

DURBAN
RAMBLERS
CLUB

DECEMBER 1967

SPECIAL
HAPPY

CHRISTMAS

AND

NEW YEAR
NUMBER

DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB

CHAIRMAN: Bob Ferns
331697

SECRETARY: Audrey Ralph
336542

TREASURER: Mike Castleden
857432

EDITOR: Dick Usher
886767

The address of the Durban Ramblers Club is :-
P.O. Box 1063, Durban.

FIXTURES DECEMBER 1967

Sunday 3rd Hike to Ravens Ridge with Mike Castleden leading.
Lorry leaves the Market Place at 8.30 a.m.
Members 55 cents Visitors 65 cents

Tuesday 5th Executive Committee meeting at Audrey Ralph's
home, 15 Glenmore Crescent, Durban North, at
8.00 p.m.

Saturday 9th Christmas Dinner Dance at Durban High School
Old Boys Club.
Cost R1.75 per person. Includes supper.
Buy your own drinks.
Dance to the "Judge for Sound Group."
Contact Neil 48846
Laurence 27425
Mike 857434

Sunday 17th Hike to Shongweni Falls with Robbie Booker
leading. Lorry leaves the Market Place at
8.30 a.m.
Members 55 cents Visitors 65 cents.

And that seems to be that for this year. There is plenty coming
up next year, and when I work up the energy, and recover from
Christmas, I will let all you lucky people have a circular, a
magazine would be asking far too much at that time of the year.

Please don't forget that the A.G.M. comes up early in the new
year, at which we will be looking for people to do all those
exciting things connected with the club, like Editor, and
Chairman, and Treasurer. Volunteer and you can have your name
at the top of the magazine too.

HIKE TO WORLD'S VIEW by FALLEN ARCHES

After a misunderstanding about the time of departure most of us left Durban at about 7.50 a.m. for the Pietermaritzburg Market Square where we met the PMB Ramblers. I was surprised to see more Durban Ramblers than our hosts. Well done Durban.

Leaving the Market Square our hosts led the way to the point from where we were to start our hike.

Very damp underfoot, we made our way along a very muddy track - taking one step forward and two back. It felt like a skating rink. Don Allison led us through pleasant wooded surroundings.

Many a time when the leaders took the long way round the lazy ones cut the corners and a few remarks were passed about their laziness. We crossed the main railway line, hoping that a train would not appear at the time. Uphill we went and then along the straight and about 11.00 we stopped for tea. This took us by surprise because we do not practise this. Anyway we joined in and had tea which lasted about half an hour.

Whilst seated many of the Durban Ramblers took the opportunity to read their newspapers, which they could not do before as they had to leave home early. After tea we crossed the railway line for a second time. During our stop I happened to see a train go by, and thought how lucky we were in the timing of the two crossings.

After the railway the uphill climb really started- actually it was not steep at all. It is terrible to think how many Durban Ramblers were put off by this hike when they heard it was a stiff one. Whether it is stiff or not they should all turn up, otherwise they cannot call themselves Ramblers.

We seemed to take rather a winding pathway, and twice two girls who were in front with the leader took the wrong turning and had to be called back. Men are really bullies. Right in front of me was one young man making a lady practically run up the hill without once letting her stop. She even wanted to talk to me, but he would not let her. This will have to be rectified.

Everytime we stopped for a rest someone from our club would call out - TEA. No prizes for guessing who.

At one of our stops our enthusiastic photographers found an orange toadstool. What a performance to photograph this, what with tripod having to be fixed in a certain position and bending down to set his camera. I heard the photographer mention that he had made a mess of the shot. Another remark overheard was that this photographer was waiting for the fairies to appear so that they could be included in the shot. I must have sharp ears to hear all these remarks. I did not wait for the end of this performance but sincerely hope that the picture comes out.

Before most of us had realised it, we had stopped for lunch - 12.45 p.m. and not 2.00 p.m. as we had expected. All made themselves comfortable on the wet grass and moss. Some sensible people had brought plastic to sit on, of course there were others who were not so clever.

Out came the cameras again - this time it was a drop of water with a spider hanging underneath. One of the girls asked whether they were afraid that the spider would get away, because they were all taking photographs one after the other. These photographers do get carried away.

It seems that an outing does not go by without some drama. One of the Durban Ramblers cut his knee and had to have it attended to by one of our nurses. A few people offered to amputate his leg but he did not take up the offer. I do not blame him with our bloodthirsty lot hanging around. Quite a bit of fuss was made over this cut. Do not worry, this person thoroughly enjoyed the attention he was given. With the little bit of drama over, and after a very short 1/4 hr lunch hour, they were ready for the homeward trek.

Well I bet none of you knew that we had a "flower child" amongst us. Yes we have one - no name shall be mentioned just in case I get beaten up, but those on this hike will know to whom I am referring. There this person was, skipping down the road as light as a fairy, with flowers in his ears and mouth and some in his hands. Most of us had a good laugh out of it.

Having reached the top of the hill and had a good look round we then started our climb down - actually I should say our slide downhill amongst the Christmas trees and I heard one member say that this was the first time she had been on top of a Christmas tree. The temptation was too great and I turned round and said it would be the last time as well.

At the bottom of this hill we came across a railway line that had been used about ten years ago. It looked as though it could

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have been much longer. We ambled along this railway line battling against the undergrowth - now and then someone being hit in the face by one of the tree branches.

After walking quite some way along this line we came to a tunnel through which we had to walk. I just put my feet down and hoped for the best as it was so dark. When I reached the other end the cloud of dust behind looked as though we were a herd of cattle.

Off we trudged again, over fallen tree trunks, dodging brambles for fear of being scratched, and eventually reaching the point where we had to descend. Most of us slipped at least three-quarters of the way down, and one person actually slid all the way down on his bottom. I hope his pants are still in one piece.

At this stage we were not very far from the cars, but the PMB B...s felt that we were too early, so they took us uphill again when everyone least expected it. After this climb we were on our last leg home and everyone seemed to step it out to get back to the cars.

As we came round the last corner the cars came into sight, and who should be there but Pip, Brian and two others who happened to miss us at the Market Square. They gave a very poor excuse, which, luckily for them, I cannot remember. They have been let off very lightly this time.

They made an attempt to follow us but lost our prints at the second crossing of the railway line. After this they gave up, and feeling hungry they ate their lunch on the way back to the car.

Then everyone said good-byes and thank-yous to the Maritzburg Ramblers for a very enjoyable hike.

On the way back to Durban I happened to look out of the back of the car. Over the area through which we had been hiking it was pouring with rain. We were very fortunate that it had held off for us.

Funny the way rumours go round. Heard one the other day about a magistrate in the club having to try one of the club members. Appears he went through a red robot. Perhaps we could supply this magistrate with a list of club members. Might help.

OH WORD TO BE AN EDITOR

Its that time of the month again. Magazine is due out. You have finally persuaded everyone to give you the articles they promised. You have finally got the typist to type the stencils with only about ten mistakes on each page. You think you are set to go on the magazine.

Just one thing. There is something you have forgotten. Like an article on a hike. Hurried phone call to typist. She says she can type the stencil if she can collect the article at 11 a.m. Abandon all work. Write the story.

Boss catches you. Make feeble excuse, smiling at him even more feebly. Goes away muttering words like redundancy under his breath.

Finish article. Typist doesn't pitch up until 2 p.m.

In the meantime you have persuaded photographic to print a picture for you. Then you have made the cover. Then you have run a mile to Gestetner with it for them to make one of their special stencils.

"Oh" says the girl, "we'll try, but I'm not sure he can do it by this afternoon."

Leave muttering grave threats under breath re what will happen to HE if HE does not do it.

When you get back to work the boss has missed you. You have been away for half an hour. In that time four fires have broken out, there have been three train crashes, and eleven people have fallen off buildings in Durban. Redundancy looms larger.

Then I escape from job. Home to fetch the car and be off to town. Call in at Mike's place to pick up the envelopes. Long face. Oh dear. Run out of envelopes like.

Run over to SARAF to pick up some new ones. Mike says he can have them addressed before he goes home for the evening. Fine.

Now rush down to Gestetner to pick up paper, ink and stencil. The doors are locked. Girls inside ready to go home. On my knees I implore them to let me in. My stencil is ready. Paper and ink I gasp. Oh dear. Long faces again. It seems that the store is locked. But one of them smiles sweetly and goes off to look for some supplies.

Loaded with paper and ink I leave Gestetner.

Later I pick up the envelopes from where I had arranged for Mike to leave them. There I find Neil busy making an advert that he was going to make up three weeks ago. Says he will drop it at my place at about quarter past eight.

Fine.

Quarter past eight finds me in Albert Park looking up at the black windows of the flat of the little helper. She said that she would be at the flat at quarter past seven.

Finally get the hell in. Rush off to her parents flat. Note on the door says "Dick, we have gone off to my flat". Rush back to Albert Park. So we'd only waited an hour for each other, in different places.

And at last we can start on the magazine.....Anyone interested in being editor next year???? Must be efficient.

NEW ONES, OLD ONES, AND SOLID GOLD SOUL ONES

Always we enjoy welcoming new members. This month there is quite a crop.

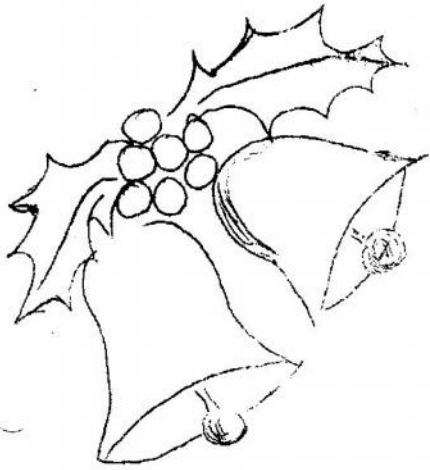
Simon Hackett is the only male. The telephone numbers of Jill Townsend, Helen Bourne, Jean Dibben, Carol Ground, Ingeborg Neumann, Peta Gay Gilroy, Sara Praat, Carroll Ballack, Denise Roberts, and Barbara Evans are available from the editor.

Happy hiking folks.

As Ramblers our members always seem to be wandering off into the wild blue yonder. Last month Lina and Marion disappeared Englandwards. This month Incke has left us to go home to Rhodesia.

Surprise of the evening pulled on the mob at the crazy sports was the announcement of the engagement of Fox Ledebor to Margaret McMartin. Best wishes to both of them. Latest reports say that they will be heading overseas in the New Year.

Congratulations to Brian Chapman on seeing a U.F.O. recently. A group of spotters spent some time up at Giants and their efforts were amply rewarded according to reports in the press.



THE BELLS ARE RINGING
FOR THE

CHRISTMAS BALL

SO COME ON KIMBLERS
COME ONE AND ALL

TO DHS OLD BOYS CLUB
BURBANK NORTH

AT 8 P.M.

ON SATURDAY 4TH DEC.

Contact

Neil O'Brien 63540
Lawrence Post 27425
Mike Conlon 637434



Tickets
R1.75 each.

THE RAMBLER by A CONTRIBUTOR

A young sun lights the market place up
 There forty or so, beside an orange truck
 With rucksack and clank of tin cup
 Await the start of a new hike

With all aboard the truck renowned
 Off inland we battle
 Ten to greet at Pinetown
 Who all crowd in like cattle

Off we get on a dusty road -
 And away we plod,
 (Walking being our travel mode)
 All clad in clothing odd

From vlei to high crag we scramble
 Never think one a fool
 We struggle through clinging bramble
 To look for a secluded pool

Oftimes the whistle is sounded
 To call the dawdling cun
 And over the ridge unbounded
 Come many more than one

What now?
 The leader's crestfallen
 (For only once he whistled)
 And hell - he's started bawlin'
 While we in the sun get frizzled

Through the sweltering heat of day
 We tread
 (Our destination's high)
 To the welcome river, now mud red
 We have a leader to guide us by

At last we flop down at the riverside
 The feast begins - (for hunger we cannot bear)
 And there for two hours we abide
 At rest on a cool "rock-chair"

Two hours gallop away

Then off across the fiery veld we trudge
 Back through the brambles and dusty paths
 To get a place in the truck from which we cannot budge
 While thinking of soft beds and warm baths

Day is almost over - legs now bended
 The peel fight starts
 Then as the sun dies, its life ended
 We arrive at the market place with happy hearts.

CRAZY SPORTS EVENING

All those who made it to the Castleden's for this evening found it a very pleasant occasion. Just as a starter we all found the one with the appropriate half of the name tag we had been given.

Then the games started. There were some old ones, some new ones and unrehearsed variations on the whole lot. There were dry games like eating a whole bun hanging from a string. There were wet games (that is meant literally) like persuading someone to fall into the pool. It wasn't gentle persuasion either.

When everyone had been just about half drowned Neil and his very efficient committee called it a day and allowed the eating to start. We all needed a solid foundation to build the rest of the evening on.

Towards the middle of the festivities came two shocks. Firstly some rogues worked out that Roger and his cretins had won the sports competition. This was generally agreed by a consensus of three quarters of the folk present to be robbery.

The second shock of the evening was when Fox and Meg announced their engagement. This set off a round of merry congratulations and celebration.

Thereafter it was a typical Ramblers party. There were some who seemed to get rather under the affluence of inc....Odd philosophical discussions seemed to break out in various spots. Other more interesting discussions broke out in other spots somewhat removed from the scene of the party.

Strangely enough no one got thrown into the pool with all his clothes on. Seems as though Neil's dousing of the mob from the bridge had gotten forgotten. Well, lets just keep reminding people about it.

About 1 o'clock things seemed to quieten down a little, especially as Neil & Co seemed to be looking for volunteers to help them clean up. This just about finished the party.