



MONTHLY MAGAZINE & DIARY

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 & SOCIAL EVENT OF THE YEAR. &  
 & \*\*\*\*\* &

& SPRING BALL. &  
 & \*\*\*\*\* &

& ON &  
 & &

& SATURDAY OCTOBER 3rd at 8 p.m. &  
 & &

& AT &  
 & &

& PLAZA HOTEL, DURBAN. &  
 & &

& Single tickets. 65c. Double tickets R1-25c. &  
 & &

& Please all help to make this dance the &  
 & success that we hope for. Friends are &  
 & very welcome, as the more couples we &  
 & have the more fun it will be. &  
 & More details will follow in the next &  
 & magazine. &  
 & ~~~~~

#### TROPHIES.

..)l members who won trophies in last year's Amble are asked to return the floating trophies to Garry Rabie, Rob Philp or any member of the committee as soon as possible, as these will be awarded to this year's winners at the Spring Ball.

#### ----- AMBLE 1964.

Once again this year we had a good entry for both the ladies' and the men's races, and 27 men and 11 girls finished the race. The day of the Amble turned out to be sunny, but not unpleasantly hot, and was in fact ideal for walking. The winner of the men's race was once again Ivan Wirtz in the excellent time of 2hrs.31mins.15 secs. for 15 miles. Congratulations.

ANNUAL AMBLE. CONT.

The winner of the Ladie's race was Patricia Willgrass, who has very recently become a member of the club, and is to be congratulated on her very stout effort.

The results are as follows:

MEN'S RACE.

|                     | Time.                |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1st I. Wirtz.       | 2hrs. 31mins.        |
| 2nd T. Brown.       | 2hrs. 36mins.        |
| 3rd A. Parr.        | 2hrs. 37mins.        |
| 4th M. Wigley.      | 2hrs. 58mins.        |
| 5th J. Lake.        | 2hrs. 59mins. (Pmb.) |
| 6th C. Emeda.       | 3 hrs.               |
| 7th R. Sandison.    | 3hrs. 2mins.         |
| 8th V. Pammenter.   | 3hrs. 5mins.         |
| 9th R. Willy.       | 3hrs. 6mins.         |
| 10th M. Woods.      | 3 hrs. 7mins.        |
| " J. LeKoux.        | "                    |
| " B. Pedlar.        | "                    |
| 13th J. Bruce.      | 3 hrs. 12mins.       |
| 14th J. Pammenter.  | 3hrs. 15mins.        |
| 15th N. Oellermann. | 3hrs. 18mins.        |
| 16th M. Rand.       | 3hrs. 18mins.        |
| 17th G. Holmes.     | 3hrs. 20mins.        |
| " M. Mordaunt.      | "                    |
| 19th L. Leroux.     | 3hrs. 23mins.        |
| 20th P. Kudder.     | 3hrs. 27mins.        |
| 21st G. Rabie.      | 3hrs. 28mins.        |
| 22nd C. Thompson.   | 3hrs. 30mins.        |
| 23rd K. Juts.       | 3hrs. 35mins.        |
| 24th G. Eogg.       | 3hrs. 47mins.        |
| 25th A. Benjamin.   | 3hrs. 52mins.        |
| 26th E. Yeatman.    | 3hrs. 58mins.        |
| 27th I. Fair.       | 4 hrs.               |

LADIES' RACE.

|                        |                    |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| 1st. P. Willgrass.     | 7th. E. Potgieter. |
| 2nd. L. Bailey. (Pmb.) | 9th. E. Thompson.  |
| 3rd. J. Smith.         | 10th. P. Schroenn. |
| 4th. D. Neethling.     | " D. Harvey.       |
| 5th. J. Schorn.        |                    |
| 6th. J. Carter.        |                    |
| 7th. L. Potgieter.     |                    |

BEEBLE DRIVE.

ON  
WEDNESDAY, 23rd SEPTEMBER.

AT  
ST. MARK'S CHURCH HALL  
Norrie Ave., off Mackeurtan Drive, Durban North.

Entrance free. Charge: 5c-10c per game.

Cash Prizes. Free refreshments.

Please all meet at the usual spot, Barclay's Bank,  
cnr. Smith and Field Strs. at 7.30 p.m.



ANNUAL SLIDE AND FILM SHOW. 19-8-64.

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This annual event proved to be as popular as ever, and 76 persons were present. Here I must add that it is entirely due to the generosity of the Shell Co. that this evening is made possible, as they allow us the use of their very comfortable theatre free of charge, and also provide a projectionist. In addition tea is provided as is a boy to make the tea and wash up.

The trophy for THE BEST COLOUR SLIDE OF THE YEAR was awarded to Yvonne Travers for her slide of a Fireside Scene, and also highly commended by the judges were Garry Philp's slide entitled 'Splash', and Peter Hallack's clever composition of nautical reflections. The Fred Titterington Memorial Trophy was awarded to Heather Odgers for the highest aggregate attained by 10 slides entered in competitions during the past year.

Thanks for the success of the evening must go to all those who lent us slides and films, and especially to the enthusiasts who gave up 3 evenings to help with the selection and sorting of slides. Also to Margaret Moore for all her help, and to Vic Hodura for his very humorous commentary. Last but not least to Mac Rand for the use of his equipment.

C. SCHORN. Chairman.

FOR THOSE WHO DON'T REMEMBER: Here let us turn back the years, and remember again a hike to WAYONDA VALLEY in August, 1955. (Reprinted from the Ramblers' Newsletter of that date).

At the Market Square they gathered, The Ramblers,  
 smart and neat,  
 Saying: "We'll hike to the hills Wayonda, for we have  
 itchy feet".  
 It's a long, hard hike you say; maybe, but they have  
 guts,  
 And fair-haired Les, their leader, knows all the shortest  
 cuts,  
 So on the lorry they clambered, but could not sit  
 with ease,  
 For limbs and heads were tangled, and eyebrows mixed  
 with knees.  
 Through smog-clad Durban they clattered, up broad Berea  
 Road,  
 Waving at passing motorists, who boggled at the load.  
 They stopped at the market of Naidoc-that wise man  
 from the East,  
 To drink his famed milk and coffee, and buy food for  
 the feast.  
 Then seated once more on the lorry they set off with  
 much ado,  
 Journeying with harmonious singing led by the tuneful  
 few.  
 They followed the Main Road to Hillcrest, then over  
 tracks narrow and rough,  
 All thought that with the dry veld and hot sun the  
 going would sure be tough,  
 Then up stood hairy-shouldered Scotty, a mighty man was he,  
 Saying: "No pack on my back, no billy can, of luggage  
 I'll be free,  
 For years this's been my dearest wish, who'll carry  
 the can for me?"  
 They hiked o'er rocks and stones and gravel, sliding  
 all over the place,  
 The downward path seemed never-ending - some sat  
 down in disgrace.  
 Then up the dusty path they struggled, snaking over  
 the veld,

Past native kraals, through prickly grass, 'twas hot enough  
to melt.  
Topp's Needle stuck out on the skyline - it towered up sharp  
and clear,  
But when they have to hike there they find it's not so near.

STANZA 2.

Arriving at last at Wayonda, where the Umgeni River flows,  
Aw relieved they were to settle back, and soak their  
aching toes.  
Then strange and varied lunches vanished into stomachs wide  
and deep,  
With contented sighs and happy grunts some settled down to  
sleep,

But rest did not last long because a water fight began,  
Sheila, the nurse, was dripping wet as round the camp she ran,  
and even quietly sleeping Dudley could not escape the flood.  
The water battle was bad enough, but worse still was the mud.  
As Nzuze scores were settled Lindie cried to all: "Get packed,  
But your rubbish and odds and ends, it's time we started back!"  
The girls asked, "Won't you take these things and carry them  
for me".

And so from Wayonda they started back - the Ramblers, 33.  
The path led up towards Hillcrest, in parts 'twas rough and  
steep,

They staggered to a resting place and sat down in a heap.  
But 3 of our number were missing - Harry, Dudley and Bill,  
we had left them far behind us, they were hidden by a hill,  
Was Wayonda claiming victims who could not stand the pace?  
Will we never again see Billy? We'll miss his cheerful face!  
Hiking through the evening shadows they finally found the road,  
The Mercedes-Benz awaited them, all ready for the load.  
Then among the stragglers far behind, up lurched the missing 3  
'Twas a tight squeeze on the lorry, with no space for a flea!  
Bob Ferns soon tired of standing and dived into the mob,  
He landed on several Ramblers, who made it hard for Bob.  
At last they got them sorted out and sang as Ramblers do,  
Relaxed and resting after a hike their cheeks were pinched  
and blue,

Through Westville and Toll Gate they rumbled, the Market  
Square in sight,  
There reluctantly, they disembarked and said a last  
"Good-night!"

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ZOOLOGY SECTION.  
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THE GENUS TRAMPUS.  
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(O. Ruralaria).

TRAMPUS EQUUS.

This species is generally seen moving at a very slow rate through the bush, and is usually invisible beneath the high load it invariably carries. Its call is usually uttered as a gasping enquiry of "Howfartogo?". It is not often seen far from the bush edge.

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TRAMPUS LOSTUS.

This is a species seldom seen, though it is usually making every attempt to be found.



When seen it is recognised by its bedraggled appearance, and by the wild look in its eyes. If found it will always utter one of two calls, "Wherethehell-amI?", or "ThankGodyouarehere", and will then attach itself to the finder like a faithful dog.



RESULTS FOR THE FRED TITTEWINGTON MEMORIAL TROPHY.

Highest aggregates for the best 10 photographic slides entered in monthly competitions for the year 1963-4.

|                        | <u>Aggregate.</u> | <u>Total no. of slides.</u> |
|------------------------|-------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1st. Heather Odgers.   | 689.5             | 32                          |
| 2nd. Margaret Moore.   | 650.3             | 31                          |
| 3rd. Garry Philp.      | 641.5             | 28                          |
| 4th. Rob Philp.        | 617.9             | 22                          |
| 5th. Peter Hollick.    | 610.8             | 12                          |
| 6th. Adele Schorn.     | 603.3             | 15                          |
| 7th. Chris Schorn.     | 598.6             | 18                          |
| 8th. Mike Wigley.      | 577.6             | 28                          |
| 9th. Joan Smith.       | 574.3             | 10                          |
| 10th. Gibson Brown     | 546.8             | 12                          |
| 11th. Charles Smeda.   | 540               | 15                          |
| 12th. Carolyn Tamblyn. | 516.6             | 15                          |

A number of other members had also entered slides during the year with very good results, but unfortunately their total number of entries were less than 10, and they were not eligible for the competition this year.

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HIKE TO CHELMSFORD GORGE. 9th August.

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By the time the lorry left Pinetown on this pleasantly sunny day, there were about 68 Ramblers crammed aboard. One cannot ascertain whether the attraction was that Mike Woods was going to lead us, whether it was just that this was to be the first time that the Club was to embark on this particular hike, or, whether it was just a nice day for a walk. I cannot with any truth say where the lorry went after Pinetown, because my view was limited to a patch of blue sky, and a mass of hair that kept blowing in my face, but let it suffice to say that the lorry unloaded us somewhere in Gillitts.

The morning was spent wandering around the countryside in the tracks of Mike, and passed off without incidence. Except, that is, for one or two people who fell into a swamp after climbing through a fence, and we had to administer a severe reprimand to one member who attempted to throw away our important supplies of coffee and milk.

At this stage the going was easy, there only having been one or two minor hills to climb, with the result that by the time we reached the lunch spot people still had rather too much surplus energy.

10.  
Hike to Chelmsford Gorge. Cont.

This resulted in your scribe being asked to go for a walk with a fair young lass. We had only gone about twenty-five yards when she espied a fallen tree over the river, and upon her insistence we proceeded to play Robin Hood and Little John on this branch. When the branch began to creak she took fright and leapt into the river getting thoroughly wet. She therefore spent the rest of the day in a borrowed towel and shirt. Sorry Liz!

By this time coffee was a brewing, but, Oh tragedy! the condensed milk was missing. Tom, 'Sherlock' Brown eventually traced the stolen goods, and everybody was able to breathe again. After the tea and coffee various parties of exploration set out (People were still full of energy, even after Tom Brown's brew), while certain lazy types just sat around charming young girls, and even snoozing.

When the time came to depart we all put on our trusty rucksacs, which to some appeared to have grown strangely heavy (where did that rock come from Mike?) Our route after lunch closely resembled a difficult species of commando assault course. If any one is still stuck in one of the obstacles along the way will they please notify the club? and we shall make arrangements to have him, or her, rescued. This route led us down a gorge towards the head of Kloof Falls, and apart from spotting one of the species of Wiggley Giraffis perched in a tree there were no further incidents. There were one or two who came perilously close to having their first bath of the year, but with the traditional Ramblers' aversion to water in any form they just escaped.

We rejoined the lorry at the head of the Kloof Falls and did our sardine act once again. There were one or two cries of "I say, do you mind, that is my knee you're scratching", but it really was difficult to sort out one's own from someone else's. Anyway the only casualties were a number of numb parts by the time we arrived back in Durban, and I am sure that this will become one of the most popular hikes on our calendar.

"DIKKO".

HAMBLERS' RADIO.

11.

One of our members, Mike Castleden, together with another chap and three girls, is touring in Europe at present: visiting France, Spain, the Riviera, Italy, Greece, Jugoslavia, Austria, Switzerland, Germany, Holland and Belgium. They are camping en route, and are having a marvellous time. Here follows Mike's description of a Bull Fight which he went to see in Madrid.

THE BULL FIGHT.  
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I found the fight very interesting, but not sufficiently so to go every week. It is a very cruel sport, needless to say. Every afternoon's entertainment (in Madrid a fight is held twice a week) consists of 6 bulls and 3 matadors. Each matador fights 2 bulls, but only one bull is in the arena at a time. The bull 'belongs' to the matador, and it is his until he kills it. The sequence of events is as follows:-

The bull is released into the arena with a blue ribbon stuck into its shoulder and a number on its rump. The Toreadors then proceed to tease the bull without making any serious passes, and they dash behind the safety fence every so often. After a fanfare of trumpets, two Picadors enter the ring. These are men on horseback with lance-like weapons. The horses are heavily mailed and blind-folded. The bull then directs his attention to the horses and charges them. As a counter manoeuvre the Picador stabs the bull with his lance in the shoulder, and causes blood to pour profusely from the wound. Again, after a lapse of time, another fanfare of trumpets is heard - the Picadors depart and the Banderillos enter. These are men on foot carrying 2 javelin-like objects, who run at the bull and attempt to leave their weapons in the bull's shoulders. After about 4 'javelins' have been stuck into the bull a further sounding of trumpets is heard, the Banderillos leave and the serious business starts.

The Matador enters the ring, bows to the Royal Box, and flings his hat into the sand (it must land the right way up). With a scarlet cape the Matador proceeds to fight the bull. Other subsidiary Matadors stand on the side-lines, and only parry the bull should the Matador be injured. He later on carries a sword under his cape, and this is used to kill the bull.



