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## SWISS MERCANTILE SOCIETY.

The April Meeting was held at Swiss House on Wednesday the 10th when about 60 Members and visitors attended.

An application for Membership from Mr. H. Schmid was approved as was an application for transfer to the Chiasso Section by Mr. A. Luraschi.

The President, Mr. W. Meier, referred to the resignation of the Secretary, Mr. J. Hauser, which he stated he personally much regretted, but as Mr. Hauser had recently qualified as a Company Secretary and there was greater scope for advancement in industry, he thought Mr. Hauser's decision to leave the Society could be readily understood.

The Annual Football Match against "The Times" for the Lints-Smith Challenge Cup had been held on the previous Saturday and the College Team had won by five goals to three. Mr. Meier mentioned that the Match had been the twenty-first anniversary of the fixture and it was the first time that the College Team had won. As usual, the Members of both teams had been presented by "The Times" with plaques to commemorate the Match, but, in addition, a special plaque had been given to Mr. W. Burren, Chairman of the Society's Education Committee, as an expression of appreciation for the services he had rendered for so many years in connection with this annual fixture.

The Annual Delegates Meeting of the Schweizer Kaufmaennischer Verein was to be held in Geneva on the 4th May and the Council's proposal that Mr. W. Meier and Mr. J. J. Boos should be appointed the Society's delegates was unanimously approved.

Mr. X. Speckert, Doctor of Law, practising as a consultant on Swiss Law at the Temple, gave a talk on the considerations to be borne in mind by a Swiss citizen living abroad when drawing up a will. This was a most complicated subject, but Mr. Speckert from his expert knowledge was able to outline the main considerations.

There was no international law governing the matter and very often Swiss law and English law were in conflict. In deciding which law applied the question of domicile was of great importance. Although a Swiss citizen had long been resident in England, he could nevertheless claim Swiss domicile if, for example, he still had contacts in Switzerland and had expressed his intention of returning to Switzerland on retirement. Whether English or Swiss law applied in any particular case could be influenced by the wording of the will.

Mr. Speckert was only able to deal with the subject in a general manner, but his talk, however, made it clear that those personally interested in this matter would be well advised to obtain legal aid in drawing up their wills.

## THE 1957 ANNUAL LINTS-SMITH CUP FOOTBALL MATCH.

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It was a happy inspiration that brought together, in 1936, the football teams of the Swiss Mercantile Society's college and "The Times" newspaper for the first of what was to prove a long series of highly enjoyable social and sporting encounters over the

years. With the obvious exception of the war years, this match has taken place every year since then, so that it may this year logically be described as having "come of age."

In this spirit it was celebrated even more cordially than ever at Ravensbourne on Saturday, 6th April. The Swiss national flag and the "Times" flag fluttered happily together at the same masthead, and though the sun smiled warmly on "The Times" sports club's attractive grounds on this occasion, there was no need for its help in warming the hearts of the international crowd of people present. The wide expanse of firm green turf, the spotless white clubhouse, and the freshness of spring blossom everywhere served to detract from the strong breeze blowing from the North-East. This breeze has become a traditional part of the event, and it would have been strange indeed had the weather gods not delegated it this of all years to attend the Lints-Smith Cup match!

A cup match it has been since 1949. A magnificent silver trophy has been competed for annually since then, and has hibernated between matches in the possessive embrace of "The Times" Football Club. Much perspiration by many young Swiss footballers had never quite succeeded in dislodging it from its habitual resting place. The succession of "Times" victories had become monotonous, and one wondered whether the Swiss Mercantile team would succeed at last in breaking the spell. What more fitting for this than a 21st Anniversary? Lacking in regular fixtures



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and training facilities the Swiss team was given little chance of emerging victorious against a team that had had every practice needed during the season. Was there any reason why this team could be any more hopeful than its defeated precursors?

With this in mind, a large handful of spectators saw the teams line up for the kick-off as follows:—

"The Times" F.C.: B. Hind; A. Long, G. Doorne; B. Maslen, J. Gard (captain), C. Irving; G. Burrett, D. Miles, R. Sparshott, L. Phillips, B. Grossman.

Swiss Mercantile College: H. Sigg (Rapperswil F.C.); R. Steiner (Lenzburg G.C.), H. Weber (Lenzburg F.C.); K. Steffen (Höngg F.C.) (captain), F. Wespi (Young Boys Bern), J. Seiz (Widnau F.C.); W. Gygas (Sperina Lengnau), E. Hürlimann (Wil F.C.), H. Ruchti (Aarberg F.C.), M. Märki (Aarau F.C.), M. Meister (S.I.G. Neuhausen).

The initial exchanges showed that the teams were fairly evenly matched. The "Times" players were faster in their reactions, and they showed greater experience in dealing with a light ball on a windy day. Territorially they had far the greater part of the first half, for they had the wind at their backs. Raids on their goal by the S.M.S. forwards were spasmodic; passes were going astray at the crucial point of attack. Greater success came to the S.M.S. forwards whenever they held on to the ball and ran with it. Gygas showed his powers of penetration in this way on one or two occasions, and Meister, on the opposite wing, also showed that he could match his opponents for speed. The pity is that the inside forwards were too anxious to keep the ball among themselves. Meanwhile, at the other end Schneider seemed at first a

little leaden-footed, and there were anxious moments in defence, with the "Times" forwards nippy and goal-hungry.

This state of equilibrium was shattered in the 20th minute by a somewhat severe decision on the part of the referee. A "Times" forward passed to his centre; Wespi, only a few yards away and standing with his hands down his sides, could not get them out of the way quickly enough, and a penalty was awarded to "The Times". This was safely converted by Burrett.

Some ten minutes later there was some indecision in the Swiss lines of defence, and Sigg, in goal, could not stop a hot shot from Sparshott even though, I believe, he got his finger-tips to it. A deficit of two clear goals looked ominous for the S.M.S. team. "The Times" seemed to think so, too, for their pressure relaxed, and their opponents were allowed to start fighting back. A few minutes from half-time the ball came to Meister out on the left, and he scored from an acute angle. This put the score in truer perspective of the match thus far.

The College team had the assistance of the wind in the second half and began to concentrate on feeding their wing forwards, more especially Meister. The tables had obviously turned, for it was now "The Times" that found it difficult to mount an attack. And yet that equalizing goal would not come. Shots hit the "Times" cross-bar; on one occasion Ruchti had only the goalkeeper to beat but shot straight into his arms. Urged on by cries of "Hopp, S.M.S.!" the Swiss forwards surged down on the "Times" goal more and more, and each time one of the "Times" defenders managed to get a foot in the way.

At last it came — but thirty minutes of the second half had gone when it did. Justice was done, in that Ruchti broke through between the backs and this time planted the ball firmly wide of Hind's right arm. There was much jubilation on the touch-line. Seven minutes later much the same thing happened again, and there was a corner-kick on the left. Meister centred beautifully, there was a mêlée in the penalty area, and Ruchti pushed the ball home to give the College a very valuable lead.

Most people, I think, felt that was the end. But while there is life there is hope! Two minutes from time, the "Times" broke away. A cross-field pass found Grossman, and Sigg had little chance with Sparshott's shot. A draw meant extra time, and captain Steffen, winning the toss, decided to keep to things as they were.

So, extra time started, and with the wind still behind them, the Swiss team continued to fight, though barely able to keep going. Indeed, it was "The Times" that presented them with the lead. There was a goalmouth mix-up and a lot of wild kicking, and one of the defenders — he shall be nameless — pushed the ball into his own net. The S.M.S. were leading 4-3, but there were still ten minutes to be played against the wind. One wondered what the outcome would be.

How the Swiss defence held out in those last ten minutes I do not know. But there was plenty of evidence of the spirit of Winkelried and Morgarten. "The Times" were going to "do or die", if it was at all possible, and the red-and-white team were all out to stop them, if it was the last thing they did. It was all very exciting. And then suddenly the fate



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of the game was sealed. Märki, slightly injured, was playing well into "The Times" half of the field, when the ball fortuitously reached him. A push forward, a shot, and the ball was in "The Times" net. What excitement, what cheers! The final whistle came soon afterwards, and the precious Lints-Smith Cup was — at last — in S.M.S. hands.

\* \* \*

In the S.M.S. team twenty-one years ago there had stood two players who were at Ravensbourne again to-day, Mr. W. Burren, now Chairman of the Education Committee of the Swiss Mercantile Society, and Mr. C. Slade, now Principal at the Society's College in Fitzroy Square. And Mr. W. Meier, President of the Society, present to-day with Mrs. Meier, had in 1936 watched the match from the touch-line. Of "The Times", the now Vice-President of their Football Club, Mr. C. W. Westcott, was one of only three persons present this day who had witnessed the initial encounter. But that was enough to ensure some brisk exchanges of reminiscences.

The task of presenting the Cup and the medal plaques to the teams was entrusted appropriately this year to Mr. Burren, whose interest in these occasions has, if anything, seemed to grow from year to year. His delight was to single out, with suitable epithets, some of the figures in a photograph he had with him of the 1936 match. He also paid a special tribute to Mr. Westcott, chief organizer of all the events since their inception. The Swiss team-captain, Steffen — what an illustrious name, to be sure! — received the cup, and each member of the two teams was given a special souvenir plaque to mark the occasion.

After tea the large company of people present adjourned to a dance in the clubhouse, the central

hall of which had been enlarged specially for the night. Hilarity dominated the atmosphere, and never was there "entente" more cordial. It was indeed a happy anniversary!

G.R.C.K.

## SWISS MEMORIES.

### Approach to Im Fang.

In the autumn of 1936, I found myself on a track leading up towards the scattered chalets of Siernes Picat, in the canton of Fribourg. It was late afternoon. Rougemont, where I had intended to call, was some way off and rain was threatening. I decided to ask for a bed in one of the chalets and continue my journey in the morning.

Rain fell heavily throughout the night but by 8 a.m. there seemed some promise of improvement. I set off towards the north, the dark, massive form of the Vanil Noir dominating the horizon on the north-west. This mountain, I had been told, would act as a post and by it I took my bearings. The appearance of the country became more desolate and finally the pathway was lost in mud. Except for the sound of my footsteps and the steady patter of rain, there was silence. It was curiously forlorn.

After a time, I heard the barking of a dog and saw in the distance a small wooden hut — then a second and a third — raised high above the ground on wooden stakes. As I drew near to these primitive shelters, a man put his head out of a doorway and, in answer to my enquiry, he pointed in the direction I was taking. There was no further sign of human habitation. The one chalet I saw within reach seemed deserted.

It was now about midday. The general aspect of the country was changing and beginning to manifest a strange beauty. I was near the summit of the valley; rain on the high slopes was turning to snow — slopes which ran up into sharp, jagged peaks like the broken tusks of some giant animal. There was still the same sense of desolation. For a moment the clouds parted and a glint of sunshine touched the hillside.

I was soon on a path leading downwards, amidst increasing signs of vegetation. Trees of some magnitude were showing and a stream descended in great convolutions to the plain. The sound of its many cascades filled the air. Cheered by this change of prospect, I sat down on the bank and ate my lunch.

The leisurely approach of fellow-beings, black-coated and sedate, reminded me suddenly that it was Sunday. In that rain-soaked glen there was little hope of improving one's appearance, and a lodging had yet to be secured for the night. I set off on the last stage of that memorable walk, with some foreboding, and took the road to Im Fang.

I had not reckoned on the warm-hearted kindness of the Fräulein. As I stood irresolute in the village street, I saw an open door with carved German characters above. I crossed the road and went in. She was just inside, — smiling. . . Soon I was sitting by the kitchen stove, wet clothes divested, thankful to a Providence for guiding me to that warm and hospitable home.

E.F.I.

