

Lens letter from the Via

Date 14/07/17

Location	Orbe	KM's to Rome	1,234	Steps Today	38,815
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In today's blog you may notice a slightly different authorial voice – that's because Baby Boucher is making a guest appearance on "Len on the Via." But never fear, dear reader, normal transmission should resume promptly. We started our day's walk in Jounge with a rather steep descent down a hillside and soon the border crossing from Italy to Switzerland



was upon us. We noticed the change in national cultures immediately. The first rest stop came ready equipped with a bin and was in immaculate condition. While we might like to say that the French have a keener sense of the aesthetic, I would suggest that enjoyment of said aesthetic is made more difficult when roads and paths are strewn with trash. Gimme Swiss ordered public spaces any day of the week!

Because we were starting to see some mountainous landscapes, my mind turned to the upcoming climb into St Bernard's Pass, repeatedly asking our

fearless leader if the mountain in eyeline was a similar gradient to our climb into the pass. A typical Boucher-like-diversion ensued into a discussion about the difference between a

mountain and a hill (there is no world standard, we discovered later) – I couldn't help but think Mary Tomsic would have been an active contributor to this discussion. However, when we realised that the rather large looking mountain represented only a quarter of the climb that the Boucher Boys will be completing in a week or so, a rather subdued hush came over the group.

The next most important event of the day was a decision regarding the lunch spot. As one might imagine, the different priorities of the group soon made themselves apparent. (I leave it to you to decide who prioritised each of the following: a view, a seat, and



shade.) But a compromise position was reached and all were happy, suggesting that happy families are not, in truth, all alike. Instead, each must find their unique method to ensure the greatest happiness for the greatest number. (And surely a repressed British man is a better model for family life than a crazy Russian anyway.)

