

**Zeitschrift:** Helvetia : magazine of the Swiss Society of New Zealand  
**Herausgeber:** Swiss Society of New Zealand  
**Band:** 29 (1966)  
**Heft:** [7]

**Artikel:** The school boy's prayer  
**Autor:** [s.n.]  
**DOI:** <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-942289>

### **Nutzungsbedingungen**

Die ETH-Bibliothek ist die Anbieterin der digitalisierten Zeitschriften. Sie besitzt keine Urheberrechte an den Zeitschriften und ist nicht verantwortlich für deren Inhalte. Die Rechte liegen in der Regel bei den Herausgebern beziehungsweise den externen Rechteinhabern. [Siehe Rechtliche Hinweise.](#)

### **Conditions d'utilisation**

L'ETH Library est le fournisseur des revues numérisées. Elle ne détient aucun droit d'auteur sur les revues et n'est pas responsable de leur contenu. En règle générale, les droits sont détenus par les éditeurs ou les détenteurs de droits externes. [Voir Informations légales.](#)

### **Terms of use**

The ETH Library is the provider of the digitised journals. It does not own any copyrights to the journals and is not responsible for their content. The rights usually lie with the publishers or the external rights holders. [See Legal notice.](#)

**Download PDF:** 02.04.2025

**ETH-Bibliothek Zürich, E-Periodica, <https://www.e-periodica.ch>**

behind a rock and everybody found themselves a more or less comfortable seat on or in the stones.

#### WALK, SUNDAY, JUNE 19th, 1966

Mum, Grandma and Grandad took me on a walk with all these Swiss Club people. Although the sun was shining very brightly, I, myself, felt sick and unhappy, but I had to go with them.

When we stopped for the first time, I saw a lot of people and did not know them, so I went close to Mummy and held her hand very firmly. She did not seem very happy with me. Suddenly all the people went back to their cars, we too, and then I had a very nice and long run in it. Oh, I like to be in a car and to see the world passing by the windows.

In another place, Mum turned the car round and I had to hop out, Grandad took me by the hand and I had to walk with all these people. There were a lot of boys and girls of my age and all seemed to enjoy themselves very much, whilst I felt very unhappy. But in a certain way I could still be proud because I was walking, others were just riding on their fathers' and mothers' shoulders. A long walk for my short legs! But then the big people seemed to get tired too and I could sit down, close to Mummy naturally. Soon a nice fire was burning and a lovely smell arose from some roasted "Servalats". All were hungry and eating very happily. Then some got active and started to run around behind a ball. I think they played some sort of a game called football, as Grandad told me. But I did not like that either, so Mum took me from stone to stone down to the sea. Halfway down, my legs did not want to go further and I sat behind a stone. Mum got angry and left me. There I was, bitterly crying. Grandma stayed with me, but I did not want her, I wanted Mum. After a long long time, Mum then came back to me. Nevertheless, I did not want to walk anymore and Grandad took me by the hand and so we came back to all the others very slowly. All looked so happy; I felt miserable and Mum too. I do not know what I did wrong, perhaps the others do? At least, I think they liked all they did and the day and the walk seemed to please them and they all spent a very nice Sunday outside in the fresh air.

Little Berni

On June 22nd the committee of the Wellington Swiss Club farewelled our previous president, Mr R. Storz, who is leaving Wellington in July to take up his new position in Auckland. We wish him and his wife all the very best.

---

#### The School Boy's Prayer

Lord help me to keep my big mouth shut till I know what I am talking about.