

Gladstone's Nose, Kamberg.

Leader: Dave Sclanders

Date: 7 March 2026

Distance: 9,21km

Weather: Cool and sunny becoming warm and partly cloudy later.

Number of hikers: 15

Severity of hike: A moderate hike.

Report by: Deon Small

In my personal opinion, Kamberg is one of those hidden secrets tucked away in the Drakensberg, a spot few will look at as a haven for those looking to get away from the rush of modern life. My earliest memories of Kamberg, were the hours spent flyfishing the dams and river looking for the "big one." Unfortunately, with trout falling out of favour and the trout hatchery closing, Kamberg has lost most of its shine for the fishermen, however the opportunities for hiking is almost limitless. There are not a lot to choose from, however the trails on offer, do not disappoint.

The weather the last couple of days was upside down, weather warnings in place for severe storms and possible flooding, our mountain hike was in danger of being cancelled. The "weather gods" smiled on us and the day dawned with blue skies and only a whisp of clouds on the high tops of the escarpment. Autum was on its way and the grass was beginning to show signs of turning yellow and a slight crispness was in the fresh mountain air.

We all punctually met at Kamberg and soon the whole group was assembled ready for the adventure before us. We signed in and got ourselves ready and set off on our adventure. The sky was a beautiful royal blue, with ever so slight white wisps of clouds building over the valleys and the slight breeze made for ideal hiking weather. Soon all we heard was the swooshing of the grass on our legs and boots, and the chitter chatter of the group as we made our way up the slope.

The gradient was gentle for most of the way, as the path wound in and out of the grassy valleys, with the cliffs of eSiphongweni and Gladstone's Nose beginning to tower over us. The path peters out every here and there, and we were tested a bit in finding the correct route and Dave was relaying on his memory, most of the time walking where the trail should be. Soon the trail took an abrupt right turn and all of a sudden we were faced with a steepish climb to the top of the ridge. The group was beginning to struggle as not only did the gradient get steeper, the temperature was now also rising. The view made up for all the huffing and puffing and as we turned around, we could look way into KZN with the Kamberg mountain being the center feature in front of us and the nose of Giants Castle behind us.

Soon the sweat was running down everyone and a break was in order. The group very reluctantly got up and walked the extra 100m to find some reprieve from the hot sun, however here we sat for an early lunch, or late breakfast. The time was spent drinking tea and coffee and snacking on all sorts of tasty goodies and chitter chatter going on all over. Soon we were back on the trail again. The group snaked in and out of the valleys, with the cliffs, coloured in blacks and creamy yellows now almost in touching range, were towering high above us. Looking up we could see Cape Vultures and the occasional Bearded Vultures soaring high above us.

The views towards the high Berg leaves you in awe every time you see it from a new or different angle. Does the view ever get old? No, because it changes every minute. The high peaks were once clear of clouds. Within minutes the clouds started to cover them as if a blanket was being pulled over them. The grasslands, the huge rocks and the towering cliffs makes this walk amazing, and it was a bitter sweet

feeling when we made our last right turn and started heading down the steep hillside. The camp came into sight and the group had a bit of a quiet moment as we stopped on the plateau and took in the last view before returning home.

As we crested the last rise, we were looking down onto the car park and soon we were at the reception, where a beeline was made for the restroom and then we all had a final farewell at the vehicles, before we all slowly made our way back home. Another great day spent in the might and majestic Drakensberg Mountains came to an end, as quickly as it started, but it was not a good bye, rather just a farewell, till we meet again.

