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\* Dans les années qui ont précédé la grande guerre, 27 pour cent seulement de la production des usines de Winterthur restaient en Suisse, tandis que 73 pour cent de cette production s'en allaient à l'étranger. Depuis l'année 1924 jusqu'à l'année 1930, le pourcentage des produits exportés atteignit même, avec des fluctuations peu importantes, le chiffre de 76 pour cent.

**FREIBURG, DIE STADT DES EIDGEN. SCHUETZENFESTES 1934.**

Jedesmal, wenn ich auf der Fahrt von Lausanne nach Bern die langgestreckten Horizonte flüchtig sehe, empfinde ich eine einzigartige Bewegtheit. Ich kann mich darum unmöglich in ein Buch versenken, so gewichtig kommt mir der Uebergang vor. Der Zug verlässt das Land der Reben, der Steinhäuser, der Zypressen, der Zedern, (des Léman und verschwindet im Tunnel von Chexbres; eine Stunde später fährt er auf der Eisenbahnbrücke von Grandfey über die Saane. Denkt man daran, dass diese Grenzen, die durch einen bescheidenen Hügel, einen ruhlosen Fluss gebildet werden, bedeutungsvoller sind als die politischen Grenzen eines grossen Reiches? Weiss man, dass man hier eine neue Welt betritt? Letzten Endes scheint die Gegend des Genfersees näher bei Italien und der Provence zu sein als das Uechtland, dieses näher bei Deutschland und Norwegen als beim Genfersee. Es ist ein bedeutungsvoller Schritt, aus dem lateinischen Kulturkreis in den deutschen überzugehen. Damit der Geist daraus dauernde Früchte gewinnt, ist eine Vorbereitung unumgänglich. Man muss in Freiburg halt machen. Freiburg entzweigt niemanden.

Freiburg besitzt den vielfältigen Reiz einer Stadt, deren deutscher und alpiner Urgrund — Eichen-, Nussbaum-, Buchen- und Tannenwälder, Molasse mit waagrecht Schichten, steile Saanefelsen — öfters von lateinischen Formen überdeckt ist. Der Franzose findet Alt-Frankreich an jeder Strassenecke: es steckt in den zarten Gesimsen der kleinen Patriziersitze, wie es im Leben und in der Sitte einer zugleich frommen und weltlustigen Gesellschaft enthalten ist. Der Deutsche fühlt sich am Ufer des Rheins oder des Neckars zuhause, wenn er über die Plätze der Unterstadt geht oder ihre Treppen hinanstiegt, ihren Mauern mit hervorragenden Balken, ihren Spitzbögen und ihren Treppen so nah verwandt

ist, mit Strassburg, Goslar, mit Schlettstadt. Sogar der Italiener wird bisweilen den Tonfall seines Landes zu erkennen glauben, wenn er an Markttagen in den Gasthöfen die Bauern die Greyzerer Mundart sprechen hört. Das Bildwerk der Brunnen erinnert an lombardische Städte. Das Patriziat von Freiberg lenkt unsere Gedanken zu dem von Genua, dessen Einfluss es erfuhr. Endlich ruft uns diese steile und rauhe Stadt mit ihren aufragenden Kirchtürmen und offenen Wehrtürmen Siena auf seinen Hügeln in Erinnerung — wie etwa eine Jungfrau aus Stein an einer Haubecke an die bäuerlichen Standbildchen des Jacopo della Quercia erinnert. Verschiedenartige Eindrücke, die durch die Natur und die Geschichte zu erklären sind.

Freiburg, die bescheidenste der Städte im Grenzland der Rassen, ist indessen wohl imstande, unser künstlerisches Feingefühl zu erwärmen. Es führt den Franzosen in den Reichtum der germanischen Kultur ein, den Deutschen in das Geheimnis der lateinischen Harmonie.

(Aus G. de Reynold in "Schweizerstädte und Landschaften." Verlag Rascher & Co.)

**ALDO IACOMELLI †**

We deeply regret to announce the death of M. Aldo Iacomelli, which occurred at Lugano at the age of 57.

M. Iacomelli was for many years the proprietor of the well-known Richmond Restaurant in Richmond; he came to this country about forty years ago, and after having occupied several positions in the catering line, both in London and in the provinces, he settled down in Richmond. The deceased took a great interest in the affairs of the town and was highly respected.

Although M. Iacomelli spent the greater part of his life away from his country, he has never ceased to take an interest in the affairs of his homeland; and when his health started to fail, he went back to his own country, in order to regain health and strength.

Alas it was not to be, and our friend will now rest in the country he loved so well.

M. Iacomelli was an old Member of the Unione Ticinese, he leaves a widow and four children to whom we express our deepest sympathy.

**THE "SWISS OBSERVER'S" JOURNEY TO ITALY.**

By *Mariann.*

One morning — nearly two months ago — ST. told me, "Now then, dear old chap, you will have to go soon to Italy. There is someone down there who wants you." I can tell you — I nearly fainted when I heard this. How I hated to go, "in das Land wo die Zitronen blühen." The following week was perfect agony for me. And when the dreaded day had come, I was so feeble that I had to take an aspirin to keep fit. Well then, it was a Friday evening. I left London in my nicest white-black dress and a charming green overcoat — three-quarters long only, it is fashionable at the time being. I had little luggage, and the journey was quite agreeable. I was sleeping during the major part of the travel, so I could not tell you what towns I passed through. The Customs formalities were easy, and very soon I was at the place of destination: Genova, capoluogo di Liguria. When I arrived at the R.R. Poste — that is to say, at the place where I ought to be put into the postman's bag — that silly ass (I beg your pardon!) wrote on my coat, "sconosciuto," and threw me into a dreadful basket, where I laid ten days.

I can't describe all that horrid time there. But one thing is certain: if I had not found, after a few hours, a Swiss friend of mine, I would have died. So we could chatter together, he being the "Zürizytig." The time passed a trifle quicker than without his company. After some time — it was early in the morning — a fat red hand took me out of that beastly gaol and put me into the badly-smelling postman's bag. But nevertheless I felt quite happy. He carried me through a narrow, filthy street, and then went into a big house with many high windows. In the entrance hall he set me in a slim but tall letter-box. There I could at last regain my forces.

Great silence, but for a maid singing probably a folk-song. Then I suddenly heard a hoarse voice shouting in a strange Italian dialect, and then a joyful exclamation in Schwyzdütsch. A well-known voice to me! A key turned in the keyhole, and the box-lid sprang open. "Hullo! dear old friend! here you are!" I was contented, having found my reader after such an irritating time.

Miss M., too, felt herself happy. She sat down on a marble step, tore my coat off in a great hurry, and read a few sentences. Then she took me under her arm and we walked down to a great square, called Piazza di Ferrari, where a monument to Garibaldi stands as well as the Stock Exchange. I was very hot, and I was glad I had my coat off. Miss M., too, felt the heat. She always walked in the shade. But then we passed for a long time underneath high, fine arcades. Miss M. told me that that big and noisy street with the most lovely shops, is the Oxford Street of Genoa, but is called Via XX Settembre. Very smart and well made-up ladies and slim and smiling young men were walking up and down. And now and then proud officers and tall soldiers with tanned faces. We saw young Italians with black shirts and grey-green hats. We found a shop called "Upim," just the same as Woolworth's or Marks and Spencer's. The prices are low, and Miss M. told me that she is always happy to get 378 lire for 100 Swiss francs.

Well, we soon arrived at a great square. To the left, the railway station Brignole, to the right, the great palaces, and on a spacious lawn the great monuments to the soldiers of Genoa who fell during the Great War. Large steps lead up to the imposing monument, which has a little chapel underneath. We soon went home, after having passed through two long and high street tunnels. There is not too much traffic at Genoa. The cars are nearly always in high speed! There are stop-and-go lights at some places, as well as marking-nails in the streets to indicate where to cross.

The policemen are just as nice as in London. Until a few days ago, they wore navy blue uni-

**EDITOR'S POST BAG.**

To the Editor,  
Swiss Observer.

Dear Sir,

In the last number of the *Swiss Observer* you mentioned the success of the Swiss Team at the International Gymnastic Competition at Budapest. If you think that a foreign opinion on the work of the Swiss Team might interest your readers, you will find it on enclosed "*Nation Belge*," a prominent Belgian paper. I saw this report, when in Belgium about 10 days ago.

Yours faithfully,  
E.W.

"*Nation Belge*" 6. Juin 1934.

... Les Suisses sont à la barre fixe devant la tribune. L'exercice imposé est entièrement de voltige: grands élanements et volées avec changements des mains, lâchers brusques, pirouetter, se rattraper et se rétablir, pour terminer par un élanement du corps pardessus la barre toute difficulté. Les Suisse le font en jouant. L'enthousiasme monte.

Mais c'est tout autre chose encore lorsqu'ils font leur exercice à volonté. Élanements du corps avec lâchers et reprises dans toutes les positions imaginables; grandes volées en dislocation complète; pirouettes au-dessus des barres et sorties par saut périlleux doublés d'un demi-tour.

Tout ce que nous pouvons voir dans les meilleurs cirques, par des professionnels spécialisés de catégorie supérieure, nous le voyons ici, mais en plus élégant, plus correct, plus fini. C'est un enchantement de grâce, de force et d'agilité. Dix exécutions obtiennent plus de neuf points sur dix chacune! . . .

**TIR FEDERAL 1934.**

**EIDGENÖESSISCHES SCHÜETZENFEST 1934.**

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|---|----------|
| Previously acknowledged ... ..  | 100 Frs. |
| Un Ancien Elève du College St. Michel, à Fribourg, et ancien Officier de Carabiniers ... .. | £26 13 0 |
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**PERSONAL.**

We regret to hear that M. R. Hoffmann-de Visme has been ordered a complete rest, and has left for Switzerland for a two months stay. We sincerely hope that his health will soon be restored.

forms. But they look very much smarter in their summer outfit: field-grey and black boots. Those on duty wear white cuffs and tropic helmets. But Miss M. told me that the real policemen are the "Carabinieri." These wear dark swallow-tail coats with red facings and funny hats turned up in front and behind, but sticking out on each side about a foot. I could not help laughing when I saw them for the first time. There are always two together. You never see one alone. Why? Miss M. thinks that in this way they cannot get lost.

Well, that first evening I was not sorry for being in Italy. Miss M. took me up to her nice room, and smoking a cigarette, she read me over and over again. Every Monday evening I get a new supply from London, and I hope I shall always be able to interest my reader. She is sweet with me. She takes me in her bag or pocket or under the arm wherever she goes. There is a place called Nervi, at one hour's distance from Genoa. A charming health resort and seaside place situated on the Riviera di Levante. We go there by tram. We walk in the park, and go to the "Passeggiata a Mare." There we settle down for some time to look at the sea. The Mediterranean is of a wonderful blue. The sky is of the same colour, but two shades clearer. The sun shines bright and warm, and at the horizon there is a silver stripe. The waves come and go and splash the rocky shore with their seummy tops. Sailing boats and yachts, and over there, from the peninsula of Portofino, is a majestic merchant vessel slowly approaching. Then, after having looked at all those beauties, and after having been somewhat dreamy, Miss M. takes me and is learning out of my four pages all she wants. If there are friends with her, she tells them about me, or even shows me. In fact, I am never an outcast.

Once we went to Pegli, another place like Nervi, but on the Riviera di Ponente. We spent two hours visiting the Park of the Villa Pallavicini. Woods and gardens, all kinds of wild and cultivated trees and plants, pines, coffee trees, vanilla, cinnamon, sugar cane, palm trees, Lebanon cedars, magnolias and azaleas. Hills