

DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB



MAY 1961



THE DURBAN RAMBLERS' CLUB.

CHAIRMAN: Mickie McConnell
Phone: 833691 (home)

TREASURER: Jack Tankard
Home Phone: 48677

SECRETARY: Elizabeth Downie
Home Ph.: 56096. (home)

P. O. Box 1063.

X * X * X * X

MAY 1961 - Fixture List.

- TUESDAY: 9/5 Executive Committee Meeting at Gary Rabie's flat. 2 Parkway, entrance down the side in McArthur Street. Meeting commences at 8.00 sharp.
- SUNDAY: 14/5 Surprise! Surprise! No official hike today, but a camp at Eston is planned. Turn to page 5 for all details.
- WEDNESDAY: 17/5 Photographic Meeting to be held at Sylvia and Peter Roffes house, 7 Dashwood Place, Pinetown. Bring any slides you like - the subject is 'OPEN'. Meeting starts at 8.00.
- SUNDAY: 28/5 Hike to Glenview. This is a native reserve and Lindy will be leading. Bring Costumes and remember that the lorries will be going via the North Coast road. Meet at the Market Square at 8.30 sharp.

MEMBERS: 45c
VISITORS: 70c

GIANT'S CASTLE.

As it was decided to use only one lorry this year, more than half our number went up to Giant's Castle by car. We arrived at the game-warden's house at some unearthly hour of the night. My heart was still in my mouth for hours after a rather narrow escape around a treacherous corner. After a few hours of everyone explaining - plus violent gesticulation - just how they had negotiated that particular bend or this bumpy stretch, we all bedded down under the stars. I managed to pick the most uncomfortable place in the district, I think, and wriggled around for hours before dozing off. We were all dreaming peacefully when we were rudely awakened by a few more car-loads of noisy people. I awoke in the morning to see the beautiful dawn in an amphitheatre of brilliantly green hills.

It wasn't long before the lorry arrived, and we all 'hied us down' to the camp-site and set about pitching tents, carrying boxes and generally getting in each others way. The mist started rolling in from the hills as we finished, and before long the rain poured down. Luvely camping weather!! We moped around cursing the mist, the steady drizzle and the mud, until our Camp-Captain started a casino (it was really only bridge) in one of the tents. Lindy and various other kindred souls set off for a wet walk - or rather, slide - down the muddy road. Gary maintained that he knew where there were bushmen - paintings - at this a few distrustful ones turned back - and after some beating around the bush we found them. We arrived back at camp to enjoy a hot supper of curry and so-called rice!! (or was it putu?)

Saturday dawned fine and clear and we hung our soggy clothes out to dry. Breakfast was almost through when we welcomed Denis and Robin, and our indestructable Ianglois!! In his usual bungling way, Billy had managed to have a slight tussle with a sandy bank, in which his car had come off rather the worse for wear. Gary, Fred and Harry set off later in the morning to rescue the car and arrived back with Billy's latest toy attachment, a siren no less.

The majority of us lazed around all Saturday morning until lunch time, whilst the more energetic set off for a stroll up a very steep muscle-cracking hill opposite the camp-site. Isn't it lovely to watch other people toil up a steep incline whilst you rest in the shade?? We swam in the icy river in the late afternoon, and enjoyed watching those two clowns, Eric and Louis. After supper Billy decided to put Gary into orbit, and he was catapulted into space, with the aid of a kitchen-fable, and at the cost of one lantern. Unfortunately our space venture failed and we still have him with us - a frustrated Gargarin.

We were then all nobly entertained by Messrs. Rabie, Clark, Tripe and van der Spuy, to whom we extend our most grateful thanks. We also thank Rose for the delightful back-ground music. The evening was brought to a close with Biscuits and Hot Cocoa.

Sunday was also a lovely day. The clouds surrounding Giant's lifted and those who had not seen the mountain before were duly impressed. A number of would-be mountaineers set off to conquer the peak while the rest of us set off to see the Bushman paintings. Unfortunately we could not obtain a guide to see the best, and had to be content with what we did see. We then wandered along the river, through a beautiful little forest full of ferns. The shutterbugs in our midst were in their element. Lunch was followed by another swim in the river while the others lay about and scandeled (fearfully energetic lot, this!) Gary and Lee sneaked off to have a quite siesta in a tent (no remarks of 'Is that what they call it??' please), but were foiled by SOME unmannerly louts who let the tent down.

That evening we said goodbye to Louis, Gary, Joy and Amy who had to get back to Durban. The place was considerably quieter after Mr. Rabie had departed, Believe me.

We managed to get a guide to take us to the main paintings the next morning. They are in a fine state of preservation and were fascinating. By the time we got back to strike camp, most of the work had been done by a few stalwarts (thank Heavens) After the lorry had been loaded we were 'off an' awa'. We all bid farewell to Giant's Castle, regretfully and hope to return soon.

LIBER.

4
Camera Club.

A large crowd braved the elements on Wednesday night and invaded the home of Adele Schorn's parents, Mr and Mrs Chapman. Ron Smith the Chairman, resigned, as he has been transferred to Johannesburg, and Harry Tripe, not being there to defend himself was elected to the position.

Action was the subject and could not have been a popular choice as only ten slides were entered. Adele won with a very nice clear shot of Chris being propelled down the slide at Zoras Pool. Second was Mick McConnell with a slide of a 'plane flying over the Bluff. Poor Lindy!! He did put his foot in it, stating in a profound voice that the slide must have been taken from another 'plane. Oh! The remarks!! Suggestions as to how it had been taken ranged from the top of Fairhaven to a high-flying wheel-tarrow. (VW to you!) Order was eventually restored and general slides were on view.

Brian was lucky enough to have his slides of Easter Camp and they resulted in many nostalgic sighs. Joan Hume showed a cine of the McCuddles' wedding and those of us who had been unable to attend were delighted. Gloria certainly made a very lovely bride.

Joan also showed a cine of Easter Camp which brought forth roars of laughter and quite a bit of reminiscing. A reel of old hikes also caused a stir and brought to mind all the old faces - now gallivanting overseas, Ashly Hanbury, Ernie Newbery, Joan Paige; although all we saw of her were her legs stuck straight up in the air, with her two big toes tied together. What a lorry ride!!

Tea-time and everyone was quiet, except for various 'chomping and flurping' noises- all very subdued of course. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to Mrs Chapman and Chris and Adele for the use of the house and for the most enjoyable eats and tea provided.

FOCUS.



Two's
Company

))



"I'm Off
VW's..."

))



What's
Cooking?



Two
DEARS!!

ED'S CORNER.

Yet another Easter Camp has come and gone - and all I can say is 'Roll on Easter 1962.' A feature this year were the number of established members, not seen for many moons who joined us. Monty not only saved my fiery red nose from total destruction but kept us amused with some competently delivered tales - 'Young Albert in the Lion's Den' and 'William T'Heil' among them. Rosalie supplied the music and helped provide us with a very enjoyable evenings entertainment.

Andre Langlois, alias 'Billy the destroyer of VW's' was there complete with a most peculiar looking car. Mind you, what can he expect if he insists on hitting mud-banks, oxen and so on.

An unpleasant task now, and that is to bid farewell to Marge and Jon Smith. Two very able members of the Editorial Committee. They have been transferred to Johannesburg for an indefinite period. Au Revoir to both of you and we hope to have you with us in the not to distant future. Alles van die beste and do keep in touch.

THE ED.

X * X * X * X

ESTON WEEK - END 14/5/61

There will be no official hike this Sunday; instead private parties from within the Club will be spending the week - and on a farm in the Eston Area, and we can thank Marge Parr for this opportunity. A barn has been put at our disposal and fresh water is on tap. Campers can sleep either inside the barn or outside, depending on preference. The barn has a concrete floor so do bring li-los or something to prevent your hip bone from damaging the floor. Also - BRING YOUR OWN FOOD. No charges will be levied; so find your own transport and make the necessary arrangements with the driver yourself. If you are really stuck, phone JACK TANKARD (bus 29191 home 48677) and he will try and arrange something. He doesn't promise anything. This should be a jolly good outing and Lindy has promised to lead a hike on Sunday. DRIVERS - Contact Jack for Route directions. REMINDER: ALL PARTIES MUST BE SELF-CATERING.

HAMMARSDALE FALLS.

A pitifully small crowd gathered at the Market Square (the reason for this being apparent when we arrived at the Falls.- low lifers!); and instead of using lorries everyone piled into cars.

Arriving at Hammarsdale, we found the last part of the road had virtually disintegrated, and the cars took a bit of a pounding. A few of the smaller ones almost vanishing into the pot-holes.

Shouldering our packs we waded across the stream, and then descended the steep path to the bottom. To our surprise we found another dozen Ramblers reclining at ease on li-lo's, in all the best spots of course, and with their tents scattered about the sand like a miniature Easter Camp. These superior beings (ha ha!) greeted us disdainfully. The Falls were particularly lovely and the bods who had camped the night must have been grateful for their tents, as the spray was blown across the sand non-stop.

It was not long before Lindy had a brew going and in the soft spray or beastly damp (depending on how you felt) we ate our lunch. A number of old faces were out again and tongues were soon wagging - exchanging all the latest news. Afterwards a few of the more energetic ones went swimming, whilst across the stream Glen and Co cornered and annihilated a Vuzu-Manzi. Alas - the frog it had captured was dead.

Isla ensured her place in the hall of fame, by sticking her elbow through the pillow of Brian's li-lo; and they said it couldn't be done!! A couple of other geysers, not knowing that tents have guy-ropes, proceeded to run right through them. They WERE popular!!

About four o'clock, after another brew we packed up and struggled out of the gorge. A local pooch, ancient and dodderly, which managed to get up and down, with various Ramblers heaving and pushing to help it, was the cause of at least one heart-rending cry of 'If he can, then I can;' and success as the battered one made the grade. So ended a thoroughly lazy and most enjoyable hike.

TIGGY.

8
BRAAI - VLEETS.

Our enterprising entertainments Chairman was the most surprised man in Durban on Saturday night when almost the entire Club turned up for the braai at Brighton Beach.

The weather favoured us and the stars shone down brightly and illuminated a cheerful throng sprawled out on blankets and groundsheets. It was not long before the delicious aroma of sizzling steak, chops and wops pervaded the warm air. Judging by the loud silence, all were as happy as sand-boys.

A fair number braved the chilly pool and were well rewarded for it as the water was lovely. We eventually straggled back and 'Old Moneybags' heaved a contented sigh as his victims hove into sight. No rushing up and down for him!! Steaming mugs of cocoa soon had everyone drowsy and the bush and beach echoed with sleepy 'good-byes' and 'be seeing you' as we collapsed into our buggy's and went our respective ways. A jolly good time was had by all.

NEW 'UN.

X * X * X * X * X

NEW MEMBERS.

Welcome to the following people. May you all enjoy your years with us and we hope none of you become 'leg-loss wonders' as the lorries become more and more full.

ROSALIE WESSELS
JACKIE BRYANT
ISLA FRASER

NORMAN PENNENTER
ERIAN HEATH

X * X * X * X * X

Best wishes to Cossette Osborne - enjoy yourself overseas and we hope to see you when you get back.



Stand Up - Pin Up