

London Swiss Rilfe Team

Objektyp: **Group**

Zeitschrift: **The Swiss observer : the journal of the Federation of Swiss Societies in the UK**

Band (Jahr): - **(1934)**

Heft 673

PDF erstellt am: **08.08.2024**

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ont dû, elles aussi, être mûrement pesées, le concient aux grandes puissances que la Russie des Soviets siège à leurs côtés à Genève, cela ne signifie pas du tout que la Suisse, renouvelant le geste de Ponce-Pilate, doive s'en laver les mains, et renoncer à exprimer tout haut, à la face de tous, avec la plus entière franchise, son opinion sur le gouvernement actuel de Moscou, l'aversion et la crainte que lui inspirent ses méthodes de propagande.

En matière de politique internationale, rien de plus dangereux que l'équivoque, et le Conseil fédéral, en répondant carrément "non" aura les coudees plus franches pour veiller "à la sûreté intérieure de la Confédération, au maintien de la tranquillité et de l'ordre" comme le lui prescrit la Constitution (art. 102), c'est-à-dire, en l'espèce, pour surveiller et réprimer toute propagande subversive que tenterait d'exercer, la IIIème internationale par le canal du gouvernement de Moscou. Il ne failira certainement pas à ce devoir, dans l'accomplissement duquel il sait pouvoir compter sur la grande majorité du peuple suisse. Point n'est besoin, pour nous défendre, de sortir de la S. D. N. comme le préconise le Front national qui a manifesté l'intention de lancer une initiative dans ce sens au cas où la candidature de la Russie serait admise; outre que le départ de la Suisse aurait pour corollaire le transfert du siège de la S. D. N. dans un autre pays, ce qui, à bien des égards, — non pas seulement d'ordre matériel, — serait regrettable, nous estimons que notre pays peut et doit encore jouer

un rôle utile dans le grand organisme international, qu'il y a sa place marquée et sa voie toute tracée. Aussi bien la Suisse n'est-elle point elle-même une Société des Nations en miniature?

Quoi qu'il en soit, nous souhaitons, en terminant, que les débats qui souvriront la semaine prochaine au Bâtiment électoral se déroulent dans le calme et la sérénité, et qu'aucune note discordante ne vienne les troubler, qui puisse causer du tort à Genève, ville accueillante qui s'est toujours honorée de respecter les lois de l'hospitalité.

Edgar Junod.

(Tribune de Genève).

LONDON SWISS RIFLE TEAM.

The Committee of the Surrey County Rifle Association struck upon a very happy idea in arranging an Invitation Prize meeting (Novelty Targets) for Sunday 9th September at the Bisley Rifle Ranges. The meeting was open to all comers and the Swiss Decimal Target especially proved such an attraction to the best marksmen that there were not sufficient targets and necessary marking paraphernalia available to go round with the result that many well-known shots at Bisley could not have a crack at them.

The members of the London Swiss Rifle Team, who were very courteously received, were privileged to use the Swiss Service rifle whereas,

of course, our British friends used their Service rifle with peep sight and wind gauge and to very good purpose. Captain Bunch amongst the first half dozen in the coveted King's Cup, was the highest scorer with 91 points out of a possible 100, and Captain Barlow actual winner of this year's King's Cup, had to be content with third prize with a score of 89. A good many marksmen had scores of 80 and over and the best Swiss score was the very creditable one of 86.

The Swiss Decimal target evoked tremendous interest and fascination, and it would not be surprising to see it at Bisley very frequently in future. Every marksman new to it had nothing but admiration for the same.

The scores of the London Swiss Rifle Team were as follows:—

Wetter	...	86	points.
Hess	...	84	"
Senn	...	83	"
Brullhardt	...	82	"
Fenner	...	70	"
Fischer	...	69	"

There can be no doubt that the peep sight and wind gauge give considerable advantage to the Riflemen against the open sight and perhaps a similar contrivance fitted to the Swiss Service Rifle might solve a controversy and definitely establish which of the two is the more accurate under similar conditions. I know which I would back.

H.S.

MY FLIGHT.

By ST.

(Continuation).

The clouds are lifting, we are nearing the sea, exactly 25 minutes after leaving Croydon we pass over Rye at an altitude of about 2,500 feet. The coastline, with its whitish cliffs is visible for miles and miles, the various piers of the many seaside resorts are stretching like little arms out into the sea; the latter looks like one large compact blue mass, not a ripple can be detected, it looks quite uncanny almost threatening. Mail boats, passenger steamers and fishing smacks look as if glued on to this heavy blue mass. The coast-line slowly disappears in a golden mist, we are left alone between a cloudless sky and the dark blue sea. I venture to walk to the Pilot's cabin in order to peep through the small window, the wireless operator has just received messages either from Croydon or Le Bourget, he passes them on to the captain, I notice that the course is slightly altered. Far in the distance again heavy clouds can be sighted, is the weather going to turn? I hardly had time to reflect on such a possibility, when the steward handed to me a small brown paper bag, which was lined with grease proof paper, with apprehension I looked at it, and there it stood in black print the words: "Contre le mal de l'Air."

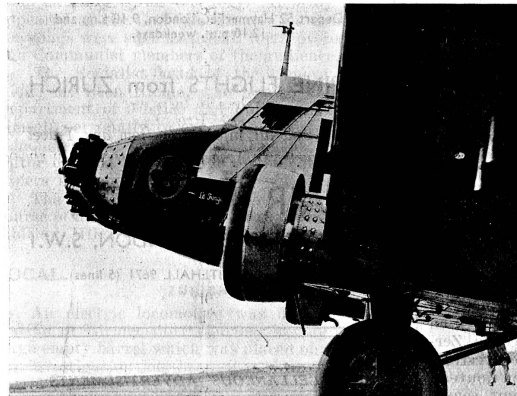
That seemed promising, having been for years an addict to sea-sickness I thought, by flying I could cheat this horrible and unpleasant illness, fortunately it proved to be only a precautionary measure, and this little paper bag is now a treasured memento of my first flight.

In the far distance appears a faint line, and a few minutes later the French coast is in sight, we are approaching rapidly the mouth of the river Somme, the view is overpowering, to the left one can see as far as Etaples, whilst on the right the town of Dieppe can be clearly discerned, there is hardly time to take in this magnificent picture, as already we have crossed far inland.

The first impression flying over French soil is like passing over a huge carpet; the various shades of thousands of acres of cultivated land seem to resemble a futurist pattern. The hay stacks look like little studs on which this immense carpet is fixed to mother earth. As far as the eye reaches nothing but fields, here and there interrupted by woodlands and small rivièrs, which look like little silvery threads. Villages come and go, the churches stand out like landmarks, whilst for miles and miles the "route nationale" can be detected. Shortly before 10 o'clock we are passing over Compiègne at a great height; we are approaching the Metropolis of France and the first stage of my flight is accomplished. The lovely little lake of Auteuil with the adjoining race course can be sighted, it looks like a picture out of fairy land. In a moment we see Paris stretching out far below, in the distance the Eiffel Tower stands clearly out like a little toy, the houses look like tiny Noah's Arks, and the numerous lakes are about the size of a pocket handkerchief. Now we are planeing down to the Le Bourget aerodrome and have another thrill. The duration of the flight from Croydon to Le Bourget took exactly 1 hour and 32 minutes.

On descending from the "Golden Clipper" I endeavoured to have a good look at the machine which had brought me safely and comfortably for so many miles. This machine which is one of the fastest planes of the "Air France" has

a wing area of 670 square feet, with a wing span of 74 feet each, and is fitted with three engines with a total horse power of 1050, the empty weight with full equipment totals 8,800 lbs., weight of crew 352 lbs., Petrol and oil 1,980 lbs., and Payload 2,420 lbs., making a total of 13,552 lbs. The cruising speed is 150 miles p.h. (top speed 175 m.p.h.), the maximum height attained is 21,000 feet. The passenger cabin is 20 feet long, 6 feet high and 6 feet wide. The machine measures 72 feet in length. The cockpit (see ill.)



has room for two pilots with Dual control, and the height of the machine is 17 feet. Each passenger has an extremely comfortable armchair and a separate window, which may be opened. The passenger cabin is warmed in cold weather and engine noise is insulated by double cabin walls. There are two luggage compartments and a toilet.

I had hardly time to get these few particulars from one of the most courteous officials, when I was told that the plane which was to take me to my homeland was ready to start, this time it was one of the famous machines of the "Swissair," a Swiss company which was founded in 1922. M. Ch. Messmer, their representative in Paris, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at the Aerodrome, told me that up to the end of 1933 his company had carried a total of 34,514 passengers covering a mileage of 5,974,100 km. without one fatal accident. — a wonderful achievement. — This company has, I am informed, initiated a service from Basle to London via Paris, in connection with the "Air France."

Happy to go a stage further in a Swiss machine, piloted by a countryman of my own, I took my seat in the comfortable Air liner, a Fokker machine fitted with three engines. A command, — a last waving of hands, and we are off; rapidly some of the outstanding landmarks, such as the Eiffel Tower and the church of Sacre Coeur disappear in a blue mist, and a few minutes later we are flying over the fair fields of France, which look once again like an enormous parquet floor. Every now and again we bump a little as we strike an air pocket, and the experience is very much like that of being in a motor-car when the brakes are suddenly applied. France strikes one in the main as a monotonous, not very interesting country, mostly flat, with undulating cornfields and large forests.

ments give me a foreboding, that we are nearing a further stage on my Journey's End. A glance out of my window reveals that we are passing now over the Vosges, thus breaking the monotony of the last hour, the picturesque villages of Alsace provide one with an unforgettable impression. Far away the faint blue chain of the Jura mountains appear, I seem to feel the breeze of my country meeting me. Suddenly a long silver line appears, visible for miles and miles, it is the Rhine, which is wending its way peacefully amongst hills, villages and towns. The machine which flew hitherto at a height of about 5,000 ft., begins slowly to descend, I have another look out, and see the proud City of Basle ahead, I can clearly detect the Minster as well as the imposing Railway Station, and the many bridges which connect the two borders of the Rhine. The engines have now stopped and we slowly glide through the air towards the Aerodrome at Birsfelden. My fellow-passengers have finished their beautifying labours and are getting ready to honour the town of Basle with their radiant beauty.

A little jolt, and a slight bump which nearly threw me into the arms of one of the fairest of the fair, and we have landed on Swiss soil after a wonderful passage of barely one and a half hours.

The Aerodrome at Birsfelden is in a lovely situation, and really resembles to a certain extent Le Bourget *en miniature*. Apart from the buildings of the Administration and the numerous hangars, there is a fine restaurant with a large terrace. Here again, as in Croydon and Le Bourget I found the officials most courteous and equally efficient. After the customs and passport examination which took only a few minutes, I adjourned to the Restaurant to drink to the success of the second stage of my journey. I found the travelling in a Swiss machine equally comfortable, and I was greatly impressed by the splendid appearance of the machine. It might interest my readers to know that the "Swissair" was the first company in Europe to start a service with fast machines obtaining a top speed of 270 km.p.h. The distance flown by the Swiss Company from 1922-1932 equals nine times the distance from the earth to the moon, or 5,000,000 km.

I had hardly had time to empty my glass and to take a few whiffs at a Swiss "Stumpfen," when the ringing of a bell announced the departure of a third machine with destination to Berne the end of my journey.

(Conclusion in next issue.)