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Autor:	Meakin, Derek
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Plain-clothes detectives and uniformed security guards surround the Queen . . .

Daily Mail COMMENT

Now for somewhere entirely different

COME with us today to a lost world. Our Queen is starting a State visit there, the first by a reigning British monarch.

The streets are mysteriously clean. Railway carriages are uncannily spotless, the upholstery of their seats unripped. Public telephones are in order. Vandalism is rarer than the rarest Alpine plant.

What of the inhabitants?

They look very much like us and dress much like us . . . but closer observation reveals amazing differences: they are industrious and prosperous and they hardly ever strike. Why, in a recent referendum they actually voted against a reduction in the working week!

Not surprising, you may think, that the Swiss — for it is indeed they — enjoy the highest standard of living in the world.

Yet, in many ways, their wealth is the most wondrous thing of all.

For, apart from snow to attract the tourists, they have no major natural resources. Their country is small and landlocked. It is riven by deep and abiding tribal divisions. It has a Babel of languages. Its system of government is about as fast-moving as a carthorse with hobbled legs.

Truly the jewel-like precision of Switzerland's prospering economy is a marvel of the popular money-making will.

Some affect to dismiss this tidy oasis of respectability as boring and bourgeois.

Most, we suspect, would be only too overjoyed if, with the aid of a magic yodel or two, Switzerland's priceless Victorian virtues could somehow be transplanted back here.

IT was not surprising that all the stops were pulled out for the royal tour of Switzerland by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. For it was, as many Swiss commentators pointed out, the most important State visit since that of the Kaiser in 1912. DEREK MEAKIN, who accompanied the royal party, tells the inside story of a triumphal and historic tour that will be talked about for many years to come.

**DAY
1**

"BRING something warm, the Queen had been advised as final plans were being made for her State visit to Switzerland. And with good reason.

The week before it had been bitterly cold. The day before rain had threatened to put a damper on all the carefully work-out ceremonial.

But when the Trident of the Queen's Flight made its stately descent to Zurich airport, Switzerland had put on its sunniest face to greet its royal visitor.

Visibly relieved that the weather was giving its seal of approval to the visit was the President of the Swiss Confederation, Georges-André Chevallaz, his ruddy face wreathed in smiles as he waited with other members of the welcoming party on a flower-decked red-carpeted and heavily guarded section of the airport well away from the terminal building.

The arrival went like clock-work. The Trident, with two tiny flags, the Swiss cross and the royal standard, fluttering on either side of the nose, taxied up to the red carpet. The British Ambassador, the very distin-

guished looking Sir Alan Rothnie, climbed the steps and disappeared into the plane.

Then the Queen appeared. She was followed closely by the Duke, and the couple were greeted in turn by President and Madame Chevallaz and the Swiss Foreign Minister, Federal Councillor Pierre Aubert, and his wife, together with other senior officials.

Then came the formalities that are a necessary prelude to a royal visit. Clutching a bouquet of flowers that was far too generously large, the Queen and the President stood at the head of a small group of people as the two national anthems were played by a military band from St. Gall.

Philip, a respectful pace behind, stood ramrod straight, his jaw jutting forward. And all around them the frenetic life of one of the world's busiest airports went on regardless, with jets taking off and roaring overhead, and the band from School of Recruits 7 trying valiantly to make itself heard.

The crowds lining the spectators' terraces of the far-away terminal building craned to see what was going on, but they could only sense rather than hear the barked commands of



... but there are no restraints on the enthusiasm of the crowds who greet her at every stop on her 1,000 km tour

Four days that shook the Alps

the officers ringing over the tarmac as the Queen, accompanied by the President, walked at a quick pace to inspect first the band and then the guard of honour.

All the time security precautions were much in evidence. The police helicopters circling overhead, the soldiers with rifles at the ready standing tensely with their backs to all the ceremonial... and the personnel carrier, bristling with armaments, positioned a respectful distance away but with its engine ticking over, ready to move in should the need arise.

Security guards had spent well over an hour vetting the journalists and photographers before they were allowed onto the tarmac. All were thoroughly searched, every camera opened and inspected.

But as if in compensation the airport authorities had thoughtfully provided two sets of aircraft steps near the arrival point and these were now swarming with cameramen, grateful for a vantage point high above the heads of the hundreds of journalists who were massed in a reserved enclosure beneath them.

Then a motorcade of 12 official cars, led by two Rolls Royces, snaked across the apron. The Queen and her party

took their places and the procession moved off for the next item on the programme — the official inauguration of the Zurich airport railway station, a month before it was due to open to the general public.

During the journey the Queen gave Madame Chevallaz a gold brooch engraved with the cypher "ER". The Queen, in return, was given a white gold watch containing 36 diamonds, and Philip received a harness for his horses.

They were travelling in the luxury VIP saloon coach of the Swiss Federal Railways. But this was no exclusive Royal Train as the Queen uses in Britain. Anyone can have it for Sfr. 1,600 per 100 k/m, a railway official told me.

A typical example of Swiss democracy? "Not at all", he said. "Just a typical Swiss way to make money".

Journey's end was the villa "Lohn", the Swiss government's guest house just outside Berne, ringed by troops.

Security was much in evidence, too, in the heart of Berne. The first official event in the federal capital was to be a courtesy call by the royal visitors to the Federal Palace.

The square outside, normally on a Tuesday packed with market stalls, had been cleared. "Typical Swiss landscape", he



Even roadsigns caught the royal spirit — showing crowds where they could see the Queen

barriers had been erected, and as many of the good citizens of Berne as could be squeezed into the little amount of space left for the general public had taken up their coveted positions many hours before.

As was to be the case throughout the tour, an everwatchful police helicopter circled overhead, and on the roof of the Kantonalbank von Bern sharpshooters crouched at the ready while plainclothes policemen continually scanned the crowd through binoculars.

Theodor Haller, for 32 years London reporter for Swiss radio, who had covered so many royal occasions during his stay in Britain, was in his element, explaining the niceties of royal protocol to his Swiss colleagues and justifying idiosyncrasies of Swiss life to visiting British journalists.

He indicated with a sweep of his arm the imposing buildings surrounding the Bundesplatz. "Typical Swiss landscape", he

said. "Five banks and one restaurant".

Federal Palace cleaners came out of the building, shooed pinstriped officials off the red carpet that stretched the length of the pavement and started vigorously vacuuming it.

A precious red carpet this, said to be the only one of its kind in the whole of Switzerland. The very same that was used at Kloten three hours previously, then rolled up and rushed to Berne to again cushion the royal footsteps.

Troops in multi-hued battle-dress, this time from Anti-tank School 16, started filling up the square. They were followed by a band from Infantry School 3, who struck up the Colonel Bogey march, and excitement rippled through the crowd as they stretched their necks to see what was happening. Some of the more adventurous had already climbed up onto

WELCOMING the Queen at a reception at the Federal Palace in Berne, the President of the Swiss Confederation, Mr Georges-André Chevallaz, said:

The Swiss people — frequently as cold as the snows that mantle their Alps, a people so jealously republican that, throughout Swiss history, at both cantonal and federal levels, a head of government has only exceptionally been permitted to remain in power for more than one year — this same people bids Your Most Gracious Majesty and Your Royal Highness most cordially welcome.

In this way, the Swiss people may compensate, in a moment of genuine enthusiasm, a monarchist affection that has always been denied expression.

This welcome is addressed, in the first line, to Your Majesty personally, in acknowledgement of the charm, elegance, discretion, conscientiousness and quiet conviction you bring to the performance of your royal task.

By extension, however, it is to England that we render homage — to the England of our own history: an England that has, for us, never been alternately close ally and hereditary enemy, as it has been for our neighbours; an England to which a host of bonds, memories and common interests have linked us down the centuries.

These relations are multicoloured. They are expedient in a political context, religious for the Irish and English missionaries that came after the 7th century to convert the Allemani. The legendary Fridolin of Glarus, St. Gall, St. Columban, St. Fintan and other English monks have left their mark in St. Gall, Pfäffers and Basle.

There were close contacts between our two countries during the Renaissance and the Reformation, the latter creating a particularly durable bond between our two states. The most various movements of revival and awakening which, throughout the 19th century, came from England to reanimate our somnolent reformed

The Queen's reply

I am most grateful for your kind words of welcome. I am delighted to be the first British Sovereign to make a state visit to Switzerland. Of course, my husband knows your country, and my eldest son, following in the footsteps of countless other British winter sports enthusiasts, has come here to ski.

It is therefore with special pleasure that I have accepted your kind invitation to come and see for myself something of your lovely country.

But there is a deeper reason for my visit. You have referred to the friendly relations between our two countries. That our relations should be so close is remarkable when looked at against the background of our widely differing histories.

You have built a nation in the heart of the great continent of Europe, undeterred by pressures on all sides. The British are an island people, whose destiny has been shaped by the sea.

But we also have a great deal in common. We both depend on commerce and trade for our existence.



President Chevallaz greets his guest at the Federal Palace

War, history will never forget that your people once fought alone for the cause of liberty. The Swiss, in particular, pay homage to your sacrifices. Switzerland is also deeply aware of the understanding shown by the British people and their Government to a little country safeguarding its independence, surrounded on all sides by powerful totalitarian states.

And we owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to Sir Winston Churchill for speaking in such glowing terms in 1944 of our endeavours to fend off the aggressive intent of one of his own allies, as well as for having chosen Zurich for his proclamation in 1946 of the necessity to unite Europe.

When peace returned Britain showed the world how to transform an empire elegantly and diplomatically into a community of independent countries.

Within the context of this fledgling Europe our relations have become much closer and it has frequently been seen how many ideas we share. The pragmatic spirit that characterises our two peoples has manifested itself in the constitution of the European Free Trade Association which, by striking out along original paths, has made a very respectable contribution to the building up of Europe.

You have gone even farther than we have along this path of integration, justifying the quip that there are two islands in Europe, Great Britain and Switzerland. Great Britain has realized that it cannot remain one while Switzerland believes she can go on for ever in that splendid isolation borrowed from your country long since.

England has always endeared herself to us by her single-minded devotion to freedom, the respect of the individual and the citizen rights of your subjects, guaranteed for centuries by your charters and your parliamentary traditions.

The visit to Switzerland of Your Most Gracious Majesty confirms and reinforces the identity of views, the great esteem and the whole-hearted friendship that exists between the United Kingdom and Switzerland. *

churches with their songs of praise, arousing the missionary spirit and dissidence and schism at one and the same time.

The there were literary relations. The first British tourists during the 18th and at the beginning of the 19th century, from James Thomson to Lord Byron, discovered the natural beauty of Switzerland and the presumed virtues of mountain life within the context of budding Romanticism.

Others, in less poetical vein, became lucid observers of the Helvetic microcosm: William Cox, Stanyan, Adam Smith and the historian, Gibbon, who lived in Lausanne for 16 years and knew as much about our country on the eve of the French Revolution as he did about the decadence of the Roman Empire.

English literature, the English love of discovery, travel and outdoor activities laid the foundations of Swiss tourism and many of your people introduced us to our own mountains — men like Whymper, the first to climb the Matterhorn, or those highly individualistic adventurers who introduced winter sports, while your colonels, on retirement from the Indian Army, preferred to take up residence in the big hotels on our lakesides.

British capital and technical collaboration played a very considerable rôle in the creation of our

railways and also helped our industry to get under way.

With regard to the political relations between our two countries, these date back a very long way. It was a bishop of Sion in the Valais who, as Papal Legate, crowned William the Conqueror for the second time. In English mediaeval histories one finds the names of members of the House of Savoy and the Grandsons and, later on, those of the Diesbachs and the Scharnachts.

In these political relations it is possible to discern a constant factor — the mutual fear of both English and Swiss that a single power might obtain European hegemony to the detriment of freedom. This is seen particularly towards 1500 when, under the influence of Cardinal Schinner, Bishop of Sion, the Swiss and Henry VIII of England were fighting against penetration of Italy by the French.

There was an analogous policy in the 17th and at the beginning of the 18th century. The influence of one of England's finest diplomats, Stratford Canning, helped the Swiss to assert themselves in 1815 and under the Restoration.

In the course of the 19th century England, and notably Palmerston, supported the Swiss in their desire for freedom within the context of the authoritarian monarchies.

Finally, during the Second World

harmony which we in the rest of Europe should have as our goal. Indeed, it is a harmony the whole world might seek to emulate.

Although the British image of Switzerland has traditionally been one of snowcapped mountains and happy holidays, we have become more and more aware of the Switzerland of scientific and technological innovation and of industrial and commercial excellence. Your distinguished contribution to literature and the arts is becoming ever better known in the British Isles.

Throughout the world the name of Switzerland is synonymous with charity and a deep concern for humanity. And with good reason. Wherever in the world there is distress, whether it is caused by earthquake, flood or man-made disaster, we can be sure to find abundant evidence of Swiss compassion.

How fitting it was that a Swiss citizen, Henri Dunant, should have been the recipient of the first Nobel Peace Prize, and that the organisation which he founded and which has itself been

awarded the Prize three times, should have as its symbol the Swiss flag with inverted colours: a red cross. Many of my people will remember all their lives the help they received from the Red Cross during the last war. I am very pleased that I shall be able to visit the headquarters of the International Committee in Geneva during my stay here.

I have spoken of our mutual commitment to freedom. I am therefore especially looking forward to visiting the meadow at Rütli which has so much in common with our own Runnymede, where that great charter of English liberties, the Magna Carta, was signed in the year 1215.

In offering you this copy of the Magna Carta, Mr President, I would not wish to suggest that the Swiss people have anything to learn from it. It is, rather, a token of the high esteem in which the people of Switzerland are held by my countrymen and I do not think there is a better way in which I could symbolise the bedrock on which the friendship between our countries so securely rests. *

windowsills from where they had a perfect view.

Re-roofing work was in progress on a building just off the square, and dozens of bluejeaned workmen had downed tools and were clinging precariously to the rafters.

Outside the Federal Palace the flags of all the cantons, all brand new, their creases still evident, hung limply in the gentle breeze.

There was silence now, broken only by a slow, ominous roll of drums that swelled in intensity and then faded away. Theo Haller commented dryly: "This is usually followed by an execution".

Suddenly the camouflaged troops sprang to attention, and dignitaries began to gather on the red carpet. Among the distinguished people waiting to greet the Queen was Secretary of State Albert Weitnauer, former Swiss Ambassador to London, under notice of dismissal from his chief, Foreign Minister Pierre Aubert (See Page 25).

Then the procession came into view. First police motorcycle outriders in vivid red crash helmets, then came a crescendo of claps and cheers as the royal Rolls glided into the square and stopped by the red carpet. Cannons thundered out a 21-gun salute.

But before the Queen could be allowed into the Federal Palace and introduced to all the Federal Councillors and their retinue of wives and officials there were the State formalities to go through. The anthems were played, the band complimented and the guard of honour inspected. And once inside there was a forest of welcoming hands to shake.

The President and Madame Chevallaz led the Queen and the Duke up the grandiose stair-



Tribune - Le Matin

Spontane Herzlichkeit und eine perfekte Regie

Berner Zeitung

case bathed in TV floodlights and into the Salle des Pas Perdus, where speeches were exchanged between the two heads of State.

Then came a brief period of relaxation for the royal couple. They went to the Bellevue-Palace hotel, next door to the Federal Palace, where they gave an informal reception for journalists covering the tour. But informality was the word. No cameras or notebooks were allowed, and we were asked to treat anything said by the Queen and Duke as confidential. As a result they were both far more at ease than we had seen them so far, and laughed and chatted freely with their guests.

I spent quite some time with both the Queen and her

husband, and I was able to give them the greetings of the Swiss community in Britain. The Queen was particularly interested to learn how Britons had played such a prominent role in bringing skiing to Switzerland — a sport which has made Prince Charles quite a frequent visitor here.

Then it was time for the royal couple to see something of old-world Berne as the Rolls taking them back to the Lohn drove slowly through cheering crowds via the Zytglogge, Kramgasse, Gerechtigkeitsgasse and the bear pit.

All the famous Bernese fountains had been specially gilded for the occasion, just another example of the tremendous effort that had been put in by

city officials and private individuals to make the occasion so memorable.

Berne, traditionally the most unreal of all Swiss cities, looked even more like a stage set. It had the air of having been completely refurbished for the Queen's visit.

Its citizens, noted for their love of ceremonial, excelled themselves in the profusion of flags that fluttered a continuous colourful welcome. It far outdid any expression of affection that even the most loyal British city has ever displayed. And the Queen and the Duke showed their evident delight as they pointed out to each other features of this colourful cavalcade that more than anything else spelt out the desire of the Bernese to take the Queen into their hearts and make this a visit that would really stand out in her memory. There were no formalities here, just a cascade of emotion that said more than any speech ever could.

But informal moments were few and far between on this all-too-rushed tour, and on that first evening the Queen played her most regal role when she and the Duke were given an official government reception at the Town Hall, at which all the Bernese bigwigs were present.

The Town Hall, brilliantly illuminated, looked like a toy fort, and lined up outside were a posse of toy soldiers in centuries-old uniforms.

The entrance to the building was surmounted by the Swiss flag and the Union Jack, draped side by side. And on the rooftop flagpole flew the Bernese flag, topped by a smaller Union



Where the Queen stayed during the visit — the Government guest-house, Lohn, just outside Berne

From Page 7

Jack.

The royal party arrived on the dot, typical of the clockwork precision that was to mark this tour. At a signal the soldiers presented their bayonets and snapped smartly to attention. The dinner-suited dignitaries gathered by the entrance and the motorcade swept into view.

As she stepped from her Rolls the Queen looked every inch a queen in her tiara, being greeted with formal bows and curtseys from her hosts.

Philip, beaming broadly, turned and waved enthusiastically to the crowd before they were ushered into the building and the huge wrought-iron gates clanged shut behind them.

Within a few minutes the cheering was renewed as the Queen appeared on the first floor balcony, the diamonds in her tiara sparkling in the brilliance of the TV lights. She was followed by the Duke, the President and Madame Chevallaz, to acknowledge once again the rapturous cheers of the thousands of people massed in the tiny square. It was a fitting finale to her first day in Switzerland.

DAY 2
THE grim forecast for the second day was rain. But, as if by royal command, a brilliant sun again dutifully appeared over the horizon, and it was to shine non-stop as it followed the royal progress through the Bernese Oberland and along Lake Geneva.

Their first stop was the tiny village of Wimmis, where they



The motorcade pulls up at the Bellevue Palace hotel in Berne

left the Rolls and boarded a special train of the Swiss Federal Railways.

Crowds are always a feature of visits by heads of state. In some countries, where such visits are for political purposes and nothing more, such crowds are contemptuously dismissed as "rent-a-mob". But not here. The local schoolchildren who packed the barricaded pavements outside the station, frantically waving their home-made Union Jacks, were delighted to become part of history.

A leafless tree outside the station buffet also temporarily sprouted Union Jacks as an

adventurous group of flag-waving children scrambled up it, not caring if their Sunday best clothes got ripped in the process, as they clung to the branches for a real bird's-eye view.

Minutes later it was all over, and the train glided away to its next stop, Zweisimmen, where the spontaneous welcome was repeated as the party transferred to a working relic from the pages of railway history, a 1920s saloon car of the pioneering MOB railway.

It was a journey that went backwards through the seasons. First the route was through the Simmenthal, looking its very best in its first flush of new spring grass, and the Queen saw sunburnt chalets that were old in Victoria's time contrasted with honey-coloured chalets in the course of construction that will be delighting generations to come.

Then they were back in winter as the route snaked above the snowline. Here, too, knots of people were waiting, sometimes knee deep in the soft snow, to wave as the train clattered past.

As they went through Gstaad the Queen was told about its population of international film stars, and how the area was used as the location for the James Bond epic, "On Her Majesty's Secret Service".

Then, at Château d'Oex, came a touching little ceremony

that delighted the President of the Confederation, who owns a chalet here himself to which he likes to escape whenever possible from the pressures of Federal business. For a few brief moments the train stopped while two local children presented the Queen with bunches of narcissi which grow wild on the mountain slopes. From here the train made a swift descent through lush hillsides speckled with yellow primroses to the shimmering lake of Geneva.

This was the day when the Queen saw a little of folkloric Switzerland. At the end of the line, on the platform at Montreux station, groups dressed in Vaudois costume waited to greet her, led by the Mayor, National Councillor Jean-Jacques Cevey, whose very busy life still allows him to act as the energetic president of the Swiss National Tourist Office.

The fingers on the station clock reached the official arrival time of 12.45pm without any sign of the train. The prettily costumed girls in their flying saucer straw hats, white dresses and black aprons, and each wearing a red carnation, giggled impatiently each time the circling police helicopter passed overhead.

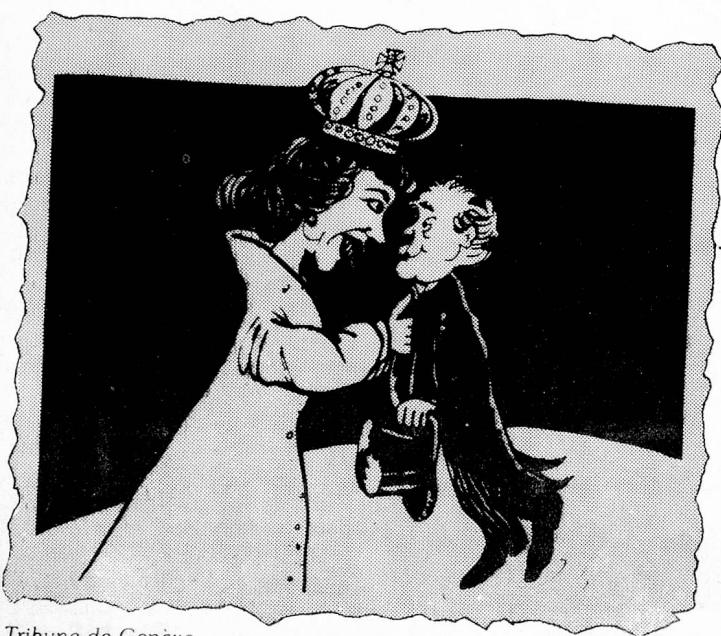
In fact the train, pulled by two locomotives, was 10 minutes late, which gave President Chevallaz an ideal opportunity to explain to the Queen just what was meant by "le quart d'heure vaudois".

Even then the well-laid plans went adrift when the train overshot the red carpet. Four officials rushed forward to move the entire carpet a few yards further on, which seemed an easier operation than to shunt the train back to the correct spot.

As the Queen stepped out of the carriage the costumed girls saw she had outdone them in finery – a cherry-red coat with a red and white pleated dress and a broad-brimmed red straw hat with cherries on it.

Surprisingly for a canton that is fiercely proud of its cantonal colours of green and white, there were no Vaudois flags to greet her, though there were plenty of Swiss ones and even more Union Jacks – tiny plastic ones that had been handed out in their thousands, overprinted with the symbol of the generous benefactor, the local Co-op.

In fact it was not until she reached her next stop, the 13th century Castle of Chillon, that she saw the first flag of the



Tribune de Genève

canton that was welcoming her. High above the castle ramparts flew one solitary flag – that of Vaud.

Here there were to be more presentations – a chocolate chalet and, on a not-so-predictable note, an invitation for 30 British schoolchildren to be nominated by the Queen to spend a holiday in the Ticino.

It was at Chillon, scene of so much bitterness over the centuries, that the first note of discord crept into the tour. Just as at all the other stopping points, people had waited many hours to get a glimpse of the Queen.

There was a woman clutching a shopping bag bearing the emblem of the Queen's 1977 silver jubilee, another with a poster printed for her coronation in 1953, and a man beaming with pleasure at the gilt and silver royal coat of arms embroidered on his jacket.

But the Queen saw none of this, and they hardly saw the Queen. She stepped out of the Rolls, blinked momentarily in the strong sunlight and then disappeared into the castle without a backward look. Very few of all the people waiting there could have seen her face. The Duke, admittedly, tried to save the situation by turning and giving the crowds a brisk wave and grin before he, too, turned on his heel and hurried in after the Queen.

Reporters and photographers fared no better. Roughly handled by the zealous police, who had obviously been warned to take no chances with the Queen's safety, they were crammed into a small enclosure where they could see little of what was going on.

This was the start of complaints about the unnecessary harshness of security precautions that were to make headlines in the British and Swiss newspapers the next day.

Inside the castle there was also disappointment for the celebrated Chanson de Montreux, whose vocal efforts seemed not to have been heard by the Queen as she was hurried along a line of Vaudois dignitaries before being ushered into a banqueting room, nor did she see a group from the local gendarmerie who were dressed



The royal visitors arrive at the Castle of Chillon, near Montreux

Turn to Page 10

Et vive la reine d'Angleterre !

Begeisterter Empfang für die britische Königin

Tages-Anzeiger



The Queen goes on walkabout – a happy scene outside the headquarters of the International Committee of the Red Cross

From Page 9

in 150-year-old uniforms which only come out for very special occasions.

The lunch the party tucked into was typical of the specialities of the region, a soup made from seven varieties of fish from

the lake, a filet mignon en croute, and finally raspberries and strawberries smothered in Gruyères cream.

There was hardly time for coffee before she was whisked off again. Then as she left the castle a member of the cantonal government went to sit in the

chair she had been using. A colleague shouted across to him: "What does it feel like?" He replied: "Come and try it. It's still warm!"

The journey from Montreux to Lausanne was achieved in record time as police motorcyclists with blazing headlights

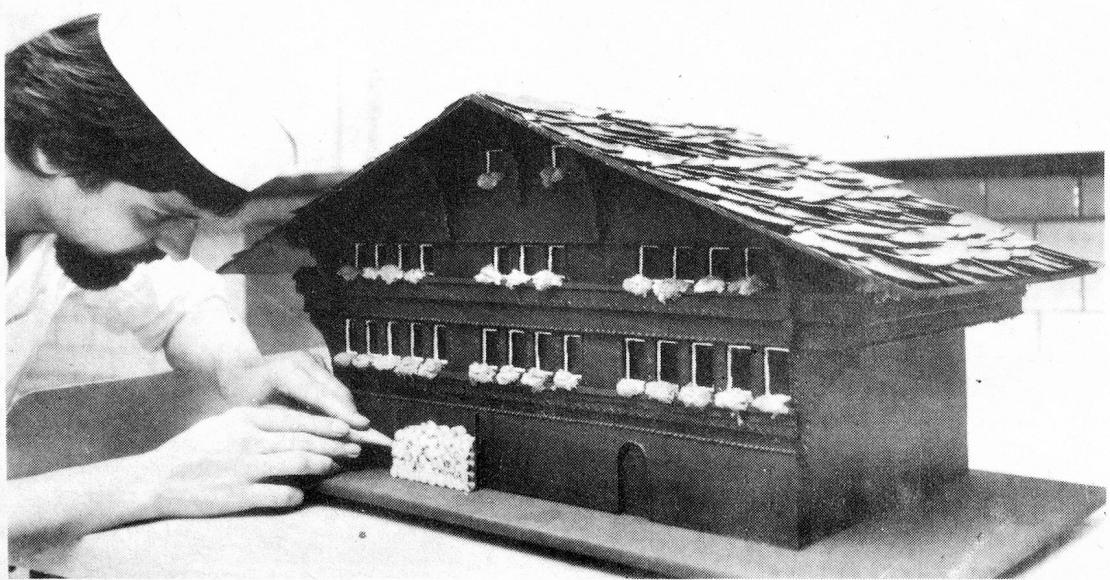
cleared a way through motorway traffic for the convoy of limousines.

In the capital of Vaud 640 expatriate Britons gathered in the Palais de Beaulieu for a brief visit from their monarch. It was strictly unofficial and no Swiss guests were invited, not even Federal Councillor Aubert, who was travelling in the car with her. He had to wait outside.

But thousands of Lausannois were there to see the Queen as she walked between two rows of city policemen into the building. In the ballroom members of the British colony formed a giant horseshoe as they waited to be presented.

The Queen was greeted first by the colony's president, Sir Keith Granville, who lives at Château d'Oex. There was even the band of the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards to play "God Save the Queen".

Then it was on to Geneva, where more ceremonial awaited at the headquarters of the International Committee of the Red Cross. There the Queen



This chocolate chalet was presented to the Queen by the Swiss National Tourist Office

met the State Council's president, Guy Fontanet, the mayor, Roger Dafflon, Red Cross president Alexandre Hay, three ambassadors, and the directors general and secretaries general of eight international organisations based in Geneva. Embassy officials denied vehemently that Her Majesty was dressed in red just to please the city's communist mayor.

Here mutterings by press photographers about the lack of facilities to take pictures of the Queen, which had been growing steadily during the day, reached serious proportions, and a potentially ugly situation was made even worse by the over-zealousness of cantonal police and security guards in keeping the photographers away from all the action.

Fortunately it all turned out well in the end, but only because the Queen broke away from her pre-arranged programme and decided to do a spontaneous walkabout and talk to some of the people crowded behind the barriers - much to the dismay and frustrations of the officials but to the delight of the photographers, who broke through the barriers to record happy scenes of the Queen meeting the people.

DAY 3 **THE mistakes of the first two days could not be allowed to continue. The third day started with a flurry of activity at top level to get the tour back on amicable lines.**

An early morning broadcast from BBC reporter Peter Ruff on Radio 4's Today programme, highly critical of the security arrangements, sent top people from the Federal Department of Foreign Affairs scurrying to Basle, where the Queen was due to spend three hours at the impressive "Green 80" horticultural show.

Security measures that had taken months to plan were hastily toned down and the Press were promised much greater freedom of movement. The vast expanse of the showground, of course, lent itself to more discreet policing.

It covers a massive 114 acres, and during the 184 days it is open to the public the show, which cost Sfr. 60 million to stage, expects to attract three million visitors.



ABOVE: The Queen plants a 20ft high beech tree - highlight of her visit to "Green 80" at Basle.

BELOW: A young wellwisher holds a bouquet of Union Jacks - but all round the site security men and dogs stand guard.





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A "Green 80" dancer meets Albert Kunz, London chief of the Swiss National Tourist Office

From Page 11

The first practical indication of the new climate of cooperation between officials and Press came only minutes before the Queen's arrival, when the welcoming party that had already lined up to greet her at a pre-arranged spot were hurriedly moved to a new position which was much more convenient for photographers.

A highlight of the Queen's stay at "Green 80" was to be what a publicity handout quaintly described as: "Queen Elizabeth II planting a 27 year old copper beach tree with a symbolic gesture". Not that the Queen was to attempt such a difficult operation single-handed. A squad of gardeners in their Sunday best were there to lend a hand.

All the Queen had to do was to scoop up a spadeful of earth, sprinkle it on the roots, and the squad tugged on ropes to lift the 20 foot high tree into position.

We never saw the symbolic gesture. Perhaps the Queen, having read the handout, had wisely had second thoughts. Instead she waited patiently while an 80-strong male voice choir sang a song in her honour.

To reach the tree-planting

area the royal party travelled on a monorail that snakes through the grounds. The carriages stopped twice - first to let dozens of security men in the front carriages jump out and run to take up their positions. Then, after moving a few yards further on, to let the Queen step out onto a specially-erected platform.

The royal progress to the copper beach was interrupted by shouts from a hillside crowded with spectators. From various points police streaked to the scene of the disturbance, where two men were trying to display a giant poster saying: "British Army out of Ireland".

Later, while the Queen was dining with leaders of the Basle government in an aristocratic summer villa, rumours filtered through of smoke bombs and arrests. But the official party saw none of this, and the authorities stayed tight-lipped and made every effort to stop the sensation-hungry Press deviating from the programme planned for them.

Despite such goings on the Queen, whose outfit for the day was an apricot wool suit with matching pill-box hat, appeared



The Queen shares a joke with her escorts, Mr. J. Peter Christen, chairman of Basle Chamber of Commerce, and Federal Councillor Kurt Furgler, vice-chairman of the Swiss Federal Council

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Basler Zeitung

From Page 13

much more relaxed than at her previous engagements. As all the stops planned for her were in the open air she was freed from the constraints of the previous days – the endless receptions, the hand-shaking, the boring repetition of the same formal phrases.

She seemed to enjoy seeing the masses of flowers, and savouring their perfume. And in the "Garden of Encounters" she stopped in order to chat to some handicapped people who were there to tell her how this section had been specially planned to be attractive to the disadvantaged.

And she seemed to welcome a suggestion from the Press that she should delay her return to Berne to have another walk-about and meet some of the people who had spent hours in the burning sunshine to see her.

Security, still smarting from the smoke bombs affair, was horrified. But the Queen insisted, and her friendly smile won the hearts of the thousands who lined her route.

That was the end of the Queen's few hours in the sunshine. Then it was back to the Lohn, where she gave an offi-



The "Stadt Luzern", with the royal party on board, on its way to the Rütli

Eine «gelbe Karte»...

...für Bundesrat Ritschard

Es gehört zu einer Art Ritual, dass ein Bundesrat den Text einer Rede, die er bei irgendeinem Anlass, sei es freiwillig oder weil sein Amt, seine Stellung als Landesvater ihn dazu verpflichtet, zu halten hat, in vollem Wortlaut der Bundesauspresse zu überreichen pflegt.

Finanzminister Willi Ritschard hatte eine Einladung seiner Partei für eine 1.-Mai-Rede in Kirchberg angenommen. Da ja zurzeit die britische Königin Gast unseres Landes ist und am Abend des 1. Mai die Landesregierung zu einem Nachessen in die Residenz des britischen Botschafters eingeladen hatte, musste Bundesrat Ritschard seinen Auftritt in Kirchberg auf den 30. April vorverlegen.

Seine Rede wurde im Laufe des Mittwochs im Bundeshaus den Vertretern der Medien übergeben. Die Journalisten waren nicht wenig erstaunt, als sie am Mittwochabend vom Pressechef des Finanzdepartementes einen dringenden Anruf erhielten, in dem sie gebeten wurden, die Einleitung zur 1.-Mai-Rede Ritschards zu streichen. Es wurde

ihnen ausdrücklich gesagt, Bundesrat Ritschard werde auf diese «einführenden Worte» seiner Mai-Rede verzichten.

Dass Bundesrat Ritschard seine Popularität seinen «markigen Sprüchen», die er bei jeder passenden, ab und zu auch unpassenden Gelegenheit von sich gibt, verdankt, ist längst bekannt. Was er sich aber im «Urtext» seiner 1.-Mai-Rede leistete, muss als höchst unpassend qualifiziert werden. Gelinde gesagt ist dieser Text eine unflätige Geschmacklosigkeit. Er verstieg sich dazu, sich über Königin Elisabeth, die ja noch bis heute abend Gast der Landesregierung, Gast des Schweizervolkes ist, auf eine wenig feine Art zu mokieren.

Vieles spricht dafür, dass der 1.-Mai-Redner Ritschard im letzten Moment vom Bundespräsidenten überzeugt werden konnte, die die Königin beleidigende Einleitung seiner Ansprache zurückzuziehen. Aber Ritschard hielt sich im Nachhinein nicht an diese Abmachung. So sagte er in Kirchberg unter anderem trotzdem: «Ich mache keine Knickse. Dass so viele Schweizer die Hefsti kau-

fen, in denen bis zu den Unterhosen und bis zum 'Gloschli' alles beschrieben ist, was so eine Königin trägt, verwundert mich eher. Aber viele Leute interessiert das mehr als ihre eigene Verdauung.»

Was sich Bundesrat Ritschard mit seiner billigen Popularitätshascherei geleistet hat, ist eines Bundesrats, der für sich in Anspruch nehmen will, ein Staatsmann zu sein, unwürdig. Sein Fauxpas ist unbegreiflich, unverzeihlich, unfair. In unserem Lande, das sollte auch Bundesrat Ritschard wissen, ist nicht der Bundespräsident, sondern der Bundesrat als Kollegium Staatsoberhaupt. Unser Finanzminister trägt für seine geschmacklosen Äußerungen, die er als Bundesrat und nicht als Genosse Ritschard gemacht hat, die volle Verantwortung. Er beleidigte nicht nur die Repräsentantin Grossbritanniens, sondern auch die Tausende von Schweizerinnen und Schweizern, die der englischen Königin und damit auch dem britischen Volk in spontaner und herzlicher Weise ihre Sympathie entgegenbrachten.

Der typisch englische Begriff Fairness scheint Bundesrat Ritschard unbekannt zu sein. Als Mitglied der «Mannschaft» der Landesregierung gehört ihm die «gelbe Karte»!

Paul Schaffroth

Der Bund

The Queen's address on the Rütli

I have been reflecting on the significance of this historic place, where the courageous people of three cantons joined together nearly seven centuries ago to begin the process of unification which has led to the stable and prosperous state of Switzerland today.

This meadow at Rütli is a simple and unassuming symbol of Switzerland's pride in her independence and of her determination to remain free. That determination has been evident through the centuries, and it was eloquently reaffirmed on this very spot in the darkest days of the last war. It is a determination which the people of my country have shared and admired for hundreds of years.

As I stand here it is natural that I should be reminded of our own Rütli-Runnymede - the meadow by the River Thames close to my home at Windsor which played such an important part in the shaping of our society and democratic system.

It is remarkable that both your Covenant and our Magna Carta should have originated in the same century and in a similar setting, and that Switzerland and Britain should both have cherished this kind of symbol as part of their heritage and as evidence of a common will and commitment to remain free.

Our ways and systems differ of course, but we share a fundamental ideal and I believe this leads to a natural respect and understanding for one another. We need no great monuments to remind ourselves of it.

Understatement is another quality of both the British and the Swiss.

Queen Victoria, on holiday here in 1868, described this beautiful lake as "our own fine lake". I can well understand how, like countless British before and since, she drew health and strength from the mountains and from the peacefulness of the surrounding countryside.

It is a measure of Swiss resourcefulness and love of country that you have managed to keep unspoiled this oasis of calm and beauty while at the same time playing a major part in European industrial and technological development.

I have been greatly touched by the

warmth of the friendly welcome which I have received throughout my stay in your delightful country.

In these few days I have covered more than 1,000 kilometers. I have greatly enjoyed travelling on your efficient and comfortable railways which typify the precision for which Switzerland is renowned. From the air I have enjoyed breathtaking views of your mountains, and today I have sailed the length of this beautiful lake of Lucerne.

I have been able to visit, if all too briefly, some of your great cities, and I have seen many examples of the richness and variety of your cultures. I regret that many cantons could not be

included in a programme of only a few days, but I have been charmed by all that I have seen.

I have also been impressed by the pride of your people in the life and culture of their own cantons, and yet at the same time by the spirit of unity which inspires you all, and which is exemplified by this meadow at Rütli, the cradle of the great Swiss Confederation.

I am grateful to the President of the Confederation, and to the other members of the Federal Council, to the cantonal and city authorities and to all who have done so much to make my stay in your country so enjoyable. ,

The President's reply

IN his reply, Mr Georges-André Chevallaz, President of the Confederation, said:

«In choosing to visit the meadow at Rütli where, in August, 1291, the alliance between the three mountain cantons, the origin of our Confederation, was sealed, Your Gracious Majesty has profoundly moved the Swiss people.

History throughout the centuries has a great influence on all our destinies. Technical revolutions, fashionable ideologies and the turmoil of our time cannot efface it. On the contrary, the great lessons of the past are borne out by our difficulties and our disarray.

In July 1940, at the time when the totalitarian powers, as a result of their

military successes, had the greater part of continental Europe at their mercy, the Commander-in-chief of our Army assembled all his commanding officers on this spot.

The war was not finished, our country was surrounded and menaced by the Axis powers. We had to remain armed and to prepare to resist. We thus renewed in the Second World War the Oath of Alliance of the three cantons, their will to aid and support one another, and their refusal to accept the tutelage of overlords and the jurisdiction of foreign judges in their valleys. The influence of history!

In the same month of July in 1940 you found yourselves alone in holding out against those who, in their craze for power, thought they had re-shaped

Europe in their fashion for a thousand years.

You stood firm under enemy bombing. You kept your faith and gave back courage and hope to those who resisted. There is no doubt that those who, in the 13th century, had laid down the foundations of liberty through the Magna Carta were a model and an example to you in times which were so much more difficult for you than for us.

The Swiss people, by their affectionate and enthusiastic welcome for your Gracious Majesty, have expressed their esteem and their gratitude to the Britain of the past and the Britain of the present. May Heaven grant our peoples happiness and liberty and, if necessary, the will to defend them. ,

A Bâle, la reine manie la pelle

24 Heures

cial reception to which were invited all the foreign ambassadors to Switzerland.

Once that was over the Queen started dressing for a very special dinner. She put on an evening dress of turquoise blue silk taffeta, with bodice and sleeves embroidered with silver and diamonds, and pleated frills edging the oval neckline, sleeves and hemline.

Then, wearing a pearl and diamond tiara, necklace and large drop earrings, she went with the Duke to the residence of British Ambassador Sir Alan Rothnie at 11 Brunnadernrain, where she was host to all the members of the Federal Council and their wives, as well as other high functionaries of the Swiss Government.

Among the party was one leading member of the Government who was to grab the headlines the following morning with some intemperate comments on the royal visit.

Finance Minister Ritschard, it

turned out, was dining with the Queen under duress. He had planned, in fact, to be spending the evening in the little Bernese town of Kirchberg, where he had been due to make a May Day speech.

Because of the embassy dinner he had to make his speech 24 hours earlier, on April 30. And he did not disguise his indignation at having to re-arrange his diary just for the sake of a foreign queen, which he spelt out in detail on the first page of his speech, advance copies of which were sent, as usual, to parliamentary journalists.

But copies of the speech also reached President Chavallaz and other members of the Federal Council, and then the heavens opened. After some urgent telephoning a message went out from the press chief of the Department of Finance telling journalists the first page of the speech would not be given.

But the Finance Minister wasn't going to be gagged so easily. He went to Kirchberg and said what he had intended to say, regardless. He said he was astounded at all the interest the tour was creating in Switzerland and criticised Swiss people for being more interested in details of the Queen's underwear than in their own digestion.

When the story came out that he had uttered the banned words, newspapers of all shades of political opinion were up in arms.

"Der Bund" said his cheap remarks were not worthy of a statesman. His faux pas was unforgivable. He should remember that as a member of the seven-man Federal Council he was speaking as a head of the Swiss Government, not as Comrade Ritschard. He had mocked not only the representative of Great Britain but also the thousands of Swiss men and women who extended to the Queen of England their spontaneous and heartfelt sympathy.



The Queen addresses the Swiss nation from the Rütli

Added "Der Bund": "The typical English word 'fairness' doesn't seem to be known to Federal Councillor Ritschard. As a member of our government team he has earned himself the yellow card".

But the Minister wasn't in any repentant mood when a reporter from "Blick" went to interview him. "I didn't want to offend the guest from England", he said, "but as a devoted republican I cannot stomach seeing the circulation of illustrated papers increasing when they write about the Queen."

"I am of the opinion that we mustn't forget about our problems just because the Queen is here. Not one problem has been solved during the Queen's visit. The image of an unspoilt world which a state visit projects is not going to help us in the future."

"However, in spite of all this it is an honour to us that the Queen visits us. I didn't want to cause any harm with my speech. How could it be with such a beautiful woman?"

That was the end of "L'affaire Ritschard". But another shadow was about to fall over the royal tour as a woman booked into a Lucerne hotel who bore an uncanny resemblance to the Queen.

DAY 4 FOR the last few days there had been beautiful sunshine. But as the Queen woke on the final day

the leaden skies above Lucerne were shedding tears of regret at her departure, and it was through drenching rain that the royal party left Berne and sped to Lucerne.

Yet Switzerland cannot remain sad for long. Just before the special train reached Lucerne the tears were wiped away and the smiles came out again.

It would be difficult to say which Swiss city put on the biggest show of affection, but Lucerne certainly tried hard to be in the forefront. All the primary schools closed for the day and 3,000 children took up position outside the station and along the Schweizerhofquai, fluttering their flags and screaming with delight.

It was the same at every lakeside village they passed as the paddle steamer "Stadt Luzern", the 52-year-old pride of the Lake Lucerne Navigation

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Gefüllte Kalbsbrust
Bündnerfleisch und Rohschinken

Tessiner Salami
Zampone
*

Buntgemischte Saisonsalate
Frische Landbrote

*

Verschiedene Fruchtkuchen
Caramel-Kopfli
Schweizer Käseplatte

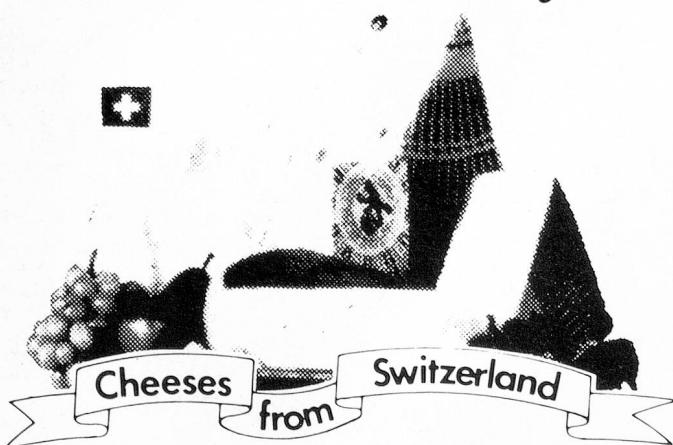
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Café creme

The menu served to the Queen on board the "Stadt Luzern".

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From Page 17

Company, conveyed the royal party to the cradle of the Confederation, the Rütli.

There were accordian bands and flag-throwers, yodellers and choirs. Outside one big hotel all the kitchen staff were lined up like a white-uniformed army on parade. Cheers echoed from one side of the lake to the other.

But on the boat itself there was embarrassment, as news leaked out that back in Lucerne a cruel deception had been played. A French woman who exploits her likeness to the Queen, had been parading the streets, shaking hands with onlookers. When city officials heard about it they threatened that heads would roll...

Their rage was beginning to evaporate as they reached the Rütli, to witness a scene the like of which this historic meadow has never witnessed before.

It was here that the confederates of the three founder cantons met on November 7, 1307, to take an oath confirming the Everlasting League of 1291 and decided to throw off their oppressors once and for all. It was here that, on July 25, 1940, when Switzerland was entirely encircled by the Axis powers, Swiss general Henri Guisan summoned all his top commanders to decide how Switzerland was to be defended against the threatened invasion.

And it was here, on May 2, 1980, that Queen Elizabeth II of England, amid tumultuous scenes, drew an emotional parallel between the alliance agreed at Rütli and the Magna Carta signed at Runnymede only a few years before.

Standing alongside her on the historic meadow were a bearded William Tell and his wife and son, a platoon of armour-clad Swiss pikemen, and functionaries galore. But above all there was room for ordinary people to take part in a slice of history, to stand on that peaceful hillside and to applaud the English queen who had come here to bring the fraternal greetings from one democracy to another.

This was no stiff, formal, after-dinner speech but a genuine message of affection which was greeted with rapturous applause by her audience.

Finally, a sail across the lake to Brunnen and then a swift train journey to Zurich and the official end of the tour.

From Zurich-Enge station the Queen and Duke were driven through crowd-lined streets to the Zunfthaus zur Meisen, for a



Alphorn blowers play a farewell as the Queen leaves the Rütli

reception with Zurich dignitaries. In the Münsterhof she stopped to look at the plaque set into the road commemorating the spot where in 1946 Winston Churchill made his clarion call for a united Europe – the first step on the road to the Common Market.

After the reception the Queen was led across the bridge over the Limmat to the Grossmünster, accompanied by a retinue of colourful bewigged and costumed personages that seemed to have stepped out of the pages of Zurich's illustrious past.

Outside the Grossmünster a band was playing stirring marches, and a posse of drum majorettes, dressed in tunics and miniskirts in the Zurich colours of blue and white, beat time, using their Union Jacks as batons.

On either side of the bridge,

police launches drifted slowly in the current, but all eyes were on the royal party. The crowds here were surely more dense than anywhere else on the tour. And many of the people there held aloft home-made banners. "WIR SIND HIN VON DER QUEEN", they proclaimed. And: "QUEEN KOMM BALD WIEDER" ("Queen, come back soon").

Then on the terrace of the Grossmünsterplatz, with everyone beaming at the deafening cheers from the crowds, came the final farewells.

The Queen had said hello and goodbye so many times to so many people, but now came the time to bid an affectionate goodbye to the President of the Confederation, who had been her constant companion during most of her stay in Switzerland.

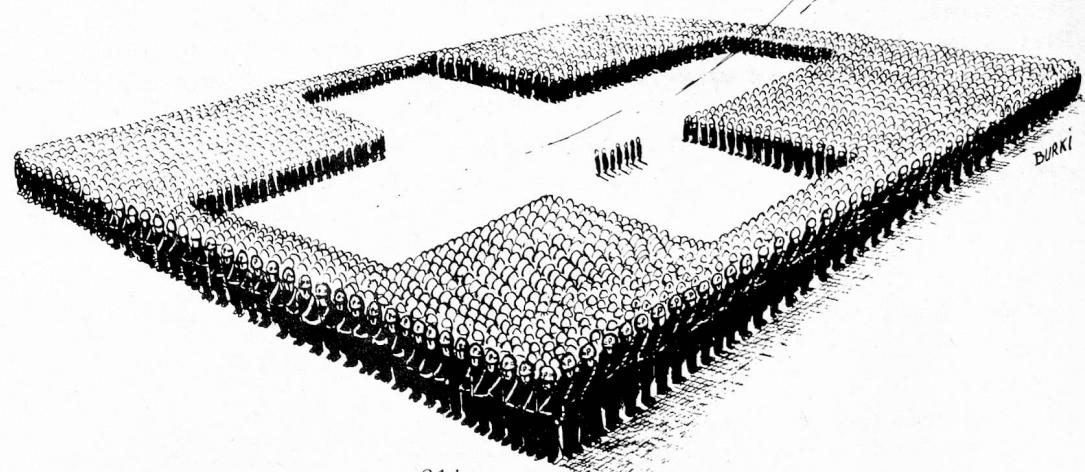
The cheers grew silent as the band struck up with gusto the British and Swiss national

anthems. Then, as a last touch much appreciated by the crowd, the Queen, Duke and President went to the edge of the balcony high above the street and waved their personal thanks to the people of Switzerland for taking them so warmly into their hearts.

The people responded with a fervour that seemed unquenchable.

And if one could sense a flicker of relief in the Queen's eyes that it was all over that, too, would have been understandable.

For her, the State visit to Switzerland had been four days of very hard work.



24 heures



ABOVE: The Queen, with the President and Madam Chevallaz, goes on a walkabout at Geneva during her Swiss tour.

BELOW LEFT: The Duke of Edinburgh with the Queen and President at Zurich.

BELOW RIGHT: The Queen visits a special garden for the handicapped at the "Green 80" show in Basle.

