



MONTHLY MAGAZINE & DIARY

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\* DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB \*  
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OCTOBER, 1965 - FIXTURES

- Sunday 3rd : Hike to Shongweni Falls led by Lindy.  
Members 45c Visitors 50c
- Tuesday 5th : ExeComMeet. at Vic Fortmann's home,  
72 Jameson Cres., Durban.
- 9th to 11th C A M P at Richards Bay. See Camp  
Form for details.
- Sunday 17th : Hike to Clivia Gorge led by Mike  
Wigley. Members 45c Visitors 50c
- Wednesday 20th : Photo Meet at Mickey McConnell's  
home, Quentin Smythe Rd., Kloof.  
Subject: Sunrises, Sunsets &  
shots after dark.
- Sunday 31st : Hike to Shongweni Valley led by Lindy.  
Members 45c Visitors 50c

NOTE: Unless otherwise stated all hikes start from  
Market Parking Area, opposite Alhambra Theatre,  
at 8.30 a.m.

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(Like to try out climbing?)

MOUNTAIN CLUB'S INVITATION TO CLIMBING MEET.

The Mountain Club have invited us to a  
climbing meet at Craiglee Krantz (near Radnor  
Guest Farm at top of the road leading down to  
Nagle Dam) on Sunday, Oct. 24th. Meet at the  
Market Place at 8.30 a.m.

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LAGOON OF THE LEOPARD.

As true Ramblers would, we met at the usual place, at the usual time. Seventeen souls braved the rain, to try out Mike Wigley's new hike to Clivia Gorge. It was decided by the leaders, however, that we would go to Leopard's Lagoon, and leave Clivia Gorge till a later date. When we were half way to Pinetown, it started to drizzle, and up came the tarpaulin to keep us dry. At Naidoo's it stopped raining. )

Marianhill Station was our disembarkation point. Walking along with the rain pouring down, we could only have been 'Wacky' Ramblers. Even the potholes and splashes from passing cars avoided us. At the river's edge, fifteen of us crossed by a bridge while two stone-hopped across, and disappointed us by not taking a bath. As if they needed it!

The Lagoon did not disappoint us though, for it was quite full, unlike the last time I was there. We continued for about a mile and crossed the river again to find shelter and dry wood for the famous Lindy brew. What a difference it made.

Some decided to explore this side of the bank, while some were contented to relax, and talk on various topics. After another brew, we broke camp and started homewards. We arrived at the Market Square about 6 pm, eagerly anticipating a hot bath, a hot meal and etc. )

- Batchelor Boy.

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JOKE TIME

(Scruffy mongrel to haughty french poodles)  
"...and my name is Fido, spelled P H Y D E A U X.

\* THE SPRING BALL 1965 \*

This festive occasion (oops! my spelling slipped) took place on a cool September evening at the Plaza Hotel. The setting was pleasing and the attendance good. Soon after the music started, Bubbles and Tom were asked to start the (B)ball rolling with a snowball. The snowball rolled and soon nearly all were on the floor. All those smart suits and elegant frocks whirling gracefully round to the quickstep, the waltz and the...you guessed it...Cha Cha Cha.

With the stiffness shaken off those smart suits and elegant frocks relaxed and were filled a little more with assorted snacks and assorted (of course) drinks. Before these had really settled, the fun started. As couples danced, large spoons were, rather more hastily than politely, handed from one to another for whoever was caught with one, when the music stopped, had to sit out. Four couples remained. The four females sat on their partners' laps and were fed with ice cold lemonade in babies' bottles. Keith helped Diane finish hers first and they were presented with Champagne for their efforts.

When this hilarity ended, prizes were presented. Ivan Wirtz, as you know, got a hat-trick with his 3rd. successive Amble win. Don Allison and daughter from Pmb. also came in for special recognition. Judith won the ladies' section of the Amble and her Papa received his 15th certificate for completing a 15 mile Amble in a position of 15th.

Mike Wigley and Gillian Wise, too, will remember this evening. They announced their engagement. The best of everything to you two!

After the prizes, came the gayest moment of the evening, the "Mummy Dance". After eliminating most of the opposition, Gustav and Anne proceeded to adorn themselves with (that's right) toilet paper, and emerge as the best-dressed mummies of the evening. More champagne rewarded their efforts.

The 'joie-de-vivre' slowly abated whilst couples chatted, drank and danced with soft lights and sweet music. A splendend evening too soon drew to a close, and left one with that feeling I could have danced all night, I could have danced all night, and still have begged for more....!

- Anonymous

Thank you Vic and a ssistants for your able efforts!

- Ed.

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THE HANGOVER PICNIC

It was announced during the Spring Ball that the Ramblers would depart for a beach picnic at 9.30 the following morning. "What was that?" "9.30", "9.30?"

The following morning, little groups gathered at the Market Place. The experienced eye could at one distinguish that they were "Ramblers" although to the uninitiated they would seem like a bunch of beatniks, hoboes, brcken-down mountaineers, Arctic-explorers, Swiss-Yodelers with perhaps a couple of deserters from the French Foreign Legion thrown in to complete the picture.

There were some tense moments and mingled feelings of eager anticipation and apprehension as heads were counted for allotment to various ears. Eager anticipation amongst some of the men that there might not be enough room thus forcing the necessity for some young lady to sit on their laps. Apprehension amongst others as they viewed the prospect of having to ride pillion on one of the scooters.

After making a fine start the party re-assembled at Salt Rock where some had the unique opportunity/...

opportunity of seeing an almost stationary scooter overturn complete with passengers. Despite a slight tear in his pants the pillion rider courageously completed the journey.

Once on the beach the crowd metamorphosised themselves into little groups of "Strandlopers" or "beach boys" and girls sliding on the barnacles and combing the beach.

The novel changing booths were quite intriguing, evidently of a type that has been used since pre-historic times.

The "Strandlopers" found much of interest as little knots of them would stop now and again to view a piece of sea-weed, a shell or a fish, each giving their own opinion as to the source and origin of the object.

During the afternoon, it was decided to hold a rugby match boys versus girls. However, it was found that the girls far outclassed the boys so the teams were mixed. In the course of the game which developed into a mixture of tag team wrestling, rugby and water polo, a "big-game hunter" was tackled and landed into an oncoming wave clothes and all!

A "Sea-Porcupine" created quite a stir when a Rambler was taking the spines off it. Who would have thought that a little creature (part shell) could create such an interest. All eyes were upon it!

Inevitably, it became time to return home, but methinks there were more "hangovers" after the picnic than after the Spring Ball, if the lobster hued skins were anything to judge by.

- TONY C.

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## SUBSCRIPTIONS OUTSTANDING AS AT 25/9/65.

NAME	AMOUNT
H. BATESON . . . . .	R2 . 00
G. BROWN . . . . .	R2 . 00
J. DE Vlieg . . . . .	1 . 00
C. GIBSON . . . . .	2 . 00
G. HARRIS . . . . .	4 . 00
L. HOLLAND . . . . .	4 . 00
G. HOLMES . . . . .	1 . 00
P. HUMPHREYS . . . . .	2 . 00
S. HUMPHREYS . . . . .	2 . 00
J. JOHNSON . . . . .	2 . 00
D. LAMBLE . . . . .	2 . 00
E. LONGWORTH .?? . . . .	1 . 00
E. MARAIS . . . . .	2 . 00
W. MAST . . . . .	2 . 00
M. MCRDUANT . . . . .	1 . 00
R. MARVIS . . . . .	2 . 00
T. McMEHAIN . . . . .	4 . 00
P. McPHERSON . . . . .	4 . 00
H. NORREKJÆR . . . . .	4 . 00
N. OELLERMANN . . . . .	2 . 00
P. ROBERTS . . . . .	2 . 00
D. SEWELL .?? . . . .	2 . 00
D. SHACKLETON . . . . .	2 . 00
K. TRAVERS . . . . .	2 . 00
M. WALL . . . . .	1 . 00
V. WELSH . . . . .	4 . 00
F. WEINER . . . . .	1 . 00
B. YATES . . . . .	2 . 00
D. YOUNG . . . . .	2 . 00
<u>COUNTRY MEMBERS</u>	
T. CULVERWELL . . . . .	. 50
J. RICHARDS . . . . .	. 50
C. RONNE . . . . .	. 50
D. TANKARD . . . . .	1 . 00
J. TANKARD . . . . .	2 . 50
B. YARNELL . . . . .	. 50

Well, HOW ABOUT IT please folks?

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THE HIKE THAT DIDN'T GET TO MPSANE.

We had had a Saturday of pouring rain and Sunday morning was overcast, and didn't look at all promising. Nevertheless, the hardy few turned out all set for the long difficult climb up the Mpsane. Soon after leaving Pinetown the sun came out and all looked well until a most peculiar noise came from one of the tyres and the lorry stopped about three miles from Cato Ridge. We all jumped out to have a look at the damage - one flat tyre at the front, no spare tyre and no jack - really organised! We made a few attempts to stop passing lorries in the hope that they had the necessary tools to effect repairs, but without success, and we all stood around looking rather lost until a rather odd-coloured Volkswagen pulled up and out stepped our rescuer, Bob Ferns. We despatched him off to phone for help, arranged a rendezvous to meet him again, and started off in search of the river, having given up any thoughts we may have had of tackling the Mpsane.

We left our stranded lorry and set off across country to our meeting place with Bob. We reached it quite successfully without any further mishaps, but then, where was Bob? His car was there, his pack was there, but Bob himself seemed to have vanished into thin air. We waited and waited, but then decided we had better give him up for lost. We left a note and then set off again along the Nagle Dam Road.

When we reached the excarpment, we sat down for a well-earned rest before tackling the drop down into the valley. Just as we were about to start off again a lone figure came hastily down the road - Bob had come to join us. We felt much better now that our lost member had returned to the fold and were reassured when he told us that he had phoned to make all necessary arrangements to get our lorry repaired.

By this time the sun was shining in full force and burnt us all quite nicely as we made our/...



our way down the valley to the river. This we crossed over a few times for good measure, then settled down in a pleasant spot where we had a good view of the road that our lorry must come down. This would give us the signal to leave, as the walk back in the afternoon, we understood, would be short and sweet - just down the river to the bridge. So we had our lunch and our only disappointment was that our leader just would not be persuaded to do his "Nelson Act". However, he made up for it by making two excellent brews of coffee and telling funny stories, so we felt we could forgive him this time.

Spirits were high when we set off again, having seen the lorry go by, and there was talk of having the lorry take us on to Nagle Dam (Just for the drive - how lazy can Ramblers get?) It didn't take us long to reach the bridge, but then, where was the lorry? Apparently gone on towards the dam. Spirits immediately sank, and we set off very wearily down the road after it. The road seemed to be never-ending, and though we were told it was about five miles to the dam, I'm sure we had already walked ten or so when, still far from the dam, we found the lorry coming back to rescue us. Never has it been more welcome.

We look forward to conquering Mpsane at some future date. Meanwhile we had a most enjoyable day and a good hike, thanks to Rob Philp. )  
- MdeV.

P.S. Mpsane means "flat tyre"

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GONE AWAY AND GOT/GETTING MARRIED.

We wish the very best for the future to Merillyn Jolley and her future husband and to Lyn Goldschm (nee Sanders) and her husband. Au revoir!, Lyn and we'll miss you too.

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