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nice gift. Special questions were arranged for the children and those who answered quickly also received nice prizes.

We would like to thank everybody for their assistance, and hope that this "Fux Jagt 1969" will be well remembered.

—D.P.-W.

Christchurch Swiss Club

On Sunday, 23rd November, the Christchurch Swiss Club held a barbecue-picnic on the property of Mr and Mrs A. Moser at Brooklands, about 10 miles from the city. The day dawned cold and rainy, but towards the afternoon when the barbecue was to begin the skies cleared a bit. A tent had been erected in case of showers and while we waited for the coals to heat up we played Kegeln. A shout from the "Chef" told us that the sausages were cooking and to come and get them. Mrs Moser and Mrs Gottini had both made some beautiful brown bread and we munched on this and waited our turn for the sausages to cook. The talking died down and soon all that could be heard was the satisfied murmer of delight.

After devouring all the food we went back to finish our game of Kegeln which was won by Mrs H. Faes. The wind was getting cooler so we circled our benches around the fire and sat talking. Somebody asked the time and to everyone's amazement we found it to be 7 o'clock. It was soon after that that we left; and what a wonderful afternoon. I'm sure that the 30 or so members of the Club who were at the barbecue would wish me to thank Mr and Mrs Moser most sincerely for all the work they did to make the afternoon the success it was.

The Christchurch Swiss Club extends to the other Swiss Clubs in New Zealand a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—J.F.

Obituary

Mrs Elisa Schweizer-Huber

Mrs Elisa Schweizer-Huber died suddenly on December 1st at the residence of her daughter and son-in-law, Mrs and Mr Hans Oettli, Eureka, in her 86th year.

Mrs Schweizer came to New Zealand four and a half years ago to be with her family.

Although the language barrier at her age became a handicap, Mrs Schweizer was always cheerful and happy. She was contented witnessing the growth in numbers and prosperity of her descendants who she had, perhaps not showing it, regretted seeing leave Switzerland some 15 years earlier, and once more was a united member of the family. Persevering to talk Swiss with her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, instead she picked up quite

a lot of the new language and thus became able to understand, but unable to converse with them.

At the funeral service in the Hillcrest Presbyterian Church, the Minister fittingly referred to the aformentioned with quotes from the Bible illustrating the difficulties and joys of emigrating to a new country.

In expressing our deepest sympathy to the bereaved families may we quote Michelangelo's inscription on one of his famous paintings: Death and love are the two wings that bear the good man to heaven.

—W.R.

Forthcoming Events

The Hamilton Swiss Club Picnic will be held on Sunday 22nd February, at the usual place in Ngaruawahia.

HEDY'S CORNER . . .

An open letter to Mum and Dad:

"THERE IS NO SANTA CLAUS"

Yes, this statement will be hurled at you sooner or later by your offspring. What could be better than countering the child's final loss of a cherished belief with the true meaning of the legendary figure—told in the form of a story. Below is such a story—yours to adjust to your child's understanding; yours to adjust according to your convictions and religeous belief; yours to enlarge upon on any aspect upon the child's request.—

"Yes darling there is no real Father Christmas, but I will now explain to you why we tell little children about Father Christmas; it will make you see that we have told no real lie.

"You know that babies cannot talk, so they cry for everything they need. But the greatest thing for them is a cuddle with their mammy. You too cried when you were a baby and needed comfort or were hungry and needed a cuddle after mammy made you comfortable, showed you that she loved you. When you were a little bit older daddy amused you and made you laugh; that showed you that daddy loved you. Then you started to grow up: 2 years old, 3 years old, 4 years old until you are ..... years old. You learnt to understand words and to talk. You learnt to look and hear, and you learnt to think. And so today you really **know** that daddy and mammy love you and **you** know that you love **them.** How do you know that? You cannot hear or see it, you