

**DURBAN
RAMBLERS
CLUB**



**DECEMBER
1960**

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DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB.

Chairman: Ernie Newbery
Ph: 76231 (Bus)

Treasurer: Fred Clark
Ph: 33223 (Res)

Secretary: Jill Craig
Ph: 832752.

P.O. Box 1063.

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DECEMBER 1960 - FIXTURE LIST.

SUNDAY:11th.Dec. Hike to Gibraltar Rock - Nagel Dam area. This is a 'Picnic Hike'. Guest leader??. Lorries leaving Market Place 8:30 SHARP.

MEMBERS: 5/-
VISITORS : 7/6.

TUESDAY:6th.Dec. Executive Committee Meeting at Rob Philp's residence at 106 Chelsea Drive, Durban North. Bob Ferns will be host. Commencing 8:00 p.m.

FRIDAY:16th.Dec. "RAMBLER'S CHRISTMASS PARTY". Don't miss this slap-up do at Moorelands Hotel, Kloof starting at 5:30 p.m. to ?????? o'clock. This will cost only 4/6d a head. Cars will pick up anyone wanting a lift at Stuttaford's Corner at 5:00 p.m. See page 3 for further details.

NO PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB EVENING OWING TO HOLIDAYS.

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EDITORIAL.

Hello Ramblers,

I won't keep you long. Just a few words to wish you all a very happy Christmas and wonderful New Year, and may all your hikes be happy ones.

Just a small amendment. (This seems to be my favourite passtime. Mixing up people) Two months ago I once more mixed up Brian Harding with Brian Clark. According to my statement, poor old Brian Harding should be galloping around Europe by now. So sorry. This should have read Brian Clark. Wonder how Ernie and Brian are doing and how many girls they managed to charm on the 'Athlone Castle'??

That's all for thre present. Don't forget the wonderful Xmas Party. I can assure you it will be simply terrific.

GMC.

.....

OOPS!

Truth's not the only
Thing that will out.
So will the half-truths
We're sorry about!

xxxxxxxxxxxx

The most fantastic thing about
the future is that then we'll
be calling these the good old
days.

xxxxxxxxxxxx

Maybe the man who's treated like a
stranger in his own home should
try spending more time there!

xxxxxxxxxxxx

XMAS, MERRY XMAS PARTY

Christmas comes but one a year,
'Tis then that Rambler's thought turns to cheer
And if you want to show me any good will
Come to Moorlands and join in the 'Big Fill!

Through persuasion and popular request, Moorlands Hotel, situated in that delightful village, Kloof, has been 'loaned' to us for FRIDAY, 16th. DECEMBER - Dingaan's Day - Public Holiday - from 5:30 p.m. to an indefinite time lapse.

Dingaan's Day is, no doubt, well known to you all, or as we know it better in Natal 'Orangatan Newbury Day'.

A charge of 4/6 or (45c) per head shall be made for one of the finest buffet suppers you'll get this side of the Umgeni. Cool drinks will be on sale, but you will have to B.Y.O.G. (Bring your own grog). Glasses etc., will be provided.

The Olympic-class swimming bath will be brim full of clear, cool enticing water, so don't forget your 'itsi-bitsi bikini', and I have an idea that the weather for that time of the Roman Calender shall be ideal for a dip. Casual dress is all that is necessary. e.g. slax or skirts for the girls and sport shirt and slax/shorts for the men..... how comfortable can you get..... so roll up and join in the dancing, sing-song, and the fun and games!??

For any transport problems you may contact Mick McConnell - phone 33565, after 5:30 p.m. Car owners are also requested to call past Stuttafords in West Street at 5:00 p.m. and pick up any 'strays' whence we will all procede in convoy to Moorlands so there will be no lost souls who can't find the way.

...../

(Xmas Party)

If any of you kind chaps have any good dance records please bring them along - remember to put your name on them first .

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking you all for the support you have given to the various functions during this year of my reign and the best of health and happiness to you.

See you at Moorelands!!

MICK McConnell.

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A recipe for Christmas.

TAKE A POUND OF KINDNESS,
MIX IT WELL WITH A CUP OF HAPPINESS,
POUR IN A LITTLE OF LIFE,
SIMMER IN AN OVEN OF MODERATION,
FINALLY ADD FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY,
AND YOU WILL HAVE A WONDERFUL XMAS.

ooOooOooOooOoo

Of all the tortures thrust on men,
The vilest I assert,
Is to wear a 15 collar
Upon a 16 shirt!!

ooOooOooOooOoo

I say, you chaps. Hope you're coming to the Christmas do. It should be jolly D. What? Hey?

WHITE ROCK HIKE. 30.10.60.

The lorry, having left the Market Place at the usual punctual time?? collected various extra passengers on its trip down the South Coast road. As Bob Ferns was leading, we started the hike at an unusual place and promptly got lost!! Mind you - we weren't REALLY lost - it was just that although we could see exactly where we wanted to be, we didn't know how to get there. We found the usual sugar cane railway line and had a debate as to whether to go up it, down it or across it. The vote having been taken, some of us went down it, some up and then everyone turned around; the two parties walked towards each other, and when they met everyone turned and went across it.

The weather was H O T - very hot - and when we came to a road we all looked forward to a nice easy stroll along a lovely flat road. Don't you believe it - we had another vote as to whether to go up it, (same as before) and this time various non-white local gentry took part in the debate. Having persuaded the local gentry that there is a difference between Nongwane Falls and the Nongwane River, it was agreed to go across the road and down a path into a ravine.

While traversing the path we realised that Bob was doing rather well as if we hadn't been this way before, we should have been. The ravine was gloriously cool and beautiful, and made one feel at peace with the world. When the path forked, we decided to split into two parties, Bob leading the one to the left and Lindy the one to the right. Which party had the most pleasant trip to the river is not known - both parties had a delightful trip.

The parties arrived at two different places at the river and each had to guess whether to go upstream, or downstream to reach White Rock. Both parties guessed upstream and both were right (Hoorah!!) White Rock was only about 400 yards away. It took very little time for the river to be alive with Ramblers, as the lunch spot was hot, and swimming and yarning soon brought

(White Rock)

departure time around.

Our homeward route was the conventional one, and the weather having got even better, we were pleased to see the top of the river bank where there was cool breeze. We lazily made our way to the lorry while many, most polite natives, greeted us on the way. We felt most honoured!! The lorry was where it should have been, and no thunderstorm developed, so the end of the hike marked the end of a perfect day. (D))

Let our Leaders remember this hike. It was an old picnic spot reached via a new route - the result was an adventure along unfamiliar paths through glorious scenery, and a feather in Bob's cap. I hope he gets me lost again soon!!

ROVER.

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A THOUGHT TO PONDER.

Christmas to most of us, means gifts, parties, a good binge-up on someone else's account, and probably most of all, a holiday.

But the true spirit of Xmas is still there, deep down inside of us all. Statistics prove that people are bringing the old tradition back into their homes, and what a binding tradition it is too. (D))

We hear stories, or perhaps some of us have been fortunate enough to witness Xmas in a colder climate than ours, such as in England. To hear the waifs singing Xmas carols, while we sit round a yule fire, or to see the snow flakes falling, gathering on the window ledges, and then falling to the ground. All around you hangs the feeling of sincerity and peace of mind, even the youngest member is there, lying in his cradle - just like Christ so many years ago - peacefully sleeping. All this and more is lost in this modern world of speed and travel.

May the dawn break on Xmas day, and may you and I, and the people of this world grow closer together; this is my Seasonal Greetings to you. (The McCuddles)



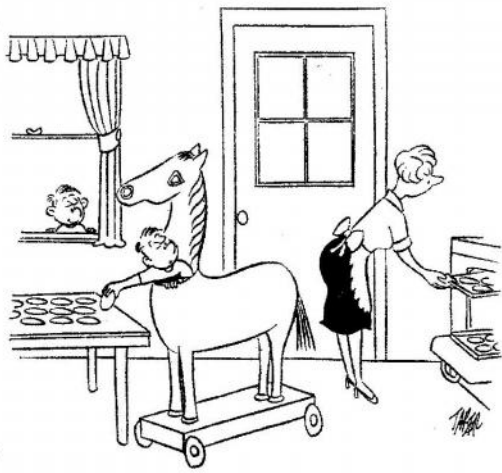
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AFTER The LONG HIKE: Paburg!



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WOT, NO
PINKLE
TENT?

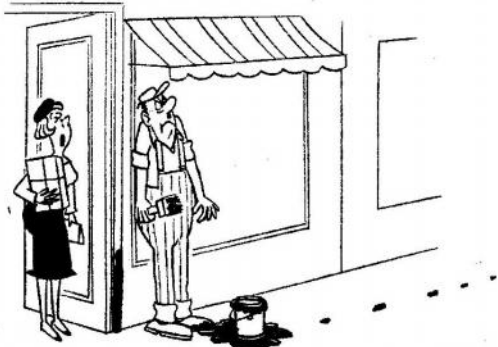


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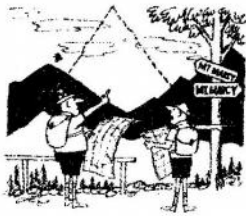
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"Oh, let's take him along."



"Did you happen to see a little boy go by on a Pogo stick?"



LINDY : BOB!!



"I dreamt I went Hiking IN My....."

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RAMBLING OF AULD.

Enquiries have been received from some of our readers regarding the beginning of our Club.

Well, our own records go back to the foundation in 1932, but knowledge of hiking in Natal goes back to 1927. Names like Aubrey Burton, Jock Annon, Tom West, Horace Husband, Jack Clouston were everyday names to the gallant band of hikers of yesteryear.

Their hikes were very similar to ours; in fact most of the present-day routes were pioneered by them. I had the pleasure the other day, of meeting Mr. Jack Clouston. He was one of the Rangers, as they were then called. To think back on his convincing little chat, I wish I were out there now, tasting that champagne fresh air - air was fresh even in Durban in those days - or walking down an avenue of graceful wattle.

He recalls an amusing incident in 1927 when they hiked from Durban to Inanda (in one day!!), to see the Prince of Wales, who was paying a visit to Natal. They spent the day watching Shembe and his warriors, dancing, making a brew (now done by Lindy) and generally hanging around in typical Ramblers style. On the way back to Durban which incidently was bush all the way, they crossed the Durban North concrete bridge, which was then under construction. By means of a wooden cat-walk they scrambled across one by one. Then it happened!! One of the party slipped and fell into a great wooden casement filled with liquid concrete --- and to this day he can boast of assisting in the construction of this bridge--- I since found out that only his shoe fell in and he managed to retain his balance. So to this day a Rambler's shoe is holding the bridge together!!

Combined hikes with Pietermaritzburg Ramblers were also an order of the day. Hammersdale, Nongwane Falls, Umlaas Dam - these were all old favourites. The mode of transport was anything from rickshaw to tram, from tram to train, or the good old reliable Shanks Pony. The train fare to Kloof was about 6d return, if you were lucky enough to get up Fiel'd Hill. Incidently, a

sleepingbag was definately part of the day's equipment. A favourite hike was Durban to Table Mountain, where you spent the night, cross country to Black Rock, and back home to Durban, via Pinetown. A pleasant stroll for a long week-end!! (Ugg)

I think the spirit of hiking is embossed deep down inside a man, when he walks from Durban to Harrismith, just for the fun of it.

" Viva La Hiking"

If any readers have any further information on the old days of walking or hiking, please write to our Editress.

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PIETERMARITZBURG LONG WEEK-END. 12.11.60.

About 20 odd Ramblers packed their little bags and left for that great city, Pietermaritzburg.

It was a warm day so on arrival most of the 'gang' decided to go to the swimming bath on Saturday afternoon and cool off in preparation for the Braaivleis that evening. They were well entertained by Herr. Eric and friend Louis, who thought it a good idea to demonstrate how a dive should be executed. And I mean executed - much to the delight of the local jokals.

Five o'clock was drinking time, and we all repaired to the hotel and met in the lounge. Ernie Newbury complete with clutching his new camera, with which he threatened to 'shoot' everyone. Some of the Pietermaritzburg Ramblers joined us there at six o'clock and we all left in a jolly mood for the Wanderers Club for the Braai.

On arrival we were greeted by a large amount of flying ants, accompanied by the Secretary who welcomed us to the

party. We were soon tucking into our boerevors and steaks, once again accompanied by flying ants. (Did you know that ant's wings were really lovely when eaten with mustard???)

The weather was very kind to us and we were quite reluctant to go inside for the dance, but we eventually all went upstairs in the Club and were greeted with a musically enjoyable sound as the 'band' which consisted of an organist who played very ably and with a good rythm that had us all on the floor in no time.

Paul Jones was soon introduced with a Snowball and great fun was had by all as they chased each other around the floor. Snacks and coffee were served later and soon thereafter we all departed to bed.

The next day, Sunday, dawned a beautiful day and we all???? got up bright and cherry to meet again at the breakfast table. Did I hear someone asking for a 'ragmaker'?? After a good tuck-in we all got ready to meet again at Don Allison's home to prepare for the 'short picnic hike' !!

Off we set in a couple of cars and we enjoyed the lovely scenary of the outskirts of Pmburg. We stopped at an old farm house and baled out and started the 'short' hike which I shall describe as follows.....

..... and the hot sun beat down. A cherry call was heard from the front ranks. 'Just over the hill and we'll be there' (a hollow laugh from the sound effects man). Gaily we tramped up the dusty road - Ernie 'shooting' odd things now and then - gaily we tramped up another hill - Ernie still shooting. Ah! a tree. We stop for a breather and as the last man made the breast of the koppie - away we went with a hey-nony - oh no!! Back into the boiling sun. Ah! A stream. The sound of rushing water. A rest. As the last man came within sight and sound of this lovely spot..... away we go with a hey --- jeppers when do we get there..... and the hot sun beat down. Tramp tramp tramp - boots, boots, tramping up and down again tramp, clomp, tramp.....

Ahhhhhh!! The gorge. This must be nearly there. Where there's a gorge, there's a river, and where there's a river there is — lunch spot. Down we go into the gorge — thousands of feet down we see a thin stream of water. (Ernie at this point is looking for his camera which he thought would look rather nice on a rock — we all hunt for camera — mad shout from Ernie — he tripped over a rock — we search for camera — ah, we find it. He immediately shoots the first thing he sees). Down, down, down, down into the valley of darkness — At last we reach the bottom. The spot must be here somewhere there goes the leader ... way yonder round the next bend splash... in go a couple of Ramblers into the river ... desperate for a cooling down.

At last we reach THE SPOT. The little picnic spot 'only a couple of yards along the road' (more hollow laughter from sound effects man) and after an endless wait — good old Lindy and tea.

The afternoon was spent, needless to say, in just recovering. Perhaps we misunderstood. Perhaps they said 'long hike'?? Oh, well, we're here now. Clouds start to gather and a storm is in the brewing. Quickly we collected our goods and remaining remains and set off at a brisk pace back up the hill, along the..... but wait.... what is that we see in a straight line in the distance — and not so far away either. It's the farmhouse where we left our cars. Onward we marched, in a straight line and in next to no time we were gladly sinking into the car seats and making our way back to Pmburg.

On arriving there we were met by a most unusual sight. Hail lay thick in the roads. We had apparently just missed it where we were (thank goodness).

A very tired, but satisfied bunch of Ramblers made their way back to good old Durban.

BOOTS.

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NEW MEMBERS.

We are very pleased to welcome Mike Hooper who joined the Club last month.

We hope you will enjoy being a Rambler, Mike.

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BEST WISHES.

Our very best wishes for a complete recovery go to Marge Tomlinson (ex Editress) who recently spent some time in hospital. Hope you are better now Marge??.
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SEE YOU AT.

MOORELANDS
ON 16TH. Dec.



