

# Tour round lovely Lugano

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**Tour Round Lovely Lugano.**

There is surely no country in the world which presents such a variety of wonderful scenery or a people who enter so whole-heartedly into caring for the comforts of tourists as Switzerland.

Lugano, the principal city of the canton of Ticino or Tessin, stretches along the lake side of the same name and lies immediately under the green-clad mountains of Mont Bre and Mont San Salvatore. Three languages, German-Swiss, French and English, are talked fluently by the natives, so that no difficulty in this respect is experienced by the tourist.

Like jewels glittering in the brilliant sunshine by the side of the pellucid waters of the lake, the great white hotels and beautiful villas are a sheer joy to behold. The climate is salubrious and the mercury creeps between 85 and 100 at this time of the year.

The three most attractive sights for visitors are the Cathedral, the public park, and the old Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. All are thoroughly Italian in character and association.

The town possesses all the amenities of a first-class watering resort. There is the Lido, where one may sun-bathe or swim in the clear waters of the lake. At Paradiso, under the shade of San Salvatore, there is another bathing place which is greatly appreciated by visitors. At the Kursaal one can hear the music of a first-class band or in the evening see one of the latest released films. The hotels are most lavishly furnished and the meals are first-class.

In the evening, when the millions of electric lights blaze into glory, the town and vicinity present a wonderful picture. On the one hand, the glittering lights of the funicular railway mounting up the steep slope of Mont Bre appear like jewelled stepping stones mounting into the heavens, while the same effect is obtained, on the other hand up the slopes of San Salvatore.

Castagnola, the resident centre of the town, contains many fine villas. Here there is also a church which is a blaze of glory at night-time. Two years ago a resident of the suburb died and left a legacy for the purpose of having the building externally lit up during the dark hours. The church is outlined in this artificial way like a huge chair.

Along an old winding roadway under towering green mountains one may proceed from Lugano to Gandria, which is a beautiful old-world place with quaint, artistic buildings and well worth the time of the visitor to roam amid its intricate, winding ways.

From Lugano the writer went to Caprino on the opposite side of the lake. The visit was at night-time when the lights were in use and the surroundings were like fairyland. As we stole over the calm waters of the lake, scarcely a ripple disturbing their surface, with a moon peeping from behind San Salvatore, the world seemed perfectly at rest.

On a subsequent occasion the writer visited the grotto at Osteno. This necessitated passing into Italian territory. The visit was made by motor launch along the lake and passports were examined by the Italian authorities at Valico di Oria on the frontier. On reaching Osteno, the party got out and proceeded by a devious route to the end of the village, where a flat-bottomed boat, manned by an old man, was waiting to convey them in parties into the grotto.

Winding in and out, the man dexterously, by the aid of a pole, propelled the boat into the grotto. Passing under great overhanging walls, down which ran trickles of water which cast a fine spray over everything as if it were raining, the party at last came to the end of the grotto. Here a beautiful sight was apparent. A great cascade of water flashed down the overhanging wall and was split into two waterfalls by a large boulder before reaching the pool at the bottom. The roar of the water, the beauty and eeriness of the surroundings lent a wonderful charm to the scene.

Morcote, another village on Lake Lugano, is a quaint, old-world place, possessing a very beautiful church. Just previous to the writer's visit, the edifice had been struck by lightning, and a collection had been taken to provide new vestments and furnishings. It is necessary to mount about 400 steps from the village to the church, and one must admire the congregation for their fervour on going to worship on a broiling day. The church, with its fine frescoes and beautiful statue of the Madonna, is well worth a visit.

Lake Lugano itself is wonderful. I have seen the moon rising slowly from behind Mont Bre so that the outlines of the surrounding peaks stood out bold and dark against the lighter background of sky.

A pretty sight on the promenade at Lugano is the Judas Tree, on which, it is stated, Judas Iscariot was hanged. At the time of the writer's visit, it was a mass of riotous purple bloom. Further along, near the tram lines, there is a Wellingtonia tree with leaves like maiden hair.

*The Evening Telegraph and Post.*

**AN EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW.**

The Swiss colony at Alexandria, Egypt, is one of the wealthiest, and Swiss there can be found in the highest positions in Industry, Commerce, Finance and even in Government positions.

Since 1914 the question of a Swiss house has been under consideration as since 1858 when the first Swiss society was established they had to be content with rented premises in several parts of the town. On the 22nd April, 1917, the first stone of the new building was laid and the latter has now been inaugurated at a very happy and successful gathering.

The new Swiss House includes a "Jass" room and a sumptuous library which has already 4,500 volumes, 2 skittle alleys, a large meeting hall, tennis courts and an airy and spacious kitchen. The right wing holds the Swiss school where the Swiss children, most of them born in Egypt, are educated on our well-known Swiss lines. The left wing holds a large hall where all the important gatherings of the Colony take place. Apart from this the premises are the headquarters of the N.S.H., the Swiss Rowing Club, a Benevolent Society and a Ladies' Society.

On the façade in bold letters our national motto "Un pour tous et tous pour un" appears, and on the staircase is painted in beautiful Gothic characters and "in extenso" the text of the 1291 proclamation.

**A NEW SWISS MOTORCYCLE.**

A new motorcycle known as the Keller, embodying a number of special features, has lately been put on the market by the Kel-Cha Motoren Gesellschaft, of Zurich, Switzerland. The power unit in particular is on quite unusual lines, the four-stroke engine and gearbox being mounted on a bed entirely separate from the external casing, which is readily detachable.

The piston works within a forged steel cylinder ground both internally and externally, fitted within a heavily finned external cylinder of cast aluminium. Both the side valves can be removed without interfering with any other component, while access to the tappets for adjustment purposes is through a detachable side plate. The crankshaft is of chrome nickel steel; it is built up from five sections and runs on three ball bearings. Lubrication is effected by a gear pump driven off the crankshaft, the oil being contained in a detachable sump. The engine has a capacity of 400 c.c.

The gearbox gives three speeds with two neutral positions. The clutch is of the multi-disc type running in oil; a feature of the kick-starter is that it is connected up to a decompressor so that this is automatically brought into operation when the starter is used. The final drive is by chain.

The object of providing a special frame for the engine and change-speed gear is to facilitate the renewal of any of the components. By detaching the oil sump and a few screws M. Keller claims that the whole power unit can be readily dropped out of the outer cylinder and casing and removed from the machine, after which any part can be renewed within 30 minutes.

Another feature of the Keller motorcycle is the frame, which is of duplex tubular construction, the central horizontal member being so fitted that it, together with the petrol tank, can be removed, so giving access to the engine.

**Tourist Monument in Lucerne.**

The idea of a monument to tourists has been suggested in Lucerne, and it has been referred to officials and hotel owners so that some plan may be developed. The proposal has been tentatively put forward that the memorial should take the shape of a shaft to be erected in a public square adjacent to the new quay, surmounted by a figure typical of the tourist and inscribed with a roll of honour of the names of the most notable visitors to the lovely lakeside capital of the Swiss Canton of the same name.

It is argued that such a monument would be unique, and while being a tribute to the visitors, nearly half a million of whom come annually, would perpetuate the fame of Lucerne as one of the world's greatest centres of tourism.

While various crowned heads have stayed at Lucerne, the town has memories of celebrated writers such as Goethe, Victor Hugo, Schiller, and Mark Twain, who recorded its charms on the spot. Wagner wrote some of his greatest compositions there, Holbein painted, and Rodin exercised his sculptural art at Lucerne. The suggested monument would be likely to draw tourists in increasing numbers.

**Eine Grabinschrift.** — Elise grub in einen Stein bei ihres Mannes Grabe ein:

"Hier ruht mein lieber Gatte,  
Hier schenkt ihm Gott die süsse Ruh."

Ein loser Vogel schrieb dazu:  
"Die er bei dir nicht hatte!"

**When Switzerland was Almost Bombed.**

War books are now as ubiquitous as war-films—and are becoming almost as monotonous. The "leit-motif" of each is one of stark tragedy and unrelieved gloom, except for occasional moments of bitter laughter.

Now comes the war book which, as the American advertiser would say, "is different." It is entitled "One Man's War," and is by Bert Hall and John J. Niles (John Hamilton, Ltd., 15s).

It tells in exhilarating fashion the adventures of Bert Hall, American airman and soldier of fortune, who was in turn in the Turkish Air Force, a Foreign Legionnaire, a member of the French Air Force, an "ace" of the famous Lafayette Escadrille, a diplomatic courier to Russia, and a number of other things not just so easily described.

The book is a vigorous one, and it is written in a vigorous style. Particularly notable are the extracts from Bert's diary which is, to say the least of it, outspoken. Most of his stories concern the Lafayette Escadrille, a company of dare-devil Americans who could not wait until their country came into the Great War. They formed their own branch of the French Air Force, and handed out "swell attention" to a large number of German airmen who were unfortunate enough to meet them.

Amongst others he tells a very exciting story of how Basle was very nearly bombed one day by innocent Britishers:

"Lufberry, Lientenant de Laage, Pavelka, and I were given orders to convoy a group of bombing planes over to a German railway centre where some troop movements were reported. The bombers were all English."

They had 45 minutes of a start, but when the convoy reached the appointed place over the city of Thann there were no bombers in sight. Accordingly, the convoy set out in search of those bombers.

Bert flew south, and in about ten minutes he saw the British planes "streaking for Switzerland."

"At that particular moment we were between Altkirch and Ferrette. Now the only good-sized target in that neighbourhood is the town of Basle. And Basle is in Switzerland."

"To this very day I can remember the agonised thoughts I had as I looked across the mountains and saw the smoke from the factories of Basle. If those Britishers couldn't be stopped before they had dropped their bombs, we would have Switzerland on our hip. Lafayette Escadrille would be in disgrace, and the Royal Naval Air Service would possibly be court-martialled from hell to breakfast."

"For me, that was possibly one of the most exciting moments of the war. As soon as I caught up with the British bombers the leader of the flight waved to me, and was very much pleased, but he kept right on going. Basle, Switzerland, in ten minutes! I fired my guns and did acrobatics to attract their attention. They wiggled their wings and waved at me. It was a jolly fine show of aerial acrobacy. I wanted to strangle every one of them."

"Finally, I flew in front of the flight leader and pointed back to Luxeuil. He nodded yes, and flew on. I repeated this procedure at the risk of colliding with his machine, until I was quite exasperated. I wish I could remember the things I called those fellows. And they were all friends of mine too. But they were lost, and were about to bomb Basle, Switzerland, instead of Mulhouse, Germany."

"At one time I really considered the possibility of diving at the leader and colliding with him full on, or shooting him down before I should allow the unnecessary slaughter of innocent Swiss citizens. But finally something snapped. And it wasn't until we were over the edge of the city too! The tall stacks were as plainly visible as the Woolworth Tower is nowadays when I fly over Manhattan Island on a test flight."

"The flight leader fired a Very Pistol signal. The bombers turned around as one man and flew back to Luxeuil as fast as they could."

**The Record in Police Politeness.**

Switzerland is not always looked upon as a country of sweet reasonableness in its treatment of touring motorists, but there are cantons—and cantons. A friend who has just returned from a holiday on the Continent tells me that when stopping for lunch in the town of Appenzell he parked his car in the wrong place. On returning he found a card placed on the driving seat with this inscription:—

"In the interests of our traffic arrangements, we would ask you, in future, not to leave your car here. Car parks are arranged in front of the Central Bank and also in the Bahnhofstrasse and these places are indicated by special plaques."

"Assuring you of our respectful consideration."  
(Signed)——Police Officer.