

**Zeitschrift:** Helvetia : magazine of the Swiss Society of New Zealand  
**Herausgeber:** Swiss Society of New Zealand  
**Band:** 12 (1947)  
**Heft:** 10

**Artikel:** Sylvester - Obet  
**Autor:** Moosberger, A.  
**DOI:** <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-943003>

### **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:** 02.04.2025

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

Sylvester - Obet

A me Altjohr-Obet, do isch es de Bruuch,  
do macht me sich lostig ond hauts öppe ruuch,  
do chömets denn zäme de Hans ond de Fritz,  
ond händ ä paar Fläsche ond verzellet enand Witz  
sie plauderet ond mämelet, wie's ä so goht,  
d'Ziit goht ome, ond 's werd denn halt spoht,  
entlech gegem Morge do findet sie sei Ziit,  
Zunge wärdet schwär ond de Heiweg ist wiit,  
do trampets denn use of dem lange Weg,  
de Hans ond de Fritz sind nūme guet zweg,  
sie gönd Arm in Arm ond verwechslet no Bei,  
ond plampet omerand, chönd fast nūme hei,  
d'Chleider verhodlet ond d'Schueh volle Choat,  
ond müend no acht geh, dass sie's nöd überschloht,  
erst deheime do chönnts ne in Sii,  
es tüeg ne nöd guet, de viele Wii,  
noch ä paar Stonde, de Chopf ist so schwär,  
s'ärgst ist denn öbere, de Mage ist lär,  
denn sägets zue sich selber, was bin i för en Porscht,  
Gester hani z'viel g'soffe ond hüüt hani no Dorscht,  
do machets ehrni Gedanke, ond nänd sich denn vor  
jetz werd denn nūme so viel g'soffe im neue Johr!

A. Moosberger.

theme to dwell on but they serve as symbol of the general lavishness which, next to its mountains and lakes, is Switzerland's salient characteristic to the Englishman, and most other Europeans today. Shops and markets are full of fruit and vegetables, apples and pears, plums and apricots and nectarines and peaches and cherries and bananas (as many of these last as you want) mostly at prices well below what they would cost if you could get them in England.

For that matter all the shops are full of everything. Shabby Englishmen, straining the currency restrictions to renew their wardrobes without coupons - I have just seen walking the streets of Thun a pair of unmistakable Swiss shoes that will soon be evoking astonishment and admiration in the Banbury road - and some of them debating whether to invest in shirts that would perplex Piccadilly or risk finding themselves before the coupon-period ends with no shirts at all. Most of these things cost rather more at the current rate of exchange (about 17.35 to the £) than in London, but ladies' underwear, I learn on good and entirely suitable authority, is much cheaper, particularly - but what need, after all, to particularise? As for the confiseries and chocolate-shops they are beyond anything the Englishman of today can imagine; the local demand must be enormous, for every third or fourth shop seems to offer such wares. Shops full of cheeses flank shops full of cutlery and others full of leather-ware. It is all part of the general lavishness; even the lavatory-cisterns do their work with a vigour and a volume that would horrify the Metropolitan Water Board. Electric lights blaze all night. Only coal is short and dear.

But of course, there is far more than that to Switzerland, and the common things here strike the traveller returning after seven or eight years with a new freshness. Never, even before the war, do I remember Switzerland as quite the garden it is today. The number of millions of geraniums alone is beyond computation. It must run easily into scores, for not the humblest wooden chalet is without its adornment of scarlet and green along every window-sill. Trees here are not planted so much by rivers of water as by pools of water, pools some of them several miles long. Never, I should imagine, did any country know how to make so much of water and greenery. You look across the brilliance of flowers and the green of mown grass to the brilliant blue of the lake, with more emerald grass beyond, and above that the deeper green of the pines, and capping all the eternal snows. That is Switzerland, and the