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LITERARY PAGE

Edited by Dr. PAUL LANG.

All letters containing criticisms, suggestions, questions, etc., with regard to this page should be addressed to the "Literary Editor."

ABIG.

Es dunklet, es nachtete
Und d'Sunne gahet hei,
Si schlüft under Decki
Am Berg überci.
De Himmel und d'Erde
Si werdend eis
Und d'Sterne zündet
De Wulche zur Reis.
Es wäbt jetz en fistere
Schleier d'Luft,
De Tag wird zudeckt
Und sinkt in e Gruft.
Mir sueched eis Nüstli
Wie d'Vögeli uf,
Und bald ghört mer nu na
Z'usigwis Träum.
Träne und Träne
Und Rosebäum.
's wird stille, es dunklet
Und alles schlafet i,
Nu d'Liebi wird öppe
Na wachber si.

Martha Pfeiffer-Surber.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The artistic institute Orell Füssli, of Zurich, always an enterprising concern, continue to bring out books instructive as well as entertaining. They have recently started a series called the "Stille Stunde," under which heading they publish a number of very daintily made-up booklets by contemporary Swiss writers, each of which helps you to pass an idle hour, but in such a way as to make that hour decidedly beneficial. The booklets comprised in this set aim at entertaining you in a fine and ideal way. We have had an opportunity to review two of these titles, of which many are written by women writers. To-day we can mention as No. 13 "Die Nächte der Königin," which comprises three little tales by *Isabelle Kaiser*. This woman writer, who, one knows, possesses the unique gift of being capable of writing in French as well as in German, can be described as a disciple of C. F. Meyer. Her *salets* are similar to his. Much as the setting of her tales may bring them near the Zurich master, her manner of writing is, however, different. Whilst Meyer remains always aloof from the sufferings of his characters, hardly ever allowing his feeling to pierce through a work, Miss Kaiser very frequently falls into highly emotional comments on the ill-luck which besets or the dangers which threaten her heroes. You can put the difference like this: C. F. Meyer carefully draws and then illustrates a scene and leaves it to you to be impressed by the facts. Isabelle Kaiser merely outlines the scene and then takes you into her confidence as to what it all means.

A book of very different character is the biography of Dr. *Barnado*, about whose homes we have all heard, of which Orell Füssli now publish the 5th edition. It is written by Immanuel Fritz and costs 7 frs. The book cannot fail to interest those who look for the inspiring example of personalities who leave a mark behind them. The *Barnado* works have now saved nearly 100,000 slum children. The book, which is written very vividly, has been brought up to date by an appendix which gives full information on the development of the *Barnado* homes up till this year.

Again of a very different kind is the third publication we have to speak about. We all know that throughout Switzerland there are hundreds of amateur theatrical societies, which very often do quite interesting work. For those in authority in these societies one of the chief handicaps is usually to find suitable plays. To choose a good play and one which meets in every respect the particular requirements of a given society wants indeed quite extensive and discriminative reading. About thirty years ago Mr. Stocker induced the "Gemeinnützige Gesellschaft" to publish a collection of works recommendable for such performances. This was afterwards done, but this booklet has long been felt to be out of date. This same Society, therefore, asked some time ago a special literary committee to prepare a similar publication. The result is a new "Dramatischer Wegweiser für die Dilettantenbahnen der Deutschen Schweiz," which has just appeared (2 frs.). The older publication was not in every respect a success, but even the most critical reader can hardly find any fault with this new book. The first part consists of extremely practical hints for those contemplating producing amateur plays. Then follows a list of about 250 modern plays exclusively by Swiss writers in dialect and High German, and which are sub-divided into categories according to technical difficulties and requirements. An alphabetical register of the authors and one of the titles enhances the value of this extremely recommendable work, which should go a long way

towards improving the conditions of the amateur performances in Switzerland.

I must finally mention that the laudable *Schweizerische Elternzeitschrift*, published by Orell Füssli, has now entered upon its second year. Young mothers will find in this review an invaluable treasure of information to help them in the care and the upbringing of small children. These pages are, moreover, illustrated by pictures of such beautiful children that we only regret the *Daily Mirror* did not arrange a Baby Beauty Competition in our country. The rate of subscription is 7 frs. for one year without insurance, and 8.50 with insurance (Postcheckkonto Zurich VIII 640). There are, of course, not only causeries about hygiene in them, but also very entertaining little stories. And all the readers enjoy the privilege of being allowed to ask the editor any query they like concerning the upbringing of babies and education generally.

UHMELIGS.

Die beiden nachstehenden unheimlichen Geschichtlein sind dem hier ausführlich bewürdigten (*Swiss Observer* No. 136) schönen Berndeutschen Buche "D'Glogge vu Wallere" von *Emil Balmer* entnommen, das bei A. Francke, Bern, erschienen ist.

Em Tüüfel verschribe.

Es het früejer hie im Lendli um d'Wienachtszyt ene vil eso alti koriosi Brüüch gäh. Jine ischt ömel o gsi, dass die junge Miitscheni am Wienachtsmorge bim Zsämelüte näcketblutt hii müesse der Stubeode wüschne mit ihrem Hemmli. Uf em Stubetisch hii sie müesse Spys u Wy ufstelle u Glas u Mässer derzue. Uf em Schloslade va'r Stube hii sie müesse ds Ghüder ufmache, die dry höchste Nämne säge, uere die linggi Achslen y luege — u de hii sie ihre Zuekünftige am Tisch gseh sitze u ässe. Es het mengere dutteret, we sie das gemacht het. — Am Schwennelbärg obe het's esmal o ne Jumphere gmacht; d'Miischerfrau het se sogar ghiisse fur z'mache. — Wär gseth du die Jumphere am Tisch sitze? Ihre Miischer! — U de ganz düülig het sie ne gseh dasitze bim Brot u bim Wy. Jitz ischt sie i nere schützlige Tüübi zur Frau gange u het sen agschmunt: "Dir hiit mir de gsiit, der Miischer syg z'Predig — u jitz ischt dä ja bim Tisch gsässe u het mi gseh, näcketblutt d'Stube wüschne — das ischt doch o ne inneri Sach, so z'lüge!" — Du ischt d'Miischerfrau chrydewyssy worde u het afa plääre: "Ja, är ischt z'Predig, daisch wahr," siit sie — "aber jitz weiss i, was das z'bédette het: I stirbe bal u du hürätsich ne de!" — U so ischt es cho. Na dry Wuche ischt die Frau gestorbe u na dryviertel Jahr het der Puur d'Jumphere ghüratet. — Uf Brünne ischt e Püüri gsi u die het die Gschicht o gwüsst. Sie ischt o zimli yfersüchtig gsi u het o geng gmiint, sie müess jung stürbe. Elise het ihri Jumphere ghiisse, un es ischt es tolls, näts Wybervolch gsi. Die Püüri het geng albenütsch dä Gschicht nehestudiert u het Angscht ghäbe, äs chönnit ihre o so gah, wie däre am Schwennelbärg. Du ischt sie hinner d'Jumphere här, sie sölli das o mache. D'Jumphere het si gwehrt, aber d'Frau het geng umhi gestüpf u wa d'Wienachte cho ischt, het sie's gemacht. Sie het si i d'Stuben ybschlosse u d'Umhengenli vürgmacht. D'Püüri het i der Chuchi uns passet u zabelt vor Wunnerigi. — Unerinisch git's i der Stuben inne es grüsligs Gschrei, dass sie's im äncere Huus ghört hii u si sy cho z'luefe, fur z'luege, was es gäh hiig. Wie ne Blitz ischt dä Schrei der Miischerfrau dür e Lyb gefahre. Sie springt gag der Stubetür u tuet uf. Da ischt das Elise totebliichs dagstanne u het nid emal chönne sälber i ds Hemmli schlüüfe, d'Frau het ihm no müesse dryhülle. "Um der Tusiggotswille, was ischt de gsi?" het d'Frau gfragt. Aber Elise het kis Wort gsiit, ischt i d'Chammeren ühi u het briegget, der ganz Tag. Kis Wort het man us ihm usebracht. Es ischt gsi wie vernaglet. Aber äs het nid meh möge ässe, het mgrageret u bliihet u nid meh möge wärhe. Lang, lang, het's niemercem gsiit, was es fur ne Chlupf hiig ghäbe. Jinisch a mene Sunntagmittag ischt es mit Roseli, sy Gspili, ga lufte u du het es ihm's du avertrug. "Luc," het es ihm prichtet, "mir hii albe Früejer dehiime es grosses Bild gha z'hange i der Stube. Der druf sy dry Läbeswäge dargstellt gsi. Jine, e grosse, brite, ischt grad dürhi i d'Höll, iine ischt e Blätz ühi, uf enes Hübeli u derna umhi ahe un o i d'Höll u der dritt, der schmal u wa mit Dorne ischt belitt gsi, dä ischt geng ühi u ühi u zlöschet her er i ds nüü Jerusalem güchret. Die anner zue hingäge i d'Höll. U det ischt der Tüüfel gstanne, mit Horne, zmit's im Fiiür inne u het grüselig wüeschet drygluegt. Das Bild ischt mer geng vorcho, scho als chlys Chinn u no wa-n-i i d'Frönni bi cho, het mi das verfolgt. — U deich, Roseli, grad eso ischt mer der Tüüfel erschine a Roseli, grad eso ischt mer der Tüüfel erschine a der Wienacht am Morge, wa-n-i aber die linggi Achslen y gluegt ha. Grad eso ha ne gseh sitze am Tisch." — Früsch une het Elise gschlotteret, wa's das verzelt het. — Glyammhi ischt es furt va hie un ischt i ds Unnerlann ahi ga Jumphere sy. Ncmen esmal no ischt es i die hiesigi Gäget cho. Uf em Roseli het's du widerume prichtet, het ihm gchlagt, wie-n-äs i mene Chummer inne sygi. Es syg iine hinner ihm u wöll's hürate. Es syg e Schmid, är chönni cheibeguet schmide, aber es syg

e schwarze Bränti u grüselig geizornig. Aer syg geng urichtig im Wirtshaus u tüet eso bö's triihe. Ma säg ihm der Tüüfel! — Roseli het's afa tshedure, wa-n-ihm Elise das prichtet het. "Sag mer doch, Roseli, was söll i mache? Soll i ne näh oder nid? Wen i nit van ihm will, so ischt er im Stann u mordet mi — nimfen i ne, so gruset's mer ab ihm, säg mer doch, was söll i mache?" — So het das arme Elise gjammeret. U Roseli het nid gwüsst, was säge u rate. Zlöschet het Elise gsiit, wen es gläubti, äs müessti süsch syr Läbtig nime unner frönne Lüte umetrole u hätti niene e kis Hü, so nehmi es ne doch. — Derna ischt es gange u lang, lang het niemer meh öppis van ihm vernoh. Jinisch het du Roseli der Bricht bracht va Bärn uhe, ds Elise syg de gestorbe. Aes hiig du dä Schmid ghüratet, aber es syg en unglücklige Tropf gsi. Aer hiig's behandelte wie-n-es Tier u hiig's gschlage. Aber kim Mönstch hiig's es Wörtli gchlagt, ma hiig nime gseh, dass es grusam, grusam müess lyde. Es paarmal hiig es unztygti Chinn ghäbe u bim löschte Mal syg es du dranno gestorbe. — Aes ischt em Tüüfel nid meh los cho — äs ischt ihm verschribe gsi!

Es Gschicht.

Wyde siit ma paarne Hüser, wa änet em Wydegrabe gäge Rüschegg umhi stah. Det het vor öppe ungfahrt hunnert Jahr e Puur gläbt, ma het ihm nime der Wyde-Hans gsiit. Aer ischt tüüf religiö's gsi u het a de Sunntige i de Hüsero une bättet u prediget. Aer het vil Ahänger ghäbe. Aer het die gestorbe Lüt i Himel bättet, ähnlig wie's d'Katelike no jutz mache, we sie Mässe läse. — Jine va syne yfrigschte Ahänger oder Jünger, das we'der Wiibel gsi va Henzischwann. Dä ischt e guete, guete u wärhige Man gsi u wie ma so siit: rächt fromm. Nid e Hüüchler u Ugediener. — A mene Sunntagmittag im Winter het dä sälb Wiibel i der Stuben inne i der Bibel gläse, u zwar öppe gewüss dry Stunn nachenannere. Wa's Zyt ischt gsi zum Fueterer u Mälhe, stiit er uf u wott ge Heu ihigäh. Aer giit i ds Tenn, het h'Gable i der Hann u laht ds Tenmstöori offe. — Wa-n-er so ungfahrt umleuget, gseth er der lybhaftig Tüüfel unner em Töori stah. Schwarz ischt er gsi, mit Hörner u Gisiüess u guet so gross, wie der Wiibel sälber. Aer hiig grüselig gestämpelet unner em Tenn u die füürigen Uge gemacht z'rolle. Da syg der Wiibel ganz gstabete worde u hiigi si nit meh chönne verrüehre, grad wie sälb Chnächt va Hinner-Mutte. — Aer hiig wölle hätte, aber e kis Wort hiig er zum Maul us bracht. Geng wider hiig er e Alauf gnoh fur ds "Unser-Vatter" z'bätte . . . entlig, entlig hiig er du esse chönne vürhetricke: "Un . . .", u mit däim syg alles ewägg gsi un är hiig si wider chönne rüehre. — Es git no jitz vil Lüt — ja u di nid öppe Luglüt — wa säge, es gäbi e Tüüfel, der Wiibel va Henzischwann hiig ne o gseh u däim müess ma doch glaube. . . .

NOUVELLE SOCIÉTÉ HELVÉTIQUE.

Meeting of the Council on Wednesday, Feb. 20th, at 28, Red Lion Square, Holborn, W.C.1.

1. The Treasurer reported one re-admission and nine resignations. The latter are due to one death, several returns to Switzerland and other reasons. Total membership, 346. Outstanding 1923 subscriptions, 39. Balance at bank and in hands of Secretariat, £241 17s. 1d.

2. Instead of Mr. J. Baer, who was unfortunately prevented from attending the meeting owing to illness, Mr. A. F. Suter presided and reported on the following:—(a) He summarised Circular No. 45 of the S.S.E., dealing with the recent visit of Federal Councillor Motta to the Auslandschweizer Secretariat. (b) The kind offer of Mr. F. F. Roget, private docent at Geneva University, to give us a causerie on "Swiss Advertising Propaganda in England—Its Objects and its Mistakes" at our forthcoming dinner of April 10th was accepted. (c) It was decided to hand over a request from the Gabenkomitee of the forthcoming Eidgenössischen Schützenfest to the Swiss Rifle Association, which seems better fitted for the kind of work expected from Switzerland. (d) The last report of the late Art Committee was read. Individual efforts to arrange a Hodler Exhibition in London are being continued. (e) Owing to tremendous decrease in membership the Group at Bradford was dissolved.

3. The Secretary made a few communications bearing on his work:—(a) A rectification was sent to the *Evening Standard* concerning a note on the refusal of Switzerland in 1921 to allow League of Nations' troops to pass to Vilna. (b) Two articles by Dr. Kraft of the *Spectator* and *The Times* were translated at the Secretariat. (c) The Secretary has written several articles on the late Mr. Dimier and has induced other Swiss journalists to do the same. Both in French and in German speaking Switzerland a number of obituary articles have appeared. (d) By the courtesy of *The Swiss Observer* a number of separate prints of the Secretary's lecture on French-Swiss Literature could be distributed by the Secretariat, and likewise separate copies of the "Tellenspiel" lecture will be made. (e) The propaganda for Hodler and Ramuz continues. There is now a fair chance that an important publishing firm will bring out shortly a monograph on Hodler. A translation of a book by Ramuz is also within immediate reach.