

DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB

Bumper  
Issue



August, 1965

DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB

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FEATURES FOR AUGUST, 1968.

- Sunday 11th      Hike to Mac's Meander in the Shongweni area with Mac Rand leading. The lorry leaves the market place at 8.30 a.m. Members 55c, visitors 65c.
- Tuesday 13th      Executive Committee Meeting at Roy and Christine Webb's home, 54 Baines Road (off upper Francois Road), Glenwood.
- Tuesday 20th      Highlight of the Photographic Year: the Annual Show at which all prize-winning slides will be screened and judged. Venue: Shell Theatre, Esplanade, at 7.45 p.m.  
N.B. Note that this is on Tuesday, not Wednesday, and must start at 7.45 p.m. sharp.
- Sunday 25th      Pump House Variation Hike with Mike Castleden leading. The lorry leaves the market place at 8.30 a.m. Members 55c, visitors 65c.
- Long week-end 31st August to 2nd September      Berg trip in the Drakensberg up Cleft Peak. Please contact Ron Vriend at 881306 for early booking. This will be a tough trip.

rock-strewn river-bed. Every one was allotted cook, firewood and washing duties that night. We had a good supper, told stories and had a discussion on teachers afterwards.

Sunday, 7th.

Craze's alarm clock woke us at 600 hours (It was my turn for cook duty. For breakfast we had burnt oats and strangled eggs.)

We set off soon afterwards for Stable Cave fourteen miles away down the Ndedema and up the Mhlwazine. What a feat of path carving for Ndedema Pass! There was excellent scenery - vast heights and cascading water, but unfortunately the 'berg was visible only in the late afternoon from the region of stable cave. We saw buck and plenty of flying bird life, but none of the other kind. We lunched at the river crossing on the Mhlwazine: menu, a segment processed cheese, etc., as before. Afterwards some of us tried to find Lombard's Cave, another site of bushmen paintings, but to no avail. Nearby at Stable Cave, on the top of the escarpment, was a magnificent vista of Natal - Colenso, Harri-smith, Giant's, Mont-Aux-Sources and Van Heenen, and to top that an awe-inspiring sunset. After a good meal, as everyone was tired, we went to sleep early.

Monday, 8th.

We set off on the Bridle Path at a good sprint to eat up nine miles before lunch, the going being fairly level. Lunch menu, as before, but with some amendments - one biscuit and no raisins. As we had lunched at 14.00 hours, it was necessary to take a stiff hike to get back to Schoongesigt by sundown (17.00 hours), a distance of nine miles away on the dipping and rising "contour path". No sooner had one climbed out of one valley, one would be plunged into the next. This continued for six valleys and

then at last we came to the downward slope to Ndedema. There was a big grass fire in the valley and most of the berg and surrounding hills were hidden by smoke, but occasionally we caught glimpses of the tops of the mountains. There was still a magnificent view over the Phlwazine to the midlands.

The advance party had a hot meal for the stragglers on arrival, which consisted of excellent soup (no sardines), curry, rice and tinned fruit. What a treat.

We had a lecture from our accompanying art master on the bushmen paintings and one on the geology of the 'berg from our geography master. We chaps were forced into a sing-song cum joke session to entertain the three masters.

#### Tuesday, 9th.

Instead of climbing the 'berg via a steep pass we swam in the river and explored the banks. A few energetic ones went rock-hopping for about two miles downstream. Our last lunch was full scale; we had jam with our Provita biscuit, an extra segment of cheese, and cold rice. In the afternoon we dammed the river and swam again, but was it cold. There was a further entertainment of songs and jokes on our last evening.

#### Wednesday, 10th.

We slept late and left for the cars at 10.00 hours. Everyone was very sad when we took our last look at the Ndedema gorge and got into the cars.

One thing that really struck me was the difference in the humidity when we reached Durban. But an ideal holiday.

One last word.

A joke heard at Schoongesicht. A doctor performed a brain transplant. He transplanted Einstein's brain into Van der Merwe's head. The tragedy of the story was that the brain rejected the body.

68352467 J.

Hike to Umlaas Falls - 5th May, 1968.

Usually at Westville we have to make room for ourselves by taking a deep dive or flying leap into the truck. May 5th was no exception, and while the roars and curses were dying down, we were on our way to the next stop at Pinetown to collect the last load. After more pushing, squashing and protesting we were on the move again.

At Imbanga we observed Pip following us in his car, looking very comfy, while cramp was beginning to take its toll of some of those in all sorts of peculiar positions. At Cato Ridge we hit the dirt and judging from the looks on the faces of those at the back, it was felt that the truck could have had softer suspension. Four miles from the turnoff we reached the bustling metropolis of Georgedale, just in time to see a train on the way to Jo'burg. It actually stopped at the station.

Some of us wondered what kind of a hike this would be, for there ahead was a tarred road leading up the hill. This lasted about fifty yards, but on we trudged and soon found out why there was a station at Georgedale - and possibly the origin of Durban's "smell". There, on either side of the road, was a classic example of a slum village. Evidently the sight of sixty Ramblers was not a

very common one, and we evoked much interest from the local populace. After passing through this oven, we soon reached a dusty track, which Ivan took advantage of by zig zagging along and dragging his feet through the dust, drawing enthusiastic support from the rest of us. Soon we came to a path and bade farewell to a group of five who said that they weren't going to get bilharzia from crossing the Umlaas river. As it turned out, some kind people had built us a drift, and some of us crossed without even getting the soles of our feet wet. Others weren't so lucky - they were bombarded with rocks by a couple of bright sparks who were soon extinguished by return fire.

On reaching the falls, which presented a pretty but rather dry sight, most of us settled down to lunch while Lindy, as usual set about making a fire for the tea and coffee. Ivan and Hags wasted no time in trying out the water, but surprisingly there were few, if any, female victims who underwent the usual form of "initiation" of getting their behinds wet. After lunch, the rest of the afternoon was spent in a leisurely manner, except for a few who found themselves being bombed first with water plants and then mud from the top of the falls. Hags was expertly busy catching the water plants, when down came a big blob of mud. From then on quite a vicious little mud fight developed.

Soon the time came to "push off" and we made our way up a different route to Geogedale. Once in the truck, the normal orange peel fight ensued, until someone hit on the bright idea of having a water fight. In no time many of us were sopping wet - including one unfortunate person who had water poured down her slacks while her feet were held up in the air.

All in all, it was an enjoyable hike. I

thought I'd caught quite a tan, but it washed off in the bath.

Ken Billings.

Shongweni.

This was a good hike, a grand hike - a big hike! Lots of big Ramblers wearing big boots, and carrying very big rucksacks, tried to fit on to the truck, which seems to grow smaller every time we go out. Someone should approach the problem scientifically with a view to finding out whether Ramblers can be packed like sardines, heads to tails in neat rows. As it was, we pushed and shoved, and even kicked, and in the end Glen's truck had to be taken as well.

It was a lovely, cool, sparkling day, ideal for walking. In the truck we enjoyed the view - at least, those on top did, while those underneath resignedly went back to sleep. When we arrived at the starting point, there was a short wait before we finally set off through the woods on an easy, pleasant walk to the dam. After rounding the shoulder of a hill, we could see it shimmering in the distance, deceptively near. On, down a steep path by the railway - line, which wasn't as steep as it looked, some tottered, but no-one fell.

This was my first visit to Shongweni; the most impressive sight of all, I feel, is the great cliffs of red rock folded into monstrous wrinkles. We had lunch in their shadow, and then, while some basked somnolently in the midday heat, a few energetic souls panted up rocky slopes in an attempt to view the dam from the hills above. The climb was long and hot, but the view was impressive, and after a general collapse lasting some time, we set off again, meandering up and down the hillside in a most undecided fashion. We finally reached the outflow tunnel of the dam, a wel-

come short-cut back to the lunch-spot!

So... down we went.... The ladder is horribly unsteady, but you're down! (You're lucky.) Never mind the mud, and the slippery slope - this is such fun, everyone! Slither, slip and slide down that slope, and don't let go of the wire! Oh.... well, that's one way of going down a slippery slope.

On into the murky depths of the tunnel; we found the echoes delightful, though the air seemed to shudder at the merry sort of sounds Hamblers make when they are enjoying themselves. Serious misgivings at one point; strange booming sounds vibrated around us as we splashed our way through the underground river. One might expect anything in such a place; earthquakes, landslides, subterranean disturbances - Horror! Perhaps someone is opening the sluice-gates at the top of the slope, and we will have to swim for it! Courage friends! press on regardless! ... Oh.... well, you see, it was like this. Someone had chosen a rock in the very centre of the tunnel as the best place to sit with a group of his friends, playing his guitar. I defy any microphone to amplify sound as that tunnel does! The Beatles should play in a tunnel. However, I thought it was a funny place to choose for a picnic for oneself, I prefer the great outdoors. When I write my "Memoirs of an ex-Hambler," I shall head my account of this like "The day I decided not to become a Speleologist."

Soon after this we were homeward - bound or rather, truckward-bound, and to those who had been walking and boulder-hopping in tunnels all afternoon, the truck seemed a long, long way away. However, with memories of the morning's contortions most of the Hamblers arrived at a gallop, hoping to find a place to sit and a blanket to sit under. It was cold as both trucks rattled off in a cloud of dust and a hail of orange-peels.

And who, pray, is this venerable being smiling graciously from the comfort of his car behind us? Why, Honourable Mr. Chairman, you're missing all the fun - toss him a few orange peels! He acknowledged this with a benevolent wave, and sped past to the cheers of the multitude. Actually I think, some of the multitude, from their few square inches each of space, gazed rather enviously as he passed.

An eventful day thus ended in an eventful drive home as we battled for space, blankets and orange peel. As hikers straggled off the truck, they were weary, but, I think, agreed it was a good hike, a grand hike!

"....Enchantment.

....for those who love the hills as comrades, what a spell, what enchantment! To wander by old grassy ways, old "pack-road" or timeless mountain path, to go through the bracken, by gray boulders tufted with green moss and yellow lichen, and see nothing but great rounded shoulders or sudden peaks overhead or beyond, nothing near but the yellow-hammer or wandering hawk or raven; to feel the pliant heather underfoot, and smell the wild thyme and watch a cloud trail a purple shadow across the gray-blue slope rising like a gigantic wave from a sea of moors, rising and falling against the azure walls, but miraculously suspended there, a changeless vision, an eternal phantom .... to see slope sinking into enveloping slope, and height uplifted to uplifting height, and crags gathered confusedly to serene and immutable summits; to come at last upon these vast for-heads and look down upon the lost world of green glens and dusky forests and many waters, to look down, as it were, from eternity into time ... this indeed is to know the mountain charm, this is enchantment....." (By Fiona McCleod.)

"Non-Speleologist."

Click Clack and other noises. 15th May, 1968.

At 8.00 p.m. the McMartins were forced into their kitchen as the Ramblers took over the house lock, stock and slide projector.

Slides were handed in, minutes were read, words were said and the show commenced - subject "Architecture". Thirty-five slides were entered and John, Bob, Charles and Mary judged the following to be the best:-

- |   |       |
|---|-------|
| 1st Margaret Moore's                          |       |
| "Lions Court at the Alhambra, Granada"        | 67.25 |
| 2nd Vic Chodura's                             |       |
| "View at the back of Groote Schuur"           | 65.75 |
| 3rd Roy Webb's                                |       |
| "International Conference building in Berlin" | 65.50 |

As usual, there were no entries in the "black and white" section. This is really quite a pity, as there is a perfectly good cup just waiting to be won at the end of the "Photographic" year.

Fox then showed us cines of what one can expect when one takes up canoeing (which makes me appreciate rambling even more). Very interesting shots were shown of a trip down the Pongola river by canoe.

Many thanks again to Mr and Mrs McMartin, Meg and Fox.

Neil.

Trip from Champagne Castle to Cathedral Peak.

Lights, people milling round - an army manoeuvre surely - then familiar faces emerged and there was Glen securing enormous haversacks on top of the van. We piled in and were off in the early hours of the morning, roaring our way towards Winterton. Filled eagerly into the hotel there and tucked into bacon and eggs with the air of prisoners facing their last square meal for some time.

Champagne Castle, the final unloading, and we took turns weighing ourselves with packs. The monster pile of oranges and bread rolls almost proved the last straw. "A transistor" shrieked someone accusingly, but no, it was a pocket recorder and thereafter no one took much notice when, at frequent intervals, Glen stared into space and muttered inaudibly into his sprouting beard.

Off in single file, zigzagging up a sheer rocky hillside, breathing like steam engines and gasping to a stop at the welcoming Sphinx. Far below the painted huts and weeping willows had taken on toy dimensions. Castledan grins grew broader as everyone grabbed thirstily for oranges, and their load shrank. Cloud shadows played across the face of Cathkin. Next stop the chi-chi bushes and the pause that refreshes at a clear Berg stream. Up and on, a spreading view of hills upon hills, then Blindman's Corner. It felt like lunchtime, but no, on we pressed passed trees with beards of lichen, wild flowers and blackened hillsides with their vivid tufts of green. Lunch, we munched cheese and hastily buttered rolls as we greedily watched the kettle boil for soup. Soon we were gazing up at the heights of Champagne and nearby Gatberg with its intriguing hole of blue sky. Down fast to the river, then we swished through reeds and battled up past malevolent clutching thorns. Campsite at last and we downed packs, formed fours and tramped frantically round, till with triumphant cries

the flattest, softest spots were claimed and tents rose shakily into position. A row of stoves hissed in unison on the path and soon beef stroganoff and mashed potatoes disappeared rapidly off piled plates. Tired yawns as we relaxed, but too early for sleep, so we packed tightly into a tent, nattered and warmed the cockles of our hearts with concoctions and listened uneasily to the growing chorus of resonant snores, like a colony of frogs, as our visitors slipped silently away.

A giant wind patted playfully at the tent and a torch shone through - no, it was the sun! Down for an icy, refreshing wash at the waterfall, then we packed up and gulped biscuits and steaming complex coffee for breakfast. 'Tastes like cardboard!' moaned a disgruntled male. Gashed up the hill with the wind taking what little breath one had away, treaded round the corner, and this time a gasp of pleasure as in the distance the whole Cathedral range extended itself, while Champagne and Monk's Cowl towered above us. The path snaked its way up, down and round the hillsides, wind rippled the long grass and far below a silvery river wended its way. A few trees clutched tenaciously to high, steep slopes, then spread out luxuriously in a green and yellow mat down to the grey rocks of the Nkosasaan. Clear pebbly pools and waterfalls, where we relaxed, then on, and we weaved past autumn tinted trees, brilliant with the sun shining through their leaves. Then a long, long slog, one foot in front of the other interminably, and a rousing march tune that flitted through my head in time to my steps slowed to a mournful dirge. Hooray, a lounging group ahead, packs scattered on the ground. I joined them to gaze our last at Champagne, then set our faces to Cathedral, looming ever nearer. Replete after lunch we ambled round a corner and were slammed furiously against the hillside by a vicious wind that blew in gusts as we wended our way down awkward, rocky paths. Down to the

Ndedema with its bubbling river and deep marbled pools. As the tents went up, the shadows slid down and, well clad, we gathered round our 'kitchen' rock. Curry in the pot simmered and hissed like a miniature volcano, but tasted delicious with lashings of mashed potato.

Later, with background river music and a starry sky, we sat round a glowing fire. Lubricated throats produced some spirited singing till the fire died down. Such a warm night, then about three in the morning the sound of rain pattering steadily on the tent. A dismal picture formed of us scrambling up and slipping on a steep muddy path in teeming rain. 5.30, movement outside, so we flung open the flap and gasped incredulously, "SNOW!" It was everywhere, transforming grass and rocks, soft white beads falling and settling, the tents bulging inwards with it. Bare dry patches as we took down soggy tents, unearthed snow encrusted plates and lobbed some snowballs. We set off in single file gingerly over shiny boulders across the river and crunched on to a whitened path. Up and up, the only sounds the rhythmic squeak of snow compressed underfoot and loud harsh breathing in my ear. Groves of trees grown grey overnight, and always up ahead, through the mist of tiny flakes, the peculiar procession of humpbacked figures, like pantomime horses, plodded steadily on. Every shrub carried its load, and bracken swung wildly like pendulums as we brushed past. Stark brown banks were protected by their canopy of white-beaded grass. Fingers of snow crept slowly higher from the path and there were pincushions of snow with grass pricking through. We paused by a whitened car to wait for the rest, with legs tingling and dewdrops on most noses. Down the wider forestry road through a Christmas landscape of frosted fir trees we went. Now and again there was a loud thud and a bewildered individual would sheepishly struggle to his feet. Forestry huts loomed ahead, with pale patches of sky above and soon there were brown tracks on the road. Behind was a mist of swirling flakes and down below a mosaic of brown and yellow hills.

We descended rapidly past Tryme and Rainbow Gorge till houses came into view. A sneaky breeze off the snow proved what cold could be and we hurriedly donned warmer clothes. As we shivered and waited for cars to arrive, the peaks emerged white and majestic through the mist. As we bounced back to Winterton, an unbelievable vista of snowy escarpment stretched into the distance.

While the stalwarts prepared lunch on a deserted verandah in Winterton and stoves hissing happily, the majority gravitated, tongues hanging out, to the bar lounge for tea and proceeded to recline blissfully in front of a roaring fire, by courtesy of the doctor. We tramped back for soup, rolls and leftovers. The biting wind chivvied us into the cars, so we sped to Champagne in search of the other party in our van. What a magnificent finish to our trip to see our whole pathway from Champagne to Cathedral spread out in snowy splendour. Winterton again, well-named, and as we huddled away from an icy blast, we thought thankfully of hot baths and warm beds!

Heather Odgers.

Scavenger Hunt,  
Saturday, 9th June, 1968.

Have you ever spent a Saturday night sitting in the back of a car which is travelling at breakneck speed, knitting a 2" square for FUN? Neither had I until the fatal night of the scavenger hunt. If you want want a quiet, relaxed Saturday evening, don't go to the next scavenger hunt. It was necessary not only to be able to count, but to be an excellent driver, have a retentive memory and to be an historian, geographer and Latin student. To own a greengrocer's shop would have also had distinct advantages!

The drivers sat at their wheels, engines throbbing, while others dashed frantically in and out of the cars. "How many louvred windows are there at the Sea Haven?" "How many tables are outside at the Tropicals?" "What is the number on the completed Sugar Terminal building?"

In the back seat we clutched feverishly at our map. "Travel north, turn west where you see three lights (which don't all work together), look for a star in the wood." The Star of Bethlehem? Oh no - Stellwood road. Next we were searching for roads with the name of a great Boer leader, a famous English battle, an English Queen and a King.

Varsity. Where, oh where, was the man with the next set of clues? Perhaps amongst the bushes. "Oh sorry, we didn't mean to interrupt...." "The man and clues found, we must now look for; 3" tomatoes, a bananae skin, a hard-boiled egg, a feather, a white shoe lace and a "holy" sock AND do the 2" square of knitting.

Another bridge to identify, but we're experts now. You may play "putt - putt" ; I simply count the lights on the putt - putt course. Suddenly Durban North's quiet, suburban roads become disrupted with cars, simply locking. They're not quiet sure what for, but nevertheless they must find it. The street with the name of a well-known soccer team, the number succeeds the Day of the Covenant. At last we're reached our destination.

Feeling the worse for wear but still intact, we emerged triumphant from the car. Glowing braaivleis fires greeted us and, oh no, friendly cheers - so we were not first after all.

While we downed endless pounds of sausages, one of the requisites we also had to have, our completed clue forms were scrutinized and our articles weighed

and measured. Champagne for the winners, suchers for the losers. The lights dim, Ray Coniff wafts through the air. "Shall we dance?"

Maggie.

THE SAALBACH AND RPOSIMM RIVER - 16TH JUNE.

Recounting a ramble is, I find, comparable to putting a jig-saw puzzle together, for the innumerable sights, sounds and smells which make up my impressions and remembrances of it are stirred out of my sense of continuity by a total lack of time and direction.

This ramble in the Eagle Dam reserve area was a combined outing with the Pietermaritzburg Warblers, the latter numbering twelve members to our thirty-five. We arrived at the traditional meeting place first. After waiting a short while in the nippy air, we set off at a spanking pace through the tunnel.

After walking, scrambling and wading our way, we stopped for a rest on the side of a hill overlooking several distant native kraals, which seemed as if they had come straight out of a water-painting by one of Natal's early European artists.

Before lunch we found ourselves, owing to our leader's (Margaret Moore) skilful navigation, following a sunken and overgrown rivulet upstream. Taking a sharp turn right we crossed the rivulet inbetween two delightful little waterfalls.

We had lunch about three-quarters of the way up the hillside, beside the river. The fire was made, very sensibly, above a third small waterfall on stones in the middle of the rivulet, so we were not bothered by the smoke.

There is no prize for guessing correctly who

took the opportunity of having a quick swim here.

While packing up after lunch Arthur showed a bunch of kraal children how fearsome he could look, while another Durban member finished off the remaining condensed milk.

On the way back to the dam, where the cars were parked, great individuality, almost bordering on insubordination, was exhibited by certain members for it became a case of ---- "You take the high road and I'll take the low road" ---- not to mention the middle or diagonal ones!

I went back to the cars the long way; over the top of Mposaan and around the farthest side of the dam. Walking over the top of Mposaan is like walking on a wide and rather solid, lofty plank, to eventually land in a bucket of water ---- the dam itself. On the way up to the beacon a few Ramblers claimed to be able to see a faint outline of a Drakensburg peak.

Rounding the dam on the farthest side, the red and orange alces were a sight worth seeing, while the setting across the water was an appropriate ending to a Rambler's day.

S.P.

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Certain matters have been brought to the Committee's attention, which I would like to mention.

As you should be aware, the bilharzia snail is prevalent in all Natal rivers, except possibly when close to the source of those which rise in the Drakensberg. If the germ enters the bloodstream, it can have very serious repercussions. To get to the crux of the matter, there are members and visitors of the Club who do not take the chance of

infesting themselves. Thus it would be appreciated if members would stop the practice of "baptising" others in the rivers.

Secondly, the throwing of hard berries on the lorry should also stop, as this can cause serious injury.

Finally, it would greatly assist the Committee if you could advise the Secretary in writing when you change your address.

Chairman.

CLICK CLACK AND OTHER NOISES.

The June and July meetings have both been "out of town" at the homes of old members -- the one and only time in the year that we see them.

The June meeting at Val and Gary Rabin's home at Westville went off with all the wit usually expected; the comments of the Gary/Bob combination keeping everyone's sides close to splitting. Nevertheless the meeting managed to keep under way and the Judges decided by quite a decisive margin that of the 32 slides entered under the heading, "General" the ones they liked most were:-

1st "Starkhorn" by Harry Trips	67.67%
2nd "gladioli" by Vic Chodura	66.00%
3rd "Abseiling at Inchaaga Krentzes" by Vic Chodura	64.25%

Later Astrid and Neil showed their slides of their recent holiday to Mocambique, Malawi and Rhodesia.

Many thanks again, Val and Gary for all the lovely tea and eats, and also for having us.

For the July meeting we moved into the home of Joan and Det Sewell (at Pinetown), who welcomed us with open arms - all 32 of us. Despite the size of the crowd, only 29 slides were entered under the subject heading, "Camps and Hikes". With Charles, John, Bob and Mike Wigley judging, the results obtained were as follows:-

1st "Bob-rock climbing" by Harvey Tuckett	65.00%
("Hiking in the Dolomites" by Roy Webb	63.25%
2nd ("High above the clouds - at the Saddle" by Vic Chodura	63.25%
4th "Bottoms up - the start of a Champagne/Cathedral Hike" by Chris Webb	61.75%

Jill and Ton then showed a set of slides of their recent holiday in which they travelled through most of Rhodesia. Their good commentary on the slides certainly made them very interesting, even to those of us who had been to some of the places shown.

Many thanks to you two, Joan and Det, for the lovely tea and cakes.

P.S. 4 Prints were entered for the Black and White section - Mike Castleden's print of "Joan and Mac - lunchtime" came first with 59.33 points.

THIS IS A MUST

Annual show at the Shell Theatre, Shell House, Esplanade, Tuesday, 20th August.

Starting promptly at 7.45 p.m. due to the large programme to be covered. Cups to be presented for "best aggregate" and "best slide of the year"; our best slides to be shown as well as interesting "camps, hikes and scenery" slides and films. This is a popular annual event, so please come early for seats.

MSABI HIKE, 14TH JULY.

Blazing hot and the middle of winter. A dusty road in the wilds of Natal and a crowd of people variously dressed and laden with rucksacks. The Ramblers Club out for another hike.

Leaving the lorry near Pinetown, we walked some way along a road before scrambling down through the bush to the Umhlanga river. As the hike was a short one, we soon reached the lunch spot.

We had just enjoyed Lindy's most welcome coffee when I heard someone calling, "That's for rounders?" What new madness was this? Games in the middle of the day. But two able young captains were selecting their teams. Then the fun began.

Shoes marked the positions of the bases in the sand and fielders deployed themselves round about. Batsmen and women with various expressions of resolution on their faces grasped the bat with two hands and hit away at the ball. The results were interesting! Sometimes it landed plunk in the sand only two yards behind the bowler; sometimes it went flying into the willing hands of members of the opposite team, or into the reeds at the riverside, where it was snatched from beneath the trampling hooves of a large herd of cattle. "Come and find the ball!", "Ow, these reeds are cutting me to pieces!" and exultant yells of "You can make a homer!" were heard.

The game over, Ramblers refreshed themselves with tea and set off homeward, one party by the original route and the other tight rope walking along the pipeline to the lorry.

"Rambler."

SOCIAL NEWS.

This month we welcome the following new members:-

Les Evans,  
Errol McMenamin,  
Harvey Tuckett.

Resignations: Judy Pring.

The free hike for the best article in the last magazine goes to Jeanette and Jillian.

EDITORIAL.

wanted, a literary minded person to fill the position of Editor of this magazine. Present Editor unable to continue owing to pressure of work.

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