



FOUNDED 1932

DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB

JUNE 1962



CATHKIN PEAK

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EASTER CAMP - 1962

The usual first morning frantic chaos was missing from the Champagne Castle Camp this year - for two reasons: 1. because the lorry-load of stiff and complaining Ramblers arrived early; and 2. we were all terrified of our stern "Achtung" shouting Camp Captain.

It was not long before the really beautiful camp-site was dotted with tents - large and small - and various items of equipment. Breakfast was soon under way - and everyone settled down for an enjoyable week-end. The morning soon went, and by midday everyone had arrived.

"Our Gang" had a roaring camp-fire going on Friday evening, and with the addition of a 'hickory stick' an enjoyable time was had by all. As we were tired from the strenuous day spent doing nothing, and from lack of sleep on Thursday night, it was not long before we were straggling off to bed - to sleep! But not for long. This was the night - the memorable night - when George Cartwright and Peter Chatsby made their appearance. They came down from the hotel, so the story goes, and created havoc among the sleeping Ramblers. Eventually our intrepid quintet Messrs Rabie, Ambler, Philp, Tankard, and Tripe had to rush from their warm sleeping bags, rescue the hickory stick from the invaders, and hang it in a tree. Strange, but true. (?) I'm sure I hear Joanna Bladsey's voice trilling about a little wolf cub!!!

Saturday dawned bright and clear, and a very lazy Camp staggered out into the warm air. Various people lolled around while a large party went on down to the Sterkspruit Waterfall to sunbathe and swim:

After lunch a further diversion was created by Terry, who attacked a gang of evil-doers who had ruined Claude's locks. 'Someone' had been rather taken with the haircut on the hotel willows, and decided that the same style would suit Claude, and for the rest of camp this poor downtrodden male - "I-hadn't-a-hope-against-them-Terry" - had to wear a woolly cap, and it wasn't for the gold!

After a fabulous Saturday night dinner, everyone

settled down for the evening's entertainment. Sadlers Wells had sent their two Prima Ballerinas Rabieovski & Philpova to entertain us, and this they certainly did! A special vote of thanks must go to Joanna Bladsy for her beautiful pale pink costumes and her elegant choreography. We were also treated to a striptease by a blonde bombshell from Durban, Zsa Zsa Rabie. Then Al (Claude) Jolson and his Sonny (Scotty) Boy performed and kept the laughter going. This was a real star-studded evening, and was rounded off by the Crosby father and son (Philp and Ambler) duo, singing popular ditties. Claude and Mick then demonstrated their remarkable memories - Terry is still wondering why they had to eat sausages three nights in one week if Claude has such a good memory! And so to bed. Once again the night air was shattered by the strident voices of George Cartwright and Peter Chatsby, much to the annoyance of the sleepers around the camp-fire.

Sunday was another lovely day, and a party set off bright and early for the Hut, whilst a smaller crowd made for the Sphinx. The others had an energetic day eating, sleeping, and sunbathing at the top of the falls. Our active hikers came back tired, but full of all they had seen. Those who had gone up to the Hut hadn't got there as they took a wrong turning somewhere along the line - but they enjoyed themselves all the same.

Monday, and the end of a glorious camp was in sight. We all reluctantly packed up the paraphernalia, and, having loaded the lorry, sat around and took last lingering looks at the lovely scenes around us. One last "Achtung" from our Captain, and once more we look forward to the next Easter Camp - 1963.

TIGGY.

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MESSAGE FROM THE CAMP CAPTAIN.

Thanks for attending the Camp and for the fine spirit you all helped to create. Some people were especially helpful and the Camp Committee worked hard and well - thank you all. Judging by the number of smiling faces around the campsite, I gather that everyone enjoyed themselves. (cont. Page 8.)

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PHOTOGRAPHIC MEETINGS.

25/4/62

Noise, laughter, and wolf-whistles issuing forth into the rain and wind, from the Philps' house in Durban North, proclaimed one thing - another Ramblers' Photographic meeting. Why wolf-whistles? Well, anyone who missed this competition missed a bevy of beautiful bathing beauties, ranging in age from five months to five and twenty years. The subject of the competition was "Candid, portraiture, native studies, and cheesecake" and the slides entered were of a high standard. Earlier in the evening Jack Tankard resigned as Chairman, and Robin Philp (not without strong objections on his part) was nominated as the new Chairman. Ethleen Charlesworth once again stole first place away from the formidable Harry Tripe with a slide of a ballet dancer in black tights and lectard sitting on a black and white checked floor. There were cries of "Checkmate!" from various witty individuals when the results were announced. Needless to say Harry obtained 2nd, 3rd, and 4th places with three candid-cheesecake slides. Thank you Rob and Denise for the delicious tea, and for the use of your home.

16/5/62.

Another peaceful Wednesday evening shattered as twenty-six Ramblers invaded Liz Downie's lovely home. The occasion: 'Another Photographic meeting'; the subject: open. The slides were varied and interesting, but every time a slide picturing either aeroplanes or scenes taken from aeroplanes, flashed onto the screen, people made rude comments somehow associated with one Mickie McConnell. He bore with their ribaldry stoically, however, and who cares whether his slides were somewhat faded or not. Harry showed us slides of Easter Camp liberally interspersed with slides of our very own Pin-ups - both male and female. I won't even tell you who won 1st, 2nd, and 3rd places, but draw your own conclusions from the fact that the winning slide was a study of a flower. Jack joined the enemy by obtaining 4th place with a slide of a protea. Thank you Liz for your hospitality.

CAMERA CHIMERA.



Jack. Our
Treasurer.

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Stick around, we might get breakfast yet



See what we mean.



"BE A DEVIL. JUMP!!"

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CHINEE DIN-DIN.

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Come to velly good Chinese Din-Din at Ying-Tong
Ambler's Pagoda on Sat-day, last day June (30th).
Plenty good music and chop suey. Chop-sticks provided
for yeating and as plesent to take to own Pagodas after
din-din. Bling own cushions and wear tlcousers or
dlasses for sitting on floor - no dlessee uppee.

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Plizes for (best) Chinese hats blought on head.
To honour forefathers' souls, payee 60c each before
din-din to dishonourable Philpee.

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Rikshas please meet on corner at honourable
Stuttafords at quarter before seven.

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HIPPO POOL. 6/5/62.

Last month we were out to catch a crocodile - or something; this month it looks as if we're out to catch a hippo - or something. It grieves me to tell you this, dear Readers, but the only hippos I saw were certain members of the Durban Ramblers' Club splashing in the river with great 'joie de vivre'. This was the great Hippo Pool hike, about which, I am sure, you have heard so much. It began in the usual way our hikes begin. i.e. some never-leave-well-alones noticing Garry's absence at the Market Place, and the setting-off of the above to haul him out of bed; and high jinks and lack of peace and quiet on the lorry - "Ow! Eek! Get off my lunch, beast! Well take your foot out of my ear, dragon. Et cetera, et cetera!" This continued until the lorry came to a jerky halt beside a river. I am rather hazy about the exact name of this particular river, but, as there is a pipeline across this river, which I think is called the Umgeni Pipeline, I therefore brilliantly deduce that it is called the Umgeni River. Q.E.D.

But I digress. Where were we? Oh, 'off to find a hippo, a hippo in Hippo Pool. Tra-la!' Then up, up and away we go. Over the river via the pipeline if you're big and brave, and very much via the bridge if you're sensible or a coward like me. And scramble - scramble up a thorny hill (as I bare-footedly found out) and onto the road, with miles and miles of (cont. next page).

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beautiful brown earth and sun-basking green, green trees spread out below. Walking along the hot, dusty road, straggledly-rag-taggedly, and now and then catching snatches of Rob and Garry's melodious (?) singing - 'Ag, ple-e-e-se deddy, won't you....' all higgedly-piggedly mixed with laughter and chatter cha-chatter. Across a little teenie pipeline, wide enough for even the faint of heart; then along the road once more, and the lowing of cows in the valley down below, and the twittering of birds in the bushy hill-side above, and the wide-eyed wonder of suck-a-thumb piccaninnies. One more pipeline, and one more stretch of rutted road then helter-skelter through the trees, and through kraals, down to the river.

Here were rocks - big rocks and little rocks, all jumbledly everywhere. A giant's pebble play-ground. The Roman bath, a smooth hollow in a rock, and a huge mid-stream boulder vaguely resembling a hippo, were proudly pointed out. Lunch, and Ramblers everywhere, spread over the rocks. Drinking Lindy's 'brew', eating everything within sight, wise-cracking and happy. The discovery of a gi-enormous spider on a boulder-island in the river. A ridged tortoise's-back king with a silken kingdom and silk-oncased subjects. Out with the cameras, and click-click our king's portrait is taken.

Then Rob's recumbent body disappearing beneath a mound of golden river-sand, whilst others lay in the sun laughingly watching. The appearance of Miss. Paige in a bathing costume, and wolf-whistles. Tea-time and off on our travels must we be!

The path wound up the hill, one minute in sunshine, then in leaf-dappled shadow. Lagging behind, "Where is everybody?" - panic rising deep within you, but stilled almost immediately as the river comes into view far below, and there is Lindy and his little flock. We have to, we just have to beat them to the lorry. So run, run, run through withered fields of mealies. Leap across crude irrigation ditches. They have crossed the river and have the lead on us. We tear along the opposite bank, whilst they stroll placidly, ever ahead. Thorns tearing at your legs and waist-high blackjacks. But who cares?

Then the fording of the river which is wide, murky brown, and deep in parts. You have to jump from rock to rock, and slip, and partially fall in, but laugh and enjoy it. Along the hard well-used path and there is the lorry. A scabble for the best seats, a settling down of weary bones, and we're homewardbound. Darkness falls quickly and it's cold. Winter is coming shivery-toed. The stars benevolently watch the lorry-load of mirth and song. Passers-by think we're dilly. And that, long-suffering readers, is that! LIBER.

SHONGWENI DAM 20/5/62

As I was not on this particular hike, I phoned someone who was, to get the picture. Our conversation went something like this; "Well, there was such a crowd on the lorry. Hundreds of visitors and Ramblers who haven't been out for ages." Who? "Claude and Terry, Denise, Theo, Charles, and even Fred!" This I should have seen! "We picked up Jack's dad en route..." Oh, the one who.... "Yes, the one who plays the bagpipes. We got off the lorry at the station and had a short hike along the road to the dam. It was washed away by floods, so Garry said..." What? the dam? "No, stupid, part of the banks. And then Harry walked into a lintana bush and came off slightly the worse with a very scratched face. Why did I miss that? "It was hilariously funny..." I bet, especially for Harry. "...and Rob and Glenn rode some donkeys - you could hardly tell them apart! Oh, and there was a rock-climbing competition. Rob was the first up. Fred went up the easy way of course, and Garry bet Glenn 50c that he couldn't climb it. Garry lost!" Yedho for Glenn! "Trevor went up the spectacular way, which is really not very difficult I was told but looks great. I forgot to tell you that Robin fell off twice on the way up. Ha ha!" And ha ha as well. "And that is about all that happened. No, wait a moment; did I tell you that Glenn hit George on the head with an orange on the lorry. Poor George!" But a positive gale of laughter from both sides of the 'phone. "Some people went back to the lorry through the tunnel, but I walked along the road..." and there you have it, buds!

REGRETFUL.

MESSAGE FROM CAMP CAPTAIN. (cont.)

I hope to see you at the July Camp at National Park - Mont-Aux-sources. You will need plenty of blankets and warm clothing. This is the finest campsite in Natal - complete with bathrooms and HOT water.

N.B. As there is only accommodation for thirty campers, the first thirty applicants will be accepted. Each application form must be accompanied by a deposit of R2.00. The camp fee is R6.00 for Members, and R7.50 for visitors. I am arranging transport. Anyone with transport please contact me. This is the weekend of the 7th, 8th and 9th inclusive.

Camp Captain: GLENN WESSELS.
Phone: 77196.

EDITRESS' CORNER.

A new month, a new mag., and two new Ramblers. This time we welcome Hanne Nørrekaer and Alix Hanbury to our exclusive club. Welcome back to June (née Aspin) and Rodney Morris, and also to 'Boorwors'!

Talking about new, there is a new Ramblerette to join the ever-swelling ranks of the Nursery Rambler Brigade - Marge and Ron Tomlinson are now the proud possessors of a baby daughter. Congratulations from all of us.

Another congratulation - and this time to Ernie Newbery, an ex-chairman of ours, who has at last been hooked. I don't know the exact day of the wedding but the best of luck to you and your bride, Ernie.

I hope you all enjoyed Easter Camp. I think it was the most fabulous ever. Roll on July Camp!
Yours editorially,
Lee Jearey. Ph: 36271.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT FOR SALE.

Almost new Zeiss 8mm. Movikon Cine camera.
DETAILS:- 1.9 lens. Built-in exposure meter. Speeds from 1 frame to 64. 2x Zeiss Tele. lens.
New Minette viewer-editor. Price for both items R150 (£75).
Contact Glenn Wessels. Phone: 77196.

