

Brasserie Trip Report

Trip Date: 27th & 28 September 27th & 28th September 2008

Attendees: Ian & Rhonda McKinley, Trip leaders
Brett & Kay McMahon
Terese, Brian, Patrick, Aaron and Opal Mathieson / Sweeney (visitors)
Kerry & Neville Jacobs
Tracey & Andrew Forster (Canadian Visitors)
Jill & Roger Sheath
John Burnside
Michael & Hayden Lynch
Paul, Wendy and Andrew Budd
Rowan Meale & Wendy Budd (Visitors)
Jack & Pam Simpson
Ron, Jenni and Toby Mason
Mary & Chris Keys
Kathy Laurence & Simon Hirshbein
Lucia, Andrew, Dannielle & Ewen Fox
Lorry Williams
Anne & Peter Moss
David, Julie, Isaac & Hannah Koranyi
Steve & Kristy Brett (visitors)
Brad
Brandon
James & Emma
Carl & Colleen Bleazard
Craig, Christine, Callum & Braden Wallace
Glenn & Mitchell Evans
Barrie & Diane Barnes
Ian, Jill & Danial Bamforth
Tony & Matthew Yong
William, Lillian & Kelvin Wong

Total 67

I arrived home on Tuesday night only to open an email from Brett that read "The Brasserie is no more due to logging".

After several phone calls a rescue party (Roger and Ron) had offered to go up on Wednesday to locate a new site. What a great site it is the area is larger where you can camp amongst medium gum trees, you are more spread out so you have your own space

and a perfect open area for the fire pit. Thursday evening an email was sent to all members detailing directions and meeting times at the Zig Zag railway.

I arrived on Friday for the 7pm run in from the Zig Zag, upon arriving at the site, only to be greeted by 8 families that had already set up. It was also very apparent that Glen still requires lessons on how to erect his camper trailer. The seven in our group quickly erected their camps and gathered around the fire for general conversation and a quite drink.

Most people were up early on Saturday keen to have breakfast and gather wood for the fire to cook the feast. At 10am another trip was made to the Zig Zag to lead the final members in, followed by a drive around to explore the new area. You just can't trust some as they led 9 vehicles down a steep track to a creek where a tree had fallen across so it meant turning around and retreating.

Midday came and it was time to return to camp, prepare the fire for the cook up and in no time food was rolling off the production line which included Date scones, pizzas, cinnamon scrolls, savoury rolls and of course a range of dampers.

At 4pm a call went out that cocktails were being served, talk about bees around a honey pot, members came from everywhere. Jenni and Colleen were mixing and serving cocktails like icy poles to kids at a birthday party. Other members were busy preparing food for the feast. The fire was roaring, the coals were piling up, red faces began to appear, eye brows were singed and shovel handles appeared to be too short, as the blokes battled to retrieve coals from the fire to place on and under their camp ovens to ensure their gourmet dishes were cooked to perfection.

Cocktails were still being served and those who had consumed several were starting to sway while others kept lifting lids to see if the food was ok, more coals were shovelled on the ovens, more logs were thrown on the fire and only the very brave were able to withstand the heat.

Finally Jenni and Colleen ran out of cocktails (lucky for some) It soon became obvious members have become more adventurous as the aroma of the different dishes drifted through the air and the first dishes started to appear. There was trout, prawns, casseroles, rice dishes, lamb shanks, roasts, noodles, chicken, roast vegies, potato bakes and other dishes too numerous to mention and of course this washed down with good wine and beer. Just when we all thought we had eaten enough out came the deserts, fruit salad, black forest cake, poached pears in red wine, and others.

The night continued on and it appeared some members had gotten too close to the fire and alas, the soles of their shoes had become very soft and the wobbly boot syndrome had set

in. By this stage the noise volume had risen considerably while members moved about discussing previous trips they had been on or were going on. Some of the stories I heard confirms the clubs saying “never let the truth get in the way of a good story” is still running strong. The hours pass and slowly members wander (stagger) off to bed and a great night ends.

Sunday morning comes and members SLOWLY rise as the aroma of bacon and eggs drifts through the camp. Camps were leisurely packed and members headed home at their own pace.

Rhonda and I have watched the Camp oven cook up weekend grow over the last four years from basic cooking to elaborate dishes and again a new record was set with 68 people attending the weekend. A big thank you to all who attended and contributed to making it a great weekend.