

THE DURBAN RAMBLER

AUGUST, 1959.



"Eh! A RAMBLERS camp?"



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AUGUST FEATURES LIST CONT.

Lindy will be leading. The
lorries will leave Durban via
the South Coast Route.

Members 5/-
Visitors 7/6

SEPT. 12th (Saturday): Don't forget the Spring
Ball at the Rugby Hotel, Pinetown.

N R A M B L E R

Editor: Margery Tomlinson
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As you may have heard, our chairman, Dymock Parr, has undergone an operation, and, although he is now recovering, it will be a couple of months before we see him out hiking again. At the last Executive Committee meeting, therefore, it was decided to send a letter of sympathy and wishes for a quick convalescence to him, on behalf of all the members.

To change the subject, and in answer to some rude comments, the magazine is not running a "Spot the misspelt word" competition, despite the frequent typing (and other) errors.

Finally, I must apologize for the absence of a photographic article this month, owing to a break-down in that section.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

With their usual resourcefulness and enterprise Mick McConnell and his Entertainments Committee arranged a tennis tournament (tennis ??) for us. By about 9 o'clock on Sunday morning there was a good gathering of tennis enthusiasts at the two Beach Courts reserved for us, and Mick soon had us paired off with our respective partners for this mixed doubles tournament.

After a short "Knock-up" serious play was soon underway and the balls were skimming swiftly over the nets. We played short sets, the best of 7 games; often it was 3 all, with quite a fight to win that last game. Billy and Monty gave us some fine tennis, interrupted at frequent

intervals by a display of high jinks from Billy - tennis player or comedian, it was anybody's guess! Amy de Jaeger and Ernie Foster were also well to the fore, a strong pair with some excellent fore-hand shots and good net work. Large quantities of Coca-Cola and Fantas were consumed between sets, and some of the girls even got some knitting done while waiting.

As the morning wore on, a group of spectators gathered, and after much comment (not always very polite), we suggested they should show us just how to play tennis. The audience didn't like this at all, and disappeared for lunch!

There was a short interval in play about 1 o'clock and we descended like a plague of hungry locusts on the Café. Play resumed afterwards with added gusto, everybody adding up their games to see who was in the lead. After a very enjoyable day's tennis, the results were:-

Winners: Billy Langlois and Monty van der Spuy

Runners-up: Amy de Jaeger and Ernie Foster.

PIPE-LINE HIKE,

commonly disguised under the erroneous name of 'Nwabi Summit'.

What with a number of Ramblers building luscious snow-ladies in the vast snowy wastes of Sani Pass, and a number more who did not like the look of the weather, there were not many who turned up at the Market Place for the hike to Nwabi Summit! In fact, for a change, we rattled round like loose peas in a half-empty lorry. However it did not take long for the fun to start. Someone started off by seeing how much of Mickey

the trousers of his track
before they realized that
Claire looked far more attractive in this garb, and
also that they could fit more of her into it!
Net result - one stretched mis-shapen track-suit!

We disembarked at Marianhill Station and it
was not long before we were on the pipe-line,
or rather, the less nervous of us were. Joan gave
us all an anxious moment when she had an attack of
jitters on the longest and highest stretch of
pipe-line. Eric got into position with his camera,
but fortunately there was nothing sensational to
record.

We soon found that our previous picnic spot
had changed radically. Formerly we had lunched
under 2 shady trees, with a wide expanse of grass
between us and the river. The floods had changed
all this. The trees were still there, but their
former glory had departed and they looked somewhat
bedraggled and unhappy. The grass and sand for
about 50 yards from the river's normal edge had
been swept away and replaced by an uncomfortable
conglomeration of rocks. And so we lunched nearer
the pipe-line than usual.

After lunch a human snake-pit formed on the
sand, while the "funny boys" busied themselves in
a mud-slinging battle. Trevor told us of 2 filter-
beds further downstream, so we packed our bags
and jogged off to have a look at them. Once
arrived, the main feature of interest seemed not
to be the filter-beds, but Eric's amazing display
of gymnastics of the stomach muscles. The faces
of the horrified piccannins were worth watching.

We set off uphill for the road, which wound
up and out of the valley. Mickey got a good start
on us and disappeared over the horizon. Dissen-
tion arose in the ranks as to the shortest way

lot following the
road, the other cutting through the valley.
Fortunately, and to everyone's surprise, both
parties arrived at the lorry at the same time.
We bundled up warmly, but bounced around uncom-
fortably till we were back on the tarred road.

NEW MEMBERS

We extend our customary welcome to two new
members:

Jacques Aumord Dave Geddes
Happy hiking days!

HOEHL WEEK-END AT HELENSHOEK GUEST FARM

Helenshoek Guest Farm, nestling in
a sheltered valley among the forest-covered hills
near Crammond, 15 miles north of Pietermaritzburg,
offering such attractions as horse-riding, tennis,
swimming and speed-boat rides on a nearby lake,
was the attractive setting for this year's hotel
week-end. Between 30 and 40 of us set out from
Durban on Saturday afternoon, most of us arriving
in time for tea, and after unpacking it wasn't long
before we were exploring the near environs of the
farm.

The evening proved a gala occasion as a dance
had been organised, preceded by a Crazy Hat Compet-
ition, whereby all guests were requested to attend
dinner wearing their elaborate creations - just
how crazy can one get! As everyone filed into the
dining room the hats became more and more fantastic,
many of them ingeniously made with lamp-shades,

Scotty



Barbara and Pat - and trouble with shorts!



Not all characters at the tennis tournament looked as proficient as Olive



) (-)

... camera cases, decorated
... of flowers, leaves,
pine needles and feathers. Nor must we forget Jeff's
dual-purpose utility hat! After dinner the dance
got into full swing with a rhythmic selection of
gramophone records, there was a parade of crazy
hats with prizes for the best ones, and our enter-
tainers soon got into stride, Monty giving us a
most amusing recitation.

On Sunday we turned out to sample the various
sporting facilities offered. Some set out to view
the surrounding scenery on horseback, while others
went off to Peattie's Lake to swim or enjoy the
thrill of a speedboat ride. Certain characters
found that water-skiing was not all that easy, and
that the lake was jolly cold. Another group set
out for Albert Falls. We skirted the lake, a deli-
cate shade of blue in the morning sun, and passing
Crammond, found our way down to the Waterfalls
Hotel. Here the main attraction was not the falls
but drinks and cream scones. Duly refreshed, we
wandered up to see the falls, quite a spectacular
sight as the water gushed over the cliffs amidst
a shower of spray. The cameramen perched perilously
on wet rocks but not not rewarded by a single
action picture.

During the afternoon many of us relaxed in the
grounds of the farm, while the more energetic
played tennis or bowls. (If you are in search of
the wide open spaces, stand beside the kitty when
the Ramblers are trying to play bowls).

After dinner a film show was arranged by our
hosts. It showed their recent visit to the United
States and Canada, which proved both interesting
and enjoyable entertainment. Stepping out into the
crisp night air afterwards, we drank coffee round
a hugh fire which had been lit on the children's
playground.



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After breakfast on Monday morning we all climbed into a trailer, drawn by a tractor, for an expedition across country to a nearby range of hills. Thence followed quite a hilarious 8-mile ride as we jolted our way over the rough track, through forests of pine, wattle and gum trees. Leaving our transport, a rather breathless climb to the top of one of the hills followed. Some continued climbing in the hope of gaining a view of the Drakensberg, while the remainder rested and gazed at the scene below - a wide expanse of lake glistening in the sun in striking contrast to the differing shades of green of the forests. Table Mountain could also be seen looming through the haze in the background and the rugged outline of Otto's Bluff to the south.

After lunch threatening clouds began to gather and the wind turned decidedly cold. Most of us decided that it was time to return home. A few who were still enjoying riding and tennis stayed on until later.

I think everyone will join us in expressing our thanks and appreciation to our host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Houseman, for all the work entailed in making this such a pleasant week-end.



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SUGGESTIONS PLEASE

In a Club such as ours camps are held principally for the enjoyment of all members. However, it has occurred to us recently that some new ideas on the subject might lead to an improvement. What we would like to hear, therefore, are brainwaves regarding new camping sites, how many camps per year you think we should hold, any suggestions in the food line (not roly-poly pudding please!), and in fact anything else to do with camp.

Billy Langlois
(Camp Captain).

To:

The Camp Captain,
Durban Ramblers Club,
P.O. Box 1063,
DURBAN.

New places to go: (not too far or too inaccessible)

.....

How many camps per year: (including Easter Camp)

.....

Other suggestions:

.....

Signed:

The pipe-line hike
- last year.

