



DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB

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FIXTURES FOR JULY 1955:

FRIDAY 1ST:

To-night our Entertainments Committee has arranged a Scavenger Hunt and we are all to meet beside Dick King's Statue on the Esplanade at 7.15 p.m. There will be Prizes for the winners. COST: 1/-.

SUNDAY 3RD:

Camp Committee Meeting at Robin Dolton's residence, 17 Windsor Avenue, Westville, at 8 p.m. Please meet outside Reed & Champions, enr. West and Gardiner Streets, at 7.30 p.m.

TUESDAY 5TH:

Executive Committee Meeting at Kathleen and Heather Henry's residence, Williams Road, at 8 p.m.

SATURDAY 9TH TO MONDAY 11TH INCLUSIVE:

July Camp at NZUZE. See Camp Circular attached for full particulars.
PAID-UP MEMBERS: £2.2.6d. VISITORS: £2.12.6d.

SATURDAY 16TH:

Come along to the Social Dance to be held to-night at the Westville Hotel. Please meet outside Maddisons in Commercial Road at 7.15 p.m. COST: 5/-

SUNDAY 24TH:

Les will be leading the hike to-day to Wayonda Valley, lorries travelling via Pinetown. As this hike necessitates entry into a native reserve the cost has been fixed at:-
PAID-UP MEMBERS: 5/6d
NON PAID-UP MEMBERS AND VISITORS: 7/6d

NOTE: Unless otherwise stated, all outings will start from the City Market Warwick Avenue, at 8.30 a.m.

THE DURBAN RAMBLER.

JUNE 1955:
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EDITOR: HARRY THORSEN:
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EDITORIAL:

All right - I know the Newsletter is early this month. This is to give you plenty of time to decide about going to the July Camp.

On reading through the draft of my report on the Hope Valley hike, I realise that it makes rather gloomy reading. In spite of all the setbacks I mention, it was a most enjoyable outing - on the whole.

SURPRISE VISIT TO THE UMLAAS RAPIDS ON MAY 29TH:

Members of the hiking party scheduled to visit McPherson's Rapids were surprised when they ended up at the Umlaas Rapids instead. Lindie explained that there was not enough water in McPherson's Rapids so he decided to press on. It meant an extra mile or two but was well worthwhile. The Umlaas Rapids are beautiful, and it was a treat for our many new members to go there.

Our Correspondent reports:- "On Sunday at 8.45 a.m. one very crowded and one empty lorry jogged up the main road to Pinetown. After the usual visit to Naidoo's, we sped along the newly re-opened National Road to Cato Ridge where we turned left at the Chicken Farm. As the road became worse we were shaken about like poker-dice. At last we groaned to a stop in McPherson's farmyard and were welcomed by both human and canine members of the family.

Setting off down the hillside we hiked through unfamiliar highveld country. The brown grass was dotted by small bushes and shrubs. Our path was rough and stoney, and the weight of a pack was inclined to throw one alarmingly off balance. We passed McPherson's Rapids on the left but those stagnant pools hardly looked inviting so our footsteps led us on to the Umlaas Rapids. No matter how often you visit these, you are always impressed as you round the bend to see the broad river surging over the rocks and glinting silver in the pool below.

The scenery was all very well, but at that moment lunch was more important. We camped on the flat boulders and contentedly watched the water swirling by.

Some brave swimmers plunged into the "depths". They even attempted to shoot the rapids, sitting down, and I shall never forget the rhythm of their backbones being pounded on the rocks.

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Rock-climbing was the next pastime. The cliffs nearby offered climbs from A and B grade right through the alphabet, catering for the amateur and professional alike.

Starting back early we panted up the slopes to the farm. It was quite a struggle in the hot sun, but our packs were a good deal lighter since lunch. When we arrived at the farmyard we were entertained by Snakebite's - sorry, Gary's - exhibition of bull-fighting. Two flaps of his cape and the bull charged, but in the opposite direction.

All aboard, jerseys on, bump, bump, and off we set. Cold winds attacked us but we were well prepared, and soon songs issued forth loud and clear. We raced the sunset back to Durban and lost. De-lorrying at the Market Square we were greeted by the curious stares of the local population. The end of another top-rate hike."

RAMBLERS ARE RAMBLERS THE WORLD OVER:

In a copy of the "Tararua Tramp" of New Zealand, we found a special Insurance Policy advertised. It provided cover to those who came to grief whilst ski-ing, tramping, rock-climbing, and deer-stalking. However, it said nothing about green mambas, plum duff, Mountain Club dances, or hypnotism.

In the same issue a Jewellery Firm advertised their selection of engagement and wedding rings.

OBSTACLE RACE TO HOPE VALLEY:

Mother Nature seemed determined to prevent the Ramblers from reaching Hope Valley on Sunday, June 12th. We had to fight our way through thorn bushes, were boiled and parched and then frozen stiff, and had to pick our way over treacherous paths. However, the spirit of the Ramblers saw us through.

There was singing and rejoicing when we set off that morning. We found the Maritzburg Ramblers waiting at Camperdown, and they laid aside their poker-dice long enough to give us a hearty greeting. We bumped together along the dirt road to Eston - a few false turns, and we arrived at the Walker farm.

We followed a brand-new route to Hope Valley which led us up a tiring hill, and then we navigated a treacherous path for a few miles. Our usual lunch hour came and went. Eventually we

crossed a stream, bashed through the jungle, and there we were. We camped on a narrow sandy strip and tea was made in record time, whilst we set to work to get ourselves outside our lunch.

Although beautiful, the river was rather too shallow and murky for swimming. We were later entertained by a hilarious man versus woman mud fight sponsored by the Maritzburg Ramblers.

On the return hike we were soon spread over the countryside and had to struggle up the steepest hill since the McIntosh Cascades' Hike last year. How we welcomed that cool breeze when we reached the top. Here our thud/pant routine was replaced by a steady march along the ridge. We could now spare time to admire the rocky, wild beauty of the Eston district. The last mile or two made up for all the hardships of the day. Our path led through fields of sugar cane - of all things. We passed through a forest, with its dappled shadows, and then there were two wonderful sights - our lorries ahead, and a water tap.

Do you remember how cold it was last time we came to Hope Valley? We did, so we wrapped up well, concentrating on warmth rather than appearance.

A sudden, ominous hiss, and the lorry lurched to a stop. We clambered down and inspected the puncture. Manaram decided we could proceed, but at a slow pace. We limped to the main road and the road-house at Cato Ridge. This time was much more orderly than last year's visit there, and we were soon well supplied with hot dogs and coffee. Then, huddled together we dozed the miles away to Durban - passing cars lighted up a peaceful scene where silence reigned except when a cold draught occasionally penetrated the blankets.

UNCLE RAE'S COLUMN:

Dear Uncle Rae,

Whenever I am on tea-duty we go to a place where there is not enough wood. By the time tea is made I'm a nervous wreck. Where can I find the wood?

Yours, etc.
"Desperate"

Dear "Desperate",

Use your head!
Yours, etc.
Uncle Rae.

SOCIAL NEWS:

Our congratulations are extended to Marge Walker and Dymock Parr, and to Dulcie Kenmuir and Les Ryall, on the announcement of their engagements.

Marge and Dymock invite all their friends in the Club who wish to attend their Wedding on Saturday, July 16th at the Umbilo Road Methodist Church at 2.30 p.m. (Reception at the Dan Pienaar Hall) to hand in their names to Dulcie Kenmuir not later than Friday, July 1st.

NEW MEMBERS:

We welcome the following new members to the Club and hope they will enjoy many outings with us:-

Sheila Evans.
M. Fletcher.
Shirley Louw.
Joan Machin.
Ella Speight.

LONG WEEKEND TO BE SPENT AT "THE GROVE HOTEL", MOOI RIVER:

From the 3rd - 5th September we are holding another "Hotel Weekend", this year visiting "The Grove" at Mooi River. The weekend, from Saturday afternoon until after lunch on the Monday, will cost £2.10.0. (transport charge inclusive), and as the accommodation we have reserved is limited to 50 the first names handed in to Robin Dalton will be those accepted.

The Hotel offers riding, tennis, swimming, fishing, good hikes, and we will be able to dance in the Ballroom on the Saturday night.

It is hoped that by the beginning of August you will know whether or not you will be going on this weekend, and the closing date for names to be handed in is August 14th - please note that no names will be considered after that date.

THE DURBAN RAMBLERS' CLUB:

JULY 1955 CAMP:

- PLACE: NZUZE - approximately 50 miles from Durban.
- DATES: Saturday, 9th July, to Monday, 11th July, inclusive.
- COST: Paid-up Members - £2.2.6d.
Visitors: - £2.12.6.
- TRANSPORT: The advance party will leave on the first lorry from the City Market Parking Area at 10.30 a.m. on Saturday, 9th July, 1955. The second lorry will leave from the same place at 2 p.m. that afternoon.
- CAMP SITE: NZUZE is the ideal Camping Site. The surrounding countryside is excellent for hiking and there are some lovely pools for swimming. We shall be having our usual Camp-fire Sing-songs, so those of you who have any musical instruments please bring them along.
- KIT: You will need at least three or four blankets, a ground-sheet, personal kit (it will be cold at night so bring plenty of winter woollies!), and your swimming costume. Don't forget your "Eating Irons". An old raincoat is advisable in case of showers.
- NAMES: Please fill in (making sure you state on which lorry you will be travelling) and sign the attached form, returning it, together with the full amount,
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