

# The "Swiss Obsever's" journey to Italy

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\* Dans les années qui ont précédé la grande guerre, 27 pour cent seulement de la production des usines de Winterthur restaient en Suisse, tandis que 73 pour cent de cette production s'en allaient à l'étranger. Depuis l'année 1924 jusqu'à l'année 1930, le pourcentage des produits exportés atteignit même, avec des fluctuations peu importantes, le chiffre de 76 pour cent.

**FREIBURG, DIE STADT DES EIDGEN. SCHUETZENFESTES 1934.**

Jedesmal, wenn ich auf der Fahrt von Lausanne nach Bern die langgestreckten Horizonte flüchtig sehe, empfinde ich eine einzigartige Bewegtheit. Ich kann mich darum unmöglich in ein Buch versenken, so gewichtig kommt mir der Uebergang vor. Der Zug verlässt das Land der Reben, der Steinhäuser, der Zypressen, der Zedern, (des Léman und verschwindet im Tunnel von Chexbres; eine Stunde später fährt er auf der Eisenbahnbrücke von Grandfey über die Saane. Denkt man daran, dass diese Grenzen, die durch einen bescheidenen Hügel, einen ruhlosen Fluss gebildet werden, bedeutungsvoller sind als die politischen Grenzen eines grossen Reiches? Weiss man, dass man hier eine neue Welt betritt? Letzten Endes scheint die Gegend des Genfersees näher bei Italien und der Provence zu sein als das Uechtland, dieses näher bei Deutschland und Norwegen als beim Genfersee. Es ist ein bedeutungsvoller Schritt, aus dem lateinischen Kulturkreis in den deutschen überzugehen. Damit der Geist daraus dauernde Früchte gewinnt, ist eine Vorbereitung unumgänglich. Man muss in Freiburg halt machen. Freiburg entzweigt niemanden.

Freiburg besitzt den vielfältigen Reiz einer Stadt, deren deutscher und alpiner Urgrund — Eichen-, Nussbaum-, Buchen- und Tannenwälder, Molasse mit waagrecht Schichten, steile Saanefelsen — öfters von lateinischen Formen überdeckt ist. Der Franzose findet Alt-Frankreich an jeder Strassenecke: es steckt in den zarten Gesimsen der kleinen Patriziersitze, wie es im Leben und in der Sitte einer zugleich frommen und weltlustigen Gesellschaft enthalten ist. Der Deutsche fühlt sich am Ufer des Rheins oder des Neckars zuhause, wenn er über die Plätze der Unterstadt geht oder ihre Treppen hinanstiegt, ihren Mauern mit hervorragenden Balken, ihren Spitzbögen und ihren Treppen so nah verwandt

**THE "SWISS OBSERVER'S" JOURNEY TO ITALY.**

By *Mariann.*

One morning — nearly two months ago — ST. told me, "Now then, dear old chap, you will have to go soon to Italy. There is someone down there who wants you." I can tell you — I nearly fainted when I heard this. How I hated to go, "in das Land wo die Zitronen blühen." The following week was perfect agony for me. And when the dreaded day had come, I was so feeble that I had to take an aspirin to keep fit. Well then, it was a Friday evening. I left London in my nicest white-black dress and a charming green overcoat — three-quarters long only, it is fashionable at the time being. I had little luggage, and the journey was quite agreeable. I was sleeping during the major part of the travel, so I could not tell you what towns I passed through. The Customs formalities were easy, and very soon I was at the place of destination: Genova, capoluogo di Liguria. When I arrived at the R.R. Poste — that is to say, at the place where I ought to be put into the postman's bag — that silly ass (I beg your pardon!) wrote on my coat, "sconosciuto," and threw me into a dreadful basket, where I laid ten days.

I can't describe all that horrid time there. But one thing is certain: if I had not found, after a few hours, a Swiss friend of mine, I would have died. So we could chatter together, he being the "Zürizytig." The time passed a trifle quicker than without his company. After some time — it was early in the morning — a fat red hand took me out of that beastly gaol and put me into the badly-smelling postman's bag. But nevertheless I felt quite happy. He carried me through a narrow, filthy street, and then went into a big house with many high windows. In the entrance hall he set me in a slim but tall letter-box. There I could at last regain my forces.

ist, mit Strassburg, Goslar, mit Schlettstadt. Sogar der Italiener wird bisweilen den Tonfall seines Landes zu erkennen glauben, wenn er an Markttagen in den Gasthöfen die Bauern die Greyzerer Mundart sprechen hört. Das Bildwerk der Brunnen erinnert an lombardische Städte. Das Patriziat von Freiberg lenkt unsere Gedanken zu dem von Genua, dessen Einfluss es erfuhr. Endlich ruft uns diese steile und rauhe Stadt mit ihren auftragenden Kirchtürmen und offenen Wehrtürmen Siena auf seinen Hügeln in Erinnerung — wie etwa eine Jungfrau aus Stein an einer Haubecke an die bäuerlichen Standbildchen des Jacopo della Quercia erinnert. Verschiedenartige Eindrücke, die durch die Natur und die Geschichte zu erklären sind.

Freiburg, die bescheidenste der Städte im Grenzland der Rassen, ist indessen wohl imstande, unser künstlerisches Feingefühl zu erwärmen. Es führt den Franzosen in den Reichtum der germanischen Kultur ein, den Deutschen in das Geheimnis der lateinischen Harmonie.

(Aus G. de Reynold in "Schweizerstädte und Landschaften." Verlag Rascher & Co.)

**ALDO IACOMELLI †**

We deeply regret to announce the death of M. Aldo Iacomelli, which occurred at Lugano at the age of 57.

M. Iacomelli was for many years the proprietor of the well-known Richmond Restaurant in Richmond; he came to this country about forty years ago, and after having occupied several positions in the catering line, both in London and in the provinces, he settled down in Richmond. The deceased took a great interest in the affairs of the town and was highly respected.

Although M. Iacomelli spent the greater part of his life away from his country, he has never ceased to take an interest in the affairs of his homeland; and when his health started to fail, he went back to his own country, in order to regain health and strength.

Alas it was not to be, and our friend will now rest in the country he loved so well.

M. Iacomelli was an old Member of the Unione Ticinese, he leaves a widow and four children to whom we express our deepest sympathy.

Great silence, but for a maid singing probably a folk-song. Then I suddenly heard a hoarse voice shouting in a strange Italian dialect, and then a joyful exclamation in Schwyzdütsch. A well-known voice to me! A key turned in the keyhole, and the box-lid sprang open. "Hullo! dear old friend! here you are!" I was contented, having found my reader after such an irritating time.

Miss M., too, felt herself happy. She sat down on a marble step, tore my coat off in a great hurry, and read a few sentences. Then she took me under her arm and we walked down to a great square, called Piazza di Ferrari, where a monument to Garibaldi stands as well as the Stock Exchange. I was very hot, and I was glad I had my coat off. Miss M., too, felt the heat. She always walked in the shade. But then we passed for a long time underneath high, fine arcades. Miss M. told me that that big and noisy street with the most lovely shops, is the Oxford Street of Genoa, but is called Via XX Settembre. Very smart and well made-up ladies and slim and smiling young men were walking up and down. And now and then proud officers and tall soldiers with tanned faces. We saw young Italians with black shirts and grey-green hats. We found a shop called "Upim," just the same as Woolworth's or Marks and Spencer's. The prices are low, and Miss M. told me that she is always happy to get 378 lire for 100 Swiss francs.

Well, we soon arrived at a great square. To the left, the railway station Brignole, to the right, the great palaces, and on a spacious lawn the great monuments to the soldiers of Genoa who fell during the Great War. Large steps lead up to the imposing monument, which has a little chapel underneath. We soon went home, after having passed through two long and high street tunnels. There is not too much traffic at Genoa. The cars are nearly always in high speed! There are stop-and-go lights at some places, as well as marking-nails in the streets to indicate where to cross.

The policemen are just as nice as in London. Until a few days ago, they wore navy blue uni-

**EDITOR'S POST BAG.**

To the Editor,  
Swiss Observer.

Dear Sir,

In the last number of the *Swiss Observer* you mentioned the success of the Swiss Team at the International Gymnastic Competition at Budapest. If you think that a foreign opinion on the work of the Swiss Team might interest your readers, you will find it on enclosed "*Nation Belge*," a prominent Belgian paper. I saw this report, when in Belgium about 10 days ago.

Yours faithfully,  
E.W.

"*Nation Belge*" 6. Juin 1934.

... Les Suisses sont à la barre fixe devant la tribune. L'exercice imposé est entièrement de voltige: grands élanements et volées avec changements des mains, lâchers brusques, pirouetter, se rattraper et se rétablir, pour terminer par un élanement du corps pardessus la barre toute difficulté. Les Suisse le font en jouant. L'enthousiasme monte.

Mais c'est tout autre chose encore lorsqu'ils font leur exercice à volonté. Elancements du corps avec lâchers et reprises dans toutes les positions imaginables; grandes volées en dislocation complète; pirouettes au-dessus des barres et sorties par saut périlleux doublés d'un demi-tour.

Tout ce que nous pouvons voir dans les meilleurs cirques, par des professionnels spécialisés de catégorie supérieure, nous le voyons ici, mais en plus élégant, plus correct, plus fini. C'est un enchantement de grâce, de force et d'agilité. Dix exécutions obtiennent plus de neuf points sur dix chacune! . . .

**TIR FEDERAL 1934.**

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**PERSONAL.**

We regret to hear that M. R. Hoffmann-de Visme has been ordered a complete rest, and has left for Switzerland for a two months stay. We sincerely hope that his health will soon be restored.

forms. But they look very much smarter in their summer outfit: field-grey and black boots. Those on duty wear white cuffs and tropic helmets. But Miss M. told me that the real policemen are the "Carabinieri." These wear dark swallow-tail coats with red facings and funny hats turned up in front and behind, but sticking out on each side about a foot. I could not help laughing when I saw them for the first time. There are always two together. You never see one alone. Why? Miss M. thinks that in this way they cannot get lost.

Well, that first evening I was not sorry for being in Italy. Miss M. took me up to her nice room, and smoking a cigarette, she read me over and over again. Every Monday evening I get a new supply from London, and I hope I shall always be able to interest my reader. She is sweet with me. She takes me in her bag or pocket or under the arm wherever she goes. There is a place called Nervi, at one hour's distance from Genoa. A charming health resort and seaside place situated on the Riviera di Levante. We go there by tram. We walk in the park, and go to the "Passeggiata a Mare." There we settle down for some time to look at the sea. The Mediterranean is of a wonderful blue. The sky is of the same colour, but two shades clearer. The sun shines bright and warm, and at the horizon there is a silver stripe. The waves come and go and splash the rocky shore with their seummy tops. Sailing boats and yachts, and over there, from the peninsula of Portofino, is a majestic merchant vessel slowly approaching. Then, after having looked at all those beauties, and after having been somewhat dreamy, Miss M. takes me and is learning out of my four pages all she wants. If there are friends with her, she tells them about me, or even shows me. In fact, I am never an outcast.

Once we went to Pegli, another place like Nervi, but on the Riviera di Ponente. We spent two hours visiting the Park of the Villa Pallavicini. Woods and gardens, all kinds of wild and cultivated trees and plants, pines, coffee trees, vanilla, cinnamon, sugar cane, palm trees, Lebanon cedars, magnolias and azaleas. Hills

and lakes, and brooks, and swings, and lawns, and little hot-houses, a castle in medieval style, with signs of a simulated siege around it; a stalactite grotto, where we went underground in a rowing boat; some temples, houses and pavilions in every possible style; a pagoda, a mosque — everything, as to say, in miniature. On the whole, a funny, higgledy-piggledy, but picturesque and unique of its kind.

One day Miss M. took me to the famous harbour. It is said to be an international example and is also the greatest seaport of the Mediterranean, 2.8 million square meters. All the great transatlantic vessels come to Genoa. The Rex and the Conte di Savoia are the two greatest ships, the former having gained the "blue ribbon." She is the fastest transatlantic!

You see, dear readers in England, there is need for further amusement. Miss M. and her friends take care and look for entertainment.

We live in a comfortable flat with cosy rooms and high windows — everybody lives in flats. The houses are high — six floors, as a rule — with roof gardens like Selfridge's almost, and lifts. We eat spaghetti and Risotto and Minestrata, and heavenly ice creams — adorable. We listen to operas from Verdi and Puccini on the wireless, and hear the "Giovinezza" sung in the streets.

And now, after all that sunshine, there is also something else, between ourselves: — Campo Santo.

There is one street I don't like. It is a very dirty and narrow lane, hardly three yards wide. It leads in a zigzag line up to a girls' college. The houses are filthy. From one side to the other there are ropes full of grey linen and torn pieces of some material hanging out to dry. By the way, you see these "exhibitions" everywhere in Italy; also in nice quarters and good-looking streets.

Well, then, that little lane (and many others, too, as it is quite natural in a seaport like Genoa) is simply repulsive. The women at the windows in dirty clothes and with uncombed hair; the men lounging about in torn trousers and without socks and ties; the children playing in the mud with black hands and unwashed faces, bare feet and talking the most dreadful language. The cats are very fat — because they find their food in all the waste thrown out of the windows. And, not enough yet — here, like everywhere else, beggars not just begging with their eyes, but telling you the most awful stories, and asking you sometimes very insolently for "soldi." There is a bakery and next door a coal shop, but I believe the baker is also selling coal, and over there is a dark and disgusting public-house, and further up a fountain where neglected, dirty women wash their even dirtier clothes. It is a perfect relief to come soon to the college. There is a charming park, where at night you see thousands of those lovely fire-flies.

Miss M. has not taken me yet to the Righi. But if I am always nice and good, she will take me up there some day. She told me it is quite a nice place, with a splendid view over sea and town, and on the other side to the famous Campo Santo.

And now we are going down to the beach every day. We stay there all day long. We have hired a very sweet cottage-cabin, with flowered wallpaper and chintz curtains. She is swimming or diving or doing gymnastics, and I — being too delicate for any sport — just remain in a deck chair comfortably stretched out. Even if it is raining she goes bathing — often alone — because the Italians are somewhat hydrophobic.

Miss M. and the family she is living with, talk "Toscano" together, which is the best Italian, and much nicer than the "dialetto Genovese." The people here are said to be avaricious. It might be so. I don't know, but Miss M. told me that it is true. The men are quick and black-haired and are always gesticulating. It would not be possible here, like in a London tube carriage, to see two men sitting side by side, staring in front of them, and discussing some more or less interesting matters. The women: some quite nice, others stout and "grossières," made up and painted. Nearly all have ugly legs.

Now, dear friends, I must stop. We are going to the "Villaggio Balneare." That is a very great village of pleasures, because there is the "Giugno Genovese," with 70 per cent. reduction on railway fares, and many festivals and competitions. At the "Villaggio Balneare" are many shops, bars, restaurants, a swimming pool with diving boards, fountains, bands and orchestras, dancing and singing, exhibitions and demonstrations, merry-go-rounds, and "Baden" of all kinds. Great fun!

Perhaps Miss M. leaves me at home to-day, because she has got a "Daily Mail" and a "Sie und Er."

Mind you, I am not unhappy, and after having told her about all the future sportive and social events of the Swiss Colony in London — good Heavens! then I shall have a simply topping time!

I recommend you warmly Genoa. Come and visit it, but not before having spent some time in our dear old Switzerland.

Goodbye, friends, keep smiling, and don't forget S.O., for the time being living with  
MARIANN.

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**FORTHCOMING EVENTS.**

Saturday, June 23rd, at 2.45 p.m. — Swiss Sports — At Herne Hill Athletic Grounds.

Wednesday, June 27th — Nouvelle Société Helvétique — Monthly meeting at 7.45, to be followed by a talk by Mr. P. Lerian on "L'Union Helvétia, son activité et ses membres," at Swiss House, 34/35, Fitzroy square, W.

Tuesday, July 3rd at 7 o'clock — City Swiss Club — Réunion d'été — at Brent Bridge Hotel, Hendon. (See Advert).

Wednesday, July 4th, at 7.30 p.m. — Société de Secours Mutuels — Monthly Meeting — 74, Charlotte Street, W.1.

Monday, July 16th to 28th — The Haslemere Festival of Chamber Music, under the direction of Arnold Dolmetsch, in the Haslemere Hall, Haslemere, Surrey.

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**MARIAGE.**

Le mariage de Maurice François Zbinden, de Payerne, et de Emily Margaret Cragg, originaire du Canada, a été béni à l'église, le 14 juin 1934.

Le Pasteur Hoffmann-de Visme reçoit le Mercredi de 11 heures à midi 30, à l'église, 79, Endell Street, W.C.2., et après les cultes. S'adresser à lui pour tout ce qui concerne les baptêmes, mariages, instructions religieuses etc. Pour rendez-vous particuliers, ou autre chose, téléphoner à Archway 1798, ou écrire à 102, Hornsey Lane, N.6.

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11 Uhr morgens, Gottesdienst. Predigt des Herrn W. Heintze, Missionar in Abessinien.  
7 Uhr abends, Gottesdienst. Herr Missionar W. Heintze.

Anfragen wegen Religions-bezw. Confirmandenstunden und Amtshandlungen sind erbeten an den Pfarrer der Gemeinde: C. Th. Hahn, 43, Priory Road, Bedford Park, W.4 (Telephon: Chiswick 4156). Sprechstunden: Dienstag 12-2 Uhr in der Kirche; Mittwoch 5-6 Uhr im "Foyer Suisse."