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Autor: Boxler, Otto
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"Of course nobody expected the cat to go any further, so no special precautions were taken to keep her at the Solway. But before the caretaker was up the following morning Mitza had set out again and climbed still higher. When night fell she bivouacked in a couloir above the shoulder. Next day she was seen by a group of climbers from Italy, who passed her, convinced that her climbing skill, if not her spirit, would be defeated by the difficult rope slabs and the roof. But they were wrong! And some hours later the kitten reached the 14,780-foot-high summit of the Matterhorn, where she joined the incredulous mountaineers, who had passed her by in the rope slabs. With her tail up, and miauling with delight, or possibly hunger, she ran to the party, who naturally gave her a royal welcome. After all, nothing is too good for the first cat to climb the Matterhorn."

"The guide, who was an Italian, and was taking his party down the Italian side of the Matterhorn, did not want to abandon the kitten on top of the mountain, so took her in his rucksack, and brought her down to the first inhabited outpost on his side of the frontier. And Mitza is still there, happily fattening on mice. The other day she was recognised by a Swiss guide from Zermatt, who wanted to take her back with him, but the Italians refused to let her go. So it looks as if Josephine, the cook, will have to make the journey over the Matterhorn in person to claim her property, for there are not many people around the Matterhorn, be they Swiss or Italian, who can resist Josephine."

MY EXPERIENCES AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NEW ZEALAND

By OTTO BOXLER, Auckland.

It was just my birthday, February 12th, when we approached the northshore of my future "land of adoption," after a long and somewhat tiresome journey of 12 weeks, including 10 days' stopover in Sydney. Early in the morning of the 13th February we landed safely in Auckland. Some superstitious people might think it was an unlucky date to arrive; I did not! Although the weather wasn't bright, I was given a hearty and friendly welcome by all. The customs officer was very kind and didn't even examine one of my cases or trunks. My friends waited for me at the wharf and drove me to their home. I must say it was a good help for me, as I could stay with them, especially due to the difficult housing problem prevailing here.

Many things appear strange, even funny, to a newcomer. For instance, the slang widely used; the left-hand traffic; the tram cars with female conductors; the business boards; the telephone cabins; the letter boxes, etc. The whole way of living, including working time, meals, etc., are entirely different from those in our homeland. In the evenings one can notice badly illuminated streets, doubtless due to the shortage of electric power. Then also the food in restaurants, hotels and homes are very different, the variety is not approaching anything as we are used to in Switzerland. At first it appeared "Spanish" to me how much tea the New Zealanders are drinking, but now I like it already myself. We Europeans miss good music and the merry community life, which gives such a happy and homelike atmosphere. The general working conditions and wages seem very good in this country and one can say without exaggeration that New Zealand is the workers' paradise with its 40 hours' working week. In the social point of view it is undoubtedly the most progressive, with its marvellous social security system, and the founder, the Rt. Hon. Prime Minister Joseph Savage, merits all praise for this noble accomplishment.

There are many opportunities to spend one's time of leisure in various sport activities, such as tennis, Rugby, football, cricket, sailing, fishing, motor car tours, etc., etc. In Cornwall Park and at Devonport I visited also the Archery Clubs, where men and women participated. This sport reminded me of our national hero William Tell.

Some weeks ago I went with a Yugoslav to the radio theatre and to my surprise heard a singer trying to yodel. Although he made a great effort, it did not sound anywhere as genuine to me as the natural yodel of our alpine boys. On September 28th I attended a Maori Concert in the Town Hall, which I greatly enjoyed. Next to me sat a Maori woman with her son and when I told her that I came from Switzerland, she was delighted and said, "that's where they have the moral rearmament." She, of course, referred to the world's conference which recently took place in Caux/Montreux. She also thought that our country must be wonderful, as we never had any wars and if she had the money she certainly would go there.

An excursion to Rotorua and Orakei-Korako has impressed me very much, especially the great many hot springs and geysers. I also took the opportunity of visiting the Maori village there, which was most interesting to me.

The large areas of unpopulated and unimproved land I have seen in various parts of New Zealand convinced me that there is plenty of space and opportunity for further migrants.

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