

God save the king

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GOD SAVE THE KING

ENGLAND HAS A NEW KING. The tradition of a thousand years of the leadership of a Royal House remains unbroken. He is regarded with a reverence, not only in the maternal islands, but all through the Empire, which is an indication of the stability, the immense devotion, the pride of unity and of possession of the peoples of the Empire.

On the Wednesday of this week the King and His Consort have been crowned in pomp and circumstance, in deep solemnity in Westminster Abbey. They have passed under the colourful decorations through their devoted Metropolis, through millions of their subjects from far and wide, to make known to the land that their Kingship was complete — a visual proof that the Kingship could not die.

The people are happy. The tradition of Kingship is unbroken. The singularity of their

gained the sea? I have always suspected that there lies some hidden accusation and regret behind the constant admonition "Einigkeit macht stark." "L'union fait la Force."

But things are as they are. What we have lost, we have gained. Territorial power has gone past us, but morally and intellectually Switzerland has made a position for herself which is sound politically and economically, useful to the community and peace of Europe and, as long as she exists as a nation, an object lesson of great value. This conviction is our strength.

Our English hosts are well aware of our qualities, good and bad; they respect us and they love our country for more than holiday reasons and we Swiss in Great Britain are admitted into the intimacy of their friendship with special facility. We have so much in common that it is easy for us to admire their political institutions,

their Majesties have been graciously pleased to accept.

The two illustrations appearing on this page show the body of the document. The Address is in the shape of a book, bound in red leather and adorned with the Swiss Cross in silver on the cover. The inside of the cover is in moiré silk and the flyleaf again bears the Federal arms on a bed of alpine flowers. The text of the Address, in French, occupies the four central pages of the book. The beautiful work of the artist requires no further comment since you have the reproductions before you, but all those who have had the chance of inspecting the book closely agree that the colouring of the border bearing the Cantonal arms is magnificent. Heraldically, the coats of arms are correct in every detail, of superb draughtsmanship and execution. The lettering is in gold and sepia.

The honour of signing this document for and on behalf of the Swiss living in Great Britain belongs to the doyen of the London Colony, Mr. George Forrer of Honour Oak, S.E., a fine type of Swiss citizen, still hale and hearty in his ninety-fourth year. You can judge by the firmness of the signature that our doyen's heart still beats strong and evenly, and that his nerves are in perfect control. This signature does honour to the document, and to us.

We all feel that we would have loved to express our gratitude and loyalty to their Majesties by some more tangible gift, such as a little masterpiece of one of the specifically Swiss industries, and it may be said that this desire was as strong at home as among ourselves, but we are well aware that there exists a Royal ruling against the acceptance of any such personal gifts from whatever source. We therefore had to content ourselves with the presentation of the Address of Congratulations.

We owe our loyalty to two countries, and there is no loss or shame in this division. Our loyalty to our native country can never die, but our loyalty to our adopted country grows with the years we reside here. These two kinds of loyalty are not alike, but have been compared with the love for one's mother and the love for one's wife; they do not conflict, but are a complement. The two create a richer, deeper love than each one alone can do.

Those of us who have spent the major portion of our lives in these islands, have married here and brought up families, we are fully able to appreciate the great heart of England, her benevolence and her wisdom. If our children, in the course of time, adopt British nationality they will yet owe and render loyalty to Switzerland, the land of their fathers. It is not our own fault, but by the force of circumstances, that so many of us have to emigrate from our homeland; we, who have settled in England, have chosen well. It is not unknown that the mixing of these two races produces a fine stock and that our common qualities are refined in the offspring. Yet, if we Swiss

devotion remains and grows. England will never die.

Yet, ever since Henry I, England has been ruled by the happy combination of King and Parliament. The short break of eleven years under Charles I. does not count. At the beginning of the 12th century an island with four million inhabitants, to-day an Empire with four hundred million souls. This tradition also has lasted because it is not due to violent revolutions, but to mutual respect for each other's rights and privileges, to the constant vigilance of each party to retain them, to the knowledge of their absolute interdependence in times of stress and strain.

What of us Swiss in Great Britain? How do we regard the significance of the Coronation? We, who have been nurtured in absolute democracy, governing ourselves with only a nominal Head of State for as long as the English have had Kings?

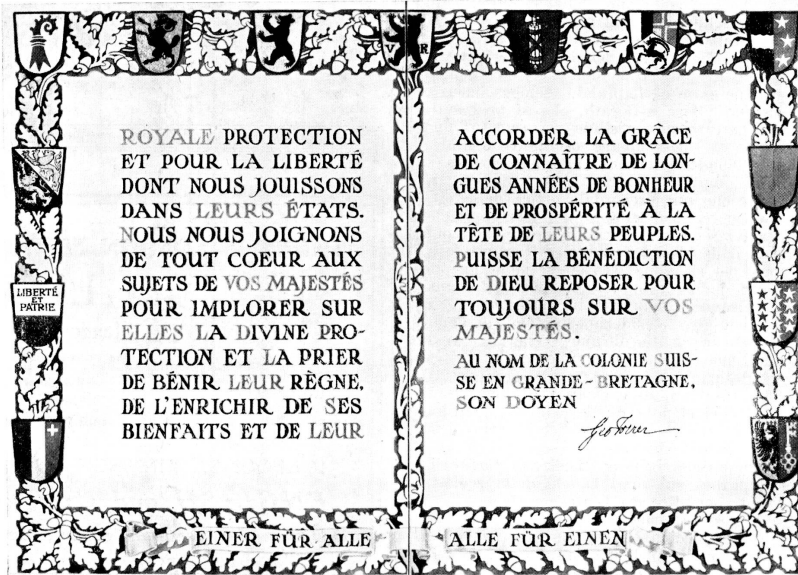
In the first place we do one thing, all of us. We regard with the deepest respect the Royal Institution of this Land which grants us individual protection and freedom, which allows us to follow our professions and trades in peace of mind, and which appreciates and reciprocates our respect.

Before now we may have boasted at times that we Swiss are sovereigns, not subjects, every one of us; that we have shown the world how a tiny small nation can hold its own against oppression and tremendous odds; how physical size is only relative in importance, but virtue and strength of mind a power unbreakable. We have vaunted our own unbroken tradition of nearly a thousand years. Meanwhile we Swiss resident in Great Britain are well aware that these self same qualities of patriotism, traditional pride, steadfastness and devotion, are as strong in the British as in us. The historical fact remains that while we Swiss have remained a tiny little nation in the midst of powerful neighbours — let us call her a model nation — the English have grown in the same space of time into an Empire of 400 millions souls.

Here is food for thought! Might it not have been different if all the Swiss States had been of one mind at Marignano? Might we not then have

their outlook, their achievements, their reverence for the King. Here we feel "at home," not in exile. I think we should make very good Englishmen, were we not good Swiss.

It is in this spirit that we have attempted to show our gratitude to the Head of the State on the occasion of the Coronation. We feel we must participate in the rejoicing of the British Nation. Accordingly we have tendered to their Majesties the homage due to them from all the Swiss living in Great Britain. This Address of Congratulations is the work of a Swiss artist in London, a simple, dignified and worthy document which



in England prefer to remain Swiss into generations, although far from home, English laws and English tolerance both help us to preserve our nationality: all that is asked of us is to be loyal and law abiding in our conduct. We are proud to hold the respect of England and it is, and will be, our constant endeavour to keep it.

Most humbly do we offer our congratulations to their Majesties in all sincerity and devotion. May They be blessed with long years of good fortune, health and happiness and may Their Reign be prosperous to Them and Their people.

A. Fred. Suter,
Pres. London Group,
Nouvelle Société Helvétique.

LEMBO TICINESE.

... Pennellate di verde — a volte cupo, a volte smeraldino — trapuntato da garrule casette che sono tutto un sorriso ...

Sempre festose, siete o rozze case degli aprichi villaggi nostrani; anche quando siete nere ed affumicate, anche quando il rosso intonaco si sgretola, cade, perché vi accarezzano, profumandovi, i fiammanti geranei che corrono giù lungo le vostre mura grigie, baciati dal sole che vi inonda, v'avvolge; perché le vostre logge rudemente intagliate, d'ancor più rude legno, sono inodorate da un rincorrersi di gialle panciute pannocchie che tutti ammiccano con i loro tanti occhietti lucidi lucidi. Perché i tralci della vite a voi s'avviluppano e vi spruzzano di verde, di porpora ...

Case tipiche, nostrane, da dove fugge quel buon profumo sano di bionda polenta; una dolce nenia di contadina semplice e forte che addormenta la sua creatura ... voci di bimbi che strillano, imperiosi ... Una mamma sgrida. Sull'uscio, sempre aperto, un micino si passa e ripassa il muso con la zampa umida; accanto è una ciotola di latte.

Poi c'è l'orto ... Sempre, o quasi, legna ammucchiata che aspetta d'esser messa nell'ampio camino che illumina e riscalda la vasta cucina, proiettando strane ombre allungate sulle pareti e facendo scintillare la buona secchia di rame che riposa in un angolo. Camino patriarcale, ai cui lati corre una panca e, sulla panca, una donna scalzetta o monda legumi; un vecchio, con l'inseparabile pipa, che narra "dei suoi tempi" ad un minuscolo nipotino i cui occhi si riempiono di meraviglia e di sonno.

Nel vicino pollaio le irrequiete galline ruzzolano e mandano, libere, il loro libero "chie-chirichi," il canto caratteristico che s'ode, accompagnato dal lento, profondo, "muu" delle mucche, sempre, in ogni villaggio.

L'estate, con il suo cocente sole snida le lucertole che corrono, come brividi, lungo le vostre pareti, o casette nostre ... L'inverno, vi copre con il suo biancore e vi rende silenziose.

In primavera torna sotto le vostre gronde la rondine; torna al suo nido che la generosità del contadino rispetta e non tocca.

Nelle serate tepide, sulla panchetta di pietra che domina l'orto, siedono le vecchiette ... la gioventù, più in là, sui prati segati di fresco, ride beata, nuncurante della gravità della vita, e le risate cristalline zampillano come le pure cascatelle montane. Lontano s'ode qualche scampanello di bove ... il rumore cadenzato del fiume che limpido, scorre giù per la valle ... e la chiacchierina, modesta fontana rustica che sembra aver rapito un lembo di cielo e di custodirlo gelosamente nel suo fondo, tanto è chiara e azzurra!

Su, a metà d'una collina o in una conca armoniosa, la chiesa bianca spazia e vigila sul paese, amorosamente; accanto, nell'ordinato cimitero, dormono il sonno eterno i buoni villici semplici che già conoscono i misteri del "al di là" e pregheranno per chi resta ...

Il modesto campanile sembra librarsi nella purezza del cielo, dai boschi circostanti si diffondono canti piani come una prece e cinguettii di creaturine alate ed implumi. Sembra, mentre il sole scende lieve e dorato, che si posi sulle cose una carezza non visibile ma sentita, una benedizione che le campane oscillanti nell'aria limpida, diffondono lontano, lontano ...

Tanto lontano, forse, da raggiungere l'emigrante che pur preso dal vortice della vita assillante, meccanica della grande metropoli che lo ospita, vi sogna o casette ticinesi e non può far tacere il desiderio di sfuggire il movimento, il rumore, per rifugiarsi tra le sue montagne, le sue vallate, i fiori campestri, i ruscelli fumanti mentre balzano di macigno in macigno. E in questo nostalgico desiderio l'anima dell'emigrante trova sorgente di nuove energie e con maggior lena fatica ... per ritornare a voi, modeste abitazioni, e segretamente accarezza il sogno di abbellirvi, di arricchirvi di logge e di fiori, di farvi civettuole, pur lasciandovi quell'impronta nostrana che vi rende così carine, così nostalgicamente desiderate.

Nel suo animo rimasto "nostrano" canta la poesia imparata sui rozzi banchi della scoletta avita, tanto semplice ma tanto gentile:

"casa mia casa mia
per piccina che tu sia,
tu mi sembri una badia."

Elena Ghiringhelli-Lunghi.



'OVALTINE' assists in Great Mountaineering Feat

Nanda Devi—25,660 feet—highest mountain in the British Empire—ascended for the first time in August, 1936, by the British-American Himalayan expedition.

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