

February 14th : the day for the Second Annual Picnic of the Auckland Branch of the Society [...]

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to be present. This in itself is proof that the memory of Hans Freimann, as a modest, helpful and kindly friend and neighbour, will live long amongst us Taranaki folk.

Messrs. K. Schicker, Riverlea; Werner Frank; Alphons Kalin; Albert Schicker; Charlie Wyss and Erni Uttinger acted as pallbearers, and Monsignor Cullen, who often visited the deceased when he was in hospital for five painful weeks after his serious accident, consecrated the grave which was adorned with many beautiful wreaths. He was assisted by the Rev. Father Wall, a personal friend of the family Freimann.

Hans Freimann arrived in New Zealand in 1913. Eight years later he visited his beloved homeland where he found his wife, who, during all these years, has been a true companion and an able partner in his work. They regretted very much that their happy marriage was not blessed by children, and on this account Hans Freimann was happy in the company of his godchildren and was always ready to devote his time to young guests visiting his hospitable and ever-open home.

And now our "Boss" (as his nearest friends often used to call him) has gone home, and has found rest in the churchyard at Hawera. He died in his 59th year, and all of us who liked to visit him will miss his friendly company.

Our deepfelt sympathy goes out to his bereaved wife, and to Miss Anny Herrmann who may well be said to have lost a second father. But we would remind them both that all of us find consolation and strength in the knowledge that we shall meet our loved ones again in a life after death when our struggles in this world are ended.

K.A.Sch.

FEBRUARY 14TH: -

The day for the Second Annual Picnic of the Auckland branch of the Society, and the good old weather man kept his promise.

By 11.30 the majority of intending members and friends had arrived and although we didn't get the record attendance a few braved the perils of travelling long distances. Next time we expect a little more co-operation on somebody else's part or else -- or else -- no ice cream.

The games afforded much pleasure to everyone and those who couldn't partake found enjoyment in watching. The credit for the organization of the games goes to Mr. Brauchli, and I think you'll agree with me in saying "Well done, Mr. Brauchli" (next time he thinks he can fool me by walking over something that isn't there - I'll know better). The prizes contributed by the various members were distributed to the lucky winners by Mrs. Bonny and Mrs. Steyer, and through their good judgement every participant in the games received a prize (Thanks for giving Mum the writing compendium - I needed it.)

The Committee wishes me to thank all friends who so kindly donated the prizes - (that reminds me I didn't have the chance to wet my tongue on that cider - I had better see what I can do about it). The names that require special mention are Mr. Jacob Basler for that delicious ice-cream, boy, did that tickle everyone's palate, also Mr. Peter Buechler for that fair dinkum orange juice, if you didn't have some orange juice with your ice-cream, you missed out on a great combination, and Mrs. Brauchli was responsible for the tea - to those people, a big hearty "Thank you". Hey! wait a minute, a big hearted lady went and tramped round all the shops for lollies so that the youngsters - like me - wouldn't be forgotten. Thank you, little Mrs. Peyer, they were really good.

Well, like all good things, picnics also have their end, and after a splendid sing-song (How anybody had any breath left beats me), people just didn't want to go, but buses had to be caught and trains wouldn't wait, so there was a slight movement, but we just couldn't bustle ourselves, and then lo and behold, the whole of the party brightened up again - Mr. and Mrs. Mathis and all the little Mathises offered us the use of their spacious home and grounds at Milford for a picnic, and as there wasn't much time to let all the Club's members know before the end of summer, through the 'Helvetia' a cordial invitation was extended to

every one to be present. So on March the 7th at 10 o'clock outside the Ferry Buildings another picnic started, well maybe they didn't all meet outside the Ferry Buildings, there were a few stragglers who had to jump for it - now don't all look at me, I was born late - any way we all made the 10.15 Ferry.

A lovely day was spent with the Mathis's at their home, and although there wasn't any particular programme, there wasn't any mix-ups - some went for walks or swimming, and the sea was lovely, some games were played and enjoyed, and, of course, we ended the day with the usual sing-song, even in the bus you couldn't keep the younger members quiet.

A big Cheer for Mr. and Mrs. Mathis - Hip-Hip-Hurrah. (Can we come some more?)

Secretary,
AUCKLAND COMMITTEE.

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