



FOUNDED 1932

# DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB

CHAIRMAN:  
DYMCK PARR  
PHONE 85398 (RESIDENCE)

HON. SECRETARY:  
SHIRLEY LOUW  
PHONE 57580 (RESIDENCE)

HON. TREASURER:  
MERVYN CAMPION  
PHONE 57731 (RESIDENCE)

P.O. BOX 1063.

DURBAN.

## FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER 1957.

TUESDAY 3RD: EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING to be held at Dudley Saville's residence, 284 Bulwer Road, at 8.0 p.m.

SUNDAY 8TH: Hike to summit of TABLE MOUNTAIN. Lorries will travel via Pinetown. This will be a fairly stiff hike. Garry to lead.

COST: 5/- PAID-UP MEMBERS.  
7/6 VISITORS

DEC. 14TH/16TH: SANI PASS EXPEDITION: If you wish to go along, please fill in the attached form, which should reach the Hon. Secretary not later than 8th December. Your co-operation at this point is essential to enable the Camp Captain to make the necessary arrangements. Camping at the base of the Pass.

COST CAMP ONLY: £2/10/- PAID-UP MEMBERS.  
£3/-/- VISITORS.

COST LANDROVER/JEEP TRIP: £4/-/-

WEDNESDAY 18TH: CAMERA SECTION MEETING Subjects:- "Still Life and Table Top" and "Goggas, Noonas, Bugs and Pets". This meeting will be held at Dudley Saville's residence, 284 Bulwer Road, at 8.0p.m.

SATURDAY 21ST: CHRISTMAS DINNER AND SOCIAL DANCE at the Westville Hotel. Meet in front of Maddison's Tearoom in Pine Street at 6.15 p.m. if you are going to the Dinner; 7.15 p.m. for the Dance only. To make arrangements for the Dinner phone Dymock Parr 85398 (Residence), between 6.0 and 7.30 p.m., on or before 18th December.

COST: 7/6 EACH DINNER.  
5/- EACH DANCE.

SUNDAY 22ND: PICNIC AT SHEFFIELD BEACH Car owners are invited to help out with the transport. Bring your own lunch as on a hike. Same meeting place and time. CONTD./...

NOTE: Unless otherwise stated, all outings will start from the City Market Warwick Avenue, at 8.30 a.m.

SUNDAY JANUARY 5TH:

Keep this date open for the first hike of the  
New Year.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!

FINAL CLOSING DATE SUNDAY 8TH DECEMBER.

SANI PASSEXPEDITION:

To: Hon. Secretary, Durban Ramblers Club, P.O. Box 1063.

QUESTIONNAIRE:

- 1) Do you wish to attend the Camp? .....
- 2) Do you wish to take the Landrover/Jeep trip to the top of  
the Sani Pass? .....
- 3) Can you provide any transport? .....
- 4) Have you a tent? .....
- 5) Do you wish to leave on Friday Evening (7.30 p.m.),  
Saturday Morning (9.0 a.m.) or Saturday Afternoon  
(2.30 p.m.)? .....

I enclose herewith £\_\_\_\_\_ to cover cost of  
camping for myself and \_\_\_\_\_ friends, plus £\_\_\_\_\_  
for the Landrover/Jeep trip to the top of the pass.

..... Sgd.

ADVICE TO THOSE WHO HAVE NOT BEEN CAMPING WITH THE  
RAMBLERS BEFORE:-

Food is provided, but you should bring your own plates,  
mug, knife, fork and spoon.

If you do not have a sleeping bag, bring at least three  
blankets, as it gets cold at night up-country even in  
the summer. You will probably need a rug even if you  
have a sleeping bag. Also bring a ground sheet.

Some few members have their own small tents but the  
Club will provide tents for those who have not.

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THE DURBAN RAMBLER.

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EDITOR: HARRY THORSEN.  
PHONE: 20845 (D.Y).

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EDITORIAL:

Don't let the rainy season interfere with your hiking plans. The Durban Ramblers go out in all weathers. So grab your rucksack and second best raincoat and sneer at the weather Office. Experienced hikers regard a wet hike as the greatest fun in the world.

G--ry Ra-b-e states: "I like wet hikes because they save one the trouble of splashing the visitors."

LEOPARDS LAGOON.  
Miss Anonymous.

The brown bubbling foam of the waterfall caught the first brilliant rays of sunlight. The green hillside, bathed in a dull blue haze, looked on in silence. Suddenly from the depths of the bush across the water a clear call broke the stillness of Leopards Lagoon and a grub lifted it's ugly head curiously. The Lagoon slowly turned a bright gold as the rising sun spread it's warm fingers over the earth and the birds awoke with a glad chorus.

Among these a small Sparrow pecked busily at the ground looking for worms. Suddenly he flew towards the point where he saw a row of humans moving joyously along the footpath. Flying low he perched on a bush to preen himself.

The Rambling humans were soon enjoying lunch at the lagoon side.

Still Sparrow sat on his twig dreaming until disturbed by one they called Mickey, running beneath to rescue Chris from the foaming water. He watched anxiously as Chris regained his dignity and stood up.

Nearby a grub disturbed a game of baseball, then hurriedly buried deeper into the mud to avoid curious fingers and perhaps the watchful eye of Sparrow. The game continued with argument and excitement. A little way away Rob and John had a try at tumbling. They were good acrobats as they turned over and over. Jill, the while, tested her skill in handstands on Len's sturdy arms and knees.

Sparrow saw the shadows lengthen and felt the slight chill that heralds the close of day. He stretched his wings, then rose slowly into the warmer upper air.

The Rambling humans too had felt the difference for from above he saw orange coloured lorries returning whence they had come.

As Sparrow returned to his nest he heard very faintly the lorry occupants who were having an orange peel fight. While he was tucking his little head under his wing beside the now silent Lagoon, in far away Durban Market parking ground the Ramblers disembarked, tired, happy, and dirty, after a good day's outing.

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#### McINTOSH FALLS HIKE

H. Thorsen

McIntosh Falls are appropriately named, concluded the 28 Hikers who hiked there today. Everybody needed a Mackintosh, although not everybody had one.

This report is brought to you by the makers of Rain, the universal fluid. Try rain down your neck, in your ears, and under your socks.

The proceedings were held up by the non-arrival of the lorry, as Manaram had concluded that we could not possibly need one, but a 'phone call put things right and soon the truck turned up.

We disembarked on the Main Road near Key Ridge and set off in the general direction of East London. Soon we spread out into a long snake, winding along slippery hillside paths.

We last visited McIntosh Falls about two years ago, accompanied by an "African Mirror" photographer. On that occasion it was a blazing hot day; the sun was good for the newsreel, but tough on the cameraman.

So after about an hour of slipping and sliding, we reached a deep gorge. The next step was to cross the river, and we found a picturesque lunch-spot on the rocks downstream.

Here we spent a quiet couple of hours, grazing and drinking (brew by Woodward), water surging between the rocks on which we sat.

On the way home, we paused on the edge of the gorge and gazed at the Falls. McIntosh is a magnificent waterfall in a beautiful setting. It came out specially well in the newsreel, you remember. It was fascinating to hang over the edge of the cliff and gaze on the umbrella-like top of a large tree below.

From there we took a rather confusing route, through the wattle forests, to the road. The lorry was waiting about a mile further on.

It had been spitting throughout the day, and we had almost forgotten the weather. However, it came down more heavily as we clambered on board.

But something was missing. Mickey Thomas, in fact. Nobody remembered seeing him after we had left the waterfall. With much gear-changing, we turned round and drove to the turn-off. All we saw were fingers of mist palpating the forest. Back again, debating what to do.

On the main road, near the disembarking point of the morning, we came across a sodden, bare-foot figure, who gazed unseeingly at the lorry. We stopped, and at last it registered. With a full crew aboard, we trundled safely back to Durban.

Remember -- RAIL -- come to McIntosh Falls, and get the giant economy size.

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HIKING HAZARDS.

I am glad to report that our two bilharzia victims have recovered. They detected the disease early, and had it treated promptly.

I don't want to cause any panic, but it would be a good idea for Ramblers to have a check up. If you have been feeling unwell lately, see your doctor. It's unlikely that you have "Bil" but make sure.

Another thing. If you get lost and miss the lorry a search party will be organised. If the victim reaches safety, he should immediately 'phone Margaret Moore of Venice Road or Dymock Parr (Cowies Hill) so that the search can be discontinued. But, better still, stick to the main party and so avoid a lot of trouble.

The Editor.

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UNCLE RAE'S COLUMN.

Dear Uncle Rae,

I went out with the Hiking Club, and you should have seen the Devils Gorge!

Yours, etc.,  
Edith.

Dear Edith,

Don't talk like that, my dear. I'm sure they only had healthy appetites.

Yours, etc.,  
Uncle Rae.

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PIETERMARITZBURG PATER.

Harry Thorsen.

On Saturday, 9th November, Ramblers piled out of their cars, scribbled in the Camden Hotel register, and dashed off to Maritzburg's magnificent swimming bath. It was one of the hottest days of the year.

As usual, the hotel provided a long, long dinner table and an even longer menu. Members of the Maritzburg Club's Committee came along, and everybody toasted everybody else. The club provided the vino for the occasion.

Dinner, coffee, and cigars were followed by a lively social at the Royal Hotel. Ramblers laughed, drank and danced, and the two clubs were soon united in a happy atmosphere.

Maritzburg's first playlet, "Did you got a licence?" was outstanding. It was the story of a brave Rambler who applied for a pedestrian's licence. Maritzburg is a dangerous place with all those ND drivers. I wonder whether that bit about Mr. Parr's blue Opel was part of the script?

John Leslie, in our sketch, played a sleepy hobo, and Rob and Denise, a courting couple. Fine piece of acting. Later on, Frank alarmed the girls by careering between the dancers with two glasses of milk balanced on a tray, and Des Teague and Marge, our light-fingered magicians astonished the multitude.

After the dance, lots of people drove around looking for Sputnik and returned to the Camden at all hours.

The other hotel guests were astonished at the transportation as we came down to breakfast in hiking dress. It took some time to get organised, but eventually a convoy of ND and NP cars drove to Wartburg. Here Rusty was waiting to direct the traffic to Windy Hill, our scheduled hike. The road plunged into wattle forests - very picturesque but extremely dusty. Why not come in an open car next time and get close to the earth? After a few choking stops, we parked near the banks of a large dam. Soon a procession of heads bobbed in the water as the owners swam across, leaving a dust coloured wake. The little jetty at the other end of the dam was soon swarming with panting bodies. Henry Levy made a heroic dash back to the cars and returned with a supply of "zolls". We must mention that to the Royal Humane Society, Henry. You deserve a medal.

Much cooler, and far cleaner, we took a short hike, over the hill. Those lazy ramblers who stayed behind missed some remarkable scenery. We came to a large gorge with a terrific waterfall, and rock faces of about 200 feet.

Near by, we viewed the famous "crack", a deep fissure with a muddy floor, and with lots of snaky looking jungle. Our Maritzburg friends assured us that it is quite a popular hike down there. We salute them - it makes our Bottleneck Falls trip look like a stroll to the bus stop.

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