

"Social Club Auckland"

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And then I had a true New Zealand Christmas. I read you a part of my Diary:

"The sunset was a dream, the Lake changed colours all the time till it tended to be a silver plate which slowly dimmed and the mountain ranges grew dark to silhouettes and then they grew into the night sky. And this whole beauty was accompanied by the evening song of the birds. I stood on a clearance overlooking the forest on one side, and the Lake on the other - and the forest became a fantastic mystery. There was no wind, nothing moved, and yet the forest was full of music, so clear as if it came from Heaven. The Tui sang his call and the Bellbirds sang but distant. I thought there must be somewhere a herd of cattle with bells. The amazing Bellbird call has 6 notes and a shake at the end and the effect of a few hundreds or thousands singing is just too much for the imagination. The harmony became perfection - that was absolute music. Everything lost its significance except beauty - and that beauty was a creation. As the colours faded so did this evensong and the mystery of the forest grew. A few Bellbirds still called - and then the Tui - and then it was quiet and the giant trees emerged into the forests as one great dignity which became one with the night."

Well, my dear listeners, I learned a lot in your country - and could go on talking about your scientists, in whom I have faith - about your Universities - of your cities and towns and villages, State Houses and tents - your white coal which is the only power and raw material Switzerland possesses, and then about the great and all important backbone of New Zealand - the farmer, the agricultural industry. Good things and not so good things - butter yields and Corriedales - soil erosion - that is a very serious problem which however can and must be stopped by this very backbone - by the farmers themselves.

So a good many New Zealanders helped me, and I wish to thank you all and I wish to thank New Zealand for its hospitality. Some of you, after escaping from prisoner-of-war camps, have experienced recently Swiss hospitality. If your impression of Switzerland is as good as mine is of New Zealand, I can be thankful and proud of my country. Perhaps you have noticed how my people love their country and when you heard our Swiss Psalm, our National Anthem, perhaps you felt how deep a love can root.

This is Lucas Staehelin thanking you for having me in your country.

"SOCIAL CLUB AUCKLAND".

The Annual Meeting of the Swiss Social Club, Auckland, was held on December 17th, 1946, and on reviewing our year's activities we again had pleasure in noticing how popular the social gatherings were becoming. Our Picnic alas is still a thorn in our pride and this year, 1947, sees us without our annual picnic.

The new Committee for the year 1946-47 is as follows:

President:	Mr. A. Peyer.
Secretary:	Miss B. Haltmeyer.
Treasurer:	Mrs. G. Kerler.
Committee Members:	Mr. Camenzind, Mr. Kerler, Mrs. Peyer, Mr. and Mrs. Moosberger, Mr. and Mrs. Stoye.

The past Committee wishes to express its thanks to all friends who have so ably assisted in helping to make our entertainments a success - a special word of thanks to Mr. P. Bouchler for all his help and we regret that he is not on our new Committee, but Switzerland called and he heard!! We wish him God speed and the best of luck - auf wiedersehen Peter.