

LAAGER IX SCRIBE

The Willows Resort Weekend: Reunions, Hole-in-Ones & Questionable Pole Dancing

Friday saw the Laager IX clan descend on The Willows Resort for another weekend of camping, chaos and questionable decision-making.

The Nells and Whites, clearly determined to prove their camping credentials, had already arrived on Thursday and weathered a freezing, rainy night. We were all very relieved to discover on Friday that they had, in fact, thawed out.

We were also joined for the weekend by Robin, Chad and Mia, and it was great fun having them along!

Many Hands Make Light Work... Apparently

It wasn't long before the Laager awning went up, thanks to the combined efforts of *almost* all the men.

A special mention must go to Uncle Alan, who surprised absolutely everyone by putting the centre poles up before the side poles were in place. Who says you can't teach an old camper new tricks?

Aunty Nola and her sister then made a fashionably late entrance, resulting in what can only be described as a sudden and unprecedented surge of helpfulness amongst the men. There were men practically falling over their own feet to assist with parking the van. Chivalry is alive and well in Laager IX, it seems.

Friday evening was a classic "do your own thing" affair, as is Laager IX tradition.

The Pitous, meanwhile, decided that their very last camp as prospectives was the perfect opportunity to finally leave the plastic chairs at home and arrive with *proper camping chairs*. Just to prove they owned some, apparently. Better late than never.

As temperatures dropped, our trusty Firemaster and his helpers came to the rescue with a raging fire that kept everyone warm and cosy.

And a special thank you must go to Lindsey, who spent the weekend teaching little Riley the important life skill of...pole dancing.

THE WILLOWS CLASSIC

Saturday morning started with a slight logistical hiccup when it became apparent that only *some* campsites had recovered from the power outage.

Naturally, several members responded to this hardship in the only reasonable way possible: They went out for breakfast.

Thankfully, the weather played along beautifully for the main sporting event of the weekend - the annual Willows Classic Putt-Putt Tournament. Competition was fierce. Talent was questionable. But fun was had by all.

And in a development that surprised precisely nobody, Uncle Dudley once again claimed the Willows Classic trophy. Not content with simply winning, he casually knocked in: ONE... TWO... THREE HOLE-IN-ONES. At this stage, an official investigation into his putter may be warranted.

THE GOLDEN OLDIES RETURN

By early afternoon, everyone had worked up an appetite and enjoyed a delicious spread of snacks under the awning, lovingly prepared by the Nells and the Warwicks.

Then, one by one, the Golden Oldies began arriving for the much-anticipated reunion braai. And what a turnout it was! More than 30 visitors joined us for an evening filled with everything that makes Laager IX what it is - fires, music, laughter, old stories and plenty of reminiscing.

The awning was transformed for the occasion with balloons and old photographs, while a slideshow of camping memories played throughout the evening.

Aunty Berryl brought out her scrapbooks, resulting in plenty of trips down memory lane... and probably a few photographs some members would have preferred remained safely in the archives.

And then there was the food. As is tradition, the Laager Ladies dramatically overcatered. The salad selection alone was enough to make Spur hang its head in shame over what it once dared to call a "Salad Valley." Nobody went hungry. Nobody was ever going to go hungry. There was probably enough left over to feed all the other Laagers as well.

Dessert came in the form of ice creams before the evening's entertainment reached its grand finale: the trio of singing sisters - Lindsey, Rozanne and Cindy - serenading the camp. Whether requested or not remains unclear.



SUNDAY: COFFEE, SUNSHINE & SHA-NA-NA

Sunday morning was spent exactly as a camping Sunday morning should be - sitting around the coffee fire, chatting and stretching out the last few hours of the weekend.

At 12pm, Sha-na-na officially got underway. After completing their final outing as prospectives - plastic chairs and all - the Pitous were officially voted into Laager IX. By some miracle. Congratulations, Pitous! 🎉

With the serious business concluded, the fires were lit once more, everyone enjoyed one final braai together, and then slowly began packing up and making their way home.

Another brilliant Laager IX weekend in the books - full of old friends, new memories, raging fires, ridiculous amounts of food, three hole-in-ones, one newly inducted family...and a toddler who now apparently has a future career in pole dancing.

Until the next camp! 🌲🔥