



DURBAN

RAMBLERS

CLUB

DECEMBER 1961



UMGENI RIVERLINE

ERNEST LINDHORST - better known as LINDY.

I wonder how many of you realize that our ever-green 'Lindy' has been hiking for 23 years. He joined the Club in 1938 and has been a regular walker ever since. In 1946, 47, 48, he had the dubious honour of being elected Camp Captain, but decided to have a rest from Committee work in 1950.

In that year he was nominated Chief Leader and has retained that position ever since. No - Body, least of all Lindy himself, knows just when it was that he became chief tea and coffee brewer - but long may he reign!! It would not be the same if anyone else made it. Quite apart from leading and generally being a tremendous help to all new comers (and a fair number of the old) Lindy also took on the job of keeping a supply of badges available on all hikes.

It would be impossible to imagine the hikes and social events without him as he has always supported every Club function. It is a memorable sight to see Lindy and his faithful band plodding away to the lorries, while the usual mad crowd go roaring away on short cuts. Somehow Lindy always had the last laugh.

In view of all that he has done over the years, the Committee decided to show the Club's appreciation by presenting him with a token - an oil painting of the Berg. We all wish him many more happy years of hiking and enjoyment with us.

EDITRESS.

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SOCIAL EVENING AND DANCE.

Do you want to have a fun - packed Saturday night??? You do!!! Then meet the gang at Stuttafords on the 9th December at 6.00 and Heigh Ho and away we go to Glen and Rose Wessels home in Ronald Road, Kloof.

Bring your costumes for fun in the pool while for the less energetic ones dancin 'neath the stars will be laid on. Luscious snacks and coffee will be on hand and a barbeque will be available for anyone who loves the taste and sound of a braai. Please bring your own meat, we will supply bread, butter and salad. Don't forget your mugs. The all in charge for the fabulous evening's fun will be a mere 40c, so roll up and don't let bad weather put you off. We've even made allowances for that!!!

DON'T FORGET!! SAT. 9th DEC - STUTTAFORDS at 6.00

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PHOTOGRAPHIC MEETING.

Quite a small crowd packed into Lee Geary's little flat, but the noise!! The evening eventually got under way when Mr Tripe arrived at about 9.00

Twenty seven slides were on view for the Seascape competition and as usual some slides were good and some were - well, not so good. Why doesn't some one sabotage Messrs. Tripe and Tankard and just for good measure get rid of Ethleen as well?? At the last meeting Ethleen created a sensation with her first ever box of slides with a superb shot in the rain while her other entries were all well placed. Harry was second and Jack was third. Well, except for a shuffle round in the placings, it was this trio all the way again.

Harry gained first place with a sunrise silhouette on the North Beach and second place with waves breaking against Vetches Pier. Jack came third with curling spray and glistening rocks forming a pleasing picture. Ethleen came fourth and fifth. Come on you three, give the rest of us a chance!! Mind you, when I saw the Cup they are competing for I wasn't surprised they gave us no quarter.

The diversions during the evening were caused by Mick who had a bottle down his back, and Garry, who was rescuing either the bottle or Mick, no one was quite sure!! We were also entertained by these two when they sang for us. Shades of the GOOM SHOW. Clive Craig - back from over -

seas, was kept busy answering questions and shaking hands. Nice to see you back, Clive.

After a sumptuous spread, provided by Lee the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to our hostess.

UNLUCKY.

Mc Intosh Cascades.

4/11

Glorious sunny weather induced no more than 25 Ramblers to assemble for this hike. Nevertheless, it was a gay crowd who finally left Pinetown, prepared for an enjoyable walk and chat.

We jumped off the lorry at St. Helier, where an almighty 'BANG!' nearly caused the sudden death from heart failure of at least six nervous Ramblers. The cause of the disturbance was Malcolm Fraser, who was to upset us all once more, but more of that later. You know how it is - the 5th of November and all that jazz!!

A straggly, laughing, chatty file set off after Lindy, up the dirt road and then across the veld. Not for long were we to enjoy a flat hike - a steep slope soon had us slipping and sliding down into the valley. A short rest to allow far distant specks to catch up and on we pushed.

Arriving at the Cascades crossing, we found very little water, but lots of slippery rocks to negotiate. Luckily for camera fiends - all ready poised with their weapons - and unfortunately for the victim, we had a casualty!!! Bob Tilley, with all the grace of an airborne hippo - rhino - phant, crashed down amid yells of derisive laughter. Ruefully shaking slime and tadpoles from various parts of his clothing - mainly the seat of his pants, he turned hopefully to watch others make the

GLEN, the lady
DID say NO!!"



"ANOTHER
BREW?"



LATEST PARIS FASHIONS



MORE FASHIONS, BY CRAS HAG.

perilous crossing. Sorry! No luck, Bob! It seldom happens twice.

Ramblers were soon settled down all over the place resting, but it was not long before the glorious view drew most of them to the edge of the Cascades, where they sat and chatted or just looked. A few intrepid swimmers, Bob and Robin to be precise, braved the muddy pool, but they soon joined the crowd at the view site. A loud call of 'Come and get it.' was the signal for a stampede to the steaming billies and soon a contented silence reigned. One or two minor mishaps caused a great deal of merriment, Viv pammenter innocently asked, "Who? Me? Never!!" when some one accused him of spilling Isla's coffee into Clare's ruck - sack; while a loud scream from Edith when she put her hand into a hole on the rock face and accidentally held hands with a slimy frog, resulted in hearty chuckles.

Lunch over and watched by our usual band of faithful followers - umfaans and their dog/dogs, we settled down to a peaceful siesta. Not for long! Guy Pawkes alias Malcolm, was loose again! A tremendous explosion - and Garry's mug went into orbit, a faint echo of the Ferns Brothers and their Explosive Baked Beans. Another eruption and garry retrieved his mug much the worse for wear, pitch black inside and half the enamel chipped from the outside. A sudden chill wind and the sun vanished permanently behind a cloud. Out came jerseys and a tennis ball and a game of rounders was soon in progress. This came to a sudden end when the ball went sailing gaily downstream to the valley far below. As the weather was very threatening we had another brew and packed up ready for the hike back.

We went upstream to look at the falls, a really lovely sight and then went on through the wattles and cane. At the lorry a slight misunderstanding arose when it was explained to an irate member that it is always the first ones back to the lorry who take their choice of seats; because one sits at the cab on the way out, it is not automatic that one sits there on the way back.

It was all settled amicably, however and we bowled back to Durban - not very tired, but quite content with yet another day well spent.

TROTTY.

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EDITORIAL. (another name for waffle)

Another year is nearly over and I hope that you have all had a good twelve monthes as hikers or as Social Ramblers. Oh no, if the cap fits, wear it, and I'll name no names! Many members will be on holiday this month and in January, so the Editorial Committee and your harassed Editress take this opportunity of wishing you all a very Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. Enjoy your holidays and don't forget the Christmas Party on the 9th December.

Clare Tankard (Editress)
Tinsley House Hotel.
phone: 48677.

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Craiglea 19/11/61.

What a pleasant surprise greeted our fair Ramblers on the dawn of the Craiglea Hike - no rain!! The last few hikes have been a trifle damp and I for one, am tired of scraping fungi off my hiking boots. By the time the lorry reached the farm, the sun was shining down with a vengeance - trying to compensate for previous sun - less Sundays, no doubt. Treading their way through pig - pens and water tanks, the Ramblers were soon on the open veld inhaling fresh country air and exhaling the exhaust fumes of Durban.

Rob was the leader of the expedition into the unknown, and he decided to take a route through

the gorge instead of walking in the veld above as we usually do. Scrambling and slithering our way down an almost 90° incline we reached a path running along the face of the cliff. Here we paused to admire the luxuriant vegetation faintly reminiscent of the Amazon jungle.

The cliffs, en route, rising sheer into oblivion were marked at regular intervals with cryptic signs left by the Mountain Club members, and there was much learned discussion between Harry and Jack about D and F gradients. Meanwhile the unlearned oafs were so concerned with gaping up at cracks and chimneys that stinging nettles, cacti and thorn bushes went unnoticed, much to Garry's fiendish glee. Eventually we scrambled out into the open and proceeded helter skelter down a steep gravelly hill. After a few more ups and downs with frequent stops to examine gravel burns, stinging nettle welts and the like, we came to a leafy little wood. Here we split into two parties - a small select one led by the terrible twins, Harry and Garry and the main party, led by Rob.

For one miserable moment the main party thought they had lost their intrepid leader, but were soon re-united with cries of heartfelt joy. We heartlessly abandoned H & G - and the luckless Margaret who had had the misfortune to be in their 'select' party, knowing they would be able to fend for themselves, and were off once more.

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Our journey was long, hot and dry. The river - bed we followed was as arid as the Sahara Desert, and twice as long. Any patches of water we came across were either full of Africans washing their weekly laundry, or various bony animals. Many parohed, weary miles later, when we were almost down on our knees crying, "Water. Water." the Umgeni Valley was sighted, and it wasn't long before we could see Harry and Garry splashing in the river like hippos. Sheila couldn't wait to join them and ran into the water, clothes and all!

Lindy, wonderful man that he is, had tea and coffee waiting for us. The brew vanished as if it was magic, the

only sound being contented sluuurrrppss. Lunches were consumed next and everyone was soon in bathing costumes. Pam and Jean wowed all the men in their bikinis. It is about time we had some more bikini girls. A few energetic souls walked along the pipeline over the river, but the majority thought it was too darn hot to do anything, but recline in the shade. Of course there were the usual desultory splashings and pourings over of water. Then someone got up a ball game for the 'mad dogs of Englishmen' who liked being out in the broiling, midday sun.

Thank heavens we did not have to walk far to the lorry. But on the journey home we could have done with some of that rain that spoils other Sundays. Do I hear murmurings from my readers of 'Never satisfied?' The lorry stopped at Drummond for cold drinks and the Ramblers got off the lorry to admire their cousins - monkeys and baboons - in cages. It was a case of mutual admiration, I think. Then filled to the brim with heavenly cold drinks, we were off once more. I wonder why it is that every Rambler I have seen recently is limping and sporting a red, peeling nose?

LIBER.

NEWS - LOCAL and OVERSEAS.

Welcome home to Jill Craig who will be arriving back in this land of sunshine on the 18th December. We look forward to seeing you on future hikes.

A bit late with congratulations, but our wishes are still as warm as ever for Donald McDonald and his wife. The happy couple tied the knot on the 11th November and we send our hearty congratulations to you both. Hope you have a long and prosperous life together.

Bon voyage to Bob Ferns who has been temporarily transferred to Port Elizabeth for three months. We will miss you, Bob, and look forward to seeing you early next year.

BIG EARS.



PAM.

