



FOUNDED 1932

DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB

CHAIRMAN:
F. C. WOODWARD
PHONE 2-1651 (BUSINESS)

HON. SECRETARY:
MARGARET MOORE
PHONE 36676 (RESIDENCE)

HON. TREASURER:
BOB FERNS
PHONE 23511 (BUSINESS)

P.O. BOX 1063,
DURBAN.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST 1956.

FRIDAY 3RD:

Bring your family and friends along to the Projection Room, Natal Technical College building, West Street, at 7.45 p.m. to see a BULWER SLIDE SHOW arranged by the Ramblers' Photographic Section. Most of the Slides which will be shown have been taken on hikes and at camps, so you may even see yourself on the screen. COST: 2/6d.

SUNDAY 12TH:

Lindie will be leading to-day's hike to the NONGWANE FALLS, lorries travelling via the South Coast Road. COST: MEMBERS 4/6d.
VISITORS 7/-.

SATURDAY 25TH:

The Amble Prizes and Certificates will be presented tonight at a SOCIAL DANCE at the Westville Hotel. Please meet outside Maddisons in Commercial Road at 7.15 p.m. COST: 5/-.

SUNDAY 26TH:

Now we shall see who the latehomers from last night's Dance are as they will no doubt be conspicuous by their absence on to-day's hike which Dymock will be leading to BOTTLENECK FALLS. The lorries will travel via Pinetown. COST: 4/-.

NOTA BENE:

Over the first weekend in September, i.e. September 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, a Camp is to be held at ORIBI GORGE. All details will be supplied with the next Newsletter, but in the meantime keep this particular weekend free on your calendar.

P.S:

NOTE: Unless otherwise

The EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING will be held at Dudley Saville's residence, 224 Bulwer Road, Durban, on Tuesday, 7th August, 1956. stated, all Outings will start from the City Market & Warwick Avenue, at 8.30 a.m.



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Now the Merriemakers did provide for the Inner Tribesman (and which is very proper doest man, in this context, embrace woman). And the Tribe of Ram Eler did fall upon the food with much gusto.

The repast over, did Mer Vyn go to the front and seeing the multitude, peacefully settled to drink and talk until judgment day, didst teach them, saying:

"Blessed be ye, my brethren, for this be the year that leaps and therefore shall the women of the Tribe make the first advances to the men for the dances. Yea, verily, we have some tastee forfeits for those maidens who do not dance whilst there be men to spare. And there be forfeits too for any man who sayeth nay to the comely maiden."

And, turning to the Musicmakers did Mer Vyn address them saying

"On with the dance when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

And then the Musicmakers did sport with waltzes, tangos, foxtrots and Paul Jones. Verily, verily, I say unto you that never before in the Story of the Tribe have so many danced so much in so few minutes.

Now the Chief of the Musicmakers didst arrange the Dance of the Shekels and the worthy winners received their awards by the hand of Dym Block.

Too soon did the feast and the merry-making finish and cause the Tribe of Ram Eler to leave the Great Hall of Rhum-Below in the Land of Um Eilo.

Yea, our Committee of Merriemakers under the leadership of Mer Vyn doest give us goodly memories of happy gatherings.

UNCLE RAE'S COLUMN:

Dear Uncle Rae,

Do you know what good clean fun is?

Yours, George.

Dear George,

No, what good is it?

Yours, Uncle Rae.

HIKE TO N'WABI SUMMIT.

Sunday, 24th June, 1956.

Your Editor's favourite hike is to N'wabi Summit. Three years ago a homesick Transvaler wandered up to the Market Place with doubts in his mind and mine-dump sand in his turn-ups. After a wonderful day he decided that Natal scenery and Durban Ramblers were not so bad after all. It was on this hike that the name, "Boerewors" stuck. So this was more than a hike to me - it was a pilgrimage.

The hike had a late and scratchy start. One lorry set off much later than the other, but caught it up near Pinetown. Naidoo's staff were at "action stations" as we trooped in on our fortnightly raid.

Then we trundled along the unfamiliar Marianhill road to the Monastery whose size was quite astonishing - the buildings and gardens seemed to stretch along for miles, and corny cracks were exchanged about Monks and their dirty habits. The next obstacle was a nasty level-crossing, and then off we piled.

The countryside looked very parched and brown as we hiked along kaffir paths and through Zulu backyards. After an hour or so we had to cross the river, trying to avoid getting wet. It was not easy as everybody on the banks tried to splash the crossers.

The noisiest people were the piccanins who entertained us with a novel "birthday-suit" dance.

Lindie got things moving after lunch, for it was a long, tough hike back. Moira's medical degree did not help her on the second river crossing. A loose stone, and splash - we had a Doctor in the river. She had to finish the hike in borrowed clothes.

From river-level we climbed high up on the cliff and walked along a well-defined path which had been built to carry an irrigation pipe. It was like flying, high above the river and the sunlit countryside. The river water - or "bilharzia cocktail" - made a welcome and refreshing drink.

The famous feature of the N'wabi hike is the tight-rope contest. At times the pipeline spans deep gorges. Here I quote Frank Hulley's classic description from "The Durban Rambler" dated June 1954:

"After climbing past the sluices, we followed a path cut out of the side of the kranz, to what is the longest 'tightrope' of all. Many were they, who, with nerves of steel and soles of rubber, tiptoed along the pipe, studiously ignoring the twenty

foot drop below them."

The annual miracle repeated itself, and everybody arrived in one piece at the lorries. It was not as cold on the homeward journey as we had feared, but bad enough. It is amazing how many people can fit under one blanket.

SONG CORNER:

One of the favourite songs in the Ramblers' repertoire is "Klondike Kate". Learn the words, newcomers, and join in next time:-

On the crazy bar saloon was as crowded as could be
And from the old piano came a haunting melody,
There were gamblers, there were miners, a'dancing 'round
the floor
When suddenly there came a knock upon the door.

It was Klondike Kate from the Golden Gate,
The night was dark and the hour late.
They used to call her "Kitty" till she came to Dawson City,
Now she's known along the Yukon as "Klondike Kate"

Chorus:

Poor Kate - Poor Kate - Poor Kate - Poor Kate
(Plus last line of previous verse, in each case)

Now she had to knock because there was no bell,
And as she entered that lowdown cell
She was looking for a jossor, name of "Dan the Double-crosser",
And the crowd expected trouble from Klondike Kate.

Chorus:

As she caught the eye of that lowdown guy
She fired her shot and they heard him cry,
"You dirty dog", she blurted, "I'm the bride that you
deserted",
As he died he left a widow, 'twas Klondike Kate.

Chorus:

Now the Mounties came and they pinched that dame,
The crowd got sore and they shouted, "Shame!"
The guns began to rattle but the Mounties won the battle
And the gaolers found a new address for Klondike Kate.

Chorus:

Now the Judge said "Gee! We gotta find a tree,
The one we have is only 2 foot 3,
If we're going to hang poor Katie we must wait until she's
eighty",
Now they're waiting for the tree to grow for Klondike Kate.

Chorus:

Poor Kate - Poor Kate - Poor Kate - Poor Kate,
Now there's nothing left for me to say 'bout Klondike Kate.

REVIEW OF THE HELLA-HELLA CAMP.
by Dennis Rachmann.

Leaving the Market Place at 2.15 p.m. on Saturday afternoon, July 7th, just over 20 Ramblers and gear packed into the lorry. Apart from a short break at Pinetown we made steady progress and arrived at Richmond at 5.05 p.m. Here was demonstrated a new method of alighting - your Reporter feels it was a little too fast.

Thanks to Mr. Tony Jeurwine, explicit directions enabled us to find the campsite in the dark.

By the time Rob, Gordon, Pat, Colleen and Margaret arrived by car, half the camp was up and dinner was almost finished. The chores over, all gathered around the fire singing until close on midnight, when several energetic types rambled up the hill across the river. Amidst the inky darkness here and there a light would wink or splutter and die as the different kraals composed themselves in slumber.

Returning to Camp we split up to our several tents, but sleep was out of the question. Encouraged to further efforts by cries of "Shurrap" one tentful managed to keep the others awake most of the remaining hours of darkness.

With the light of the rising sun we first viewed the peak of the Hella-Hella hill with its sheer-sided summit surveying the countryside in all its majesty. After a latish breakfast several groups hiked up the five mile long road to see the other side of the hill. From points of vantage we saw the Umkomaas winding through the steeply-walled valleys below.

In the afternoon we indulged in cricket. Future Springbok selectors would be well advised to consider Jock as a speed man and Margaret as a steady attacking bowler.

Dinner call came and we relished Rob's mutton stew and Colleen's banana custard. Later, when sitting around the camp-

fire, Dennis Cauvin produced a fine cocoa brew.

Monday morning came in with a not too hopeful cloud formation dimming the rising sun. However, the clouds soon cleared and we basked in the glorious sunshine. Jock scored 10-10 for the porridge.

Mr. Payn, his daughter and grandchildren paid us a visit and were highly interested in our Club.

By midmorning most of the campers were swimming or lazing on the sandy shore until lunchtime.

Thereafter we struck camp, cleared the grounds of our debris, and boarded the lorry for Richmond where we refreshed ourselves at the Richmond Hotel. The camp really ended there with the crowd joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne", for it was a drowsy lorryload that left Richmond for home.

FLASHES FROM CAMP:

We salute the tenderfoot who considered the highlight of the camp to be Fred's Speedflash.

Scotty's radio doesn't even work with other peoples' batteries.

The Sanitary Engineers are recommended for further duties of this nature.

What happened to Scotty's moustache?

SOCIAL NEWS:

Our best wishes for the future are extended to Ivan Howell who was married in Durban on July 7th.

From all accounts Dymock Parr enjoyed his trip overseas, and it is good to see him out on the hikes again.

Shirley Dodds has deserted her bugs for the sphere of Biology teaching at an African Government Secondary School at Goromonzi - about 25 miles from Salisbury. She is still continuing her mountaineering activities and has seen Archie Cockburn and Ian van der Lingon.

NEW MEMBERS: We extend a hearty welcome to the following:-

Marguerite Ayre; Cliff Jones; Joy Langford; Kathleen Pearson.