Notes and gleanings

Objekttyp: **Group**

Zeitschrift: **The Swiss observer : the journal of the Federation of Swiss Societies in the UK**

Band (Jahr): **- (1930)**

Heft 441

PDF erstellt am: **29.03.2024**

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NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

By Kyburg.

Twenty-four Years Ago

to-day, 2nd April, Kyburg left his beloved Winterthur to conquer England. As I write, the sun is shining again, a heavy shower has just passed, further clouds are threatening more showers, but, this being April, I know that behind those further clouds too are periods of warm bright sunshine.

The above few lines aptly describe my experience during the last twenty-four years, mostly spent in dear old England. Gratefully I remember a host of friends whose advice and help enabled me to weather many a stormy shower, whose staunch friendship lit up the dark passages, whose kindly feelings made life a joyous affair on the whole. There is one especially whom I remember with a deep sense of gratitude to-day. He is now controlling a flourishing shipping business of his own. Twenty-four years ago he was already holding a responsible position in a shipping firm of world-wide repute. He it was who, by a friendly recommendation to the right person, helped me to my first "job" in this wonderful City of London and I should like him to know how gratefully I remember his willing assistance.

Were I a journalist of repute, I might reminisce at some length, for I too could tell the youngsters of to-day of the great changes which have taken place in London since my early days here. I too could entertain them with anecdotes of old times, of compatriots now gone, alas, of the merry and happy meetings at Gattis in the Strand, when now famous folk, like Lord Reading and Mr. Lloyd George were wont to dine at a table not far from the "Swiss" table. I could, but won't, because others, more able, have done it before and will do it again. I might even tell how I took bridge-playing lessons which gave me real pleasure quite disproportionate to their cost, especially as the cost consisted in the price of a bottle of good wine of which I managed to get some back!

However, we will proceed with the job in hand.

In a previous issue I have told how the Swiss were among the very earliest of human settlers on the mud-flats of the Thames Estuary, and how their influence can still be traced. Similarly, Switzerland has been the happy hunting ground of a variety of nations and from the following, extremely interesting article by Percy Sykes in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, March 1930, you will learn of the doings of the

Saracens in Switzerland.

Among the crowds of travellers to Switzerland who visit the hospice and pass of St. Bernard, how many realise that, early in the tenth century, Saracens seized this dominating position and held it with a stranglehold for half a century? Such, however, was the case, but before narrating these dramatic events we must turn for a while and examine the troubled state of Europe at this period which permitted the irruption.

An important date in history is the coronation of Charlemagne as emperor in 800. Fourteen years later he died, the unchallenged ruler of an empire which stretched across Northern and Central Europe and included many provinces of Italy. Consequently, under Carolingian rule, Switzerland, for the first time since the fall of Rome, formed part of a great empire. She thereby regained her importance as the guardian of the central passes of the Alps.

The death of Charlemagne was followed by decadence. In 843, by the Treaty of Verdun, the empire was divided into three sections from east to west, one prince receiving the middle section, which included the provinces which constitute modern Switzerland and part of Italy. The countries beyond the Rhine constituted the eastern section, and the western section included most of modern France.

The break-up of the empire proceeded with increased momentum, and in 888 Rudolph, Duke of the Transjurane duchy, which included the districts of Geneva, Lausanne and Sion, declared himself king.

We now come to the amazing episode of the Saracens in Switzerland. The rise of Islam, the religion preached by the Prophet Mohammed, was one of the greatest events in history. After his death in A.D. 632, the Arabs, swarming out of their deserts, overthrew the Persian Empire and, under their Caliphs, conquered eastwards and westwards, until they created the greatest empire that the world had seen, an empire which stretched from Central Asia to Morocco on the Atlantic Ocean. Nor was the force of the movement spent, for, utilising the burning zeal of Berber converts, who served as the rank and file, the Saracens, as they were termed in Europe, landing at Gibraltar, conquered Spain, crossed the Pyrenees, and, destroying Lyons, Macon and other cities, marched as far north as the valley of the Loire.

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Towards the end of the ninth century the beautiful Riviera suffered incessantly from the attacks of Saracen pirates, who raided the coast in force, burning the towns and killing or enslaving the unfortunate inhabitants. At Nice the invaders are not forgotten, since one of its quarters is the Canton des Sarrasins. Starting from their new base, the invaders spread rapidly over Provence and Dauphiné, and in 906 crossed Mont Cenis and occupied Piedmont.

According to the chronicles, on which I mainly rely, the Saracens occupied the pass of Mont Joux in 920. This name was a corruption of *Mons Jovis*, so called from a temple dedicated to Jupiter. Incidentally I would mention that it was not until the eleventh century that the pass acquired its present name from the foundation of the celebrated hospice by St. Bernard.

The history of Switzerland from one point of view is the struggle to control the main north to south route from Flanders to Rome along which passed merchants with their furs, tissues, and slaves. Pilgrims, monks, students and soldiers of fortune were all drawn to Rome, who, in return, spread her civilisation and wares in Northern Europe.

The Saracens, having occupied this key position, soon began to rob and kill travellers. Curiously enough, among their earliest victims were a band of Gauls and *Transmarinorum*, who are obviously Anglo-Saxons, and these pilgrims suffered heavy losses in killed and wounded. In the same year the invaders descended the valley of the Upper Rhone and destroyed the Church of St. Maurice, celebrated as being the first Christian edifice to be built north of the Alps. Another contemporary writer mentions that he visited St. Maurice, where the abbey had recently been burnt by the Saracens, and that he found it desolate without any sign of its former inhabitants. The invaders penetrated far and wide, reaching Lake Constance to the north, while their raids in the canton of Vaud, especially in the fertile district of Gruyère, are still remembered. At this time the country was ruled by Bertha, the widow of Rudolph, on behalf of her son Conrad. She was evidently unable to oppose the Saracens, and was forced to take refuge at Neuchatel.

It may be asked why the Count of Provence made no effort to destroy the invaders before they took root. It appears that he did attack them, but that when he became a claimant for the throne of Lombardy in 943 he actually enlisted the Saracens to hold the Alps against his rival Berenger. This arrangement was not successful, as Berenger became King of Lombardy in 950.

The state of Europe was pitiable at this period, as it was ravaged by Magyars, who were an even worse calamity than the Saracens, in view of their greater numbers and mobility. But, according to local tradition, there was a gleam of sunshine in 950. In this year Conrad, by promising his support to each side, contrived that the two hordes should meet on the field of battle. The struggle was long and bloody, and finally Conrad had the agreeable task of falling on the survivors. He did not, however, extirpate the Saracens, although their position must have become insecure.

In 972 they filled the cup of their iniquity to overflowing by the capture of St. Mayeul, Abbot of Cluny, at the village of Orsières, situated near Martigny in the valley below the Mont Joux pass. The letter of the saint has been preserved and runs: 'I am a helpless prisoner loaded with chains; the torrents of Belial have surrounded me, and the snares of death have seized upon me.'

This outrage stirred the conscience of the people, and from every quarter the Saracens were attacked. At Trois Torrents below Champéry, on the plateau of Vero, they were massacred in such numbers that the stream ran red, while the prisoners were blinded with hot ashes by the women. In this connexion the name Vero is believed to commemorate the battle-cry of the Christians: *Pro vero deo!* Elsewhere the women cut their hair, dressed in men's clothing and attacked the Saracens with pitchforks and scythes. The final scene of the act was the capture of Fraxinet a few years later. The Saracens fought with the courage of despair, but at last, after an occupation lasting some eighty years, they were all killed or captured.

It remains to inquire what was the impression left by the Saracens. It was deep, so deep that Guillaume de Nangis, whose chronicle deals with the latter part of the thirteenth century, actually heads one of his chapters with the words: '*Ci commencent les chroniques de tous les rois de France, Chrêtiens ou Sarrasins.*' In other words, 'Saracen' is synonymous with 'pagan,' and this appears constantly in the *Chansons de Geste*. To go back further, the town wall of Avenches, the Roman stronghold Aventicum, is still termed *La Muraille des Sarrasins*, and as late as 1690 a deed describes the fishermen of Vallamand as Saracens.

In the Upper Rhone Valley the universal belief exists that certain districts are inhabited by descendants of the Saracens. During a visit which I paid to the historical little town of Sion, whose bishop went to England as Papal Legate in the reign of William the Conqueror, I made inquiries of the curator of its museum. 'You ask about the Saracens,' he said; 'the Val d'Hérens is populated by them. There are no Swiss there.' Needless to say, I visited Evolène, its chief village, where the tradition is still strong.

Again, many families are called Sarrasin. I have inquired, and have ascertained that they believe in their descent from the invaders. Their women in some cases, and also portraits that I have been shown, prove that this belief is not unfounded. A few local names of places, miniature châlets, *maisons Sarrasines*, and wild vines (*vignes Sarrasins*) all testify to the fact that the Saracens stamped themselves indelibly on the country. A friend has informed me that between the Zermatt and Saas valleys are peaks termed Mischabel, Alphubel, and Allalin, and that at the top of the Saas valley is the Monte Moro Pass, by which the Saracens are believed to have entered the valley. The names of the three peaks are believed to be of Arabic origin, and certainly "allalin" might well be the Arabic word signifying "high." In any case, the names given above and the tradition are of considerable interest in view of the fact that these valleys open into the valley of the Rhone.

To conclude, Henri Bordeaux tells of a colony of Saracens who established themselves in an inaccessible valley in neighbouring Savoy and his description of their descendants runs:—

> Les traits de ces femmes sont d'une surprenante régularité, quelquefois accentuée, nez busqués, mentons volontaires. On prétend que la race a gardé du sang sarrasin. Elle est brune d'habitude et elle a une noblesse d'allure, une aisance de geste, qui sont exceptionnels dans nos campagnes.

The last sentence, in French, almost amounts to a very clever advertisement and a great rush of Tourists may be expected this summer, in quest of such beauty!

Dr. Adolph Keller's New Doctorate:

The Christian World, 20/3/30.

> Dr. Adolph Keller, General Secretary of the Federation of Protestant Churches in Switzerland, is to receive an honorary D.D. degree from Edinburgh University. Dr. Keller, who is a professor at Zurich and Geneva Universities, is not merely a scholar of international repute, but an organizer who has done more than any other living man to sustain Protestantism in Europe since the war. In an article in *Die Christliche Welt*, just to hand, Dr. Keller says that during his visit to Edinburgh he saw once again how closely Scotland keeps in touch with the Continent, much more closely than England. "Scotland," he says "knows the Continent and its problems, while the average Englishman is completely out of touch with Continental doings. For him China is nearer than Jugoslavia."

Switzerland—and After:

It has often been noticed, that is in times gone by, when ladies were still finding time in which to write letters—not that I wish for those so-called good old times to return! far from it—that the most important thing in ladies' letters and also very often the longest part of those letters was the post-scriptum. And, like one of those letters of a bye-gone generation, this weeks Notes and Gleanings also end with a long post-scriptum which, to my mind, affected just now, maybe, by slight forebodings of Spring, is not only the most important part of the Notes and Gleanings, but certainly the most charming. It is not often that one finds really good articles of this sort, but the following one to my mind, is good and really sweet.

Leeds Mercury, 6th March:

> The boat lurched against the landing stage, and several passengers turned, if possible, a shade greener. The train growled its way into a Victoria crowded with weary travellers, shouting porters and overwrought Customs officials. The taxi rattled across London and I rubbed some fog from the window and looked out on the dark damp streets, spreading the peculiar gloom of a Sunday afternoon. I wondered again with increasing bewilderment, what in the beginning had driven mankind to inhabit the British Isles in the winter. The contrast between this fog-ridden land and the pure beauty of snow and sun which I had left behind was so great as to make me wonder at the same planet containing both.
>
> To shut out the dismal scene, I leant back and let my thoughts wander over the holiday from which I was returning. I remembered arriving at the little station, six thousand feet up among the mountains, rather too sleepy to take in the grandeur of the scene, but how soon it grew on me! I came to look on the mountains all around us almost as living things, to observe their characteristics, and how their features changed with the weather like moods in human beings.
>
> I shall always remember my first night at the local Kursaal. It was a primitive building, large, but with little decoration. It happened to be a Sunday, and a concert was on. We strolled in, not expecting much, but interested in the crowd, mainly Swiss, which was grouped informally round tables, and in the babel of foreign voices. We ordered our drinks and sat down. The next minute the orchestra burst into the opening chords of Die Meistersinger. It was magnificently played; I was never so stirred by music before. At the end the applause was rapturous. We were amazed. Imagine such a scene in an English village, ten miles from anywhere! Afterwards they cleared the tables away, and the same band, without turning a hair, struck up a foxtrot.
>
> Another unforgettable event was my first long run on skis. I had been on the nursery slopes and over a very small mountain, but this was my first venture among the heights. The sun was hot in a cloudless blue sky, and we toiled uphill in single file, silhouetted sharply on the sparkling snow. We stopped only once or twice, as someone took a photograph or cast off yet another sweater, and to my inexperienced eyes we seemed to be penetrating into another world, a world of vast silent whiteness, where a chance word echoed for miles, and the towering peaks, hitherto far away, became near and accessible. In the distance the mountain slopes seemed to be carved out of marble, and the valleys beyond were blue and misty. Once we saw an eagle poised on an overhanging crag, his great wings spread for flight.
>
> We had lunch on the roof of a mountain hut, and a brief sunbath. Then came the descent. It was, I suppose, like every other beginner's first long descent, but to me it was the most wonderful run imaginable, terrifying, glorious.
>
> How familiar the sensation of ski-ing afterwards became! A long straight run in front of you; off you go. Now you're gathering speed—hullo! this is rather alarming—never mind, there's old Billings ahead, and you can keep up with *him*! Here's a ditch—turn quickly—nearly over then! Gosh, what a bump! You're done for! You'll have to crash. But somehow you remain upright, though your legs are wide apart and you have no idea where your weight is. Another turn, and suddenly you are faced with, apparently, a precipice. Your heart sinks into your boots—you can't do it. You must have a breathing space. But no, there's old Billings—curse him—still going strong. You'll catch him if you die in the attempt. You let yourself go and find yourself travelling at a speed you hadn't thought possible.
>
> In your heart you are terrified, but you hang on, crouching close to the ground (memories of the ski-instructor's frenzied exhortation—"Verr is your boddee?") Ah—there's Old Billings in the snow, almost buried. You whizz by him, exultant, and suddenly all fear leaves you. Your skis have become part of you, and you are in complete control of them. You feel as if you are flying, and there is a grand straight run to the next halting place. Even if an ignominious crash at the end shatters the dream, you will always have the memory of that last three minutes.
>
> Day after day we explored the joys of ski-ing, never tiring of it but ocassionally varying it with a race down the bob run. Balanced precariously on minute luges, we dashed up the ice walls and swept round the curves, as often as not coming off, but happily optimistic.
>
> Then there were the nights. Darkness fell all at once, and with it you assumed another self. From a creature of sun and wind, thirsty for adventure and sexless as a pair of skis, you changed into the gaudiest of butterflies, seeking pleasure and finding it. You could dance every night and all night, drink anything from champagne to flapper's dream, drop in on all the dancing floors in the place. Usually we ended up at an underground bar with shaded lights, a coloured glass circle for a dancing floor, and three very excellent musicians who played and sang to the dancers like old friends. There was a peculiar intimate atmosphere about this place; it was like a club, in which every newcomer's face was marked.
>
> The dances at the Kursaal were of a different calibre. Wild, hilarious affairs they were, all talking at the tops of their voices in French, German, Spanish, Italian and English, and willing at any moment to break into a lurid tango, a riotous Blue Danube waltz, or to sit down and cheer the cabaret.
>
> Oddly enough, these nights interfered very little with the next day's ski-ing. We woke up feeling as fresh as ever and very ready for coffee and rolls. I think it is partly this ming-

ling of two lives that is the fascination of a Winter Sports holiday, and partly the feeling of freedom. There is no restriction of weather or convention. You enjoy yourself to the utmost, yet you do not grow tired and bored with pleasure because you are at the same time satisfying the tougher side of your nature which demands labour and adventure.

Well, the end comes in time. We're back among the rain and fog. As all good skiers say "Ski-heil!"

Till next year. M.M.

SWISS RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting, at which many members were present, took place at 1, Gerrard Place, W.1. Mr. Alfred Schmid, President for 1929, read his Report and expressed a wish to retire from the Leadership, also announcing the resignation of his Committee. Messrs. Senn and Zogg presented their Report as Auditors, and complimented Mr. O. Brullhard on his work as Hon. Treasurer. Mr. De Brunner, elected President "pro tem," thanked the out-going Committee for their efforts and appealed to everyone's sense of good sportsmanship and good fellowship, wishing the newly elected Committee good luck in their enterprise. The Committee for 1930 was then duly elected as follows:—

Messrs. H. Senn, *President;* W. De Bourg, *1st Vice-President;* C. O. Brullhard, *2nd Vice-President;* A. Rhyn, *Hon. Treasurer;* G. Burger, *Hon. Secretary;* F. Conrad, *Act. Secretary,* A. Hilfiker, *Asst. Treasurer;* E. Rognon, *Asst. Treasurer;* C. O. Brullhard, P. Hilfiker, A. Fuchs, Alf. Schmid, and Chas. Strubin, *Range Officers;* F. Zogg, and H. Holliger, *Auditors.*

Various Commissions were detailed for specific duties. Mr. H. Senn showed a clear grasp of all important organising matters, and promised to bring to the S.R.A. the required "pep" to achieve the success we all wish for. The Committee set to work early last week and gave careful consideration to all matters likely to bring efficiency to our Hendon Range.

The work of repairing and altering has already been taken in hand, and understanding comradeship prevailing, goodwill and hard work will bring about the desired aim, namely, to justify the existence of the S.R.A., and make it an Association second to none in its expression of loyalty to Switzerland and a link between the various Societies of our Colony in London. A.R.

SWISS MERCANTILE SOCIETY.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

In connection with the scholastic programme the following lectures were given by the students during last week:—

Dr. R. Reinacher, Rorschach: "Cartels and Trusts." Miss E. Schlenker, Genève: "Are we reverting to nature?" Mr. E. Moll, Solothurn: "Bordeaux." Mr. W. Kägi, Davos: "The Business Efficiency Exhibition." Mr. E. Isler, Zurich: "Why I am against the Disarmament of the Swiss Army." Mr. W. Stoll, Zurich: "Thoughts on Toleration." Mr. H. Gerber, Le Locle: "The Majestic." Mr. J. Menoud, Le Locle: "The United States of Europe." Miss Y. Gross, Tramelan: "Farewell Speech." Miss G. Kistler, Brugg: "Experiences in the North of England."

The debating classes dealt with the following subject:—

"That Doctors should end the sufferings of an Incurable Patient." Proposer: Miss. A. Braun. Opposer: Miss M. Egle.

On Friday March 28th Mr. J. Tinkler delivered an instructive and scholarly speech on Shakespeare's "Macbeth." His extremely original and dramatic interpretation of the great tragedy held his audience spellbound and his lecture was received with tumultuous applause. Mr. J. Klein, B.A., proposed a vote of thanks to the speaker.

On Saturday March 29th the Students were taken to the Zoological Gardens.

The gods favoured the Students of the Swiss Mercantile Society when they visited Cadbury's Chocolate Works on Tuesday April 1st. No one was fooled for every student expressed admiration of what was seen. After a pleasant train journey to Bourneville, the students numbering about 200 were divided into small parties, each party guided round the works by a young lady. Then the gardens were visited. Motor coaches were provided to take the party round the Garden City. On the return to the works, everyone was regaled with an excellent tea and on departure presented with a small parcel containing chocolates and cocoa.

From Bourneville the Students went to Birmingham where they had ample time to visit the city. The return journey to London was as agreeable as the outward journey.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Cadbury for their hospitality.

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At the Winter Examinations of The London Chamber of Commerce, held in London during February 1930, eleven students were present at the examination in Commerce with the following results:—All the students passed successfully, six gaining "Distinction."

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It is interesting to note that this is the first occasion that Day students have been present at this important examination, the Diploma of which is such a valuable asset to all those who seek a commercial career, and the results recorded above reflect the highest credit upon the School, the successful students, and the Commerce Master (Mr. V. H. Burraston, B.Com.) responsible for so notable an initial success.

THE EDITOR'S POST-BAG.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by Correspondents and cannot publish anonymous articles, unless accompanied by the writer's name and address, as evidence of good faith

To the Editor of *The Swiss Observer.*

Dear Sir,

The conditional offer of £1,000 towards the Georges Dimier Fund which Mr. Notari, President of the Unione Ticinese, made on behalf of the Society at the Annual Banquet at the Monico has caused a great stir in many quarters. I greatly regret to note also that while this offer is favourably considered it has met with mistrust and its genuineness is doubted. Mr. Notari is fully aware of the seriousness of this offer which is fully backed by the unanimous decision of the Extraordinary Meeting of the Society. Furthermore, a written offer has been sent to the Committee of the Fonds de Secours, who are responsible for the administration of the said Georges Dimier Fund, and should be considered as a binding contract.

This generous offer was moved, not through any idle boast that the U.T. should be first in the field, but solely with the object of giving the development of this Fund, which for some years has been dormant, and impetus.

It remains now with all patriotically minded Swiss to support the two other conditions of the offer, so proving once more our motto "Uno per tutti; tutti per uno," thus endeavouring to realize the dream and hope of our great patriot the late Georges Dimier.

"Alea jacta est,"

Yours truly,

Oscar Gambazzi.

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AT

CONWAY HALL
RED LION SQUARE, W.C.1

ON

Thursday, April 10th, 1930
at 8.30 p.m. sharp

With the kind assistance of
SAMUEL KUTCHER
Violinist
BERTA ZIMMER
Mezzo-Soprano

Admission 2s. inclusive

Tickets may be obtained from The Hon. Secretary, Swiss Choral Society, Mr. J. Gerber, 99, Gresham Street, E.C.2; Union Helvetia Club, 1, Gerrard Place, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1; Swiss Club, 74, Charlotte Street, W.1; or from any member of the Choir.

SWISS BANK CORPORATION,

(A Company limited by Shares incorporated in Switzerland)

99, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.2.

and 11c, REGENT STREET, S.W. 1.

Capital Paid up £6,400,000
Reserves - - £1,960,000
Deposits - - £43,000,000

The WEST END BRANCH opens Savings Bank Accounts on which interest will be credited at 3 per cent. until further notice.

Drink delicious "Ovaltine" at every meal—for Health!

CITY SWISS CLUB.

Messieurs les membres sont avisés que

l'Assemblée Générale Annuelle

aura lieu le MARDI 8 AVRIL au Restaurant PAGANI, 42, Gt. Portland Street, W.1 et sera précédée d'un souper à 7 h. (prix 6/6).

Pour faciliter les arrangements, le Comité recommande aux participants de s'annoncer au plus tôt à M. P. F. Boehringer, 23, Leonard St. E.C.2 (Téléphone: Clerkenwell 9595).

ORDRE DU JOUR:

Procès-verbal.
Admissions.
Démissions.
Rapport des Vérificateurs des Comptes.
Election du Comité.
Divers.

Divine Services.

EGLISE SUISSE (1762),

(Langue française.)

Temporairement: 83, Endell Street, au 2e étage du bâtiment d'école.

Dimanche 6 Avril 11 h.—"L'Eternel fut avec Joseph." Gen. 39/21; M. R. Hoffmann-de Visme
6.30 h—M. Marcel Pradervand.

Dimanche 13 Avril: CHANGEMENT D'HEURE. Les cultes du soir auront lieu à 7 p.m. (au lieu de 6.30) à partir du 13 Avril.

BAPTEME.

Anthony Gilbert RIETMANN, né le 28/10/1929, fils d'Ernest et d'Evelyn Dorise née Adams, de Lustorf (Thurgovie) le 30 Mars 1930.

Pour tous renseignements concernant actes pastoraux, etc., prière de s'adresser à M. R. Hoffmann-de Visme, 102, Hornsey Lane, N.6 (Téléphone: Archway 1798).

SCHWEIZERKIRCHE

(Deutschschweizerische Gemeinde)

St. Anne's Church, 9, Gresham Street, E.C.2.
(near General Post Office.)

Sonntag, den 6 April 1930.

11 Uhr vorm.: Gottesdienst und Sonntagschule.
7 Uhr abends: Gottesdienst und Chorprobe.

Anfragen wegen Amtshandlungen und Religionsunterricht sind erbeten an Pfr. C. Th. Hahn, 8, Chiswick Lane, W.4. Telephon: Chiswick 4156. Sprechstunden: Dienstag 12-1 Uhr in der Kirche. Mittwoch 5-6 Uhr im "Foyer Suisse."

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

Tuesday, April 8th at 7 p.m.—City Swiss Club: Annual General Meeting at Pagani's (see advert).

Wednesday, April 9th, at 8.30 p.m.—Swiss Mercantile Society: Monthly Meeting at Swiss House.

Thursday, April 10th, at 8.30 p.m.—Swiss Choral Society: Concert at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

Wednesday, April 16th, at 7.45 p.m.—Nouvelle Societe Helvetique: Monthly Meeting at Swiss House, Fitzroy Square, W.1. All members very cordially invited.

Tuesday, April 29th.—Unione Ticinese: Festa Familiare at Pagani's, Great Portland St., W.1.

Wednesday, May 7th, at 7.30 p.m.—Societe de Secours Mutuels: Monthly Meeting at 74, Charlotte Street, W.1.

Saturday, May 24th.—SWISS SPORTS at Herne Hill Athletic Grounds.

Thursday, June 19th, at 7 p.m.—Fête Suisse at Central Hall, Westminster, S.W.1.

Printed for the Proprietors, by The Frederick Printing Co., Ltd., at 23, Leonard Street, London, E.C.2.