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Austria:—Hiden (W.A.C.); Bausch (Austria), Sesta (W.A.C.); Braun (W.A.C.), Hoffmann (Vienna), Luet (Fapid); Zischek (Wacker), Müller (W.A.C.), Sindelar (Austria), Schall (Admira), Horvath (Wacker); Referee, Cejnar (Czecho-Slovakia). Switzerland won the toss and the first few minutes play was of a scrappy nature. Several chances were missed on both sides. After 15 minutes Sindelar passes out to Zischek, centre, Weiler endeavours to clear but kicks nicely to Müller's feet who has no trouble at all to score 1:0. Immediately after the restart Séchéhaye saves from Müller. Hiden turns a fine shot from Trello round the post, but the corner kick leads to nothing. Jaech beats his back and then nobody is there to deal with his centre. Play becomes more systematic, perhaps also sterner. Zischek hits a post; several free kicks bring no advantage. Half time 1:0 for Austria.

On restarting the game Austria put on pressure and after 11 minutes Séchéhaye can but fist out Zischek's shot. The ball comes to Schall who shoots towards the empty goal. Spiller appears from nowhere to kick out, but the ball had crossed the line 2:0. Our Reds hit back with all their might, Trello and Jaech press, Xam is everywhere and then Austria scores the best goal of the day. The centrehalf gives the ball to Müller who passes to Zischek. Low centre to Sindelar who is stopped by Weiler. The ball rolls on to the unmarked Schall and the trick is done 3:0. One minute later and Xam heads v. Känel's centre low into Hiden's sanctum 3:1. The 1,000 Swiss spectators prove that their vocal chords are quite equal to those of 59,000 Austrians! That is how it was about 600 years ago, if I remember my school lessons rightly. — Another twenty minutes, when Switzerland has rather more of the game and all is over. On the whole our team gave satisfaction, especially the half-backs. In the Austrian team you will no doubt see several changes for the better when they play England on December 7th at Stamford Bridge. Gschweidl in particular, their star forward, injured at the moment was sadly missed, also the two regular backs, etc.

This leaves now the table for the Europa-Cup thus:

	Goals					
Austria	8	4	3	1	19	9
Italy	7	3	3	1	13	9
Hungary	8	2	4	2	17	15
Czecho Slovakia	7	1	3	3	16	18
Switzerland	8	2	1	5	16	30

The remaining match is fixed for the 28th inst., in Prague. Italy would have to win by at least 7:0 to displace Austria, not very likely!

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Carouge	0	Young Fellows	2
FIRST LEAGUE.			

Racing	4	Olten	3
Bözingen	0	Grenchen	3
Etoile Ch. de F.	2	Solothurn	1
Bern	1	Montreux	0
St. Gallen	1	Oerlikon	0
Winterthur	1	Luzern	1
Seebach	2	Old Boys	1
Locarno	1	Brühl	2

SWISS CUP, FIRST ROUND.

Cantonal	3	Stade Lausanne	0
CHALLENGE NATIONAL.			

Zurich	0	Urania	3
In the National League Carouge and Young Fellows have finished the first half of their fixture list and Carouge with only 1 point from 7 games, goals 9 for, 29 against is all alone at the bottom of the table in Group 1. Young Fellows are second last at respectable distance, with 5 points.			

In the First League "West" Grenchen maintained their record of full points in all their six games. Berne and Racing remain second and third respectively, 10 points each. At the tail we have Montreux, Bözingen and Solothurn with one win = 2 points each to their credit. In Group "East" Brühl did the unexpected by defeating the unbeaten Locarno in the Ticino by 2:1. Quite an achievement, that! Even so, Locarno still heads the table with 9 points followed by Bellinzona and Brühl, 8 points each, St. Gallen 7, Luzern and Winterthur 6 each, Seebach 5, Old Boys 3 and Oerlikon last with 2 points.

The curtain has gone up in the Challenge National where Zürich suffered defeat at the hands (or should it be feet?) of Urania-Genève. M.G.

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ALL ORDERS EXECUTED IMMEDIATELY

THE SPIES IN SWITZERLAND.

BY EDWIN T. WOODHALL.

In the "Yorkshire Herald."

Immediately after the outbreak of war the Swiss Government, rightly appraising the importance of their country to the belligerents, took strong legislative action to try and prevent the abuse of their neutrality by the Secret Services of all the warring nations.

Naturally the task was impossible. German and French Intelligence were absolutely entrenched in every important city of Switzerland, as in every other neutral country — with England holding the strongest position in Holland. And in the Swiss spy-land of war the craft of espionage reached its zenith.

Switzerland was the foremost battle ground of the spies. Surrounded by great Powers involved in a death struggle, little Switzerland had about as much chance of escaping unsmirched as has a small boy who plays in a coal-house.

Switzerland is the cross-roads of Europe, a natural base for all sorts of operations. All the nations of Europe sent their spies there. Suave and smiling diplomats, Army officers masquerading in civilian clothes, beautiful women decoys, all began operations.

Whispering Gallery.

The Alps had become a "whispering gallery" for Europe, and an "underworld" of espionage in Switzerland grew up and flourished almost in one night as the Allied spies began their big drive to get into Germany to secure information.

Closed motor cars sought out hidden by roads near the frontier. Motor boats slipped across Lake Constance under cover of darkness, and strong swimmers plunged into the icy water in the endeavour to land unseen on the German shore. Airplanes dived overhead at night, dropping Sidney Reilly and other daring Allied spies by parachute on to German territory.

All the Allied spies worked as a closely-knit team — the magnificent British Secret Service, the stealthy Italian agents, the clever and numerous Frenchmen, and later the enthusiastic American amateur spies.

Grimly the German Secret Service settled down to grapple with this new menace.

Machine Guns.

From the German side of the lake the utmost precaution was taken. All the most vulnerable spots which left gaps in the natural chain of mountain barriers between Germany and Switzerland were guarded by houses of pseudo-military police, armed with machine guns, and along the coasts of this great inland sea powerful-engined motor boats patrolled by day and night.

To approach the German side of Lake Constance by water was found to be almost an impossible feat — and right through the war, I know of no attempt ever being successful with the exception of the one I am about to relate — which ended, even in this case, with the death of one of the bravest British Secret Service men the department ever held.

About the time this story opens, the German School of Aerial Invention was giving France and England great cause for anxiety.

London and Paris had been bombed! Allied spies found out through certain information given by an Alsatian engineer in the airship sheds on the Constance shore side, that Germany had a super-class airship in the course of preparation which would absolutely revolutionise the whole course of aerial warfare — and possibly be the means of eventual defeat of the Allies.

Intrepid Men.

Orders were given to Lieutenant "A" and Sergeant "B" — both known to me — two of the most intrepid men in the British Intelligence that they were wanted for work of a "special nature."

I passed the two men through the control barrier at Le Havre. I had strict instructions to see that they were given every facility to reach Paris.

After leaving Paris they both separated, to meet again for the last time in Geneva, Switzerland, when one was to pass into Germany the other to remain behind until he received certain information from his colleague.

"A" who went into Germany was not English. He was lieutenant in the French Artillery but had worked with his English colleague on many an occasion before on Allied Intelligence matters, mostly in Holland and Spain. The Englishman spoke fluent French, Bulgarian, Spanish and Dutch; the Frenchman fluent German, Italian, Russian and English.

A Certain Spy.

No sooner was "A" in Germany than he made himself known to the German Intelligence. He told them he was an Alsatian, but that in sympathy he was all for Germany. He also told them he had done a bit of work for the French and English, and was in the position to let them know the identity of a certain spy working in

their midst under the German flag, on the shores of Lake Constance.

The motive of "A" was to get to know the exact spot, the latest improvements or invention of the "Mystery Airship" and what was most important its destination and where it was being constructed.

He took a tremendous risk, for a certain notorious German spymaster was for shooting this man on the spot. But certain other chiefs were not so drastic, they wanted to put the man to the test, before taking any serious steps.

Besides, he was in their hands and could be killed any time, so it was considered best to give him a try out and if the information was correct perhaps he would be suitably rewarded and taken on in their service to work against the Allies.

Startling Secret.

Then came the most startling secret so far. It had not been even surmised by the Allied Secret Service. The "mystery airship" was not being made on the shores of Lake Constance, but at a place about 10 miles outside Berlin, and to this place, under close but unobtrusive watch the "allied suspect" was sent. His job was to point out the spy who was working amongst them.

For about a month he played with the German Intelligence, but the spy was not found. All the time his every movement was watched, and his colleagues still waited for news in neutral Switzerland.

Then in his desperation our agent "A" pointed out the advisability of his return to Switzerland, as no doubt the spy he wanted to point out would be in Geneva.

It was now or never. At all costs he realised the information which he had must reach his colleague and he knew the Germans were waiting to "get him" at any moment.

Lieutenant "A" of the Allied Secret Service, bluffed the German Intelligence into accepting him as one of their paid spies. At his request they sent him to Geneva in search of suspected spies. For the Allied agent, now fully in the rôle of a German soldier engaged on special war work, his position in Switzerland was now one fraught with extreme peril.

The Germans could claim him at any time they wished from the Swiss authorities, even if necessary as a deserter, and once back in German territory he knew his doom was sealed.

Every movement he made was watched by German spies. If he ventured out into the streets of Geneva, he was always acutely conscious of being shadowed.

It was essential that his colleague "B" should get his information of the "mystery airship" at all costs, but to get it through to him only meant the betrayal of "B."

To write, telephone or send any kind of message to the place where "B," the other Allied spy, was hiding would be to play into the enemy hands, so he decided on a very bold and daring course, which he knew was the signing of his own death decree.

About this time the Swiss Government had, by means of ample evidence supplied by Germany, a great deal of information of the Allied Secret Service. To do Switzerland credit, it had ample evidence about the Central Powers supplied by the Allies, and whenever a chance arose this neutral Power dispensed heavy punishment upon all it could catch violating its sanctuary.

The Messenger.

Lieutenant "A" knew there was a Swiss in the employ of the Allies who was ostensibly engaged in the sale of jewellery and watches, and he also knew that this man was a messenger who often went over the Swiss frontiers of Evian and Pontarlier for Paris, with Secret news for the Allies. Also he knew that the German Secret Service were keenly aware of this fact.

Taking his fate in his hands "A" sought this man out, knowing well that the eyes and ears of the Central Powers would record every movement. He told him everything, also where he could find "B" and having done this part of his duty, returned to the hotel to await his fate.

To appeal to the French or English was useless. He knew that they would deny all knowledge. It was war. He knew the risks he took, and must abide by them. Within an hour of his return, just as he surmised, he was sent for, and without any questions being asked, was told that he was to return that night to Friedrichshafen, on the German side of Lake Constance and there report himself for duty to Count von X. From this moment the gallant "A" was never heard of again, so it can be assumed that the German Secret Service effected some kind of reprisal.

An Arrest.

That same night the Swiss himself was arrested by Swiss police on a charge (laid by the Germans) of espionage. But the damage was done. Sergeant "B" received his message.

That same night "B" was over the Franco-Swiss frontier and at noon next day was in Le Havre, en route for Southampton and the military authorities in London with the priceless information.

I was on duty at the time on the Passport Control at the Gare des Voyageurs. "B" made no sign to me, nor I to him, but I knew that he had succeeded, for as I formally bent over his passport, with others waiting behind him in the queue, he softly whistled a simple army bugle call which was a sign of success known to most British spies who had served in the Army.

Now for his story, told to me for the first time after a lapse of nearly fifteen years, and to my way of thinking, one of the finest jobs of real Secret Service I have ever heard of.

The information he got safely through was thought by the Allies to be incredible, but it turned out to be absolutely correct to the very detail, in the light of subsequent events.

The German Army in East Africa had been scattered, the "Koningsburg" had been sunk trying to bring relief in the back reaches and swamps of the Irrefugi River by the British Navy.

Gallant Commander.

Yet, despite this fact, the gallant commander, Lutnow, still carried on with his fighting against the English, and this without any kind of ammunition, stores, water or any form of field force equipment of any kind.

What supplies he got from time to time was by raiding and capture — and Berlin realised that help was essential to him at all costs. For this purpose, Germany constructed a super-Zeppelin, undoubtedly one of the most wonderful triumphs of rapid engineering ever achieved in the history of the world, and the plan was to send this airship on a "secret service mission" — that of carrying supplies to the beleaguered German African forces."

"It can't be done!" said the Allied Secret Service chiefs.

"I tell you it will," insisted "B."

"We need more proof," said his chiefs.

"I'll get it!" promised "B."

(TO BE CONTINUED).

MID SNOW AND ICE

(Continued).

The blizzard still raged. It continued for hour after hour. One of my companions said that he believed there was a Concordia Hut in the vicinity where lay food and warmth, and we wandered about desperately trying to find it, but without success. The snowstorm lasted sixteen hours, an eternity I never wish to live again, and night found us huddling together for warmth. We had not found the hut, we had no food, no shelter. Yet when dawn broke there was the hut some five hundred yards away. We had been as near as that to it all the time without once finding the shelter.

Terror-Stricken Tourist.

So much for my early days. Since I became a fully qualified guide I have had few such unpleasant experiences. Those I have had been due to the negligence of other people rather than to any fault of mine. Of late Switzerland has been inundated with American tourists who go mountaineering because they consider it the thing to do — and this despite their lack of knowledge of rocklore. And so when one scales the rocky peaks in these days it is not so easy to rely on the discretion of the individual members of the party as it was in the past.

Only last year I was conducting a party of five along a certain well-known and well-marked track when we had to round a ticklish corner. Imagine a pathway two feet wide, a rocky wall on one side, and a sheer drop of several thousand feet on the other. It sounds difficult, but to the experienced climber such a path would present no terrors. One member of the party, however, although he posed as an expert, really knew nothing of mountaineering, and he was half-way round the bend when fear overcame him and he sank to his knees, declaring that he could go neither forward nor back. As he was roped in the centre of the line, with myself and two members of the party in front of him and two other behind, this was a really difficult situation. I tried to coax him forward, but without avail, and since we could not move unless the man conjured up his courage, I directed the two climbers nearest to him to pick him up. He struggled and fell — over the brink.

The rope saved him. We braced ourselves to support his weight and gradually hauled him back. Fortunately the cowardly climber had fainted, and we were able to carry him forward until we came to a point where we could all turn. By this time the man had recovered, but we were able to reach Interlaken without any further trouble. Still, that happening on the corner was a ticklish moment.

Retrieving Alpine Axe.

On another occasion we were crossing a snow slope when a member of the party slipped, fell, and rolled headlong down the slope. Here again the rope saved him, but, in the struggle to pull the unlucky climber back, I lost my ice axe, and it tumbled down the slope until it caught and held itself in the snow some hundred yards down. Now it is a point of Alpine etiquette that an ice axe must not be lost, and it is a point that I have

always rigorously observed. Consequently there was nothing for it but to descend the slope and retrieve it — a hazardous business. It was obviously unfair to imperil the other climbers by descending with the aid of the rope, and so, despite their protests, I untied myself and went down the slope alone, digging my way down with climbing irons. And then — I slipped.

I thought that it was certain death, and so it would have been had not the lucky chance of a lifetime pulled me up. Something sticking out of the snow stayed my course, and I was able to regain my balance. My life had been saved by my ice axe. Had I missed it by an inch either way, this article would never have seen the light. But I climbed back to safety.

LA CRISE FINANCIERE DU SECRETARIAT DES SUISSES A L'ETRANGER.

Le secrétariat des Suisses à l'étranger, bien qu'ayant réalisé depuis deux ans de sérieuses compressions budgétaires, traverse une crise financière assez sérieuse et fait appel de nouveau à la générosité du public. La haute utilité de cette institution ressort notamment du fait que, en dépit du régime d'économies auquel elle est soumise, son activité ne cesse de s'accroître.

Rappelons que cette œuvre est dirigée par une commission des Suisses à l'étranger (par abréviation S. E.) présidée par M. E. Koch, de Soleure, un des dirigeants de la Semaine suisse, qui est en même temps membre du comité central de la Nouvelle Société helvétique. Ces deux associations ont créé une Union des Suisses à l'étranger, qui, par des cotisations régulières, assure au secrétariat des ressources fixes : Il est à souhaiter que toutes les personnes soucieuses des intérêts des S. E. auxquelles leur situation matérielle le permet, adhèrent sans tarder à l'Union.

Rappelons que le secrétariat des S. E. a pour objet d'établir une liaison régulière entre les Suisses de la mère-patrie et les communautés helvétiques dispersées dans le monde. Vu la crise économique actuelle, cette liaison paraît être d'une nécessité plus urgente que jamais. Nos confédérés du vingt troisième canton sont en effet les meilleurs agents de notre commerce d'exportation, qui est actuellement exposé à de graves dangers. Il importe de renouer des liens économiques qui se détendent et de renforcer le rayonnement de la Suisse à l'étranger.

A cette fin, le secrétariat des S. E. a créé au dehors deux cents groupes de la N. S. H., et leur nombre s'accroît constamment. Il serait trop long de rappeler ici toutes les œuvres issues de cette collaboration, des conférences, du service des films cinématographiques et des bibliothèques à la Maison suisse de vacances de Rharzüns, pour n'en citer que quelques-unes.

Les résultats de cette activité sont acquis, et ils se consolident toujours davantage. Il serait douloureux de voir compromettre les fruits de douze ans de travail, au moment même où ils murissent d'une façon réjouissante. A l'étranger, les tâches qu'ont assumées ces citoyens désintéressés sont considérées partout comme étant du ressort des pouvoirs publics, et non de l'activité privée. Le zèle dont témoignent les amis des S. E. n'en est que plus méritoire et digne d'intérêt.

R. B.-G.

DER NEUE PESTALOZZI-KALENDER

JAHRGANG 1933.

(Zwei Teile und Ausgaben für Schüler und Schülerinnen) Preis Fr. 2.90
(Verlag Kaiser & Co., A.-G., Bern).

Was schenken wir unsern Buben und Mädchen zu Weihnachten? Die beste Antwort auf diese Frage lautet immer noch: Pestalozzikalender. Die gefällige Gediegenheit der äussern Ausstattung schon ist ein Sinnbild für die Liebe und Sorgfalt, welche die Herausgeber dem vielseitigen Inhalt zuteil werden liessen. Ausser den Tabellen, geschichtlichen und statistischen Angaben, dem Rüstzeug also, das der Schüler immer zur Verfügung haben muss, ist alles übrige, Bilder und Texte, durchwegs erneuert worden. Aus allen Gebieten menschlicher Arbeit, aus dem Wundergarten der Natur, wird dem Leser Wichtiges, Fesselndes, und Neues dargeboten und zwar in einer Form, welche Bildung und Lernen zu einer Lieblingsbeschäftigung gestalten müssen. Ueberall ist Anregung die Füle ausgestreut, selbständige Arbeit und eigenes Nachdenken zu fördern. Dies ist ja gerade das hohe, erzieherische Ziel, welches sich das verdienstliche, dabei so billige Jugend- und Volksbuch gesteckt hat.

Für das Auslandschweizerkind gewinnt der Pestalozzikalender aber noch eine besondere Bedeutung, schlägt er doch geistige Brücken zur Heimat und legt Zeugnis ab von Schweizer Art und Sinn. Uebrigens gibt es von diesem Jugendbuch auch eine französische schweizerische (Almanach Pestalozzi, Preis Fr. 2.50) und ein italienisch — schweizerische Ausgabe (Almanacco Pestalozzi, Preis Fr. 2.60) in je einem Bande.

SUZANNE HOFFMANN-DE VISME †

We deeply regret to inform our readers, of the passing away of Mme. Suzanne Hoffmann-de Visme, wife of M. Hoffmann-de Visme, Pasteur of the Eglise Suisse in London. The funeral service will be held at the Swiss Church, 79, Endell Street, W.C.2, on Monday, October 31st, at 12.30.

* * *

Suzanne de Visme, was born on the 29th of September, 1885 in Paris, the daughter of Prof. Dr. Jean de Visme, Doctor of Divinity and Directeur de l'Ecole préparatoire de théologie de Paris, who was also grand-uncle of her future husband; she was therefore born into a milieu of great pedagogical principles. At an early age she already took a great interest in the Maison Verte at Montmartre and at Bagnolet in the suburbs of Paris, a home for young boys, where her cousin and future fiancée was an active worker.

After the death of her mother — she was then only nine years of age — she changed her abode to Geneva. In the summer of 1909 she was married, and the young couple installed themselves in London, where they kept an open house for all young people who came within their range of activity. It was in the real sense of the word an open house, Mme. Hoffmann-de Visme was an ideal hostess, for everyone she had a smile, nobody left her home without taking away some comfort, some good advice; her calm, her infinite understanding was indeed a blessing to all those young people who looked at life through rose coloured glasses, her house was a home from home.

Soon the small family of two received some additions, and the 5 daughters and one son were a great joy and comfort to her; she was proud of her children, and on them she bestowed all her motherly love. Although her time was now taken up with looking after her own children, she never neglected to take an active interest in the welfare of the little ones in the colony, of those who needed her assistance, her help and her love. She was an enthusiastic collaborator of the "Fêtes de Noël" and for 18 years, since the foundation of the Sunday School, she was the heart and soul of this institution. The children adored her, her gentle and yet firm authority created a discipline which was really lovable, on them she bestowed her love, to them she became a real mother, and their hearts went out to her, because they knew that she had a real understanding of their little troubles.

Her collaborators during these long years of unselfish work will be a great testimonial of high achievements.

Who, amongst our readers, does not remember the various performances at Caxton and Central Hall, on the occasion of the Fête Suisse, where between 30 and 50 little ones gladdened the hearts of a large audience, it need hardly be mentioned here, that Mme. Hoffmann-de Visme, together with her faithful co-workers was responsible for these most interesting performances.

But her love for the children did not make her forget her duty towards the older girls. Every Thursday, Saturday and Sunday was devoted to them, at Social reunions or at sewing classes, etc., — where she was assisted by the late Mme. Aguet, who was an untiring collaborator.

The poor too, had in her a great friend, innumerable visits she paid to them, consoled them, fortified them in their faith, encouraged them to make a brave fight, and many a heart which had almost lost courage, started to beat with new hope, many a tear shed in dispair was thus dried.

Yet during all these labours of love, there lurked the danger of a terrible disease, which when it first was detected in 1929 had already advanced in an alarming manner. Cancer of the breast laid this noble life low. Dr. Rast, our eminent countryman and an experienced surgeon, fought tooth and nail to curb the spread of this ravaging disease. In 1931 the patient, after an operation, seemed to take a turn for the better, hopes ran high, and the writer remembers with what joy he greeted Mme. Hoffmann-de Visme that year on the occasion of the City Swiss Banquet which she attended together with her husband. Once again in the autumn of 1931, she took up her activities, with new hopes and new energy, and the most successful Children's Bazaar of last