



In Memory of Schalk Walters
Always in our hearts

CAMPERS CHATTER

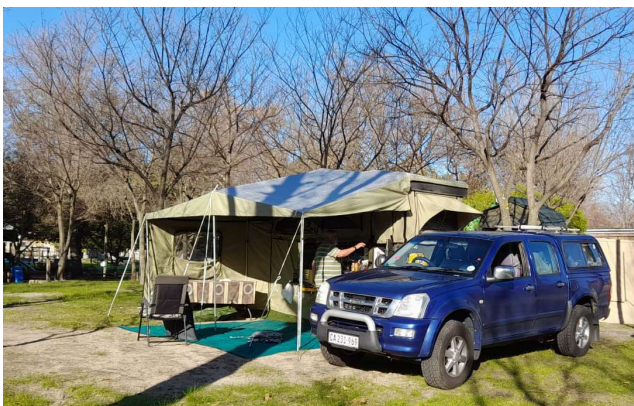
DE HOLLANDSCHE MOLEN 8 – 10 JULY 2022

Thank you Sandy Van Rooyen for the camp report and all those that contributed to the photos.

CAMPERS:

Trevor and Sandy
Johnny and Sandy
Helen
Greg

With the cost of petrol and diesel these days high on everyone's' minds, the Club has been trying to take this into consideration by arranging camping sites that are close to Cape Town and thus a camp at De Hollandsche Molen, just outside of Franschhoek, was suggested for the weekend of 8th July. Not a great turn out for this camp unfortunately – it seems as though many of our members are definitely fair weather campers.



Believe that the Club has camped at De Hollandsche Molen years ago but it was a first for Johnny and I and we were not disappointed. The receptionist was extremely friendly on our arrival and pointed us in the direction of our sites.

Finding our way to the amply sized sites, we found Greg minus Glynn... again (because of the impending rain) and Helen already set up (well I say Greg set up tongue in cheek because he actually didn't unhitch the caravan and just popped a gazebo in front of his caravan). Trevor and Sandy arrived shortly after us and that was the grand total of campers for the weekend – Trevor and Sandy, Greg, Helen and us. Watching the weather reports leading up to the weekend, we were aware that there was a good possibility of rain on Sunday but this did not deter us, well it did one person who will remain nameless.

The weather on Friday was unbelievable and had Johnny and I thinking we had hit a purple patch for the weekend as it was hot as hades and had us scrabbling around in the caravan for some T Shirts and Shorts. Johnny could only find some swimming shorts but at least they were cooler than the jeans he had arrived in.

We found that we were not the only inhabitants at the campsite and were all enjoying a drink and catching up on everyone's news at our caravan when the next minute a large troupe of baboons came running past – a little too close for my liking I must admit and proceeded to climb over the fence into a nearby field where they sat for ages foraging for food and practicing hygiene on each other and eventually moving off to goodness knows where which I was quite pleased about. There are signs all over the place "not to feed the baboons" so obviously they are regulars in the camp.



The ablutions were 5 Star and fantastically clean – The Ladies consisted of 6 showers with glass doors, a little table for your vanity case and hooks for your clothes and towels and 6 toilets opposite the showers, again with glass doors. With the same layout in the Mens with a scullery area between the Ladies and Mens which included a couple of Speed Queen washing machines and tumble dryers for those campers who are lucky enough to camp for longer than a weekend. Definitely cannot fault the ablutions.

As the sun slowly disappeared behind the mountains, the jackets and beanies were hauled out and the fires and konkas were lit. What a beautiful evening – cold of course which was expected but minus any wind and the smoke from the fires going straight up. After filling our tummies, it was dessert, coffee and bed.



Saturday morning we woke to a rather overcast day but the wind was still playing its' part at this stage by staying away. Trev and Sandy decided to take a drive into Franschhoek and the rest of us (all four of us) decided to take a walk around the campsite (we were the only campers) as well as venturing into the "Residents Only" section where there were quite a few prefab homes (the one in particular caught my eye as it was a tiny box of a house called "Henry's Estate" – obviously the owner has sense of humour). There are quite a few sites with only a few along the river which at this time of the year does not have that much water flowing. There are plenty trees (devoid of their leaves this time of the year) so shade would definitely not be a problem in summer. Four large swimming pools fed with river water and a multitude of braai areas for the day visitors. This entertainment area was luckily completely empty this weekend but I am sure this is a different story come summer.



On our walk around the campsite, we happened upon a pub on the premises which promised they would be showing the rugby even if it was load shedding (which we still experienced at several times over the weekend) as they had a generator. The guys were over the moon and come 5 pm, donned their Springbok jerseys and off they toddled to the pub with Helen. The two Sandys opting to stay behind at camp and catch up on their reading. Unfortunately it was a disappointing result for South Africa but an excuse to drown our sorrows back at camp.

Unfortunately the inclement weather decided to come early and it started to rain forcing our little group of diehards into the confines of Trev and Sandy's tent (they had put up all their sides and the skirt and with the little electric heater going, it was very cosy indeed – you guys were life-savers Saturday evening, thank you!). A fire was lit outside in the hopes that the rain would stop and we would be able to braai but it was not to be so Plan B was hatched by the ladies for dinner – “French *Franschhoek* Toast” done in the electric frying pans and wow were they delicious. Sandy B had made a yummy apple crumble with ice cream and custard so it was with full tummies and quite a few empty wine and beer bottles, we all toddled off to bed.



(We cook with wine, occasionally we put it in the food 😊)



It was in the early hours of the morning, when the rain started and boy did it come down continuing on and off for most of the morning. During the times when it eased off, we all managed to pack everything up, wet unfortunately but at least we didn't get wet in the process. I'm just saying (LOL – only the campers this weekend will “get it”), there haven't been that many camps we've had to pack up wet so we can't really complain.

A great weekend despite the weather and looking forward to the next one at Stille Waters.