









Old Gits Bike Tour – July 2019 – Switzerland

Anticipated itinerary:

Date	From/To	Distance/Time	Overnight stop
Wed 3rd	Folkestone (10:20 train)		
	Calais		
	Ypres	1.5 hours 55 miles	
	Mons	2 hours 65 miles	Hotel St James https://www.hotelstjames.be/en-gb Address: Place de Flandre 8, 7000 Mons Phone: +32 65 72 48 24
Thu 4th	Mons		
	Dusseldorf	5.5 hours 165 miles	Overnight Motorail train https://www.railtravelshop.com/motorail/austria/dusseldorf-innsbruck Loading time 20:15, train leaves @ 20:54 Address: Autozug, Terminal, Schlägelstraße 5-7, 40227 Düsseldorf
Fri 5th	Innesbruck		Train arrives 09:14
	Fussen	2 hours 78 miles	Film location for “The Great Escape” http://www.thegreatescapelocations.com/Fussen.htm
	Feldkirch	2.5 hours 79 miles	Hotel am Bahnhof https://www.booking.com/hotel/at/am-bahnhof-feldkirch.en-gb.html Address: Reichsstraße 177, 6800 Feldkirch Phone: +43 699 17077845
Sat 6th	Feldkirch		
	Wilderswil, Near Interlaken	5 hours 154 miles	Hotel Heimat https://www.hotel-heimat.ch/en/ Address: Obereigasse 1, 3812 Wilderswil Phone: +41 33 822 23 21

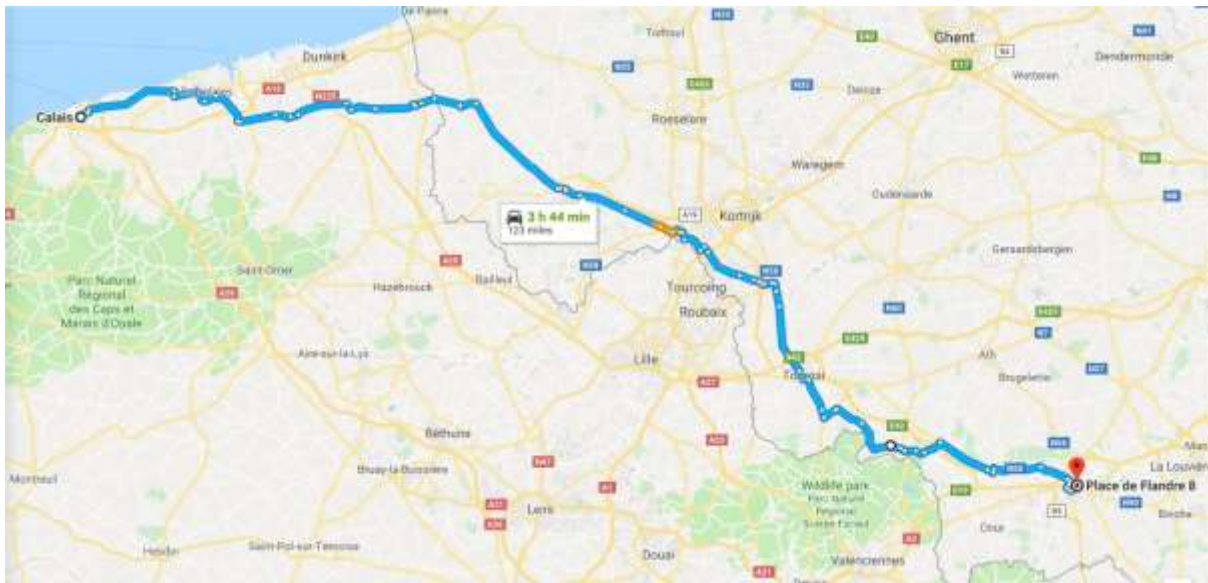
Sun 7th	Wilderswil, Interlaken		
	(local trips)		Lucerne? 2 hours, 50 miles https://www.myswitzerland.com/en-gb/lucerne.html
			Engelberg? 2 hours, 53 miles https://www.titlis.ch/en/activity/detail/titlis-cliff-walk/4485/60707
			Stoos? 2.5 hours, 60 miles https://stoos-muotatal.ch/en/train/stoos-railways/
			Harder-Kulm lunch 2 miles https://www.jungfrau.ch/en-gb/harder-kulm/harder-kulm-panorama-restaurant/harder-lunch-ticket/
	Wilderswil, Interlaken		
Mon 8th	Wilderswil, Interlaken		
	Gruyeres	2.5 hours 61 miles	https://www.hrgigermuseum.com/
	Chamonix	2.5 hours 80 miles	La Croix Blanche http://www.hotelcroixblanche-chamonix.fr/?lang=en Address: 81 Rue Joseph Vallot, 74400 Chamonix-Mont-Blanc Phone: +33 4 50 53 00 11
Tue 9th	Chamonix		
	Beaune	5.5 hours 184 miles	La Ferme aux Vins http://www.hotel-ibis-beaune.com/ Address: BP 144, Rue Yves Bertrand Burgalat, 21200 Beaune Phone: +33 3 80 22 46 75
Wed 10th	Beaune		
	Montargis	3.5 hours 150 miles	Hotel De France https://www.leshotelsdorele.com/accueil-h%C3%B4tel-de-france/ Address: 54 Place de la République, 45200 Montargis Phone: +33 2 38 99 09 09
Thu 11th	Montargis		
	Caen	5 hours 187 miles	Overnight Ferry
Fri 12th	Portsmouth		

The Riders

Alex		Lee	
Brian		Mike	
Chris		Simon	
Eamonn		Tracey	

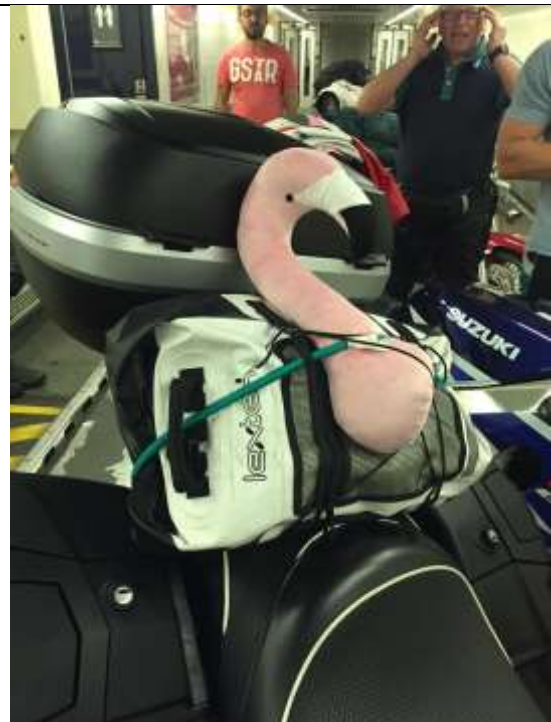
Anticipated Routes

Day 1



The day started with everyone meeting up at the services just before the Eurotunnel entrance near Folkestone – time for a coffee and chat before we headed off to board the train.

Once aboard the train, everyone was presented with a ceremonial T-shirt from Alex and a leather key ring from Eamonn. Simon had the additional gift of a pink flamingo which was gratefully received and promptly attached to the front of his bike!





Alex – about to put his keys in a really safe place so they wouldn't be found for another half-hour...



When the train arrived in Calais, we disembarked – however Alex had misplaced his keys and so didn't leave the train with the main group... With Eamonn leading the front half of the group out of the Eurotunnel area, Mike and Tracey noticed that Alex was missing and stopped to check. With the front group unaware of Alex's difficulties, they headed off on the back roads to our first stopping point in Ypres. Meanwhile Alex had found his keys, met up with Mike and Tracey and they were on their way, but on a different route to the other group!

So, we were on day one and we hadn't lasted more than 10 minutes without being split up!

The first group arrived in Ypres and parked up on the main square, using the wonders of Google maps and location sharing the second group was seen to be just outside the town and it was only a few minutes before everyone was back together.



A light lunch, quick chat with a Scottish bike enthusiast, and the group headed off towards the first stop over in Mons

En-route we stopped in a quiet village for a late afternoon coffee and rest break. Within a minute or two of our arrival, the church bells began to ring, and what a din they made! Even shouting to each other it was still difficult to hear what was being said... However we had ordered our drinks and we were sure the bells would stop soon. They did eventually stop, but it must have been 10 to 15 minutes of ringing!



Once refreshed, set off for the final stage of the day to the hotel

We arrived in Mons, found the hotel and parked the bikes in the private car park at the back of the hotel. Quick shower, change of clothes and off to find a restaurant. A small problem arose whereby the restaurants couldn't easily find a table for 8 people, we found one that could do a table of 6 and a separate table of 2 so that was the chosen restaurant. Only one problem being that this was a meat specialist restaurant and with two vegetarians amongst us that was going to be tricky! The staff did their best to cater for Mike and Tracey and it seems they did a pretty good job of it.



Eamonn, Mike and Lee



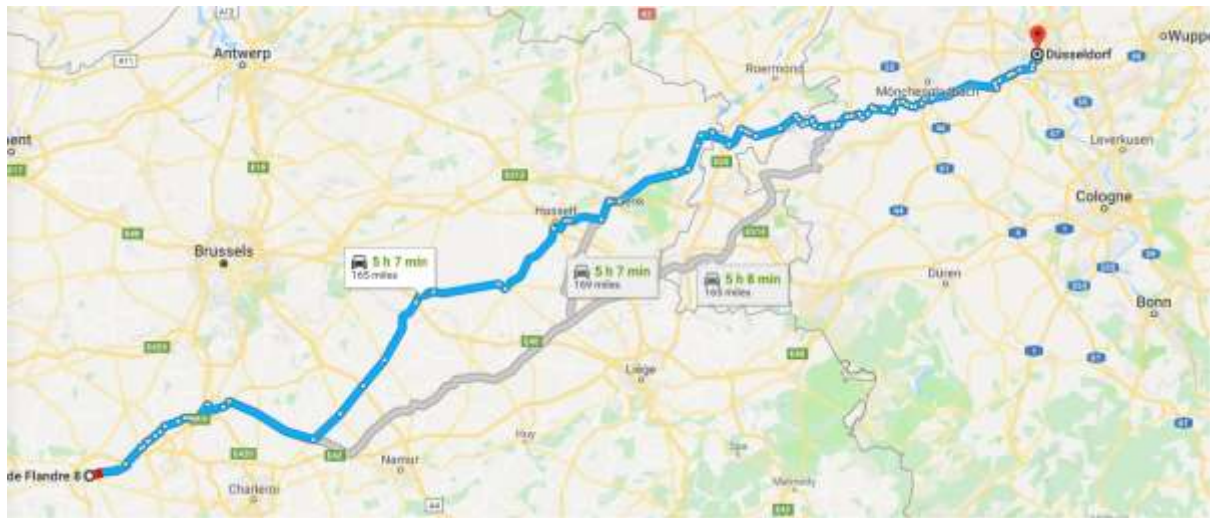
Chris, Simon and Tracey

Brian and Alex enjoying an expensive meal together on their private table!



Brian and Alex

Day 2



Get up bright and early, at least it was for Chris who went on an energetic run before breakfast, whilst the rest of the group emerged from their slumbers for breakfast sitting in the sunshine on the hotel patio.

Once everyone was ready to move on, our first problem of the day became apparent. The private car park at the back of the hotel was covered in gravel. This made moving the bikes around very difficult and once loaded with luggage virtually impossible! So we worked on one bike at a time with people holding on to various bits of the bike to safely manoeuvre them into the right direction.



After all the shunting around, the bikes are parked up and ready to go.

The journey on day 2 was from Mons to Dusseldorf to catch the overnight train that left Dusseldorf at 21:00 arriving in Innsbruck the next morning. This time we all stayed together!

Lunch stop was a roadside tapas style bar, with tables outside in the sunshine this looked the perfect place for a light lunch. A quick look at the menu confirmed here were a number of tapas dishes, so we simply ordered a mixture of the dishes and we could then try out the different sorts.

What came from the kitchen was a banquet! Not the small bowls of various dishes were expected but substantial sized bowls of meats, salads, vegetables, etc. Simon was in his element...

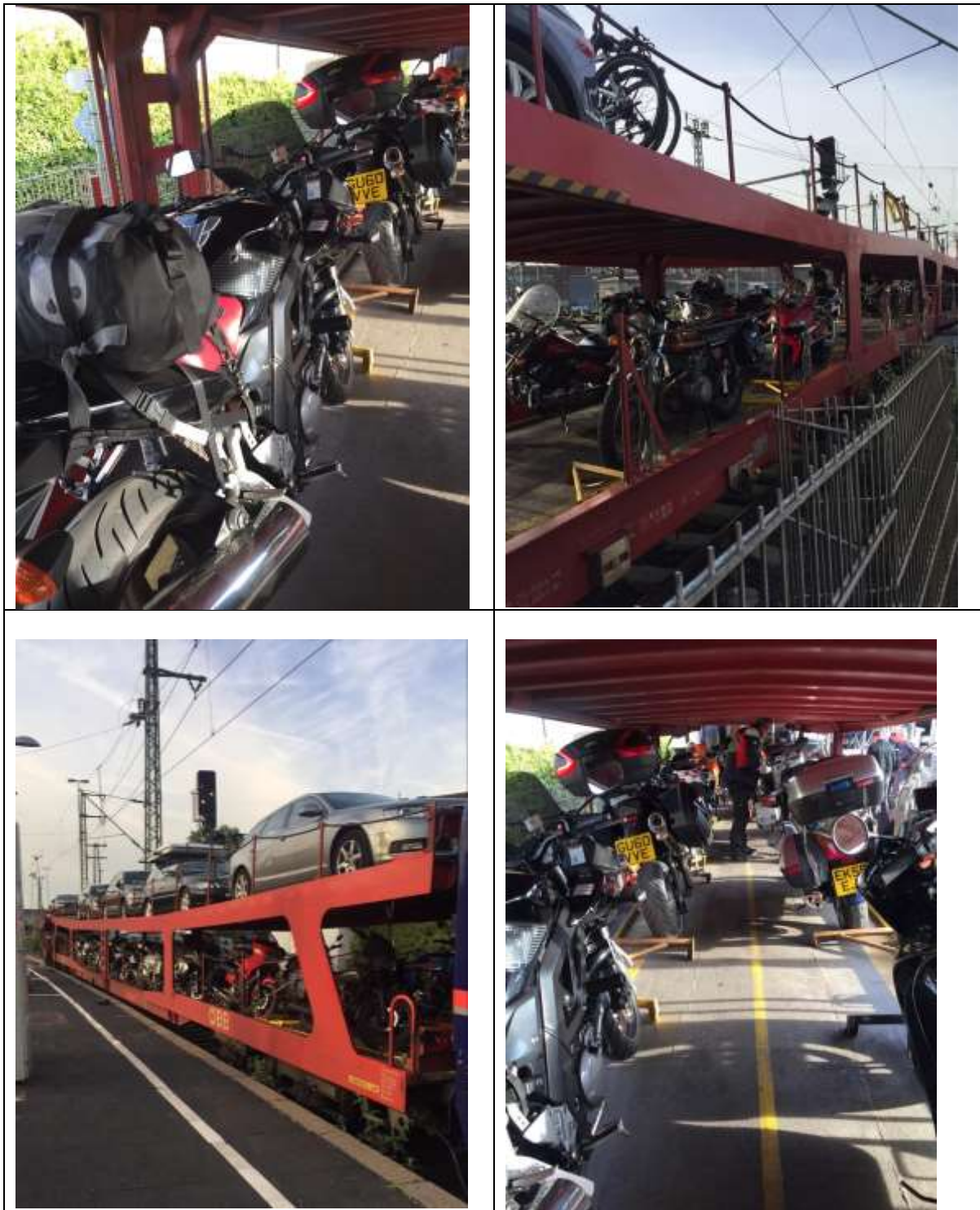


After expecting a light lunch and receiving a full blown dinner, the bill confirmed we had inadvertently invested in an expensive lunch stop!

Suitably refreshed we continued our journey to Dusseldorf.

On the outskirts of town, we hit a number of traffic jams – the first and only time on the trip. The consequence of this was that the group split into two – one heading north of town centre and one heading south. Both groups arrived at the Dusseldorf station within a few minutes of each other.

The first task was to load the bikes on the train – once loaded there would be an hours wait before departure which would allow us time to get something to eat in one of the nearby shops.



Having had such a large lunch, we opted for a simple MacDonalds meal in the train station before the train departed. This proved more interesting than it sounds...

Mike and Tracey ordered their vegetarian options separately, the other six all had the usual drink, burger and chips. Payment was made and we waited for the order to be prepared. The man duly

announced our order number – “These two bags?” we said, and he confirmed that was our order. Now back to the station platform to enjoy our burger and then board the train.

Burgers, drink and chips were given out to everyone, but it was noticed that there were still 6 burgers and 6 portions of chips left in the bag! We checked the receipts and confirmed we had only paid for 6 meals, yet we had somehow picked up 12... Mike later reported that there was someone in the station complaining that their order hadn’t been delivered – wonder if that was the “extras” that we had?

Trying as best we could, none of us could eat all the extra burgers – “No problem!” says Chris, “I can have one later on the train”.

We boarded and settled into our cabins. Previously our cabin had a shower unit and washbasin – to be fair this years cabin had a wash basin, but it was full of beer cans keeping cool! The showers were a separate shared room at the end of each carriage.

The conductor was slightly officious (but German accents do sound that way!) but she had a job to do and was doing it to the best of her abilities. At each cabin she asked if we spoke German or English and told us of the breakfast ordering process, departure/arrival times etc. Chris may have upset her... When asked whether his cabin was German or English speaking, Chris replied “Español?” – this clearly had her completely flummoxed and was to set the scene for later that evening!

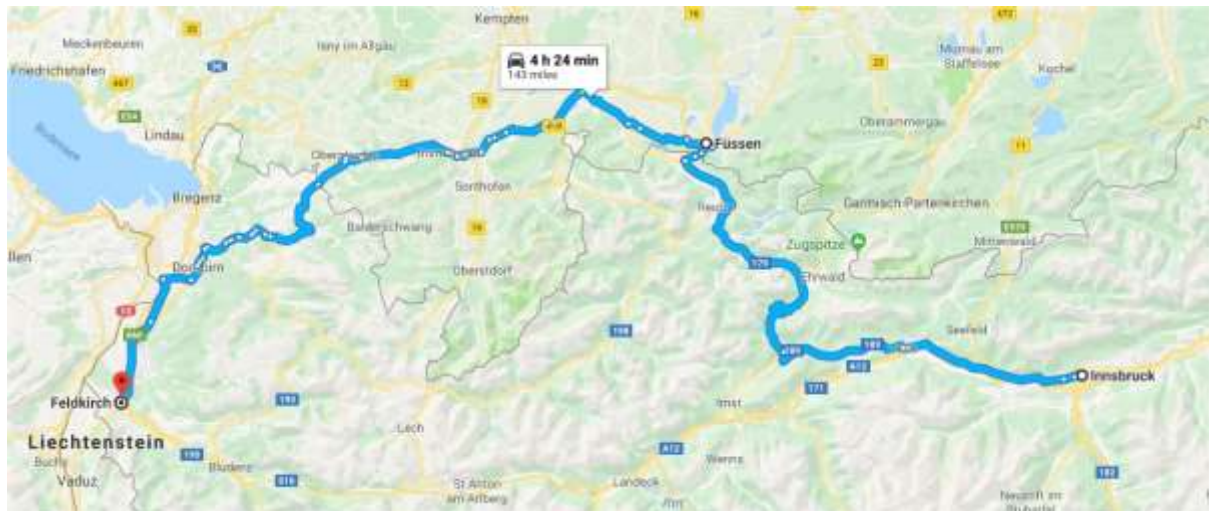
Brian, Chris and Simon were sharing one cabin; Alex, Eamonn and Lee the second one with Mike and Tracey occupying the lovebirds cabin. It became clear that we were all being too noisy – perhaps we were speaking loudly, but no more so than normal. Anyway, we were all warned to be quiet as other people were trying to sleep. It wasn’t even 10pm yet!



We quietened down as requested, but inevitably volumes and laughter increased and we had a second warning from the conductor. Still trying our best, we failed to satisfy the conductor who gave Brian and co a third and final warning, saying that if they didn’t stop making a noise they would be

thrown off the train at the earliest opportunity! Alex's group also had another warning, but was told if you wanted to continue talking, there were normal carriages a bit further along where we could talk as long as we wished – so that is what we did.

Day 3



After breakfast on the train, we arrived in Innsbruck to be greeted with warm sunshine and blue skies – perfect for riding. First we had to wait for the bikes to be unloaded. Chris admitted to having one of the cold burgers for his breakfast – he'll pay for it later in life!

As the bikes were being unloaded, we noticed a large pile of straps and bags on the platform next to the bike carriage. It would seem that anyone who had left soft luggage and tie-down straps on their bike had these removed and piled up on the floor. People had to sort through and find their own stuff. Tracey noticed that one of her straps had been cut through – the train officials obviously couldn't undo it properly and so simply cut the strap! This really was unacceptable, but it was done and nothing more could be gained by complaining.





It took a while to get everything organised and all the luggage in the right place, but eventually we were ready to go. Today's plan was to ride to Fussen for a lunch break, and then onto the overnight stop in Feldkirch.

Eamonn was leading the group and we left the station with a prime focus on finding a fuel stop as soon as we could. Follow the guidance on Google maps, we soon found some nice roads through the mountains and a petrol station.

It was only whilst in the petrol station that we realised we were on a motorway and we had not purchased any tickets to allow us to use the Austrian motorways! Eamonn checked his Google setting and found he had forgot to turn off the motorway option! So a quick exit was made from the service station on to some back roads to continue the journey.

According to Google maps, there was a lengthy stretch of road that appeared to be very twisty, but the traffic we were in was full of lorries and buses, so this prompted a coffee stop.

We hoped that the road would clear a bit before we continued our journey.

Unfortunately it didn't work out 100% - the ride was OK, but we knew it could have been better on a quieter day.



We arrived in Fussen and after riding around the town looking for a suitable café/restaurant, we found one beside a lake on the outskirts of Fussen. We ordered our meals, enjoyed the sunshine and watched Mike fall asleep...





The reason why Fussen was chosen as the lunch stop, was that this is the area in which Steve McQueen was filmed riding in the "Great Escape". After leaving the lunch stop we rode along some of the same roads as shown in the film, unfortunately the location of the actual jump was in the middle of a field and not something we could easily get to!

The road surfaces were superb and some good riding was to be had, Simon wanted to stop for some picturesque scenes when we could – it was difficult to find anything specific as there was just so much scenery to be seen! However, we found a small parking space (it may have been a bus stop) and pulled in. Photos were taken and we set about getting on our way, before leaving someone noticed something in Eamonn's rear tyre – a screw right in the centre of the tread. Bearing in mind the riding we had been doing in the last hour it was clear the screw wasn't affecting the handling of the Varadero! Simon recommended leaving it in place and keeping a check on the tyre pressure, quite often trying to remove the item would cause more problems than leaving it alone. So we continued our journey...



We arrived in Feldkirch in the early evening, the hotel was above a bar so the bikes were parked up outside, unloaded and beers ordered! As time progressed we began to realise how special Feldkirch was...

Alex and Brian were first to get their beers sitting outside the main bar. When Eamonn joined them, they had already made friends with what looked to be an Austrian pirate. Heavily tattooed with

bandana and a jacket that had seen better days, it was impressive how quickly our lads had made friends with the locals. After a while, it became clear that the pirate had only come to the table for a light, but then never left. He nodded and smiled in all the right places following Alex's and Brian's lead, but never said anything himself! After about 15 minutes, he left our table to go and find someone else.

Secondly, there was a gent who was having a very detailed conversation with an imaginary friend. He stopped every now and then to drink his beer and then continued his chat. At one point, he got up from his table, walked towards a nearby tree and appeared to tell the tree a joke. Whatever it was, it prompted him to burst out laughing and then he wandered off into town.

Thirdly, a small beagle type dog came by. Although small in stature, the dog was quite obviously a local stud and hence was nick-named "Bigus Dickus".

To cap all of this, later in the evening, there was another gentleman dressed in a very smart long red dress. Life was certainly never dull around that bar!





The hotel didn't have a restaurant, so we headed into Feldkirch centre to see what we could find. This became quite difficult to find a restaurant that would take us in as we had spent a long time drinking at the bar! We ended up splitting into two groups and had varying degrees of success at finding food!

In the centre of town, there was a big event of sort – we found out later that this was the “Poolbar Festival” of Feldkirch, a summer music and arts festival that's held each year (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Poolbar_Festival)



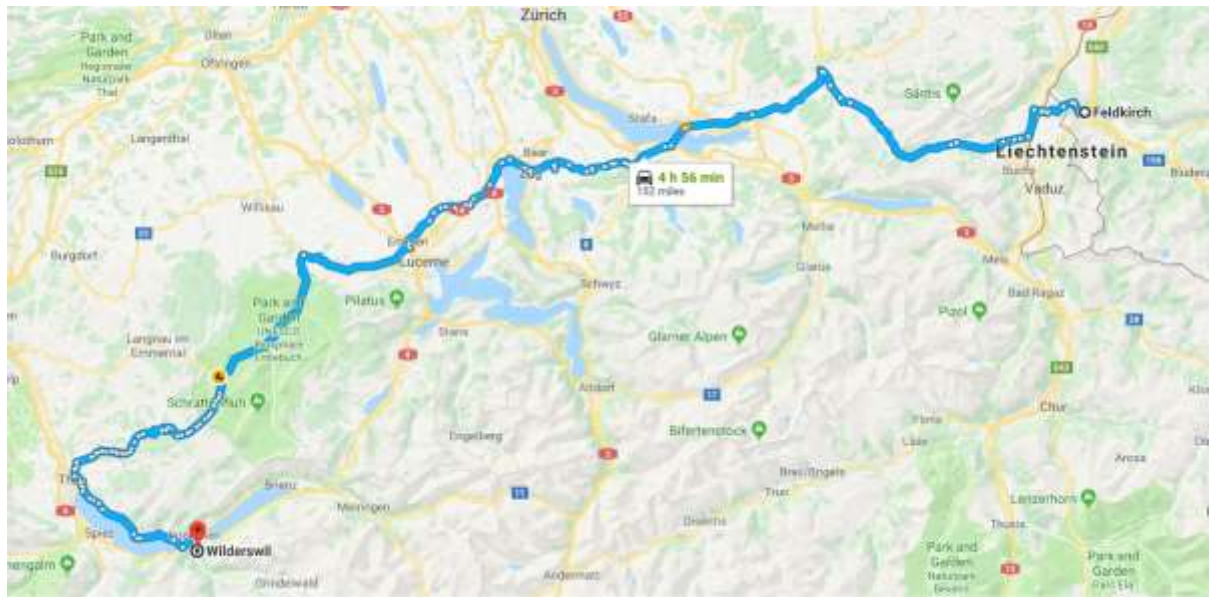
Alex playing “splash” with some other festival attendees



The centre of town in the midst of the “poolbar”

Apparently the main area of the festival used to be a swimming pool, but is now a large piazza, hence the festival name of the “Poolbar”.

Day 4



As the hotel didn't offer breakfast in the mornings, we packed our bags and headed on our journey looking for a coffee stop. Within a few miles we crossed through the Liechtenstein border (no-one in attendance!) and pulled into fuel station with attached coffee bar.

The coffee bar was very small and occupied mostly by local farmers who were in the middle of their grass harvest. We bought our drinks and snacks and found some shade to sit in away from the hot sun. Whilst there, it was very noticeable how all the cars and vans were immaculately clean – none had any of the usual muddy marks, everything looked as though it had just come out of the showroom. Even the tractors carting the harvest were clean and shiny! Clearly the people of Liechtenstein take pride in their vehicles appearance.

After coffee, we continued on, passing through picturesque countryside, into Switzerland and seeing the beginnings of the mountains ahead of us.

With the sun shining, good road surfaces and fantastic scenery it seemed almost a shame to stop for lunch! However, food and drink was also important... We stopped in a small town at a bar hoping to find some food offerings as well as the drinks.



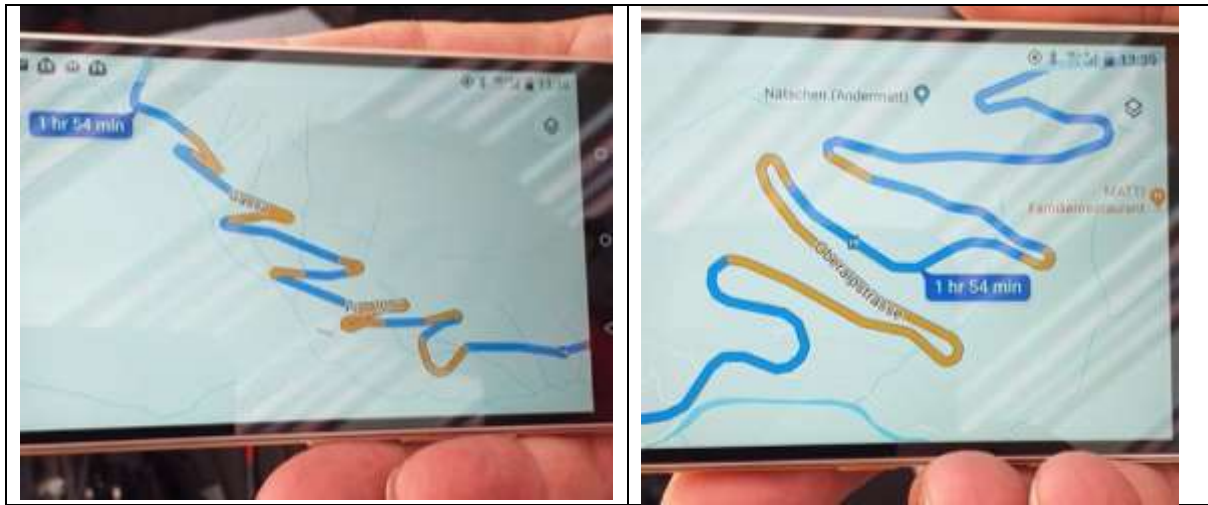
As it turned out, the food the bar offered was very limited – either a salad or schnitzels. The beers were ordered and awaited the food. A couple of Harleys stopped by for coffee before continuing their journey, otherwise the town was very quiet.

We were careful with the beers at lunchtime as Switzerland has a zero tolerance for alcohol and driving and we didn't want to have any problems involving the local police force!

After refreshing ourselves, we had to look for a fuel stop to fill up before we tackled the mountain passes ahead of us. It seemed that there were very few fuel stops around, but we did find one in time although there was only two pumps in operation that slowed our progress in refuelling.



Eamonn checked the route ahead – it was looking like it could be a testing journey through the mountains!



The roads to the mountain pass were smooth and sweeping, but as we approached the pass and saw the signs warning of road closures between October and March we knew we were about to enter switchback territory.

With the occasional bus and car getting in the way we made good progress up the mountainside, stopping at one point to regroup and take photos.



There were all sorts of vehicles to manoeuvre past – busses, cars, slower bikes (touring Harley's were having real difficulties getting around the tight hairpins) and cyclists. As we progressed, the clouds darkened and it started to rain. We stopped to put on waterproofs and by the time we resumed, it was raining quite heavily – then came the lightning and thunder! Being up the side of the mountain in the cloud base and feeling like you were part of the lightning was quite an experience. As we reached the summit, we pulled in to regroup and decide on our next actions – wait for the storm to go over or continue on. By this time the fog had become very dense, you could hardly see more than 30 yards ahead of you. After discussion we agreed to continue riding on our journey down the mountain and out of the bad weather.



Chris and Simon found some snow covered areas to stop for photos. This was such an extreme to the heat we had been experiencing earlier in the afternoon.

Riding in such thick fog was difficult to say the least – a combination of reading the road ahead and reading the Sat-Nav was necessary to see where the next set of bends were! As we descended, the fog cleared leaving just wet roads and eventually these dried up as well.



Having ridden over the pass, we found ourselves back in lower altitude and sunny weather again – time for coffee and a change out of the waterproofs.



We were close to our hotel in Wilderswill where we would be staying for two nights, so after coffees we pressed on for the final stage of the day.

Arriving in Wilderswill we found our hotel, parked the bikes and unloaded.



View from the balcony



Evening beers

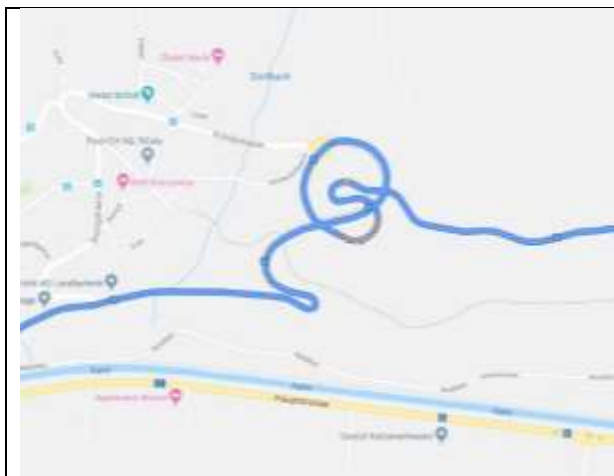
Sunset in the mountains

Day 5

Today was a “rest” day – a day to do whatever we wanted in the area around the hotel as we were staying in place for two days. After breakfast, we split into two groups: Chris, Eamonn, Mike and Tracey head off to Engleberg to “climb” a mountain, Alex, Brian, Lee and Simon decided to go to a hilltop restaurant in Interlaken.

Engelberg group

The intention was to ride to the town of Engelberg and then ride up the cable cars to the top of Mount Titlis, 10,000 feet above sea level. The bike ride was 55 miles and as is usual for Switzerland took us through some amazing scenery. One very confusing part of the road journey was highlighted on Google maps – the road ahead looked like this:



My first thought was that the sat-nav had malfunctioned and I'd need to stop to recalibrate it. I couldn't see how the road was going to tie itself in knots as the image indicated.

As we approached the area, we found that the road went into the side of the mountain and once inside spiralled around like a multi-story carpark! This is why the Google image looked so weird!

A couple of miles outside of Engelberg, it started to rain – we donned out waterproofs just in case it worsened. Fortunately the rain didn't get any worse and stopped as we parked up at the base of Titlis for the usual coffee.



We bought our tickets and boarded the first of two cable cars. This first section was only 100 feet or so from the ground and took us halfway up the mountain to an area called "Trubsee". We stopped for a few photos and then continued on the second car to the next stage



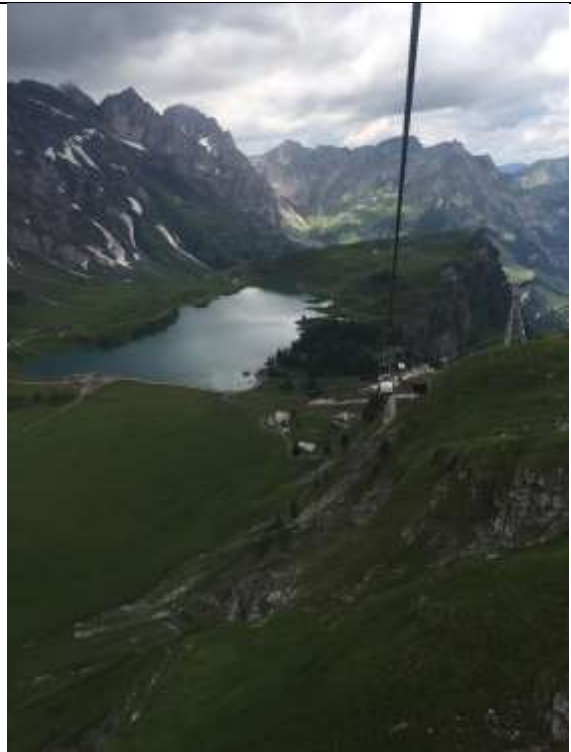


Lake Trubsee



Mike and Tracey enjoy the sunshine

The second cable car took us to the summit where the weather was a mixture of occasional sunshine and thick clouds passing through. We stopped for lunch in the restaurant and watched for a break in the weather conditions to go outside into the snow.



View from the second cable car to the summit of Titlis



Eamonn and Chris venture into the snow – they may be some time.



Cliff walk – it would have been better if we could have seen how high it was!



Inside the glacier



Bike boots made sliding easy on the icy walkway!



Having had enough of the snow, we journeyed back down to the main car park. On route we found a vending machine with a very strange selection of products. There was cheese, hair care products, polish, honey – the only rational we could come to was that this vending machine sold all local produce.

Interlaken Group

The group that stayed within the Interlaken area decided to have a relaxing day enjoying the local restaurants and hostelrys!

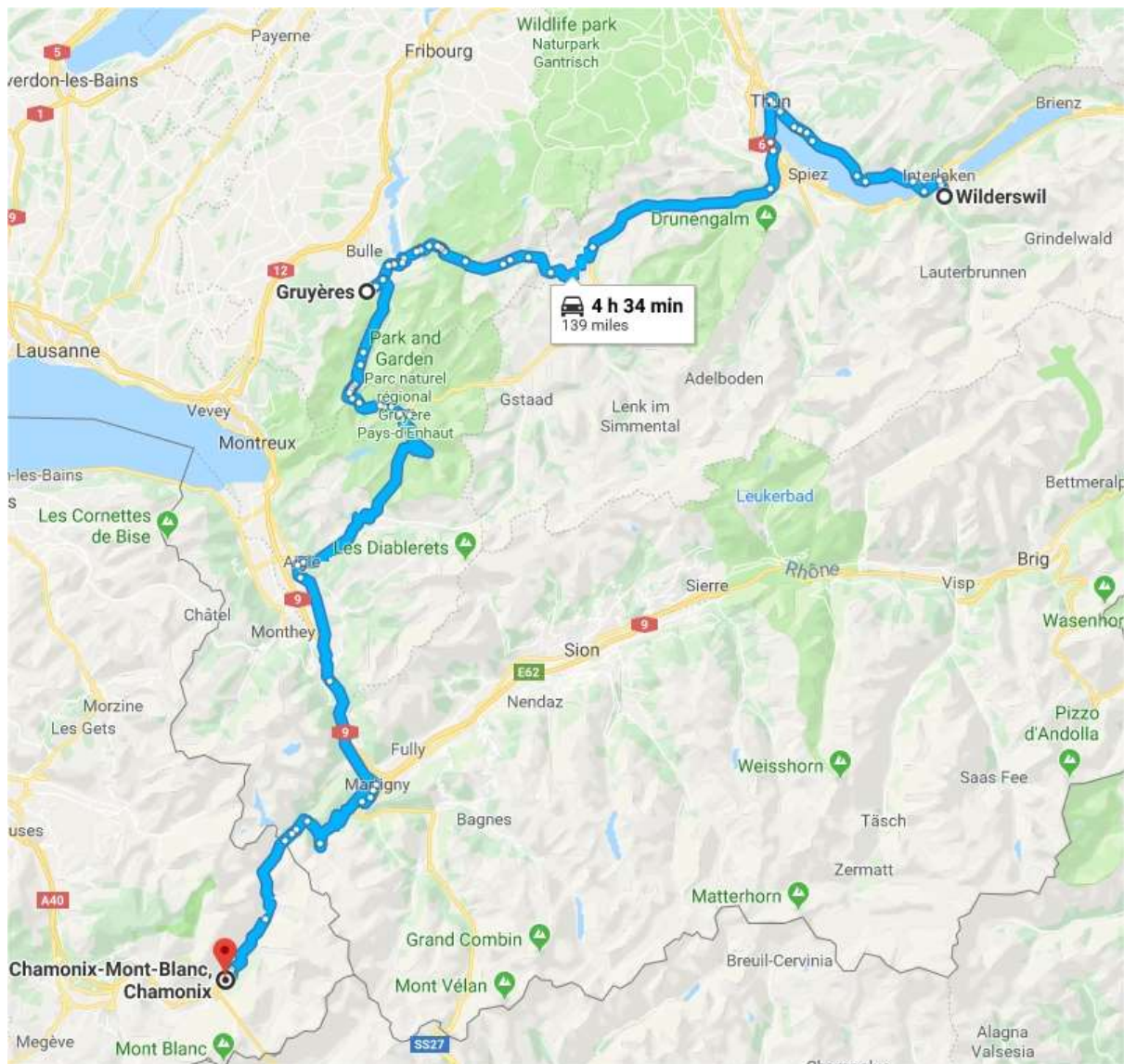
The restaurant was reached by cable car and this appeared to cause some concern to Simon...



After lunch, there was an afternoon stop in a famous chain of bars:



Day 6



The day started bright and sunny and some were awoken by the sound of a small herd of cows being led into their grazing field for the day. The clanking of the cow bells was more effective than any alarm....





There were some members of the group that found the early mornings too much to handle and decided to make the most of the sunshine whilst everyone else was packing up and getting their bikes ready to go on the next stage.

The route today took us through more mountain passes, thankfully with better weather than the previous experience, and on to our lunch stop at Gruyeres. This small town was on our route due to it being the location of the HR Giger Museum. Giger won an Oscar for the set design on the Alien films and the museum has Giger's artwork displayed – both paintings and sculptures.



The first task was to find a restaurant and settle down for lunch – basically this meant finding the first establishment that was (a) open and (b) served beer. The food was a nice extra!

With lunch consumed, the group split into two, Eamonn, Mike and Tracey went into the museum whilst the others enjoyed a few more beers and a look around the town.



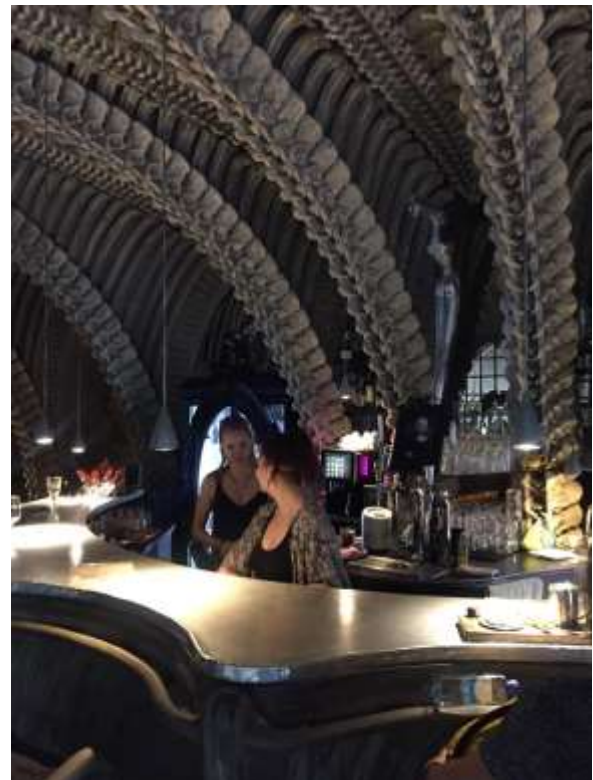
The best of friends

This is when the group were approached by a Japanese tourist with a very strange request... The mans partner (presumably wife?) was desperate for the toilet and as there were a number of small trees/bushes near the car park, the tourist asked if it OK if his partner hid behind the bushes in order to relieve herself! Sometimes on tour, the unexplainable things happen...





In the town there is a bar that has its interior decorated in the HR Giger style!



We left Gruyere heading for our hotel in Chamonix. Along the way the usual fuel stop was required and this is where Eamonn's navigation skills ceased to work! The petrol station was on the opposite side of the road to our direction of travel, so we turned around at the next junction and filled up. On leaving the forecourt, Eamonn had forgotten that we had turned around and headed off back towards Gruyere! The Google sat-nav spotted the problem and then prompted Eamonn to turn down some small back roads in the town to get back on track again. This involved going through a number of residential areas, closed school roads, etc., etc. Whilst this was happening, Chris and Lee had noticed the error and Lee's TomTom system had directed him onto the correct route, so the two of them waited patiently while the others toured the small streets. Eventually we regrouped on the correct path and continued our journey.

More mountain passes and scenery saw us arriving in Chamonix in the early evening, the hotel was located and bikes parked up. As usual the first course of action was quick cleanup/shower and find a bar. The first bar we came to outside the hotel and some outside seating area, drinks were ordered and then the report came back that the beers were costing Eur 7 each!! A second round was sought elsewhere.

We settled on one of the many restaurants in the centre of town and enjoyed both the meal and the view of the snow capped mountains.



Day 7



Today's route was a return to the French roads – it was quite noticeable how the Swiss roads were in better condition than in France. Having left the hotel promptly after breakfast, we stopped for coffee and a break at a McDonalds. One of the problems of using the twisty back roads for a route is that you don't pass many restaurants and cafes, but suitable refreshed we continued our journey.



Brian packed and ready to go



Checking the maps for a petrol station

Another problem with avoiding the main roads is the lack of fuel stations. Alex discovered that his Sportster could do 140 miles on one tank, but it must have been running on fumes by the time we did find a garage!

For our lunchtime stop we came across a roadside café in Valserhone and parked up. A basic menu on offer and as we were now well into France, the vegetarian options for Mike and Tracey became more limited. There were some additional friends though...



The lunch stop (above)

Extra Harley tourers arrived (below)





Left: one of the friendly local cats

Below left: Tracey didn't have enough luggage space to bring this one back

Below Right: Brian eating healthily

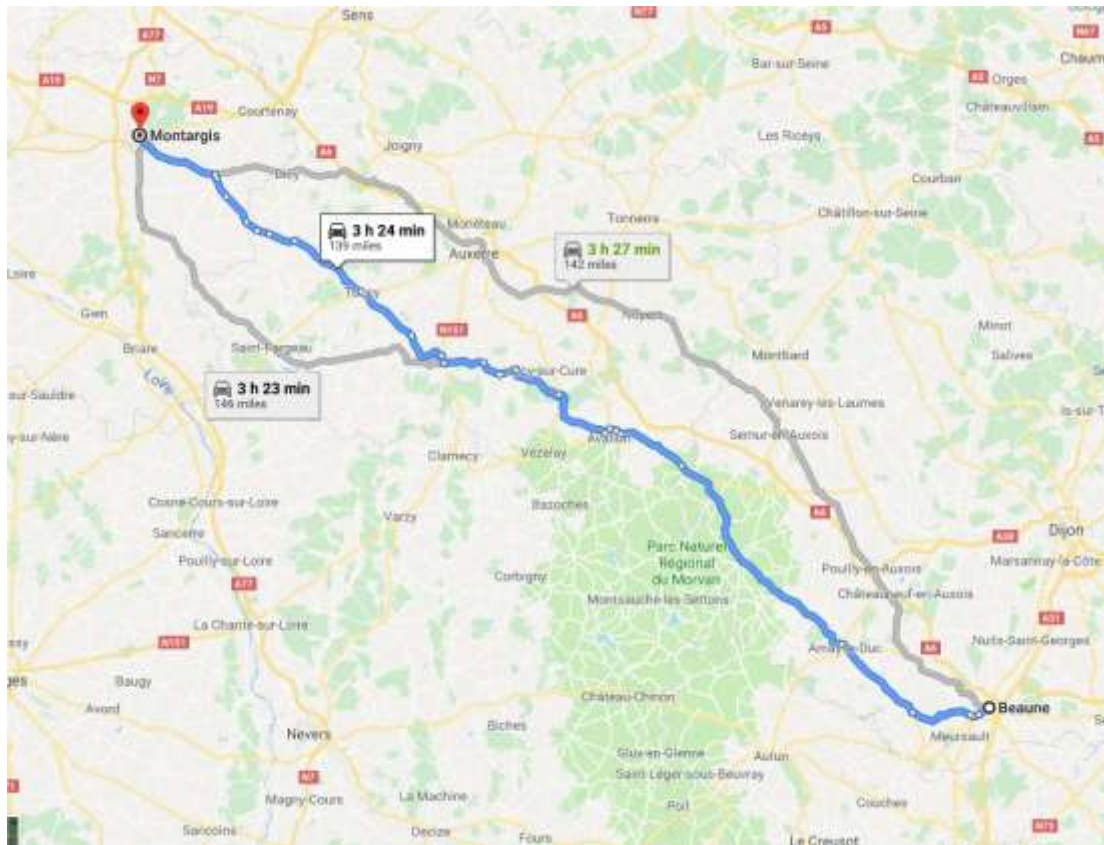


After lunch, we continued through the French countryside only stopping for fuel and a short coffee stop.

A nice comfy Ibis hotel was awaiting us in Beaune. First time we had air con since leaving France on the way down!



Day 8



Slightly shorter ride today through the French countryside. Not quite as picturesque as the mountains of Switzerland & sometimes roads which could be considered agricultural, but some nice scenery & twisty riding none the less. They certainly blew away some of the hangovers (not mine!) good job really as some of those roads were decidedly bumpy!!

First coffee stop was in Saulieu, a quiet town with some very strange sculptures.





After the refreshments we continued on through forested areas, stopping in Avallon for lunch. By this stage on our holiday, fresh salads were becoming more popular rather than yet more burgers!



The temperature increased during the morning, so it was good to get under some cover for lunch.





The ride to our overnight stop in Montargis was through more open countryside past large fields of sunflowers.



Montargis (twinned with Crowborough in Kent) is situated on the Loing River, about 110 kilometers (68 miles) south of Paris. With its rich history, picturesque canals, and charming architecture, Montargis is often referred to as the "Venise du Gâtinais" (Venice of the Gâtinais) due to its numerous waterways and bridges.

After putting our bikes into the underground car park of the hotel, we had time to take a look around the town and of course have a couple of drinks!

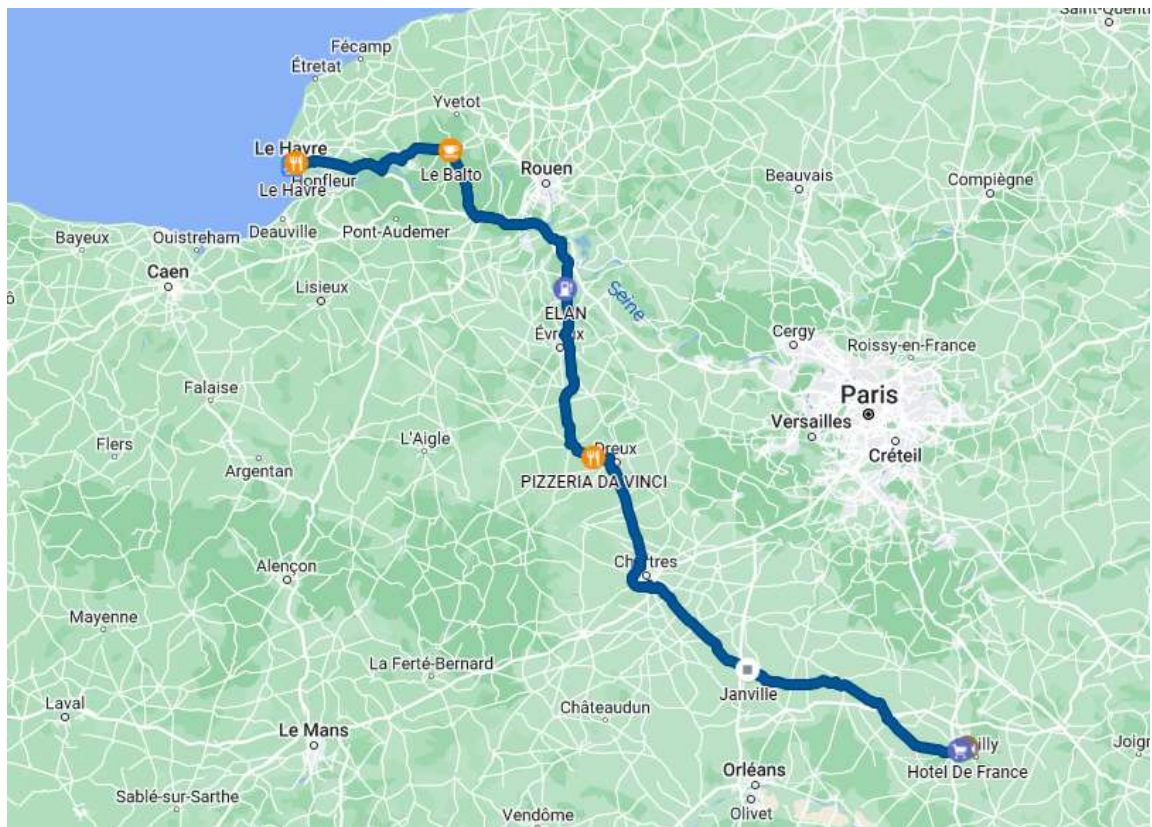




It was here that Lee started to feel unwell – he blamed the fresh salads at lunchtime. So Lee didn't join us for an evening meal that night.



Day 9



Today was the last day of our holiday, a short(ish) ride to the overnight ferry before we went on our own ways back home.

Early in the morning, Lee still felt unwell and decided to make his own way to the Eurotunnel and get home a day earlier. We were sorry to see Lee go, but understood the situation.



The remaining group set off and stopped for our usual mid-morning coffee in Janville.

It was here that Alex and Chris swapped bikes for a while.



Having swapped bikes, we continued on our journey northwards, Alex enjoying the new found power of a GSXer and Chris cruising in style!

Just after passing around Dreux, we stopped at a pizza restaurant for lunch, this turned out to be a bikers paradise! There were bikes adorning the walls and taking up floor space in the restaurant – both the meal and the place itself were a lucky find.

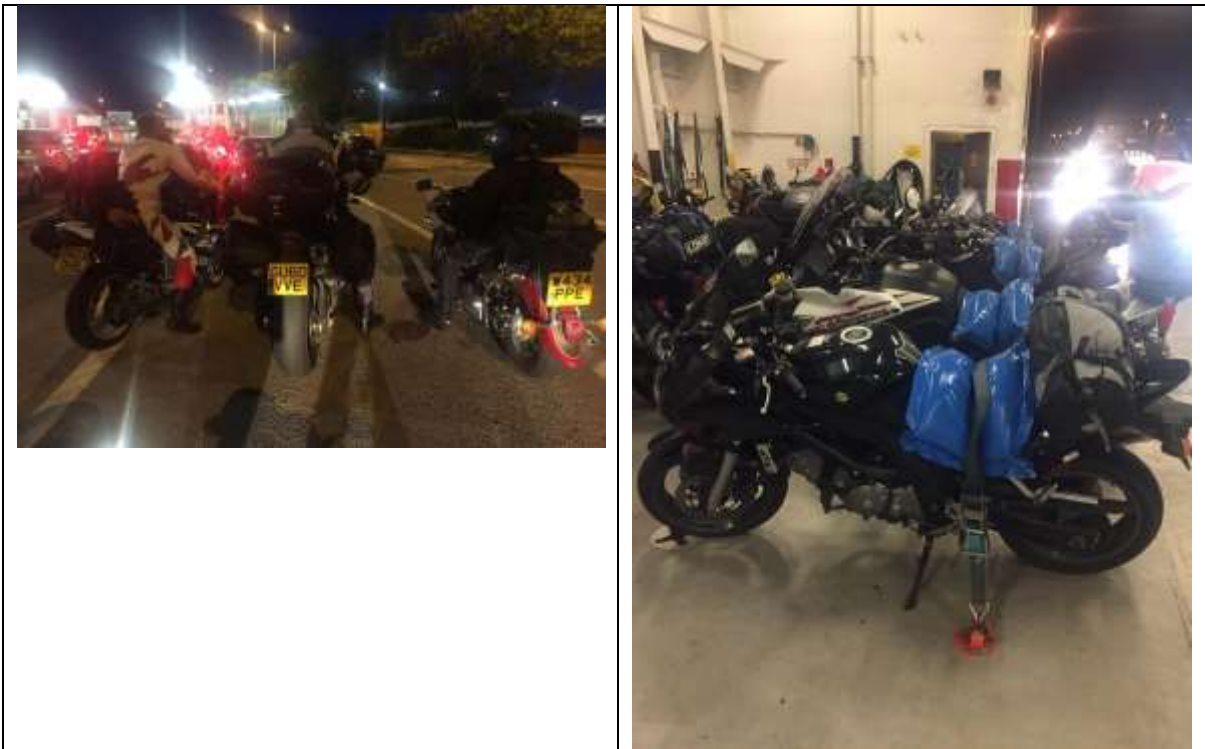


Chris and Alex reverted back to their own bikes and we continued on our way to Le Havre taking a relaxed ride today as the ferry didn't leave until late at night. We stopped in Caudebec-en-Caux by the river Seine for an afternoon break, by this time it was hot and cold drinks were the main order.



Following our break we headed off for the final part of our French journey. Following the signs to the Le Havre port, Eamonn took us to the commercial port rather than the passenger area! Realising that this was in fact the wrong place, we turned around and rejoined the main road to find the correct terminal – this proved more difficult than expected! We had approached the passenger port from a different direction and so we didn't see the signs indicating the correct entry point. Whilst the main group parked up in a shady place, Eamonn went off to find the correct port entry point. After a few minutes, the correct place was identified and finally we knew where to go!

Time to relax and have a couple of beers, with the ferry journey starting late at night our last meal in France was a MacDonalds



As is traditional on board, we had a few drinks before retiring and setting the alarms ready for an early rise and departure from the ferry.

Day 10

On arrival in Portsmouth, the bikes were readied, our good-byes made to each other and we started our separate journeys home.

It was an excellent holiday with great company and an all too short time in Switzerland itself. A situation that was to be resolved in the 2022 holiday.