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An Actress: "Of course, New Zealand belongs to Great Britain and very probably therefore is a Dominion. So New Zealand must have her own Government and Parliament, and it did, like the other countries of the Empire, declare war on Germany, and send troops to England. But where is it? The inhabitants are New Zealanders; but of what race may they be? Very probably they are dark-skinned and as far as I know they are good-looking."

A Farmer: "I know that there is a New Zealand, and from that I derive that there must also be an Old Zealand. But where New Zealand is, I cannot say. It is an island and belongs to the British. It is situated in some sea, but I do not know in which one. Not in the Mediterranean, I rather believe somewhere yonder Australia, almost at the end of the world. It is very hot there, as far as I know; therefore the people must be dark-skinned or black. But I am not so sure about that."

A Housewife: "Since the war began we hear a lot about New Zealand. That they are at war with the Axis Powers, that they are training a great number of soldiers, especially airmen for England, the motherland. They say New Zealand is quite big, the inhabitants healthy and free, engaged in commerce and agriculture and doing a lot of sport. Many years ago a sister of mine wanted to emigrate to New Zealand; she gave us a vivid picture of this land with all its beauties and advantages. She showed us pictures and told us there was a country to live in freedom, that the people were great lovers of beauty, art and music. The countryside was marvellously beautiful with its mountains and lakes and green pastures. New Zealand was very similar to our own Switzerland, there were good schools, and we became quite keen, and were thinking that this was really a country where we would like to go."

A Solicitor: "I have never been a hero in geography and I am no hero today, and therefore New Zealand, as far as I am concerned, might just as well belong to Africa or to Australia. I have no idea of the geographic position and the size of this country, and I am absolutely in a haze as to the number of its inhabitants. There must also be a capital in this "blooming" country, but what its name is and to what race the inhabitants belong, I am unable to say. Very probably they are negroes and heathens, but I do not want to make any positive statements."

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#### FELSENBERG RECALLS PAST TO THE SWISS.

On a seemingly inaccessible rock, high above the valley of the Kander between Frutigen and Kandersteg, towers the Felsenburg, a stronghold of precious safety in early medieval days, when might spelled right. But the chateau of rocks of centuries ago today exists in its outlines only.

Hardly a trace is left of the halls and rooms in which the knights assembled resplendent in their armour for gay banquets or sinister councils of war. The roof is no more and in its place a few lonesome pines crown the pile of gray stones and through the desolate window openings blows the wind, rejoicing in its own undaunted strength.

Years ago the solitude of this ancient feudal seat was almost undisturbed, save for occasional visits from near-by schools and romance loving couples. Since 1913, when the new electric railway conquered the mighty Bernese Alps, the Felsenburg has become one of the noteworthy landmarks along the line, for in this district the railway climbs in many wonderful spirals, affording a view of the proud remains of the chateau from below, on a level and from high above.

And from the commanding heights reached by the railway in this section one beholds through the green of tall pines a romantic, rocky wilderness in the midst of which lies the diminutive but exquisitely lovely Blue Lake.

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