

to Streatham Common Station, all of a hundred yards distance. British Rail very efficiently cancelled our train which we didn't want to catch anyway, so we weighed our rucksacs to find that Bob's was the lightest at 33lbs and John's, Steve's and Marion's were the heaviest at 56lbs (scale nearly broke) 54 and 52 respectively. On reaching Victoria, the civilised members of the Unit joined the long queue while Marion acrobatically to the disgust of the Unit, flashed a white pair when her rucksac, complete with cookery books by the ton, got the better of her and she fell backwards. We found our seats on the train and proceeded to place twelve rucksacs on six square feet of luggage rack. Much to our amusement a small group of German Scouts kept attempting to pass us in the already rucksac filled gangway. Unfortunately our German Brothers have yet to learn the finer arts of packing rucksacs. Wellington boots and huge cooking pots adorned the outside of each rucksac, making progress painfully slow. Meanwhile without trying to distract them, Unit members took the opportunity to practise their German, a language used frequently in the German speaking part of Switzerland. Such wonderful phrases as "Ein Wellie" and "Achtung" were heard

from various corners. The journey to Folkestone was uneventful, but on arrival at this port, (rumoured by many to be the twin port of Birmingham,) we had to queue for about two hours before boarding the boat.

Bonjour! Nous arrivons a Oostende. (That won't get them far in German speaking lands. Ed) At Ostend we boarded the train and travelled to Brussels on minus five star seats which meant that we had to get comfortable in any position even if it meant leaning on a Flemish shoulder. At Brussels we sleep walked from one platform to another to take the train to Basle. Here we were advised that it would be easier if the train took us and not vice versa. Despite a more comfortable compartment, fate had blessed us with a meticulously stroppy Flemish gent, (I can think of other words for him,) who insisted on sitting by the window and told Bob where to stick his cigarette end when he dropped it. Bob nodded obligingly and at the same time uttered fluent English vocabulary not found in the Oxford Dictionary. Eventually, after minor instances such as Ewen's sudden dislike for pepper, the phantom crash out expert and a 6 year old girl's attraction to John, we reached the frontier town of Basle. (It is said by many that John noted