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Lord Stamfordham,  
Private Secretary to H.M. The King,  
Buckingham Palace.

My Lord.—The Swiss Contingent to the International Scout Jamboree at Birkenhead on the point of re-embarking at Tilbury on the L.M.S. Steamship "Alsacien" for their country, desire His Majesty the King to be informed how very much all the Boys and their Leaders enjoyed their stay in His Majesty's country. They carry away with them the highest appreciation of all the wonderful things they have seen in this great Country and they also wish to thank His Majesty for the high honour he has thought fit to bestow on their Chief for whom they will always preserve the warmest affection.

That His Majesty's complete convalescence may only be a matter of a few weeks is the fervent wish of all, and if our little country could be of any benefit to his health, His Majesty may rest assured that every Scout would heartily welcome his Royal Visit at any time.

I have the honour to remain your Lordship's humble servant,  
FRITZ SCHEURER,  
Official Leader of the Swiss Delegation.

The next morning the following letter accompanied by an exquisite bouquet of flowers was handed in at the Royal Palace by Mr. Frederick's private secretary on behalf of the Swiss Boy Scouts who by that time had crossed the Channel.

Lord Stamfordham, 15th, August, 1929.  
Private Secretary to H.M. The King,  
Buckingham Palace:

Mr. Fritz Scheurer, Official Leader of the Swiss Delegation at the International Scout Jamboree at Birkenhead, has the honour to present his compliments to His Majesty's Private Secretary, and would be extremely thankful if this modest bunch of flowers, which the Swiss Scouts desire to be used in one of His Majesty's apartments, could be employed for this purpose.

Mr. Scheurer regrets to trouble His Majesty's Private Secretary, and he desires to thank him for this courtesy. FRITZ SCHEURER.

His Majesty's Private Secretary replied by wireless as follows:

Fritz Scheurer, Leader Swiss Boy Scouts, L.M.S. Steamship "Alsacien," North Foreland Radio: "The King has received with much pleasure your telegram and thanks you all for the kind message and good wishes to which your telegram gives expression. His Majesty is delighted to hear that you have enjoyed your visit in this country and wishes you and your contingents bon voyage and a safe return home."

Except for the following rejoinder I must leave matters for the present where they are.

Endeavours will certainly be made to get to the root of this unfortunate neglect, which I fear lies "at home" in this instance and certainly not here. In this connection I would just mention that some of our compatriots seem to take the Swiss Legation as a sort of Theatrical Agency, whose sole mission it would be to provide our colony with entertainments, and if anything goes wrong, they immediately pounce upon the Legation as having failed in its duties. I wish these gentry would take a leaf out of the book of the nation whose hospitality they are enjoying and comport themselves as the English do, instead of glibly criticising where it is least justifiable, and openly showing disrespect to our Minister, and also to members of the Legation, as was the case at Hendon during the delivery of the various patriotic speeches when disgracefully noisy conduct emanated from the refreshment tent, so that two English friends of mine voiced the opinion that "Democracy" also seemed productive of "ulcers."

Although, usually, truth begets hatred, that shall be no bar to reprimand where it is called for, this should be the mission of a Colony Organ, otherwise it is a still-born institution.  
O.J.W.

**CONCERNING THE MILITARY TAX.**  
A REPLY TO MR. NOTARI.

Letter to the Editor.

Dear Sir.—What a corollary to the just celebrated Festa Nazionale, the Tiro Federale in Bellinzona, the inspiring speech of our great Ticinesi Signor G. Motta, the praise in general of the patriotism of the Ticinesi to read of the threatened renouement of the most sacred, most precious birthright, our Swiss citizenship, the envy of many nations, publicly advertised because justice to a grievance is not ipso facto obtained.

I disassociate myself entirely from the ill-advised letter of my friend Mr. W. Notari in your last issue of the 17th August. I believe he over-stated the facts. If grievances there are I feel certain a more sensible and diplomatic handling of the question would obtain reader redress than a fantastic letter which gives one the impression as if the Military Authority had committed a terrible crime whereas the whole question is purely a personal one.  
Yours truly,  
OSCAR GAMBAZZI.

(We are very glad indeed to be able to publish the above forceful rejoinder to Mr. Notari's letter published in our issue of the 17th August. —THE EDITOR.)

**What Happened at Kienthal?**  
REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

Kienthal? Kienthal? Does the name recall anything to mind or have we already forgotten that Bolshevism was hatched in that nest?

I spent last year at Kienthal, merely as a tourist, however, for I had entirely forgotten that it has an historical interest attached to it. This fact was brought to my remembrance through a long paradoxical discussion with my travelling companion on the question as to whether or not we have a right to put an end to life. . . .

A little incident told us casually by our guide—not that we needed a guide to cross so easy a pass, but we wanted our bags carried—just missed setting the discussion ablaze. . . .

One of my companions was recalling a happy and beneficial stay he had made at the hotel of the Griesalp, and said he had known there a neuroasthenic lady who was so much in love with the mists that she only cared to go out when there was a fog. Consequently she often got lost and a search had to be made for her. One day she was found wandering just above one of the famous cascades whose rhythm had fascinated her, but she showed no gratitude to her rescuer. Was she not, after all, mistress of her own fate?

"Yes," intervened the guide, "it must have been above the Falls of Dürdenbach, because I, too, rescued a traveller from there. He was a queer fellow, a foreigner, a German, or more likely a Russian."

"Was it long ago?" asked one of the party, not much interested in what the answer might be.

"During the War, it must have been in the Spring of 1916, in the month of April, because snow and ice were still about. The man had slipped, he was hanging over the water only holding on by his hands, he could not climb up and was calling for help. But no one heard him on account of the noise."

"I happened to pass that way. I saw him, I climbed up and seized him by the arm. Just in time! The next moment he must have fallen. When we were out of the scrape he looked at his hands that were red and bleeding, then he rubbed them together, chuckling all the time. At last he said in German:

"You have done a great thing; you will hear more of me by and bye." But I never have heard more of him."

"Did he tell you his name?"

"No, he did not! I knew he came from Kienthal where there was a great mustering of foreigners at the Hotel Baer, although it was not in the season."

"At Kienthal, at the Hôtel Baer, in April 1916! By Jove! my friend, you saved either Lenin, Radek or Trotsky! You would have done far better to let him fall over, for your rescued man has caused the fall of innumerable heads; so are not you, too, a little guilty?"

But the honest Swiss face showed no comprehension of the paradox nor of the joke. A guide who holds out his hand across the abyss is only following his calling, and even if it had been a question of saving Lenin, could he have hesitated?

And was it Lenin? It certainly was not Lenin. In all probability it was one of the other Russian revolutionaries, for the Russian revolution was brewed in Switzerland, and it was touch and go that there was not a revolution in Switzerland as well.

It was very near it on the 10th and 11th November 1918, while the Germans were entreating for the armistice which should put an end to the war. The attention of the world was diverted from these facts; but, to-day, history should carefully collect them. . . .

A first conference was held during the summer of 1915 at Zimmerwald, a charming little village in the Bernese Country: nearly all the Russian staff were already there, Lenin, Trotsky and Zinovief; while Switzerland was represented by two Socialist delegates, Naine and Grimm. The name of Grimm, who was always agitating, should be retained in order to understand through his career how easy it is to pass from Socialism to Communism and finally to revolution. Lenin was then living at Zürich, from there he directed the propaganda, for it was at Zürich that Bolshevism was elaborated, and even then they were preaching desertion from the Army and Navy, and against national defence.

But though the Conference of Zimmerwald, followed by another held in the Casino at Berne, are well known and talked of and even quoted in various manuals, the one held at Kienthal, important in another sense, is often passed over in silence. It was kept far more secret, yet it was there that the momentous resolution was taken definitely to abandon the minority programme for Bolshevism or the majority programme.

It opened on the 25th April, 1916, in the unobtrusive and rather pleasant little hotel "Vours"; forty-five members were present, among whom were Mme. Angelica Balabanof, Lenin,

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Radek, Munzenberg—Naine, Platten and the reputed Grimm for Switzerland—Brizon, Blanc de Vancluse and Guilbeaux for France. The proprietress of the hotel told me that these illustrious visitors spent five days there drinking tea and smoking day and night. The meetings were carried on till two or three o'clock in the morning and on the last night they worked without ceasing. Lenin did not appear to play the principal rôle, or maybe he was pulling the strings of the puppets and allowing them to be under the delusion that they were the leaders, while he contented himself with keeping the secret control in his own hands.

There is no doubt that the departure of Lenin and his gang was resolved upon at Kienthal. Monsieur Vierre in the *Bibliothèque Universelle* for May, 1918, relates how "in two parties, at an interval of a few days, the present masters of Russia, her disorganisers and the signatories of an infamous peace, reached the Swiss frontier in carriages specially prepared for them crossed Germany, entered Russia and accomplished the disastrous work known to the world.

It would be of interest to read a little pamphlet that came out at Lausanne, "*Les troubles révolutionnaires en Suisse de 1916 à 1919*" par un témoin (this witness is Colonel de Vallier) which gives an account of the events that followed the return of Robert Grimm to Switzerland and of the Communist propaganda; this pamphlet by no means controverts the antimilitarist campaign. . . .

In November, 1917, Zürich was already the theatre of violent disturbances, but it was in November 1918, that Berne and Zürich just escaped the infection of the revolution. . . .

It was to break out on the 10th and 11th of November, after the proclamation of the general strike; but the foresight of General Wille, clearer than that of the civil authorities, who were always too generous or too weak—it is sometimes difficult in politics to distinguish between generosity and weakness—and the stability of the army prevented it.

Berne and Zürich were put into a state of siege and almost the entire country, at last awakened to the danger it had run, ranged itself on the side of its defenders. . . .

At that time the army (though ravaged by the Spanish influenza, to which thousands fell victims), ill and tired out, was particularly meritorious in suppressing the outbreak with patience and resolution combined.

General Wille, in his dispatches of 20 November, 1918, was fully justified in congratulating it in these words: "In accomplishing this painful duty for the maintenance of order with the same devotion as you have showed in guarding the frontier for four years, you have proved that you are ready and willing for any sacrifice to assure our rights and democratic liberties at home, as well as to defend our independence abroad." Such is this curious and little-known page of the history of Switzerland so endangered at the end of the War. But I shall not know, I shall never know, which of the Kienthal Bolsheviks our guide rescued at the Falls of Griesalp.

HENRI BORDEAUX.

(Translated by RAY GALLIENNE ROBIN).  
(Reprinted from "Blackfriars.")

**PRIVATE INSURANCE IN SWITZERLAND.**

At a congress of the "Royal Institute of Public Health," held in Zurich, interesting information concerning insurance in Switzerland was placed before the foreign delegates.

The beginnings of life insurance in Switzerland may be traced back to the 18th century, but it was not until 1857 that the first regular insurance company was organised. There exist in Switzerland to-day, 11 life insurance companies, of which 7 are owned by the shareholders and the remaining 4 are run on a co-operative basis. These companies are characterized by the participation of the insured in the yearly profits. The total assets of Swiss insurance companies exceed, at the present time, one thousand million Swiss francs. The importance of this branch of business may be further illustrated by stating that there are to-day 35 insurance policies for every 100 households.

As for accident insurance, it has also expanded rapidly in Switzerland and the companies which underwrite this class of insurance have been extending their field of action for some time to neighbouring countries. The amount of accident and civil responsibility insurance premiums is 22 francs per capita of all inhabitants per year.

If one reviews the total of all premiums paid by the Swiss people for all forms of insurance, one obtains the imposing figure of 500 million francs per year, which sum, for a country of 4 million inhabitants, represents a noteworthy contribution.

**THE SWISS SCOUTS AT THE WORLD JAMBOREE.**

The 400 Swiss Boys from all parts of Switzerland, who took part in the Jamboree, arrived the 30th of July in the morning at Tilbury and travelled from there by special train to Woodside Birkenhead, and then by special buses to Arrowe Park. Whilst driving through Birkenhead they were cheered by the population which lined up on both sides of the streets. At Arrowe Park the French Scouts gave them a hearty welcome.

The weather was fine as they put up their tents, but during the night heavy rain set in and continued all the first week. But in spite of all the wetness and mud everybody was in good humour and the standard of health remained excellent.

During the two principal parades before H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the Swiss Boys did extraordinarily well. When the Prince with Lord Rob. Baden-Powell paid a visit to the Swiss Camp they expressed their highest satisfaction about the rare tidiness and cleanliness of the Swiss Camp and also about the discipline amongst the boys.

The 1st of August was celebrated by a special Camp fire to which members of many foreign countries had been invited. The 2nd of August Mr. Paravicini, our Minister paid a visit to the Swiss Camp and was greeted from every corner by concertinas, songs and troop calls.

The 7th of August the Swiss Contingent gave a display in the Theatre of Swiss Customs, Songs, Jodel, etc. The performance was a great success, and the spectators showed their appreciation by asking by continuous clapping for more and more.

An unforgettable event was when the Archbishop of Canterbury addressed all the foreign nations on Sunday, the 4th of August, on the Rally Ground at Arrowe Park. At the same time His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, presided at a High Mass of Thanksgiving for Roman Catholics in the Recreation Ground, Arrowe Park.

During the second week the boys went to Port Sunlight, Rhyl in North Wales, New Brighton and Southport as well as to Liverpool, where they have been received by the Lord Mayor. Each town entertained the boys either to tea, lunch or supper and the population showed everywhere extraordinary kindness. MAX GYSLER.

**A CRY FROM THE HEART.**

Letter to the Editor.

Sir,—Herz mis Herz worum so trurig?

Is the broker at the door, has the Income Tax merchant been rude or are regulations of doubtful legal validity too rigorously enforced? Certainly something must be radically wrong with one of the co-operators of the Editor, responsible for the Home News section.

In what a morbid mood this selector must have been when he chose the second to the twelfth paragraph under that heading in the S.O. of August 19th., otherwise he would have surely found a little more cheerful news, than those he gave us. Or is the N.Z.Z. to be blamed for it? In that case I would advise him to subscribe to the "Nebelspalter" at least he would be sure to find something in there to make us smile.

I was always under the impression that Switzerland, at this time of the year especially, was a happy country, but if that what he selected to give us as Home News is all there is to be told, then perhaps he might leave them out altogether and we could adopt the well-known English proverb: "No News Good News." Or is the selector perhaps an agent for a Life and Accident Insurance, intending to remind us of "sic transit gloria mundi?"

Cheer up my friend and smile. Let us see who won the first Lorbeer Kranz at the Bümplitzer Grümpel Schiessen or who married the rich "Gmeindammes" daughter in Ober Untergen. But don't rub it in that we are mere frail creatures of the dust, who have to expect the End at any moment or at any place. Leave that to the parsons, they do that much better and in a more gentle manner. Presently we shall be told that Maul and Klauenuche is raging amongst the marmottes on the Mont Blanc or that the Ticinese have discovered a new disease and called it the Military Exemption Taxitis.

Please Mr. Editor instruct your responsible selector of the Home News edited in German, to give us some Swiss News that will give us heart and back us up to bear the otherwise not too cheerful times we are having just now and not to try to put the lid on it. Yours truly, J.J.S.

Both the Editor and his collaborator responsible for the choice of Home News regret profoundly to have caused anguish to one of their readers. The just criticism will be taken to heart.

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**MOTORING ABOUT THE HEART OF EUROPE.**

When one is once on the Continent and has decided on that route which seems most suitable and promising, an unlimited realm for touring is opened to the motorist. The abundance of historical treasures in France, Belgium and the Rhineland, the Alpine roads of Switzerland—make a journey of this kind a pleasure that is never forgotten. It was these Alpine roads which interested me most last summer; they make an overpowering impression on me, as they are bound to affect every motorist. In this connection the enormous motor traffic on the mountain roads during the summer must be taken into consideration; caution is recommended, especially where artificially-constructed roads run for miles along steep mountain sides, are hewn out of picturesque ravines and pass through deep gorges, and over head-long precipices. So far as I can state, the report about unpopularity of motor-cars in Switzerland is entirely unfounded. It is, of course, a fact that for some time certain Cantons prohibited Sunday motoring; there was even one Canton (the Grisons) which up to two years ago would not permit any motor vehicles at all within its boundaries. This may have been due partly to its almost extravagant conservatism, but also partly to the fact that the many railways, built almost exclusively for visitors' traffic, are the property of the Canton and are therefore considered as national wealth. It was only when the Swiss Automobile and Touring Associations interceded jointly for the opening of the Alpine roads in the Grisons, that the door was unlocked to the motor car. The people in these high valleys will, however, only accustom themselves slowly to this novelty and it is therefore advisable, in the interests of motorists generally, that they should drive slowly through the mountains and villages.

The formalities for entry are simple, apart from the passport, for which the Swiss visa is no longer necessary, the only papers required are the international driver's certificate and a tryptique which holds good for a whole year. But if the motorist has no tryptique available, he need only deposit the equivalent of the taxes when crossing the frontier, this being refunded to him on leaving Switzerland by the tax bureau at any frontier station.

My three weeks' Continental tour took me, in the literal sense of the word, through the heart of Europe. After a pleasurable journey from Boulogne through Paris, Troyes and Dijon to Berne, we commenced our Alpine tour, in the course of which we crossed not less than five high passes, namely Grimsel (6,500 ft.), Furka (7,500 ft.), Gotthard (6,500 ft.), Maloja (5,500 ft.), and Julier (7,000 ft.). To continue our metaphor, the innermost chamber of the heart of Europe is the Urseren valley, with the village of Andermatt; in its region rise four large rivers, of which three discharge their waters into three different seas. The Rhine flows northwards, joins up later on with the Reuss which also rises in the Gotthard and then continues towards the North Sea; the Tessin turns southwards, joins the Po in the Plains of Lombardy and the latter discharges its waters into the Adriatic; the Rhone trickles in the shape of a modest stream out of the mighty Rhone Glacier, forms further on the Lake of Geneva, and then flows southwards into the Mediterranean.

After crossing the historical and celebrated Swiss Pass, the St. Gotthard, we spent a few sunny days in the Swiss Riviera on the Lake of Lugano, passing then through the luxurios vegetation along the shore of the Lake of Como and reaching Engadine.

A tour of this kind offers incomparable enjoyment, but it is, in any case, necessary, for journeys such as described, to map out one's plans properly, because they involve certain demands on the driver as well as on the car. In order to save troublesome delays on the frontiers and to select the best and most beautiful routes, a methodical study of the country to be toured, based on reliable data is indispensable. Unfortunately we were obliged to plan our itinerary from somewhat obscure and obsolete information; but luckily, during the course of the tour a French hotel manager drew our attention to a guide for motorists which had recently been published by the Swiss Touring Club, under the patronage of the Alliance Internationale de Tourisme, and known as "Europa Touring." This gave excellent information, in a terse form in English, German and French, regarding formalities, regulations, routes, accommodation, etc., besides being well equipped with maps and topographical and historical information, that the remainder of the tour passed off without any difficulties. —The Motor Owner.

**A CORRECTION.**

In our issue of August 17th it was stated in the article *Das Werk*: "Here too the special needs were decisive and I cannot say that the aim has been achieved," which of course ought to read: "Here too the special needs were decisive and we must say that the aim has been achieved."

