

# Jim and Emmy's Travel Journal

## The Country of Switzerland

1970, 1979, 1980, 1983, 1985, 1988, and 1989

### 1970

We arrived in Germany on August 18, traveled to Austria a few days later, spent several days in Italy, then crossed into Switzerland.

We now drove to Lugano, Switzerland to spend the night. There were a few cars in line as we waited to cross the border, but no problem. While we were in the campsite, Linda H. said it seems there are boys in the campsites, but she had seen very few girls. We said we have seen girls, and the other boys have seen girls, but the Lindas were not looking for girls, only boys.

#### CH, Lugano, Aug 29, Sat - 10

We drove toward Interlaken this morning, and at one place we rode another auto train through a mountain tunnel. The weather just wasn't worth the effort to drive over the high mountain pass.

We spent several hours shopping in Interlaken. Jim found a barber shop and had his every-other-day shave, this time by a blond with brown eyes, and soft hands. Wonder why Emmy stayed at the barber shop instead of going shopping?

#### CH, Interlaken, Aug 30, Sun - 11

It rained hard all night, so this morning we moved the tent to where it could dry better. We then went for a ride to the top of the Schlithorn Mountain. It took four different cable cars to get to the top (it cost about \$80 for four). When we arrived at our destination we could see very little because of the fog, although the sun did break through a little.

At the top of the mountain there is a building originally used to film the James Bond movie "On Her Majesty's Service." After the movie, they finished the building on top of Schlithorn Mountain as a revolving restaurant. On a clear day the view of Switzerland must be spectacular, but from the patio today, we could almost see the building.

On the way down the mountain we stopped and walked around in a little town where we had to change to a different cable car. Believe the name was Birg. We later drove back to the campsite just as it was starting to rain again. We decided to see how fast we could take down the tent and get out of there, then we drove to Bern.

As we drove through the little town of Spiez, we stopped to take some pictures of that beautiful place. We looked for a campsite to spend the night, but decided on a small hotel in Worb, just east of Bern. The Lindas slept in the hotel room, and Emmy and Jim slept in the camper parked behind the hotel. They had a few animals in the back yard, something like a small zoo. Worked out fine.

While we were in a cable car this morning we met some people from Chicago, who told us about Raclette, a special Swiss meal. They suggested we could find it in a certain restaurant in Bern. We found a parking place in downtown Bern and started to meander around in the rain. Linda H. had written, in her best schoolgirl German, "Where is Restaurant Le Dezaley?" and now showed the note to a well dressed couple we met on the street.

The man took Emmy's arm, and the woman took Jim's, each had umbrellas, and the Lindas followed. They took us through arcades and malls, and up and down the streets of Bern and to the right restaurant, except now no one had the slightest idea where we had parked the camper. Anyway, Raclette was ordered and enjoyed, they charged for a drink of ice water (about 10 cents), we did find the camper, we did find Worb, we did sleep just fine.

#### CH, Worb, Aug 31, Mon - Hotel

This morning we went into downtown Bern and found the stores closed on Monday morning, so we window shopped.

Jim saw a jacket he liked, and we could see someone working inside the store. We asked if it was possible to buy the jacket now, as we had to leave later this morning. They first took Jim to a nearby bank to get exact change in Swiss money, and he owned the suede jacket. In 1992 he still wears it and it's in excellent condition, but how many times does it get used in the desert!

We think Bern would be our favorite place to live in Europe, from what we have seen so far. Downtown Bern is excellent with blocks of arcaded shopping streets, and a couple of beautiful clock towers in the middle of the main street. Around the city we saw many very nice houses and apartment buildings, and lots of parks and open areas, with the high Alps not too far away. (1992—We have visited here several times, and Bern is still a favorite.)

We crossed the border into France, and after several days, we drove to the Normandy Coast, then crossed the English Channel in a Hovercraft for a visit in England. We returned by ship to Belgium, then The Netherlands, and across West/East Germany to West/East Berlin. We visited Emmy's cousins in Germany's, and left Frankfurt for the US on September 14.

# 1979

We arrived at the Luxembourg Airport on Aug 26, and visited in West Germany a few days. Traveled by ferry to Denmark, another to Sweden, then by boat to Finland, and another ferry back to Sweden. We visited the Norwegian coast, and another ferryboat back to Denmark. We crossed Germany, spent a few days in The Netherlands, then Belgium, then France, including Paris.

After Paris, we drove to Spain, visited Portugal, back to Spain, then spent two days in Morocco in Africa. Spent more time in Spain, then drove to the France Riviera. We went east along the Mediterranean Sea to near Genoa, Italy, then north and through the tunnel under Mont Blanc and back into France, and then to Switzerland.

We drove on to Geneva through gloomy weather, but we drove, parked, and walked around for awhile. We found an open campsite, but the woman would not bother to connect the electricity unless we were going to be there for a month. Another camper told us her husband had just died, and so we didn't argue with her. But as cold as it is, we aren't going to camp without heat.

They have a large clock decorated with flowers, near the lake in Geneva. The fountain that spurts high up out of Lake Geneva is not in operation this time of year.

We visited the protestant St. Peter's Cathedral. The floor inside the Cathedral (Geneva) is dug up because when they started a recent renovation, they found some interesting ruins and are now looking further.

We found a small hotel just outside Geneva in Vesnaz, looks like an old house with 10 or 12 rooms for rent. We are the only people here tonight, even the restaurant is closed. We cooked our dinner in the camper in the parking lot.

The room is OK, but not warm. The woman said she would turn the heat on when she came in the morning. That's not good enough for us so we brought the heater in from the camper and took care of that, and we also used some extra blankets from the camper.

#### **CH, Geneva, Nov 19, Mon - - 172 - 10,111**

Small breakfast included with the room price, this morning. The menu showed dinner here would have been very expensive.

Talked to people at a couple of banks and asked why we should have a Swiss bank account. What it boils down to, but is not said, "If there is money to hide, hide it in a Swiss Bank." Don't we wish! That includes us out!

Drove along Lake Geneva and up to Bern. The campsite signs were next to the freeway signs big as life, but when we got there after driving all over town, found it was closed. We drove to Worb, where we camped in 1970 and found the place was being renovated. But an open campsite was not too hard to find.

We ate in a restaurant near the railroad station. Emmy had Raclette (very good) and cordon bleu (not good) and Jim had the best steak he has had in Europe, all for \$25. We were seated with a young couple. She is a nurse, and he is studying to be a Doctor. They are planning a trip to California in 1980. She paid their bill.

#### **CH, Bern, Nov 20, Tue - 55 - 103 - 10,214**

We enjoy Bern very much. A clean city with the downtown situated on a high level place with a sharp drop down to the river. The streets in Bern are lined with arcades with excellent stores set back under the second floor, and protected from the weather.

At about 4:00 PM we boarded a train for a ride to Thun, a little town about 30 minutes away. We spent only about 30 minutes there, enough to ensure we will

return in the future. Main idea of the ride was to see the countryside, and it was excellent.

**CH, Bern, Nov 21, Wed - 56**

After a couple of days in Switzerland, we returned to Mettlach, Germany, and stored the camper at Toni's neighbor. From Luxembourg's airport, on November 29 we flew to Iceland for a couple of days, then home to the US.

# 1980

We arrived in Germany on May 9, drove to Mettlach. After a week in France, we climbed the Pyrénées Mountains to Andorra. Then to Spain, turned left, then left again and returned to France. After a couple of weeks in France, we crossed Monaco, drove into Italy.

We visited Pisa and Florence, crossed to the Island of Corsica by boat. Later we boarded a ferry to Sardinia. Several days later, an overnight ferry brought us to Sicily, then another ferry to the Italian mainland.

We visited dozens of Italian towns and cities, plus the little country of San Marino, on our way to Venice. Spent a night in Yugoslavia, several days in Austria, included our first visit to Vienna, and two days in Hungary. From western Austria, we spent a night in the tiny country of Liechtenstein, then entered Switzerland.

We left for Chur, arriving there at 11:55 noon, just in time to see all the stores close for nap time. We just walked and looked at the outside of the buildings, then drove on.

We find Switzerland is very neat and clean, but not as "starchy" as Austria. The drive across the Julierpass to St. Moritz is one of the outstanding drives in Switzerland. It only takes a few minutes to decide why this is an expensive resort. We've seen resort towns we think are more beautiful, but with the buildings with wood carved fronts and the expensive shops, the average tourist should keep out of St. Moritz.

We found a campsite nearby, and just took it easy. We did go to the Grand Hotel in St. Moritz, acted like we belonged, and enjoyed the pianist playing in the lounge in the evening. We bought meat for cooking our meal in the camper. Sure nice we both agree our way is the best way for us to live.

**CH, St. Moritz, Jul 17, Thu - 56 - 90 - 7,310**

Left St. Moritz at 7:30 AM in bright sunshine. There are fields of pink flowers, and the mountains look much better in sunshine. As we drove toward Italy, the road went down, down, almost perpendicular. Don't know how much elevation we dropped in just a few miles.

We crossed between Italy and Switzerland a couple of times on the way from St. Moritz to the Matterhorn.

After we crossed the border to Switzerland we got the hour back we had lost just a few hours ago. Near Lugano the town of Melide has the Swiss version of the Dutch Maduradam, a museum of scale-model buildings. Wasn't nearly as

spectacular as the one in the Netherlands. Like so many things, if we hadn't seen the other, this would have seemed much nicer.

We stopped at five or six campsites that were all filled. Didn't look like we were going to have a place to stay, until one kind soul let us pay \$15 to park on the street across from the toilet—but that was better than nothing. It was time to stop, as these have been a very difficult 150 miles or so today.

**CH, Lugano, Jul 18, Fri - 57 - 152 - 7,462**

We drove from Lugano to Lacarno where we finally bought the brass scales Jim has looked at many times (\$52).

We then went to the town of Ascona, and drove completely through it four times. We could not find enough room to stop the camper, let alone a legal place to park it. We will have to wait until some other time to find what all the fuss is about. It certainly was not apparent from the streets we drove on.

We crossed a small portion of Italy, on our way to the Matterhorn in Switzerland, and entered Switzerland on a train through a tunnel under the Alps.

Normally we prefer to drive the scenic route, but the last two days were tough driving and it's getting late, so we decided to ride the train from Iselle to Brig through the Simplon Tunnel. It cost \$23 and all we did was drive onto the flat cars, turn off the motor and relax until we got to the other end of the tunnel in 20 minutes. It's really dark in there!

We then drove toward Zermatt to see the Matterhorn. We found the road ends at a huge parking lot in Tasch, about 12 miles from Zermatt. Right across the railroad track from the station is a campsite. Rather primitive, but they had electricity, and we can leave the camper there in the morning when we ride the train to Zermatt.

**CH, Tasch, Jul 19, Sat - 58 - 108 - 7,570**

What a fantastically glorious sunny day we chose to visit the Matterhorn. We only had to walk a block to catch the train, then the ride was only 20 minutes or so.

In the town of Zermatt, they do not permit cars, but there are horse drawn carts, and battery driven vehicles. The town is mainly for tourists. There are hotels, restaurants and tourist shops lining the streets in all directions. We walked around for awhile and saw the sign for tickets for the four-cable-car-ride up to Kline (little) Matterhorn, across a valley from the Matterhorn. The only way to the top of the Matterhorn, is to climb this one, or go to Disneyland.

To get to the tram station, we walked for quite a distance, but after all that's the purpose of being here. We rode four different cable cars to reach the top of Kline Matterhorn, and we could see the Matterhorn, across the valley, clear as a bell.

At the top of the fourth tram, we walked through a tunnel and when we came out the other end, we were overlooking miles of snow, and many skiers making the most of it. People buy season or annual passes, and ski all year. From here they can go for miles. We understand in the winter when the snow is right, it's possible to ski the whole way down to Zermatt.

We went down part way (one cable car) to a large building where there are restaurants and places for skiers to rest. In winter it's also a starting place for skiers going down the mountain. We had a cup of hot chocolate on the outdoor patio, with the Matterhorn in the background.

When we returned to Zermatt, Jim saw a couple of young fellows trying to decide if they should buy tickets for the ride. Jim noticed ours were still good until 1:00PM, (they cost \$37) and sold the tickets to them for half price. Jim gave them our home address and said if they had any problem with the Matterhorn tickets, just write to us and we would refund their money. And while Emmy thinks he is a meany, Jim thinks he is a good businessman.

On the train from Zermatt to Tasch, we met a man, Chipie, from Indonesia, and his Swiss wife. They are from Bern, and Chipie works in a restaurant, training for hotel and restaurant management. He invited us to visit the restaurant where he works. He said they do serve Raclette. After we left the campsite and were driving down the mountain, we saw them parked at the side of the road eating a picnic lunch. Stopped and talked some more, and gave them some peanut butter, and promised to see him in a few days.

The cemetery in Tasch has small wooden crosses on the graves, with a little roof extending from the peak, and on the cross is a picture of the person buried there.

We drove west toward Martigny Ville and soon were stopped in heavy traffic. We found an old barn, right along the street in Martigny Ville, just filled to overflowing with old copper and brass pots and pans, all covered with a deep layer of dust. We found plenty that were appealing, but none we couldn't live without.

We then drove to Villars, high on the mountains east of Lake Geneva. Why they build towns in these places is easy to figure—it's beautiful! How the Swiss build homes on the top of these mountains, and the roads to them, is hard to figure—that's difficult! At least here the roads are built like the Swiss do it, and not like others we have driven in the past.

We are looking for Dr. Schaeffer and his wife. He is a minister and they both are authors, and have a church here in the mountains. As we left the office after finding out when the church service starts in the morning, we met Bill and Sarilyn B from Midland, Texas. Their two daughters are 10 and 11. They have been traveling around Europe for a few weeks. Sometimes they stay in a tent, and other times in hotels.

We then found they are staying in the same campsite we are, and in the evening they came over for some popcorn.

#### **CH, Villars, Jul 20, Sun - 59 - 100 - 7,670**

In the morning, when it started to rain, the Blacks took their tent down quickly and came over for breakfast inside our camper.

Went to the church service, the place was packed, so the Black children sat on the floor in front, so we had a chair to sit on. We drove on to the closed (it's Sunday) towns of Montreux, Vevey, Gilron, and Caoux. This is a very pleasant area. We are at Montreux, on the eastern end of Lake Geneva, the city of Geneva is at the western end, and the city of Lausanne is in about the middle on the

north side of the lake. Drove to the top of a mountain near Montreux, to the headquarters of the Moral Rearmament Group. Emmy remembers she loaned her copy of the "Up With People" record to someone, and did not get it back. They did not have one for sale here.

We then drove over the Jaun Pass toward the Interlaken/Bern area. We found a campsite along the road, we think a few miles from Spiez. There is a covered bridge across the stream to the campsite. Mostly long term campers. In the evening someone came to sign us in and take our money.

**CH, Weissenburg, Jul 21, Mon - 60 - 80 - 7,750**

It continued to rain today. We drove through Spiez, and it was in fact the place where we took one of our favorite pictures in 1970.

But either we were on a different street then, or they have added a lot of telephone and electric wires since 1970. Drove on to Thun, where we had visited by train from Bern, for a few minutes last year. The downtown area is on an island formed by the water coming out of Thuner See.

As we looked north from the island, we see the Thun castle on the hill to the left, and the church on the right. There are little covered bridges crossing the river, and openable dams beneath the bridge to control the water level in the Thuner See. One shopping street is double decked with stores. A swan got tired of the river, and is walking through the rain past the city hall and the police station, just as if he owns the town.

In the afternoon we drove to Fribourg, Switzerland. (This is a different town than Freiburg, Germany) The Cathedral (Fribourg) has some unusual decorations on top, it looked grandiose from a distance. The city hall is architecturally attractive, and there is a funicular railway up the side of a hill, to the shopping district, but mostly its just a nice business town.

At about 5:00 PM we arrived in Bern, and in spite of the fact we camped here just last year, somehow it took forever to find the place. We have been told to expect good weather the next couple of days—sure hope so.

**CH, Bern, Jul 22, Tue - 61 - 110 - 7,860**

Life's embarrassing moments! When we arrived here last night they had us park in a place we didn't really like to be in, but we didn't say anything.

Later other people came and pitched tents close to us. They didn't know of the problem we sometimes have with the carburetor on this Dodge. (Mrs. Hamilton told us about this problem when we bought it, and a Dodge dealer in the US confirmed the problem, as if we needed his confirmation.) If it's not started just right it floods and smokes up everything when it finally gets started.

Trying to be careful and not bother the people next to us, Jim didn't warm it up enough, and the carburetor flooded. By the time we got it started, the tent next to us was fumigated for life, and we could hear the poor woman coughing. As we started to leave, we were going over a wet spot and did not want to stop and get stuck, when Emmy hollered for Jim to stop NOW!, as there is a large rock we are going to hit if he doesn't.

Now we were both stuck and flooded, and fumigated another tent before we finally got out of there We just went on and acted as if it was just a normal

morning start. Besides, since we didn't know the language, all we could do was wave, smile, and shrug and hope they forget all about us.

We were going to spend today in Bern, but since the weather is so beautiful this morning, we decided to drive on to Thun, Interlaken, and the Bernese Alps area. We can see Bern later. We drove to the beautiful resort of Grindelwald where a trip up the Jungfrau (mountain) would start—just unspeakably beautiful. The price for a ride to the top of Jungfrau is \$60 per person, and that ain't so beautiful! We have ridden several cable cars, and while they are all different, they just aren't always \$60 different! (The 1985 Michelin Guide says it's now \$75 per person!, and we've still not gone up!)

We drove to Stechelberg where we caught the first of the cable cars (one of four) to the top of Schlithorn in 1970. There's a revolving restaurant called Piz Gloria at the top. The building was used to film a James Bond movie before the restaurant was installed. We didn't go up this time, but it's a beautiful area at the bottom of the mountain at the cable car station. (We remember the cost to the top of the Schlithorn as \$80 for four in 1970, and in the 1985 book, it's \$35 per person.)

We visited the Trummelback Falls. First we took a funicular railway, or maybe it was an elevator, on a slant up inside the mountain. As we walked down, we stopped at various levels to see this waterfall that is mostly inside the mountain.

We drove back to Interlaken then up the mountain on the north side of the Thuner See. Drove to Thun and stopped and walked along the lake at the edge of the city. From here we can see the Bernese Alps in the distance to the east, and can walk to Thun in the other direction. When we passed the campsite in Thun, it was so crowded and noisy, we did not want to stay there. We again drove to Weissenburg to camp—but it was further than we remembered.

### **CH, Weissenburg, Jul 23, Wed - 62 - 132 - 7,992**

We drove to Bern first thing in the morning.

In front of the Capitol Building there is a market place, with a couple of large game boards (squares perhaps two feet on a side) painted on the street. People stop and put down their shopping bag, and play a game of chess.

We went to the Hersher Restaurant to see Chipie (the man we met at Zermatt). Turns out this is the restaurant we ate in last year and had such a good meal. His wife had obtained a book about Bern for us, and had it wrapped as a gift. When Emmy had Raclette some years ago, it was scraped from a large piece of cheese. Here, since it's lunch time, they would put a small electric heater on the table for Raclette, but Emmy decided she would have Fondue instead. Jim had steak and French fries, and Chipie brought us plenty of ice water. A very good meal, and excellent service.

We went to see the famous bear pits. The city name, Bern, means bear in German. The bears sit up and beg for carrots. We then drove back to Interlaken. It's just a tourist town where people use hotels and restaurants while they prepare to visit the Jungfrau, and the Schlithorn, and the rest of the Bernese Oberland (Alps). The tourist maps said we were allowed to go in the Casino

gardens and see the large flower clock. The lady at the gate didn't agree, but after some hassle, she said OK. It wasn't worth it, we've seen much better.

We then drove to Brienz, and a campsite at the edge of the lake. It was overcrowded, but the manager let us in because we are Americans. He said Americans are not so likely to complain as an European would. We parked right on the edge of the lake, and we do mean the edge. We parked with our back wheel against a large rock to make sure we didn't go into the lake.

Emmy was so tired she fell asleep as soon as we parked. She woke up long enough to let Jim make the bed at 9:30 PM and she slept until 8:00 AM.

**CH, Brienz, Jul 24, Thu - 63 - 103 - 8,095**

We looked over the small town of Brienz. They have a wood carving school and tons of carved wood of every description, in many stores.

We also found that the scales we bought in Lacarno would have cost twice as much here! There is a cog railroad that goes up the mountain near Brienz (\$21). It seems everywhere there is a place to park cars, the Swiss build a funicular railway, a cable car, or a cog railroad track up the mountain. Would cost thousands to ride them all.

Drove on to Lucerne, stopping at little towns, and looking at the scenery on the way. In Lucerne we walked to the city wall on top of the hill overlooking the lake. There are several towers, and one of them has a very large clock. Lucerne has two medieval covered pedestrian bridges, Kapellbrücke (built 1333) and Spreuerbrücke (1400's), that cross from Klein Stadt (little town) to Gross (large) Stadt. Under their roofs are about 200 original oil paintings, an outdoor art gallery.

It was a hot day so we stopped at a Lucerne riverside cafe and asked if they served ice cubes with their Coke. The waitress said yes, so we ordered and sat down. When she arrived with the cokes but no ice, we just left without drinking or paying. She couldn't imagine we didn't drink, or pay for the Coke, but we really wanted the ice more than the Coke.

We asked a lady in a nearby store where we could buy ice and she gave us a loud sermon about how bad it was to use ice, it would ruin our stomach, and on and on. Jim said the Swiss have mountains covered with ice, but no ice cubes for a Coke, and he finally said the US Army used a lot of ice and they won the war, so it's not too bad. Went across the street and asked a waiter for some ice, then gave a tip more than the ice was worth, but it was cold.

The campsite is along the lakeside a few miles from downtown. Right across from the Lucerne campsite is a recreation center with a swimming pool and acres of grass to lay on, and places to play games etc. We used the ice to make ice-cold lemonade, American style, and the fan kept us plenty cool in the camper. Jim had a nice discussion with the people next door.

**CH, Lucerne, Jul 25, Fri - 64 - 44 - 8,139**

Before we left the campsite this morning the man in the next door campsite came over to find what business Jim is in. He wondered how we could spend this amount of time on a trip if Jim was still working. They thought Jim was a teacher, perhaps. Just think how thankful the education system must be that he isn't a teacher. There are plenty of teachers who were very happy when Jim stopped being a student!

We drove around the north of Lake Lucerne and drove through Vitznau, a nice resort town. We stopped in Schwyz for awhile to see the beautiful Baroque Church, and the lovely murals painted on the outsides of the buildings in the town square. We have seen some of this style painting in several places. It's called Trompe-l'œil, to fool the eye.

We drove into Zug, along the Zugersee, and saw its colorful buildings, but never saw the city wall a tour book had mentioned. Zurich is a nice headquarters type of city with splendid office and store buildings, but it's not as touristy as Lucerne and Bern, more like Geneva. Parked and walked and drove around. At one place, as we drove across the river, the view was so picturable, we had to find a place to turn around and cross again.

We had one of the 31 Flavors at Baskin Robbins. Jim's milk shake was made with milk that had turned sour, and while we were talking to the store owner about a house exchange he had made with an American family, Jim acted like he was drinking it—but finally got a chance to throw it away. Ordinary we would have complained, but ... .

We found a nice campsite near a covered bridge in Andelfingen, but the sign said "nur Dauer miten" which we figured out when they wouldn't let us in, means continuous camping only, no overnight campers. Found another right on the Rhine River near Flaach. It looked like the River had recently overflowed its banks. We remember all the rain in the eastern part of Switzerland and Liechtenstein.

The battery charger we bought has quit working, so now we can't charge the battery and keep food cold when we are parked.

**CH, Flaach, Jul 26, Sat - 65 - 106 - 8,245**

Our friendly Bern waiter, Chipie, told us to be sure and see the Rhine Fall, and it was spectacular.

We found the Rhine River had a high water level, too high for the boat trip to a small island that would have provided a good look at the river and the falls.

Just above the falls, there is a railroad bridge with pedestrian walkways on each side of the train track that comes out of a tunnel and crosses the river, and on into the little town. As we were walking across the bridge Jim could "sense" a train was coming out of the tunnel and knew it would suddenly appear beside us. Jim grabbed Emmy to make sure she did not throw her hands in the air and her purse into the Rhine River. While Jim kept Emmy from jumping in, his nice \$3 straw hat went flying. He had bought it from a pretty little girl in Cannes. Well maybe she was not so little, but she certainly was pretty.

We then drove through Schaffhausen, which has a wall around part of it, then drove toward Basel. We crossed the border into Germany for a few miles, then

back into Switzerland. On the map we could see this is a “pimple” of Switzerland that extends into Germany.

Basel was appealing. We crossed the Rhine River on a nice bridge, then came back on a small ferryboat that had a cable on a pulley connected to a cable crossing high above the Rhine River. This cable kept the ferryboat from floating down the river in the rapid current.

The Cathedral (Basel), and other buildings in Basel are constructed from a rust colored stone, and the roofs have the patterned roof tile. Found the campsite easily.

**CH, Basel, Jul 27, Sun - 66 - 85 - 8,330**

Basel is located on the border at the corner of Switzerland, France and Germany.

We crossed Switzerland, and into the Alsace of France. We returned to Germany, drove across Luxembourg on our way to Paris. Crossed from France into Belgium, boarded a ferry for England, drove to Wales, a ferry to and from Ireland, visited Scotland, more time in England, then by ferry to The Netherlands. Crossed West/East Germany to West/East Berlin, then to Mettlach, Germany. On October 26, we returned to the US .

# 1983

We arrived in Germany on July 6. Bought a camper and spent a couple of weeks in Germany, a night in Luxembourg, and crossed into France, on our way to Paris. Crossed into Belgium, on to The Netherlands, then into Germany to visit with Josef's. Linda and Margit joined us at Euskirchen. We (the four of us) visited with Toni, and after a couple of days in France we drove across the edge of Germany, then on to Switzerland.

We now drove toward Basel, then on to Bern, Switzerland. At one point Linda went to the camper refrigerator to get Jim a drink of water. Just as she was about to hand it to Jim, we went into a dark tunnel and Linda forgot where the ceiling was so cracked her head against the camper wall above the drivers seat.

We found the campsite where we had fumigated everybody with the camper carburetor problem, one morning a couple of years ago. But they wouldn't recognize us now, this is a different camper!

A little later, we had a very hard 10 minute rainstorm. We were afraid four of us would be sleeping inside the camper tonight, but in a few minutes all was OK for tent pitching. We later went downtown, during a light rain, and looked around for an hour or so.

**CH, Bern, Aug 11, Thu - 18 - 189 - 2,661**

We left the campsite at 7:45 this morning, drove downtown and found the stores will open at 8:15. We enjoyed walking around Bern, but when the sun came out at 9:45, we drove toward Thun, hoping maybe we could see the Jungfrau and the other mountains in the Interlaken area. We fixed breakfast as we drove, but we stopped in Thun and walked around a while, as the sun had disappeared by then.

We drove on to Spiez, then started to drive on to Interlaken. Suddenly the weather turned so bad we knew there was no way we could see the mountains. We turned back and went south over the mountains, past the Weissenburg campsite we have used different times in the past.

We drove to Aigle, and at Martigny Ville we turned west and drove over the mountain to Chamonix, France. Now that was a drive! Up the Swiss mountain, with steep switchbacks through the vineyards, and with an excellent, fantastic view forever! The road surface is very good, but the drive from Martigny to Chamonix is not for the faint hearted.

We drove across Switzerland, then over the Alps into France. Linda and Margit had planned to leave us at Nice, France, but changed their mind and continued, for a couple of days, to Venice, Italy. We (alone) toured more of Italy, then spent a few more days in Switzerland. Somewhere along here, we spent an hour or two in the tiny country of Liechtenstein.

We crossed the Swiss Border at 4:00 PM and although there are plenty of flowers in this part of Italy, there are even more in this part of Switzerland.

We wanted to stop in the town of Glorenza, which looked like a walled city, but there just was no place to stop. We often wonder what we should do in cases like this. We have seen so much, that give or take one or two towns here and there, can't mean too much. Also, if anyone cares to suggest we missed something, we can most likely name a town or two and maybe a country or two he hasn't seen. Besides, every place we go, we have the idea we will return some day and see what we missed this time.

**CH, Zernez, Aug, 24, Wed - 31 - 166 - 4,600**

It began to rain at 6:30 in the morning. Since we have been going to sleep so early, we also are waking up earlier. We see patches of snow through the rain, and beautiful purple flowers and streams and waterfalls all over. We just passed a ski resort that has a double decked parking garage, way out here in nowhere.

We got to Lucerne about 3:30 and went straight to the campsite. We camped next to George and Peggy from the US. They shipped their VW over here from the US, and have been traveling since May, and they love it. Don't see many Americans in campsites in Europe.

There are two washers and dryers in the campsite laundromat, so we did the laundry, and Emmy washed her hair.

**CH, Lucerne, Aug 25, Thu - 32 - 145 - 4,745**

We had a lovely morning in Lucerne. Found a parking spot right next to the bridge across the river from downtown, next to the post office. We walked around town a while and bought some bakery goodies (Emmy's had some kind of meat inside), then we walked to see the "Lion of Lucerne," carved into the stone hillside.

We left for Zurich at 11:45. The weather is very dreary this afternoon. We looked for the Baskin Robbins 31 Flavors store we saw here on a previous year, but couldn't find it. In a small antique store we saw a nice pewter watering can for about \$200. We were not at all interested in buying, but a lady customer (she was from Texas and her husband is Swiss) said don't buy it, the price is too high. A little later we saw the exact same thing in a nice store, and it cost \$115, new. The last thing we need to do is to start a collection of pewter to go along with our brass and copper hoard. But if we going to, this item would make a very nice start.

People seem to speak more English in Lucerne and Zurich than in other parts of Switzerland. We see a lot of American tourists on the street this year.

We arrived in Kreuzlingen at 4:00 PM. The family we met in the TV tower in Stuttgart who said they might be interested in using or buying our camper, live here. We called Mr. S. and he came with his son, to meet us. The son rode with us and directed us to the house, while the father went to pick up his wife in the German hospital across the border. Never did find out why she went to a German Hospital instead of staying in Switzerland.

We spent an hour talking to the young people, until the elders arrived. Mr S. is a consultant for African nations that need to get more factories and investments in their country. He drives a Dodge automobile, rather than an European vehicle.

They might be interested in renting the camper next spring, and maybe storing it for us, but it doesn't appear worth the effort. They would want to use it the same time we would, and they are not interesting in buying. They are a big family of big people, and would not fit in here at all. We are sure they can afford to get a much bigger one if they want to try it for themselves.

They live in a very large house, on at least an acre of land, high on the side of the hill. The son was going to the Bodensee to wind-surf, and we went looking for the camp site. We found it along the shore, right where they were wind surfing. The campsite is very nice.

**CH, Kreuzlingen, Aug 26, Fri - 33 - 84 - 4,829**

Kreuzlingen, Switzerland and Konstanz, Germany are more or less one city, divided by the border between two countries.

Last night Mr. S. told us about a church in Konstanz, Germany that contains three churches in one building. Last night they were having a concert, but we didn't try and find it. Didn't care to cross the border at night, find the Cathedral (Konstanz), find a safe parking place for the camper, then return to Switzerland and find our camping place. This morning we find it's an interesting building.

Emmy has just seen a copper pot like the one she bought in France, and the local price is three times what she paid for it. She likes that!

We left Switzerland, and crossed the Bodensee in Germany on a ferry. With Toni as passenger, we visited the Maginot Line in France, and spent 10 days visiting cousins in Germany. We returned to France once more, to visit the area west of Nancy. We returned to Germany, then to the US, a few days later, at the end of September.

## 1985

We arrived in Germany on May 30. For the next two weeks we did sightseeing in Germany, spent a few days in The Netherlands, and after a couple of days in Belgium, we entered France. We drove along the English Channel on our way to visit Henri and Monika in Montivilliers. We enjoyed our two weeks in France, crossed Luxembourg to Germany, and after a week at Toni's in Mettlach, we entered France, to the Alsace, and a few days later, we crossed the western border of Switzerland.

As we entered Switzerland, the border guard seemed to be most interested in our papers, more so than usual at the Swiss border. We entered at Boncourt, a little town on the pimple sticking out into France on the west side of Switzerland.

We see a sign that says "Pique Nique," and has a picture of a table and benches—wonder what that means? We stopped in Neuchatel, and walked along the lake in the park. Emmy fed the swans stale bread, and Jim was permitted to view the braless (can't really call some of them topless!) bathing beauties as we walked along the lake.

Continued to drive along the lake and found the campsite just west of Lausanne. It was on Lac Lemane (Lake Geneva), and is very crowded. In addition to the campers, there are public beaches and picnic areas for a distance each direction from the campsite, and they were also crowded.

Jim talked to a Dutch family camped nearby. They said each year they hook up the trailer and drive like mad to Lake Geneva, sit for a month, then drive like mad to get back home. Why all month, and why each year, and why not at some of the other beautiful places?

### **CH, Lausanne, July, 15, Mon - 27 - 173 - 3,956**

It rained a lot during the night, but it's sunny as we drive into the city this morning. As soon as we saw the RR Station and a parking place, we parked and got a map at the tourist office. Then we started to walk, and found it's all straight up hill from here!

The good thing? The local McDonald's, across from the RR Station, serves Egg McMuffin, but under a different name. We spent a pleasant couple of hours walking around the town, and we visited the Protestant Cathedral (Lausanne) where John Calvin spoke years ago.

We drove to Bern and parked right in front of Switzerland's Capitol Building. We spent a couple of hours walking and looking, then drove to Thun, and looked some more. We have been thinking about buying an outdoor folding chair, and

before we got to Bern saw one on the sidewalk in front of a grocery store. We stopped and found it had a very good price, but it was nap time and there was no one around to take our money.

We called Linda from the Post Office in Thun and gave her information about the Polish ship we hope to go home on. She will book space for two people and one camper, in late October, if possible. We drove again to Weissenburg where we have camped a couple of times in the past. We drove across, or through, the covered bridge to the camp location. There is a sign saying we should find a spot to park, and someone will be by later to collect the money.

We walked up the road and on up the hill to see the view. Emmy gave up and walked back to the camper. Jim was amazed at the beautiful view, and was even more amazed to find he was out of film! No way to get back to the camper and back here before the sun disappeared completely.

Emmy fixed popcorn this evening then gave some to the French couple and their five children next door. The lady was so surprised, and said, "Merci beaucoup." Wonder if they liked popcorn.

#### CH, Weissenburg, July 16, Tue - 28 - 97 - 4,053

It rained during the night, but sun is coming through now. We are on the way toward Montreux and have seen numerous covered bridges.

Filled-up at a gas station near Gstaad that would accept our Visa card. The attendant said Gstaad has better skiing than St. Moritz, and is a nicer resort. Do you think that was an unbiased comment?

We walked around the town, and saw a big sign outside a butcher shop in Gstaad, advertising "Heute (today) US Beef," so we bought some at \$9.09 per pound. It was delicious and tender at dinner time, but so expensive. Why is US Beef so different from that grown on the beautiful green hills of Switzerland, and other European countries.

Shortly after leaving Gstaad we stopped at another antique store. (Just to keep the record straight, Jim is the first to see most of the antique stores we visit, but Emmy wonders how many he sees and ignores. Jim says he points out the ones that are closed, or with no parking space. That way he looks like a good guy, and it's the cheapest and quickest way to do it. However, Emmy insists that when we get home, Jim has purchased more fleas than she has.)

This time, Emmy found a pewter-looking tall (19") heavy, interesting-looking coffee pot. We think it's made of what they call "zinn," and is very thick and heavy. The girl said it was maybe 100 years (or was that days) old. Sometimes we wonder about some of the things we have, but we are better off not knowing.

At any rate it's delightful, expensive (\$110), and is now taking up space in the camper. We decided not to stop at Montreux after all, but did drive up to Villars where we had lunch. We stopped at St. Maurice, to send a card to Maurice Hattem in Canoga Park. First name from a town in Switzerland, and last name from a town in The Netherlands.

In Martigny Ville we found the brass and copper store Jim has been talking about since 1980. When we stopped then, it was an old barn filled with brass objects of all kinds and sizes covered with a thick layer of dust. Jim had the idea

of buying the whole barn-full of pots and kettles and taking them home to sell. In the meantime someone else had the same idea and cleaned it up and tripled the prices. Today there is only a fraction of the number of pots in Martigny Ville that were here in 1980. Jim keeps trying (not too hard) to find some way to make these trips deductible, if not profitable.

We saw a small mantel clock we thought was worth more than they were asking for it, but we didn't follow through with the negotiations. Along the road going east toward Visp, where we will turn toward Zermatt, there are huge vineyards in very good condition. They are on terraces on the side of the hill, and many have sprinkler systems.

We don't like to drive on a road like this. A lot of the time it's three lanes wide, and much of it is not very smooth. Half the time it is two lanes east, and the rest of the time it is two lanes west.

At Visp we turned toward Zermatt and stayed in the campsite at the RR Station in Tasch, just past the large parking lot. Jim planned to go to Zermatt for the evening, but Emmy didn't feel up to it. It was cloudy so we will hope for the best in the morning.

A man and his family from the US are traveling in a large camper. They rarely spend the night in a campsite or eat in the camper, but use it so their children have room to play and sleep while they drive from point to point. The camper is more expensive to rent than a car, but with several children, a very good deal for all. Their last night was spent in St. Moritz.

They are not permitted to park the camper in the large automobile parking lot, even though they told the people they were going to a hotel for the night. With the permission of the campsite owner (and most likely some money), they parked it just outside the campsite entrance. They took their luggage and boarded the train to Zermatt, and will stay there in a hotel for a couple of days.

#### **CH, Tasch, July 17, Wed - 29 - 150 - 4,203**

We took the train to Zermatt this morning at \$4 per person, round trip. We walked around town for quite a while, and stopped at an outside dining room for a hot chocolate, with the Matterhorn in the distance. We have chosen one of those extra clear days to see this area. One of the people at a store told us they get only a few days a year, this clear.

We did not go up the cable car to the Klein (little) Matterhorn as we did the last time we were here. Instead, we rode to Sonnegga, across the valley from the (big) Matterhorn, on a funicular railway (\$4.25) that is built in a tunnel. Funicular railways are usually on the side of a hill, but in Zermatt, in order not to disturb the mountainside, they built a sloped (nearly vertical) tunnel inside the mountain. The funicular railway can not be seen from the town, and of course during the ride nothing is seen by the passengers either, until they arrive at Sonnegga.

But from the top, what a view! The Matterhorn and many more mountains are covered by snow all year round. From here we couldn't see down into Zermatt because the mountain was in the way, but we can see forever on a day like this. Across the valley we saw a RR track, and an occasional passenger train. Switzerland is loaded with trains, cog railroads, cable cars, funiculars, ski lifts,

and an almost uncounted number of ways to get to the top, or part way to the top of hundreds of mountains.

A lady in a store couldn't imagine we were going to leave Zermatt so soon, while the weather was still so nice. We explained the excellent weather was the reason we were leaving. We wanted to see some of the other glorious scenery in this same weather.

Jim found some Raclette cheese for Emmy, and we stopped at a store to buy small potatoes and other things needed to fix Raclette for dinner. We then drove across the Furka Pass. This is one of the highest and most famous passes in Switzerland. If the weather was not so excellent, we would have traveled through the mountain in a tunnel, on a train.

This road to the Furka Pass has many switchbacks and there are places where the road is so narrow it's necessary to go to the very edge of the road and stop for large buses and trucks to pass. We have seen a lot of waterfalls and there is snow at higher elevations. Next to the hotel and restaurant near the mountain top, there is a large glacier. The drive down the other side of the mountain was very scenic, but we then immediately climbed up and over the St. Gotthard Pass (6,915 ft).

At one place we heard the sound of bells. We stopped and saw a herd of cows on the side of the mountain with their bells playing a beautiful song. They were loud enough to be heard in the camper as we drove.

Here the road was better and wider. Part of this road has curves that are cantilevered out over nothing. When we crossed the border into Switzerland, we were given a brochure which we couldn't understand. But we think we were supposed to buy a "sticker" for our window before we use Switzerland's main freeway system. A couple of times we may have ended up on one of those main roads by mistake. They don't label the road as needing the sticker, or at least we don't know what either the label or the sticker looks like. It's not necessary, and we don't like to drive those roads anyway.

Near the town of Faido we saw a campsite that didn't look too nice, so drove on and found a sign directing us to another. Well, we couldn't believe what we got into. The main road to the Faido campsite was rough, twisty, switchback and steep. Then we got to the bad road, one that didn't have any guard rails, but for a very good reason, there wasn't room for them! As we went on, the road got narrower and worse, and if there had been room, we would have turned around, or backed-up to get out of there.

Don't know what they do if someone meets another vehicle, especially if a vehicle is pulling a trailer. The campsite was OK, and the view was nice, and no one could imagine why we thought the road was bad. Some years ago a storm washed out the road, and the government told them if they don't like it, fix it or move. They fixed it up to this condition, and let it go at that.

**CH, Faido, July 18, Thu - 30 - 100 - 4,303**

Well we did get out in one piece. We now know it's possible to get out, since last night we managed to get in.

As we were leaving, Emmy knocked on the office door as she noticed what appeared to be a Ladies Bible Study. We stopped and walked in Bellinzona,

bought some groceries, and obtained a little Italian money, just enough to get by when we first cross the border.

On the way to Ascona, just past Locarno, we saw fields of tomatoes with plastic sheets over them. Must work like a hot house to help them ripen without rain damage. Many palm trees in this area of Switzerland. This is the Italian part of the country and is not kept as neat and clean as in the French and Germany sections.

In 1980 we had driven through Ascona, but after going back and forth through the town four times, we found neither a place, nor a reason to park. This time we found a parking place on the second pass. The Ascona policeman was not too happy we were parking the camper on the busy street, but could find no reason to stop us. We tried to put money into the parking meter, but it wouldn't work. At first he was grumpy, but then decided we didn't break it, so he took the meter apart. By the time it was fixed, he just set the time and would not let us pay.

We walked around and through the little narrow passageways, antique stores, brass and copper stores, and down to the water's edge. A visit to Ascona is well worth the time and effort.

In Locarno we stopped at the store where we had purchased the large decorative brass scale a few years ago, and talked to the lady about the tall zinn pot we purchased a couple of days ago. She said the one we have is old and is most likely the antique zinn. We looked at some pots in her store that are made from the new zinn, and they do look different. We must stop with this much information, because with more, we may not be so happy.

By the time Emmy arrived at the flea market in Locarno, 99% of the buyers had left, the sellers had put away 99% of the things that had been for sale. Emmy managed to buy 99% of a towel rack with glass rods and brass brackets. Now if we only had the missing 1%!

We drove to Lugano and camped early. We remember the last time we were here we had a problem finding a place to camp. We decided to rest for the afternoon (on our vacation!), then walked to the lake later in the day. We can't imagine why people come for a camping vacation in Lugano, put up with all these crowds, then find muddy water and muddy beaches. We don't like to camp, we like to sightsee.

#### **CH, Lugano, July 19, Fri - 31 - 77 - 4,380**

It was very warm and wet, with a loud thunder storm last night, but the sky in Lugano is blue this morning. We were comfortable, the fan keeps the camper cool, and we are very glad we aren't living in a tent. Earlier in the evening, the campsite put on some entertainment, but there was not much we could, or wanted, to understand.

Visited the fruit market in Lugano, and met an English speaking lady, Suzie Grahame Smith, who lives in Athens, and is the Assistant Director of Culture in Greece. She wants to do a "vacation home exchange" with some Californians, but we haven't heard from her since.

We shopped in some very nice stores and bought some expensive US beef. Why is the local beef so different? Near here we finally bought a small folding chair. Sometimes it's nice to sit outside the camper on the warm evenings.

We entered Italy and visited Milano, Venice, (the country of) San Marino, Florence, and Rome, Italy. We then crossed Italy to Pescara, crossed the Adriatic Sea on a ferry, to Split, Yugoslavia. After a joust with the police in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, we went to Vienna, Austria and got visa's and permission to visit Czechoslovakia and Poland. From there we crossed East Germany, back to West Germany. We visited Denmark again, boarded a ferry to Sweden, visited a few days, then ferried back to Denmark, and drove across Germany, back to cousin Toni's.

After we toured Germany another week or two, we drove across Luxembourg and Belgium to Rotterdam, put the camper and us on a ship and on October 21 we sailed to London. For ten days we continued across the Atlantic Ocean to Montreal, Canada on the SS Stefan Batory. From there we drove home to California.

## 1988

We arrived in Germany on July 30, spent about a month with cousin Toni. We crossed Luxembourg into France, on our way to Paris. After a delightful month touring western and southern France, we went back to Toni's in Mettlach. After a couple of weeks at Toni's and touring Germany, we returned to France for three nights, on our way to Switzerland.

We now drove to Basel, Switzerland and changed some money at a bank. Then drove toward Zurich, looking for the one campsite that's supposed to be open in this area. We stopped to visit an old Roman Theater near here. Built in about 15 BC, this is the remains of the oldest Roman settlement along the Rhine River. We didn't expect to find this in Switzerland. For some reason, we find Roman ruins in Italy, France, Germany, England, and places in between, but in Switzerland we haven't seen much of it. We followed signs to a camp that was closed, then found the open one.

### CH, Mumpk, Oct 21, Fri - 43 - 10 sf - 71 - 5376

The price was to be 17 sf, but they never came to hook up the electricity, so we only paid 10 sf as we left this morning. Most of the spaces here are a permanent location for large trailers, but we had a space right on the bank of the Rhine River.

The farm buildings mainly consist of one large building, with the house-end painted a brighter color than the barn-end. There is usually a large overhanging roof over the entire building, but the manure pile is generally at the barn-end of the building.

The Renault's red alternator light is on again for a few minutes, then off. In Merzig they checked the whole electrical system, and found nothing wrong, but here it is again. Jim has checked wires all over the place, but it's still on awhile and off awhile, and this is Friday afternoon.

On the edge of Zurich we stopped at a large gas station, and a man there said to follow him to a Renault garage. That man said he had no room for our big vehicle, and to go to such and such a place, which we had passed a minute from the original gas station. Anyway, they looked here and there, checked this and that, and used equipment to check it all out and said if it comes on for a couple of minutes here and there, just forget it as it is really OK. Doesn't give us a lot of confidence.

We stopped at a McDonald's in Zurich for a McRib, and an Egg McMuffin, and found they had neither. Paid four times as much for some French bread as we pay in France, and had brunch next to the Limmat River, near the Bahnhof (RR Station).

Jim went for a walk, and talked to a young lady at the Swiss Air office who had just returned from a vacation in the US. She really loved it, said the people were genuinely friendly and polite, and said American drivers, especially in Southern California, were an agreeable, pleasant change from drivers in Europe. She said good restaurants are expensive, but of course it's always a matter of opinion.

Jim had just looked at the prices on the menu at a restaurant in Zurich's Bahnhof, a few yards from her office, and those prices seemed to him to be much more expensive than we are used to. Of course we aren't noted for spending much time in what we would consider an expensive restaurant in any country, let alone spending any time at all in restaurants that are really expensive.

We walked and walked around Zurich, looking in stores and markets. In one store we met a wealthy American man. To keep his income taxes low as possible, he lives in the Canary Islands, and comes to Zurich to take care of his investments. He is convinced that foreign investors will soon take all their money out of the US, and invest it elsewhere.

When Jim asked if they would then invest in China, or India, or some country in Africa instead, he said no, but then had no idea what they would do with the money. Most likely they will continue invest where they can get a good return with some level of safety. Talked to him for 20 minutes, and Jim was not the least bit impressed with his ideas on investments and money. But then, which of the two has the most money?

At one place we stopped to visit a museum in Zurich, but when they told Emmy she had to leave her purse at the counter, we told them to stuff it. Jim asked why we were supposed to trust them with her purse, but they wouldn't trust her with their museum. Jim said he was sure Emmy was honest, but had no idea if the ladies at the museum were honest. Needless to say, no one won the argument, but we didn't visit the museum either.

We then went looking for a campsite. The first one supposed to be open, wasn't. The second one seemed to be almost impossible to get to, but we could see many trailers. Some people told us to just go down this road, then to the left. When we got to the campsite, two people said, "It's open, come on in." Just then the owner came, and he said it not only wasn't open, no heavy vehicles are ever permitted here as the ground is always too wet.

He said the trailers were brought in by a farm tractor, and no one is allowed to drive here, driving an RV or pulling a trailer with their car. We said OK, and promptly proved him correct by finding we were stuck, the front wheels were spinning! He was very helpful, and got a couple of big boards to put under the wheels when Jim jacked the RV up, and with a little help we were out and on our way again. A few miles down the road we found another, parked for the night and all was just fine.

**CH, Zurich, Oct 22, Sat - 44 - 13 sf - 83 - 5,459**

Near the last (south) bridge before the lake, on the downtown side of the bridge, there are signs, and markings on the sidewalk and the pavement, for Zurich's Saturday flea market. So guess where we are going to be this morning!

It's a large market, well organized, and as neat as a flea market can be. The goods for sale ranged from low to high in value, and from junk to antique. Not as big a market as Frankfurt last week, but here they did not have so much new stuff. Emmy was very tempted by a couple of large copper pots. Really a nice market, even though we bought nothing.

We drove around Zurich a little more, then across the countryside to Lucerne, and the Lido campsite along Vierwaldstättersee, or Lake Lucerne. They have redone the facilities, and the showers, etc., are excellent. There were few people in sight, so we were able to use the washers and dryers in the laundromat with no waiting. The cost was figured in a different way than we have ever seen anywhere.

The price varied by the temperature of the water used. It ranged from cool water for 2 Swiss Franc, then 2.40 SF, 3 SF, and 3.40 SF to really cook the clothes in hot, hotter, and very hot water. Cheap by European standards, but still high compared to the US. At the campsite restaurant in Lucerne, we bought some excellent French Fries and a BBQ chicken for \$7. The chicken was cooked with seven spices, and Emmy pronounced it "excellent."

**CH, Lucerne, Oct 23, Sun - 45 - 16.60 sf - 56 - 5,515**

As we went on toward Interlaken, it was very foggy, but suddenly it was sunny, with the beautiful snow-capped Alps in the distance.

Brunch today was eaten while overlooking a lake in the Swiss Alps, now beat that if you can! We went to Interlaken in the sunshine, then drove to Grindelwald, near the Schlithorn. Many beautiful scenes, with the tree colors in full bloom, but no place to park and take a picture.

There was an atmospheric condition that made the colors and all the scenery look outstanding in the haze, or whatever it is. It changed in just a few minutes. Some of the brilliantly colored trees were back-lit by sun beaming through the haze and fog, but there was no place to stop, let alone park at the side of the road for a picture, there is no "side of the road."

The water in the river next to the road is milky sea-green glacier water. We have seen water of this color in many places in the world. Glacier water is milky near the glacier, then it gets more and more an emerald shade, then becomes clear as it travels further, and the sediment settles to the bottom. The color is a result of all the sediment suspended in the glacier ice for many years.

At the end of the road, in Stechelberg we saw bright colored parachutes, or hang gliders, used by people who jump off the top of the very high cliff, near Stechelberg. This is also the first time we have seen snow avalanche shelters. They are very heavy, thick cement shelters, open to the direction away from the mountain. It looks something like a bus stop, but the top and sides are very thick.

The cable car station where we started our ride to Schilthorn Mountain in 1970, is right here. The complete ride to the top of Schilthorn takes four different cable cars, and the first is right up the face of a steep, straight-up cliff. Of the many cable cars we have ridden over the years, this first one is unique. For large cable car systems, there are two cars (may hold twenty to fifty people each), evenly separated on the cable. When one is at the top station, the other is at the bottom station. They counterbalance each other and pass at exactly the middle of the ride, and each delivers its passengers to the "other" station.

In this case, the half-way point is a transfer station hung on the edge of the mountain cliff. Each car leaves the extreme top and bottom stations at the same time, but when they meet at the half-way station, everyone gets out of their car and transfers to the other, then the cars return to the station they just left. The top station is high and off to the side, above the bottom station, and the middle station is at a point more or less out in front of both of them, far above the lower and far below the upper station. The two cabins still balance each other during the trip.

Now if you are lucky, you will be unable to understand what was just described, but will be so fascinated with the idea you will decide you must find out about this cable car, first hand!

We can see houses on the very tip of the cliff, but we won't ride to the top of the Schilthorn this time, but some time we must do it again. We remember the cost as \$80 for four in 1970, and we think it's about \$34 per person in 1988.

On the way out from this valley, we made sure we stopped at the spot where we took one of our favorite pictures in 1980. Stacks of hay, a church, a filmy waterfall, then mountains in the background. Now they have changed the little meadow where the hay was stacked, and have built a storage shed of some kind. The church is mostly hidden by trees, the water continues to fall in the distance, but is mostly hidden by the trees. What a change! Not only has the scene changed, but unless the picture is taken with the same camera lens, from about the same spot, it would be different anyway.

Many of the houses have just plain brown wood siding. At times stucco covers the first floor, and the upper floors have wood siding. Most have green shutters and flower boxes. Certain towns seem to have all dark tile roofs, and others a mixture of color to make a rust, or muted color, when seen from a distance.

We now drove to Grindelwald, at the foot of the Jungfrau and three or four other outstanding snow capped peaks, lined up in a row. This is about as outstanding as mountain scenery gets. We looked at a couple of campgrounds, since it was off-season they weren't crowded at all, so we picked the one with the best view from our window. Camped at 3:00 PM.

As he was taking a pictures of the cows in the meadow next door, Jim thought there was a black goat and a white goat standing in such a manner as to look like only one. When the cows and the goat moved, we found the goat was black in the front half, and white in the back half. That's right, color changed half way between the front and back legs of the goat, as exact as if it wore white pants and a black shirt. Jim thought someone was playing a trick, and had painted it as a joke.

When Jim rang the door bell at the office, a window opened on the second floor, and a very nice man stuck his head out the window, told us to help ourselves, and said he would see us tomorrow.

**CH, Grindelwald, Oct 24, Mon - 46 - 17.50 - 88 - 5,603**

Jim talked to the man in the office this morning. He said in the mountains there are many black and white goats like the one next door, and they are real, not fake!

He said this campsite caters to skiers in the winter, and summer tourists and campers the rest of the time. Next weekend, there will be about 250 trailers arriving to spend the winter in Grindelwald. They will all be parked more or less permanently, the people will visit for weekend or vacation skiing, then when the snow leaves, they go home and a different group of people bring their trailers for the summer. There are a few spaces left for the people visiting for a night or two.

While we can't see the famous major mountain peaks from here (we are too close to the foot of the mountains), the view is phenomenal. Across the valley the hillside is covered, or rather scattered, with Alpine style houses complete with balconies and overhanging roofs, like those generally found in this part of the world. The grass looks like a velvet carpet. In Switzerland, and for that matter in Austria also, the hillsides look neater than the front yards of houses in most countries! You would think someone just mowed the grass (well there are cows and goats!), then trimmed around the trees!

As we drive along these country roads, when there is a herd of cows, we can hear bells ring. The Swiss are interested in the tourist aspects of cow-bells. Most every cow in a herd wears a bell, and the bells range in size from a couple of inches in diameter, to some 12 or 15 inch bells, so big the poor cow must have trouble eating and moving her head. Nothing to do with keeping track of the cow, they're just overdoing the tourist bit.

We decided to drive back to the Schlithorn area to try and get a picture of the back-lit trees. The time of day, the haze, the cloud cover, no place to park, and it looked nothing like it did yesterday, so no picture.

In Spiez, we saw a sign saying the town is 650 years old. We finally found the spot where we took the special picture in 1970. Each time since then, we have somehow been on the wrong street, where there are too many buildings, or at least telephone and electric wires in the way. We are on the way toward Gstaad, and the hills still look like velvet with sheep, cows, and goats scattered about, snow covered mountains in the distance. This must be Switzerland!

There are many covered bridges over the little stream that borders the road, and we just passed the covered bridge we crossed to get to the Weissenburg

campground, on three previous occasions. As the road dropped from the mountain top, into the valley where Gstaad is located, the views are excellent. Even though we turned around and went part way back up the mountain, then down again, the weather and the lack of parking, made it impossible to take the prize winning photo we looked for. This time while driving around in Gstaad, we did not see any sign advertising US Beef, as we did last time.

As we head south, and a little west, we find the bakeries named Boulangerie (French), rather than Bäckerei (German). Don't remember what they were called in Gstaad. As we drive along, there are RR tracks right beside the road, and a little train with funny little passenger cars has crossed the highway seven times in just a few miles. We had to stop for this same Swiss train three times so far. It stops at little stations, some almost out in the middle of a field. Just the countryside transportation system.

We stopped in the walled, single-street town of Gruyeres (there's a famous cheese with this name), with a castle at the top. A delightful setting with a view of the mountains and valleys all around. Since it's getting late, we got on the freeway going toward Montreux. The countryside looks flat, and not like other parts of Switzerland. As we continued, we dropped rapidly from the mountains to the shore of Lake Geneva, or Lac Lemman.

We drove through Montreux, saw some palm trees along the lake, but we didn't stop this time. The architecture looks very French, rather than the German influence of a few miles north of here. The air seems not only hazy but very smoggy, but there's neither factories, nor enough vehicles around here to produce smog, that we know of. Parking in this French part of the country seems to be done in designated spots, rather than in any place a car will fit, as it's done in the country of France.

There are many huge houses and hotels on the mountain side, and on top of some very high hills. There are swimming pools in Montreux built right in the edge of Lake Geneva, at a couple of fancy hotels. Don't know if they do it so they can heat the water, or to keep the water clean, or just whatever.

Just as we were getting on the freeway going south, we saw a nice shopping mall, and decided to get off at the first off-ramp and come back to see it. The shopping mall near Montreux was designed in an eye-catching mode on the outside, but the inside, while neat, clean, and orderly, was more or less built in "modern warehouse" style. Bought food items, then back to the highway looking for a campsite. The first campsite looked confusing, and we didn't like the people or the surroundings.

The map showed a town right off the freeway, with a campground, but it was closed. Another campsite, in Leysin, appeared on the map to be about five or six km away, on a short straight road. But we had to drive 16 km up, up, and up some more, with turns so sharp and steep it was difficult to drive, except the road surface itself was very good. Finally we found ourselves in the town of Leysin (a very large winter resort) after a drive beyond our imagination.

Our mistake? The five km straight line to Leysin on the map was for the cog-railway! but we had to drive the regular road! Just for a place to spend a few hours sleeping, this was not the thing to do. Actually it would have been a good

and an entertaining drive if we had known where we were going, and if it wasn't so late in the day.

We had driven most of this road a few years ago, coming the other direction from Gstaad. As we looked on the map, we see Gstaad is only a short drive further north, and all the driving we did today, while interesting, was not really worth its effort. We remind ourselves that if we didn't make the drive, we wouldn't know what was there. A comment, with both good and bad results, that applies to a lot of our driving.

**CH, Leysin, Oct 25, Tue - 47 - - 159 - 5,762**

The campsite was on a large grassy area, next to a very decorous and expensive hotel. There were facilities and electricity, but few other campers.

The town is obviously a ski resort in the winter, and perhaps has a summer season for tourists, also. The drive back to the level area, where we were last night, was extremely interesting. A beautiful drive in daylight. As we drove on south, we went under an "overpass" built to protect the vehicles on the road below, from rocks or coal that could fall off the cars of the cable system passing far above. They were hauling raw material from somewhere in the mountains, to a smelter or factory nearby.

As we neared the border with Italy, we stopped to buy diesel fuel with the large handful of coins (Swiss Francs) we still had. Filled the tank, and had four cents left over! We are going over the St. Bernard Pass into Italy. There's a tunnel through the mountain up there somewhere, but we are going to drive over the very top. The cow bells are ringing, ringing from the herds along the road. The scene is of a tiny old Swiss village with wood-sided houses with slate roofs, cows in the pasture, with the winding road, and the mountains in the distance.

Turns out the entrance to the tunnel is quite far up the mountain, so even if we used the tunnel, it's quite a drive to get to Italy this way. A little later we saw a large cement structure protruding from the mountain, and we believe it's an air shaft to ventilate the tunnel.

In a letter, published in the Los Angeles Sunday Times Travel Section, Jim described what we saw next: "We crossed the St. Bernard pass on the border between Switzerland and Italy. At the very top we visited the old abbey, the museum, and the kennels where the famous St. Bernard dogs are raised, and saw pictures and stories of the famous rescue dogs of many years ago. There are several pens of large and small St. Bernard dogs, and the atmosphere and the surroundings are just what one would expect in this ancient, storied mountain top. The incongruity? The pans containing the dog food were Coca-Cola trays!"

We were in fresh snow before we got to the top, and ate brunch parked next to the old abbey. On the other side of the peak, there's a lovely view, with a lake, a couple of buildings, the border crossing with Italy, and snow capped mountains beyond. The road down to Italy is not as good as the road up from Switzerland. Sure glad we took this road over the top, rather than through the tunnel.

Visited Italy for 20 days, including Genoa and the coast down to Pisa, also Florence and Venice. We were in Yugoslavia for a few days, traveled across Austria, back to Germany, and on to Mettlach where on December 4 we celebrated the 49th Anniversary of both Hugo and Maria, and Köbus and Fina. The RV was stored in a farmer's barn in nearby Borg. We returned to the US on December 6.

# 1989

We arrived in Frankfurt, Germany on March 10, spent a week and a half getting us and the RV ready to travel, (re)visiting cousins by the dozens, then drove to Paris again! We spent a night in a campsite in Luxembourg, then visited with the cousins in Mettlach for a few more days. After a couple more days we entered Basel, Switzerland, turned around and went back through the edge of France and into Germany for the night. The next morning we entered Switzerland at a different crossing point.

As we near the border to Switzerland, we notice signs that seem to say we will have to buy a window sticker if we want to use the Swiss Autobahn. We remember being given some literature (it was something rather new then, we think) as we entered the country in 1983, but we ignored it, were never sure what it said, and didn't use those highways much anyhow. When we entered in 1985 and in 1988 on the "little" roads, no one said anything, and we didn't know if it still applied, even if we knew what it was all about. We used whatever road we wanted, with no problem, but very rarely did we use the autobahn anyway.

But this time, since we are arriving in Switzerland on the Autobahn there is no escape, and we will have to pay 30 Swiss Francs (\$20) for the coupon. Or perhaps we will have to pay a fine of 100 SF plus the 30 SF if they catch us later! Not bad if we are going to be here for the rest of the year, but for two days it's too much!

We pulled off into a place where trucks are inspected before crossing the border, and talked to the customs people there. They gave us directions to get out of this area so we can enter Switzerland on the "small" roads. However, we could not find signs directing us out of Basel on "small" roads they all direct us to the "big" roads. So we crossed back into France, then onto Germany, where we will spent the night, with the rain continuing.

## D, Lorrach, Apr 2, Sun - 8 - 24DM - 145 - 1,364

This time, they not only charged "too much" for electricity, they charged extra to come out and connect and disconnect it! Sure hope the other campsites don't find out about this new way to make money.

We crossed the border at Reinfelden, a nice place to cross. They had a sign about the 30 SF sticker, but we didn't have to stop for this crossing. From here we are able to travel everywhere we want in Switzerland without using their expensive road, which was our intention in the first place. Believe us, it's best to use the normal highways anyway. They are far more appealing, and in Switzerland they are excellent roads.

A gallon of diesel fuel is about \$1.95 in Germany, \$2.30 in Switzerland, \$1.85 in France, and \$1.27 in Luxembourg. Un-leaded fuel is just getting started in Europe, and sometimes it's hard to find. In Switzerland, as a way to encourage the use of un-leaded fuel, they have lowered the tax so a liter of un-leaded costs less than a liter of regular gasoline, and even less than diesel. We had a little Swiss money left over from last year, maybe all we need for this quick trip across the country from north to south.

The little Swiss towns are not as appealing or touristy as little towns in France or Germany, but everything is perfectly clean and neat. The farms and fields, with houses nestled next to the mountains, and with a castle above, now that is impressive.

We stopped for breakfast along the road. Emmy usually has "Swiss-Miss" cocoa (from the US!) with a little instant coffee, she still has "schinken" (she bought in Luxembourg) on bread, and usually orange or apricot juice. Jim has more of an assortment—nuts, cheese, dates, peanut butter, bread, honey, orange or pineapple juice, and ovaltine. That's not really roughing it, is it? When we can find it, the cheese is English Cheddar, or the Velveta found mostly in Germany, or the similar Laughing Cow (that really is the name of a cheese). Laughing Cow is a smooth white cheese to spread on bread. European Velveta doesn't taste or look at all like the Velveta at home, but it's very good, better than Laughing Cow.

Walked through Solothurn and enjoyed the old buildings, the church, and the clock towers. Just a pleasant old town, mainly closed on Sunday, of course. In this part of Switzerland, the little picturesque towns are filled with very neat farmhouse-barn type of buildings. It's one building, but the roof, the outside walls, and the paint job are different for the barn part and the house part. In Switzerland, of course, the pile of manure is usually closer to the barn, and the flowers are closer to the house.

We drove past a large new, very modern shopping center named "Shopyland" with a picture of a very ugly big bird on their sign. It was closed or we would have visited. We like to see how the people live and what they live with. Spent some time in Bern, just walked for awhile. We really enjoy this town, but with everything closed, and since we have been here many times over the years, not much time need be spent, we just like to get the "flavor" of a place. Just drove around in our favorite little town of Thun, and could see the snow-capped mountains in the distance.

This time we drove along the north side of the Thuner See and on to Interlaken (that means between the lakes, which are the Thuner See and Briener See) rather than drive along the south side and through Spiez. Interlaken is not a town for tourists to visit, but a town where tourists stay while visiting the rest of this part of the world. We bought some bread in Interlaken, then drove on to Lauterbrunnen where we visited a few months ago. Found it was not nearly as beautiful as it had been last fall, with the leaves in color.

Grindelwald was also more beautiful last fall, but still colorful, with excellent scenery on all sides. There are still some skiers around, and the lifts are still working, but the snow is high in the mountains. This time we stayed at the same campsite as we did last October. At that time the man said he expected 250

trailers the following week, and they would be here until spring, when they leave and the summer people arrive.

Well, the winter people are still here, but they will leave in a week or so. Most of the trailers had a vestibule, built to keep heat inside the unit. They have a large (for trailers) heating unit, and they all had several cables or chains attached from the trailer to stakes driven into the ground, so the Grindelwald wind would not blow them away. The black and white goat and the cows in the field next door last year, are not there now, maybe they return later in the year.

**CH, Grindelwald, Apr 3, Mon - 9 - 20SF - 130 - 1,494**

The campsite owner said it cost 700 SF (\$466) to park a trailer in Grindelwald from November to April. He said there was good skiing through January and February, but now they must ski higher in the mountains.

For a change, we ate breakfast while still in the campsite. (Must make sure that doesn't become a habit!) Earlier this morning the sun was bright and there were no clouds, but it was getting cloudy as we left. There were tiny white flowers in the fields near the Grindelwald campsite, but a half hour later, on the south side of the Thuner See, the fields are colored with tiny yellow flowers.

There is more than one Swiss mountain pass we could cross to get to Italy from here, but the roads over the passes nearest here are still closed because of snow. Rather than drive far to the west, then return east once we are south of these mountains, we drove to Kandersteg and caught the special train to Goppenstein. This is a train of flat cars, with a ramp leading from car to car. We drive on and park right in back of the next vehicle, then the train goes through a tunnel south of Goppenstein, through the mountains, about a 12 minute ride, saved a four or more, hours drive!

This train will go through three tunnels, between here and Italy, and we (with the RV) can ride through one, two, or three, depending on where we are going, and how long we want to stay on the train. We used one of these three tunnels, driving north from Italy, one other year, and have used this method of getting through mountain passes several times over the years. On our first trip, in 1970, we rode a tunnel train twice.

As soon as we drove off the train, it was obvious we were in a different section of Switzerland, the Italian part. The houses and the buildings are designed differently from those in the German part of the country, and both are different from the French section. While the Italian part of Switzerland is much neater than most of Italy, it's different from the other parts of Switzerland. The three cultures and languages appear to work together OK in this country, but there are still problems sometimes.

We drove past the town of Visp, where the road leads toward the town of Tasch, and on to the Matterhorn. The weather has been excellent the other times we have visited Zermatt and the Matterhorn, so no sense in spoiling our record by visiting in this weather, so on the Italy we will go.

Spent a month in Italy including, but not limited to, Milano, Venice, (the country of) San Marino, Florence and Rome, then south along the western coast of Italy, to catch a ferry to Sicily. Toured along the "foot" of Italy from the toe to the heel, and camped on a ship for our trip to Greece.

A month was spent in Greece, including a cruise to several Greek Islands with a stop in Turkey. Another cruise went to Istanbul, and into the Black Sea to Odessa and Yalta, Soviet Union.

After several more days in Greece we spent 10 days traveling the western part of Yugoslavia, from the Greek border to Austria. We re-entered Germany for a night or two, then into France, and back to Toni's in Mettlach. We returned to the US on July 2.