



CAMPERS CHATTER

ALTYDWATER, RAWSONVILLE (AGM)

21st to 24th September 2018

Campers:

Trevor and Sandy	Ginger
Craig and Rina	
Gary and Barbara	Helen
Ira and Mandy	
Johnny and Sandy	

Guests:

Michelle, Chloe and Michael Graf and friend Donica



Can't believe that it is already a year since the last AGM at Yzerfontein, West Coast – Where does the time fly to? Another year, another Committee 😊😊

Packed our caravan Thursday night, got a lift into work on Friday morning and then waited impatiently for Johnny to collect me at one o'clock. Traffic wasn't too bad on the N1 considering it was a long weekend but obviously leaving "early" definitely helps matters. Just through the tunnel and then a right-turn by Du Toitskloof unless you are Ginger and Trevor and Sandy and do a detour to Du Toitskloof for wine replenishments and now delicious pies from Ou Meul Bakery which has now opened up at Du Toitskloof Winery, it's a nice short trip to the campsite. Arrived to find Trevor, Sandy and Ginger set up under the trees – luckily this time the owner had posted signs on the trees to demarcate our spot. Last time we arrived to find people already set up in "our" booked area and another camper starting to put up her tent.

After a quick phone call to the owner, the campers, with the help of some of our members, picked up their tent and relocated it to the area their group had booked which was on the other side of the campsite.

The rest of our small group (7 families in total) arrived in dribs and drabs and set up in a laager type fashion, with Michelle and her children (Chloe, Michael and a friend Donica) coming through on the Saturday morning due to school commitments.



The campsite is still well maintained with lovely grassed areas along the river which was quite full and flowing rather rapidly however the ablutions definitely need an upgrade but I suppose with the owner's house burning down due to a suspected electrical fault, the upgrade of the ablutions is probably not a priority for them but if they want to keep charging people to camp there, they will definitely need to do something.

We were very lucky with the weather the whole weekend. The evenings were cold but the days absolutely beautiful with no wind to speak of. Friday night we settled down around the fire (and konkers to keep warm) to catch up on everyone's news and eventually retired to bed at around 10h30'ish.

Saturday morning woke up to glorious sunshine. We really have been blessed with great weather for our camps this whole year. During the early hours of the morning, a camper (not one of ours) had wandered into our laager and couldn't find his tent or the way out of the laager. After some gentle coaxing by Helen (he was right outside her tent), he managed to find the exit and went off in search of his tent. Even after a few enquiries around the camp, we never did find out which camper it was who must have been "sleep walking". Whilst some of us opted to stay at camp and relax, Ira and Mandy decided to go gin tasting, Helen went off to see a friend who lives in the area and Gary and Barbara went off wine tasting.

Back at camp and with everyone returned from their trips, we all congregated for our 4 pm AGM Meeting – all 13 adults and three children of us. After last year's AGM turnout of 17 families, it was a very disappointing turnout for a once-a-year meeting.



With the meeting done and dusted, it was time to light the fires and get the dinner started. A feast of fillet steak, salads and garlic bread were the order of the day (supplied by the Club), accompanied by two absolutely delicious sauces made by Gary (but really by Barbara) and Ira. And then there were dom pedro's and chocolates to end the veritable feast. All in all a great evening with delicious food, a lot of laughs, drinks and full tummies.

Sunday was another beautiful sunny day. Craig and Johnny played boullé with the kids – I don't even want to know how much cheating was going on by the adults but they all seemed to be having fun.



Later on in the day, Craig and Rina decided to be brave and "shoot the rapids" and headed off up river with our tube. We could hear them discussing how they were BOTH going to fit on one tube – eventually they opted to both lie on their tummies on the tube. Drifting past us, all we heard was Craig – "ow, ow, ow", as his knees scraped the boulders underneath the water as they bobbed along. They however made it in one piece and scrambled out of the river just past the end of the campsite – must admit I take my hat off to them because the water was freezing and not even the kids were keen to go in the water.



Potjies were the order of the day with most of the campers Sunday night (Ginger and Helen unfortunately both departed Sunday afternoon) with it being a three night camp and Craig decided to do an oxtail. Now the last time he did an Oxtail at Boegoeberg many moons ago, I am sure some of you can remember that Craig and Rina did not eat that night because it wasn't ready and eventually had it for breakfast the next day. Well unfortunately they experienced the same fate once again and ended up eating some of the other potjies which WERE cooked. Craig reckons he's bringing a pressure cooker to camp next time he does an oxtail. Perhaps, it would be easier to stick to a chicken potjie Craig 😊.

A great evening was had by all – Michael tried to teach Johnny the “Floss” dance which had us all in stitches (sorry my sweetheart but you looked like a spastic but you are a good sport) and unbeknown to us Ira was appointed the secret “Fines Master” by Trevor for the weekend. As usual Ira had us all killing ourselves with laughter with all the transgressions he came up with – our punishment a Melkert shooter (and Lemonade for the kids), not a bad punishment at all.

Monday, best weather of the weekend and the hottest of course. No-one was in a hurry to pack up so we all took our time, enjoying our last breakfasts and slowly packing down. Despite the long weekend traffic, travelling home was a breeze although I believe the cars started to back-up in the tunnel later on in the early evening – Gary and Barbs were the last to leave the camp and reported that it got a bit busy by the time they left. But everyone made it home in one piece after another great camping weekend.

It's a new campsite, Silwerstrand (Robertson) in October so hope to see more members attending. Summer is just around the corner so no excuses that it's winter and cold.

FINES

Helen: Double fine for talking to strangers in the middle of the night and for letting off a massive fart in her tent.

Gary: For bringing a “designer” jersey to camp.

Sandy vR: For putting rocks down “mouse” holes – thinking they were snake holes.

Johnny: For making a very delicious pork belly – ate so much of it that I (Ira) didn't eat my own braai meat.

Rina: For playing with a “cock” the whole afternoon.

Craig – For not fishing – saying he only camps near water and then not putting his line in the water.

Gary and Barbara: For coming 2nd in the sauce competition
 ☺☺ *No-one got to vote except er um Ira – me thinks it is rigged somewhat ☺*

Trevor: For getting elected “President” (aka Chairman) for life again.

Sandy B.: For dissing my Fox Fur Hat.

Chloe: For giving her brother a score of minus 2 out of 10.

Michael: For giving his sister a score of minus 2 out of 10 too.

Donica: For spending too much sunlight hours on her mobile phone.

Michelle: For getting a simple blister and taking blister advice from her Dad.

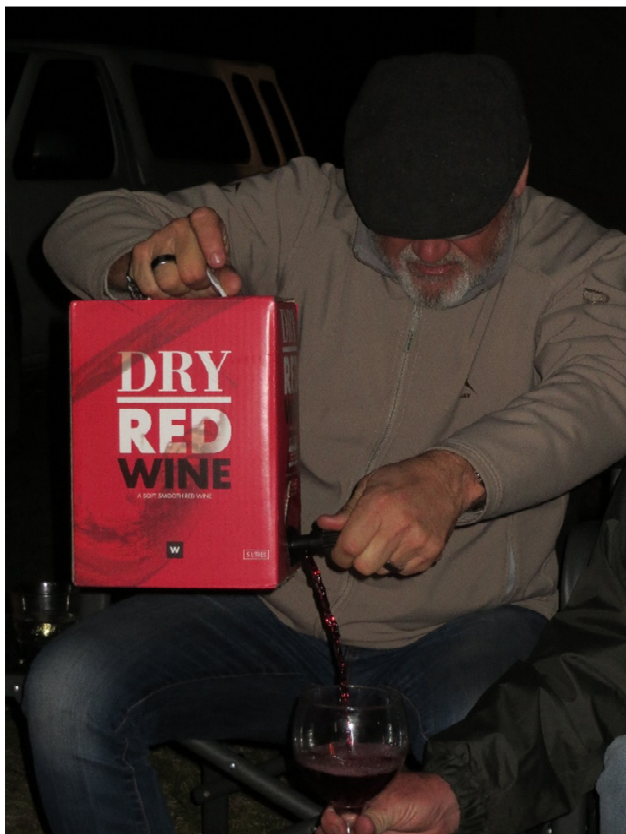
Everybody: For not voting me (Ira) in for “President” (aka Chairman).



Ira told his friends he was camping at Altyd Water, they said "Wear the fox hat"?



Go big Gary....



Ginger is not impressed with the rations Ruth packed, looking for more palatable food. Woof.

