

Notes and gleanings

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NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

By KYBURG.

Swiss Justice Scandal:

Daily Telegraph, 22nd September:

On May 1, 1929, THE DAILY TELEGRAPH published an exclusive account of the serious and cowardly assault on Mr. John Hurlleston Leche, First Secretary to the British Legation in Berne, by two peasants while Mr. Leche was taking a walk in the neighbourhood of the city.

The Bernese newspapers, and even the Swiss Press agency, tried to suppress the news, but the report in THE DAILY TELEGRAPH having reached Switzerland the scandal could not be hushed up.

The two peasants were brought before a Court, and it was proved that the assault had not been provoked. After a full inquiry the peasants were sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment. They appealed to a higher Court, but the appeal was dismissed.

It now transpires, after a year and a half, that the sentence was never carried out. At a meeting, just held, of the County Council of the Canton of Berne the two men asked for their sentence to be annulled. There was a long and heated debate among the members of the Council. Some were in favour of annulling the sentence, some of reducing it to five days.

Finally the sentence was reduced to ten days by seventy-five votes to seventy-three.

Needless to say, the discussion in the Assembly of the Canton of Berne, which was reported in the Swiss papers, has given rise to caustic comments amongst the foreign delegates at present at Geneva. They are asking whether this anti-foreign attitude is typical of the Swiss peasantry or is manifested only against diplomats.

Some other English papers have expressed surprise that a political body, like the "Kantonsrat" or "Grosse Rat" of a Swiss Canton should have power to upset or amend a verdict given by a court of law. They forget that the British House of Lords has similar powers, that in the Swiss Cantons the "Grosse or Kantons-Rat" has the power to revise such verdicts as Representative of the Sovereignty of the People.

On the other hand, it is a lamentable fact, and politically very unwise and damaging to Swiss interests, that such bodies as the Kantonsrat, etc. can easily be swayed by motives which have nothing to do with justice. I recall the case of Konradi, the murderer who was finally acquitted and whose acquittal was the excuse which led Russia to sever diplomatic connections with Switzerland. At that time, feeling against Russian Bolshevism ran very high in Switzerland. Rightly so, perhaps. But that that feeling should have clouded the minds of some of the Swiss and with such dire results, is lamentable all the same and when I had occasion, quite recently to talk things over with a number of Swiss of various political leanings, I was glad to find that that verdict, that infamous Konradi acquittal is now recognised to have been not only a gross miscarriage and travesty of justice, but also a very unwise and politically and economically grossly mistaken verdict. In Switzerland, too, they are finding out that "two wrongs do not make one right."

Switzerland—A New Mirror.

Christian World, 18th September:

When I first beheld the Alps after leaving Montreux, journeying up the Rhone valley to Visp, I could only think of God. They seem too majestic to be thought of in the terms of this world, and I felt a kind of childish delight in imagining Him revelling in the peace of those Eternal snows to escape from our littleness when we are firesome. What monuments of indomitable power, invincible strength! . . . and yet . . .

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

His ineffable glory covering all, and His Providence including you . . . and me. The stamp of His greatness, unchanged whether reflected in "a primrose by a river's brim" or in the heaven-reaching whiteness of Monte Rosa, is the same stamp refulgent in a new mirror.

Leaving Visp by narrow gauge railway up to Zermatt, we feel a great friendliness for our chugging little engine and the men who prevent us from back-sliding by applying the cogs when we reach the often startling gradients. The scenery is different from any we have seen before, pine trees racing each other up the steep slopes as far as they can reach; and the foaming glacier-water of the river pounding, and drowning at times the fuss our engine makes. As we ascend, the valley splits into two, and we see enough of the Saas-fee on our left to realize the beauty which we can explore more easily when the railway they are now constructing is complete. Our valley narrows as

we steadily climb, and we are too near to see the summits of all the mountains that encircle us, until we leave the station on the edge of the little plain on which stands the village of Zermatt. And then, lo! there is the Matterhorn towering aloft, dominating and imperious—not unlike a colossal unfinished pyramid—awe-inspiring in bulk as it looms darkly out of its mantle of snow with smooth forbidding sides and razor-edged ridges.

We are in a new world, but in order to make real contact we must see and know its people. They are kind, courteous and quiet, and the first thing that impresses us is their amazing adaptability. We had glimpsed it on our way down from the Juras. There we saw little terraces carved into the steep mountain-side bearing loads of precious fruit; and the slopes testified that the spade of man had been wielded in places where he would seem to need the balancing powers of a fly to work at such an angle. The same is true of Zermatt, and apart from the native art of wood-carving, and the wonderful skill required to construct those typical Alpine chalets and huts, the farmers here have a marvellous irrigation system—a simple lesson in improvisation. It is done by hollowing out the trunks of trees. The large ones store the drinking water of the family and make good cattle-troughs, and miles of narrower ones intersect all land reclaimed from its native roughness, like veins carrying the life-blood of the fields. These wooden troughs need frequent replacing and repairing, and their excellent condition bears eloquent testimony to the tenacity and patience of these hardy, intelligent mountain-folk. Few of their daily tasks are final or permanent—there are the elements to contend against—and everything needs renewing, even the walls of their wooden dwellings.

It is a purposeful existence, striving to thrive materially in spite of environment, and thriving spiritually and morally because of it. They work hard and accept the toil as part of their inheritance. The yield of crops seemed luxuriant, but to us, only acquainted with English pastures, the grass seemed rather mixed and coarse; however, we understand it is exceptionally well-adapted to the need. The flowers were a dream of delight, and at seven or eight thousand feet! Courageous little blooms beautified every spot where their slender roots found soil, and not only edelweiss, but gentian, Alpen roses, pansies, forget-me-nots and daisies flowered cheerfully up to the snow-line, all emulating their human co-dwellers in their almost stubborn staying-power.

We left real climbing to the venturesome souls with ropes, ice-axes and such. Zermatt is a paradise for them, but we found it no less a wonder-spot for the ordinary tourist for whom there are so many accessible peaks. The Gornergratt (10,289ft.) is probably the most noteworthy by reason of the unique panorama from the top. It is almost in the geometrical centre of a magnificent circle of high Alps, a splendid snow-clad group jostling each other for their place in the ring: the Matterhorn, Breithorn, the twins Castor and Pollux, the Lyskamm, Monte Rosa, Rimpfischhorn, Ober Gabelhorn, naming but a few, all of them first-class peaks in the guide-book sense; with attendant glaciers—more than twelve miles of ice-fields at one glance, a wonderful expanse of awesome beauty stirring the soul.

Switzerland is not only for mountaineers and expert climbers, though it cannot help having unique attractions for them; but seen through my eyes, it is a mirror for God's majesty where the fret of everyday life pales and vanishes in "wonder, love and praise."

Hands over the Wall;

It happens probably to most of us that when trying to describe a man to another we fail to find that word, that expression, that adjective which would give the very photograph we wish to convey to our listener. It is always interesting, I think, to come across such deft little pen-pictures and to admire the artistry which produces such neat and really live pictures. W. F. Howard in the following article from the *Methodist Recorder*, 18th September, succeeds in making the people he talks about live and will I think interest most of our readers:

To some the name of Bern will recall a beautiful city, rising high above the sweeping curves and swift current of the river Aare. Some will immediately think of a distant background of snow-capped peaks, the mountain panorama of the Bernese Oberland. Others will think of quiet gateways, of curious clock-towers, of mediaeval arcades, of bear-pits. One man will remember all these features of that picturesque city; but the name will also call to his grateful memory a week spent with sixteen theologians of many races and diverse religious traditions, but all united in earnest loyalty to the Gospel and the Church of Jesus Christ. English, French and German were we, Swiss, Swede, Russian, Roumanian, Bulgarian, Greek and Serb. German was the *lingua franca*, but for the benefit of those who

could not speak it, or of those who could not understand English or French, Dr. Oscar Bauhofer, of Geneva, acted as interpreter. That is to say, most of the papers were read in German, after which the interpreter gave an English summary. When a paper or speech was given in French, a German summary was given. The advantage of this method was that one followed the main drift of the discussions in German, and then had an opportunity of taking full notes while the interpreter summarised.

But what is this all about? When the Universal Christian Council for Life and Work was formed at Stockholm five years ago, one result was that a Commission of Theologians was appointed to arrange for collaboration between Professors of Theology in different countries. One of the smaller results of this Commission was the foundation of the East-West Conference of Theologians. The first meeting was held at Novisad, in Jugo-Slavia, a year ago. The second has just been held at Bern. It was a great loss to this Conference that so brilliant a scholar as Prof. C. H. Dodd was unable to accept an invitation to represent English Free Church theologians this year. His influence at Novisad is cherished by all who were there. The only person who benefited by his absence was the writer of this article, who was so fortunate as to receive an invitation from the Committee in Germany to try, however unworthily, to fill the gap.

We spent a week together under delightful conditions of hospitality, we sat for two sessions of three hours each day, with many interesting meetings thrown in at which numerous speeches were delivered, or discussions took place. We visited the Christ-Katholischen Kirchen in the Canton of Solothurn; we enjoyed a sail round Lake Thun; we were guided round the Cathedral, and enjoyed a glorious view of the Jungfrau range from the Cathedral tower; and we were lavishly entertained to dinner by the Government of the Canton and the City Council. All our sessions were held in the Senate Room of the University of Bern, with members of both Protestant and Catholic Divinity Faculties present as listeners during most of the discussions. Our theme was the Epistle to the Ephesians, where, as might be expected, members of the Orthodox Eastern Church and Protestants of the Lutheran or Reformed Confessions did not al-

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ways agree on points of criticism or interpretation, and where Anglo-Catholic might agree with Wesleyan Methodist on the system of exegesis, while finding himself nearer to the Old Catholic or Russian Churchman on the value of succession of orders or the significance of sacramental grace.

After a week of fellowship in sacred study, and in intimate personal converse in walks or drives or around the common board, we have scattered far and wide. But their figures and faces are imprinted on the memory, and their voices haunt me still. I think of these learned doctors with whom for a short season it was my unmerited privilege to sojourn. There is that arresting figure of him who was once a Marxian Socialist, and who passed through German idealistic philosophy back to the faith of his childhood, and is now an archpriest of the Orthodox Church, an exile from Russia, Professor in the Russian Institute of Theology at Paris. Those who have been at Lausanne Conferences and Continuation Committees will recall that man, clad in a black gown which reaches to his feet, with unkempt beard and locks that fall upon his shoulders. One cannot forget that broad forehead, that gentle voice picking words slowly in German or in English to express the eager thoughts that flow so freely in Russian language. Father Sergius will arrest attention wherever he goes. And then his delightful compatriot, Nicolas v. Arseniev, whose face and dress in no way mark him out as a foreigner wherever he may be. With the impetuous rush of a mountain torrent he discourses on all manner of themes in English, German, French or Russian. Or one recalls that most courteous gentleman, whose spine is as straight as a ramrod. That is Panagiotis Bratsiotis, Professor of the Greek of the Septuagint at the University of Athens. Or I see one who in build and features might almost be twin brother to Viscount Grey. He has the manners of the born aristocrat, and the gracious Christian spirit of the true saint. This is Hermann Neander, of Sweden, who has travelled in many lands. Or there is one whose every movement is marked by grace, and whose face might well serve an artist as a model for the Christ. This is Stefan Zankow, of Sophia. Then there is one who accompanies us on Sunday morning to service in the Old Catholic Cathedral, clad in long cassock with crimson sash upon which rests a golden cross. This handsome scholar and Churchman, with his grey beard and ceaseless flow of learning, is Vasile Gheorghiu, of the University of Czeronowitz in Roumania. Or who could imagine that that short figure, with the handsome face, black hair and moustache, the shrug of the shoulders and the easy and constant gesticulation, could come from anywhere but France? Henri Clavier represents the Free Faculty of Protestant Theology at Montpellier, and much do I owe to this charming and friendly brother in the Faith.

Then there are the Swiss. First we notice our President during the sessions, Bishop Küry, with wavy black hair and beard, slow of speech, and reticent—a kindly host and even-tempered moderator. His colleague, Ernst Gaugler, is tall, and warms up to eager and almost excited eloquence in discussion. Quite unlike them is the youngest member of our group, Fritz Lieb, who has recently left his native Switzerland to be Privatdozent at Bonn. He is a Barthian, vehement and explosive. As he begins to speak, first one hand and then the other begins to waggle at his shoulder, then the voice rises to a high falsetto and cracks under the strain of the emotional intensity of the man. It is not surprising to hear that, in the industrial unrest ten or twelve years ago, this vehement young Socialist was imprisoned for taking part in barricading the streets against the police. But now, however keen his political interests may be, it is zeal for Christ and His Kingdom that sets his soul ablaze. The most taciturn member of our company is Demetrius Stefanovic, a Serb, dark, bearded, modest of disposition and kind at heart.

Of the German, learned and logical, it is less easy to speak. There is my old friend Martin Dibelius, with dark hair and moustache, alert and resourceful, ready of speech and confident in his critical and exegetical judgments. There is Karl Ludwig Schmidt, large and Teutonic in all his make-up, with extraordinary quickness of mind and clearness of expression. There is Wilhelm Michaelis, scholarly and independent, who, after giving a transparently clear and challenging opening paper, never opened his lips in public disension for the rest of the week, but followed all that was said with quiet immobility—the very antithesis of the versatile and lively Dibelius. And there, just opposite me, sat Theodor Odenwald, of Heidelberg, calmly taking incessant notes, and then from time to time with faultless precision summing up the main lines in the progress of our thought. He too is essentially the German scholar and philosopher, though

his face would not make it so safe to place him.

Last of all I must name my fellow-countryman, the Rev. H. Leonard Pass, Principal of Chichester Theological College, who for twenty years was a theological don at King's, Cambridge. It was well that, while studying the Epistle to the Ephesians, we should have one who was in his early days a pupil of Dean Armitage Robinson, at the very time when that choice scholar was preparing the finest commentary on that epistle which we have in our language. It was gratifying to an Englishman's national pride to observe the deep respect with which the cultured scholar's contributions to our discussions were uniformly received.

With such eminent scholars and Christian gentlemen it was a great privilege to live and study the great theme of Christ and His Church for a whole week. The substance of the papers that were read, and some account of the discussions, will appear in the November number of K. L. Schmidt's paper, *Theologische Blätter*, for those who are concerned to know the results of our careful study of Ephesians. But for some of us who were together at Bern it is not the critical or the theological debates that count for most. It is the discovery of the deeper unity that underlies our present undeniable differences of principle and tradition. The middle wall of partition has not crumbled away, but we have clasped hands above it, and talked with warm hearts and unflinching conviction of the truth as we see it concerning Christ and His Church. W. F. HOWARD.

And now, as the winter season is nigh upon us—Summer Time coming to an end this weekend, alas and alack!—something about the great winter-game "Football" will not come amiss.

"Futbol."

Daily News and Chronicle, 18th September:

Travelling on the Continent during the last few years, I have been astonished at the immense strides made by Association football. Statistics leave no room for doubting that this is the world's most popular sport. It would not be easy to find a country where "Soccer" is not played.

The game was introduced to France some 40 years ago, and caused amusement more than anything else. Now the French are as serious about it as Britons, and I learn that there are more than 5,000 clubs affiliated to the French Soccer Federation.

In Germany and Switzerland Soccer is played during 11 months of the year, in Spain the footballer is very surely encroaching upon the prestige of the matador; and the victory gained by a Spanish eleven over a representative England side some time ago gave the game a great fillip in that country.

The Belgian Association Football Union has about 100,000 members, and Hungary has nearly that number besides several professional clubs. Germany has something like a million players, and Poland has 600 clubs. Even in Siam there is a flourishing football competition, with the Siamese King as donor of the chief trophy.

However, it is generally admitted that British Soccer still holds pride of place in science and popularity. We can boast something like a million spectators on the biggest drawing dates. About three-quarters of a million watch the third or fourth round matches of the English Cup competition, and on the same day easily a quarter of a million watch the others in League games.

The proportion of spectators to the population is not so great in other countries, but the best authority estimates that 20,000,000 people watch Association Football.

Although British teams do not compete in the series of games for the so-called world's championship, it is quite certain that the finest points of the Soccer game have not yet been mastered outside Britain.

I have often noticed that foreign footballers think more of getting the man than the ball, and that their style of play is more vigorous than scientific. Moreover, they lag behind a great deal in the art of trapping the ball, and as for "killing" the ball, it is almost out of the question.

All admit, however, that the best football is still served by British teams, and this despite the severe handicaps suffered by them while on tour. Not only are there the different Continental rules to be observed, but the tours take place in the summer, and our players, after a hard and gruelling home season, are generally fit for anything but their best. Often they play on sun-baked grounds which skin the feet—one of my own experiences—while the Continentals are used to it. Then there are the misunderstanding spectators who would give the earth to see their pets lower the British colours.

From personal experience, I do not think

there are better exponents of skilful soccer outside Britain than the Spaniards. Their standard of play approaches ours so closely that they will be found to be a very hard nut to crack in future games.

The word "Football" has become part of the language of France, Portugal, Turkey, Switzerland, Siam, Chili, Peru, and others. Other English terms pertaining to the game which are also adopted, especially in France and Switzerland, include "corner" (which the French pronounce "cornaire"), "hands," "penalty," "goal," etc.

Of countries which have translated "Football," Germany calls it Fussball; Spain, Futbol; Holland, Voetbal; Russia, Futbolhnyl.

I might have added, for the benefit of those few of us who remember with pride how we fought and strove to establish "Futbol" in Switzerland, that the game then was commonly called "Gingge," that is, in polite society, whereas enemies of the new pastime, also called it "Löli-Bällele."

SWISS MERCANTILE SOCIETY.

EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING,
SEPTEMBER 24th.

The insufficient attendance at the preceding Extraordinary General Meeting on September 10th, due no doubt to unfavourable circumstances, made it necessary to call a second Meeting. About 70 Members were present when the President of the S.M.S., Mr. M. Pascho, declared the proceedings open. The number of the attendance this time and the ensuing discussions and deliberations, however, proved that the members fully realised the importance of the question put before them, for the future welfare of the S.M.S. was at stake.

The Minutes of the previous Meeting were read and confirmed. The President then called upon Mr. A. C. Stahelin, Chairman of the Select Committee. This Committee was appointed in 1923 for the purpose of studying the advisability of converting the Society into a registered Company. Although the desire to put the Society on a proper business footing has existed for a long time, the question had to be studied from various angles. One chief factor, namely that of Income Tax, did not influence the matter, as we have always been liable to pay this tax. Although the Society is not a Trading Concern intended for profits, an exemption from taxation was refused on the grounds that the Society is not exclusively an educational body, but also offers social amenities to its members. Circulars had been sent out to enquire the members' opinion on the question of registration and the 37 answer slips received were all in the affirmative.

The report of the Select Committee emphatically stressed the fact that the chief purpose of registration would be to limit the liability of the members and to give the Society legal standing. The report was strongly in favour of registration and intended to omit the word "Limited" and substitute "Incorporated," so as not to put a wrong complexion on the Society's name and for which permission has to be obtained from the Board of Trade. The liability of a member is thus reduced to £1.

The Select Committee recommended the Meeting to accept the Articles and Memorandum of Association, a copy of which had been sent to each member for perusal. The President pointed out that any alterations, provided they did not affect those required by the Act, which the members deemed necessary, should be done forthwith, as subsequent alterations would involve heavy cost and should, therefore, wherever possible, be obviated.

On one point the Select Committee was not agreed. A minority was of opinion that the President of the Society should *ipso facto* be Chairman of the Council. A lengthy discussion on this topic followed and it was pointed out that as a rule loopholes should be avoided, that this was a wise provision, for it did not bind the Society, but left it to the discretion of each General Meeting.

The amendment of the minority was finally defeated by a few votes.

Before proceeding with the discussion of the various paragraphs dealing with the constitution of the Company, the vote was taken whether the Meeting was in favour of registration. The result was very pleasing for the Meeting was unanimously in favour.

In the ensuing discussions the Articles and Memorandum of Association were passed subject to a few minor alterations.

The Select Committee now having finished its task, Mr. Boehringer suggested that it be dissolved, thanking them for their invaluable work. He singled out the devoted services rendered by the Chairman, Mr. A. C. Stahelin. The Meeting responded with tumultuous applause.

The President proposed that Mr. Stahelin should be the first to sign the Memorandum which was accepted with acclamation. Mr. A. Schupbach was elected to sign on behalf of the trustees. In view of the active interest he has