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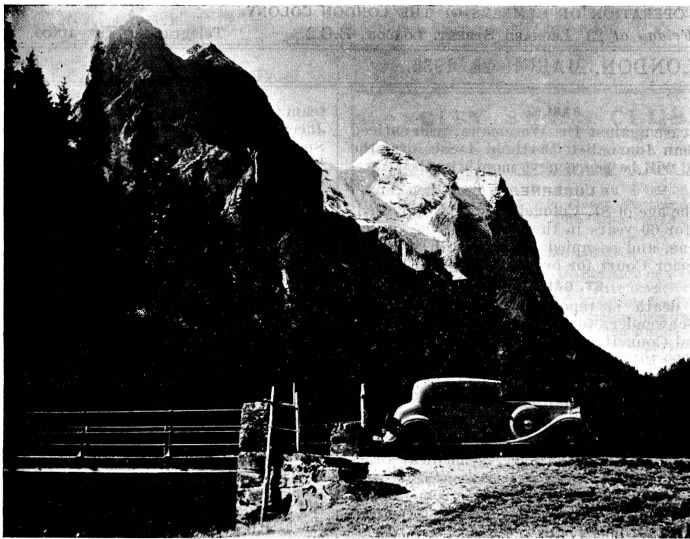
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# On "Passing" in the Snipe Sports Saloon.



A halt near Rosenlauri (4,500 ft.) — presenting delightful views of the Wellhorn (10,500 ft.) and the Wetterhorn (12,000 ft.).  
Photo by courtesy of "Modern Motoring."

Channel ports are cheerless places at the best of times. Either one finds them deserted or they teem with harassed beings mostly looking rather seedy.

We reached Dover in a heavy down-pour, to find a charabanc completely obstructing the docks' entrance; this was forty minutes before sailing time, and one is told to be alongside the boat not later than half-an-hour before the boat leaves.

After some delay we were let through only to be held up by the arm of the Law, happily shepherding locomotives to and fro between us and the quay-side. We reached the boat's side ten minutes before sailing-time, extremely unpopular. Compassion kindled in several official hearts, however, and we were soon safely embarked, headed for France.

Let no one say that Calais is a beautiful town. In any case, I doubt whether any queenly heart would be moved by its back streets, even on a sunny day.

We betook ourselves to a small estaminet in the heart of the town and after a square meal, Calais seemed a better and brighter place.

Our first night on foreign soil was spent at Amiens; a noisy place, and we slept badly. The hotel was very comfortable otherwise.

A noticeable feature was the shrill ringing of an alarm bell, which dominated the general chorus of tram bells and klaxons. This alarm we traced to a cinema, outside which it rings continuously during the performance — a quaint idea!

The morn ushered Sunday and our peace was early and rudely disturbed by the tramping of talkative sportsmen off for a day's shooting. Down to breakfast — a mistake in France! — and we got away with the minimum of delay.

A fast run took us to Rheims, home of champagne and a fine town, where we had lunch. From there we headed for the Vosges, reaching Contrexéville for the night.

From Calais to Bar-le-Duc the scenery is negligible and speed counts for everything. Many a time our "Snipe" touched 80 m.p.h. With no legal speed limit and scarcely any traffic outside the towns, speed becomes second nature across Northern France.

The third and last stage on the outward run was from Contrexéville to Berne, Switzerland. We took our time over this. Indeed, it was the beginning of a leisurely tour amidst scenery so remarkable that one marvels at so many road users being content to tour the crowded roads at home when so much awaits them on the Continent. "Formalities" no doubt put them off; a great pity, because everything nowadays is so easy.

The Vosges left an impression of gentle hills and fragrant forests, with pleasant farmsteads scattered here and there. Thence to Domrémy-la-Pucelle, birthplace of Joan of Arc — pausing to gaze at meadows coloured with Autumn Crocus. Yes, the Vosges are pretty — prettier than the Hte. Saône. The road, furthermore, is better than by the Côte d'Or route and less frequented than the Moselle way.

We entered Switzerland at Boncourt, taking

the route from Belfort across the Jura to Bienne. The Swiss have built a fine new road over the mountains.

The Jura are on a bigger scale than the Vosges, and it was from the winding road down into Bienne that we obtained our first glimpse of the real Alps, their full splendour spread across the horizon. The Jura deserve a full description, but I must be content to mention the Col des Rangiers and the Taubenloch Gorge, whose fantastic limestone cliffs a thousand feet high, seem to begrudge way to the road, the river and the railway.

Picture a township of the Middle Ages perched on a promontory high above a swift river, with narrow cobbled streets and arcaded foot-walks, and you have some idea of Berne.

Characteristically the town is clean to the point of fastidiousness. A walk down the old streets at night, peeping into shop windows and breathing sharp mountain air is strongly recommended. Only voices joined in quiet part-singing broke the stillness.

From Berne it is a short run to the Oberland mountains, which rise to a height of thirteen thousand feet above sea-level. The roads, if winding, are well built and maintained, so that we made excellent time to Zurich despite numerous halts to enjoy the scenery.

We selected the longer but more picturesque route, through Interlaken and Lucerne, passing the Lakes of Thoune and Brienz and crossing the Brunig Pass.

Although one of the lesser passes — it is under 4,000 ft. — the Brunig has a sharp gradient which made not a few cars boil, but caused us no trouble.

A succession of very pleasant runs took us in a wide circle through the eastern and central Alps, getting as far as St. Moritz and ending up at Berne again.

We took in our stride five of the big passes — the Julier, Albula, Oberalp, Furka and Grimsel — and actually ascended nearly 30,000 ft. during the whole tour. It would take a nimble pen adequately to describe the full beauty of the scenes we encountered. I shall make no attempt to do so, but advise all those who enjoy mountain landscapes on the grand scale to cover the ground themselves; and to do the tour in easy stages.

The run does not involve any difficult driving but never lacks interest. The Albula road certainly is a little narrow when meeting other cars, yet this is more than compensated for by the impressive scenery and good running surface.

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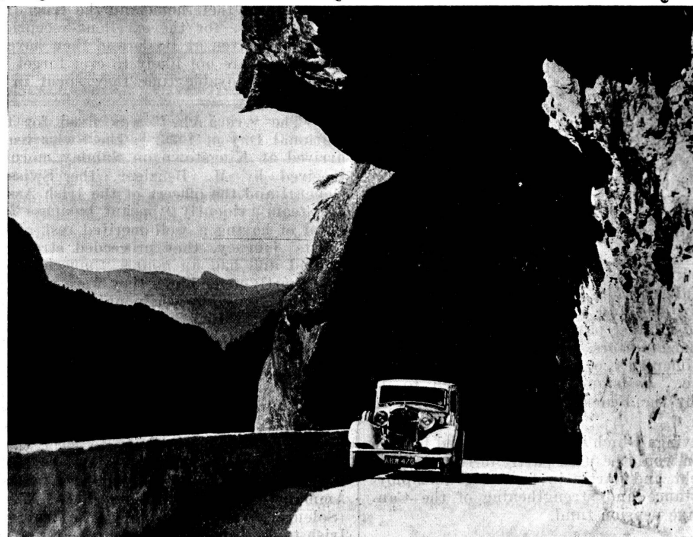
The best sport during our run was provided by the Rosenlauri road, which takes one up 2,500 ft. in a series of rapid hairpins, from Meiringen to the foot of the Wetterhorn. At one point the road does a double turn between high walls of living rock.

Rosenlauri is not generally known to the motorist, but deserves to be. It is one of those quiet back-waters where one feels obliged to put the car aside for a day or two and stretch one's legs.

There is so much to discover and a lot to be learned. In the course of our rambles we met parties who were out for climbing honours, chasing from one district to another over the passes and crowding the intervals with high-pressure climbing. We got to recognise them from the rope and gleaming axes often tied on to the car where readily accessible without upsetting all the baggage. A useful object lesson for those who travel with much luggage and need a little of it often.

I have two vivid recollections stamped in my mind. The first concerns garage service. We reached Berne coated with mud, so I asked the charge for a wash down. Five francs, they said, so I left them to it. Now five francs, though seven-and-six to us, is worth only four shillings to the Swiss. Judge then my delight the following morning when I found they had not only washed the bodywork and tender parts, but cleaned up the whole engine, etc., like new.

The second souvenir is of a more permanent character, being in the nature of a broken fog lamp. It happened this way. We took the car up a lane, where, strictly speaking, no car should have ventured, and followed its winding course for a mile or so. This brought us to a cup-like meadow encircled with pine forest — the ideal spot for a picnic, for there was a waterfall and a rushing stream at one end of the clearing. A pretty scene with two old chalets set in the meadow and a few cows browsing the short turf. So we stayed on. After a bathe in the stream we set off through the woods in a mood of discovery. The damage was discovered when we got back; an angry cow attended by her offspring stood beside the car, eyeing the results with apparent satisfaction. Of course, it was our fault for having left the car unattended with cows about. The bovine mother evidently took offence at the in-



On the Grimsel Pass road which attains a height of 7,000 ft. and gives glorious panoramas of mountain beauty.  
Photo by courtesy of "Modern Motoring."

truder and gouged our fog lamp by way of disapproval.

Cows seem to be the chief chattel of the Swiss peasant. The result is that large herds are occasionally met on the road, especially in September. Personally I rather like these Swiss cows, with their Jersey colouring, fluffy ears and large bells. A heard on the road may delay traffic, but the music of their bells should dispel the sourest humour — the music of mountains regions.

You, dear reader, too, could profit much by a voyage of exploration!

S.D.

#### FIRST APPEARANCE IN ENGLAND.

##### Ronald Adam Secures Trudi Schoop and her Comic Ballet.

TRUDI SCHOOP, famous Swiss dancer, will make her first appearance in England with her Comic Ballet on Monday next, March 30th, at the Embassy Theatre.

Miss Schoop will arrive with her Troupe of sixteen dancers on Saturday next, March 28th.

She is returning from a triumphant tour of the United States where she made a series of almost fantastically successful appearances.

The American press were unanimous in their praise of this unusual ballet and hailed Miss Schoop as an actress like Elizabeth Bergner, a comedienne like Charlie Chaplin and a dancer like Anna Pavlova.

Miss Schoop has already been signed up, with her Troupe, for a further tour in America next year. She is now on her way back to the Continent to fulfil engagements and Ronald Adam, managing director of the Embassy Theatre, is very pleased at having obtained her for her first appearance in this country on her way.

Strangely enough it was Trudi Schoop's hands, and not her feet, that were insured in America for £60,000, because she uses her hands so much to gain her comic effects.

Mr. Adam feels he has something entirely new to offer playgoers in this country in Trudi Schoop, as her gift for subtle pantomime lifts her performance out of the realm of purely technical dancing into the field of riotous comedy.

Not only does Trudi Schoop play the leading part, but she writes as well as produces her ballets.

As is already known, Trudi Schoop is famous all over the Continent. Her two brothers, Max and Paul, are also famous. Max, a famous painter, designed the costumes, and Paul, a composer of note, wrote much of the music for the ballets.

The arrival of this talented company in England is awaited with much interest and anticipation.

#### ERMINIO MARCHESI †.

We deeply regret to inform our readers of the passing away of M. Erminio Marchesi, at Poschiavo (Switzerland).

M. Marchesi was born in Poschiavo in 1871, and after having passed through the elementary schools of his home town, he emigrated together with about ten of his fellow citizens to England; where he remained for over 40 years at Norwich.

In that town he owned four large tea rooms, which were excellently managed. He found a faithful and helpful partner in his wife, née Jenny Dannahr, who presented him with eight children, of whom two died in their infancy. Throughout his stay in this country, he remained a true Swiss, and he took great care that his children should learn to love the country and language of their father.

He frequently visited his home town, Poschiavo, where he spent long holidays. M. Marchesi always carried with him the two letters of his parents in which they gave him their blessing, and it was his wish that these should go with him to his last resting place.

A generous and noble minded Swiss has thus departed from us, and his passing away has left a great gap amongst his friends in Poschiavo and Norwich. We tender his family our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

#### MAX MUSCHIK †.

The death is announced of one of the oldest members of the Schweizerbund, Mr. Max Muschik, who was laid to rest on Monday, 23rd inst. He attained the ripe old age of 84, and will long be remembered by the Swiss Colony as a man of outstanding ability both literary and musical. His sound advice and judgment was always sought by his co-members, and the services he rendered to the Club earned him honorary membership. The familiar figure of this in more ways than one remarkable man will be missed by many, especially the older members.

1.

## Annual Dinner

### "SCHWEIZERBUND" (Swiss Club)

THURSDAY, MARCH 19th 1936,

at

74, Charlotte Street, W.I.

Whilst I am writing this report, the sun is gloriously shining on my desk, imbuing me with the feeling that at last Winter has past, and glorious Spring time is in the air. The same feelings took hold of me, on Thursday last, the 19th of March, when I had the pleasure to attend the 58th Annual Dinner of the "Schweizerbund" (Swiss Club) at their headquarters, 74, Charlotte Street, W.I. Almost a riotous atmosphere was prevalent throughout the evening, an atmosphere of joy and happiness. Forgotten were the serious aspects of the political situation, and the daily worries with which one has to put up with nowadays.

Nearly a hundred members and friends assembled to spend an evening in most congenial company.

The dinner served was excellent, and endeared all the participants at once to Mr. and Mrs. Rossier, the popular steward and stewardess of the Club.

A Swiss dinner without the usual toasts is quite impossible, and the first toast proposed by the Chairman, Mr. F. Hediger, was the one to H. M. the King, followed by the one to H. M. the Queen and the Royal Family. The last toast was dedicated to our country, and was responded to with great enthusiasm.

Amongst great applause, the President of the "Schweizerbund," Mr. F. Hediger, then rose and addressed the company as follows:

For the second year in succession I am privileged and happy to welcome you to our Annual Dinner and Ball. I thank you heartily for the support you give us to-night by attending in such large numbers.

Owing to Full mourning being observed by H. M. Court and ipso facto by the Diplomatic Corps, the Swiss Minister, Monsieur C. R. Paravicini — who would otherwise have been only too pleased to occupy the chair — has asked me to please excuse him, and to express his regret at not being with us to-night. For the same reason no member of the Legation is present.

I should like to single out for a special welcome our Trustees: Messrs. Joerin, Keller, Scheidegger and Bernard — and to thank them for their continued support of the old Club. At the same time we are very happy to have with us to-night our Honorary Members — pillars of the Club in days gone by — when things went well and when they were able to leave us a little legacy behind in the form of a reserve which has enabled us to carry on during the lean times. Their presence is always an encouragement to the younger generation.

Our great thanks are due to our Affiliated Societies, who have made the Swiss Club their home and headquarters, and whose representatives are with us to-night, namely:—

Société du Secours Mutuel des Suisses à Londres,

Unione Ticinese,

London Symphonic and Social Choir, and Swiss Gymnastic Society London.

We fully realise how much we are indebted to each of them for their support during the past year, which I can assure them is appreciated to the full. It is our constant concern to make them comfortable.

Reviewing the events of the past year, I can put things in a nut shell when I say we just about succeeded in making ends meet. We are grateful to all for their services rendered, namely:— The Committee, the Secretary, the Steward and Stewardess, Mr. and Mrs. Rossier, all the Members of the staff, and especially the Entertainment Committee, composed of Mrs. Rossier, Messrs. Joerin, Swan, Nussle and the Secretary, for their good work in living things up and for the results obtained thereby.

In spite of difficult conditions, when old members one by one stay away and when new arrivals from home are few and far between, provided we have your support, we shall continue to make this old Club what it was always intended to be:— A Second Home for all our Members.

This short address received a hearty acknow-

ledgement, but it was perhaps a little unkind of the President to allude to the "Diplomatic Corps" as the Diplomatic Corpse, I can assure him they are still "very much alive."

Mr. H. Caluori, Vice-President of the Club, then extended a hearty welcome to the official guests, namely:

Mr. and Mrs. Bleiker (representing the Société des Secours Mutuels);

Mr. Gambazzi (representing the Unione Ticinese); Mr. Boehringer (representing the City Swiss Club);

Mr. Steinmann (representing the Swiss Mercantile Society);

Mr. Bloch (representing the Swiss Gymnastic Society);

Mr. Swan (representing the Symphonic Social Choir);

Mr. Stauffer (representing the Swiss Observer).

The pleasant task to say "thank you," on behalf of the guests, was entrusted to Mr. Gambazzi, President of the Unione Ticinese, and he adequately voiced the feelings of the guests, when he said that the Annual Dinner of the Club is always eagerly awaited by the representatives of all the other Swiss Societies. —

An Annual Dinner without ladies is quite unthinkable, it would be like roast-beef without dripping, and I am glad to say that quite a bevy of charming ladies adorned the Banqueting Hall. Mr. E. Laechler, who is, I understand the only available bachelor, was entrusted with the toast to the Ladies. He did it well, and paid some generous compliments to the fairest of the fair; and if he truly believes what he said, I hope it will not be long before he enters into that matrimonial state which is, or at least should be, still a closed book to him. Watching him dancing later on in the evening, I noticed that he made remarkable progress towards that state which will preclude him from proposing the next toast to "The Ladies" twelve months hence. —

Mr. Bloch, who acted throughout the evening very efficiently as toastmaster, then informed the gathering that the London Symphonic and Social Choir would entertain the company with one or two songs.

This choir, under the conductorship of Mr. Seymour, who is no stranger to the Colony, sang "An der schönen blauen Donau," and I need hardly emphasize that this ever young and popular valse, sung with much feeling, received an almost tumultuous applause.

It is a most remarkable thing how this valse, that everyone must have heard over a hundred times, still casts a spell over an audience. Whilst they sang this popular tune, I could see the many shining eyes of the Ladies present, sparkling brighter and even some of the "elderly" gentlemen started to "sway" in "Dreiviertelakt."

This valse has never disappointed me, but somehow the "blue Danube" did, when I saw this famous river for the first time, some 10 months ago at Vienna: as intently as I gazed, I could not detect the "blueness" of it, neither at morning, noon or night.

As an encore the Choir then sang, "In einem kühlen Grunde," which received an equally hearty reception.

Dancing then started, and during one of the intervals, Mrs. Aebersold, accompanied by Mrs. Scherrer, gave us some Swiss Yodels: I have heard Mrs. Aebersold now for a good many years singing, perhaps for more years than she would like me to remind her, but her voice is still as young and fresh as ever, I wonder how she does it?

At two o'clock a.m. this very enjoyable function came to an end, and the famous "Zibele" soup was served, which laid in some of us a necessary foundation for the daily toil.

Before I close this report, of an evening full of enjoyment, I would like to voice a wish that some of the Swiss Societies would try to arrange some of their perhaps smaller functions at the headquarters of the Swiss Club, as well as at the Union Helvetia Club, they will find, I am sure, a congenial atmosphere there and a hearty welcome.

ST.

Drink delicious "Ovaltine"  
at every meal—for Health!