

Zeitschrift: The Swiss observer : the journal of the Federation of Swiss Societies in the UK
Band: - (1956)
Heft: 1279

Artikel: Swiss PTT alpine coach in London
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DOI: <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-691716>

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Download PDF: 15.10.2024

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SWISS PTT ALPINE COACH IN LONDON.

The Automobile Section of the Swiss PTT, whose yellow coaches with their musical 3-tone horn are so well known on our mountain passes, brought for the first time one of their latest type vehicles to England. The coach arrived in London on July 18th with a group of Swiss holidaymakers who will be touring England and Scotland in it.

This was a golden opportunity to show the coach to our good friends, the London Travel Agents and also to Representatives of the Swiss Press. The London branch of the Swiss National Tourist Office, in co-operation with the Swiss PTT therefore organised on the 18th of July an evening trip from London to the Weald of Kent with the Directors of London Travel Bureaus. Also present were Dr. E. Wiget, London Representative of the "Ringier Verlag" in Zofingen (Schweizer Illustrierte), Mr. A. Stauffer, Editor of the Swiss Observer, Dr. Tauber of the "Bund" and Mr. J. Mennessier of the "Journal de Genève". A young Swiss lady in Grisons costume and our old friend A. Gandon in "Sennetracht" with his accordion provided colour and Ländler-Music. During the dinner at a Kentish Road House near Tonbridge, Mr. H. O. Ernst of the Swiss National Tourist Office welcomed the guests. Mr. A. Honegger, representing the General Management of the Swiss PTT, then spoke of the excellent service provided on Swiss Roads and Alpine Passes by these coaches. He

stressed especially their comfort and perfect safety. We all agreed with him. The drive was smooth, extremely comfortable and the unimpeded view from the coach with its large windows and plexiglass dome, remarkably good. The driver, Mr. Krebs from Berne, is evidently an "ace" and we were not surprised to hear that he is a "millionaire", i.e. he has over a million miles of driving Postal Motor Coaches to his credit, without a single accident.

Travel should be both ways, and it is very pleasing to see that the Swiss Authorities are helping to "repay the compliment" by bringing Swiss tourists to England, the Country, whose people are our staunchest clients and help so much to fill our hotels. It may surprise the reader that in 1955 for instance, the number of "nuitées" (Logiernächte) in Swiss Hotels from British and Irish visitors was 2,056,764, surely a remarkable effort, for which we have to thank the British Travel Agents to a great extent.

The trip into Kent was repeated on the 19th of July with the Counter Clerks of Travel Agencies and on Friday, July 20th an English school had been invited for a London Sightseeing Drive in this coach.

E.R.

Swiss National Tourist Office.

ES LEBT IN JEDER SCHWEIZERBRUST.

Within my breast I sense a strain,
A nameless, silent yearning,
It is not joy, it is not pain,
With tears my eyes are burning.
O tell me why it moves me so,
This yearning, this burning?
You feel the spell where'er you go,
Your eye grows dim, your heart's aglow.

On verdent alp, on steep descent,
When bells are sweetly ringing,
I could rejoice, I could lament,
Could be in tears or singing.
O tell me why it moves me so,
This ringing, this singing?
You feel the spell where'er you go,
Your eye grows dim, your heart's aglow.

From tranquil vale, translucent lake,
I see the snow-peaks glowing,
They fill my soul with joy and ache,
My heart is overflowing.
O tell me why it moves me so,
This glowing, o'erflowing?
You feel the spell where'er you go,
Your eye grows dim, your heart's aglow.

Be still, my heart and take delight
In this you homeland's beauty.
But strive for freedom, light and right,
Be faithful, do you duty.
O tell me why it moves me so,
This beauty, this duty?
You feel the spell where'er you go,
Your eye grows dim, your heart's aglow.

Translated by J.J.F.S.

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