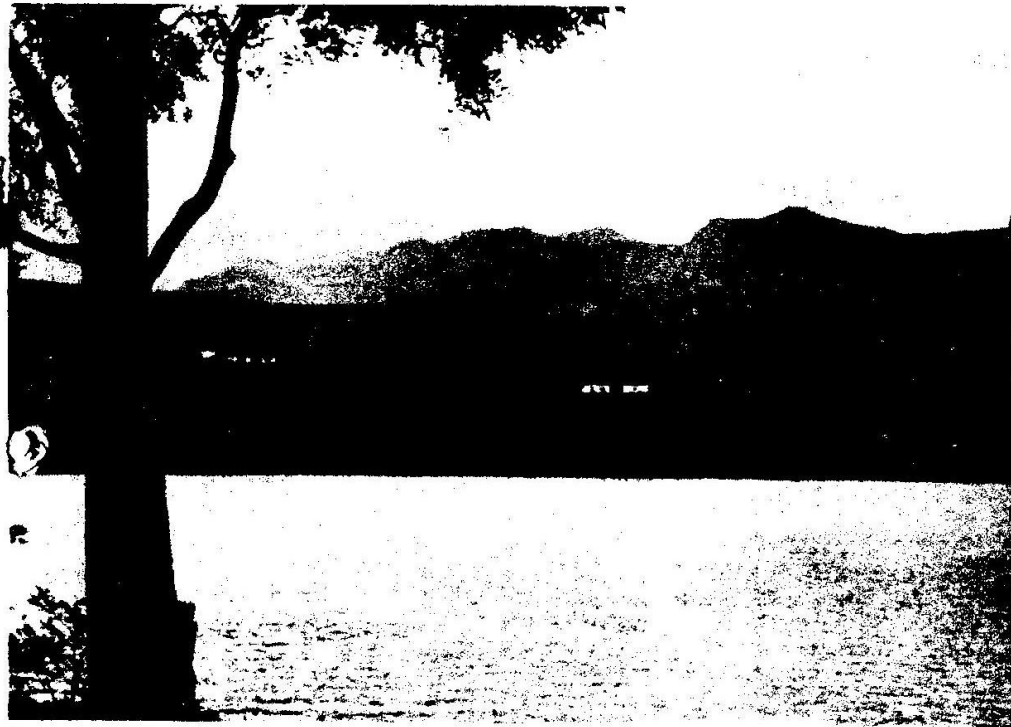


DECEMBER, 1959.

THE DURBAN RAMBLER



Drakensberg Gardens vicinity

XMAS PARTY

Tuesday December 15th.

Roll up for our super Christmas party

to be held at Umshloti Beach Hotel, from 7 p.m.

The evening will consist of a braai vleis 'a la boerevors' and dancing to the finest North Coast Band.

The beach is close and a full moon is guaranteed by the Entertainments Chairman. A low spring tide is forecast and it promises excellent swimming if desired.

Cost is 4/- per person plus cost of meat .

Dress is informal.

The hotel is 25 minutes out from Durban on the new Umshloti Road (turn left when you reach Umshloti).

All those requiring and offering transport are to meet at Stuttafords by 6.45 p.m.

THE DURBAN RAMBLER

Editor: Margery Tomlinson
phone 41148

First of all, I would like to take this opportunity of wishing you all a very happy Christmas and enjoyable New Year.

Next, I have had no articles on Berg trips - please remember that these would be gratefully accepted!

PIETERMARITZBURG WEEK-END

On Saturday, 24th October, a 'select' company of Ramblers was seen making its way up the main road in the direction of 'Maritzburg, and by tea (???) time most of this aristocratic party had arrived at the Camden Hotel - all 17 of them!

Baths were then run, songs were sung, things were flung from room to room (certain members of the party gave their excuse as 'Loss of memory' and found themselves in the wrong room) and then we all went down to dinner in a 'single pile', where we dined* 'a la Boarding School', in the company of a few of the Maritzburg Ramblers.

The Royal Hotel was the venue for the evening's entertainment and a very fine job was made of the Ballroom as in no time at all it looked like another Ramblers Easter Camp. Maritzburg Ramblers turned out in full strength and the 3-piece orchestra soon had them all on their feet (or on their partner's feet) P.T.O

* A la Boarding School - term used when one sits at a long table in company with lots of other people - or Ramblers - who try to pinch one's food because like the days of Oliver Twist, there was a slight famine.

were well entertained as they
blers as they
gs. This 'floor
show' was repeated later in the evening with much
success. A certain male member of the Ramblers was
seen with his eyes out on organ stops pursuing a
female member of the Maritzbur-ites and speculation
ran rife as to how long this friendship would last....

....Next morning early-ish, after a wacking
breakfast, all Ramblers met at Don Allison's house
and our certain male member (Having spent all night
looking for the hub-caps of his car - that's his
story and he's sticking to it) was seen in the com-
pany of the same female of the previous evening, but
his eyes, alas, were now quite normal - ah well

After waiting for another male member of the
Durban-ites to appear (his excuse was 'Packing'
and he's sticking to it) we all set out in cars
towards Otto's Bluff and parked our cars in the farm
yard of a local farmer, where we disembarked and set
off on Shank's pony. After a tricky crossing over a
rather deep spruit we continued down a hilly slope
to the good old Umgeni and a human chain was formed
across this deep, unchartered river and after many
a slip and splash we got to the other side and pro-
ceeded to put up 'camp'. A pleasant lazy afternoon was
spent alongside and after numerous cups of char we
proceeded back along a different rather wet route
to the cars and back to jolly old Durban - except
for the spotted McConnell who had left earlier in the
day taking his baggage with him (his excuse was
'Berg tum - that's his excuse - yep, you guessed it!!')

Gloria Hetem (Special reporter)



"Impromptu wedding"

Joan v. Eric



Ashley Hanbury



Siamese twins!
Jill Craig and
Hetem.

Why so miserable,
Mr. Parr, when there
is a girl next to you?



Our hearty congratulations and good wishes
for the future to Dudley Saville and Jackie Watt
on their recent engagement.

THE LEGLESS WONDER SONG,

by Harry Thorsen
(to be sung to the tune of 'The happy wanderer')

1

I am the legless wonder boy,
Returning from a hike,
I have my knees behind my neck,
And that I do not like.
Valderie, valdarah, valdarie,)
Valdarah, a ha-ha, ha,) chorus
And that I do not like.

2

For when we leave the tarmac roads
And lurch across the bumps,
I cry with pain and moan again
And nurse my aching stumps.
Chorus
And nurse my aching stumps.

3

I'm glad I missed the Easter Camp
of nineteen fifty-six,
For I have heard, when it hits the mud,
A lorry really sticks.
Chorus.
A lorry really sticks.

I have no wish to go to camp,
Travelling cramped and bent,
With the lamp-box on my legs
And my face squashed by a tent.
Chorus.
And my face squashed by a tent.

5

I do not want a Cadillac,
But I wish that I could teach
Our tight-fisted treasurer
That we need a lorry each.
Chorus.
That we need a lorry each.

6

Please don't think, against the club
I bear a tiresome grouch,
I love my hikes across the veld,
But ouch! and ouch! and ouch!
Chorus.
Ouch! ouch ! ouch! ouch!

UNCLE RAE'S COLUMN

Dear Uncle Rae,

I hear you had a date with Siamese twins the
other night. Did you enjoy yourself?

Yours, etc.,
Mickey McCuddle

Dear Mickey,

Well, yes and no.

Yours, etc.,
Uncle Rae.



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CRAIGLEA

The lorry did not leave the market place at the appointed time of 8.30 a.m. as it was hoped that more than 17 stalwarts would turn up; anybody would have thought that it was the Wayonda hike. A Mountain Club Meet and A.G.M. was also held in the same area that we were bound for and we lost Margaret Moore and Bob Ferns to this cause. It was good to see Fritz Madel out again after his triumphant run overseas.

The Alhambra bioscope had hardly been passed when it started to rain - a fine drizzle - and macs and groundsheets hurriedly came to light. Although the trip up was wet, everybody's spirits were high. We travelled up the old main road and down the Nagle Dam turnoff. The drizzle abated slightly and we bravely alighted at a nearby farmhouse. With Gary as leader we headed in the direction of the Umgeni Valley, turning downhill before we reached the perilous crags of the Mountain Club-ites. We had fun and games on the path, which was steep and inclined to be very gravelly in parts. Several members decided to run down and Brian Harding was unfortunate enough to have a spill, receiving some nasty gravel rashes. First aiders Ron Smith and Glen Wessels patched him up pretty well.

At last we reached a valley formed by a small tributary of the Umgeni. We carried along the water-course until we reached the main river, which had been turned into a fast-flowing, muddy torrent. Finally, we reached the pipe-line where we settled down for lunch. Soon afterwards it started to rain quite heavily, and we took shelter under some nearby trees. Four people tried crossing on the pipe-line, three running. Whew!

By three o' clock we had had enough and packed up willingly as it really was cold and miserable. The truck was down at the bridge waiting for us



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so there was no long slog back up the hill. Despite many layers of waterproofing, we still arrived back at Durban looking somewhat bed-ragged, and dreaming of lots of hot tea and sunny hikes in the future (some hope)

Trevor Culverwell

N.B. A RAINCOAT WAS LEFT ON THE LORRY AFTER CRAIGLEA HIKE - PLEASE COLLECT ON NEXT HIKE.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR A PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTICLE

ANY COMPLAINTS AT THE LACK OF ONE, PLEASE DIRECT TO BOB FERNS, Lyndale Hotel, Durban.



Jane Richards