



MONTHLY MAGAZINE & DIARY

APRIL, 1965

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) Editorial

First and foremost, I would like to thank Mary, Pat & Vic for the material used in this edition. It is encouraging to see a response to the appeals that have been made from time to time coming so early in the year, for material for the Club 'mouthpiece.' Not having consulted the Editorial Committee as yet, I hope they will agree that Mike Wigley deserves a free hike for the series "Trampus" that is appearing regularly in the Mag.

Secondly, a complaint has been lodged about us cadging drinking water while out on hikes. Perhaps there is something to the complaint, so it would be better if all of us brought a gallon, or at least a quart or so, along with us every time we went out. Of course, if we follow Lindy's advice, we won't drink anything between sunup and sundown, but then, if we don't intend to follow his advice, then we should bring our own.

Thirdly, it is getting toward the time when we will need rugs or blankets and anoraks & thick jerseys for return trips from hikes, unless we want to pull a 'Spartan' act and freeze.

Lastly, and in lighter vein (that means it is supposed to be funny), comes this one:-

"Cases have come to light recently (one only last week) of male members who have, blithely and unfeelingly, walked their partners home (in one case a distance of five miles) after an evening in town."

2.
Members are adjured to ensure that this cavalier treatment of the fairer sex ceases forthwith. Neither rambling, nor the battle of the sexes, as the case may be, should be taken this far, and besides, it is an action unbecoming a Durban Rambler to subject a lady to such an indignity, even if she be a Ramblerette, in which case, more than likely a good sport.

Members are urged, therefore, to keep ten bobs in their back pockets for such a contingency as running out of petrol or missing the last bus home.)

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BLACK ROCK 7TH MARCH, 1965

The lorry set off at the usual time from the usual place and, after picking up various Ramblers en route, we arrived at the starting point at 10.30, thirty-seven of us in all, including many visitors.

We started off down an old dusty trail, and when I say dusty, I mean that the front people kicked up such clouds of it that the back people needed radar and gas-masks. But Lindy seemed to have it all well planned out, as we were soon at the banks of a river and able to wash our dusty feet as we waded through (except for one or two lazy ones who were carried across.) And so, somewhat refreshed, we were on our way again for a pleasant walk to Black Rock.)

Here we settled down immediately, on rocks or grass, the coffee was soon on the boil, and the more hardy types donned costumes and gave us a demonstration of how to shoot the rapids without a canoe. This was followed much later in the day by a very much more expert demonstration of how it is done, by the local inhabitants, in various stages of undress, directed by a circus director of sorts.

After lunch most of the Ramblers, who never seem to get enough of walking, set off to explore the

countryside (we heard some were keen to carry on to Blue Lagoon, only 9 miles away). One lone figure was left to guard the campfire, which he did fast asleep, but there were others scattered over the rocks.

When the explorers returned and a fresh lot of coffee was made, everybody came to life again and belongings were packed. Off we then set, on a long upward climb under skies that became more and more threatening as time went by, until finally a drizzle started, cool and refreshing, after we had become hotter and hotter as we climbed higher and higher.

So we got back to the lorry and immediately took shelter under the tarpaulin or whatever else we could find, and singing merrily, rode back to Durban.

-- TWO LIBRAS.

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← "TRAMPUS MISERABILIS"

This species appears to favour wet weather, and it is generally seen standing in a puddle of water, completely soaked, uttering its call of "Senderdownhewww-huh-CHOO!"

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"TRAMPUS RELIEVUS"

This species is seldom seen close to the tracks. It is easily recognised by its surrounding escort of flies, and by its contented call of "A-h-h-h-h!"

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THE RAMBLE By Pat Willgrass

The day was hot,
 There was no doubt.
 So thus there went the Ramblers out
 They do such things, did you not know?
 Come wind or rain, friend or foe.

The sun did shine
 And they did melt,
 But on they went in their full pelt.
 Up hill and dale, and down ravine,
 They witnessed truly many a scene.

Their lunch-spot proved beneath a tree,
 But quiet had they, not for free!
 Oh dear me no! The herds did come.
 Yes cows, and goats, and even ants
 To crawl and pester in their pants.

At last they did decide however
 To home be bound and so recover
 Thus once more they then did amble
 As sure as fate there'll be another ramble.

(Encore! Pat. Encore!)

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For those who missed it, there is to one
 about the Frenchman who made a fortune by breeding
 frogs.

He sold their hops to the brewery!

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Social Announcement. Another Bearty congratulation
 goes to Pat Willgrass & George Holmes who have
 announced their engagement. The best of all to
 you two!

HIPPO POOL-MARCH 1965.

In the cool of a beautiful March morning a merryband of unsuspecting Ramblers left the Market-Square on their way to the Nagle Dam area. At Pinetown the last of the "unsuspecting" joined the band. I say "cool" and "unsuspecting" because little did we know that the day was to be a trial for many, for it turned out to be a real scorcher.

At about 11 a.m. when numb bottoms had taken about all they can, much to the relief of all, the truck came to a halt. Circulation once restored all followed Rob Philp down the hillside on our way to Hippo Pool. After 10 mins. when we began to feel the heat of the sun, doubtful glances were cast around; "We should have stayed at home. We'll never make it," thought some. But the spirit of the Ramblers carried us on. At the second halt, with the Umgeni River in sight, spirits rose once more, but then feel the mighty blow. Rob, our leader, announced "Seeing you all look so keen, these first two miles were a bonus hike, the real hike starts from here." So off we went. Much to the horror of the more conservative Ramblers we started off to the beat of the Beatles. Some poor soul unable to appreciate the escape into nature had to bring along a portable radio and LM Radio broke the peace of the Umgeni Valley.

Although the day was hot, it did not pass without incident. A mile further along all came to a halt hoping to be treated to a bull fight. Much to our disappointment, however, the two bellowing bulls refused to take the initial charge. Gler Wessels explained why, "A technical difference you see.... You clot. One is an ox!"

After what seemed like an eternity we came out of the sun into the shade of a tree and off went our shoes to cross the river. Almost all were pleased to cool their feet in the stream. Noble Robbie

Booker went to the rescue of one "damsel in distress" (Perhaps afraid of Uncle Bill). Like a brave charger he entered the stream with the lady on his back. But then. Splash! The water welcomed its catch... Who laughed?

Then on up the opposite hillside like "mad dogs and Englishmen" in the midday sun! When most had only just made the top, one fair lady had fallen behind. The sun and the hill were too much for such fair beauty. Our little Diane was nearly no more. But then chivalry in all its splendour came; taking her fair hand in his, he coaxed her gently to the top (Plucky Diane carried on when most people would have flaked - Ed.).

At long last the Ramblers reached their spot. Like the rats in "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" few could resist the temptation to tumble into the river, deep and cool. Such a relief was it, that many sprang in, clothes and all. "Did someone say BILHARZIA. Too bad, this is too good."

During the well-earned break full use was made of Hippo Pool, it was too hot to do much else. Those who did not swim lazed about, airing their views from safety pins to space travel. To quench our thirst came two brews. Boy, were they good! In fact, the billies were too soon emptied. All enjoyed the break so much that it was an effort to move out of the cool of the trees.

When we had all cleared the bank of the river the alarm was sounded. Myrtle was missing. Rob and Dymock broke away to search for her, leaving us to carry on to the lorry, with Mac Rand in the lead.

After a most enjoyable walk, in the cool of the afternoon, we arrived back at the truck at Sunset and were pleased when Rob, Dymock and Myrtle pitched up.

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Sighs of relief were heard as boots were unlaced and as the sun sank behind the horizon, with the beauty of nature at its fullest, the truck started for home. Judging from all the sing-song on the way home none felt too much the worse for wear, considering what a day it had been. Oh, by the way, if you are one of those shy sorts that can't approach the opposite sex, do come along on the next hike. On the way home you may see a free demonstration on how to approach the subject. A thrilling demonstration may be given in the art of kissing by one of our lovey-dovey couples.

After dropping our friends along the way the truck made the market square at 8.30 p.m. Home at last. The events of the day were not over yet, though. For those gallant chaps who saw their lady friends home there was a hot reception waiting. Sleeves rolled up and rolling pins in hand, blasts of verbal artillery came from oh so anxious mothers. However, no beatings were reported. When all was said and done, after a hot bath, with a smile of great accomplishment, bed was found best.

-- Vic Fortmann

FOOTNOTE. It seldom happens that we arrive home so late. If we do, it is unavoidable. We usually arrive back about 6 p.m.- ED.

INS, OUTS & RETURNS

A hearty welcome to new members Vic Fortmann & Honor Larrham. Many more happy hiking days to you!

We are sorry to loose Jean Cousins who has resigned and is going to live in the Golden City. Hope to hear from you again.

AND A VERY HEARTY WELCOME BACK to our esteemed Margaret, who has returned after a good trip to far distant places.

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STOP PRESS! STOP PRESS! Read all about it!

Our newly-appointed racing correspondent Kevin Claudius has just rushed in to tell us that the Durban Milk Association are sponsoring a 16 mile walking race in Durban as part of their "Dairy Week" doings.

Details available are:-

Roll Call: To be taken at 7.30 a.m. SHARP on the morning of Sunday, 9th May, 1965.
The race starts at 8 a.m.

Place: The lower end of Burman Drive at its intersection with Goodwin Drive.

Trophy & Prizes: To be awarded to first 3 to finish in Ladies & Gents sections and to the 2 teams with the lowest aggregates.

Entries: Certificates to be awarded to all ⁽²⁾ Teams of 4 from any sporting club, business or other organization.
No entrance fee.
Entries to be posted so as to reach Dbn. Milk Association before 24th April.

⁽²⁾ who finish before 1 p.m., when the race ends.