

down the young lady's telephone number for future reference.)

At Basle Station we had to wait for about an hour for our connecting train to Interlaken. This gave us ample time to buy the necessary food for the evening meal, to change money and get a small snack. John also tried to phone Raymond Zwicker our Swiss friend, but was unable to reach him. The journey from Basle was uneventful. By now most of us had been without sleep for 36 hours and this tended to quieten the majority down. En route to Interlaken the skies blackened considerably but the rain held off. On arrival at Interlaken Ost John again tried to phone Raymondo but without success. About a mile down the road we came across a small camp site and after negotiating in perfect German with the owner, we erected our tents and set about cooking our first meal on Swiss territory. We visited the local cafe that night and spent our time listening to the juke box and playing table football. The dynamic duo of Bud and Jel reigned supreme that night, but soon came unstuck the next night when Chris and Ewen took over as the supremos. On the way back to the camp site we visited a local festival and tried our hands at Ice Hockey. After all failing miserably we returned to the comfort of our tents.

The next morning we were up at the crack of dawn at 10am. We would have stayed in had a little longer but for the intents heat inside the tents. After breakers we strolled into Interlaken to explore and do the shopping. The afternoon was spent swimming in Brienzersee, cold as it was, followed by some sunbathing. By Monday morning we had more or less recovered from the journey from distant England. After some shopping we noticed that there wasn't much 'air about. Chris had decided to visit the local butchers. While being scalped, Chris pointed out that he didn't quite have enough money to pay Mr Todd. After a quick whip round the barber was paid. The afternoon saw Tony Bear take a group of six on the ferry from Interlaken to Thun calling at eight or nine small ports along the shores of Thunersee. Meanwhile a group of three took the local bus to Merligen, also on Thunersee, to see the fine views offered by this small town.

The next day six people decided to climb to the foot of the Eiger. A train was taken to Wengenalp and from there by foot to Eigergletscher. From here there were many fine views of the surrounding valleys.

During the few days we had been present at the camp site, we had noticed a small rugged