

Our next issue

Objektyp: **Group**

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

Band (Jahr): - **(1947)**

Heft 1065

PDF erstellt am: **16.07.2024**

Nutzungsbedingungen

Die ETH-Bibliothek ist Anbieterin der digitalisierten Zeitschriften. Sie besitzt keine Urheberrechte an den Inhalten der Zeitschriften. Die Rechte liegen in der Regel bei den Herausgebern.

Die auf der Plattform e-periodica veröffentlichten Dokumente stehen für nicht-kommerzielle Zwecke in Lehre und Forschung sowie für die private Nutzung frei zur Verfügung. Einzelne Dateien oder Ausdrucke aus diesem Angebot können zusammen mit diesen Nutzungsbedingungen und den korrekten Herkunftsbezeichnungen weitergegeben werden.

Das Veröffentlichen von Bildern in Print- und Online-Publikationen ist nur mit vorheriger Genehmigung der Rechteinhaber erlaubt. Die systematische Speicherung von Teilen des elektronischen Angebots auf anderen Servern bedarf ebenfalls des schriftlichen Einverständnisses der Rechteinhaber.

Haftungsausschluss

Alle Angaben erfolgen ohne Gewähr für Vollständigkeit oder Richtigkeit. Es wird keine Haftung übernommen für Schäden durch die Verwendung von Informationen aus diesem Online-Angebot oder durch das Fehlen von Informationen. Dies gilt auch für Inhalte Dritter, die über dieses Angebot zugänglich sind.

Ein Dienst der *ETH-Bibliothek*
ETH Zürich, Rämistrasse 101, 8092 Zürich, Schweiz, www.library.ethz.ch

<http://www.e-periodica.ch>

MARK TWAIN IN SWITZERLAND.

The rich, if somewhat broad, humour of Mark Twain finds nowhere happier expression than in his "A Tramp Abroad," a book published back in 1880. It is the record of a tour through Southern Germany and Switzerland, made by the Author in the company of a courier named Harris, probably an imaginary character. The major part of the book concerns Switzerland, hence it should be of special interest to Swiss readers. The style is Mark Twain's at his best. As one follows his account, one seems to hear the soft Southern drawl and to see the twinkle in the eye of the celebrated author. But the story he tells is by no means all humour: though always on the look-out for the incongruous, his keen observation and his gift of description have produced page after page of beautiful and instructive writing. Yet, every now and again, unexpectedly and as if he could not help it, that humour of his comes to the surface; it cannot be repressed. This entertaining twist is best illustrated by an actual quotation. How he saw the sunrise on the Rigi is described as follows:—

"Supper warmed us, and we went immediately to bed; but first, as Mr. Baedeker requests all tourists to call his attention to any errors they may find in his guide-books, I dropped him a line to inform him that when he said the foot journey from Wäggis to the summit was only three hours and a quarter, he missed it by just about three days. . . . We curled up in the clammy beds, and went to sleep without rocking. We were so sodden with fatigue that we never stirred nor turned over till the booming blasts of the Alphorn aroused us. It may well be imagined that we did not lose any time. We snatched on a few odds and ends of clothing, cocooned ourselves in the proper red blankets, and plunged along the halls and out into the whistling wind bare-headed. We saw a tall wooden scaffolding on the very peak of the summit, a hundred yards away, and made for it. We rushed up the stairs to the top of this scaffolding and stood there, above the vast outlying world, with hair flying and our ruddy blankets waving in the fierce breeze.

"Fifteen minutes too late, at least," said Harris, in a vexed voice. "The sun is clear above the horizon."

"No matter," I said, "it is a most magnificent spectacle, and we will see it do the rest of the rising, anyway."

In a moment we were deeply absorbed in the mar-

vel before us, and dead to everything else. (Follows a description of the beautiful scenery.)

We could not speak. We could hardly breathe. We could only gaze in drunken ecstasy and drink it in. Presently Harris exclaimed —

"Why, damnation, it's going down!"

Perfectly true, we had missed the *morning* horn-blow and slept all day. This was stupefying, Harris said —

"Look here, the sun isn't the spectacle, it's *us*, stacked up here on the top of this gallows, in these idiotic blankets and two hundred and fifty well-dressed men and women down here gawking up at us . . . and laughing their ribs loose . . . etc., etc."

Similar accounts are to be found throughout the book. There is a chapter on the French Duel, for instance, which is pure farce and most amusing. And in the appendix, the chapter devoted to "The awful German language" is extremely funny.

Books of this kind, though perhaps out of date, provide a welcome relief from the actualities of these distressing times. So if you would escape for a while from your miseries and your worries, settle in an arm-chair, switch off the radio and chuckle over "A Tramp Abroad," you will not regret it. *J.J.F.S.*

FROM THE PROVINCES.

Mr. H. Gattiker, from Bristol, who is well-known in the Swiss Colony in London, where he has many friends, has recently purchased the building of the St. Chad's mission, in Devon Road, Bristol, for the sum of £5,000. The building will be converted into a bakery and principally used for pikelet making, or what we call in London "crumpets." It will be a special Department of his firm the Qualitybake Ltd.

Mr. Gattiker informs us, that in his younger days, he used to occupy the post of chief designer of "cheese-holes" in his uncle's "Chäserei," which now enables him to be an expert on "crumpet-holes."

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

Our next issue will be published on Friday, May 16th, 1947.

We take this opportunity of thanking the following subscribers for their kind and helpful donation: F. B. Tschudy, A. Schmid, H. Koch, H. Gattiker, Ch. L. Chapuis, J. Stettler.

Spend a Weekend or Holiday by the Sea at HOVE, SUSSEX

DUDLEY HOTEL

NEAR SEA AND SHOPPING CENTRE

80 ROOMS — 30 BATHROOMS

Inclusive Terms from 30/- per day

LARGE GARAGE AND LOCK-UPS

Telephone: HOVE 6266

Managing Director: F. KUNG (Swiss)

ALL ROOMS with
Running Water, Central Heating
and Telephones

Self-contained Suites and
Rooms with Private Bathrooms

Continental Cuisine

Restaurant and Cocktail Bar open to Non-Residents

Sackville Court Hotel

OVERLOOKING THE SEA

50 ROOMS — 30 BATHROOMS

Inclusive Terms from 27/- per day

LOCK-UP GARAGES

Telephone: HOVE 6292

Manager: W. WALTER (Swiss)