



FOUNDED 1932

# DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB

CHAIRMAN:  
DYMCK PARR  
PHONE 85398 (RESIDENCE)

HON. SECRETARY:  
SHIRLEY LOUW  
PHONE 57560 (RESIDENCE)

HON. TREASURER:  
MERVYN CAMPION  
PHONE 57731 (RESIDENCE)

P.O. BOX 1063.  
DURBAN.

## FIXTURES FOR APRIL 1957.

- TUESDAY 9TH: EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING - to be held at Robin Philp's residence at 106 Chelsea Drive, Durban North. Meet at Reed & Champion's corner. Girls to be called for.
- SUNDAY 14TH: ZAMA FALLS near Kloof will be our destination and the lorries will travel via Pinetown.  
COST: MEMBERS 4/-.  
VISITORS 4/6.
- WEDNESDAY 17th: CAMERA SECTION MEETING: Subject of this month's meeting is "Landscapes Without Berg". To be held at Garry Rabie's residence, 2 "Parkway", Park Street, Durban.
- THURSDAY 18TH: EASTER CAMP. The Lorries will be leaving for Giant's Castle at 8 p.m. tonight. Please be at the City Market, Warwick Avenue, in good time to stow your kit. See camp circular.

---

PLEASE NOTE: (1) CAMP forms should reach the Treasurer not later than 7th April, but the money can be handed to him up to the 14th April.  
(2) CAMERA SECTION MEETING - The date of this month's meeting has been changed to Wednesday, 24th April.

NOTE: Unless otherwise stated, all outings will start from the City Market Warwick Avenue, at 8.30 a.m.

THE DURBAN RAMBLER.

MARCH 1957.  
VOL. 6. No. 3.

EDITOR: HARRY THORSEN.  
PHONE: 20843 (Day).

CONTENTS:

EDITORIAL . . . . .		1
THE SILVER ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION . . . . .		1
SURPRISE HIKE (17 FEB) . . . . .	Dennis Rachmann	4
UNCLE RAE'S COLUMN . . . . .	Heather Henry	6
REPORT ON ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING (25 FEB) . . . . .		7
BOULDER POOL HIKE (3 MAR) . . . . .	Harry Thorsen	7
THE RAMBLER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS . . . . .	Harry Thorsen	8

EDITORIAL:

I was sorry to miss the Silver Anniversary celebrations which, it seems, went off with a bang. Grateful thanks to Dennis and Heather who enabled us to go to press this month.

Next month we will be printing a summary of a paper by Rob Philp on the Emergency Treatment of Snakebite. Read it and let it sink in.

Jean Carter is looking for a holiday companion. She will be going to a farm near Kokstad in May. Please contact her if you are interested. You can phone her at Standard Bank - Head Office - or at home 31673.

THE SILVER ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.  
by Dennis Rachmann

We have had it! To some it was merely an announcement in a previous issue of the Durban Rambler, to others a too expensive social, but nevertheless a large percentage made the effort and supported the function. There might be one or two who just took this celebration in their stride, did not have to make any sacrifices worth recalling and just came along because it was a "Rambler do" but these were very, very few.

But let us go back to the beginning, but which beginning?

To solve this the secret disguised recording band were called into action and together have pieced together the story of "The Dinner".

It was at one of the first meetings of the Executive Committee in 1956/7 year that Lindie announced that in February 1957 on the 17th the Club would be just 25 years old. Immediately basic questions were discussed, with experiences of the "21st Dinner" to aid the Committee's decisions. Methodically during the rest of the year questions which arose were settled. Credit for this in large measure must go to our Secretary, Margaret Moore, whose unstinted labour has won the admiration of all. Such details as decorations, replies to invitations, whether to do this or that, all the last minute hitches developing into a whirling vortex until at almost screaming pitch, all subsided into their respective stations due to Margaret's guiding hand, so that to those of us on the sidelines the show began when we assembled for cocktails, etc., on the verandah of the Eden Roc.

The blazing colours of the hikes blurred out of focus in the gentle grey mists of the past only to be overlapped by - No wait! what? who? But it can't be! Yes it is! Just picture the parade as Margery appears in sequin-encrusted white, Margaret in pink slipper satin, Anne in Mediterranean Blue, Joy in black, perfectly setting off her auburn hair (very chic), Verna in lilac, Rosemary in Sunset Red, and Christine in pastel green, not to mention literally scores of others just as effective and absolutely perfect. Fashion notes of the males show that they are not far behind the girls in the parade of colour. Only the range of colours about 2850°K (see Natal Motor Ordinance) were missing.

Just after 8 p.m. we moved upstairs to the diningroom to locate our positions. Installed there already were the musicians under Verant Wills, and what a lively background they provided. Their repertoire started with the music of the grand show "Bless the Bride". The notes scintillating across the room reflected the joyous mood of the diners.

Of the dinner let the Menu speak for itself.

Fruit Cocktail.

Cream of Tomato Soup.

Dymock leads toast "The Queen"  
Lindie "Kindred Club"

Fish Meuniere.

Frank calls on Len Holland for the toast to "Absent Friends & Past Members".

Here let me break into the proceedings to add to the congratulations extended to Len on an excellent speech. I have never heard a better nor one better handled. Certainly Len held us all spellbound as he recalled with such delicate mastery incidents and Ramblers of a bygone period. A fine performance Len and Absent Friends and Past Members need have no doubt but they were sincerely remembered by each and everyone present; even those of us who have not had the pleasure of knowing you personally but merely know we are carrying on the Club to which you too, in an earlier day gave your hands.

Asparagus with Butter Sauce.

Harold Wanless, the first Chairman of the Club was called upon for the toast:  
"The Durban Ramblers Club"  
to which Frank Woodward the present Chairman replied.

Frank then called on the male member of the longest standing (Sunny Smythe) and the female member of shortest standing (Jean Jameson) together to blow out the candles of the birthday cake.

Whilst the nerve-racking business of lighting up was in progress Mr. Wanless conveyed the personal greetings of some past members who were unable to attend and Peter Allan, on behalf of neighbours just up the road at Pietermaritzburg brought us the congratulations of the elder brother club. Messages of goodwill were received from Peninsula, Johannesburg, Pretoria and many other places.

Room lights were dowsed and with a mighty blast the candles were extinguished.

Soon after the

Roast Turkey Farcie

dancing began, causing the serving of

Fish Meuniere.

Frank calls on Len Holland for the toast to "Absent Friends & Past Members".

Here let me break into the proceedings to add to the congratulations extended to Len on an excellent speech. I have never heard a better nor one better handled. Certainly Len held us all spellbound as he recalled with such delicate mastery incidents and Ramblers of a bygone period. A fine performance Len and Absent Friends and Past Members need have no doubt but they were sincerely remembered by each and everyone present; even those of us who have not had the pleasure of knowing you personally but merely know we are carrying on the Club to which you too, in an earlier day gave your hands.

Asparagus with Butter Sauce.

Harold Wanless, the first Chairman of the Club was called upon for the toast:  
"The Durban Ramblers Club"  
to which Frank Woodward the present Chairman replied.

Frank then called on the male member of the longest standing (Sunny Smythe) and the female member of shortest standing (Jean Jameson) together to blow out the candles of the birthday cake.

Whilst the nerve-racking business of lighting up was in progress Mr. Wanless conveyed the personal greetings of some past members who were unable to attend and Peter Allan, on behalf of neighbours just up the road at Pietermaritzburg brought us the congratulations of the elder brother club. Messages of goodwill were received from Peninsula, Johannesburg, Pretoria and many other places.

Room lights were dowsed and with a mighty blast the candles were extinguished.

Soon after the

Roast Turkey Farcie

dancing began, causing the serving of

a way down through dense bush, disappearing rapidly into a green sea, their progress marked here and there by a ripple of green leaves or a flash of bright coloured shirt. The rest of us sat disconsolately, gazing down at the inviting water 'so near and yet so far'. Various ideas were put forward, someone bemoaning the fact that we didn't carry parachutes, another bright spark mentioning a quick way down "Just hold on to your hat, close your eyes and jump". Crackling underbrush heralded the return of the explorers, red, sweating and unsuccessful, the bush having proved well nigh impenetrable though two or three stalwarts still struggled downwards.

The main party straggled after Lindie who had his eye on a distant, clear ridge. We eventually jogged down a grassy slope then disappeared one by one into the bush, leaping down a narrow path from rock to rock, sliding down sandy stretches and clinging desperately here and there on to an 'ouch!' thorny branch. We arrived safely at the other end and sighs of relief echoed as we found ourselves on the river bank and wended our way to the lunch spot. The level of the brown river rose rapidly as half the party waded blissfully in and proceeded to stand and chat animatedly, water lapping about their knees. As we settled down to munch lunch, a few wild-eyed, perspiring Ramblers staggered into camp, scratched limbs and the leaves and twigs which adorned their hair, marking them as the adventurers who had struggled manfully through the bush hitherto labelled "impenetrable". Soon after, Scotty, who had unfortunately dropped his specs in the river, arrived and peering shortsightedly around was heard asking plaintively for Bob Ferns - silly boy, he was quickly fleeced of his five bob.

Later we made our way upstream, successfully fording a deep part without any mishaps and passed by some rushing rapids, "What on earth for, lets stay here" someone grumbled, but we swished contentedly and coolly up the river and to the surprise of many, found ourselves at the lower Umlaas falls. Past that and Dudley floated downstream, grinning contentedly, head pillowed on a green cushion. On to the main falls, beautiful as ever, the sun shining on a sparkling lacy curtain of water and the pool was soon filled with laughing, splashing Ramblers. The water level was the highest for a long time and Len, in one part, stepped confidently off the bank and disappeared completely from view except for a brawny arm clutching a pair of shorts. Eventually a surprised pair of eyes appeared above water level and Len proceeded "crocodile like" to cross the stream.

The sun was shining down in earnest by this time and a long line of warm Ramblers slowly climbed the hill, a few exceptions, tongues hanging out, who had remembered the shop at the end of the line, flashing past in true Amble style. As we reached the road and strolled chatting along, a red-faced Dudley strode purposefully by, shouting over his shoulder "Seen Scotty?" We replied in the negative, but a few minutes later our mouths dropped open as he rushed grimly back the way he had come saying sorrowfully, "Lost glasses, lost Scotty". We gazed after the cloud of dust disappearing into the distance, then resumed our course to the shop where a large efficient staff was plying the group with cold drinks which they slurped down rapidly.

Various rumours flashed round "I'm, last saw Scotty confidently following a group of mooring cows" said one character shaking his head mournfully, whilst another had visions of Scotty exclaiming dramatically "Aah, found you at last" and rushing arms outstretched into a shapely tree!

However, all's well that ends well and the full complement returned to Durban, tired and happy after a most enjoyable hike, though some following cars seeing a face peering over the tailboard, floppy hat (once new, but went through the washing machine wringer y'know), obscuring all but a wide toothy grin, might be excused for thinking we weren't "all there". Life is full of surprises and this hike certainly turned out one of the pleasant ones.

---

UNCLE RAE'S COLUMN.

Dear Uncle Rae,

What is a juvenile delinquent?

Yours etc.,

Claude.

Dear Claude,

A juvenile delinquent is a kid who will shoot his mother and father to go to the orphan picnic.

Yours etc.,

Uncle Rae.

RAMBLERS CLUB AT THE CREST OF THE WAVE.  
Harry Thorsen.

Chairman's and Treasurer's Reports at the A.G.M. were encouraging. Hikes and Socials well patronised, and everyone had a good time and the Club is out of the financial doldrums (let's keep it that way by paying our Subs).

Several questions were raised at the Meeting. Some Members complained of the hikes being too short and not strenuous enough. There were warnings against swimming alone and in still water, and members were urged to keep the picnic spot clean. The Club will be arranging lectures on snakebite treatment later in the year.

MERV TAKES THE MONEY.  
Harry Thorsen.

Mervyn Campion, our new treasurer, collected the fares at Boulder Pool. In spite of his pleasant manner, he is as thorough and relentless as a Mountie after his man.

Bob Ferns, with no work to do, got himself into trouble - he bashed his nose against a rock. Luckily somebody had a roll of Elastoplast to repair the damage. Our Art Critic reports that the job was medically O.K. but the result looked horrible.

Other casualties were Scotty and Billy who pranged on a slippery path and grabbed at rotten branches. Both survived. Later Billy again tried to commit suicide by belly-flopping in from a dizzy height into the pool.

Arms and legs were badly scratched as the owners bashed through dense thorn bush obstacles. It looked as if Jack (Spot) Como and his razor gang had been working overtime.

You see, Lindie had decided to give us a tough hike after A.G.M. moans about trips being too short and easy. As the lorries dropped us at Bottleneck Falls, near Kloof, survivors of last year's hike knew what to expect.

After scrambling down a narrow chimney, seventy Ramblers vanished into a thick and steamy jungle. The downward patch was muddy and slippery. Several girls were carefully and reverently handed down rock faces. From above we had seen a dense mass of green, now we were in the middle of it, and any view was restricted by nettles, rocks and rotten tree stumps. Disembodied voices echoed through the valley, some cheerful, some actively unhappy.

Our usual lunch time found us bashing through the nastiest tropical forest this side of Ghana. Boys with water-bottles found themselves as popular as Johnny Ray and Elvis Presley combined.

At last we reached a wide ravine; the bush thinned out, and we were able to shift into top gear. Eventually, we reached Boulder Pool.

Here the Ramblers relaxed, licked their wounds and brewed the tea. Boulder pool, one of the finest natural swimming pools in Natal soon contained hordes of happy bathers. The water is deep and it is quite safe to dive from the rocks (unless your name happens to be Billy). Later, a few Tarzans jumped onto an overhanging branch, swung madly, and were violently dunked in the water (I felt like death the following day, don't know about the others).

The homeward path led us up a long steep hill. A long human snake conga'ed up and up with frequent pauses to admire the view. It started to drizzle and fingers of mist palpated the valley far below. For the last mile we hiked along a road. (Nobody complained).

---

THE RAMBLER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS.  
Harry Thorsen.

1. Thou shalt follow the leader, wherever he goes.
2. Thou shalt not swim alone.
3. Thou shalt not swim in stagnant water, for the germ of bilharzia lurks therein.

4. Thou shalt not sit on the sides of the lorries, for N.P.A. Cops are vigilant.
5. Thou shalt not trample the crops of the natives, neither shalt thou disturb their animals.
6. Thou shalt not damage the vegetation.
7. Thou shalt not tread on snakes or serpents.
8. Thou shalt not litter the ground with egg-shells, neither shalt thou dump thy sandwiches thereon, neither the paper that covers thy sandwiches.
9. Thou shalt leave no fires burning.
10. Thou shalt pay thy subs.

---

NEW MEMBERS.

We welcome new Members:

Muriel Cunningham	Pat McLeod
Jimmy Gallagher	Pat Porter
June Gyngall	Peter Roffe

---

SOCIAL

We hear that Joy Langford is engaged and we wish her every happiness for the future.

CAMP! CAMPS!! CAMPING!!!

EASTER CAMP.

WHERE AND WHEN TO MEET:

Our Easter Camp this year is to be held at GIANTS CASTLE, in the Berg area. We will be leaving from the City Market, Warwick Avenue, at 8.0 p.m., on the 18th April and returning on the afternoon of the 22nd.

CAMP SITE:

As the camp site is within the Giants Castle Game Reserve there is a possibility of seeing some game. You will be able to swim in the river which runs alongside the camp site and there are many interesting walks and hikes, one of the nicest being to Langatabellela Pass, one of the easter passes into Basutoland. A four hour hike will take you to the most impressive tower of Giants Castle.

CAMP CAPTAIN:

Your Camp Captain is Bob Ferns, whom we all know as a friendly fellow, up to now much emcumbered with money bags.

EQUIPMENT, CLOTHING, ETC.:

Be sure to bring sufficient blankets as nights up-country, especially in the Berg area, can be chilly, even if the thought of blankets causes you to swealter down here. So bring two at least, also pillows, sleeping bag if you have one, and a ground sheet. Warm jerseys are advisable for the evenings. Daytime apparel will, of course, be slacks, jeans, shorts, blouses and shirts, and don't forget your "mack".

Tents, food, and cooking utensils are provided by the Camp Committee but bring your "eating irons", plates and cups.

ENTERTAINMENT:

When camp cores are done there will be walks (hikes for the more energetic), swimming, or just loafing. In the evenings there will be camp fire singing and the Social Committee will entertain us on Easter Monday night.

*Saturday*

COST:/...

COST:

The cost of this Camp will be £3.0.0., including transport, for Members and £3.10.0. for visitors. See form attached.

---

CAMP 30TH MAY TO 2ND JUNE.

To enable the Executive Committee to get an indication of how many Ramblers and friends will be attending this Camp, which it is proposed to hold at Loteni in the Berg area, will those intending to go please also fill in the attached form, so that the Camp Committee can be instructed whether to go ahead with arrangements.

---

Mr. Mervyn Campion,  
Hon. Treasurer,  
Durban Ramblers Club,  
P.O. Box 1063,  
DURBAN.

Dear Mervyn,

I shall be attending the EASTER CAMP at Giants Castle and will be bringing along ..... friends, and I am enclosing herewith £.....being the cost of the Camp.

I shall also be attending LOTENI CAMP in May and will be bringing .....friends.

Yours faithfully,

..... Signed.

/SL