



FOUNDED 1932

# DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB.

CHAIRMAN:  
W. DYMCK PARR  
PHONE 85398 (EVENINGS)

HON. SECRETARY:  
PATRICIA OGLE  
PHONE 24738 (DAY)

HON. TREASURER:  
D. RAE ADAMS

P. O. BOX 1063,  
DURBAN.

## FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1953.

Tuesday,  
4th.

Executive Committee Meeting at Len Holland's Flat,  
51 Finsbury Court, West Street, at 8 p.m.

Thursday,  
6th.

Entertainments Meeting at "The Nest", Gardiner Street,  
at 5 p.m.

Sunday,  
9th.

For some people it's Mount Everest or nothing, but  
we'll settle for TOPP'S NEEDLE to-day. Bring your own  
water bottles as there is no stream in the vicinity.  
Leader : LES. FARE : 4/-d.

Tuesday,  
11th.

Camp Committee Meeting at Frank Woodward's Flat at 8 p.m.

Saturday,  
15th.

Remember, we have a Social at Christine Fisher's Studio,  
Park Street, at 8 p.m. The charge of 4/-d. will in-  
clude refreshments to replace weight lost during the  
evening!

Sunday,  
23rd.

Most of us have seen the SHONGWENI FALLS framed in a  
train window, but what about a closer view? LINDIE  
will lead the hike via Pinetown. FARE : 4/-d.

5th, 6th &  
7th Septem-  
ber.

The number of Camps this year just go to show how  
popular this form of "week-ending" is with Ramblers and  
their friends. So watch out for further details of the  
camp site, which we are hoping to make entirely new  
to you.

Members : £1. 15. 0.  
Non-Members : £2. 5. 0.

FOUND: on Nwabi Summit Hike, 5th July : 1 new white enamel mug. See  
Frank Hulley for same.

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

It is with genuine regret that I wield my pen as successor to Len, who, due to his continued poor health, has not been able to continue the Editorship of this Newsletter. "The Durban Rambler" was his baby, and I sincerely hope that I shall prove a worthy baby-sitter to this happy infant.

This issue welcomes yet another writer to our columns. As this is essentially a Club newsletter "for the members, by the members", I look forward to receiving many more such contributions in the future. So come on, you would-be journalists, let's hear from you.

ED.

BRAAIVLEIS AT BEACHWOOD, JUNE 27TH : by Pat Ogle.

"Moontide"

"The moon shone bright on such a night as this,  
when ....."

came vividly to mind as the car glided down the road to the Beach under a canopy of trees, the moonlight reflected in a broad arc on the sea, which gave it an almost theatrical appearance.

Rounding a bend, we came suddenly across a clearing where a group of young people were standing or sitting near a barbecue pit (which the "Redhill" contingent had obligingly dug earlier in the evening), their happy expressions caught by the firelight glow.

Greetings having been exchanged all round, we settled down to the serious business of feeding the inner man. What matter if some sausages were particularly black, and steaks somewhat leathery? - sandwiched between slices of roll the result was delicious. And hot cocoa to follow too.

Frank H. led the singing, ably assisted by his henchmen Gordon and Ivan, with Peter giving us his rendering of "On top of Old Smokey" to the accompaniment of an

accordion, all voices joining enthusiastically in the chorus.

'Tis true time waits for no man, and soon, too soon, it was eleven o'clock. Reluctantly the crowd began to disperse, and to the noisy orchestration of blaring hooters, the Ramblers were once more homeward bound.

---

HIKE TO MWABI SUMMIT, SUNDAY 5TH JULY.

Although many of our stalwarts missed this hike, the lorries were crowded as we set out for Marianhill on this chilly morning.

Half a mile beyond Marianhill Station we de-trucked, shouldered our rucksacks, and followed Lindie along the sandy footpath that winds through the hills that lie to the west. The nip in the air sent spirits soaring and put new life into our legs. What a beautiful hike this is!! The golden brown and russet of the veld blends with the orange and yellow of aloe blooms, and the azure blue of the winter sky to paint a picture pleasing enough to delight any eye. No leg wearying hills tire you, only gentle inclines to make things more interesting. Many were the "ah's and "ooh's" as our feet ached with cold when we crossed the stream, but that was soon forgotten as we wended our care-free way along the sandy, reed-grown banks to the lunch spot. Here we stretched out beneath the trees to laze while the brew was made. Lionel surprised everyone by coming to light with a seemingly endless flow of jokes that were really funny, not his usual Armenian variety. Two o'clock saw us on our way again, homeward bound.

The tightrope specialists who walked the pipe over the donga supplied us with many a scare, and not a little amusement. Scotty apparently did not have his high altitude boots on for this feat. The sight of the rocks twenty feet below proved too much for him, and he did the journey back on his seat. John Poppleton with his "harem" thought he would take a short cut over the hill, but this proved to be much longer than he expected. A brief stop for cold drinks at the new cafe, and then on to the lorries. Once more, well muffled

against the cold, we sang our merry way back to town. This was a truly enjoyable hike, and we hope that we shall see more of it in the near future.

---

NDWEDWE CAMP, 11TH TO 13TH JULY.

Saturday the 11th saw a very small, but nevertheless happy, band of Ramblers set off for yet another camp. This time it was to the banks of the Umhloti River in the shadow of the Noodsberg Mountains.

The camp site is set on a level bench of land right next to the river, with sheltering clumps of bush dotted around it, where the stream keeps up a never ceasing chatter which falls softly on the ear to fill one with a sense of peace and quietude, while the surrounding scenery, still green in spite of the time of the year, gladdens the eye.

How strange it was to see the small cluster of tents pitched chummily close together, in contrast to the huge encampments of the past twelve months!

The twenty keen campers who braved the rigours of winter camping were well rewarded for their temerity as the weather was all that could be desired, with only one really cold night to remind one that winter is still with us. Force of habit caused a few to scramble for position in the grub queue, while others nonchalantly strolled up to get their meals. Those huge meals that came our way will cause this camp to be remembered as "the Camp at which we ate so much!!" (Your Editor encountered considerable difficulty in getting into his city rags on Tuesday, due to an increase in equatorial circumference.)

How pleasant it was to sit around a fire at night and exchange idle chatter and jokes without having to shout to someone on the far side. True to Rambler tradition, the old songs and many new ones were sung with sweet harmony. A new favourite reached the top of the Ramblers' Hit Parade, namely, the Afrikaans ditty "Tongalingaling die Padda Spring". No one seemed to know any of the verses, but these were improvised on the spur of the moment with

Rambling topics, and the chorus really made up for this discrepancy.

Sunday morning found a group of the more energetic types setting out on a hike over the hills towards the Noodsberg proper, while some lazed in the warm sunshine in camp. Soon a burst of cheers announced to us that the Laatz girls, Len, Lionel and Ginger Cairns had come to visit us. These unfortunates were made to pay for their lunch by peeling the supper spuds. Soon after they left us late in the afternoon, Kath and Basil turned up to see us.

At about eleven o'clock that morning a rather tired yodel from the road caused us to look up and behold that intrepid Rambler, Scotty, heavily laden with giant rucksack. He had cycled the forty miles out to join us on Peter's push-bike!

Sunday night, and another sing-song was under way, the volume greatly increased by the presence of Scotty's raucous voice. We sang and chatted under the stars until nearly midnight, when the cold drove us to bed. While on the subject of bedding, let me touch lightly on the hot water bottle and sheets that were seen in the boys' tent.

Monday dawned cold, but the sun soon came over the hill-tops to chase the chills. After a capital breakfast the age-old tradition of the Ramblers' Wedding was repeated. This precipitated a mud and water-fight that involved half the camp. Rae, our unfortunate Treasurer, stopped a handful of mud in his eye. Marge of operations spent about half-an-hour removing this foreign deposit. Ernest and Cynthia rolled up to spend the rest of the day with us, while the fight was in progress.

After lunch we lazed around in the sun until it was time to break camp. The lorries turned up at 4 p.m. and it was only a moment's work to load up and set out up that long hill on the way home. The dust on the road back to Verulam has to be seen to be believed. One felt one could clear it with a shovel! A brief stop at Verulam and we pressed on back to Durban. Those who came to this camp will back me in a sincere vote of thanks to Frank Woodward and

and his able Committee for a lovely week-end.

---

SOCIAL AT CHRISTINE FISHER'S, 18TH JULY : by Heather Henry.

Latecomers to the Social were surprised to see three-quarters of the Ramblers standing around in groups chatting, the other quarter sitting smugly on seats - the reason being an unaccountable lack of chairs. However, quick thinking on the part of Barbara, plus a rally round of car-owners, soon resulted in an influx of Scout Hall chairs, and everyone was happy.

We were very pleased to welcome a dozen lively Maritzburg Ramblers, even though they gaily marched off with half the Amble silverware!

Halfway through the evening Dymock very ably presented the Amble prizes. First the girls - Diana Hulley, Dorothy Hay and Margaret Moore, who received silver cups, and others who had completed the course received certificates. Then Bryan Pole from Maritzburg proudly collected his and his brother's silver cups, and the rest of the entrants received their certificates.

We slaked our thirst, then got down to dancing again - slows and sambas, and hectic toe-twisting tikkiedraais.

---

KATH'S CORNER.

CAMP CHATTER (From my roving correspondents).

We hear that one of the "old" Ramblers was so keen on getting to camp that he bicycled all the way - was it worth it, Scotty?

It's whispered that at least 19 Ramblers are finding difficulty in getting belts to meet - could it be the result of Frank's "home cooking"?

Your scribe is very sorry she missed this camp - she believes the girls found it quite easy to keep both sides warm!

Wonder what happened to the pumkin, alias stool (for lazy campers), alias ball (for rugby enthusiasts)? It would have made good pumkin fritters ..... not so Barbara?

Owing to circumstances beyond his control, a certain Rambler spent yet another camp as a bachelor - surely a record Mr. ....?

Heard at Camp :

"Hey, Claud, you'd better wash your eating irons".  
"Why, Gordon?"  
Gordon : "I've just used them".

---

NEW MEMBERS.

We are pleased to welcome the following new members to our Club :-

Marlene Elliot,  
Roy MacBean,  
Martin Munro,  
Edgar West,  
Ron Williams.

---

As there have been many requests since Oribi Camp for the words of Pat Carter's song (sung to the tune of "The Great American Railway"), it has been decided to publish them in the Newsletter.

In Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-one  
The Thoughts of the Ramblers were begun,  
The thoughts of the Ramblers were begun  
The wonderful Durban Ramblers.

CHORUS:

R-A-M-B-L-E-R-S, R-A-M-B-L-E-R-S, R-A-M-B-L-E-R-S,  
The wonderful Durban Ramblers.

In Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-two  
I found myself with nothing to do,  
I found myself with nothing to do  
So I joined the Durban Ramblers.

CHORUS : R-A-M-B-L-E-R-S, etc.

In Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-three  
The Chairman he accepted me,  
The Treasurer came and took my fee  
For membership of the Ramblers.

CHORUS:

In Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-four  
My legs were stiff and my feet were sore,  
My legs were stiff and my feet were sore  
From hiking with the Ramblers.

CHORUS:

In Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-five  
I found myself more dead than alive,  
I found myself more dead than alive  
From hiking with the Ramblers.

CHORUS:

In Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-six  
I trod on a snake for I thought it was sticks,  
I trod on a snake for I thought it was sticks  
When hiking with the Ramblers.

CHORUS:

In Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-seven  
I found myself on the way to Heaven,  
I found myself on the way to Heaven  
After hiking with the Ramblers.

CHORUS:

In Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-eight

I found myself at the Golden Gate,  
The snakebite outfit came too late  
When hiking with the Ramblers.

CHORUS:

In Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-nine  
I learnt to play the harp divine,  
And now I spend the whole of my time  
Watching over the Ramblers.

CHORUS:

-----