

## Switzerland 2

### Epilogue

Upon return to normalcy (now without the double quotes) in Los Alamos, we obviously stayed in contact with our Swiss friends, both those known from before the 1973-74 year and from during. We also became better acquainted with those Swiss who were stationed in Los Alamos while working as experimentalists at LAMPF. For one thing, that was a way of maintaining our spoken and written German. I have mentioned above one couple, Hans and Marianne Reist. They had a beautiful baby girl, Iris, who was no trouble at all. During an accelerator down time in 1975, the five of us even took a three-day road trip down to El Paso, Juarez, and White Sands. Another couple, Alex and Ursula Zehnder, ended up house-sitting for us during the summer semester of 1982 when we were stationed at the DOE in Maryland.

Naturally, we wanted to re-ignite those friendships, as well as our intrigue and appreciation of Swiss culture. As well as its progress on the medium-energy nuclear physics front. As you see from what follows, we were able to arrange many shorter-term visits to that country, often as an add-on to trips we made to other European countries.

### 1977, January

During my sabbatical semester at Stony Brook on Long Island, being already on the East Coast, it was natural to arrange a trip to Europe before we returned to Los Alamos. We flew to Zurich late in the evening on our wedding anniversary, January 19. After a stop in Geneva, the plane arrived in Zurich about 11:00 on Thursday. We took the bus into town, checked in at a hotel, and bought Abonnements for our train travel in Switzerland. We called the Grüebler to say we were still coming but would only stay there Friday night. We then walked around the town, and spent an hour at the Landesmuseum, our favorite museum. Then, after a dinner at a restaurant, we got back to our noisy hotel and hit the hay, tired.

Friday morning, after checking out and storing our bags, was largely spent making phone calls to arrange who we would be seeing when and where. We then picked up Helga Hilmer, Maggie's German teacher, now a friend, for lunch. Much talk – our German had not deteriorated much. In the afternoon we three went out to see the Bühler art collection in a large old house by the lake. Back in town, we parted with Helga, and soon after were picked up by Willy for the drive to Greifensee. At their house, we finally meet the younger boys. After Elsbeth's dinner, we were joined by the Bob and Priscilla Hardekopf, Americans from Los Alamos! They were in Switzerland for the year, and he was someone that Willy had worked with before. We didn't hardly know them, but so what?

After breakfast, Willy took us to the nearby train stop. Then, changing trains several times, we arrived in Pontresina to join the Dösseggers at the Hotel Languard (again!) for a week of skiing. We were greeted by Hans and Ortrud as we checked in – we had seen each other for almost three years. After

dumping our bags, we went to a nearby sports store to rent skis and boots for six days. Then dinner as usual, but this time at a table for four. We continued talking until Maggie and I began to nod off at 9:30 and thus went to bed.

The next day, with fresh snow and cloudy, we went with Hans to ski at Diavolezza, getting our ski-legs back on unfamiliar equipment. A good day followed by three rounds of Jass. All four of us skiing on a bright and clear Monday at Suvretta-Randolins by San Moritz. Maggie's boots were too tight, so when we got back at Pontresina she turned them in for a more comfortable pair at the sports store. On Tuesday we arranged to meet the D's at Fourcla-Surlej for lunch. We took the bus to Corvatsch and, no surprise, we were greeted by the same Italian lift operator from three years ago. It turned out our bus was a bit late, and the D's beat us there. We did a few runs together, then we split up and skied separately. A few runs later we rejoined them for lunch and another run or two afterwards. The next day, Wednesday, we skied by ourselves at Celerina and Corviglia, in flat light at first. On Thursday, all four of us went to ski at Fourschella-Sils. That evening I actually won at Jass. Our last day of skiing, Friday, was back at Diavolezza, again the four of us. We stopped early as it clouded over. On returning the skis and boots to the sports store, Maggie fell into conversation with a salesgirl, who asked her take a teddy bear back to her fiancé, who was working in Taos.

The Dösseggers had invited us to ride back with them to Basel, and we accepted. It was snowing and somewhat doubtful we could get over the Julierpass. But with chains on the car we did. It was easier going on the other side and, with chains off, through Tiefencastle to Chur. There, a coffee, and then by autobahn past Zurich and to Brugg, where we unloaded three large bags at the Rotes Haus, our favorite Brugg hotel. On to Basellandschaft, where we stopped to see their son Hans (and Carla and one-year-old Alan). In the evening to Basel and their house, sporting a new paint job since we saw it last. Supper was a Raclette with a Dorin wine, talking to midnight before bed.

Sunday was a day of leisure, with the four of us walking about in the old parts of town. In the afternoon we took a train back to Brugg and checked in at the Rotes Haus. In the evening Hans and Marianne Reist, our friends from their LAMPF days, joined us for dinner in the hotel's Weinstube. Maggie had a Bündnerteller and I had a Rehschitzel with Spätzli—very Swiss. The Reists left for home about 11:00.

The reason for coming to Brugg was to spend five days talking physics at SIN. That Monday evening we had dinner with the Reists at their apartment in Remigen near Villigen, where SIN is located. Dinner the next evening back at the Sommerhalden SIN apartments with Doug Collins and family. The next dinner party was at Felix and Ruth Englers and their newly adopted daughter in Oberrohrdorf. And the next dinner party, on Thursday, was at Nusret and Berrin Aksans in Baden. And another one with Frieder Lenz in the Stübli at the Rotes Haus. And the last one, on Saturday, again with the Reists. That is, a lot of catching up with our Swiss friends.

On Sunday, February 6, after packing up and some more shopping in the rain, we were picked up by the Dösseggers to head back to Basel. (They had been in Zurich to visit the Landesmuseum after dropping Hansli and Carla at the airport.) For dinner that evening Chäsechuechli (Swiss cheese tartlets) and more Jass. On Monday, with no museums open and the day being bright blue, we all went to Riehen by car and then we walked into Germany and up to Ötlingen and back. Returning to Basel, we had time for a light lunch and a nap. Then, at 5:30 Hans drove us all up to the Zuckschwerdts in

Hochwald. The two couples had never met, despite some overlap in the printing business. After some friendly talk, the D's left for home.

Catching up with the Z's, we learn that Kurt was about to take a job, essentially a big promotion, with a small firm in Zurich. Supper on Rösti, the kids to bed at 8:30, and we talk until 10:30. In Tuesday morning, in taking me to the tram stop in Dornach, Kurt had *two* flat tires, and that slowed things down for a while. Into Basel, I went to the university, where, after general physics talk with Thomas Schucan and others, I gave a seminar at 2:15 – I don't remember what it was about. Leaving soon after, I was able to get back to Dornach by 5:00. Kurt and Ruth arrived soon after to pick me up, with their car sporting a new tailpipe and two new (i.e., old) tires. After a fondue supper, they showed us slides of their recent trip to Egypt. You probably have recognized that the Zuckschwerdts did like to travel a lot, Kurt being an excellent planner and organizer of their next trips. On Wednesday we all went down to Basel. I got into a bureaucratic tangle having to do with something called R-82 forms. While Kurt took the kids to a doctor, we and Ruth went to the Kunstmuseum (art museum) to see the Tinguely exhibit, where everything moved. Then back up to "Hobbel," the local nickname for Hochwald. I played with the kids until supper, then we talked all the way up to 10:00 before retiring.

On February 10, 1977, Kurt drove us to the train station. We then left Switzerland, again having a great time there. We went back home to New Mexico by way of Germany and beyond, arriving in Los Almost on March 6.

### 1978, March

We were on the way to Moscow on an five-month exchange visit arranged through our and their Academies of Science. This is described in a separate essay entitled USSR.pdf, for those who might be interested. However to get to Moscow we, of course, needed visas. And, of course, they had not been delivered to us by mail before we were to arrive there on March 19. We were told that we would have to pick them up at a Soviet embassy in Europe. We eventually arranged that we could pick them at Bern, Switzerland. But who would know when that was possible?

So, we left to fly TWA to London Heathrow Airport from JFK on the evening of March 2. (We had been in New Jersey working with Wim Kloet on N-N scattering.) We figured that 17 days should be sufficient to get the visas in our actual hands before flying to Moscow on the 19<sup>th</sup>. And, those days would be nice to spend some time visiting SIN and all our Swiss friends. We finally made the transfer to the SwissAir flight to Zurich, arriving there before noon on Friday. We took the bus into town and got to the Hotel Limmathof in time to freshen up and take a nap.

We rose to discuss logistics of who to visit and when. Then we went to the Bahnhof (train station) to sort out trains and tickets. Back at the hotel, Helga Hilmer arrived at 6:00. We walked down to the lake and back, to have dinner at the Weisser Wind restaurant (we had been there before). We were back at the Limmathof and in bed by 10:30. So much for Friday.

We had originally thought to go to Basel to the Dösseggers for the weekend, but they begged off because of a cousin who was sick and needed to be taken to a hospital. That is, wait until the next weekend. So, we stayed the present weekend in Zurich doing museums and a movie (in German). We

transferred ourselves to the Rotes Haus in Brugg on Sunday afternoon. That evening we had dinner at the Reists in Remigen, meeting the newest Reist, a girl named Sarah.

On Monday I went into SIN to catch up on physics gossip. There was more hassle in trying to get the visa materials transferred to Bern from Vienna. I was to give a seminar on Wednesday afternoon. We had dinner that Monday night at Ursula and Alex Zehnder's. Back to SIN on Tuesday, while Maggie went off to Zurich. There were more visa hassles, this time by telex, and finally some physics talk. That evening we were at dinner with the Aksans in Baden. There was a chance they would be coming to the States for a year in the fall. Wednesday I went to SIN again, and gave my talk on N-N interactions at medium energies (my work with Kloet). Back at the Rotes Haus it was a pleasure *not* to be social that evening. Thursday I again went into SIN. More paperwork. A phone call from Bern says something has been done about the visas. We should go to Bern tomorrow and maybe even pick up our visas. That evening we walked to Sommerhaldenstrasse to have dinner with Hans Weber and the Ziocks, both from the University of Virginia.

So, on Friday, March 10, we took an early train to Bern. We arrived at the Soviet consulate at 10:10 and we left, carrying visas for Moscow at 11:00. Utterly amazing, considering all the confusion that went on earlier. After a lunch, we took a train to Basel and went up to Hochwald to the Zuckschwerdts. The plan of moving to Zurich had changed, and Kurt's new position with AVD Printers will be in canton St. Gallen. They were just about to build a new house in Goldach with views of the Bodensee (Lake Constance). The next day, Saturday, after taking Olli to school, we all walked about Hochwald, had a lunch, took a nap, and walked around some more. After supper we looked at their Egyptian slides (again). After Sunday's breakfast, we left – the Z's off to their kinfolks in Bern and we to the Dösseggers.

After hellos and catching up over a light lunch, we drove to Sissach in Basellandschaft. After parking the car, we followed the Wanderweg up to the ruin of a castle on top of a crag, then over to another crag, and finally back to the car at 5:00. Back to Basel, with a stop along the way to chat a bit with their son Hans and Carla and kids. Another Raclette supper and some more Jass. On Monday we said goodbye until we returned from Moscow in September. We took the train back to Brugg and the Rotes Haus, arriving in time for me to also get to SIN by PTT bus.

The rest of the week at SIN was "normal", except for a Users' Meeting on Friday. Maggie was using this time to work on her Russian for the forthcoming exchange visit. On Saturday we walked back to Brugg from Baden along the Limmat, and then returned to Baden in the evening to watch a Spielberg movie, "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." Why do the Swiss tolerate the interruption of a movie halfway through so some people could buy some ice cream? On Sunday we went as tourists to Aarau for a bit.

That evening I started carrying bags to the lockers at the Bahnhof in preparation for our flights to Moscow. We left Brugg for the Zurich airport early on Monday, March 20, and flew to to Moscow with a transfer of planes in Vienna. So much for our 17 days in Switzerland in March of 1978.

1978, August-September

After we left the USSR we landed first in Vienna, and we went on to Graz for a three-body conference. We then flew to Zurich on Thursday, August 31. After sorting things out in detail at the Bahnhof (even watching a movie there), we took a regional train to Greifensee to stay a night with the Gruebblers. A musical evening after supper, with me on the guitar we brought back from Moscow and the boys on accordion and recorder. In the morning, after the boys went off to school, I decided to leave the guitar with the Gruebblers. Maggie and I caught the 12:00 train to Zurich after lunch.

At the Bahnhof we basically just turned around and took the train to Rohrschach to see the Zuckschwerdts. We arrived in mid-afternoon and Ruth was waiting for us. They were now living temporarily in nearby Goldach while their house there was being built. We talked over a fondue and went early to bed. The next day, Saturday, we walked up to see the progress on the house. We then drove off with the Z's to see the St. Gallen area. First to the city, where a festival called a Fäscht was going on: food stalls, amusement park rides, a fencing exhibition, and a Dixieland band. Ruth and Maggie collected a lot of English-language books that were being *given* away. Kurt then drove on a short distance up to Gais, an old town in outer Appenzell, not far from Liechtenstein and Austria. At the city of Appenzell, we had a snack in a restaurant, splitting a plate of Möstbröckli (a local variety of thinly-sliced, smoked-dried beef). We drove on some more and then returned to St. Gallen. They deposited us at the Bahnhof and we took the train to Zurich. Then, after picking up the bags we had put in a locker, we continued on to Brugg and the Rotes Haus. We were back in the same room we had been in back in March.

Now on Monday, September 4. we reverted back to “normal,” with me going into SIN to do physics and we both doing physics-related dinner parties for a week. There were a fair number of foreign physicists visiting SIN, including a few from LASL. One of them was my old squash buddy, Mark Bolsterli. Another was Ralph Stevens, who had been one of the students in the nuclear physics class I taught many years before at Johns Hopkins.

On Saturday, September 9, we went up to Basel for a longish stay with the Dösseggers before we were to leave Switzerland. As usual with them, each day we would drive the VW Polo someplace, park, and then take a longish walk. And eat well in the evenings, with either Ortrud or Maggie doing the cooking. On Friday, September 15, they then drove us to Brugg to pick up the bags we had left at the Rotes Haus. From there, it was on to the Zurich airport, where they unloaded us and our luggage. After some coffees and goodbyes, they left to return to Basel via Schaffhausen.

We checked in for our flight to London and were in the air by 12:45. Thank you, Switzerland, once again!

### 1980, September-October

There was a particle physics conference in Lausanne from September 24 to 28 which I wanted to attend (but didn't yet have DOE approval for). Maggie and I were already on the East Coast where I was working with colleagues on papers in progress. So, it was relatively easy for us to fly from JFK to Germany on the evening of September 22. I think, but don't now know for sure, that we must have flown to Frankfurt since my diary mentions going through Mannheim.

Anyway, our first stop was Karlsruhe to see our friend Edith Borie. She picked us up at the train station around 3:30 and took us to the hotel she had arranged. We had a curry dinner that evening at her place, and we caught up on what she had been doing in the last three years. Her position at the Kernforschungszentrum (the institute) was still pretty tenuous. On our walk back to our hotel we kept passing used and sometimes good-looking things put out on the curb for pickup by the trash men in the morning. This one-night-a-year event is called Sperrmühle, and it is a way for people to scavenge some nice stuff, if they want it. Maggie wanted to “buy” a Styrofoam cooler for Edith, but I talked her out of it.

The next day, September 24, we took the Inter-City train to Basel, and from there a regular Swiss train directly to Lausanne. Across the street from the Gare (i.e., Bahnhof) was the fancy hotel where one registered for the conference. After I did that, we went and checked in at our more modest hotel down at the bottom of the train tracks. Lausanne is in the French-speaking part of Switzerland, and our French wasn't very good at that time. At dinner the waiter found it was easier to deal with us by switching to Spanish.

The conference began earnest the next morning, Thursday, at the Federal Institute of Technology (EPFL). Many of the participants I knew but there were some new faces. There was a lot of interest in our N-N calculations, and I gave a short talk on it on the third day. On Saturday afternoon, after the morning conference, and on Sunday, Maggie and I took long walks along the Lake Geneva shoreline and in town. Lausanne, we were surprised to learn, has a *Protestant* cathedral. The conference resumed on Monday. There was an expedition to the castle at Chillon and a banquet on the evening before the last day, but Maggie and I skipped those social events.

On October 1 after the conference ended on Wednesday morning, we packed up and went by train to Neuchâtel, on Jean-François Germond's invitation. After physics talk for the rest of the afternoon, we had dinner at Jean-François and Christianne's apartment. We were joined by Jean-Pierre and Aletha Egger for dessert – this couple we already knew from when he was working at LAMPF. In Thursday morning I participated in more physics talk at the University. After a lunch at a restaurant with the Germonds, we took the train to Zurich and then on to Rorschach to stay with the Zuckschwerdts.

It was after 6:00, but Kurt was waiting for us at the train station and took us back to the newly-finished house in Goldach. It looked great. Ruth had prepared a Raclette dinner. By now Olli was speaking some High German, but he was still shy to do so, preferring Swiss. Brenda was going to school for four hours a day. The next day, a Friday, we visited Hudson Presse, the printing house where Kurt worked. Very up to date, mostly four-color work, composition done at a console. That afternoon was somewhat laid back, still catching up. On Saturday all six of us got on an early train to Zurich. The Z's stopped there and we went on to the Dösseggers in Basel.

They had moved into a new apartment and it took some time for us to find it. More catching up and, of course, more walking about in town. And, also of course, more Jass matches. On Sunday, off in the Polo to the countryside and another longish walk. On the way we ran into one of Hans's former police-colleagues, who was even three years older than Hans. I was surprised to see that even in October there were still wildflowers to look at – mostly gentians. We stayed over on Monday at their insistence, since Ortrud was making a Rehpfeffer dinner that evening. We went to the Basel Zooli, where we were once before when Olli Zuckschwerdt was still in his baby carriage. It turned out that the Rehpfeffer was made with Hirsch (elk) instead of Reh (deer).

Tuesday morning we backtracked to Zurich where we bumbled around looking at shops and Jelmoli before going on to Greifensee and the Gräublers. We got there as it was started to rain. The Gräublers actually weren't there, but they had arranged that we could use their house (and washing machine) in their absence. They were away for an extended vacation.

The next day, Wednesday, October 8, I took the train to Brugg. (Maggie stayed in Greifensee, with trips into Zurich as needed or desired.) I went with the PTT bus to SIN to schmooze physics and clear an accumulation of mail. I returned to Greifensee that evening through Oerlikon, bypassing Zurich. Maggie was unable to connect with Helga. After supper we went over the proofs of her story for the NSF about neutrinos; it needed only minor corrections. Thursday and Friday I again went back to SIN. More physics, more correspondence, and then back to Greifensee. Late Friday afternoon I gave a seminar on our N-N project that afternoon, which generated some good questions suggesting other things to do.

That weekend we stayed on in the empty Gräubler house, but had excursions into St. Gallen for an agricultural fair on Saturday and into Zurich for the Landesmuseum and shopping on Sunday. In the next week I continued commuting to SIN – more of the same. On Thursday, however, the Reists came back from wherever they were, and the now-five of them drove out to Greifensee to see us and stay for dinner. The big news was that they had bought a lot in Untersiggenthal (north of Baden) and would be building a house there.

Friday was my last day at SIN, and, back at Greifensee, we cleaned up after ourselves at the Gräublers. We were thankful for the opportunity to house-sit for them. We left leisurely on Saturday on a Schnellzug to Basel. We stayed in a hotel there, preferring not to impose again on the Dösseggers. We spent the afternoon of being tourists, had a nice pizza dinner, and returned to the hotel and to bed.

That was also our last day in Switzerland, that year. On Sunday, October 19, we took an Inter-City train to Paris, and from there we eventually returned home.

### 1983, August-September

We came back to Switzerland three years later. After attending a meeting in Karlsruhe (and seeing Edith), we went on the Bodensee Express down to Konstanz, which is on the lake of that name. This was on Saturday, August 27. From there a local train got us into Switzerland and on to Rohrschach. We were an hour early, so we had a beer. Kurt arrived at the arranged-for time and took us over to Goldach. He, Ruth, and the kids all looked great. Ruth set out a Raclette dinner, over which Kurt, the family travel agent, and I mulled over whether it would be worthwhile for us to buy Half-Tax Abonnements for the short time we would be in Switzerland.

On Sunday we packed the reluctant kids in the car for a hike in the Appenzell. We parked at the base of the Kronberg lift and rode it up to the top of the 1663 m peak. From there we walked down past many cows and goats to Kaubad. We lit a fire and grilled some Cervelat sausages for lunch. About this time Olli and Brenda finally began talking with us in German. We got back to the car a different way and returned to Goldach. More travel-agency discussion, at the end of which Maggie suggested that if we

didn't buy a big Abonnement, we'd be less inclined to take long train rides. I agreed. We also considered where we would hike to next when we came back to Goldach next weekend.

On Monday Maggie and I left by ourselves to spend a week walking in Eastern Switzerland. With that in mind, one of our bags also served as a backpack, so we could carry along what we needed. We left most of our luggage with the Z's. So, off to Heiden, St. Anton, and on to Appenzell, where we stayed the night. We supped on a Möstbröckli platter and a bratwurst. The next day we walked to Seealpsee, a pretty mountain lake at 1143 m. We continued on a well-cut Bergweg path up to Meglisalp, where we had another bratwurst and a beer. (Many, if not most, mountains in Switzerland have a tea room or restaurant, sometimes a guest house, on or near their tops.) After lunch we decided to return to Appenzell for the night. Our descent on another good path was slow by Swiss standards. (Their Wegweiser signs often indicate how long something should take.) But we did get back to Appenzell and were settled in time for a fondue dinner.

On Wednesday we took the train to Weissbad and from there the PTT bus to Brülisau. We rode the Luftseilbahn (chairlift) in good weather up Hoher Kasten. From there we walked down to the Säntisersee and Fälensee lakes. With a change of plans, we decided to return to Brülisau and Weissbad. Along the way we watched haying operations in the fields, in which the women doing the raking up were wearing shorts and halters! Barefoot!! Not one's impression of Swiss women. We stayed the night in Weissbad in a bakery-hotel. After an excellent dinner, we called the Grüebler to discuss what hike we would do tomorrow together. Säntis was the mountain they had in mind, climbing up and taking the cable car down.

That tomorrow was Thursday, September 1. We took the train to Urnäsch, where we discovered there was no place to change our dollars into Franks. The PTT bus to Schwägalp would cost us 16 CHF and *all* we had in our pockets was 15.10 CHF. The bus driver decided to take us there anyway, when he saw us emptying our pockets. On arrival Maggie was able to cash a traveler's check at the train station – whew! The Grüebler soon arrived and, after coffees, we started the climb on a good Bergweg up the cliff. Despite what we were carrying, we reached Tierwies in the “standard” 100 minutes. A pause for a “sour” Most (apple juice with some alcohol). Then on to the top of Säntis on a well-marked and sometimes cabled route, getting there by 1:15 PM. The Grüebler took the cable car back down to their car, and we pondered whether we wanted to walk on along the Lisengrat to Rotsteinpass just before Altmann. Well, not too long a ponder, in view of the snow, the steepness, and the exposure. We backtracked to the top and took the next cable car ride down to Schwägalp. From there we took a bus, again full of singing kids on an outing, to Wildhaus. There we were able to spend the night in a Zimmer (room) above another bakery.

It was raining in the morning and we decided to stay in Wildhaus again that night. This was the birthplace of Zwingli, a very puritanical Reformation minister who converted Zurich from Catholicism. At the birthplace-museum we listened to a taped slideshow about his life and times. Then, next door, we had lunch at the “Restaurant Fried Egg” (which I believe is Swiss for “Peaceful Corner”). The rain clearing some, we walked up into the Sellamatt ski area and tried to cut over to Wildmannlisloch. However, we somehow got off the Wanderweg path, i.e. lost. We eventually found our way back to Sellamatt and, by bus back to Wildhaus by 5:30. At supper, back at the Friedegg, we fell into conversation with a Swiss-Czech couple. After dinner they invited us for coffee and grappa at the weekend house they were in the process of re-modeling.



The next day was Saturday, and we slowly made our way back to the Zuckschwerdts by walking and by bus to Buchs, across the Rhine from Liechtenstein. From there, after lunch, we took the train back to Rohrschach and walked on up to their Goldach house. A relaxed evening, another great meal prepared by Ruth. There was a big, local bicycle race being shown on the TV. The amateur men had to do a 180 km course while the “Profis” did 270 km. It tired me out just thinking about that, so I went to bed early.

The weather on Sunday was nasty, so we canceled the plans for a hike with the kids. We re-packed for our translation to Brugg later that day – from hiking togs to physics-dinner-party mode. When the sun came out and it warmed up, we adults took a walk down to the Bodensee and back. After small pizzas, we caught the trains from Goldach to St. Gallen to Zurich to Brugg. Once again we stayed at the Rotes Haus. After unloading we went down to the bar for a bite to eat. And were amazed when Mark and Judy Bolsterli came in and joined us. Small world, Los Alamos in Brugg. They too had been in the mountains, but for them they had some snow as well as rain.

On Monday, September 5, I went to SIN, the start of a five-day visit. That is, back to “normal” doses of physics. I gave a seminar on “NNπ” on Wednesday and an informal talk of pion absorption on Thursday. Maggie also came to SIN to use the VAX as a word processor. On my return to the hotel on Monday evening, Maggie told me she had made arrangements about whom to meet, when, and where. It was to be a busy week with friends. Tuesday evening was at the Reists at their new house in Untersiggenthal. Wednesday evening was at the Aksans in Baden (Elif now talks in three or four languages). Thursday evening was at an Italian restaurant, again with the Aksans and Helga Hilmer as well. Friday evening we just packed up for leaving Brugg in the morning.

On Saturday we took our bags to Zurich, met Helga for a train ride to Greifensee. Willi was joining us for a hike, but Elsbeth stayed home. So, the four of us in Willi’s car along the Vierwaldstättersee to the chair lift at Intschi in canton Uri. However, the lift wasn’t running because of the high winds. So, to Willi’s fallback plan, the Maderanertal. Back in the car and, by a one-lane road up to Golzernsee. That cable car was active, but with the winds, a bit scary. From the top we started walking to the lake and beyond. Helga had brought sandwiches for our lunch break, which we supplemented with a wild blueberry which Willi called Heidelbeeren. Further on, we had four coffees at the Windgällenhütte (they only cost one Frank more for the three of us who were not members of the Alpine Club). From there we walked down to the valley, now enjoying some raspberries as well as more of those blueberries. We were back at the car about 4:00 just as it started to rain and hard. We arrived at the house in Greifensee at 7:00. Elsbeth had prepared a fondue, and we talked until 10:00. Then we went with Helga by train to Zurich, where we stayed at her small apartment for the night.

In the morning we had breakfast with Helga, who then had to go to work (on a Sunday!). We walked uphill to visit the Rietberg Museum. It had a very nice collection of Pre-Columbian Peruvian pots. After that we walked down to the lake and ended up at the University’s botanical garden. We then rejoined Helga at her apartment in the late afternoon. After taking her out to dine at a pizza restaurant, we once again stayed the night in her apartment.

The next morning we rose early, said goodbye to Helga, and boarded an Intercity train to Paris. Another interesting two weeks in Switzerland, thank you.

## 1984, September

We came back a year later, but this time to Geneva and the French-speaking parts of Switzerland. Our flight from Heathrow was on Friday, August 31. We checked in at the Hotel Carmen, downtown, as we were told to, but it appeared they weren't really expecting us. We had never been in Geneva before, so we walked around a bit looking things over. Then a dinner, and we settled down for the night.

The reason for this trip was not to visit SIN, as usual, but something somewhat related. There was an experimental group at the University of Geneva that was doing experiments there on nucleon-nucleon scattering. The SIN accelerator produced protons at 600 MeV, a bit less energetic than LAMPF's 800 MeV. The group was interested in the calculations that I was doing with Wim Kloet and John Dubach on that subject. My contact there was with Catherine Leluc-Lechanoine, whom I had met several times before, both at SIN and elsewhere. I called her Saturday morning to check on how and with whom I was to visit. But we were free until Monday morning, when I should show up at the University.

So, Maggie and I were tourists for the rest of that weekend. First, to the botanical gardens and its aviary. The UN Building was closed, it being Saturday. At the Place Neuve, we sat on the grass to listen to a jazz group playing on the stage. There was a variety of other street attractions, the organ grinder being the most interesting. We walked into the old part of town, where Maggie had a small pizza and I a Schübli sausage at the Cafe du Bourg de Four. More street musics and a mime artist from Peru. On Sunday we walked along Lake Geneva (aka Lac Léman) to the beaches, then back into town, catching the organ grinder again. In the afternoon we went to a movie, "Romancing the Stone," which we just recently saw again here at Brookdale. After a dinner at a Mövenpick, we returned to the park where a modern-jazz group from Lausanne was playing, and very well at that.

On Monday I went to the Institute de Physique, and it was the usual catching up on physics and meeting people. I would be working fairly closely with a graduate student, Philippe Sormani. I was also involved in the planning of a Workshop on N-N interactions, to be held in Marseilles in about a week. I was to be the rapporteur for the theory papers that were submitted to it, so it was a good idea to read them. The rest of the week was spent at the Institute talking with experimentalists and learning how to run their VAX computer. On her part, Maggie was working on her story about quarks, either at the hotel or at the Institute.

On Tuesday evening we went to a "Jodlerklub" concert in a park. Wednesday evening Philippe picked us up to drive out to the Lechanoines for dinner. Thursday was some kind of local Geneva holiday, but Philippe and I worked further on getting our pion production codes running. That evening we went to a James Bond movie, dubbed in French. I didn't understand much of the dialog but it was too ridiculous, anyway. On Friday Maggie went to CERN to talk to people, while I continued working with Philippe. That evening we had dinner at a three-forks restaurant with our Los Alamos friends, Bill and Andrea Bonner. I don't know *why* they were in Geneva. Saturday was another workday for me. In the evening we joined another set of Los Alamos friends, David and Faye Brown, at an organ concert. He was spending the year designing electronic circuits at CERN. Yet another Small World event. Sunday we spent visiting Geneva's museums.

September 10, Monday, was our last full day in Switzerland, this time. I cleaned up things, VAX-wise, at the university and gave my seminar late that afternoon. We took the train to Marseilles the next day.

### 1986, October-November

We came back to Switzerland by rental car, driving down from Paris through the Alsace. We crossed the unguarded border on Thursday, October 23, just above French-speaking Delémont. We proceeded east to Brugg and checked ourselves in at the Rotes Haus. I was to spend a week working at SIN, in addition to us visiting with our friends.

So, Friday morning I drove over the new bridge (first I had to find it) and up to SIN. Settle into the usual “normal” routine. One of the visitors that year was Peter Herczeg, from my group of LANL. (It used to be LASL, but since 1981 it was more National than Scientific.) A highlight of the day was an inauguration ceremony for their Low-Energy Pion Spectrometer. Milan Locher arranged that I give my seminar on Thursday, the day before we were to leave for Goldach to see the Zuckschwerdts..

Our social schedule was getting filled. Friday evening we had dinner at the Aksans, just before Nusret was to leave for the States. Having the rental car made these visits easier, allowing us to do some touring at Schaffhausen and Stein-an-Rhein on the way to the Grüebler’s. Sunday we drove south to Glarus, Zug, and Altdorf before wending our way to the Herczeg’s apartment in Zurzach on the Rhein. For Monday evening, we went to the Reists. Maggie went off to Zurich to see Helga on Tuesday. She also hosted a hen-party at the Rotes Haus on for lunch on Wednesday. We met Helga for a walk on Friday afternoon before we drove out to have dinner at the Zehnders.

On Saturday, November 1, we went shopping for a toothpick for our Swiss Army knife. Unsuccessful at that. We headed off on a leisurely drive to Goldach, arriving about 2:30. Brenda, now a 13-year-old, has fallen in love with horses. Oliver is now apprenticing as a printer. On Sunday, a gray day, we four adults drove to St. Gallen and walked about in the old part of town. Kurt (remember, the travel agent) suggested where we should go in Germany, when we went there the next day.

And that’s what we did, on November 2, driving into Germany through a small bit of Austria and on to Karlsruhe. Wiederlüege, again, Switzerland.

### 1988, October-November

We arrived in Switzerland by train, coming down from the nuclear physics laboratory at Jülich on Thursday, October 27. As we did five years earlier, we arrived in Konstanz, and then caught a Swiss train to Rohrschach, arriving at 7:30 PM. Kurt came and picked us up to get to the house in Goldach. Talking over a light supper, we learned they were going on a long trip through China in the coming summer. All self-arranged by Kurt the travel agent.

On Friday, with Kurt and the kids long gone, we finished breakfast with Ruth and went with her by train to St. Gallen. Touristic things and shopping. The Stiftsbibliothek library was built in the 18<sup>th</sup> century and is beautiful. It has some manuscripts going back to 600 AD, as well as an Egyptian mummy in a glass case. Back at Goldach, more talking over supper, which finished with a Zuger Kirschtorte for dessert. We hadn’t known about that famous cake before then.

On Saturday afternoon Maggie and I caught various trains (we were traveling on a Eurail Pass) that took us to Bern. After settling in a hotel named Hospiz der Heimat, we walked around and settled on a movie about jazz saxophonist Charlie “Bird” Parker. After a pizza, early to bed.

On Sunday we took the train to Interlaken and, then, up the Aare past the Brienzensee to Brünig. There we boarded the 100-year-old Brünigbahn, a narrow-gauge/cogwheel railroad up and over to Lucerne. After a somewhat chilly walkabout there, we took a very picturesque train ride over Langnau to arrive back in Bern at 4:30 and returned to the Hospiz. For supper that evening we could have gone to a restaurant which served a Bambi Teller. We decided against eating Bambi, and we went elsewhere to split a Bündnerfleisch plate and a Rösti.

Monday, October 31, after we checked out and deposited bags at the Bahnhof, we took a bus out to the Bern zoo. Afterwards we walked a bit down the Aare, then returned to the Bahnhof to take a train to Basel, arriving there about 2:00. We checked into a hotel, and then walked around a bit. It was still a bit chilly for what we were wearing. However, at the Red Cross booth was being set up for the All-Souls-Day fair the next day, we found nice *used* sweaters for each of us, for 15 and 10 CHF.

All-Souls-Day, November 1, was not a holiday in Protestant Basel. I went to the Physics Institute and caught up on electron-scattering experiments (and, of course, other subjects of physics interest). I gave my “extraordinary seminar” at 4:15 – I don’t know why it was advertised that way. After leaving the Institute, I met with Maggie and Ortrud Dössegger at the Cafe Meditaranée overlooking the Rhein. It seemed to me that they may have taken us there sometime in the past. Ortrud was now a widow – I don’t think we were ever told when Hans died. Lots of talk about their kids. And a nice meal, which Ortrud insisted on paying for. We said goodbye at her tram stop, and that was the last time we saw her. We then walked back to the Physics Institute, where they had arranged we could stay in their guest apartment that night.

On Wednesday, November 2, we took trains to Geneva and left Switzerland, again, this time for Avignon, France, and beyond. We felt compelled to take full advantage of our Eurail Pass.

### 1995, July

In June and July we were in Europe for a number of reasons, often physics-related but often just for travel fun. We arrived in Geneva on Friday morning, July 7, by an overnight train coming from Spain. We continued on to Baden, where we were met by Nusret Aksan. We took us to their new (for us) apartment for lunch with him, Berrin, and their son Gökhan, now 11. After lunch he returned to work at EIR (the Swiss abbreviation for their Federal Research Institute), across the river from SIN. We learned that they now were Swiss citizens. Daughter Elif came back from swimming – she will be starting dental school in the fall. The whole family were about to fly to Istanbul on Monday, which is why we visited at this time.

On Saturday morning Nusret and Berrin drove us to Goldach and soon left after dropping us off. We caught up with the Zuckschwerdts, whom we hadn’t seen in the last seven years. Brenda’s magazine, Pegasus, had become a real family business with a 60,000 press run and distribution in Germany and Austria in addition to Switzerland. After looking over the offices in a house down the street, we

walked uphill to feed Brenda's two horses. (She'd gone off to Zurich to cover a Spanish riding academy's fiesta.) We talked on after dinner past midnight.

In the morning Oliver and his girlfriend Sybil came over to say hello. The conversation was mostly in English, as the kids had been a longish time in New Zealand and Australia. Olli was running the computers and doing the layout for the magazine, while Sybil sold its advertising. At 1:00 Kurt and Ruth drove us to the ferryboat across Lake Constance to Friedrichshafen, Germany, where we took a train to Blaubeuren for a medium-energy physics meeting. This was July 8, and we stayed in Germany seeing friends and parts of Germany that had been in communist-run East Germany before the walls came down.

We returned to Switzerland on Saturday afternoon, July 23, again crossing over from Friedrichshafen to stay the rest of the weekend with the Z's. On Sunday the five of us (with Brenda and a dog) went walking in the Appenzell (again). Uphill to a Tea Room (of course) with clouded non-views of Säntis and Altmann. Returning to Goldach, Kurt (remember, the travel agent) and I went to the small Bahnhof to sort out our train pass and itinerary to the Tessin and our return to Germany.

Monday morning we said our goodbyes and "Next time in Los Alamos." Unfortunately, that never happened. We left for Locarno from Rohrschach to Chur and, from there, on the Glacier Express along the Rhein. From there we learned that part of this trip was on private railroads, i.e., *not* on the Swiss train pass. We coughed up the extra 56.80 CHF to get from Disentis to Göschenen. From there back on the pass and through the Gotthard tunnel on a direct train to Locarno.

We had been in Locarno back in 1974, and it was still a lovely town. With the help of the town's tourist bureau, we settled into a hotel for the three nights we were staying. We then accumulated vittles for a picnic supper and walked around town a bit. On Tuesday we bought all-day tickets for boat rides on Lake Maggiore. We got off and walked around Ascona, then got back on to get off at Brissago. And so on. The next day we took a bus up into the hills to Maggia, from which we walked the Wanderweg down to Gordevio. After beers, we continued walking, back up toward Maggia to catch a bus back to Locarno. On Thursday we took the narrow-gauge train to Domodossola, Italy, as before, from which we caught the regular train to Bern and on to Basel. From there we left Switzerland, once more, and proceeded to stay with Edith Borie in Karlsruhe before we flew back to the States from Frankfurt on Friday, July 28.

### 1999, August

On Saturday, August 7, we once again entered Switzerland by coming down from Germany. We took trains through Basel, Zurich, and St. Gallen to Goldach, arriving in the afternoon. Another weekend with the Zuckschwerdts. The major news was that Oliver and Sybil had a baby named Fay. Ruth was diagnosed to have incipient Parkinson's disease. Brenda now had, in addition to her horses, a husband name Maciej. I.e., a weekend catching up on family news.

On Monday we left for Baden to see the Aksans. More catch-up on family happenings. Nusret had undergone heart surgery, but we didn't learn any details about that. He was still working at EIR, which had been administratively merged with SIN and was now called PSI (Paul Scherrer Institute). We found it interesting that Gökhan, now 15, would only respond in German whenever he was addressed in

Turkish. On Wednesday Maggie and I went off by ourselves to Zurich to visit our favorite Landesmuseum and see Helga Hilmer and her Canadian roommate. We returned to Baden and the Aksans around 10:30 that evening.

On Thursday morning Berrin drove us to Greifensee to visit with the Grüebler. Again, more catching up – please remember that it had been five years since we last saw these families. Willi was deep into his family’s geneology. The boys were now living elsewhere, but not far away. We didn’t stay the night there, but returned again to Baden and the Aksans. That evening Marianne Reist took us to Untersiggenthal for supper with them, including Sara and Pascal, who had just come back from lengthy stays in Peru and Prince Edward Island, respectively

For Friday Nusret and Berrin took us to Basel-Riehen to visit the Beyerle art museum, new also for them. The art ran from Impressionism to Modern 50’s Americans and Brits. This trip was combined with side excursions to Rheinfelden and Zurzach, with lunch at a Chinese restaurant on the Rhein. Saturday was another excursion with the A’s, this time to the glass factory and museum at Hergiswil on Lake Lucerne. Of course, a salesroom, on the way out. Nice expensive wares, but not our glass of tea, so we didn’t buy anything. Then on to Bürgenstock on the other side of the lake, which was mostly a collection of expensive hotels and a golf course high above the lake with great views.

On Sunday, August 15, we left the Aksans and boarded a direct train to Chur, then on the narrow gauge Rhaetischebahn to Samedan in the Graubünden, from which it was a short train ride to Zuoz. This part of the trip was to attend a week-long medium-energy nuclear physics get-together sponsored by the PSI (nee SIN) people. Many old friends. I skipped a few of the parallel sessions so Maggie and I could take walks in the area, new to us. At the banquet on Wednesday evening, the speaker told the First Swiss Man joke, which I have documented separately. The meeting ended on Friday afternoon, and we left on Saturday by train to bumble around for a week in Northern Italy.

We returned to Switzerland on Saturday, August 28, arriving in Lausanne in the late afternoon. We were able to get a boat ride on Lake Geneva to occupy the evening away from our “mixed-color-scheme” room at the Ada Logements. The paddle-wheel boat took us to Yvoire on the French side of the lake, from which it returned (45 minutes later) to Lausanne at 10:00 PM. To bed in our “colorful” room by 10:30 for a quiet night. The next day we toured Lausanne on foot, visiting the usual tourist spots and watching a bicycle race, part of a triathlon. On Monday, August 30, we caught the boat to Geneva and left Switzerland for France.

#### 2004, March-April

On March 30 we flew KLM from Houston, where I had been working at the university, to Amsterdam and then on to Zurich, arriving about noon on the 31st. Berrin Aksan met us outside Passport Control and took us to their apartment in Baden. Since five years had passed since we last saw them, some more catching up. But with the jet lag, we hit the hay at 9:30.

The next morning, Thursday, Maggie and I took the bus to downtown Baden to buy our Swiss Passes, for the trains and for museums. Berrin picked us up and we visited the Roman ruins at Windisch before going on to look at the castle at Habsburg. Back at the apartment for the evening, we were joined by Elif, who was now a working dentist in Olten. On Friday Maggie and I went into Zurich and visited a

few art museums before returning to the Aksans. The next day we went to Greifensee to see the Gruebblers. After a longish walk, we stayed on for supper before returning late, again, to the Aksans. On Sunday Nusret and Berrin drove us about, up to Stein am Rhein and back. Along the way, Maggie and I zipped through a small museum and a monastery using the Museum Passes, while our hosts waited patiently in parking lots.

Monday, April 5, we switched hosts, to stay with Ursula and Alex Zehnder in their house in Effingen, about 20 km northwest of Brugg. To get there, however, we first took the train into Zurich, did some more touristic bumbling. In the afternoon we took a Schnellzug (direct train) to Baden, then the S-Bahn to Brugg, followed by a PTT bus to Frick, where Ursula picked us up. Alex was about to retire from PSI. (He was, like other government employees, legally required to do so at age 62). Despite his “advanced age,” he had arranged that I give a seminar there the Thursday after Easter. They were therefore very excited about the opportunity to fix up their sailboat to do some long-distance trips, living aboard the boat. We slept that night in their attic.

Tuesday Alex drove us back to the Brugg Bahnhof, where we took the train, once again, to Locarno. Our hotel room there had a balcony overlooking the lake, so we had several in-room meals sitting out there, including that evening. On Wednesday we took a bus up the Verzasca valley, past a big hydro dam, where we commenced our Wanderweg walk upstream toward Brione. From there we caught the PTT bus back to Locarno in time to visit a few museums there. Thursday we again took the bus up the Verzasca valley to Sonogno. This time we walked downstream and, having just missed the 12:55 bus, stayed in Brione for a pizza before the arrival of the 3:12 bus to Locarno. We payed the hotel bill and went to bed early.

It was Karfreitag (Good Friday), August 9, and, now for the third time, we took the narrow-gauge train through a snow flurry, to Domodossola and then north through Brig to Bern at noon. We got off and went to the Swiss Alpine Museum there (also on the Museum Pass). Then by train to Brugg, arriving just a bit late, missing the 14:59 bus to Effigen. So, time for a coffee? No way – all cafes were closed (of course). The 15:59 bus got us back to the Zehnders. Alex came in from working on the boat, as did son Nino and family. We all talked until 11:00 and then we retreated to the attic for a rainy night.

Saturday morning we caught a bus to the Brugg Bahnhof, from which we took trains to Winterthur, a sizable city northeast of Zurich. We had never been there, and our purpose was to go to the Oskar Reinhart art museum. Well, the real purpose was to continue on to Goldach to see the Zuckschwerdts. More catching up. Ruth’s tremors from the Parkinson’s seem no worse, but she is moving a bit more slowly. Before supper, Kurt took me down to his workshop, and he assembled a plug that converts from a Swiss outlet to one which can accept one of our American plugs. That was something I had been looking for, in vain, in all the department stores we visited on this trip. Sybil and the kids came by to pick up the kids’ Easter baskets. In the morning, Easter Sunday, it looked like it was going to clear, so we walked along the lake shore to Rohrschach and back.

On Monday we packed up and Ruth drove us to Rohrschach, where we took a boat to Kreuzlingen. From there we caught a Regionalzug (a local train with many stops), continuing down the Rhein to Munchhausen and then to Winterthur and on to Baden. We found a room at a hotel, meaning we were trying not to impose ourselves too often on our friends. We then crossed over the Limmat to take a bus to Untersiggenthal. Marianne Reist met us at the bus stop and we walked back to their house (which

we probably could not have found by ourselves). With Hans, more catching up. After supper, we bussed back to Baden and were asleep before 11:00.

In the morning, after a good hotel breakfast, we took the train to Basel. A mistake, as we can't get a hotel room – there was a big trade fair starting tomorrow. Oh well, we decided to try to see the King Tut exhibit. But that was with a long line and we opted out. We went to the art museum instead, which had a good collection of impressionism and cubism.

In view of our not having found any hotel accommodation, we decided to take the train to Lucerne. Oh, the things one can do when you have a Go-Anywhere Pass! Here the tourist office was able to find us a nice hotel. Maggie was more interested in walking around the old parts of town, as opposed to doing another museum.

On Wednesday morning we took the boat all the way down to the end of Lake Lucerne, to a town named Flüelen. From there we took a train up to Schwyz, away from the lake. This is the town where they (Victorinox) make the famous Swiss Army knives. On, by now a whim, we went by bus up to the factory and asked them if they might possibly have a replacement toothpick for my little pocket knife. They did! And a long-standing minor problem was solved.

With that out of the way, we returned by the #2 bus to Brunnen, back on Lake Lucerne, from which we could train back to Lucerne. We got there in time to visit the Rosengarten Museum, again on the Pass. Impressive collection of impressionists, Picasso, and Klee. Thursday morning we left by trains to Brugg, where I could catch the PTT bus to Döttingen, getting off at the east entrance to PSI, arriving there in good time before my 2:00 seminar.

I was met at the gate there by Alex, who took me up to his office to meet a few of his colleagues before my talk. After my talk and a bit of physics schmoozing, I caught the bus to the Brugg Bahnhof, from which I could continue on to Effingen and the Zehnders' home. Maggie was already there. Feeling a little poorly, I was able to get in a quick nap before supper. And after, early to bed; Maggie stayed up and talked, coming to bed later.

On Friday, now August 16, Maggie indicated that she thought we ought to leave the Zehnders alone. So we went to Brugg and found a room at the Hotel Gotthard for the next two nights. *Not* the Rotes Haus! After settling in, we went to Zurich for two more museums, an ancient botanical garden and a lunch at a department store. Back at Brugg, Maggie was able to connect with Helga, and they decided we would do a hike tomorrow somewhere near Chur.

So, Saturday we got on a train in Brugg that went all the way to Chur, with a 12 minute stop in Zurich for us to pick up Helga. Despite the fact that we now knew that Helga spoke excellent English, she was willing to further our education by speaking only German that day. We got off the train at Weesen, at the west end of the Walensee. We walked along the north shore and found a footpath climbing to the base of the Churfirten cliffs. We then descended to Quinten on the lake, accessible only by foot and boat. Nonetheless, it has two restaurants, and we took coffees at one of them while we were waiting for the 15:40 boat that took us across to Murg on the south side of the lake. From there we caught a local train to Sargans, and from there we returned to Zurich around 5:00. Helga's Canadian roommate, Heather Murray, joined us for dinner, at which time we switched into English. We got back to Brugg around 10:00 PM that evening to our room, which didn't see any maid service that day.



When we asked if we could stay over Sunday and Monday nights, the hotel manager said, “No, fully booked!” Hmm! So, we packed up and went to Bern, getting there in the early part of the afternoon. The Tourist Office got us a room, nice but small, for two nights, and we settled in. After getting vittles for an in-room supper, we went to the History Museum to look at their tapestry collection. Then walking about in the old part of town until we went our room for our supper and early to bed.

On Monday, April 19, we took a direct train to Zurich, to see the Sechseläute celebration. This involves the burning of Böögg, an effigy snowman, somewhat like our Zozobra ceremony. There was a carnival atmosphere to the place with food booths, oompah bands, grandstands with reserved seats, and a parade with lots of horses. However, we were too chilled for us to wait around to watch the burning of Böögg, so we returned to Bern by 7:00 PM. Had a light supper and watched a Hollywood movie on the TV.

Tuesday’s expedition was to Thun for a boat ride on its lake, all the way to Interlaken. It was a two-hour trip with six intermediate stops and very clear views of the Alps. In Interlaken we checked out hotels and reserved one for two nights beginning Wednesday evening. We returned to Bern by train, getting there in time to visit their art museum (again, on the Pass). Lots of Klees, which I tend to like, as well as other modern art. In-room supper: smoked trout and salad.

We packed up and left by train for Interlaken the next day. We were able to check into our hotel soon after arrival, leaving most of the day free. The 10:35 train to Grindelwald turned out to be a bus, but the Swiss Pass still worked for it. A nice, sunny day with great views of the Alps. We walked, following the Wanderweg signs, down to Burglauen, where we caught a very crowded bus back to Interlaken. We walked around town and spent some time watching the paragliders land in a large green meadow. Another in-room supper and more TV before bed.

On Thursday, April 22, we took the narrow-gauge railway to Lauterbrunnen. The chairlift there was down, so we continued on by bus to Stechelberg. We had a coffee before beginning our day’s walk down the narrow valley between steep cliffs. There were numerous 400 m long waterfalls along the way. Back at Lauterbrunnen we took the toothed railway up to Wengen, from which we walked down to Lauterbrunnen again. After two dôle wines, we took the train back to Interlaken, where we walked around town some more before another in-room supper and bed.

Friday we left Interlaken by train for Meiringen, where we learned that the Susten pass was now open. Thus, one could take a PTT bus over that pass to Gletsch. But to do that, we ought first continue on, over the Brunig pass, to Lucerne. And, after staying there, take a train to Brig. So, that would be a change of plans. If we were to do it. But, for now, just on to Lucerne.

We lucked out into a nice hotel, the Three Kings, on a one-night bargain. We reserved it for a second night at the usual rate. That afternoon, we went to another art museum (on the Pass, of course). On Saturday morning we went to the Transportation Museum: trains, boats, motorcycles, trolleys, and a *free* pinball machine. Well worth the 21 CHF entrance fee (which we avoided because of the Pass). In the afternoon, back in the old part of town, we stood at the finish line and watched the end of a long-distance foot race. It had participants of all ages and sexes, including a grandmother riding a wheelchair. Evidently a family affair. We also watched a contest between men about who could build the tallest tower of Kirchhoff beer cases – the winner got his 30 cases high before it collapsed.

On Sunday, August 25, we took a variety of trains to Brig in the German-speaking part of Canton Valais. From which by bus through Visa up to Salas-Fee. The lifts had closed down, it being past the ski season, and most things in town were closed. By walking around we finally found a hotel that was actually open. We were their only guest. After unloading our bags, we walked around and explored the dead town, had some wines, and returned to the hotel. The next day we took two longer walks, following the Budweiser signs, and sorted out the next few days of travel. On Tuesday we took a bus down to Alden, where we picked up a train to Matter, at the base of the Matterhorn. This town was not as closed up as Salas-Fee but *very* touristic. After walking around some on *paved* trails, we returned to our hotel in Salas-Fee.

On Wednesday, August 28, we started on our way back to the Zurich airport., with a quick stop in Baden to pick up some money from our bank there. We were able to check our large bags with KLM that afternoon – our flight the next day was early, at 7:05 in the morning. We back-tracked to Oberlin, found a hotel, and had our last Stir dinner at a Chäsestüebli (i.e., a cheese bar). On Thursday, the 29<sup>th</sup>, we caught the early flight to Amsterdam and arrived in Houston that afternoon.

### 2005, March-April

On Monday, March 28, we flew from Albuquerque to Houston to Newark to Zurich, arriving at 8:40 AM the next day. We were again met by Berrin Aksan, and she took us directly home to their place in Baden. Nusret came to join us for lunch. After Nusret returned to PSI, we walked downtown to our bank to get cash, to the Bahnhof to buy eight-day Swiss Saver train passes, and to a department store to get a battery for Maggie's dead wristwatch. Then back to the apartment to recover from our jet lag and early to bed after a salmon supper.

The next day, Wednesday, March 30, we were still recovering and took quiet, easy walks in the neighborhood and along the Limmat river. On Thursday, Nusret took the day off and we all drove to Lucerne, where we spent an hour in tourist-mode in the old part of town. We then drove on to Zug, where we searched out a place to try their famous Kirschtorte (cherry cake). This time Maggie, by going off to the ladies room, was able to pay for that snack – Nusret was always insistent that *he* pay for things like that. Back at Baden, we found out how to get to the Reists in untersiggenthal for supper that night. Catching up: Hans was now working at PSI at 20% part-time, more or less, and Marianne was still teaching geography and biology.

On Friday, April 1, now on the activated train passes, Maggie and I went into Zurich and bumbled about some in shops and stores. We then took a small boat tour on the Zürichsee, down to Thalwil and back. On the way back to the Bahnhof we ran into Berrin, but she was rushing off on her errands and couldn't talk. We arrived back at their apartment after she did. On Saturday we moved over to Goldach and the Zuckschwerdts. Kurt picked us up and we went to the local hospital. Ruth, who was recovering from a heart attack, looked better than we expected. Kurt did the cooking that evening, and we probably drank too much wine.

On Sunday, after saying goodbye to Ruth, we took trains to Rapperswil and returned to Zurich by boat. (Yes, we do like boat rides.) We went to join Helga and Heather and took a walk through the woods behind the apartment before supper. We then returned to Baden to stay another night with the Aksans.

On Monday, April 5, we took leave of the Aksans and went by train to Biel. We had never been there, but we might have driven through it back when we went with Wes Lincoln to Neuchatel. We explored the town and had a snack of a salad and some Gugelhopf (in German, it is Kugelhopf – a cake baked in a Bundt mold and made with rum and raisins). We weren't able to take the funicular up the hill, as it was closed for renovation. So, instead we walked to the Bielersee and followed some Wanderweg signs along the north shore. That was not a pleasant walk as it was on a sidewalk beside a busy highway.

We had arranged to stay three nights in Biel. On the second day we took a train up into the Jura mountains to La-Chaux-de-Fonds. We looked in vain for an old part of town to walk in, so we went by train a bit further west to Le Locle, a more interesting town. Back at La-Chaux-de-Fonds we did, the second time, find the old part of town. Then we proceeded to Delemont for a short visit and returned to Biel for the evening. On the third day we made a day-trip down to Montreux, at the east end of Lake Geneva. A pleasant walk among the flowers by the shore to the Chateau de Chillon. We opted not to go in and returned by bus to Montreux. Walking about, it seemed that this was the day when people would throw away big pieces of junk furniture. Something like the Sperrmühle event we saw in Karlsruhe. Around 2:00 we headed back by train to Biel for a quiet meal and evening in the hotel.

That was our last day in Switzerland, this trip. In the morning we took the train to Geneva and continued on to Lyon in France. A bien têt, Suisse.

### 2006, September-October

Another short visit to Switzerland, and, in fact, our last time, probably forever. We flew from Albuquerque on the afternoon of September 18, a Monday, and landed in Zurich about 3:00 in the afternoon of the 19<sup>th</sup>. We arrived in Untersiggenthal and found Marianne waiting for us at the bus stop. Hello also to Hans, who was preparing a budget for their church. They had a meeting there after our supper, so we walked around the neighborhood during that free time. When they came back around 9:00 we had some wine and continued catching up.

On Wednesday Marianne took us to Baden, where we picked up money and shopped for a roller bag to replace the one that got severely munged by the airlines coming over. No find, no buy. We returned to Rütlistrasse 1 to change for a hike with Marianne, driving to the Halwilersee and the Schloss (a small castle) there. We then walked on down to Seerose, from which we took a boat back up to Seegen and the car and home to Untersiggenthal.

Thursday morning we walked across the Aare to Marlis and Milan Locher's house in Lauffohr, close to where we stayed in their apartment back in 1973-74. After a longish coffee and chat, we walked down to Brugg, where we did find an acceptable roller-bag at the Migros department store (now much larger than it was before). We then returned to the Reists in time for a nap before the Lochers arrived for a Raclette supper.

After breakfast on Friday we said goodbye to the Reists and headed to Goldach and the Zuckschwerdts. Ruth obviously was back home and looking good. Catching up, with a supper in their new "winter garden." Our Saturday excursion was to Konstanz for some shopping and to look into the Oktoberfest

celebration. We then took the ferry (as pedestrians) across the Bodensee to Meersburg. After a light lunch and walking about the town, we took that ferry back to Konstanz and thence home to Goldach. On Sunday, September 24, we said goodbye to the Z's, and took trains to Vienna and for places east and north.

We returned to Switzerland on Thursday, October 26, coming down to Basel from Karlsruhe. We stayed there overnight and went on to Baden and Zurich the next day. This allowed us to spend some time with Helga on Saturday and Sunday, hiking and going to see E. G. Bührle's impressive collection of Impressionist paintings. We stayed Sunday night at an Ibis hotel in Oerlikon and flew on Monday, October 30, to Albuquerque without problems.

Farewell, Switzerland. This was the last time Maggie was in Switzerland, and will probably also be that for me as well.