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can possibly be anywhere so good and excellent as one's own countrymen and women, then I agree to the necessity of abolishing Patriotism.

If on the other hand, Patriotism means the natural love any living man or woman has for his or her country of origin, the same as the love that a Winterthurer quite naturally feels for his home-town, but which does not prevent him for feeling a deep love also for the Canton of Zurich and equally so, even more perhaps, for the country of Switzerland, then I disagree.

Patriotism which enables one to extend one's love for one's nearest home to the larger home without and from that to the still larger home which is represented by the country of one's birth, and from that, it would follow quite naturally, to the still larger home represented, say, by the Continent of one's birth, and, still extending, to the whole Earth, is a fine thing and to be encouraged.

And, I think and hope, in that respect, we Swiss can be an example to others. We can show other Nationals that, although we are Swiss first and foremost, we are also good Europeans and good "Worlders" if I may coin that name.

When we come to look into the history of the Swiss Confederation, as we know it to-day, we shall see that it has grown up from very small beginnings, in precisely the same way, as the World-Confederation will grow up. From a beginning of three small Cantons in 1921, it embraces to-day 22 Cantons, most of them, as individual Cantons, larger than any of the three first ones.

This progress from the smaller to the larger UNIT has been slow, has necessitated a number of wars, all sorts of "international" clashes, religious strife, economic wars, congresses and conferences in great numbers and of the most varied composition, but, finally and under the pressure of necessity as much as because the individual really wanted it, the FUSION has come about, gradually, painfully at times, joyously in other instances.

Tariff wars, quotas I believe, and other trade hampering devices, all have been used at one time or another during the growth of this Switzerland, this Swiss League of Nations, until to-day, Switzerland has

ONE COUNTRY — ONE CONSTITUTION — ONE DESTINY

which, as friend Stauffer said in last year's 1st of August message in the S. O., constitutes PATRIOTISM.

In other words, the growth of the small units into a larger WHOLE has not done away with Patriotism, but, on the contrary, made Patriotism possible, in a loftier form, in a form which in its interpretation means much more to the welfare of the individual Swiss than did the old form of patriotism embracing only the smaller unit.

"ALL IS WELL" signal the celebrations in Switzerland on the 1st August 1933, because the difficulties of the time through which we, in common with the whole World are passing and which are, as I believe, emerges fairly clearly from the above, but the travail of the World struggling towards that greater FUSION of its individual units, are difficulties which, although they beset our people at home directly and impose extremely heavy sacrifices upon them, are as nothing, compared to the all important fact that our Switzerland, that lovely, beautiful country of ours, is SAFE and INDEPENDENT.

Therefore, when WE SWISS celebrate the 1st of August let us be aware of the deep significance attached to that UNITY and INDEPENDENCE which we celebrate. Let us take renewed hope that one day it may be possible to celebrate this festival of achieved Unity and Independence on a much larger scale. Let us hope that the World at large will finally realise that salvation will come only when the various units come together, that improvement will be possible only when the various forms of warfare in which the various countries are engaging in to-day, have ceased and when in their stead there is PEACE and GOODWILL, UNITY and INDEPENDENCE.

We all have learnt, from the lips of men like Arthur Henderson and others qualified to form an opinion on such matters that FEAR is the greatest stumbling block to Disarmament and to the efforts that are being made to abolish trade barriers, in other words, to the bringing together of the Nations into one harmonious, and therefore INDEPENDENT WHOLE.

May not they look at the history of Switzerland too, they that FEAR?

Swiss History will teach them of fears that brought about wars and other disturbances throughout the growth of the Swiss Confederation. At the same time, the Switzerland we know to-day, will teach them, how utterly unfounded those fears were, how infinitely better off the various, formerly individually independent members of the Swiss Confederation are to-day, now that their former individual has been merged into the greater sovereignty embracing them all.

"ALL IS WELL! Let us pray that this signal may flash next year not only from the eternal mountains of our beloved Switzerland, but from all the beacons right throughout the whole world!

And meanwhile, on the evening of August 1st, 1933, let us send our affectionate thoughts across to our dear homeland, commune with our people and celebrate with them, and let us thank GOD and invoke his further blessing on the land of our fathers.

HEIL DIR HELVETIA!

VIVE LA SUISSE!

EL VIVA SVIZZERA!

FILOSOFIA ESTIVA.

Un foglio bianco, a quadretti violacei, mi sta davanti: mi sfida, mi schernisce quasi perché vede che non riesco ad interessare entro questo suo reticolato, nessun disegno nero, che, alla fine, abbia la pretesa di chiamarsi "un articolo."

Comodo, per questa carta, lo schermirmi, ma come si fa a mettere in movimento con alquanta alacrità, quel povero cervello che si trova così bene, assonato e tranquillo? Provate a scuotere un pò bruscamente un dormicchio e sentirete che brontolio ne ricevete per ringraziamento! Pensare — intendiamoci: pensare qualche cosa che ne valga la pena — come si fa con questa caldura che ci prende per tanti fantocci di celluloidi e ci liquefa adagino, adagino?... Niente affatto! non bisogna lasciarci prendere dall'indolenza... avanti! Una nel magazzino dell'energia un tantino di questa specie di benzina umana che ci fa muovere, vivere! — Forse che non hanno energia in corpo quegli uccelletti che nascosti tra i frondosi alberi, incominciano a cinguettare già all'alba, quando il cielo ha quel tenue color azzurro, lieve come un sospiro, chiazziato qua e là di rosa, timidamente dorato dai primi raggi del sole? — E che da fare hanno queste rondini? come svolazzano intorno, giù e su, su e giù; si direbbe che tutti il lavoro dell'universo è sulle loro spalle, meglio, sulle loro aliucce che battono, fendono l'aria di continuo, senza possa. Che chiacchierone sono! (giù... appartengono al genere femminile!?) cosa poi han sempre da raccontarsi? Cose gentili solo, credo, perché con quelle loro note musicali così dolci, non possono non dirti cose gentili. Non sanno di certo, loro, che voglia dire brontolare, imprecare! Pettegole mie male, ma senza maldicenza: come quelle vecchie che, alla sera, sedute sul limitare di casa loro, vanno narrandosi i casi della vita, pronosticando un avvenire oscuro o sereno, fu il loro passato, il loro presente... Ma... giova pronosticare il futuro? giova forse pensare, affannarsi per questo indomani? chi lo conosce? nessuno; neanche chi lo vede delinearsi davanti a sé, nitido come l'aurore... Buio, buio pesto, null'altro. Nel cielo sereno i nuvoloni si accavallano all'improvviso, quando più splende il sole; gli acquazzoni cadono a rovescio quando men lo si crede... Ma, consoliamoci, la legge della ricompensa esiste per qualche cosa; la bufera pur avendo forse sconquassato, non può essere eterna; passerà, e il sole ritornerà a brillare più fulgido di prima anzi; e i benefici suoi raggi ricostruiranno ciò che venne distrutto; accarezzandoli, assopiranno, faranno scomparire, i dolori... E intanto, noncuranti, i bimbi questi garruli uccelletti umani, cinguettano nei prati smeraldini, dove i vivaci colori dei fiori interrompono quella verdea uniformità. Ecco l'avvenire... ecco lì che gioca a rincorrersi, a rimpiazzino, "alla casa?" che sgambetta vivace, ruzzola e ride... Che importa loro se qualche temporale improvviso li faccia correre al riparo? ridono i bimbi dell'acqua che cade, e aspettano che cessi, poi usciranno di bel nuovo, a riprendere il giuoco interrotto... il loro giuoco che a volte attraversa momenti gravi... così proprio come la vita!

luglio 1933 *Elena Lunghi.*

MEMORIES OF THE VALAIS.

By SIR ARTHUR HORT.

A trip taken in 1931 to two of the most frequented resorts in the Canton Valais has stirred memories of forty years back and more, and tempts me to some discursive reminiscences. In the long interval I have, though an almost fanatical lover of mountains, avoided Switzerland for a combination of reasons which it would be tedious to enumerate. The French Pyrenees have lured me a dozen times, and I have made some acquaintance with the French and Italian Alps, Dauphiny, Savoy, Piedmont, South Tirol. One reason for the choice of Alps outside Switzerland may be mentioned: I confess to a foolish habit of collecting alpine plants and endeavouring, with varying success, to grow them. Now it happens that the flora of the Eastern and Western ends of the chain is on the whole richer than that of the Central Alps. It happens also that it has become less easy to take plants from territory under Swiss rule on account of recent prohibitive legislation: at all events, one has to go to the trouble of convincing the authorities that one uses the trowel with due discretion, and does not, like the heedless persons whom the law was framed to restrain, tear up plants indiscriminately without regard to their rarity or to the possibility of acclimatizing them.

But to turn back from recent experience to the now distant years of which it has refreshed the memory. I first crossed the Channel in 1885 with my father, having just taken my degree. He had been an expert climber and was one of the founders of the Alpine Club, the idea of which was first broached in a letter to him from Mr. W. Mathews. Since he had perforce given up climbing he had continued to visit the Alps almost every summer, and his knowledge of the mountains and their less obvious hostelries was thorough. Many years before 1885 he had noticed the wonderful possibilities as an Alpine station of Fée on a shelf above the Saasthal and at Saas-Fée, as the place had now come to be called (inaccurately, as the late Mr. Coolidge informed me), he now proposed that we should make our principal stay: the first hotel had been opened the year before.

I was first however to see something of the Bernese Oberland giants, and we walked over the Gemmi by the horrible dusty zigzags down to Leukerbad. Here it was our duty to see the sights of the place, the patients taking their cure all together in a large bath: they stood up to their necks in water and took light refreshments from floating trays. As we entered, we were greeted with shouts from the bathers. I could not detect what they were saying, but our guide explained that the shouts were aimed at me and that the words were "Chapeaux! Chapeaux! il y a des dames ici." I removed my hat and received a round of cheers. I wonder if this mild jest still continues: the Lötschberg short cut to the upper part of the Rhone Valley has probably deprived Leukerbad of many visitors. From the baths we drove down to Leuk in that stifling hollow, and thence trained to Visp, where we passed a hot, uncomfortable night. The next day my father rode a mule and I walked up the Saasthal to Saas-Fée: now and for these many years you train as far as Stalden and escape the hottest and dustiest stage. In a few more years' time you (if you wish it — the prospect does not allure me) will be able to drive all the way by the new road now under construction.

The long tramp (we took all day over it, stopping for rest and refreshment at Stalden and Saas-im-Grund) was enlivened for me by the way-side sights of gorgeous butterflies, lizards, and huge crimson crickets, and by the eating of sour barberries. There were then two hotels at Fée, one only just finished. The company at the older hotel, where we stayed, was mainly English. It included, at or soon after the time of our arrival, G. H. Rendall, afterwards headmaster of Charterhouse; A. W. Verrall, most revolutionary of critics of Attic tragedy and most lovable of men, with his wife, also a distinguished classical scholar; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Leaf, with their two sons, Walter, the brilliant Hellenist, and equally eminent as a man of business; and Herbert, beloved of many generations of boys who, like myself, were educated at Marlborough — where happily he still lives.

Thus Cambridge scholarship was strongly represented. Walter Leaf had been senior classic, Rendall third in the same year, Verrall was second in the year in which S. H. Butcher was senior. There was also the much respected Bursar of Marlborough, J. S. Thomas, with his family. "Respected" is perhaps hardly a strong enough word. I remember that once, when a boy had the hardihood to write him a letter, to which however he had not the courage to append his name, complaining of the school dietary, the answer was a notice on the school board: "The boy who writes anonymous letters to the Bursar is advised to take the more manly course of a personal inter-

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