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A word about the *First League*. In the West, Solothurn have a clear lead of 2 points, having won all their 7 engagements. Carouge, relegated last season from the N. L. have lost all their matches, scoring 5 goals and giving away 24; horrible! In the East, Zurich are on top with 10 points from 7 games, closely followed by Luzern, Chiasso and Kreuzlingen with 9 points. F.C. Brühl, so dangerous last season are, in spite of their new English trainer, Harris, only eighth with 6 points, and at the bottom is the lion of Winterthur, sad to relate.

INTERNATIONALS.

On the 27th October the international series started with a handsome win by our Reds in Geneva and another by our second string, in Le Havre:

SWITZERLAND.....2	FRANCE.....1
FRANCE B.....2	SWITZERLAND B 3

22,000 spectators in Geneva. Switzerland does all the scoring! In the third minute Weiler W. (centre half) puts past Schlegel, his own goalie; in the 41st minute Trello equalizes and Jäggi gets the winning goal early in the second half.

And so to bed again,

M.G.

TWO LONDON CONCERTS BY SWISS ARTISTS.

Two outstanding events in the artistic life of London were provided by Swiss artists of such rare quality that we have every reason to be proud of these emissaries of our native culture. Paul Baumgartner of Zurich, who had already introduced himself as a most brilliant and talented pianist in London last April, repeated his visit on Monday, 21st October, at the Æolian Hall with even better success. Unfortunately news of the concert reached our Colony so late by way of the *Swiss Observer* — through no fault of its own — that only very few compatriots were able to attend it.

But even more unlucky was the other magnificent Swiss artist, Nina Nuesch, a contralto-singer of the highest distinction, also from Zurich, who made her debut in London on the following Tuesday, October 23rd, at the Grottrian Hall. Not a soul in our Colony, I believe, knew

anything of this concert until it was too late, and we can only write this report on the strength of the criticisms in the English Press, to which Madame Sophie Wyss, the indefatigable protagonist and patron-saint of Swiss musical art in London drew our attention. She gave, herself, a recital of Spanish songs at the invitation of the Anglo-Spanish Society on the evening of Mme. Nuesch's concert — to the delight of the Spanish audience, including the Ambassador of Spain. But by her kind hospitality I was later on enabled to meet Mme. Nuesch and hear her sing, which made me doubly regret having missed her concert.

Considering the great expense which these artists incur to introduce themselves in London and considering the great honour they gain for our country, we feel sure that quite a considerable number of musically-minded people in our Colony would regard it as a most pleasant duty to support their artist kinsfolk on these rare occasions, if only they were informed in good time. With this end in view we are writing to all the concert-agents to advise us and the *Swiss Observer* in good time henceforth.

PAUL BAUMGARTNER.

What new laurels Mr. Baumgartner has earned for himself and our country with his second concert in London, we can best illustrate by reproducing the criticism from the *Observer*, the big London Sunday paper, which says:

Paul Baumgartner, a pupil of Eduard Erdmann, made a deep impression at Æolian, Hall on Monday. It would be difficult to name another young pianist who combines so richly an intense, independent, and imaginative mind with such a powerful, flowing, deeply cultivated technique. His renderings of Beethoven's "Eroica" variations, Szymanowski's mountainous sonata, op. 21, and Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" were all masterly and satisfying; the last two which, for all their passion and striding confidence, maintained a magnificent quality of tone, especially so.

NINA NUESCH.

While the criticisms of her recital, that appeared in the London Press have not been quite so unreservedly full of praise, she nevertheless received very encouraging tributes, all of which particularly underlined the exceptional beauty of her voice, described by the "Times" as "a combination of qualities rare enough to raise great expectations." Mme. Nuesch was accompanied by Mr. Baumgartner and we mention with special satisfaction that she sang several very beautiful compositions of our great Othmar Schoeck. Fol-

lowing is the criticism in the "Morning Post":
Dr.E.

Five attractive songs by Othmar Schoeck, the Swiss composer, were delightfully presented by Miss Nina Nuesch at her vocal recital at the Grottrian Hall.

This singer made excellent use of her fine voice and special talents for sensitive interpretation, and "Peregrina," which opened the group, exemplified her highly intelligent artistry.

Two Handel airs were delivered with noble feeling and authority, while Monteverdi's "Nigra sum" received a treatment of rare understanding.

The scrupulous diction and phrasing of Miss Nuesch were further revealed in four songs by Schumann, of which "Wehmut" provided a fair illustration of her uncommon insight.

EXHIBITION OF ALPINE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Messrs. Ilford Ltd., are showing at their Galleries at 101 High Holborn a collection of 70 most beautiful Alpine photographs by an eminent geography-teacher at an English Public-School, J. Hubert Walker. The exhibition comprises so many pieces of the most lovely views of our mountain scenery — from the Lake of Geneva to the Dreisprachenspitze, but mainly from the Bernese Oberland — that we can only say: go and see for yourself. Mr. Walker has certainly not only a selective eye but also a profound love of the Alps. The pictures are entirely taken on Ilford materials which allow of the highest artistic finish. May we conclude by expressing the hope that a certain member of our Colony, who has also made a collection of extremely beautiful Alpine photographs over the best part of a life time, all his own, may come forward in the near future with a public exhibition.
Dr.E.

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A JOURNEY TO SOUTH AFRICA.

By VICTOR AND RUDY SCHAERER.

(Continued).

Once on shore we decided to try another method of getting killed and hired a taxi. We could not explain to the driver anything as we did not know his language nor he English, Schwyzerdütsch nor any other civilized language. He only knew 3 words which we heard later.

We first visited the Governor General's residence. It is a very pretty place having originally been a Dutch Fort. We signed our name in his visiting book before leaving in order to make sure that we were invited to the next garden party! We then went to the native University, of which they are very proud, and various villages. On the way back our driver wanted to show off the power of the car which was practically new and put on a bit of speed. On coming round a corner we nearly crashed into another of our ship's companions then to our complete surprise our driver leant out of the window and shouted "You b..... fool!"

We then visited the Brewery which is run by Swiss. It is a really fine place and wonderfully kept, the beer is also very good and is sold all along the coast. We sampled so much of this famous beer that we nearly lost the boat. In fact a number of cases were put on board for transport to Duala. One of them was broken and the contents, glass included, was eagerly lapped up by the native crew.

On getting back to the harbour we found that we had to wait for some more passengers who had got lost. While waiting we watched a big crate being landed. The crate was covered with recommendations such as "Keep Dry," "Vorsicht," "This side up," etc. Just as about 30 boys had succeeded in getting it clear of the boat one of them spotted that a big wave was coming. The whole crowd promptly dropped the thing in the water and letting out unearthly yells, fled for the shore. Finally the crate was brought on to the beach, turned the wrong way up and allowed to dry.

In the meantime the sea had been getting quite rough and when we finally got round the corner of the jetty we got a good ducking. A

gentleman who was going lion hunting with a camera got his camera wet and spent that evening and the next day cleaning it out.

We next called at Cotonou and tried to put down two passengers, unfortunately it was Sunday and evidently the doctor overslept himself, as after a lot of delay we had to put them and their baggage on to a French steamer which was anchored there and let them wait until the doctor found time to pass them.

The next port was Lagos in Nigeria. A beautiful place as one comes in from the sea with its delightful bungalows shaded by immense palms and the brilliant green lawns coming right down to the lagoon like a harbour.

The old town is inhabited mainly by natives and creepy-crawlies; we found a bug on the billiard table of the best hotel! It is a very dismal place with all the houses falling to pieces and simply swarmed with natives. We were taken round in a most ancient Ford, the sort of thing one sees in a garage scrap heap. The driver had original ideas as to petrol economy, he would accelerate up to about 25 m.p.h., this being a highly dangerous speed as the front wheel developed a decided wobble, turn off the engine and let the car coast along until it was going at about 5 m.p.h. when he would switch the engine on again and repeat the process. On the way back we had a puncture, before we quite knew what had happened we were surrounded by swarms of natives all jabbering away at a terrific speed. Since we were near the ship we intended paying off the driver and walking. The driver however, with a great show of secrecy and whispering in Daddy's ear finally made it clear that he wanted £2, whereas he had arranged for 10/- in front of the harbour policeboy. A great deal of gesticulation was going on when all of a sudden another "taxi" came round the corner. We immediately stopped it and started to get in when much to our surprise our own driver took over the car and let the other boy mend the puncture for him, while he drove us to the harbour gate and received his 10/- with a great show of thanks. A fine example of community of property!

Here the last of our Swiss fellow passengers left us. We were very surprised to hear how many Swiss there are along the Coast and further inland on the plateau who have stores. They all report that they are doing very well, mainly due

to their ability or desire to work hard under trying conditions.

The ship was next supposed to call at Duala French Cameroon but owing to the state of the tide it was unable to get any nearer than the mouth of the river. Here we hung at anchor unloading earthenware soil pipes into steel lighters. Since the sea was rather rough the result can be imagined about 25% of the pipes were broken and we are still wondering if it was not more. In the meantime, one of the lighters had somehow come untied and started floating away, the boys had a great time chasing it with their tug and finally bringing it back. By this time it was getting dark and for the next hour we watched a magnificent sunset between the Island of Fernando Po and the mainland, to the music of breaking drain pipes! Several passengers had to alight here and get into the tug that had come to fetch them. This was a very ticklish job and one or two of them, among them a lady, nearly fell into the water between the companion ladder and the little boat; they were only saved by the sailor told to help them giving a hefty shove in the back.

Here our temporary native crew left us, they were a very cheery lot and we were sorry to lose them. Rudy had made friends with the head boy by some means or other, not unconnected with a cream bun, and when they left in addition to saying goodbye to the Captain, the Officers and the Passengers in general they all sang "Goodbye Rudy Skarer," much to everybody's amusement. The way they lowered their own goods into the lighter was amusing in the extreme. Most of them only possessed a loin-cloth and a few pots and pans but the care lavished on these was unbounded, if the drain pipes had been treated in the same manner not one would have been as much as chipped! Among them as a passenger was an Arab known as Mohammed Ali, he was a great aristocrat having a native servant, a stool an umbrella and a prayer-mat, to say nothing of a coconut matting bundle containing the most amazing collection of junk. His bargaining in English with a German Officer as to the amount of his fare was a perfect scream.

(To be continued).