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The selection from the writings of Gottfried Keller contained in "The People of Seldwyla and Seven Legends" (translated by M. D. Hottinger, Dent, 7/6) should make known to a wider English audience a short-story writer of real genius. Keller, as his excellent translator admits in a brief introductory sketch of his life and achievement, was not a genius for whom no frontiers existed. The intensity, indeed, of his local attachment was one of his greatest qualities. But there is more than Switzerland in Keller; there is humanity; he has, preserving all the peculiarities of the local given it general significance. He himself wrote to a friend: "I am firmly convinced that no artist can look to a future who is not willing to be entirely and exclusively a mortal man." And one of the greatest of his stories, "A Village Romeo and Juliet," begins with the words: "This story would be but an idle imitation if it were not founded upon an actual incident. But it proves how deep in human life lie the roots of those fables on which the great works of the past are built up."

Herein lies the secret of Keller's capacity for blending the actual with the legendary, the folk-tale and the fable, and also the absence of all self-consciousness from his art. He was in fact the born storyteller, although it took him years of wretchedness and misguided experiments as a painter and dramatist to discover his inevitable bent. His stories leave an impression of telling themselves. The sense of manipulation and psychological effort, so characteristic of the modern short story, never intrudes. Their philosophy and their moral are expressed implicitly in the action or in situations intrinsically humorous. For Keller's humour is the unforced flower of his wisdom and his humanity. His stories are parables, and like all true parables they are rooted in the common soil of life.

Traditional Costumes of the Swiss Peasant.

From the *Manchester Guardian* (15th May):

In Switzerland, despite the fact that no country in Europe is more exploited for the benefit of the tourist, the old peasant costumes linger doggedly on. In this tenacious clinging to a picturesque dress backed by centuries of tradition there is no studied effect to lure the tourist. In the remotest valleys the Swiss peasant, notably on Sunday, wears his dress utterly naturally. It is this which gives such unalloyed charm to the sight of a group of young men and girls in the black velvet and vivid "edelweiss" embroidery which forms the basis of most of Switzerland's cantonal costumes.

The dress varies considerably in the different cantons, and almost every change has either history or the demands of local working conditions to account for it. In Hallau the dress of the men is a survival of an old Spanish attire of the 16th century, when Spanish immigrants settled in the region. It consists of pleated breeches of black cloth, full sleeves, tapering from shoulder to wrist, and a fluted ruffle of white about the neck—in short, of a very slight modification of Velazquez's famous picture of Philip II. of Spain. In the Illiez Valley, where the women, as well as the men, mount with the cattle to the higher pastures in the summer, the women adopt male dress. Trousers and a woollen vest, with a coloured handkerchief over the head, is the usual mode today.

No greater diversity of costume is to be found than in the Canton of Valais. Here the women's headdress reaches elaborate effects. It is a Valaisan proverb that "a woman's head costs as much as a fine calf." In the centre of the Rhône Valley area of Valais, the headdress is a hat of white straw whose lofty crown is swathed again and again with bands of velvet and silk, gold and silver. Often these ribands reach a length of 30 and 40 metres.

In the Loetschental, that strange hidden valley on the Loetschberg route where customs centuries old still linger on, the dress of the women is almost sheer Tudor—long, full skirts and a close-fitting black bonnet. Apart from the interest of its peasant dresses the Loetschental is notable for the elaborate old carvings on the chalets of the villages. It is a narrow, eerie valley, winding beneath the eaves of the mountains into the heart of the Alps. For all its remoteness from the outer world, it lies but a mile from the little station of Goppenstein, at the southern end of the Loetschberg Tunnel.

Well, Whitsun is past and we are back at work again, feeling surely very much better for the glorious holiday we have had and the splendid sunshine we have enjoyed. The weather reminded me of the old chestnut which, however, you may not have heard yet. If you have, pull me up!

A Scot, an Irishman and an Englishman were walking under one umbrella. Which of the three got wet?

Answer: Neither, it wasn't raining at the time!

SWISS SPORTS.

RESULTS.

100yds. FLAT HANDICAP—Men: 1st, E. Schuetz, Swiss Mercantile Soc. (5½) 10 2/5; 2nd, E. W. Casada, Unione Ticinese (5); 3rd, W. Kurth, Swiss Mercantile Soc. (5½).

220yds. FLAT HANDICAP—Swiss: 1st, E. W. Casada, Unione Ticinese (8) 25 1/5; 2nd, M. De Maria, Unione Ticinese (14); 3rd, R. Riederer, Swiss Gymnastic Soc. (11).

VETERANS' 440yds. WALKING HANDICAP: 1st, C. Donati, Unione Ticinese (40 years); 2nd, J. Haesler, Union Helvetia; 3rd, E. Oggier, Cercle Valaisan.

HIGH JUMP: 1st, P. Hoffer, Swiss Mercantile Soc., 4ft. 11in; 2nd, E. W. Casada, Unione Ticinese, 4ft. 10in; 3rd, A. Notzli, Melbourne Athletic Club.

120yds. VETERANS' RACE: 1st, F. Pont (3yds.), Cercle Valaisan; 2nd, E. Oggier (6yds.), Cercle Valaisan; 3rd, A. Notzli (6yds.), Melbourne Athletic Club.

LONG JUMP: 1st, Dead Heat; W. Kurth, Swiss Mercantile Soc. 19ft. 2in.; E. Muller, unattached, 19ft 2in; 3rd, W. Brahm, Swiss Mercantile Soc., 19ft. 3in.

TUG OF WAR: Winners, Cercle Valaisan. Runners-up, Union Helvetia.

RELAY RACE: 1st, Unione Ticinese; 2nd, Swiss Gymnastic Soc.; 3rd, Swiss Mercantile Soc.

PUTTING THE WEIGHT: 1st, J. Speck, Swiss Gymnastic Soc., 34ft. 9in.; 2nd, G. Dreier, Swiss Mercantile Soc., 32ft. 6in.; 3rd, P. E. Gysi, Swiss Gymnastic Soc., 31ft. 3in.

PUSHBALL: 1st, Swiss Rifle Association; 2nd, City Swiss Club; 3rd, Swiss Mercantile Soc.

WRESTLING: Light Weight: L. E. Wallis, Swiss Gymnastic Soc. Middle Weight: F. G. Rohner, Swiss Gymnastic Soc. Heavy Weight: J. Speck, Swiss Gymnastic Soc.

100yds. HANDICAP—Boys: 1st, M. Veglio (Scratch); 2nd, A. Schmid (7½yds); 3rd, N. Hartmann (4½yds.); 4th, C. Huber (5½yds.).

100yds. HANDICAP—Ladies: 1st, Q. Gardner (5), Lyons A.C.; 2nd, C. M. A. Chinappa, Enfield A.C. (4); 3rd, M. Bandattini (2), Lyons A.C.

220yds. HANDICAP—Subscribing Firms: 1st, R. W. Murphy (12yds.), Nestlé & Anglo-Swiss; 2nd, C. E. Drake (Scratch), Nestlé & Anglo-Swiss; 3rd, S. A. Cutts (10yds.), Credit Lyonnais.

100yds. LADIES' HANDICAP—TOWN DRESS: Heat 1: 1st, Miss Suter; 2nd, Miss Dora Zwahlen; 3rd, Miss Mitchell. Heat 2: 1st, Miss Muriel Fletcher; 2nd, Miss Peggy Fletcher; 3rd, Miss Heuer.

GIRLS' 60yds. HANDICAP: Heat 1: 1st, Dennis Blake; 2nd, Pauline Jaeggi; 3rd, Joan Petit. Heat 2: 1st, Solange Lachat; 2nd, Betty May; 3rd, Elsie Wulschleger; 4th, Marguerite Baumann. Heat 3: 1st, Pauline Haward; 2nd, Lydia Jaeggi; 3rd, Florence Ridley; 4th, Millie Henderson. Heat 4: 1st, Rosina Linder; 2nd, Anna Sandoz; 3rd, Math Wright; 4th, Babs Wirz.

Boys' 80yds. HANDICAP: Heat 1: 1st, Raymond Pfandler; 2nd, F. Paschoud; 3rd, Frank Hole; 4th, Richard Everoy. Heat 2: 1st, Ernest Drew; 2nd, Albert Wernli; 3rd, Teddy Baumann; 4th, Bernard Jaeggi. Heat 3: 1st, T. Gerig; 2nd, A. Jurens; 3rd, R. Bianca. Heat 4: 1st, Ed. Steel; 2nd, —. Baumann; 3rd, —. Moyer; 4th, E. Morden.

THREAD AND NEEDLE RACE: Heat 1: 1st, Miss Joan Bosshard; 2nd, Miss Dorothy Riederer; 3rd, Miss E. Longhi. Heat 2: 1st, Miss Ch. Dallenbach; 2nd, Miss Rosina Linder; 3rd, Miss Queenie Gardner. Heat 3: 1st, Miss M. A. Smith; 2nd, Miss Petit; 3rd, Miss W. Spenser; 4th, Miss Pachoud.

EGG AND SPOON RACE: Heat 1: 1st, Solange Lachat; 2nd, Miss Baumann; 3rd, Miss Joan Bosshard. Heat 2: 1st, Miss Babs Wirz; 2nd, Miss Anna Streuli; 3rd, Miss Dallenbach. Heat 3: 1st, Miss Adrienne Campart; 2nd, Mrs. Lachat; 3rd, Miss Rosina Linder.

PILLOW FIGHT: 1st, Mr. A. L. Despond; 2nd, Mr. G. Wishart; 3rd, Mr. C. Krebs; 4th, Mr. E. Buechi.

THREE-LEGGED RACE: Heat 1: 1st, Miss Doris Hausworth and Mr. R. Bianca; 2nd, Miss M. Kuederly and Mr. R. Schaefer. Heat 2: 1st, Miss Muriel Fletcher and Mr. G. Wishart; 2nd, Miss Rosina Linder and Mr. Albert Lampert; 3rd, Mrs. Suter and Mr. Suter.

WHEELBARROW RACE: 1st, Mr. Goehring and Mr. Speck; 2nd, Mr. Havery and Mr. Weber; 3rd, Mr. Jacquenoud and Mr. Pont.

GEORGES DIMIER CHALLENGE CUP: W winners, Unione Ticinese, 24 points. Runners-up, Swiss Mercantile Soc., 20 points; Cercle Valaisan and Swiss Gymnastic Soc., 14 points each.

(A full report of the Meeting will be given in our next issue.)

Fine Golf Feat by a Swiss. 380 YARDS HOLE IN ONE.

Mr. C. Studer, playing over the Pollards Hill golf Course, holed out with his drive at the eleventh hole, which measures 308 yards. There was a following breeze, and the ball ran well.

Holes in one are usually accomplished at distances between 100 and 200 yards. The official records of golf contain only few instances of the feat being achieved at distances over 300 yards.

The longest hole in one was at the ninth hole at Stoneham, Southampton, which measures 340 yards, by George Kirby, in September last year. There are two instances at 330 yards, one (in America) at 328 yards, and another at 325 yards. Mr. Studer's feat ranks next in the records.

OUR PRIZE STORY.

The offer of a prize of One Guinea for the best continuation and conclusion of the first half of a short story by "Auda," entitled "The Ticket" and published in the *Swiss Observer* of May 18th, has brought in four attempts, one of which is in verse. The best one, in the Editor's opinion, for the style of writing as well as for the ingenuity of the *dénouement*, is printed below and will be given the prize. The winner is G. C. BEEBLE, 148, York Road, London, S.E.1. Other attempts will be published next week.

Should any other reader feel like enlivening the contents of the S.O. by offering a prize for contributions we would be very grateful.—Ed.).

The Ticket. (Conclusion.)

The weeks went by, and with every new day breathing the scents and spreading the joy of Spring, the fears and bitterness in Mrs. Pedrini's heart began gradually to disappear. The tiny seed of hope that had been implanted in her patient breast started to blossom into full-flowered expectation, and she was already busily building castles in the air. How exciting life would be if she won that fabulous sum in the famous lottery—if! She banished the thought of the million to one chance against such a stroke of luck coming her way. After all, somebody had to win!

Mrs. Pedrini's hopes gained even greater strength, and sometimes in her infrequent day-dreams she reached a state little short of sublime ecstasy. Soon all would be changed. Already the dull, prosaic round of her humdrum existence had assumed an intangibly romantic quality; was it not but the prelude to a gorgeous play—a play in which the vivid-coloured scenes would be laid in all the pleasantest spots in Europe—the Riviera, St. Moritz, Naples, Venice! £200,000! What a limitless and dazzling vista of delights spread itself before her brightened eyes! The shabby old piano at the High School was no longer the *bête noir* of her life; it had now assumed the mellow tone of a Blüthner grand, and the walls of the drab room in which she had spent so many interminable hours of drudgery were adorned with priceless oil paintings—Rembrandts, Velasquezs, Van Goghs.

Arriving home in the evenings she visualised a transformed Signor Pedrini, whose delicate white fingers would be lovingly touching the strings of a sonorous 'cello. Through the rose-hued spectacles of her imaginings the frail little Tessa, too, underwent a striking metamorphosis. There she was, clad in the daintiest of frocks, pirouetting gaily and clapping her hands as the old man smilingly indulged her with a Chopin *fantaisie*. The sun would shine with an added brightness, the feathered songsters carol with an even sweeter note—if!

"Luigi," she asked one evening, as the old man was toying disdainfully with his frugal meal, "Luigi, do you think I might win that huge prize in the Calcutta? Wouldn't it be heavenly!"

"You will not win—no, no!"

Mrs. Pedrini bit her lip at the gruff words and the suspicion of a tear welled up in her eyes as her rosy visions began to melt away, giving place to cold realities.

"Mummy," piped up a little voice, "I 'specs you will. And then I'll have a nice big dolly!"

"Quiet, child!" said the old man, sternly.

Tessa relapsed into a tearful silence, and the Spirit of Disharmony continued to brood over the little house in the orchard. It was the rightful abode of the Goddess of Harmony. But the muses flee from discord.

* * *

"Rat-tat!"

Mrs. Pedrini flew to the door of the little cottage and opened it with a fast beating heart. At the sight of her friend's face it almost failed her completely.

"Afraid you were unlucky," began the visitor, with a rueful smile.

"Do—do you mean—"

Mrs. Brown opened the paper she was carrying and put her finger on a heavily-scored paragraph.

"A stockbroker won the Sweepstake," she went on, with a disparaging emphasis on the second word, "and of course he gets the £200,000—to add to his millions, I suppose! Lucky, wasn't he? Of course, the chances were a million to one against our getting even a horse, but I must admit I did hope for a moment..."

Mrs. Brown rattled on for some minutes, little realising the dull despair that had descended upon her friend. No hopes! A million to one chance! Mrs. Pedrini echoed the words over and over again in her mind and leaned against the doorpost for support. What a simple, credulous creature she had been to build her dream castles on such a poor foundation. She laughed, half-hysterically, to herself. Who was she, anyway, to be chosen as the favoured of the gods—the gods of chance! But she had so longed for things to be changed. Her "unsubstantial pageant" faded far, far into the distance; and her sparkling eyes were dimmed.

"Thanks so much for telling me," Mrs. Pedrini forced a smile, mechanically exchanged a few comments on the weather, and Mrs. Brown returned through the leafy avenue of trees to the dusty highroad.

The disillusioned woman walked wearily into the little dining room, dropped into a worn armchair, and hid her head in her hands.

"Don't c'y, mummy!" whispered a little voice, and a warm, comforting arm stole around her neck.

Mrs. Pedrini raised her head, and gently kissed the child, who was scanning her drawn face with large, anxious eyes.