



FOUNDED 1932

# DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB

CHAIRMAN:  
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HON. SECRETARY:  
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P.O. BOX 1063,  
DURBAN.

## FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER 1955:

### SATURDAY 1ST:

Come along yourself and bring your friends to our ANNUAL DANCE at the Westville Town Hall from 8 p.m. until midnight. Should you be able to offer, or else require, transport, please note Page 7 of attached Newsletter.

COST: 15/- double.

### SUNDAY 2ND:

Camp Committee Meeting at Robin Dolton's residence, 17 Windsor Avenue, Westville, at 8 p.m. Please meet at Reed & Champion's, cnr. West and Gardiner Streets, at 7.30 p.m.

### TUESDAY 4TH:

Executive Committee Meeting at Robin Dolton's residence, 17 Windsor Avenue, Westville, at 8 p.m. Please meet at Reed & Champion's, cnr. West and Gardiner Streets, at 7.30 p.m.

### SATURDAY 8TH TO MONDAY 10TH INCLUSIVE:

Camp at ORIBI GORGE. See separate circular attached for all details.

COST: MEMBERS: £2.5.0.

VISITORS AND NON-PAID-UP MEMBERS: £2.10.0.

### SUNDAY 23RD:

Colin is leading the hike to-day to BOULDER POOL, in the Kloof Gorge.

COST: 4/-.

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REINDER: We have been invited by our Pietermaritzburg counterparts to visit them over the weekend, 5th and 6th November. Further details will appear with next month's Newsletter, but in the meantime keep this weekend in mind.

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FOUND: Will anyone missing either of the following please contact Margaret Moore (36676) between 6 - 7.30 p.m. in the evenings:-

- (a) Light blue jersey found on lorry after hike to Shongweni Dam.
- (b) Red tie left in the Norwegian Hall after the Fancy Dress Dance.

NOTE: Unless otherwise stated, all outings will start from the City Market Warwick Avenue, at 8.30 a.m.

THE DURBAN RAMBLER.

SEPTEMBER 1955:  
VOL. 4. NO. 9.

EDITOR: HARRY THORSEN.  
PHONE: 20843 (Day).

With Harry's absence on a Berg trip, the Newsletter this month has been helped along by contributions from various members. We thank Helen and Maureen Laatz for their fine write-up on "The Grove" weekend, and Margaret Moore for her article on the hike to N'wabi Summit. We trust Harry is still in one piece and is enjoying his trip.

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FULL HOUSE ON SHONGWENI DAM HIKE.  
Sunday, August 21st.

Eighty-three members and visitors presented themselves at the Market to-day and somehow managed to squeeze themselves onto the two lorries. The Henrys' party the night before was partly responsible for the late start.

We stopped at the Shongweni turn-off to drop Scotty, who was going to "hitch" back to Utrecht. It was good to be on the Shongweni Road again, with its wattle forests and dappled shadows.

Leaving the lorries we hiked down the long slope to Delville Wood Station, and then spread out in a long snake winding between the hills. It was a long tramp along the country road and the veld looked very dry and dusty, screaming out for rain. From time to time there were tantalising glimpses of the Dam. Suddenly the ground dropped away and the whole expanse of water gleamed before us - surely one of the most impressive sights the Ramblers ever come across. From there it was an easy hike to the Dam.

As we passed the picnic spot the Durban "gapers" goggled at us. No wonder - eighty-three Ramblers emerged from the bush and tramped steadily onwards.

At our usual lunch spot we found the stream very empty but made ourselves comfortable on the bank. The large attendance imposed a big strain on the tea supplies, but there was plenty to go around.

After lunch the trouble-makers got busy. Considering the small amount of water, it was surprising how wet we became.

A party set out rock-climbing. Fortified by the threat, "If you peel, you go in the river", most managed to complete a fairly difficult climb. However Dymock fell from 15 ft., but before he touched ground he was caught and dumped bodily in the river.

We packed up early in order to visit the water-works. We explored the long, dark tunnel through the Dam wall and I don't know what happened to the newer Ramblerettes but screams echoed from one end of the tunnel to the other. Emerging into daylight we watched some daring young men climb the iron ladder up the wall.

Soon it was time to be off. The "gapers" watched us climb onto the road again. The inevitable stragglers could not stand the pace and were left behind - I'm ashamed to say I was one of them. With some navigation and much luck we found the lorries, already jam-packed, but five of our number were still missing so one lorry set off to look for them. I don't know where they proposed to put the five when they found them.

The weather was warmer, so the journey back proved quite pleasant. One lorry reached Durban early, and the other an hour later with springs creaking under its load.

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FANCY DRESS DANCE AT NORWEGIAN HALL.

by Ghandi.

King Neptune, complete with trident, was waiting at the door to greet the revellers at the Fancy Dress Dance on Saturday, 27th August.

There were even stranger sights inside: Ghandi danced with Minnie Mouse, and Claude looked reasonably feminine in his Victorian bathing costume. Lynnette, in similar attire, was even more so. Rae Adams, in war paint and really tight "tights", made a fearsome Indian Brave. The medical profession was represented by Sheila and Rob Philp, in long white coats, complete with forceps and stethoscopes. Margaret, with straw bulging from hat, wrists, neck and ankles, complete with orange-peel false teeth, would have scared every crow for miles.

Carol and Angela, as Gipsy Lady and Valentine, managed to combine beauty with their costumes. On the other hand, Gary dropped twenty years off his age and came as a bonny but goose-fleshed baby. Joan Christian was an Advocate called to the Bar, and husband Stan, an Alcoholic who had been to the Bar. Brian Clark, disguised as a Golliwog, had everyone guessing.

We will long remember the sight of Terry Ogle in bowler hat, tail coat and with moustache - Charlie Chaplin lived again. Ivan Howell really locked the part of a cut-throat Latin Seaman. Mickey came as Mick Thomas. The Ferns brothers had us knee deep in used flash bulbs.

The Parade was the highlight of the evening. The judges looked at each other, scratched their heads, muttered quietly, and eventually announced the winners.

Dudley and Lynnette won the Prize for the best got-out couple (that was before Dudley's costume split at the seams). Gladys Ross, as Minnie Mouse, deserved her Prize, and Rae carried off the best male costume Prize.

After the Parade it looked even more funny. Claude shed his wig and his hair stuck up as much as ever; Charlie Chaplin gained a few curves here and there; Ghandi's sheet sagged ominously, and Margaret gratefully disposed of the false tooth and straw.

The fish decorations Heather and her Committee had put up lent a gay atmosphere to the Hall. The catering was very good, and a most enjoyable evening was had by all who attended the Dance.

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WEEKEND AT "THE GROVE".  
by Helen and Maureen Laatz.

Ah! "The Grove" - what a wonderful time we had. Carloads of five or six people left Durban on Saturday morning, September 3rd., to travel through the dry, and in places fire-blackened, veld, on the way to Mool River, to be joined later by the less fortunate morning workers.

Approximately 25 people partook of a delicious luncheon at "The Grove", during which speculations were raised as to how and why Bob Fern's car caught fire just outside Westville. Despite the fire, Bob and his passengers arrived safely, if somewhat belatedly.

During the afternoon some people played tennis, constantly barracked by spectators who were listening to a broadcast of the Third Rugby Test on a portable radio. The Lions having gained the victory, Frank Woodward, Keith Baker and Bob Ferns, their ardent supporters, were thrown willy-nilly into the cold, half-filled swimming pool.

Soon it was time to join in the fray for a bathroom, and it was only wanting half-an-hour to dinner when the lorryload of about 20 people arrived amidst a cloud of dust and much caterwauling.

After dinner we strolled down to the large, up-to-date dance

hall where we danced to records and the piano-playing of Mervyn Campion until the long-awaited Band arrived. We then circled the floor to the rustic music provided by the musicians on the piano and Hawaiian guitar. During one of the riotous Paul Jones' little Gladys found a partner her own size in Jockey Joe Burns. It would be hard to say with any accuracy what time the Ramblers eventually retired on Saturday night. Judging from faces around the breakfast table on Sunday morning some people could not have slept at all!

After breakfast, at Lindie's suggestion, we walked down to the river, following a path which led through a wood of wattles, and down a grassy slope to the stream. The cold water proved a deterrent to would be bathers, thus the usually energetic Ramblers spent the best part of the morning sunbathing on huge slabs of insular rock. Thoughts of tea made us forsake this idealistic pastime to wend our way back to the Hotel. The rest of the morning was spent playing games of darts on the verandah, and table-tennis (sorry Des, ping-pong) in the games room.

Following lunch, there was a general invasion of the dance hall where a game of indoor cricket played with a stick and ping-pong ball was inaugurated on the dance floor, accompanied by Mervyn on the piano.

During afternoon tea the subject of hypnotism was raised and it was discovered that Des Teague was a hypnotist. We persuaded him to demonstrate his unusual powers and watched, fascinated, as one after the other his victims succumbed. Willem laughed so heartily at an imaginary Tom and Jerry film that he fell over and woke up. Dudley Saville was highly amused at the antics of Bud Abbot and Lou Costello, and when he awakened, subconsciously following Des' instructions, began unbuttoning his shirt. Mervyn was the best subject, and in his trance shouted excitedly whilst watching a rugby match. Des then hypnotised him into believing that when he awoke he would have a raging thirst which he would be unable to quench as all water he drank for five minutes afterwards would taste extremely salty. Mervyn's reactions on awakening proved this to indeed be the case. He reluctantly terminated this singularly amusing pastime to prepare for dinner.

Sunday night followed the pattern of Saturday night, except that the dancing finished earlier and the party started sooner.

We assembled for a somewhat belated breakfast on Monday morning, followed by games of tennis or table-tennis, and swimming in the Hotel pool or down at the river.

Pat, Marge and Dymock, however, whilst taking a leisurely drive through a field of cattle were amazed when three of the girls who were walking towards the car were suddenly pursued by

the herd. They reached the safety of Dymock's car seconds before the cattle which bellowed loudly and pawed the ground. Fearing for the safety of his passengers and car, Dymock hastily retreated, followed by the angry herd. The peculiar behaviour of these animals (which we heard described as bulls, cows and oxen) was later explained by their owner who was in the habit of feeding them from his car, and suggested that they had probably mistaken Dymock's car for his own.

That tyrant, Time, was catching up on us, and after lunch we repacked our bags. Having bade farewell to our charming hostess, Phyllis, we reluctantly returned to Durban. Thus ended a glorious weekend of sunshine and bonhomie.

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HILE TO N'WABI SUMMIT - SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH.

by Margaret Moore.

An overcast sky on this particular Sunday morn did its level best to dishearten the Ramblers, but nevertheless about 40 stalwarts rolled up at the meeting place to find Manaram's new diesel lorry positively itching to convey its load in the direction of N'wabi. Once settled, everyone found they had bags of room, with heaps to spare too.

We trundled our way along the main road, picking up our usual passengers, whilst the sun tried bravely to show its face through the closely clustered clouds. Naidoo's profits rocketed skywards once again as we paid a brief visit to his Store before turning off the main highway onto the country road leading towards Marianhill.

Once past the Monastery and the Station we delorried and set off at a brisk pace down the road which ultimately leads to Leopard's Lagoon, but veering off to the left along a well-worn path just before reaching the clump of Indian Stores. The countryside looked very dry and brown, and this time we had little difficulty in crossing the river. When we stopped at the top of a hill for our first breather, we discovered that Dudley, Claude, Terry and Lynnette were missing. Colin offered to wait fifteen minutes for them, and the rest of us followed Lindie's long legs towards the line of pipes spanning the dongas, along which the majority dangerously tottered whilst the life-valuing few followed the path. Our course then took us across the river again and along its wooded banks. Colin caught us up, minus the others.

Snakebite caused quite a stir when he strolled up to the vanguard, which had stopped to allow the stragglers to catch up, casually carrying a live Night Adder in his bare hands. Everyone's eyes stuck out on stalks, disbelieving what they saw, and

then Tony described how he'd seen the snake slither across the path in front of him and disappear down a hole from which Gary had retrieved it. The general feeling was that it should be killed, and the sooner the better, but Gary soon made it quite clear that he was not going to part with his prize as easily as that, and insisted on someone sacrificing a lunch-tin into which he put the snake to take to the Snake Park, hoping to get 10/- for it. Once it was housed and a strong strap securely fastened around the tin, we wended our way along the river bank to our picnic spot, at the same time taking great care to keep our distance from Snakebite and his pet!

After satisfying the inner man, some of the Club's monkeys felt they'd like to give the trees a try-out - this idea soon caught on amongst the umfaans who had gathered around, only to result in heavy bumps for some who landed on the ground when various branches proved brittle. Our Bob was soon to follow their rapid descent earthwards!

Several native women fighting caused quite a diversion just before we packed up. Lindie led us a different way homewards, via a water sluice and a narrow path seemingly cut in the cliff face overlooking the valley. Just before reaching the longest pipe-line across which we had traversed earlier in the day, we turned rightwards, following a path up a steep hill, climbing ever upwards. Once at the top the rest was easy-going along the brow of the hill and then downwards to the valley below.

We rejoined the lorry by the Indian Stores and learnt from Dudley & Co. that they had lost sight of us early in the hike and had continued down the road leading to Leopard's Lagoon instead of turning left near the Stores. On asking Indians which way we had gone they had been misdirected and had ended up on top of a hill nearby.

Rain bespattered us on the lorry-ride back to Durban but most people had some form of waterproof covering so were not unpleasantly wet on reaching town.

GROVE TATTLE by Hal and Mau.

Wo wonder if a certain young man has taken up Yogi, or if standing on his head at 4.30 a.m. is just one of his idiosyncrasies?

We believe the Fern Charm School is now opening a course of simple motor mechanics for all prospective passengers.

Could the cessation of the Bachelors Club have been promoted by the effects of hypnotism?

According to rumour a new antidote has been found for Snakebite - chocolates.

It was not surprising to see a number of people wearing sunglasses at breakfast on Monday morning.

Those people who had a fondness for apple pies found the inclusion of sulphur an unwelcome ingredient.

We believe that the stripping and remaking of beds is a favourite pastime of certain members of the Club.

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NEW MEMBERS:

We welcome the following and hope they will have many happy outings with us:-

Beryl Birch.	Lynnette Excell.
Mervyn Campion.	E. Howard.
Jean Carter.	Rosemary Ingram.
Ann Da Costa.	Mr. and Mrs. W.D. Marrs.
Philippa Darby.	Bruce Moir.
Jose Dodd.	D. M. Rachmann.
L. Duncan.	Moira Soffe.

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ANNUAL DANCE - SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1ST.

With the Dance being held at the Westville Town Hall this year, it is felt that transport might prove a difficulty for some. However, do not let this put you off. If you are able to offer a lift, or alternately require transport, please contact Frank Woodward (849571) on Tuesday or Wednesday evening, Sept. 27th and 28th, between 6 - 7.30 p.m., and he will see what he can arrange in this connection.

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HOPA BENE:

It is felt that there is need for a general improvement in the behaviour of the Club on organised Hotel visits as some pranks might easily lead to damage to Hotel property. Will you therefore please note that there is to be no apple-pieing of beds when visiting Hotels in the future.

THE DURBAN RAMBLERS' CLUB.

OCTOBER CAMP 1955.

PLACE:

ORIBI GORGE - near Port Shepstone and approximately 100 miles from Durban!

DATES:

Saturday, 8th October, to Monday, 10th October, inclusive.

CAMP FEES:

Paid-up Members ..... £2.5.0.  
Non paid-up Members and Visitors ..... £2.10.0.

TRANSPORT:

Two lorries will leave Durban (City Market Parking Area) on Saturday (8th). The first will leave at 8 a.m. sharp, taking all the equipment and the advance party who will erect camp, and the second will leave at 2 p.m. sharp. Space on the first lorry will be restricted, therefore the first forms returned to Dudley will be given preference, and everyone travelling on the morning lorry is expected to assist with the erection of camp.

CAMP SITE:

On the Fairacres Estate above the Lehr Waterfall and overlooking the beautiful Oribi Gorge. There are wonderful opportunities for hiking, climbing, swimming, or just lazing around.

KIT:

Bedding-roll consisting of a ground-sheet and several blankets, personal clothing (don't forget your bathing costume, warm clothing for the evenings, and an old raincoat in case of showers), and your "eating irons".

CAMP FORMS:

Please fill in (making sure you state on which lorry you wish to travel) and sign the attached Form, returning it together with the full amount to the Treasurer before Saturday, October 1st. The Annual Dance is the last opportunity you will have to hand in your Form and definitely no names will be considered after that date.

COME ALONG RAMBLERS AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS, AND ENJOY A REALLY GRAND WEEKEND AT ORIBI GORGE.

Robin Dolton.