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But there is another reason also why Switzerland should not have felt the full effect of the depression to the same degree as the greater nations, and it is not without pride that I am given an opportunity to mention it here. This reason lies in the psychology of the people itself, produced partly by tradition and surroundings, partly by upbringing and instruction. We have not in Switzerland the unhealthy condition of enormous towns in the midst of comparatively depopulated country districts; on the contrary, the habitable portions of our country, roughly two thirds of the total area, are all more or less evenly covered with flourishing villages and small townships. Accordingly, wealth is distributed much more evenly; there are no excessively wealthy, nor abjectly poor people. It may be said that each family possess something of their own, that something more often than not a small holding of freehold ground, perhaps with a cow or two, perhaps only goats or chickens, but sufficient to feed the family in distress. The father and the grown up sons probably are labourers or factory workers and their wages are most certainly necessary to them, but they can and do save when in work, and they do not starve when there is no work at the factory. They automatically revert to the soil at such times. The instinct of looking to the soil for help in the last instance, or at the first opportunity, is still very powerful in the Swiss. Is it any wonder therefore that he can hold out longer and that, even after a prolonged period of unemployment, he still feels the independence of the unconquered?

Another time honoured and sacred institution of Switzerland is passing into the realms of history. The monastery of the Great St. Bernard, where the famous dogs were bred and used for the rescue of poor and lost travellers for so many centuries, has given up this service to humanity. Modern traffic conditions have made it unnecessary. The monks of the brotherhood are dispersing: two of them, Melly and Coquoz, with a few lay brethren and a number of the famous dogs, have sailed East to superintend the erection of the new monastery of St. Bernard on the St-La Pass in the Himalayan mountains, about 12,000 feet above sea level. Senator Marconi has offered to build for them a special low wave wireless set so that they may remain in daily contact with their mother institution.—

Have you heard yet of the classic ride of Mr. Tschiffeli? Mr. Tschiffeli was a Swiss schoolmaster at Buenos Aires, but he preferred the open spaces to the classroom and must have thought more of the good points of a horse than of a pupil. He is a fine adventurer and did one of those things which all of us at one time or another would have given our life to do. After a renewed attack of the wanderlust, he bought himself two cross-bred horses and a pair of spurs, packed his bundles on the one, bestrode the other and rode out of the northern gate of Buenos Aires. Always north, out of the Argentine, through Paraguay, Bolivia, Brazil, Columbia, across the Panama Canal, always North through Costarica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Guatemala, Mexico and the United States to Washington, where he shook hands (or ought to have done) with the President. I forget how many months this ride of some 10,000 miles took him, but I am sure that he had a very good time and I doubt very much whether he will ever return to the classroom to teach little boys algebra.

Mr. Suter then addressed the very many children among the audience and set them a number of riddles and conundrums, which were evidently highly appreciated. The answers to the following three — What did William tell? Why did William tell? and When did William tell? he expects to receive at the next N.S.H. Film Show in November next.

Next some beautiful pictures about winter sport were shown, and many a sportsman's heart must have beaten quicker when he saw those skiers speeding over the glittering snow fields.

The light was then switched on again, and M. C. R. Paravicini, the Swiss Minister, who received a hearty ovation, shortly addressed the audience, voicing his appreciation of the worthy efforts made by M. Suter, and the Nouvelle Société Helvétique, in fostering and strengthening the ties of attachment to our native land.

Much admired were the various scenes of the different popular festivals in Switzerland, such as the Narcissus Fête, etc. Felix the cat also made an appearance much to the delight of the children present. During the "second house," M. Hoffmann-de Visme spoke a few words, which were greatly appreciated.

The Nouvelle Société Helvétique again have given us immeasurable pleasure, and they richly deserve the thanks of all those who have had the pleasure to attend their performance, they have managed to knit the ties which attach us to our country still closer, and to keep awake in us the love for our beautiful little homeland.

NEWS FROM THE COLONY.

CITY SWISS CLUB.

La seule soirée dansante organisée cet hiver par le City Swiss Club a eu lieu samedi dernier, au May Fair Hotel, et le nombre de 170 participants — un record, semble-t-il — prouve éloquentement l'attraction et la popularité de cette fête. Pareille affluence, dépassant de beaucoup l'attente la plus optimiste du Comité, avait paru aux organisateurs un véritable embarras d'abondance, mais — disons-le de suite — toute appréhension fut vite dissipée. Car le May Fair Hotel, avisé à temps, avait bien fait les choses. Si bien que son fameux "jardin," autrement dit "garden suite" — ce lieu de rendez-vous par excellence du City Swiss Club, que l'auteur de ces lignes a décrit plusieurs fois ici avec un enthousiasme croissant à chaque occasion — put accueillir sans difficulté les très nombreux membres et amis du Club et leur offrir à tous, sans exception, tout ce qu'ils pouvaient souhaiter et désirer au point de vue de l'aisance et du confort.

L'orchestre Colombo, qui sert le Club fidèlement depuis bien des années, avait envoyé d'excellents musiciens pour agrémenter le dîner par l'exécution d'un programme choisi, tandis que, selon la coutume, d'autres musiciens, spécialistes du rythme de la valse, du fox-trot, du tango, prirent leurs places durant les trois ou quatre heures de danses qui suivirent.

N'oublions pas de dire également que le May Fair Hotel avait préparé un excellent repas, qui fut très apprécié.

En conclusion, soirée très réussie, qui laissera sûrement à tous le meilleur souvenir.

J.Z.

CITY SWISS CLUB.

February 25th, 1933.

As the Secretary has promised to write one of his beautiful reports about the events of the Cinderella dance on Saturday last at the May Fair Hotel, I feel that I am at liberty to restrict myself to a few impressions which I gathered together and collected during the course of the evening.

I arrived late. I do not think that anyone noticed my arrival, but I have observed during the course of many years, that would-be celebrities make a point of being late, though all really great people are on time, for does not the poet say that punctuality is the politeness of kings and soviets.

On my arrival, I found that at least 170 people were eating hard — No, no! I mean were bestowing their kind attention on those good things which had been selected for them by the Committee of the C. S. C. and provided by the management of the May Fair Hotel, aided by the illustrious chef and his faithful band of hard-working minions.

When I entered the 'garden scene' feeling rather like Mephistopheles escorting Marguerite and wondering if a few fireworks might not cheer up the proceedings, I found that the consommé was being consumed and I hinted delicately to the waiter that I should like to sample either the Norwegian delights or the Florida Cup charged with liqueurs (this sounded especially tempting) or the little boats filled with caviar, but it was intimated to me by the aforesaid waiter that the tact which characterises the waiters of May Fair that this could not be done and that I had better step on the gas and start right in with the little devils made of Gruyère cheese which I presume were intended to enliven the soup. So I did as I was told and started with the second item on the programme and a very good dinner it was.

I have said that I entered the 'garden scene,' and although I have been in this room several times, I have never really examined it before. The genius who designed it, must be congratulated on having evolved a colour scheme which, by reason of its variegated tints, must be in harmony with almost any frock. Wallflowers and wisteria, cornfields and sunflowers, dutch gardens and hollyhocks, pergolas and peacocks, all blend together in the riot colour to make one forget the murkiness and mistiness, the cold and the damp of the outside world, and even the glories of the few remaining platinum blondes pale before its painted magnificence.

Among many well-known people I noticed the genial Editor of the Swiss Observer, looking as rubicund as ever. I endeavoured to cajole him into writing this article instead of being obliged to do it myself, but he was not to be won over by any blandishments or promises of other articles in a more or less distant future.

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Fortunately, I was sitting next to a charming lady who gave me some valuable information about the frocks worn by the ladies present. I gather that one of the most fashionable colours is called 'tango.' Being only a poor and insignificant member of the inferior sex, I fail to understand why it should be called 'tango.' 'Tangerino' I could have understood, as it might have been a shade of orange, but 'tango'?

I was greatly pleased with some apple green shoes which would have gone well with the tango frock, had not the wearer seen fit to make another choice, but apple green shoes go well with a black frock. I learnt that taffetas and argandi are two of the favourite materials this year, but what taffetas is and organdi should be, is another matter.

After dinner, dancing evolved in earnest, and in the course of the evening a spot dance was held, though I have strong suspicions that the spot existed only in the imagination of our energetic Secretary.

In short, a very pleasant evening, and I shall be interested to hear if there are any criticisms. I did hear that one of our best dancers considered that the music was too fast, but as I am ignorant of these matters, I am unable to express any opinion thereon.

And now if you really do wish to know what took place at the May Fair Hotel on this occasion, you have only to read the Secretary's account and compare it with that written by

ek.