



MONTHLY MAGAZINE & DIARY

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POSTAL ADDRESS:
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TUES:2/7: Executive Committee Meeting at Margaret Moore's residence, 37, Venice Road, Morning-side at 8:00 sharp.

Long Week- Hotel Week-End to Mooi River. Sierra Hotel. End:6-8th.: Full details on page 7.

SUN:21/7: Hike to Top's Needle. Lorry leaving Market place 8:30 travelling via Pinetown. Please bring a bottle of water each as this is a 'dry hike'(no water).

MEMBERS: 45c
VISITORS:50c.

SUN:28/7: Annual Amble. To be held at Westmead Circuit Pinetown. Meet at Market Place 8:00. See page 9 for full details.

WED:17/7: Photographic Meeting at Joan & Det Sewell's home 8, Glenleigh Court, 259 Bulwer Road, commencing at 8:00. Subject is "Camp and Camp life".

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'PHOTOGRAPHIC MEETING' 19/6.
(Peter and Sylvia Roffe)

Quite a little mob took over the Roffe home and in no time at all we had 're-organised' their lounge. The meeting was soon under way, although the Chairman had a bit of competition from the back row boys. Chris announced that the 'black and white' competition was upon us again and all entries are to sent to Chris Schorn as soon as possible.

About 32 slides were entered for the General and all were of a high standard - although we won't mention certain aerial views.???. A certain female - no names no packdrill - started to pull what she thought was her spouses' slide, apart at the seams, when it was brought to her attention quite gently by the audience that it wasn't her man's picture but somebody else's pride and joy. (Jes her...my...that girl's face bright red???) Nevertheless, first prize was awarded to Chris with Bushmen's Painting and second was Margaret Moore and third Kath Bertley.

After a most delightful tea, when we discovered some Olde Members - Anne and Norman Brown who are now staying in Johannesburg - we were entertained with some very good slides of the 'Berg Trip' and after much persuasion??? a few hundred 'ood slides he just happened to have with him from - guess who?

Last but not least Claude Ambler has very kindly offered the use of a small room, with running water, behind the Chemist where he works in Berea Road for any members in the club who would like to put up some developing equipment and perhaps start a Club's Personal Developing Room.

A vote of thanks to Peter and Sylvia for the use of their home and the lovely tea.

PINK CHECKS.

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CAMPAIN - CATHEDRAL BERG TRIP

(or 'Do you remember when...')

It's the year 3000. Two bods alight from a super-sonic mini rocket on the fly-over runway of the Champagne Peak Rest Resort. An escalated side-walk carries them to the most modern of South Africa's 'Jetels' - Resse do not park your jet in this entrance - From their fully mechanised up-to-date lounge these two modern historians gaze out along the grandeur of the 'Berg. It is a hive of nucleated industry, skyscrapers and robot-producing hospitals. A fully magnified tinted panoramic window aids their vision, an electronic tape records their observations and a computer solves their queries. The sole purpose of the two is the study and characteristics of a small group of ancient men calling themselves in the year 1963 - Remblers!! The hieroglyphics of a yellowed magazine are fed into the computer and in no time translations are spilling into the eager hands of our friends.....

It appears that a group of 19 drove by car (primitive motivator) from Durban to Champagne and slept (a form of coma without pills) under pine trees (tall wooden vegetation resembling TV masts) for a night (a portion of ancient time put aside for fasting). They then breakfasted on Pro-nutro (a mush made from nuts for nuts), bacon (sliced flesh of a grunting quadruped) and eggs (fowl droppings). Shouldering their packs (a type of bag made from woven raw material and trapped to a steel frame) they proceeded to hike (a movement involving a large amount of concentration) led by a man named Gary Rebie (this species now extinct) up along the Contour Path (our modern 16 laned hover-craft turnpike follows almost this same trail). In contrast to our society today, clothes (body shaped coverings) were then important. It appears that on hikes both sexes (distinguished usually by the extra length of her and fingernails of female) often wore similar type of clothing. Shorts (cut off version of longs), shirts (to keep shorts up), socks (to protect the soles of feet from shoes), and shoes (to protect the socks from the terre firma). The general outcome, with such superfluous outlay at the

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(Berg Trip) contd.

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end of a day (distinguished from night by an excess of light) could be summed up in one word - gaunched!! These Ramblers found extreme enjoyment in exposing their lungs to the wild pure air once found in these regions. It was observed by others of that period that they would struggle a full 20 steps, collapse on a suitable grass patch (natural cow fodder now only found in New Zealand) open wide the mouth and gasp for fully one minute. If another staggered past, a smile (a gesture of pleasure) would broaden the face and conversation (a form of oral communication) would take place....e.g. "Man, what a view" "Yeh!!"

Much of the equipment seemed to include protective materials. Oils (natural scented juices from vegetables) to prevent extreme sunburn (a redness caused by the naked rays from a body in the solar system) elastoplast (to cover bubble-like bulges on the skin) hats, (to cut down bleaching of hair ends) razors (to rid chin of stubble) perforated paper (the dots were obviously coded warnings to protect others from danger - as samples were frequently found in spots far from the beaten track!!) medicinal brandy (a highly gingered spirit designed to pep up the system) and of course food.

Eating of food was an ancient rite. Its sole purpose on such a hike being to fill the sac-like stomach so that the belly did not touch the vertebrae. In order to insure that the correct position was held, hikers are often and much. Food was taken raw, partly cooked overcooked and burnt. It was heated over a fire (the flames of which resemble the backfire of the President's antique jet) and scooped into the stomach via a passage in the head. After this gorging Ramblers lay and squatted in a type of circle and proceeded with customary song (varied form of conversation) and yarning (the spinning of which was a gift given only to one?? member. They then rested in tents (flimsy portable dwellings) wrapped in feather padded bags. The hike continued the next day - hill followed valley, view followed view, step

followed step, snack followed lunch, tea followed dinner, we followed Gary, gary followed (come to think of it, who did he follow?) Sunday followed Saturday (days of the week).....And soon, all too soon the journey was over.

The fun, the aches and pains, the jokes the puffing and panting, the greunches and 'men' and 'shame'... the Fro-Nutro.....all over. The mountains faded into the dusk (or was it dust), as we headed home - It was grand to have done it yet how much nicer to still be half way through - do I hear a greunch from someone??? - give me half the chance and I'd be back-boots and all.

'ALWI'

It's a long way to Cathedral
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Cathedral,
It's the nicest place I know;
farewell Champagne,
Good-bye un-sore feet,
It's a long way to Cathedral,
but my hearts right there....
(and after a few miles, I wished the
rest of me was there).

And now a word from our sponsors - The makers of
Fro-Nutro.....

Miss M.M. of Durban says - "Sis".

Mr. G.W. also of Durban says . "I love the stuff . I
have it at work every day. I promote it in
my building work every day."

So you see listeners if you eat Fro-Nutro you will
be able to climb any contour path better than
any political argument will make you..

NOD.



Waiting To Go Down The "BeeG Hole"



No THANKS,
I'M GOING
TO A WEDDING
IN AUGUST.
~



COMING Thro' The RYE?

THE day started off full of promise, but before long the sky was overcast - after all we are now in mid-winter. At Pinetown five other enthusiasts joined the eighteen already on the lorry.

Whilst waiting at the Shongweni tarmoff for the Maritzburg contingent to join us, we were surprised by a visit from Gary and Vei and were pleased to see that Gary had recovered from his recent illness. The 'foreigners' soon boarded the lorry and for the first time after many trips of half-empty lorries, the lorry was full - do people have to lie full length or don't they get enough sleep at home? After coughing and wheezing the lorry finally made it's destination.

We then set off down the road in high spirits being pecced by Tony Tenkard and Co. It is learnt from reliable sources that the Maritzburg crowd are undergoing arduous training sessions to win this years Amble. As nobody had proclaimed Margaret as leader, she was unsuccessful in her attempts at claiming 'fines' for passing the leader!!

On arrival at the river we were very glad to see billies of coffee and tea already brewing. Reason - Lindy and Doc Squires had gone with the lorry to O'Connor's Castle as the driver did not know the way and thence came to the lunch spot via the return route.

During lunch raucous laughter was heard from an old Ramblerite Mac Rend (good to see you, Mac) as the latest 'Keeler' episode was read out.

I think there must be an epidemic of 'Ants in Pants' in Maritzburg - they can't seem to sit still for two minutes. Some of us followed their example of an after-lunch stroll and found that it wasn't such a bad idea after all.

An easy hike back to the lorry brought an end to this most enjoyable day with our Maritzburg friends.

Also Went.

SHELL THEATRE. (Thur.6/6)

Mr Parker from the Fitzsimmons Snake Park had just commenced his slides and lecture on snakes when the audience was petrified into lumps of jelly as some large squirming object slithered down the aisle - someone was just about to run home for their elephant gun when it was realised that it was only that Ambler man arriving what he thought was inconspicuously - Ha!

Discarded snake skins were passed round and a generally very interesting and informative evening was enjoyed with question time bringing to light many interesting fit-bits.

After a welcome break for tea the Shell Theatre showed us a colourful film on 'Tuna Fishing'.

Thank you, Mr. Parker for a very enjoyable evening.

(Editress Note: I must apologize most profusely for leading you astray last magazine by printing Friday 6th. June instead Thursday 6th. for the above show. If any of you didn't see the correction in the Mercury and went along on the wrong evening - I'm awfully sorry but it was that little printer's gremlin.

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H O T E L W E E K - E N D. 6-8th. July

I hope you have your bags packed for this really delightfull week-end.

The Hotel Sierra just outside Mooi River is prepared to give us a truly good time for R6 each. Cheer up girls, I've have just discovered that there is no Snooker Table!! but everything else is layed on.

If you are interested please fill in the questionnaire enclosed and send it as soon as possible to either Gary Rabie, 2 Parkway, Park Street or Margaret Moore 37, Venice Road, Morningside IMMEDIATELY.

TAKE YOUR TENNIS RAQUETS AND COSTUMES????(Brrrr)

'RAVENS RIDGE' 9/6/63

The Ravens Ridge hike on Sunday was just one of those days, one of those 'Ambler' days! It got off to a good start with the lorry breaking down half way up Field's Hill in a cloud of smoke. After contacting our 'illusiv'e' leader who was waiting further along the road, we all regrouped at the top of the rise. A vote was taken on whether to go via a tar road or 'bundu bash'. I didn't see anyone voting but into the bundu we went.

It all started with the usual Ambler line "flst and easy". Maybe I'm just prejudice, but it wasn't quite that. At one time we found ourselves walking along a nice tarred road that ended in a pair of white posts; - Front Gate Posts! There are a number of notices in the area that read 'Private Property' - but that's only if you turn around to read them as you pass

The day was rather warm and we had in our midst 'two foreigners'?? wearing kilts - and very soon thats all they were wearing (we think). Apparently our concern over their discomfort was groundless because Margaret assured us that there was a breeze up them. Enroute we stopped at the local store for cool drinks and while we drank them we were given an exhibition on how to chop wood???

At last the lunch spot was reached after being lead through the quiet gum trees to such stirring tunes as 'Colonel Bogey' and 'The Longest Day' (Ed's Note: Very appropriate on Ambler hikes) I wonder why some locals had such frightened looks as we passed. A fire was soon going and before long coffee was made by some of the 'elderly' hikers. All was peaceful until Glen and Margaret decided to liven things up a little. This Margaret girl gets into everything - even kilts it seems! Time was getting on and a very large 'property deal' that was being settled between Glen and Mike with the

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help of a large curved knife had to be concluded owing to fearful mummings from a certain group. It was a lovely peaceful spot.....but we had to be on our way homeup, up (what, again?) till the friendly shape of Claude and Terry's home loomed over the horizon and the lorry of course. This one seemed to work and after dropping Glen off at Kloof - Glen incidently was wearing the latest in men's fasion - vest over subdued check shirt - Dior perhaps??? - we sped on our weary way home.

NOD.

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ANNUAL AMBLE. 28/7/63.

COMMENCING: 9:30 sharp

VENUE: Westmead Circuit, Pinetown (Park inside behind the Main Grandstand.

DISTANCE: 15 miles for the men and 10 for the girls. Prizes and certificetes presented to Club Members only - although your friends are welcome to come along and try and beat you!!

ENTRANCE FEE: An entrance fee of 25c will be charged per member entering in the race to cover the cost of prizes and certificetes.

TRANSPORT: Transport will arranged from town (Market Place at 8:00) but please phone Gary Rabie if you would like a lift or can offer anyone a lift.

PICNIC LUNCH: Bring your lunch as the race finishes about 12:30 and tea and coffee will provided at a suitable spot to be decided on the day.

SO DON'T FORGET THIS EXCITING DAY: COME AND SEE HOW FIT YOU ARE/ARE NOT???

VISITORS WELCOME TO JOIN IN FOR FUN.

HATCHED-DESPATCHED AND SNATCHED

Things sure have been happening in the Club this last month.

First of all very hearty congratulations to Len Holland and his new bride, Maureen. Now you have no excuse not to come 'social rambling', Len.

And believe it or not but that Craig man has at last been hooked. Many of the older members will remember 'Smoothie Craig' (Clive to his mother). Congratulations Clive and Gloria. (Good name isn't it? -Editress)

Althea Knight is engaged to a very nice man (six months from Holland out). Best wishes Althea and Jan.

SNATCHERY (New Members)

Welcome to Dick and Yvonne Travers (a few months from England out, actually!). Glad to have you with us.

DESPATCHERY.

I am indeed very sad to record the despatch to far-distant lands of Anne Milne and Kath Bartley. These two lasses are leaving us again after an all too short a stay with us - but my, what these two havn't packed into their short stay with us. I for one shall miss their cheerful and ever-willing assistance with the magazine. New Zealand must be a pretty good place if it is full of people like those two. We loved having you, Kath and Anne and I hope we might see you again some day - Au revoir, and the best of luck where-ever you go.

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Has anyone got a rucksack for sale??? Chris Schorn would like to buy it. Please phone 47581.

