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**Autor:** Hoffmann, R.  
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**CITY SWISS CLUB**

Selon la coutume suivie depuis plusieurs années, le City Swiss Club a tenu sa première réunion d'été au Brent Bridge Hotel, Hendon, le mardi 7 juin.

Le beau temps, jusqu'alors assez rare cette saison, avait consenti à s'allier aux organisateurs pour offrir une soirée fort agréable aux 80 et quelques participants, membres, dames et amis. Le parc de l'hôtel, où il fait bon se promener après le dîner pendant qu'on prépare la salle pour la danse, présentait son meilleur aspect.

Le nombre relativement restreint de membres présents par rapport à celui beaucoup plus élevé d'invités prouve combien ces réunions sont appréciées des habitués, qui y perçoivent une occasion éminemment favorable d'y apporter des amis, toujours les bienvenus. Nous relevons la chose pour dire aux absents qui ne le savent pas le charme de ces réunions de famille, d'amis, sans grand appareil, où, l'on danse, où l'on s'amuse, où l'on rencontre une atmosphère sympathique, gaie, reposante, tout ce que l'on veut pour oublier une fois, pendant quelques heures, les soucis et les fatigues du travail journalier.

Une autre réunion semblable — la dernière de la saison d'été — aura lieu également au Brent Bridge Hotel le mardi 5 juillet. Ajoutons, pour ceux que cela intéresse, que de nouveaux arrangements ont été faits en ce qui concerne l'orchestre et qu'une autre innovation sera le prix du dîner à 6/6 (service non compris).

J.Z.

**UNIONE TICINESE.**

The annual outing of our Society on Sunday 12th June to Maidstone, met with the greatest success, having been favoured by beautiful weather. Starting from the Schweizerbund at 10 a.m., the two coaches hired were soon complete and at the last moment we had to find accommodation for another 7 people, making the total of 100 participants including several private cars. The additional booking was due to the fact that certain members turned up at the last moment.

crookedly put on, which, according to the sergeant's explanation, meant exactly the one thing which I would not mention in the letter.

These were days of anxiety for both of us, what would happen to me, I argued, should this letter rudely end Sergeant's Rösti's love aspirations, would not his wrath fall on my innocent head? and what would my life then be; curiously enough I dreamt that night of a soldier's funeral, was it prophetic I wondered the next morning on waking up? Then one morning came a blue envelope addressed to Sergeant Rösti, one sharp glance at it revealed to me that the stamp too was pasted on at an impossible angle, which evoked in me a sigh of relief. With eager eyes, I watched the recipient opening this little billet doux, after perusal he put it in his tunic, with fingers which slightly trembled, and when we were alone a handshake from the sergeant rewarded me for my labours of love. "She liked it," he said, and two days later a second letter left the barracks, a little longer, a little more tender, containing "one chaste kiss" for the first time; I had again to rule out tears, explaining that a sergeant should not weep over a thing like this, anyhow, not in the beginning, if it should be necessary later on, we could always hold the letter under the pump.

Again a reply came back, in which Rösti wrote that she never thought that her admirer could write such loving letters. That evening we drank another bottle of Neuchâtel in a far away little inn, lest the sergeant should be seen in company with the one, who could not make a bed, or the one, who wore a pair of pink pyjamas.

In the meantime, the treatment which was meted out to me by the sergeant improved considerably, and dark hints were passed round amongst my comrades, that I must have bribed him. One fine day I even gave a back answer to sergeant Rösti, a thing which nobody ever dared to do, the members of my platoon nearly collapsed, they were under the impression that I must have gone suddenly mad, it being a hot day; the sergeant winced, but did not say a word. From that day, I advanced my status in the eyes of my colleagues, there was no more mocking laughter at my awkwardness, it was also whispered around, that an uncle of mine was an army-corps commander, a rumour which, when it came to my ears, I did not contradict (much to my shame) fullwell knowing that my uncle was only an army chaplain. (*O vain heart!*)

One evening the sergeant told me that I could now get a little bolder, as Rösti's answers were very encouraging; he intimated to me that perhaps a little poetry would not be out of place, he thought of inserting a poem which he once learned in school and for the reciting of which he received a prize, it started:

We reached the Cannon Restaurant at 1 p.m., where Mr. G. Veglio, an old member of our Society, had a most sumptuous lunch ready, and I feel sure everybody was delighted with the reception Mr. Veglio gave us.

Our worthy President Mr. W. Notari was unfortunately unable to be with us through personal sorrow — but even in the midst of pleasure we could not forget him, and we all wish to extend to him and to his family our great sympathy in their recent bereavement.

In the afternoon we proceeded by coach to Mr. Tompsett's farm at Collier Street, about 5 miles from Maidstone, and here again Mr. Veglio provided a jazz band with tea dansant, and a good many of our members indulged in the game of "Boccie" so much liked by the Ticinesi, whilst others preferred to enjoy the sunshine and country scenery in quiet spots or on the river and rifle range.

We had amongst the party some very distinguished gentlemen — Mr. Oscar Gambazzi, our Socio Benemerito and faithful secretary for over 30 years. Mr. S. Tettamanti, who was associated with our Society as far back as 1886, and last, but not least, Mr. Boehringer with his family, so well known to a good many of our members, and being of a most amiable nature and liked by everybody.

I wish to thank all members and friends, on behalf of the Entertainment Committee for the warm support extended to us by turning up in such gallant numbers — I say gallant for most were accompanied by charming Ladies. Where there are Ladies, there is always joy and laughter — they not only brighten us through their charming personality, but they harmonize with the bright colours of nature in their beautiful dresses.

To those gentlemen who have honoured us with their presence I express the Society's sincere thanks hoping that we shall have the pleasure of seeing them again amongst us on future occasions and a particular thank to Mr. Veglio for his excellent fare.

Viva il Ticino — Viva la Svizzera.

R. Orelli.

*"Lieblich war die Maiennacht  
Silberwölklein fliegen ....."*

I thought it was a good idea, although perhaps not quite adequate, considering that we were then deep in the month of August, but when he suggested that this poem should be signed by him as his own product, I energetically protested, that it was not fair to Lenau, and if it should be found out, it might undo all the good work which so far had been achieved. I suggested that either he or I should write a verse or two, and after he tried in vain to kindle his poetic flame, I put the following lines down:

*"Steh ich in finst'rer Nacht  
Einsam auf kalter Wacht,  
Gedenk ich dein."  
Herzlieben mein."*

It only afterwards dawned on me, that we were still in August. He thought that was fine (I didn't), and copied it was. That very letter contained a considerable number of kisses, allusions to heavenly eyes, a warm beating heart, sun kissed locks and dainty hands. Nightingales were singing and chirping throughout the letter, it was simply an orgy of loving and tender thoughts, and if dear Rösti would have been near me that evening, I would have forgotten myself, sergeant or no sergeant. Rösti on copying it, actually had a tear in his eye, but I made him use the blotter. Rösti must never, never know that tears disgraced this martial face, the weeping must be left to women.

That letter did it, I was convinced before hand that it would. I poured into it the feeling of my own lonely heart, it would have softened even a heart of stone. For the first time since our mutual conspiracy, the sergeant showed me the reply, there it was, in simple affectionate language she told him, that she loved him, and that she has told her mother all about it, and that he may call. Needless to say that I dined that night at the canteen, in full view of my comrades with the sergeant, and more than one bottle was carried away from the table, and if it would have lasted much longer I too would have been carried from the table. — Owing to the fact that the sergeant was now allowed to call, my job as writer came to an end, but many a pleasant evening I spent with Rösti, and what was the subject of our conversation I need hardly mention. When the day of our parting dawned, he told me that I would get the very day, my calling up papers for the non-commissioned officer's course, and so it happened. Now to this day, I do not know whether I achieved this with my pen or through the merits of my military achievements. — Good luck! I shouted to sergeant Rösti, when he left the barracks, and when is the wedding to be?

**63. SOIREE ANNUELLE SUISSE  
in der Westminster Central Hall.**

Zu diesem alle Jahre stattfindenden Familienfest unserer Colonie möchten wir unsere Landsleute aus allen Gauen der Heimat herzlich einladen. Das Program, ist abwechslungsreich und so sind wir sicher, dass jedermann etwas mit heimnehmen wird. Gemütswerte gilt es in dieser Zeit doppelt zu pflegen, weil der Alltag für viele so drückend ist. Die Pause dauert von 8-9 Uhr. Da werden die Festteilnehmer ihren Hunger stillen und ihren Durst löschen können. Der Reinertrag der Einnahmen wird unserer Hilfsgesellschaft überwiesen werden, die wie eine sorgsame Mutter für unsere Armen und Alten sorgt. Deswegen wer an diesem Abend teilnimmt, der darf ein Empfänger und Spender der Freude sein.

**POUR LA "FETE DE JUIN"!**

C'est le nom d'une fête que Genève célèbre chaque année. C'est aussi celui que nous autres de Londres pourrions donner à la rencontre annuelle que nous aimons tant. Nous n'aurons pas le lac, ni le Salève, ni le Jura, pour cadre de notre fête. Mais l'imagination aidant un brin, nous nous sentirons quand-même en Suisse, et les chants, les drapeaux, les dialectes sonores, la "Stimmung" spéciale de ce soir-là, nous transporteront bientôt au pays comme par un coup de baguette magique. A jendi prochain donc, sans manque.

R. Hoffmann-de Visme.

**THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE.  
THE VITAL RESPONSE OF THE CHURCHES.**

By Dr. ADOLF KELLER.

Education and Extension Sec., Universal Christian Council, Geneva.

There is a great deal of vagueness concerning the attitude of the Churches to this Disarmament Conference. For some, this work for international peace is the last hope, which can only be followed by despair. For others it is such a wordly undertaking that Christians prefer to have nothing to do with it. The Disarmament Committee of Chris-

4 Years later. November 1914.

On the Route Porrentruy — Bonfol, 11 p.m.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,—through nearly a foot of snow a long column of tired soldiers wended their way towards the frontier, it was a bitterly cold night, and snowing hard, not a sound could be heard, only in the distance the muffled roar of heavy guns in action. Over there too, columns were marching, marching towards death, over there war, war to the bitter end, — here still peace, — still hope to see those from whom one parted only a few months ago, but for how long, perhaps to-morrow the furies of war would be let loose. —

Tramp, tramp, tramp, — onwards with heavy loads, with a heavy heart, here and there a groan, a caught, perhaps even a half uttered oath, suppressed in order not to break the awful stillness of the night, an ice cold wind lashed the snow into reddened faces, frozen fingers convulsively gripped the snow covered rifles, to-morrow perhaps, that weapon might stand in good stead. — Suddenly a loud challenge, "Who goes there?" some sharp commands, our column has come to a standstill, there was some conversation going on in front, nobody cared—sleep, sleep—is all that was wanted and yet it must not be. Snow clad soldiers are passing us now from the opposite directions, no words are exchanged, it looks like a long procession of ghosts, suddenly they stop too, I enquire to which unit they belong, and was told that they were the 2nd company of the 3rd Battalion being relieved from the frontier outward posts: this was the Battalion and company, sergeant Rösti belonged to, "Is sergeant Rösti with you," I enquired from one of the men? "Not sergeant," he replied, "but sergeant-major now?" and down the line went a tired whisper of the name of my old sergeant. Out of the darkness his countenance suddenly appeared, hallo sergeant-major! I shouted in a half loud voice, here corporal St., a glance, a handshake; how is Rösti? I enquired half fearing that it might awaken unpleasant memories? fine she is, and so are the two boys, glad to hear I said,— then a command, — onwards —tramp, tramp, tramp,—a parting handshake, a glance, and gone was he, but now a feeling of gladness and of joy overcame me, the darkness of the night seemed to be less apparent, there was just a glimmer of light piercing through the wall of heavy snow-flakes, the thought that I had given Rösti to the sergeant, and two strapping boys to my country, made me feel glad, surely, I reasoned with myself, never before had I taken up my pen for a nobler cause. That day on snatching a few hours sleep, I dreamed again of Rösti and her bonny boys.—

The End.