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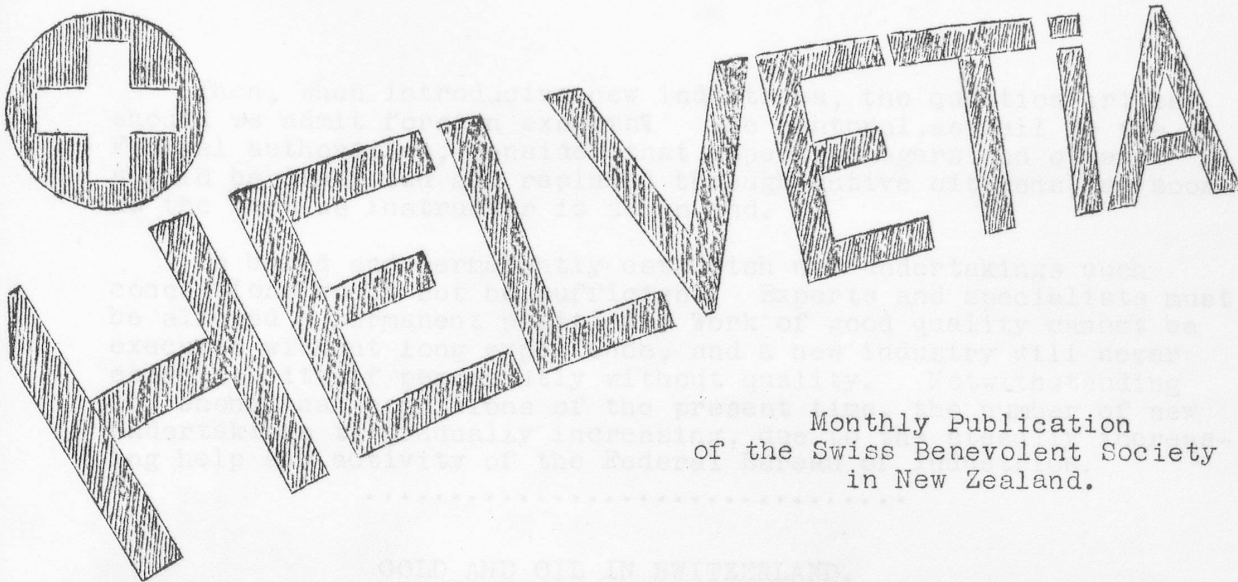
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SWISS INDUSTRIES FAIR, BASLE.

The 20th Industries Fair has been held in Basle during April last. Over 1200 exhibitors participated in this huge national manifestation and people from all over Europe visited our fair Rhine-City. The entire corps of the Federal Ministry, the Senate and the full Parliament journeyed to Basle on the "Official Day", thus amply demonstrating the deep interest taken by the leading Authorities. The President of Switzerland, Dr. Meyer, in a patriotic speech eulogized the enormous importance of the annual exhibition and the benefit and progress created to trade, commerce and industry.

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EASTER TRAFFIC OF 1936 IN CENTRAL SWITZERLAND.

Unexpected Winter conditions have played havoc with the usual large Easter traffic of all descriptions around Lucerne. On Easter Sunday the passenger transport on the Lake of Lucerne amounted to 5040 passengers only, against 21,616 the previous year. On Good Friday the sun smiled and promised no end of fine weather; nobody expected a return of Winter as late as April. The Pilatus-Railway, doing the first trip of the season on Friday, had to close down again on Easter Monday due to heavy snow. The Federal Railways also suffered a severe setback; only the Gotthard line benefited, as the travelling public preferred the sunny South. The traffic to Italy generally was surprisingly large, considering the Sanctions applied against that country.

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INTRODUCTION OF NEW INDUSTRIES
(Extract from the Appenzeller-Zeitung)

The introduction of new industries appears to encounter considerable obstructions from certain quarters. First of all, the present economic conditions have much to do in the matter. Before we are able to build up and attract new industries, the question of capital must be considered. There is never a shortage of proposals and advice, which generally originate from minds having often impossible ideals. The present mobile capital rarely seeks new fields of industries on account of many great risks. Capitalists from other countries, domiciled in Switzerland, continually put forward new propositions, the advancement of which is only advisable on rare occasions.

Then, when introducing new industries, the question arises: should we admit foreign experts? The cantonal, as well as the Federal authorities, consider that expert-managers and others should be dismissed and replaced through native citizens, as soon as the term as instructor is at an end.

To build and permanently establish new undertakings such concessions would not be sufficient. Experts and specialists must be allowed a permanent position. Work of good quality cannot be executed without long experience, and a new industry will never establish itself permanently without quality. Notwithstanding the economical conditions of the present time, the number of new undertakings is gradually increasing, due to the steadily increasing help and activity of the Federal Bureau of Industries.

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GOLD AND OIL IN SWITZERLAND.

Time and again we have pierced and probed our tiny portion of the earth's crust, hoping against hope that one day we should strike upon a hoard of mineral oil. We have chipped and tunnelled our mountains, dreaming that a treasure of coal or iron might be unearthed. We have called in diviners and set them upon the trail with their little hazel rods; but they always returned and reported only traces. Nothing more. Traces! Of what use are traces to our little country, shut in by powerful neighbours and with no road to the sea that we can call our own? Traces, when we are held captive in Central Europe! But it is an old story. Why, even the Helvetians of 2000 years ago realised it: why else did they decide to leave their land and settle in Gaul? Near Geneva they encountered Julius Caesar and his Roman legions, who drove them back again to their native mountains. Which was the best thing that could have happened. No, in Switzerland gold is not dug out of mines: it falls from Heaven like manna. It is the pure sun-gold that glows above the frosts and fogs of winter, and radiates light and health all through the long Swiss mountain summer. Here, on Europe's lofty sun-terrace, man is in direct touch with the God of light, whose rays descend through limpid air unpolluted by the dust and grime of the lowlands. These rays are veins of purest gold — gold that has never caused strife or greed: there is enough and to spare for all, as it pours into our houses and hearts straight from its very source. To lie, remote from life's tiresomeness, on some mountain-side meadow; to turn one's gaze towards the blue vault above; to bask in the liquid warmth of this sun-gold, is to know it worth all the yellow metal ever mined. As yet no geysers have blown their murky streams of oil into our air, though our drills have burrowed down through clay and rock and sand for hundreds and hundreds of feet. The best geologists and oil-seekers in the world have gone forth from our country to discover natural wealth in distant parts of the earth, but, alas, here at home they have never struck oil. And yet strange waters gush up to us from the depths, by what channels we know not. Here they emerge steaming hot, there icy cold; some laden with salt, others with sulphur or with a hundred other minerals. Healing springs are these, miraculous sources of health and strength to the ailing bodies of men. Bathe your way to health! — Even the Romans knew this slogan when they crossed the Alps northward and built their camps and fortifications near the sources of these mineral springs. For them, as for us, Switzerland was famed as a land of healing waters. Truly, with our sun-gold and our health-giving springs, we need not lament our lack of oil-fields.

And what about coal? Poor Switzerland! Yet we have coal. It has been mined in Canton Valais and the Gonzenberg, though indeed people say it is not black enough. Ah, well, one can't always have the best of everything! At any rate, we have a worthy substitute — a white coal, a coal that makes no dust. It tumbles down our mountain-sides, rejoicing in its own deep laughter; pure and fresh it comes to us, surging of its own will on to the blades of our turbines, yielding up its mighty strength in the light-hearted, turbulent way that it has. Serenely then, and in the