

Please note: The file is executable on Windows computers. It has 5 seconds for each picture, but you can pause and continue. The numbers in the text refer to the picture number as taken originally, and marked on the photo. We obviously have many we have not included, so as to make the slideshow size manageable, but will happily share. Please follow along using this document.

It all started almost two years before – with the idea of Hans & Carol Niederer putting together a tour of Switzerland for the CNY Porsche Club. Those who attended will never forget it, and are well aware that no individual could possibly get so broad a tour of anywhere through commercial means. Hans & Carol exceeded everyone's wildest hopes, and we had a HOOT! Two couples from the group, including Joe & Lynne, decided to spend an added week each in Europe after the rest departed for home. This photo montage is their record, and there is another called "16 Euros" which includes their extra week. Some had traveled to JFK via a limo service, and would return the same way. But for the split off couples, that was unworkable, and they took alternative means. And since most viewers of this will have seen the US, the photos will reflect Europe only. We hope you enjoy the trips.

8/8/06 0468 We 21 souls arrived in Zurich after a long flight, and boarded our bus after the lost and left behind luggage was dealt with. 0475 A pretty and typical scene in the rolling hills of Switzerland on the way to our "home base" of Appenzell in the northeast corner of the country. 0476 If there were five houses together as a group, they had a church with a tall steeple, prompting Joe to eventually remark "... if I see one more church, I'll know it's a village". 0486 We arrive in Appenzell, exhausted but excited. Little did we realize... 0488 as we queued up for our rooms outside the Gasthaus Hof what a fun and unusual time we had in store. 0493 The Appenzell Town Square, where they still vote for town decisions by show of hands to this day. A pretty and lively place where some of the NEATEST cars rolled by. We saw tons the entire time we were in Europe, and both Chuck Gladle and Joe lamented their rarity in the States, though we were surprised at the number of Cayenne's, especially with gas at almost \$6 US per gallon. No fewer than 6 BMW M3's and 3 Audi RS cars, including two Avants, passed here. And they do know how to drive, as you will see...

8/9/06 0503 We rode the bus, as we would do for all except four days through the first two weeks with the group, and went thru Gonten and on to Urnasch for the Appenzell Folk Museum. Appenzell seemed to have a flowerbox competition, and each display was more stunning than the last. 0548 Check out the colors! Their folk costumes are equally as bright, and date back hundreds of years. Note the three large cowbells in the window. They are VERY expensive, and are used in the springtime festival and ritual of the farmers leading their animals to the mountain grasses for the summer. Very little gets wasted here; even the roofing ceramics and cemetery plots are re-used. 0558 A typical road scene as we headed up toward Schwagalp Santis, the mountain nearest to Appenzell. The roads snake through tight switchbacks and steep inclines (and declines, to be sure) toward rugged cathedral peaks. More than a few of the bus riders were startled to see how steep the dropoffs, noting that we were often looking DOWN on the tops of 100' high trees only ten feet away. 0570 At the cable car base of Santis. The weather was not ideal for viewing, but may have been a blessing for some of the more skittish of our group. But the view was nonetheless inspiring. 0572 Again from the base station. Note the two dots in the middle of the picture; they are the two cable cars – one going up, the other down, to the tower you can just make out in the cloud at center top. Pretty impressive, and we all wondered how they put the first cable up to begin with. 0576 The view looking back to the base as we rode up on the cable car. Some refused to go. Their loss. 0619 Peering from the cable car as we rode over the tower rollers, with a bump which made MOST of us a little nervous, down into the abyss from above the clouds at Santis. While there, we visited the restaurant (hard to believe, but they cart food and drink up all the time), and Hans introduced us to his favorite repast – Caffé Luz (pronounced caffey-lootz) though Joe heard it as "Loops" with good reason – it has a splash of coffee and a glass full of schnapz! 0625 Looking back up as we descended from Santis. 0628 Looking down at the cable car base. It's there somewhere – can you find it? Stunning view, and more to come. 0634 There it is, just above the row of cars, as viewed from a little lower. The base restaurant, hotel and lodge are just to the right of center, with the red tables out front. People actually ski this monster. And HIKE and RIDE BIKES on it! 0640 Lynne does merely the first of her many "walkabouts" to commune with the local flora and fauna. Meet Bessie, source of your less-aerated Swiss Cheese. Actually, according to the Museum people, they have to ADD air pockets to the cheese before export to the USA, simply because we expect more holes than it would otherwise have by natural fermentation. Silly, right? But seemingly true. I guess we think we get more volume for less money or something... 0649 On the way back to Gasthaus Hof, we met a biker coming up, taking the natural quick line, as you can see. They do seem to enjoy it, and this would be one HELL of a nice road to climb in a Porsche! 0651 See what I mean? We all swore the cows must have legs on one side shorter than the other. 0663 The Bride of Chuckie, and Chuckie himself, check out one of the innumerable flower displays. 0671 Another of Lynne's walkabouts – a cemetery. They don't look very old, like our Colonial period gravesites, because they exhume bodies after 25 years and cremate them, allowing the plot to be used by another. They even re-use the stone markers by re-facing and carving them. But it really is not so weird when you consider the severe limit on flat land which could be used for other purposes. It allows a respectful internment, without consuming resources needlessly. Pragmatic, which pretty well described Joe's impression of the whole of Switzerland. Few Puritans of any ilk in charge, yet devoutly nationalistic. Every male citizen must join the military for some significant portion of their life, and literally takes their gun and ammo home with them. We met a few. We saw numerous shooting ranges where they are required to practice, and were mock strafed by some jets later in the trip. And those guys know what they are doing – those clouds have big rocks in them. 0674 Construction seemed to be everywhere. And these guys have special issues; nobody lifts any weight – they have machines for that. But they perch precariously on what have to be soft edges of

straight-dropoff roads, creating real narrow lanes thru which the traffic passes gingerly, with nary a spare paint job of extra space. The passages through towns, constructed long before anyone gave a thought to tourist busses, were so narrow Joe would be hard pressed to drive a compact car. But Roman, our driver, unerringly threaded our monster bus without hitting a thing. Short curly clearances you may rest assured. An invigorating day, but a tiring one as well. Tomorrow would be longer.

8/10/06 0694 Today would be a long day, covering Landquart, Schiers, Kloster Platz, Davos Dorf, Fluela Pass (to 7300 ft with a 11% grade), Susch/Suz, Zernez, Zouz, St. Moritz, Silvaplana, Julier Pass, Tiefencastle, Lenzerheide, Chur and back. At the end of the day, Hans announced that his friend's wife, who spoke no english, would run a contest. We had to guess the total distance we drove that day, in miles, and we would have "prizes" at the final dinner to announce the "winners". Joe used a calculator and map to cheat, but included more roads than actually used, so was out of the points. The real amount was 214 miles. It was a long day. A first highlight was this "Girl's School", which we subsequently discovered was actually for BAD girls. A few of the men volunteered to visit. Speaking of which, they have an odd varience on commercial TV – at midnight, more than a few stations everywhere we went had soft-core porn – full frontal nudity, with little left to the imagination. One particular program was so absurd that we simply could not bring ourselves to change the channel – sort of like watching a train wreck. A scantily (and we do mean scantily) clad blonde was hawking for people to call in with the answers to a group of automobile marques. Already listed when we arrived were Porsche, BMW, Rolls Royce and Pontiac. There were two left. Someone soon called in with Jaguar, leaving only a single brand to name. No rocket science this, we could not believe how long it seemed to take for someone to call with the answer, even after the bimbo had dropped the hints that it was a British five letter name, starting with RO and ending with ER. So we figured we HAD to see how this turned out. Meanwhile, the blonde was stuffing oversized Euro notes into her panties, such that they protruded from both sides in front, while she kept saying "Los, Los, Los..." and pleading for people to call on what seemed to be dead phone lines. At the same time, this obviously over-endowed woman was being photographed with the same close-up approach as used by the F1 "curb-bouncer" slo-mo's, projected onto the background of this woman in "green-screen" fashion. Blatant is a little too understated. She is jumping around in cloth which, by all physics that Joe understands, should have departed her "peaks" long ago. Obviously, this outfit was not intended for swimming. As her pleading continued, and the camera zooms got even more explicit, she feigned modesty in covering her crotch every time the zoom went there, even while she was displaying her attributes as if in neon to drive the prize total up. Not speaking any german, we could only surmise that the microscopic notes in the lower left said that there was a connect fee of about a half buck to "guess". Needless to say, there was the source for this charade. But at PRECISELY midnight, after almost 1.5 hours of this tedium we couldn't turn away from, off came her top. And with the stability of the Brooklyn Bridge, her endowment made no more motion either on its departure. Radical. And funny as hell. One wonders when we can expect to see programming like this on the Fox channel. 0715 One of many examples of building out from the mountain when there was no place to cut in, these semi-bridges are evident throughout the trip. 0718 Through much of the countryside, homes and buildings seem to be placed as though a random distributor was used, with the only seeming commonality being a desire to avoid contact with others living nearby. 0739 A pastoral view on our way to Davos for lunch. 0767 The Fluela Pass. 0777 Roman takes a picture of Joe & Lynne during a potty break on the Fluela Pass. 0791 Further along the Fluela Pass. The thin line at center above the stream is the road. Note the snow-capped peaks at the upper right. 0873 These steeples were all over, in the oddest places. Like the Fluela Pass. 0899 In Davos for coffee. The road signs in Europe are a little unusual. Whereas we note the road name or number and its direction, as well as the next big town (which is usually past your destination), they do no such thing. Instead, they note the next village of any size, and most are not even shown on the country maps we have, and could only be found with our equivalent of a county map. So unless you know exactly your route, which sort of makes the signage redundant, on a cloudy day you haven't a clue which way you are headed. Happened to Joe & Lynne when in their rental car often. We did go to St. Moritz, and unfortunately the memorable observed was captured as a video which cannot be included here – a bocce game played by people who really know the game, and who argued points like real Italians. A blast to watch. Sort of like Curling, without ice and brooms. 0969 "In Europe, everybody's got a castle. The place is full of them". If you don't know that line, you MUST see Eddie Izzard – *Circle and Dress to Kill*. Brit comedy to die for. By the way; on this day for the first of about five times, we would drive within 100 feet of the border with Austria. Yet we never went there. But we did go to Lichtenstein, where some of us got our passports stamped. Austria could have been a short side visit. Only Roddys went, though.

8/11/06 1023 If you think the Christian Right has political power TODAY... Inside the baroque style monastic cathedral of St. Galen, one of two we would visit. Unfortunately, we were largely forbidden to take many pictures, especially in the Library of the Monastery. Whatever one thinks of the relative power of the church, it also represented the only means by which most of the medieval manuscripts we have today were kept from destruction, by one marauding conquerer or another. 1050 The bear is a symbolic icon in the St. Galen area, and there were more than a dozen in a variety of poses, brightly painted and often with some specific sponsorship. Sort of like our "Adopt a Highway" program. This one was just outside the Lutheran church, which pales alongside the Abbey Cathedral, but represents more of the populace. Also outside that church Joe helped a man who was having an obvious heart attack. We hope he survived. This particular statue is sponsored by Swissair, and purports to represent a flight attendant (we told you they are not Puritans). Imagine how long such a thing would last in almost any US city. 1051 A well preserved and restored section of the old walled city of St. Galen, this represents the architectural style of the area well. Beneath the residential floors are typically small shops, one of which was a Chocolateria which also functioned as an Information disbursal location. Many of us imbibed our sweet teeth, drank the Swiss form of coffee, which is akin to light espresso, and planned our assault on the city with the free maps and literature they gave to Joe for each of our couples.

8/12/06 1077 Appenzell again, the rear of the Gasthaus Hof. Today is the annual Landlerfest, and Hans is eager for us to see his favorite band of the forty or so which will perform for about two hours on a rotating basis between cafes and tents scattered throughout the village, WELL into the wee (whee?) hours. Needless to say, their beer (bier) flowed. But it is interesting to note that in the traditionally beer heavy regions of Switzerland and Germany, unlike that here in the US, the blood alcohol limit for driving is ZERO. They take their personal responsibility seriously, as we would observe repeatedly throughout our travels. 1088 Weather was mixed – from showers to sun – so the tents were welcome, though stuffy at first. But we warmed to them quickly once we realized we could unzip the sides. Unfortunately, the Swiss hate drafts, so we got a few odd looks until Hans explained, and we did a “when in Rome”. Usually, there was a tent for the music, and a separated one for the fixin’s, but not always. And people came from miles around, while the locals dressed in traditional garb, obviously handed down through generations. It seemed to be an honor for most who were able to wear the outfits, and contribute to the festivities; from the maids selling the one or two day tickets to the children selling raffle tickets. Not in any special garb, but nonetheless working hard, were the many vendors of food and beverages, with the traditional offerings of each café involved (and most were), to the tent peddlers with a limited but robust menu of bier, brats, schnitzel, bier, brot (bread), bier, café luz, and did I mention bier? 1101 Called The Swiss Landler Gamblers, the five man band pictured was easily Hans’ favorite, and with good reason. With the specific exception of exactly one person in the entire tent, we Americans were welcomed, feted, entertained, and tolerated (the Swiss are a lot less demonstrative than most of us) throughout our entire visit. The band had four members who played at least three instruments each, and the guy on the far left was literally a one-man band himself, playing string, woodwind, brass, percussion, piano and accordion at least! And his sax solo of the Benny Hill theme was so outstanding that Joe jumped up and started fast-stepping like a BH trailer looking for half-naked women to chase around. It was a scream. Our group was front and center, and the band gave us a specific welcome. It was obvious that their leader has been to the US himself, and liked it. We felt honored to be there. 1111 It just seemed appropriate, somehow, to take pictures of Hans taking pictures himself. The trip exceeded our wildest imaginations, and Hans and Carol were the real reason for its success. We know his remark that our expressions of joy had been preceded by his feelings of dread that something might go wrong were probably honest. But he and Carol really never had a thing to worry about. Like the comment in the movie *Jerry McGuire*, they had us at “Hello”. 1120 Some of the kids selling raffle tickets. These are not Wal-Mart halloween costumes – check out the ornate metalware. 1124 You can see we really got into the spirit of the event, though many of us were exhausted from the previous days. 1134 Joe & Lynne “try” to lift the huge fry pan they used to fix the brats, veal and other delicacies we consumed that day. Despite a diet rich in fried foods, salted meats and starches, the populace is startlingly slender. They also smoke a lot, which might have some impact. 1174 Another of Lynne’s “walkabouts”, this time in Appenzell itself. 1194 Three Alpenhorn players at the Landlerfest. These suckers are heavy, unwieldy, and handmade. Along with yodelers, when these were in harmony it was a melodious treat.

8/13/06 Today Lynne found out just how many pictures could be taken before the batteries died – over six hundred! We will spare you most, as they ran to her herbal and cultural anthropology collections in large measure. And we thank Joe’s sister for the use of her camera, which did a yeoman’s job. Intended to be another long day with visits to Hembberg, Wattwil, Gommiswald, Jona, Rapperswil, Lake (lochen) Zurich, Sibnen and the restaurant we ate at in Schafli, Glarus, and Walensee (the deepest and coldest lake in Switzerland, where we saw an airshow from ABOVE the planes!), with a stop at Werdenberg, a well preserved old village which, unfortunately for Joe, had no rest rooms. It turned out to be our only real mis-communication point as Lynne went on another walkabout, while Hans forgot to tell us we had only half an hour, while all prior stops had been at least a full hour 1203 Sadly, the weather was miserable. But we had dodged a few bullets to that point, so we really had no gripes coming, and little that we saw was all that remarkable except as noted. Poor Hans felt bad, but we all agreed it was inevitable, and we were not at all disappointed. 1226 Some of us were really nervous on some steep downhill stretches, but Roman was in control at all times. 1276 Along the way, we stopped to see a garden maintained by two elderly women which is simply fabulous, with models of their own home, plus castles, ducks, and TONS of flowers. 1334 We soon arrived at Lake Zurich, which stretches all the way to the city. We might have been able to see it save for the weather, which continued all day. 1362 If not for the weather, this and most of today’s shots would have been stunning. They really were, in fact, but you just can’t see them for all the low clouds. 1422 Next up was Lake Walen, or Walensee as referred by the Swiss. The deepest and coldest lake in the country. The hills on either side pretty well explain why in both cases. 1444 We stopped at a variety of places owned by friends of Hans and Carol for meals and drinks (and potty) throughout the entire trip, often above the clouds on such days as weather supported. We soon started to kid Hans that perhaps there were no restaurants in Switzerland whose owners were NOT friends of his, either before, or perhaps AFTER, our visits. But the food, drink and atmosphere at all could not have been better, and we met some really interesting people along the way. We generally found that, whatever our American tastes, our palettes were well served by local fare everywhere we went. 1467 Of course, not everywhere we went was in the stratosphere, and even on poor days the views were still spectacular. 1479 – 1501 It is hard to see them in the pictures because they are as grey as the clouds, but as we climbed out from Walensee, the Swiss Air Force was having an airshow with their propeller aircraft (trainers, etc.). An odd feeling to look DOWN from a bus to the top of a flying airplane. 1678 – 1730 The well-preserved old village and castle of Werdenberg, where Lynne went walkabout, much to the consternation of Hans, who wound up sending search parties to return her, about half an hour after everyone else was on the bus, but just about the same time he had told us we had at every other stop EXCEPT this one. Needless to say, THAT was never repeated. 1754 Period costumes for the village. We then returned to Gasthaus Hof for our last night before our four days away by trains. Most of us were exhausted, and happy we did not have to be out at 6 AM again. But many of us were also apprehensive – by now we had heard of the foiled plot to blow up airliners bound for the USA from Heathrow, and we were nervous about the implications for our return flights.

8/14/06 1847 A late breakfast and packing to leave much of our luggage at the Gasthaus Hof. They had been terrific hosts, and we were venturing into the unknown. Again. On tap was a bus ride to Chur (pronounced Coor) where we would pick up the Glacier Express, a fabulous excursion train which would take us in luxury panoramic viewing cars, and with a really nice meal (if you've had one on Amtrak, let's just say they do not compare. At all!). After about five hours our destination would be Zermatt, in the south center of Switzerland. There we would be introduced to The Matterhorn... To call the ride stunning would be the epitome of understatement. 1891 The road to Chur. After the prior day's weather, the blue sky was a welcome sight, though we really had little right to complain. It had been almost perfect otherwise. 1898 Crane; the national bird of Switzerland. We saw literally hundreds. This particular one was a beaut – parked in the only place Roman could go to get to the Chur train station, and the one place he had to back to jockey the bus to make a turn. For a busy city, traffic seemed to be tolerant of the delay that caused, and gave him enough room to 'git-er-dun'. He was simply amazing, and most of the Swiss were laid back and patient. Except Hans. His political diatribes, often spoken in Deutsche to us, and in English to Roman, each of whom understood none of it, were a scream. But we got to yelling for Hans to "... Tell us how you REALLY feel!" You had to be there. And those who were would not have missed it for the world, though a few in the group were about to get a LITTLE nervous over the next five hours. 1901 So, after bidding 'Auf Wiedersein' to Roman, we trundled off with our overnight bags to spend the next four days on anything BUT our private bus. 1903 Once on the Glacier Express, we were not five minutes from the start when the train stopped suddenly and stayed there for a half hour. Very unlike the Swiss, whose excellent watches could be set by their rail schedule adherence. But we had the view here to the north side of the train, while the south side had a switchyard and some other track. We still do not know the particulars, but it seems that a woman in the car ahead of us somehow managed to break her leg, so they had to wait for an ambulance, and of course all the forms to be filled out. The Swiss are also very organized and official. Eventually we got going, but the lull allowed us to have an excellent dinner (dinner there is actually served at what we call lunchtime, then they have a smaller meal before bed), without the jostle of the train, though the ride was actually quite smooth throughout. 1928 This lady was quite the hit. Burly and extroverted, she seemed to relish pouring schnapz from as high as possible on a moving train into a shot glass. Not perfectly, but better than fair. And this shows the configuration of a panorama car. They were brand new in 2006, and showed it. 1932 This was a fairly typical view over much of the run to Zermatt. The weather was very cooperative, almost surprisingly given the prior day's gloom, and could not have been more timely. 1983 Our first glimpse of truly permanent snow capped Alp, but far from our last. And Joe's first personal observation of a natural phenomena he had only seen in pictures of the Himalayas. Note the clouds. The air held enough moisture that, as open air moved over the peak, clouds would form on the lee side, an impressive sight to witness. Like exhaling on a cold morning. 1994 – 2255 It is hard to believe so magnificent a journey could be culled into so few pictures. But we had to draw a line somewhere. You can tell from the shot numbers, though, that the cameras were busy. There were more to come. 2273 Throughout the trip we wondered about how they built some of the infrastructure which allowed us to observe this majesty. Especially in the early days before earth movers and aircraft. Well, in this case, Mom Earth bit back, dumping a huge side of a mountain into a narrow ravine twelve years earlier, thereby destroying the river, powerlines, road and rail which passed thru. So the Swiss simply carved a chunk from the opposite mountain, putting in concave concrete (which would compress under pressure, so not collapse) and ran all the services around the rockfall. Pragmatic. 2286 Same old, same old... Hans was repeatedly asked whether each new mountain we saw was not the Matterhorn, and he finally in exasperation told us we would not actually be able to see it until we departed from the train in Zermatt. It was worth the wait. 2297 We have finally made it, and stepping off the train, asked "So where's the Matterhorn?". 2299 Joe, a taxi, and the Zermatt train station, which was opposite our hotel, all nestled beneath the local "hills". 2304 Under a hazy sky, and remembering the prior day's weather, we adjoined to a local restaurant (another friend of Hans?). Their menu showed the Kantons of Switzerland, like our states, and their coats of arms. It had been a long day and all were exhausted but exhilarated as well. Tomorrow we would get to see The Matterhorn!

8/15/06 A Tuesday, like almost any other day. Joe awakens at 4 AM, and happens to look out the window. The street is dark, save for the lights in the rail station. But there is not a cloud in the sky. And looming above all, reflecting back an almost full moon... 2308 – 2311 Unfortunately, the low light caused the shutter open time to make blurred pictures. But just look at the sunrise equivalent shot 2312 and you will understand. Simply Awesome. The Matterhorn in all her finery. 2318 The weather could not have been better. We split into two groups; those who had concerns about the thin air at $\frac{3}{4}$ up the Matterhorn by cable car instead took the Gronnegut Cog Railway. Joe and Lynne were in the latter group, so the rest of today's pictures will not include any of the cable car group experience. As we started up at a steep incline, the view across the valley was heavenly... 2326 – 2371 Up to the top of Gronnegut, and the view is spectacular. Lynne climbed the added 20 feet or so to the actual top, with Joe only about half way before deciding the effort was not worth it – the view was impressive, especially looking back on the cog rail station and Matterhorn. 2387 – 2388 Time to go back down. Clouds were starting to form around the top of Matterhorn, an eerie sight in a cloudless sky. We were struck by the number of hikers, many of whom had used no mechanical means whatsoever to get there. And the lodge at the top is also a hotel and restaurant, where we ate dinner while there. 2402 More great view. 2410 A single cog rail car, which seemed to make trips only between the mid-level hotel and the top until late at night, when it made the final full runs to get the revelers into their beds – from DOWN in Zermatt. Check out the slope, and the dropoff behind. 2413 Our hotel. Note the flower boxes. 2424 - 2493 Although Hans had given us no such indication, we arrived back down in Zermatt to a parade which could not possibly be a daily event. It eventually stretched far longer than Zermatt itself, displaying bands, festival garb, people with cowbells jangling, children tossing goodies, Rescue Dogs (they were HUGE) and alpenhorn players, more bands, and lots of carts of various styles and sizes. Again, far more pictures than we could possibly include here. Tomorrow we head for Interlaken and Lucerne.

8/16/06 Today would be a three-train day, dragging our luggage between, only to discover at the end we had an eight block walk to our hotel in Lucerne. So it was a relatively light day for pictures. But not for surprises. 2558 - 2568 The run from Zermatt to Interlaken took one train; first to take us back out of Zermatt the way we had come in, then to cross the pass north toward Interlaken where we would meet another train in Brienz. Along the way we observed about a dozen brightly-colored hang gliders leaping from a small clearing on the mountain across the lake, but they were too far distant to get good photos. Interlaken is actually a land mass within a single lake, which necks down to a water passage barely wide enough for the ship pictured here, but the lake water is not a river at this point. 2569 Leaving on another train which would climb over another mountain pass, we were suddenly “buzzed” (ROARED would be far more appropriate a word) by two Swiss fighters practicing their low-level passes. It is one thing to do that over the Adirondacs, as our Syracuse-based F-16’s do. But the Swiss rocks go a little bit higher, and are often shrouded in clouds. Not a healthy prospect. Yet one must admire their steadfast determination to remain independent, and therefore neutral. And they back it up with real capability, not mere words. There were many examples of tank traps left over from WWII which they had installed to make the cost to Adolf Hitler not worth the benefit, and they worked well, remaining the ONLY large country in western Europe which the Nazis did not attack or annex, besides Portugal. Their standing army is pretty much EVERYBODY. 2582 Another cog rail climb at the edge of an abyss. 2591 The rolling hills of central Switzerland, with castles everywhere. Eddie Izzard is right. 2595 Hergiswil, where we boarded our third train for the day to ride to Lucerne. 2597 The Lucerne Bahnhof, or rail station. Like the Zurich Bahnhof, a great girl-watching venue. Lucerne actually produces nothing, so they depend on tourism, and it shows throughout. Now for the long traipse to our hotel. Even Hans was forced to ask for directions. Joe took the opportunity to obtain a local bus and tram map, the easiest to decypher he has found anywhere in the world. That helped more than a few of we tired souls the following night when we had no energy left after the Stadtkeller (more on that soon) to get the 15 blocks or so to the hotel for 2 CHF each, about a buck and a half. Well worth it.

8/17/06 The day dawned pleasantly, which was nice. On tap were a walking tour of Lucerne followed by a paddlewheel boat tour of Lake Lucerne (called Wierwaldstattersee), followed by a night of revelry at the aforementioned Stadtkeller, a ribald folk haus which feeds and entertains with traditional Swiss music (accordion & brass with bass viola, yodeling and alpenhorns) plus their own form of sexism as entertainment. 2618 Lynne found this during one of her walkabouts before the boat tour. Sadly most of the shots there turned out poorly, especially those of the “cowlick”, which was a scream. Dressed in a cow suit, with a HUGE tongue, this guy ran all through the hall grabbing all the pretty young girls so he could plant a “lick” on them. It was funny as hell, especially for the seemingly “reserved” Swiss. 2665 Typical Lucerne architecture and canals, with low walk bridges, so even lower boats which must pass beneath them. 2670 The famous covered wood walk bridge in the center of town was tragically destroyed by fire in the early 1990’s, but rebuilt to original specs. 2684 - 2689 We sailed on the steam paddlewheeler from the dock opposite the Bahnhof in Lucerne. Many of us went to the shaded upper rear deck, from which these shots and others were taken, only to be told about a half hour into the tour that it was first-class, and we were second-class citizens apparently. No big deal. It was pleasant to be out in the cool breezes but in the shade. 2693 Lynne stands above the open frame of the operating steam engine, a two cylinder reciprocating unit. Except for a thin oil film, everything glistened, and you could have eaten off the floors in the engine room. 2698 – 2708 Just a few of the splendid scenes we observed, including a huge Swiss flag of cloth on the side of a cliff. 2731 – 2757 The only two photos from the Stadtkeller even worth looking at; bowl harmonizers with a yodeling lady, and the PCA group watching the show. Sorry. We had fun, though, and returned to our hotel hoarse and exhausted. Tomorrow we would visit a Monastery and return to Gasthaus Hof.

8/18/06 Roman picked us up at the hotel in Lucerne on a short leash – there was no place to park the bus so we all had to be ready to roll when he arrived, which we were and did. The day dawned again with low clouds, but at least mostly dry, and it cleared a little through the day. The drive took us along one side of Wierwaldstattersee, a long and twisting lake with high sides. And we passed many of the places we had seen from the boat the previous day, plus the memorial to Wilhelm (William) Tell, as we headed toward our lunch location, then on to the Monastery at Einsiedeln. Carol had asked that we wear long pants and sleeves out of respect, and said that pictures inside the chapel were fine. When we got there, a large group of high-schoolers, almost two thirds girls, were finishing their visit. They were rowdy, many in shorts, and were a nice counterpoint to the almost dead silence of the place. And the signs adamantly proclaimed NO PICTURES! Sorry again. The place was the textbook definition of baroque. 2768 - 2783 A series of shots along the meandering lake on our way toward the Monastery, before we stopped at the memorial. As you can see, the day started with low clouds, but it got better. 2797 Note the open but roofed roadway along the cliff. This is typical construction, as a means of protecting traffic from avalanches. 2802 – 2804 The memorial to Wilhelm Tell, whose legend seems to be true – a crazy but powerful abbot heard about his prowess with a crossbow, so forced him to shoot an apple from his son’s head. After which he shot and killed the abbot. Poetic, right? 2812 Think Luigi from the movie *Cars*. There were a Ferrari Testarossa and a Maserati in the shop, as well as the toys etc. you can see. Putting small cars on roofs to advertise was a widespread practice. 2827 Speaking of cars, Chuck and Joe checked out this latest MX-5, which was on display at a lovely restaurant atop a hill overlooking two gorgeous valleys. All except Joe ate inside and missed the pastoral pleasantries of their patio. Again, we are sorry there are NO pictures of the Monastery, which was truly remarkable. 2844 On the way back to Appenzell we stopped at the restaurant of another relative of Hans for drinks, and to be entertained by the owner and his accordion. Hard to believe, but they can cost up to \$30,000 or more, and players are seemingly well-paid for performing. 2948 That night the group was treated to the musical talents of Carol and Hans at the restaurant owned by Roman’s brother, four doors from the Gasthaus Hof. They were astounding.

8/19/06 Today would be Schaffhausen and the Rhinefall waterfalls, the highest falls on the Rhine River. The similarities to the Niagara Falls commercialism were obvious. While not as spectacular as Niagara, Rhinefall was a nonetheless beautiful site. 3056 We approach the parking area above the falls park, and see the Rhine for the first time. We are actually within two miles of Germany, which we would also see across the Bodensee (Lake Constance) later that day as well. 3059 Down the steps to the rest rooms in the building shown at right, then cross the foot bridge shown at center left to watch from the café and souvenir shop shown at center with the watchtower. Their equivalent of “Maid of the Mist” is the small boats shown beneath the bridge which depart from there, and land people on the rocks in the middle of the falls. You can just see the boat at the lower river level disembarking passengers for their visit. 3060 You can see one of the boats crossing the river. Note the odd placement of the picture number. Just beneath that is a landing, unfortunately accessible only from the other (east) side of the river. For those who have been to the Niagara “Cave of the Winds”, this is a similar opportunity to stand in the spray from the falls. 3070 This is the fortress overlooking that landing. Homeland Security. There was a band or entertainment stage being setup while we were there which we, thankfully, did not stay to hear. We think they could hear the speakers in Italy, the other side of Switzerland. It detracted from the pastoral quality of the falls, but if you have been to Niagara, that is nothing new. 3090 – 3114 Lynne again went walkabout, and got some nice shots of the Rhine above the falls (it flows north through Germany, having started in the Julier Pass), a watchtower, and the caverns within. 3129 Entryway to Stein am Rhein, or Rock of the Rhine, a walled city preserved much as it had been in medieval times. 3131 A typical street in the walled city. While Lynne toured a museum 3133 – 3143 showing how they lived during the period, Joe parked on a bench opposite the busy ice cream shop to do people watching, a very entertaining pastime. Then it was back to Appenzell, passing along the south shore of Bodensee.

8/20/06 Today was to have been a joyous romp into another country, Fürstentum Lichtenstein, which means Land of the Leader of Lichtenstein. A country so tiny, its currency is someone else’s – the Swiss Franc (CHF), though they do have some financial privacy laws even the Swiss do not comply with – telling the rest of the world to piss-off when they ask for financial records since 9/11, according to Hans. The Swiss are NOT members of EU, although most transactions were posted in both CHF and Euro pricing throughout the trip. 3203 The droplets on the window as we crossed the river which separates the two countries tells it all – the weather was miserable, and not a great send-off for our last full day there. Tomorrow morning most of the group would return to the USA with, or without, any liquids or carry-on items. No one was sure. The Roddys would take the train to Austria from Appenzell, so would not join us on the bus back to Zurich Lufthafen (airport), where Joe and Lynne would rent a car for their continued travels into Germany. To view that trip, please see the “16 Euros” files. 3211 It was hard to believe in a country so small that they needed much in the way of signage. We were on our way through Vaduz, which we would soon return to, on our way up the mountain to the 3257 Malbun ski area, where we stopped for drinks and potty break, but did not stay long. 3260 – 3263 The drive back down to Vaduz saw us pass from above, then thru, to beneath the clouds on wet roads, sometimes with less than a bus length visibility, over some of the steepest narrow roads, with other tour busses coming the opposite way. Didn’t faze Roman one bit. 3265 It is a Sunday, so they are having a festival when we arrive. It is raining cats and dogs, but they have imported sand and setup a beach volleyball competition between the Swiss and German players. Huh?! There was also a series of small shops, one of which reminded one of a JC Penney, with a little of everything. One of which was an excellent collection of models; cars, bikes, boats, trains, planes, you name it. And many were the good kind you will never find in the states. Unfortunately, given the unknowns re baggage, Joe opted to get only some Matchbox scale examples of Porsches and Smart cars, a really cute and functional product mix widely seen in Europe. They are surprisingly capable of highway speeds, but easy to park and cheap to run. The most popular, their first, is called For-Two, a real short two seater about the size of a golf cart but fully road worthy, and available as coupe or cabrio. For-Four is a similar car, but longer with seating for four. But their sports car, Smart-Roadster is totally unique. Very stylish, and available as removable fastback or notchback. The open top versions of all have an original Porsche Targa style rollbar, with the most flexible roof Joe has ever seen. Like a Renault 2CV (Deux Cheveaux), the “sunroof” is a canvas curtain which slides back to open, forward to latch closed. But the special feature of the Smart is that the two sides, holding the tracks for the curtain, are also removable, to result in a light, easily operated Targa top which folds compact like the original Butzi Porsche design, but gives the added advantage of not HAVING to stop to get open air motoring, yet flexible enough to be open from beltline to beltline, even with excellent rollover protection. Just neat! While in Vaduz, Lynne got her passport stamped so she could prove to her daughter, Jessica, that she had finally been to a country Jess had not! It would not be our last. Departing Vaduz and returning to Switzerland again on our way back to Appenzell for our last night there, we stopped for our farewell dinner at another restaurant owned by a friend of Hans. Hans was surprised as well to find his brother with his infant son, completely unplanned, there at the same time. The meal and revelry were fabulous, and we presented Hans & Carol as well as Roman with appreciation gifts for the opportunity to experience their country as we had. A truly remarkable journey. However, before we would leave for Gasthaus Hof, there was a final request. Hans told of his friend Hans (also) from early school, and was introduced as having been reunited with our Hans after many years. On hearing Carol refer to him as “honey”, he thought that was what his friends all called our Hans, to great guffaws from the group! His wife, a petite lady who had arranged the “mileage” competition earlier and awarded the prizes, including the “boobie” prize to Joyce Gladle for guessing the furthest from the truth at over 400 miles, then asked Chuck to help by watering a flowerbox she had brought. 3299 We all knew the lovely flowers we had seen were not raised that fast, but Chuck played along. 3302 The funny ‘growth’ was certainly not what we had expected, and 3306 we all said our goodbyes as the sun started to break thru the clouds. The remainder of the shots 3330 – 3454 were Switzerland’s way of reminding us what a beautiful country we had come to love, and the experiences we will cherish forever.