Many of the items on the menu, too, had been specially sent over from Switzerland. Paper-thin slices of raw meat from the Grisons, asparagus from the Valais, perch fillets from the lake of Geneva, Spätzli from Zurich, cheese from Gruyère and Emmental, wine from the Rhone valley and Neuchâtel, kirsch from Zug, and Williamine and marc from the Valais.

There were also gifts of cheese, chocolate, handkerchiefs and cigars, but perhaps the biggest surprise of all came when waiters handed round cans labelled: “SWISS AIR — specially imported by Mecca, Limited”.

During the evening Mr. Rosset announced that as a result of the Gala Night the sum of £250 would be given to charity. This included two cheques the band had received for their appearances on television — £50 from Granada and ten guineas from the BBC.

In his speech Mr. Rosset said: “My congratulations on the success of this evening must go to the Café Royal and my compatriot, M. Charles, who for the occasion has exchanged his dinner jacket for the garb of a cowherd, which is quite becoming to his type and stature.”

Charles, who weighs 18½ stone and whose waist measurement of 53 inches is more obvious in an Emmentaler Sennenblouse than in a dinner jacket, grinned his appreciation.

A happy threesome in gala mood. With Elis Schmoker, yodelling star of the Swiss Cheese Band, is Charles, of the Café Royal, and Dr. Ernst Ackermann, of the Swiss Gruyere Processed Cheese Manufacturers’ Association, who was responsible for bringing the band to Manchester.

Mr. Charles Rosset, Swiss Consul in Manchester, inspects a tin of genuine Swiss air — one of the big surprises Charles had planned for the evening. Looking on is one of the distinguished guests, Alderman Ellen Mallinson, Mayor of the neighbouring City of Salford.

“M. Charles has been the king-pin of the whole affair,” went on Mr. Rosset, “for, in addition to his expert attention to the gastronomic side of the event, he has managed to bring you all here, which is quite an achievement and a mark of the high esteem in which his culinary art is held.

“If the Swiss gave medals or decorations I should certainly propose that one be bestowed on Charles. It is a pity that we are not able to show our appreciation in this way.”

The Consul referred to the sales promotion campaign undertaken by the Swiss Gruyere Processed Cheese Manufacturers’ Association at the Food Fair of the North, and said: “The processed cheese people, who in the refining of an already fine product have shown their skill in achieving the impossible, are confident of being able to expand their sales considerably.

“I wish them luck, and I am happy to stress that this is the first among our Swiss industries to launch a direct promotion in Manchester and the North-west in order to expand in England.

“They intend to develop trade with the provinces, and I am confident that they are but a vanguard and that other groups will in due course make a determined effort in the markets of the North-west.

“Since cheese and wine go well together, I should think the Swiss Wine-growers’ Association, a representative of which — the appropriately-named Mr. Bonvin — is here tonight, would be an ideal promoter of the next Swiss Gala Night.

“If this happened, it would certainly benefit from the outstanding success of the present one. Judging from
No, this is not a second Swiss Cheese Band! Entertaining their travel agency friends are Swissair hostess Jane Stafford, Swiss National Tourist Office general manager Albert Kunz, Swissair North of England manager Tony Pliiss and his assistant manager, Ronnie Payne.

the way you have taken to the samples served here tonight, Swiss wine ought to have a fair success!”

It was the Lord Mayor of Manchester, Alderman Lionel Biggs, who revealed that the occasion also marked Charles’ 40th birthday, and everyone joined in the singing of “Happy Birthday to You” — with alphorn accompaniment.

Said the Lord Mayor: “Congratulations to Charles and all responsible for the organisation of this extremely pleasant and memorable occasion. They say Manchester needs brightening, but it has been exceptionally bright tonight, and we have certainly got away from steak and kidney pudding and had something really unusual. We only wish there could be more occasions like this.”

And Alderman Mrs. Ellen Mallinson, Mayor of Salford, said: “I am almost at the end of my year of office, and I can honestly say that this night has been the nicest night of the year. I shall never forget this friendly atmosphere and I must thank Charles and his staff for a most wonderful evening.”

Travel agents’ party

Two days later there was another Swiss party at the Café Royal, when nearly a hundred members of travel agency staffs, and their wives were guests of the Swiss National Tourist Office and Swissair.

During the speeches Mr. Albert Kunz, general manager of the Swiss National Tourist Office in London, called Charles “the best advertisement for Switzerland in Manchester.”

But while it was Charles who could show what Switzerland had to offer in the way of good food and drink, it was Mr. Kunz and Swissair’s North of England manager, Mr. Tony Pliiss, who showed the guests how to let their hair down — Swiss style.

Once the tables had been cleared they soon had everyone dancing and singing. And if you have never seen a posse of portly travel agents taking it in turn to try and blow an alphorn you have missed one of the funniest sights imaginable.