Bundesfeier in Liverpool

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Every day brought with it something new and thrilling: bathing in the magnificent swimming pool, gathering specimens of Alpine flora, climbing to dizzy heights along easy winding paths, blowing Alp-horns, dancing and indoor games in the lounges of the hotels — what a feast of pleasure and entertainment, and how happy they were! Their pale drawn faces were soon full and brown, their hair began to show a healthy gloss. Even school was a delight and pleasure. Wet days, which were few, found them writing their diaries, pressing flowers, singing, dancing, studying relief maps of the area, and listening to an occasional history lesson in Swiss and English, seated by their Swiss friends. Adelboden rang with their laughter and song, and many an amusing scene was witnessed when Welsh children tried to explain to bewildered Swiss that their pronunciation was correct and that the northern children spoke "slang"!

* * *

All too soon the dream days passed, and their fairy hosts decided to give them a special farewell treat on parting. On a lovely sunny morning they set off by coach through beautiful Engstligen Valley to Mulenen. Here they ascended the mighty Niesen by funicular railway to the grandest view-point in Switzerland. A sea of mountains from the snow and ice-bound summits of the Bernese Oberland across to the blue outlines of the Jura, met their excited gaze, and far below at their feet the blue waters of Lakes Thun and Brienz. Then came the descent and the journey along the Kandersteg Valley to Blausee with its azure clear water, its tame trout which fed from the children's hands, and a row upon its clear waters. Little wonder that at their farewell party, held in one of the lounges of Adelboden's best hotels, tears were more in evidence than smiles upon the children's faces, despite the lemonade and cakes, dances and games. As they left, loaded with presents, the whole village again turned out. Tears streamed unashamedly down Swiss and English faces alike. Two little girls cried bitterly all the way to Berne.

The party arrived back in London on July 13th, looking healthy and strong. While in Adelboden they had been under the watchful eye of the local doctor, who was able to report that the children's average increase in weight was four pounds, with an improvement in the rest of their make-up to match. Before they left, most of the English children decided to establish "pen friendships" with their new companions.

The Lord Mayor's of London Visit to Switzerland has been a tremendous success from all points of view, not the least being that London's chief Magistrate and his gracious Lady, as well as the whole of his party seem to have had a really most enjoyable time.

Together with the recent Talks on the Radio by eminent Swiss and lastly by Sir Alfred Zimmern, talks which can be *read* by looking them up in The Listener, that Swiss visit has opened the eyes of a good many of our English friends who, if they thought of our country at all, did so, visualising it simply as the playground of Europe or as a country full of mountains, lakes hotels and cows, with, perhaps a few chamois thrown in.

From conversations I have had recently, I find that my friends begin to understand us much better. They have always rather liked us, mostly because they felt that Switzerland had no territorial aspirations and was, therefore, not a potential enemy, while, on the other hand, the Swiss had a reputation for being urbane, adaptable and trustworthy chaps on the whole.

Now, my English friends begin to see that our country is based on an astounding similarity of principles which underlie English life, politics and thought.

They find that, like the English, the Swiss are rather shy, not quick at making friends with strangers and it is being pointed out now that this attitude is Nature's defensive weapon for Mountain peoples as well as for Islanders, to prevent easy encroachments on their hard won liberties from abroad.

If you, dear Reader, wish to find out more on this highly interesting manifestation of Anglo-Swiss mutual similarity of outlook, etc., you will find the articles in "*The Listener.*"

I hope that by now our Editor has had his holiday and his fill of everything that we appreciate so much when we are "home" once more — very delicately put, don't you think so? — and I will, therefore make my bow to you, in the faint hope that I may succeed in stimulating your thoughts now and again in directions which open up surprisingly new aspects of everyday life.

Kyburg.

EGLISE SUISSE.

Culte Patriotique à Endell Street.

Les deux communautés de notre Colonie ont célébré Dimanche dernier, 30 Juillet, à l'Eglise Suisse de Endell Street, notre Fête Nationale, par un culte patriotique bi-lingue, présidé par Messieurs les Pasteurs M. Pradervand et E. Bommeli et honoré par la présence de Monsieur Ch. Paravicini, Ministre de Suisse, accompagné de Messieurs A. Girardet et J. de Rham.

Une gerbe de fleurs aux couleurs nationales ornait la table de communion et la Chaire ainsi que l'orgue étaient drapés de l'étendard fédéral.

Le service commença par le cantique "Grand Dieu, nous te bénissons ...," entonné avec ferveur par l'assemblée nombreuse qui remplissait l'Eglise, puis Mr. le Pasteur Pradervand donna lecture du Pacte solennel de 1291, qui fut le berceau de notre Confédération.

Après une prière pour la paix et pour exprimer à Dieu notre gratitude pour le beau pays qu'il nous a donné, Mr. le Pasteur Pradervand — qui avait pris comme texte de son sermon la Ire. Epitre de Paul aux Corinthiens, Chapitre 3 au verset 11, qui dit "Car personne ne peut poser un autre fondement que celui qui a été posé, savoir Jesus Christ" — nous montra, dans une allocution vibrante et émouvante, combien nous devons rendre grâce d'appartenir à une patrie, qui bien qu'elle soit petite, est aussi grande et belle et combien nous devons avoir la volonté de garder ce trésor précieux de liberté.

Il nous exhorta d'être inspirés — comme nos ancêtres — par l'esprit du Grutli qui mettait au premier plan les valeurs spirituelles car, de nos jours — plus que jamais — la croix est le seul salut possible.

L'assemblée chanta alors un hymne de reconnaissance, puis ce fut au tour de Mr. le Pasteur E. Bommeli de monter en chaire, pour y délivrer une allocution en langue allemande, basée sur la seconde Epitre de Paul aux Corinthiens, Chapitre 3, verset 17, avec ces paroles magnifiques: "Der Herr ist der Geist und wo dieser Geist ist, da ist die Freiheit."

Il élabora son texte d'une façon très complète en faisant ressortir que si nous voulons faire honneur à notre belle devise "Un pour tous, tous pour un," nous devons nous efforcer à servir et aider ceux qui sont autour de nous et il illustra son thème en faisant allusion à trois de nos plus grandes figures nationales (Zwingli, Pestalozzi et H. Dunant) qui, chacun dans sa sphère, se sont dévoués et ont consacré leur vie à l'allègement des maux qui affligent l'humanité.

Ce beau culte — qui vivra longtemps dans la mémoire de ceux qui y assistaient — s'est terminé par le "Cantique Suisse" chanté dans les deux langues par toute la congrégation.

"BUNDESFEIER" IN LIVERPOOL.

The men of the Swiss Colony in Liverpool have at this time of the year so many family engagements to fulfil that it is a matter of great difficulty to make up a gathering. We have no young men here. The Home Office regulations have prevented a new influx. But it is not so with the young women in whose favour the regulations have been relaxed if they come for domestic service. Of these we have a goodly number and these enjoy the friendship and the care of Mrs. Macquerrie and Mme. Davidson.

To give them a treat Mrs. Macquerrie suggested a char-a-banc outing, a trip to Prestatyn where the Consul resides. Prestatyn has two advantages. It has hills at the back and the sea in front. The views over the sea are extensive — they range from the Wirrel (the bedroom of Liverpool), to the Great Orme's Head near Llandudno and to Point Lynes in Anglesey and you can often see the mountains of Snowdonia with Snowdon itself. Scenery which might possibly appeal to Swiss girls.

Byron declares in one of his poems that Winter ends in England in July and this looks like being true this year. But we have in Prestatyn a Beech Pavilion with a sea-water pool, a dancing hall and a café where you can be under cover if the sun refuses to shine. No doubt some of the girls might have preferred the boisterous hilarity of Rhyl where they spent two hours on the way to Prestatyn but many no doubt were glad to get to the resraint of a residential sea-side town.

Fortunately the day kept fine. The meal was satisfactory. The Consul confined himself to a brief speech, reminding his hearers of the day we celebrate and that the original Swiss Confederation arose "Als Demuth weint and Hochmuth lacht da war der Schweizerbund gemacht."

Finally there was some time left for dancing. We all feel grateful to Mrs. Macquerrie to have arranged for us this full and happy day.

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Half the fun of a celebration is in holding it on the spur of the moment. You hear the good news, whether it's a newcomer to the family or a big contract neatly landed and straightaway you make for the telephone and rally your friends around you.
Then it is that you have to decide where to go — need you really trek up to the West End to be sure of getting food, wines and service fitting to the occasion.
No, of course not, if you are one of those who know just how well the Myllet do things. It is not only that food, drinks, music and dance floor are just perfect. It is the fact that the staff enter into the spirit of the occasion and go out of their way to make things go with a swing.
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