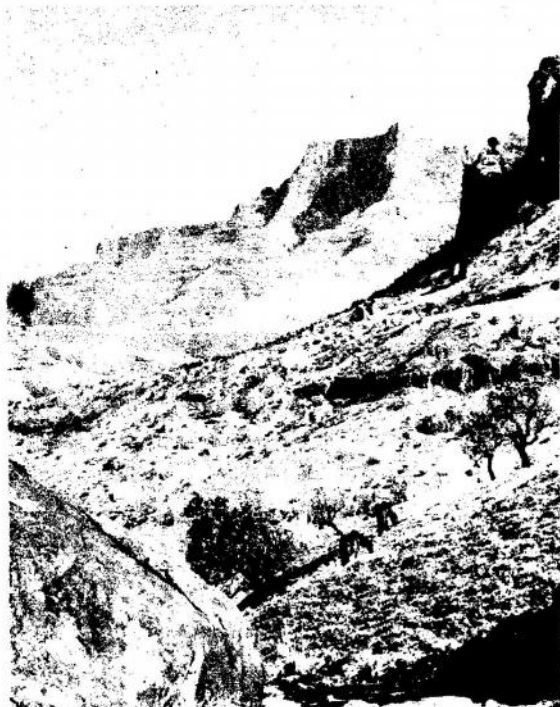




DURBAN August 1962.  
RAMBLERS  
CLUB



EASTERN BUTTE AT NATIONAL PARK

DURBAN RAMBLERS' CLUB.

Chairman: Mickie McConnell    Tres: Geoffrey Black  
Phone: 77267 (home)    Phone: 878409 (home)

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AUGUST 1962 - Fixture List.

TUESDAY: 7/8    Executive Committee Meeting at Glenn Wessels' home - 14 Ronalds Road, Kloof Commences at 8.00.

SUNDAY: 12/8    Hike to Wayonda, with Robin Philp leading. Lorry leaves Market Place at 8.30 sharp.  
MEMBERS: 50c  
VISITORS: 75c

WEDNESDAY: 15/8    Annual Film Show in the Shell Theatre, 106 Victoria Embankment. (Shell House) Commences at 8.00, and there will be a silver collection. Visitors welcome.

SUNDAY: 26/8    Hike to Zigzag Creek, and Garry Rabie will be leading. Meet at the Market Place at 8.30 sharp.  
MEMBERS: 45c  
VISITORS: 50c

WEEKEND: 1-3/9    Hotel weekend at Mountain Park Hotel, Bulwer - in the Mawaqa Mountains. Please send the application forms to the Secretary without the money. Further details of this lovely holiday resort inside. We must have more than 30 people going otherwise we will not get the reduced rates. See page 4 for further details. Price is R2.00 per day.  
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HONOURABLE CHINESE DIN-DIN.



Ying Tong, Ying Tong, all the peoples come along. About forty honourable ladies and gentlemen arrived in their sampans and were greeted by various large and informative notices on what to do with their shoes (not what you think!!). Up the stairs and thru the bamboo curtain and — lo and behold we were in China (or was it Japan??). Here we must interrupt this cameo to give our commercial.

Do you want a bamboo curtain to hide the skeleton in your cupboard? Well just apply to the Ambler-Philp Curtain Cutters Co-Op and they will supply you with a genuine bamboo curtain for only R150. (Mummy, mummy why does my head ache? Because Claude has just chopped it off.)

Back to the serious jazz though; the Entertainments Committee really went to town and did some hard work to give us Oriental atmosphere. There were Chinese lanterns, and scrolls on the walls, dragons, and long, low tables all set.

At the hour of eight, a J. Arthur Rank-type gong was sounded, and all were requested to be seated, and gorgeous damsels appeared to serve up the Chop Suey, Sweet and Soup Fork Lice - I mean rice - and for afters, Almond Tart. With our food there was saki, or wine to you.

Then came the coup de grace of the evening. With typical Oriental swiftness, the stage was set, and the Rambling Reps. presented "The Umbending Willow" - a very dramatic play, starring such wonderful actors straight from China, as Lobin Phi Lip, Gaa Ri Raa Bee, Mee Kee Mak, Jon Scotee, Clau De Amlee, and Glo Ria Makee. It was very sad. To get the picture, just imagine a mixture of Madame Butterfly, Lady Chatterley's Lover and Rigoletta, and you will realise what a lovely mess - I mean story - it was. Velly tragic. All die in end. Coffee was then served to help the audience to recover themselves, and we were given a few impromptu performances by various members of the cast.

Velly catchee music was heard, and those honourable people who were not engaged in discussing the price of rice, did a bit of walking around the Chinese garden



in time to the music.

Sampens slowly started to drift down stream leaving behind them a certain Gaa Ri, who was running around the Ambler Shrine trying to catch up with his departed spirit!??

Did he or did he not succeed? Listen to Radio Hong Kong and see how this serial ended.

MEE RANN TOO.

# 大野田先生石栗田夫

## THE ALOE RIDGE HIKE 1/7/62

Purely by chance I happened to arrive at the Market Place early for a change - it must have been about one minute to half past eight, and much to my amazement, I found a large crowd of Ramblers waiting. Something was definitely wrong! I shook my watch - yes, it was working. It couldn't be mere coincidence that we were all early; then someone told me that the newspaper announced that the lorries would leave at 8 a.m. Looking around I noticed that everyone was either a visitor or a new member - you can't catch an old Rambler with a trick like that! As it was we left early - just before 8.45, and we left half the Club behind. Fred Ferns (No wonder it rained!...Ed.) pulled in as we pulled out, so he had to leave his car higher up Berea Road, and then stop the lorry.

At Pinetown we picked up more members, but we were still shy a few of our regulars. Dymock, John Scott, and Brian Harding left by car and drove to Macpherson's farm. We couldn't leave as Garry and the permit were still in bed.

Then it happened - just because we left early, it started to rain. With Glenn and Micky waving us good-bye from the shelters of their cars, we drove to the road bridge where we waited for Garry. Then with our shivering load of humanity trying to get protection under various blankets, ground-sheets and raincoats, we proceeded on our way. The rain stopped, but the coldness did not. R.T.O

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I heard a mournful wail from near the cab, "Where's J--- with my anorak? I'm freezing, with only a woollen skull-cap to keep me warm!" The things people wear on hikes these days!! At Cato Ridge we picked up the 'Maritzburg Ramblers. While they were trying to find comfortable places, Rob and his car-load arrived. So did the afore-mentioned anorak. I am glad to report that the individual did not expire from exposure.

The bum-m-m-p-p-y road to the old dam site was punctuated with mutters, groans, shouts, and snatches of songs as Cheeky Hirschberg tried to sing our blues away.

We arrived at our lunchspot just as those who had left their cars at the farm, appeared over the hill. Lunch was quiet except for a couple of interludes when Rob and Co. ran up the old dam wall, and Dymock didn't. Then Garry made a fair imitation of a cuckoo from a hole in the wall. (He came out of his hole in the ground for the occasion).

We nearly lost a couple of our 'Maritzburg visitors, when a certain person led his girl friend up the garden path, and were almost left behind. Then Doc Squires tried to make Cheeky more a-peeling with his arrangement of Valencia skins. We bid farewell to our 'Maritzburg friends at Cato Ridge, and then proceeded on our chilly way home to conclude another enjoyable hike.

THE REBEL.

1,2,3/9/62. WEEKEND AT MOUNTAIN PARK HOTEL.

Mountain Park Hotel according to the pamphlet "nestles on the grassy slopes of the Mawaqa Mountains, and is surrounded by majestic Cypress trees." There is swimming, riding, trout fishing, bowls, billiards, and scenic beauty. Adequate bathrooms are situated on all floors, with hot and cold running water in all bathrooms. Also "magnificent panoramic views of the extensive Umkomaas Valley" for the camera fiends, and tennis for the energetic. All this and the delightful prospect of scintillating, invigorating Ramblers' company for only R6.00. Please return all application forms, without the money, by the 15th August, because we must know how many are going. Transport will be arranged.



Lee  
adjusting  
her  
face



Scotty + his harem.

Rob  
on a  
hot  
dam  
wall.



Water ballet ?

JULY CAMP AT THE ROYAL NATIONAL PARK. 7-8/7

At about midnight on Friday the first group of cars carrying Ramblers arrived at the National Park Camp-site, and the Common Room resembled a dormitory as cold, weary Ramblers tumbled into their sleeping-bags.

Sunday morning dawned fine and cool, and enthusiastic campers were soon exploring the camping facilities, and exclaiming over the comparative luxury of bathrooms and a kitchen complete with coal-stove. After breakfast several more car-loads arrived and the small party began to swell. Meanwhile tents were springing up like mushrooms underneath the pinetrees. Later on in the morning a party set off for a short, but very pleasant walk to the Cascades, and after lunch most people settled down to enjoy the warmth of the sun, and to listen to the Durban July. As the afternoon wore on more parties arrived to join the camp; the last arrival of the day being Victor on his scooter. The sun sank behind the hills, the camp-site becoming chilly, and the crowd congregated in the common room to play table-tennis and sit around the fire. We were most interested to discover a member of the Taranaki (?) Trampers (a New Zealand counterpart of the Ramblers) and two of his friends at the camp-site; and they were our guests at a grand dinner prepared by Brian Harding and his helpers. The rest of the evening was passed very pleasantly around the glowing fire.

Sunday was another perfect day, and a party of five made an early start for a trip to Mont Aux Sources. Jean Carter, who is always ready to answer a challenge, was the one representative of the so-called weaker sex in this party. Unfortunately one member of the group had to return to camp later on in the day, but the remaining four spent the night in the mountain-hut, and after a glorious sunrise began the trip back by two different routes. Most of the remainder of the campers chose to hike to the Gorge, and spent a very enjoyable day revelling in the unspoilt beauty of the wooded gullies, and the grassy slopes of the foothills. The magnificent view of the Amphitheatre Wall from the Gorge made the trip more than worthwhile. Another group explored the Crack, and scrambled down a very loose, and very dusty Mud Slide, and yet a third party went on a shorter walk, while others spent the day relaxing in the P.T.O.



compared with the mingy seven last month. The theme was general, and there was a wide diversity of subjects. Needless to say Harry obtained first, second and third places with three lovely slides. Det showed his cine film of the fun and frolics in Glenn's swimming-pool before the A.C.M. Gordon was heard saying "Wow! The Club is looking up!" as various bikini belles came into view. Thank you Det and Joan for the delicious tea.

CAMERA CHIMERA.

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SHONGWENI VALLEY. 22/7/62.

The weather was warm for a winter's day - warm and moistureless. We walked along the road laughing and talking, kicking up clouds of powdery dust. And everywhere was the parched, tawny veld panting for rain. A rest beneath a clump of aromatic eucalyptus trees; then up through the straw-like grass to the top of a rocky hill and down again through arid mealie-fields, and over the hard-baked earth of kraals. We followed the railway lines, and two units went thundering past with their wheels saying "When-will-it-rain? When-will-it-rain?..."

The river was two or three inches deep, and only just flowing, and we settled ourselves down in any available shade, and thirstily waited for Lindy's brew. There was a flicker of orange in the distance, and the little black culprits scattered as the hungry fire swept through grass and bush, the flames licking hungrily at everything in their path. Although the fire was far away the ashes showered down on us to join the dust. The crackling died down as quickly as it had started, and soon there was only blackened stubble and puffs of smoke.

Dymock, Margaret, Fred and Gordon who rather unsociably sat on the other side of the river proved their point when they were the only ones with grand-stand views of Cuddlers'-cave (to which certain young people repaired to look for fossils - ostensibly!) and of the great cliff-climbing drama. Trevor shinned up the cliff by way of a tree and its helpful roots, with the greatest of ease, but an admirer of his got stuck half-way, and was finally rescued with dashing aplomb by Eric Smith and Harry. The walk back to the lorry was short and sweet, and of course - dusty! Home to hot baths & dust-free clothes.

LIBER.

For anyone who did not read their July edition of this elite magazine I will repeat:- By kind permission of the Natal Motor Cycle and Car Club (N.M.C.C.) we are using the Westmead Grand Prix track for our annual Amble on the 29th July. Those who want transport there, meet at the Market Place at 8.00 sharp. Car-owners please help! The Amble begins at 9 o'clock - ten miles for female competitors, and 15 miles for the males. Did you see the article about it in the Natal Mercury - 23/7/62 - with special mention of a Mr. Glenn Wessels, Master Barry Wessels, and Mr. and Miss. Jane Castleden? Competitors will pay an entrance fee of 20 cents.

EDITRESSE'S CORNER.

Greetings, howdy and Guten Tag. Once again we welcome two new members - this time Geoffrey Black who also has the great honour (?) of being our treasurer, and a decided asset to the male members of our Club - Miss. Joan Cousins.

Miss. Jill Craig - a former secretary of ours - is now Mrs. Rennie Launder, and we wish her and her husband every happiness in the future.

Mr. Marrs, whom - with his wife - we have missed on hikes recently, has been very ill. He is convalescing now, and will, we hope, soon be out hiking again.

The Club received a lengthy, and beautifully written, letter from Eric Tureczec, who is now in Nairobi. I cannot print it unfortunately as it is too long. In his letter Eric describes very vividly his Christmas adventure in the Ngorongoro Crater of "Serengeti Shall not Die." fame. He spent most of his time dislodging his jeep from the very muddy roads, where it obstinately stuck. Thank you for your very interesting letter, Eric, and we want to hear further episodes of your adventures in the future.

The Secretary of the S.A. Youth Hostels Association invites the Ramblers to a Film and Slide show on "Hostelling in Europe" at the Y.M.C.A. on Tuesday 31/7/62 at 8.p.m. There will be a silver collection.

No-one has yet given either Harry or Robin any slides for the Annual Film Show on the 15/8/62. Please co-operate. Editress: LEE JEAREY. Ph: 36271.



CLARE being shod by Doc Squires.