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# NEWS OF THE COLONY ★ ★ ★ ★

## Auckland Swiss Club

"FASTNACHT IM NIEDERDORF"! Most Swiss people know this charming and so intriguing Quartier of Zuerich. You found the same atmosphere right here in the heart of Auckland—at the Swiss Club when they held their Maskenball. You walked into the gaily decorated hall, a grinning Devil's mask greeting you at the entrance, and, I bet, Picasso too would have found some of the drawings on the walls very surrealistic and to his taste. There was of course the "Fraumuenster" guiding you to the "Maxim" and zur "Gans," Gaesseli uf and Gaesseli ab, beautiful Mermaids and other naughty ladies from shady (Courthouse) lanes, winking michievously from the wall, but huge masks hanging all over the place followed you with their devilish looks and scared you off from any lingering thoughts. There was the story of the Hillsborough Soccer Club with that huge football unable to get into the narrow goal!

und da gab es die Laternen, die waren fuer manches guet,  
man konnt sich an sie halten, auch gaben sie Dir Muet—  
should you lose your keys and sway,  
they blink at you in a friendly way—  
like home im Niederdorf, like home im Niederdorf!

Fair on time, the first masks arrived followed soon by others; and what a variety! To mention but a few: there was "der verschossene Hirschjaeger im New Zealand Busch"; the "Bajazzos," playing havoc among the guests; a "Boarding School" of very advanced Teenagers from the 17th Century to as far away as Venus; a most graceful "Madame Butterfly," with her Consort; Ladies in the attire of the early 20's and so many other fanciful costumes hard to describe them all. The Swiss Band, really outdoing themselves that night, kept your feet on dancing, dancing all the night! The barometer rose to X-Centigrade for those wearing masks and relief came about 11 p.m. when the Jury proclaimed the prizes as follows:

Mr H. Enzler, as "verschossene Hirschjaeger im N.Z. Busch."  
Mrs L. Fitzi and Mrs S. Enzler, as "Bajazzos."  
Miss A. Hausheer, as "the Lady from the Early 20's."  
Miss T. Bitschman and Mrs H. B. Mueller, as "advanced Teenagers."  
Mrs McLeod and Miss Gretchen, as "Bathing Beauties for the Early 1900's."

Supper followed and with the coffee plenty of Fastnachtskuechli, Krapfen, Schenkeli and Meringues, all done expertly as usual by the ladies from the Swiss Club. Thus, having gathered new strength, all were ready again to dance when the "Flamingoes" arrived and by con-

tinuous request, also the Swiss Band had to come and play again and again. Our New Zealand guests as well as the guests from Taranaki, Matamata and from the Netherland's League could never get enough of the Swiss Music. The red, cosy lights of the lanterns—Tja

so ne Laterne spiegelt vieles vor,

Du glaubst Du bist zu Hause vor Deinem eignen Tor—

you keep on seeing the blinking light—

and think for sure it's your window site . . . .

und glaubst Du hast gefunden, den Schluessel—ach die Oual,

dann suchst Du selig weiter das—whoops—am Laternenpfahl,

the friendly light from high above,

will send you off, in a blissful doze . . . .

Of course, we got home—early in the morning! All in all it was en urchige Maskenball, au die wo daheim blibe sind, haettet sich maechtig amuesiert—see you again a der naechste "*FASTNACHT*."

—H.B.M.

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## Obituary

### ALBERT UTTINGER

Albert Uttinger, one of the older Swiss immigrants to New Zealand, died on August 23rd in Matamata. He came from the Canton of Zug to New Zealand in July, 1909, in the company of a group of Swiss people and settled in Taranaki, which at that time was the most favoured district for prospective dairy farmers from Switzerland.

Like most of his compatriots Albert started his career by working on dairy farms and later on took up farming himself with his brother-in-law, Mr Schuhmacher. Although he loved his farm life he always had a liking for building and he gave many a farm cottage and dairy shed a new look. His friendly and kind disposition made him well liked wherever he worked.

Albert Uttinger is survived by his wife and two sons Henry and Ernest. We extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved families.

—W.R.

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