

Stones

Autor(en): **H.E.**

Objektyp: **Article**

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

Band (Jahr): - **(1942)**

Heft 1002

PDF erstellt am: **25.09.2024**

Persistenter Link: <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-688804>

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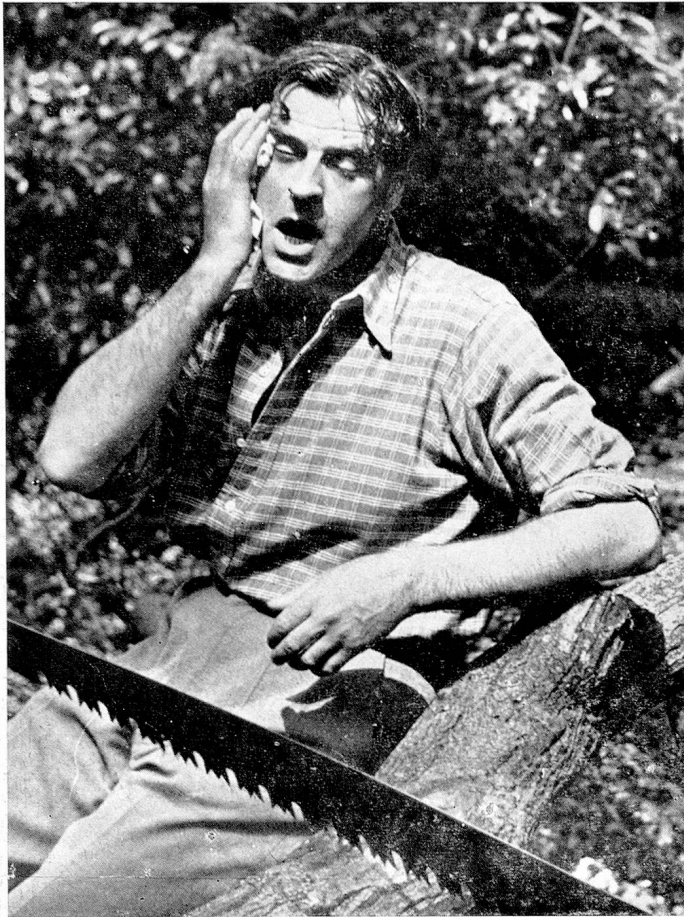
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We are asked not to disclose the above gentleman's identity!

to be a fruit one, to wit: red currant and raspberry, about $1\frac{3}{8}$ 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.

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.

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.