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rived there at 4.29 p.m. A short halt at Visp, and we leave for Zermatt at 5.20 p.m. No stop is scheduled over this final 21½ miles of the journey, although there is little scope for speed on the climb ahead, with its rack-and-pinion sections, and the 95 min. schedule normally allotted to stopping trains is worked to.

There are no engineering features of note on the Zermatt line, but there is some incomparable scenery. With the beautiful snow pyramid of the Balfrin, 12,474 ft. high, ahead of us, we mount to Stalden, where the valley forks, the left-hand branch ascending to the favourite resort of Saas-Fee, which cannot yet be reached by rail. The railway, however, takes the right-hand valley, or Nikolai-Tal, crossing to and fro over the rushing Matter Visp, through a profound gorge to the village of St. Niklaus, which is so shut in by the tremendous mountains on both sides of the valley that for several weeks in the winter the sun never succeeds in reaching the village at all. As we pass Randa and Täsch—names beloved of mountaineers—we have immediately on the east of us the highest purely Swiss mountains in the Alps, Dom and Täschhorn in the Mischabel group, 14,942 and 14,758 ft. high, while the west side is lined with such giants as the Weisshorn, the Mettelhorn and others. Glaciers are in view on every hand. Finally, the great cone of the Matterhorn, the “lion” of Zermatt, 14,780 ft. high, comes into sight as we round a mountain shoulder just before reaching Zermatt, and we draw up in the famous mountain resort at 6.55 p.m., in nice time for dinner. The complete journey of 167½ miles has taken 10 hrs. 40 min., and although this only works out at an average of 15.7 m.p.h., given a fine day no one would seek any acceleration of this speed, in view of the unrivalled spectacular attractions of the route.

In the reverse direction the “Glacier Express” is booked to leave Zermatt at 7.30 a.m., and to reach Brigue at 9.15 a.m.; 15 min. later the journey is resumed, the arrival times on the Furka-Oberalp section being 11.20 a.m. at Gletsch, 12.28 p.m. at Andermatt and 2.12 p.m. at Disentis. From here the Raetian Company provide a restaurant car to Reichenau, leaving Disentis at 2.25 and reaching Reichenau at 3.45 p.m., where another restaurant car train is waiting to convey the “Glacier Express” through coach to St. Moritz, the capital of the Engadine being attained at 6.20 p.m., after a journey 10 min. longer than that in the reverse direction. During its course a total “vertical rise” of no less than 11,000 ft. has been surmounted, and the astonished passenger may well settle down in one or other of the delectable holiday centres at its two ends while he recovers his breath from such Alpine railway achievements as these.

HEIMAT.

Ich zog, ein wanderfroh' Geselle,
Durch fremde Dörfer, fremde Städte;
Mir war, klang noch mein Lied so helle,
Ob ich etwas verloren hätte.

Dann plötzlich starb, ich war erschrocken,
Das Wanderlied mir in der Kehle;
Der letzte Ton drang aus der Seele
Wie weher Klang gesprungner Glocken.

Da zog ich heim. Als deine Gauen
Im Abendsonnengold stunden,
Konnt' ich vom Berg dich wieder schauen,
Und alle Trauer war verschwunden.

Anton Bülsterli.

“FUNNY CUTS.”

“I am a woman of few words,” announced the haughty mistress to the new maid. “If I beckon with my finger, that means ‘Come.’”

“Suits me, mum,” replied the girl. “I’m a woman of few words myself. If I shake my head, that means I ain’t comin’.”

Standing at the entrance to a large estate in the country were two large dogs carved out of granite. A tourist, thinking to have some fun with a native asked him.

“How often do they feed those two big dogs?”

“Whenever they bark, sir,” was the reply.

He found his hair was leaving the top of his head, and took his barber to task about it.

“You sold me two bottles of stuff to make my hair grow.”

“It is very strange that it won’t grow again,” said the barber. “I can’t understand it.”

“Well, look here,” said the man. “I don’t mind drinking another bottle, but it must be the last!”

NEWS FROM THE COLONY.



CHARLES CHAPUIS
LATE PRESIDENT
of the
CITY SWISS CLUB.

We have much pleasure in publishing the portrait of M. Ch. Chapuis, whose term of office, as President of the City Swiss Club, has come to an end last Tuesday.

For many years, Mr. Chapuis was President of the Entertainment Committee of the Swiss Mercantile Society of which institution he is an Honorary Member.

Amongst the many offices which Mr. Chapuis held and still holds are:—Hon. Treasurer of the Committee of the Fête Suisse, Delegate on Advisory Board of the Employment Dept. of the Swiss Mercantile Society, etc., etc.

We also wish to put it on record that he was the happy originator of the Entertainment given to wounded soldiers by the Swiss Colony during the War.

SWISS CHORAL SOCIETY.

The Swiss Choral Society announces its Annual Concert for May the 1st, which we consider a most appropriate date.

Can the beautiful spring time be heralded in better than on “Wings of songs.”? We learn that the programme will consist of songs which will gladden everyone’s heart, and satisfy even the most severe critic, and we feel sure that all those who will wend their way to Conway Hall on that day, will spend a most enjoyable evening.

There is no need to enlarge on the merits of this most active Society, they have given innumerable proofs of what they are able to do, and they have given us untold pleasures. To many of our compatriots, who, through one reason or another were unable to visit the green hills of our beloved country, they have brought back cherished memories of long ago.

We are furthermore informed that the Society has been able to engage solists of great reputation, which will no doubt add greatly to the attractiveness of the evening.

The Swiss Choral Society has given their help in a commendable manner to many of the functions in the Colony, is it too much to ask that they should now reap the benefit of their unselfish collaboration? They have set their hearts on filling the Hall and we make an earnest appeal to all our readers to help them to realize their ambition, they well deserve it.

It is hoped that all the passive members of the Society will bring along their friends, both Swiss and English, to show them that in “Song Land” Switzerland does not lag behind any other nation.

Therefore keep your date free on May the 1st and join the happy pilgrimage to Conway Hall, you will not regret it.

SWISS ATTRACTIONS.

A correspondent writes:

“If there are any of us who cannot manage a real holiday in Switzerland this year, the sight of a new film which the Universal people are soon to launch will be something of a compensation. It is called ‘A Song of Switzerland’ and is full of Alpine scenery, Alpine stations and Alpine types. The star is natural and unspoiled. I am not personally a great admirer of the “100% talking ladies” from Hollywood, and the standard of their singing it is better not to discuss. What I liked about what I saw of ‘A Song of Switzerland’ was that it seemed to have nothing whatever to do with Hollywood; the singing of the Guides and village folk was real Swiss singing, and the mountains were real Swiss mountains—and how beautifully do they photograph!

The film will be released soon, now; and the première, at which I hear some important people of the Swiss Colony will be present, will be at the Marble Arch Pavilion, W.

CK’s CORNER.

The Swiss Observer is going to start a new feature which it hopes will be a success and will interest that important section of the public, the readers, regular or occasional, of this paper.

The powers that watch over its destinies have decided to reserve from time to time a space in the paper for the benefit of ck who will be allowed to air his views on most subjects and to give his advice on the way in which the universe should be conducted in general and on matters which he thinks will be interesting to the readers of the Swiss Observer in particular. This will, of course, be counted to me as presumption and will in due time, no doubt, evoke numerous letters to the Editor, much to the Editor’s delight as he seeketh diligently after copy.

I am incited to give utterance to the above remark after reading the last two numbers of the S.O. for when I came across ST’s article I was almost sure that he would get into trouble and so he did. Such is the ingratitude of the human race. ST takes the trouble to write TWO AND A HALF COLUMNS and then as a reward he is told that his taste is low, bordering almost on vulgarity. Poor ST. And yet I am consoled for I seem to remember that the same epithets were applied to some of my own efforts about a year or two ago. So I am in good company, and I feel strengthened and encouraged for goodness only knows what is going to happen to me after I have written a few more articles.

In the meantime, I feel rather nervous about ST as I do not think he has improved matters with his second article. But I would ask those who find criticism so facile to sit down and endeavour to write two and a half columns. Personally, when I have done half a column, I consider I have done very well, but of course, it is very much easier and more satisfactory to go for the other fellow. I often think of all the scathing things I could say about Kyburg, but as he never replies (wise man) I generally write a lovely article and then put it into the wastepaper basket instead of posting it to Leonard Street. However, be of good cheer, ST. Sursum corda. And we will see what we can do in the future.

And now for a few remarks about ck’s corner. I have got a lot of beautiful ideas. Of course, I must not tell you what they are, for the pleasure of a surprise would then be gone and you would not be able to open your copy of the S.O. to read with a superior air the nonsense that fellow ck writes or take up your pen in righteous indignation to tell the Editor that he should buy a new pair of scissors and a new blue pencil and a new pot of paste and a new brush and do a little censoring and thus keep the S.O. up to that intellectual standard required by such an intellectual race and remember the world-wide reputation and not sully the fair name nor besmirch the white pages of the S.O., etc., etc., etc.

I wonder if by this time I have written enough to satisfy the Editor. The bad man never told me how many words he required.

However, in order to celebrate the inauguration of ck’s corner, I am going to offer a prize for the first correct solution received at the Offices of the S. O. to the following devinette.

Mon premier est une partie du corps. Mon second ne convient guère à une Sainte. Mais mon tout est très convenable pour un Saint.

The usual conditions should be observed and the Editor’s decision, or rather ck’s decision will be final. There is no entrance fee and no duplicate tickets will be issued. This competition is suitable for persons of all ages and children in arms may compete. The solution will be published in the columns of the S.O. in due course.

C. E. SCHNEIDER-HALL.†

We regret to inform our readers of the sudden death, which occurred in Switzerland, of Mr. C. E. Schneider-Hall.

The interment took place at Basle on Monday last. Mr. Schneider-Hall was Joint Managing Director of the European and General Express Co., Ltd., of 37, Upper Thames Street, E.C.4., and had been a member of the City Swiss Club since 1927.

SWISS MERCANTILE SOCIETY.

The Swiss Mercantile Society, Limited, was registered on April 9th as a company limited by guarantee, without share capital, with 500 members, each liable for £1 in the event of winding-up. The income and property of the society, whencesoever derived, shall be applied solely towards the promotion of its objects. The objects are: To acquire all or part of the property and undertake all or any of the liabilities of the unincorporated Swiss Mercantile Society, of Swiss House, 34 and 35, Fitzroy Square, W. The registered office is at Swiss House, 34 and 35, Fitzroy Square, W.1.