

**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:** 604  
  
**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:** 12.05.2025

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

He belonged to the Liberal Party. His successor in the Federal Chamber will be Dr. Arnold Saxer, Central Secretary to the "Landesverband freier Schweizer Arbeiter."

Pastor P. Stärkle in Montlingen has been appointed "Stiftsarchivar" of St. Gall in succession to Dr. Müller who has advanced to "Stiftsbibliothekar."

VALAIS.

States Councillor R. Evéquoz has celebrated his 70th birthday. Mr. Evéquoz studied law at the Universities of Paris, Bonn and Berlin, and practised later on as an advocate in Sitten. At the early age of 26 he was elected to the Grand Council over which he presided in 1895/96. In the year 1902 he was elected a member of the National Council, and he presided over this body in 1923/24, since 1928 he represents his canton in the States Council. He belongs to the Conservative party.

TICINO.

M. Antonio Soldini, the well-known sculptor has died at Lugano at the age of 80. He took a great interest in politics, and sat for many years in the Grand Council; in 1901 he entered the National Council.

FOOTBALL.

14th May, 1933.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Grasshoppers	.....4	Urania	.....4
Young Fellows	.....4	Carouge	.....0
Young Boys	.....2	Servette	.....1

Grasshoppers and Young Boys are champions in their respective groups and play in the Finals for the Swiss Championship, together with the better of the two runner's-up (Basel or Servette) and the First League Champion, F.C. Bern.

FIRST LEAGUE.

Bern	.....3	Locarno	.....1
Montreux	.....4	Olten	.....3

Bözingen v Racing, the last outstanding league match had to be postponed. Bözingen must win if they are to have a chance to escape relegation. Olten go down.

FIRST LEAGUE CHALLENGE, FINAL.

St. Gallen	.....4	Etoile Ch. de F.	.....5
------------	--------	------------------	--------

And that Cup Medals has gone "West" as well!

The following Clubs have gained promotion from League II:

Juventus (Zurich) and Kreuzlingen  
Fribourg and Monthey

The last two therefore succeeded to regain their First League status at the first attempt. Kreuzlingen in 1932 joined League II being promoted from League III and now have improved on their previous success by a further step up. Congratulations! Juventus are Zurich's Ticinesi who reach First League status for the first time, at the expense of Black Stars (Basel).

One word about the season's tit-bit. On Saturday the 20th inst. Switzerland meet England at 5.30 p.m. on the Neufeld in Bern. The match is sure to be broadcast. Lucky the man who has a set sensitive enough to bet Beromünster in the daytime. Unfortunately the S.O. has not yet secured enough new subscribers to warrant commissioning a special reporter of this momentous match. The more's the pity! I had visions, but as of old, they turned out to be just empty dreams. Our Reds will have a difficult hurdle to negotiate. All our good wishes are with them and may they play the game of their lives!

M.G.

VIGNETTES:

By KYBURG.

May 1914:

A beautiful trip to the regions of the Upper Danube, thence to the Black Forest, had brought me on May 1st 1914 to the beautiful town of Freiburg im Breisgau, where, that night, it was my good fortune to eat my dinner with a young German couple, then recently married. He had been a friend of mine in London, years before, had returned to his native town and his sweetheart, and so, on that memorable 1st of May 1914, we were sitting in the best Restaurant of Freiburg, in the garden and ate a wonderful dinner, and drank each other's health in sparkling wine. Around us in that crowded garden were the heads of the Military in their resplendent uniforms, as well as private citizens accompanied by their ladies. The night air was heavy with the scent of LILAC, Freiburg being called the Lilac-Town on account of the truly wonderful Lilac trees and Lilac bushes, which nearly smothered the town and especially the suburbs with their penetrating lovely perfume. A wonderful night, when life was at its best, when we were young, when the dinner was good, the wine excellent, when the future seemed assured, when no worries of any

serious nature rattled like skeletons in the secret cupboards of our souls, in short, a night to be remembered for its exquisite sweetness. At midnight there came down to us, from the Schlossberg towering high above the old town the famous song "Der Mai ist gekommen" sung by the students of Freiburg university and everybody got up in high spirits, drank each other's good health and for one blissful moment, it seemed as if nothing could ever go wrong with life, as if Paradise had descended on Earth.

May 1918:

A wonderful spring. Again the LILAC perfumes the air, not of Freiburg this time, as far as I am concerned, but of a lovely old world English garden high up on one of the Surrey Downs, overlooking the Godstone Road and Valley. Spring flowers everywhere, luscious lawns in their first emerald greenness, old stately trees in their first spring-attire, birds singing their mating songs, bees humming and bumble bees droning, Jays screeching, blackbirds shrieking, now and again a rabbit's tail twinkling for a moment, bobbing up and down as its wearer runs towards its earth. A gentle breeze, lazy clouds sailing leisurely along the blue sea off the sky. Life again seems wonderful. At least it would, were it not for a sickening rumbling sound which never ceases. A murmur at times, low and sinister, always murmuring. Now and again punctuated by a heavier sound, as if of a distant explosion of some sort. But always, like the drums in the Jungle, that low, sinister rumble, that everlasting never ending deep something. At times one does not know whether one HEARS it, or whether one FEELS it. One does not know quite if it is a sound, or if it is only a sickening feeling in the listener. But all the time it persists, until one realises what it is. Over there, south-east wards, some 70 odd miles away, the great armies of European manhood are clasped tightly together, a loathsome, horrible death-embrace and the horrible low sickening rumble is but the sound of the everlasting drum fire, of the explosions that take place over there and we, who are looking around us and out into the glorious scenery Nature has provided for us on that beautiful Spring-day, we feel that each sound that comes to us from over there means so and so many young lives cut down, so and so many young men mutilated, horribly tortured, gassed, shot to pieces, slain by brother hand. And all through the days, never ending it continues, that loathsome sinister noise, all through the still night, that faint murmur, that sickening rumbling continues, always and always and each sound that comes to us means the same thing, horror unspeakable, death in its vilest form, torture such as no Spanish inquisitor ever invented. May 1918!

May 1933:

LILAC TIME AGAIN. In my little front garden I have planted six standard Lilac trees. At the back we have two very large Lilac bushes. We adore them and we revel in their beauty and their lovely scent. Of an evening and also early mornings, that scent is lovely beyond words and makes you glad to be alive. Spring flowers, Tulips, Daffodils, Siberian Wallflowers, Primroses, etc., and in the Rockery the beautiful purple and pink Aubretia and the snowy white Arabis delight our eyes, while the border plants are showing their first spikes and promise further feasts for our senses by and by. Again, we feel glad to of never ceasing, always worrying rumblings. Only, 't is not our ears which are assailed this time, 't is no our ears which are assailed this time, its our hearts that are heavy with worry and wonder.

Fifteen long years have elapsed since the Nations made PEACE with each other and agreed to live amicably together and forget, or at least, live down the scars caused by the fratricidal struggle between 1914-1918.

Fifteen Long Years!

To-day the Nations are still waiting for PEACE. True, European Nations are at peace — with a very small "p" — with one another. That is to say, they are keeping their armies, their aeroplanes and fleets, not to mention their gas-apparatus and other death dealing means, in check and behind their own frontiers. On the other hand, Europe, in common with the rest of the World, has gone back, during the last 15 years, some THREE HUNDRED YEARS. We are back

again in the middle ages, when each little town or burg fortified itself against the nearest robber baron or piratically inclined neighbour. Only, in this century of grace, we are doing this not so much by walls, made of concrete and plaster, but by Tariffs and Quotas and Exchange Restrictions. The result is the same.

Again, the liberty of the individual, the liberty of speech, one might almost say the liberty of thought, has in many countries in Europe disappeared. In Germany we have Hitler and his followers waging fierce and determined war against the Jews. It is the Jews to-day, but who is there, who could say, without fear of being contradicted by events later on, that it might not be the Protestants or the Roman Catholics to-morrow, not perhaps in Germany alone?

The point is that privileges for which mankind in all civilised countries had to fight for centuries before they won them and which are considered elementary privileges forming the very basis of any civilised community, have gone by the board in a few weeks' time. Not by the common consent of the people so affected directly, but by a majority rule imposing such action on a numerically very strong minority. And, at VERSAILLES, they talked about safeguarding MINORITIES!

I am a friend of Germany. I am a friend of any people or Nation willing to help in the building up of our civilisation and the furtherance of mankind's well-being on Earth. But I say this: If a Nation, be it Germany or any other, submits, willingly or unwillingly to the abolition of privileges which to my mind are vitally important for the well-being of the human family, then I do not recognise that Nation as belonging for the time being to the comity of civilised nations, nor do I recognise their Rulers as spokesman for any such nation. I will, therefore, not consider the Germany of to-day as anything but a candidate for membership to the Comity of civilised nations and not a Member and all my actions, my thoughts and any expression I may give to them, will be in accordance with that point of view.

That does not mean that we have to boycott Germany. On the contrary it means that we have to let light into Germany, by informing the German Nation whenever we can, what we think of their present Rulers and their actions, and by showing them that they must change their methods if they wish to be treated as full members of civilised humanity.

Some there are who think that HITLER may succeed in carrying out his plans. They forget that to do so, Hitler would have to abolish in the first instance, the popular schools throughout Germany. As long as young Germany is going to school, Hitlerism cannot survive à la longue. It may do a lot of mischief, perhaps also, like Fascism in Italy, a lot of good in some respects, but it carries not one, but a host of death germs in its heart and must come to grief sooner rather than later.

Meanwhile, Hitlerism provides the low, disturbing rumblings which mitigate the delight we would otherwise feel when drinking in the beauty of our English Spring, of our LILAC TIME!

But, perhaps, it is when looking at Nature in its celestial spring garb, that we find consolation. Nature teaches us that such delights of SPRING and the subsequent fulfilment of Summer and Autumn are possible only, after the preparations made during the cold, frosty and stormy winter-months. So, perhaps, with our human family and its present economic and political troubles. They too may be the preparations made in the Winter of our Discontent, so that by and by we may see the beautiful Spring — perhaps the World Economic Conference may act as Spring! — and the glorious fruit in the Autumn, after a pleasant, not too hot, but agreeable Summer!

PERSONAL.

We have great pleasure to inform our readers that Mr. Alphons Steiger, the sympathetic President of the "Kirchenpflege" is celebrating his 80th birthday Anniversary on the 24th inst. We take this opportunity to send him our heartiest congratulations to this happy event, hoping that he will remain amongst us for many more years blessed with good health.

Boarding School for Girls

CHEXBRES

sur VEVEY

SWITZERLAND.

In prominent position above the Lake of Geneva.

French Section of PROFESSOR BUSER'S

Sub-Alpine Boarding School at

Teufen

near St. Gall.

COMPLETE SCHOOLING UP TO MATRICULATION.

Commercial diploma. Housewifery section. Intensive training in modern languages. Colloquial language: French. The best equipped institution with large sports grounds and playing fields. All living rooms face the sun. Sports and gymnastics under the supervision of resident mistress. Bathing in the lake.

Summer Holidays with Language Courses. Beginning of the School-year September 15th.