

OCTOBER, 1964.



MONTHLY MAGAZINE & DIARY

DURBAN RAMBLERS' CLUB.

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OCTOBER 1964

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FIXTURE LIST.

3rd October: SATURDAY. ANNUAL SPRING BALL at the
Plaza Hotel, Broad Street, Durban.
8 p.m. Single tickets: 65c
Double tickets: R1-25
See also p.2.

4th October: SUNDAY. Hangover Picnic at Willard
Beach on the North Coast. Please will
all car owners and others wishing to
go on this picnic meet at the Market
Place at 9 a.m. Don't forget your
bathing costumes. Tea & coffee will
be provided.

6th October: Executive Committee Meeting at Mike
Woods' home, 54 Old Mill Way, Durban
North, at 8 p.m. (TUESDAY)

18th October: SUNDAY. HIKE TO MACINTOSH CASCADES
Lindie will lead this hike, and there
are no river crossings. Meet at the
Market Place at 8.30 a.m.
MEMBERS: 50c VISITORS: 45c.

21st October: WEDNESDAY. Photographic meeting to
be held at Robert Booker's flat,
2 Bonamour Crt., Bonamour ave., (off
Moore Rd.), Durban. The subject for
the competition is 'Unusual or Trick
Photography'. ~~Time: 8 p.m.~~ Please park
all cars in Moore Rd.

CONGRATULATIONS AND THANKS

TO

IVAN WIRTZ.

We should like to take this opportunity of congratulating Ivan, who has now walked away with the Amble three times, once unofficially and twice officially.

Very sincere thanks are also due to him for raising the standard of the race above that which we have been accustomed to in the immediate past, and for the upsurge of enthusiasm shown among our aspirant young walkers. As a result of this new spirit we were happy to see one of the largest fields for years at this year's Amble, and the organisers feel that now is the time to throw the race wide open. Wide open in the sense that, only club members will be permitted to enter, as in the past, but also by giving the newer, younger members a chance to compete with a view to winning.

We are confidently happy that Ivan will be the first to agree that to achieve this a change will be necessary in the rules governing the Amble, and it has therefore been decided that in future all participants winning two successive Ambles will be barred from participation for two years. This new rule will be known as the 'Wirtz Principle', and will be applied in the future to alter any set of circumstances, which are considered to be retarding the spirited progress of the Club. We feel sure that any victims of this principle will accept the ruling in the best of spirits, realising that whatever action is taken, it is taken only with the interests of the Club as a whole at heart.

Ivan, lastly, we do hope that you have no objection to lending your name to this system, which we feel will be a very powerful weapon in our hands, and which we assure you will only be used in the best of spirits. We trust that you, as the first victim, will give your obvious talents towards the building up of the Club's bright future.

Many thanks indeed.

JOHN SCOTT
For the Executive Committee

OUTSTANDING SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1964.

The following is the list of members, with outstanding subscriptions for 1964, and they are requested to settle their accounts as soon as possible. Should payment have been made, please disregard.

B.A. COLLEY.	R1-00)
J. COUSINS.	R2-00)
A. CURRY.	R1-00)
J. DRIVER.	R2-00)
G. HARRIS.	R2-00)
Mr & Mrs. L. HOLLAND.	R2-00)
A. JAMES	R2-00)
Mr. & Mrs. J. KULPA.	R2-00)
J. KETHVEN.	R1-00)
E. McMenamin.	R2-00)
T. McMENAMIN.	R2-00)
P. MacPHERSON.	R2-00)
H. NORREKJAER.	R2-00)
N. PAMMENTER.	R6-00)
Mr. & Mrs. P. ROFFE.	50c)
G. SALATI.	R2-00)
D. THOMAS	R2-00)
H. TRIPE.	R2-00)
V. WELSH.	R2-00)
E. YEATMAN.	R1-50)
D. TANKARD.	50c)
M. THOMAS.	50c.)

 F.T.W.D.R. (Extract from October, 1955 edition)

UNCLE RAE'S COLUMN

Dear Uncle Rae,
 I came home at four o'clock in the morning
 after the Ramblers' Annual Ball. Did I do wrong?
 Yours worriedly,
 Annie.

Dear Annie,
 Try to remember.

Yours,
 Uncle Rae.

SHONGWENI FALLS 23.8.64. BY "21"

Five & sixty, young at heart,
Off on a stroll did make a start.

Over hill and dale we wandered
Under the sunny skies,
Led by our dear old Lindy
On whom there are no flies.

'Twas quite a pleasant view we found
From the crest of the ridge, we wandered
Along then and down & around,
Upward then and down through the wood.
Across the road and further down
We came to the spot, hooray, that's good.

It was a day so pleasant
And really, really that was meant.
Under the trees we camp-ped,
Brew we drank and our faces fed,
Lazed and nattered and other things, too.
Then suddenly, near time to break,
A 'Tarzan' call we heard one make.

Crashing and smashing, down through the brush,
Came a bunch of whatnots allin a rush.
After a closer look all round,
'Twas only Wiggley & Co. we found.
The beauty-sleep of some was stopped
And the rest of the others that had flopped.
'Twas time to up and away, anyway,
Time to finish our rest and play.

And so 'twas on our way we went,
First left then right our steps were bent
On to the road and back to the lorry.
There'll be another soon, don't worry!

(Continued overleaf

Conti.)

Soon we were in Durban
 From 'there' back to the urban.
 Refreshed and content we parted
 & For some true love has started.
 May they be joyful every day,
 And bye for now, we must away.

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VARIATIONS ON A THEME
 or CCRN Y CORNER - "21"

A: Did you go to the Ramblers' Social last evening?
 B: You owe me ten rand for drinks.

SHE: Did you go to the Ramblers Social last evening?
 HE: Seen the Eno's anywhere?

HE: Did you go to the Ramblers' Social last evening?"
 SHE: Can I recommend "Arthur Murray's"

SHE: Did you go to the Ramblers' Social last evening?"
 HE: Tell me first. What's my name?

HE: Did you go to the Ramblers' Social last evening?
 SHE: My father wants to see you.

 ENCORE.

))

SHE: Good morning, darling!
 HE: Don't you know better than to wake me up early
 after a Ramblers' social?
 SHE: It's Monday morning.

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ADVICE TO WOULD BE WRITERS. - "21"

If your pencil has gone dead,
 Never fear but go to bed,
 For in the morn you'll wake refreshed
 And your brain cogs will have meshed.

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THE EDITRESS,

Dear Madam,

I am writing to your magazine to complain about the atrocious monopolising of public utility transport that your organization participates in.

There I was, catching my normal 7.20 p.m. bus from Pinetown to Durban on Friday 4th September. It was cool, perhaps a little chilly, when we arrived in Durban, at the Market Square.

Even at this stage I was a little suspicious due to the lack of other passengers, and the piles of cardboard boxes at the back of the vehicle.

When I tried to alight from the bus at this terminus, I was forced back into my seat by hulking great yaaps passing bags & supplies along the gangway.

Nor did I succeed in getting off after this because as soon as loading ceased, on swarmed bevy after bevy bonny belles (and one or two chaps I believe) so I resigned myself to a longer journey than expected.

The extortionate fare charged persuaded me to get my moneys worth so I stayed on until the bus stopped.

The trip turned out to be a mystery scenic tour, but unfortunately sunset had been around 6 p.m. & so the scenic part was somewhat dulled. We did get some delightful views of the nightlife of Port Shepstone, & judging by the crowds there, I think all the town must have turned out to see us. At least they both waved anyway!

On to the nearest mechanised pinkel place at a B.P. station (A real oasis in the desert this), a quick round trip to the Umzimkulu Lime Factory & then into the Cribi Gorge Hotel.

At this stage I was allowed out of the bus and was given the delightful choice of sleeping under a tree with the most unusual dalmation I've seen or, remaining on the luxury coach which, at 4.0a.m. seemed to lose a lot of its luxury.

Morning came, eventually, and my companions began a search for their leader who had last been seen at Durban. He was found and in 'glorious' weather tents were erected.

Unable to resume my journey I felt obliged to stay and so became enriched by the fascinating knowledge of how to erect pinkel tents and eat strangled eggs, etc.

This completed, some of the madder passengers hared off to visit close friends & relatives at Baboon Castle, whilst the more resonsible, such as myself, stayed behind to wash in a waterfall of umpteen hundred feet.

The afternoon wore on and a few strolled up to the hotel to bring their stimulation points back to normal, I suppose. Anyway when they returned, and with the braai over, a sort of sing song was held around the fire. The following morning, of all things, we had coffee in bed.))

A quick de-tick and a shakedown ef nu-nus and back into the wide outdoors again.

Inkeeping with tradition, the ground Hornbill forecast rain & sure enough it came. Cops! Nearly forgot something, Typical of the ways of my companions was the way in which at least one attractive young girl was shocked by the appearance of a rather guant face, torch-lit from below in the window of their tent, in the early hours of that morning.

After lunch that day, our gallant leader proposed a trip into the Gorge itself, to see another waterfall. We went by bus into the unknown depths, up a little path (not in the bus this time) to a pool, where the waterfall occassionally showed itself. After resting awhile to get over the excitement we made our way back to the bus where we had coffee and biscuits before returning to the camp.)))

So ended day two.

By now my suit was getting a little creased, so with a measure of relief the third day bloomed. No need to wash on this day, it rained often enough to keep the dirt at bay.

Equipment was demolished & stored in our transport, the driver was woken up and off we set back to Durban.

All ended well for the travellers and in spite of the good time I had, I still think that to over monopolise public transport merely for roughs, etc. over a long weekend is in poor taste & I therefore wish to register my complaint.

Disgusted of Jingo Lane.

ZOOLOGY SECTION

TRAMPUS FEMINA (V.PSEUDO-
MASCULINUS)

This species is very easily recognised by its robust form and by the look of grim determination on its face. Its call, which seems to be a mimicry of that of the famous American bird Annie Oakly, is "AnythingyoucandoIcandobetter"



TRAMPUS FEMIKUSS (V.BARDOTUS)

This variety has a much more petite form than the above one. It is well known for its ability to attach itself to the male of its species, which it manages to inveigle into carrying its burden. Its call is a very seductive "Darling" (No recorded sample available, as species rarely stays in one place for any length of time. Adept at dropping loads on unsuspecting victims.

MORE CORNIES.

HITCH-HIKER: I look upon hiking as a tonic.

TRAMP: Yes, and a passing lorry as a pick-me-up I suppose.

HE: Do you really like conceited men better than others?
SHE: What others?

F.T.W.D.R. - JAN., 1956.

From the "Taranua Trumper" of New Zealand.

- BELAY - An imaginary connection tying a mountain to a man.
- BREW - An evil, treacly substance created by boiling a packet of tea for many hours in a rusty (billy.
- GIRLS - (Pronounced AHHHH! They come in all shapes and sizes, but generally they are good, all round sport. One of the horrors of climbing trips is to see them emerge from their bags at dawn. Taken on trips, they improve the tone of the party.
- HONESTY - The emotion that impels fellow trampers to return your socks when they have worn them full of holes.
- PHOTOGRAPHER - A mountain menace worse than sand-flies Is the most unpopular man during a trip, and the most popular after it.

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EDITORIAL

Dear Rambler,

In the possible unavoidable absence of our Editress, we take this opportunity of saying how pleasant it is to help her. We think that she is doing an excellent job. Our thoughts are with you, Adele.

(By the time this edition 'goes to bed')

To 'Disgusted of Jingo Lane' we say 'thank you for the interesting complaint' and we would like to offer you a free hike, in conciliation for the inconvenience we caused you.

EDIT. ASSISTANTS.

UMLAAS FALLS - 13.9.64

"O fickleness, thy name is Rambler!"

Enormous numbers turned out to our previous two or three hikes and, as our September magazine stated, "This hike has always been one of the most popular on our itinerary". In view of these factors two lorries were optimistically ordered, and duly arrived, but where were the masses of rambblers. One lorry had to be sent home in disgrace.

When this little difficulty had been settled we set off for Pinetown from where, after picking up the important (Keweenaw creams and Coca-Cola) and the unimportant (one or two Ramblers), it was heigh-ho for Gato Ridge and Umlaas Falls.

We disembarked from the lorry under the watchful eyes of the local trading store operator - you could see him rubbing his hands in anticipation - and under blue skies and a hot sun made tracks for Umlaas Falls. We reached there without too much expenditure of effort at about half-past twelve, and after firewood had been collected, and Lindy had got one of his ferrous bras going, a closer inspection was made of the falls. Unfortunately not much water was coming over, and one section was completely dry. Nevertheless the intelligent few who had brought costumes along were able to enjoy a refreshing dip in the cool waters of the pool below the falls, and even take a shower under the falls. Other mountain goats made their way up the cliffs at the side of the falls to have a look at the view.

By this time coffee and tea were ready and these soon disappeared down forty-five thirsty gullets to the accompaniment of various munching and crunching sounds.

P.T.O.

LES NOUVELLES SOCIALES.

New Members: Gillian Wise, whose name was regrettably omitted from last month's magazine.

U. Rolle.

Lyn Sanders.

Heartiest Welcomes, folks, and happy hiking days!

Resignation: Dawn Leibrant, who is now married and will shortly be going to live in Switzerland.

'Bon Chance', Dawn and happy skiing days.

Matchery: Congratulations to Jim & Mary on their recent engagement.
(Another good man gone West)

Umlaas Falls (Contd.)

One thing about the hike to Umlaas Falls is that there is plenty of time to do nothing in. Accordingly after lunch, those who felt like doing nothing did just that, while others went on an exploratory tour down river. I don't know whether or not they found anything, but they didn't seem at all downhearted when they returned. Perhaps this was because they returned to find another brew of coffee and tea waiting for them.

When this had been consumed we set out once more en route to the station where we were lived up to the expectations of the previously mentioned operator, and consumed dozens of cool drinks. Then we all re-embarked on the lorry which seemed strangely spacious and comfortable with only forty-five on board. In fact it was hardly full enough to justify doubling up (so who needs justification), and we arrived back in Durban at about quarter past six.

"Dikko"