



## CAMPERS CHATTER

### Wolvenbergkloof - Rawsonville 16 – 19 June 2022

Thank you Aiden for the camp report and all those that contributed to the photos.

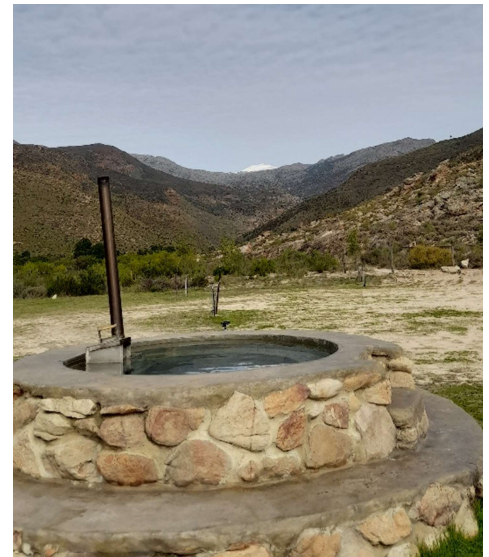
#### Campers:

Trevor and Sandy Biggs

Johnny and Sandy van Rooyen  
Wayne, Dawn, Erin and Aidan Smith

#### Day Visitors:

Greg and Glyn  
Nieuwstad



All was calm as we pulled into the campsite at Wolvenberg Kloof on that Youth Day. Johnny and Sandy were already set up, with Trevor and Sandy B. talking to them (their tent not having been set up yet). This meant that we, the Smith family, were fashionably late.



*Don't you just hate it when the extension lead is just too short!!*

The cold was rather biting, but bearable, as we set up our tents. After this the central fire was started, and the three families present all huddled together around the warmth of the fires under the Lapa area. Here tales that were set during lockdown were told. Tales of espionage, subversion and other somewhat sneaky acts. After this, the families had their dinners, and it was time for bed.



The second day, Friday brought bitter cold, with the snowy peaks of the nearby mountains providing the wind through the valley with an extra bit of metaphorical "oomph". Sandy B. got trapped in one of the shower rooms as the door got stuck. Upon hearing of her predicament, Trevor leapt out of his seat, rushed over to the shower room door, and delivered a kick that could shatter the walls of Babylon, freeing his wife from her short-lived confinement.





It was then suggested that the two youngest members of the camp establish their tents under the cover of the Lapa. Despite my initial protests, this proved to be a rather advantageous move, as my position between two walls made for an easily defensible position from the torrential downpour that happened to be pending.



The Smith family mounted another expedition to survey and bolster the local economy, returning with an undisclosed number of bottles of wine. There was also a surprise visit from Greg and Glyn who popped in for lunch. The wind had, in the meantime, decided that the camping trip had, up to this point, been a tad bit too tame, and took the wind power up a notch. Gusts of wind ravaged the campsite, and a few awnings were blown loose, and had to be taken down. Once again, tales were told around the campfire.

This evening presented a set of different tales, including ones involving game park rangers and eye-candy, drive-ins, and former rugby superstar, Pierre Spies. A Three-Striped field mouse made an appearance, running between chair legs, table legs, and even human legs, and eventually sat in a bowl that had the crumbs from a delicious lemon meringue that had been prepared by Sandy van Rooyen. This also led to the creation of the call: "*Och Jimmy! There's a moos loos in the hoos!*"







The forecast for Saturday morning claimed that rain would arrive. And arrive it did, as significant areas were flooded, and the cold became even worse. The flooding, while not quite biblical, was still severe enough to bring about scenes somewhat reminiscent of the Somme. Trevor's boots were noted to be quite comfortable, and so the Smith family went to the local beacon of civilization in nearby Rawsonville: The Local Agrimark. Here there were at least four other groups browsing for waterproof boots. This was a testament to the severity of the rain. After visiting another wine farm, the Smith family returned, and the fire (which had been started at 11:00) was once again the centre of attention.



The day happened to be one day before Father's Day, and due to the packing up that was expected to take place rapidly due to the possibility of rain on Sunday morning, delectable snacks were laid out and gifts were handed out to all fathers (and "fathers-to-be"). Homemade Dom Pedro's were provided, with the whiskey one being particularly whiskey-ish. I would like to take this moment to thank everyone (particularly the two Sandy's) for making the day so special. The mouse, Jimmy, as he was now christened, made another appearance, although giving him alcohol may have been a somewhat questionable choice, and so the Dom Pedro's were kept a safe distance away from him/her. During the evening, the URC final between the Stormers and The Blue Bulls was underway. Johnny, having evidently lost all sense of provincial pride, claimed that the Blue Bulls would win. Wayne, on the other hand, firmly believed that the Stormers would win. A high-stakes wager of R50 was set, and upon the resolution of the match, a Stormers victory was announced. Wayne magnanimously refused the pay-out of the wager, saying that "It was anybody's game.", and so the funds were instead deposited into the camping club coffers.

Sunday proved to be rather uneventful. The forecasts predicting rain had proven to be nought but fable, much to the relief of the intrepid campers. Packing-up was accomplished without much incident, and goodbyes were said, as the campers all went their separate ways, back home. A heartfelt thanks goes out to all those who made the camp possible and as pleasant as it turned out to be, particularly in regard to Father's Day.

Scroll down for the Fathers' Day group photos.....



