

THE DURBAN RAMBLER



NOVEMBER, 1959



Umlaas Falls

PICTURE LIST cont.

and your support will be welcome.

SUNDAY 22nd: Our hike is to Leopard's Lagoon,
Marianhill area. Billy will be leading
us and the lorries will travel via
Pinetown. Members 4/6
Visitors 5/-

DECEMBER, WEDNESDAY 2nd: The Photographic Section
will meet at Peter Peen's home,
56 Atterbury Road, Rosehill, Durban
at 8 p.m. All those wishing to enter
black-and-white work for the Best
Print of the Year must see that their
entries reach the Chairman by this
date. Entries are limited to 4 per
person. The competition will be on
portraiture, so get moving now!

N.B . UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED THE LORRIES LEAVE
THE MARKET PLACE ON SUNDAY MORNINGS AT 8.30 A.M.



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SOCIAL NEWS

Our congratulations and very best wishes to Adele Chapman and Chris Schorn on their recent engagement; also to Dennis Rachmann and Robin Ford on the occasion of their marriage .

Clive Craig has departed to Rhodesia. We wish him the best of luck and hope that he enjoys himself there .

HA-HA!

Found in a book:

"More than 5,000 years ago, Moses said: 'Take up your shovel, mount your camel or your ass, and I will Take you to the promised land!'

"5,000 years later Smuts said: 'Lay down your shovel, light a Camel, sit on your ass, for this is the promised land'.

"To-day, Verwoerd will take your shovel, sell your camel. kick your ass, and tell you that there ain't no promised land'".

LACKADAISICAL

Taken any pictures lately? No, nothing very much, I've run out of subject matter - lost my job - got married - just tied down nowadays!

What rubbish you talk sometimes. It's no good feeling sorry for yourself! I can think of a thousand and 3 things to photograph inside your little personal prison. Take that old hat you discarded last year, for instance, a little red paint, some berries and maybe something more contemporary like the old

R A M B L E R

Editors: Margery Tomlinson
phone 41148

HAMMERSDALE FALLS

The weather looked unfavourable and most people elected to stay in. However, the few hardy ones had the best of it after all, for, as we travelled inland, the sky cleared and it turned out to be a beautifully sunny day after all.

We left the lorry at Peacevale and started off down into the valley. When we reached the river, we were amazed at how little water there was left in it, in fact, we managed to boulder-hop our way right up to the falls without once having to take our shoes off - a new record for this hike!

Once down at the picnic spot we were joined by Billy, Clive, Garry and baggage. They had left their respective cars at the top of the falls and had taken the shortest way down. The majority of us parked ourselves on the sand under the trees and watched, with some amusement, the water frolics. Trevor and Co . soon set up an improvised kitchen and started on a major cooking feat. Later, Trevor demonstrated his ancestry by scaling a tree, at the top of which he became the victim of numerous pelters down below.

Joy's insistent cries that we stop at Peacevale on the way back brought results and we packed up somewhat earlier than usual, taking the conventional route home - straight up to the top of the gorge and back past the station. After a short stop at the tearoom, where we gorged ourselves on apple tart and cream, we settled back into the lorry for a cold ride home.

Marge Tomlinson

since served its purpose,
place them in strategic points, and not only have
you a notable conglomeration of modern art, but you
have also created an original effect entirely of
your own.

Zane Grey, the famous Western writer made a name
for himself by emphasis and explicit detail on all
the little things going on during a dramatic cowboy
gunfight.

So you see, if you let your imagination go, I
can assure you that you will surprise yourself with
the variety of effects which can be obtained.

An ordinary pair of garden shears, taken for some-
thing abstract of course, can be photographed from
at least 20 different angles. Oil drums, shops,
sets of cutlery, shadows of anything, all make
some sort of picture.

to photograph
I can think of at least a dozen different ways
a certain crummy Rambler, so as you see, even self-
portraiture can be most rewarding.

Mickey McConnell

UNCLE RAE'S COLUMN

Dear Uncle Rae,

Why is it that girls are always running through
my mind when I'm hiking?

Yours, etc. etc.,
Trevor Culverwell.

Dear Trevor,

Well, I suppose it's because they daren't walk!

Yours etc. etc.,
Uncle Rae.

HIKE

We gazed into the swirling mists ahead of the lorry and decided that bed would have been a far better place after all, rather than do a rugged overland hike (Why is it that this thought has been so popular lately?) Anyway, there we were, on the way to Aloe Ridge. Various bets were laid as to whether the weather would clear or not, but we reached Peacevale without any signs of improvement and settled down to the prospect of a bleak hike.

Cato Ridge loomed ahead, but with no Maritzburg Ramblers there to greet us, as there usually are. An exciting moment occurred on the trip up when Mickey McConnell, doing some low flying, practically disappeared under the lorry in his 'Bugmobile', and finally, to our relief, overtook us on the inside.

We turned off at Cato Ridge and plunged heedlessly along a well-corrugated road, where those with air cushions grinned triumphantly at the others' discomfort. We left the lorry at the cheerful sign of the farm 'Kilarney Isles', and wended our way along a road in the direction of the farm, with Lindy at our head. Before we reached the farm house, some members had had a little nature study along the road. Hiking on, we would have passed our objective if we hadn't seen what was left of the old dam wall. I think that the heavy floods which we had in May have changed most of our hiking spots completely. Everybody wandered round the place looking for a decent spot to spread out on. The fabulous spot that we had known last year was no longer there. In its place were feet of river sand and brushwood deposits. With everybody spread out in various places sheltering from the wind, I was surprised to see Margaret Moore calmly collecting the money for the hike, from a sitting position, summoning the required people to come up to her to pay. I don't think she missed



a Rabie

Best wishes, Adele
and Chris, on the
occasion of your
engagement.



Alex Currie

Wot! A loch
Hammersdale monster?



Afterwards, the boys had turns in trying to run up a practically vertical wall. Somebody took a nasty spill at the bottom, tripping over Peter Roffe's leather lumberjacket, causing much hilarity in the crowd.

A sudden brief down-pour caused an immediate pack-up. We left through the old sluice gates, seeing the aloe plants on the ridge. The Ramblers of course never go there when the flowers are in bloom! We had a river to cross, fortunately not very deep. Despite some vigorous stone-throwing, everybody got across, and set off for the last long uphill stretch. With heavy hearts we tackled the upgrade, a light drizzle behind us. We prepared well for the return trip, which proved icy, not at all like the beginning of summer. We reached Durban with relief, and I hope that the legless wonder was not with us, as there is sure to be another outburst to the editor if he was; maybe he has reached his Valhalla.

Trevor Culverwell

Overheard on the Aloe Ridge hike:

Group of Ramblers approaching a small herd of cattle grazing in the middle of a field. One of the girls was prepared for instant flight. "Oh, come on", said her male companion bravely. "Cows will never hurt you". The girl hesitated, regarding the foremost cow which surveyed her placidly. "Yes," she replied, "but when a cow looks at you like that, it's a bull!"



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