



FOUNDED 1932

DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB.

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FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1953.

We are celebrating the Coronation in typical Rambler fashion with a Camp in the beautiful Oribi Gorge.

Tuesday,
9th.

Executive Committee Meeting at Pat Ogle's, 66 Palm Grove, Overport, at 8 p.m.

Sunday,
14th.

Pack your haversacks and join the Maritzburg Ramblers on a combined hike to SHONGWENI DAM. Travelling via Pinetown. Leader : LINDIE. FARE : 4/-d.

Sunday,
21st.

If you have not already done so, now is the time for those entering for the ANNUAL AMBLE in the Crestholme Township in the Hillcrest Area, to start limbering up. The lorries will leave town at 8 a.m. sharp. (See Newsletter).

COST : 3/-d.

Competitors (Entrance fee) : 2/-d.

Saturday,
27th.

Will all those kind people with cars who would like to help others out by giving them a lift to the BRAAIVLEIS at BEACHWOOD on this evening, kindly contact Marge Walker (T.N. 56333 evenings). Please bring your own meat - bread-rolls will be provided.

CHARGE : 3/-d.

Sunday,
5th July.

Remember to keep this date free.

Due to the present unsatisfactory state of affairs, Lindie will appoint four members (two men and two girls) as Tea Orderlies on future outings.

Will the person who mislaid a grey blanket with white border at Easter Camp, please apply to Peter Hounsell.

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

THE DURBAN RAMBLER.

JUNE, 1953
VOL. 2 NO. 4

EDITOR : L. HOLLAND
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Once again this issue of the Newsletter is almost a "Hulley Edition", as not only does Frank win first prize in the monthly song contest with his 'Rambler Serenade', but he has made a first-rate job reporting on the Wayonda Valley hike, as well as persuading Di to send in her version of the Crocodile Valley hike. (Thanks Di and Frank ... and you too, Kath and Dymock for giving me the and getting out this edition of the Newsletter. ... yone seems to be working except the Editor !)

HEEL-TOE, HEEL-TOE :

Road-race walking is enjoying evergrowing popularity in Europe, especially in the Scandinavian countries, England, Italy and Switzerland, where it is regaining the status it held some 40 years ago. South Africa has produced many walkers of international standard, and yet in all Natal there is only ONE walking race (track or road) held annually, and that is the Amble of the Durban Ramblers' Club. It is very possible too, that the Girls' Amble is the only event of its kind in South Africa.

There have been many great finishes in the history of the Amble. Who will ever forget that electrifying burst of Cynthia Mackenzie's last year which enabled her to flash past the finishing line inches ahead of her sister, Diana! ... the great race of 1951 when Diana Mackenzie and Bernice McClafferty fought it out stride for stride for nearly ten miles, with Bernice always a **yard** or two ahead and always looking the winner; and then the strange tremor that ran through Diana's body as she set herself for that great effort which carried her past the flying Bernice in a tremendous finishing burst!

Though many who were not members of the Durban
Ramblers/.....

Ramblers' Club have competed in the Amble, none so far have succeeded in obtaining first place, either in the Men's or Girls' section. This year the Maritzburg Ramblers are sending down a strong team (who, rumour has it, have been in special training!) to break the stranglehold on first place which we have managed to hold all these years. This dreadful thing must not be, boys and girls! Let us burn up the miles in training spells whenever we have an odd hour or so, and let us not waste too much time about it either, as we have only one month in which to fit ourselves for this task. Some details of the Amble which is to be held on Sunday, 21st June, are appended :

The Girls' Amble will be held over two laps of the Crest-holme circuit. (10 miles).

The Men's Amble will be held over three laps of the Crest-holme circuit. (15 miles).

Lorries, which will carry both spectators and competitors leave the usual spot at 8 o'clock sharp.

Entry Fee per walker is 2/-d. This, of course, does not include the lorry fare, but does provide you with oranges and cold drinks whenever you are so inclined during the progress of the race. (Last year Cyril Crowley entered, paid his 2/-d, walked or strolled approximately 3 miles, and consumed many gallons - or so tis said!! - of Sun-crush, plus untold bags of oranges, rumour has it! Sorry, Cyril).

Marshal and First-Aid Posts. Some of you who are not walking are asked to give a hand at the various marshalling and check points, dispense oranges and cold drinks to the competitors, and lend them moral support.

For the Loafers! A delightful day amidst beautiful surroundings at the Nkutu Stream where the race finishes, plus a little barracking of the walkers if one cares to stroll up from this lovely picnic spot to the race circuit a few hundred yards away.

For the Almost Loafers! Enter the race and complete one lap and then, if you feel so inclined, just drop out. (Stan Christian usually does). If you are still feeling fresh, carry on at your own pace and earn for yourself one of the beautiful certificates which go to every person who completes the course.

PRIZES : Apart from the signed certificates which go to every person who finishes the course, there will be 3 prizes in both the Girls' and Men's Section.

WAYONDA VALLEY HIKE by Frank Hulley.

This "Daddy of all hikes" certainly frightened away all but the extremely stout hearted, and it was a small band of Ramblers that stretched out on the lorries on the morning of May 3rd.

Soon we were descending the steep path which winds through the bush down to Wayonda Valley. Some negotiated the descent at a steady plod, others at a jolting trot, and some at a wild gallop leaving a strip of broken branches and flattened bushes in their wake.

The dry river bed was reached at last, and with it came the comfort of level travel.

It seemed just too good to be true! Soon a small knot of wildly gesticulating people gathered around Garry Rabie who had received the business end of a night adder's attention. However, a quick shot of Fitzsimmon's best serum soon put him out of danger and we hiked on. One felt that the Foreign Legion had nothing to compare with the heavy going in the loose sand of that river-bed.

How welcome was the sight of the Umgeni sparkling and clear as it gurgled over the sands, as we straggled out of the ravine we had been following for so long! Soon we had reached the lunch spot and settled down. It was a very puzzled Pete Hounsell who was stoned by two "Poltergeists" while he was preparing the brew.

Once more it was "Pack up and burn your rubbish", and the long, heart-breaking toil up that never ending hill had begun.

The Natiye boy at the "Vukani Ma-Afrika" Eating House/.....

House must have thought it was Xmas, with the sudden boom in cold drinks. Rested and refreshed we resumed the climb. The top was reached at last, but not before many had fallen by the wayside.

Even the hardened hikers paid their way in the hard currency of aching muscles and much sweat. Although this was a gruelling test of endurance it served as excellent training for the Amble.

CROCODILE RIVER HIKE by Diana Hulley.

Glorious weather throughout the day was the reward of 70 Ramblers who came out on this hike. During the morning the way lay through dry, dusty countryside, but in the afternoon we were amply repaid for our hot work by the beautiful Umgeni Valley where we stopped for lunch.

Here we saw for the first time, Ramblers with their own primus stove making tea and cooking stew. We wondered what you had in that huge haversack, Pierre! Something new also was the Rambler who sat busily knitting while other more energetic people cooled off in the river, or did some rock-climbing on a nearby krantz. Here Pierre and his party made the acquaintance of a cobra.

Then on our way again, paddling and boulder-hopping to the end of the gorge, where we had some very welcome tea beneath the ever lovely Umzinyati Falls, after which there only remained the short, last lap up the side of the gorge (we certainly had variety), and on to the lorries.

All on, then once again we gaily sang our way back to Durban, bringing to a close yet another enjoyable hike.

We were pleased to welcome Basil Shonegevel who has/...

has returned to us from Cape Town, Al Dovey from the Johannesburg Hiking Club, and a few of our friends from the Peninsula Ramblers.

RAMBLERS' SERENADE by Frank Hulley.

(To be sung to the tune of "Four-leafed Clover".)

I.

Many a Rambler
who is no gambler
won't gamble on rain or sun
He'll put in his rucksack a jersey or a
mack
and a bejaclava
To wear on the way back
He'll never shiver after falling in the river
or be footsore when day is done
You'll hear no complaining
Though its ice cold and raining
it's all just a part of the fun.

II

When round a campfire we're sitting
What could be more fitting
Than a jolly hiking song or two
We'll sing about our Leaders
And of our Chairman too
And of other Ramblers, the likes of me and you
So let's sing together no matter whether
There be "miekie pap" or skilly or stew
for supper, lunch or breakfast
We'll all be steadfast
Jolly Ramblers through and through

III

Let's sing of Popple who'll never topple
from a gradient of one in one
Let's sing of Scotty with his angelic smile
and of Peter Martin, - won the Amble by a mile

6/.....

When it comes to eating there's no
competing
with Crowley for he'll take the bun
For news letter writing
on anything exciting
Our Editor, Len, is the one.

KATH'S CORNER :

A LITTLE BIRD TELLS ME THAT

Pete Hounsell is likely to grow a goatee beard any day now. Reason? Les followed the sound of his voice through bush and scrub on the Wayonda Hike to find a forlorn little goat crying "Le-e-s, Le-e-s!"

Scotty didn't continue his bachelorhood whilst on holiday and has now handed in his resignation to the Ramblers' Bachelor Club, which Club is now looking for a successor to this efficient President/Secretary/Treasurer

The Ramblerettes find Alec's beard quite irresistible and he's rather in demand at parties, especially when a few slows are put on the gram. However, he advises others wishing to try "The Bearded Look" to pass the bristly stage before dancing cheek to cheek.

The Married Quarters at "Oribi Camp" are to be fitted out with Lilos - and we thought you were hardened Ramblers, Frank and Di!

One energetic lass took her knitting on the Crocodile Valley hike and some of the lads cooked themselves lunch over a primus - didn't you people know that Sunday is a day of rest?

Though some people are partial to "snake juice" with their lunch, Margaret prefers the entire snake to be wrapped up with her sandwiches.

We are pleased to welcome the following new members
to the Club :

Mr. Ian van der Lingen,
Mr. Garry Rabie,
Mr. David Alsopp,
Mr. David Walker,
Mr. H. McIntosh.
