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NEWS FROM THE COLONY.

UNIONE TICINESE SUMMER OUTING.

The Annual Summer Outing of the Unione Ticinese, this year with High Beach, Essex (or is it High Beech?) for its goal, took place on Sunday, the 23rd June, one of the longest and hottest days of 1935.

Though the oppressive heat made one wish that the roomy motor-coaches took us to the shade of our Homeland's cool dales, or to the shores of one of her picturesque lakes caressed by the gentlest of breezes, all the participants, about sixty in number, were in very high spirits. Garulous gaiety held sway. Untinted praise went out first and foremost to the weather. And indeed, it had responded magnanimously to the entreaties the indefatigable Secretary had sent out to it (of course, the actual address is a jealously guarded secret) when only a few days before shower followed shower in a most depressing manner. "Ma che giornata stupenda!" What a magnificent day! thus the enthusiastic chorus.

Under a cloudless, sweltering sky, the temperature rising relentlessly towards 85°, the motors soon carried us away from the sun-baked empty streets of paternal London, away from daily routine, away from uninspiring toil, from cares and worries to enjoy one full day in the freedom of the countryside; as refreshing to every town-dweller as a draught from a cool stream to the fatigued wanderer.

The extensive forest of Epping looms up green and majestic; the Britons' England unperturbed by time and human progress; oaks, beeches, firs, limes, chestnuts; only shoals of gaily attired cyclists resting in the shade lend it a modern touch.

Halt at the King's Oak Hotel, High Beach. The keen appetite did full justice to the luncheon, at the conclusion of which Mr. O. Gambazzi, the President of the Society, greeted the excursionists in a short, business-like speech. He was followed by Mr. E. Albertoli who said a few words on behalf of the strong contingent of "Semionesi" who had come all the way from Portsmouth and Southsea. But it was left to Mr. C. Berti, the Treasurer, to give our melodious mother-tongue her due in a patriotic oration.

While the womenfolk and the children lost themselves in the glades, the men lined up for a grandiose "Boccie" tournament. In spite of odds the earnestness of the single competitors could not have been greater. Then it must be pointed out that it was no ordinary "giuoco delle boccie"; the perfectly smooth gravel pitch, and the "nostrano" for which to compete, were sadly missed. On a football ground, the grass uncut, the game was but a compromise between its proper self and the English bowls game. Sixteen hopeful couples took part in this ruthless knock-out competition. Reputations were lost, won or retrieved. Centimetres became as valuable as diamonds.

After tea the bright long evening lent itself admirably for an impromptu sports meeting. Old and young were equally elated, bent on the most reckless, daring deeds. No names will be disclosed here, nor times, these were records in themselves. No one could not boast a prize. As the shadows fell an obliging accordion set the already severely tried feet waltzing around till the end of the perfect day advanced too nigh.

Solitary Charlotte Street echoed the last, now raucous, notes of, "Que-l' maz-zo-lin de-i fio-ri ..." and tired limbs, but bright, glowing features, stepped from the coaches.

The organizers are to be congratulated on having provided twelve hours of carefree yet unforgettable enjoyment.

ensj.

CITY SWISS CLUB.

We have much pleasure to direct the attention of the members and friends of the City Swiss Club to the 2nd "Réunion d'été," which will take place again at the Brent Bridge Hotel, Hendon, on Tuesday, July 2nd.

Nearly one hundred members and friends attended last month at Hendon, and spent a most enjoyable evening. It is hoped that an equally successful evening awaits those who will venture next Tuesday to Hendon.

In order to allow the Committee of the Club to make adequate arrangements it is necessary to book at once.

LONDON FLIGHT OF THE MAHARAJAH OF KASHMIR.

The Maharajah of Kashmir made a flight over London in a Douglas machine belonging to the "Swissair." The machine was piloted by M. Ackermann, Flight captain of the "Swissair." His Highness warmly congratulated the representatives of the "Swissair" and the Fokker works on the splendid performance, intimating that he wishes to purchase one of the Douglas machines for his own private use.

SIR ARNOLD THEILER HONOURED BY HIS COMPATRIOTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Swiss Society, "Helvetia" at St. Johannesburg (South Africa) according to the "Star" Johannesburg, recently gave a dinner in honour of Sir Arnold Theiler, our distinguished countryman, and a veterinary surgeon of world-wide repute.

Our friend, and late member of the City Swiss Club, Mr. Theo. Schaerer was in the Chair, in his Presidential address he spoke of the appreciation and admiration the Swiss people had for Sir Arnold Theiler, after enumerating the distinctions gained by Sir Arnold all over the world, Mr. Schaerer said: "He is almost a League of Nations in himself."

In responding to the toast in his name, Sir Arnold said he had returned to South Africa after a number of years not because he missed the sunshine so much, or because of the free and easy life, but because the problems of veterinary research attracted him. There was probably no country in the world which offered the facilities for research in the same manner as South Africa.

Although he had travelled through the five continents and had visited the various research institutes, at all of which he was received with honour, he felt that the Veterinary Research Institute, of which he had been director for 17 years, was among the best, if not the best, in the world, when judged by its achievements.

"I feel I am thoroughly linked up with this country," he said. "I chose veterinary science as a profession when the time came to choose whether I should stay in Switzerland or leave for foreign climes. Livingstone and other great travellers, whose published reports I read helped me to make up my mind that Africa should be the scene of my activities. I felt there was a field of research which had not yet been tackled, and as I was particularly fond of research I wanted to devote my life to it."

Sir Arnold paid tribute to the work of his wife. At one time, he said, she was his chief assistant and helped him in the laboratory. In his absence she performed a post-mortem on a horse, and the material which she gathered 40 years ago was still used to-day in inoculation.

As mentioned above, Mr. Theo. Schaerer, in the capacity of President of the Society, presided over the distinguished gathering, ably assisted by his charming wife. Mr. Schaerer, who departed from London a few months ago, where he left a great circle of friends behind, is an old friend of South Africa. He lived in Johannesburg from 1903-1915, and has now the pleasure of again seeing some of his work in bricks and mortar when he walks through the street of the City. A good many of our readers will, no doubt remember, that the City Swiss Club, about a year ago honoured Sir Arnold Theiler at one of their monthly dinners, Monsieur C. R. Paravicini, the Swiss Minister, being in the Chair.

EDITOR'S POST-BAG.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Will you permit me to make a few observations on the 16th Anniversary Number of the Swiss Observer, issued last week? I have read this issue with renewed interest, regretting only that this is not the usual size of the S.O. and hoping that the day may arrive when my Saturday morning post will deliver a similar one every week.

Of the individual contributions, if I may be permitted to speak frankly, SWISS FOLK LORE is certainly interesting, but so far I have failed to reconcile the melody of "Ich bin ein Schweizerknaube" with "I am a Swiss boy and my heart" in anything like an artistic vein. I would rather have "A Swiss I am and all my heart" for the first line. Perhaps this is the one song which is passably renderable in English, but all the other translations show very clearly how impossible a task it is to retain the spirit of these little jewels when they appear in a foreign dress. When GALLUS can write perfectly beautiful little sonnets off his own bat like the one for the Fête Suisse, he gives proof of his deep understanding for the beauty and power of the English language and reveals an enviable ability to use it; why then not give rein to his own poetic feeling and produce more sonnets? We shall welcome them.

KYBURG is an old and trusted friend of the S.O. and he must have many admirers in the colony. His facility of expression, the happy combination of his thoughts, the boldness of his views and the pluck with which he sticks to them — these are the signs of a born journalist and they have endeared him to all of us. Wholeheartedly I associate myself with his appeal for greater support for the paper by the colony, both in subscribers and contributors; let us take KYBURG as a model and see how near we can get to his perfection.

The four centre pages are given over to the captains of the air who take us back to our be-

loved Alps. Personally, I like Mr. Mittelholzer's photographs much better than his heavy pen; while Mr. Ackermann's technical article is full of useful information and very readable. So are the Editor's short impression of a flight round London in a Douglas machine and an article on the tremendous speed of modern air traffic reprinted from the National Zeitung.

The text of the congratulatory address of the Swiss Colony in London to H.M. The King is, like its predecessors, of historical interest, misspelled "Throne" and all; a pity that a reproduction could not be produced for this issue. Your contributor Mr. E. EUSEBIO is to be congratulated on his historic studies of the Tessin and the relations of the Swiss with Italy. This is a very useful and informative column; Swiss history is so extraordinarily rich and varied that we can always do with, and shall always be thankful for, such refreshing monographs.

The usual features which we look for every week are there also, but I am particularly pleased to notice larger and bolder advertisements. "Copy" is the thing the reader looks for in any paper, but to the editor it is an expensive necessary evil. Advertisements alone will butter his bread and it is safe to assume that the proportion between the two of them, I mean copy and advertisements, is the deciding factor of whether a newspaper pays or not, and this is the centre point of all editorial worries.

There is no doubt that we of the colony at times underrate the value of the S.O. and that we are not giving it the co-operation and support it deserves. We just take it for granted, and too many of us read it at a club and leave it at that. Yet we should miss it badly were it to disappear, and we would then find to our surprise that the hard work, the constant thought and the many worries which go into the make-up of this bright little journal, were really worth while and of true patriotic value.

The colony gains greatly by a well established paper; first and foremost, we are kept in touch with events at home by a rational selection of news from Swiss papers; the societies have a means of reaching their members by public appeal; we may choose our holiday hotel with safety among the list of sea-side adverts, and we automatically do a larger trade with Swiss shops in town. The S.O. informs us of the activities of the colony and usually produces excellent reports of the various functions. And there are a hundred other ways in which the S.O. is of silent but efficient service to the colony.

In wishing the Editor and staff many happy returns of the S.O. Anniversary and Godspeed for their future work, I would thank you, Mr. Editor, for the opportunity of expressing my appreciation of "our own London paper" and I am sure that the Members of the London Group are with me in these sentiments.

Yours sincerely,

A. FRED. SUTER,  
Pres. London Group, N.S.H.

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