

THE DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB.

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FIXTURES FOR JANUARY

SUNDAY 5th: First Hike of the year is to UMLAAS FALLS with Gary taking the lead. Lorries travelling via Pinetown.
COST: 5/- MEMBERS
7/6 VISITORS

TUESDAY 7th: EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING at 8.0 p.m. at Meri Vaughan's residence, 25 Hoylake Drive, Durban North.

SUNDAY 19th: Hike to HAMMARSDALE FALLS with Dymock leading Lorries will travel via Pinetown.
COST: 4/6 MEMBERS
5/- VISITORS

WEDNESDAY 22nd: PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION'S MEETING to be held at 8.0 p.m. at Dennis Rachmann's residence, 27 Roehampton Way, Durban North.
Subject: "Seascapes".

FRIDAY 24th: FANCY DRESS SOCIAL/DANCE to be held at Norwegian Hall, St. Thomas' Road, at 8.0 p.m.
COST: 5/- EACH

TUESDAY 28th: Meet at ICEDROME at 7.30 p.m. for a "repeat performance" on the ice. Buy your own ticket and meet on the rink.
COST: 2/8 ENTRANCE
1/6 HIRE OF SKATES

T H E D U R B A N R A M B L E R .

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EDITOR: HARRY THORSEN
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CONTENTS:

EDITORIAL	1
HOPE VALLEY (NOV. 24) Dennis Rachmann	1
SKATING EVENING (NOV. 26)	3
UNCLE RAE'S COLUMN	3
HIKING HIGHLIGHTS OF 1957 Harry Thorsen	4
AND THE HORSE WAS TIRED (DEC. 8) Harry Thorsen	4
SOCIAL NEWS	7

EDITORIAL:

A merry Christmas to all Ramblers, and friends of the club! We wish you happy hiking during 1958, free of hostile tribes, kaffir-dogs, snakes, bilharzia, ticks, and old jokes. I won't wish you constant good weather, because that would make the rambles so dull.

I am sad to be writing my last Editorial. The Ramblers Club has been the focal point of my life for the last few years, and I'll miss the happy atmosphere of the club outings.

HOPE VALLEY.

Dennis Rachmann.

Recently a couple of veteran hikers were overheard discussing the merits and otherwise of the newer members.

"Not like the old times at all! Remember those breakdowns, the torrential downpours, the lost hikers! Nowadays these diesel engined trucks make it easy. We ride out to the hiking grounds walk to the picnic spot and return to the trucks. One hike is much the same as another. Nothing to make the hikes memorable."

Fate overheard!

Our two lorries set out for Jabula Stores, then via Umbumbulu to Eston. Soon the second and larger lorry manifested signs of distress even on gentle climbs. When about ten minutes from the farm it refused to go at all.

Everyone then boarded the remaining truck - 46 bodies on one bed - Phantabulous! Somehow we soon shook down until three mouths could chew off the same watermelon simultaneously. Ernie did sterling service in slicing the fruit and draining at reasonable intervals. In the midst of all this excitement we overshot the turnoff by a few miles! This was soon rectified and after bumping down the farm track we arrived at the farm buildings.

Of necessity reorganising ourselves took a little time, but without any undue delay we were soon hiking over the freshly broken ground, down the hill, through the quagmire, over hills and dales but always parallel to the river. We came upon a rushing waterfall at one end of a large pond and beside this we lunched.

As we were packing up again the rains came.

The return trip led up a hill which proved to be both longer and steeper than first appeared. The result was the party straggled. By the time the vanguard had reached the heights the rains were in full spate, so we sheltered under a few thin branches until the rearguard arrived.

After we had all rested we pressed on through the soaking rain, and the squelching mud till the lorries were seen and reached. Yes, by this time the tired lorry had made the grade.

Our new members and visitors soon saw the value of keeping some clothing dry. After a brisk towelling and donning the dry clothes we settled down under the blankets that miraculously made their appearances at such critical moments.

Stopping at the Jabula Stores again we cleared their stocks of fresh warm chips. They appeared to enjoy our visit. Then onwards to the Market Place and home.

It was rewarding to hear from those same veterans that the Club was just as good as, if not better than, it had ever been. Perhaps it was due to the lack of "adventures" that made the Club appear a bunch of tenderfeet. Before we

request more adventures it would be as well to recall a maxim of Admiral Byrd, that "adventures" stem from poor planning and a lack of proper precautions.

A bouquet to our committees for having so organised the hikes that no undue adventures have occurred.

SKATING EVENING

Unfortunately we could not spare a reporter to cover this event. However, eye witnesses tell me that our Chairman damped his enthusiasm, and afterwards there was quite an upheaval at the Sunkist.

UNCLE RAE'S COLUMN.

Dear Uncle Rae,

You say your landlord is mean?

Yours etc.,

Mac.

Dear Mac,

Mean! He won't even spend Christmas!

Yours etc.,

Uncle Rae.

HIKING HIGHLIGHTS OF 1957.

Pop! went the champagne corks as the Club celebrated it's 25th birthday at the Edenroc. At the AGM, where Dymock was elected Chairman, many people complained that the hikes were too short and easy. So Lindie organised a gruelling "Burma Road" outing to Boulder Pool. That fixed 'em! Bob Ferns, our new Camp Captain, was in charge of an ambitious Easter Camp at Giants Castle, where the Entertainments Committee staged a full scale opera, "Klondike Kate". They should have rehearsed. The broadcast commentator who saw us off, recorded some novel material for his programme.

The City Health Department terrified our puddle-paddlers with it's lecture on bilharzia and Dr. Moira Soffe advised us on the treatment of snake bite - use a clean needle!

Sixteen campers spending the "July" weekend were fed on Ferns Brothers sweetened scrambled eggs. Later in the month Dudley and Margaret were the winners of the Amble, got their names in the paper, and broadcast to the nation.

The Drakensberg was snowed up this year, and Ramblers dashed up as often as they could.

The Camera Club's film show at the Tech attracted a large crowd. Dudley and Meri won cups for their photography, but these have not yet been presented. September also saw the hotel weekend at Bulwer. Another social highlight was the Spring Ball. Tuxed and taffetaed Ramblers enjoyed themselves at the Edenroc.

As guests of the Maritzburg Ramblers we spent a glorious inland weekend during November. The lorry broke down on the way to Hope Valley and 45 Ramblers lost the leader on the way back from Table Mountain. That closed the year's hiking programme with a bang.

AND THE HORSE WAS TIRED.
Harry Thorsen.

This is Ramblers Radio bringing you a special bulletin...

The time is 11.15 p.m. and street lights are shining on the deserted tarmac of the Market Place. We are awaiting the arrival of two lorry loads of Ramblers, survivors of the

Table Mountain hiking disaster. The Durban telephone exchange has been fused by anxious parents, insurance agents and next-of-kin. Manaram has contacted the police at Camperdown, but they had no information.

At last! Here they come. A lorry pulls up, with it's pitiful human cargo. Haggard faces appear over the tailboard. They look more like Korean refugees than members of the hiking club.

Announcer: Oh, here is one who seems to be conscious. Good evening sir, or is it Madam? What did you think of the hike.

Voice: It was terrific, on the ball, dead right! The finest hike we have ever had.

Announcer: And why are you so late?

46 Voices: Because the horse was tired. It had to rest.

Announcer: I beg your pardon? What horse?

Voices: Well, after we lost Garry, our leader, we met a rather drunk coon on a horse. For a modest fee he took us back. But we had to stop every few minutes because the horse was tired.

Announcer: And when did you lose Garry?

Voice: At about 7.0 p.m. We had got down from the gulley, crossed the Umzimduzi, and then we lost him in the dark.

Voice: Tell him about Belinda Lee!

Announcer: So what did you do?

Voice: We had to navigate by the light of zolls.

Announcer: Please, please. My head is spinning. Harry tell me what happened.

Harry: Well, forty seven Ramblers set out this morning in spite of threatening weather. After a stop at Naidoos, where we picked up Dymock, George and Ernie.....

NEW MEMBERS.

We welcome:

Barbara Joffe
Marie Koekemoer
Vic Koekemoer
Donald Munro

SOCIAL NEWS.

Ferry and Claude seem to have recovered from their accident.

Gary Rabie will be competing in next year's canoe race for the first time. We wish him luck. Keep dry Gary!

Heather Henry is engaged and so is Joy Goddard. All good wishes to Heather and Joy.
