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**NOTES AND GLEANINGS.**

By KYBURG.

**Berne's Cock-Crow Tower.**

The Bulletin and Scots Pictorial of 17th inst. published the following:

The population of Berne, and thousands of foreign tourists to whom the Swiss capital is familiar, are relieved to learn that the famous Zeitglocken Tower is no longer in danger of removal, and that the restoration now in progress will preserve its architectural and historic interest.

The restoration now in hand, which is being followed all over Switzerland with close interest, will not interfere with the tower's architecture; and, what is for most Bernese of even more importance, the sixteenth century armoured warrior who beats the hour bells high on the tapering spire and the cock which crows three minutes before the hour will continue to function, as will the great calendar clock constructed in 1592 by Kaspar Brunner, the locksmith.

**As Others do not see us.**

Evelyn Sharp in the Manchester Guardian, 12th June:

I sometimes wonder why one takes so much trouble to be a decent kind of human being. People do not like us because we are noble-hearted, honest, and worthy, but for some trick of personality of which we are probably unaware—because they like the way we smile, or sound our vowels, or talk nonsense, or put one foot before the other. A public-school boy who was asked by a puzzled elder why a singularly inoffensive companion had been hung out of his study window by the heels till he nearly suffocated seemed at a loss for a reason until by a happy inspiration he explained that "the fellow looked such an ass." Anybody who has ever taken a violent dislike to an inoffensive person will understand that explanation: it is, of course, quite indefensible as a reason for hanging some one out of the window by his heels, but if we are truthful most of us will admit that we should never want to do this to anybody because he was a burglar, a forger, or an assassin. We leave those people to the law; that, in fact, is what the law is for, and it seems to explain why so many nice human people are anarchists.

A holiday in a perfect country like Switzerland helps to strengthen this theory. Switzerland has always hitherto seemed to me a place to be avoided in taking a holiday because of its obvious perfections. It enjoys the perfect form of democracy we think we want to set up; its school age has been raised to sixteen without any fuss; it has no empire or other incentive to international hatreds; it has (apparently) no slum problem; it has no land question and no unemployment as we know these things; its climate, at its worst, is stable, and its scenery irreproachable. It is so like a picture postcard that nothing is left for the artist to do with it; and, all its causes having been won, there is nothing to attract the rebel. How could one (I used to ask in my ignorance) enjoy a holiday in a place that is only a model of Socialism in our time?

But there is another Switzerland. You find it easily enough if you go there out of the holiday season, before the passes are open, when the only signs of life in most of the hotels are to be seen in mattresses put out to air in the sunshine; when, to go over the Simplon into Italy, you must take the last horses left in the world out of the last diligence left in the world, about half a kilometre from the top, and harness them into a sledge; when your appearance in any village is a phenomenon ranking with the swallow that cannot alone make a summer season. The other Switzerland emerges as soon as you take a walk up a mountain-side on an early May morning and find the whole country waking up from its winter sleep. "How beautiful it is!" you say with inanity and in shaky German to the people you find toiling feverishly at their patch of ground in order to get it dug and sown before the sun bakes it hard. But when they, seeing rows of future green vegetables while you look for gentian and anemones, answer ingenuously that in winter it is "sehr abgeschlossen," and when you see the white faces of some of the children who toil with them, you realise faintly that life at 4,000 feet above sea level, shut up for six months every year in rooms that are permanently darkened by heavy eaves built to keep off the snow, has little relation to the picture postcard of the tourist.

Nor do I suppose that Swiss children are any happier than the children of our slums, though they ought to be. The babe I saw, who was tearfully trying to balance a basket of market produce on his back in imitation of his elders, did not seem to know how fortunate he was in belonging to a country in which there is no agricultural problem; like every other young creature all the world over, he wanted to show he was grown up, and was furious because the

effort was not wholly successful. The children who ran chattering to school along the flowery path outside my window every morning were probably indifferent to the advantages of not having to stop their education at fourteen since in any case they appeared to spend their play-time in the fields. It is a grand thing, no doubt, to feel that every inch of cultivable ground in your country has its lettuce or its potato planted in it, but it leaves you no time to play hopscotch.

Our landlady, too, seemed unappreciative of the blessings she enjoyed in being a native of a country that belonged to the people. "No, thank goodness!" she replied fervently to our inquiry as to whether the local railway belonged to the State. "We have enough taxes to pay without that!" Further inquiries elicited the information that two companies had failed to run it before the present one took it over, and that the fares were now almost prohibitive; but her faith in private enterprise remained unshaken. It was that landlady who restored our belief in State reforms and convinced us that Switzerland, after all, was not too superior a place in which to take a holiday. For you may find her, like the baby who tried to be grown-up before his time, in every country in the world; and the other Switzerland, the one you do not see on the picture postcard, is the human country we all inhabit.

The more it changes the more it is the same thing. But not always, as you discover when, having applied this universal truth to Switzerland, you find it possible to appreciate the changes. Lower down in the valleys, where life is less hard, and everywhere as the season grows kinder, you find a gaiety of spirit that the industrial hustle elsewhere has turned into irony at its best and bitterness at its worst; you find a splendid race of young people growing up who have had time enough at school to learn something more than the three R's, and often wake you up early in the morning with their laughter as they set out in bands for a day or a weekend, with knapsacks on their backs; you find, above all, an attitude towards the foreigner that is something more than the friendliness one meets with in most countries, because it is free from self-consciousness. The Swiss greet you with delight, not because they want to be kind to a foreigner, but because they like to meet a fellow-creature; and that attitude, formed ultimately, I suppose, upon their complete immunity from the fear of war, is one of the changes that have not yet become "the same thing" elsewhere.

But whether, for all that, we shall end in liking Switzerland for her many perfections is another question. The natural tendency to find in her just the human country we all inhabit remains very strong.

That bit, towards the end, where the writer thinks that the freedom of the Swiss from self-consciousness when meeting foreigners may be due to their complete immunity from the fear of war, is a very interesting deduction indeed. Altogether a very happy article and very interesting.

**Great Swiss Battle Anniversary.**

Bradford Telegraph and Argus, 20th June: On Sunday Switzerland will commemorate the 45th anniversary of the Battle of Morat.

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in which a small Swiss army routed the Burgundian hordes of Charles the Bold, leaving 15,000 enemy dead on the field.

In preparation for the commemorative fête special attention is being given to the great lime tree in the Place du Tilleul at Fribourg. The tree was planted, under peculiarly poignant and dramatic circumstances, on the evening after the battle.

Throughout the day on which the battle raged, the townspeople of Fribourg stood in the market-place praying and anxiously awaiting tidings. The Swiss commander, as soon as he realised that victory was his, despatched a runner with the news to Fribourg.

Before he was clear of the battlefield the man received a serious wound, and later, staggering with loss of blood, slipped down a steep slope, grasping a lime twig as he fell. The twig came out by the roots and was still clutched in the runner's hand as he stumbled into Fribourg crying "Victory!"

A moment later he fell dead. The twig was planted on the spot where he fell, and the present huge lime-tree sprang from it.

The tree is 14 feet in circumference. Today, most of its hoary branches are supported on stone pillars.

And, I might add, it forms the subject of a ballad which most of us who went to school in German-speaking Switzerland will remember!

**Barnet Girls' Alpine Feat.**

Two intrepid local girls—one from Barnet and the other from New Barnet—and two Cheshire men hold the distinction of having made the first ascent this year of one of the highest of the Swiss mountains, the Blumlisalphorn.

The four climbers were Miss Dorothy Horne, of Wentworth-road, Barnet, Miss Kathleen Tarrant, of Henry-road, New Barnet (both Old Girls of Barnet Grammar School); Mr. E. Byron, of Altrincham; and Mr. A. Smith, of Stockport. They were accompanied by two experienced Alpine guides.

The party had intended to spend a quiet rambling holiday at Kandersteg, but circumstances led them to make this difficult climb, although neither of the girls had previously ascended an alpine peak.

Blumlisalphorn is the highest of the eight peaks forming the summit of the Blumlisalp-Mountain mass. It is 12,045 ft. high, and one of the most difficult to climb.

"We made the climb quite by accident," Mr. Byron told a reporter.

"We were invited by two German people to climb one of the smaller peaks, but our friends didn't turn up, and we decided to have a shot at the highest.

**Five Weeks in America.**

By DR. K. E. ECKENSTEIN.

**II. WASHINGTON.**  
CONTINUED.

We visited Washington again the next day and were taken on a tour round the outer part of the town where there are many imposing private residences standing in their own grounds. Here also are to be found many of the Embassies and Legations. I am sorry to say I did not see the Swiss Legation but I did see the new British Embassy which is in course of construction and which, when finished, will be a very fine building. It is built of red brick with green shutters and consists of a central building, which will be the residence of the Ambassador, with wings in which will be housed the different offices. It will certainly be a great improvement on the present Embassy which is quite inadequate as the offices are at present quartered in wooden huts. Amongst other fine buildings are the Federal Treasury and the Congressional Library which I believe is one of the largest if not the largest in the States.

We did not stay long enough in Washington to visit the interior of these buildings as we had to leave for Florida. Another of the sights of Washington is a walk along the banks of the Potomac River in early spring when the cherry trees which grow by its side are in blossom.

I was told that in the course of the next few years Washington will be still more magnificent as entire streets are being pulled down in order to make way for new Government buildings.

**III FLORIDA**

After leaving Washington the scenery changes. The factories are left behind and the train passes through a flat, somewhat uninteresting country with occasional woods. The predominant colour is a brownish tint and I understand now why it is that Americans become so enthusiastic about the English country-side. As far as the Eastern seaboard is concerned, those delicate shades of green which are the glory of

"It was a very interesting experience, and might have been dangerous if we had not had such splendid guides.

"The most exciting part of the climb was when we saw an avalanche only a quarter of a mile away. Luckily, our guides had seen it, and avoided going near the falling snow.

"The whole climb took us eight-and-a-half hours."

The ascent was watched with great interest from the village below by people with telescopes. All the climbers were afterwards overwhelmed with congratulations, and among those who attended a dance given in their honour was Herr Reichau, the famous Alpine climber.

This hot weather also makes us thirsty. Thirst makes us remember the wonderfully light beers they have at home. British beer, even Lager, is, to my mind and for my palate, too heavy and I long for very light Pilsner, such as is being brewed by the Haldengut Brewery at Winterthur, by the Rheinfelder Schloessli, by the Wädenswiler Brewery and a few others. Naturally, the Haldengut is easily the best and if you don't believe it, try it next time you have a chance. Ask for a Pilsner Spezial! Feel, then, how gratefully it goes down, how lovely it makes you feel and how insidiously it makes you long for more. The point is, that it is so light that it cannot possibly affect you, unless you overdo it to an unheard of degree!

That is the stuff we ought to have here in this weather! Meanwhile we drink shandy-gaff sometimes, and lemonade or ginger beer, but oh, what unsatisfactory substitutes those are for the real stuff! However, now that we think about drinks, the following article from the *Manchester Guardian*, 20th June will perhaps interest us:

**Swiss Liquor Control.**

Switzerland turns from schnapps to enter upon a beer-and-wine regime, says the New York "Literary Digest." Not overnight will the change take place, the dispatches say, but the sale of hard liquor becomes a Government monopoly, and by making the price sky-high the country hopes to discourage its consumption.

Thus the world witnesses another experiment in the control of alcohol, one which will be watched in the United States, American editors tell us, with the greatest interest. American drys view it as "another victory for the principle of Prohibition." American wets, on the other hand, pointing to the beer-and-wine regime, call the new Swiss law a "triumph for temperance," and compliment the country on avoiding the "mistake of Prohibition."

By voting to control the sale of schnapps, a potent liquor distilled from fruits, Switzerland has taken what is said to be its first step towards the eradication of alcohol. Several previous attempts to curb John Barleycorn failed owing, it is said, to the severity of the measures proposed. Passage of the new law, which is regarded as a moderate one, seems to have been aided by the argument that the money obtained by the taxing of schnapps could be used to finance social legislation, such as the old-age pension law.

Although the distillers are to be placed under strict supervision, every family will be permitted to make its own liquor, writes Reginald Wright Kauffman, in a dispatch from Geneva to the New York "Herald Tribune":—

"In cases, common here, of individual distillers among the peasant farmers, one still will be permitted for a family, and if owned by the head of that family, and if it was in regular use before the referendum. But it will be purchased by the Government at cost upon the death of the owner."

From the same writer we learn more about the new law, which was adopted on April 6, by 487,340 votes to 314,316, and with five of the 22 cantons registering a negative majority.

"The law is the popular answer to a movement begun years ago.

"General prohibition was rejected by every historic party, and the Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists—all the recognised political groups except the Communist organisation—endorsed the policy of permitting wine and beer.

"Advocates of the new temperance law say they found their most effective publicity in posters, speeches, and pamphlets, which emphasised alleged evil effects of Prohibition in the United States."

Oblivion for the farmhouse liquor shop is provided by the new statute, the Associated Press tells us:—

"Social reform was the main argument. As fruit orchards were developed here the peasants began distilling their own strong liquor, making schnapps. They were free to sell it, and drinkers got plenty of schnapps, not always good, for a low price at almost any farmhouse. Under the new system, anyone may brew his own liquor, but only for his own consumption."

Many of our editors agree with the Pittsburg "Post-Gazette" that "America, groping about for a sensible solution of its problem, will watch the results of the Swiss plan with interest."

And now, I think, I have earned a sip!

England in the spring are not to be found. The country is sparsely populated outside the towns and the houses are generally made of wood with tiled roofs and are frequently raised a few feet from the ground on pillars. The journey from Washington to Daytona takes about 22 hours, and as the train goes through Georgia and approaches Florida the scenery gradually begins to change, palm trees make their appearance and the vegetation takes on sub-tropical characteristics.

After Jacksonville the palm trees and cactus plants become more common and the country bears many resemblances to the Riviera, except that the hinterland is flat and often swampy instead of being mountainous.

The coloured population becomes more intense and one of the signs showing that the Mason-Dixie line has been crossed and that the South has been reached is that the stations have two waiting rooms, one for the white population marked 'Whites' and the other for the coloured folk.

Now this colour question is a very real matter and has to be reckoned with seriously in the South. For anyone who has not been to America, and above all to the Southern States of America, it is practically impossible to realize the overwhelming importance of this matter. I frankly admit that I had no idea how important it is, and how utterly impossible it is for a foreigner to appreciate it, much less to venture any opinion or criticism of the problem. In our papers we read of lynchings, and we think that the Americans are a barbarous race. We are accustomed to see people of all races and colour mixing freely with and taking part in European society, but as soon as one gets into the Southern States one feels instinctively that there is a different atmosphere. I discussed the matter with various people in order to try to realise their point of view.

In the Southern States the colour line is very much in evidence. There is practically no social intercourse between blacks and whites and yet apparently the two exist side by side in harmony. In all the Southern towns there is a section reserved for the coloured population and at night they are not allowed outside this section. They have their own churches, hospitals and places of entertainment. And now comes the paradox. Most of the domestics, the attendants on trains and ward maids in the hospitals are coloured. Among themselves purity of race is a matter for pride and the full blooded negro heartily despises what he contemptuously calls a 'high yaller' man.

They are always referred to as 'coloured folk' and it is highly inadvisable to refer to a coloured attendant as a negro or a nigger if you want anything done. Such an error of tactics would result in a perfect display of the force of inertia, probably in some such way as the following. The offended train attendant, if the incident took place on the train, would perhaps reply, 'Sure, Suh, dat not my job, dat is other coloured man's job.' He would then gracefully retire, and when after a long wait the bell was rung again it would be answered by another smiling attendant who would benignly produce some other excuse, and so the game would go on until they considered that the irate passenger had been sufficiently punished. And yet if they are dealt with in the right way they will take endless trouble to give satisfaction and when I returned to New York, having just come out of hospital, no one could have been more attentive than the coloured attendant who looked after me. And yet they will tolerate things from a white Southerner and allow him to address them in a way which they would resent from a Northerner and even still more from a foreigner. Although they are capable of very devoted service they are naturally indolent, for their wants are few and perhaps their greatest fault is an innate habit of picking up unconsidered trifles.

I remember discussing the problem with a man in Washington. We were standing near Lincoln's Statue and I had been reading the Gettysburg Declaration engraved on the surrounding walls when he expressed the opinion that the coloured problem was the greatest and most difficult problem that America would be called upon to solve, and that if the black population continued to increase faster than the white population the time would inevitably come when the problem would have to be faced.

TO BE CONTINUED.