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Keine passende Ergänzung zu den Trachtenfesten als die ersten Berichte der Kommission zum Studium der Entvölkerung der Hochgebirgstäler. Man sollte am nächsten Feste nicht nur die Augenfreude aufmarschieren lassen (zur Lust der Städter), sondern auch Veranschaulichungen des alpinen Wohnens (zehn Personen in einem Raum, verglaste Fenster usw.), des alpinen Kretinismus, des alpinen Alkoholismus. Dann ist das Bild wenigstens vollständiger, wenn auch nicht so begeisternd. Warum überhaupt die "gute alte Zeit" (wo die Kinder starben wie die Fliegen, wo man bisweilen auch verhungerte) nur von der Seite der Tracht her zeigen? Jene, die schäftsichtig entflohenen nachtrauern, brauchen ja nur Pestalozzi oder Jeremias Gotthelf zu lesen, um darüber belehrt zu werden, dass das "wahre" Schweizertum von anno dazumal recht unschöne Flecken hatte—allen Volkstrachten zum Trotz.

Steuern.

Die Summation des Kleinen: Wenn heute jemand ein Dreidezilliterglas Bier trinkt, denkt er gewöhnlich nicht daran, dass in diesem Preis ein Sechstels-Rappen Steuer steckt (in Form von Zollgebühren für Malz und Gerste). Und doch ergeben diese unscheinbaren Bruchteile von Rappen zusammen eine Million Franken. Nun soll die Belastung auf 0,73 Rappen pro Glas gesteigert werden, um dementsprechend zugunsten unseres Staatshaushaltes mehr als eine Millionen einzubringen. Ob diese Steigerung der Steuer von einem Sechstel auf dreiviertel Rappen pro Glas Bier ohne Revolution des "freien Schweizers" ablaufen wird?

Birnen.

Die Birnen reifen an den Bäumen. Dementsprechend fängt auch das Jammern an. Der alte Most im Keller ist noch nicht verkauft. Niemand will ihn. "Man trinkt jetzt Bier," sagen die Bauern. (Diese auf keine statistischen Unterlagen gestützte Meinung stimmt mit der Hoffnung der Brauereiindustrie, demnächst wieder auf der Friedenszahl von 3 Mill. Hektolitern anzugehen, ganz hübsch überein.) Wenn nun schon getrunken sein soll, so wäre es natürlich einfacher, unsere eigenen Birnen zu trinken, als Malz und Gerste aus dem Ausland einzuführen. Doch der Volkswill geschehe. Der Bauer verwandelt also seinen alten Most in Schnaps und macht neuen Most, den er wahrscheinlich nächstes Jahr wieder in Schnaps verwandeln wird. Glücklicherweise werden jeden Winter Mostbäume niedergemäht, glücklicherweise mehrt sich der Zwang zur Anpflanzung von Tafelobst, glücklicherweise steigt die Fabrikation von Süssmost. Doch vorläufig noch werden Birnen—den Kühen gefüttert!

Emmentaler Käse.

Die Schweizerische Bauernzeitung meldet, dass ein amerikanischer Professor, der in seiner Heimat gewohnt war, täglich echten Emmentaler-Käse zu essen, auf seiner Schweizerreise, also in den schweizerischen Hotels, während drei Wochen nie Emmentaler Käse bekommen habe,

dass Australien die Erhöhung der Zollansätze auf Käse prüfe,

dass laut Wiener Landwirtschaftlicher Zeitung eine schweizerische Finanzgruppe mit den interessierten slowakischen Kreisen Verhandlungen über eine grosszügige Aktion zur Rationalisierung der slowakischen Käseerzeugung eingeleitet habe.

Ich bin dafür, dass auch solche Geschehnisse an einem der nächsten Trachtenfesten durch entsprechend kostümierte Gruppen bildlich dargestellt werden.

Felix Moeschlin in "N.Z."

QUOTATIONS from the SWISS STOCK EXCHANGES.

	BONDS.	Sept. 7	Sept. 14
Confederation 3% 1903	80.75	79.75	
5% 1917, VIII Mob. Ln.	101.40	101.50	
Federal Railways 3 1/4% A—K	84.37	84.12	
" 1924 IV Elect. Ln.	101.10	100.95	
SHARES.	Nom.	Sept. 7	Sept. 14
Swiss Bank Corporation	Frs.	Frs.	Frs.
Crédit Suisse	500	783	808
Union de Banques Suisses	500	865	875
Société pour l'Industrie Chimique	1000	2645	2647
Fabrique Chimique ci-dev. Sandoz	1000	4275	4225
Soc. Ind. pour la Schappe	1000	2712	2805
S.A. Brown Bovery	350	564	570
C. F. Bally	1000	1250	1237
Nestlé & Anglo-Swiss Cond. Mf. Co.	200	757	772
Entreprises Suizer S.A.	1000	1077	1090
Comp. de Navig'n sur le Lac Léman	500	557	558
Linoleum A.G. Giubiasco	100	140	140
Maschinenfabrik Oerlikon	500	754	762

THE INTERNATIONAL FLYING MEETING
AT ZURICH, AUGUST 12th to 21st.

With all the newspapers billing and boozing Transatlantic flights nothing has found its way into the English daily Press about the important aviation meeting which took place at Zurich last month, and it is really a pleasure to learn from such a well-known lady owner-pilot as Mrs. Sophie C. Elliott-Lynn that Switzerland is doing very useful work in this modern field of enterprise. The following extracts are taken from an unusually interesting report, which the lady supplied to *Flight* (Sept. 1st):

The Zurich International Flying Meeting has been organised on more ambitious scale than probably any other individual meeting. Over a thousand machines have come from all corners of Europe to compete in the numerous events on the programme.

The greatest interest centres round the "Aerobatics" Competition, the circular mountain races for light and heavy machines coming a good second. It is surprising that, with the machines and the pilots we have in England, these competitions should have been almost entirely neglected by Great Britain, the only competing machine being an Avro "Avian," in the light plane class.

Amongst the competitors Fronval, on a Morane-Saulnier 130 h.p. Clerget appealed to her as the favourite, his machine looking extraordinarily like bird-cage from a side view.

He specialises in non-stop rolling and stunting, having on a similar machine, some years ago, looped 962 times in succession. His colour scheme is particularly noteworthy. The machine is a deep sky-blue, with the under surface of wings and fusilage centred in silver, the upper portion of both wings and fusilage being centred with vivid orange. This gives an extraordinarily vivid splash of colour in the sky in any weather."

The feats of another aviator named Fiesler, who in his "Schwalbe" used a 110 h.p. Siemens engine which appeared as controllable on its back as right way up, she describes as follows:—

"On Wednesday morning, August 17th, Fiesler put up a new officially observed world's record by flying upside down for 10 minutes 56 4/5 secs. He flew mostly in wide turns, gaining height all the time. On turning back to normal position, he lost sight for a time, and almost lost consciousness. He landed with great difficulty, and in a semi-fainting condition. He was, however, up again later in the afternoon, doing half rolls, loops and Immelmanns off his back.

One of his most effective stunts, I am told, is a double loop or 8, beginning with the inverted loop, into which he goes very much as do our Service "Moth" people in the "Double Bunt," but out of a very much steeper stall. He pulls the nose up till the machine is on the verge of a tail-slide before dropping down and under."

In the class of events confined to Swiss service pilots, "The National Championship in aerobatics was won by Oblt. Herzig on a Hanriot, whose performance was of a very finished character.

An interesting inter-squadron relay race followed, in which the first man off had to make a circuit and drop a message, which was picked up by the next pilot, who had to run to his machine. The last pilot had to land and run with the message to the judge. It was won by "Adieu Mimi" team. Teams consisted of machines of one type, all fast and all slow machines being segregated.

The most interesting competition of the day, however, was the obstacle landing race. Owing to the great number of high power cables and wires all over the lower portions of the country (water power is always used), forced landing becomes difficult. Pilots in this mountainous country are always taught to fly over the impossible landing grounds of the Alps and their foothills at such an altitude that low ground can be reached by a glide in case of trouble. Owing to the steep nature of the hills this is always possible; but the network of wires in the valleys presents a natural obstacle to the pilot.

The competition was a direct outcome of part of the Service training. Two wires, lightly marked with streamers, were stretched 30 metres apart, and both the same distance above the ground (10 metres). The pilot had to land under the first wire and over the second on a mark. The competition was won by Oblt. Bonnet on the popular Hanriot."

Mrs. Elliott-Lynn was the only British representative, and here is her account of her experiences:—

"On Monday evening the reception of the light aeroplanes took place. The Avro "Avian" arrived half an hour before "closing time" with Mrs. Lynn and Mr. Boyes on board. This machine, which is Mrs. Lynn's property, was taken over three weeks before, and had done over 120

hrs. when it reached Zurich, including the "Round the Aerodromes flight," a trip to Ireland, to Wales and Glasgow, as well as a journey to Poland last week. The machine had received no particular attention before coming to Switzerland, as it was merely intended to act there as a demonstration machine and carry a pair of interested spectators.

It had come out via Ostend and Cologne, and travelled down the Rhine. Numerous adventures had befallen it *en route*, including an enforced stay of 24 hours in Ostend while its triptyque was filled up, having been sent back to Croydon (intending private owners flying to the Continent please note)—a semi-forced landing for petrol on the side of a hill near Wiesbaden, and a very-much-suspected landing in French-occupied territory near Mentz.

On the arrival of the "Avian," Mrs. Lynn reported to the Secretary that the "Alpha-Avian" which had been entered for the competition for her to fly, could not come, but that she had brought a similar machine with a "Cirrus II" engine. The Committee immediately informed her that as she had entered the "Alpha-Avian," the change of engine did not matter, and G-EBRS could compete.

It was found that the machine was slightly too heavy, so with the help of Mr. Boyes—who worked like a nigger—and Imperial Airways' Mr. Parsons, the dual control, front seat, instruments, windscreens and every removable nut and bolt were taken out, and the weight brought down to the necessary 400 kilos."

Mrs. Lynn is full of praise for the thorough arrangements made by the promoters of the meeting:—

"One cannot speak too highly of the marvellous organisation of the whole meeting, on which the air staff and the civil authorities have been working for the *past year*. Every tiny detail and contrepémps was provided for, and on every side every competitor was met with the most perfect courtesy and consideration. Unlike the organisers of certain other light aeroplane competitions, the ambition of the officials was to keep every machine in to the end and to do all in their power to help every competitor—without any favouring—into first place.

One had the delightful feeling throughout the whole contest that there was no need to worry about anything. One's petrol and oil, helping mechanics, weather reports, maps, photographs of the aerodrome to be visited, and even transport came along when wanted *without being asked for...*

A banquet given by the F.A.I., which is meeting this week in Zurich, and to which most of the competitors were invited, closed the day. It was a happy inspiration on the part of the Swiss organisation to make these two great occasions on this year's aviation coincide.

As good weather was promised, it was decided to hold the speed contest the following day, and consequently a car was sent to the hotel of each competitor at 4.30, with an official who saw to it that pilots and mechanics were fed at the railway station if the hotel could not come up to scratch—another little example of the thoughtfulness and care of the organising committee.

On arrival at the aerodrome one found all the machines lined up to start, with tanks filled from one's own supplies of fuel and sealed. Weather reports from all stations *en route* and photographs of all landing places, with markings, were also given to each competitor. In spite of a week's constant bad weather, low cloud and rain, Wednesday morning was the most perfect one could imagine, and every peak of the snow-clad Alps on the horizon stood out clearly.

Herr Lusser was first away on the Daimler-Klemm, but returned in a few minutes with oil trouble. The Mobilioil he had in the Mercedes engine was giving trouble. We were fortunate in being able to lend him a supply of our Castrol R. on which he continued his flight after draining out the other.

The flight to St. Gallen, the first aerodrome was over some very lovely mountain country not above 2,500 ft., and occupied 21.27 minutes (50 kms.). The aerodrome is a new one, and lies south-west of the town. At both this and the other landing-places the finishing line was extraordinarily easy to find, as a group of officials and police were in all cases at either end, and not alone was the line of linen about 2ft. wide,

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

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but arrows of the same material set at 50 m. distance directed one on to it.

One had to land short of the line and taxi across it, the time being counted from the moment one's wheels rolled over. One could remain any desired length of time at any landing place, as long as one completed the circuit in the day. A very wise provision in this mountainous country, where sudden squalls and changing weather make the meteorological reports very necessary.

Another interesting feature was that one's "ballast" might consist of any spares or tools one might require, with the stipulation that any repairs done had to be done with parts and tools carried sealed up in the machine. We therefore decided that to fly solo, carrying a large assortment of spares, would be best, and put in the machine as well as the usual "breakdown kit," a spare wheel, and a couple of cylinder heads complete, as well as a couple of gallons of oil in sealed tins. This is the first international competition that has ever allowed such a sensible arrangement.

The next leg of the course was over ground of about a similar height till one reached the valley of the Rhine, and was of length 127 km. In spite of the fact that the town of Basle, at its terminus was presenting a Cup for the best time over this leg, I decided to risk losing this and fly at three-quarter throttle, as I was suspicious of valve trouble, and a forced landing in the desolate valleys of the higher hills would have put me completely out of the competition, as well as very much increasing one's consumption. The trip to Basle, however, took exactly 60 mins., and gave the Cup to the English machine.

The officials at Basle had breakfast—another—waiting for the competitors, as well as weather reports from the top of the Jura Mountains. Here one was overtaken by a Zurich official, the starter, as a matter of fact, who, having sent the last machine off, followed round on a 200 Hispano-engined D.H.3 to see that everyone was all right, a little act of kindness and courtesy to visiting strangers unaccustomed to mountain flying that was very much appreciated. I was interested to learn that his times to St. Gallen and Basle were identical to the minute with mine, but sad to learn that the Zurich Club Daimler had had to forced-land outside St. Gallen.

The trip to Thun lay directly above the highest point of the Jura Mountains, but flying at 5,500 ft. one found that good landing grounds could at all times be reached by gliding. The highest flat ridges were wrapped in cloud, but otherwise the whole course was remarkably clear.

Thus lies 89 km. south of Basle, and the Alps rise sheer above it on two sides in cliffs of some thousands of feet, surmounted by great white, glistening peaks—naturally it is somewhat bumpy there, but extraordinarily beautiful. It would be an ideal holiday resort for an aviator, as the aerodrome lies in a curve of the town and one's climbing—one's winter sports—or one's boating in the summer, are actually less than a stone's throw away.

Another little example of detail organisation was shown here. One portion of the aerodrome is extremely ridgy, and unsafe for light aircraft landing. During the whole time of the competition about thirty mounted soldiers were kept constantly riding up and down and all over this bad portion to prevent machines from trying to use it!

The distance from Basle to Thun took 42-43 mins., as against 40 mins. by the guardian machine which came along later.

The last lap of the course was considerably the worst. It consisted of 105 km., the first 40 of which lay over serrated ridges of hills like knife edges. One had to climb very rapidly to clear the first of this series. A forced landing here would have been very difficult, as the valleys were as knife-edged, cut by vicious quick-running streams, as the ridges. The usual Swiss aviator over this course follows a large winding valley, which has a broad base, and is full of pleasant grazing fields, always full of mountain goats and sheep, and, as one official remarked here—"the sheep know good landing fields."

A special treat was also reserved for the coming generation, whose interest in aviation seems to require very little stimulus for

"Wednesday afternoon presented a very excellent innovation in flying—children's day—and there were upwards of 18,000 children on the aerodrome. The price of admission had been reduced to 6d., and for that, every child got a free toy balloon to enter in the balloon race. The day was partly amusing, partly instructional. The amusing side for the children were these balloon races, balloon bursting competitions by Swiss machines, daylight fireworks, and a wonderful kind of "Archie" that released kites and figures attached to parachutes—horses and birds and "Mother Gamps"—which floated gently down. They also had balloon-jumping races. Two racers jumped too high and nearly got lost among the clouds, much to the children's delight!"

On the instructive side the children were given short talks from very efficient loud speakers explaining the parts of aeroplanes—and why they fly—and, almost most interesting of all, a descriptive talk of how an aeroplane does things—with actual illustrations while the talk was going on, by Comte, in his own Comte machine at about 1,000 ft.

As far as I could see it was almost impossible to drag the 18,000 children away at 6 o'clock. Young Zurich, at any rate, will be air-minded when it grows up!"

Here is a description of some of the "aerobic" stunts:—

"It would be impossible to describe the stunting of all the competitors. There was a certain sameness and monotony about the perfection of the loops, rolls and spins, and combinations of these manoeuvres, except in one or two cases.

The "ordre of action" of some of the best "aerobats" was as follows: *Hpt. Burkhard* (Swiss) on a *Nieuport Bebe*, flew across the aerodrome at prescribed height of 400 m. on his back, rolled off, zoomed and upward rolled twice, rolled out of top of loop, Hoick turn, spun out of loop with two turns of spin, rolled upwards, half rolled on to back for 5 to 6 seconds twice. Flew on back across aerodrome. Inverted spin out of loop. Steep climb, tail slide, stall and spin. Loop, roll, sideslip on glide down either way. The competitors in the semi-final are required to stunt at will for 8 minutes.

Fronval, Morane.—A very finished performance. He was the only man to attain his height on a steady climb. Came across aerodrome in one very slow roll. Came out with a climbing turn, and ascended in narrow spiral, spun down to original rolling attitude, and crossed aerodrome in five loops, distance being perfectly judged, half-rolled out of last loop, returned across aerodrome in five fairly slow rolls, turned, half-rolled on to back and flew thus across aerodrome, half-rolled back to normal flight. Crossed aerodrome in five flick rolls alternately left and right. Crossed aerodrome in very slow roll. Half-roll on to back, little way on back, half-roll to normal. Four climbing rolls across aerodrome. Lost his height for landing by a very slow falling leaf. There was no moment during the performance in which there was nothing to watch!

M. Doret did similar stunts very perfectly, with the addition of a loop from ground level into which he went with considerable speed and at the top of which he attained an altitude of about 700 to 800 ft., coming out of his loop again at ground level.

Herr Fiesler's performance on his *Schwalbe* was entirely different from the others. He began by a series of six fairly slow rolls across the aerodrome, and then rolled on to his back. In this position he circled in steep turns, doing three figures of eight. He then gained a little height, and pulled up into a steep climb, and dived off a tail slide on to his back and then did some crazy flying. He then went into a normal loop, followed by an almost perfect inverted loop. He did not appear to do this under loop off a stall, but appeared to go into it at about 60 to 80 miles per hour. He then turned on to his back and flying level did a complete loop, coming out level at the end and half-rolled to normal. He half-looped on to his back and came down thus in gliding turns with engine off to about 150 ft. from the ground, when he turned over and did a normal landing."

The most important events were reserved for the two concluding days of the meeting:—

"The two big races over the Alps, for the Coupe Chavez-Bider (commercial machines) and the Coupe Echard (military machines) were timed to start at 6 a.m. on Saturday, August 20th. The weather, however, appeared threatening, and the weather reports from Thun and Bellinzona were none too good at that hour. So that the first machine to start was the big new three-engined Junkers with three Bristol "Jupiters" made under licence on the Continent. It started at 9.10 a.m. This machine appeared extraordinarily manoeuvrable on the ground, although the regulations insisted on the pilot in every case flying in the race without mechanics or passengers. This was the only machine to finish in the race, the other Junkers, with the Junkers motors, being forced down with engine trouble. It made the magnificent time over the long course of 4½ hours.

The pilot told me that he had a very interesting trip, encountering thick clouds at 12,000 ft., both on the outward and return journeys to and from Milan, above which he had to get, but that he did not suffer very greatly from cold. He flew at 18,000 ft. in clear sunshine above the cloud layer for over half an hour.

In the Coupe Echard the first away was Capt. Bärtsch, a Swiss on a Dewoitine, at 9.44. He was also the first home, arriving at about 2 p.m. Capt. Bärtsch was the winner of this competition in 1922. He was then mounted on a Fokker D.7. His departure was followed by another

Swiss, Lieut. Borne, on a Fokker D.7 at 10.25, and his compatriot Capt. Wicheman at 10.43.

A Czechoslov, Capt. Dwis, on an Avia B.21, with a 300 Hispano engine, left at 11.19. It was interesting to hear that Mr. Bondy, the head of the Avia firm, Milos Bondy & Co., has almost ceased to build the light aeroplanes that won the French International Light Aeroplanes Competitions last year, as they have received such large Government contracts that they can scarcely carry them through. The Czechoslovak team waited for each other at the first stopping place, and flying together, arrived in a bunch, almost in a formation, at Dübendorf at 3 o'clock.

At 4.45 Mr. Clifford Harmon, founder and President of the International League of Aviators, presented Mr. Mittelholzer with the yearly trophy given to each country. He was supported by many prominent public men of Zürich and Berne, and the presentation was witnessed by a large crowd.

The two big races were not without incident. About noon the news came through that a machine had capsized on a bad portion of the aerodrome at Bellinzona, but all the officials were far too busy trying to clear it away to tell us who it was. It later transpired to be the Czech, Captain Knaizekowsky. Two other machines forced landed, one at Montchaltday—after a long glide down from the hills, and the other, the Swiss type machine piloted by Capt. Cartier, a few hundred yards from the home aerodrome. Much sympathy was felt for him as he had made excellent time.

Excellent time was made by M. Comte on his machine, but he was disqualified because he did not pass between the finishing posts.

The curious result, from a Swiss point of view, is that they have two pilots in the final, and only one machine for them to fly. One of their other machines of this type was forced-landed at Altdorf, and the other has developed some inexplicable engine fault. It is impossible for both of these finalists to compete, as they have to leave within 4 minutes of each other. So presumably the leader of the Swiss team will put his best man in.

In or out of the Competitions, the finest effort of the day was put up by Lieut. Huëgger, the Swiss.

Starting at 6 p.m., he flew over to Bellinzona to see if it was fit for the competitors, but finding it masked in cloud he returned to Zurich without landing. He then flew to Thun for the same purpose, and over the mountains towards Bellinzona—having again to return to Zurich to say it was impossible. A little later he went again to Bellinzona and returned to say it was all right! Then he did his own competition over the Alpine course, and after he had finished went off again to Bellinzona to fetch another competitor who had forced-landed. This made in all nine crossings of the Alps in one day, which surely constitutes a record.

The National Competition of the Alpine Circuit was held in the morning in beautiful weather; all those who started finished. The results were as follows: 1, Oblt. Immenhauser, time 119 mins. 39 secs.; 2, Lt. Hugg, time 122 mins. 43 secs.; 3, Oblt. Suter, time 124 mins. 39 secs.

J.J.S.

J. H.'S Weekly Letter to his Friends and Compatriots.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—A rainy day is not always a bad day. Much as we all like the sun, there are times when we wish for rain. A gloomy, rainy day in September may have its advantages, even when the downpour has gone on for the best part of twenty-four hours. So, when to-day I thought of writing you the usual letter, I found the weather too dull for any fanciful outlook, and instead of writing of what will or will not happen in fifty years' time, I settled down in front of a mirror.

Now this mirror of mine is a very remarkable instrument. It does not show you anything of your outward appearance. All it shows is the form of your character and indications of your thoughts; but I am almost afraid of telling you what I saw—but then, even adults have sometimes to admit the truth. This is my picture:

I saw a man with some ambition secretly locked up in his heart. The ambition seems not to be so very bad, but there is a mistrust of other people, and especially of compatriots. "Is this true?" I asked the mirror. "Oh yes! You are, however, not the only one of your nation who is like this. They are all the same, varying only in degrees," was the answer.

Then I noticed the habit of trying to appear to people who are not Swiss as something different from what one really is. This quite particularly with regard to one's nationality. "Why am I doing this?" I asked myself and the mirror together. I had no answer, but the mirror spoke: "This bad habit of yours is an outcome of your fear of being a Swiss." "What?" I gasped. "Well," said the mirror, "if you were not afraid of being a Swiss, or turn it round and say, that if you were