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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, assonnato 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 uniforme. 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 acclimatising 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 Fés: 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-in-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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view." It was felt that the manliest of Marlburians might have flinched from such an encounter.

Our stay lasted some weeks. My father, a Divinity Professor at Cambridge, had, as always, much engrossing literary work on hand: I had just begun to read Ancient Philosophy for the second part of the Classical Tripos, and my Swiss trip, it was understood, was a sort of Long Vacation term. Accordingly I spent most of my mornings puzzling over Aristotle's *Metaphysics* in the pleasant Almagell Wood, where an occasional delirium of bilberries diversified my philosophical studies. I did however essay one or two mild ascents: that of the Plattjen, up which there is a path, hardly counts as a climb: I went up it to gather edelweiss, as my diary records, the page being still marked with three quite recognizable sprigs of that curiously overrated plant. There is now a hotel near the top of the Plattjen, and the edelweiss is no longer obvious.

Gerald Rendall took me with two other novices up the Egginhorn, which, I understand, is a tyro's peak: One does however go with guides and a rope and start in the dark. I also ascended the Klein Allalinhorn with the two Leafs and Thomas: and this further experience, joyous as it was, confirmed me in the sad conviction that I was not born a climber, but in this regard, as in all others, was a degenerate son of my father. This conclusion was not entirely due to the fact that on the way down, when I was last on the rope, presumably because it was now hardly required, as we crossed an easy piece of glacier, I slipped and fell prone: and since I was unable to make the others hear, as they trotted down at a smart pace, I was for some time dragged ignominiously on my front, being jerked down again by the rope whenever I tried to get on my feet. But it was glorious fun: I can hear now Walter Leaf's cries of exuberant delight, as he heaved boulders over from the top on to the glacier below — a reprehensible pastime, but in this case there was no danger except to a possible chamois: we did see one crossing the ice.

I attempted no more heights with guide and rope at Fée that year: but I accomplished one memorable expedition to which I was challenged by Verrall. This was a nocturnal walk to the Monte Moro Pass to see Monte Rosa in the colours of sunrise. We set off after dinner (this detail is not without significance), and, as we stumbled over tree-roots by deceptive moonlight in the

Almagell Wood (there is now a handsome eight-foot road, and the wood has lost its mystery and charm) my companion, who was usually full of good talk, fell strangely silent, and presently was taken very poorly. But with characteristic unselfishness he refused to give up the expedition, and, sitting down on a log, pulled out and filled an enormous black pipe, saying that, if he could smoke it through with impunity, he would be all right. He survived the test, and at 1.45 a.m. we reached Mattmark, whence we supped (or breakfasted) and hired a boy with a lantern to guide us for the remaining two hours up the rather uncertain path. He seemed to think that the light was only intended for his own use, and we toiled after him with cries of *langsame, langsame*. It was a cloudless frosty night, and, as we got near the top of the pass, whence the bridle-path (now closed by the Italian government) descends sharply to Macugnaga, the stars waned, the lantern was extinguished, and we feared we should be too late. However we reached the top with twenty minutes to spare, which we spent in running about among the rocks, the cold being severe (the pass is nearly 9,400 feet), till at length the indescribable pageant began: we faced the stupendous cliffs of Monte Rosa, whose serried peaks became flushed with rose — let me leave it at that: it was, I believe, a rare experience to have a cloudless morning for the spectacle. Verrall yelled with delight: anyone who knew him will not consider the word libellous. Then we returned gaily to a second breakfast at Mattmark at 5.30: Verrall said that his system and the occasion demanded champagne, and we shared unequally a bottle of the Swiss vintage so labelled.

This completed Verrall's restoration to health, and, as we meandered back to Fée, his talk, always brilliant, surpassed itself. It sparkled like the champagne, but was of drier quality. As we got near home, we met people from our hotel out for their morning walks: one and another looked at us curiously, and at length one enquired after our health. It then came out that some scores of visitors were down with ptomaine poisoning from tinned lobster served at dinner the evening before. I had escaped the tainted part, and so to my great relief I found had my father, while Verrall had been saved by the walk and the consequent episode in the Almagell Wood. The man, delicate and highly strung as he was, was compact of pluck. Many years later, when he was tortured with rheumatism and could not move from his sofa, he told me of the difficulty which a lady friend, who was a Christian Scientist, had in asking after his health without doing violence to her principles: "You see, she can't ask my wife how I am, so she says 'I hope Dr. Verrall is happy' — and, of course, I'm always that:" this with that indescribable mixture of a chuckle and a scream which Trinity men of my generation and of others loved and in vain tried to imitate.

From Fée we went for a few days to Zermatt

and the Riffel, so that I might see the Matterhorn and its majestic neighbours. The journey down one branch of the valley and up the other took us twelve hours. There was as yet no railway up the St. Nicolas Valley: we walked, aided by a mule, down to Stalden, where this valley meets the Saasthal, and thence up to St. Nicolas, whence we drove to Zermatt. After a night at the Monte Rosa Hotel, where I looked with veneration on the row of guides sitting on the historic wall, pipe in mouth, awaiting engagements, and where we called on old Melchior Anderegg, my father's famous guide, we moved up to the Riffelalp. Here also was an interesting company of English visitors, including Archbishop and Mrs. Benson with their son Fred (Arthur was expected presently with designs on the Matterhorn), C. B. Hutchinson, of Rugby, E. M. Young, headmaster of Sherbourne, and his wife. Dr. H. M. Butler, then still headmaster of Harrow, had, I think, just left. We heard how these reverend seniors had a few days before renewed their youth by making an ascent of the Cimi di Jazzi (12,527 feet), not, I believe, a peak presenting any great difficulty, but classed by Baedeker as "fatiguing."

Then there was A. C. Tosswill, a Harrow master of commanding presence, whose colleague I was to become three years later. He held the record for pace up the Matterhorn, and was most generous in giving instruction to young aspirants: he had been fifty times up the Riffelhorn, a crag projecting over the Gorner Glacier, which, in his opinion, afforded just the training in scaling rocks which is required for the Matterhorn. Having no such ambition I declined his offer to take me up it, but he guided E. F. Benson and me up the Stockhorn, returning by the Hohtäligrat, a walk which, I see, Baedeker says is for "tolerably steady heads." The Gorner Grat was more in my line: I went up it two days running, the second time on a brilliant day with an American of my own age. We lay for three hours on the top discussing all things in heaven and earth and watching the gyrations of an eagle till, as he soared, he became a star and then vanished into the blue.

We did not see a single human being all the time, which may seem strange to those who know what crowds press up that bridle path now in the season, to say nothing of those who go up by train. The day before a transatlantic party from the Riffelalp had insisted on a guide and a rope, for which they must have found it difficult to devise a use. In 1931, forty-six years later, I took the same incomparable walk with my wife and daughter. We declined to use the railway beyond the Riffelalp, and the walk itself was much as of yore, except for the constant stream of walkers up and down. The stony track, bordered with short turf, gleamed with the ordinary jewels of the high Alps, which in my unregenerate youth had made no individual impression. The flowers and the astounding panorama of peak and glacier have suffered no change, but a Victorian can

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LONDON GOSSIP.
— HOLIDAY WEEK —

It is rather snobbish, of course, to call this week a holiday week just because the chief editor of the Swiss Observer has taken leave of absence, or rather "scrammed" — for a few weeks to Switzerland. But then we all know that he has a lot to do there — the budget deficit has to be straightened out, the federal railways need a clean-up, and there are a few farmers a year or two behind in their interest payments on the 14th mortgage. On the other hand, I really do think that the Bundesrat should do something in regard to this paper, either by subsidy or by distribution of Berner-Schinken, Cervelats, eggs and cheese to the 15 Sub-editors, stage hands and Club reporters. I deliberately do not include the chief-composer and printer since he is making a good living with Bridge as a side line!

That reminds me that, by order, I had to go to Selfridge's to watch a bridge-match which was supposed to be nearly as important as a 2/6d reduction in the income tax, or the re-birth of a nation. For me personally, it was just mid-summer madness — sunburn, poison ivy and a stiff collar. I used to play "Jass" for the sake of a bottle of Neuchâtel, but when it comes to the scientific relativity of bridge, or rather the vulnerable psycho-mania of it, I feel like bidding one no-trumps with 13 spades in my hand. But, of course, I fully realize the social value of Bridge — it eliminated once and for all the usual talk about the weather, the gossip about those who happened to be absent; and everybody of the party is so ipso a philosopher only for being able to step in as a 4th hand. — So far as the game itself is concerned I noticed the same living truth as in everything else, that self delusion of their own greatness is usually the secret of some men's success!

The "Strand" theatre has a Mexican revue; all talk is in Spanish and all actors are genuinely Mexico. The girls are real beauties, all "roundness," just like those Michelangelo angels in the Sistine chapel come to life on the stage. It must have been extremely hot, because the only thought I could get hold of was that I wondered whether beer might do something to the girlish figures of our women? would beer put hips on them again? for the sake of posterity I rather hoped so. — There is this much to be said on behalf of the hips and bosoms of the Lillian Russell era — woman were not then afraid to have babies, as so many of the hipless, boy-shaped brides now are.

And while on the subject of babies — I read some statistics the other day. Believe it or not, statistics make dull reading in this hot weather. — But the fact that about 56% of the world's citizens have not yet reached the age of thirty made me forget the heat, the beer and the World Economic Conference for a while. 56%, more than half of us, therefore, have still a lot to learn and a great deal to do. More than half of us have the energy, ambition and ability of youth, and are not yet disillusioned by too much experience. And since few men are much over forty, it is safe to say that the majority of great men and women alive to-day have not yet been discovered. Then genius is biding its time and ripening for the needs of the future. — There is a lot of encouragement to be found in contemplating this 56%. It is a vast reserve of manpower and brain-power. The other 44% is weary and worried, fearful of what the future may bring and what should be done about it. But the 56% will attend to that when the time comes.

Wiley Post who flew around the world as one man, with one eye, in one machine; the 24 boys of the Italian Armada to the Chicago World's fair — are only a few of those 56%.

* * *

"Cease to inquire what the future has in

store," said old Quintus Horatius flaccus about two thousand years ago, "and take as a gift whatever the day brings forth." — This is sound and sensible advice, which is probably why so few take it. Instead we worry ourselves sick and skinny over to-morrow's troubles, plan the future so carefully that we find no fun in the present, and wear out our eyesight trying to look through the locked doors that hide our destiny. The privilege of worrying should not be denied to those, of course, who want it. And, after all, a man has a right to upset his own digestion in any fashion he chooses. — Well, there are thousands of fortune tellers, mystics, palmists and readers of the bumps on the brain, doing a good business in London and elsewhere through the suckers who think they know something. The future is a book shut tight and sealed. The man who thinks he can open it is a fool, and the man who encourages him to think so is likely to be a rascal. And wherever there is a fool, there will be a smarter man waiting to make him pay for his foolishness!

* * *

And while you all most probably lie somewhere in the sand on the sea, or on a blanket in the back-garden of your house at this time of "holidays," the sky being blue and the beer just thin enough, — a thought or two sometimes comes up on the horizon worth-while playing with. I happened thus to think of this funny little world of ours, and it struck me that there will be crime, poverty and corruption so long as bad men work together while good men quarrel among themselves! Two righteous Reverends were walking down the Lane at the time, each trying to sell his own conception of God to the other one, and and pitying each other for being obviously and absolutely on the wrong path to Heaven. — The weather, incidentally, was so beautiful that even God must have taken the day off, and I wonder whether he did not stop his game of golf, sat down and smiled?!

Mops.

hardly accept with equanimity the castellated Gerner Grat Hotel, the railway and its station, the levelled platform, like a gun-emplacement, planted with telescopes and bristling with Kodaks.

Fortnightly Review.

SWISS BENEVOLENT SOCIETY

The Committee held their Quarterly Meeting on the 18th inst. at Swiss House, under the Chairmanship of the Swiss Minister, Monsieur Paravicini, Hon. President.

The Accounts for the first 6 months of the year show that the help given to our countrymen amounted to £1988. 16s. 1d., a figure never before attained.

Miss Helen Simmen and the Rev. Rene Desaulles, who had worked for the Society for some time, were unanimously nominated members of the Committee.

A further 4 Pensioners were elected, bringing their total up to 64.

PERSONAL.

We deeply regret to announce the sudden death of Madame César Campart, which occurred on Monday, the 24th instant.

Madame Campart (née Marguerite Amy) who was born in London in 1886, had been in poor health for several months.

We express to Mr. César Campart, his daughter Adrienne and the family, our sincere condolence in their great bereavement.

The cremation took place at the Golders Green Crematorium on Friday morning, followed at 11 o'clock by a Memorial Service at l'Eglise Suisse, Endell Street, W.C.2, which was attended by a great number of friends.

The burial was in the family grave at Kensal Green Cemetery.

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MARDI 1 AOUT à 7 HEURES

au BRENT BRIDGE HOTEL, HENDON.

Diner (6/6) - Danse jusqu'à minuit.
Tenue de Ville.

Pour faciliter les arrangements, les participants sont priés de bien vouloir s'inscrire au plus tôt auprès de Monsieur P. F. Boehringer, 23, Leonard Street, E.C.2. (Téléphone: Clerkenwell 9595)

Le Comité.

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FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

Tuesday, August 1st, at 7 o'clock — City Swiss Club — First of August Celebration — (Dinner and Dance) at Brent Bridge Hotel, Hendon.

Tuesday, Aug. 1st, from 8.30 p.m.-2 a.m. — Union Helvetia — 1st of August celebration (Grand National Display) at 1, Gerrard Place, W.1.

Tuesday, August 1st, from 8.30 p.m. to 2 a.m. — Schweizerbund (Swiss Club) Swiss National Day Celebration — at 74, Charlotte Street, W.

UNION HELVETIA.

1st of August Festivities.

Dinner at 3/6 from 8 to 10 p.m.

Pampelmousse aux Kirsch
Consommé Chivré Helvetia
Saumon Froid Sœ. Mayonnaise
concombre

Poulet rôti au Cresson
Petits Pois à la Menthe
Pommes Mascotte
Cœurs de Laitue aux Fines-Herbes
Coupe Monte Christo
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Dinner tables reserved in advance.
Special Fondue Neuchâteloise 2/- à toute
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Dimanche 30 juillet. — M. R. Desaulles.

MARIAGE.

Le mariage de Mr. Maurice, Martin, François Eliens de Bruxelles, et de Mlle. Marthe, Violette Hunkeler originaire de Boudry (Neuchâtel) a été béni à l'église le samedi 22 juillet 1933.

Pendant les vacances du pasteur Hoffmann-de Visme, prière de s'adresser à son suffragant, M. le pasteur R. Desaulles pour tous renseignements. Il recevra à l'église le Mercredi à 11 heures et après les cultes. Adresser la correspondance à 102 Hornsey Lane, N.6.— Téléphone: Archway 1798.

Les cultes du soir sont suspendus ce dernier dimanche de juillet et pendant le mois d'août. Ils reprendront le 3 septembre à 6h.30.

SCHWEIZERKIRCHE

(Deutschschweizerische Gemeinde)

St. Anne's Church, 9, Gresham Street, E.C.2.
(near General Post Office.)

Sonntag, den 30. Juli 1933.

11 Uhr morgens, Gottesdienst und Sonntagsschule.

Predigt: Pfarrer H. Walsler.

Die Abendgottesdienst fallen während der Monate Juli und August aus.

Während der Ferien des Gemeindepfarrers wird Herr Pfarrer Walsler von Brütten bei Winterthur amten. Für allfällige Anfragen während der Abwesenheit des Gemeindepfarrers wolle man sich an den Sekretär der Kirchenpflege, Herrn F. G. Sommer, Hepple Lodge, Holly Park, Crouch Hill, N.4. wenden.