

CAMP CIRCULAR.

CHECK YOUR ESSENTIAL EQUIPMENT HERE:

- 1 Ground Sheet
- 3 Blankets
- 1 Pillow
- 2 Plates
- Knife, fork, spoon.
- 1 Mackintosh
- 2 Warm Jerseys.
- 1 Windbreaker
- Shorts, Slacks
- Shirts, Blouses
- Bathing suit, towel

- etc., etc., etc.

Tents, food and cooking utensils are provided by the Camp Committee.

BE AT: City Market Parking Area, Warwick Avenue, from whence the lorries will be leaving at 8.0 p.m. on WEDNESDAY 29TH MAY, 1957.

MEET: Our Camp Captain - Bob Ferns.

DESTINATION: L O T E N I - ten miles other side our Easter Camping site - in the Berg area. Also in Game Reserve.

RETURNING: Tired and grubby, but very happy, on Sunday afternoon, 2nd June.

THIS FORM MUST BE RETURNED TO THE TREASURER NOT LATER THAN SUNDAY 19TH MAY, 1957.

Mr. Mervyn Campion,
Hon. Treasurer,
Durban Ramblers Club,
P.O. Box 1063,
DURBAN.

Dear Mervyn,

I shall be attending the Loteni Camp to be held from 29th May to 2nd June, 1957, and I am enclosing *£_____ to cover expenses for myself and _____ friends.

Yours faithfully,

Please Sign.

* The cost per member will be £3.0.0. Visitors £3.10.0.

NB Members who have not paid their Annual Subscriptions will be charged as per visitors.

THE DURBAN RAMBLERS' CLUB.

OFFICE BEARERS FOR 1957.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

CHAIRMAN: Dymock Parr.
VICE-CHAIRMAN: Frank Woodward.
SECRETARY: Shirley Louw.
TREASURER: Mervyn Campion.
CAMP CAPTAIN: Bob Ferns.
ENTERTAINMENTS
CHAIRMAN: Harry Thorsen.
LEADERS:
Chief: Lindie Lindhorst.
Sub-Leaders: Robin Philp.
Garry Rabie.
4 ORDINARY
MEMBERS: Rae Adams.
Margaret Moore.
Dudley Saville.
Meri Vaughan.

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CAMP COMMITTEE:

Bob Ferns (Captain).
Claude Ambler. Ernest Clayton.
Robin Dolton. Lindie Lindhorst.
Margaret Moore. John Scott.

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ENTERTAINMENTS COMMITTEE:

Harry Thorsen (Chairman).
Jean Jamieson. Sydneen Lambert.
Dawn Leibbrandt. Dudley Saville.
Denise Sherwood. Des Teague.

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EDITOR: Harry Thorsen.

T H E D U R B A N R A M B L E R .

APRIL, 1957.
VOL. 3, No. 4.

EDITOR: HARRY THORSEN.
PHONE: 20843 (Day).

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EDITORIAL:

The Moaner has something to say here. The picnic spot at Zama was very badly littered after the last hike there. It's just as easy to burn your rubbish as to leave it lying around. All members to write out a hundred times: "I must not litter" and report to the Chairman on the next hike for further punishment.

HEAT DETERS INZINYATI HIKERS.
Harry Thorsen.

Chief leader, Lindie slashed a few miles from the scheduled route to Inzinyati Falls via Crocodile Valley today. Reason, the sun hit the Inanda district like a blast furnace, and a long hike would have been rather unpleasant. Besides, the Ramblers were exhausted after a 31 day March.

About 80 high-spirited Ramblers and visitors, travelled the Manaram way up the North Coast, bumping over bad roads. Just as well the "tip lorry" wasn't used.

"Nobody moaned about an easy hike as we bashed along motor roads and well graded paths", reports our correspondent. We soon arrived at the head of the gorge, where a private car party joined us. One of them had a portable radio, so we hiked to music. There was the inevitable bit of jungle bashing, but kid-stuff compared with the Nongwane and Boulder Pool routes. It

was a fairly easy path with rocky staircases instead of slippery mud.

We arrived at the picnic spot in time for a D and W (dip and waffle) before lunch. We outspanned on a shelf of clean sand with swimming pool and change rooms near by. With the mercury high up, swimming was the most popular recreation. The water was only waist deep and nobody got into difficulties, so the Lifesavers Club had a disappointing day.

After lunch a riot and civil commotion broke out and soon every mule had got his Wht! (bathing costume) wet. It started when somebody spilt a mug of water over somebody else - resulting in a spectacular chain reaction. An early casualty was Billy (of course) whose clothes went drifting downstream. Mad as a sanke he attacked everybody, using heavy artillery (the Club's billy cans). Garry introduced his pet crab to the girls, but they did not like it - they screamed like Springbok Radio Victims. Quote a nipper he was.

Dudley, Bob Ferns, Blossom and our visitor Alan, had their costumes padded with sand - victims of the dreaded "conferences". The idea of treating Alan was to make him feel "one of the boys" and he took it like "one of the boys" I'm glad to report.

With energy to spare the boys organised a game of aquatic "bok-bok". Dymock waded in with his movie-camera to record the scene as the pack collapsed under Scotty. As any Irishman would say: "Shure, we had a wonderful foight".

The heat-wave had slackened off by the time we left and the hike back to the lorries was really enjoyable. In fact it could have been much longer (I hope I'm not chucked in the river for saying that).

We reached the trucks in good time, and trundled happily back to Durban where there are two kinds of pedestrians, the quick and the dead.

CONFIDENTIAL TO MEMBERS ONLY.

It's here. The greatest food discovery since the Ferns Brothers produced their Explosive Baked Beans. It's Sludge. Spelt S-L-UDGE. Formula evolved by a team of Gourmets on a recent Berg Trip, tried and approved in the heart of the Drakensberg. Here it is.

Ingredients: 1 Pkt. Cream of Tomato Soup.
1 Pkt. Cream of Onion Soup
1 Tin Bully Beef.
1 Tin Dehydrated Vegetables.
2 Pinte river water.
1 Mug Marsala red wine.

Method: Mix ingredients in a rusty billy. Boil over a fast Primus flame, in the dark, kicking the billy over at frequent intervals. Slosh liberally when serving. Serve for dinner or breakfast, dispensing with all table manners. Be sure to leave a sample in the billy for chemical analysis at the inquest.

UNCLE RAE'S COLUMN.

Dear Uncle Rae,

What does "Mal-der-Mier" mean?

Yours, etc.,

Claude.

Dear Claude,

It's French for "you can't take it with you".

Yours, etc.,

Uncle Rae.

SOCIAL NEWS.

CONGRATULATIONS to Jean Jamieson, who is to become Mrs. Avent and to Colin.

FAREWELL to Gordon Payne who is going to settle in Rhodesia. Will miss your songs, Gordon, but will always remember your outings with the Ramblers.

THE HIKE TO ZAMA FALLS.
Dennis Rachmann.

Two comfortably filled lorries left the Market Place on Sunday 14th April for Wyebank via Pinetown. Many new faces were noticed and we hope they will often be seen again.

The "tea-brewers" were organised and we left the lorries to hike across the veld to the lip of the gorge. Memories of the climb from Boulder Pool flooded back as we gazed into the valley below. Kloof Tower appeared quite close directly opposite us. Country distances are elastic as we all have known at various times, and this was no exception. Climbing down to the river proved to be quite interesting, some losing footholds more than five times (they were at sixes and sevens) and sitting down a little faster than graceful.

At the river Micky rashly bet that a rock couldn't be scaled but was proved wrong. Brian received a leg up by Frank in a handsome manner but others made it under their own steam. Although a delightful resting place it was not our destination so we shouldered our packs and climbed the other face of the gorge. Gary, leading, found that the obvious way is not always the recognised way but after climbing straight up over pitfalls and traps set for the unwary we found ourselves on the shoulder of the hill. Here we regathered ourselves and viewed our surroundings. On our left lay Zama Falls and on our right Boulder Pool and further up Bottleneck Falls, whilst directly behind and above us loomed Kloof Tower.

A few hardy souls preferred climbing over the tower, the majority preferred going round the base to the river and then proceeding upstream to the Falls. So the two groups parted in the words of the old Scotch song,

"They'll tak' the Hi' road
And we'll tak' the low road
And we'll be at Zama
Before them".

The last climb to the lunch spot made this position all the more welcome. Of the falls themselves the water sliding over a smooth wide ledge fell like a lace curtain into the pool below. The adventurous tried swimming and rejoiced at being out and dry again, so they could warm up.

Gary found a smoking crab. This promised to be a piece of outstanding naturalist news until it was pointed out that the crab might be cancer. Even so this crab only smoked "cork tips" - no plain crab, this. Before finally releasing this pet Gary found this a cuddlesome crab which delighted in embracing a finger with a powerful pincer movement.

Dudley enlivened proceedings by introducing a small squirming eel among the lazy hikers. All hope of sleep was out when the eel landed and squeals rent the silence. With Easter camp only a few days away much of the conversation centred on reminiscences of earlier camps.

About 3.30 we set off to return to the lorries. We hiked back along the path to the earlier resting spot below Kloof Tower and then on down the zig-zag path crossing the river much lower down its course. The path once over the river, became fairly broad (about 4 foot wide) and bordered by high vegetation. On turning a corner we began to climb the well-known Banana Road.

Just when even the will to carry on was about to fade away we reached the top. Walking along the road thereafter to the tearoom on the hill was easily accomplished.

Eventually we settled in our places on the trucks and apart from a small technical 'itch returned merrily chorussing to the Market Place.

