



MONTHLY MAGAZINE & DIARY

URBAN RAMBLERS CLUB

MAY, 1965

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FIXTURE LIST.

- 1-2nd SATURDAY/- Camp/Hike - Camping Saturday night -
SUNDAY : Nagle Dam area. Bring own food,
bedding, utensils, etc. & tents, if
desired. Hike Sunday to Table Mount-
ain. Own transport will be used
so "come all ye car-owners & load up
the carcass, I mean carless.
Meet 2.30p.m.
Market Place.
- 4th Tuesday : Exec. Com. Meet. - Margaret Moore's
37 Venice Road., (Cor. Venice and
Lambert Roads, Dbn.) 8p.m. sharp.
- 15th Saturday : BEACH PARTY! Music provided, bring
own meat & refreshments. Meet at
Barclays Bank, Cnr. Smith & Field Sts,
6.30 p.m. Small charge of 25c each.
- 17th Wednesday: Photo. Meet. at Dymock's, 8 Litchfield
Rd., Cowies Hill. Subject Portraits.
8 p.m. sharp.
- 16th Sunday : Hike - Mwabi Summit. Bob Ferns lead-
ing. Members 45c. Visitors 50c.
- 29th/31st : Leaving Thursday 28th, evening, for
ENCAMPMENT TRIP in cathedral area.
Numbers may be limited. Contact
Margaret Moore after 6p.m. Phone: 336676.
or Gibson Bacon phone 333075 5/1p.m.
Mon. Wed. Friday. BEFORE 9/5.

SHIPWRECK DANCE.

On the 3rd of April, 1965 the S.S. Rambler ran aground off Amanzimtoti. Grabbing what clothing they could, the crew (Ramblers) and their passengers made for the life boats. Some didn't get further than their undies, others only a towel - yet another pair appeared to have had a mad fright over one pair of pyjamas and ended up sharing them however, with much jostling, they managed to get themselves afloat. There was a fair amount of concern that one very large specimen of humanity might sink the boat, but then, with much relief, they realized they were on their way to safety.

When has anything worried the Ramblers? Even when their yacht had sunk - they all sang and laughed at the top of their voices. A few nervous giggles and they almost ran aground again, but each boat had enough back and fore seat drivers to prevent this irritation. Not only were they quite happy about being ship wrecked, but they seemed quite prepared to ram each other. Well some of the slaves who rowed the boats were inclined to be cad-hogs, so what else could the Merry Ramblers do.

Into the dark unknown the gallant Ramblers rowed. AHGY! There. AHGY! You landlubbers, rescounded through the still night air. And then! Da n! They ran aground again. - but what joy to find it was an island. Following a paper trail what great delight when they realized they had landed on the River Gardens island - or was that just Ramblers' luck?

A band struck up and, forgetting all their troubles, the Ramblers threw themselves into the Twist, the Quick step and the Ota-Ota-Shai, even the Waltz, occasionally. The islanders supplied us with beer and Curry & Rice. What bliss to dance in one's undies

under the stars. But then disaster! The Ramblers decided to give a prize for the best dressed! Trust them! The petticoat ~~was~~ the day and Gillian Wise is now the proud owner of a brand new sleeping bag.

The fun continued till the clock struck 12, and very reluctantly all realised that they would have to leave this fun-giving island for their distant homes. I wonder why the boats were so silent on their return trip, and why they landed in the reeds so often. How sad they all were to reach safety.

Thank you Vic and committee for a very enjoyable and unusual party.

"THE IMP"

Z E E A S T E R C A M P !!

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THURSDAY/FRIDAY.

The happy Ramblers gathered in all their shapes and sizes at the market place. Their intense excitement was heightened when, with the clanging of the fire engines, we realised that a building near by was on fire! While our Goliaths loaded the bus on the Barea, we were entertained by the flames shooting into the sky. No sooner did the fire die down than the bus arrived. Luggage was soon aboard, and then, with a mad rush, we clambered aboard.

What luxury! And we were actually supplied with song sheets (thanks to Vic, Tom and Barbaras, McKenzie and Payne) It took a long long time before the livier Members tired of singing.

After Pmb's pie-cart supper, we entered into a fairyland of mist. Each hill, each tree was dressed in a mantle of flimsy cloth. The mist swelled round us all the way along the double long dirt road. We inched along, winding and undulating while some of us dozed, some felt sick and other were lost in dreams as they looked out of the bus windows.

Suddenly the bus stopped. We tumbled-tired out of the bus and curled up in our sleeping bags off the road. I wonder what passers-by thought the little bundles were?

Who was it that cursed when we were woken up to proceed? Was it all of us? However excited to see the lush beautiful country-side, we climbed aboard. On and on we went, thrilled to see a few deer scampering across the veld. The road got

narrower and rockier until, alas, the bus could not make a tight turn to cross a drift. Out we all hopped to watch the proceedings. After much zig-zagging, our clever chappies helping, the bus was over, and only just! What an exhilarating spot was our destination, with only the beauty and glory of nature to be our entertainment for four days.

With the tents pitched (this is where men come into their own) and breakfast eaten, the gallant men made the Fairy ladies comfortable. After lunch we looked with glee upon the hills and valleys we had before us to explore. The mountains looked too far away, though the escarpment which six "energetics" climbed, was a mere dozen miles from camp.

A fair-sized party went up a valley to stretch their legs while Roger, Michael Read & Tom relaxed by making mincemeat of a steep foothill close by.

It was not long after supper that 50 weary Rambling Heads stuck out of sleeping bags and blankets. Very soon contented sighs turned to snores as the land of nod was reached.

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SMILING CORNER.

A couple wanted to get married in a hurry. The man, a soldier on a 48 hour pass, took his blushing bride to see the vicar. "Impossible," said the latter. Even a special license would take too long." The would-be bride and groom exchanged a look of misery, then a smile spread across the soldier's face. "Well," he suggested brightly, "couldn't you just say a few words to tide us over the weekend?"

Leap-year advice to girls.
"Young men are doing their own choosing these days, and the best way to scare them away, they admit, is to look expectant."

(Tom) Man! I'm going to enjoy this Texan!

(Mike) Another mountain, bliss, the dust!"



(V-Vic) (10)

GULLEY
(Piece of cake)

(R) (Hogan) "Wonder why they went that way."
(M) (Mac) "Man, I think we should go and
fetch some stretchers."
(G) (George - (Dreaming))
"Wish she was here."

(V-Vic) HELL! I'm tired!

(Tom)
Please, Lord! PLEASE!!

(Mike)
"Pass the packs up, man."

(The old spirit of old Hamblers)

(R)
(M)
(G)
(V)

~~1911. 1911.~~
Strawberry jam for toast.
Did you bring any cream?

(Tom) "This is what I was born to." →
(Michael Reed) "Mmm." →



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Saturday

8.

By "Bubbles" & "21"

Saturday morning, the sun awoke, bright refreshed and cheerful after its heavy sleep. After breakfast and this and that, we set off at about 9.30 on a typical Ramblers' hike beside the swishing stream which runs through the green hills of Loteni.

A welcome breather at a rock-strewn pool where the stream, sparkling in the sunshine, gurgled merrily down and cooled us with its 'Champagne' spray. Too soon we climbed away and stepped it out along a hillside path to a sunny spot where two rivulets happily merged. Some gallant lads co-opted to forge a little dam in which a few Spartan lasses 'invigorated.

Ham and tomato, etc. and a 'brug of new' fortified us for a scramble 10,000 ft. (I'm sure) upwards to see some Bushman paintings. After viewing the handiwork of that ancient and hardy bunch we bent our weary steps back to our home from home. Then it was that the rain god sped by overhead, and blessed us with a mist of wet.

That evening, after goulash, etc. (it tasted good), we oscillated our vocal organs more or less tunefully and were highly entertained by one of the Club's 'young uncles' with three stories "bien amusant!" The highlight of the evening was a battle glorious, of wits, between two parties, Bob, Margaret, Glen, Marilyn & Co. versus Roger, Peter, Mike Reed, Tom, etc. Each team trying to find the most people doing the most extraordinary things, or amusing things, or just being amusing things (all in good part, match.) in the Quartermaster's Store.

And so to bed, for 'Too soon the sunrise will wake us from our sleep, and so until tomorrow, sleep, Loteni, sleep.'

Once again we were wakened by those mellifluous voices of the early birds uttering those ever-welcome words: "Coffee and Rusks"! Three cheers for all those sterling members who supplied us with this much-appreciated "waker-upper!"

The sun poured down on us as we munched away at our 'strangled eggs', etc. breakfast. After which, the majority wandered down to the river, where a number of souls expended their excess energy by moving numerous rocks from one part of the river to another, in order to form, this time, a rock-slide. The work done by this extraordinary species of beaver was to no avail, however, as the river, they maintained, was not flowing sufficiently swiftly to carry them down-stream. Nevertheless, they provided the sun-worshippers with a spot of entertainment. A few braved the icy waters of the limpid pool (at the bottom of which a few crabs could be spied), and emerged, with much gasping and spluttering, having obtained that "tingling fresh" feeling! One old-stager provided some amusement by covering himself, liberally, with soap and subsequently rubbing himself against a large rock in order to remove a couple of days dirt from his anatomy! Further entertainment was provided by two characters who showed us how NOT to dive. Magnificent "frog" and running dives proved popular, whilst a few belly-flops (inevitably) were interspersed among the other, more complicated, exhibitions. One of the girls' shoes was rescued from a watery grave by a gallant camper, who, clad in bathing trunks, shoes and watch, jumped in to retrieve the "golden slipper!"

A number of toddlers played contentedly on the rocks attracting to them quite a number of adult admirers. Oh! to be so blissfully uninhibited about appearing in public in one's birthday suit! Shortly after 1 p.m. we returned to the campsite and there filled our maws with a delicious salad lunch.

An idle-berging time was spent by many in the afternoon, whilst others set out in various groups to explore the countryside. One group came across a

Puff-Adder (its shedded skin being brought back as a souvenir) whilst another party discovered a dozen or more animal skulls (dassies perhaps?) in one of the derelict native huts which can be seen from the camp-site. In yet another hut an animal's dessicated intestines were found hanging by a hook from the thatched roof - African biltong? - whilst half a skull of a large buck lay on the sandy floor, a veritable explorer's paradise.

In the evening, we congregated around the roaring log fire. However, it wasn't long before a number of ramblers made tracks towards the larger of the girls' tents. Suddenly the darkness was pierced by the intermittent flashing of a red light, after which it was a case of: "Where have all the young (and not so young) men gone?" Those who remained by the fire chatted amiably amongst themselves until about 10:30, when the comparative silence was shattered by the gathering of the masses, to partake of a final camp-side nightcap of yet more delectable coffee and rusks. By Midnight most people had snuggled into their sleeping bags and blankets, having spent a further enjoyable day in the mountains.

"NATURE-LOVER"

MONDAY -

Our last morning at the Loteni Game Reserve dawned cold and bleak and as we shivered in our tents we wondered what the weather had in store for the culmination of the glorious, three days we had already enjoyed amidst Nature's ~~at~~ her loveliest. A heavy dew had fallen making us freeze all the more, but once the Sun and the "early morning coffee" had made its appearance the atmosphere warmed to a really beautiful day.

Camp was broken after a hearty breakfast amidst the clicking of cameras, the celebrations of having "felled" yet another tent and the airing and stowing

y of sleeping bags, ground sheets, blankets and
er strangely wrapped packages in the bus.

With Nature having been restored to herself
emore, our little campsite looked almost forlorn
like the lair of some giant beast that had nestled
re for the night.

Prior to boarding the bus, the Flag Lowering
emony took place. With our man on the spot just
ived back from Poona (thankyou Peter) and our
la "er which assisted in the ensr ing operations,
akyod Tom) our picture was complete.

12:00 noon found us bidding our fond goodbyes to
Camp Site at Loteni, and we set off along the
mile long dust track to Nott ingham Road. Our
rney was interrupted by the synonmity of lunch
fresh air and a little later by an obstruction of
lock of "rambling" sheep.

We arrived eventually at Nott ingham Road where
celebrated the disappearance of the shrcud of
n dust that had threatened to asphyxiate us by
nching our thirst at an Hotel there. PMBG was
next halt where had had time to freshen up while
bus was being re-fuelled.

We crept back to Durban in a steady stream of
fic that stretched as far as the eye could see,
in true Ramblers' spirit, our band of merry men???
on undauntedly. The familiar Market Place
h we had left only a short while before was
tur)y reached amidst three cheers for Mac,
owed by yet another for Archie, who had delivered
ack to our beloved Durban safe and sound, and
had excelled himself in his field.

Our vote of sincere thanks must go once more to
Rand who made our Camp at the Loteni Game Reserve
splendid success it turned out to be.

Frank M. Harbour

NEWS, VIEWS & BLAAH.

A Hearty Welcome first to new members
Jill Fuller, Ethne Brown & Dave Stephenson.
Oops! sorry, I mean Stephenson. Many happy
ramble-days to you!

No other social news has filtered through
to my conscious mind so I'll have to write
some blaaah, dignified with the title of 'editorial,'
of course.

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EDITORIAL

Firstly, BON CHANCE!! to the Club's
representatives in the coming walking-race.
Hope we keep the Club's reputation up
and we've had the right mixture of high hills
and cool beer to train on, and all that!

Secondly, many thanks to the four girls
(Merrilyn, Barbara, Hayne, Joan & Diane who
contributed the Easter Camp write-up and to
Roger for his essay on our six-gun assault
on the "Giant" which will conquer next time.
The "Giant" that is. ^ To Merrilyn goes a free
hike for her 'interested activity'.

Lastly, and not leastly, HOW ABOUT
SOME BLINKING PHOTOS FOR THE MAGAZINE? C.K.,
C.K. I was only kidding. I'll go and pawn
the Club's duplicator and the gold fillings
in my wisdom teeth to buy a camera and take
some myself, and see how you'll like that!

--o--

Last word goes to the wise. One way to
save face is to keep the lower half shut!
And the last last word is about patience.
It's the ability to idle you motor when you feel
like stripping your gears!