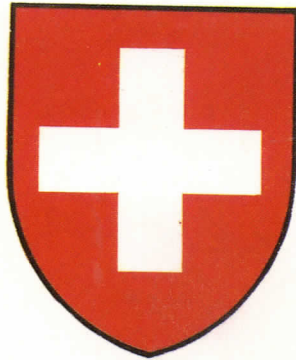


SWISS CLUB NATAL



Swiss cantons



Jura



Aargau



Basel City



Basel Stado



Appenzell Ausser-Rhoden



Appenzell Inner-Rhoden



Schaffhausen



Thurgau



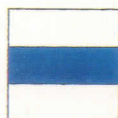
St. Gallen



Solothurn



Zürich



Zug



Glarus



Nidwalden



Uri



Geneve



Lucerne



Obwalden



Neuchâtel



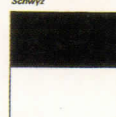
Graubünden



Valais



Schwyz



Fribourg



Berno



Vaud



Ticino

SWISS CLUB NATAL
P.O. BOX 393
PIETERMARITZBURG
3200

APRIL 1996

FAX 0331-452938

YOUR COMMITTEE FOR 1996

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FROM YOUR PRESIDENT

Dear Members

Many thanks to all the members who have attended and contributed to a successful Annual General Meeting which was held at the Rob Roy Hotel in Crammond. We were honoured by the visit of Mr and Mrs Renggli from our Swiss Consulate General in Johannesburg and who shared with us a most enjoyable sociable evening. Also many thanks to Mr Renggli for sponsoring us the aperitiv.

I would like to thank on behalf of all our members the outgoing Committee Members. Reto Frey, Hayden Mitchell, Rex Guggisberg, Hans Deubelbeiss and Robert Wyss for all their dedicated time they contributed towards our club.

Congratulations to Ruth Klein, Hans Kugler, Albert Schmid, Marcel Henchoz and Sharon Pye who volunteered and were elected to serve on the committee for 1996.

The lucky and happy looking winner of the Swissair ticket was Peter Wunderly.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs Dawn Harris for her assistance with the draw as well express our sincere thanks to Swissair for the generous sponsorship.

New Members

I am pleased to welcome the following new members to our club :

Mr HU & Mrs R Hirschi
Mr E Steller
Mr H & R Bank
Mrs L Ruffieux
Mrs D Bangerter

We shall be happy to see you at many of our functions during the year and your contribution to foster fellowship will be much appreciated by all of us.

Advertising

We express our appreciation and thanks to the following business concerns who generously sponsored our club and who in return display an advert in our Bulletin.

- SWISSAIR
- CREDIT SUISSE
- SWISS BANK CORPORATION
- UNION BANK OF SWITZERLAND
- NESTLE
- SWISS STONE MASONS AND MONUMENTALISTS

Bulletin Contribution

Contributions were received and are included in this bulletin from Rex Guggisberg, Stefan Grab and Elizabeth Gerhard. Many thanks for your valued efforts and the interesting stories.

Social Programme 1996

Beach Breakfast Amazimtoti	21 April
Bowls Linwood Pietermaritzburg	26 May
Car Rally	23 June
1 August Dinner Durban/Pmb	1 August
National Day Celebration at Hammersdale	4 August
Price Jass Evening	14 September
Family Braai Ferncliff	27 October
Christmas Family Day Hammersdale	8 December

Note

Jass Section in Durban meets every second Friday of each month at 19h30 at the German Club Durban - Westville. Every member is welcome

New

A skittling section will be started and members which have interest to join in please contact one of our Committee Members.

Shooting Programme 1996

St Gallen Schiessen	4 May
Feldschiessen	1 June
Intertown (Nachschiessen not permitted)	6 July
Nachschiessen/Section Meisterschaft	3 August
Nachschiessen	7 September
Stadte Wettkampf	5 October
Handicap Shoot	2 November

Interclub and Johannesburg Club visit

Date to be announced.

I am looking forward to see many of you at our next function.

Kind regards



PS : Somebody left a pair of glasses at the AGM. Please contact (031) 266 9777 ext 218 during working hours or leave a message.

PINK PETRA.

PETRA, In my early years in the M.E., this word haunted me, I had read in books & articles about Petra, I had even met a couple of men who had been there. Sometimes called The Rose Red City beyond the age of time, but I prefer Pink Petra. In Sinai most of the granite is really pink imagine how lovely in the sun, particularly at sun set. In 1937 or 1938 I did get to Petra, so must push my memory back 58 years, some of what I write maybe inaccurate but am sure you will forgive me after such a lapse of time. At this time The Camel Corps., were short of Arabic speaking Sergeants, there were very few of us, & the Camel Corps were choosy only taking from the British Army volunteers from the rank of Sergeants or above. So, now I was going for 2 months to Trans-Jordan as leader of a Camel Patrol, which is always 4 men each mounted on a camel, the leader is always a Sergeant White or Arab, the 3 Troopers genuine Beduin Arabs, simple charming friendly people. We all wear more or less the same uniform the Arab Kefiyah (Head Cloth) in our case red & white squares (our friends told us we were wearing kitchen curtain or tea-room table cloths), held down by a Ha-ek a black rope wound around the head cloth, bush jackets, leather belts, very light weight riding breeches, the leader wears riding boots but the Beduin (Bedu' to me) prefer their desert sandals. Each man is armed with a rifle which is in a scabbard at the side of the camel, the leader also has a service revolver. Each man is responsible for his own food & water, we take very little food as we are well fed at base. We have big saddle bags that can take a couple of tins of bully beef & fruit, a little flour as the Bedu like to make their Chipattiee every evening, each man is given a bag of raw olives & a bag of raw dates one can live in the Desert on this alone, the olives are bitter & the dates so sweet, but it is the olive oil & the sugar in the dates that keeps a man alive. Why do we have Camel Patrols to arrest or kill Smugglers taking hard core Drugs from the Far East which come up from Arabia to Palestine (Israel) The Smugglers are also mounted on camels so when we meet up it is rather like Cow Boys & Indians. My number one Bedu was a fine Arab & we were good friends, he was the only one of my 3 Bedus who spoke English, we often rode together so he could improve his English & I my Arabic. His idea for Petra was to leave early, speed up the Patrol on the return journey & we could be in Petra between 5&6

Leave first light so it would be normal patrol time. Petra is on the high Desert plateau where it is quite flat, one suddenly comes upon Petra as a great hole, maybe half mile north to south & quarter mile east to west 200 feet deep or more. There is good water & greenery grass small bushes no trees. Petra is Nabatean which I suppose makes it about 2 thousand five hundred years, the cliffs all round are pink granite. There is only one way into Petra through what we called the cut, like a cleft in the granite face, a narrow path can take one horse or camel at a time. The Nabateans did not cut the granite & build in the open, everything was built inside the solid cliff, Temples, Tombs, Store-rooms, Living Quarters, Stables, rather like the Egyptian Temple of Ramses at Abu Semble which I described in an article for the Bulletin about 12 years ago. I really wrote this article to tell you of my last visit to Petra, all my friends who hear this story just about wet themselves & think it the biggest joke in the world (at my expense). We had speeded up the Patrol so it was about 5.30. p.m. when I lead my 3 Bedu out of the cut into Peta, one glance was all I needed, 3 Bivy Tents @lected in the middle of Petra. Twice a year Thomas & Cookes (The World Famous Travel Agents) ran an off short to a normal 2 week tour, which they called 2 Day Adventure Tour in the Desert to Petra. These were run by a good Armenian friend of mine, they never seemed to get many takers. Coming towards me were two middle aged English (very English) Ladies, I had correctly decided were school teachers, I am sure one was shouting, Oh Goody, Goody, Real Arabs, well they took enough photos as I looked down at them from my camel I distinctly heard the one say to the other, "you know the one in front looks almost white", well that made my day. I made my camp at the far north end far from the tourists Soon my Armenian friend came, I chaffed him about being in Petra on my day. He had six Tourists, 2 Ladies, a middle aged married couple. & 2 middle aged Englishmen. I told him after he had given them their evening meal to invite them all to my Camp for real Arab Coffee with Real Arabs. They arrived about 8p.m. , I think Guggy & his 3 Bedu really made that Tour for them we all got on so well, my Bedu sang them Beduin songs & Ladies were over the moon, language was not even a problem. Those six Tourists would never forget that beautiful night in Petra

3.

& at least discovered I really was WHITE. Next morning first light we were saddled up, mounted, & rode out of Petra. Not a sign of life from the Tourist Camp. When they awoke & found we had gone perhaps they thought the previous evening was just a happy dream, or they thought of the verse,--

THE NIGHT SHALL BE FILLED WITH MUSIC
& THE CARES THAT INVEST THE DAY
SHALL FOLD THEIR TENTS LIKE THE ARABS
& AS SILENTLY FADE AWAY.

PETRA 1937 OR 1938

A CHANGE FROM DESERT CAMPAIGNS.

GUGGY.

With the compliments of



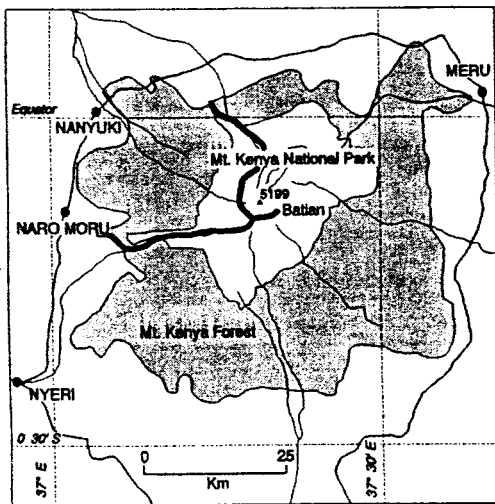
Nestlé

THREE SWISS-NATALIANS TACKLE AFRICA'S HIGHEST MOUNTAINS

After several weeks of arduous preparation, three Swiss-Natalians (Thomas Ammann, Michael Planzer and Stefan Grab), together with six South African mountaineers, jetted off into the heart of Africa. Little time was spent in Nairobi (also known as Nairobi) as all were eager to catch the first fleeting look at the African snow on the equator. It was on our way over the equator in an open bedford truck, that we caught the first inconspicuous glimpse of a jagged outline towering high above the African haze. Our hearts were pounding with excitement, knowing that Mt Kenya, the "mountain of brightness" (*Kirinyaga* to the Wakamba people and *Kiinya'a* to the Kikuyu), was awaiting our ascent.

Our route was to take us from the north-western sector (Sirimone route) up into the towering peaks and back down via the Naro-Moru route on the south-western flank of the volcano. We headed off in the late morning of the 4th July 1995. Already the mountain was shrouded in a dark, threatening mass of cloud. Michael eagerly videoed our trek through tropical jungle which is still host to elephant, rhino, buffalo, lion and leopard. The forests were mystically beautiful, engulfing deep gorges and reaching an altitude of 2900 m. Interestingly, the vegetation was not dissimilar to that observed in parts of southern Africa....proteas, gladiolus and conifer type trees such as podocarpus. After lunch our weary bodies entered the heath zone above 3000 m. It was here, on the first day, that Michael's videoing equipment (many many kilos!!) decided it had done enough photography for one trip! The heavens opened before reaching our first base camp at 3300 m. However, after drying ourselves in the mountain hut at "Old Moses Camp", the forbidding banks of dark cloud broke up to illuminate the western horizon. Before we knew it, the mighty 3 million year old volcanic plug rose before our eyes - at last we had seen Mt Kenya's highest peaks.

Next day we headed for those formidable peaks, up deep glaciated valleys with breathtaking views. We made it to Shiptons camp (4200 m), just in time before a blizzard engulfed the entire valley. The next couple of days were spent acclimatizing and exploring Mt Kenya's tarns (glacial lakes) and glaciers.



— The route taken on Mt Kenya

The big day had arrived.....it was 3am on the 8th July and time to depart for Point Lenana (4985 m), the third highest peak on Mt Kenya (the highest peaks, Batian -5199m- and Nelion -5188m- are very serious technical climbs). With the ever dimming torches and without the assistance of a guide, we tentatively tackled the steep moraine slopes and knife edge ridges up to Point Lenana. Three minutes after our arrival at the summit, the sun added its first wisp of warmth into the frozen alpine air. The view was spectacular and the presence of the Lord was overwhelming; afterall, this was God's Mountain. A couple of days later we slid our way down the notorious and infamous vertical bog.....a 2 km staircase of slosh!! Then, with a deep sense of satisfaction, our weary bodies drooped themselves over the seats of a Nissan bus *en route* back to Nairobi.

Some days later it was the turn of Kilimanjaro. Though less scenically spectacular than Mt Kenya, Kili is unsurpassable in its quest for reaching African heights. The efforts of Thomas and Michael paid off as they stood upon Uhuru Peak on the 19th July 1995. I, meanwhile, was taken as one of Kili's common victims of acute mountain sickness and contoured my way through ancient volcanic outpourings.

All in all, our month in East Africa was a tremendous experience, the mountains had stolen our hearts and we knew that some day we would be back.

Piedmont Publishing, Ltd.

Seychelles House, Brightlingsea, Essex CO7 ONN, England
Tel: (44) 1279 842154 Fax (44) 1206 305204

5 January 1996

Dear Sir,

Herewith details of Richard Munday's analysis of the right to bear arms and the politics of gun control in Switzerland, *Most Armed & Most Free?* With careful scholarship, Mr. Munday traces the history of Swiss firearms regulations over the course of this century, covering:

- *The Zürich prohibitions of 1914 and 1919, and concern over revolution at the end of WW1*
- *The Geneva "machine gun" scare of 1943-4 and the prohibition of fully automatic weapons*
- *The 1944 and 1970 Concordats*
- *The origins of the "Supermarket for Arms" headlines*
- *The aborted proposals for federal firearms legislation in the 1980's*
- *The constitutional amendment on the "misuse" of firearms in 1993 and the current debate on federal legislation*
- *Analysis of the statistical trends of armed crime in Switzerland*
- *Analysis of statistics on arms trafficking*
- *The politics of European integration*
- *Army 95*

The story which emerges is one of compelling interest, full of surprises and rich with irony, and it is presented in a magnificently illustrated volume.

We would be grateful if you would draw the book to the attention of your association members. It is available now at the special introductory price of £9.95 + £4.50 (air) or £2.50 (surface) p&p. For orders of two or more copies, the unit price is reduced to £9 each + £4.50 air/£2.50 surface p&p per copy.

Yours faithfully,



J. Stevenson
Piedmont Publishing

SAMICHLAUS AT HAMMERSDALE

At long last the Christmas feeling was back at Hammersdale! Ruth and her helpers, especially Doris, decorated two tables with "Chrisaescht", candles and many other little things. The tombola, which looked very intriguing, was quite an attraction. The weather couldn't have been better, the shady places under the trees were very popular. Some of the people did some shooting, I don't know if there were any outstanding results.

The sausages and rolls went down very well, we had a few too many. Hopefully the homes enjoyed the servelats, we had thanks all around.

During the day I walked around all the people to have a chat here and there. I enjoy so much the younger generation who we need badly in our circle of regulars.

The excitement grew when a car hooter was heard quite far away. All the little and big children knew father Christmas is on the way. It is quite an experience to see the expressions on their faces, some frightened, some doubtful and some with a big smile. Thank you father Christmas for bringing happiness to the children. It is quite a problem when somebody offered him a drink, his long beard seemed to be in the way somehow.

The tombola was sold out soon, everybody was waiting for the big prize "feldstecher". Only, nobody knew, except Doris, what really was behind it. A feldstecher translated in good English means fieldpoker, stalker, pricker etc. Can you see the fun of it, whoever got it. Thank you very much, Doris, for all the hard work and thoughts put into it.

I hope everybody present had a few hours relaxed

and enjoyable time. We will definitely have a Samichlaus again this year. Please all you young parents and even grandparents out there make it happen and join us, let the children have their day as well in our small circle of friends.

Elizabeth Gerhard

**BECAUSE
YOU
CARE ...**



... WE CARE



SWISS STONE MASONS AND
MONUMENTALISTS

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BOWLING DAY AT LINWOOD

As we left the coast the sky started clearing up and we were confident to reach Pietermaritzburg without rain. But soon the "coastlers" had to put the wipers on, the mist closed in on us. Sometimes you got to think "what the heck" and make the best of it.

That's exactly what everybody did who had the courage to venture out on to the bowling green. We had a happy little group together, and under the guidance of real bowlers like Aggie and Guggi, nothing could go wrong anymore. The woods rolled well, often with too much grass as they say, but everybody was enthusiastic about the game. Watch out it looks as there are quite a few champions around!

Roebi observed the scenery from a vantage point. It is incredible to look around into the hills with mist covering the top. The proteas do very well, you can see that the place must have the real low seasons.

All of us were pleasantly surprised about the lunch display and everybody enjoyed it. Even Andre's little cowboy got stuck into it with much appetite. After lunch we sat happily together in the clean and airy lounge. Some started to "jasse", others talked, Andre's children had their fun and Guggi had a little snooze on a chair.

For those who didn't come along, I just want to tell you: you definitely missed out in all direction. What a beautiful, peaceful place with good food, open bar and friendly people all around. I hope there will be a repeat during the year and all who missed out the first time will make an effort.

Elizabeth Gerhard

A Cheese and Sausage Paradise

Alice Vollenweider

Swiss cooking, like all Swiss culture, is manifold. Just as we have great individual Swiss artists, scientists and authors, so we have 'specialities' in food. In the Valais the cooking is French, in the Ticino Italian, and in German Switzerland — well, that's less easy to define: it certainly isn't exactly German, but rather more like French. You will see this at once from hotel and restaurant menus in German Switzerland. Most of them are written in French, and those that are in German will be sprinkled with borrowed French words like *entre-côte*, *filet*, *omelette*, *ragoût*, *crème* and so on.

One reason for this is that tourism plays such a large part in Swiss life: international hotel cooking has been modelled on classic French cuisine for more than a hundred years. Also, German Switzerland is too small and predominantly rural to have developed its own regional art of cooking; and the French occupation in the eighteenth century with its strong influence on the Swiss life-style — clothes and gastronomy as well as language and philosophy — had the most profound effect here.

Swiss cooks are still receptive to foreign influence. In the larger cities you can treat yourself to Italian, Spanish, Hungarian or Chinese delicacies; and you'll find lobster bars, steak houses, pubs and Swedish buffets. Swiss housewives are enthusiastic about cooking dishes from other countries, from Peking duck to North African couscous and Russian borscht. Hardly any restaurants — except for cheese bars and *fondue* cellars — serve only Swiss specialities: partly because there are so few of them, and partly because they are too solid and heavy for modern tastes. For the traditional diet of our farming ancestors came from the products of their own land and animals; it is of more interest to anthropologists than to gastronomes, even though it includes such delicious and simple dishes as *fondue*, *raclette*, *Rösti*, *Türkenribel*, *Zwiebelwähe* and *Schwyzter Hörnli*, which are still served today in restaurants and homes.

Undoubtedly the most famous and popular Swiss speciality is *Rösti*. It is an ingeniously simple and tasty preparation made from fried potatoes which is served both in modest country inns and in elegant city restaurants throughout Switzerland. When the Swiss

are abroad and homesick for their native cooking they long for *Rösti* as the Italians do for spaghetti, the French for *bifteck aux pommes frites* and the Spaniards for grilled *calamares*.

Rösti is a relatively recent invention — compared, at least, to the cheese specialities. Potatoes were not widely cultivated in Switzerland until the second half of the eighteenth century; but then in the great famine of 1770-71 they saved the rural population of the canton of Lucerne from starvation. After this they were adopted as a staple food all over the country; potatoes fried in lard were given their famous name — it is Bernese — and became the classic breakfast of Swiss farmers, superseding older dishes such as oatmeal porridge and milk, and cheese soup.

Rösti is actually made from leftovers, from potatoes that were cooked in their skins the day before to be eaten as *Geschwellti* with butter, salt and cheese. (*Geschwellti* and *Milchkaffee* is still a favourite evening meal with many Swiss families.) The preparation of a good *Rösti*, however simple it may sound, calls for the two virtues that are the basis of all successful cooking: patience and attention. First, peel the potatoes and slice them thinly. Heat some pork dripping or butter in a frying pan, add the potatoes, sprinkle them with salt and fry them, turning frequently with a spoon, until they are golden brown. Then, if necessary, add more lard or butter, reduce the heat, and press the potatoes together into a flat 'cake'. Add two or three tablespoonsful of water to the pan, cover it with a flat lid, and leave to cook for about fifteen minutes, occasionally shaking the pan gently so the potatoes don't burn. Finally, the most difficult operation: having made sure that the *Rösti* has formed a good firm golden crust, turn it on to the lid of the pan, and slide it on to a warmed dish.

If *Rösti* is the national dish of German-speaking Switzerland, the national drink is unsweetened milky coffee, *Milchkaffee*, which is served both at breakfast and with the evening meal. For many Swiss *Rösti* and *Milchkaffee* is the essence of home cooking.

Over the last thirty years, however, eating habits have changed considerably: both at home and in restaurants *Rösti* is now usually combined with a meat dish — with fried sausage (*Bratwurst*), or grilled calf's liver (*Leberspiesslein*) or chopped veal (*geschnetzeltes Kalbfleisch*), and accompanied by wine, beer or mineral water instead of the traditional milky coffee.

You will find fried sausage, grilled calf's liver and chopped veal in any Swiss cookery book, although they are all dishes which have been imported from neighbouring countries. There are no typical native Swiss meat dishes for the simple reason that until last century meat was not a staple food. Beef and veal were practically

unknown, since cows were kept only for milking. Fresh pork only appeared on the table at the time of the winter slaughtering; then it was preserved for the rest of the year by smoking or salting. On Sundays or after a particularly hard day's work, bacon, ham or sausages would be fetched from the chimney and either cooked in a nourishing soup or eaten with pulses or oatmeal porridge. There was little room for culinary masterpieces. Also popular were hot-pots made from dried apple or pear slices, potatoes and smoked bacon, known in Germany by such picturesque names as 'Heaven and Earth', *Himmel und Erde*, and 'Silesian Paradise', *Schlesisches Himmelreich*, but in Switzerland, more laconically, called *Köch*.

Although most of the meat dishes used in Swiss cooking are of foreign origin, sausages are native and remarkably diverse. Every region, every canton, and many a town, has its own *Wurst*, its recipe kept strictly secret out of local patriotism and business sense. A true Swiss sausage enthusiast buys his *Bratwurst* in St Gallen, his *Schübli* in Bassersdorf near Zurich, his *Beinwurst* in Chur, his *Schweinswürstchen* in Hallau, and his *saucisses aux choux* or *au foie* in Payerne in the canton of Vaud. But everywhere in Switzerland you can buy *Bündnerfleisch*, the famous wafer-thin slices of air-dried beef that tastes juicy and dry at the same time, undoubtedly the most delicate product of Swiss cuisine.

Even more famous than its various *Würste* are Switzerland's countless cheeses. They range from Emmental (with the holes), known in some countries simply as Swiss cheese, to aromatic Gruyère; from Fribourg Vacherin that melts in your mouth to the Alpine cheeses of central Switzerland; from peppery Sbrinz to green spicy Schabzieger.

The best-known Swiss cheese dish, *fondue*, originated in the Valais, where the sparkling white wine grapes grow. The recipe is very simple: rub a fireproof dish with a cut clove of garlic; in it heat one glass of white wine per person; add 150 grammes of grated cheese (half Emmental, half Gruyère) per person, and stir until the cheese melts. Mix a teaspoonful of cornflour or potato flour with a liqueur glass of kirsch and add this to the cheese and wine. bring the mixture to the boil, stirring constantly, and finally season it with freshly-ground pepper and nutmeg. The *fondue* is now ready to eat. Place it over a spirit burner on the table and adjust the flame so that it simmers gently throughout the meal. The guests spear cubes of bread on long forks, dip them into the *fondue* and eat them at once.

Like *Rösti*, *fondue* is basically a leftover meal; it took the ingenuity and carefulness of poor people to conjure up such a delicious and simple dish from stale bread and hard cheese.

Just as each canton in French Switzerland has its own variety of *fondue*, every German-speaking valley has its own traditional dishes made from milk, butter, cream and cheese. These Alpine recipes are simple and tasty, but so heavy that I hesitate to recommend them to calorie-conscious readers. I will mention only *Stunnenwäri* from the canton of Schwyz, a mixture of four tablespoonsful of flour and two litres of cream (for four people), cooked slowly until butter appears round the edge of the pan. You need to have done a hard day's work in the thin pure air of the Alps before you can spoon this sumptuous soup from the pan with relish.

Subtle Swiss chocolate and the widely known Engadine pastries have earned Switzerland a reputation as the home of the best sweets in the world. Certainly Swiss confectionery is excellent; but then it has to meet the demands of an extremely expert — not to say greedy — public. It has been mischievously suggested that the Swiss people, who like to appear puritanical and sober, satisfy their suppressed desire for sensuous pleasure by eating cakes and pastries, tarts and buns, chocolates and sweets. So fond are the Swiss of sweet things that they serve fresh fruit tarts not only as a dessert but also, with the inevitable milky coffee, as a whole mid-day meal. This was originally a fasting meal, traditionally eaten on Fridays in northern and eastern Switzerland. The custom was revived at the Reformation, because at that time anyone who ate fish or snails on Fridays was suspected of being a secret Catholic, whereas eating fruit tarts was not conspicuous. In Protestant areas of Switzerland it is still customary to eat fruit tart for lunch on Friday (as well as savoury cakes flavoured with onions, spinach or cheese). But every day of the week in bakers' windows you will see large round apple, rhubarb, apricot, cherry or plum tarts, called *Wähe*, *Fladen* or *Tünne*, depending on the region. Many housewives make their own with a simple dough which they spread with fruit, cover with a rich mixture of eggs, cream and sugar, and bake in the oven.

But Swiss housewives do most of their baking in honour of Christmas and *Fasnacht*, or Shrovetide. For Christmas they make *Guetzli* — small dainty sweets of all kinds, often using recipes that date back to the Middle Ages. The most famous are the honey and marzipan variety, for which most Swiss towns have their own delicious (and secret) recipes.

Fasnacht — another pre-Reformation tradition — is celebrated with fancy-dress parades and the consumption of mountains of small cakes. They are not baked but fried in deep fat, lard or oil. The ingredients are nearly always flour, eggs, and sugar: all that varies from region to region is their quaint names, such as 'hen's ears', 'little roses' or 'golden bonnets'. The Swiss predilection for deep-fat frying is revealed in many other regional recipes where fruit, herbs or vegetables are dipped in omelette or cake batter and fried until crisp. Among these are the Aargau *Chriesitütschli* and Zurich sage cakes known as *Müeslichüechli* because the sage stems look like mouse tails. The housewives of Appenzell dip slices of their home-made gingerbread in omelette batter and fry them in deep fat to make *Fladenküchlein*. One traditional Grisons recipe, *Gonterser Bock*, is a positive orgy of fat: a hard-boiled, shelled egg is repeatedly dipped in batter and fried until it measures about 15 centimetres in diameter. Then it is quartered, sprinkled with cinnamon and sugar and eaten with stewed apple.

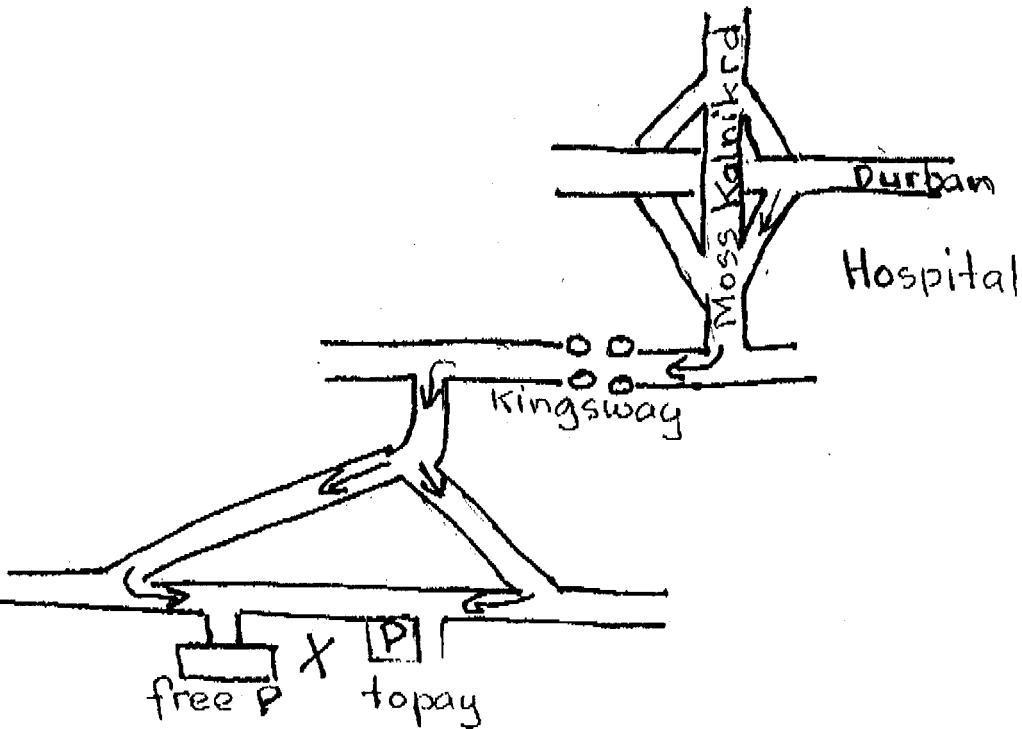
In addition to fried *Rösti*, fat sausage and deep-fat frying you will also find in Switzerland — perhaps as a reaction to this heavy native cooking — a world-famous slimming and vegetarian diet. It is centred on a private clinic in Zurich founded in 1897 by Dr Bircher-Benner and now visited by politicians, businessmen and film stars from all over the world who want to starve themselves to health. This clinic developed the only other dish besides *Rösti* and *fondue* that may properly be described as Swiss: *Birchermüesli*, a mixture of rolled oats, milk, chopped apples, grated hazel nuts, lemon juice and a little sugar. In many Swiss families it has now replaced *Rösti* as a favourite morning or evening meal; but it was originally invented as a concession to decadent eating habits. Dr Bircher's kitchen had no oven: it was a place for preparing salads, chopping vegetables and pressing fruit. He produced *müesli* as a pleasant way of bringing people back to the precious gifts of Nature — fruit, milk, nuts and unrefined cereal. Fortunately for gastronomy Dr Bircher's contemporaries were unimpressed by his frugal eating habits; but his *müesli* was a roaring success. Inevitably it has been degraded in its popularity: food manufacturers have produced a dry *müesli*, dairies make *Birchermüesli* yoghurt, and cafés serve *müesli* as a kind of fruit salad with whipped cream or a cold porridge with fruit flavouring. But in its authentic form this youngest of Swiss specialities remains the healthiest and most natural of them all.

Hello everybody,

It is beachbreakfast time again!!
Just to have a change we will move back to the Toti picnic area again. It looks well looked after, pool, watertube and tearoom are right there. The promenade invites for a pleasant walk for those who don't like the sand in the shoes. We hope to see you all there and enjoy sitting under the trees amongst friends.

Venue: Toti picnic area Beachroad
Date: 21st April 1996 from 9.00h onwards
Available: Champagne, Zopf and Roesti
To bring: Drinks, chairs, tables, meat etc.

UND GUETI LUNE!



Dear Friends,

We are going bowling again!

On Sunday, 26th of May 1996 at 10.00h at LINWOOD CLUB in Pietermaritzburg.

Those who took part last time can't wait as it was so much fun. There will be cold buffet lunch again and all drinks are available there. The cost will be R20 to R25, bowling fees included. Woods are provided for those who haven't got their own. If bowling is not quite your scene come along anyway and have a game of Jass.

Please phone Lynn Stevens at 0331 940860 if you want to participate so that she can book your lunch.

To get there follow this route:

Coming from Durban on the N3 take the first off-ramp into Pietermaritzburg which is called Durban Road. Stay on this road right through Pietermaritzburg and turn left into Victoria Road which later becomes Winston Road. At the T-junction turn right into Mayors Road, follow it for approx. 4 km where, on your right, you will find the LINWOOD CLUB (next to Linpark High School).

Important Notice

Dear Member

We are already in the 4th month of 1996, so we would like to remind you that the membership fees are now due. Please send us a cheque or pay the R 20.- (only !) to a committee member at one of our next functions.

Should we not hear from you by the end of May, we would have no alternative but to delete your name from our address list in which case you would no longer receive any correspondence.

We trust that you wouldn't like to miss our bulletins and thank you for the continued support.

Kind regards

Thomas