

Beromunster's inauguration

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HOME NEWS

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FEDERAL.

PROFESSOR HUBER'S NEW POST.

National Councillor Schupbach having resigned as a member of the Delegation to the League of Nations, the Federal Council has appointed Professor Huber for this important office, a choice which has found universal approval. As will be remembered Prof. Huber was a member of the International Court of Justice at the Hague, which body he presided in 1925-1927.

LOCAL.

BERNE.

Army—corps commander de Loriot has tendered his resignation to the Federal Council, a successor has not yet been appointed.

Colonel E. Armbruster has resigned from the position of town commandant, a post which he held for the last ten years. His successor will be lieutenant-colonel E. Kollbrunner.

BASLE.

Dr. J. Brodbeck-Sandreuter, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the "Gesellschaft für Chemische Industrie in Basel," has celebrated his 25th service Jubilee. Dr. Brodbeck entered the company in 1906 as secretary to the management and was made a Director in 1918. Since 1928 he was Chairman of this institution.

GRISON.

Since the Swiss Canton of the Grisons was thrown open, at long last, to motorcars, the numbers of road tourists have increased enormously every year. The Grand Council has now voted a sum of 12,500,000 francs (£500,000) towards road construction and repair, to be spread over a period of ten years.

GENEVA.

Col. Fernand Feyler, military critic of the "Journal de Genève," and editor of the "Swiss Military Review," died at the age of 62, after a long illness.

Col. Feyler was professor of war history, strategy, tactics, army organisation, and administration at the Federal Polytechnic of Zurich. During the war his articles on the military operations were universally quoted. He always foresaw events, and when in August, 1914, the German Army was marching on Paris he boldly prophesied its failure. In 1915, when the question of the introduction of compulsory military service in England was discussed, Col. Feyler wrote the introduction to a book entitled "A Citizen Army," which showed how a country can have a citizen army without becoming militarised.

The Grand Council of the State of Geneva, by 48 votes to 47, refused to sanction the proposed loan of 50,000,000 gold francs (2,000,000) to save the Bank of Geneva from liquidation.

The Finance Minister of the Canton and City of Geneva, M. Alexander Moriaud, has resigned. He was Government representative of the Board of directors of the bank. The depositors to the number of 18,000 are mostly Genevese tradespeople. The Genevese Government was a small shareholder in the bank.

The experts' report shows that the capital and reserves of the bank amounted to 27,000,000 francs (£1,080,000), and that the losses amount to 25,000,000 francs (£1,000,000). In case, however, of the bank going into liquidation, the loss is expected to be more than double that figure. This failure is certainly a disaster to the City of Geneva, and comes at a time when economic conditions here are as bad as elsewhere.

The death is reported of M. Henri Boveyron, banker and former State Councillor at the age of 80.

BEROMUNSTER'S INAUGURATION.

Have you ever been present at the launch of a great ship? It is a spectacle with a thrill—or a series of thrills—quite peculiar to itself.

Big ships attract big crowds; their launch upon the great ocean appeals to the heart, as does a wedding. It is the starting point of a great adventure, and "she" is all that matters. Gossip has a place at great launches. All depends, of course, on how goes the launch. Let there be one little hitch and there will be a shaking of heads. Let there be even a departure from the normal ritual at the "christening"—whether it be from the bursting of a bottle of champagne on the massive bows, or the more picturesque release of a flight of doves (such as the Japanese prefer)—and there will be many who will express uneasiness for the vessel's future.

In the four years before the War I happened to be present at the launching of three of the greatest vessels of their kind. One took place on the Tyneside, the second at Clydebank, and the third at Belfast. The tradition of the Irish launching was against the customary use of champagne. At the end of the War, the great ship which had gone "dry" into the waters of Belfast Lough was lying at the bottom of the Mediterranean; the other fine vessels, despite many vicissitudes, passed through the four years of nightmare unscathed. May one not be excused, therefore, for a belief that something really does depend on the nature of the send-off or on "how things go" during the ritual of inauguration?

If this is truly the case, then a great and happy future lies before the Swiss Landessender of Beromünster (77 kW., 459 m., 653 kc/s), the latest addition of the "big noises" in European broadcasting.

No ship taking to the water has ever had so picturesque a send-off as this new "voice of the mountains" whose opening ceremony seemed to be attuned in every way to the spirit of broadcasting and to the lives of those to whom, in future, she will bring a world of music and of useful things hitherto denied to Swiss peasant life.

The Beromünster transmitter stands, as I found it, on a rolling plateau of waving grass, an hour's ride north of Lucerne, at a height about three-quarters that of Snowdon. Swinging in the long grass were wild flowers of all colours, rivals in their way to the gems of melody shortly to be borne abroad from the same spot on the invisible ripples of the ether. It was a perfect day. Around the station, on one side, at a distance, was a chain of snow-clad peaks. Much closer, also around the station, were living chains of children holding festoons of laurel, bouquets of wild flowers, and the flags of the country which they so justly love. A few minutes before we had been in Beromünster itself, a picturesque German-Swiss village, rich in churches, dominated by one which existed long before the Norman Conquest.

In this village—a mass of colour by reason of its hydrangea-bedecked fountains and the hundreds of streamers and flags suspended from the roofs and windows—had been met, first by village maidens in the particular costume of their commune, who had insisted on placing in our buttonholes bouquets culled from their countryside; then by the village band, playing with a precision and understanding of which they have every reason to be proud, and finally by the "big-wigs," who gave us most hearty welcome.

We had quenched our thirst in the principal village inn whose carved stone pillars and whose sideboards in an upper room, with a panelled ceiling, reminded us that they had been in service since the middle of the sixteenth century. We had learned in that inn that the art of the village maidens was not confined to their skill in the blending of wild flowers, but that they could interpret the folk songs of their country with a diction and an ensemble of a rare order. I was not surprised, therefore, when we arrived within the shadows of the transmitter, to find that the same young women, with their traditional bonnets, their wonderfully-worked bodices and many coloured aprons, had already taken their place before the microphone, in readiness to follow the inaugural speech with some further songs full of the joy of living and worthy of their land. They were joined, a little later, by a youth of the village who added colour by means of his accordion. The speeches were worthy of the occasion—which

(Continued on back Page).

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

By KYBURG.

THE BASLER YODLERS:

It is perhaps just as well that the Radio Times did not publish the programme of last night's Variety during which our Yodlers from Basle were billed to produce themselves, in full. I doubt whether many of us would have sacrificed a wonderful summer evening if we had known beforehand that we were going to hear our boys in four songs only and that in between we should have to bear the croaking rauacious noises of an American Band and the more or less feeble jokes of some humorists.

Jean de Casalis was very good, as she always is and that little lecture on melody-cribbing was very interesting too. That band, however, playing at the beginning, in the middle and at the end, was atrocious and sandwiching our Yodlers in between might be compared to an old Appenzeller saying, which, as this is a family paper, I will refrain from citing.

As to the four songs given us by the Basle Yodlers, they were good, especially in the softer passages and the attack of the choir. They made me feel young and "behaglich" in turns, they made me laugh happily and smile a vain smile of remembrance, they filled me with that one and only feeling which comes to a man, long used to exile, when he sees, hears and feels his native country and countrymen again.

But, the four songs were much too short and, for me at least, spoilt somewhat, as I indicated, by the rest of the programme.

I cannot understand the B.B.C. because surely, Yodlers not only rejoice the heart of Swiss, but especially also of Welsh and Scots, and I should have thought that the B.B.C. would give our chaps much more scope. However, THANK YOU, YOU BASLER YODLER! I hope to hear you again and soon, by tuning in one of our Swiss stations.

Among this week's gleanings, I have been favoured by a copy of the "Der Bärenspiegel" which is, I think, a sort of Bernese "Nebel-spalter," only, of course, not so good! I have to add that, otherwise I should lose my Zurich-birthright!

But, I am sufficiently cosmopolitan to enjoy a good story even if it is directed against us citizens of Switzerland's most important canton. I take this from the "Bärenspiegel."

In Zürich wird ein ungemein geistvoller Witz herungeboten: "Es sei ja ganz klar, warum sich der Ballon so lange in der Stratosphäre aufgehalten habe und warum er so langsam habe herunter gehen müssen; es sei doch ein Berner dabei gewesen!" — Fabelhafter Witz, nicht? Aber der Herr Professor wusste wohl, warum er einen Berner und keinen Zürcher mitnahm. Wie hätte z. B. ein Zürcher in der engen Gondel gähnen können? —

Ueberreichen sie beim Empfang in Zürich dem Professor eine goldene und dem Doktor nur eine silberne Medaille — wie wenn die Beiden nicht das genau gleiche geleistet hätten. —

Frau Professor Piccard äusserte einem Reporter gegenüber, dass sie nicht die mindeste Angst um ihren Mann gehabt habe. Nur bei einem allfälligen Fallschirm-Absprung wäre es gefährlich geworden. Als echter Professor vergesse ihr Mann nämlich meistens den Schirm. —

In Amerika hat der Flug (weniger der Wissenschaft, als des Höhenrekords wegen) grosse Begeisterung ausgelöst. Bereits tragen die Damen den sog. "Piccard-Hut," eine Art Märitchörbli-Sturzhelm-Modell.

and now another one, this time against our Bernese friends:

Den rechten Mann auf den rechten Platz!

Zum Landgemeindeschreiber kommt ein Mann und verlangt Unterstützung wegen Arbeitslosigkeit. Zuerst werden die Personalien notiert und dann fragt der Gemeindeschreiber: "Ude, was chent der eigtlich?"
"Ja glehrt ha-n-i neume nüt."
"Chöit der schrybe?"
"Nei: für e Name mache-n-i drü Chrützli."
"U rächeme?"
"E chly, E mu zämezeue bis uf nütin oder zähe."
"U läse?"
"Nei, aber i verstal's, we's e-n-angere vorlist."
"U süsch? Chöit der süsch no öppis?"
"Nei, nid dass i wüsst."
"Ja loset, guete Ma, i euem Fall gits numen

NEWS FROM THE COLONY.

THE BASLER JODLER GROUPE.

A very strenuous programme characterized the short stay in London of the Basler Jodler Groupe.

Arriving at Liverpool Street station on Friday morning they regaled the other early arrivals both from the boat train and the locals with a couple of jodling songs. On Saturday morning they placed a beautiful wreath consisting of Edelweiss and Alpine Roses on the Cenotaph.

Apart from their turn at the English Broadcasting station the outstanding feature of their visit constituted the reception given by Madame Paravicini on Monday evening at 21, Bryanston Square, W. 1, where they sang to a distinguished gathering. H.R.H. Princess Helena Victoria had graced the party with her presence which also included the Duchess of Norfolk with her daughters, Constance Duchess of Westminster, the Duke of Alba and Mrs. Charles Cochran (wife of the well-known producer).

On Sunday evening the Jodlers were the guests of the Swiss Club "Schweizerbund" at 74, Charlotte Street, W.1, and last Tuesday they joined the City Swiss Club at their Monthly Dinner at the Brent Bridge Hotel.

The troupe left last Wednesday morning for Paris, and we believe they have every reason to be satisfied with their short stay. Their programme had been carefully arranged beforehand and we wish to pay a compliment to Mr. E. Siegrist, the organiser, who had spared no pains in securing the well-known deserved success.

SCHWEIZERBUND (SWISS CLUB)

Nowhere could one have found a more homely atmosphere than at the Swiss Club "Schweizerbund," 74 Charlotte Street, W.1, on Sunday evening last. The visit of the "BASLER JODLER GROUPE" attracted an audience beyond all expectations, necessitating the abandonment of the advertised dancing programme. The visitors from our homeland received a great ovation very much befitting the occasion. They fully proved themselves delightful entertainers by the skilful rendering of their songs and yodels, a fact well confirmed by the repeated applause of the audience. These homely tunes and melodies must have touched the hearts of many listeners, reviving in them happy memories of by-gone days. It would have only needed a breeze of "Alpenluft" to carry the spectators away in a trance. It seemed quite apparent that they forgot their artificial surroundings, for they refused to think that their "last bus" was about to leave, shortly before midnight. The singing of the National Anthem by the choir and the audience brought this most successful evening to a close and everyone bade farewell to our welcome visitors.

It is to be hoped that arrangements for further concerts of this description will be made whenever the opportunity presents itself.

E.A.N.

A REVIVED SWISS FESTIVAL.
COSTUME AND FOLKLORE.

Geneva, June 30th.

During the last few days a wave of nationalism has swept over this most international of cities at the foot of Mount Salève. The ancient Festival of Swiss Costume, as it is called, though it means much more than that, is being held here for the first time since 1914, and we seem to have suddenly returned to gay pre-war days when people came to Geneva because it was a lovely place to see and not because there was a League of Nations Secretariat installed at the Quai Woodrow-Wilson.

For a whole week the decorators have been putting up green and flowery arches and turning the streets and quays into avenues of flags and garlands. Though the actual festival occupies only two days—it took place yesterday and is to be repeated to-day—the fun began on Friday, when the first of the 3,500 participants began to drift in from the cantons. At any moment you might run up against a group of gaily dressed peasants among the throngs of Genevese who had come out in the sunshine to look at the decorations, or find yourself held up in a crowd outside a café where some early arrivals from the mountains were already yodelling or singing one of their folk-songs. It was not until Saturday morning, however, that the mass of the processionists came pouring in by train and by road, some in farm wagons drawn by oxen or great powerful horses, some riding mules, and all wearing the costume of their craft and their canton, all carrying implements of work and garlanded in some way or other with flowers. The smell of the little mountain rose was strong in the air, and it was this charming flower that the visitors threw from bunches they carried at anybody whose smile they happened to encounter.

The festival was in two parts—the procession, and the performance later of traditional songs and dances in the Parc des Eaux Vives on the

shores of the lake. The procession, grouped according to districts, took over two hours to pass a given point. Beautiful as the whole effect was, it meant much more than an artistic display of colour and costume, for in it, as the different groups filed past, could be seen all present-day Switzerland—the variation in types striking even some of the Swiss spectators—and a good deal of historic Switzerland as well. Some of the cantons, Obwalden and Zoug, Argovie, and others, had sent among their work-a-day peasants some groups dressed in the ancient costumes of their old families, some of whom were actual descendants of well-known founders of Swiss independence. William Tell and his son, of course, received clamorous applause. An amusing tableau in the Berne section showed the eighteenth-century mountain doctor and his eighteenth-century lady patient, from Fribourg came the model of a 1790 chalet, and from Grisons some genuine old Engadine sledges.

THE REAL THING.

All these belonged to what one might call the fancy-dress part of the pageant. More attractive to many people were the main body of processionists, who come direct from the mountains and valleys in which they live and work. Here were old bearded ploughmen from the oldest canton, Schwyz, fisherman from Lake Constance, vineyard workers from Schaffhouse, with their dray bearing two enormous wine vats, lace-makers from Neuchâtel, linen spinners and weavers from Berne, sugar refiners from Aarberg, and, of course, agricultural and farm workers from all parts of Switzerland, carrying corn sheaves and loaves of bread, and cheeses, and cherries, and other fruits of the earth, and leading sheep and goats. There was plenty of other live stock, too, in the way of chickens and pigs, and beautiful dun-coloured cows, and some very good imitation bears who were exceedingly popular.

But the marchers did nothing so dull as merely to march past. Frequently they broke into song, the girls from Fribourg and from Thurgovie with some particularly charming traditional songs. A group of musicians from Appenzell, the tympanum among their instruments, played delightful dance tunes. Now and then a young mountaineer with a magnificent voice showed what a much more harmonious achievement yodelling is than would be dreamed of from hearing its imitators, while a queer mountain cry uttered by the women, sometimes in the shrill voice of an ancient dame, filled up the few intervals that occurred in the moving volume of sound. The flag-throwers added to the general feeling of incident by their skilful manoeuvres with the Swiss flag flung repeatedly into the air all along the route.

THE FOLKLORE OF IT.

Old and new met very interestingly at more than one point. Together with those who carried flowers and fruits and other evidences of the spring festival came a group of very young girls from Schönenwerd (Soleure) with their leader who is not, I think, called a queen, and their may tree decorated with ribbons, flowers, and eggs, which in some villages is carried still from door to door on May Day, the ceremony concluding with a feast. And not far from the tableau of children from Argovie, representing the introduction into the village of Brunegg of a peal of church bells, came two groups of traditional dancers from East Switzerland clanging bells, who were undoubtedly, from the folklore point of view, the most remarkable feature of the whole festival. The first group were the Kaltbrunner Klause from the canton of St. Gall. They came running and leaping in single file rather like morris dancers, whose costume theirs to some extent resembled, for they were dressed impersonally in white shirts and white trousers, and the enormous sheep bell, which they held out in front in a horizontal position with both hands, was fastened to their broad embroidered leather belt with crossed embroidered straps coming from the shoulders. But the most extraordinary part of their costume was the high leather headdress, which also formed a mask over the whole face and was embossed with various symbols such as the star and the spiral. Did they belong to Africa or ancient Egypt, or Mexico? Or to Merrie England, since they were accompanied by the traditional hobby-horse, also dressed entirely in white, and driven by another dancer who acted as clown? One might have asked all these things had this troop of dancers not appeared in a Swiss procession.

The second group were a curious example of the man-woman so often found accompanying our own traditional dancers. They were men dressed queer glittering headdress of great height and bulk. They wore waxen female masks and four or five largish sheep bells both on their chest and their back. With them came running a jack-in-the-green bearing a large bell back and front.

THE FETE IN THE PARK.

The fête in the park yesterday evening was much spoiled by a thunderstorm. In spite of it, a good deal of traditional music was performed on wooden platforms to spectators who did not seem to mind the rain, perhaps because they felt so sure, to judge by their remarks to English

people present, that the weather would have been worse in England. The most interesting musical event was certainly some very beautiful playing by three Bernese mountaineers on the Alpine horn, an instrument some fifteen to twenty feet long that rests on the ground at one end. The St. Gallen yodellers were especially fine, and quite unceremonious, some of them removing their large wooden pipes from their mouths when their turn came to join in the song. But the rain spoilt the dancing, although one saw some very pretty examples of circular country dances before it began.

As I write, on Sunday morning, the procession again winds its way around Geneva to the accompaniment of distant thunder, while optimists hope for finer weather than yesterday's for the festival of dance and song to follow in the park down by the lake.

Evelyn Sharp.

In Manchester Guardian.

BEROMUNSTER'S INAUGURATION.

(Continued from front Page)

was an important one for the canton of Lucerne, and in fact for the whole of the Swiss Confederation: for Switzerland now possesses a station which ranks amongst the principal ones of Europe, and will be able to remove any false impression which exists regarding the musical standard of the State. It will soon be discovered by European listeners that Switzerland is not content with "yodelling," but that it possesses in its principal cities orchestras which can compare with those of other cities of Europe, which for some particular reason, are generally recognised as musical centres.

We left the Beromünster transmitter shortly before midday and glided down from the plateau through medieval towns and villages to Lucerne, where further speeches and music punctuated and enlivened a well-arranged lunch attended by high State officials, local magistrates, and the leaders from all parts of Switzerland in the new broadcasting movement.

The same evening, at sunset, I was speeding westwards through the mountains, hauled smoothly at about sixty miles an hour by an electric locomotive developing three thousand horse-power—the concentrated energy of millions of fallen snowflakes. Beromünster employs a similar source of electrical energy. Can there be anything more poetic than the transformation of snowflakes into sweet music and radiation of those sounds into valleys where such music has never yet penetrated, into the hospitals and sanatoria where colour is so needed to relieve the greyness of life and suffering, and into foreign industrial cities of which the majority of inhabitants have no chance of seeing for themselves the wonders of the Swiss Oberland?

D.W.

June 26th.

World Radio.

"FUNNY CUTS"

La crise économique rend les affaires pénibles ... et toutes les histoires vraisemblables.

Aussi, Monsieur a-t-il prié Madame de songer à ne pas dépasser le budget qui lui est alloué tous les mois.

— Afin d'y parvenir plus aisément, ma chérie, explique-t-il, tu n'as qu'à tenir un compte très exact de tes dépenses.

A la fin du mois, le budget se trouve nettement en déficit. Monsieur s'en désole et réclame le livre des comptes sur une page, il trouve cette mention: D.S.S.P., 600 frs. Un peu plus loin, les mêmes initiales se répètent en face de sommes diverses.

— Mais, en fin, que signifient ces abréviations? demande Monsieur.

Alors, Madame, toute confuse:

— Elles signifient: Dieu seul sait pourquoi, mon chéri!

* * *

Maman. — Ma petite fille, il faudra que tu ailles voir ta grand-mère cet après-midi. Oui. Elle est malade...

Lolita. — Ma pauvre grand-mère... Qu'est-ce qu'elle a?

Maman. — Eh bien! ma chérie, c'est bien ennuyeux: elle est tombée et elle s'est cassé la jambe...

Lolita (désolée). — Oh!...

Lolita a été songeuse et préoccupée pendant toute la matinée. La voici enfin auprès de sa grand-mère qui est couchée.

Lolita (se jette au cou de sa grand-mère). — Ma pauvre grand-mère... Tu t'es cassé la jambe... (Et elle regarde autour d'elle dans la chambre). Où l'as-tu mise?