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the sport and the open air life, but if they have not also this feeling for mountains, they can never seem to be mountaineers to other mountaineers. On the other hand, there are many who have never discovered the feeling in themselves until late in life, or who may never even have seen a real mountain, but who are felt in the first five minutes of talk to belong to the international mysterious mountaineering brotherhood, which knows no distinction of age or race or class or temperament outside the mutual telepathic sympathy for mountains.

In this way the mountain gift has much in common with a gift for music, or for creative art or mathematics. It appears as accidentally. It exercises the same compulsion towards creative performance. It can be made the same central influence in the development of the mind and character—although it cannot, I regret to say, be turned to the like profitable account in earning a living. It would be as wrong to discourage it or neglect it, as it would be to forbid a mathematical prodigy to touch a slate. And it is quite as important to see that the instinct is properly trained, when the right time comes. It is as essential in climbing as in any other craft to be thoroughly trained in the technique; and, for greater mountaineering as for all other higher kinds of artistic performance, the teaching of the professional can be as little dispensed with at some stage—for the very good reason that an imperfectly trained musical genius may play false notes on a piano with no more than distress to his company, but to make false steps on an ice-slope is fatal also to the genius himself. When, however, he is thoroughly master of his craft, the mountaineer will find that his enthusiasm becomes more than a hobby in which he can lose himself and forget his troubles pleasantly. It can serve him for a focus, a meeting and kindling-point for all his energies. Climbing holidays act like a burning-glass, through which any original powers in us are turned into a concentrated flame; and this inward fire, kindled and rekindled among the hills, we can take back with us into our ordinary work, to make vital anything else we do.

Last summer I was climbing once again, after nearly twenty years, among the great rock peaks upon the ridges of Mt. Blanc, and the young mountaineers who were in charge of me determined to celebrate the return by taking me up the Grépon, which is reputed one of the most difficult, and certainly one of the most imposing, rock spires in the Alps. I was uncertain how far I should enjoy it; for, in the long interval, time had turned the few remaining hairs more white than grey, and had substituted a cranky steel peg for a once useful left leg. The evening in the high hut before the ascent, up among the grey glaciers under the dark peaks, helped first to reawaken something of the old-time feeling—because it was stormy, and black with hail, and gave me a youthful pleasure in being thoroughly pig-headed, and in insisting upon starting out in a dark midnight with all the signs and opinions against the attempt.

The rush across the slippery glacier-snouts and loosely-piled moraine stones, through that solitude of hostile darkness which is felt among great mountains before dawn, helped to push me still further out of my middle-aged reckoning and into some region outside time, the hours of steep climbing up the glacier which followed, over laborious snow and among awkward ice-crevasses, did, it is true, bring back some consciousness of tiresome realities; because a peg leg behaves poorly on soft and slippery surfaces. But, no sooner had we reached the base of the great rock precipices under the beginnings of daylight, whereupon vertical crags, hands and arms could take over the work, than the years drifted away again forgotten behind. On the crest of the huge rock wall, 10,000 feet up, the sun met us, turning the fantastic spires and turrets of granite to flame colours of yellow and bronze and burning red. And then, as we turned along its narrow edge with the glaciers sheer and far below us on either side, the great ridge piled up its sequence of climbing difficulties ahead, cracks and walls and ledges and pinnacles, in such noble profusion that to wrestle with each of them exultantly, and always see yet more above, was not so much like returning to my own youth among them as being whirled back into the dawn of the world, to feel myself starting life upon the earth's primitive and all but still molten shapes, with the whole vitality of all the coming generations boiling up inside me. To rest, at midday upon the great slab that is balanced on the pointed summit was to look out once again over those strangely lovely spaces of glacier and snow-mountain and sunlight; to see them unchanged; and to know myself so utterly unchanged in my own feeling towards them as to be certain that the eighteen years which had passed since I last sat there were really the illusion, and that this feeling of timeless youthfulness, of delightful life and effort just beginning, was the real truth of my own existence.

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Of course, when we got down to the glacier again, to find myself being towed down the treacherous, ice-cold snow, much in the fashion of a sack, did recall some of the consciousness of advancing years—if it did not restore much of their dignity. But the long, quiet trudge home, along the winding cliff paths, under a glowing evening sunshine, with everything outside and inside transfigured by that perfection of hard effort, and by that clean, glorious succession of emotions, left me at the end as convinced as I used to be in the early years, that, if the secret appeal which draws men to mountains must remain a mystery, no less magical is their effect upon us after we have come among them—sifting, refining, and even renewing all that was best and most vital in our nature, until we can almost believe ourselves to be, altogether and all the time, as fine human beings as the mountains persuaded us to feel ourselves for the time that we are among them.

As a deterrent to those who may be inclined to be too foolhardy when in Switzerland, those who rush off for some stiff ascent without proper training and thereby get into danger and imperil the lives of others as well, the following harrowing tales may do some good, I hope:

Alpine Guides' Thrilling Stories.

Daily Mail, August 6:

Nowhere does there exist a body of men who enjoy a higher reputation for devotion and self-sacrifice than the corps of Swiss Alpine guides.

Almost every day during the climbing season they risk their lives for a very modest fee, and not infrequently face death to rescue some hapless climber or bring his mutilated body down to the valley, without any prospect of remuneration at all.

Natural modesty and a rigid code of honour forbid the guides to talk about their exploits, and it was only with the greatest reluctance that a few of the most prominent among them were induced to recount to me some of the thrilling episodes in their adventurous lives.

"One of my worst experiences," said Bernard Biner, president of the Zermatt Guides' Association, who at the age of 32 has already climbed the Matterhorn 70 times, "was on the Matterhorn two years ago. I was engaged by a German woman to do the trip on July 13, and although she did not altogether like the date she insisted on starting.

"As we left the village a half-wit rushed out of a shed and, making the sign of the Cross, mumbled a warning to us. The incident made a deep impression on us, but we pushed on, and next morning arrived safely at the summit. We stayed there only a few minutes while my companion took a snapshot, and then began the descent.

"Just as we reached the 'shoulder' where Wymper's party, which started on the first conquest of the Matterhorn on July 13, 1865, came to grief I saw a big stone falling. I shouted to my companion to crouch down, but she was a fraction of a second too late, and it struck her full in the face. She uttered a terrible cry, and then the rope jerked, nearly pulling me over.

"The strain was terrific, as there was scarcely any foothold, but after a time I managed to wind a rope round a rock and get down to her. She was hanging head downwards over the glacier, a sheer drop of 4,000 ft. I tried to pull her up, but hadn't sufficient strength, so I drew her on to a ledge and sat down to wait for the end, which I felt must be near.

"An hour later, however, I saw her lips move. She was trying to speak to me. Then I shouted with all my might, and before long my cries were answered by a party with guides lower down.

"The climb at this spot is a perilous one at all times, but one of the guides got the woman over his shoulders and carried her down the precipitous ridge to the Solvay hut. Usually it takes four hours from the hut to the Belvedere, but the guide did it, at the risk of his life, in twenty minutes, and returned at once with a doctor he found on the spot.

"The woman was almost a year in hospital, but on July 13, exactly twelve months after the accident, I again accompanied her up the Matterhorn."

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Continuing in the matter-of-fact tone of a man describing a round of golf, Biner then related an adventure on the sinister "Four Donkeys Ridge" of the Dent Blanche, which would have turned most people's hair grey.

"I was on the ridge with an Englishman when we were overtaken by a terrible blizzard. In semi-darkness we struggled on for six hours, only to find we could neither go on nor turn back, all the landmarks being hidden. Eventually we struck a knife-like ridge of snow and got astride it as though on horseback.

"On both sides there was a sheer drop of 3,000 feet. We were afraid to cut steps, as each blow of the axe started an avalanche. Lightning played around the ridge, and several times I was almost stunned by shocks.

"Once the Englishman fell over the side, and I had to drop over the other to hold him. My four candles were soon burnt out, and in complete darkness we straddled along the ridge until we reached the flank. I pushed my companion between two rocks and lay on him to keep him warm.

"It began to snow, and he was shivering terribly, so I made him take my jumper. Soon we were completely buried under the snow. Dawn came at last, and more dead than alive we crept out of our refuge—to find that we were only a few hundred feet away from the glacier and safety."

And then, as though to change the subject from himself, this modest hero told of the amazing stoicism of a climber on the Zinal Rothorn.

"Two Viennese and a Swiss were crossing a narrow ridge when the first man on the rope slipped, dragging the second with him. As the latter fell his leg caught between two rocks, and he remained wedged there. His companion, suspended in space, was already dead.

"Powerless to help, the Swiss wound his end of the rope round a rock and started off alone to get help from the Moutet hut. It was late next day before the guides discovered the injured Austrian and released him from his terrible position.

"Throughout those agonising thirty hours he had fought against the impulse to cut the

rope and relieve himself of his gruesome burden!"

Few guides have looked death so close in the face as William Perren and lived to tell the tale.

"One day," said Perren, "I was crossing an unfrequented glacier alone when I fell down a deep crevasse. I wasn't badly hurt, and after a few minutes I sat down to think things out. It was no use shouting because I knew that few people ever passed that way.

"All I could see above was a tiny speck of sky. I tried to cut steps in the ice with my knife, but the crevasse was too wide for me to get a foothold on both sides. Every now and then I slipped further down the gulf. To keep up my strength, I ate all the food in my ruck-sack. Time after time I tried to cut steps but in the end I gave it up and sat down wondering how long the end would be.

"Then I fell asleep. How long I slept I don't know, but I awoke with a start. Up above I could hear excited voices. I shouted wildly and a face peered down into the darkness. A rope was lowered. I kissed it before slipping the noose round my body. Then the next thing I remember was finding myself lying on the snow in the sunshine. By an extraordinary piece of luck an Italian nobleman and two guides chance to be on the glacier that day and saw my ice axe lying in the snow."

AUSLANDSCHWEIZERTAG.

The "Secrétariat des Suisses à l'Etranger de la N.S.H." has issued the following circular:

"Après 4 années d'interruption, c'est de nouveau à Bâle que se tiendra la Journée des Suisses à l'Etranger. C'est de Bâle que vint, pour la première fois, en 1918, l'idée de convoquer une Landsgemeinde des Suisses de l'étranger, et c'est à Bâle que ces réunions eurent lieu régulièrement, de 1918 à 1925.

"Le Conseil d'Etat de Bâle-Ville se fait un honneur d'accueillir les hôtes que viendront de près et de loin, et de leur prouver combien il apprécie l'activité des Suisses de l'étranger au service du bien du pays.

"Les délibérations auront lieu l'après-

journey down to Florida even fresh strawberries were on the menu.

I have said that the hospital at Daytona was a fine building and I was told that it is typical of provincial hospitals. It possesses a large boiler house containing an oil burning furnace for the supply of hot water and the central heating system and an engine for generating electricity for lighting. There is also a fine laundry and the kitchen is fitted with numerous labour saving devices, while electricity, steam and an oven heated by oil burning jets are used for cooking purposes. The hospital contains a fine modern operating theatre and the usual services such as X-rays, laboratories, etc. Rooms are provided for paying patients, most of which have a bathroom attached. There is a well-arranged maternity department and a ward for small children, the walls of which contain large glass panels so that the little ones can easily be kept under observation. There are two sun porches on the same floor as the wards so that the beds of convalescent patients who are unable to walk can be wheeled out on to them. The nurses are very kind and efficient, and I can speak from personal experience as unfortunately I was an inmate of the hospital for a fortnight and am therefore entitled to speak as a patient and not as a mere visitor. One point I should like to mention. The patients were not disturbed at an early hour in the morning to have their faces washed and yet there was no neglect for a complete change of linen was provided daily. I am sure that those who have been awakened as a matter of routine just as they have fallen asleep after a bad night will appreciate what this means.

Before going to America, I had heard a lot about American newspapers and about American pressmen and therefore I was curious to see what would happen. As we arrived at Quarantine a tug appeared on the scene packed with pressmen and press photographers who came aboard in the wake of the custom and immigration authorities. They invaded his state-room and proceeded to fire innumerable questions at the unfortunate Don. Luckily I managed to avoid this ceremony but I heard afterwards that it was a noble performance.

The newspapers are great, especially the Sunday papers. These are divided into sections and are really magazines, one section for social news, another for sport and another for political news and so on. I must confess, however, that the humorous section is quite beyond my feeble intelligence. It may be that I am lacking in a sense of humour but the adventures of Sparkplug, Flossie and all the other heroes and heroines fail to attract any response. The humorous section is coloured, but the colours are crude and the alignment is poor so that there is frequent overlapping. Some of the descriptive writing is grand and I think I cannot do better than give an extract from a Florida paper. The following is a notice about

midi du samedi 30 et le matin du dimanche 31 août dans la Salle du Grand Conseil de l'Hôtel de Ville, à la place du Marché. Au cours de ces deux assemblées plénières, on traitera les questions prévues par la Commission des Suisses à l'étranger que les groupes de l'Organisation des Suisses à l'Etranger de la N.S.H., les Sociétés suisses, les Ecoles suisses, les Chambres suisses de commerce à l'étranger auront proposé de soumettre à la discussion. C'est pourquoi, nous prions instamment ces diverses associations de faire parvenir leurs vœux à temps au Secrétariat des Suisses à l'Etranger à Berne (Bundesgasse 40), afin que l'on puisse dresser la liste des sujets qui seront débattus. Pour que la discussion soit fructueuse, il est désirable que chaque question, que l'on voudrait voir figurer à l'ordre du jour, soit formulée avec précision.

"Le Comité d'Organisation de Bâle a tenu à ménager également aux hôtes des occasions de contact personnel et de détachement. C'est pourquoi, il a prévu, pour le samedi soir, une libre réunion des participants au Solitude-Park (Grenzacherstrasse) avec un programme récréatif et, pour le dimanche, un banquet à midi au Casino de la ville, suivi, l'après-midi, d'une excursion en bateau à vapeur à Rheinfelden.

"Comme la Journée des Suisses de l'étranger à Bâle coïncidera avec l'Exposition Suisse de l'Habitation (WOBA), les participants à la Journée auront le samedi et le dimanche la faculté, en faisant estampiller leur billet de chemin de fer à l'Exposition (bâtiment de la Foire d'échantillons) d'utiliser pour le retour, sur les C.F.F., un billet de simple course. Renseignements aux guichets des C.F.F.)

"Tout est prévu pour que la 11e Journée des Suisses à l'Etranger continue dignement celles qui l'ont précédée, pour qu'elle constitue, à l'instar de celles que se déroulèrent en 1926 à Lausanne et en 1928 à Lucerne, une imposante manifestation de la Suisse de l'étranger. Les circonstances actuelles, les courants politiques et économiques rendent aujourd'hui l'union de toute la Suisse plus nécessaire que jamais; aussi, le lien étroit qui unit à la Patrie les Suisses vivant à l'étranger ne saurait-il se manifester de façon plus significative et plus élevée que dans une Journée des Suisses à l'Etranger.

a track motor car race and will give a very good idea of what an American journalist can do when he really gets going:—

"The rip-snorting crusaders of speed and Napoleons of danger will have their day today at the Florida State Fair when auto races will get under way promptly at 2.30 o'clock.

"Present indications are that today will be the only time that speed fans will have the opportunity for some time, for no word has been given out that the motor maniacs will be listed over into next week. Over a score of the best benzine battlers who ever pushed the throttle of a race car and who are as unfeared of danger as his Satanic majesty himself, will go out to cop the prizes and risk their neck in this most fascinating of sports.

"The race secretary is frank in his admission that while the track will be fast and dustless, it will be very dangerous and arrangements have been made with the ambulances and first aid tent to take care of the Spartans of Speed who fall by the wayside or go careering through the fence.

"Before the auto races will be the Motor style show, and during the speed events there will be plenty of aerial stunting, some added speed novelties and a blindfold drive of the track by "Deadeye Dick" Ellsworth, magic master of the blocked optics.

"Florida followers of the knights of the roaring road and wrecked ribs hang with Shorty Gingrich of Tampa to win if his Golden Arrow Special holds up to advance reports.

"Sam Purvis, Jacksonville's creme de menthe of hot shots and Hayden Smith, the untamed speeding Jaxon, are primed to give Gingrich or any of his emulators plenty of grief and uphold the honors of the old home town.

"Some say that prophet is without honor in his home bailiwick, but Sam and Hayden along with Hick Jenkins and Scooter Hamilton will have plenty of boosters.

"Crash Waller, who made more noise by wire, letters and postcards about the Jacksonville races than anyone else, has not turned up at the fair-grounds yet. Waller had a ruckus in Jacksonville at one time and is said to be the target of evil desires of several certain parties and he will likely pull up at the race track at post-time. If not it will appear that Wildman Norman's entry and Sam Purvis's several challenges have silenced the loquacious Georgian.

"Those who hearken to the Roman gladiatorial contests, and who like bull fights or machine gun battles will join the more cautious fans today in a program preponderant with pep."

Listen folks, this sure is the dope and if any guy would just hand it out to the S.O., or if that gink K...g will dish up some more pep, I guess it would make the little old paper look up. And so it would. Will K...g please note. Swell fellows, these pressmen.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Five Weeks in America.

By DR. K. E. ECKENSTEIN.

V. INTER ALIA. CONTINUED.

In America they have numerous fish which are unknown in Europe such as Blue-rock and Red Snappers. They seemed to me to be rather tasteless, but perhaps this was due to the method of cooking, for electricity and steam are largely used. Lobsters often make their appearance on the menu and are prepared in different ways and, of course, Homard à l'Américaine thrives on its native heath although under strict observance of the law it is difficult to make it according to the original recipe. Salads are many and various and frequently contain fruit; I once tried one which contained an "alligator pear," though what an "alligator pear" is really like is quite beyond my powers of description. The one thing in which America excels is ice-cream, and the soda fountain provides drinks which are pleasing to the palate even if they are bereft of alcohol. A soda fountain is usually an integral part of a drug store and a drug store is a wonderful institution because it generally seems to contain everything except drugs. Apart from a soda fountain and a perfumery counter one can buy paper, cigars, books, sweets and, tucked away in a corner, drugs.

In New York we went to one restaurant something on the lines of the old "Gambinus" in London which was quite good and I also visited an "Automat" restaurant about which a few words may be of interest. The restaurant consisted of a large room lined with white tiles and looked something like a cross between an operating theatre and the cooling room of a Turkish bath. It certainly was scrupulously clean. Round the walls were small nickel-plated cupboards with glass fronts in which were all kinds and descriptions of viands starting with hors d'œuvres and finishing with fruit, each item in its own little cupboard. On entering the restaurant the first thing to do is to get change at the desk and to obtain a supply of the small coins known as "nickels." A tray is next obtained containing a plate, knife and fork and glass and a tour is made of the room and one, two or three nickels placed in the slot beside the selected cupboard when the glass front automatically springs open and the contents after removal are placed upon the tray. When a selection has been made the tray is carried to one of the small tables which are scattered about the restaurant and the meal partaken of in the usual manner.

Restaurant cars on the trains are particularly well managed and a very great variety of food provided. The meals are well served and iced and feed water can always be obtained. During the