

Zeitschrift: The Swiss observer : the journal of the Federation of Swiss Societies in the UK

Herausgeber: Federation of Swiss Societies in the United Kingdom

Band: - (1942)

Heft: 1002

Artikel: Memory's picture Book

Autor: M.E.B.

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-688491>

Nutzungsbedingungen

Die ETH-Bibliothek ist die Anbieterin der digitalisierten Zeitschriften auf E-Periodica. 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. Das Veröffentlichen von Bildern in Print- und Online-Publikationen sowie auf Social Media-Kanälen oder Webseiten ist nur mit vorheriger Genehmigung der Rechteinhaber erlaubt. [Mehr erfahren](#)

Conditions d'utilisation

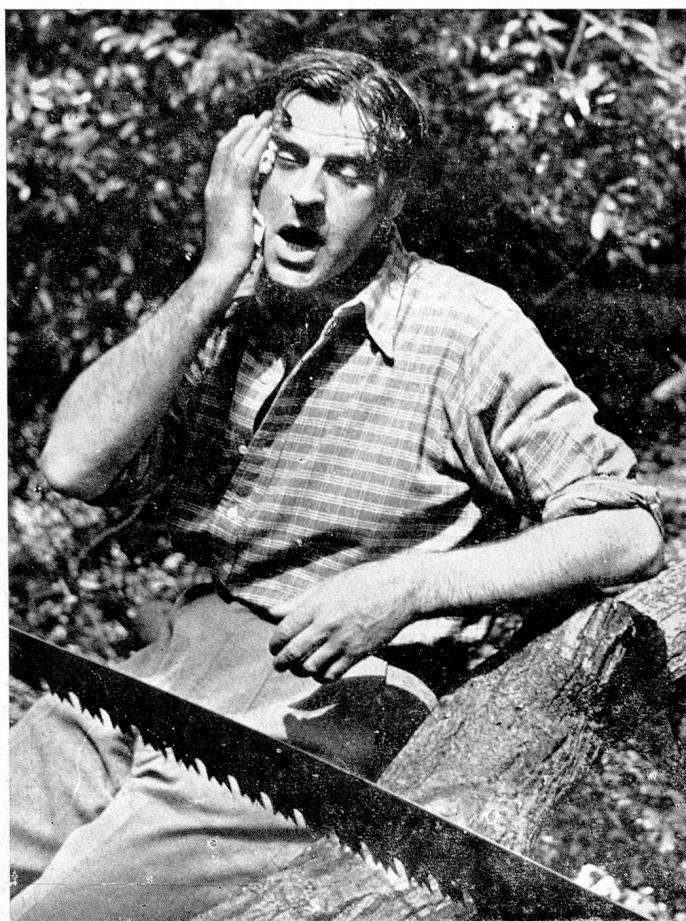
L'ETH Library est le fournisseur des revues numérisées. Elle ne détient aucun droit d'auteur sur les revues et n'est pas responsable de leur contenu. En règle générale, les droits sont détenus par les éditeurs ou les détenteurs de droits externes. La reproduction d'images dans des publications imprimées ou en ligne ainsi que sur des canaux de médias sociaux ou des sites web n'est autorisée qu'avec l'accord préalable des détenteurs des droits. [En savoir plus](#)

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. Publishing images in print and online publications, as well as on social media channels or websites, is only permitted with the prior consent of the rights holders. [Find out more](#)

Download PDF: 16.01.2026

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



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 bewilder'd 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 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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 2cwt. 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.