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UNIONE TICINESE.

With the same spirit of patriotism which has always animated the Unione Ticinese, another gathering of its members and sympathisers will take place on May 5th at the Swiss Club, 74, Charlotte Street, W.1, the proceeds to be devoted to the Ricovero-Ospedale del Distretto di Leventina in Faido.

The programme for the evening is confidently expected to please every "gusto." The entertainment commences at 8 p.m. with a concert given by well-known artists, including the famous Italian operatic tenor Signor Alberto Conti, accompanied by his son, Guido, at the piano. The concert will be followed by the drawing for prizes in the "Tombola" organised in connection with this fund. A special prize is offered to the holder of the programme bearing the winning number, in a separate draw. Be sure to buy at least one programme.

Perhaps the most enjoyable and most looked-for event of the evening is the dancing, commencing at 10 p.m. approx., when all the young people (for to feel young is to be young) are able to expend their exuberant spirits on that most delightful pastime. Those who do not care to join the dancers will find a quieter pleasure in watching and listening to the excellent music provided.

As these functions are always well patronised, there is no need to ask for the support of those who regularly attend them, but (I being one) an earnest and warm appeal is made for the attendance of the Leventinesi in London, in whose county the hospital is situated.

C. BERTI, Vice-President.

SWISS MERCANTILE SOCIETY.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

In connection with the scholastic programme the following lectures were given by the students during last week:—

Miss Berti Schneider, Winterthur: "The river flows through its bed never to return." Mr. Walter Rubi, Sion: "About Speech." Mr. Hermann Kroll, Zurich: "From Bach, the Musician, to 'Jazz' Music." Mr. Walter Ruchti, Berne: "Brussels." Mr. Henri Strasser, Wiedlisbach: "Mahatma Gandhi." Mr. Alfred Kaegi, St. Gall: "Commercial Publicity." Miss Berta Kneubühler, Bellinzona: "Protection of Nature's Work in Great Britain and Switzerland." Mr. W. Corrodi, Däwenswil: "Banks and Economic Life." Miss Dora Helmich, Basle: "Mushrooms." Mr. Rudolf Bek, Schaffhausen: "The Origin and Development of Fascism." Mr. Ernest Bantli: "The Requirements of and Difficulties in Air-Transport."

A PIONEER IN ALPINE TOURS.

By ARTHUR J. ASHTON.

(Conclusion).

Their reception and accommodation en route showed an infinite variety. There is the host who, in presenting the bill, says: "There! You see that I treat you as friends, so if you have been satisfied you will add what you think just"—in other words: "So much for the reasonable price and so much for friendship!" There is the Italian host who, after presiding at their almost Barmecide-like feast with empty-sounding compliments, sends in the waiter with an exorbitant bill and disappears into a neighbouring café, only to be pursued by Töpffer and forced to listen to the tale of his exactions before a grinning audience of his fellow-villagers. There is the hostess at Bormio with four chins, a man's voice and the port of a queen, who, on their arrival at the end of a strenuous march informs them that the cook is away for the day and that the Emperor of Austria lodged with her in 1839! At Bassano they dined in a vast and magnificent hall to the sound of guitars on four platefuls for twenty-two persons and retired to bed satiated with music but dying of hunger. Lovers of Botzen (Töpffer calls it Bolzen) will be pleased to know that in 1842 the travellers were well entertained by a host and hostess, human, kindly and patriarchal. The Café Florian in Venice, where they gathered every day during their stay for ices and cakes, calls forth the rapturous exclamation "O le merveilleux établissement! O la royale industrie!" In their own country they usually fared better than in Italy (the experience of most travellers to-day in the Alpine districts) and of their reception at Sargans he writes: "We were received like old friends and supped like kings!" At Reichenau they had a déjeuner ever to be remembered at one franc a head, "a feast of Camacho to which we did justice with the appetite of a Sancho." On their visit to Evolène their meals and sleeping accommodation were arranged by a council of peasants, headed by the mayor of the commune, and for two francs a head they had a lordly supper, a generous fire to dry their clothes, beds and a breakfast, the butter for which was fetched by special messenger after midnight from a distant alp.

Their practice of beginning the day with a large bowl of rice-soup was looked upon with disapproval by the philosopher Harrison. Rice-

The debating classes dealt with the following subjects:—

"Which is better for a young man, to remain in Europe or to go to the Colonies?" Proposer, Mr. H. Delachaux, Lausanne; Opposer, Mr. W. Fürst, Berne.

"Are cinema pictures of to-day of any educative and moral value?" Proposer, Mr. Hermann Kroll, Zurich; Opposer, Mr. Ludwig Haas, Zurich. "Should a man over 30 years of age, unmarried, and having a sufficient income, pay a special Bachelor's Tax?" Proposer, Mr. E. Graf; Opposer, Mr. R. Spinner.

Under the auspices of the S.M.S. a Debate was held on: "Is the payment of the 'Dole' a sound economic principle?" Chairman: The Headmaster. Proposer, Mr. H. Joss, President of the Swiss Institute; Opposer, Mr. W. Fischer, Senior Student of the S.M.S. The result of the voting was very close, about 25 on each side.

Next Friday, April 29th, Mr. J. F. Green, late M.P. for Leicester, will give "A Topical Talk."

The attendances throughout the winter were very satisfactory, the average being 100 to 120 persons every evening. Consequently Mr. H. Joss, the President of the Swiss Institute and the Committee of the S.M.S. have decided to continue these Friday evening Socials throughout the summer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by Correspondents and cannot publish anonymous articles, unless accompanied by the writer's name and address, as evidence of good faith.

To the Editor of the *Swiss Observer*.

Dear Sir,—I am much surprised to find in your last issue an article called "La Russie et nous" by "Un Citoyen," because of its one-sided aspect of the real situation. I, of course, assume that with "nous" the whole of Switzerland is meant, and certainly this expressed opinion by your correspondent is not shared all over Switzerland, but only in certain parts.

I should like to make it clear that I in no way try to justify the happenings of the past in Russia but will just try to compare them with the Conradi affair. The writer condemns the many acts of brutality and the murders committed in Russia during and after the revolution, but he seems to overlook that every revolution of the past has brought bloodshed with it as a consequence. On the other hand, "Citoyen" seems to glorify the fact that Conradi, having justified grievances against the revolutionaries in Russia, got free at his trial for coldbloodedly murdering Vorovsky. In his view it needed courage by the jury to set this man free, thus showing to Russia and the

soup, he maintained, formed a marshy ground in which, so to speak, the later materials were engulfed and it was his habit to carry a sausage and to put some slices into the brew to act as a kind of "safety pilot." Effervescent drinks were then a novelty, and if taken after a hot day's march were found to be ruinous to the appetite. "Vermouth creates a vacuum," says Töpffer, "but gazette causes inflation." Among wines the palm is rightly accorded to the Malvoisie of Sion. As a postillion they met there sagely said: "Bad wine shortens your road to the cemetery: Malvoisie helps you to a century of life." (Le mauvais vin, ça vous abrège la route du cimetière: de la Malvoisie, ça vous pousse dans le siècle.)

But more memorable than the meals in inns and chalets were the al fresco meals in an interval of the day's march, and Töpffer becomes almost dithyrambic in his description of a picnic on the Simplon Pass on six loaves and a "boa" sausage three feet long. It was "a colossal satisfaction of colossal appetites by means of a colossal sausage, so appropriate to the colossal scene."

The only serious drawback to complete happiness is the plague of fleas which devours Cisalpine Gaul and which Töpffer calls "kangarouisme." There are two kinds of kangaroo, he says: the big kind, very common in Australia, where it leaps from rock to rock; and the little kind, very common in Europe, where it jumps from one person to another. Kangaroom is at its worst in places which one would imagine to be immune—in the sparsely inhabited mountain regions. Where there is only one shelter in a wide area, all the kangaroos of the neighbourhood flock to it and a stranger forms an agreeable change of diet. A dog is the best remedy against the plague, especially one with a delicate skin and a fluffy coat, for all the kangaroos leap upon him and spare the traveller.

Töpffer's pen and pencil were busily employed on the travellers they encountered on the road. English tourists are divided according to their sociability, or the lack of it, into the two classes "les oui-oui et les no-no," and we regret to say that the latter were in the majority. The "no-no" is usually a "gentleman à grand decorum" who strides along in august silence, seemingly oblivious of his surroundings, followed by two panting porters. A sub-species is the tourist "pekoe" who carries his own brand of tea and converts the consumption of it into a solemn func-

whole world how totally independent our country would appear to be.

He omits, however, to mention the sufferings of so many compatriots living in Russia owing to this so-called courageous act of that jury. Every Swiss must admit, if only to himself, that a grave error in the exercise of justice, national or international, was committed in liberating a murderer, whatever may have been his motives.

When thinking of the now free Conradi I cannot help comparing him with the much-discussed Riedel-Guala case at Berthoud last summer, where, for a murder with not one definite proof, two persons were tried and committed, on circumstantial evidence alone, to twenty years' imprisonment; and there goes the cold-blooded murderer, set free owing to the great difference existing in the criminal laws between our cantons!

It is really hoped that such differences will be set aside once Switzerland has one law only for criminal offences, thus changing the present system of "Kantonegeist," and I venture to suggest that under such a law Conradi would never have been set free.

We have, therefore, no reason to be proud of such a verdict and can only congratulate our Federal authorities on having, after such a long time, been able to make peace again between these two countries.

One can live in peace with someone else and need not necessarily be friendly, and after all the economic position of Russia is such as to tempt any enterprising manufacturer, provided the business relationship rests on a sound and secure basis.

Conditions in Russia must change in the next few years, if not for political then for economic reasons, and it will then be a good thing for our home industries to be ready and able to start trading with a country whose purchasing power is now, governed by the conditions of living, at the very lowest point and must therefore improve as soon as the general standard of life rises.

There is, therefore, no reason to condemn this move towards peace by our Federal Council.

I am, Dear Sir, Yours truly,
CITIZEN X.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Health Resorts of Switzerland, Spas, Mineral Waters, Climatic Resorts (3rd Edition) of "Swiss Spas," published by the Swiss Society for Balneology and Climatology, under the auspices of the Swiss National Tourist Office, the Association of Swiss Spas and the Swiss Hotelkeepers' Society. Published by J. Wagner, Zurich.

This elegant volume of 200 pages and 12 full-page illustrations, deals with all classes of mineral

tion. At meals the no-no's breathe, drink, eat and comport themselves as one would "at the funeral of a cousin of the eighth degree." At Grindelwald a party of no-no's instructed their courier not to engage rooms at the hotel in which the Töpffer band were staying. On the other hand, at Aldorf they met a friendly old "milord" driving with a bevy of fifteen comely "misses" with whom they exchanged greetings. It is likely, thought Töpffer, that milord was, in his youth, like us a lover of the mountains. Interlaken, even in those days, was a fashionable resort with its swarms "de graves gentlemen, de dandys brillants, de grasses ladys et de blondes miss." A novel mode of routing the importunate beggars that infested the roads of Italy, was for the whole band to chant "à tue-tête" and in unison a totally irrelevant line from a French classic (my own experience has been that the rapid wagging of the forefinger in front of the nose is the simplest and most effectual means).

The great Sainte-Beuve recognised the literary value of the "Voyages en Zigzag." From the first, he writes, "Töpffer realised the poetry of this kind of journey—the poetry of fatigue, of courage, of curiosity and of gaiety. Having realised it he aspired to communicate it to his young companions by lively narrative and by sketching with rapid pen the chief incidents of their march and the physiognomy of places and of people. His stories are thus a series of charming Flemish pictures penetrated with a wild Alpine flavour and yet never without the familiar human element."

At the end of that memorable picnic on the Simplon Töpffer exclaims: "This is an experience to be related to our great-grandchildren, when we are eighty, if we live to be eighty and have great-grandchildren." For him, alas! these joyous hours were over, for he died four years later after a long illness, before he had reached his prime. But we can imagine that there are many now living to whom the memories of these happy experiences have been handed down and who every year, when the hour of freedom strikes, echo the trumpet-call of Rudolphe Töpffer: "A moi mon havresac! à moi, soldats! et revolons aux Alpes. Ainsi se retrempe le courage; ainsi revient la vertu!" Or, if I may versify the spirit of his words:

"Give me my rucksack and my staff,
My trusty boots well shod with nails:
We'll fare once more unto the Alps.
To taste the joy that never fails."