

URBAN

RAMBLERS

CLUB

JUNE 1961





We were happy to see so many Ramblers on the lorry this hike, and also to see some more visitors. Our journey to Pinetown was considerably enlivened by the appearance of a Volkswagen containing guess who - yes, Mr. Ingleis, it was!!! At Naidoo's it was discovered that Andre' was only paying us a flying visit and was driving back to Johannesburg almost immediately. Anyone who has been following the career of Ingleis' pugnacious little car will be pleased to know that it looks as good as new. Mr Parr joined us, under great protest, at Pinetown, as Marge had dragged him away from his gardening (???) to accompany her on the hike. )

Eventually we were off, through Kloof and along a winding, dusty road surrounded by banana plantations, to our destination. The walk from the lorry down to the river was very pleasant as it was all downhill. Our path meandered through kraals, meadow-lands and bean-fields until we reached the river-bank. At one stop the quick punning of Wessels, Tripe and Parr on their names was a refreshing change and even Rabie sat dumb-struck. To render Rabie speechless is quite a feat. 5

We had to fight our way through a veritable jungle of reeds on the river-bank and the softer-hearted members of our motley crew were distressed to hear the plaintive bleating of a goat. The sound was traced to a sheer precipice on the other side of the river, but as the noise soon stopped no-one tried any daring rescue stunts. )

We finally reached the place where we were supposed to ford the river; but unfortunately the swollen appearance of the murky, chocolate-brown stream after the recent heavy rain, put most of us off. Back we went, through our little jungle, in the other direction. Mr. McPherson caused great merriment at one stage of our journey, by leaping blithely from rock to rock until he missed and fell flat on his face!!

Glen Wessels eventually found a place where the river was comparatively shallow (provided we kept on the sandbank) and we crossed, one behind the other, to the other side and welcome shade. Those who did not have costumes on got their pants rather wet but otherwise the crossing was most disappointing as not one person fell in. Frustrating for the eager beavers wielding cameras hopefully on the bank.

We found that our picnic - place was right next door to the local brewery, which was most tastefully laid out behind thick foliage. Very, very discreet!! This particular brew had a rather peculiar smell, but we soon got acclimatised and did not even notice it after a while. Our Ramblers then proceeded to gulp down their various lunches in their own inimitable style, and to a man, settled down for a snooze. We were entertained during our siesta by some extremely original aquafolies, performed by two of the local yokels. (Dymock was heard to remark that if the Durban Aquafolie girls dressed, or rather undressed, like that, he would be a faithful fan.) Although the river was only about three foot deep, those brave enough to face the muddy depths had an enjoyable time floating lazily down stream with the current.

There was great excitement when two bulls in our immediate vicinity began to butt each other. Fortunately for the squamish, one bull (or was it an ox?) was a coward and would not fight. After tea we recrossed the river and once again followed the path through acres of vegetables - only this time it was all uphill. When we finally reached the road it was only to discover that we still had to walk many weary miles to the lorry. The road was like a very dusty switchback and we toiled up hills and down dales only to find another hill in front of us. We all managed to stagger to the store, where the lorry was waiting for us, however, and gratefully slaked our thirst with cold drinks, and then we were away home!

LIBER.

DON'T FORGET: JULY WEEK END 8/9/10/

4  
ID'S CORNER.

A short, short note this week (with luck these jottings will vanish altogether - you lucky people!) and top of my list are sincere wishes for a speedy recovery for Rose Wessels; All our thoughts are with you Rose, and we hope to see you hale and hearty soon.

Welcome home to Joan Paige. Will we be seeing you on hikes or are you also joining the Idlers Club - a branch of the Ramblers? They do all their walks from Ws & similar contraptions, or quite blatantly do - nothing.

Last but not least, JULY WEEK-END - and we've been assured that a real treat is in store for all who come. Do remember to keep 8/9/10 July open and join the crowd.

THE ED.

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NOVELTY CAR RALLY.

DATE: 17th June.  
VENUE: All meet outside the O.K. West Street entrance at 6.30 and then the fun will start.

This should be very good entertainment and the PRIZE (supplied by Hoopers) is really something.

After the Rally an informal 'gathering of the clan' is planned and assorted home-made snacks and coffee will be laid on. Those who want to dance will have a gram and records available. The venue for these celebrations and the presentation of the prize will be known only when the final checkpoint has been reached; but believe me, it will be great fun.

So - come on, come all - even those without cars, we'll fit you all in, some how. Charge, inclusive of everything - is 40c.

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Where's my hole? Good-bye Cruel World.



Lazy hike?

Watch out !! a crazy driver.



The Tailpiece



Old stag(g)ers

A fairly large crowd arrived at the Roffe residence for and uproarious evenings fun. Dymock was there, sporting a lovely carnation in his buttonhole and naturally the wits started their ragging immediately. It was very nice to see Dymock looking well after his recent spell of illness. A roar of "Pathfinder McMiddle" greeted this worthies arrival and that of Monty & Val van der Spuy. Gloria looked a bit apprehensive, when at least half those present attempted to make short work of her spouse, but at last order was restored and Mick promised faithfully to refrain from giving directions for the rest of the evening.

The meeting got under way with 36 slides to be shown & judged (or 'chopped' depending on whether you had any on view.) Fred Clark was determined to have 'abstract' for a future subject, but the votes went in favour of 'Animals & Noo-Noos'. Heaven preserve us from all the portraits of ramblers that will be shown at that meeting. (All Noo-Noos and no animals!!)

The slides were of an exceptionally high standard, but one brought forth many rude remarks, even Lindy added to the noise. The owner was extremely brave to admit that it belonged to him & spared Sylvia and Peter the onus of having the offending slide as an unclaimed gift. Monty, when about 26 slides had been shown, complained that none of his had appeared. Were the judges biased or something? Some-one 'politely' pointed out that only four slides per person are allowed, so Harry selected them from the box. Thank goodness the entries are limited, or else Monty would have trotted off with all the honours. As it was he & Dymock shared top place. Dymock's entry was a lovely view of the Matterhorn wreathed in cloud, with a tumbling stream and gay houses in the foreground. Who was the wit who tried to convince Lindy that it was taken in the Free State?? Monty's winning slide of the fairylike toadstool, bright red with white spots, gave rise to Gary's classic for the night. "Oh! I remember! That's Monty's little mushroom." Marge was 3rd - a calm lake dotted with yachts, while Monty took 4th & 5th places. More slides of Easter Camp were shown and Adele carried on the tradition of lovely brides in the club, as we all agreed when the slides were viewed. An excellent tea was provided and soon demolished and the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Roffes for their hospitality. Pinetown residents must have been mystified at the sudden eruption of at least 1/2 doz. thatch-straw cars. The 'terrible trio' had done it again.

TIGGY.

Overheard recently at a Ramblers' gathering, "I say, old man, do you know Eston at all?" Complete silence for half a second and then with gritted teeth and flashing eye. "Do I know Eston? I should flipping well say I do, every stone, blade of sugar-cane and turn-off is engraved on my mind." All this as the result of a fabulous week-end enjoyed by the 'few' who made the grade, in spite of Pathfinder McMaddie's concise directions. Sorry Mick!

On Saturday a gay confident trio of two VWs & one Dauphine met at the turn off on the main road, compared notes and were off. All went well until the Eston crossroads; by this time the two you-know-whats were out of sight so the Dauphine took a left turn. About two miles later, heralded by clouds of dust two irate VWs roared back towards us. Total collapse of all occupants! This gay little game of rushing up and down but always meeting each other coming back from somewhere, went on for some time, but we all eventually rendezvoused at a large modern garage. We collected another Dauphine and a scooter here. After a short confab Rabie & Co., Mike Hooper and Victor Gladius went off to locate the farm, leaving us to collect the stragglers.

These consisted of a VW and a traitor in the camp - a mini-minor. The cavalcade then roared off. By this time all the inhabitants of Eston were very interested spectators and were adept at shouting, in response to wild gesticulations and queries, "Ramblers went that - a - way!" pointing in all directions.

Rabie, by this time had arrived at the farm and was glad to hear the sound of madly revving engines coming closer in the gathering dusk. Alas!! He also heard them depart as we gaily went on our way, heading for the canefields. He later told us that it was quite a sight, headlights gyrating crazily up hill & down dale, but never on the road. That's right, by this time all unknown to us, we were tripping the light fantastic along the local fire-breaks!! Ah! Me! Then with a welcome shout, it was Rabie to the rescue and we all made it to the farmhouse. Consternation!! One scooter with Victor was lost. He

was found deep in the cane fields by the locals and was brought safely to the fold. How apt the name of the farm, GIGGLESWICK. It certainly lived up to it.

The house was soon full of appetising smells as about half a dozen cooks and numerous 'helpers' started meals to appease ravenous appetites. Like Hooper, who assured us that this was his first ever attempt at cooking, turned out a very nice looking meal. The only snag was that he had to eat in relays as he only had one stove and so could do only one thing at a time!! Replete and warm, we all then settled down for a quiet evening and decided how best to deal with Pathfinder McMiddle. We eventually settled on a slimy bath in the frog infested pool. The quiet evening was soon dispelled as the delinquent element began to get restive. Tiring of throwing each other off the settee and having sustained a few minor casualties, they at last allowed us to have cocoa and so to bed!

A few brave souls arrived the following morning and a hike was arranged, ostensibly for enjoyment, but I am sure it was a search party intending to scour the cane for any lost bods from the night before. The usual lazy types sat around and read, or just sat around. Terry Ambler and Pat Ogle were welcome 'old members - long time no see'

A most enjoyable time was had by all and as we wended our contented way home sincere thanks went to Marge and Bill Walker for allowing us to have the farm and the house instead of the barn. Tally Ho and away we go - we hope, to more 'dcs' like that.

GIGGLER.

NEW MEMBERS.

Congratulations to the following and may you have many happy hikes.

Coral Eckersley

Elizabeth Eckersley.

OVER THE HILLS & FAR AWAY 8

As usual, all scandal this month concerns the globe-trotters 'way north. How about some news from 'down under', Sylvia Daniels??

June Morris (nee Aspin) didn't let the club down and looked fabulous at her wedding. After huncy-mooning in Ireland, together with June's parents & Ernie (jivefiend) Foster they toured the Lake District. A frantic Rodney is reputed to have pried a reckless Ernie from the steering wheel of his precious car before the total destruction of them all. The two holes in the floor caused by Rodney's braced feet will remain as a reminder of that exciting ride.

Ashly is all set to be a menace when he tours the Scandinavian countries; he's heard tell that the Arctic Circle girls are so ooo romantic. Watch it boy!! Trevor C, the influential man-about-town and this budding casanova share a room and Ashly actually has Rabios old berth. What hope has he for the future, being in such close contact with the two biggest menaces in the club. Sorry about your demotion in the last mag Trevor, but your rise is so meteoric that we're lost in the vapour trails.

Great news for Ernie Newbery, who is savouring the delights of Greece and was intrigued by the conversion of a fairly 'modern' building - age & structure identical to Cape Town's famous Castle - into a night-club! Anyway Ernie, you should derive real pleasure from the fact that MRIGOCOLD (shades of Cathedral Camp!!) is in London, rumoured to be awaiting your arrival. Did you say you are catching the next plane back to Durban???

BIG - EARS.

FOR SALE.

35mm Konika 3X camera - R40- Close-up attachment -R8.-  
Interested shutterbugs contact; Philip Bean ph. 884843

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Hear ye! Hear ye! See next months magazine for an exciting article on how to give directions - submitted in all innocence, for a completely different purpose - by the one & only Mick McMuddle.

BEST WISHES TO —



RON & MARGE