

Regularly greeting his Wednesday flock with the words “Welcome to Paradise”, Adam has been searching for nirvana since the age of three, when he and his parents fled Hungary during the 1956 Uprising. Along the way he has worked in and lived in countless countries, scaling dizzy heights to become Vice President of the largest of the Swiss banks — as well as becoming President of the Zurich Bridge Club and also of his beloved basketball club.

And while mentioning beloveds, we must record that Dorothy had a similar toddlerhood. Her cavalry officer father fled the Communists in Hungary, made his way through the Iron Curtain to West Germany, collecting in Austria en route (to her great surprise) a lady whose very brief acquaintance he had made at the end of WWII. She became of course his wife and after a period in Munich, together with baby Dorothy they thankfully made their way to New Zealand, her father accepting an Engineering Scholarship bestowed by a benevolent Kiwi community.

Back to Adam in short pants, his family was first housed in military barracks south of Vienna and then moved to Switzerland, eventually settling in the German-speaking area of Zurich where he found that introducing oneself by the name of Hertelendy invariably led to lots of misunderstanding ... *Herr Telendy .. natürlich.*



Adam was schooled in Zurich (apart from an exchange student year in Iowa) and studied veterinary science at university, but also played basketball — so much basketball in fact, that his veterinary prowess was forever lost to the world of feathered and four-footed. Instead he joined the realm of commerce, at the country's largest bank the Union Bank of Switzerland. There he was trained in the art of lending, and spent all his professional career doing just that — to corporations, governments, and individuals. He also became a member of the Swiss Army Reserve, ending up as First Lieutenant. Along with basketball he also played soccer and table tennis, went skiing, running and enjoyed the occasional marathon ... and then there was bridge, leading to him becoming qualified as a Director in Switzerland, New Zealand and ultimately Australia.

Back during his early career, Adam was invited to Sunday afternoon coffee by an older acquaintance, whose niece was visiting from New Zealand. The young lady worked for her country's diplomatic corps and was travelling between Vienna and Geneva searching for an interesting appointment. She met one in the form of Adam, and after he discovered Dorothy had settled in Vienna he found there was a very convenient Friday night train between Zurich and Vienna and started spending a lot of his weekends aboard it. They married in 1985, twice for good measure : a civil ceremony in Zurich, a church service in Christchurch.

Life was good in the banking world. They had great fun in a four-year posting in Tokyo, then the bank sent him to a six-month seminar in New York. In 1996 they moved to Budapest, where Vice President Adam had to open the office for UBS. He had learned the Hungarian language as a toddler from his parents, but never to read or write it. However, at least people no longer tried to call him Herr Telendy. The bank's eventual merger closed the eastern European offices, so at the end of 1999 they returned to Switzerland again.

(We must explain that moving house for the Hertelendys was not just a matter of packing a few bits and pieces. One had to consider the family heirlooms, the antique furniture that needed so much cossetting. When Dorothy's father had fled Hungary, his mother remained, living rather close to the Austrian border. During their visits grandma would help them to cut canvasses out of gilt frames, and roll them up to smuggle through checkpoints — except for the day a nosy neighbour informed the secret police and Adam had to hand over the goods. The



pieces of furniture were a bit too big to hide in the back of the car. The Communists did not want Hungary's 'heritage' removed from the country, but a bureaucracy subsidised by bribes enabled them to smuggle out some precious items — which are now very well travelled.)

Back in Switzerland again, Adam joined Sulzer Textile, manufacturers of the world's leading weaving looms, the Rolls Royce of weaving looms. That posting led to a very welcome six-month sojourn in northern Italy, about 45 minutes from Venice. After the company was bought out by Italian interests Adam rejoined UBS and decided to allocate his spare capital to buying a house in Christchurch, to give them a bolthole in New Zealand.

By 2008 the banking world was getting a bit dreary, so Adam decided to take early retirement at the tender age of 55. New Zealand of course was the goal. Eventually they sold the original house and bought another in the Cashmere Hills, overlooking Christchurch. At about 4.00 one morning in September 2010 their home started shaking violently, which was somewhat unnerving in the pitch dark, but there was not much damage to speak of.



In February 2011 they were happily doing 80 kph along the motorway towards Christchurch Airport, bound for the Gold Coast Bridge Congress. Their car suddenly developed a mind of its own, leaping all over the road. At first Adam thought they had lost a wheel, but then realised it was another earthquake. At the airport all terminals were closed and everyone was told to return home. It took four hours, but probably it's a good thing they were on the motorway as the trio of four-metre brick chimneys on their house had crashed through the roof.

An earthquake lasts just seconds; fighting insurers and organising repairs can take forever. They were lucky to have the house fixed within three years and during some of those winters were delighted to be house-sitting for friends in Wust Road, Doonan. Winter was so warm here, and as an added bonus there were no holes in the roof. They went looking at local property, found a beautiful place overlooking lush countryside, and bought it. During their visits they had discovered the Noosa Bridge Club and in April 2014 they shifted the family antiques yet once again.

Adam had first experienced bridge watching over his mother's shoulder as she played. He and Dorothy played (socially and at clubs) in Zurich, Hungary and Japan and now they are permanent fixtures at our various competitions. Adam with his idiosyncratic pronouncements has endeared himself to his Wednesday crowd. Welcome to paradise indeed.

by Susie Osmaston