

Hiking

Hiking



Newsletter

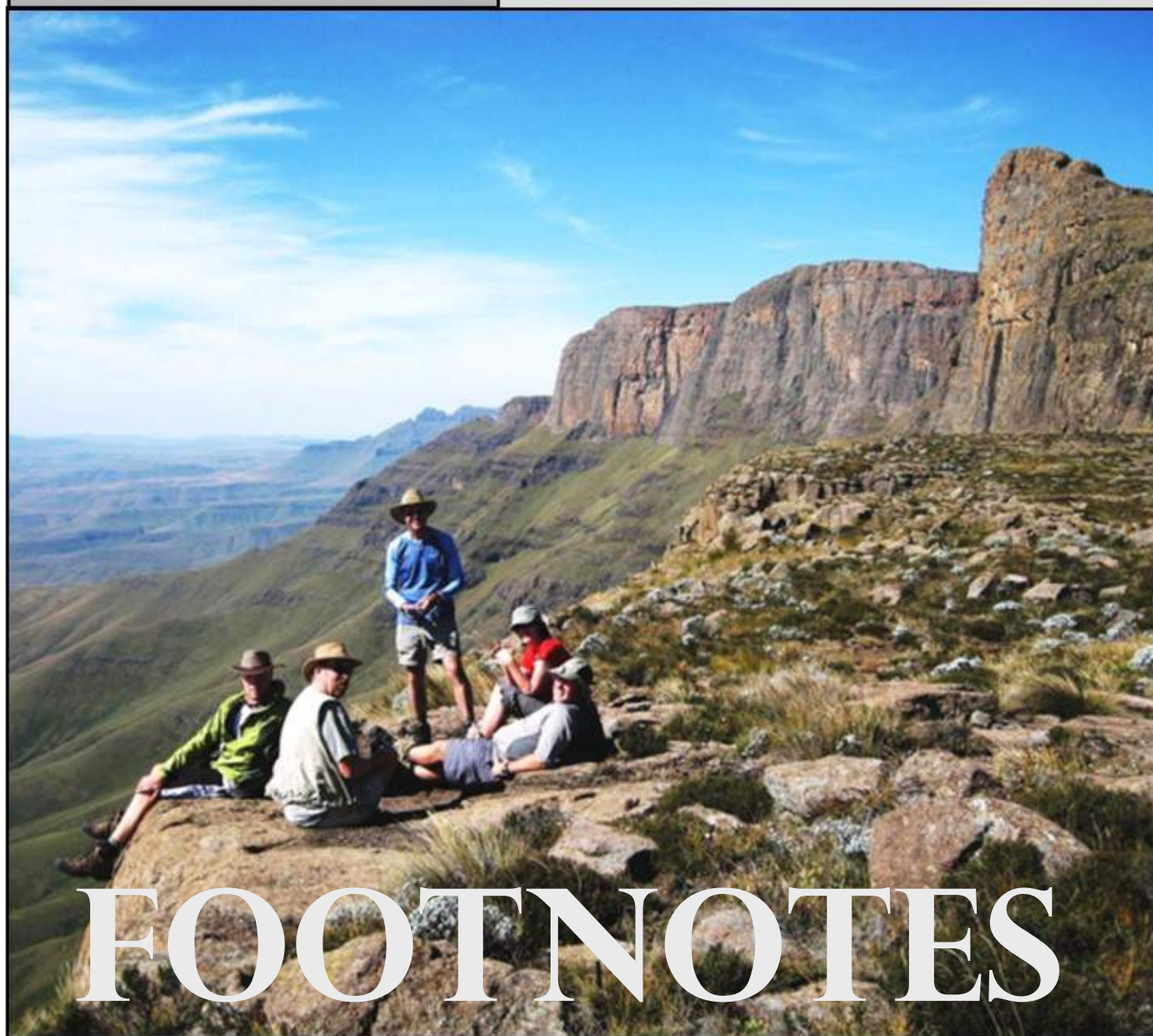
Newsletter Date

JOHANNESBURG



HIKING CLUB

80th Anniversary 1931 to 2011



FOOTNOTES

Inside Story Headline

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Harry Parsley**Cover story and pic**

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OLD FOOTNOTES**FOUNDERS****LOOKING TO THE FUTURE****THE WAY THE WORLD HAS
CHANGED****WHERE PEOPLE USED TO HIKE
AND HOW THEY GOT THERE.****Editor: Harry Parsley****Mobile: 082-885-0204****Email: hparsley@mweb.co.za****Johannesburg Hiking Club****P.O.Box 4892, Weltevreden Park, 1715****Phone: 087 940 1903/010 590 1903 (08h30 to
12h30 only). Fax: 086-685-5746****Email: jhc@mweb.co.za****www.jhbhiking.org.za****Website email: webperson@jhbhiking.co.za****DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT ISSUE**
30th April, 2008

Email all articles and correspondence to the editor.



Alan Chater
Chairman

"Trail Chatter"

"Where does one start?" I thought to myself tapping the keyboard edge. "How do I give this article an 80 year old feel? I wasn't even born!" Pondering further about my first memories "I remember nothing of my first 5 years", and then only the first warm memories start as I recall the fun I had riding around the rocky garden and tethering my broom stick horse to the back door handle, of the house my parents had on the mountain pass above Um-tali called Christmas Pass. (Now Mutare in Zimbabwe).

Well that was a long time ago, and now we have the Internet and Google, and why not use all this modern technology to help dig into the past? So here goes.... Johannesburg 1931.

What was happening in Johannesburg when our club was first conceived?

Charles Small a member of the Association of Transvaal Architects won the competition for the Central Fire Station in 1931. Wall Street had crashed in 1929, and in 1931 Britain announced

that she was going off the gold standard. The Leader of the opposition, Jan Smuts, urged us to follow, but was blocked by Tielman Roos, previous Minister of Justice. Roos called for a coalition government as depression began to set in. The day was saved a year later in December, 1932 by Kiasie Havenga, Minister of Finance taking South Africa off the gold standard. Gold prices rose and money poured back into the country.

The Hoffmann TM brand (petrol and diesel driven engines for industrial use) started business in Kruis Street in 1931.

Looking at this picture really had me wondering just what our founder members must have looked like on their first hike!

Not too far away in Klerksdorp our now famous Archbishop Desmond Tutu was born in 1931.

The first electric buses took to the road in Johannesburg 1931. This was modern stuff, as the picture on the next page shows the old way, trams on rails! (Tram Subway in Braamfontein). Trams started way back in 1906.

The Currie Cup not Rugby but Cricket, Transvaal vs Rhodesia at Old Edwardians cricket club "A" ground 23, 24 December 1931. Result Transvaal won by 9 wickets, in the two day match. I wonder if some of our members were there?





In the same series Western Province vs Griqualand West also in Johannesburg, Western Province player RJ Crisp took 4 wickets in 4 consecutive balls.

This was definitely a good year for cricket. On the 13th February 1931, at the Old Wanderers, Johannesburg South Africa vs England and Bruce Mitchell from Ferreira Deep Gold Mine takes 5 catches.

Finally for the Legal Members in our club. Sacks vs City Council of Johannesburg 1931 TPD 443. I quote directly "Where a traffic by-law provided that 'no person shall sit or lie down on any street, nor shall any person stand, congregate, loiter or walk, or otherwise act in such manner as to obstruct free traffic'. It was held that the particular words preceding the general phrase all referred to an obstruction by a direct physical act of the person causing the obstruction. Accordingly, the general words did not include an obstruction caused by a crowd which had gathered during an industrial dispute to hear one Sacks speak from a car parked in a public street."

Now for some strange reason I cannot help myself wondering if this case set the precedent that allows our taxis the legal right to obstruct, cause crowds to gather and generally disrupt the free flow of traffic..... Just a thought!

Well there you have it; I had fun digging up these somewhat odd facts around the time of our club's first steps into its 80 year history. I do hope you gain some pleasure and touches of wonderment in days gone past while reading.

See you on the trail with more "Trail Chatter."

NETCARE 911
010-209-8555
(The dialing code is 010)



Jean Williams Wednesday Hikes

MIDWEEK HIKES REPORT , MARCH, 2011 Jean Williams

Judging by the numbers of hikers who join in our midweek hikes each week this is an event in the JHC's programme that is not going to go away. Recently we had a record number of 51 participants, but generally speaking, we have between 35 and 40, which is most rewarding. Some of us have been doing these hikes into our eleventh year, and many of us are feeling the pace. Our bodies are speaking to us. This certainly does not apply to many of our newer members who are chomping at the bit. We do try and accommodate the faster and the slower hiker. Occasionally there is a light lunch on offer after the hike and these seem to be enjoyed by all. It then becomes a social club.

Things have changed during this last decade in that the flow of traffic has increased alarmingly, and the cost of fuel to get to the hiking venues has escalated. Hiking is becoming an expensive exercise. The rewards, though, far outweigh the cost. I've recently expressed the desire for someone to take over the organizing of the Wednesday hikes and hopefully during the course of 2011 someone will come forward and offer to take over this responsibility. It has been a most enjoyable thing to do, but I feel that the Wednesday hikes need someone with a lot more energy and new ideas to come forward.

Thanks to Sue Marais, Barbara Skok, Hazel Hofmeyr and those members who kindly do the co-ordinating for these hikes. Every little bit lightens the load. Thanks to the hikers for being there.

PROPERTY NOTES AND



Jim Hutchison Property Administrator

PATROLLING

Foothold

The access road from the main road has deteriorated over recent years. The secret to negotiating this is to make slow, judicious progress, particularly at the sharp, blind bend where a collision could easily occur. Fortunately the condition of the road has not deterred Sunday hikers and participants in

the monthly camps. Members are specifically encouraged to attend the quarterly camps, when either a meal or a cocktail party is advertised. Booking of these events is required for catering purposes.

May I remind participants in the Foothold camps that they are expected not to cause disturbances to other campers through noisy behaviour? This applies to children as well.

An assisting chain is being installed above the traverse in the chain ladder gully.

In depth consideration is in progress of a rain shelter somewhere around Hikers' Haven to accommodate approximately 40 people seated. Send any suggestions you may have to Jim at 076 393-6532.

Castle gorge

The partial silting up of Piranha pool due to flood action has occurred about twenty years after a previous occasion, when the sand was physically bucketed out. At less than a meter in depth, should this action be repeated?

Thanks to the work of a few Foothold enthusiasts, the car park is usually acceptably mown and trees trimmed.

You are encouraged on busy days to adhere to the parking bays indicated on the perimeter fence. Be wary of blocking cars which may be required to leave before you.

We are required by the landowners to adhere to the obvious route to Castle Gorge entrance at the saddle and to use the winding farm road from the sliding gate.

I have held this not onerous EXCO portfolio position for a few years and have with some reluctance decided to allow another member to experience the joy of serving fellow members in this way. I will continue to lead the few trusty Footholders as manager.

You can hire Hikers Haven at Foothold, camp there, or simply come to the monthly camp.

Contact number: 0879-401-903



Marion Hüfner
Club Administrator

We were asked to put something special about the 80th celebrations so here goes.

- E** Exciting eighty with special events, i.e. 80th anniversary lunch at an exotic venue, excellent cuisine with enjoyable entertainment. Book early.
- I** Initial beginning in 1931. Impressive increase in membership which requires more intense leaders. Volunteer in this important and interesting aspect of the JHC.
- G** Great venues, grand programme, good camaraderie – what more could you ask for?
- H** Happy, healthy hiking with new venues on the horizon.
- T** Tremendous times together over time.
- Y** Yester-years, 80 in total and the JHC is your club and needs your support.



Peter Faugust
Slide Shows



On Tuesday 11th January, 2011 the Club welcomed back Donovan Van Graan who is a member of the Mountain Club of South Africa. We were fortunate to have Donovan with us for the first time in April, 2007 when he showed us his

Guest speaker Donovan van Graan.

slides/images on :Everest on a shoe string". In February, 2008 he gave us his second show entitled: "Super Tramp's encounters in Turkey, Kazrat, Mt Ararat". His third slide show to the Club was entitled: "Bike ride—breaking the Dragon's Backbone—Tibet" and was shown in December,

2009. Donovan and his brother peddled their bicycles through Tibet. On the 11th January his show was entitled: "Aconcaqua: Easier than it should have been, Argentina, South America".



Hiking in Everest. Photo: Donovan van Graan.

On the 8th February, 2011 Kyle Meenehan's show was entitled: "Back where I started...on foot around South Africa". In 2009 his wonderlust took him on a 5500km walk around South Africa. Kyle certainly put his ability to the test. He learned to cope with his own company for weeks and months at a time as a lone walker. He chose to walk along remote country roads often in the middle of nowhere, in vast interior stretches of endless nothingness within the borders of South Africa. His mission to complete his walk took many months. Kyle set out to be a winner and that he certainly achieved.

THE FIRST CLUB CHAIRMAN



Dr Max des Ligneris

Chairman 30th April, 1931 and
for another 13 years.

DR LIGNERIS...MEDICAL PIONEER AND CLUB CHAIRMAN FOR 13 YEARS.

Again

Now "Potters Around" his Farm

LIVING on a lonely little farm in the Transvaal, ten miles from Rustenburg, is a 65-year-old man who has played a leading part in the world fight against cancer and whose work has been acknowledged by distinguished medical research workers.

He is Dr. M. des Ligneris who, before his retirement, was a research worker and lecturer at the Witwatersrand University.

Although it is five years since Dr. des Ligneris did any serious medical research work, Russian scientists who recently discovered a new approach to the treatment of cancer, have publicly paid tribute to the pioneering work done by him on tissue and cancer research before the war.

When I interviewed Dr. des Ligneris yesterday, writes a Sunday Express reporter, he was at first reluctant to talk of himself.

INVADING ARMIES

Born in Paris, of a French royalist father, once a page to King Charles X, and a Danish mother, Dr. des Ligneris has known what it is to flee before political persecution and invading armies.

His father, born two years before the battle of Waterloo, was 69 when he was born.

With the abdication of Charles X, the des Ligneris family fled to Schleswig-Holstein, but they were forced to find a new home when the Prussians marched in.

They found a haven in Switzerland where Dr. des Ligneris was educated, taking his degree in medicine at Berne University.

CAME TO UNION

In 1911, the Swiss Mission needed someone to take charge of their aliens' hospital at Zoutpansberg in the Transvaal, and Dr. des Ligneris received the appointment.

At the outbreak of the First World War, he returned to Switzerland where he was stationed at the aliens' hospital. At this time he could speak little English and, as this was essential in his dealings with English refugee patients, he was sent to London where he took a degree in surgery and learned to speak fluent English.

On his return to South Africa after the war, he became district surgeon in the Zoutpansberg area, but it was not long before the high incidence of cancer he found among the non-European population decided him to devote his life to a campaign against this disease.

In 1924 he became a naturalised South African.

RESEARCH FELLOWSHIP

Two years later he had made such progress in his work against cancer that Sir Spencer Lister asked him to accept a research fellowship and devote his entire energies to this.

Dr. des Ligneris started at the Medical Research Institute of the Witwatersrand University and since then his experiments and findings have made him world-famous.

At the outbreak of the second world war, Dr. des Ligneris had reached the age for retirement but, at the request of the University authorities, continued there as a part-time lecturer.

WORK WITH RUSSIANS

During this period he did much of the work which was to be of value to the Russian scientists.

Through correspondence and the exchange of reports and literature, he worked in close conjunction with Dr. Shabod, then director of the Leningrad Cancer Research Institute.

By the time of his retirement Dr. des Ligneris had established himself as one of the foremost authorities on cancer research in the world. His reports were published throughout the world.

Although he has been retired for five years, Dr. des Ligneris was requested to accept the chairmanship of a sub-committee dealing with bio-chemistry research at the world cancer congress held in St. Louis last month. He was not able to make the journey.

To-day one of his greatest enthusiasms is hiking. He is a foundation member of the Johannesburg Hiking Club and was chairman for 13 years. General Sinuts is the honorary president.

...IT WAS NOT ALL PLAIN SAILING THOUGH

The Secretary,

The Johannesburg Hiking Club,

Johannesburg.

Dear Sir,

For some time past I have been asking myself what could be done to revive the degenerating Johannesburg Hiking Club. Notwithstanding the fact, that I, as chairman, have definitely opposed the policy of breaking off from the club in small hiking parties, whilst still remaining a member and using its privileges to destroy the club, conditions have become worse and it appears now quite natural to most members to break off as they please. This is, in my opinion, quite incompatible with a club that is to be worthy of its name. I have come to the conclusion that I cannot, under the present conditions, remain chairman or member of the responsible Committee of the club. It seems quite possible that if, instead of an elderly foreigner, you have as chairman a younger, more popular indigenous man, you will be able to revive the club spirit. It is only with regret that I have decided to resign from the chairmanship after having tried for 19 months to put my whole heart into the prosperity of the Hiking Club, but I feel certain that it will be all for the better if youth is left to "work out its own salvation". I shall remain a member of the club for the timebeing, but do not intend participating in the hikes.

To-morrow night's Committee meeting can be held, as usual, at my residence; but I shall not be present.

Wishing the Club a prosperous future,

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

M. des Lyons

HIKING IN THE EARLY DAYS



Hiking Club Camp
Mont-aux-Sources Park
Easter 1937



On top of
1st Hogsback



Mont-Aux-Sources National Park
Camp Easter 1936



Bavianskrantz Aug. 35



Witpoortje Oct. 35

THEY KNEW HOW TO PARTY EVEN THEN



Dance of the Johannesburg Hiking Club at the Red Cross Hall on the 13th March 1937.

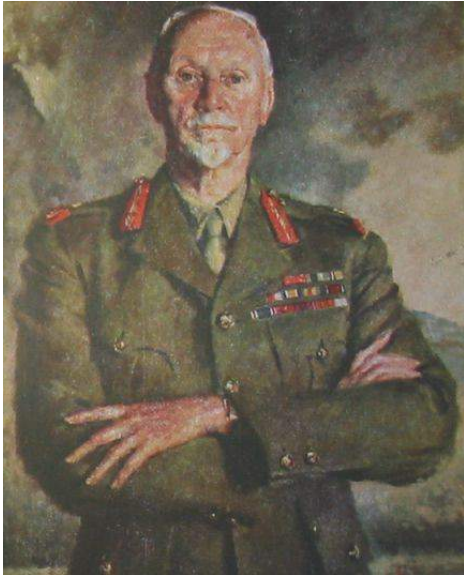


On top of
1st Hogsback

When one looks at these historical pictures the Club does not look much different these days, apart from the clothes. The Xmas party was certainly an elegant affair and was well supported. Note the overcoats in the picture below and the lady with the dress to the left.



JAN SMUTS, FIRST PATRON OF THE CLUB



JAN SMUTS
S A History Online

Names: Smuts, Jan Christiaan.

Born: 24 May 1870, Bovenplaats, near Riebeeck West, Western Cape (then Cape Colony), South Africa

Died: 11 September 1950, Doornkloof, near Irene, Pretoria, Gauteng (then Transvaal), South Africa

Politician, world-famed statesman, soldier, naturalist, philosopher and former Prime Minister of South Africa.

General Jan Christiaan Smuts was born near Riebeeck West in the Cape Colony on 24 May 1870. His mother taught him the elements of reading and writing in English, and he only entered school at the age of 12, when his elder brother Michiel died.

After only five years of formal schooling, he matriculated with distinction at the Victoria College in Stellenbosch

It was also during his time at Stellenbosch that he developed an affinity for botany under Professor R. Marloth and met his future wife,

Sybella Margaretha "Isie" Krige, the daughter of a leading local farmer.

During the Second Anglo-Boer War, he was deeply involved in the planning and execution of the extended guerrilla phase of the conflict. He distinguished himself as a military strategist and became a general in the Republican Forces. He attended the Vereeniging Peace Conference in 1902 as legal adviser to the Transvaal government.

After the Boer War, he devoted his energies to the achievement of a political union of the four British colonies in South Africa and was largely responsible for the drafting of the Union of South Africa's constitution as a delegate to the National Convention.

During the First World War, he excelled as field general in the German South-West African and East African campaigns and also served on the Imperial War Cabinet. He was instrumental in the creation of the Royal Air Force (RAF) and ensured the independence of the British dominions.

Smuts played an important role in the drafting of the constitution of the League of Nations, forerunner of the United Nations.

Smuts made some important contributions to the field of science. One of these contributions was Smuts' proposal of holism, which he defined as *"the tendency in nature to form wholes that are greater than the sums of the parts through creative evolution."*

In 1930, the British Association for the Advancement of Science honoured him by requesting him to take up office as their president the following year. Smuts' address was titled "The Scientific World Picture of Today" and his contribution made mention of developments in physics, nuclear physics and astronomical theory.

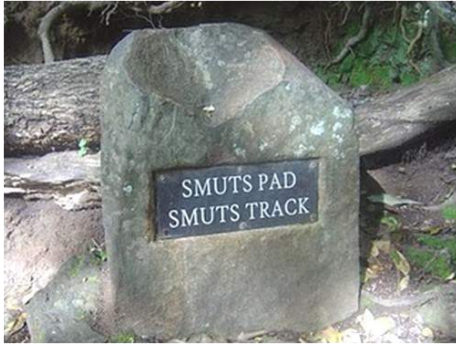
In addition to his contributions to philosophy, Smuts also became an authority on the different types of grasses in the South African veld, delivered addresses to notable societies and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. Smuts also wrote an unpublished book on American poet Walt Whitman, called *Walt Whitman: a study in the evolution of personality*.

The decision to enter World War Two (WW2) on the side of Britain alienated many of the Afrikaans-speaking people from his government. Smuts contributed to the policy-making decisions of the Allied forces and was promoted to field marshal of the British Army in 1941.

Jan Smuts died on his farm Doornkloof, near Irene close to Pretoria, on 11 September 1950, after suffering a coronary thrombosis and several heart attacks.

Smuts received throughout his career a large number of decorations, honours and awards. His house at Doornkloof is preserved as a museum, while his birthplace was declared a historical monument in 1955.

THE SMUTS TRAIL



SMUTS TRACK: SKELETON GORGE TO MACLEARS BEACON, AND DOWN NURSERY RAVINE.

Smuts Track is one of the most popular hiking routes on Table Mountain. It's named after Jan Smuts, who was a keen outdoorsman and hiked this route energetically and regularly, well into his old age. Here's why I like the route.

Firstly, **Skeleton Gorge**. This is one of the most popular and most pleasant routes up Table Mountain. It leaves from Kirstenbosch, climbs through beautiful and shady indigenous forest, takes in a waterfall, includes a few wooden ladders and a scramble up a rocky

stream bed, past a cave which is a perfect resting place, and finally emerges from the forest to give you a superb view over False Bay and the Southern Suburbs. It's not the easiest route, though: it's rocky and can be slippery near the top, and should be avoided in winter or after heavy rains, and like any direct ascent it can be challenging if you're not that fit.

Once you're at the top of Skeleton Gorge, follow Smuts as he takes a sharp right and starts a more gradual ascent from the Back Table towards Table Mountain itself. This is a superb route in its own right, with cliff-top views, dramatic drops (and a detour to Carrell's Ledge if you're up to it), a ruined cottage if you have the Slingsby map, disas and watsonias in bloom at the right time of year, and bizarre rock formations.

Then the top. **Maclears Beacon** is the highest point on Table Mountain (1086m) and has fantastic 360



degree views over the entire peninsula on a clear day. The wind can whistle and the tablecloth can cover you at any moment though, so be prepared for a bit of chill, even in summer.

From the top, it's a flat but fairly lengthy walk to the Cable Station, or you can descend via **Platteklip Gorge**, which is a long zigzag staircase taking you down towards the City Bowl. A good, efficient descent if your knees are up to it, and a very popular ascent too, even if it is rather unrelenting and exposed in summer.

I prefer a longer return journey, which takes you back to Kirstenbosch. From Maclears Beacon, retrace your steps until you are about half way back to Skeleton Gorge. Then turn right and follow an old stone aqueduct, which takes

you through a pleasant and secluded valley ending at Hely-Hutchison reservoir. Unexpectedly, at the century-old dam wall, there is a waterworks museum which is worth a visit.

Then the descent via **Nursery Ravine**. It's similar to Skeleton, with great views and pleasant indigenous forest, but it's steeper and less shady than Skeleton Gorge so I don't generally choose it as an ascent. As a descent, it is great, because it has fewer irregular rocky parts and is less slippery than Skeleton, especially in winter. It also gets you down quicker.

THE PASSING OF GENERAL SMUTS

The telegram of condolence below was sent on behalf of the Club on the death of General Jan Smuts. It is dated 12th September, 1950.

In reply the short note was received from the General's wife thanking the Club for their telegram of condolence.

TELEGRAM SENT ON TUESDAY, 12th SEPTEMBER 1950

PRIVATE SECRETARY LATE FIELDMARSHALL SMUTS IRENE

THE MEMBERS OF THE JOHANNESBURG HIKING CLUB EXTEND THEIR DEEPEST SYMPATHY TO THE FAMILY OF FIELDMARSHALL SMUTS HE WILL BE GREATLY MISSED BY ALL WHO LOVE OUTDOOR LIFE AND THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE AND THE MEMORY OF THE JOY HE DERIVED FROM THESE SIMPLE THINGS DESPITE WORLD ADULATION OF HIS GREATNESS WILL ALWAYS BE WITH US

JANET WEDER
HONORARY SECRETARY
BOX 9143

Doornkloof,
Irene,
Sept. 1950.


My Family & I are deeply
touched by your loving sympathy.

Isie K. Smuts (Bama).

BYGONE ANNIVERSARY PUBLICITY PUBLICATIONS

As the years have rolled by the Club has celebrated a number of previous anniversaries with attractive publicity material such as the undated ones below.

How it all started
The Story of the Johannesburg Hiking Club




Did you know that ~

- our club started as long ago as 1931 ?
- the first hikes were to far away places like Rosettenville and Emmarentia ?
- General Smuts was the club's patron
- males and females were separated at lunchtime during Sunday hikes ?



The Johannesburg Hiking Club was born ²⁰ April 1931 thanks to the efforts of Mr. H.J. Barker, who was employed as a shorthand writer at the Law Courts at the time.



A Club is Constituted

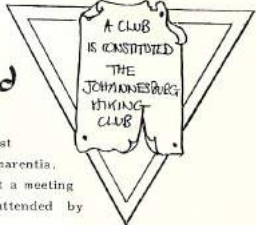
The intention to constitute a club, and notices about hiking appeared in the daily press. The first hike took place on the 20th April 1931 towards Emmarentia. On the 30th April the Club was fully constituted at a meeting held at the YMCA in Joubert Park and which was attended by 60 to 70 people.

A committee of 17 was elected and Mr. Barker was appointed Secretary, and it was his house which became the Club's first headquarters.

Under the guidance of Dr. Max des Ligneris, its first chairman, the Club's main objective was to promote a healthy interest in outdoor life, and the fauna and flora of South Africa.

Honorary Membership

Several celebrities of the day were asked to accept honorary membership: General Jan Smuts, Mr. J. Hofmeyr, Lord Clarendon, Lord Hyde, Sir W. Dalrymple, Sir Spencer Lister and others. Most of them accepted. General Smuts had a correspondence with the secretary and the two letters written by him were later offered to Doornkloof, Irene, to feature in the museum. In one of them, dated 1931, he wrote: "I think the objects of the club are very desirable, especially under the increasing urban conditions of modern life". General Smuts was the patron of the Club from 1931 until his death in 1950.





FOOTHOLD HISTORY



JOHANNESBURG HIKING CLUB
P.O. BOX 2254 · JOHANNESBURG · 2000

FOUNDED IN 1931

17 December 1986

Dear Fellow Hiker,

At last we seem to have found a suitable piece of land in the Magaliesberg, on the farm Olifantshoek. The property has an area of 44 hectares located about 2 km from the Johannesburg-Rustenberg main road (R24), approximately 15 km before Olifantsnek Dam - access is relatively easy. There is a double-storey flat built on the property, where approximately 15 people could sleep, and the flat is provided with water and electricity. There is also a borehole and a windmill. The property itself is a thin strip of land - maximum width 300 metres - running up to the ridge. There is a game farm next door and we spotted zebra and duiker during our first visit, as well as numerous birds. It is densely wooded, offering scope for leisure hikes on the lower slopes of the mountain. There is a steep ascent to the top and, at present, the escarpment appears to be accessible only via a kloof on the farm next door but, if necessary, a chain ladder of approximately 15 metres could be installed on our property. The view from the top is breathtaking. The vulture colony lies on one of the highest points of the Magaliesberg not far from the property.

The Committee members are enthusiastic about it and, although the owner is asking R110 000 for it, we made a provisional offer of R80 000 subject to approval by the Special General Meeting and the raising of sufficient funds.

A reccie will be held at the farm on Sunday 18th January 1987 in the morning, followed by a braai - please bring meat, drink and chairs, also a skottle braai if you have one. The Social Committee will provide the salads. The braai will be followed by a Special General Meeting at 2 p.m. All members are reminded that only paid-up members may vote at general meetings. We urge all members to attend this important meeting as we need a quorum of 20%, i.e. 65 people if all present members renew their subscriptions.

At this stage we have approximately R43 000 in the property fund and an additional R16 000 unallocated club funds which could be transferred by approval of the Special General Meeting. We have also proposed a minor amendment to the Constitution which would enable the Club to obtain money pledged over a number of years.

In case we do not have a quorum on 18th January, a second meeting will be held at The Floreum, Emmarentia on Tuesday 20th January 1987 at 8 p.m. - but please make an effort to attend to meeting on Sunday 18th January. It will be much more interesting to reach a decision "on site".

Looking forward to seeing you all on Sunday 18th January 1987.

Howard Rayner
Chairman



FOUNDER MEMBER

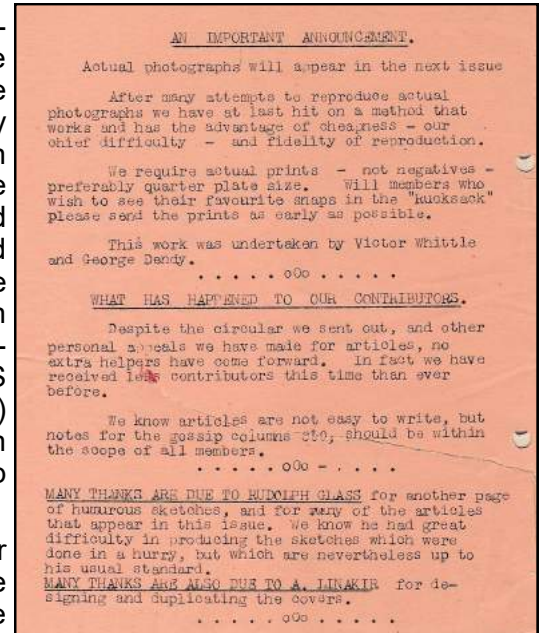
A TRADITION OF INFORMING AND ENTERTAINING MEMBERS



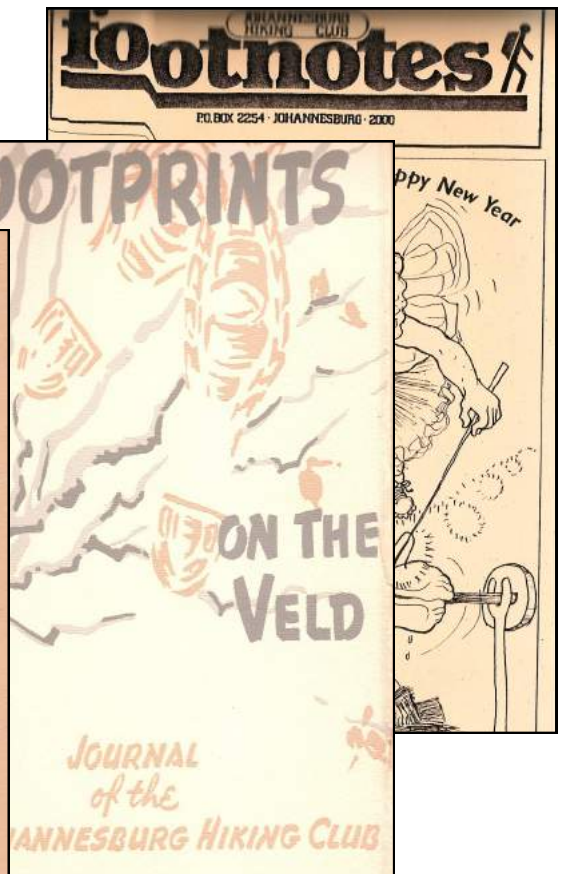
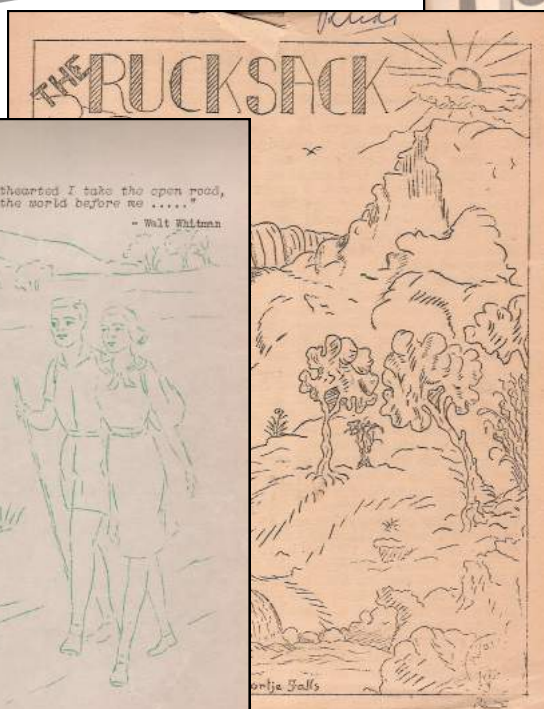
The drawings in earlier magazines were really fun. After the drop-dead party (picture on the left) in the top drawing the guy below needed some mechanized hiking support the next day. He even had an earlier version of a GPS (direction indicator) and an accelerator in the form of a boot up the rear.

Photographs appear for the first time (see right). Fortunately the current magazine does not have a shortage of contributors.

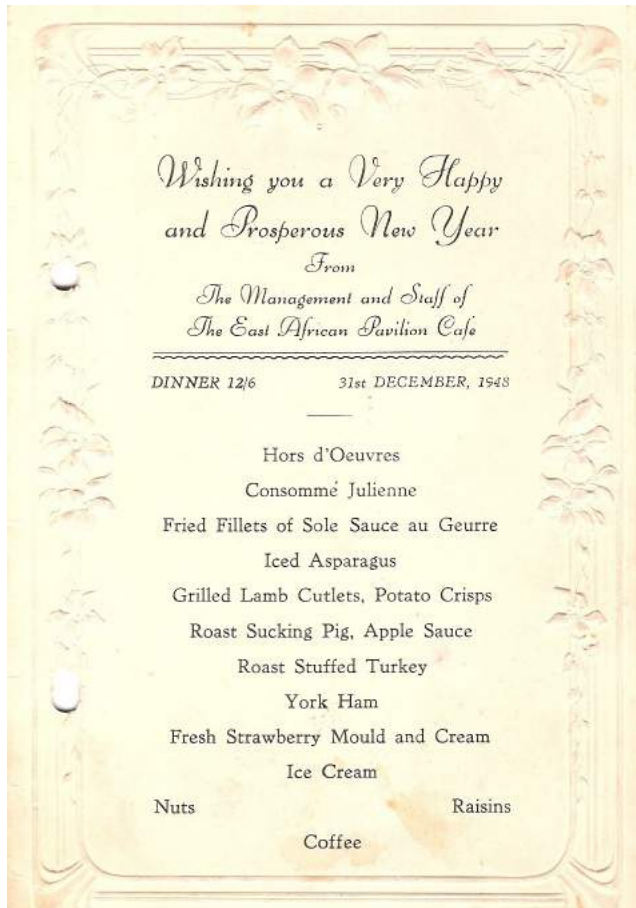
The magazine at the bottom left was the 20th anniversary edition



MAGAZINES THROUGH THE YEARS



EARLY SOCIAL



Right from its inception the Club has enjoyed a full programme of social activities. On the left is the menu from 1948 at the East African Pavilion for twelve shillings and sixpence and there was even raisins for dessert. Below is a menu signed by people whose names still resonate in the Club today. The (undated) July programme refers to the "new" Gold Reef City, which gives a clue as to its vintage. For R10 a concert by the Israel Chamber orchestra was good value.

SOCIAL SCENE	
ALL EVENTS TO BE BOOKED THROUGH SOCIAL COMMITTEE	
JULY	
THURSDAY 10TH	"ANASTASIA" Leonard Rayne Theatre Starring SANDRA DUNCAN and JOHN WHITLEY Start: 8.00pm Cost: R9,50
SATURDAY 19TH	Ballet "GISELLE" MATINEE Civic Theatre, Braamfontein Start: 2.30pm Cost: R11,00
AUGUST	
FRIDAY 1ST	Chinese Supper at "SHALLOWS INN" - Set Menu 6 Commissioner Street, Johannesburg Start: 7.30pm Cost: R12,00
SATURDAY 16TH	Visit the new GOLD REEF CITY Sightseeing followed by optional supper Cost: +/- R15,00
SATURDAY 23RD	ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA : Conductor Yoav Talmi Linder Auditorium : Soloist Arie Vardi Start: 8.00pm Cost: R10,00
SEPTEMBER	
SATURDAY 6TH	FIRST EVER CLUB SPRING DANCE Ferndale Recreation Centre Pitas and Pizzas for supper Please bring own 'Nectar' and dress 'Flowery' Start: 7.30pm Cost: R12,00 members; R14,00 non-members
THURSDAY 15TH	THEATRE EVENING with RICHARD HAINES in "MISCARRIAGE OF MURDER" Alhambra Theatre Start: 8.00pm Cost: R9,50

Bob Richards - Chairman
J. Wedel Committee
Bill Batters
Elizabeth Bedell
Rud. Glav
H. L. L. L.
Gladys M. Johnson
Joan Hartwell
Made Voigt
M. Woods
Victor Roberts
R. G. G.
P. G. G.
Walter Wainwright
D. da Silva
V. da Silva
Allegre Loria
M. Frederico

I REMEMBER.....

Rudolf Glass, Engineer
Midland Estate
P.O. BOX 111
1050. MIDDELBURG.

28th Dec. 1985

PERSONALITIES IN THE HIKING CLUB.

This is not a record, but a collection of disjointed memories. With encroaching age, you find memorising a face, but you can't place a name, or you remember a name, but can't place a face. To make it still more difficult, the female of the species get married, change their names, and shift into obscurity. But there are people, which stand out over the years, and without them the Hiking Club of these years would be only a name.

How I came in contact with the Hiking Club? The Mountain Club had arranged an Easter Camp in Castle Gorge, and as a member I wanted to join them. That was 1941 or 1942. I worked *in Vereeniging, got on my bicycle, and pedalled via Krugersdorp* to the Magaliesberg, dumped my bike at Du Toit's farm, shouldered my rucksack and went up the mountain to the top-end of the Gorge. I knew the Mountain Club usually camped near the Likkewaan Pool, but on arrival, no camp. Later I heard, that they had changed their plans and went elsewhere. So I had a lonely camp by myself, and roaming around the next day I came across individuals wandering about. Later I came into discussion with Sally Dambee, who invited me to the Hikers camp above Du Toits, and there I was really treated as one of them, sat around the camp fire and soon were in discussions about the problems of this sorry world. --- And then there began a capital time in my life, I would not miss for anything.

The hikes we undertook in those years are described elsewhere. The Hiking Club had a very cosmopolitan character, there you heard besides English also Afrikaans spoken, German, French, Greek and Yiddish, there were people from the whole British Empire, and Europe, be it professional people, immigrants or even refugees. Men in Uniform were quite often with us, and at one time the blue uniform of English pilot-trainees from the Dunnottar air field were quite common. I often wonder what all happened to them.

In my early hikes I met Dr. de Lingery, a founder-member of the Hiking Club. He originated from the French-speaking part of Switzerland, I from the German-speaking part. But we communicated in the usual Swiss way, both knowing a bit of the other's language.

The club not only undertook hikes, but also had it's social gatherings. These had to be simple and cheap, so it was natural we held such gatherings on the premises of members. Each brought his eats and drinks, something special was occasionally laid on, and what a good time we had amongst jolly company! How can we forget the parties we had at Maedi's and Alf's place, first at their house in Hillbrow, later at their new house Witpoortjie way? Or at George Whitfields house in Benoni, at Rose and Alf Mendels place or at the Roberts? We even had once a New Years party at our works at Maraisburg with braai and trimmings.

I REMEMBER.....

MEMORIES FOR THE CLUB'S 80TH BIRTHDAY IN 2011

Jean Paetzold



Jean and friends.

Photo: Jean Paetzold.

The Chicken Run was the first hike that Ernst and I went on, way back in 1981. Here we met Milly Saffer and we formed a lasting friendship and became involved with the social organising of the JHC.

The Club decided to buy a property and seeing Foothold for the first time was very daunting – no paths and completely overgrown – we bundu bashed to the cliff face and tried to find a route to the summit, but no luck. However, the property was purchased. The Social Committee then held various fund raising events – theatre evenings, dinners, jumble sales and a fete at Foothold with stalls, belly dancers and Hans van Ree had a massage parlour (strictly for tired and aching feet!).

Another memory is trying to restore the old windmill to its former glory. The ground between the cottage and the windmill was an old mealie field. Ernst, with his much loved old red combi, carried workers, tools and of course tea and cake to the site. However, the windmill was on permanent retirement and is now hardly visible in all the undergrowth and trees.

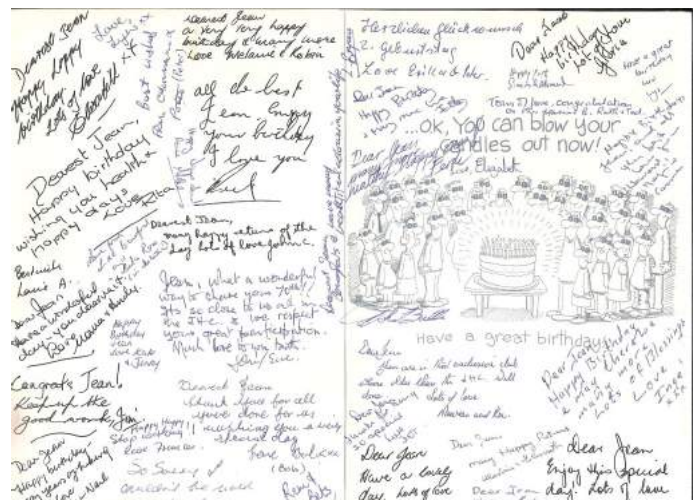
So another source of water was in the pipe line! The men put their heads together which resulted in the system of collecting the water from the cliff face was put into action and what a great day of hard work and laughter – taking metre upon metre of piping to the water source and then connecting up each pipe and watching the water on its way down to the cottage – a bottle of the very first wa-

ter is on a shelf in the cottage and, so far, this system has worked so well – a credit to all involved. The bird bath was an original grinding stone found



up at the ruins of the farm house and carried down by Tony Ferreira. The birds just love this bath and they give so much pleasure to birders and 'just lookers'. Alison, our expert, has noticed a huge variety of birds. Ernst was responsible for the constant drip system into the bath, a wonderful legacy. Memories are numerous, but top of the list is the wonderful, caring and loving people I have met over 30 years – the Club is just the greatest. Over the hill – but still around.

Jean shares a birthday year with the Club in that she will be 80 years of age as well in 2011. Thanks



Jean for the wonderful contributions to have made to the Club and the happiness you have brought to so many people over the years. (Editor).

I REMEMBER....

MEMORIES

Hugh Winder

The last 40 years have seen a great transformation of the Johannesburg Hiking Club, starting in the 1970s and 1980s in response to the many changes in our environment.

There have been many meeting places for Sunday hikes. My introduction was gulping a late Sunday morning breakfast in a residential hotel to race to the Johannesburg Railway Station by 08h30, and being solicited – not covered by the club's constitution.

Driving to the Magaliesberg used to be pleasant and interesting through attractive rural areas past Roo-depoort – despite an eroded main road and the nerve-racking crossing of a very busy Pinehaven intersection before the introduction of the fourway system. The advent of Sun City led to widening and the resurfacing of the road – but to increasing traffic. Then escalating development, with extensive housing estates springing up like mushrooms every few months, soon led to even heavier traffic, many more traffic lights and urbanisation stretching nearer the mountains.

In the 1970s, there was usually only one Sunday hiking group, with one appointed leader. As membership increased, hikes became graded into first two categories, then three and now sometimes four. Membership continues to grow and our constitution was amended to encompass members of all races.

Changes in ownership of farms and development have meant the loss of many of our hiking areas, such as Waterval and Lovers Rock – the name above used to double the outturn of women! I retired early from the Peglerae hike to be confronted in the car park by an aggrieved new owner. The club had been unaware of the change of ownership, but fortunately the status quo was restored. New venues were found and the club bought the Foothold property for a base in the Magaliesberg. Access routes also changed. We used to approach Castle Gorge from the north, and hike alongside attractive pools and cascades up to the main waterfalls. But we dreaded any likelihood of an afternoon cloudburst, because of the very tricky, deep donga that had to be negotiated on driving out. We used to travel by train to Krugersdorp and hike down the hill between a few houses to what is now the Walter Sisulu Botanical Gardens. One had to ensure one returned to the station in time for one's intended train back – or face a long wait for the next one. There has been massive development in the area and the threat of a reservoir on the ridge.

There have been many changes in the Magaliesberg itself over the years. When filling stations closed from Friday noon till Monday morning, restricting weekend travel to a tank of petrol, many of the resorts we visited suddenly became eroded. For a few months the Club hired a bus. A draught for several years depleted main streams and caused small ones to dry up. Trespassing and vandalism necessitated patrolling. Conservation led to the establishment of 'vulture restaurants' and the eradication of alien vegetation. Surreptitious illegal development led to the formation of the Magaliesberg Protection Association to combat it.

Lone charred trees still attest to the days of lightning in the Magaliesberg. Sparks flew along the fence alongside the paths as I descended the hike from Tonquani. After returning to the car park from Castle Gorge, I put my rucksack in the boot and was reaching out to open the door when lightning chopped the top of the tree and struck my car, causing a small of burning tyre rubber. I was in a Mountain Club group which saved the Montana Resort from a lightning strike fire around it.

For many of our 80 years, the Johannesburg Hiking Club and the Mountain Club of South Africa operated as completely separate entities. A few of us joined both clubs and I was able to introduce adventure trips to Grootkloof and Fernkloof (at Bergheim) to some rather nervous members. The two clubs now have strengthening links, after jointly buying a share of Castle Gorge. In the past, the hiking club did support matters beyond its own activities. Members helped lay out hiking trails in the Suikerbosrand Nature Reserve and joined attempts to form a national hiking federation.

I REMEMBER.....

Social events have expanded rapidly in recent years, from slide show to Christmas and Easter camps to many more camps, overseas trips and social outings. For years, the average age of members increased steadily, with few young members joining. In recent years, the introduction of youth hiking groups and adventure activities is doing much to redress the situation, and the club can go from strength to strength.

HIKING WITH THE JOHANNESBURG HIKING CLUB IN THE 1970's Ann Higgs

I joined the hiking club in 1970. The meeting place was Joburg station and some of the hikes were still "train hikes", meaning we caught the train to Krugersdorp and got off at the small station of Lui-pardsvlei. We then hiked to places like Little Falls and King's Kloof. So it was flattish and slightly downhill in the morning, but a long drag uphill in

sliced it up and every hiker got a nice juicy piece of watermelon. That was the best watermelon I have ever tasted!

Joburg station, as the meeting place for hikes, suited a lot of members many of which were expats from Britain and Europe and lived in Hillbrow, which in the 70s was a buzzing, thriving cosmopolitan place. It was safe to leave the cars parked in the street outside the station (without a car guard).

The hikes to the Magaliesberg were similar to where the club goes today; Tonqani, Castle Gorge, Dome Pools and Bartletts Farm, but there was only one hike, no choice of short, medium and long. The club did not own any property and at every AGM there was always talk of "the hiking club needs a property in the Magaliesberg". Not much was done until one AGM in the early 80s when Ivor Gerrard the chairman at the time woke everyone up by suddenly asking the members, "Put up your hands those of you who are prepared to give R100 to the property fund". I think everyone there put their hands up and so the fund really

took off and now the Club has a wonderful place of its own. Thank you Ivor!



The accompanying photograph shows a small group that hiked in the Champagne Castle Little Berg area, Easter 1978. From left to right Eileen Higgs, Alex ?, Ann ?, Ivor Gerrard and Ginger Brown.

the afternoon to get back to the station for the train.

King's Kloof was a long hike and I will never forget one very hot summer's day when we eventually arrived at the kloof for lunch and Ginger Brown produced a whole watermelon from his backpack ,

I REMEMBER.....

Historical articles

Rick Jowett.

Hi Marion, I was with the club from 1962 till 1969 and would love to attend the 80th anniversary re-union. After I met Gillian Ronaldson in the club we married and we undertook a long trek, to the UK via Beira then on the ID Henrique, a Portuguese ship, to Maputo, Cape Town, Lobito, Luanda, Las Palmas, Madeira, Lisbon. We were going to cycle across Europe but one look at the traffic and I forwarded our cycles to Paris. We camped in Lisbon for two weeks working our way through a book called Europe on 5\$ a day. We sampled all the recommended restaurants, including a bottle of wine with lunch. Then we took a bus to Madrid and repeated the process. Following that we took an over night train (wooden slat seats) to Bordeaux, then to Clermont Ferrand where we changed trains for Mont Dore. We arrived in pouring rain and pitched our tent. The hot showers were very welcome. After climbing Puy du Sancy (Gill ran up the mountain!) we walked down to La Bourboule eating Blackberries and Hazel nuts from the roadside hedg-es. We drove home to RSA a year later, taking about four months.

The first Hike I went on was advertised as a moonlight hike. it was only when we were far from the rail-way station in the dark that I realized that everyone except me was carrying sleeping bags, etc. Tom Tried to keep the fire going all night and sit up by it. I was lucky, a kind girl named Beth shared her genu-ine skin Karros with me, but the ground was hard.

Regrettably Gillian is now crippled with Arthritis and can barely manage to walk the dogs for 300 metres. In the 1990's Gillian was active with Roodepoort and Krugersdorp clubs.

Another active Member in those days was Tom Considine he may be reached at syn-tel@metroweb.co.za or 011 869 9147. There many tales to tell. We always took a bottle of whiskey on camps in case of snake bite. Of course around 10 pm many people felt snake bite coming on.

We were camped at Rudy Glass's Middleburg brick works with Colin draper, Elaine Lucas and others in July. About midnight it seemed like a good idea to take a skinny dip in the local dam. Elaine demurely refused, and when we were all in the water, half frozen, she took all our clothes away and used a torch to illuminate our reluctant return to shore. Nurses are like that!

Next Morning I walked back to the dam and saw that it was covered in green slime.

Then, once Rudy took me climbing something he called "The Pinnacle". It was my first time climbing on a rope, and I felt very dizzy, several times, and decided that climbing was not for me. Driving home my car kept wandering on the road, and I got out and checked the tyres and steering. When I got into bed that night it too started to wander around. I had tick bite fever. We also visited fort Merensky, The Helland and other places in that vicinity. Sleeping out next to a brick kiln in winter is nice.

Rudy had a three meter fire pit and we burnt a lot of blue gums in it creating a massive fire.

My first encounter with my wife was there. I offered her some of my wine and she said "no its all right I have brought my own". What a wise girl I was hooked from then on.

Later in July she went swimming at Keiters Kloof? So of course I had to dive in as well. Wow was it cold.

I think it was Xmas, before going to Castle Gorge, that I bought a rabbit from Fattis and Monis in Loveday street, Johannesburg. It was complete with head and skin still on.

About 4 pm I announced that I was going rabbit hunting, which made every one laugh. Well away from anyone I fired a single shot into the earth and walked back to camp with my rabbit. A lot of people be-lieved me. Then we dug a trench and made a fire in it. After a few hours we hauled the coals out and put the cleaned rabbit in foil into the trench and added more coals on top. After some debate as to whether it was cooked or not I dug it up. However, unfortunately, I had not marked exactly where it was and put a camping shovel through it.

Another time Colin Draper made a stew and Jack Cross ate some of it and said it was delicious. After he and Colin had finished Jack asked what he made it with. Colin showed jack the empty tin of pet food. Colin has some sort of wasp named after him. Hymenoptera Draperis ?

When camped out with Joy Lewis we left an open tin of condensed milk out overnight by mistake and next morning it was full of ants, Joy ate it anyway.

I REMEMBER....

Joy was Jewish and great fun. She had to endure jokes about "there is a heavy Jew on the grass tonight". Ron tells me she is now widowed and living in Cape Town. I seem to remember her car broke a back spring down at Klipriver and after jacking it up I climbed under to see what was wrong. Luckily for me a good friend pulled me out, fast, by my ankles, when the car started to slide off its Jack. If possible I would like to contact Joy again. I am Rick Jowett on Skype.

I think the Club has probably become very sedate since then. Mermaids pool is now in a suburb. Saronde was a squatter camp last time I looked and Little falls is owned by a church.

THE OLDEST CLUB MEMBER REMEMBERS

Ginger Brown

My name is Ginger Brown and believe it or not at the age of 87 (88 on 14 June 2011), I am the oldest living member of the Johannesburg Hiking Club. I am a long time member and very fortunate that I am still actively doing walks in the Drakensberg.

I would like to share some of my many happy memories as a member of the Johannesburg Hiking Club with you.

In the good old days, it was customary for the members to meet at the Johannesburg station. We would climb aboard and head off to the country with our old 'Billy Can' and back packs for an enjoyable week-end's hiking. (Of course now a days, there isn't much country side as it is all built up).

We would make our way to either; Leopards Vlei / Retiefs Kloof or Tongwane to mention a few.

It was a well known fact in the early days whilst hiking, that at 10am, we would stop and light a fire, fill the Billy Can with water and have a good old fashioned 'pot of tea'. Can you imagine lighting a fire in the veld today? I think not - as in many areas today, fires aren't permitted and a hefty fine could be issued.

I think the most memorable trip of my Hiking years. was a fourteen day trail across Iceland. Why this comes to mind is the fact that I nearly died on the first day of the hike whilst crossing a river. Our team leader was Isaac Gerard, a very experienced and capable person and of course the tracker and main leader was from Iceland. Each member was issued with an extra load of 'rations' to carry.

My responsibility was a set of three aluminium pots.

On our first day we set off in the bitter cold and soon we were faced with a huge river to cross. I was rather apprehensive as the water was very rough and torrential. Our leader instructed us on how we would cross the river. We would form a human chain and cross over steadily. Due to the tremendous force of the water, some members lost their grip but managed to make their way back to the river bank. As luck would have it, I was slap bang in the middle of the chain and consequently, with the water throwing everyone around, I found myself floating down the river with my pots. With the weight of my hiking gear, I was constantly pulled down under the water and with the freezing temperature of the water, I thought I had reached the end of my life. But - thank goodness for my three pots - they served me very well! I used them as a 'life jacket' and eventually floated down the river to safety, where I had to immediately strip down and try and get dry and warm. I definitely do not recommend stripping down in Iceland! I must

I REMEMBER.....

mention, that most of our food supplies were lost in the river.

An interesting part of this adventure was that all along the trail were little huts where in the case of emergencies, a tin of food was always available. The rule was that if you used the supplies up, it had to be reported to the local ranger for replacement. Needless to say, we reached a hut and were looking forward to sharing the 'emergency rations', only to find that the tin was empty (obviously the use of the rations had never been reported and replaced).

Eventually we reached a camp site of approximately 30 huts and immediately went in search of food. Nobody had any extra's but most fortunate for us, we found a packet on a dustbin which had been left behind by previous hikers, which contained some pork and sausages. We washed it off as best we could and managed to rustle up a huge stew which everyone thoroughly enjoyed.

We all learnt one 'Icelandic' word which was 'YOW'. No matter what we asked them, they always replied 'YOW'. I still am not too sure what the meaning of this word is. The Icelandic language is the oldest language in the world and dates back to the Vikings. One of their customs every Friday night was to have their traditional dance / party. They would sit on the floor and go around the floor on their buttocks. In their back pocket they would always have a bottle of some 'spirit' (very potent I might add). At around 2am they would disperse and have a very 'heavy head' the next day.

I must say that my trip to Iceland with the Johannesburg Hiking Club is one of my most memorable trails ever!

I have done the Otter trail three times with the Johannesburg Hiking Club and Drifters etc. This is one of the most beautiful trails. The view of the sea is breathtaking. The only tricky part in the early days was to catch the tide when it was low, in order to cross over the Blouwkrans river. These days they have a much easier trail to the other side of river.

I have done numerous trails in the Drakensburg together with members of various hiking clubs. The Drakensberg will always bring back many happy memories of various events. For example, on one of our hikes, we were confronted by a huge rain storm and one of the ladies from the Johannesburg Hiking Club just couldn't manage to get up the cliff face on her own due to the slippery conditions. I somehow managed to extend my hand and got a grip of her hand and pulled her up to safety.

In conclusion, I would like to extend my gratitude to all who have been a part of my life during my hiking years and for giving me such wonderful memories.

I wish you all many years of happy hiking!

TRANSPORT FEES

It is the time for another increase in the approximate transport fee due to the escalation in transport costs. The cost per km is calculated by the AA for a 2 litre petrol engine car as follows:

Petrol price in R/L divided by 10 km/l+ maintenance costs + tyre costs i.e. R9,50 + R0,25+R0,25 = R 1,45.

The suggested fees indicated in the programme are derived by multiplying the return distance by R1,45. They are for Sunday, Wednesday and away events and should be shared equally by all in the vehicle. The distances are calculated from Constantia Park.



I REMEMBER.....

MAGALIESBERG HIKING MAPS

If you hike the Magaliesberg, or if you are a hikes leader, you should have a map which details the areas from Hartbeespoort Dam in the east to the Olifantsnek Dam in the west.

There are seven pages of index, giving the names of the kloofs, etc, and 8 pages of maps with latitude and longitude lines.

For easy reference: look up the kloof name in the index, it will give the map page number and a cross reference – e.g. Castle Gorge, Map 5 20.F.

So it is easy to learn the kloofs and where they are PLUS lots of interesting photographs at only R120 per copy.

For your copy, order from Ken Middleton – 082 891 3524.

So, do not get lost, and if you are in an unfortunate accident, it is quicker to locate you IF you carry your cell phone and medical aid card with you.

Have fun and enjoy the privilege of hiking the Magaliesberg.

MEMORIES FOR THE FOOTNOTES SPECIAL EDITION.

Mary-Gail Shoesmith.

Briefly, I have tried to condense my earlier experiences to date with the Johannesburg Hiking Club into this short article. I cannot express my feelings in words; you had to live and feel the moment, which is wonderful. Each and every Johannesburg Hiking Club member has the same joy and pleasure as I did. My enthusiasm is for the outdoors, which I learnt about as a child and desired to experience more.

A working colleague and Johannesburg Hiking Club member, Leah Levinson (RIP) introduced me to the hiking club, which enabled me to hike, camp with a recognised club of stature. Through this I found freedom and it was affordable. Meeting new friends and visiting new places either on a train or car-hike enabled me to camp and hike over weekends, participate in social gatherings and take part in AGM's. I took to the open road

led by Vic Roberts (RIP) and Al Dovey (RIP) on any given Sunday.

Some of my highlights over the years included becoming a registered member on 16th April 1971; celebrating the Club's fortieth anniversary on 17th April, 1971; serving on the Social Committee from 1971 to 1972 together with Brian Aberly and Paula Ralilo (now Pointer) and going to Angola in August 1972 with Alan Brookes (Chairman) who led the group, which consisted of Roy, Bryan Aberly, Jeanette Adler, Gladys Roberts (secretary), and me (social). This was one month of touring, hiking and learning to hike the rough with the smooth roads. Even when I pitched my tent and camped on rough terrain and we all kept smiling, turning 'negatives' into a positives. We all survived some happy and memorable moments.

Twenty one years on as a fully paid up member, I qualified for nomination and was awarded life membership, a privilege I gratefully appreciated. Now forty years on the progress of this club is

I REMEMBER.....

amazing. 'Footnotes' is a big step forward with all its contributions, thus keeping members well informed. Its great to hear and see them enjoying themselves to read their stories which they share with fellow hikers.

On rather a sad note, transport to and from the station has not been accessible or available for some time. As much as I would like to be with the Club, the transport is no longer available from the east having moved west and north so I am unable to hike with the flow. At the same time maintaining a balance of work, family, home and hiking with my right foot forward I have attended 37 out of 40 AGMs and celebrated the 40th, 50th, 60th and 75th anniversaries. These are some of my most treasured moments and memories of the Club.

I feel truly blessed and having had no major mishaps in my hiking I will continue for years to come. Happy hiking to my 100th.

You can hire Hikers Haven at Foothold, camp there, or simply come to the monthly camp.

Contact number: 0879-401-903





I REMEMBER.....

MEMORIES Ivor Gerrard

Thank you for your letter inviting me to make a contribution to Footnotes. You'll be disappointed to learn that I never took photos in the Magaliesberg and those in the Drakensberg were on private meets. My films were kept for the Alps. Also, using a good geological term, my brain is much petrified, but here are a few recollections:

At the time of joining the Club in September 1969, many walks started from various railway stations on the West Rand. We'd meet at 08h00 on JHB railway station and then train en masse, with a return by train from a different station. As a motley crowd, generally attired in shorts and boots, we did raise the curiosity of other passengers and a few times a railway policeman gave us a good look over. These walks were generally led by Al Dovey and Vic Roberts (the then president of the club). I was told, at the time that for years before the 1960's the club used trams/buses to the southern suburbs for the start of the walks. Needless to say, all these former walking areas are now completely overgrown with houses much like rampant, invasive species of plants. The exception being, the current Botanical Gardens and its ridge with resident eagles at Roodepoort, though in earlier times this area was much wilder.

With the slow but steady influx of new members and new leaders, new walking venues emerged. The Club was quite cosmopolitan and a walking haven for a number of non-South Africans, new to JHB, as it provided something for them on Sundays and on long weekends, when camps were organised. A number of these 'uitlanders' provided a long succession of excellent chairmen and it was some time before there was an indigenous chairman.

The 1970-1980's was a period of change for the Club; more than one walk on Sundays was introduced, for the fit there was the 06h00 start for long walks in summer and slide shows at the old Adult Education Centre became a regular monthly event. There was a 'toenadering' (forming of a closer relationship) between the two branches of MCSA and JHC culminating in JHC helping with permits and patrolling of parts of the Magaliesberg and finally the planting of a property seed in the minds of the club committee – Foothold being the fruit. Nature prevailed for some 'more-walk-less-talk-types and they ended up with life companions

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Classified R50

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– unintended consequences of walking with the JHC.

Being a member of three walking/hiking clubs in Cape Town, I can make odious comparisons, but rest assured the JHC is one of the better run clubs and its quarterly magazine, Footnotes, is the best. Long may the JHC prosper
Kind regards

SONNIE ROSENTHAL

Many thanks Marion for your invitation to write an article for Footnotes. I have jotted down a few of my memories and have rambled on.

I joined the Johannesburg Hiking Club in 1965 when my physician advised me to do a lot of walking after I suffered a heart attack on the tennis court. I was then 41 years old, but my association with the club goes back to 1940 when I often participated as a visitor. The Chairman was Maidie. Very few of us owned cars and we used the railways, buses or trams to reach the starting point. We used to gather at Park Station and usually went by train to the West Rand. After several members had acquired wheels we still met at Park Station. At some stage the Club roped in Dawie, who operated a school bus, and as he himself was fond of hiking, was prepared to carry us to the destinations for a reasonable fee. The camaraderie on the bus and train trips is something I still miss.

I was once asked to lead a hike (not by the JHC) from the Hillbrow kopje to Bezuidenhout

I REMEMBER.....

Spruit where a lecturer gave a talk on the ecology of the area. The hike was given a lot of press publicity. You can imagine my horror when I found that some 1300 would be hikers pitched up. The normal hiking rules, the duties of a tail end Charlie, etc, were all forgotten. However, the hike went off well. Most of the hikers were picked by friends at the destination and I only had twenty who stayed for the return trip.

The club arranged a series of lectures of interest to hikers. I attended a talk by a Doctor of Science who worked for the Chamber of Mines. He told us that the Chamber would send out miners from SA to train people in South America. They did not want to send out men who became ill once they arrived in South America. In order to ensure that the local miners were sufficiently fit they devised a series of tests which they were subjected to. I asked the lecturer if I could undergo the tests and he kindly agreed to make the arrangements. Alas, eventually that was to spell out the end of my hiking days. One of the tests required me to run on a treadmill, which was set at progressively faster speeds. While running I wore a bag over my head which caught the trace elements I exhaled for analysis and from this the scientists could determine my state of health.

Unfortunately the mechanism failed while I was running and the treadmill stopped suddenly while I was battling to keep up and brought my foot down with considerable force. Thereafter I found that after hiking I experienced pain in my right heel. X-rays did not reveal the cause and was only years later when I had access to Ultrasound that a hair-line fracture was found. I carried on hiking for many years, but eventually I had to give up and turned to bowls, which, in turn I had to abandon in 2004 also due to my heel

I have found an outlet for my energy at the gym. Strangely my heel gives no trouble unless I indulge in a lot of jumping, etc. And at 88 I can still

JOHANNESBURG HIKING CLUB CIRCA MID EIGHTIES.

Derek Coop (who celebrates 80 years of age later this year).

Derek Coop joined the club, why? I truly do not remember. I believe now that I was not happy with 'my lot' and looking for a change.

In those days it was an easy walk for me to meet at the Johannesburg Station as I was working and living at 'The Pru' in Main Street. In general, we met and joined others for a drive through to the Magaliesberg for a variety of hikes, scenic and testing. It was a happy way to pass away the Sundays, good company and good for my health. I made lots of acquaintances, some of which became, and still are, friends.

About this time the property 'Foothold' was purchased and my interests turned to improving and maintaining this property. They were enjoyable weekends and I found the progress satisfying, the evenings social and entertaining and my VW camper 'Marigold' a comfortable bedmate!

In the background, committee members organised the preparations, organised 'us workers' and over the course of time, long drops, a water supply, additional water tanks, fences, tents sites and paths came into regular use.

The chain ladder was indeed a well planned project and much work was required to get it up the 'hill' and into place. Other improvements included toilet facilities and showers with both hot and cold water. The outside kitchen was all progressed. In between, general maintenance was carried out; the grass was cut, trees pruned and non-indigenous vegetation removed. On the Sunday, all the refuse from the property was removed by willing 'refuse removers' with room in their vehicles.

At his period, the slide shows were an attraction for me. Pieter Faugust did well to organise such a variety of topics and speakers for our education. Afterwards, further discussion and consolidation whilst enjoying 'tea and snacks' so ably made up and presented by 'the ladies', wonderful, willing members who more than did their 'bit' – we THANK YOU.

Highlight: In 1994, I joined 13 others for a trip to the Zimbabwe Ruins, organised and led by Chris and Marja. En route we stayed over at Messina, Lake Kyle, the Zimbabwe Ruins and on to Mutare, crossing the river over the Birchenough Bridge. Then to the Troutbeck Inn for a truly memorable

General Hiking Precautions:

The following basic precautions are recommended: Kindly carry your **medical aid card** or details with you at all times; Carry a minimum of 2 litres of water and drink sufficiently during the hike; Wear an effective hat; Use a high UV protection sunscreen lotion; Carry rain gear and a jersey in both summer and winter – during a thunderstorm the temperature can drop by as much as 10° Celsius; Wear strong suitable footwear that will provide traction and support the ankles (lace tightly);

I REMEMBER.....

meal. We had become good judges of food in general and it was here that we changed our name to 'The Hungry Club'. However, the following day we did manage to hike up Mount Inyangani.

We then proceeded to the Chimanimani Range where nine members completed the circuit in two and a half days. Well achieved to those who made it. The Easter Highlands were magnificent and the Shona people so friendly and helpful. Many thanks to Chris and Marje for the organisation and implementation of the trip. It was truly enjoyed by the participants.

Reading through my words above I can only believe that my words are applicable to any well run club. A few people who can, and do, organise the willing members to do the necessary work resulting in progress and success for the club. I assume that my words are applicable to the members of today. JHC you are well organised, keep up the spirit that we have.

RULES OF THE JOHANNESBURG HIKING CLUB

Rules

All persons taking part in club activities do so entirely **at their own risk** and must adhere to the rules of the Johannesburg Hiking Club.

1: Hikers must follow the instructions of the appointed leader and must remain with the main party unless the leader has agreed to a splinter group controlled by a nominated sub-leader.

2: No fires may be lit (except at designated sites by permission of the hike leader) and must be extinguished completely before leaving the site.

3: All litter must be carried away.

4: No uprooting of plants or picking of flowers is permitted and care must be taken to avoid damaging trees, fences or private property.

5: Dogs and radios are not allowed on hikes or at camps.

6: Anyone under the age of 18 years who attends a hike must be the responsibility of a nominated member.

7: Nude bathing can be offensive. Please exercise discretion.

8: All behavior likely to bring discredit to the name of the club is to be avoided.

Camp and trail booking procedure:

All bookings must be made through the HIKE LEADER and not the Club Administrator. The Hike Leader controls and takes full responsibility for booking numbers and a possible waiting list (close interaction with club administrator takes place to ensure administrative efficiency).

Hikers may PROVISIONALLY book a place/s on a hike for a maximum period of 4 working days, during which time the full amount for the hiker/s must be paid into the JHC account. Hike booking payments must include a reference of the HIKE NAME and HIKER'S INITIAL & SURNAME (e.g. - , Slagtehoek/B Smith).

Onus is on the member to confirm proof of payment. If no payment is received, the provisional booking will lapse. Thereafter the next person on the waiting list will be informed of a possible position on that trail.

If you need to cancel the booking, the fee will be refunded ONLY if the club is notified at least two weeks prior to the event AND a replacement can be found. If cancellation is less than the prescribed time and/or a replacement cannot be found, fees will not be refunded.

Any refund will only happen after the camp and trail event is completed and all costs are reconciled.

The refund will be less the admin fee for that event.

SUNDAY HIKES

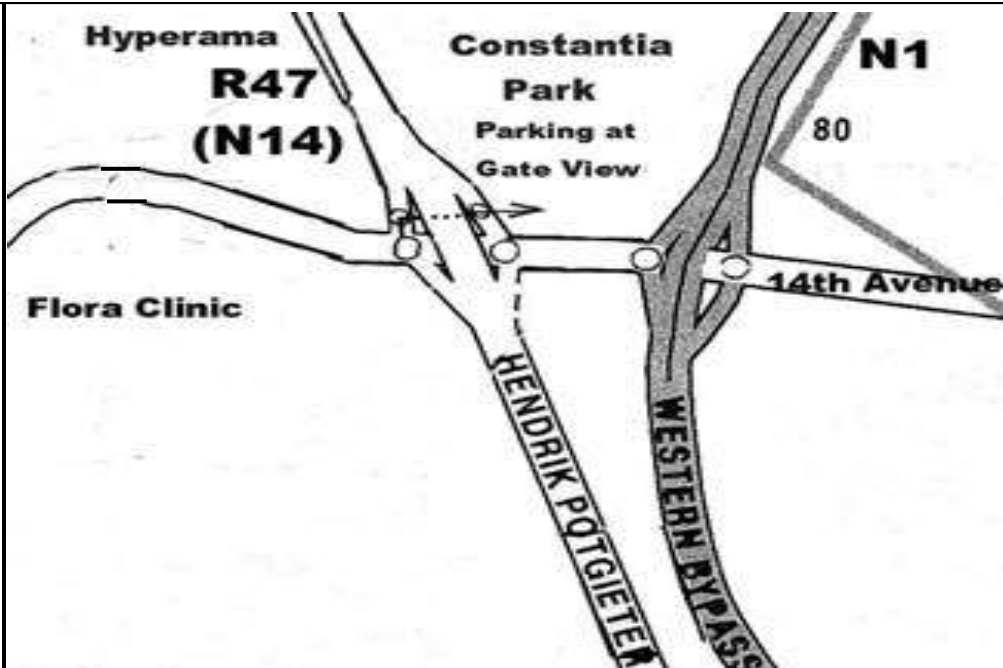
Meeting place: Constantia Park, Gateway House.

Meeting time: 07h45, but consult programme as times can be earlier or later on occasions

Return to meeting place: Varies, but usually before 17h30

Hike fees: Refer programme (non member fee in brackets). Bookable events indicated by 'B'

Restrictions: Certain events are subject to restricted numbers identified by, eg, R(10)



AGREE OR DISAGREE



THE BOOTLEGGER

Footnotes Ghost Writer

BOOTLEGGER'S TALES

Hello there dear fellow hikers.

The BOOTLEGGER is back and has not only been sitting on a hornet's nest, but is busy stirring it up. Let me first of all respond to the respondents of the last edition of Footnotes.

Lets start with **Smellysocks**. Firstly it is apparent you did not read the first BOOTLEGGER'S Tales properly or you would have realised I was referring to members who were complaining about high fees charged to them. And secondly whoever you are you obviously have no self esteem otherwise you would have chosen a more respectable nom de plume. It is well known by hikers that smelly feet cause smelly socks and smelly socks is something to be avoided especially in cramped conditions like a tent or hiking hut.

Then to **Brother Pirate**. Please be aware that the BOOTLEGGER is not old and that he definitely has 2 legs and does not normally carry a sword. And while I think of it TRAMP is a lady of the highest integrity and would certainly reject advances from some randy hiker hoping to get lucky.

As most of you will know TRAMP, TRAILBLAZER, PATHFINDER, TUMBLEWEED, JOHNNY WALKER and STRIDER are not only my firm friends that respect the environment and each other's special abilities; we combine to form a cohesive hiking unit. Sometimes we hike on our own, but frequently we join the JHC regular Sunday hikes. And so it was that we arrived at the venue to be greeted by confusion. Some of the designated leaders had not turned up. It was TRAMP that assessed the immediate situation and whispered to me, "You are the BOOTLEGGER don't stand around, ask TRAILBLAZER and PATHFINDER to lead the brisker groups the rest will assist with the new hikers in the slow group. STRIDER is a natural leader and immediately took control of this large and inexperienced group. However it was JOHNNY WALKER who proved to be the hero of the day by volunteering to be the tail-end-Charlie. He was able to walk with those new and inexperienced hikers who were struggling at the back and to offer good humour and encouragement while maintaining contact with STRIDER up front. Later that day the weary hikers arrived back at the venue and were quick to thank the volunteer leaders for a great hike and a job well done. No one thought to thank JOHNNY WALKER. As usual it was TRAMP who saved the situation. She went up to him and gave him a great, big hug. "Without your help the hike today could have been a disaster, you are my hero". Turning to me she said, "You are the BOOTLEGGER, you must tell them the truth even if it hurts" So here is my challenge fellow hikers. Seen through the eyes of a first time hiker the shambles at the venue shows the Club and its leaders in a poor light. Leaders unable to lead must advise the HIKESCO well in advance so that a replacement can be found. If the leader is able to obtain the services of a tail-end-Charlie please remember to thank him or her (as this makes the job of the leader much easier) and encourage that person to ultimately become a leader. We must avoid embarrassing and potentially dangerous situations developing.

80 Not out is a pretty impressive score, the BOOTLEGGER joins with his special friends TRAMP (that beautiful and charming lady who is the special friend of the BOOTLEGGER), TRAILBLAZER (a fine athlete and fitness fundi), PATHFINDER (the great navigator), TUMBLEWEED (wild and mysterious), JOHNNY WALKER (Just a very special guy) and STRIDER (strong and reliable) in wishing that the JOHANNESBURG HIKING CLUB goes from strength to strength and that it continues to bring the joy of the great outdoors and companionship of those who delight in nature to the people of this great country.

Check you on the trail.

LETTERS, NEWS, etc

RESPONSE TO THE BOOTLEGGER

About time members became more aware of the rubbish left around by the non-environmentally friendly people. The problem is the rucksacks are not big enough to carry it all! We need more support on the control of the invasive aliens, especially at Castle Gorge.

Smelly socks.

Hi Marion,

Just to update on our hike yesterday to Castle Gorge. We really enjoyed ourselves, both the adults and the kids. The hike was well organised, informative and enjoyable.

Our leader, Charlie, was very friendly, organised and informative. A couple in our group is presently training to climb Mt Kilimanjaro and as Charlie has already done so, he continued to give them good advice and tips of what to expect.

Thank you so much for all your help – we will definitely be doing more hikes with the club soon.

Regards,

Errol Diner.

Well done Charley for the good leading skills (Editor).

Dear Marion,

Sadly I will not be renewing my subscription this year. The time has come that I must hang up my boots so to speak.

I will miss the many good friends I made while with the Hiking Club and the good camaraderie enjoyed with them all. The hiking club was a special experience for me in so many ways.

My thanks to all for some wonderful years.

Sincerely,

Ockie Oosthuizen.

Hi Marion,

I just wanted to let you know that my first hike with the club was great. The organisation from our starting point at Constantia Park to the hike at Hennops was excellent. The existing members were very welcoming to me as a newcomer and I really enjoyed the company and the hike.

Cheers

Ian Teague, Chief Executive Officer, Netmax

Dear Marion,

Thank you for following up on my membership renewal. I can say thank you to the Johannesburg Hiking Club for helping me meet my husband. I met him in the Berg on a hike that Beverley organised in April 2009. He came all the way from Cape Town with his brother-in-law for the hike, and needless to say I have since relocated. Peter Walden and I got married last year in September and we now hike in and around Cape Town, so I will not be renewing my membership with the Club. I do miss the Youthful Hiking crowd that I started out hiking with but am so happy to have found someone to share my life with.

Thank you for all your hard work for the club and all those who made my time with the club so rewarding. The gum boot dancing has to have been one of the fun highlights I will not forget!

All the best,

Susan Walden (nee Delport).

Hi Marion,

Thank you for your reminder about the renewal of membership.

Unfortunately my health has deteriorated in the last year, and I have recently been diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease. My coordination is not 100%, and it is dangerous for me to go hiking in rough terrain. Consequently I regret to tender our, Jeanne and my, resignations from the Johannesburg Hiking Club, where the friendliness and care have always been wonderful. Thank you for everything, and best wishes to all at the club.

Arnold Stark.

Member statistics

The following statistics illustrate the Club's membership over the past three years. Membership grew by 10% in 2010 and is 17% higher than in 2008. Although 79 new members joined in 2010 some members did not renew their membership, which resulted in a net gain of 43 members. This is thanks to a greater emphasis on recruitment by EXCO, and especially Marion, and also the various hike leaders and also members.

New members

The Club extends a very warm welcome to the following new members: Hennie Hendriks and

www.tsakane.com

Tsakane Wilderness Trails

Balule Nature Reserve – Greater Kruger Park
Conservancy

2011 RATES

- **3 Night Trail R 1,650.00 PPS**
- **4 Night Trail R 1,950.00 PPS**

Rates include:

- Tented Accommodation
- All meals
- Guided day trails
- Afternoon Game Drives
- Tsakane Trails badge

Central Reservations

Telephone 083 440 3721

Facsimile 086 585 3771

Email reservations@tsamanagement.co.za

Special

Group reservations (6 to 8 Guests per Trail)
confirmed from **Johannesburg Hiking Club**
Members before 30th April 2011 will enjoy **FREE**
return road transfers to Tsakane from Johannesburg
Terms and Conditions apply.



LETTERS, NEWS, etc

Leane Ferreira, Chrissie Bradshaw, Merle Page, Pat Cummings, Thinus de Wet, Sabine Behr, Chereen Brown and Darren Styles, Ardiel Sood-yall and family, Athol Franz, Monique Dalka, Eva Dahlvig and family, Bianca Viviers, Natasha Visser, Gail Nel, Steven Krummeck, Mark Stuart, Helen and Max Luedtke and family, Theunis Joubert, Sarah Cook, Ann Muirhead, John & Hilary, Barnes, Melissa & Raymond Tripp and family, Nick Andrew and Ryan de Haast. The following members have rejoined the Club: Catherine Dryden, Tanya Hodgson and Linda Pierce.

Hiking statistics.

The following stats show the hikers who participated in the various categories of the Club's hiking activities. It is interesting to note that nearly 40% of the Sunday hikers are visitors. Of the 1059 visitors a number went on to become members, but maybe we could encourage more to join. In this regard every Club member who hikes with a visitor becomes a recruiting ambassador for the Club. Also, a grand total of 4390 people participated in the Club's hiking activities; quite a number of hiking feet is it not? In order to make it possible to accommodate more hikers it is critical that the Club recruits more hike leaders. Any member who feels that he/she would like to contribute to the hiking activities of the Club should contact the Club's Administrator, Marion Hufner.

Congratulations.

Arthur and Este were married in early December, 2010. George and Mapule Nyabadza married on 8 January, 2011. Jean Paetzold, who shares her special year with the JHC, was 80 on 11 February, 2011

Sympathies

Ron White's wife, Adrienne, died in early December. Ken Middleton's sister passed away in the Cape. Jean Paetzold's grandson, Tommy, passed away on 23 January.

Get well

Footnotes understands that Asher Wloschowsky, Marianne Miller, Anita Volker and Gerlinde Seuring have not been too well of late. Anne Belomusto fell whilst hiking at Foothold and gashed upon her head above the one eye. We wish you all a speedy recovery. John Faller broke his hip on the Rhebok trail last weekend. We hope it

heals quickly John and that we see you back on the trail shortly.

Kgaswane donation

The final MPA amount handed over for the Kgaswane project was R20 632. Thanks to all concerned for your generosity and concern. Donations to the Club from the following people is also gratefully acknowledged: Charlie Montross, Norma Johnston, Bruce Evans, Pierre and Maryna Le Roux, Richard Yelland, Lieve Geuens, Allen and Ida Scott, Sue Emmett, Eva Dahlvig, Olga Braude, David and Dianne McCormick, Ken Bidgood, Michael Green, Kristen Hammond, Colin Lill, Leo Gieske and Gunter Godecke.

Longest Club Membership

The following people have been members of the Club for forty years or more. This is half (or more) of the Club's lifespan. Footnotes congratulates them on this marvellous achievement:

Alan and Helen Brooks
Ginger Brown
Ivor Gerrard Ann Higgs
John Hudson
Dick and Paula Pointer
Sonnie Rosenthal
Mary-Gail Shoosmith
Hugh Winder.

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TWO WEDDINGS



Godbeer wedding

Este and Arthur tied the knot recently. We wish them a wonderful future together. Here they are exiting after the service under a shower of confetti thrown by Frances.



Nyabadza wedding

My wife and I got married on the 8th January and we are expecting a baby-girl in early April. We will send you pics of her when she arrives.

All the best,
George Nyabadza

80th Anniversary, 1931 to 2011

JOHANNESBURG



HIKING CLUB



Striding boldly into the future.

You can hire Hikers Haven at Foothold, camp there, or simply come to the monthly camp.

Contact number: 0879-401-903

XMAS CAMP

XMAS CAMP 2010 (OR HONEYMOONING WITH THE GODBEER'S)

Merle Doctor

There were 25 Happy Campers at Island Lake



Some of the group. Photo: Merle Doctor.

near Wilderness; 17 for the long stay, 8 for the short stay. Neil and Audrey Ransome were kind enough to run the camp, with Neil organizing great hikes and Audrey producing two great 'get-togethers', in the camp tent. Audrey gave up a lot of her time not only to produce the goodies, but to go shopping for them. Thank you Audrey.

On the Knysna Forest Red Elephant walk, some of us were lucky enough to spot a Knysna Lourie. (Allen spotted one just outside the camp) One unlucky hiker lost his boots while crossing a fast running stream, bound his feet with his rain pants, and ended up finishing the hike in his socks! Arthur spent a good half hour looking through the 'coca cola' coloured water, but Arie's



boots were never to resurface.

The beach walk past Pelican Peak, was the most enjoyable beach hike I have ever done. It was timed so we would be able to cross at low tide, and see the rock pools, complete with Star-fish. Jim, the only hiker to climb Pelican Peak took a short-cut down, resulting in a hole in his back pocket, and 'no wallet'! Luckily the wallet was still there when he and Paul returned.

Christo and Helmut, who stayed in Hoekwil, organized the Xmas Eve dinner at their B&B. Carols were sung with the music provided by the hosts. The sea captain played the piano, his wife the violin and they were accompanied by a friend on the flute. Maja lead the singing, and even giving us a solo. By this time the rain had stopped and we enjoyed a lovely meal sitting out on the deck.

On Xmas Day, Father Xmas (Paul Menge) arrived, wearing big green sun glasses, a fancy red hat and draped in a red fitted bed sheet. Girls first had to give him his traditional kiss, before getting a present. The guys said they were too far too big to kiss Father Xmas!

So Mrs. Clause (Shirley Menge) stepped in. Rodrigo on his knees, recited a Spanish poem, he had translated into English, something about an elephant, which sounded more like an Egyptian curse! He had everyone in giggles.

Allan took us to hike the Brown Hooded Kingfisher Trail. We walked next to a stream, through pretty woodland with lovely flowers. Some hikers stopped to admire a baby Puff Adder. The trail petered out on top of the hill, so back down we



Photo: Este Godbeer

went on the slippery slope to enjoy the bottom of the water fall. That evening a storm caught us unawares, the camp tent side panel had to be held down to stop it blowing away, and one, Mar-

XMAS CAMP

ion, spent two hours trapped in the ablution block, till the storm abated.

Allen was the life and sole of the camp, never giving up on teasing us, and pronounced it the best Xmas camp ever, even though his car had to go in for clutch repairs.

Chris Warner came over to escape the English winter snow, and was not put off by the overcast skies and drizzle hanging over Island Lake. We enjoyed our days at Wilderness, George, Plet, Segfield & Victoria Bay, which all had glorious sunshine.

Jeanette's two teenagers were a delight; unfortunately Wesley had a bad reaction to mosquito's bites. Nick decided on the new unshaved look, and won 'one' scrabble game against Jeanette.

If you think Neil is tall, you haven't seen his son Trevor, who towers over his parents. What a delight Trevor and his wife Marika are.

Thelma, Paul's sister, left early, which left an empty tent, complete with double stretcher a blow up mattress, tidy clothes and a fluffy carpet. Shirley quite rightly claimed it for the rest of the time.

Chris Williams got at least one morning cycle ride in, and his helpful information got my camera working again.

Di had a hard time paddling from Ebb and Flow with her son, It took them over 5 hours to get to Island Lake. They saw wonderful wildlife along the way....then they had to paddle back!

Some hikers walked the wonderful old steam train railway line to Victoria bay where there are wonderful views of the sea and a great deal of pink flowers. Cream scones or waffles are a must at the restaurant.

There is a lot to be said for the JHC Xmas Camps when a honeymoon couple joins in. Although they said they had already been married for two weeks. Este Shearar became Mrs Godbeer, Congratulations to both of you.

...and here the new Mrs Godbeer takes over (as Merle left on the 26th), just to tell you that those of us who stayed till 1st January had an absolutely fabulous time. Neil, whose name I have always associated with "strenuous Drakensberg hikes", continued taking us mere mortals on one fantastic hike after the other, including the first day of the Otter, the Circles in the Forest Trail (which starts and ends at the memorial to Dalene Matthee), Robberg and the Half-Collared Kingfisher Trail.

During this last week our entire group also changed the communal braai to a restaurant meal on some evenings, including the very quaint Zucchini's (apparently listed in Lonely Planet) and the beautiful Sails restaurant. The week's "kuiering" culminated in our New Year's Eve dinner, a bring-and-braai hosted by Hanneke's brother at his new B&B overlooking the Wilderness marshes.

There's much to be said for a Christmas camp at Wilderness – even though it was a very rainy period, we did a tremendous amount of hiking, not to mention all the sight-seeing stuff and "Knysna shopping" that one can do in that area. Hopefully we'll go back there in the not too distant future?

XMAS CAMP 2010 AT LAKE ISLAND, WILDERNESS. **Neil Ransome.**

The camp site was excellent: the site had lawn coverage throughout, the bathrooms were cleaned throughout the day, and there was always hot water. The camp started on the 19th December and ended on the 1st January 2011. There were 24 participants, 16 who stayed the full term and 8 who left us on the 26th to do the Tsitsikamma trail and some to return home to have New Years eve at Foothold.

The group participated in all the hiking activities that were arranged: hiking through the Elephant Forest at Knysna, a visit to Millwood hut which is part of the Outeniqua trail, the Blombos trail from Lake Pleasant along the beach towards Swartvlei estuary and back over the dunes and through fynbos. We also hiked the Kingfisher trail above Ebb and Flow in the Wilderness National Park, and paid a visit to Stormsriver to do the first leg of the Otter trail.

The weather was overcast most of the time making it pleasant for hiking, but there were a few sunny days for swimming. On one of the days the heavens opened and the camp site was so wet that frogs were jumping into our tents.

There are many restaurants to visit in the Wilderness area, which were frequented quite a lot by the Johannesburg Hiking Club. On Xmas eve we were all invited to have dinner at the guest house where Chrita Metri and Helmut Ulland were staying. I must compliment the owners of the lodge for giving us a full Xmas dinner function. The same goes for Hanneke Stoathammer for allowing

XMAS CAMP

us to have the New Year's Eve function at her brother's house overlooking the Island Lake. Finally I must thank all who helped make the Xmas camp a success by helping to put up and take down the big tent, starting the braais, helping prepare the food for happy hour and for every one participating in all our events.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AT FOOTHOLD

TK the pink canary

This is a bird's eye view of the Foothold New Year weekend.

What a memorial New Year celebration it was for me as I had never been on an expedition of this nature. I was dumped in the back of the car and driven out to the Magaliesberg. On arrival at Hikers Haven a discussion took place as to where I should reside. I was hung high from a beam in the ceiling from where I

NEW YEARS AT FOOTHOLD

could hear and see all that transpired.

After people had set up their tents, etc, several members got to work on tackling the long grass prior to the heavens opening and most enjoying a cup of tea in Hikers Haven. Members came and went from Foothold over the 3 days.



Jetta Batty and Jean Paetzold celebrating the new year.
Photo: Merle Doctor.

Late Friday, an enthusiastic group of helpers made delicious snacks for happy hour (purchased by Frances – thank you!), a table was decorated for the snacks, plenty of wine was on hand and Robbie set up his computer with the music and the tone was set for a great New Year's eve party. I was covered up for the night, but this did not stop me hearing all the fun and excitement as midnight drew near. Many members pushed off to bed early and the chimes at midnight were heard by some, but not all.

It was a slow start to the first Saturday of 2011, some just relaxed around Foothold, the energetic hiked to the escarpment, others enjoyed a slow hike around the nature trails, volunteers sussed out the two gullies for repair work and others did maintenance around the property. Rain threatened on and off all day. Tea and cake were served late afternoon and I was privileged to be placed on a table in the watery sunshine. The

highlight for me was when a group of noisy babblers splashed in the bird bath which caused my blood pressure to raise, my wings to flutter as I jumped happily from perch to perch. However, the excitement was short lived when three keen photographers, with their large lenses poised towards the bird bath, took no notice of my pretty face, but preferred to drab coloured feathered creatures!

As the sun set, the remainder of the sangria (made by Rodrigo) was sipped and enjoyed by all, but loosened many tongues. Strict instructions were given by Jim to Andy to ensure the braai fire was ready for 19h00, but Norma had little faith in her husband's fire lighting abilities – much 'chirping' followed. Jim and John drove all the way to Castle Gorge to cut the grass in the parking area – thanks go to these two very dedicated members of the JHC. A really wonderful relaxing evening was brought to an end by a torrential rainfall – the rain continuing for most of the night.

Drenched campers surfaced early on Sunday morning with tales of how wet or dry their belongings were,

XMAS CAMP



First up the chain ladder at Foothold on New Years day, 2011. From left: Ricky, Jackie, George, Elize and Bruno

how well or how badly they slept etc. I was dry and happy as I had slept inside Hikers Haven – sensible. As the rain stopped, most packed up their wet tents and made for home. Others spent time eating their breakfast and chatting outside, with me on a side table. An irate Joan looked for her missing binoculars, but I did not find out whether these were discovered or recovered. As the clouds started to disperse, a dozen keen day hikers arrived and set off up the mountain.

I was then put on the back seat of the car and my owner drove us home.

A thoroughly enjoyable change in the life of a canary.

Roland Heap's letter from abroad.

Hi all Johannesburg Hiking Club members.

I am now with Robert in Melbourne who gives his regards to all. He has had a few problems on the health front of late, a heart attack a few months ago, which was successfully fixed by the hospital inserting a stent. He also has prostate cancer for which he is awaiting a letter for when the surgery will take place.

He had hernia surgery 2 years ago when I was here, and had a kidney taken out 3 years ago, but apart from that he jokingly tells me that he is fine, but we all know to take what Robert says with a pinch of salt.

Anyway, after staying with Gerald and Barbara Sabel in Sydney for a week, ex J.H.C. members, who really looked after me, I flew down to Melbourne where I will be doing a bit of cycling with

A letter from Roland

Robert, then on Sunday I will be hiking with the Melbourne Bush Walkers to phantom falls near the great ocean road. This club is similar to the JHC, , but more formal in that you have got to pre book the bus and pay up front. They want to know whether you are fit enough to participate, etc,

Early in February I fly up to Darwin, which will be a first for me, then on to Bali, then Singapore, and up to Kuala Lumpur and finally I will be visiting Vietnam again for the 6th time.

On this trip I have been away 6 months, after staying in the U.K. for 6 months, which is not enough. The highlight so far was New Zealand, which has got everything for the outdoor enthusiast.

My kind regards to everyone.

And may 2011 be peaceful and prosperous for everyone,

Roland.

JOHANNESBURG



HIKING CLUB

80th

Anniversary

1931 to 2011

HIKE REVIEWS

RHEBOK TRAIL: 18th to 20th FEBRUARY 2011
Susie Lonie/Photos by Roger Price.

For me the adventure started long before arriving at the Glen Reenen campsite at Golden Gate. Piling down the N1 in Ken Shepherd's Land Rover, we were maybe 40km from Harrismith when we noticed the unusual number of cars at on the roadside whose owners were feverishly changing wheels. The conversation had just touched on Ken's proud boast that he had not had a flat tyre for thirty years when the inevitable happened. It was starting to get dark, rain was threatening, and trucks were roaring past just a metre or two away as we discovered that we had a very big car with a very small bottle jack and were miles from anywhere. As we flailed around in search of the elusive "plan B" a highway patrol appeared with a high lift jack and all was put to rights. (I have since discovered that the radio reported a large number of nails scattered over the highway that night, but am unclear as to how they got there.)

So, we pressed on into the night with resolutely



high spirits and eventually arrived at the campsite, last of course, and about thirty minutes after the torrential downpour started, which was ample time for the site to become a swamp with no hope of pitching a tent. This was not a problem for our fellow travellers who had established their camps earlier and were waving bottles and glasses at us cheerily from beneath the boma. And, to their credit, they had somehow kept the braai going through the torrent. So food and wine came to the rescue as did Thinus with the offer of a bit of spare room in the corner of his warm, dry

tent. Happiness!

Early next morning the sun taunted us by shining brightly until everyone was up and about, then instantly retreating behind a new bank of rain clouds. As we huddled in our waterproofs under the boma with our choice of breakfast cereal, I managed to identify the rest of the group. Led by Tom Kenny we were quite a crowd: Two Anne's, Ted, Denise, John, Sue, Hanneke, Elize, Derek, Olga, Fernando, Roger, and those previously mentioned. In addition we had Johan who decided to stay at base camp for the weekend. I will not name and shame those whom I then discovered had abandoned their sense of adventure and sidled off to the nearby hotel for bed and/or breakfast, returning with tales of fluffy pillows and crispy bacon. All I will say is – *please take me with you next time!*

By about 9.30am the consensus was that the storm was passing over and we should give it a go. (Speaking as a Scot, I would never have learned to put one foot in front of the other if rain stopped play, but I guess it's different in the Deep South.) So we banished from our minds the tempting tales of nearby Clarence with its coffee shops and pubs-showing-the-rugby and hefted the packs. As we got into our stride and the weather cleared, the beauty of the landscape became apparent and the idea of trekking into the wild blue yonder became very appealing. By mid-morning the sun had reappeared and we strode through nature's glory with lightness of heart until with a yelp, Anne fell prey to a twisted ankle. A short rest, redistribution of her heavier gear, and some medication had her back on her feet uncomplaining, but with a definite limp. Onwards we went for, maybe, another thirty minutes until we reached a parting of the ways. Whilst those in the know decided upon the correct path, John took an incautious step on a slippery rock. He went down like a sack of potatoes and he stayed down. It was clear very quickly that something was badly wrong with his hip. Of course this had to happen in a valley with no cellphone coverage. So, two of the fittest volunteered to yomp up the nearest peak in order to call for help. The rest of us settled down to an early lunch and took turns at commiserating with John and trying to cheer him up, despite which he remained stoic and uncomplaining.

Mountain Rescue summoned and expected imminently, it was decided to leave the three fastest

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with John whilst the rest of us plodded rather gingerly along the trail. We were soon passed by the two-man, three horse rescue party and winced at the thought of poor John with what we suspected, and now know, was a broken hip on horseback on that steep rocky trail. I sincerely hope they gave him big drugs. Safe to say, we all took a lot of care where we put our feet for the rest of that day.

With spirits somewhat dampened we continued along the track to the road. Whilst searching for the next part of the trail, that fickle sun disappeared again and a good deal more than our spirits were damp a few minutes later, at which point some very nice park rangers came along with their bakkie and offered us a lift. So we all clambered into the back – except Roger to whom they took a shine for reasons unknown and gave a seat. Then the more prudent of us got back out again. I discovered why as we bounced and slithered alarmingly along a terrible muddy track through the downpour, but we eventually got to the overnight hut safe and more or less sound. How wonderful to get out of the wet clothes. The rain did eventually stop and we got the camp fire going. Better still, we had come amply prepared and soon it was happy hour. The *Old Brown* flowed and as we tucked in to the most delicious nibbles a sense of wellbeing settled over the party watching the last rays of the setting sun glow on “the Golden Gate”. As the moon rose, plates of hot food appeared and the conversation flowed, as did the emergency wine rations. When they ran out, we went to bed.

The next morning dawned bright, fresh and beautiful. The stream we had to ford about nine times in the first kilometre glittered in the sunlight. The first few crossings were so deep from the rain

that all but those whose boots had not dried out overnight simply paddled over before donning footwear. Thereafter the group demonstrated fabulous teamwork on the semi-submerged stepping stones, helping each other, sharing sticks and lending hands. There was also some rather tricky climbing, which for a few of us required a pull from above and a most undignified shove from below, but we all got there. The mountains were stunning with vibrant green meadows covered in delicate flowers of every imaginable colour. Sightings of baboon and wildebeest helped keep my mind off the way my heart kept thumping its way up my throat as I wheezed and panted up the steep track. Views of Lesotho and the surrounding glorious mountains were our reward. I couldn't resist sticking a boot through the border fence so I can now say I have set foot in Lesotho – the left one!

After a short lunch stop, we set off into the next valley. I am not going to continue raving about the scenery and the flowers. Suffice to say, it was pretty and the walk along the ridge and down to the road was very nice. Less nice was the path around the dam where we had to push through a clump of reeds which towered over our heads and from which a couple of fatherless biting bugs dropped inside my shirt and set to work. (For those who witnessed the spectacle of me throwing off my backpack, ripping off my shirt and waving it in the air whilst entreating said bugs to depart at the top of my voice, I don't normally do this, honestly!) Once more, fully dressed, and just a few river crossings later we were back at the camp. It was a bit surreal emerging from a thicket and finding that in one step we had been transported from the wilderness to a manicured lawn, and joy of joys, hot showers.

It was a weekend memorable for its extreme highs and lows, in every sense, and our great thanks go to Tom and Anne for organising it. And the very best wishes to John for a speedy recovery.

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CLIMBING OF MT TOUBKAL IN WINTER

John Deighton

It was a pity to go to Morocco the first 1 week of February and to miss some important events in our club calendar (in the UK), but only that week was available.

In the event a party of 12 assembled at Manchester Airport and flew to Marrakech. Staying the first night at Hotel Ali on the Jemaa el Fna (famous square in Marrakech) we had our first experience of the Souks, which offered all kinds of goods, snake charmers, water sellers, performers of Berber music, and many things more.



The next morning we were transported to Imlil and walked up to Aroumd, a Berber village clinging to the sides of a deep valley with snow covered mountains beyond. We explored the village as the sun dropped behind the mountains and the temperature plunged to well below freezing. The gite in which we stayed was heated (slightly), but the food was good.

The following morning our loaded rucksacs were transported by mule up to the snowline and by us beyond that up to the Neltner Refuge at 10522 ft (3207 m). Surrounded by snow covered peaks it was beautiful when the sun shone out of a very blue sky, but bitterly cold when the sun disappeared. We sorted out gear for the next day, enjoyed excellent food and slept as well as possible for the next day's Toubkal attempt. Several of the team had drumming headaches, probably due to start of altitude sickness and some had been quite badly sun burnt during the walk up.

The next morning we arose at 05h50, had breakfast, put crampons on and were away just after 07h00. It was very cold and finger ends were very painful: toes too at times.

Tim and the younger team members elected to climb the North Cwm route, a bit harder than the more used South Cwm route, which we were following. A Moroccan guide accompanied each party. The early start meant that most of the routes were in shadow and snow was hard and in good condition. As we zig-zagged upwards, leaving the Refuge far below and really got the blood going fingers and toes got warmer. Walking poles offered adequate support most of the time, but at times steeply angled snow required ice axes to be used, just to arrest any slip which could take place.

The scenery was breathtaking with vertical rock faces and snow-filled gullies, and this got better as we climbed upwards, ever upwards! Only 2 climbers were ahead, these being in a snow-filled gully high up our left, a different route. We eventually spotted the triangle marking the summit of Toubkal, the highest mountain in North Africa at 13672 ft (4167 m) and climbed towards it along a ridge with a vertical

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rock drop to our right and steeply angled snow on our left. Gasping with effort in the thinner air we reached the summit. The two other climbers were also there--Polish lads, working in Ireland! It was 12h30 and Tim's team reached the summit at 1pm, having found their route hard in places.

We ate nibbles and took photographs then moved off down the mountain choosing different routes for the descent. In the sun the snow was now soft and mushy and in places we had some problems with snow balling up on crampons, necessitating a sharp tap with the ice axe to clear it. Gradually we progressed down the mountain to reach the refuge at 2pm---to have mint tea, a meal and a good rest in the hot sunshine before this was lost behind a mountain at 3.30pm.

It was a hard, but very rewarding day with all twelve successfully reaching the summit and getting down without incident.

The following day six of us reached the summit of Ouanoukrim (4088 m) while the other six did a shorter route up steep snowfields to get a view of the Lac d' Ifni. Some of the party did a lot of practice work in gullies high above the Refuge, while others watched.

The following day we walked out, back to Aroumd where we cleaned up in a Hammam---a public bath. Then it was back to Marrakech and home!

All of us had a tremendous experience in Morocco, which is so easy to get to! Please contact me if you want email info and contacts.

Thanks to all my fellow expeditioners.

DRAMA IN THE MAGALIESBURG Jackie Celliers

A hot sunny hike at Bergheim on Sunday 6th March, 2011 ended in a little excitement for regular Sunday hikers. Most hikers were back down from the mountain lazing around the pool exchanging stories of the day's walk when the phone call came in. A member of the photographic group had fallen and broken an ankle up on the mountain.



We had seen the group an hour or so before on the mountain and exchanged a few pleasantries before

going our separate ways. Another group, the moderate minus, had also had an unpleasant experience of discovering the decomposing body of a man on the trail.

The two incidents were reported and before long there were police and Netcare 911 vehicles on the property. George Christian from JHC took over co-ordination of the groups at that point to ensure a speedy rescue mission. A police helicopter from the Potchefstroom Air Unit was nearby, captained by Werner Gouws. George found a



suitable site for the chopper to land at Bergheim and the parties made their decisions. Within minutes the chopper was up again with a paramedic and hike leader (Peter Burman) aboard. They dropped the paramedic at a suitable spot, who stabilized the injured hiker, Judy, and then the chopper went back down to pick her up.

Once the chopper landed back at Bergheim the Netcare 911 personnel took over and Judy (who was in considerable pain) was transported by ambulance to hospital.

The chopper attempted to locate the site of the body, but did not attempt to land in that part of the mountain due to the inhospitable terrain.

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CHILDREN OF FIRE DELIGHT RANDWATER ENVIRONMENTAL EDUCATORS

By Sue Bellinger

A hot, sunny day was in the offing as I arrived at Children of Fire's school in Auckland Park. Beaming faces greeted me. Those who were blind or partially-sighted gave me a long hard feel, in place of a long, hard look. What excitement! Nine young children, two volunteer teachers and their amazing Principal, Mortain Dube, were joining me for a 'hike' at RandWater's head office nature reserve.



Johannesburg Hiking Club, during the annual HOSA hiking week, treats children from less-privileged communities to hikes at various venues. Rand Water were quick to come to the party when I, as a JHC member, suggested to one of their Water Quality Advisors, Maria Mphomane, that theirs would be an ideal venue to which to take some of the children from Children of Fire.

Transporting four of the children in my vehicle was an introduction to what was to come. Three of them were blind and the fourth only partially-sighted. They gave me a running commentary on what type of road they knew we were on and why. 'Sue, now we're on the highway aren't we? I can feel that by how much faster we're going and the noises of the traffic near us'. Sometimes, we sighted folk, in our frantically busy lives, don't even remember seeing the highway, let alone 'feeling' it!

Apart from Maria, two other Rand Water Environmental Educators were our hosts for the day: Ntsiki Qhaba and Diana Steward. The three of

them were so impressed by the inquisitiveness of the children and their desire to feel every leaf, tree and blade of grass; things that 'ordinary' children take for granted. These are indeed extraordinary children; marveling at the pile of dung in an antelope midden, feeling a blade of grass from root to stem, appreciating the wind on their faces and the sun on their backs, shrieking in delight at the sharpness of an acacia thorn.

Up the hill we trudged, chattering all the way, but stopping occasionally to 'listen' to the silence that a natural area brings, which was interrupted only by the chirrup of a cricket, a whisper of wind, grass stalks stroking each other and a distant bird call. And so on to a shady wooden platform at the top of a hill, where we munched oranges and each child made two memento pictures of the day – one for themselves and one for Rand Water in appreciation of the day's event. No ordinary pictures these, but tactile ones - natural items found during the walk stuck onto double-sided tape spaced evenly across a card – seeds of all shapes and sizes, leaves, sand, tiny pebbles, parts of a dried beetle carapace, bok-drolletjies et al. Some items randomly placed, some beautiful-



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ly set out. Each card had a special meaning for each child.

It was while we rested that one of the children demonstrated his inventiveness. His hands were severely disfigured as a result of his extensive burns. He placed his Rand Water water bottle at an angle, supported by thorns and branches in an acacia tree and so drank without needing to hold the bottle between his wrists.

Rand Water provided lunch packets of delicious goodies to round off the day. Refreshed and as energetic and mischievous as any others of their age, the children were up for photographs before we whisked them back to their school.

Thank you, Rand Water, for your gracious hosting. Thank you, Mortain and volunteers, and most importantly thank you to all the Children-of-Fire who filled our day with brightness.

For more info:

<http://jhbhiking.org.za/cms/index.php>

<http://www.randwater.co.za/CorporateResponsibility/WWE/Pages/Default.aspx>

<http://www.childrenoffire.org/index.asp?catID=1>



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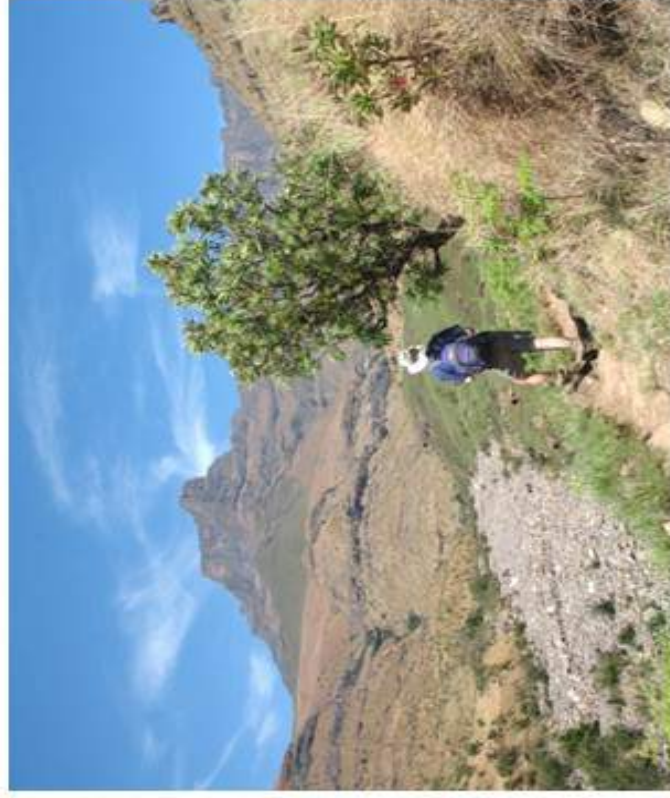
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