

DURBAN
RAMBLERS
CLUB



MAY 1962



CROCODILE VALLEY

DURBAN RAMBLERS' CLUB.

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MAY 1962 - Fixture List.

- TUESDAY: 1/5 Executive Committee Meeting at Margaret Moore's home, 37 Venice Rd. Commences at 8.00 sharp.
- SUNDAY: 6/5 Hike to HIPPO POOL with Robin Philp leading. Lorry leaves Market Place at 8.00 sharp, and goes via Pinetown. Bring costumes and bring all your friends. See Page 8 for further details. MEMBERS: 50c
VISITORS: 75c.
- WEDNESDAY: 16/5 Photographic meeting at Elizabeth Downie's home, 18 Bowes-Lyon Avenue, near the University. Subject: Open. Commences at 8.00.
- SUNDAY: 20/5 Hike to Shongweni Dam. Garry Rabie leading. Lorry goes via Pinetown. Meet at Market Place at 8.30 sharp. MEMBERS: 45c
VISITORS: 50c.

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Remember Easter Camp 20-23 April. Lorry leaves Market Place at 8.00 sharp, Thursday evening, 19th April, but everyone travelling by lorry must be there at 7.00.

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CROCODILE VALLEY or THE STORY OF
A MAD DOG AND ENGLISHMEN.

I opened a b(L)eery eye and squinted out of the window. Well, what do you know? The sun was actually shining. The next time I looked out, all I could see was water - but I'm not that easily fooled, it was probably the chap next door squirting on my window. I was still going on that hike. I wanted to catch a crocodile or something, but not bilharzia.

I arrived at the Market Square early for a change - 8.30 a.m. and there were six visitors and two members. By 8.45 a.m. there were about sixteen visitors and three members, but ten of the visitors turned out to be members of the South Coast Camera Club. Anyway the gang pitched up at about 8.50 a.m. including a certain Snakebite who had been unceremoniously hauled out of bed.

We got our breakfast and lunch at a tea-room on the way. The trip was interrupted by guffaws from Margaret Moore who was reading a little article that Liz produced.

The lorry ditched us and we proceeded on a somewhat hazardous journey with clowns splashing all and sundry as we passed puddles in the road. Garry and Rob treated us to a mime of a couple of Civil War Veterans marching along the road. Never a dull moment!

After descending a gloomy, slippery gorge we encountered a rather fluid obstacle - the Umgeni River. It appeared miles wide and yards deep and nobody wanted to put their feet in it. Garry and Harry led the way and the sheep followed, or was it the other way around. That cad, Hairy Stripe, took the opportunity to bomb some popsies just as they thought they had reached the safety of the bank.

At the lunch spot the call of the trees was too much for the elemental urge of our Editress who swung into the branches with a practiced ease and

pelted the onlookers with nuts. A couple of cavemen, Glen and Garry, intent on prey, grabbed a low branch and pulled Wee Lee's tree down and she fell right on top of Rob's lunch, which was fortunately not yet in his tummy.

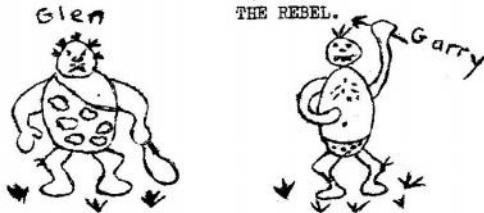
Most of us settled down to a quiet lunch except for the aforementioned cavemen who took to the water, where Glen launched Garry's boats, sorry shoes, while Garry washed!! Glen's shirt with the latest gravel process. After which Garry planted Glen's lunch, namely sausages, around the fire. Personally I think sandy sausages is an acquired taste - so did Glen, they are still there.

Later in the afternoon, a couple of prehensile Casanovas crawled out of the subliminal ooze of the Umgeni River to queer Garry's pitch with a couple of very shapely visitors. People who inquire after the health of one's wife and children at a time like that should be made to carry the billy cans.

We had a glorious trip home, it RAINED, and the lorry wouldn't start so we had to push the darned thing.

We were treated to rare vocal exercises from Rob and party who tried to take our minds off the rain - Come to Sunny South Africa.

Anyway, it was a jolly fine hike and everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves.



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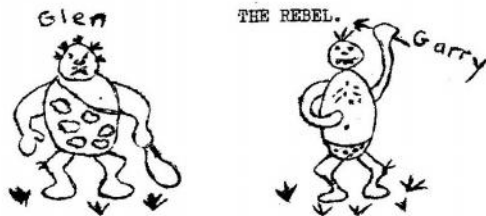
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Thank goodness
Cows cant fly !!

We are marching
to Pretoria.





He's thinking
of the one
he left behind



You can
lead a horse
& drive a
DONKEY. But
what do you
do to a
RABIE?

WHAT IS A LEADER (Continued)

Aqua Cumulus Vessels is an apparatus used in determining the annual rainfall in underground caves. It derives its name from the man who has spent years studying this problem. He will also gladly help you to start a fire with a lighted cigarette. For further information on Mr. Vessel's thesis do read the book "Forever Ambler".

Every leader at some time or other has encountered venomous reptiles on the trail. Snakebite Rabies is no exception; he is the expert. Read his "Chief Lecturios on the Rise and Fall of the Third Wave." I found his lecture on the carrying capacity of the Long Toed Stork most interesting.

On a clear day this song will be heard ringing through the stately pines, sung by the happy band of Leaders headed by its chief songster:

R is for run
Followed by berg tum,
O is for over
We'll roll in the clover,
B is for boots
So follow me Toots,
P is for pack
Blow you Jack!

Diddle Dee Diddle Dum.....

H is for hike
That's something we like,
I is for ice
Let's toss those dice,
L is for larger
But I prefer ale,
Y is for permit
Who? waits like a hermit

Diddle Dee Diddle Dum.....

And so fellow Ramblers, with this solid grounding given to our hardy leaders, you must have faith, complete faith in them. It's not their fault, they were just born that way! ONE WHO KNOWS.

" HOUSEY-HOUSEY! "

Why was peaceful Winston Park peaceful no more? Why did strange cries rend the still evening air? Why did the Ambler's house shake to its very foundations already even? You've guessed it, bud - Ramblers!

They arrived at Claude and Terry's lovely home in their droves - the long and the short and the tall. And soon a rip-roaring game of Housey-Housey was in full swing. The Entertainments Committee had things well organised, and although the two number-callers, Rob and Claude, had numerous derisive voices to compete with, the numbers rang through the room loud and clear. Yedho, for them! Excitement mounted steadily as more and more beans covered more and more numbers on each person's card. Then a cry of "Housey-Housey!" and Harold Gordon was the first lucky prize-winner. Sylvia Roffe followed suit in the next game, to her husband's joy. But Sylvia kept her prize well out of Peter's reach.

Liz and Lindy, who decided that mutual co-operation was the only way to win, caused quite a stir when they dropped all their beans. Garry patiently gave them a re-cap of the numbers, and a little while later "Whoops! There they go again!" Some meanie must have substituted Mexican jumping-beans. Mrs. Gordon was the next winner; (Have you a lucky horseshoe blessed by whoever blesses horseshoes in your home, Gordons?) and our dear chairman, determined to uphold the heroic name of Pathfinder McMuddle even unto death, won the last game. No, Hairy Stripe didn't win one game - housey-housey is one game you can't cheat, fortunately.

Whilst other people were walking away with all the honours, a bean-slinging match between the losers had been rapidly growing in intensity until the air was thick with flying beans. Music, sweet music!, brought the bean-fight to a close, and the guys all grabbed their dolls before some other cad grabbed her. Terry meanwhile was astounded to find half the grub missing. The bloated culprits were not far away, however, and I wonder why the two Ambler hounds, Kim and Patsy, could not quite finish their bones and put?

SORAS. (Cont.)

The time of departure was nigh. So regretfully leaving Soras Slide, and a lot of skin, behind, we scrambled up the precipitous hill to the lorry. Whew! What a climb, but what a view! Kloof Gorge lay below us, with the Umgeni River Valley in the distance. At last the lorry. We stopped, en route, at the McConne-ll's Thirst-Quenching Station for cool, clear Aqua. Here Phobin Rilp retrieved the missing bag, and a tearful Mickie Mac made a full confession, promising on bended knees to reform. We forgive you, dear man. As I have come to the end of my paper, and I cannot think of anything else to say, I shall end right here and now! (Ed.: Thank goodness!) LIBER.


EDITRESSES' CORNER

Welcome, welcome, welcome, to new members: Antoinette Murray, Arthur Roffe, and Neil Oellermann. Good bye, for the time, to Don Young, whom we have just acquired, he has been transferred to Johannesburg.

It seems that I must once again apologise to GaRRy Philp, because in the last mag. I apologised for spelling his name with two RRs as I thought his name was spelt with two RRs, thinking his name was spelt with one R, but then discovered from GaRRy Rabie that it was spelt with two RRs, and not with one..... let's forget it shall we!

I have been told on very good authority, that Hippo Pool is the most fantabulous hike. "Man, its the most-est!" So don't miss it and bring everyone you know for a fun-filled Sunday.

Remember, remember, remember (Yes I do like repeating words) EASTER CAMP. Those going by lorry must be at the Market Place at 7.00 P.M. so that the Camp Captain can organise sitting space etc.

See you all at Easter Camp, and at Hippo Pool. Fare thee well, dear Readers. EDITRESS: Lee Jearey. 



Joy