

Zeitschrift: The Swiss observer : the journal of the Federation of Swiss Societies in the UK

Herausgeber: Federation of Swiss Societies in the United Kingdom

Band: - (1933)

Heft: 587

Rubrik: Personal

Nutzungsbedingungen

Die ETH-Bibliothek ist die Anbieterin der digitalisierten Zeitschriften. Sie besitzt keine Urheberrechte an den Zeitschriften und ist nicht verantwortlich für deren Inhalte. Die Rechte liegen in der Regel bei den Herausgebern beziehungsweise den externen Rechteinhabern. [Siehe Rechtliche Hinweise.](#)

Conditions d'utilisation

L'ETH Library est le fournisseur des revues numérisées. Elle ne détient aucun droit d'auteur sur les revues et n'est pas responsable de leur contenu. En règle générale, les droits sont détenus par les éditeurs ou les détenteurs de droits externes. [Voir Informations légales.](#)

Terms of use

The ETH Library is the provider of the digitised journals. It does not own any copyrights to the journals and is not responsible for their content. The rights usually lie with the publishers or the external rights holders. [See Legal notice.](#)

Download PDF: 04.12.2024

ETH-Bibliothek Zürich, E-Periodica, <https://www.e-periodica.ch>

ABOUT VISIONS.

In one of the recent numbers of the *Swiss Observer* appeared a letter to the Editor, acquainting him of a vision with which one of its faithful subscribers had been "visited." It was a most pleasant vision, and I quite enjoyed reading it; it was rather poetical, and of course, sentimental, which can not be avoided, when love's "sweet dreams" are in question.

We all suffer from visions at one time or another, some are pleasant and some are less so; I personally am of the opinion, that it greatly depends on the hour of the day or the night. I have known some of my friends, who have had visions after a pleasant evening spent amongst friends, yet others were visited early in the morning, and I understand that their vision was somewhat blurred; few seem to have any visions of importance during the day, which proves to me, that this subconscious state of mind is principally acquired in times of relaxation.

Being myself an ordinary mortal, I have, of course, been in that "visionary" state on a good many occasions, but as it is of no great importance to my readers, at what time of the day or the night, I have left, subconsciously, this valley of sorrow, to dwell in higher spheres, I will not enlarge on it.

Quite recently, one of these visions came over me, it descended on me during a starlight night. (Stars of some kind or another, must be included in a vision, or same is not a genuine one). I heard a voice, very faintly coming through the ether, acquainting me with the fact that an unknown benefactor, had left a considerable amount of money to the Editor of the *Swiss Observer*; it was an amount which ended once for all the financial troubles of this famous paper.

In exstasy, I was told, I was heard to murmur words of gratitude for this princely gift. I could see myself in a most luxurious editor's chair, with my coat off, and smoking a big fat cigar, just like one sees editors on the pictures; through the bustle of countless lino-type machines, I yelled continuously instructions to a score of reporters who surrounded me. I saw the publisher rushing in, acquainting me in a hurry, lest someone else should forestall him, that any leader which would come from my proficient pen, would be most generously rewarded. (This is not a hint) I was informed by a person, who called himself the Publicity Manager, that Kyburg's recent appeal to our readers, about inducing their Swiss friends to swell the number of our subscribers, met with an undreamt of success, that the staff was walking knee deep through subscriptions' forms, in fact, that a small office boy had to be literally dug out from the enormous number of application forms. A gentleman most miraculously dressed, and adorned with a shining top hat, informed me that the Swiss Government had decided, following the creditable example of two foreign countries, to grant us a subsidy of £500 a year. (This is a hint). I was in the seventh heaven, sweet music seemed to reach my ears, I could hear the birds singing, church bells were ringing, it was simply an orgy of loveliness, when suddenly a discordant voice made me look up, there was my old shabby alarm clock ringing, reminding me, that it was time to come back to earth. Alas, it was only a vision, gone were those happy dreams of prosperity.

DER BANNERTRAEGER.
VON KARL LERBS.

Ein hanseatischer Gastwirt, seiner guten Eigenschaften wegen mit Recht beliebt, war an einem Leberleiden, das er sich durch treue Erfüllung seiner Berufspflichten ordnungsgemäss zugezogen hatte, tapfer und unauffällig gestorben. Seine Kollegen, zu einem in jedem Betracht stattlichen Verein zusammengeschlossen, fassten einstimmig den Beschluss, ihm die in einem solchen Falle üblichen letzten Ehren mit besonderer Pracht und Herzlichkeit zuteil werden — oder, um im rechten Ausdrucksstil zu bleiben: angelehnen zu lassen. Der Träger des Vereinsbanners, der — mit einem leisen Kopfschütteln sei es gesagt — zu dieser Würde hauptsächlich durch die überragende Wucht seiner Körperlichkeit gelangt war, wurde beauftragt, feierlich seines Amtes zu walten. An die erste Arbeit dieser Beratung schloss sich ein sogenanntes Beisammensein, das ungewöhnlich ausgedehnt und befeuchtet wurde — teils um des Verewigten in traulichen Gesprächen nach Verdienst zu gedenken, teils um das merkwürdig kühle und unbehagliche Gefühl, das sein jäher Hintritt im Inneren der Ueberlebenden hinterliess, mit bewährten Mitteln zu bekämpfen. Die Folge davon war, dass der Bannerträger, bis zur Unkenntlichkeit getrübt, seinen späten Heimweg mit vielen unerwarteten Hindernissen besät sah, und dass er, auf seinem Betrand hockend und in einen zähen Kampf mit unterschiedlichen Bekleidungsgegenständen buchstäblich verwickelt, es für nötig hielt, sich den verpflichtenden Ernst seiner Aufgabe durch eine eindringliche Selbstansprache klar zu machen.

Doch gelangte er am anderen Morgen unter

With a heavy heart, I went that morning to the city to occupy my humble editor's chair; and the first letter I opened read as follows:
Dear Editor,

Please discontinue sending me your paper, as you seem to have no brain, which happily coincides with a low state in my exchequer.
Yours fraternally,
"Old Grumbler."

Curiously enough that very same morning, after I had recovered from the shock, I was acquainted with the fact, that the Annual Banquet and Dance of the Swiss Mercantile Society would take place early next month (February 4th). This brought back to me another vision, and as the visitation came upon me in broad daylight, I feel somehow inclined to think, that the awakening from it would be less painful, and more in accordance with reality.

Perhaps *vision* in this particular case is not the right word, and the expression "remembrances" would be more to the point, and I feel sure that my readers will not grudge me the pleasure, if I let my thoughts wander back for some years, when I first made the acquaintance of this illustrious Society. The S.M.S. was my first love, through this institution I entered into the official life of the colony, and I am glad to say, we have ever since remained sweethearts. I think I have mentioned it before here, that I considered this Society "my spiritual home," which I hope will not upset some of the other institutions, which since have embraced me in their fold. It is a case of "On reviens toujours a ces premiers amours" — Back go my thoughts to those early days of the war, when the thunder of the guns, and the dropping of bombs, lent some vivid colouring to the arguments at the monthly meetings.

More than once those meetings came to a premature close, owing to the warning "to take cover." Then there were those most enjoyable Smoking Concerts, on which occasion "the old guard" used to turn up in great numbers; and who has forgotten those happy entertainments to wounded British Soldiers at Gatti's and the Union Helvetia? There were scores more of reunions, each of them accompanied with great success. Soon after the close of the war, thanks to a number of enterprising youngsters, who were carefully reared, the Society launched out on a large scheme for educational purposes; years of hard and unceasing work brought into being the college, which is to-day not only the pride of every member, but also of the Colony as a whole, and one can truly say that the work performed is of national importance.

Those who were at the head of the Society had but one aim, the one to create an institution which would enable our young compatriots to make a good start in life. I feel sure there is not one member of the Society, who does not agree with me, that the labours of those, who set out on their big task, have been crowned with success, which exceeds the expectations of even the most sanguine ones.

It is not to be wondered at, that owing to the heavy work, which had to be overcome, the social side in the life of the Society, had to suffer. Many who regularly attended the meetings dropped out, as to hear of nothing else but school

matters, became boring, and many a well-known face, who had been seen in previous days, disappeared; alas, not only did they not take anymore an active part in the work of the Society, but they also discontinued attending the social functions.

Happily enough, the College has now for some considerable time, been in full working order, and the committee of the Society is now resolved to give the social side its due consideration.

The coming Annual Banquet is a splendid opportunity to re-unite once more old friends and members, and I would like to make a passionate appeal to some of my one time co-workers, to come along and spend a few happy and carefree hours amongst the younger elite. I feel sure that in doing so, they would pass a most enjoyable evening, and old and dear remembrances could be exchanged, old friendships could be cemented and new ones made. I have been informed from competent quarters, that the speech making will take but little time, and therefore this excuse for not attending, which is so often used, will not hold good.

The Swiss Minister will be in the Chair, and a great number of guests will be present. Let us hope then, that this event will be a real Re-union, and will become the starting point of a new era of social intercourse.

ST.

SWISS MERCANTILE SOCIETY LTD.

Annual Banquet and Ball
on
Saturday, February 4th 1933
at the
MIDLAND GRAND HOTEL,
ST. PANCRAS, - - - N.W.1.

RECEPTION	DINNER	DANCING
at 7 p.m.	at 7.30 p.m.	10 p.m. to 1 a.m.

TICKETS at 13/6 can be obtained at Swiss House, 34-35, Fitzroy Square, W.1. (Tel. Museum 6693), and City Office, 24, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4. (Tel. City 7719).

FOYER SUISSE

Moderate Prices	12-15, Upper Bedford Place.
Running Hot & Cold Water	Russell Square.
Central Heating	London, W.C.1.
Continental Cuisine	

PERSONAL.

M. G. Forrer, who has recently lost his wife, celebrated last Wednesday his 89th birthday, and we are sending him our best wishes.

Worte des Geistlichen zu erfassen: Und daraus ergab sich, wenn schon nichts sonst, so doch die Tatsache, dass dort unten nicht ein ihm bekannter Gastwirt, sondern eine ihm unbekannte Frau zur Ruhe gebettet wurde. So stand er, pflichtgetreu, aber um genau vierundzwanzig Stunden zu früh, durch das Riesenmass seines Wuchses genötigt, standzuhalten und neben dem Banner anzufragen, das ihm mit grausamer Deutlichkeit weithin sichtbar auswies, und das die Treue seines Trägers noch nie auf eine so harte Probe gestellt hatte. Was er in dieser Viertelstunde zu sich selbst sagte, kann hier nicht wiederholt werden, da es geeignet erscheint, einen Stand zu schädigen, der für diese Vorgänge nur in sehr begrenztem Masse haftbar gemacht werden kann. Wohl aber müssen wir berichten, was der grauhäutige kleine Mann sagte, der am Schluss der Feier den Bannerträger am Arm ergriff und ein rührendes Gesicht mit rotgeweinten Augen und einem tränenfeuchten verstruwellten Graubart zu ihm emporkehrte: es seien ihm, sagte der Fremde mit wankender Stimme, beim Tode seiner lieben Frau unzählige Beweise der Teilnahme gespendet worden; keiner aber hatte ihn so tief ergriffen und zugleich in seinem Leide so stolz gemacht wie die hochherzige Selbstverleugung des "Wirtevereins von 1856," der seiner schärfsten Gegnerin, der Vorsitzenden und Vorkämpferin des Abstinenzbundes, auf ihrem letzten Wege das Ehrengelicht gebe. Dies, sagte er, indessen er die schwarzbaumwollene Riesenfaust mit beiden Händen umklammerte, werde er nie vergessen; und er wandte sich schluchzend zum Gehen. Während der Bannerträger, jeder Fähigkeit zur gedachten oder gesprochenen Stellungnahme durchaus beraubt, wie ein Standbild auf eine unverdiente Niederlage einsam am Grabe zurtückblieb.

N.Z.Z.