

DURBAN
RAMBLERS
CLUB



JULY 1962.



SHONGWENI DAM.

DURBAN RAMBLERS' CLUB.

Chairman: Mickie McConnell Tres: Geoffrey Black
Phone: 77267 (home) Phone: 20665 (bus.)
Secretary: Denise Philp
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JULY 1962 - Fixture List.

- SUNDAY: 1/7 Combined hike with Pietermaritz-
burg Ramblers. Lorry leaves
Market Place at 8.30 sharp. Hike is
to Aloe Ridge, with Lindy leading.
Pmb. Ramblers meet us at the George-
dale turn-off at 10.30 p.m.
MEMBERS: 50c
VISITORS: 55c
- TUESDAY: 3/7 Executive Committee Meeting at Harry
Tripe's flat - 1 Denehurst, Hurst
Grove. Commences at 8.00.
- WEEKEND: 7-8/7 July Camp at Mont-Aux-Sources. See
page 8 for further details.
- WEDNESDAY: 18/7 Photographic Meeting at Det and Joan
Sewell's flat - 8 Glenleigh, 259
Bulwer Road. The subject is open.
Commences at 8.00.
- SUNDAY: 22/7 Hike to Shongweni Valley. Lorry
leaves Market Place at 8.30, and
Lindy is leading.
MEMBERS: 45c
VISITORS: 50c
- SUNDAY: 29/7 Annual Amble at Westmead Racing Cir-
cuit. Meet at Market Place at 8.00
See page 4 for further details.

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TOPP'S NEEDLE. 3/6/62.

Robin and Jack held their aching heads and squinted at the world through bloodshot eyes. What a party that was! Jirrrra!! However, pressing on regardless they joined the rest of the rowdy Ramblers on the lorry and set out for Topp's Needle.

We stopped at Naidoo's for the usual breakfast halt, and also stopped at Hillcrest to pick up our 'Maritzburg Ramblers. (Who muttered something about four flipping Tankards on one hike?)

At the fork on the old Crestholme circuit, we abandoned the lorry and slogged the usual route to the Needle. A hot and dry day caused water bottles to be much in evidence, even though they were to be needed later for coffee.

At the lunch-spot everyone collapsed in any shade they could find: all except Lindy that is, who busied himself with his life-saving brew. (Why is Rob lying on his back with his eyes closed and that look of suffering on his face?) It was time for the energetic to sweat their way up to the top of Topp's Needle. A certain "Mallory" failed dismally although the other climbers didn't seem to find it very difficult. Much to the consternation of some, the Treasurer succeeded in cornering his victims in the most inaccessible places.

Glenn's new hat, in the latest fashionable shade 'Pristine White', was pounced on by Garry who gave it suitable character with sundry inscriptions around the brim. This naturally resulted in a short skirmish - Glenn pelting Garry with big, fat, juicy roots. Later this cranial adornment was dealt its coup de grace with the legend "I luv you" written in lipstick.

Going homewards, the party split into two - those who went the easy way, and those who braved the gully. (Braved being the operative word!) One gentleman in LARGE BOOTS horrified those behind and blew him as he scabbled his way heedlessly over loose rocks.

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Shades of Sherpa!

After rejoining the faint-hearted ones at the top, we set out on the long walk back to the lorry which was waiting at Muter Drift. Here with much pushing and shoving, we finally settled down for the ride home.

KAJ DRAKNAT.

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PHOTOGRAPHIC MEETING. 20/6/62

Why was Chris and Adele's lounge littered with bodies - moving, munching, muttering, mirthful bodies at that!? You've guessed it! But this conglomeration of rowdy Ramblers only managed to produce seven slides between them. Tch! Tch! The subject was Camp-life, and as you can imagine it took simply hours, my deahs, to show all the slides.

After we had seen all seven slides, and Harry had suggested showing them a few more times to make-believe there were a lot, Chris and Adele showed us some of their 'Berg holiday slides. No matter how many times one sees pictures of our imposing Drakensberg, the rugged beauty is still as magnificent as ever.

The judges hied themselves awa' to sort out all seven marks; but they had only been gone about 3 minutes before they were back again - back in time for tea. Being a gourmand I love this part of Rambler's Photographic meetings, and - oh boy! wait until I've stopped chewing..... Gulp!
Jack Tankard was awarded first place for his slide of a billy over a fire - this drew forth a facetious remark from Rob to the effect that "If Jack can do that, Billy can!" And ha ha again. Bill Lowe, meaning to have a last little fling before he leaves us for his home-town, obtained second and third places. Victor Claudius then showed us some cine films of camps in years gone by, & that was that! Thankyou Chris and Adele! CAMERA CHIMERA.

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ANNUAL FILM SHOW. August 1962.

This year's annual Film show will be held, as usual, at the Shell Theatre, Esplanade. The date has yet to be confirmed, but will be either the 18th or the 22nd August.

In addition to the usual Film and Slide show, we will be presenting the cups to the winners of our various competitions. viz. (a) The best colour slide of the year. This competition is open to all persons who came 1st, 2nd, or 3rd in the monthly competitions or who obtained 70 % for any slide. In addition, anyone is entitled to enter a further two slides, which have not yet been entered in any competition.

(b) The best Black and White print.
The only stipulation here is that the size must not be less than $6\frac{1}{2}$ " x $8\frac{1}{2}$ ", and must be the entrant's own work.

(c) The Fred Titterington Memorial Trophy.
This cup is awarded to the person who obtained the highest aggregate from ten slides entered in the monthly Photographic competitions.

The entries for the best colour slide of the year will be projected prior to the presentation of the trophies.

Would any members who have any slides or ciné films taken on hikes, camps, or any other Rambler's function during the past two years, please phone either Rob Philp - 836034, or Harry Tripe - 46170, so that we can project them.

They need not be pictorial masterpieces, just as long as they show some Rambler or a familiar scene, they will be suitable.

Further details will be published in the August copy of this magazine.

HARRY STRIPE.



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No prize for guessing which is the donkey.



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Out on a limb - a shaky one



Why the strained
look?
Do you have a
burning sensation?

I was at
angels 20
& then from
the sun-----



ANNUAL AMBLE 29/7/62.

By kind permission of the Natal Motor Cycle and Car Club (N.M.C.C.) we are using the Westmead Racing Circuit for the Annual Amble this year. The mileage is the same as in previous years - 15 miles for men and 10 miles for women. This will mean roughly (very roughly) about six times round for the former, and about five times round for the latter - both in an anti-clockwise direction. Those entering for the Amble will pay an entrance fee of 20 cents. Please meet at the Market Place at 8.00 sharp. There will be a lorry, but if we find that there are enough cars to transport everyone, the lorry will not be used - so rally around the flag car-owners! If the lorry is used each passenger on it will be charged 40 c.

The Amble starts at 9 o'clock, and racing numbers will be supplied beforehand. Soft drinks, oranges, and water will be available to competitors. Bring picnic lunches, and all your friends and neighbours. Remember all visitors are welcome.

The winner of the men's Amble for the past two years has been Viv Pammenter. He is entering again this year and so, I believe, are all his sons. So see if you can out-Pammenter the Pammenters someone, and see that you keep up your good record, Vivi!

A cup is awarded to the winner of the Amble, and anyone who completes the course receives a certificate to prove it. These are presented at the Spring Ball in September. Any complaints can be taken to Dymock Parr who has the great honour of being Master of Ceremonies. You can tell them to write their complaints to the Editress, Dymock, who will promptly destroy them. So come one and all, the big and the small, to the event of the year - the ANNUAL AMBLE!

STILL ACHIN'.

This is of great importance, so ple-e-e-se READ it. The lorry has been leaving the Market Place later and later every Sunday. (Why are we eating our lunch on the lorry?) In future the lorry will leave at 8.30 PRONTO! So if you arrive to find a Market Place devoid of Ramblers - Remember You have been warned!!! GROUCHY.

We were supposed to go on the Wayonda hike this sunny Sunday, but as a permit was not forthcoming, we went to Black Rock instead. So hey-ho, and away we go - off to Black Rock. The lorry bowled along merrily at a sedate 30 miles an hour with its load of laughter and lassitude - namely one Tripe, who was spread out in the middle of the lorry. (Why are we all squashed?) Along the dusty Crestholme road, past the turn-off to Topp's Needle, and Halt! - opposite a sombre little trading-store. Then a gathering up of various flattened belongings, and single file along a well-beaten path. Down, down, down, through yellowed grass and dust-besprinkled bush. Far away, on the other side of the river, is a high terraced cliff, with green bushes spilling over every ridge. The hanging Gardens of Babylon immediately springs to mind - but a garden without flowers.

A pause so that the laggards can catch up, and an exchange of insulting banter between the wags. Everything is so dry, but there are flowering peach trees in the kraals cloudy with soft pink blossom; and vivid splashes of orange in the grass turn out to be Lion's-ear or Wilde dagga. We cross the wide, shallow river, crystal-clear except for patches of brilliant, emerald-green spira-gyra. "It looks like hair!" someone remarks. "New fashion colour - slime-green." "Hurry, hurry and put on your shoes." says Glenn, his posmirched hat perched on the back of his head. "And we don't hurry, hurry, but sit on the warm rocks and laugh and talk. We proceed eventually and soon reach the river with Black Rock towering behind.

There is a dash to find the most comfortable seat. Some sit on the rocks, whilst others sit on the soft river-sand. One stretch of rock is pitted with minute little craters like the surface of the moon. Last year the river was in flood when we came and couldn't be forded here. The river still looked formidable to me, as it cascaded frothily through

the bottle-neck where we were, and widened out below. Rob and Mike strip to their costumes, and venture cautiously into the icy, foaming water. Brrrr! "Come in; the water's l-l-l-lovely." But nobody leaps up at the generous invitation, and we look on with amusement as they shoot down the miniature rapids, climb up, and give a repeat performance.

"Tea's ready!" and our riders of the raging rapids come out to warm their frozen forms with Garry's boiling brew. Lindy could not come on this hike, so Garry tried his hand at Lindy's self-imposed labour, with excellent results! "Do you always eat charcoal for lunch, Rob?" "That was the boerewors I put in the fire and forgot about." "Never mind. Have some of our fruit salad and sand." Peace reigns for the while as Ramblers one and all emit a contented chomping sound.

We break up into little groups - each group engaged with a different topic of conversation. That group is discussing cameras; one by one they explain the advantages and disadvantages of their cameras, and display them proudly. Here they are poring over the Sunday newspaper, exclaiming and giving their opinions. And this group? This one with the loudest laughter? They are relating incidents from by-gone years. What Ramblers have done on previous hikes, camps, and hotel weekends. This always makes hilarious telling, and more and more flock around to listen. Scotty, Dymock, Margaret, and all the other old-timers (in Rambling that is) re-living the past.

We must go; and we cross the river higher up. Garry slips and gets his pants wet. But there are no other casualties. Then we toil up and up. The hill is endless. Ah-h-h! The road at last. Is it the right road? Some go right and some go left. We reach a store and gratefully sit down and wait for the lorry. Here it comes partly full of Ramblers. We are off, and pick up Scotty en route who kept on walking. Then home through the darkening dusk.

LIBER.

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JULY CAMP. 7-9 July, 1962.

Remember to bring plenty of warm clothing and blankets, as the 'Berg is free-e-zing in July. This year's July camp is at Mont-Aux-Sources, and has bathrooms and hot and cold water. As there is only accommodation for thirty campers, the first 30 applicants were accepted. So there is unfortunately no room for anyone else. Glenn Wessels, our Camp Captain is arranging all transport. Phone: 77196.

EDITRESS'S CORNER.

Dear everyone,

This month there are good-byes to be said instead of welcomes back. You have probably noticed on the first page that we have a new Treasurer and Secretary. This is because Clare and Jack Tankard, our former Secretary and Treasurer are going overseas temporarily. Clare was our Editress last year, and she did a wonderful job. Jack has been our Treasurer since the beginning of 1961, and managed to balance the books most successfully. I know everyone is going to miss you both, and we all hope to see you back soon.

We must also bid a fond adieu to Bill Lowe, who is going back to his home-country on the same day as Clare and Jack. We would like to see you come back again too, Bill.

Jim De Vlieg is going on a walking holiday in Basutoland in August, and would like anyone who is interested to get in touch with him. He lives in the Lansdowne Hotel, Vause Road.

I must once again apologise for a mistake I made in the June magazine. I congratulated Marge and Ron Tomlinson (Marge's maiden name) instead of Marge and Ron Smith. Anyway I have since found out that their baby girl's name is Amanda Ingrid SMITH. Sorry Mr. and Mrs. Smith. You have a shocking Editress.

Goodbye to one and all,
Lee Jearey.



MARGARET.

