

A famous Swiss marries

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ALEXANDRE SCHUPBACH



Died 24th Decembre, 1933.

Aged 65 Years

We deeply regret to inform our readers of the death of M. Alexandre Schupbach, which occurred on the 24th inst. at Territet (Switzerland). The burial took place on the 27th of December at Territet.

In the short span of a month the Swiss Colony deplores the death of two of its eminent members; exactly a month after the lamented death of Henri Jenne, comes the sad news of the passing away of Mr. Alexandre Schupbach, late Manager of the Credit Lyonnais, London Office. In him the Colony loses one of its best friends, a lovable man who, in his unostentatious way, has helped many of his countrymen who have fallen on evil days, for him to help, where help was most needed, was a duty from which he never shrunk, and for which he expected no thanks nor cheap glorification. His nature abhorred any publicity, and when the writer obtained with much difficulty an interview on the occasion of Mr. Schupbach's retirement from his responsible position, he made it a condition that nothing should appear in our paper, as long as he was still resident in this country. We intended to write about our departed friend in the very number, where we have now the sad duty of acquainting our readers of his passing away.

To write about a life, which was so full of success and fine achievements is no easy task, and we feel sure that there would have been more efficient pens which could have described the many years, we had the privilege of having him in our midst.—

Alexandre Schupbach was born on the 27th of September 1868, in the neighbourhood of the town of Neuchâtel, in which town he was educated at the College Latin and the Ecole de Commerce. He began his banking career with the Banque Cantonale Neuchâteloise in 1885. Two years later he joined the Credit Lyonnais in London, where he started as a junior clerk and rising at an early age to the position of Sub-Manager, and in 1923 to Manager.

During the many years of his sojourn in the Metropolis he has rendered innumerable services to the various institutions and Societies in the Swiss Colony. Mr. Schupbach was elected President of the City Swiss Club in 1908 and again in 1932; in April of this year the Club acknowledged his services by making him an honorary member.

For many years he was an active member of the Swiss Mercantile Society, and regularly attended their meetings and functions. For over 5 years he was a Trustee of the Society, and in 1927 he was elected with great acclamation an Honorary Member, a distinction which he richly deserved.

Numerous are the committee's and institutions which sought his advice, and many a thorny problem was solved by his experienced counsel. The French Hospital was indebted to him for his valuable collaboration, and when he was compelled through ill-health to resign from the Hospital Committee, the President, addressing the Meeting said:

"Failing health deprives us of one of our most congenial friends, and our feelings of sympathy towards him are all the more enhanced when we think of the reason which separates him from our midst.

"I agree with Mr. Schupbach when he says that the 'work of charity when carried on in collaboration creates indissoluble bonds of friendship,' and I hope that he will keep as faithful a remembrance of us as we will of him."

These few lines depict him as he was, those who enjoyed his friendship found in him a steady and unchanging comrade, who never faltered in his affection, a friend who stood by in good and bad times, and his departure will leave a great gap.

A lingering illness mercilessly overshadowed the last few years of his life, he sought a cure from it in Switzerland and Portugal, and in spite of having been in the hands of experienced physicians and surgeons both here and at home, he could not regain his former health and strength. Early this year he resigned his position as Manager of the London Office of the Credit Lyonnais, and in July he left London for Switzerland, hoping that he would once again find relief in the pure air of his beloved homeland. The last few months Mr. Schupbach was residing at Territet on the Lake of Geneva, and there he closed his eyes on Christmas Eve; three days later he was buried in the soil of the land which he loved so much.

A good, true and faithful Swiss has gone from us, he has served his country well and we are proud of him. God grant him peace. To his family we are extending our deepest sympathy in their sad bereavement.

ST.

A FAMOUS SWISS MARRIES.

Our great countryman Mr. A. F. Tschiffely, author of this year's best-seller of the non-fiction class of books *Southern Cross to Pole Star*, just before Christmas entered the matrimonial state as unostentatiously as he accomplished his historic ride through the prairies, mountains, swamps and forests of the two American continents a few years ago. His bride, who was joined to him at the Kensington registry office on the 21st of December is the charming singer and actress Miss Violet Marquesita. Her delightful performance as Lucie Locket during the 3½ year's triumphal run of the *Beggars' Opera*, at Hammersmith, will be remembered by everyone who has enjoyed this gem of English operatic works so beautifully presented by Nigel Playfair. Later Miss Marquesita could be seen in "Riverside Nights," another famous production of Playfair's, and in recent years she has frequently been starring on the B.B.C. wireless programmes. We tender Mr. Tschiffely our hearty congratulations. His new life-partner was born in Buenos-Aires, the daughter of a Scotsman Alexander Hume and his French wife. At an early age the family came back to England where Miss Violet was trained by the famous singer, Blanche Marchesi, who, according to the tradition of her native country, conferred the honour of her name to her favourite pupil: Violet Marquesita.

We are particularly pleased about Mr. Tschiffely's marriage to an English artiste as this no doubt is likely to make his sojourns in this country more frequent than they might otherwise be. For Mr. Tschiffely is a restless man as his life story shows which was given in the *Swiss Observer* of February 25th and March 11th of this year. Always a rebellious failure at school in Switzerland he came to England at the age of 17, where he spent his early manhood as a teacher, not as a professional footballer and boxer, as has been stated in some romantic reports. In Buenos-Aires he spent nine years as a language teacher, and in his spare-time became a passionate rider and lover of horses. Which led him to undertake that famous 2½ years' ride. It is in search of a publisher for his book that Tschiffely came back to England in the course of last year, as one American publisher after another had foolishly turned it down despite the highest recommendations by the Geographical Society. Here, where independent personality is duly admired and where animal stories have always found the greatest market, he had better luck. Mr. Cunningham-Graham, a great admirer of his, introduced him to his own publishers, Heinemann's, declaring the book to be a classic. Within a few weeks of publication it reached the third edition despite the high price of 15/- and it is in the fifth edition at present. In America the book is selling almost as well. A German and a Polish translation have made their appearance just before Christmas. Thus Mr. Tschiffely is fast becoming the most widely read Swiss author. He has given many lectures with beautiful lantern slides in England and America and he intends, for the present, to devote himself to further literary work.

Dr. E.

A WINTER-DAY IN SWITZERLAND.

We are passing our holidays at Arosa. As usual in this fresh and healthy air and after lovely skating yesterday I have enjoyed a deep sound sleep. And now at half past seven o'clock the sun is shining brightly into my bedroom. It has been very cold at night. But there is no need for new snow, for the firs are still heavy with the soft glittering load. I am soon dressed and after calling for my sister we go off together. No guests to meet. In the ski-shed only there is a porter eagerly "waxing" some skis. We walk through the hotel park and have great fun sinking to the knees to the bottom of the snow. Never mind, our ski-trousers are used to it. Arriving at the little church we enjoy a marvellous sight. Opposite, at the "Bärenbadschanze," we distinguish a tiny skier — probably the Swiss Champion David Zogg doing his early jumping practice. Running down the road we meet the hotel horse-sledge. We jump in and with the gay tinkling of the horses' bells we make the last journey back. We are exceedingly hungry, and after rich breakfast the whole family goes off on skis. A rather tiresome road climbing up to the "Kulm." But soon we pass over open fields, in large zigzag-lines we climb up the "Tschuggen." What a lovely morning! Blue sky, warm sunshine and the snow slightly creaking under our skis. We tie our coats around the waist because it is getting too warm. A short rest on the top and off we go — one by one — down the hills. Hurrah! Here a Telemark, there a Christiania just in time to avoid

a strange skistick, now jumping over a frozen brook, then making half a somersault, etc. We go via "Prätschli" and "Maran" and then through the woods. The path is very narrow and the fir branches touch our heads and shoulders. We arrive at the hotel perfectly radiant. I have lovely sunbathing on the veranda and it is no use telling that I am tremendously hungry at luncheon. A short rest and at three o'clock we are off again. This time we have training on a picturesque hill close-by. Everybody has to exercise zealously and to submit to the experts' criticism. As soon as the golden sunball disappears behind the pale-coloured evening mountains it is getting cold. When we finally arrive at the hotel our noses are red and our fingertips blue. But it is nice and warm inside. After resting, everybody is perfectly all right again. At dinner we all are in very high spirits. In spite of the tiring exercises, but because of the marvellous unique air we are all pleased to dance to the sharp rhythm of our band. And when we go to bed we are not tired, but ready for new skiing and a bobsleigh-trip to "Litzirüti" to-morrow afternoon after a good night's sleep.

What is a London winter-day in comparison? I do hope that my little composition of a wonderful winter-day in the Swiss mountains has made longing more than one of the Readers to pass his winter-holidays in Switzerland and that he may realise his wish.

Mariann.

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