

DURBAN

RAMBLERS

CLUB

SEP. 1961.



TOPP'S NEEDLE



A fair crowd assembled at the Market Place for this 'famous' hike. Lindy was late (very unusual) and we only got going about 9.00. A very fine rain was not enough to dampen our spirits, but it was the bitter end when a real downpour began to seep through every - thing.

Several lucky people had rain coats and a couple of blankets (did Alec's mother know he had her BEST rug) were also used to keep the unfortunate lorryites damp-not saturated. Arriving at Naidoo's, we found more hardy Ramblers waiting. A heated discussion then resulted in a decision to abandon the hike, the loudest voices winning the day. The rain was still pouring down and showed no sign of letting up. A very sad, wet bunch then set off home and so ended the shortest hike on record. It was also almost the end of a certain VW, which staggered back to Durban with 7 up.

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CRAZY TENNIS.

By 9.00 the only players a worried Gory Rabble could see were all cavorting on the other courts. Late as usual the Ramblers began to arrive and Garry and his henchmen were able to draw up lists for the coming battle. A very natty gentleman - complete with straw basher, blazer edged with striped ribbon and white longs, strolled nonchalantly past incredulous players and honoured us with his presence. Laughs soon gave way to gasps as Robin (did I have to tell you who the 'gay nineties' gent was) and Harry proceeded to clean up just about all the opposition.

Most of the Ramblers looked very professional in their white togs - and many played extremely well. Mike Hooper and Mike Castledon surprised their opponents & earned admiration for cannonball services and returns.

Three couples were soon battling it out for top place - Harry & Rob, Isla & Charles, Mike Castledon & Adele. The former ran out winners, but were detailed to play singles as one of the two would have looked funny in the chiffon bonnet which was the girl's prize.

A most unfortunate accident caused the downfall of Isla & Charles. One slip and he was down, an X ray later revealing a broken ankle. Hard luck, Charles, we hope you'll soon be back on the trail again. Mike and Adele ended up in 2nd place and so the bonnet went to Adele, while Harry, having eliminated Robin, claimed an extremely comfy air cushion for the lorry.

So ended a very enjoyable day and battered and bent Ramblers could be seen limping home in all directions - well satisfied with the day's work.

BLISTERS.

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CONGRATULATION CORNER.

All the luck in the world and hopes for many years of happiness go to Joan and Dett, who tie the knot on the 2nd Sept. We hope that we will still see these two faithful members on future hikes.

Many happy returns of the day also to Mike Castleden, who celebrated his 21st birthday on the 8th August. Sorry that these greetings are late, but 'better late than never'.

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NEW MEMBERS.

Only one hardy soul joins our merry band this month. Happy hiking days to you and how about joining us on the next.

JOAN MITCHELEY.

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EDITRESS'S BLAH - BLAH.

This month I have several points that are worth mentioning. Please, let me or one of my committee know of any change of address - it is very difficult to keep track of you if you don't, especially if we don't see you all that often. You've only yourselves to blame if the Mag fails to arrive and consequently you miss all the 'goings on.'

Remember the Dance this month. Please return any unused tickets, but we would much rather see your cheery (no, no, not beery) faces at the event of the Year. Apparently some Noo - Noos didn't know when the Dance was to be held!!! All I can say is 'Watch out'. We'll vote you onto the Editorial Committee next year and then you'll have to read the Mag!!

A large bouquet to Jean Carter who earned praise from everyone who saw her in The Amble. Jean had a bad fall at the start of the race but carried on with torn & bleeding knees to finish up a very creditable performance in fourth place. Congratulations on a gallant effort.

Condolences to Charles Smeda who broke an ankle playing tennis. I believe that you will be at the Dance? Good for you, and knowing how keen you are, it won't be long before you are out on a hike again, I guess.

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DANCE - SPRINGBALL

VENUE: OCEAN VIEW HOTEL.

BAND: FRANK DALY.

CHARGE: R2.00

THIS IS IT!! The event of the Year!! A really super-duper affair has been planned and if you and your friends want a really good time, delicious snacks and a 1st class band join the gang at the Ocean View Hotel. Dress formal - lounge suits if you like, & pay at the door. For further details see the enclosed ticket.



Cut it out you cads, cant you see the busy.



Who's for a  
second brew?

RESULTS THE AMBLE 1961

<u>GIRLS - 10 Miles</u>	<u>Position</u>	<u>Time</u>
Tina Engolbrecht	1	1.50
Ethleen Charlesworth	2	2.06
Elva Rein	3	2.07
Jean Carter	4	2.09
D. Rowsell	5	2.14
Edith Patton	6	2.15
Lee Jearey	7	2.25
Isla Fraser	7	2.25
Joy Dryden	9	2.32
Leila Richardson	10	2.37
Joan Paige	11	3.22
Elizabeth Downie	11	3.22

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<u>MEN - 15 Miles</u>	<u>Position</u>	<u>Time</u>
Viv. Pammenter	1	2.39
Peter Rivers-Moore	2	2.47
Tony Tankard	2	2.47
Don Allison	4	2.49
Harry Tripe	5	2.50
Trevor Culverwell	6	2.54

<u>MEN - 15 Miles</u>	<u>Position</u>	<u>Time</u>
Tony McMenamin	7	2.58
Chris Schorn	8	3.03
Michael Butters	9	3.04
Norman Brown	10	3.06
Wyndham Quentin-Brown	11	3.08
Michael Castleden	12	3.09
Bill Lowe	13	3.13
Charles Smeda	14	3.14
Fred Clark	14	3.14
Alec Curry	16	3.25
Jim de Vlieg	16	3.25
Jack Tankard	18	3.35
Peter McPherson	19	3.38
Peter Roffe	19	3.38
Bob Ferns	21	3.52.

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Hang on chaps!.. im  
tied up at present.



Where are  
all those  
Lazy types?

A very gay noisy crowd of Ramblers squeezed onto the lorry - late as usual, and off we went to our oasis in Pinetown. A surprise was in store for everyone there when the crowd waiting almost outnumbered the mob already settled on the lorry. A feature of this hike was the welcome return of long established members not seen for a long time; Pat Ogle, Barbara Smith, Alec Curry, we hope you'll continue to honour us in this fashion.

We eventually managed to prise the breakfastless members of our little band loose from their milk-bar stools, cokes etc., and settled down, a lot more squashed than before, for the long ride ahead. On we went - on & on & on and still further. Amidst much wriggling, sighing of relief as cramped limbs were eased and the usual jocularities, we arrived at our jumping off point. Not many of us leapt off fearing that various parts of aching bodies would disintegrate, but Bob, who had spent the entire journey stretched out on everybody else's feet - was rearing to go.

The hike was very pleasant, meandering along a tree shaded dirt road and several stops were made to look at new born calves. Owing to the absence of a certain rowdy element (what ever made you think I meant YOU?) the hike was notable for the orderliness and speed with which we got to our destination. After scrambling down a steep bank we were rewarded with the sight of cool running water, lush grass and shady trees. It was not long before Lindy had a brew going and lunch was demolished with gusto.

Various people sunned themselves on rocks and one prospective member without a mug to drink from, was heard to say he would prefer not to drink from Trev's guava tin; in spite of the fact that that worthy assured him he had removed the teenies from it!! Ah well! Some people are particular. The peace and quiet was not to last. Garry - one of the two members of The Borstal Old Boys on the ramble - somehow fell into the river fully clothed. He emerged dripping and with a fiendish grin rushed after his quarry. Poor Isla - she didn't have a chance! Alternately yelling for help or for some kind soul to take her watch she was persuaded to go for a swim. The rest of us were too busy getting

our cameras into focus etc. to help the hapless mermaid. Mrs Marrs came to the rescue, Isla was soon clad in green slax and we all settled back for a hearty laugh and chat. A little band of shutterbugs were in a huddle discussing their spanking new cameras, the only remarks being. "That! I'm not sure what it's for, I'll look it up at home." "Sure, this little dingus here releases that knob there, you pull that & presto! You've got it. Oh crumbs! I did n't focus!"

One more brew later, Lindy lead us up and out of the valley. Up & up & up until at last we saw the farm we had to stagger to. Warmly tucked up in blankets we turned homewards and gave voice to our tired but happy feelings by having a rousing sing-song.

TROTTY.

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AMBLE 1961

The day dawned-bright and clear, and, wonder of wonders almost all the Ramblers were at the Market Place by ten past eight. Having clambered into the long suffering vehicles of the more affluent members of the club, we were soon on our way to our destination - the start of the Amble. This was near the beginning of the Old Main Road to Maritzburg. The residents in the lovely houses on either side of the road were soon awakened from their Sunday morning stupor as car after car disgorged Ramblers. Numbers were pinned onto eager(?) contestants whilst the arrival of the Maritzburg Ramblers was awaited. A donkey braying in anearby field caused great amusement when a few elowns likened it to our absent Entertainments Chairman. We were amazed to see a foreign car (foreign to the Ramblers, that is.) drawing up, and even more amazed to see Liz and Ethleen jump out. Bright sparks, having arrived at the Market Place at 8.30 were startled to find it deserted. Luckily some Camera Club fiends, who couldn't resist out two maidens in distress, offered them a lift and they were soon reunited with their fellow Ramblers.

After watching the men set off on their fifteen mile slog, the female entrants were taken five miles further along the road and given a rousing send off. The girls resignedly watched Tina disappearing into the distance after the first half mile or so, with Jean a good second. Unfortunately Jean tripped and grazed her knees rather badly, but she carried on gamely. Meanwhile the fifteen milers were watching Viv Pammenter become a speck on the horizon. We walked and walked and walked - up hills, down hills, around hills, but still on we pressed determinedly. Thank heavens for the oranges and cool drinks supplied to us en route!! Bob, being Bob, managed to acquire two dogs somewhere along the line and they faithfully accompanied him for many weary miles. What a sight for animal lovers! Did they share your beer at the 1000 hills Hotel, Bob? Joan and Liz decided to liven up the Amble by walking along the rails at the side of the road and by hopping from rock to rock. I bet our two shapely blonds livened up many a motorist's Sunday too!!

1hr 45 mins later Tina crossed the finishing line. Ethleen came in 2nd about 20 mins later, with Elva a close 3rd. Viv proved that he could do it again by finishing 1st in 2hrs 39 mins, with Tony Tankard and Peter Rivers-Moore tying for 2nd place. Tina incidently, put up a new record.

The others staggered in wearily one by one - Bob unfortunately without his canine friends. They had been forcibly moved back to where they had come from by Robin. All the contestants finished the course, showing how tough we Ramblers are.

We then settled down under some shady trees to consume our lunches. Hardly had we got stuck into our first sandwiches, than the police arrived. They had heard that Pathfinder McMuddle was back in town!! He managed to convince them of his innocence however, and we were left to munch away peacefully. Our food went down well after the strenuous exercise and so did Lindy's tea and coffee. As we all limped to the cars the expressions on every face said. "Never again!!" - but we'll see you all out next year.

LIBER.

Those of you who did not attend this annual function, missed a really magnificent evening. A large crowd saw some terrific slides of hikes and camps going back a good seven years. Included were some shots of that never - to - be - forgotten Cathedral Camp when the Lorries had to be pushed for 20 miles!! What a epic that was!

It was grand also to see old faces like Scotty, Rob Dalton, Frank Woodward etc., real characters no longer with us. Identifying these old-timers gave everyone a lot of amusement. The sight of a very youthful and Frunchless Rabie, provoked several ribald comments.

Some 8mm ciné films of camps, hikes and the Amble were received with chuckles. Joan Hume had obviously taken a great deal of trouble with her titling and this added enormously to the interest.

After a substantial tea bronk, we were treated to a first rate 16mm film on the Kariba Dam - produced by Central African Films Productions and loaned to us by Pan African Travel. Covering the giant project from beginning to end, this was voted by everyone to be the highlight of the evening.

With a vote of thanks to the Shell Company for the use of their excellent theatre, the meeting closed at about 11 pm.

ALSO THERE.

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DON'T FORGET THE DANCE. OCEAN VIEW HOTEL.

HAVE A GOOD TIME TO THE MUSIC OF FRANK DALY.

SATURDAY THE 9th SEPTEMBER.



PIN UP

