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**"HEIL!" HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.**

It is none of our business if 60 million Germans either from sheer enthusiasm or compulsion or even fear, are shouting themselves hoarse with "Heil Hitler!" It has equally nothing to do with us Swiss, if the Nazi's find it necessary to unload their wrath on the heads of their Jewish population, this is an internal affair and concerns Germany alone, although one can have one's personal opinion about the persecution of a race, which has helped Germany greatly towards the towering heights of intellectual achievements. We also are not concerned in giving a verdict on the utterances of the Nazi chief about such men as Stresemann, Brüning and many others, who are today branded as arch traitors to their Fatherland; but one is, of course, at liberty to remember that these men have striven hard, conscientiously and courageously, within the bounds of the then existing constitution, to lead their country out of the terrible straits in which it found itself; thus having gained the esteem of all peace loving people all over the world. — We are not asked, whether we approve of the "cremation" of such books as Bertha v. Suttner's "Die Waffen Nieder" or Remarque's "All quiet on the Western Front," or "Le Feu" from Barbusse, although these books have described war exactly how it is, namely a ghastly and damnable affair.

But what we are concerned about, and very much so, is the way in which some of our countrymen at home are trying to imitate Hitlerism. Those who have of late perused regularly our Swiss papers must have read with bewilderment of the creation of the various "Fronten," such as the "Federal Front," the "National Front," the "New Front," and the "Harst." I have striven very hard indeed to get a clear picture of what these various organisations intend to do, but so far I have utterly failed to detect a convincing programme.

Colonel Sonderegger, a late chief of the General Staff of the Swiss Army and a member of the "New Front" has lately addressed two meetings, one at Zurich and the other at Geneva, he declared that his organisation was fighting against "Marxism," pacifism, anti-militarism, internationalism, and "Jewish civilisation." The "gallant" Colonel demanded that Jews naturalised in Switzerland should be deprived of their Swiss nationality, and he denounced the Freemasons solely on account of their relations with other countries. The Jews, he said, were the organisers of Socialism and pacifism. The colonel also incited the small shopkeepers to picket the large shops and try to dissuade the public from buying at them.

The "Harst" which is the name of a troop of medieval Swiss mercenaries, is perhaps the most extreme group, the most undefiled imitation

of Hitlerism, even in its outward appearance. They salute each other with uplifted right arm, and have substituted the "Heil Hitler" by the battle cry of the old Swiss "Harus." In all these various "Fronten, the decree which was promulgated by the Federal Council, forbidding political parties to wear uniforms or other "distinctive signs," has been greeted with disgust.

Some of the other organisations demand openly the suppression of the Swiss Federal system, and the centralisation of the whole country under a dictator. All this clearly shows that the aims of these "Fronten" are the same as those of their German prototypes, and would inevitably lead to the suppression of our constitution. Who, our readers may ask, are the leaders of these organisations, well they are mostly young and ambitious men, some of them embittered because the existing political parties did not offer them sufficient advancement, their meetings are largely attended, and though their arguments are often unconvincing, they are greatly applauded.

I am not going to say that everything in Switzerland is, as it ought to be; our political parties at home are far from perfect, and have not kept up with the times, here an infusion of new blood and a new vitality would be beneficial; nor are some of our administrations exactly as one would like them to be, but one must bear in mind that the source of the manifold troubles lays not in our country, but in the crisis, which is shaking the economic structure of the whole world.

Such immense problems and questions of vital importance cannot be solved by shouting "Harus" or by wearing a coloured shirt, nor does the prosecution of a small minority (there are about 16-18,000 Jews in Switzerland) bring us any nearer to that prosperity to which a tired world is looking forward. I read somewhere that "every country deserves the Jews it got," "I have many Jew friends in Switzerland, and they have been every bit as nice as my Christian friends, furthermore when our country called its soldiers to the frontiers in 1914, they answered the call as eagerly as we did, and they would have, I am sure, given their lives just as willingly for our country, as their Christian brethren, and if they are good enough to die for one's country, they should be good enough to live for it too. There are no two kinds of "Eidgenossen" in Switzerland, and any country which persecutes a law abiding minority, should have no place amongst civilised nations. There must be no "jew-biting" in Switzerland.

Our Constitution gives every citizen of the Confederation the right to collaborate, our government enjoys the confidence of the vast majority, there is therefore no need for a dictator, and it would be a far, far better thing if some of these hot heads, who are taking themselves a great deal too seriously, would use their enthusiasm, as well as their brains in building up and improving,

what our forefathers have created, instead of destroying a sound foundation, especially as they have, so far, nothing better to offer.—

Here comes a warning, I intend to spend my summer holiday in Switzerland, and Heaven help the man, be he of whichever "Front" who greets me with "Harus" (the only translation of which I can think of, being "Hair-out"); he will get a piece of my mind, in good plain "Bärdütsch," because first of all I cannot afford to lose anymore hair, and secondly it is really stupid and "unschweizerisch," if it is really necessary to "Heil" somebody then read our National Anthem in which we sing:

"HEIL DIR HELVETIA..."

ST.

**NEWS FROM THE COLONY.**

**HELVETICA LODGE.**

**Ladies' Festival.**

The Helvetica Lodge, which is the Swiss Masonic Lodge in London under the English Constitution, held its Ladies' Festival on Friday, May 19th, at the Park Lane Hotel, W.1, Mr. G. Laemlé being in the Chair.

The function started shortly after 7 o'clock with a reception by the President.

During the dinner a musical programme was presented by Newman's Band, and I greatly appreciated the quietness of the music, as on several occasions lately one had to listen to orchestras, which played as if they were summing the happy revellers to their last judgment.

An attractive menu card, bound with a blue ribbon formed a very pretty table decoration, the feature being Ladies and Gentlemen in their old Swiss costumes; on the inside pages were the Swiss and the Bernese escutcheons, the latter I understand was meant as a compliment to the Chairman, who hails from the town of the Bears, and as it so happened that we share the same distinction, I was mightily pleased too. The Dinner was as attractive as the menu card, and was well in keeping with what one is accustomed to expect from a famous place like the Park Lane Hotel.

During dinner, numerous toasts were drunk, in fact they were so numerous that I hardly found time to swallow some of the dainty morsels in between. These toasts were announced by loud knocks with a wooden hammer, which a Gentleman in my near vicinity started, and two other Gentlemen, whom I could not locate, lustily provided the echo. I understand that this is a custom held in lodges, but by the time the hammering was over, my fair companion was nearly stunned.

The loyal toast to "H.M. the King," and to "The President of the Swiss Confederation and the Federal Council" were proposed by the Chair-

And while on the subject of gold, and as regards the statesman who wants to inflate the currency just a little and then stop, one cannot help thinking of the man who went to the corner "pub" just to have one single drink, and then did not return home for 3 days.

Well, the World Economic Conference will soon take care of all the mess we have got into in the last years. We begin to realize that we simply cannot go on for ever calling our own phone number when calling someone else, turning on the lights to see if the lights are out, and looking at ourselves in a mirror and wondering who it is. — Some of these days, the world will awake and exclaim like little Barbara: Daddy, when did you take the bandage off your car? Barbara had seen her daddy mending a broken window in his car with adhesive tape over and over again, until a new window was put in occasionally without her knowledge.

In the meantime the flowers are blooming in Regents Park, in Kew Gardens, everywhere. On Hyde Park Corner, the eternal philosophers keep on improving the world, and somebody puts an Ad. in the Hartford Times: "front room, suitable for two ladies, use of kitchen or two gentlemen", which just shows that the world is somehow going her way, no matter how disgusted we are.

Good pictures in town, we think, are "A Bedtime Story" with jolly Chevalier at the Carlton, "Emil and the Detectives," still running in the Cinema House New Oxford Street, and as far as shows go: "Wild Violets" should be seen at the Drury Lane, "Mother of Pearls" at the Gaiety, or the "Roadhouse" at the Whitehall Theatre.—

If you have seen them or do not care to, let's have a friendly game of cards — no, if we must take ourselves again so frightfully serious, let's play bridge!

Mops.

**LONDON GOSSIP.**

**RHODODENDRON TIME.**

Some people, of course, will argue that this column should be edited in French, others will say that it should be in German, and still others are convinced that "Schwyzerdütsch" only would be appropriate, — if not "Baaslerisch." To satisfy all, let us gossip in English, if only for the sake of doing in Rome as the Romans do.

It is the privilege of the Everyman to criticise the world and world's events, as well as what the next door neighbour does. Mr. Everyman, of course, never does anything wrong in front of his own bath-room mirror, except that he forgets usually that it is his neighbour's privilege as well, to criticise.

It has been said that romance has gone out of date, and that the twentieth century spirit, whatever that is, — is ruling the world. — But then, when the "20th century train" from Chicago enters the Grand Central in New York, and the locomotive breathing: that's that, and the locomotive of the Continental train in Victoria Station sighs: home, home — isn't that romance?

And incidentally, have you ever seen Nappier's picture of a girl painted in 1755, with that "removing" 1933 expression? — Maybe, the bright young things of to-day are, after all, not so new and original as they pretend to be.— Next time you visit the Wallace collection, look at the girl; she is at your right when you enter.

Rumours are that Marlene Dietrich is in Europe, somewhere, with 7 trunks — all pants. Well, the "Lindale News" say in connection with the craze of the fairer sex for wearing pants that it is O.K. for them to wear pants, but think that they shouldn't show.

Talking about women, and what they can do: Ruth Draper — a single woman, a dress and a curtain make a show that keeps a full house for

2 hours spellbound. She was at the Golders Green Hippodrome the other day. What this woman can see, where other people just glance, is more than many a husband could stand. She creates scene after scene, a cavalcade of life, by mere suggestion, while the audience thinks with her and sees. The full house should prove that the "movies" have not succeeded as yet in making a public unable to think at all.

It surely must be insulting to the beauties of Hollywood to learn that King Kong, a 50ft. Ape is a greater box-office attraction than bare legs and sobbing hearts. — But the spirit of adventure, the desire for the extraordinary are as strong as ever in the human race. King Kong surely is unique and bizarre, but still quite conceivable — and furthermore, he is an Ape. Even the 1, 2 and 3 foot apes in the Regents Park Zoo can pride themselves on attracting more people than any Westend Art Exhibition. — This, of course, is no proof whatever for Darwin's theory of evolution.

Now that the Switzerland-England football match is over, we can again step into the ordinary rut of every day life. We are probably some few shillings lighter on account of a family bet, calling for 1:4 the field instead of 0:4. — The only thing to worry about is the potential fact that some Reverend or other 7-day visitor to Switzerland now again might compose a cock or hentail story, on the saying that most Swiss have one leg shorter than the other one because they have to walk so often on the incline of the mountains. — And as regards the result of the match, Mr. Hemingway will "fold" his eyes and say: No wonder.—

Some Gentlemen at lunch were rather loose in their remarks about the Swiss franc and gold. — Of course, we know that the English cannot stand swank — at least not in foreigners: but why should we always try to knock out the conceit in the other fellow? — This crack goes both ways!