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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.