

LOUD BURPS AT LONG BEACH (Club Picnic, 15th February, 1987)
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After a very wet Saturday, it was a delight to wake to a Sunday promising fine weather. A rushed three-hour breakfast and then a rollicking trip in Susan Harding's stunning Starlet to the beach. We, Susan, Polly Stupples, Antony Pettinger and yours faithfully, arrived at about 11-45 being met by Doug and Glen Forrester and Hermione Binnie. With two barbecues, hundreds of sausages, salads and other assorted goodies we skipped lightly along the beach to the Rock.

So for the next couple of hours all of us, now including John and Alison Pohl, gambolled around and over the rock with mixed cries of success and frustration. About two o' clock, Antony and I threw caution to the wind and fearlessly battled sharks, rips and enormous waves to have a paddle. Then out with the barbecue and a welcome feast of crunchy sausages (they fell in the sand) and other delectable delights.

This was followed by more rock hopping, a game of tip-it-and-run (Polly is appalling), several unscheduled and unexpected swims (fully clothed) and then a leave-taking at 6-30.

A great time was had by all. My only disappointment was that so few people turned up, it was such a glorious day that it was a pity there was such a poor turnout. But that doesn't detract from the fun had by all present and we look forward to the next picnic.

David Peacock