



## CAMPERS CHATTER

Thank you Ginger for the camp report.

**SILWERSTRAND RESORT - ROBERTSON**  
**19 TO 21 OCTOBER 2018**

**Campers:**

Trevor and Sandy	Ginger & Ruth
Craig and Rina	Helen
Johnny and Sandy	

**Guests:**

Michelle, Chloe and Michael Graf and friend  
 Donica  
 Tommy



“Yay !....we’re going camping!”, said Ruth, who hadn’t camped since June.

“Why don’t we make a long weekend of it, and go on Thursday ?” ... and so we did. A phone call to Silwerstrand Caravan Park to confirm we could come a day early, and all was in order.

A visit to Robertson, or a trip to that part of the world, doesn’t happen without stopping for something to eat, and to stock up with some wine, at Rooiberg. The big Red Chair tells you when you are there. This winery offers some fine wines, including the sparkling wine which they produce for Woolworths, which is marketed as Spumante.

When we arrived at the Caravan Park, there were already quite a few other people camping there. Regular campers were there, obviously having booked their favourite sites in advance. Especially those up front on the river, and also, those near the slipway. We were directed to an area at the far end of the park, and there was hardly anyone else that end, apart from 3 long term campers. We were told to meet the Groundsman who was working in the area, and choose 6 sites, which we duly did. The sites were big and we were able to choose 5 adjoining sites which we reckoned would accommodate all of us comfortably.

There was one site adjoining our chosen 5, with a long term camper set up there. He turned out to be a staunch Blue Bull supporter, so we had much chirping between him, Johnny and Trevor all the way through to the end of the semi-final. But all in good spirit, and the downing of many beers.

Our chosen sites were a little way from the ablution block, but fortunately, as it turned out, we had very secluded sites which protected us from some very strong winds.



The first folk to arrive on Friday were Trevor and Sandy. When we say “arrived”, read that as “staggered” ( Not Trevor, he hadn’t had any beer yet ), but “Darth” the camper trailer. As they arrived at the park, someone pointed out that the trailer was lurching at a terrible angle. When they had a look, the wheel drum was glowing red-hot, and the wheel stood out terribly. Bottom line...the bearings were well and truly bugged, and had in fact disappeared totally.

Oh Well, nothing deterred setting up, and Trevor phoned the manufacturers (after having a beer) who promised to send someone with new bearings on Sunday morning.

Next to arrive were Johnny and Sandy, followed awhile later by Helen, and then Michelle and youngsters. Last to arrive ( the

only one who does an honest day's work on Fridays ) was Craig, and Rina.

It must be mentioned that Helen had attended a wedding in Franschoek on Thursday evening, with a very good reception/after-party, thereby rendering her fragile for the first part of the weekend.

Friday evening was the usual Braai evening with much fun, merriment, and story- telling. Also commiserating Darth's impending knee replacement.

*Watching the rugby. Spot the "TV"*



Saturday dawned beautiful and bright, and by then the camp had filled up considerably. This will be a very popular weekend getaway spot , for sure. Later in the day as it got hot, a few folk went and had a swim in the pool, where Michelle's Michael had spent a great deal of his time. One of the lovely things about camping is how quickly the younger folk find new friends and find new things to do.



After a very casual Chairman's Chat, and Fines, Saturday evening was fire time. Some braai'd, some potjie'd, and everybody did their own thing. That's the wonderful thing about SACC, not being regimented.

Once again the fires were stoked, and all sat around shooting the breeze, telling stories. Craig, surprisingly, didn't fish, but was decidedly cheerful, just being near water. It must be said, no one else in the camp seemed to be catching fish either, although Ruth had seen a big one jumping on Thursday evening.

Sunday morning broke clear and beautiful, and Darth's carers duly arrived. Well, all the male campers around, including the Blue Bull, "OOOhed and AAAhed" and told them what to do, and how to do it, but to no avail. They concluded that the castle nut holding the bearing casing in place, had well and truly welded itself to the stub axle with the heat, and that the whole axle would need to be replaced.

Things were settled in a very friendly fashion, and Trevor and Sandy took what they wanted out of the trailer, and went home without the trailer. The carers duly went back the next day, fixed it, and delivered it back to Trevor and Sandy, as good as new.

We had no rain, or morning dew to speak of, so by mid- morning everyone was able to pack up all dry, and hit the road home. Once again, a lovely weekend, with special friends, in an environment we all love.

Cheers for now.

Fines.....

1. Ginger and Ruth – For arriving at the campsite a day before everybody else. What it is to be retired!
2. Chloe – For not bringing any "T" Shirts and then borrowing from her Mum.
3. Michael – For finding a new girlfriend but not introducing her to us or his Mum!

4. Tommy – For coming camping with no camping equipment and relying on Johnny-Boy to set everything up!
5. Donika – For coming last in Boulé AGAIN!
6. Craig and Rina – For going to Thailand to watch the “Ping Pong Competition”.
7. Helen – For coming to camp on the first night already hung over from Thursday night!
8. Trevor & Sandy – for singing “*You picked a fine time to leave me LEFT wheel*” so Trevor can stay another night at camp.
9. Sandy #2 – Too good.
10. Michelle G – Also too good.

**THE FISHING  
WAS SO BAD  
THAT EVEN THE  
LIARS  
DIDN'T CATCH ANY.**