

DURBAN
RAMBLERS CLUB

Aug. 1961

SORRY EVERY BODY, BUT THERE IS NO COVER OR PICTURES THIS
MONTH OWING TO MECHANICAL BREAK DOWNS BEYOND OUR CONTROL.
BETTER LUCK, NEXT MONTH.

GREMLIN.



25/6/61

Leadern skies seemed to deter the energetic souls on this hike and not many Ramblers turned up at the Market Place. A short, sharp shower resulted in an assortment of raincoats, anoraks and long-suffering smiles being produced, and sent us on our way, much to the amusement of various open mouthed people along the way. A fairly dry mob invaded Naidoo's at Pinetown and when the ravenous appetite acquired on the drive from Durban had been appeased, a very much more crowded lorry got under way.

Jogging along happily(?) we encountered more rain and patches of mist and a few hardy souls were heard mourning for departed soft, warm beds. The usual pessimist regaled the faint hearts with tales of the last Topp's Needle Hike when the rain poured down. Bedraggled Ramblers sloshed along in the mud to the lorry which was bad enough, but what really caused sighs was the way we all had to dog-paddle home on the lorry. We would have drowned otherwise. (Why is it that it was always the last time we went anywhere that seems so bad????) A watery sun brightened the outlook and a happy crowd set off along the road to Topp's.

Naturally two people got lost! We all agreed that the excuse about being engrossed in choosing and eating apples could have been better. Any way, a family in a car derived a great deal of amusement from having to send Joan and Fred back to where we had turned off. What is the club coming to when 'hostel gapers' have to tell erring hikers where to go? While we were resting under a tree and wondering what to do about our Babes in the Wood - up they came - eyes glued to the ground, trailing us by following Tony's LARGE CLEAR bootprints. Olo!

We arrived at the Needle without further mishaps and all settled down like mountain goats in various attitudes on outcrops of rock. A short silence ensued while we demolished our lunches and Lindy's delicious brew. What sort of coffee and tea would he produce in civilised surroundings, I wonder?

The usual adventurous and fool-hardy climbers grunted and groaned their way up the Needle - and for one visitor at least, it was nearly the last time he tried anything like that! Rabie again proved the value of having a large hand by pushing this character onto a ledge just as he was about to imitate a bird. Jean Carter set an example to the other girls by abseiling gracefully down from the top, but none of the fair sex wanted to copy her. Can you sit down yet, Jean?? Dymock and Bob complained of 'old age' and much to everyone's surprise, contented themselves with laughing and passing comments on the antics of the others. Things were different in the old days, so they say - the two of them almost running up and down the pinnacle.

A chill wind precipitated the trek home and we set off up the gully. Breathtaking views rewarded those who went that way - and it was just as well most of didn't know what to expect! Really Dymock, did you have to discover the ravine we slogged up? Could n't you have let it remain lost?? Clare and Lindy got their secret signals mixed and both thought that the other knew the way. Alas for rosy dreams! Lindy was heard to remark that that was the LAST time he trusted Clare. Many groans, grunts, scratches and lost finger nails later, a very bedraggled crew staggered out of the tangle of bush at the top and set off for the lorry.

It was quite a long hike back and when we arrived, footsore and weary, it was to find the lazy devils we had visualized still coming, safely ensconced in all the best seats. You really don't know what you all missed by not coming up the gully, but if you are to come around I'll show you my wounds.

A very tired, contented bunch of Ramblers settled down for the long ride back and looked forward to the next outing.

TROMTY.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

20/8/61

Whether you are a good player or an indifferent one, you are bound to have an enjoyable time at this tournament. All you need are tennis togs and racquets. We provide the fun. For details about the venue and refreshments see the fixture list.

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STORK NEWS.

Congrats to Gloria and Mick McConnell, who now have a bonny red-headed son. We have it on good authority (the proud Dad himself) that when Mick went along to the vicwing window, young Nicholas looked up, waved and shouted 'Hi Dad!'

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NEW MEMBERS.

Welcome to the following new Ramblers. We hope you have many enjoyable hikes with us.

MICHAEL CASTLETON.
BILL LOWP.

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APOLOGIES: re AMBLE. 30/7/61

It has been decided that ALL entrants in the Amble will now pay 40c and all the lazy people jeering on the sides will pay 20c. You will then get drinks, (minerals and coffee) and transport to the venue.

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SWCP - AFS.

1 Genuine Antique Projector, complete with forward and reverse gears, and hand - crank. Slightly noisy!!
Will swop for one V.W. any colour.

Contact : TOM - TOM.
X * X * X * X * X

A crowd rushed over to a man who had just been knocked down by a St. Bernard dog and then almost immediately was run over by a V.W.
'I didn't mind being knocked down by that animal,' the man said, 'but that tin - can tied to his tail nearly killed me.'

ESTON WEEKEND.

An acute transport shortage heralded the start of the long weekend. Problem! How to get 23 hefty Ramblers - plus luggage - into three VWs, two Dauphines and one Saracen (Bob's). Eventually this difficult feat was accomplished, but we unfortunately had to leave some ones fridge standing on the pavement. A scant hour or so later, the local Estonian yokels were horrified to witness the 'Return of the Ramblers'. As no one had followed Chairman McMuddles directions, we all arrived at Giggleswick safe and sound.

There was a mad scramble for the softest beds, amidst cries of 'Damn!', 'Ouch!', and 'That's mine!'. In the middle of all this bedlam the camp captions first victims were herded into the kitchen to prepare grills for the ravenous horde. Replete after a dinner of leathern steak, the Ramblers settled down round the fire, battling in their usual friendly fashion for the most comfortable chairs. Under the soporific influence of Bob's cocoa, we all drifted drowsily off to bed.

After a bright and early nine o'clock breakfast the next morning, Bob led his crazy gang on a hike 'over the hills and far away'. The route was rather like a switchback, but not very strenuous - that is if you don't count the steep stretch where Ramblers were to be seen clinging precariously to aloes to stop themselves from slipping all the way down again. Our energetic hikers arrived back at base in good time for lunch, to be greeted by swarms of bees buzzing furiously in all directions. Apparently two rival swarms had decided to use Giggleswick's roof as their battlefield, and the gutters were filled to overflowing with the unfortunate dead.

In spite of the bees however, a lovely lazy afternoon was enjoyed by all, and the front lawn was littered with recumbent bodies soaking up the warm sun. Messrs Clark and McPherson had great fun playing with Garry's car's window-washer (Phew! What a mouthful) and splashing everyone in the vicinity, liberally with water. Sweet little boys!! Peter was heartily blessed later, however, as he had spent almost his entire afternoon (in between being a pest) stoking the fire, to provide hot water for baths

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for one and all. Thanks again, old boy. Great cacaphony issued forth from Giggleswick after supper, enough to make the Eston inhabitants shudder in their shoes. Three quarters of the mob were singing rounds sitting around the fire, whilst a rival faction - the rebel-rousers - were caterwauling fit to raise the dead, in the neighbouring room. This little sing-song was interrupted by the departure of Garry, Liz and Isla. Isla had had the misfortune to come into contact with a battling bee and her face had come off rather the worse for wear. The boys gave the departees their usual rousing send off - mud on the windscreen and all that jazz.

Jack then took us all to the woods to look for shooting stars. (What an original 'line' - stars in a wood!!!) At least five shooting stars were spotted, and we wended our weary way Giggleswick-wards, to cocoa and bed.

Monday was spent supine on the lawn. A little diversion was provided when Lee pushed Bob into the swimming pool, but we soon settled back into our somnambulist state. Lunch livened things up, after which Giggleswick was soon put to rights, proving the old adage 'Many hands make light work' correct. Twenty Ramblers were now squeezed back into two VWs, two Dauphines and one tank. Then we were all set to go. Did I say all? Excuse me whilst I laugh, Bob in his usual bumbling fashion somehow managed to misplace his car's rotor arm. Our brave 'hielan' laddie, McPherson luckily found a spare one in a tack box in the cubby hole and we were soon off and away. As we roared through Eston, a general sigh of relief was heard to ripple throughout the district. But watch out, Estonians, we'll be back!

LIBER.

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PHOTOGRAPHIC MEETING

19/7/61

Mrs Faige can be excused for looking astonished as an invasion of VWs noisily settled around her roses, disgorging hordes of chattering Ramblers. And while they were still sorting themselves out, a sputnik, bright and clear, slowly glided across the evening sky. This immediately gave rise

to some argument as to which one it was, but as no confidence was shown in anyone's opinions, the conference broke up and we all drifted inside.

With our regular chairman away in the 'Berg a substitute had to found, and by dint of some arm-twisting Mick was it!! The only real matter to be decided was a venue for September. The unfortunate victims turned out to be Rob and Denise. Then came the serious business of showing the slides - fifty flipping five of them!! We saw pictures of everything from the Drakensberg to the Outer Hebrides, some good, some not so good. For Garry and Rob, it was a time of suspense, with big money at stake. Excitement reached fever pitch as their respective marks were announced, until finally Garry pocketed the shilling!

The competition was eventually won by Adele Schorn with a beautiful sunset shot taken in Table Bay Docks. Congratulations Adele! Due to a misunderstanding, second and third places were not recorded. At about 10.45pm the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Paiges for their wonderful hospitality and the fabulous eats.

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OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

Great excitement reigns way up North when the arrival of this mag draws near. Some little gremlin gets names mixed and our friends have to read all about their own comings and goings.

Ernie Foster made a special trip to read about his famous ride, only to find that June and Rodney had gone into hiding!! He also went rushing up to see Brian Clark who is staying in Edinburgh. Ernie has now acquired a motor bike and rambles round on that. Brian prefers his present abode to London and when he has gathered in the shekels will be on his way once more. Happy touring, Brian.

Jill Craig is now back in London after touring the continent in a VW. (That car again) The trip was cut short in Spain, unfortunately, but she still had time to wake the locals up by wearing a Bikini!! I thought they were strait laced in Spain? Did I hear some one say, Wow!! After seeing Snow, snow and still more snow she never wants to see it again. Wait until your next summer in Durban, Jill.

Congratulations to Ashly Hanbury and his fiancée. When you arrive back in August, we hope to see you both and we are looking forward to meeting your wife as she will be then.

Ernie Newbery, is still gloatting and raves about the Norwegian scenery. It is strange but true, that so few Ramblers go to the Scandinavian countries. After reading about them I was all for going straight over. Imagine glacial ice in many shades of blue, deep snow and in the distance, reindeer dotted round an emerald lake!!! Fabulous! Note to all of you who hate wading rivers! In one valley alone - approx. 5miles long there are more than 200 waterfalls on either side. Relax! All that moisture soaks into the ground.

ROVER.

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PHOTOGRAPHIC MEETING - SHELL THEATRE - 23rd Aug.

Roll up everyone for this annual event. Slides of general interest to everyone will be shown as well as some 16mm cine films borrowed from a travel library. In case you're worried, these reels will not be shown on a projector belonging to you - know - who! This promises to be a really wonderful evening.

All members are asked to submit any slides or cine films they have of a general interest nature, and particularly any featuring old hikes, faces, camps etc. These must be handed in to Harry Tripe as soon as possible. Tea will be provided and a silver collection will be taken.

ALL FRIENDS ARE WELCOME.

REMEMBER - WED. AUG 23rd - 8.00pm - SHELL THEATRE -
(Shell House, Esplanade.)

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MOUNTAIN CLUB DANCE.

Unfortunately, this is at very short notice, as the dance is Saturday 29th JULY. It will be at the Royal Natal Yacht Club, dancing to Frank Daly's band and the Tickets - R2.50 include dinner. All who wish to make up a Rambler's Club Table, contact Jack Tankard. (Treasurer)

