

DURBAN

Nov. 01

RAMBLERS
CLUB



A BACK VIEW FOR THE FRONT PAGE.

DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB.

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NOVEMBER 1961 - Fixture List.

- SUNDAY: 5/11 Hike to McIntosh Cascades which
Lindy will lead. Bring your costumes
Lorry leaves the Market place at
8.30 proceeding via Pinetown.
MEMBERS: 45c
VISITORS: 50c
- TUESDAY: 7/11 Executive Committee Meeting at the
Wessels residence, Ronald Road,
Kloof. Meeting commences 8.00
- SUNDAY: 19/11 Craiglee Hike with Robin Philp
leading. Bring your costumes and
be at the market place at 8.30.
Lorry proceeds via Pinetown.
MEMBERS: 50c
VISITORS: 75c
- WEDNESDAY: 15/11 PHOTOGRAPHIC meeting and the sub-
ject is Sea-Scapes. Please bring
your mugs to 2 Harlequin, cnr Syd-
enham & Currie Roads, where Lee
Jearey will welcome all camera
Fiends.

ZIG - ZAG CREEK.

It was a small crowd that braved the threatening weather and set out, via Pinetown, for Zig - Zag Creek. A tortuous, bumpy track made this lorry - ride seem longer than usual, so it was with relief that we all disembarked and started walking.

Only a mile later, a halt was called and volunteers were requested for an inspection of a cave near the foot of the hill. Descending into thick bush, the parties soon became separated as everyone seemed to have his or her own ideas on the exact whereabouts of the cave and the easiest way of getting there. Eventually, by dint of much hollering, and a screaming consultation with a gent in the valley, most of us reached the cave. This turned out to be quite big, and would have made an excellent headquarters had it been in the 'Berg. Taking a shorter route back to the path, everyone had fun scaling short rock faces. Yours truly gave himself the fright of his life by embarking on a climb which turned out to be a good 'F'

Having retrieved our packs, we followed a path which wound daintly through thick thorn - bushes before dropping down to the Shongweni Dam. On this stretch, we nearly lost our Entertainments Chairman when he met a tree coming the other way. However, with blood pouring from a damaged eye-brow, he pressed on regardless.

The lunch spot was at the sandy mouth of the Shongweni River, where it spills into the Dam. No sooner had we reached it, than Wyndham stripped down to his costume and plunged in. To every one's consternation, he proceeded to swim straight across, eventually emerging on the other side shaking himself like a dog.

With Rabie, Philp and Culverwell present, it was not surprising that lunch was an hilarious affair

In the process, sundry bananas, biscuits and sausages were freshened up, much to the amusement of our visitors. A ball game then ensued between two picked teams. As no one really seemed to know the rules, the arguments never stopped; however, thanks to some big hitting by Harry Tripe and Jack Tankard and poor fielding by their opponents, the 'A' team won by 15 runs to 4. Bob Ferns, whilst chasing a full blooded drive into the the country, got cramp just as he was crossing a mud patch. When he emerged, he looked like something from a slap stick comedy.

Too soon it was time to pack up. Harry, Jack Trevor and Tony rapidly disappeared into the distance absolutely determined to get the best places on the lorry. Unfortunately, Harry pulled his usual clanger, leading his band up the river, through a stinking poultry farm, over a high fence and through thick bush, before they eventually arrived at the lorry, hot and panting. Here they found everyone else settled in and doing very nicely, thank you!!
MORAL: Never hurry after Harry!

It was a wonderful hike, and our contentment on the way home could not be dampened by passing showers. Our thanks go to the party who opened up this most enjoyable hike.

SUCKER.

X * X * X * X * X * X

NEW MEMBERS.

We welcome EDITH PATTON this month and hope she will have many years of happy hiking with us in the future.

X * X * X * X * X * X

Q: How do porcupines make love?

see page 6

A policeman - taking refuge behind the letter box on the corner of West and Field Str. must be forgiven if he thought the City had been invaded by peculiar people; more so when Tony Mc staggered across the street, resplendent in a pair of brilliantly patched jeans and a ragged vest hanging coyly from one shoulder. He really was the epitome of what the well dressed hobo should wear. Good for you, kerel.

Eventually the bottle waving, parcel hugging crowd got under way and the cavalcade arrived safely at 'Ottawa', the now disrupted home of Isla and Malcolm. I say we arrived safely because Jack did his level best to lose half of us, but none the less, arrive we did - much to Garry's relief.

A glowing fire and piles of delicious rolls awaited us and it was not long before a happy crowd was contentedly braai-ing an assortment of eats. Glen and Rose pulled a 'culture vulture' act on us by producing a pan and sizzling their meat in that.

Replete at last we all drifted up to the verandah and the beguiling music that was setting our feet tapping. An interested little bunch was speculating as to the identity of the headlights rushing frantically up and down and round and round the farm; in a few minutes the Philps and Teagues arrived and amid much laughter we agreed that it can be frustrating seeing each other but not being able to actually get there.

At about 10.30 'Pranger' Langlois himself arrived and the evening livened up and kept going until the third round of cocoa put in an appearance briefly. A tired bunch began to drift home at the close of yet another enjoyable evening.

CHARCOAL.



"DR. LIVINGSTONE
I PRESUME?"



THE ONE THAT GOT THRU !!



Who is your girl friend, Jack?



Gacy, with
a chip on
his shoulder.

It was a crowded lorry that set off up the coast to Glen View. There were 40 Ramblers & visitors on this hike, more than we have had for many a month. Although the lorry was cramped there was still enough room for Rob's and Garry's usual horse-play. As we travelled along the road past the Kwa Mashu housing estate, Wyndham caught sight of an ice-cream cart. He & Garry jumped off the lorry, which was struggling in its usual fashion up a steep incline, to buy an ice cream. Having managed this feat they tore up the hill after the lorry much to the amusement of all concerned. Our trusty steed came to a halt, by popular demand and soon the vendor was surrounded by parched hungry Ramblers.

There was another halt at the police station near our destination, as whoever was supposed to have a certain permit did not have it. Lindy, Jack and Glen soon got round this obstacle, however, and we were off once more. The glen view hike took us through some very pretty country side. It took quite a lot of persuasion to drag our camera fiends past the beautiful Inzinyati Falls. You can see Spring is coming; the veldt grass is green and all the bushes are bursting out in buds. Our South African veld is truly beautiful at this time of the year. We eventually left the Parklands behind as our path sloped down to the river. There were native kraals on either side of the path and all the inhabitants were out to see the sight (of the Ramblers, that is). We were amused by the local chief, who was a stout but regal figure in a scottish kilt held up by braces.

The river was ankle-deep and we all crossed to the other side. The path to our picnic place ran parallel to the river so many splashed all the way there in the cool water. After the usual munching, crunching, swopping and swiping of a typical Ramblers Lunch had finished, costumes were donned and it was down to the river. The deepest part was only about

four foot deep, but that did not deter our hot & sweaty young 'braves' and they soon had a river-sand fight started. Glen had his bald-patch (sorry, Glen) covered with a little cap of sand. Anyway it kept his head from getting sunburnt!! A game of leggy was then started and as it was played in the river, caused many a ducking.

When we decided to change Liz refused to go as we were surrounded by bovine visitors who had also attacked our leftovers. Rob nobly held up a towel for her and as the sun was shining in the right direction, many a photograph was taken of Liz silhouetted against the towel.

One last brew and we continued on our way. The river crossing was more difficult now; we had to hop from boulder to slippery boulder. Liz lost a shoe (which was soon regained) in the daring crossing and Ethleen suffered wet feet - complete with shoes and socks. The progress was watched by hundreds (slight exaggeration) of little umfaans who laughed and catcalled at our wobbling intrepidity. I for one, had to restrain from giving the nearest one a punch in the snoot, but having been told not to provoke the aborigines, resisted.

We passed our kilt bedecked Zulu chief en route again, and he called down blessings on us and hoped we would come again. The way back to the lorry seemed miles, more so because of a band of umfaans and ntombis who kept us company. When they saw their mothers in the distance they ran and they ran, all the way home!! The lorry was reached at last and we all climbed in thankfully. Rob and Garry sang for us and we occasionally joined in. It was terribly windy and we were amazed to see that there had been a 60 mph gale. Needless to say we arrived safely back to hike again another day.

LIBER.

ANS. Very carefully.

STORK NEWS.

Congratulations to Marge and Dymock who welcomed a lovely daughter, Trudi Gayle, on Monday 16th October. Marge, not to be outdone by this event, went to the polls by ambulance and duly made her X. Bravo Marge!!

Harry and Amy also welcomed a beautiful little bundle of joy, on the 18th October. Jayne weighed in for the battle ahead at 7lbs and if she resembles her namesake at all, Harry will have a right royal time in the years to come.

Both fathers are doing well!!!

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MARITZBURG WEEK - END.

Due to lack of support, this week - end had to be cancelled. When you consider that the club membership stands at about 120, and only 9 were willing to come, you must admit that it was a very poor show indeed.

REMEMBER! THIS IS YOUR CLUB AND IT CAN ONLY SURVIVE WITH YOUR SUPPORT.

JACK TANKARD (Tres.)

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OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

Welcome Home to Margaret Moore, who flies back on November 14th. It will be good to have you back on the trail again.

Ernie Newbery - our ex Chairman has been a wonderful correspondent and I am really grateful to

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you Ernie, for all the news. Anyway there is one question I would like to ask and that is - what about this book???? Ernie is writing a book and we wish you every success with it, But please- we hope that it is not entitled 'Revelations and Orgies Peculiar to the Durban Ramblers Club'. Put our minds at ease, please!!!

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MYSTERY IN THE DRAKENSBERG.

An amazing thing happened to four Ramblers up in the 'Berg a week or two ago. Near Tea Gully in the Cathedral area three of the party met an old Rambler who had answered the call of the Cape and had gone to live there. He was in the 'Berg on honeymoon. A long chat ensued and a little speck below Orange Peel Gap was identified as the fourth member of the local party - me - nursing very painful blisters.

Lying in the warm sun I definitely thought I had heat stroke when my name echoed across the valley and mountains; But wonders never cease for who should loom into sight some 20 mins later but Mickey Thomas and his lovely wife. Really - imagine having to go all that way to meet old friends. Congratulations to you both and we all wish you many happy years together.

OUCH.

X * X * X * X * X

DON'T FORGET THE CHRISTMAS SOCIAL IN DECEMBER. IT WON'T BE A TOP HAT AND TAILS AFFAIR, BUT YOU WILL HAVE A WONDERFUL TIME, SO WATCH THIS RAG FOR FURTHER DETAILS.

CONGRATULATIONS To



DET & JOAN.