

Durban Ramblers
Club



February,
1967.

DURBAN RAMBLERS CLUB.

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FEBRUARY, 1967.

- Sunday 5th Black Rock Hike with Lindy leading.
The lorry leaves the market place
at 8.30 a.m. Members 45c, Visitors
50c.
- Tuesday 7th Executive Committee Meeting at
Dymock Parr's home, 8 Litchfield
Road, Cowies Hill, at 8 p.m.
- Wednesday 15th Photographic Meeting at Margaret
Moore's home, 37 Venice Road. The
subject is "General".
- Sunday 19th Annual General Meeting and hike:
surprise hike in the morning with
Glenn leading and A.G.M. at the
Scout Hall, Pinetown, in the after-
noon. Lorry leaves the market
place at 8.30 a.m.

MARCH.

- Sunday 5th Umlaas Falls Hike with Lindy leading.
The lorry leaves the market place at
8.30 a.m. Members 50c, Visitors 55c.
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HIPPO POOL - ALMOST. 11/12/66.

After several days of hot weather, with rain frequently threatening, it was a most pleasant surprise to find that Sunday, 11th December, greeted the early riser with cloudless skies and a moderate temperature.

At 8.45 a.m. the small Pinetown contingent was able to welcome a disappointingly small party which had arrived on a strange and rather new looking lorry. There was the usual baggling over last minute purchases at the Indian store - how the poor assistants cope I do not know, because to listen to the accents of the various ramblers one would imagine that they had been drawn from the four corners of the world. In fact they have only been drawn from three.

Since the party was fairly small, the lorry was soon able to get under way again, and it became apparent that our new conveyance was somewhat quieter, swifter, less smoky, and less uncomfortable than its predecessor.

On the outward journey it was easy to appreciate that the rains had certainly done the plant world a great deal of good, even if they had spoilt days for some of us humans. The greens in the country-side were particularly bright and fresh. ()

There was a mild flap on the back of the truck when we realised that we had gone past the turn off to Nagle Dam, but this turned out to be the leader's intention, for he had devised a fiendish plan to approach the start of the hike via a dirt road which caused the truck to apply violent massage where some of us need it most.

When the lurching and jolting finally ended, the ramblers thankfully alighted and set off down the long hill past "Old Baldy" to the river. The tempera-

ture had risen rapidly since our departure from Pine-town and there were several rest stops before the river was reached, and, I suspect, many cases of "wobbly-knees" too.

Since the water was considered too dirty to be let into Eagle Dam, the sluice gates were open and there was a large quantity of water flowing down the river towards Hippo Pool. This made our progress more difficult than it need have been at times, for we were occasionally required to detour round large boulders - being shut off by the water on the other side.

The stops became less frequent now and the party broke up into small groups. It was while we were travelling thus in conveniently small parties that Ineke the kaaskop made a pass at a local hornet who responded by stinging her smartly on the forearm. So terrifying was the ensuing racket that a dozen or so of the kornet's mates came out to see what was happening, and it looked for a moment as if the kaaskop ranks were going to be reduced by one. The word must have got round that the taste was not so good, however, and the maiden was allowed to continue on her way. An itinerant medicine man called Robbie happened to be passing at this time and he was able to supply a mystic balm which, I hope, brought some relief to the distressed maiden.

By this time the leading group had staggered as far as seemed possible without crossing the river, and the leader mercifully decreed that lunch should be had here. We were apparently still some distance short of Hippo Pool, so it seemed unlikely that we should meet the party which had spent Saturday night camping at the dam.

There was a great demand for liquid refreshment and, as usual, les vieillards seemed to be the only

ones with sufficient energy to prepare some. Thank you Viv and John.

Some considerable time had passed before it was noticed that Kevin had contrived to get lost with a pretty visitor from the British Isles, and a spoil sport armed with a whistle was sent back to find them. By the time these three reached the lunch spot several of the ramblers were reclining in the murky waters of the river.

Except for those in the river, the lunch period was marked by the absence of those energetic pursuits for which the ramblers are noted - the heat was such that the siesta was uncommonly popular.

I was cleaning my glasses after such a nap when I saw a sinister looking body, which I took to be a crocodile with just its eyes above the surface, floating downstream towards a group of ramblers. I hastily replaced my glasses and was relieved to see that it was only Betty in her bikini.

It was about this time that the hydraulics engineer, recently returned from a trip overseas, and his bikini-clad assistant dammed the stream above the waterfall. That noble Roman, Kevin, had been sitting under the waterfall, and must have been rather disappointed to find his water supply dwindling. He really got his money's worth a few minutes later when the dam was breached, for the water cascaded over him with great violence and bore most of the course grit from the dam wall too. Several people felt that this abrasive scalp treatment had caused a bald spot on the poor chap's head.

Eventually the oppressive heat seemed to relent a little; a second brew was consumed enthusiastically and the party set about retracing its steps. The course of the river was followed past "Old Baldy",

which kindly hid us from the burning rays of the sun, and the latter part of the return was therefore over a different route from the morning walk. It was a welcome relief to be walking in the shade, and the hitherto limp and bedraggled rambler were beginning to recover some of their energy when the truck was rather unexpectedly found to be waiting for us in a narrow dirt road which crossed our route.

On the return drive our secretary, Diane, was seen to be looking a little sad, and this served to remind us that it was her last hike. I am sure we all offer Diane our best wishes on her new venture, and will cherish peasant memories of many happy days spent together.

It was practically dark when the truck arrived at Pinetown. Those of us who alighted bade farewell to our friends from Durban, and so ended the last hike of 1966.

P.E.G.

EASTER WEEKEND CAMP.

There will be a camp in the Drakensberg over the Easter weekend.

Depart from Market Parking Area, Durban, on Thursday night, 23rd March, 1967, at 8 p.m.

Return to Durban on Monday evening, 27th March, 1967.

Cost of camp will be R6.00 per Club member. This covers transport, food and tents.

CLICKERS' CORNER.

The Photographic Meeting held at Gloria and Mick McConnell's home at Kloof on January 18th attracted twenty-seven Ramblers in spite of the venue being "in the bundu" as far as all the "townies" were concerned!

Twenty-four slides were entered for the evening's competition, and it was soon obvious that members defined "Action" in a variety of ways! Bob Ferns, Mary Gatenby and Harry Tripe were the only official judges present, and their marking of the slides resulted as follows:-

1. Philip Gatenby.
Midget Racer at Kyalami 61.33,)
2. Dick Usher.
Rob Philp diving at Hippo Pool 60.66,)
3. Margaret Moore.
Two wirehair terriers "worry-
ing sandals. 60.00,)

Dick Usher's two photographs were the only entries in the "Black and White" section, and Bob, Mary and Harry placed them as follows:-

1. Surf-rider 60.66,)
2. Soccer Match 54.66,)

We were taken on an interesting trip to London, Paris, Zurich, along the Rhine, through the Black Forest and around Holland by Glenn, when he showed some of the slides which he and Rosalie had taken during the early part of their holiday overseas. We shall be shown the remainder of their holiday slides later this year.

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As several Ramblers have asked to know how they stand in the monthly competition marks, the position as at the end of the January competition is as stated below. (N.B. The total number of slides which could have been entered by any Rambler, to date, is sixteen. The "Best Aggregate" Cup is awarded annually to the person with the highest marks for his/her ten "top" slides, and therefore if a Rambler has already entered more than a total of ten slides, the marks shown in the last column hereunder are in respect of his/her ten highest marks to date.)

No. of slides entered.

Mike Castleden	16	588.06
Margaret Moore	11	573.66
Mary Gatenby	11	570.75
Charles Smeda	12	570.00
Glenn Wessels	10	549.46
Dick Usher	12	533.24
Rosalie Wessels	9	488.20
Mac Rand	9	462.40
Philip Gatenby	8	443.98
Marge Parr	8	424.79
Mike Wigley	8	418.45
Harry Tripe	6	334.75
Fred Clark	6	330.75
Frank Stacey	6	316.12
Vic Hodura	4	213.60
Mick McConnell	4	207.98
Chris Schorn	4	199.99
Monty van der Spuy	2	108.33
Des Teague	2	107.20
Rob Booker	2	99.60

The February Photographic Meeting will be held at Margaret Moore's home, 37 Venice Road (corner of Venice and Lambert Roads), Durban, on Wednesday,

February 15th, and the competition subject will be "General".

"Shutterbug".

EDITORIAL.

-) a year and ten magazines have gone by since I started editing our monthly news sheet. This will be my eleventh and last one, as I will be going on leave soon and I hope that by the time I get back the new editor will have everything well in hand. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all who have sent in articles and also my committee for the great help they have been to me.

I am sorry this magazine is so short, but I just have not had any time to do more.

The following new members have joined the clubs:-

Miss Eunie Harcombe,
Miss Lyn Radtke.

We welcome both of you and hope you will have many happy hikes with us.

-) Just as we are always pleased to welcome new members, so we are always to see old ones go. This month the following members take their departure from our ranks:-

Mr. P. Mortimer, Mr. F. Stacey, Mr. V. Fortmann.

Congratulations and best wishes to Diane and Keith Quayle who were married on the 7th January, 1967.

Mike Castleden wins a free hike for his article in the last magazine.

