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EDITOR

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EDITORIAL

It was most gratifying to find contributions rolling in for this month's magazine.

I would like to thank Jill Craig, Peter Wallis, Mickey McConnell and our Special Correspondent for their contributions which I think are of a very high standard. I would also like to thank Mickey McConnell for supplying most of the photographs used in this edition.

Before I close I would like to ask all future contributors to assist me by limiting all their articles to 750 words.

*Scotty*

SPRING BALL

6th September, 1958.

After battling harder than a dentist does to extract a set of teeth, I managed to obtain the following scraps of information out of a certain Rambler of long standing. The conversation went something like this:

"Do a write up on the Dance for me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"No."

"Well tell me something about it."

"O.K."

"Well?"

"There were lots of flowers all over the place."

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are very good."  
impatiently... "I suppose they were lying all over the floor."

Also impatiently "No Rob and Denise's Dad made a garden arch and draped it with fresh greenery and a few flowers and someone else, I think it was Des Teague made a lot of trellis work and also decorated this with flowers."

"Not bad."

"Not bad? It was d....good. The best we have had in years. The garden arch was on the stage, the trellis work around the walls and....oh yes there were also a few bits of picket fence around the place."

"Where?"

"Oh I don't know I was too busy."

"With what?"

"Shut up...none of your business."

"O.K. When was all this work done?"

"The decorations were done on Friday night and the eats on Saturday afternoon."

"I believe you had Verant Wills' band. It must have been very good. Whenever you have them you are guaranteed of success."

"Right."

"Thanks. What happened on the night of the dance itself?"

"Nothing. " Through to the kitchen..."Is the tea ready?"

Third voice "Yes. Will you make some crumpets please?"

"O.K."

"For the second time. What happened at the dance ?"

"The washing machine is making a noise. What have you done to it?"

Third voice "Nothing."

"I can't find Crumpets in this d... )  
cookery book.....

Well friends if you can make sense out of that conversation then you will know what happened at the dance, if not, then I suggest you make a few discreet enquiries.

-----  
How would you like it Sir,  
In your face or down your  
throat?



M P

A T

MOUNTAIN GLEN - DARGLE

August 30th to September 1st 1958. Special Correspondent.

We left the market place punctually at 2 o'clock (i.e. at 10 minutes to three) and arrived at the Maritzburg Pie Cart without mishap. Having refuelled (the Ramblers that is) the lorry travelled 21 miles along the Johannesburg National Road to the Dargle turnoff where it started to rain. Bob Ferns really enjoyed this, as from now on he didn't know the way, and at every turning he got out with a torch to look for signposts that weren't there.

There were 17 miles of dirt road to travel, and after 5 miles and half a dozen unsignposted turnings the Camp Captain pitched up in his car to spoil Bob's fun, as he knew the way. At 8.10 p.m. the lorry arrived at the camp site.

We were greeted by Bob Brown, the proprietor of Mountain Glen, who immediately enjoined us to obey the two standing rules of Mountain Glen: (1) Do what you like. (2) Go where you like. - The type of host we really appreciated.

Strangely enough, it had now stopped raining, and we set about lighting lamps, setting up tents and cooking. Having eaten food such is only prepared by Ramblers, we turned in at midnight. On Sunday morning we got out of bed because if we hadn't we wouldn't have got any breakfast. After breakfast, the Camp Captain appalled everybody by announcing that he would lead a party up the mountain.

The walk up the mountain turned out to be a climb, and Joy and Althea put their bottoms down near the top and said they wouldn't go any further. It was only Fred Ferns sweet voice of encouragement that persuaded them to go on, but we still don't believe that the only reason that Fred lagged behind with the two lasses was to encourage them that way!



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was decided by all and to the safety of our camp, and, without further ado we were on our way. We arrived safely back at Camp to find mutiny amongst the lunch orderlies who said we were going on a long hike and should have been too late for lunch. However, after much persuasion we got something out of them.

We were then invaded by Rob and Denise who arrived by car to spend the night at the Guest Farm. We invited them to join us that evening for a braaivleis, and also passed the invitation to Bob Brown. In return Bob told us that "Everglades" had invited us to have a dance that evening, which just goes to show that "Everglades" had never heard of Durban Ramblers before. They must have been determined to wreck their joint. The advantage of being on orderly duty when their is a braaivleis is apparent - the customer cooks his own food. Thereafter we proceeded to "Everglades" where we raised the roof. The compensating factor for the "Everglades" proprietor was we also downed the drinks. This dance was truly the highlight of the camp. We returned to camp at 11.30 p.m. so tired that we could only talk until 1 a.m. when we went to sleep.

The following day, after yet another delicious breakfast, we set about breaking camp, a rather back-breaking task at times. However, once this had been completed and after a hasty, hearty luncheon we left for home just before three o'clock, having spent yet another enjoyable week-end under canvas.

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DONT FORGET THE HIKE OF THE YEAR

UMLAAS CASCADES

SUNDAY 28th SEPTEMBER.

Visitors attending for the first time FREE so be generous and give your friends a treat by inviting them out.

Cost to other visitors and members 5/- each.

A \_\_\_\_\_ by Jill Craig

old wind a small crowd of the more hardy Ramblers turned out for the trip to Zama. A couple of the fair sex, however appeared to find bed more comfortable, as the lorry was delayed for some time awaiting their arrival. They eventually put in a belated appearance accompanied by one of "De Boys".

The journey was not without the usual hi-jinks and horseplay, and two stops had to be made to retrieve wayward hats. I might mention here, that in the Ramblers Club it is very non-U to hitch a lift at any time - such a bad example for visitors. At Pinetown a brief committee meeting was held in front of Naidoo's as to the route to be taken. The result was complete bewilderment on the part of our leader.

This became evident soon after leaving the lorry. After wandering in a wide semi-circle for some time our leader had to admit defeat, and was obliged to ask the advice of a few black spectators. This historical spot is now known as "Coons Corner".

Before continuing, I have been asked to mention that Eric F. is always perfectly willing to carry any extra gear for any female who cares to ask. I believe this is the latest method of charming!

Leaving "Coons Corner" behind, our leader found what appeared to be a path into the valley, but was in fact a mere goat track! Our photographer got in front of the main party and seemed to be well placed for some candid shots. One visitor found that skirts are not quite the correct attire for rock scrambling, but more level ground was reached without mishap.

The only other bit of tough going was the ascent of a ridge, consisting mainly of shale and thorn from where we descended to the picnic spot - a wide expanse of smooth rock. A couple of goats (not Ramblers) demonstrated how rock climbing should be done, but nobody had the courage to follow their excellent example.

After a very quiet lunch a few of the energetic types climbed Kloof Tower leaving us gasping at their fly-like

(Continued on page 8)

## CLICKERS CORNER

(or bring your slides & have them murdered.)  
By Peter Wallis & Mickey McConnell.

## MARGARET SCOOPS UP MOORE TROPHIES

Everybody who attended the photographic meeting on Wednesday the 17th. had a whale of a time. The Rambling spirit was evident throughout the evening; this means that Garry and his funny men were on top of form.

The meeting started in a most business-like manner and within an hour all formalities were completed. Dudley announced that Margaret Moore had won "The best slide of the year" award and had also obtained the highest number of points in the slide competitions held during the past twelve months. This makes Margaret a very worthy winner and we all wish to congratulate her on the fine effort.

Peter Peen triumphantly took the first prize in the "Black & White" competition and we also wish to congratulate him.

"The best slides of the year" and "The best prints of the year" were contributed by:-

- | Colour.                             | Black & White.                  |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Margaret Moore                   | 1. Peter Peen                   |
| 2. Fred Ferns                       | 2. Peter Wallis                 |
| 3. Meri Vaughan &<br>Margaret Moore | 3. Peter Peen &<br>Peter Wallis |

Following the announcement of the prize winners, a discussion was held on the type of colour slide competitions that would be held in the future. It was decided that on alternative months there would be a set subject for competitions, details of which will be published in the "Durban Rambler" two months in advance, giving members



an opportunity to take slides within that subject range specifically for the competitions on the alternate months the competitions would be open so that members could bring along these slides that had either missed the competition evening or would not fall within the set subject.

October	-	Open
November	-	NATIVE LIFE.

The colour slide competition for the evening was won by Blossom with 64%.

A hearty vote of thanks to Claude Ambler for the use of his home and for the wonderful spread he provided.

Congratulations to Jill Heher who celebrates her 21st birthday on the 3rd October.

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Farewell to Garry Rabie who is leaving us to take up a post in Johannesburg. Whilst we hope to see Garry back in our midst one day, I am sure there will be quite a few chaps who will feel more relaxed on the hikes for a short period.

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WHATS ON THIS MONTH.

12th Hike in Inanda Native Reserve, travelling via Red Hill and Kwa Mashu. This is an entirely new hike and one that is not very strenuous - fairly flat going. Start at the Enzinyati Falls - Lunch on the Umgeni River.

26th MacPhersons Cascades - An old favourite starting from the MacPherson farm at Cato Ridge.

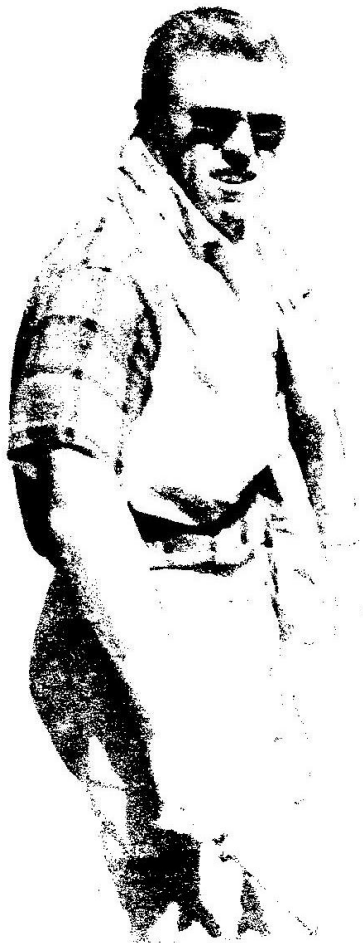
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ZAMA (continued from page 5)

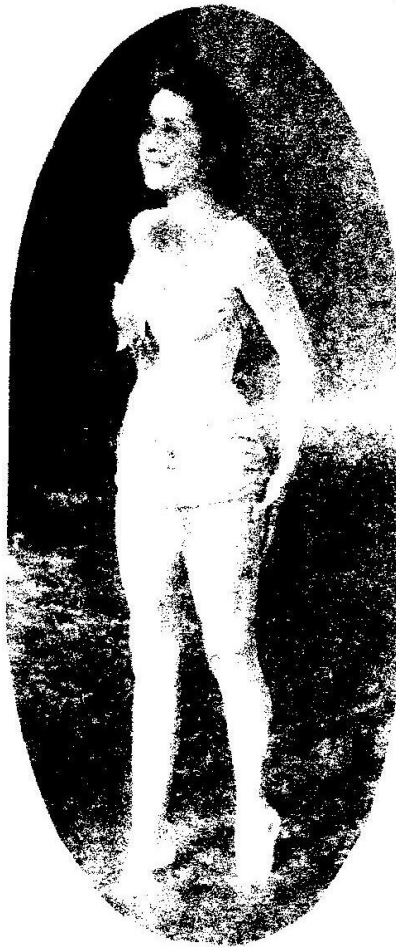
progress up the face. Mickey was first to reach the summit closely followed by Bob, and by the time we were once more on the move, they had started the descent, rejoining the party on the ridge above the picnic spot.

At the base of Kay Kloof the party split up, Mick taking some up the Kloof, and the rest followed Lindy on an easier route. The lorry was parked conveniently close to a store, and we were all very grateful to the proprietors who obligingly opened up for us. A quantity of minerals were consumed and one lucky male even managed to cadge some beer! A scarlet clad charmer delayed one female member for a while, but eventually the lorry with its load of tired humanity got under way. Blankets of all descriptions were very much in evidence on the return journey, which was, not un-naturally, extremely quiet.

So despite the confusion at the start of the day, our leader, and his assistants black and white, gave us a most enjoyable and interesting day.



ERNIE



BARBARA



MR. & MRS. MERVYN CAMPION

who were married on the 23rd August at the Frere Road Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Campion was formerly Verna Hamer a member of the Club for many years and she is well known in Durban as a ballet dancer. Mervyn was the Club Treasurer in 1957 and is a talented pianist who has played with various dance bands. Mervyn is a member of Glenwood Old Boys Club and is a keen sportsman whose main interest is cricket. The wedding reception was held at the Keith Burne Hall and was attended by 300 guests.