

THE DURBAN RAMBLER



JANUARY, 1960

Cast your minds back -
scene near Crammond.



THE DURBAN RAMBLER.

Chairman: Dymock Farr Treasurer: Harry Tripe
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Secretary: Jill Craig
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JANUARY 1960 FIXTURE LIST

- TUESDAY 5th: The Executive Committee will meet at Moorelands Hotel, Kloof, at 8 p.m., by kind invitation of Messrs. Ernie Newbery and Harry Tripe.
- SUNDAY 10th: Our hike will be to White Rock. Lorries will travel via South Coast Road. Margaret and Billy will be leading.
Members 5/-
Visitors 7/6
- WEDNESDAY 20th: The Photographic Section will meet at 106 Chelsea Drive, Durban North, at 8 p.m., thanks to Rob Philp. The competition is open, and we expect to see a much better array of slides entered in this competition. There have been far too few slides entered in competitions recently, and to counteract this, we are publishing a list of the subjects of next year's competitions, so that all you people who attend these meetings can get cracking now, and need not in future say: "Oh, my spool's still in the camera!" See page 2
- SUNDAY 24th: We are hiking to Kay Kloof, lorries travelling via Pinetown. Please note that we are not planning to go there the long steep way. The Entertainment Committee have something up

their sleeves for this hike, so turn
up for laughs (we hope)

Members 4/6
Visitors 5/-

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

Editor: Marge Tomlinson
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Too much Christmas and new year - no editorial!
Hope you enjoyed yourselves!

MICKEY'S BUN FIGHT

The games evening held at St. John's Hall on 21st November, proved thoroughly successful, thanks to Mickey McConnell and the Entertainments Committee.

The evening started off with a Beetle Drive, and it was the usual breathless scurry to complete queer-looking beetles in the shortest time. This was then followed by a drawing game in which the main difficulty seemed to be drawing a 'spot of Rabie'. Once this was surmounted the game was fairly straightforward, and we were then all rewarded by a tea break.

The last game of the evening was 'Housey-housey' and in the first game everyone was astounded when Lindy filled up his top line in record-breaking time, but to our disappointment Mickey discovered that Lindy's card contained two 8's in the top row.

The evening was concluded by the presentation of the prizes, and both Gary Rabie and Joan Faige were lucky. The only damper on the evening was the news that Ashley's car had been stolen from outside the hall. Fortunately it has since been recovered.

Adele Chapman

IDENTITY OF THE STRANGE BEAUTY ON THE BACK COVER?

None other than Glen Wessells.

You too can look like this if you have your photo taken by the Langlois Corporation, Ltd., etc.

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HIKE TO LEOPARD'S LAGOON

Waking up early on Sunday morning, I blinked twice. Was it a mirage? No, the sun really was pouring forth and after a series of wet Sundays with poor turn-outs, all was set for a perfect day's hike. Everyone worth knowing was at the Market Place - the largest turnout for some time - and it was good to see the Chairman out again, looking very well.

The usual somewhat hilarious journey followed, taking us down past the monastery to Marianhill Station, where we disembarked. Taking a different route to that of last year, we eventually found ourselves boulder-hopping up the river to the bridge. We split up into two parties, some of us precariously picking our way across the river, while the others bounced and swayed across the rickety bridge. Here we were joined by Rob and Denise, who had come as far as the road could take them by car, and everybody was pleased to see them again.

We arrived at the lagoon, with its huge flat rocks towering above the river, which was much fuller than usual. Everyone settled down in groups over the rocks to enjoy this unusual phenomenon of a fine Sunday, and most of us soon transformed ourselves into swim suits. Gary, swooping down from the highest point, was typical of the high divers who were soon out in full force. After lunch, many of us ventured up past the falls, which were quite a sight swirling over the cliff. A relay race was swum across the lagoon by various

types - nobody was quite sure at the end of it who had won, but fun and games were had by all.

Glen proved us with a humorous incident by dressing up, with a combination of towels and a rather battered sombrero straw, as a Mexican mol, and what an apparition! Following on, Gary had everyone in roars of laughter as he endeavoured (successfully too!) to exchange his trunks for his shorts, garbed in a towel. The spectacle from the rear was a vague mixture of a hulahula dance and a very robust Rambler trying to learn rock and roll.

Reluctantly we packed up late in the afternoon and took the quickest route home at a good pace, once more crossing the river at the bridge and going up the slow gradient of the road, picking up the lorries at the store.

We were soon comfortably installed inside the lorries, wrapped in sweaters and rugs for a dry ride home.

Sylvia Daniell.

PHOTOGRAPHIC - TAKE NOTE PLEASE

The subjects for next year's competitions will be as follows:

January	General	August	Cheese-cake and camp
February	Transport and architecture.	September	Open
March	Open	October	Night-life
April	Abstract and table-top	November	Open
May	Open	<u>Please bear these in mind</u>	
June	Candid and humorous.	<u>so that we have more</u>	
July	Open	<u>slides entered in future competitions</u>	

SOCIAL NEWS

Our congratulations and very best wishes for the future to Norman Brown and Anne de Costa on their recent engagement.

Sylvia Daniell is returning shortly to New Zealand. We wish to thank her for her assistance with the magazine over the past year, and wish her a most enjoyable future in that country.

More congratulations - this time to Peter Roffe and Sylvia Knight on their forthcoming marriage. Best of luck, you two!

And still more congratulations! - to Harry Thorsen and Maureen Strachan, who were married in Cape Town on the 28th November. The Ramblers (D.R.C.) were represented by Messrs. Howard, Woodward and Thomas. The new Mrs. Thorsen is apparently a keen climber, but nevertheless Harry seems to think that his camping days are nearly over.

Talking of Cape Town, Mike and Ingrid Glode are returning there shortly, and we wish them good luck.

HIKE TO INGOGOLWENI, WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE SORAS POOL

Another wet Sunday!

The hike was to be held in the Ingogolweni area, and I set off to the Market Place in the light rain, with the hope that the hike wouldn't be cancelled and that the weather would clear. I was surprised to find a number of hardy? or foolish? ramblers collected there. Lindy was there as usual. A council was held, and it was decided to send the lorries back and to continue by car to the Molweni Gorge, and hike from there.

Leopard's Lagoon hike
brought out many faces
not seen for some time

Scotty



Rob and Denise





Fritz Madel, now returned from his overseas triumphs, demonstrates his style on a hike.



The ever faithful Lindy, guardian of the Billy cans, at his self-imposed task of brewing the tea.

Arriving at Naidoo's Tea Room in Pinetown, we were met by a couple more Ramblers, bringing the total up to fifteen. There it was decided that we should go to Soras Pool at Kloof, and a convoy of cars finally set off, stopping at the outskirts of the village. Actually, two cars went ahead almost to the spot, but I think this can be overlooked!

We all set off down the edge of the gorge and after scaling the steep krantz, we arrived at the pool. Some of the brave ones had brought their bathing costumes and on their arrival they proceeded to go down the rocky slide into the pool. Brrr! it was freezing, so they told me. Lindy got volunteers to collect firewood and he soon had steaming coffee ready. Lunch was started, and there was a great variety, some even going as far as to have a "braai-vis". This is John Ashley's innovation, as he had brailed salmon on the rocks. I think that his mom is still looking for her wire coat-hangers!

It was quite a surprise to see Scotty out on this hike. His presence caused much horse-play, which finally ended in an all round water battle. They all seemed to attack Scotty, who finally called a surrender for a peace treaty. This treaty was promptly broken by John Ashley, who was thrown into the pool.

At this point, a group of five decided to go across to Zama Falls, saying that they would be back "in an hour or so". They returned much later, having been obstructed on their way back by overhangs, in an effort to come across Kloof Tower valley.

At five o'clock we all set off back to the cars and it was good to see Scotty getting up the steep hillside almost with an Amble pace. (Was he stiff on Monday?) The cars were reached at last, and here we split up, after having spent a very enjoyable day on the last hike of the year. Trevor Culverwell

UNCLE RAE'S COLUMN

Dear Uncle Rae,
Why did the chicken cross the Road?

Yours, etc.,
Harry Gripe

Dear Harry,
To see Gregory Peck.

Yours, etc.,
Uncle Rae.

CHRISTMAS - SAY IT WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

It seems to me that photographers have at their disposal a means of personalising their Christmas gifts which is not given to their fellows. By that I mean that the camera can record the most intimate aspects of gift-making.

What parent, grandparent or friend would not be thrilled with a card on which was a picture of the family, or possibly some part of the country with which they were familiar. Instead, what do they receive but some gaudy, commercialised card with a few sickly verses, with no suggestion of individuality but that it had been chosen from hundreds of similar cards.

The camera in this sphere serves a two-fold purpose in that it provides a reproduction with personal associations and also, just as important, it gives the photographer the satisfaction of using his skill and his tools to create an individual artistic gift. The recipient of this gift feels a personal interest and also the inherent pleasing individuality of it makes it worth keeping.

So, give some thought when you are thinking of what to give this Christmas to "saying it with photographs!"
Harry Tripe

CHRISTMAS PARTY

As promised, the moon was shining brightly, and the tide was far out, when the Ramblers descended on the Umhloti Beach Hotel for the Christmas Braaiivleis-cum-Dance. The first arrivals settled themselves on the stoep and got down to the serious business of quenching their thirsts.

Soon a tantalizing aroma of grilled steak filled the air and we loaded ourselves up with a goodly supply of meat, wops and bread and departed to the fires on the front lawn. Here we found many already cooking and eating, and were soon following their example.

The band struck up the the party split up - the rock fans giving it stick inside and the rest sitting out on the verandah enjoying the cool breeze and the sight of the moonlit ocean.

The attraction of the beach grew stronger and various groups disappeared down there. The dance was gradually deserted, and we ended the evening very pleasantly with swimming, paddling and strolling along the beach.

Marge Tomlinson.

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COVER GIRL



For the identity of this
gorgeous beauty, see
page 2.