

little man who became affectionately known as "Noddy". He used to stand behind 3 foot bushes watching our every movement. A small game of football was in progress one day when suddenly from behind a 2 foot bush leaped Noddy, armed to the teeth with his gun, threatening to shoot the ball and then confiscated it.

Brienzersee was our next destination. Here a lido had been found along with a set of diving boards. We managed to utilise the float energetically, much to the amusement of everyone on the shore and our one associate bather. After a tiring day most people decided to turn in early except for Chris, Paulo Cesar and Steve. At about midnight we were awoken by talking. On crawling from the tents we found Raymondo. After a week of fruitless searching he had at last found us. He had up to this point been leaving messages with certain people in Bonigen, our local town, but the meetings arranged had never materialised owing to faulty translations. We had begun to wonder if Raymondo really existed. The following day, which was also Swiss National day, or William Tell day, we rose early and travelled to Berne where we had arranged to meet Raymondo in his home town. A guided tour showed us the capitals treasured bears, the zoo

and the cathedral amongst other things. It was certainly a very interesting city made colourful by the abundance of flags and the constant reappearance of a famous clock tower. Despite the trams and the bear keepers near adoption of Tony and Nick we made our way back to Bonigen for the evening meal. We are all most grateful to Raymondo for taking time to show us his city and for being such an excellent host. He was in fact going on holiday to Cornwall that very evening with his own Scout Troop.

That evening we were invited by the local residents to join National celebrations. The climax of the evening came when first Bud and Jel and then Chris and Alan took on the Germans at table football. After two sound thrashings they left with their tails between their legs wondering why, with so much talent available, England had failed to qualify for the World Cup finals.

The weather over the next two or three days was incredibly hot. While most people spent the time trying to hide from the sun, the remainder somehow found the energy to hike to the ski resort of Brietlaunen, some 5232 feet above the camp site. On arrival a storm broke out but lasted only twenty minutes after which the descent was started back to Bonigen. While