

Tuesday 7th November 2017; Greg Rose

Melbourne Cup Day and the "Race That Stops the Nation" didn't stop the wind at Port MacDonnell. The morning was spent quietly doing tasks around the camp. Sand from the previous day's dune driving adventures was shaken off Land Rover floor mats, salads and desserts were prepared in either the camp kitchen or our caravans or cabins. Rod and Loris returned from their shopping expedition to Mount Gambier with roast chickens, salads and bread sticks. The pace of preparations for the Melbourne Cup lunch picked up. At one stage the Presidential Palace security was breached by a disgruntled commoner protesting about the preparation of the bread platters but order was soon restored.

With our whole group assembled in the shelter area the excitement rose to fever pitch. A couple of elegant ladies even wore fascinators to adorn their hair. Corks popped as bottles of bubbly were opened. The delicious lunch, a credit to those who prepared it, was consumed. Alan and Tonee conducted the Cup sweep. Four "spare" horses were auctioned and there was spirited bidding by those keen to improve their chances of a win. Then, at last, all eyes were focused on the television. The horses were off! There were shouts of excitement and groans of disappointment. The race was won by Rekindling and Ross became instantly much wealthier. Loris picked up cash thanks to Johannes Vermeer (the horse not the 17th century



You wouldn't see this very often, Ian parting with money



Dutch artist) and Alan MacRae's horse Max Dynamite took out third place. Folk slowly drifted off and there were a few afternoon naps enjoyed before gathering back to feast on the remains of the lunch for dinner. As the evening progressed winners sat around the camp fire contemplating what they would do with their new found wealth and the unlucky ones tried to calculate if they could afford the fuel to get home. The Melbourne and international social set sipping Krug Grande Cuvée in the Birdcage at Flemington wouldn't have had nearly as much fun as we did.

Wednesday 8th November 2017; Jan Parniak

Piccaninnie Ponds

Four of our group took up the option to go snorkelling; Alan, Tonee, Colette and Jan. We brought our permits on line, on the day of the dive the four of us went to Allendale to get fitted with a full body wet suit, so as not to freeze in the pond.

While getting fitted out the store owner gave us a few hints on how to breath with a snorkel and also told a story or two about how other persons had used, and what the conditions the suits were being returned. He also mentioned should any of us need a wizz while swimming we shouldn't take the suit off in the water, it's too hard, besides you'll only drink lots of water doing so. The pond he also mentioned is like a fish bowl in shape, so getting in and out is done by the floating pontoon, there is no other support to rest oneself other than floating.

At 1pm we set off for our 2pm snorkelling adventure. The rangers only allow 4 persons to dive at any one time and for 1 hour only. The hour limit is because the pond sediment starts to stir and the water become murky and visibility starts to diminish, divers and snorkelers can become disorientated.

We helped one another to put the suits on and then looking like penguins we waddled down to the pontoon, got acclimatised to the water and started our 1 hour of exploring the underworld. Tonee was the only one to see any sign of a fish the size of a Mino. As we snorkelled across the shallow end of the pool the vegetation, mainly reeds, looked brilliant. As the sun shone through the water the vegetation took the shades from yellow through to lime and dark green all covered with an algae which resembled fairy floss.

As we ventured into the deeper parts of the bowl it become quiet dark and not as much vegetation was to be seen, just rock formations and the caves which can only be reached by divers.

While snorkelling over the deep crevices the sun beamed down forming light rays which shone to the bottom (we think) revealing natures underground beauty.

While floating having a rest we noticed a large duck perched on a rock looking at us swimmers. It must have gone to speck



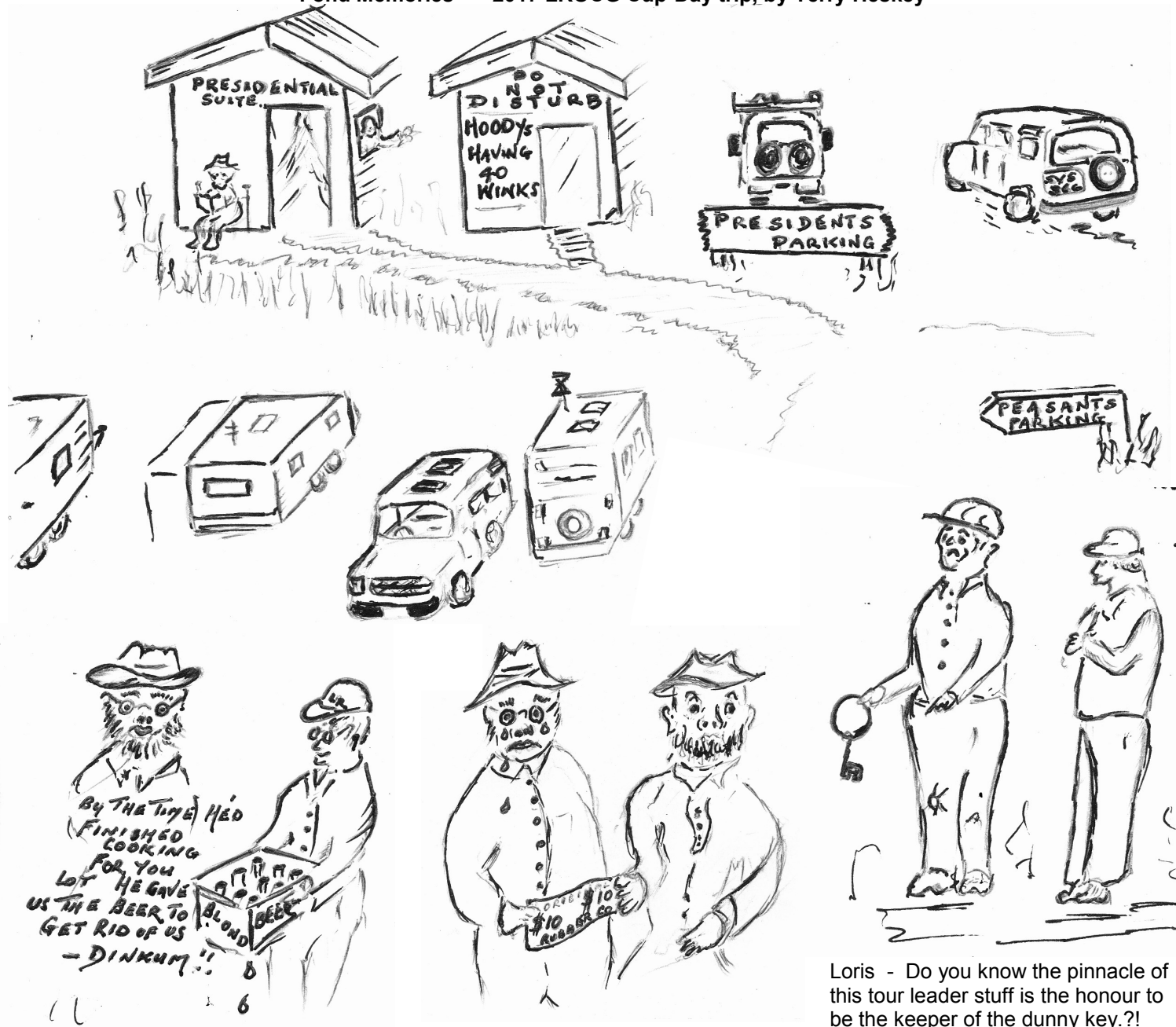
savers because it saw that we were not appetizing enough, and the fact we were too large it ignored us. Back to snorkelling mode, bits of fairy floss substance would break away in quite large clumps, as we reached out to grab this flotsam, a lot of the time we didn't touch it, there seemed to be an optical illusion of the distance between us and it. The ones that we touched were very soft and crumbled, the algae making the water murky.

After getting out of the water and out of our wet suits we had a healthy snack (Tonee provided) with coffee and then back to Allendale to return our suits. We all 4 had a wonderful afternoon, saw some great sights and crossed another item off our bucket list.



Here is the remains of a Discovery discovered "washed up" on the beach during our sand drive near Carpenters Rocks (near Port MacDonnell). It was half buried but some members contemplated a "recovery" operation after reading "no worries" on the rear bumper. But after more forensic tests it was decided to let it "rest in peace" in its sandy grave.

Fond Memories — 2017 LROCG Cup-Day trip, by Terry Heskey



Loris - Do you know the pinnacle of this tour leader stuff is the honour to be the keeper of the dunny key.?!



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