



# DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB

CHAIRMAN:  
F. C. WOODWARD  
PHONE 2-1651 (BUSINESS)

HON. SECRETARY:  
MARGARET MOORE  
PHONE 36676 (RESIDENCE)

HON. TREASURER:  
BOB FERNS  
PHONE 23511 (BUSINESS)

FOUNDED 1932

P.O. BOX 1063,  
DURBAN.

## FIXTURES FOR JUNE 1956:

TUESDAY 2ND: Executive Committee Meeting at Les Ryall's flat, 12A Hertine Court, St. Andrews Street, Durban, at 8 p.m.

SUNDAY 10TH: To-day is the Combined Hike with the Pietermaritzburg Ramblers which Les will be leading to BOULDER POOL, in the Kloof Gorge; lorries travelling via Pinetown. Come along folks and meet your Pmb. counterparts. COST: 4/-.

FRIDAY 22ND: The Entertainments Committee has arranged another Social in the M.O.T.H. Hall, Cunningham Road, Umbilo, at 8 p.m. tonight, and everyone is asked to "come as you are dressed when you receive this Circular" (i.e. if you are not dressed up). Lifts will be arranged for those who meet outside Geo. Maddison's, Commercial Road, at 7.30 p.m., and we appeal to all car owners to assist in this respect. COST: 5/6d.

Once again every member is urged to make a special effort to attend as a great deal of hard work is involved in connection with these Socials, and it is most disheartening for Mervyn and his able Committee when they do not receive the full support of members.

SUNDAY 24TH: Lindie's fairy(?) footsteps will lead us to N'WABI SUMMIT to-day, the lorries travelling via Pinetown. COST: MEMBERS - 5/6d.  
VISITORS - 7/6d.

.....

NOTA BENE: The Club is arranging another Camp over the long weekend in July (i.e. 7th, 8th & 9th); details, camp circular, etc. will be submitted with the next Newsletter.

THE ANNUAL AMBLE will be held over the Crestholme route on Sunday, July 29th, so all intending entrants are advised to get cracking at loosening up their muscles now.

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

THE DURBAN RAMBLER.

MAY 1956.

VOL. 5. No. 5.

EDITOR: HARRY THORSEN.

PHONE: 20843 (Day).

EDITORIAL:

This month's bouquet goes to Frank Woodward who arranged for a group of Ramblers to attend a lecture given by Mr. FitzSimmons of the Snake Park. In this Newsletter we are publishing a summary of the first half of that lecture. Read it carefully, so that you know what to do in an emergency. Keep this copy of the "Rambler" and refer to it now and then - you might save a life.

Thanks are also due to Dennis Rachmann for his novel and amusing write-up of the April Social, and to Henry Levy whom we welcome as a new contributor. After Henry's report on the Inzinyati Falls hike we hope to see more of his work.

---

VENOMOUS SNAKES OF NATAL.

The most important safety rule is: "Do not interfere with a snake". It will never attack a human being, except in self-defence. Snakes, although deaf, are very sensitive to vibration and can detect a human's approach from a long way off. Thus warned, they invariably slither away. BUT, if a snake is cornered, it will attack. Therefore, if you see any, do not attempt to catch or kill them.

Out of about 100 species of snakes in Natal, only 27 are venomous. Of these about 25 belong to the viperous or "front-fanged" group, and the other two to the "back-fanged" group.

A. BACK-FANG SNAKES:

The two most venomous species in this class are the Boomslang and the Bird Snake.

Their poison fangs are situated well back in the jaw. In striking, the snake must position its head carefully so that its fangs penetrate the victim's flesh. Then it takes 15 - 20 seconds to eject all the venom. This clumsy routine reduces the risk of a fatal bite.

The venom of these snakes acts on the walls of blood vessels, causing internal haemorrhage. There is also a breaking down of mucous membrane, endangering the lungs, breathing passages, and the eyes.

THE DURBAN RAMBLER.

MAY 1956.

VOL. 5. No. 5.

EDITOR: HARRY THORSEN.

PHONE: 20843 (Day).

EDITORIAL:

This month's bouquet goes to Frank Woodward who arranged for a group of Ramblers to attend a lecture given by Mr. FitzSimmons of the Snake Park. In this Newsletter we are publishing a summary of the first half of that lecture. Read it carefully, so that you know what to do in an emergency. Keep this copy of the "Rambler" and refer to it now and then - you might save a life.

Thanks are also due to Dennis Rachmann for his novel and amusing write-up of the April Social, and to Henry Levy whom we welcome as a new contributor. After Henry's report on the Inzinyati Falls hike we hope to see more of his work.

---

VENOMOUS SNAKES OF NATAL.

The most important safety rule is: "Do not interfere with a snake". It will never attack a human being, except in self-defence. Snakes, although deaf, are very sensitive to vibration and can detect a human's approach from a long way off. Thus warned, they invariably slither away. BUT, if a snake is cornered, it will attack. Therefore, if you see any, do not attempt to catch or kill them.

Out of about 100 species of snakes in Natal, only 27 are venomous. Of these about 25 belong to the viperous or "front-fanged" group, and the other two to the "back-fanged" group.

A. BACK-FANG SNAKES:

The two most venomous species in this class are the Boomslang and the Bird Snake.

Their poison fangs are situated well back in the jaw. In striking, the snake must position its head carefully so that its fangs penetrate the victim's flesh. Then it takes 15 - 20 seconds to eject all the venom. This clumsy routine reduces the risk of a fatal bite.

The venom of these snakes acts on the walls of blood vessels, causing internal haemorrhage. There is also a breaking down of mucous membrane, endangering the lungs, breathing passages, and the eyes.

specimens stuffed and mounted at the Museum.

Next month I will summarise the lecture on snakebite and its treatment.

THE BALLAD OF O'CONNORS.

by  
Boerewors.

They set out to O'Connors,  
It lies Shongweni way,  
The sun shone warm from blue skies,  
It was a perfect day.  
Manaram was astonished,  
He gaped and rolled his eyes  
As scores and scores of Ramblers  
Swarmed about like flies.  
The first stop was at Kaidbos  
On the old Tinetown road,  
They flocked into the milk-bar  
Until it overflowed.  
Then, leaving the main highway,  
They bumped on roads of dirt,  
Where overhanging branches  
Swiped those who weren't alert.  
Nick Thomas was the Leader,  
He'd never led before,  
There followed, ever trusting,  
The Ramblers, eighty-four.  
Passing near the waterfall  
Where Shongweni river flows,  
They felt full strength the content  
That every Rambler knows.  
Some hiked along the roadway,  
While others to be tough  
Cut down into the jungle  
Where progress was more rough.  
They straggled in at lunch-time,  
And rested from the walk,  
Settling back as Ramblers do  
To eat, and smoke, and talk.  
Gathering piles of firewood  
Lindie brewed the tea,  
Whilst Bob took 'round the money bags  
And milked them of their fee.  
Some duck-dived in the river  
Which was two inches deep,  
And Scotty learnt to crack a whip  
With fierce and mighty sweep.

After lunch, they packed their bags,  
They knew it now was time  
To visit Pat O'Connor  
And taste his home-made wine.  
The Castle-owner welcomed them,  
He was so glad they'd come,  
He filled up all their hiking mugs  
From a forty gallon drum.  
They guzzled lots of vino  
Which flowed down red and thick,  
They drank it down with mighty gulps  
And found it had a kick.  
Some climbed up on the battlements,  
The final pitch was "C",  
They reached the top and felt the pain  
Of bruised elbow and knee.  
Soon the clock caught up with them  
They found it time to go,  
They struggled homewards up the hill  
Their progress hot and slow.  
There was a certain element,  
A few with all the luck,  
Who flouted all the Ramblers' laws  
By riding on a truck.  
Those who slogged along on foot  
Scouted, "That's not just!"  
They would have moaned a great deal more  
But they were smothered in dust.  
And where was Leader Thomas  
To stop this shameful lapse?  
There he was hitch-hiking  
With the other shameless chaps.  
The lorry home was crowded,  
Faces mixed up with feet,  
And Ramblers, ever hard-up,  
Managed to make ends meet,  
They travelled in discomfort,  
But still were sorry when  
The lorries stopped in Durban  
And they had to part again.

---

UNCLE RAE'S COLUMN:

Dear Uncle Rae,  
What can I do? I want to see my name in lights,  
Yours wistfully - Dora.

Dear Dora,  
Why not change your name to "EKIT"?  
Yours helpfully - Uncle Rae.

---

THE FAST FEAST OF RAM BLER.

27th April, 1956.

by DEN NIS.

And it came to pass as was written in the Book of News that Mer Vyn and his Merriemakers did plan a fast feast.

Verily, I say unto you that, for the Tribe of Ram Bler, did these slaves journey half a league into the Land of Um Bilo, where dwelleth the Tribe of Rhum-Below, to prepare the banquet hall.

Now the Tribe of Rhum-Below, begat by Evo the Moth O, do live by three tenets, which are also the commandments of the Tribe of Ram Bler:

- (a) Sound Memory;
- (b) Mutual Help;
- (c) True Comradeship;

and by this trilogy was the House of Rhum-Below well disposed towards the Ram Blers who did hire their hall.

By eight in the evening had some sixty-eight tribesmen and allies gathered in the Great Hall. And there on every side were relics of some bygone battles of the Rhum-Belowvians to call to mind times of sore distress relieved by the glory of True Comradeship.

Now whilst with music and dance the Tribe of Ram Bler rejoiced did Mer Vyn and his Merriemakers labour and provide a banquet of cakes and cokes.

The repast over and the boards cleared, Mer Vyn produced Des Mond the Magician.

Verily, Verily, I say unto you that the eye does not see what it sees, and the mind does not perceive what it perceives. For whilst to Des Mond it was clear that 3 from 6 leaves 6, and that 3 from the remainder leaves 6, and that 3 from the remainder leaves 6, and that 3 from the remainder leaves 6, to the Tribe of Ram Bler did it seem a mystery. Yea, unto you say I that he who plays cards against Des Mond is a knave and a fool.

As as the night of April 27th did grow late, did the feet grow tired of the song and the dance and the Tribesmen repaired to their steeds and carriages to steal silently away, and leave the Hall of Rhum-Below in the Land of Um Bilo.

And although this is a fantasy of the social, Mervyn, Helen, Maureen, and all the rest of the Entertainments Committee and their willing helpers put up a splendid effort. Good show to all of you and those who attended are eagerly anticipating the next.

HIKE TO INZINYATI FALLS.

by Henry Levy.

On May 13th the Ramblers rolled up (though not in full force) at the Market in glorious weather. We climbed into the lorries and were soon under way for a trip up the North Coast. Travelling along Umgeni Road we passed Brian on his motor-cycle heading for the Market. He turned around, overtook us, and after taking his bike home joined us when we stopped for our usual raid for extra eats (and breakfast for some, like myself).

Continuing along the North Coast we soon turned off onto a sand road running through endless sugar cane fields. Although I didn't feel any, I was informed by others that we had hit some bumps - judging by the unusual expressions on the surrounding countenances I was forced to believe this story! I suppose the blanket I was sitting on had something to do with my not noticing these jolts.

We eventually left the lorries to begin our hike, and after crossing a few fields we came to the inevitable river.

"Dull would be a Ramblers' hike  
If they should not cross but a single river".  
(with apologies to W. Wordsworth)

A few of us carried on upstream to find an easier place at which to cross, whilst others attempted to break the world's long-jump record. Others again found some stepping stones. At this point, and on behalf of the members of the Club, I wish to take the opportunity of thanking the Hon. Treasurer for giving everyone a good laugh by making an inglorious dive into the water. Thanks Bob!

A little further on we were overlooking the beautiful Inzinyati Falls. Climbing down into the valley, we found ourselves on a beach surrounded by bush on the one side and water on the other. Directly in front of us were the Falls, and it is a few occasions that they have been photographed so much.

Did someone notice Scotty waving to us, trying to find out how we had come down into the valley, or did someone just hear him?

A brew was made, and after lunch some went exploring the bush. An Extraordinary General Meeting was also held at the lunch-spot.

Later in the afternoon a ball appeared from somewhere and a game of rugby (with apologies to the game as we know it) took place. Scotty's weight did not prove to be such an asset despite the objections of the opposing side at the beginning of the match.

We had another 'cuppa char' and started back soon afterwards. We made the upward climb and after a short rest (for the benefit of the 'old men' in their 20's) set off for the lorries which soon loomed into sight - the walk then developed into a race.

Everyone hopped aboard and we were soon on our way back to the City and civilization. Arriving back at the Market, farewells were said and weary hikers wended their ways homewards with memories of a wonderful (though very windy) day.

---

THE EDITOR'S POSTBAG.

"I am a new member and it is on behalf of others in the Club in the same position as myself that I am writing this.

I know a few older folk who used to belong to the Ramblers many years ago and all have told me how, when the hikers were on the lorries, there was always a continuous sing-song going on with everyone joining in. This is something to-day which is very conspicuous by its unfortunate absence.

There can only be two explanations for this:- Firstly, members do not want to join in, and, secondly, members do not know the words. I prefer to think that the second reason is the cause.

Some people have the knack of being able to pick up the words of songs fairly quickly but others do not possess this quality. So, on behalf of the new members, I am asking you older members to help us by writing out the words of any that you know and handing them to the Editor of the Newsletter. At the same time, if any new members know any songs, or can make up words to old songs, that would be suitable for the Ramblers to sing, let's have them."

A NEW MEMBER:

---

SOCIAL NEWS:

Anyone would think it was now Spring and not Autumn, judging by the number of engagements in the Club this month! Our best wishes are extended to Sheila Evans, Eunice Viljoen, and George Hay, whose respective engagements were recently announced.

---

NEW MEMBERS:

We extend a hearty welcome to the following:-

Sybil Anderson.  
David Asher.  
Sandra Dove.  
Rosemary Lawlor.  
Sydney Lambert.  
John Risk.  
Margaret Storrs.  
Norman Watson.

---

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

"D-day" for the payment of outstanding Subscriptions is June 30th so please don't forget to delve into your finances before then and have your name crossed off the Debtor's List. This is the final reminder you will receive.

---

ATTENTION PLEASE:

The Leader's task is never an enviable one, and lately our Leaders have been hindered by some members who persist in straggling way behind the rest of the party. This makes it extremely difficult for the person in charge of the hike to keep a check on the number, and it is hoped that on future outings those responsible will rectify this.

---