

DURBAN
RAMBLERS
CLUB



APRIL 1902



UMLAAS FALLS

APPLICATION FORM FOR CHAMPAGNE CASTLE CAMP.
20th to 23rd April 1962 inclusive.

The Secretary,
The Durban Ramblers' Club,
P.O.Box 1063,
Durban.

Dear Madam,
I wish to attend the above camp and, to assist you, complete the undermentioned questionnaire.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

TELEPHONE NO.: _____

OWN TRANSPORT: _____ (yes/no). If yes, how many passengers with luggage are you prepared to take?
_____ (No. of passengers).

REQUIRE TRANSPORT: _____ (yes/no)

OWN TENT: _____ (yes/no)

I wish to bring _____ visitors, and enclose R _____ in payment. (Fees: Members R6.00; Visitors R7.50).

_____ (signature).

All entries must be in by the 12th April, '62 without fail, together with all camp fees. No money must be given in at the lorries on Thursday evening.

DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB.

Chairman: Mickie McConnell Tres: Jack Tankard
Phone: 77267 (home) Bus: 29191
Secretary: Clare Tankard Home: 44629
Phone: 44629 P.O. Box 1063.

APRIL 1962 - Fixture List.

- TUESDAY: 3/4 Executive Committee Meeting at Micky
 McCConnell's home, Quentin Smyth Road,
 Kloof. Commences at 8.00 sharp.
- SUNDAY: 8/4 Hike to Boulder Pool with Lindy leading
 Via Pinetown. Meet at Market Place at
 8.30. Bring costumes.
 MEMBERS: 45c
 VISITORS: 50c
- WEEKEND: 20- BASTER CAMP! Transportation is being
 23/4 arranged by the Camp Committee.
 Queries: Camp Captain, Glen Wessels.
 Phone: 77196.
 Application forms in Magazine.
- WEDNESDAY: 25/4 Photographic meeting at Robin and Denise
 Philp's home, 106 Chelsea Drive, Durban
 North. Subject: Portraiture, Cheese-
 cake, Native Studies and Candid.
 Commences at 8.00.

X X X X

Remember Housey-housey and Dance evening
on 31st March. See page 6 for further
details..

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TABLE MOUNTAIN HIKE.

The day of the Table Mountain expedition - that notorious hike about which so many incredible stories are told: There was an impatient crowd of Ramblers at the Market Place chomping at the bit to be off. The lorry ride was the usual enjoyable riot, and the countryside - i.e. what could be seen between hairy legs and flailing arms - was lovely.

Arriving at the starting-point we trustingly followed Garry up, into the unknown - and boy! do I mean up. Thank heavens for the numerous pauses en route to view the sparkling Nagle Dam spread out far below. Half-way up Scotty decided that sheer inclines were not for him, so off he went back to the lorry, which unfortunately had already gone. A space left for his unprintable comments as he trudged the weary miles along the dusty road. Meanwhile, back on the range, we were still climbing. On and on, we go, up and up we go Then, after clambering up a perpendicular D, with the help of much pushings from below and pullings from above, we were on top of Table Mountain. Hooray!

This was not the end of our travels, however; the picnic spot was still a spot - in the faraway distance. The top of Table Mountain is not as flat as it looks from the Durban-Maritzburg road, there were many little grassy hills between us and our luncheon! The walk was very pleasant though, and grub was soon being guzzled with great gusto. As there seemed to be rather a dearth of rivers on Table Mountain, our Water Babies were amazingly subdued, and a peaceful time was had by all.

Time to be off once more, and it was amusing to watch our young blades seizing up likely talent to get lost with - but they were in for a disappointment as our leader was determined not to lose us. The route down Table Mountain was not a mere Sunday afternoon stroll. We climbed down through a steep, rocky

gorge, hopping dassie-like, every now and then, from rock to rock. Much to the detriment of our shorts one particularly smooth rock had to be navigated on our rear-ends. Then helter-skelter down a precipitous grassy slope, and joy! a rest. Those already at the bottom thoroughly enjoyed watching the others' descent, and loud were the guffaws everytime someone fell. No, there were no broken bones, and yes, a few Ramblers do have hearts.

Our numbers were somewhat swelled by a multitude of ntombazans and umfaans, who must have thought that Garry was a Pied Piper of sorts. The ntombazans were very much taken up with George Wrapson, and followed him for miles shouting "Keshla! Keshla!". Whenever we came to a halt they flocked around him admiringly and treated him to an impromptu dancing display. What have you got that we haven't, George? The sun was disappearing behind the distant hills rapidly when we eventually reached level ground. Here Mr. Philp delivered his brilliant oration on "Passing leaders on Hikes, and going off at Odd Tangents". It was not very well received by the guilty ones, but Bravo, to Rob, I say!

We forded the river in the mystic twilight, which was delightfully eerie with the cold water below, and the stars like chips of ice in the sky above. Our shepherd then counted his irresponsible flock of sheep to see that none had strayed, and we began the last stage of our journey in the dark. After a long walk along the dark road the weary but cheerful Table Mountaineers saw the comforting shape of the lorry, and there was an immediate scramble for the best seats. Why the glum face Jack? Did she tell you to get lost by yourself?

The time was 8 o'clock when we reached the lorry, and about ten o'clock when we reached the Market Place. But despite the late hours, the slight drizzle, and the aching muscles, I think it was the most fabulous hike!

LIBER.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MEETING. 21/3/62.

Where were all the camera fiends? Only sixteen people turned up at this meeting, but we all enjoyed ourselves nevertheless. Whilst we were waiting for Chairman Jack, to open the meeting, or perhaps to make himself heard, we admired the colourful posters and record covers on the walls of Isla and Barbara's flat. The subject of the competition was open and seventeen slides were entered. The "heavens poured forth their fury" during the showing of the slides, which cooled the air considerably.

Guess who "once again walked off with 1st, 2nd, and 3rd places, with 4th for good measure" to quote last month's mag; you're right! Congratulations yet again, Harry. The slide with top marks was a study of a beautiful crimson rose; second, a striking picture of African workers at the Dry-docks, and thirdly, a 'Berg shot.

After seeing Barbara's slides of Victoria Falls, when it was proved once again that V.Ws are the cars at the top, we were served a scrumptious tea. Thank you Isla and Barbara for your hospitality.

CAMERA CHIMERA.

HINTS FOR EASTER CAMP.

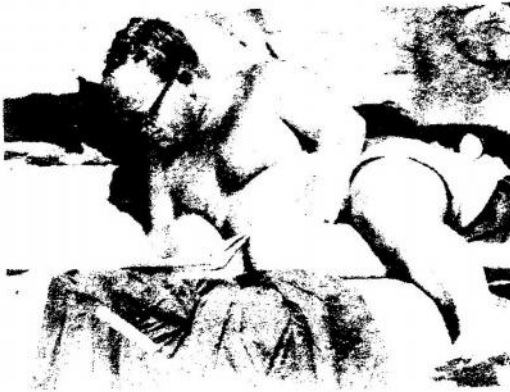
Remember your sleeping-bags, lilos, eating-irons and plates. Also bring several changes of warm clothing. Please send off your applications as soon as possible as all entries must be in by the 12th April, 1962, without fail, together with all camp fees. We would like as many people as possible to use their own cars and take passengers.

Bring as many friends as you like - the more the merrier!



Liz;
Back in the
Fold again.

loader
at the
back Page
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ASHI & ALIX

MEIN KAMPF.

(Or What to Remember at Easter Camp).

Your Camp Captain is in supreme command always. He is usually a heavily-built man with a loud voice; his bullet head and demanding chin are his most prominent features. When addressing the Captain you must stand rigidly to attention, unless otherwise requested. Most important of all he must always be addressed as "Herr Kapitän". He expects you to do your duty, be courteous, and ever obliging. If you, the camper, ever have the opportunity to disobey him, he will without hesitation order you to dig the pinkle pits, make his bed, devour the remains of the rice pud, or maybe even ban you from the girls' tents!!

His deputies are less demanding people, but remember they all have his cruel, sadistic streak. They (his deputies) must be addressed as Ober Lieutenant at all times, except when on cook duties.

Leutenant Ambler: He is your Medical Officer, and he is fully qualified to administer aspirin or amputate a tent pole. His favourite cure for Berg Tum is a shot of Methyl Alcohol Gripe water; beware of this Hypodermic Maniac.

Lt. Scott: (D.S.O.) (Dirt & Slop Officer) will be seen seldom during the day. If you are observant he will be seen gliding his proud form between the tents and around the trees. Never snapping a twig or turning to view his wake. He is also Transport Manager, his motto being, "I will move anything - anyone - anytime - anyplace - with the help of a little Common Salts!"

CHECK: Are you on the ball?

If at anytime you observe a tear or faulty Guy Rope, do not hesitate to report to Lt. Harding. He will make you pull down your tent and repair the damage immediately. If, as the occasion has arisen before, this fault is discovered at one o'clock in the morning, take no heed of the rude remarks or non-complimentary language passed by other campers - you are doing your duty.

CHECK: Do you snore? If so report to Lt. Ambler immediately. You may be disturbing a fellow camper and sleep is essential before hard work.

(Continued on next page)

Mein Kampf (continued)

Lt. McMinimim: Camp Excavations comes under the eagle eye of this gent. Dig hard, dig deep, you never know what you may find. Always bear in mind that any defaulters will be detailed to this squad without question. Excavation Squads do get concession tho - an extra lemon cream on Sundays and knock off at 7p.m. CHECK: Have you delivered all your bad tidings to the Camp Captain? You have been warned.... Someone is watching you - more than likely this will be Lt. Young. So girls, don't leave your smalls on the guy ropes or you guys, don't wash your socks in the tomato soup - Don is watching you and if he catches you trying to read by your torchlight after 8 o'clock - beware!

And finally - but this important, already so even. Not only eyes but the ears of the Staff Sergeant McMuddle (Mrs. to you) will be listening to you and your words may be taken down in short-hand and this evidence will be written against you in the next magazine. So if you don't want to be the hero or heroine in the next serial in the Mag..... watch it; believe me brother, you havn't a chance!

from 'One Who Knows'

Ed's Comment: Thank you for your excellent skit 'One Who Knows' - my sides are still aching!

HOUSEY-HOUSEY AND DANCE EVENING AT AMBLERS'
Winston Park. 31st March, 1962.

Please bring your own cushions and mugs - Coffee and cats will be supplied. Dress informal. Prizes for the winners of each game of Housey-Housey. Everyone to meet at 7.00 P.M. at Stutt-afords corner. All people with transport, please help.

Charge 40c each.

HAMMARSDALE FALLS HIKE. 11/3/62

Did the grey and gloomy skies frighten away our hearty hikers, for only a paltry twenty clambered onto the Hammarsdale Falls-headed lorry. All the usual Rebel Rousers and Mischief Makers (Pty.) Ltd., were missing, so the journey was rather subdued until our ebullient Camp Captain (For further description of same see page 5 of mag.) and other wide-awake characters joined us at Pinetown.

As Lindy had a bad "code in the code" we rather foolishly elected Glen as leader - and a very good leader he turned out to be. The way was fairly straightforward at first. Just up a steep hill, down the other side - do you always come down hillsides on your behind, Hazel? - over a little stream, and through some powerful-smelling cabbage-patches, and we were at the river. Now the fun started. The first crossing of the river - one in and 19 to go. This was Glen with a fair damsel on his back - fortunately Eunice didn't get wet! The second crossing, two more in, and 17 to go. This time the victims were Beverley and Peter. The third crossing & I could go on like this all day.

In between crossing rivers we fought a losing battle with the odd lintana bush, and other thorny vegetation. Why are my feet and arms all scratched to pieces? With blood streaming down our legs, and dripping clothes we staggered into a clearing to see..... Ramblers! very comfortably ensconced on lilos and the like. Not being able to face the Commander Course they camped there the night before. As it rained rather heavily and the Falls came over in full spate, their tents were almost washed down the river. It would have been rather funny to wake up on South Beach when you thought you were still at Hammarsdale.

We only paused long enough to eat our lunch, and were off once more, because by now it was drizzling. Up some more precipices and across the river above the falls - this time with no fatalities - and after a long hike we reached the lorry. The journey home was not the most comfortable as the rains came, once again (poetic!). We stopped at the Windmill for tea and cream-cake which brightened up things slightly, and then off on our wet journey home!

CHEERFUL.

THE END OF THE SARACEN.

An era has come to an end in this exclusive club (that is to say, exclusive to those "mad dogs of South Africans who go out in the Sunday sun".) That noble-souled two-tone dinosaur of cars, whose capacious maw could gobble up at least 15 Ramblers at one gulp, has now been permanently transferred to the Windy City - Port Elizabeth. Its well-known driver Bob Ferns, has now taken up residence in P.E. and has seen fit to remove the one vehicle that could have replaced the lorry. It won't be long before the citizens of Bob's new home town realize the potentialities of his Saracen and a major catastrophe will ensue when once laden buses trundle disconsolately empty, home.

Cheerio Bob, and thanks for the use of your 'car!'
TIGGY.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Editor's Twaddle.

Greetings! once more. We all welcome (I hope) the following new Ramblers: Jack Meltzer, Donald Tankard, Beverloy-Ann Wilken, Pamela Hughes, Garry Philp, Vivienne Hirschberg, Valerie Marshall, and welcome back once more Claude and Terry Ambler.

Happy hiking days and all that jazz!

Congratulations to Jill Craig and her fiancé on their engagement.

Another incapacitated Rambler! This time 'newey' Gary Philp. (I apologise for spelling your name with two Rs above). We wish you a speedy recovery and hope to see you out soon.

Whilst we are saying goodbye to Bob Ferns, we must also bid a fond farewell to Norman Brown who has also been transferred. His wife will join him soon, so your luck's out, rakes!

REMEMBER EASTER CAMP!!!! EDITRESS: Lee
Jearey.

BACK PAGE TID UP?



HOW YOU CAN ALSO SEE WHAT
SCOTTY WAS LOOKING AT.