



FOUNDED 1952

DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB

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P.O. BOX 1063.

DURBAN.

FIXTURES FOR JULY 1957.

TUESDAY 2nd:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING to be held at Margaret Moore's residence, 37 Venice Road, Durban, at 8.0 p.m.

SATURDAY 6th:

CAMP The first lorry will leave at 9.0 a.m. and the second lorry at 2.0 p.m. for a Camp at Shelter Falls from 6th - 8th July See attached circular

SUNDAY 14th:

HIKE to Wayonda Valley - the hike of the year! Lorries travelling via Pinetown and Naidoo's COST: 4/6 MEMBERS
Native Reserve hike 7/6 VISITORS

WEDNESDAY 17th:

CAMERA SECTION MEETING to be held at Heather Henry's residence at 1 Clunas Road, Brighton Beach, Bluff. The subject for the competition this month is "Rambling Activities".

SATURDAY 20th:

SOCIAL DANCE at Norwegian Hall at 8.0 p.m. Be sure to wear a Funny Hat, preferably your hiking hat. Free minerals this time. Don't worry if you haven't a partner and if you can offer or want transport phone Harry Thorsen 20843 (day) COST: 5/- EACH.

SUNDAY 28th:

ANNUAL AMBLE To take place at Crestholme Circuit, near Hillcrest. Pietermaritzburg Club will also compete. Please note lorries will leave at 8.0 a.m. Men's race covers 15 miles (three laps of the circuit) and girls race 10 miles (two laps of the circuit). LORRY FARE: 4/- EACH
COMPETITORS' ENTRANCE FEE 2/- (includes refreshments supplied during the race)

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

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

JUNE, 1957.
VOL. 6. No. 6.

EDITOR: HARRY THORSEN.
PHONE: 20843 (Day).

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EDITORIAL:

"Ramblers are the nicest people in the world", said the eight year-old girl. "When I get big I am going to be a Rambler"

"Of course you can't stupid!", said the nine year-old boy. "You've got 'pollo'".

I heard this little conversation at the Cripple Childrens' Picnic organised by the Ramblers' Club. The kids had a wonderful time and were already looking eagerly forward to next year's outing, and the Ramblers who turned out had the satisfaction of knowing that these cripple children had the time of their lives.

LOTENI CAMP - MAY, 1957.

By Jimmy Gallagher as told to Harry Thorsen.

"It was a nice quiet Camp", stated Jimmy Gallagher in an interview. "Of course we were a little cramped on the way up - 36 of us, together with tents, grub, and-- the lamp box, but we got ourselves fairly comfortable in spite of everything. New members soon learnt the art of lorry travelling and the only complaints were from a couple of boys who accidentally held each other's hands. We stopped at the Pie Cart, Pietermaritzburg, to count our arms and legs and then the

"Crumbs' Express" continued on it's journey to the Berg. It was even colder than on the Easter trip. After one stop at a convenient signpost, we arrived at Loteni too early to get organized and continued to sleep in and around the lorry.

At last the sun rose and we had a good look at our surroundings. The Camp site was very nice, if a little cramped - as on the lorry. The merciless sunlight revealed the full extent of our travel stains and the watery eyes gazed from dust-caked faces. Des with his grey hair and black face looked something like Al Jolson in full make-up.

After some undiluted hard work the place was transformed into a comfortable shanty town. . . and bird brain, not knowing the weather forecast did not knock the tent pegs in far enough.

Nobody could moan about the catering which was even better than the Easter Camp effort. Fewer diners meant more dinner. Best meal of the lot, say some, was Shellagh's Saturday stew. It was so good that the crumbs gorged themselves and could not even face fruit salad.

Anyway, back to Thursday morning. After recovering their strength the Ramblers organized a few hikes in the foothills and were too tired to get up to anything on Thursday night.

On Friday morning soap suds floated down the river and the scrape of tooth brushes echoed through the Berg. But the boys were not so fussy about shaving this Camp, being outnumbered by the girls. And so our heroes spent a lazy day waffling and back seat cooking dinner.

Small groups sprawled around the campfire making rude jokes about Bob Fern's "Dunlopillo Crumpets", the most durable substance of all time. But the coffee was O.K.

Old man hurricane waited for the last fascinator to settle down and then let us have it. Whsh! went the girls' tent. Crack! went the boys' tent - and the Ramblers' well travelled kitchen tent disintegrated without a struggle. What a story of drama and hardship each camper could tell - but we have not space for all the details of that horrible night so let's draw a piece of torn canvas over the scene.

Daylight showed the full extent of the damage; the campers' morale crawled up to it's usual level. The break-

fast cooks came out on schedule and at last Post Toasties and Ideal Milk were served in the only tent that had stood up to the hammering. So the contest between old man hurricane and the Ramblers ended in a draw and shanty town was looking it's usual disorganized self early in the afternoon.

On Saturday night the survivors huddled round the fire exchanging stories of drama and hardship.

On Sunday the tattered tents were stowed in the gabby bags. Kitchen equipment was recovered from all over the Berg, and muscles protested as the lamp box was heaved on board, and off we went.

The Ramblers may be willing to fight for their country but do no much like the idea of eating it. But they had to as tons of dust swirled around the truck. Last month the average speed was 16 miles per hour. This time some bureaucrat, to speed things up - cut out the campers' pub crawl! Does tradition mean nothing to these people? But it certainly saved time. We were soon causing a traffic jam on the main road. We got to Pietermaritzburg shortly after sunset and here your Editor comes in and takes up the story."

I was returning from a weekend in Jo'burg and thought there had been a big accident on Town Hill, Pietermaritzburg, but it was only the "Crumbs' Express" on the narrow road. I had no idea what a funny outfit it is! ... and bird brain, not knowing of the change of plan, drove straight to the Pie cart and ordered 30 coffees.....

UNCLE RAE'S COLUMN.

Dear Uncle Rae,

Did Cuthbert stay calm and collected in the storm at Loteni!

Yours, etc.,

Clarence.

Dear Clarence,

Well he stayed calm, but it took hours to collect him.

Yours, etc.,

Uncle Rae.

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GOODBYE.

We shall be saying goodbye to Edgar West, who will be leaving for Rhodesia soon. Edgar "the man with the feminine touch" has been a popular member of the Club for four years and we are sorry that he is leaving.

HELLO.

Latest members of our little flock are:-

Pauline Bird
Gillian Heher
Ernest Newbery
Daphne Ward

TOP'S NEEDLE HIKE (9 JUNE).

Harry Thorsen.

No "back lorry" today. There were only enough hikers to fill one lorry at the Market Place but that overflowed as various passengers boarded on the way. It was beautiful weather for hiking but the Mountain Club dance the night before probably accounted for the small turnout.

We left the truck at N'kutu stream. Remember that name, there will be great activity at that spot on the 28th July.

Garry, the leader, was full of 'wheaties' that day judging by the pace he set. With the Valley of a Thousand Hills on our left and glimpses of the Indian Ocean on our right, we turned towards the Umgeni River. We stopped on top of a cliff and looked onto Top's Needle - that funny little finger of rock perched at the end of the Hillcrest escarpment. Then the hike livened up. We had to climb down a narrow chimney and bash over a mile of nasty thorn bush country.

Special mention to the tea orderlies this hike, who carried the water all the way from N'kutu to the Needle. There **were** no lack of volunteers - they weren't volunteers.

Many Ramblers have learnt the art of rock climbing at Top's Needle. Micky and Garry clambered straight up without ropes. "Done it dozens of times". But the more anxious crumbs waited for Frank to fix the belay.

We saw some unorthodox climbing techniques that day. As Joy scrambled up somebody remarked, "Looks like a coon climbing a greasy pole to get a piece of meat from the top".

There is a register on top of the Needle contained in a jam jar which Dymock cemented into the rock in 1938. I wonder how he took the concrete mixer up? The Editorial Staff of the "Durban Rambler" provided pencil and paper for the occasion.

This year the climbers enjoyed a billy can of coffee which they hauled to the top.

"Ooh!, Ah!", said the gapers as Frank abseiled down. Some morbid individuals speculated as to whether he would repeat Bob's performance last year. You remember there was a technical hitch and Bob ended up hanging head downwards over the Umgeni Valley?

The party split into two on the way home and one mob hiked along a narrow cliff - below that a nasty drop on one side - but the interesting part was a long, long scramble up the chimney line with potentially dangerous rocks. Good old George, we liked as last year's Camp Captain, yanked us up the most difficult parts. Altogether again we hiked along a good wide solid road (the Amble Course by the way) back to N'kutu where the truck waited.

Thirst! I have never known anything like it. Many people took a chance on bilharzia and swilled gallons of green N'kutu water.

It gets dark early these days and the lorries headlights were shining on cats' eyes by the time we reached Kloof.

BRAAIVLEIS AT BRIGHTON BEACH (13 JUNE)

Pit by Thorsen
Fire by Teague
Lights by Ferns
Coffee by Lindy
Music by Frank Hulley
Serviettes by Jey's

Sarcastic comments by the Ramblers.

It's a long time since we had a Braai vleis at Brighton Beach. On the last occasion a high wind wrecked the proceedings. But tonight was beautifully clear, not too cold and the moon shining on the sea helped create an especially cheerful atmosphere.

For 2/6 the Ramblers got - (a) bread rolls (b) Coca Cola for the first 23 people (c) apples (d) oranges (e) coffee (f) transport to and from Brighton Beach (g) a promise of curry and rice.

Old friend Frank Hulley was there with his squash box. We should make Frank a national monument in the Club - he knows every verse of the bible story song.

For once everyone had enough to eat and there was plenty left over. If only Blossom had not been there! It was very nice to see Mackie Fletcher out again. She has come back from overseas and is now nursing at Addington but she works odd hours for the N.P.A. and cannot find time to come out with the Ramblers.

Singing died away, car owners collected their money and small groups drifted off, after a most successful braai vleis. Wonder what time the fascinators got home??!!

EAST AFRICA

Any member who wishes to make enquiries regarding East Africa should write to Colin Avent
c/o African Explosives, Chemical (Ind.) E.A.,
P.O. Box 5480,
NAIROBI,
who will be pleased to answer your questions.

Colin, a past Leader, has resigned from the Club but hopes to be "back on the books" in five years time, and we look forward to welcoming him back.

CAMP CIRCULAR

CAMP SITE: A farm near Shelter Falls, Natal, will be the setting for the July Camp, Saturday 6th to Monday 8th

COST: The cost of this Camp will be £2:- for Members and £2:10:- for visitors. If you wish to attend please fill in the attached form and let the Treasurer, Mervyn Campion, have it together with the required amount, not later than 29th June.

EQUIPMENT: Those who have not been camping with the Club before are advised to bring a ground sheet, at least two warm blankets, preferably three, and a sleeping bag if possible. You will also need warm clothing for evenings round the campfire. Tents, food, and cooking utensils are provided but bring your own plates, mug and cutlery.

LOST PROPERTY: When you are sorting out your camp equipment you may find that you are missing:- a windbreaker, shirt, or plastic ground sheet (Easter Camp); a towel or rucksack (Loteni Camp). If so 'phone the Camp Captain, Bob Ferns 23511 (Business)

TRANSPORT: The first lorry will leave Warwick Avenue at 9.0 a.m. on Saturday the 6th and the second lorry will leave at 2.0 p.m.

Shirley Louw
HON. SECRETARY.

tear off here.

Address to:
Hon. Treasurer,
Durban Ramblers' Club,
P.O. Box 1063,
DURBAN.

I shall be attending the July Camp from Saturday 6th to Monday 8th and bringing ___ friends, and am enclosing £_____ to cover the cost of the camp. I wish to travel on the first/second lorry

(Sgd.)