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eis: Trättet i di rächte partei y u wärdet z' Bärn inne Schuelmeister!"

Alas! Life does not consist of jokes alone, although many a philosopher or would be philosopher has come to the conclusion that LIFE is one long joke. (j!) I said "alas!" because I am still in London, trying to earn my living, trying to forget that holiday time is here and that others, more fortunate perhaps than I have already gone to join the happy folks who wander over our Swiss Mountains just now.

But, really, it is not so bad. After all England is at its very best just now too and the scenery down our way, along the banks of the Thames Estuary is really wonderful, especially when we get our summery sun-sets, as we do these days. And, listen: Last week I was a very unhappy man. Could not hit a ball, could not find a comfortable stance even on the tee, sliced and pulled and was ready to sell my clubs for a song. Then, last Saturday, late in the evening I suddenly came on my game again. The whole outlook changed. Life became good once more, things took on a rosier hue, a fresh zest came into my being, a feeling that that elusive medal might yet be mine one day soon. Life is like that to a golfer, he he ever such a rabbit and those who do not play golf do not know, cannot realise what depths of feelings one has to plumb now and again.

And now I am looking forward to the next game. I am sure I shall do well, better than ever. I am sure too, when I listen to the small voice of experience, that to be sure in golf means dire failure! Again, such is life for golfers! Can you beat it? Can you understand it?

HIKING is a very ugly word to my mind, but, as so often, this ugly word denotes a very wonderful sport. That hiking is now all the rage is good for a lot of people. There is a revulsion from using motor cars too much, I think. People who, like myself, have been motoring for years and years, know that without some other, more muscle using passtime, the motorists is apt to get fat and lazy. HIKING coupled with motoring makes an ideal combination. You get your car to take you swiftly out of Town to some delectable point from which you then hike it. Walk, walk, walk! And what is more glorious than that feeling of physical tiredness which you can only get by walking?

Readers of the Swiss Observer may remember how I described motoring to Cornwall and walking down there and how rapturous I felt about it then and still do. However, to close this week's notes I will give place to a man much better qualified to write about such things than I am, namely to Lt. Col. G. S. Hutchinson, D.S.O.M.C. that lover of Switzerland. In Hiking and Motoring in The High Alps:

Hiking—and Motoring—in the High Alps.
Europe's "Empty Corner" Explored.

I have hiked nearly everywhere, often as a footslogger, sometimes as a tramp. I have explored the Western Highlands, vales, moors, and peaks of the Lake District, Wales, Yorkshire and the Borderland.

I have gone far afield, too. I have traced the headwaters of the Ganges among the Him-

layas, climbed among the Smoky Mountains of Carolina, and in the Austrian Tyrol. I have marched across the blazing sands of the Sudan, and have penetrated the tangled scrub of Central Africa. I have walked the paved streets of every capital city in Europe, and those of Delhi, Melbourne, Colombo and New York.

But what I have seen has not always been as a hiker. I enjoy the luxury of speed travel, free from the irritations of the road, or high above the landscape, almost intoxicated by the thrill of the air. I tramp in the world's inaccessible places upon reliable legs. When I need speed with reliability I choose Rolls-Royce, with my foot on the accelerator.

The Inn Valley.

Last year in considering a summer holiday I felt an impulse to discover some place in Europe not overrun with charabancs, an empty corner, as it were, in which there might be found solitude, where Nature was unhurt by civilisation, and yet sufficiently close to centres of human contact and communication for me to keep in touch with the intricate network of affairs from which few men can afford for long to escape.

I desired, too, to have a pied a terre, some centre of culture so that the refinement of society other than my own, good music, and the stimulation of tennis and dancing would prevent me from relapsing into the state of a cave-dweller among rocks and forests.

In past years I have travelled up and down Europe. I know its capitals intimately—Lisbon to Constantinople, Stockholm to Rome; and its plains, forests, mountains, beaches, rivers, cities and lakes. I seem to have penetrated nearly every corner. Then a friend told me of the Swiss National Forest, and of the wonderful valley of the Inn, hedged in by mountains which form the frontiers of Switzerland, Austria and Italy.

Here I found the perfect playground; not only a place in which to amuse oneself in a diversity of ways—mountaineering, long tramps over high passes and through rugged, uninhabited valleys, with tennis, golf and excursions by motor—but a health resort which has few equals in Europe.

Superb Lake View.

The Rhatian Railway, one of the world's engineering feats, brings the traveller across gigantic mountain passes down to the valley of the Inn. But one may travel also in the coaches of the Swiss Postal Service. I preferred to explore these valleys by car.

I went through Switzerland to Coire, crossing the Julier Pass, 7,500 feet, with glorious views of the Bernina Range, and down to the exquisite lakeland of the Upper Engadine.

Beyond St. Moritz I was dazzled with the superb view of lakes skirted with woods, and above them the granite heights of Borgnuela, along the shores of lakes I glided to the incredibly rugged and steep pass of Maloja, evidently the result of some prehistoric landslide. Down the steep serpentine, amid giant pines and firs, I descended to the Italian frontier.

Then I turned east again through the Romanish country, with its mediaeval names and castles, Sus, Zernetz and Crastalasha, and over the Ofen Pass at 7,000 feet. Flanking my road lay the fortresses of the Swiss National Forest. As I sped beside it I seemed to peer upon a prehistoric world from the supreme comfort of 20th century civilisation.

Journey's End.

I came to my journey's end—Tarasp. For holiday-makers, the whole range of the Swiss National Park lies at their doorstep. In the splendour of its mountain scenery, the unique beauty of its valleys, and in its rugged picturesqueness it is not equalled in any part of Europe.

Between the two ranges of giant summits bounding the valley, with their high-lying secret glaciers and their sheer rocky walls, extend on the lower levels wide stretches of dark forest, chains of beautiful hills and plateaux of green meadow and golden field. Splendid castles, survivors from the Middle Ages, dominant features in the fairy landscape of this Alpine valley with its impetuous river, present an admirable scene.

The forests and high Alps are the hunting grounds for chamois, ibex and red deer; the meadows and valleys are richly carpeted with flowers in wonderful variety; while in Tarasp itself is not only a first-class tennis club, but also a very well-planned golf course, and some of the most beautiful gardens in which I have ever wandered.

The more adventurous may cross the snow passes to Davos and Klosters, or may scale such imposing peaks as Piz Kesch, Piz Buin and the Silvrettahorn. Those who seek only rest may find it in the peace of hotels, or in contemplation of the surrounding mountain heights.

Castle of Tarasp.

The Castle of Tarasp, restored and modernised by an eminent German chemist manufacturer, is a hostelry which in summer-time

still provides a Court for the princelings of Central Europe, as it did in the days of Jew Suss and the Ugly Duchess. Its battlemented walls have been honeycombed with garages.

The valley of the inn is filled with a quaint mediaeval mystery. Throughout its length, commanding the valley from high, rocky eminences, stand gaunt, turreted castles. Around their lower battlements are clustered the villages whose life, now quietly pastoral and prosperous, once swayed in feudal serfdom.

The very names of the villages and peaks carry romance—Vulpera, Sus, Pisoc, Lischarna, Zernetz, Scarl. Fine roads skirt the National Park, traversing the grand Ofen Pass leading to the Italian Tyrol, or following the course of the tempestuous Inn to Innsbruck, and south to St. Moritz and Pontresina.

New Springs of Health.

I am quite unashamed in my enthusiasm for Tarasp. It is a perfect holiday centre for young and old, for healthy and ailing. Most surely here can new springs of health be found in a spot combining all the vitalising properties of a spa, in its efficacious springs and baths, with the richness of Alpine sun and air, and the attractions of the holiday resort.

Vulpera Tarasp is a discovery. This empty corner of Europe is a safety valve, a means of escape; empty because therein is found none of the rush and turmoil of a city, no overheated and perplexed tourists. Here are just peaceful folk picking the fruits of pleasure and finding them wholesome and good; resting in a quiet that gives true solace; engaged in tennis, golf, or in a group of physical culture, stripped to the sun and air, with an enjoyment free from petty irritations.

The empty corner of Europe, free from aught of harm to body or mind, is filled with the spirit and the gifts of health. I shall go again this year.

PROMETHEUS AND EPIMETHEUS.

M. James F. Muirhead est un de ces Anglais, — il en est heureusement beaucoup, — qui connaissent autre chose de la Suisse que ses montagnes et ses hôtels.

Auteur d'un livre (*A Wayfarer in Switzerland*, London, Methuen) qui, tout en rendant à la beauté de notre pays un juste hommage, témoigne d'une connaissance réelle et intime de nos habitudes, de notre caractère et de nos lettres, M. Muirhead est un peu notre représentant littéraire en Angleterre. Il revendique pour la Suisse tel écrivain que les Anglais croyaient Allemand ou Français, fait lire Spitteler et Ramuz, écrit pour la nouvelle édition (1929) de l'*Encyclopédie Britannique* la notice générale sur la littérature suisse-allemande et plusieurs petites notices sur des écrivains suisses allemands contemporains. Mais surtout il aime et fait connaître Spitteler.

Ami du poète, admirateur passionné de son œuvre, dans son *Wayfarer* déjà il lui consacrait plusieurs pages. En 1927, il traduit *Lachende Wahrheiten* (*Laughing Truths*, London, Putnam's). L'année suivante, en collaboration avec Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne, célèbre depuis par son beau livre sur Lady Byron, il publie un choix de poèmes de Spitteler (*Selected Poems of Carl Spitteler*, New York, Macmillan and London, Putnam's). Voici enfin, paru chez Jarrolds à Londres il y a quelques semaines, *Prometheus and Epimetheus*, première traduction anglaise du premier en date des chefs-d'œuvre de Spitteler.

L'entreprise était délicate et belle. Traduire en anglais la prose tour à tour hiératique et familière du poète demandait, outre une intime connaissance de l'allemand (et de cet allemand particulier qu'est la langue de Spitteler) la plus sûre connaissance, le sentiment le plus fin, le plus aigu et le plus audacieux des possibilités et des ressources de l'anglais. La parenté des deux langues, les nombreuses affinités en particulier entre les traductions allemande et anglaise de la Bible rendaient seules la tâche possible.

M. James Muirhead a admirablement réussi. Limpide et cadencée, sa prose rythmée suit tous les méandres, rend toutes les nuances de l'original. Versets bibliques, envolées lyriques, formules épiques, abondante floraison de l'image et du geste, tout contribue à créer, sans effort apparent, sans arrière-goût. *Gazette de Lausanne.*

REGENWETTER.

Der Wassermann regiert im Land,
Alles geht aus dem Leim,
Trotz alledem bring' ich's zu stand,
Zu machen einen Reim.
Im Freien sieht es traurig aus,
Grau ist der Horizont,
Da bleibe ich getrost im Haus,
Wo hold die Gattin traut,
Ihr Angesicht ist heiter, klar;
Süss lächelnd ist ihr Wunsch;
Ihr Auge strahlt so treu und wahr,
Tut "Schönes Wetter" kund.
Die Traute füllt den Becher voll,
Liebe und Wein vereint!
Lass' draussen regnen es wie toll,
Im Haus die Sonne scheint!

Mutz.

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