

# 15th Landsgemeind eat Hardcastle Grags

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**15TH LANDSGEMEINDE AT  
HARDCASTLE CRAGS (YORKSHIRE)  
17TH JUNE, 1962**

*This is what a young Swiss who accompanied his father to the Landsgemeinde has written for us:*

The weather is always fine in England, so the sun was of course shining brightly when I woke up in the Midland Hotel, Manchester, on 17th June. I was longing to explore the endless corridors of the hotel, which was absolutely deserted that Sunday morning, but my father was fussing about being ready in time for our appointment, so I couldn't. At 9.30 we left for our rendezvous at Hebden Bridge, where the mountains, the rucksacks and the determined expressions on all the faces made me think I was back in Switzerland.

The road to Hardcastle Crag runs through a "picturesque" region. That is what my father calls the places he photographs, but I'm not saying any more on the subject. I don't like describing nature because it's too much like a school exercise. After we had crossed a ford and climbed a hill, my father said: "This is Hardcastle Crag, where Professor Inebnit is going to conduct the Landsgemeinde." He then explained the meaning of this fine custom. It occurred to me that it might be a good idea if a Landsgemeinde for all Londoners could be held in Regent's Park. It would be a chance to propose the abolition of the bowler hat.

At two o'clock we were assembled by Professor Inebnit. There were about fifty of us. The professor reminded us of the various stages in the formation of the Swiss Confederation. As he called out the name of each canton in the order of its entry into the Confederation,

the representatives of that particular canton stepped forward. My father and I were the last. Sadly I realized once more what an insignificant part the Genevese had played in the creation of Switzerland. So it is up to the Genevese of today to do their utmost for our country.

When we got back to Hebden Bridge we had high tea at the Civic Hall. The Swiss Consul in Manchester and Madame Rosset sat at the top table together with local officials and the presidents of the Swiss clubs. They were all very kind to me. We had some delicious pastries; I do wish I could have congratulated the Swiss who made them.

I shall not forget a single moment of that wonderful day.

**FROM THE EDITOR**

When Mr. Stauffer gave up the editorship of the Swiss Observer in 1961 he hoped to enjoy a peaceful retirement. But he had to come back in February last to take over from Mr. Hofstetter until I was ready to start. For the last few weeks he has initiated me into the secrets of publishing a paper and has supervised my first efforts. With great patience and consideration he has taught me all there is to know. He has now left the office, but he has kindly offered to help me any time I get stuck. For this I am deeply grateful, for I feel rather like the new swimmer who takes to the water for the first time without rope or safety belt!

The Colony has already shown its appreciation of Mr. Stauffer's great services as an editor, and our best wishes accompany him and Mrs. Stauffer on his "final" retirement, which we hope will be long and enjoyable.

*Mariann.*

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