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News of the Colony

WELLINGTON SWISS CLUB

The Wellington Swiss Club held its Car Rally on March 19th 1967. A goodly number of cars took part (about 15); still others were kept of the road by the very strong winds.

After a couple of initial questions we were on our way to Khandallah where we had to judge distances, quite difficult at the best of times, but in the high winds up there most uncomfortable as well. Gaby, who manned that checkpoint, also handed out points for good, or as the case may be, bad hill starts. Next we visited Rempfler's poultry farm at the back of Johnsonville where appropriately enough we had to guess at the number of eggs in a basket. Eggs have a most irritating shape when it comes to sorting them into cubic feet. So it happened that some of the guesses turned out to be "way out".

The Ohiro Valley that leads from Johnsonville to Makara is very picturesque: winding road, little bridges, gaily painted cottages, big old trees . . . Here somewhere we had to draw a sketch of the crossing just passed, throw rings over pegs and then transport a full glass of water intact over several miles of very second-class road to the next compulsory stop halfway up Makara Radio Station. After a foot-race round Karori Park: over bars, under bars, over pipes, etc. the still breathless competitors piled out of their cars at Wilton Park where in a sheltered glade among native bush we settled down to a post-mortem on the rally and picnic.

There also we did the last question of our paper: first aid. The victim was supposed to have a broken arm. Although to the casual observer it did not look as if everybody suffered from the same complaint, the judge was well satisfied with the high standard of the very individual work submitted. Winner with a very fast time and most points was Mr Westermayer and partner. The team Buehler/Wolf was second and Heinz Kleiner and girlfriend third. A special prize of a bottle of champagne went to Werner Ballmer who proved to be the quickest in converting £NZ into decimal currency.

The rally was very well organized and the planners chose a lovely route, nearer to home than last year, but quite unknown to many of us. It gave us valuable ideas on new Sunday drives, walks and picnics. Many thanks to the hard-working organizing committee.

—L.H.

JUST A POINT . . . !

The weather is beautiful, just a slight breeze to make it look like Wellington and bright sunshine. It is a pity the 24 beer bottles disappeared, but nothing can be more pleasant than to sit and chat with your compatriot and friends in such peaceful surroundings. Now it's time to see the events in retrospect, to figure out where the missing points have gone to and more important, to see where the other fellow actually secured his place in front of mine. I started as number 13 and that is a good omen, but already at the railway station I missed points, having put in far too many trains. From there I went to some forgotten street that was picked as being not only steep but also near impossible to find. But I got there, though you wouldn't believe it. In the middle of the incline there my eyes caught a lovely girl and I immediately jammed the braking system. Now in my jitter I couldn't start that car properly. It's not my fault, the petrol tank after all is in the back and the engine in the front with all the steep hill to look at it. Bang—backwards and down on the scale of the winners! Oh yes, I could guess the distance to Mount Victoria, and also the number of eggs; wasn't all that difficult: you just took your measurement around your waist and multiplied it by the right number. The next instruction was probably the most disillusioning one: look at a certain place and remember! Now, what can anyone see here, no mountain scenery, no historic monuments, no Miss New Zealand, nor a pub! Off I went in a hurry to get the next instruction. Make a Kroki of that place I was supposed to have looked at before! But what is a kroki? Sounds so much like a flower or a dangerous animal. Probably my painting looked like it too. If there should be anyone wishing to practise for downhill slalom by car, just ring the Swiss Club! The stretch of road stretched like a frightened worm all round all the hills and was more often than not hemmed in by an inquisitive stream. I believe it was a nightmare for those drivers with near new cars (that also exists, believe me, despite the Government!).

You can't always go downhill so you simply climb the hill to the Makara Radio. Mind you, stop when you reach the top—or when you reached the beach, just depends which direction you consider the wiser one to be.

Up on that hill it was left to you whether you or your car are more in need of the water you carried up there. Or did you dye your clothes with it on the way? You know, that is called copying the others. Next stop, never mind the hills in between, we are still supposed to be somewhere around Wellington, is a park. You know, I like races, and here I got into my field. I raced round that playground with that speed, that not even my shadow could follow me, over the bar, under it, and finally over the creek, without bridge, without railing and without breath. But we both

made it, my pride and myself. Ha, relax until you reach the Otira picnic place, and here I am now, really feeling fine, feeling like someone that has just fixed a broken arm (oh, must say that he only pretended but I took no heed to this pretending, must always be prepared and neatly stuffed him right and left with all I had, except my trousers that hang on to my b—— without any ado support).

Now let's not forget the winner, since he must have had the fastest time (and despite that no traffic ticket) and the most points. After all, we all could have been first if only we would have . . . Yes, next year I will be the first, even if I cannot cuddle this winter in the warmth of that nice blanket to keep me warm when a traffic jam holds me up. Mr Westermayer in his sporty car took the honours and I in my big car the other honour of being the last but maybe not the least. Before I go home, before I leave this friendly gathering I would like to thank Mrs Rufer, Miss Muller and Mr Schaerer for the organization of this outing. They have made a good job of it, just as anyone expected of them. So may they know that we do appreciate receiving points on the roads—as long as we do not lose our licences!

—“Z-Cars where are you?”

AUCKLAND SWISS CLUB

The Annual General Meeting of the Auckland Swiss Club was held on April 1st 1967 at the Edendale School Hall.

The President welcomed all members and guests present and proceeded to give a report of the progress which had been made during the past year, mentioning the social evenings which had been held. These were the August 1st Celebrations which was the biggest event of the year followed by the Buure Abig, Fastnacht and Schutzen Abend. The outdoor functions were Klaustag and picnic both held at Frank Reichmuth's farm, a trip to Imhof's farm in Coromandel and an organized tour to Tongariro.

The shooting section proved to have quite a successful year beginning with the first karabiner shooting competition ever held in Auckland but not forgetting the small bore competitions either.

The Treasurer's report was received with much applause having been a most successful year financially.

The most important outcome of the General Meeting was the decision by practically all members to buy 213 acres of land situated at Wainui approximately 30 miles from the harbour bridge. This would prove a vital and valuable asset to the Auckland Swiss Club and as pointed out by the President the land has great possibilities for sports activities and other Swiss functions.

Election of Officers

President, Mr T. Sidler; Vice-President, Mr F. Reichmuth; Secretary, Miss H. Bischofberger; Treasurer, Mr A. W. Muller; Committee: Messrs J. Spillman, O. Stalder, J. Leutschg, K. Hirzel, H. Piller, Miss H. Calonder and Mrs Piller; Riflemaster, Mr H. Enzler.

The meeting was closed by the President after which supper of Aufschnitt coffee and cakes was served. —V.B.

HAMILTON SWISS CLUB

The Annual General Meeting of our club was held on April 9th 1967 at the Pine Lodge.

Our Treasurer again presented a very satisfactory financial result and the balance sheet found unanimous approval.

After ten years' service as Vice-President and one year as President, Walter Risi retired from the committee. His excellent and exemplary work was honoured by presenting him and Mrs Risi with the well-deserved Life Membership of the Hamilton Swiss Club.

The new committee was elected as follows: President, Joe Villiger; Vice-President, Joe Staehli; Secretary, Marie-Therese Schoepfer; Treasurer, Jakob von Holzen; Entertainment, Ernst Studer and Joe Arnold; Riflemaster, Walter Unternaehrer; plus a general committee of 12. —H.O.

Forthcoming Events

HAMILTON SWISS CLUB

Card evenings on May 6th and 27th in the Swiss Chalet, Hamilton. Venison (Hirshpfeffer) for supper.

Social evening at the Pine Lodge on Sunday, May 14th. 4-piece orchestra and good supper. Admission: members 5s, others 10s.

Please keep these dates in mind as we are not going to send out any special invitation for these evenings. —The Committee

WELLINGTON SWISS CLUB

10-year Jubilee Celebration: Saturday, 3rd June (Queen's Birthday weekend). Further particulars in the May issue.

SWISS SOCIETY OF NEW ZEALAND:

The Annual General Meeting will be held in Wellington on June 4th 1967. Further particulars in the May issue.