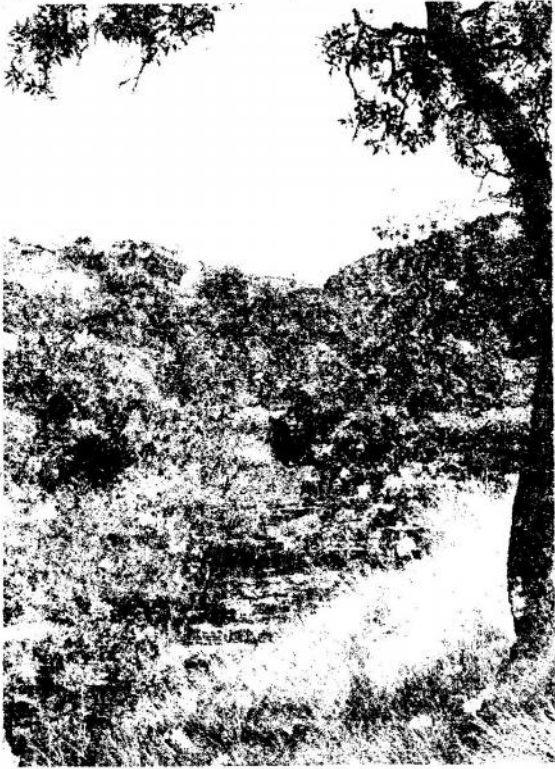


DURBAN
RAMBLERS
CLUB

APRIL
1961.



KAY KLOOF



We were pleased to see so many new and almost forgotten faces on our hike to Kay Kloof, -- though it remains to be seen whether we will see them again after that "very short hike" so brazenly announced in our last mag. I could hardly move for days afterwards. (Do I hear cries of "Softy"!!??) Well, I suppose I must stop complaining and continue my story.

We all clambered off the lorry to enjoy a pleasant walk along the dusty road, to our first port of call - a native trading store. We left the proprietor gleefully counting his newly acquired Rand's and cents, and minus some few dozen cold-drinks. About this time too, it was discovered that our three bright sparks Tripo, Philp and Rabie were missing. Nobody appeared unduly worried, however, and we set off again across the veld.

This part of our Ramble was most enjoyable as it was all downhill - though a few faint-hearts were heard to murmur something about the darn prickly grass. We by-passed a native kraal or two, walked through a lovely cool wood and after mingling with dozens of goats, we finally arrived at our destination. Who do you think we found firmly ensconced in the shadiest place??? Yes, you're perfectly right!!!

Nothing was heard for quite some time after this, except for the odd slurp and a contented munching as we all tucked into our lunches and drank Indy's excellent brew. I must take time off from this enthralling description of the Ramblers lurching, to give full marks to our secretary Liz, for bringing seven newcomers. (All men, girls.) We shall now rejoin the Ramblers whom we left supine, digesting their rations under the shady trees.

A few energetic members (and darn few there were too) got up a game faintly resembling cricket- or was it baseball??? I must admit we were playing against tremendous odds as we could hardly distinguish our fielders from the multitude of goats. The goats won, so we left them to climb down (or rather slide down) to the floor of the Kloof. We were rather pleasantly surprised to find

ourselves still intact at the bottom. Our three heroes proceeded to perform like aqua-bolles underneath the trickling waterfall. (Perhaps they think if they continue this long enough they will be spotted by a Hollywood talent scout.) They were dismayed however, to find the water somewhat soapy, as the pool above the falls was 'ye local aboriginal laundry'.

Back at base over afternoon tea we enjoyed listening to a lively discussion by the experts on aerial operations during the war. We then wended our way across the veld back to the road and consumed the remaining cold-drinks left at the store. "Where's the lorry?" was the general cry. "Just down the road," was the answer. Boy, was that the understatement of the century!!! We walked, and walked and WALKED, expecting to see the lorry around every corner. The only one who enjoyed the trudge back was our noble (???) treasurer, MR TANKARD, who managed to foist his rucksack off on some poor sucker, by a very sly ruse. Many hot, weary miles later we were overjoyed to find the lorry at the drift, and the early arrivals were delighted to find a nude bathing party in progress. Great panic - mad scrambling - and all was serene once more.

We enjoyed a lusty singsong on the way home, sung with more zest than artistry, and a'good time was had by all'.

STAGGER LEE

X * X * X * X * X * X

No prizes for correctly guessing the names of the two charmers who arrived at the store and bought an array of cool-drinks, then settled down to await the panting cuties. Guess what happened!!! They had to drink the assortment themselves - most of the girls just kept on going.

No girls + 3 cool-drinks each = 2 man sized tummy-aches.

X * X * X * X * X * X

4
CAMERA CLUB MEETING.

A most enjoyable evening was held at Amy and Harry Trips flat. The usual small crowd was there and no-one will ever guess whose slide was awarded top marks. Harry, as usual, with a very lovely picture. (Was that Gary muttering about flipping flowers!!!) Marge was second with a slide that made the decrepit-looking Athlone Bridge and its rather unsavoury environs look astonishingly lovely.

The evening was enlivened with the expected chit-chat associated with Rabie and Rob, and a very tense battle between Rob and Mickie as to who obtained the highest marks. The large stake - 5c - eventually went to Mickie.

Rude remarks about the lack of intelligence displayed by the judges were not forthcoming, so the marking must have had the approval of the 'Rabble'. Through-out the showing musical accompaniment was supplied by various odd bods and the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to Amy for all her trouble. (Gary to Amy. "Where did that grandilla cake go?")

TIGGY.

X * X * X * X * X * X

B R A A I - V L E I S .

DATE: SATURDAY 22nd April
VENUE: BRIGHTON BEACH.
TRANSPORT: STUTAFORDS - 6.30 p.m. Will all those with cars meet here please, and help the car-less members,

ROLL UP! ROLL UP!

A wonderful time should be had by all, so come along and bring your friends too. Charge is 20c each and we supply rolls, tea and coffee. Bring your own ment and mugs. (The ones you drink from, silly.) Don't forget jerseys, something to sit on and all charmers can be expected to bring blankets. Last but not least, bring bathing costumes.

X * X * X * X * X



Susan to
Gwen:-
---and lean
to him---

))



Good Heavens!! Evans



Rock Rabbits



5, 4, 3, 2, 1, Zero



Watch out, Here I Come-----

EDITRESS'S CORNER.

Hi chaps,

Ever since having this 'honour' conferred on me, I have wracked my brains for a snappy start to my first msg. I admit defeat!!

Easter Camp looms high at this time and a wonderful week-end is predicted by 'The Stars' for all who attend. Here's wishing you all lazy hikes, cosy campfires, and happy chores.

We all, I'm sure, wish every happiness to four members of the Club who are embarking on the roller coaster of marriage this month; so to Adele Chapman and Chris Schorn on the 6th April, and Marge Tomlinson and Ron Smith on the 29th April, go our heartfelt good wishes for a long and happy married life together. We hope that your new status won't rob the Club of four old members.

Congratulations also to Peter Wallis and Margaret Egner who announced their engagement on the 18th February. Best of luck to both of you. I hope we've gained a new member and not lost an old one! How about it, Peter?

Any suggestions, letters, rude remarks and such-like can be given to me at Camp, in which case I'll feign deafness with regard to the latter, or can be sent to me at the Club's box number. See you all at Easter Camp!!

The ED.

X * X * X * X * X * X

REMEMBER: Badges can be purchased from Lindy, a mere 55c
Subs are now due.

Signed; 'SCROOGE'.

EDITRESS: Clare Tankard.
Phone: 21517 Bus.

McPherson's Cascades, 19/3/61.

As usual at 8.30 the Market Place was almost deserted, but at 8.35 the small crowd that eventually scrambled onto the lorry was just about complete. Fred Clark arrived with a diversion for the oglers in the club but at long last we got going. There were quite a few old faces again and some welcome new ones. Maidoo's refreshed and strengthened everyone for the smooth ride to the turn-off at Cato Ridge, along which we proceeded to jolt. Oh!! For an air-cushion!! Various people were almost decapitated by trees and so on, but we all arrived safely at the farm.

After almost draining his water-tank of cool-cool water we meandered our way down the hill, that is to say, some of us did while the inevitable "mad dogs of Englishmen" went careering down the rocky slopes.

This is the sort of hike I like - downhill all the way. Coming to a stream we realized the reason for all the hurry, there were our adversaries - armed with rocks - safely on the other side. There was nothing for it but to charge across and hope that we wouldn't get too wet. Damp but not dampened, on we went, to come to the parting of the ways. Some Ramblers went up the gully and came out literally 'on top', while others took the 'easy' way and landed in a meadow field. Over to the left was the ever faithful Lindy and his little band of lame dogs. I did see Rob, Harry and Bob scurrying round - gathering up lost souls.

At last the Cascades came in sight - and what a welcome sight it was, although I did hear some-one mention something about the slight brown tinge and assorted bits of flotsam and jetsam.

It was not long before the goats - ever present for some unknown reason - were joined on the rocks by Ramblers in various attitudes of ease. A bathing party was soon in progress and only broke up when Lindy shouted "Come and get it". Lunch was next on the agenda and old 'Moneybags' on the prowl soon chased the revitalised swimmers back to the water. Alas for them, he joined the lucky ones and extracted his pound of flesh.

Then the fun started!!! Our 'merry band', messrs. Fred, Rob and Babie soon had nearly everyone as wet as themselves and even Mr. Marris lent a hand!! Poor Fred! He forgot the old maxim - 'Never turn your back on a Rambler!', no matter how harmless looking. While bending over washing his plate, some-one (no names, no packdrill) crept up and emptied a whole tin of 'weenies' into the back of his trunks. Is that why you spent so much time in the river from then on, Fred?? Two casualties decided to go back as a three-legged combination, but soon abandoned the idea when Joy pointed out that Clare and Gary's hips did not seem to fit sanchow.

After the second brew a long contented file of Ramblers set off on the way home - ALL UP. The inevitable trio took the long way and were stuck in the valley, far, far below. We all strode, staggered or panted, as the case might be to the lorry.

The ride back was a gay one, with songs and Rob's antics helping to keep our minds off the thought of Monday and work. So ended a lovely hike and a glorious day.

JOG - TROT.

X * X * X * X * X * X

WE WANT TO SELL.

Joan Carter has a very nice ground sheet, a bit heavy for mountain goats in the club, but ideal for camp. Contact her at home - phone 33632. Charge 75c.

Alec Curry has a Bergens Rucksack (large), a tent and various other items of camping equipment which he wants to sell. Contact his mother, Mrs. Curry at

WILBERN COURT
ESPLANADE.

X * X * X * X * X * X

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

A little bird tells me that June Aspin and Rodney Morris will be tying the nuptial knot in London on the 15th April. Good luck to you both, we hope that you are not lost to the club. Joan Paige will interrupt her touring to be bridesmaid. We have almost enough members over-seas now to start a branch of the Club there. Joan will be a much travelled lass when she returns and I only hope that the numerous places she visits will regain their equilibrium after she has 'buzzed' in and out. Lucky girl!!

Jill Craig, our very able and popular ex-secretary, was last heard of in Cape Town - having a fabulous time. Keep it up, Jill.

Trevor C, alias Cuddlewell, is now wait for it- no less than Head Porter at the Overseas Visitors Club. Rather better than washing cars, I'll bet.

Ernie Foster was taking off like a jet to Birmingham when last heard of. What's the attraction, I wonder.

X * X * X * X * X

NEW MEMBERS.

Welcome to the club the following five new friends. May you all have many glorious hikes and camps.

Lee Jorey,
Lesley and Michael Balfo.
Noel Dix.
Tony McMenamin.

One last word to our erstwhile ex-chairman, Ernie Newbery, who has become a country member. Don't fade away altogether, Ernie, drop us all a line and let us know how you are doing.

"Er To Brutus..."



One Way To Keep Cool !!

