

DURBAN  
RAMBLERS

CLUB

MARCH  
1967



East of the South

EMPTER<sup>®</sup> CAMP

YOUTH RANGERS

TRIP RECORD

DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB

CHAIRMAN: Bob Ferns      SECRETARY: Mary Gatenby  
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TREASURER: Mike Castleden      EDITOR: Dick Usher  
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MARCH 1967

- Sunday 5th      Umlans Falls Hike with Robbie Booker leading. The lorry leaves the market place at 8.30 a.m.  
Members 50c, Visitors 55c.
- Saturday 11th      Open-air party. See forward for details
- Tuesday 14th      Executive Committee Meeting at Margaret Moore's home, 37 Venice Road, Durban, at 8.30 p.m.
- Wednesday 15th      Photographic Meeting at Glen Wessels home, Ronalds Road, Kloof, at 8.00 p.m.  
The subject is Animals, birds, goggas and noonoos.
- Sunday 19th      Hike to Mwabis Summit with Lindy leading. The lorry leaves the market place at 8.30 a.m.  
Members 45c, Visitors 50c.
- Friday 24th      Easter Camp at Giants Castle. See forward for details.
- Monday 27th

MACPHERSONS CASCADES by JEAN

Although the day dawned cloudy there was already a small group waiting at the market place when I arrived. We picked up quite a few people on the way to Pinetown, where the final bunch joined us, complete with little edible extras for lunch.

There were many new faces to me which shows up my slackness quite a bit, but it is a very good sign in the club. The ride out to Hillcrest was very cheerful with everyone chattering away and it seemed no time at all before we were bumping along the farm road ducking our heads under the low-lying branches that swept the truck.

Two little girls in jodphurs greeted us briefly, then hurried off to feed their horses. Rosemary asked about a ride and was promised one if we arrived back in time.

Bob set off through the undulating hills with the chattering crowd in hot pursuit. This is lovely country with stretches of sugar cane for cover on our right, but not many trees. We wound down to a dry river bed and soon came upon what was once a small waterfall about ten feet high. Like a body of explorers we spread out and found our various ways up. Someone had very thoughtfully brought a thin rope which he dropped over the edge for use as a handrail. This was my route up but many scrambled up like airy fairies.

From here Bob took a large circle almost back to the river before off and down to the river where we beheld it boiling its muddy way through a narrow slipway and over the cascades. The broad flat rocks were very pleasant to sit on, and a brew was soon underway. Although it was early we were all hungry and quite ready for lunch. Cool

water is very invigorating and Roger, Mac, Iags and others were soon to be seen in costumes trying to wade across the river which was deeper than usual. Out came our friend with the rope much to Mac's delight. He waded across several times in different places just to see how deep it was while two gallants held the rope at each end. Others soon joined him in the business of rolling boulders under water down the small gorge. What a lovely sound they made.

Meanwhile Mac and Roger gathered their little band to climb the Arantz opposite us - hence the river crossing - then walked a long way round to the bridge in order not to wade again.

Bill and a little group of us were having a very interesting discussion about water speed records, walking in space and other topics by the water's edge where a small puddle had a lot of marine life in it, and one of the girls from the library told us about her trip to America as a student.

All too soon we had to start back. We raced each other across the hillside still chattering. The road back to the farm seemed longer than in the morning but a different route back is always welcome. The two farm girls, who proved to be cousins were still there when we returned, but seemed to have forgotten their promise of a ride to Rosemary.

Was I dreamin, or was Delinda Lee's lion cub based there during the making of a South African film years ago?

Feeling contented and a bit tired we were soon ducking our heads under the sweeping branches again before settling down to some singing on the way home.

WHERE Hillside Farm, which is within and at Northern end of Giants Castle Game Reserve, situated in beautiful hilly country with plenty of walks and swimming pools. ))

DEPART Market Place, Warwick Ave, 8.00pm. Thursday, 23rd March.

RETURN Monday evening, approximately 6.00pm.

BRING Sleeping bag or blankets  
Groundsheet  
Raincoat  
Boots or walking shoes  
Eating utensils  
Bathing costume  
Warm clothing  
anything else you wish, BUT,  
no radios.

COST 10 paid-up members £7.00  
Visitors & non paid-up members £8.00  
Camp fees to:- ))  
A.M. Road  
9 Chelmsford Mansions  
Chelmsford Road  
Durban.

Camp fees cover cost of food, transport by bus and tented accommodation.

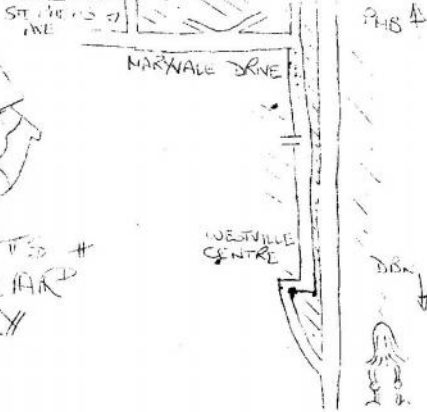
# OP-ART PARTY

SATURDAY 11th MARCH  
3 KEW AVENUE  
WESTVILLE.



FOR TRANSPORT RING -  
NEIL DELLERMAN 43240  
OR MEL  
BARRETT'S BANK  
1/2 SMITH + FIELD ST  
7-45pm

## HOW TO GET THERE



MINI-DRAWERS +  
GEAR-GEAR  
ONLY

Complaints have been received recently from the professional scroungers in the club that the standard of lunch brought out on hikes has been slowly but steadily dropping.

As these gentlemen depend on what they can fiddle from others every second Sunday to keep them going for a fortnight might I suggest that we all make an effort to satisfy them. ))

a suggested menu would be:-  
 Cold chicken (or turkey)  
 Fillet steak grilled in aluminium foil  
 Salad packed in Tupperware containers  
 Fresh fruit (tinned if no fresh available)  
 homany crapes  
 all the sweets you can cram down the side pockets of your rucksack.

~~~~~

Specially for P.E.G., Mr. Chairman, and others.

Sweet young thing enthusing to friend about her new German car.

"They're the duckiest little things. When they die they put all four feet in the air just like dogs."

~~~~~

We hear that a woman chemist has succeeded in changing the colour of her husband's eyes. He shouldn't have come home so late.

~~~~~

In the good old days the bloke who saved money was a miser. Nowadays he's a wonder.

~~~~~

CLICKERS CORNER by "SHUTTLEBOG"

What a hot night it turned out to be for the February Photographic Meeting held in Durban at Margaret Moore's home on Wednesday, the 15th. With the attendance figure at 30 this sent the room temperature soaring too.

The evening's competition drew a record entry of slides. The subject was "General" and Bob Ferns, Mary Gatenby, Charles Smeda and Harry Tripe had the unenviable task of judging this large number. Their placings were:-

- |   |       |
|---|-------|
| 1. Neil Cellermann:                               |       |
| "Wetterhorn district of Austria"                  | 62.75 |
| 2. Neil Cellermann:                               |       |
| "Bird's eye-view from top of<br>the Eiffel Tower" | 62.50 |
| 3. Margaret Moore:                                |       |
| "Hex River Mountains near<br>De Oors"             | 61.25 |

It was encouraging to have four new competitors - Neil Cellermann, Audrey Ralph, and Don and Paddy Young had never before competed in the Club's photographic competitions and all their slides were well marked. Neil in particular, is to be heartily congratulated on walking off with the 1st and 2nd placings on the night's results. It is to be hoped that we shall see Audrey, Neil and the Youngs regularly competing in the monthly competitions in future.

Mary Gatenby was the only entrant in the Black and White Section, and Bob, Charles and Harry marked her two photographs as follows:-

- |                 |    |
|-----------------|----|
| 1. Machine      | 75 |
| 2. Architecture | 68 |



Somewhat we all negotiated this stretch without serious mishap although one fair lass did find it easier to do minus her shoes.

After this spot of hilarity it was all quite serious as we plodded up a series of seemingly never-ending hills under a curtain of heavy clouds which seemed intent on deluging us with rain whenever we divested ourselves of our protective clothing.

Finally we passed the objective of our hike, Alverstone Radio mast, ending up on the edge of the steep hillside overlooking the national road. From here we proceeded down the hill to our lunch spot, where, after selecting suitable spots in the long wet grass we settled down to refresh ourselves.

Unfortunately the flies also chose this spot as the ideal place to have lunch, and anguished cries rent the air as rambler after rambler had his or her food borne off by squadrons of small black raiders.

Such was the frustration of certain members of the mob at being deprived of their nutrients that they were forced by some insane urge to run around throwing loads of girls into the decidedly uninviting looking river.

Just as we were about to leave the lunch spot the sun struggled its way through the clouds to warm us on our painful way up the steep hill that our leader had selected for our discomfiture (long word meaning gruesome torture)

And so we bashed our merry way onwards. The sun disappeared after a too brief appearance, but luckily this did not herald the arrival of more rain, so we were able to arrive at the truck parked near Drummond Station in a reasonably dry and (for Ramblers), reasonably normal state. And then, through the gathering dusk we sped our way back to Durban.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 1967

The day of the A.G.M. dawned neither bright nor clear, which was probably why there was such a small turnout for the hike in the morning. Or was it that Glenn Wessels was to lead one of his famous hikes? Perhaps those who stayed away were the wise ones for when the meeting was due to start at 2.30 a mere handful of ramblers had gathered at the school hall in Leke Park. The others who had gone off on the hike were nowhere to be seen.

Nor were they seen until about half past three, when the meeting was finally able to get under way, amid a deathly hush that was later to degenerate into a deafening racket. Chairman Bob Verne opened the meeting. All proceeded very smoothly and as there were no contentious matters to be dealt with the meeting closed at about 4.30 with tea.

The following members were elected to hold office during the year 1967/68:-

Chairman	Bob Verne
Vice Chairman	Mike Castleden
Secretary	Mary Costenby
Treasurer	Mike Castleden
Camp Captain	Ton Friend
Entertainments Chairman	Neil Callermann
Chief Leader	Sandy Winchurst
Sub Leaders	Mac Hand
	Abbie Hooker
Editor	Nick Tolar
Photographic Chairman	Margaret Moore
Ordinary Members	Lymock Parr
	Marlene Robus
	Mike Wills
	Andrew Ralph

## Sub-committees:-

Editorial Committee	Mike Wigley Marion Boaden Tina Herbert Mary Gatenby
Camp Committee	Mac Hand Bob Ferns Laurence Piat Rags Roberts Ineke Zaaijer
Entertainments Committee	Marlene Kobus Laurence Piat Ton Vriend Ineke Zaaijer Mike Castleden Philip Gatenby

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EDITORIAL by ME

Well, its all your own fault, as my mother used to say to me. If you had all turned up to the A.G.M. you could have elected someone else to edit this monthly thing, but as it happened you are stranded with me. Terribly hard luck and all that, but thats the way the grapefruit squirts.

If you are male stop reading at this point.

Girls, have you noticed the large number of highly eligible bachelors floating round on hikes recently? I realise that this is a rather pleasant state of affairs as far as you are concerned, but why be greedy. Bring some of your friends out and let them try their luck.

If you are a female stop reading right now.

Fellow felons, have you noticed all the gorgeous crumpet wandering around on hikes lately? Of course you have. Well, why try to keep it all to yourselves? Haven't you a friend who might be interested in a little company? Do him a favour, wake him up at half past seven on a Sunday morning and invite him to come hiking. You never know, he might be mad enough to come.

If you read either of the sections not addressed to you please submit your cheque for NLC to the editor immediately. The poor bloke needs it desperately.

Seriously though. We need all the support on hikes and at socials that we can get, and your friends are the people who can make our club their club.

My social spy has been on the ball this month, but despite this has only managed to come up with one or two items of news.

Our congratulations go to Heather and Peter Odgers on the birth of a daughter - Cathryn Louise.

also to Lilla and Brian Joyce on the Birth of a son - Richard.

~~Our sincere sympathies are extended to Peter and Arthur on the death of their father.~~

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Make a date for 1982 for the fiftieth anniversary.

