



MONTHLY MAGAZINE & DIARY

DURBAN RAMBLERS' CLUB.

JUNE 1964.

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FIXTURE LIST - June.

- 3rd June : WEDNESDAY. Executive Committee Meeting at Chris and Adele Schorn's flat, 6 Kintyre, 152 Clark Rd., Durban, at 8 p.m. sharp.
- 6th JUNE : SATURDAY. Cheese and Wine Party at Castleden's Bistro, 7 Wedge Rd., westville. All meet in front of Barclay's Bank, cnr. Smith & Field Str. at 7.15 p.m. Price: 50c. See page 2 for further details.
- 14th JUNE : SUNDAY. Combined hike with the Maritzburg Ramblers to MacPherson's Cascades, with Lindy leading. There are no river crossings on this hike. MEMBERS: 45c VISITORS: 50c
- 17th JUNE : WEDNESDAY. Photographic meeting at June and Des Teaguds home, 68 Maryland Ave., Glenashley, at 8 p.m. The subject for the competition is General.
- 28th JUNE : SUNDAY. Hike to Topp's heath with Mike Wigley leading. Meet at the Market Place at 8.30 a.m. There are no river crossings on this hike. MEMBERS: 45c VISITORS: 50c.
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JULY.

- 11th - 13th : Long weekend camp in the Drakensberg. Watch this magazine for further details.
- 19th July : Hike to Wayonda with Mike Wigley leading. No river crossing. MEMBERS: 45c.
VISITORS: 70c

A.E. Meeting place for all hikes: Market Place at 8.30a.m.

2.

THE ENTERTAINMENTS COMMITTEE ARE

HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE A

CHEESE AND WINE PARTY.

at

CASTLEDEN'S BISTRO

on

SATURDAY

6th JUNE 1964.

8 p.m.

at an all inclusive charge of
50c per head.

Please meet outside Barclay's Bank cnr.
Smith & Field Str., Durban at 7.15 p.m.
from where the convoy will depart to
meet again at the National Stores,
Westville shopping centre at 7.45 p.m.
From here the next stop is the Bistrc.

N.B. Please bring your own glasses.
Another N.B. The catering has been
stepped up, and we are now able to
cater for any number.

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EIN BAVARIAN NACHT. 2/5/64.

Wir, ein hundert und drei, sagen, "Danke Vielmals Herr Baron und familie fur Ihre gastfreundlichkeit". Our hearty thanks also to the Entertainments Committee and to the drivers. Call me next hike and I'll have your tea and coffee brought to you.

We rendezvoused at 18.45 hours, synchronised watches and scrambled.

The objective was the baronial mansion of the notorious von Kasteeldons. There was only one way in. Through a furious barrage we charged. Soon it was a callous hand to hand combat and then it was all over. Not even the powerful forces of the Baron could repel us. 103 we were. At least half of us were sturdy D.R.'s. Of course the raid was successful. And how!

With the operation accomplished we assembled under gaily coloured lights by the side of a decorative fire to examine the "booty". The liquid part. We found it good. It disappeared fast and re-vitalized us after the gruelling fight. Refreshed we started making merry. We laughed and drank and wiggled our hips partly conventionally and partly twist fashion.

Now came the more solid booty. The victory feast of Knapwurst, sauerkraut and rye bread. Mmmm! More liquid booty and then on with the wip-higgling - I mean hip-wiggling. Not for long though, or, if we did it became progressively more dreamy. It was one of those times when, for the young at heart, time seems to stand still.

Time didn't stand still though. Suddenly our Director of Operations, affectionally known as Scotty, switched on the light and ordered us to hold each other tight because the withdrawal was set for fifteen minutes time. Now plans are being considered for our next operation.

Watch out home-owners! We're coming! It may be your home next.

"21".

MATHEMATICS.

Proposition 1 (Axiom)

Reqd. to prove: A Rambler is crazy.

- Given: A A Rambler is one who takes the longest distance between 2 points.)
B A hike is the longest distance between 2 points.
C The longest distance between 2 points is crazy.

∴ A = C (A Rambler is equal to a hike).
& B = C (A hike is equal to crazy).

∴ A=B=C

∴ A = C (A Rambler is crazy).

The following extracts from the Newsletter of the Durban and District Road Safety Association are very revealing and worth repeating:

"SAVED TIME?"

If a car is driven at 65 m.p.h. on the open road where a safe speed would be 60 m.p.h. only 4 minutes will be saved on a 50 mile trip. Drive at 35 m.p.h. where the safe speed would be 30 m.p.h. and in one mile the time saved is no more than 17 seconds. Following other cars too closely, passing without waiting until risk is absent, weaving in among the traffic, and beating the robot will all only save you fractions of a second, and the time saved over a short distance will be negligible."

One hen-pecked husband to another:

GIBBS: "My wife always has the last word".
GREEN: "You're lucky. Mine never gets to it".

KAY KLOOF. 26.4.64.

Now and again the Creator deems it expedient that we have poor weather for a hike in order that we appreciate fine weather more. Today, perhaps, He was in two minds, but luckily decided in our favour, and it really was quite pleasant.

Forty of us left Pinetown after fuelling up, and soon arrived at Moonsammy's store which is out there somewhere, and disembarked. Most of us looked as though we hadn't gone dancing the previous evening, but appearances can be deceptive as we were soon to see. Without much ado we descended through mielie fields to the streams we crossed in the valley. After a short rest we started up the opposite side. Not far along a stroppy goat tried to dissuade us from continuing further, Cheeky Thing!, by strolling up to Mike Woods, our leader, and making its wishes known. After receiving an unsatisfactory reply it was a little more forceful with Donald Macdonald and was almost successful, it seemed at first in changing Donald's plans. Fortunately for Donald and Mike it was a he or a she without "six-guns".

From where we bade this goat a fond farewell the gradient became almost steep enough to separate the health-lovers from the night-owls. Near the top we stopped to watch the anguished faces of the rear-guard ascend jerkily, and to admire the view. When the tail-enders had recovered sufficiently we reached the top and carried on to the Kloof passing a waterfall on the way. Soon after we arrived Lindy, Garry, Chris and wives joined us, and made the scene seem more familiar. Don, Lindy and Co. set to, to very kindly provide us with a brew of tea and coffee, so necessary for revive-ication. After "dejeuner" our thoughts turned to lighter things. No, Not those kind of things. The kind of things in question were things like hiding Doris' rucksack up in a tree, the same tree that Mike wiggleyed up so that he could try to fall on Kargaret and the others. Garry decided that it might make a welcome change to look feminine, and had us all doubled up in mirth. F.T.C.

KAY KLOOF. Cont.

After a second brew and a spot of exploration around the vicinity we packed up to leave. Plenty of 'amo' was kept by the wise for another round in the exciting Orange Peel Tournament. A game which requires the skill and concentration of even the best of us. After many ups and downs, and of course))) there were more ups than downs, worse luck, we converged on our faithful metal steed. Soon we were bumping merrily along homeward in the cool autumn breeze to the sound of that enchanting melody "Missed, Gotcha, Cuch! !" "21"

BLACK ROCK HIKE. 10/5/64.

I am standing in the Market Place one morning indulging in my favourite occupation of talking to some dolls when all at once a truck arrives and these dolls, together with some guys who are also present, commence climbing into this truck. Having nothing better to do on a Sunday morning at half-past eight I climb into the truck figuring that a free meal might not be hard to gather where such a large body of citizens is gathered together. This truck gets kind of full, especially after a short stop at a little place called Pinetown, where the prospects become decidedly good as everyone comes out of the shop carrying chocolate biscuits and other such good things to eat.)))

Back on the truck things are becoming 'sardiney', especially as several more characters force their way on wearing boots that are large, and being rather large themselves. The truck does not give a highly cushioned ride either, and what with puzzling over where we are going, and being shaken up like a bag of bones it is a relief to mind and body when the truck stops and we all climb off. To my amazement it appears that a walk is proposed, a thing I thought young ladies' anatomies were incapable of. But walk they do.

What with the sun being rather warm, and not having had so much exercise since the cops chased us after ... well that's another story.... it is quite a relief to me when the road commences to go in the direction of down until we reach a river. Then it is amazing to behold these guys and dolls taking off their shoes and walking across the river. As there seems no hope of sustenance on the wrong side of the river, and I cannot persuade anyone to carry me across I am forced to do likewise, and very strange it is to feel the sand between my toes. A little further along everybody sits down and proceeds to start eating so I wander here and there collecting a sandwich or two and a cup of coffee in the process. While I am so engaged some folks start to swim in this river, and seem to enjoy it greatly, but I can see no fun in it as the swimming seems to consist mainly of allowing the river to wash you into heavy contact with some large boulders. Certain other characters start playing a game, and seeing the prospect of some action I try to start a book on this game. But it seems that a guy by the name of Big Mike is a certainty to win this game, especially as it is his knife they are using, and I can raise no interest, not even in side-bets. Eventually this Big Mike wins so many times that certain parties, especially one Garry, are heard to utter loud beefs, and leave pretending to catch fish.

Then we leave this spot and proceed on our way, leaving Garry still pretending to catch fish. Our progress is impeded somewhat by a local yokel who has chosen this day to carry his bed along the narrow path along which we are also making our way. Finally we recross the river, and turn up a path that takes us up a long hill. I knew there was a catch in it somewhere. It is still rather warm and dusty when we finally reach the top. There frustration greets us as the local tavern is not yet open. I ruined a perfectly good set of nails scratching on the door, which finally opened to dispense the cooling liquors so sorely needed. Then its back to the crush on the truck.

If there was room for sixty-six on the way out there is not nearly enough now. The condition is worsened by Garry and his can of fish. P.T.O.

Thus the sun affects us all in one way or another. The problem of space is soon alleviated if not solved by the time honoured custom of "doubling up". Hooray for time honoured customs. Then we set off home in a cloud of dust with an abortive orange peel battle beginning.

'PIKKE'

ANNUAL AMBLE, 1964.

The Amble this year is to be held on the 26th of July at the Crestholme Circuit in Hill-Crest, where it was held for a number of years before 1960. Many Ramblers who have taken part in the Amble recently expressed the opinion that they would welcome a change of route, and those who remembered Crestholme were in favour of reverting back to this area. The route here is not tarred and is therefore not so hard on your feet. For the men it is 3 times around the circuit, and for the girls twice. As the date set is now only 2 months away it is time to consider entering, and begin getting fit. For those who are new to the Club the Amble is our yearly walking race for members. The distance for the men's race is 15 miles, and for the ladies' race 10 miles. Last year Ivan Wirtz was the first man home in the excellent time of 2 hours 22 mins. Viv Parmenter was 2nd, and Mike Wigley 3rd. In the ladies' race two Maritzburg Ramblers came 1st and 2nd and Jeanette Englobrecht was 3rd, so lets see if the Durban girls can improve on that this year.

 What is the world coming to?

A teenage boy rushed excitedly into a shop recently. "Father is being chased by a bull" he panted breathlessly.
 "What can I do about it?" asked the shopkeeper wringing his hands helplessly.
 "Put a new roll of film in my camera, of course", replied the youngster.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION.

There is very little to report from the Photographic section this month, as unfortunately Frank Morris was prevented by sickness from giving us a talk on photographic work. Nevertheless a very pleasant meeting was held at Margaret Moore's home on the 20th of May. The subject of the competition was 'Flowers, Parks and Gardens' and there were a good number of entries. The flowers and trees had everyone guessing madly for Botanical names. Luckily there is usually someone who can come up with the answer.

The competition was won by Heather Odgers with a beautiful slide of the daffodils in full bloom at Mitchell Park - 63. This only goes to show that there is ample subject matter for winning pictures in our own city, and there is a wealth of beauty and variety in our own parks. When searching for subjects for competition slides one has to look for beauty and originality in even the most familiar things, which have perhaps become so familiar to us that their picturesque qualities are lost on us. Second and third places went to Joan Smith a relative newcomer among us. Congratulations Joan, we look forward to seeing many more of your slides.

'SHUTTER-BUG'.

 EDITRESS' POSTBAG.

Durban.
 May, 1964.

Dear Editress,

Carryl Chessman's article in the last issue was not so hot, and yet I read in the Editorial that he is to receive a free hike for it.

I feel that many of our members new and old, can do much better than that if they if they compete to see whose articles are printed. With some competition the same high standard as shown in the Newsletter in 1956 for instance could be reached.

If you could reprint articles, etc. of a high standard to show what is required, it would surely be a help. Watching National class sport leads to better club sport, as we all know. Anyway here's hoping that more people will give it a go.

"21".

In response to "21's" letter I have decided to start a column entitled "For Those Who Don't Remember" consisting of articles etc. of a high standard from our old editions of 'The Durban Rambler', and also of course that old favourite 'Uncle Kae's Column'.

Ladies and gentlemen, here is the first.

'Uncle Kae's Column'. April, 1956.
Ed.

Dear Uncle Kae,
The girls still refuse to sit next to me on the lorry. I followed your advice and changed my socks, but to no avail. What should I do now?

"Distressed" of Congella.

Dear "Distressed",
Next hike you had better remove your old socks from your pocket and leave them at home.

Yours,
Uncle Kae.

May, 1956.

THE BALLAD OF O'CONNORS.

They set out to O'Connors,
It lies Shongweni way,
The sun so warm from blue skies shone,
It was a perfect day.
Mamaam was astonished,
He gaped and rolled his eyes
As scores and scores of Ramblers
Swarmed about like flies.
The first stop was at Naidoo's,
On the old Pinetown Road.
They flocked into the milkbar
Until it overflowed.
Then leaving the main highway
They bumped o'er roads of dirt,
Where overhanging branches
Swiped those who weren't alert.

P.T.C

Mick Thomas was the leader,
 He'd never led before,
 They followed, ever trusting
 The ramblers, eighty-four.
 Passing near the waterfall
 Where Chongweni River flows,
 They felt full strength the
 content

) That every Rambler knows.
 Some hiked along the highway,
 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 that it was time
 To visit Pat O'Connor
 and test his home-made wine.
 The castle-owner welcomed
 them,

he was so glad they'd come.
 He filled up all their
 biking 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 on the
 * battlements,
 * The final pitch was "G".
 * They reached the top and
 * felt the pain,
 * Of elbow bruised and knee.
 * Soon the clock caught up
 * with them,
 * They found it time to go.
 * They struggled upwards
 * up the hill,
 * Their progress hot and
 * slow.
 * There was a certain
 * element,
 * A few with all the luck,
 * who flouted all the
 * Rambler's laws
 * By riding on a truck.
 * Those who slogged along
 * on foot,
 * Shouted "That's not just".
 * They would have moaned
 * a great deal more
 * But they were smothered
 * up 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 with feet,
 * And ramblers ever hard up
 * Managed to make ends meet.
 * They travelled in dis-
 * comfort,
 * But still were sorry, when
 * The lorry stopped in
 * Durban
 * and they had to part again
 * *****

RAMBLER'S RADIO.

Charles Smeda has just recently returned from a business cum pleasure trip around the world, and has a wonderful fund of information on all the places he visited. I sha'nt welcome Charles back yet however as I believe that he is off on his travels once again in the near future. Bon Voyage, Charles.

While he was in London Charles met Mike Castleden, who is staying at the Victoria League Student's Hostel, 55 Leinster Square, London, W2. Mike mentioned that the Ramblers' Club is one of the things that he misses most in London, and that if any Ramblers are going overseas he would be very glad to see them. I thought you might be interested to hear that the Ramblers in England are not averse to hiking in suits and the works. Here I must add though that the English countryside is more suited to this mode of attire than the South African veld. Apparently Mike had a marvellous trip over on an OVC charter ship, and he won a rock hairdressing competition on board, although he says that he does'nt think any girl would have appreciated his efforts. He is working in London, and over the Easter holidays he and some friends hired a car, and had a very interesting trip to Wales. The weather was wonderful, and as a result in Snowdonia they had some wonderful views of the mountains and lakes, where there were still pockets of snow lying in certain spots. They had their fair share of castles, seeing those at Harlech, Caernarvan and Conway, and of course they made a point of visiting the village with the longest name 'L-----'. Please don't ask me to spell it for you.

I should be very glad to hear of any more interesting trips you make, Mike, as we are all always interested in news of Ramblers in exile across the sea.

Ed.

RAMBLERS' RADIC. Cont.

Our congratulations this month to Claude and Terry Ambler on the birth of a baby daughter, Louise. I believe that the Amblers also welcomed a record litter of puppies recently. Now I suppose the pups will have their noses put out of joint.

Those of you who remember Blossom (Graham) Bayman, will be interested to hear that he is now the proud father of a son born in Cape Town.

Jill Launder (nee Craig) is another ex-Rambler who has joined the ranks of parenthood, and has a daughter born this month.

SOCIAL NEWS.

For the first time in many years we are proud to announce an attendance in excess of 100 at any Club event. This we managed to achieve at the recent Bavarian Nacht.

Those who attended have all been unanimous in the opinion that a thoroughly enjoyable evening was had, and despite frantic rushing around for more sausages and beer at the last moment, and despite the low charge of 50c per head, it appears there was eventually more than enough for everyone evidenced by left overs at the end of the evening.

CAMP NEWS.

Here is some good news of a camp in July. This camp will be held over the long weekend the 11th-13th July, and in all probability will be at the Royal Natal National Park. The Drakensberg is a marvellous area in winter as the days are gloriously sunny and warm while the early mornings and evenings are crisp and cold. You will be given all details of the camp at a later date, but don't forget to keep this weekend free for another carefree spell in the mountains.

