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From leader to rear: E. Ulmann, A. Tall, L. Jobin, W. Deutsch, E. Suter, J. H. Berger, W. Bachmann, P. Moehr, W. Flory.

LUMBER JACKS AT "WESTFIELD."

This is not a Wild West story, but one about happenings much nearer home, though not devoid of a certain romantic flavour. On Wednesday, July 15th, a party, recruited from members of the City Swiss Club, set out for "Westfield," the Swiss Relief Centre near Hatfield, to spend a Busman's Holiday, cutting and sawing recently felled timber. They had chosen a brilliant day and made a very workman-like job of it.

It all came about in this wise: At the monthly meeting of the City Swiss Club, on July 7th, the President, Mr. Louis Chapuis, informed the members that, by order of the Government, a considerable number of trees had just been felled at "Westfield." The Matron, Miss Beglinger, by good foresight and shrewd business acumen, had managed to secure the "crowns" for the benefit of, and use at, the Swiss Relief Centre. The question now arose, as to how to dispose of this newly acquired treasure; for such it is, in these times of fuel economy and threatened rationing.

Mr. Chapuis therefore appealed for volunteers, who could spare the time to spend a day at "Westfield" for this laudable purpose, as Miss Beglinger has only one gardener left, who has his hands more than full already. The inmates, though their spirits might be willing, are too much passed their prime to assist in any such undertaking.

The President's appeal resulted in a splendid muster of willing helpers; enough members having come forward spontaneously, to form a couple of teams. The first, under the leadership of Mr. E. Ulmann, chose the date mentioned above, whilst the second, to be led by Mr. Fer, agreed upon Saturday, July 18th and this report is in respect of the first of these field days.

Ten o'clock found the party already hard at work; everybody having turned up in workman-like clothes, with open-neck shirts and provided with the requisite tools, which a member of the team, hailing from the Grisons and well versed in woodcraft, had overhauled and put in excellent trim. The scene in the clearing of the wood at "Westfield" was indeed a busy one, the "crowns" of no less than four large trees were tackled and speedily dealt with in succession.

For the information of the uninitiated it may serve to state that the "crown" of a tree begins where the branches strike out from the trunk and some of these branches measured nearly two foot across. The large wood axes and wedges came in very handy and their ringing sound echoed through the clearing, accompanied by the rhythmic drone of large and small saws. At the height of their labour and in the mid-day heat two of the Lumber Jacks stripped to the waist and Siegfried himself could not have looked more imposing.

By the way, a little wood nymph had insinuated herself into the midst of this active scene, in the person of a lady reporter and press photographer. She was gaily flitting from one group of workers to another, taking many snaps, some of which, it is to be hoped, will find their way to the Editor, that he might illustrate and embellish this article. Really, since we had such a professional reporter in our midst, the writer is puzzled why the leader of the party did not entrust the task of penning these lines to her dainty hands. It would probably have turned out more scintillating and elegant but, perhaps, it was thought that an account about Lumber Jacks had, after all, better come from a male "nib." Who knows?

Labour is sweet, even hard work, such as wood cutting; especially, if taken on voluntarily and with the object of doing a good deed. But there is a healthy consequence — it engenders a corresponding thirst and appetite. As to the former, the thoughtful Matron had laid in a stock of soft drinks, as well as beer and, for "elevenses," appeared as Hebe with a jug of each. Then nothing short of a miracle happened: out of the nine Lumber Jacks only two — forming the old guard — chose beer; the younger generation plumped for — Lemonade. True that, almost directly after, they had their good laugh, for one of those who had indulged in the stronger brew — your reporter in person — stumbled over a pile of logs and sprawled headlong on the ground. However, it decidedly was not the effect of the one glass of beer; neither was the insurance policy required to come into operation.

There followed a lot more hard work until the dinner bell sounded about 1.30 and the party, after a welcome wash and brush-up, gathered round the invitingly set table *al fresco*, in front of the house. The blue sky provided a perfect canopy and the sun was positively dazzling, but we could take it.

As a first course, a lovely soup was served, followed by hearty slices of "Lyoner," with green salad, adorned by hard boiled eggs. The leader of the party had had a good deal to do with these "solid" refreshments and informed his friends that the sausage had been sent with the compliments and good wishes from our old friend, Mr. O. Bartholdi.

Other conjuring tricks were performed and — hey presto! some bottles of white and some of red wine produced. Cheese followed and then a portly and generous figure handed round a box of macaroons and tartlets of the first quality and most delicious flavour. Siegfried pressed a cigar into the writer's hands, that lasted him for an hour or more and, as a smoke, proved the Acme of perfection. Who would not be a Lumber Jack under such conditions?

However, even this sumptuous meal did nothing to cool our ardour for some more hard work and the party drifted back into the clearing, to set to, once again, though four card enthusiasts insisted on first finishing their game of Jass.

The afternoon brought fresh problems and the smaller logs had to be neatly stacked into what grew to be quite an imposing pile. The large ones were to be carted to a shed near the house. For this purpose a large and heavy barrow was requisitioned and, with the leader of the party himself acting as "relay-horse," it was pushed by another representative of the silk trade on its innumerable journeys from the

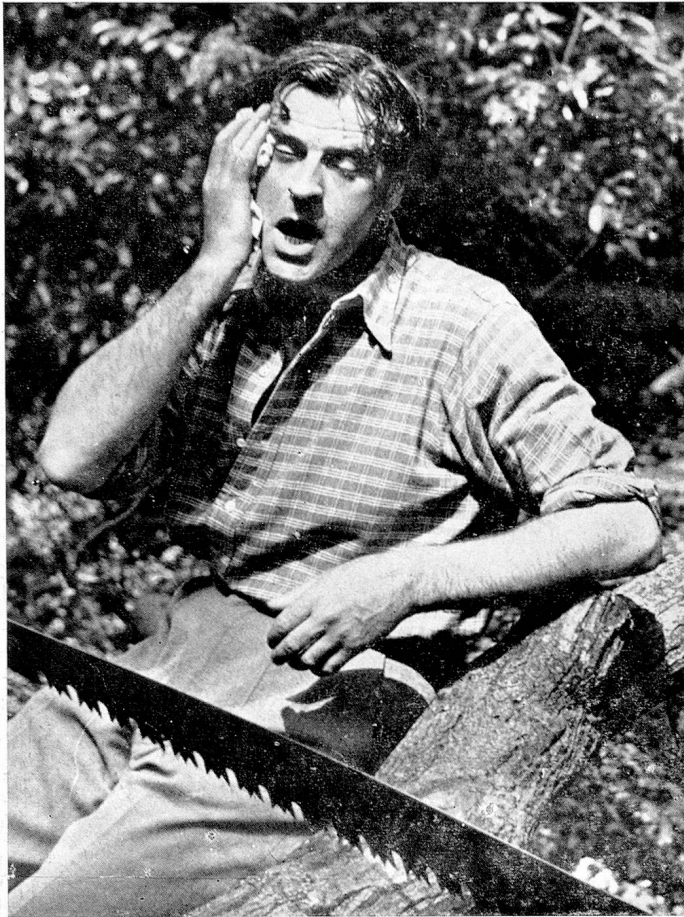
clearing to the house. The old guard went on steadily with their sawing, but had the satisfaction of seeing the large pile of branches gradually diminish.

About 4 o'clock a big shout went up. The President of the City Swiss Club and the Relief Centre, Mr. Louis Chapuis, had arrived, to see for himself how things were going. The leader promptly saw his chief, in order to report progress and, judging by the happy smiles on both sides, it may be assumed that the workmen had been given a good character.

Anyhow, Mr. Chapuis expressed himself highly delighted with the amount of work achieved. To show, moreover, that he had not come as a mere spectator, the President took off his coat like the rest and started sawing until the hospitable Matron appeared to announce that tea was ready. As most members of the party had a considerable way home in front of them, it was decided to leave "Westfield" between 6.30 and 7 o'clock, but first came the important function of tea. And what a tea it was! It has been mentioned already Lumber Jack's thirst is something for which a King might well envy him, but Miss Beglinger had prepared gallons of the very best. This good Lady, not being content to regale us with tea alone, had also given her thoughts to more "solid" refreshments. First appeared an enormous cheese flan and the representatives of the various Cantons fell to arguing whether it should be called "Weihe," "Flade" or "Zaelte." While each pressed home his point, the Matron called for yet a flan of a different kind. This time it proved



The same resting on their quarry.



We are asked not to disclose the above gentleman's identity!

MEMORY'S PICTURE BOOK.

Lucerne.

It is here I best enjoy
Pleasures rich that never cloy,
Roaming ancient Lucerne town,
Where familiar names look down
On the wand'ers whom you meet
From Kapelplatz to Lion Street.

Market.

The jolly, bustling business crowd,
'Midst noise of trade and traffic loud,
Revives a too bewild'rd sense
And drives a thousand mem'ries hence.

Sunday.

Back in the quiet town once more,
Where not a murmur of the roar
From trade and traffic peace betrays
Or mars the silence of her ways.

Familiar Streets.

How often, when the daylight dies
And slumber falls upon my eyes,
I walk again and gladly greet
Yes, ev'ry dear familiar street.

Vision.

There, undisturbed, I shall explore . . .
Find ev'ry house and nook once more;
Dear old Lucerne, to any guest
You give yourself, your charm — your best!

M.E.B.

to be a fruit one, to wit: red currant and raspberry, about 1½ inches in thickness.

The Lumber Jacks were not slow in showing their praises of the wonderful cooking and hospitality, as well as of the cheerfulness and celerity, with which the latter was dispensed.

The party then left "Westfield," with regrets that the lovely day had come to an end so soon and promising to come again another time.

The Matron, on bidding us farewell, expressed her most sincere thanks for all the work done, but this seemed quite unnecessary, seeing the welcome and great hospitality we had enjoyed and the sense of a job well done the day's labour had given every one.

It is learnt that the second party turned up on the Saturday following, four strong and that, in spite of pouring rain all day, they did not shirk their duty. This is the true Swiss spirit and, anyhow, here is Good Luck to "Westfield!"

GALLUS.

* * *

On the following Saturday the second party was not so fortunate from the point of view of weather as rain fell all day almost without a stop. It was composed of Messrs. Fer, Glauser, Guggenheim and Oltramare, who put in a lot of useful and heavy work. Who has not seen our friend Glauser tossing a 2cwts. log into the air has seen nothing and if all the lads of Le Locle are cut on the same pattern then the Old Country has little to fear from any quarter. Miss Beglinger's most "heimelig" welcome was much appreciated and to her are offered the thanks of all the party for the arrangements she made for their welfare during a day of good fun and sport.

STONES.

Ev'ry year the same old trouble,
Ev'ry day the same hard toil,
Getting rid of stones and rubble
From my rich brown garden soil.

Patiently I'm clearing daily
All those pebbles from my plot,
Working hard, by carting gaily
Tons to some far distant spot.

Morning dawns — the same old story,
Over night they seem to grow,
Spoiling half my garden's glory,
Laying all my efforts low.

Steady and with new intention
Let my work once more commence,
That, by ceaseless good attention,
I may reap my recompense.

In life's garden oft' I stumble,
THERE, too, stones obstruct my way,
And it tends to make me humble,
As I move them, day by day.

Fruitless though my undertaking
Might to me at times, appear,
All success lies in the making —
If my effort be sincere.

H. E.