

out of africa

INTERNATIONAL

OCTOBER 1999

KEEPING SOUTHERN AFRICANS IN TOUCH AROUND THE WORLD

VOLUME 1 ISSUE 2

**Kachana:
African
welcome
in heart of
outback**

Making sense of the
shops in **MOSCOW**

**Red light district
pub turns it on
for rugby crowd!**

Cartoonist Vic
calls California home



We've made our mark, far and wide . . .



DEEP in the heart of Amsterdam's **Red Light** district lies an establishment supplying the things grown men lust after, the things they dream of and the things that command much of their conversations.

Alice and Russell Stotter know just how to please, and have nurtured an image that has become legend. Their recipe is simple - give men what they want - RUGBY and BEER!

Their pub, the Cul de Sac, has a reputation for turning on a good time,

especially when Test rugby's on the television and draws an international clientele.

Expect it to be packed to the rafters through October for non-stop partying during the Rugby World Cup series . . . A world away, and in the red dust of the Western Australian outback, Chris Henggeler, who grew up in the Headlands district of Rhodesia, and his family are healing a piece of land long degraded by intensive cattle ranching.

Using holistic principles his efforts are beginning to reap rewards. Guests - which he calls enviro-tourists - pay a small fee to live a rustic lifestyle and enjoy the tranquillity of this magnificent area.

There are no roads in, so Chris has to use a light plane as the "farm ute".

Cartoonist Vic Mackenzie, who got up more than one nose during his tenure at The Herald in Salisbury back in the 70s today finds himself ensconced on the west coast of the US - just outside Los Angeles.

His house, which, he says, sits astride the San Andreas faultline, has been shaken to the foundations during his stay there. But he says it's a brilliant place to live.

These are just three of the people who have contributed their stories to this edition of Out Of Africa International. Our first (pilot) edition created something of a stir among expatriate southern Africans and downloads came from around the world.

Enough interest to encourage us to produce a second edition.

For it to continue, though, we need YOUR input!

If you have ties to southern Africa - South Africa, Zimbabwe, Botswana, Namibia, Zambia etc - and are now living elsewhere in the world, let us know about how and what you're doing. We'll publish your story and, if you send pictures, those, too.

Tom Henshaw
henshaw@iinet.net.au



Bill Higham
Associate Editor,
Australia (Eastern states)
highamw@ozemail.com.au



Penny Willis
Associate Editor, UK
penny.willis@diamond.co.uk



**Earthquakes, fire, street mayhem - none of it's enough to make cartoonist Vic Mackenzie quit California.
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Mailbox

Well done. It makes great reading and certainly the info re-Perth and Australia will be very helpful to those contemplating the move to this (another) superb part of the world.

When time permits (perhaps in a couple of weeks) I will endeavour to get something written and some photos about what I consider to be the best place in WA - Albany!!!

There can't be many places in Australia where one can play golf on a beautiful course with a dozen kangaroos forming a gallery as one tees off!

Congratulations and keep up the great work.
Margaret James
Albany, W.A.

Excellent stuff. Read most of it on the screen but have printed a copy to pass onto friends and relatives.

Read your piece on Perth with great interest. Sue (my wife) and I are coming to Perth in January for a few days on our way to New Zealand.

Vic, California

I'm a ex-Rhodesian living in Portugal today, I'm always trying to find new on Rhodesia and Africa.

I admired your work very much keep it up.
Carlos Almeida

Thank you for Out Of Africa International. It is extremely useful. I am particularly interested in the grocery list, as our figures are a few months old already. One question, how do I get a copy each month of this magazine?
Thanks once again.

Claudia Blyth
South Africa

It's great to read a few social type stories. I have sent the address to a few friends...
Thanks

Gail Gadd

That mag looked great. I'll send a hippo story for it soon. Remember Mushendike?
(However you spell it) It's from there.

Karl Davies

This is brilliant!!! A first class effort. Well done to the okies in charge!!!

John Redfern

Have just seen your electronic mag - it's great.

Cynthia Walley,
Sydney

Just downloaded your first edition.

Excellent stuff! Keep it up.

Tristan Martin,
Wells, Somerset

Well done on a great magazine.

We are moving to Perth in December, so I especially enjoyed your article. We are looking at Churchlands High for

our children so was pleased to see it on your list of "good" schools. Any ideas on a primary school in the same area? We had heard that Doubleview was an affordable suburb? Anyway - keep up the good work, I have printed it out and will pass it around!

Val Sheppard

I thoroughly enjoyed the magazine even though I am from the US and only read the book Out of Africa! I am looking for a place to immigrate in a couple of years and really enjoyed reading about other people's experiences.

Looking forward to the next issue!
Thanks.

Margaret Myers



Face to face: Vic Mackenzie presents former Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith with a caricature of himself.

Sack threat heralds new career for budding cartoonist!

Vic Mackenzie tells how he ended up living in California

My mission in life is to goad, infuriate, and provoke. I am not a flag waver or a cheerleader. It is my duty as a cartoonist to point out that the emperor is stark naked. I have a particularly sharp social vision and an articulate political conscience. I am a fervent believer in the American democratic system.

WHEW, with that out of the way let me give you a bit of my history. I was born in the Avenues in Salisbury at the end of the war. Yes, the big one WWII. My father worked at The Herald and was 71 when I was born. Needless to say he died when I was 2. I never knew him but I hope I have inherited his virility.

I grew up in Rhodesville along with other well know Rhodesians such as Wrex Tarr. I attended Admiral Tait School and Allan Wilson. When I left high school I went to Teacher's College in Bulawayo and graduated in 1967. (We are having the mother of all reunions in Malawi at the turn of the century).

From there I was posted to Rusape for two years. I had a wonderful time and loved every minute. I was transferred and bounced around with a couple of deputy headships before finally settling at North Park School in Salisbury.

This was one of the new showcase schools and a terrific place to teach. I still keep in contact with many of the pupils I taught at North Park through the internet, and one of my former pupils lives just up the road from me in Redondo Beach.

While teaching at North Park I started drawing for The Rhodesia Herald. I was doing mainly sport cartoons and the occasional political cartoon.

Sandy Robertson had just taken over the editorship of The Sunday Mail and asked me to do a weekly cartoon.

What I was doing was very inoffensive but I did manage to ruffle a few feathers when I portrayed a couple of backbenchers as sheep in a cartoon. I was summoned to appear before the chief education officer on the 20th floor of Ambassador House and told to cease and desist. If I did not I would be fired or transferred to Somabula.

Luckily, The Herald got wind of the story and I was offered a position as cartoonist at double my teaching salary. It did not take very long to decide to become a full time cartoonist.

My tenure as cartoonist at the Herald was very enjoyable. There were some amazing and interesting people there and I enjoyed their company.

My creativity was kept in check because they never allowed me to draw on international events.

There was also a certain amount of frustration as I often had good cartoons rejected because they might upset Mr (Ian) Smith or the government.

I only started to flourish as a good cartoonist in my last two years. I never had any formal art training so it was a learning experience for me. The Herald was a good training ground.

I often used to cover sporting events and do reviews of nightclub acts and the theatre. I left in 1977 mainly because I had been ambushed twice while out on patrol and three was not my lucky number.

I had also become disillusioned with the politicians and the black leaders whom I thought showed no imagination or vision for the future.

In 1976 I had gone to Montreal to watch the Olympics and I liked what I saw in Canada and the USA.

My wife Sue is half-Canadian so we were able to gain entry into Canada. I started drawing for a few of the local newspapers in Ottawa.

However there were major takeovers in the newspaper industry in Canada and Ottawa was left with one newspaper. The one I wasn't drawing for.

The goat awards

THIS will give you some idea of the material that appears in the Annual Goat Report

This was from my annual eight page a few years back.

My pleas for donations of strong liquor and loose women went unnoticed again this year but it is quite understandable in these times of fiscal restraint.

However if this Embassy is to survive, the Ambassador and his charming wife expect you to reach deep down for a good cause and send along something of value which will help us maintain the high standard to which we have been accustomed since attending the Tammy Faye Bakker Religious School of TV Begging. Last year's Goat Awards caused some unnecessary correspondence for the Ambassador.

A number of the recipients took to whining about the quality of the award and the ethics of qualifying, according to your financial or liquor donation.

Certain third and fourth world inhabitants felt that the exchange rate on their worthless currency made it virtually impossible to obtain a coveted Goat Medal.



The embassy: Near California's sun-kissed beaches

Therefore, in future the Embassy will not accept livestock as payment neither will it accept liquor brewed in third world countries in unhygienic conditions. The Embassy which lies near the sun-kissed beaches of southern California with its gentle breezes and swaying palm trees was an oasis in the often turbulent and violent surroundings of Los Angeles. Each

year the Ambassador and his wife look out from the balcony of their magnificent residence on the ever changing four seasons of Los Angeles. - Floods, Riots, Earthquakes and Fires. The autumn fires were magnificent with their brilliant fiery colors. This is the best we have seen since we lived here.

Goat people as usual have gone forth and multiplied. Most of them have adapted to their

local environments and have infiltrated local communities posing as solid upstanding citizens.

However some have fallen by the wayside and have been guilty of eating clothes off the washing line, which was not a crime in the old country. We wish you all a happy and prosperous New Year.

Vic MacKenzie
Rhodesian Ambassador and Spiritual Leader of the Lost Tribe of Goat People.

Realising there was not much future in newspapers in North America I landed a job with Sport Canada doing publications and manuals for Canadian Coaches.

I edited and published a magazine that had a bigger circulation than the Rhodesia Herald.

It also gave me the opportunity to travel to all the major sporting events in the world. In 1981 we visited the Soviet Union and did a major study on their method of coaching. I also produced videos for Canadian Sport TV and published a best selling book on Sport Psychology.

While with Sport Canada I inherited the name The Rhodesian Ambassador. Being part of the world of sport we were often invited to a lot of official functions. Ottawa was the capital of Canada so we came into contact with a lot of diplomatic people.

As a joke and to spice things up my colleagues used to introduce me as the Rhodesian Ambassador.

Rhodesia was still an outcast nation and this used to cause a lot of concern and embarrassment when the introductions took place. I can remember the Cuban Ambassador turning his back on me and walking away.

My colleagues also presented me with an official brass plaque naming my house The Rhodesian Embassy.

It was similar to all the other official plaques on the diplomatic residences in Ottawa.

At the same time Cambodians were flooding into Canada and were referred to as the "Boat People".

A crazy colleague decided to call the Rhodesian community the "Goat People" and I was duly appointed as the Spiritual Leader of the Lost Tribe of Goat People.

We loved living in Ottawa. It is a beautiful city with lots of parks and open spaces. In the winter you can get to the mountains in about twenty minutes. I really threw myself into winter sports. I learned to ski and skate at age thirty-four. I had never seen snow before I arrived in Canada. However, although I enjoyed the winters they became a bit tiresome. Having to continually shovel the driveway and wrap up warmly became a chore after a while.



Vic, Sue and Tickey, the fox terrier.

In 1985 I was recruited by an American Sport publisher to run one of their divisions. Human Kinetic Publishers in Champaign, Illinois is the largest sport publisher in the world.

They do most of the sport academic books for universities plus a variety of books on different sports and all of the YMCA publishing. Champaign was further south so the weather did improve some but we still had cold winters and hot muggy summers.

We stayed for two years and left because Sue, my wife was offered a position with a Canadian Airline in Los Angeles. The Canadian Airline was swallowed up in the takeovers of the eighties and Sue now works for the Norwegian Consulate in Beverly Hills. I freelance from home doing illustration, animation and



Ice man: Vic in full ski regalia.



anything else that is legal. We live in Redondo Beach, which is about 25 miles south of Los Angeles in an area known as the south bay. The temperature rarely gets over eighty degrees and hardly ever drops below seventy.

We get about twelve inches of rain a year. We bought a house about a mile and a half from the beach. The beach area is very crowded and parking is often difficult. I have always been active and competitive. I no longer play team sports but I run, swim and bike competitively. Every year I take part in the Surf Festival. I do the two-mile sand run and the 2.5-mile Pier Swim. Sue likes to hike so we often head off to the Angeles Forest Mountains and hit the trails.

What are the downsides of living in Los Angeles? For one the traffic is unbelievable. Everybody in LA owns a car and public transport is terrible. The freeways can be hell on earth when they grind to a halt. The pollution during the summer is not very pleasant and the 19 million people who live in the greater LA area do tend to infringe on your space at times.

However this is a magnificent place to live because it caters to your every need. The place works and it is continually on the edge of change.

Innovation and change usually starts in California and works its way east. Living in a beach community we hardly ever go down town and the only time we get up to Hollywood is when we have visitors.

Once you get familiar with the area you will find lots of pockets of paradise in Los Angeles. It is not how you perceive it on TV. The beaches along the coast have smooth white sand and are kept exceptionally clean. There are twenty odd miles of bicycle and walking paths alongside the beach.

Yes there are lots of bad areas and yes there have been riots, floods, fires and of course there are earthquakes. We were here

for the big one. It occurred at 4.30 in the morning and shook the hell out of us.

The epicentre was 20 miles north of us so we didn't experience the damage most of you saw on TV. We had a few breakages when things dropped off the mantle piece and walls but there was no structural damage.

A mile from us near the beach there was damage to the roads where the ground water which was pushed towards the ocean, forced through the sand leaving large sunken craters.

The earthquake lasted about 45 seconds and it was a violent shake. The amazing thing was Tickey, our fox terrier woke me up about a minute before the quake. He started

scratching on the side of my bed, which was a very unusual behaviour. I got up to go to the bathroom and as I got back into bed it started.

Needless to say I stuck my head near my bum held onto Susan and rode the thing out. We sleep on the second floor so the shaking was intensified.

We all ran outside and that was a surrealistic sight as all the electrical wires were swaying and sparking in the early morning fog.

At the end of the year we put out our annual Goat Report from the Rhodesian Embassy.

In it we chronicle the events,

happenings and news on the state of the Goat People in the world. It is sent out along with the awards, which are bestowed upon Goat People. Medals such as the Knights of the Mopani Fly, Commander of the order of Displaced Goats, Member of the Rhodesian Empire and Companion to the Meilie Cob to name a few.

At one stage the Goat Report became so popular that we had complete strangers from around the world asking to subscribe. The Rhodesian Embassy also produces authentic Rhodesian passports. Over the last two years we have given away over five hundred and fifty Rhodesian Passports.



That's Africa!

Frog story spawns panic

ZIMBABWE police have dismissed as untrue allegations that a number of women have died countrywide after being forced to breastfeed frogs by unscrupulous businessmen.

The Officer Commanding Harare Police province, Senior Assistant Commissioner Griffiths Mpofo, said no one has been reported killed or missing in incidents related to a frog or any such animal.

He dismissed as untrue and unsubstantiated allegations that a man in a luxury car carrying a frog in a briefcase, was on the prowl, pouncing on women and forcing them to breastfeed the

frog for ritual purposes.

The story of a girl who was forced to breastfeed a large frog after being offered a lift by a businessman driving a posh Mercedes-Benz has spread far and wide.

It now has numerous versions, each one more sensational than the previous one.

The story is told with varying details, making it appear as if the number of victims is increasing by the day.

A number of women have bolted from moving cars after suspecting that they were about to become potential victims.

Rhodes can pay his taxes says Mugabe

CECIL Rhodes, who died in 1902 can still pay tax to Zimbabwe, according to President Robert Mugabe.

Mr Mugabe said Rhodes' grave at World's View in the Matopo Hills should be marketed well to generate revenue that could be considered as a tax payment.

"We might not have agreed with him (Rhodes), but he is still a historical figure and there is no way we can change that," Mr Mugabe was quoted as saying in the daily Herald.

"We must trade in Cecil Rhodes' grave and get him to pay his taxes," Mr Mugabe said at the inauguration of a new hotel at Victoria Falls.

'Goblin' teacher (s)expelled

A Zimbabwean teacher accused of using the magical powers of a goblin to have sex with women while they slept has been driven out of his school, according to the State-run newspaper The Herald

It said women teachers claiming to have been sexually abused by the man in their sleep hurled sticks, pots and stones as they chased him from the Horseshoe Primary School in Guruve north of the capital Harare.

They told police that for the past month the unnamed teacher had been "meddling with tokoloshis (goblins) which possess magical powers enabling him to sleep with women without their knowledge," the Herald said. Police took the man, who had fled into the surrounding bush, to stay with a distant relative in a nearby village for his own safety.

Red light delight!



Amsterdam's sex and sin district holds delights of a different kind, too - a pub dedicated to rugby. South African rugby, in particular.

The Cul de Sac, run by Alice Stoffer and husband Russell is a rallying point for rugby fanatics, and during the rugby season resounds to the cry "Hier kom die Bokke". Alice tells of her connection with southern Africa.

LLEFT for Rhodesia in 1978 as a nursing sister. Everyone in Holland was against it, but I just loved the country from day one. I met many farmers and stayed out there. Within six weeks, the farm where I stayed near Fort Victoria was attacked by terrorists. I was amazed by the sense of humour of the general public, the whites and the blacks. I nursed in different clinics and worked for six months in Andrew Fleming Hospital in intensive care, from 1979 until 1980. I was fired, as I was a white foreigner. The first year in Rhodesia I used a bicycle to get around the city and never had any problems.

I met my husband in early 1979 in the Flagstaff bar, Meikles Hotel. Having a relationship in the war was difficult, but we survived.

We left for Holland in 1984, initially for a year, and intended to return to Zimbabwe. But in 1986 we bought a run-down bar in a run-down building.

We worked all hours, seven days a week for 13 years and eventually built an international reputation. Known as the Cul de Sac, the pub is a gathering place for South Africans, Zimbabweans, Zambians, Kiwis, Aussies and of course the locals and the British.



South African team cricketers Allan Donald, Dale Benkenstein and Steve Elsworthy enjoy a drink with Russell Stoffer during the World Cup series in May.

Red light delight



“
After November
we will head for
the horizon and
find . . . a
warmer climate.

Alice Stotter

”

We always attract great crowds and the pub serves Castle, Zambesi and Tusker beer when it is available. We are known among the au pair girls as a safe pub in the middle of the red light district in Amsterdam.

People come from all over Holland for international rugby games for the atmosphere, the shouting and screaming, laughing and jokes and IF the Bokke win we have the song “Hier komme the Bokke”, which is played loud, while the Kiwis sneak outside.

Three South African cricketers - Allan Donald, Dale Benkenstein and Steve Elsworthy - popped in during the World Cup in May.

We renovated the building to its original state - a beautiful warehouse built in 1599. It looks great now and will survive for another 400 years.

But now we have sold the place and don't know if the new owners will carry on a bar.

We plan to stay until the end of November, so the World Cup rugby series in October should be a great time to visit!

After November we will head for the horizon to find new places, this time in a warmer climate. Our two cats will travel with us. And we plan to visit Zimbabwe on a regular basis. Kariba is heaven and the cry of the Fish Eagle says it all.

Our address is: Oudezijds Achterbugwal 99.
Telephone number (+31) 020 – 6254548. E-mail:
postbus@stotter.demon.nl

It could only happen in
South Africa . . . this
anonymously-donated
picture says it all!



Hook, line and blinker . . .



OK, OK . . . just for the record, we didn't ask for more pothole pictures. But following the one in our last issue showing some wag's horticultural bent in Harare, this arrived unsolicited on our desk this month. Now, we're not saying councils are slack fixing the roads, more like they're providing inner-cities with more facilities, like fishing holes for anglers who can't get of f to the local dam. Wonder if the young bloke caught anything?



Kachana Station nestles in the foothills of the Durack Ranges in Australia's far northwest.

Kachana: far away in the red heart of the Kimberleys

About as far away from Africa as one could possibly get, a Rhodesian farmer is following his heart and helping to regenerate some of the harshest land on earth. Deep in the Kimberley region in the far north of Western Australia Chris Henggeler is using holistic farming methods to coax life back to land that crumbled under years of unrelenting cattle ranching. This report, is by Michael Zekulich and photographer Kerry Edwards, of The West Australian newspaper.

CHRIS Henggeler banks his battered Cessna 206 heading for an indiscernible bush strip. We hit the ground hard, bouncing across the rough sloping ground, a landing place not for the faint-hearted pilot.

With brakes on hard, we stop well before the safety section, a gentle turn at the end of the strip he has not yet had to use.

The Cessna is the Henggeler "farm ute," for here at the 77,500 hectare Kachana station, 120km south west of Kununurra in the rugged Western Australian Kimberleys country there is no way in by road.

Everything has to be brought in by plane unless it is like the station tractor which took 3 1/2 weeks to make a terribly difficult cross-country rocky journey helped only at times by the odd mustering track.

For the tourists, a computer programmer and chef on their first visit to

Australia who had paid to make the trip with the tractor and trailer it pulled, it meant digging and winching out of numerous bogs and countless punctures in the rugged if stunning terrain, among the most spectacular in the central Kimberley.

But for the men ushering the tractor along, it was stinking hot, there were many bush flies and the punctures never happened under a shady tree.

What then is Chris Henggeler, now a 42-year-old father of three who calls himself a Swiss Rhodesian Australian doing in the middle of nowhere, in country no one else wanted despite its beauty, pouring his energies and finances into degraded land restoration?

The son of Swiss parents whose farm in Rhodesia was resumed when it became black-controlled Zimbabwe, Chris migrated to Australia 20 years ago.

Feeling uncomfortable in Europe and with no African home to return to after high



Farm ute: Chris tends to his only way in - and out - of Kachana station.

school and national service in Switzerland, he looked elsewhere for land and opportunity.

"At the time, Australia was experiencing a cattle boom and there was a shortage of Swiss stockmen here," he said, laughter breaking the serious recollections.

He first worked near Alice Springs and then in Queensland before returning to the Red Centre to join younger brother Karl who had also migrated.

By this time, he came to believe that Australian agriculture was very unforgiving.

"No matter how good a farmer you might be, if there is no rain for five years, you can pack your bags and go," he said.

So he looked to off-land resources to back his rural dreams which he could not achieve being a jackeroo.

With his brother and old Swiss school and mountain climbing friend Danny Waser, he became involved with real estate to provide a financial backstop for his pastoral hopes, eventually moving to Kununurra in the search for more opportunity.

Here there was an abundance of sunshine and water and land was reasonably priced.

In 1985, he found that the southern unused end of El Questro station was available for subdivision and sale.

"It was not what I wanted but it had me intrigued," he said.

"I called my father in Switzerland to come and have a look because of his African rangeland experience and we spent three weeks walking and looking around," he said.

"We both agreed it was not cattle country but it had incredible tourist potential."

For this is an area of massive gorges, towering cliffs and water courses, including the Chamberlain River, its valley guarded on one side by the Durack Ranges and the Elgee Cliffs on the other. Above all, for Chris Henggeler, it represented a challenge."

Partners Karl and Danny had also seen the property from the air, but wanted more. So the trio spent another eight days walking the region. Finally, Karl chose to go in another direction and is now a major banana grower in Darwin while the others decided to go ahead — the Wasers now based in business in Kunurra, providing vital financial backing for Kachana, to help make ends meet.

The move meant that Chris Henggeler had to learn to fly, marrying Jacqueline in 1987. For four years, they lived in Kununurra, visiting the property for camping trips.

But to live there . . .

"I did not realise how hard it was going to be, what it meant to live in isolation and to have children in a place like this," Jacqueline Henggeler said.

"Chris's father warned me that I would never be rich. All the money would go into the restoration of the place and you might have to



Rustic relaxation: One of the bush camps visitors can enjoy.

spend a lot of time on your own. But I was not deterred. I was young and in love.”

With the seats out of the aircraft, Chris Henggeler carted in most of their needs, cutting down roofing iron, structural steel and other material to lengths to fit in the aircraft and then later rejoin.

Once he bought a new tractor drawn grass slasher in Kununurra and immediately had it cut into three to make it fit. Back at Kachana, he welded it together and it was

working the next day.

But his wife confessed to their biggest fight when just back from Switzerland, she arrived at Kachana to find her new home site was rocks and bare dirt, without a tree.

It was December 8, and very hot, about 46 degrees C.

Her husband had not wanted to camp by the tree-lined nearby cool creek, having read “too many books of people settling near river banks and losing everything.”

As well, he was concerned about their then two toddlers being close to water and tall grass.

Even so, it was supposed to be a temporary site, two years at the most. Now it is a “glorified camp” a collection of sheds and a lot of material still lying about.

Not knowing any other station people, Mrs Henggeler felt very remote and it was more difficult to relate to friends in Kununurra because her life had changed so much. She only returns about six times a year, often then just for school camps.

“In the end, it was good for our relationship because we had to work things out,” she said.

“I had many doubts, especially not being from a farm background. But as a child, with my parents always working to look after guests at the hotel, I would dream that one day, I would have my own family unit, being with my children and husband, not having to rush away all the time.

“So if I left and returned to Switzerland, I would have betrayed myself.”

A trained paediatric nurse, Mrs Henggeler said she was never worried about health or other problems, including snakes.

This was despite losses of numerous



Bush bath: Jacqueline washes some Kimberley dust off the children in the open-air “bathroom”.



Clearing hurdles: The Henggeler children at play.

chickens to a “friendly” python

or the visit by a big deadly king brown which slithered through the main camp.

But once, with her husband in Kununurra, she suffered an evening appendicitis attack, barely managing to counter the pain until first light when she could be transferred to Derby for emergency surgery. There are no lights for night landings at Kachana.

“The hardest thing is to stay positive and not let yourself down with the many everyday problems,” she said.

“Then I would say I am here now and I have to make the best of it. And we have had a lot of wonderful moments among the hard times.”

While traditional pastoralists may be critical of the couple, regarding Chris Henggeler as an idealist or even eccentric in his vision of an improved rangeland for his cattle and tourist enterprise, his wife says she is pleased to have a husband who is so positive and gets so much satisfaction from his work.

But her father, always concerned with financial security, was horrified on his visit to the camp from Engelberg in Central Switzerland, finding life too difficult, too hot.

On the first trip in 1989, he wanted to return to Europe within a few days. On his second, four years ago, he vowed never to return.

But life today, is relatively comfortable. Solar power provides the energy as well as for the electric fencing to control cattle grazing, water is piped to the camp and there is a hot shower and flushing toilet from which birds can be watched and views, perhaps the best in the country.

Though private from the camp, they can sit and look out at the awesome Durack Ranges, so peaceful and pleasant that all like to take their time, the changing angle of the morning sun generating different colours in the Durack rock formation.

But at the start, for about a year, they had to dig holes in the hard ground, such a task especially in the heat and flies that they tried to confine their toilet stops to the cooler morning and later after noons.

These were the days of no washing machine and then an old wringer model for two years, when the kitchen sink was under a boab tree and cooking was on an open wood fire, Mrs Henggeler struggling with the heavy bush camp ovens.

Now she has an automatic washer and a gas oven to go with the fridges and freezer and often young helpers like Katharina Kung as temporary helpers.

She left her home in February when it was minus 5 degrees C to arrive at Kachana at the end of the wet with the temperature around 45.

She sleeps under the stars protected by a mosquito net and marvels at the clear night skies, the sharpness of the Southern Hemisphere stars not seen before.

As we flew out of Kachana, back above the spectacular Chamberlain gorge, the difficulties amounted to nothing for Chris Henggeler.

He turned in his pilot seat and said: “How could anyone not love this country.”

Kachana, the name they chose is an African word for “far away” and there is no doubt, that is where he wants to be.

Chris Henggeler: Our mission is to help promote environmental literacy in the broader community.



Farm boy who ‘just kept going . . .’

CHRIS HENGGELER describes himself as a “farm boy who hated school”. I grew up on “Rogogo” in the Mayo Ranch area (between Headlands and Mtoko).

“The Henggeler . . . nice people, but they are communists, you know!”

We are a family of practicing Catholics and my parents had a policy of employing locals rather than Malawians.

“Dad put in a lot of time or ganising field-days in the reserves and on our farm; he was most concerned about the desertification taking place. He won a lot of conservation awards etc. but never made any money.

“Mum saw to everybody’s daily needs. She encouraged our workers to grow their own vegetables and to put their wages into P.O. Savings accounts.

“After two years of correspondence schooling I spent six years at Camel College in Umtali. The last three with Peter Godwin (author of “Mukiwa”, a must read for anybody who has ties with Rhodesia).

“Peter, Bill and I were close friends. Bill now lives in Tasmania. I lost touch with Peter when I went to continue high-school at P.E. (Jameson House) in Salisbury (one did not associate with boys from other schools).

“The latter part of my schooling I completed in Engelberg (central Switzerland). Apart from skiing, mountain climbing etc. I made sure that my parents’ money was not altogether wasted on my schooling.

“By the time I had finished school there was no Rhodesia to go back to, so I kept going.”

Today, Chris, wife Jacqueline and children Bobby, Rebaccah and Christina live a spartan existence on Kachana Station among the Durack Ranges in Western Australia’s far north Kimberley region, where they only way in is by light plane.

The couple run an “enviro tourism” venture on their property 120 km South West of Kununurra, where Chris practises holistic farming principles to regenerate an area badly eroded by years of cattle ranching,

Says Chris: “Our purpose is to explore avenues of sustainable land use in the Kimberley and to enable the people involved to enjoy a meaningful life-style.

“Our mission is to help promote environmental literacy in the broader community. “Kachana Holidays”, our paying guest facet (Enviro-tourism, not eco-tourism) has three objectives:

1. To serve as a vehicle to convey the principles of environmental literacy to the broader community. In a practical manner we demonstrate how we as individuals with our daily actions and inactions have an influence on the quality of life that awaits future generations.

2. To finance the services needed to revitalise the range land (rebuild biodiversity) and to maintain the environmental integrity of Kachana.

3. To contribute to the development of the production potential of Kachana.

The Du Toits in front
of St Basil's
Cathedral in Red
Square, Moscow



Shopping in Moscow can make you see **RED!**

Hannes and Hilda du Toit are finding life in
Russia can be frustrating and funny at the same time . . .



Wrapped up against the
chill in Red Square.

Hannes and Hilda du Toit and their two children, Nadia and Derrick are enjoying a taste of life in Russia after being posted there by South Africa's Department of Home Affairs. Hannes, is head of the consular section and deals with a multitude of problems involving Russians wishing to go to South Africa for various reasons. One recent assignment was helping a South African couple to successfully adopt a Russian baby.

Hilda, also worked for the Government, but resigned to concentrate on family commitments. But when she's not wrestling with the Russian system of shopping, she studies through UNISA.

As she sent this description of life there, she said: "The winter is coming with great speed. Last week it was 20 degrees plus, and now it is between 5 and 8. The snow will be here soon, and Red square is beautiful when it is covered with snow."

We have been in Moscow for two years and six months and still battle with the language!! When we first arrived hardly anything was written in English, very few billboards, and no window displays. Shopping in Moscow is like a treasure hunt. You first have to find the door to a shop, or "magazine" as Russians call it, and then get the surprise when you enter. Buying food Russian-style is a time-consuming pastime. First you fall in line and wait for your turn at

the desired counter. Then the counter hand scribbles something on a piece of paper, then you queue at the "kassa" or cash register, pay, go back to the counter and collect your purchase, which you will put into your own "pakket" - a plastic bag. Then you have bought one item. Sometimes counter hands don't write anything down, and then you must give the exact money, and the section you are buying from. If you find a "produkti" a sort of supermarket, you are lucky, because there

Stationary: Hannes, Nadia and Derrick waiting for a train in Spain during a stopover.



are different sections where you can buy goods, which saves time. Otherwise you go to the bread shop to buy the bread and the milk shop to buy milk! There are some "western" shops where you can do your shopping as in the West. But these shops come at a price, as everything is imported.

There is a law in Russia which stipulates all imported goods must have the information in Russian on the labels.

So they print ordinary white labels and stick them on to the items, and then you still can't read the cooking instructions!

When you find something with English, German or Dutch instructions, it is your lucky day.

I still battle with the Swedish, Danish and the French, but my language skills are improving rapidly!

The trick to shopping here is learn the basic word for the item you want and then the rest you leave to body language.

Usually the Russians are quite helpful, as they know immediately you are a foreigner. And if you make a habit of going to the same shops the assistants will know you after a while.

When we first arrived in Moscow, my husband had flu. It was Easter weekend and the Embassy was closed. No one was available to help find some medicine.

I spotted an "Apteka" across the street, guessed correctly that it was a chemist shop so went to find some flu medicine. We joined the queue to find all medicine behind a glass window.

I saw something that looked familiar and

pointed to it. The lady went off in Russian, to which we shrugged our shoulders and indicated that we couldn't understand her. Eventually she got a piece of paper and started pointing at it. I gathered we needed a prescription! So she indicated that we must go to the next counter. Same procedure - wait your turn and try your best. As we made it to the front, I told the lady my husband was sick. She didn't understand.

Time for Plan B: He has got flu, and she still did not understand. So I tell Hannes to cough.

He put on a performance any actor would envy, but without any success.

On to Plan C: Influenza, and now Hannes is sneezing, trying his best to get the message across.

It worked!

She took this scrap of paper and wrote something on it, and indicated that we must go to the "kassa".

Gratefully we queued again, and paid.

Then it was back to this line to wait our turn to receive the precious medicine.

The attendant gave us a tiny bottle of liquid, and we left. We got back to our apartment discovered we'd been given eyedrops!!!

So much for our one-hour shopping trip.

Back at the office Hannes asked his Russian secretary what do you call flu in Russian, and she replied "griep"

And as the Afrikaans word for flu is "griep" we could only laugh, as it was quite funny.

A lot has changed in the meantime and sometimes we are lucky enough to find someone who can speak English!

Twist of fate turned me into an Aussie!



ANDRE MALAN, 52, has been a journalist all his working life and now writes a provocative opinion column for Perth's morning newspaper, The West Australian. He was educated at Jeppe Boys High School in Johannesburg and did his compulsory military training with the Parachute Battalion in Bloemfontein before joining The Star in Johannesburg as a cadet journalist. In 1968 he sailed for Australia on a six-month working holiday that has never ended.

DON'T mind admitting that I say a little thank you every morning for the twist of fate that led me to Australia 31 years ago.

It is not because of any antagonism towards South Africa. I remain proud of that heritage. But, to put it as simply as possible, these are good times to be an Australian.

Most people considering migration like to compile a written or mental list of the pros and cons that will influence their decision, including such obvious factors as economic opportunity, climate, education, health care and so on.

These are all important, but there are other, less obvious, things about life in Australia that made me want to stay here for good. I'll try to explain what I mean a bit later.

I actually wanted to go to Canada, but in 1968 the Canadian Government decided for its own reasons to restrict the number of working visas it issued to South Africans. I had already resigned from my job as a reporter on The Star and made a grand announcement that I was going overseas, so I had to go somewhere.

A quick look at the map suggested Australia. By happy coincidence, the P&O liner Himalaya was sailing from Durban to Fremantle in a fortnight and I could get a berth on E-Deck for R300.

It was also lucky that Western Australia was in the middle of an iron ore and nickel-led boom when the Himalaya docked in Fremantle at 6am on July 16. Desks had been

set up in the terminal calling for tradesmen to sign on so that they could begin work immediately.

It was just as easy for journalists. I was interviewed for a job five hours after I arrived, and began work at 2pm on the same day.

Although the mainland capital cities in Australia are similar to one another, there are subtle differences that set them apart.

Unlike Sydney, Perth was not established as a penal colony, but as an overseas province for the minor British gentry. Ethnically it is the most English of Australia's cities, but has been strongly influenced by post World War II European migration, as well as later waves from India, Burma, East Africa, Zimbabwe, South Africa, Singapore and Malaysia.

In 1968 it was still the sort of friendly place where people left their keys in the car ignition and their front doors unlocked. This together with the climate, beaches and sense of optimism made it a hard place to leave.

Before long I was married to an Australian, and became one myself by again swearing allegiance to the queen who had reigned over me before South Africa became a republic in 1961.

In the 1960s it was rare to come across a fellow South African in Perth. The accent was still strange and amusing, except to Australians who had fought alongside South Africans in the war, or younger ones who had bumped into "Yarpies" in Earls Court.

For several years I had little contact with South Africans, but this began to change after the 1976 Soweto riots, which resulted in a gradual increase in migration to Australia, and especially Perth.

From my point of view this has been mostly for the best. These days I can go along to a local butcher called Paul van der Merwe on a Saturday morning and chat in Afrikaans while he supplies the biltong, Mrs Balls chutney and Maltabella; there are several people with whom I can compare notes about what it was like being a troepie in the SADF, and I occasionally watch rugby live, or on television with South African friends. I'm afraid to say most of us support the Wallabies - especially when they play the Springboks.

A few years ago we had a Jeppe reunion and managed to get about 12 old boys and one old girl together at a South African "theme" restaurant that sells monkey gland steaks, boboetie and koeksusters.

Less pleasant have been the encounters I've had with South Africans who have brought their unhealthy attitudes and closed minds with them.

The worst of these occurred at a dinner one night when a recently-arrived South African who had found himself living next door to a Chinese family remarked: "I didn't move half-way across the world to live next door to people who still eat with their hands."

This was so crass and so stupid that I couldn't believe what I was hearing. The

twerp was also unaware that one of his fellow guests was married to a Chinese person.

On other occasions I've heard South Africans whingeing about the level of political dissent in Australia and the militancy of trade unions.

It is these very things complained of by narrow-minded newcomers which are, in my opinion, among Australia's most attractive features.

I've seen the transformation that has taken place in Australia since the end of the White Australia policy, and the harmony with which Asian immigration has been accepted by most and embraced by many has made me proud.

Trade union solidarity - now, sadly, in decline - irreverence and refusal to blindly accept authority are also national characteristics that have given Australians one of the fairest societies and most unassailable democracies in the world.

Edward de Bono, the lateral thinking guru, once said words to the effect that if you wanted to design a successful nation for the next century, you would take a resource-rich country with an energetic, multi-cultural population of about 20 million with Western democratic values and place it on the western rim of the Pacific Ocean.

He was talking about Australia.

TWELVE years after joining The West Australian, Andre Malan won the 1980 Lovekin prize for journalism.

The award was for a series of articles on the collapse of a business empire conducted by Mr Christo Moll, who helped a number of Perth doctors and business professionals establish a tax avoidance scheme involving millions of dollars.

The prize, administered by the University of Western Australia, is for the article or articles judged to be the best contribution to a W A newspaper or periodical.

Mr Malan was the first reporter to find Mr Moll after his disappearance from Perth. He later flew to Geneva for an interview with Mr Moll.



Close encounters of the jumbo kind . . .

Gus Kingma, now in Cape Town, recalls the happiest five years, from 1962 to 1967, of a long career in the Rhodesian public service.

IT WAS in 1962 that K K Parker, the then Chief Town Planning Officer, was appointed Secretary for Mines and Lands.

We had been fellow passengers on the Stirling Castle ten years earlier and had kept in touch.

At that time (1962) he decided that eleven years in the Lands Department had been enough for me and took me into his Ministry as a Grade 6 officer.

My first job was to re-write the law relating to land which culminated in the Rural Land Act, which lives to this day, and was an amalgamation of a number of Acts.

That took a year and could be the subject of another story.

After that had been steered through Parliament K K decreed that I look after National Parks and Wild Life Management Department and the Forestry

Commission under the tutelage of his Deputy Dick (also known as 'Pete') Petheram, a most able administrator who also was no stranger to the bush and remained a good friend until his death not long ago.

This new job was not desk-bound and had the added benefit of access to National Parks and Forestry Reserves, not only on duty, but also privately with family.

Thus it was that we were regular visitors to these areas, the most favourite of which will

always remain Mana Pools and the area to the east to the Chewore River where the track ended at that time until Barry Ball, the Regional Warden, found a route to Kanyemba.

That was elephant and tsetse country at its best.

On our first visit as a family, with Roger Perry and family, to Mana we were allowed the use of Governor's Camp where there was a loo and a shower in an enclosure, as befits a Governor.

This we shared with two resident elephants known to the staff as 'JD' and 'Twinkletoes'.

They were quite amiable and harmless but no respecters of privacy and caused some consternation when their presence separated the children and me from mother and wife caught

'kaalgat' in the shower until they decided to take themselves away elsewhere.

They came to a sticky end a couple of years later when they took an inexplicable dislike to a newly appointed resident cadet who could not move from his quarters without being seriously charged with intent to do grievous harm.

They got themselves shot, as cadets were evidently more important than their charges. The Department held its annual

JD and
Twinkletoes ...
caught mother
kaalgat in the
shower

Hairy bush tales . . .

year-end conference at Mana Pools well before the end of the year at the beginning of October when there was a good chance of getting in and out before the rains set in to make the track impassable to anything but a four-wheel drive vehicles.

One such conference resulted in my closest encounter with an elephant.

We camped rough; no tents, only a tarpaulin on the ground on the edge of the river where we put our stretchers.

I shared a tarpaulin with the Director, 'Robbie' Robinson, his Deputy Phil Evans and Barry Ball.

These events were attended by ample quantities of liquid refreshments and perhaps that was the cause of my waking one night

with an urge to get up and do something about a full bladder.

On the other hand it could have been the rumble of elephant gut which can be quite loud.

More likely it was the sniffing of a trunk from head to foot from an elephant on the edge of the tarpaulin.

That is when I learnt the true meaning of 'freeze', full bladder and all.

Fortunately Robbie Robinson was a stentorian snorer and elephant decided to investigate him, carefully avoiding treading on the tarpaulin.

It felt like hours that he (she?) stood there smelling Robbie from head to toe.

When it was all over and we are left

From John Petheram in Australia

MANA Pools hold such strong memories for me too. I started going there as a schoolboy with Arthur Aylen and his friends, one of whom (Ken Bryant) was an honorary warden (in those days of no permanent warden) .

My Dad, Dick Petheram was always pretty anxious about those early trips but never stopped me because he respected Ken (I suppose) and he liked the bush too much himself.

On one trip, Arthur and I were fishing and watching crocs in a big pool, when an elephant walked down the bank on the opposite side exactly above where another member of our group (Clive Essom) was sitting at the bottom of the same bank.

The jumbo did not see Clive until it was too late to stop his run down the bank. Clive had heard elephant about but assumed they would see him, so just kept sitting there (as one does).

When the elephant just kept coming, Clive ran the only way he could - forward into the muddy pool, crocs and all. Within a few seconds the elephant had grabbed Clive and was trumpeting and trying to impale him on his tusk - both of them neck deep in the water (and equally scared I think).

At this stage Arthur and I ran back to camp, thinking that Clive was a gonner, to fetch Ken and a rifle, I guess (although what for I don't know).

When we got back 10 minutes later there was nothing in sight - but a set of each type of tracks leaving the pool in different directions.

We found Clive half an hour later walking around in a complete dweal, skin all grazed and a few bruises.

He had managed somehow to slip his muddy body out of the grip of the trunk, and to claw his way along under water for as long as he could hold his breath.

When Clive came up on the other side of the pool the jumbo was still trumpeting about on the bank somewhere, so he slunk out of sight into the bush in the opposite direction.

I remember getting a huge fright by all this and tremendous relief at seeing Clive alive, but being dreadfully disappointed that Clive and Ken just wanted to go back to Salisbury.

The weird thing about that event was that Dick told National Parks rangers, who sent trackers to the pool a few days later, and they said that (from the tracks they examined) they did not believe the story.

Dick was furious, as he had seen Clive's grazed and shattered state when we got back to town. Most other memories of those days are much tamer, but nonetheless memorable.

Hairy bush tales . . .

alone I did something about the bladder and went back to sleep.

Telling the story at first light met with ridicule until the spoor was examined; that of the elephant and mine over his (her's) to the puddle.

The conference was resumed and at the end of that day there was another encounter with an elephant that might not have ended all that happily.

The camp was full of staff and one enterprising ranger, warden (who knows?) heaped a whole lot of elephant dung on a fellow's stretcher.

Having celebrated the end of the conference in the proper manner we repaired to our stretchers at last when all Hell broke loose with the owner of the loaded stretcher hollering "you dirty bugger", hurling his stretcher at the nearest

elephant who wisely took off in the face of such wrath.

That leaves me with accounting for the tsetse bit.

We have all been stung from time to time.

My worst experience was at the Chewore where Pete Petheram, Barry Ball and a couple of others had camped.

This was real tsetse and Black Rhino country and well wooded with open country beyond.

When the call of nature demanded action one morning Barry gave me his heavy calibre rifle and told me that if I walked far enough from the trees the fly would not follow.

Well, one can only walk that far before disaster strikes, but not far enough.

When pants came down the posterior was stung 22 times.

Give me elephants any time!

From Karl Davies in the UK

IN 1975, when I was in Std 5 at Fitchlea junior school (boy was that a long time ago) we went to Mushandike, near Fort Vic, on a school trip for one week. There was a party from Wankie Junior school there that week as well, boys and girls together.

Well, not long after we arrived there, we were told about this hippo called JD (short for juvenile delinquent). The story behind the hippo was that he came from further around Lake Kyle (if I remember correctly) where he used to turn over boats, so he was darted and translocated to Mushandike. When he arrived there the hippo underwent a personality change and calmed down. So much so that he used to come out of the dam at night and walk around the camp without ever attacking anyone.

So about two days into the week we go down to the dam to canoe. So off we all go messing around. All the canoes were 2-man. Two of the girls from Wankie just could not get this rowing thing right. They went around and around - anything but in a straight line. As girls do. Well there was lots of giggling as 12-year-old girls do. My pal and I weren't doing much - just hovering near the bank enjoying the spectacle. The next thing - up comes JD! Right near to the girls' canoe! I mean they could have touched him with an oar, but he just snorted and disappeared under water again. This galvanized the two girls and their canoe started getting just a bit of direction, except that it was pointing away from the shore. These girls slowed down after a few minutes and started giggling again, probably from nerves, after making their escape.

So what does old JD do, but come up again. This time right next to the canoe. So close that they could have touched him without stratching. When he snorted this time he completely soaked them.

Well, these girls could have rowed for Rhodesia! They executed a perfect turn to point the canoe back towards the shore. The nose came up on the canoe and I swear that when it reached the bank they didn't even climb out. It was as if their legs appeared through the bottom of the canoe and the canoe just continued on out of the water in a straight line.

This is a true story. (apart from the legs through the canoe). I was there.

Another funny thing was that they were the only ones that could not row and they were the ones that JD chose to teach how to row. Can you imagine that advert?

Welcome to Mushandike - the only place in the world to have a hippo as a rowing instructor!



Mean streets: Harare wasn't quite what was expected

Promises, promises . . . so where were all the muggers?

Rochelle Mutton recently spent a working holiday in Zimbabwe and found the dire warnings didn't match the facts . . .

ZIMBABWE is not all it's cracked up to be. I was promised violent muggings, street riots and car hi-jackings. Even my local pharmacist gave a dire warning.

He said the AIDS virus was transmissible via mosquitoes, particularly around Victoria Falls, and insisted the claim had been on the World Health Organisation books for a decade.

But in the five months I was in Zimbabwe, none of the diabolical warnings came to pass.

It wasn't like I tried to avoid adventure, either.

In my first month I travelled the tourist routes.

I got bowled over by an over-affectionate male warthog in Matopos, met a female hyena outside my lodge in Hwange and took a nine-hour trip in a chicken bus after heavy rains.

Despite several inches of water cascading over the badly eroded roads, the local guides got us through and even broke the monotony of the journey with a good ol' barney with the driver to extract more money.

Most of the time I worked as a journalist for a national newspaper weekly.

True to the profession, I spent most evenings at local drinking holes getting to know the ways of Harare life.

But the only pub violence I witnessed was when an editor of an independent newspaper punched and chased away a Central Intelligence Officer (who returned a moment later to gulp down his beer before fleeing again).

The senior CIO agent had been in a drunken stupor when he



Rochelle Mutton: Bra clasp set off the security alarm



Victoria Falls: The chemist back in Australia warned mosquitoes there could carry the AIDS virus

loudly jibed that the journalists who got tortured by the military in January deserved what they got.

Remarkably, the officer agreed not to pursue criminal charges and leave “what happens in a pub, in the pub”.

For the daily journey to work I would walk for the first 10 minutes through Avondale West to get to a busy road where minibuses would frequently pass.

I enjoyed the morning meander along the avenue of trees.

Curiously, the line of trees got shorter and shorter.

But the bloke roasting mealies at the end of the avenue kept a cheery grin - surprisingly, his fire was always well stoked.

The serenity must have stirred a restless desire for a change of pace because one day I spontaneously piled into a private car with three other commuters who were waiting near the bus stop with me.

After overtaking hundreds of metres worth of peak hour vehicles via the footpath, my loyalties to the commuter omnibuses blossomed and I never strayed from their services again.

Despite the infamous reputation of minibus drivers to break every rule in the traffic code and bribe their way out of penalties, in four months of minibus travel, I have nothing exciting to report.

Even being a sardine became a passively predictable non-event.

On the other hand journalism in Zimbabwe provided plenty of high drama.

And there was no better timing for a shock than when it was least expected.

With the Zimbabwe Council of Trade Unions announcing its political ambitions came a rise in hostilities which spurred tighter security at rallies.

All those in attendance, including the media, had a hand-held metal detector run from their feet up, in a bid to find concealed weaponry.

But this hapless hack was unfortunate enough to have a metal clasp on her bra set off the alarm.

I may just have been able to have maintained a dignified demeanour - except that despite my hurried explanation, the bewildered man holding the metal detector seemed to be the last to understand.

He continued to wave the shrieking detector inches from my chest and was only snapped out of his astonishment by the laughter from the nearby ushers, one of whom brashly exclaimed: “He’s wondering what your breasts are made of!”

last outpost

Alan digs up family trees!

ALAN HARVEY lived in Durban from 1976 to 1990.

Since returning to the UK he has taken an academic course in genealogy, and has qualified as an IHGS-approved Record Agent.

Alan has subsequently established his own genealogical research business, Harvey Data Services, and has specialised in tracing and confirming UK-born grandparents for southern Africans seeking to acquire Ancestral Visas in



order to be allowed to work and study in the UK.

Harvey Data Services can be contacted at hds@netcomuk.co.uk

Alan was Organiser of the Durban Branch of the "Save Rhodesia Campaign" from 1977 to 1979, and subsequently became editor of the magazine "S.A.Patriot".

Since circumstances forced him to return to the U.K. in 1990 he has re-launched the magazine in the form of "S.A.Patriot-in-Exile", and has also been involved in the foundation of the expatriate "Springbok Club".

Both organisations can be contacted at: springbk@netcomuk.co or by writing to BCM SAPAT, London WC1N 3XX, UK.

Megan's on the boil heading through Austria!

FORMER Rhodesian Megan Timothy - now resident in North Hollywood is attempting a record cycling marathon around Europe. Last edition we chronicled her trials and tribulations through France, Spain and Italy and left her heading for Greece, and the Balkans.

Since then, she has completed that gruelling leg of the journey and was last heard of making her way through Austria, from where, she told friends by postcard, she's suffered a "boil on the bum, which I had to lance myself" and of being continually wet!

Her home town paper, The Daily News, which has followed her exploits carried this report of her trip through Greece: After the rolling hills of France, Timothy found Greece an up-and-down ride, much like Spain had been.

She hiked as often as she rode, pushing her loaded bike up the steep hills. But she made friends, too, overnighting in one spot in a Boy Scout camp and being adopted in a small village by a group of youths fascinated with her bicycle and her tent.

Kostos, the 13-year-old leader of the pack, arranged for her to camp one night alongside his uncle's woodpile in a wooded spot near a gurgling river rather than pressing on to the next town, which was up a big hill.

"My Grecian knights - Kostos, Kris, Stefan, Dimitri and little Alex - were as excited as I was relieved," Timothy wrote in her journal.

"They fell all over each other and argued shrilly over who was going to do what. We solved the question by pitching the tent twice so everyone got a chance at the chores. Then the boys each had a turn occupying the tent for a few minutes before I moved in." Further down the road the next day, she realised that she was in the middle of melon country: Trucks overloaded with watermelons, cantaloupes, honeydew and other melons raced back and forth over bumpy roads with hairpin turns.

"This is particularly hazardous on the uphill," Timothy wrote. "It's quite an experience to look up and see a dozen watermelons bouncing down toward you. I can just imagine the headlines: 'Bicycle tourist victim of melon avalanche'."

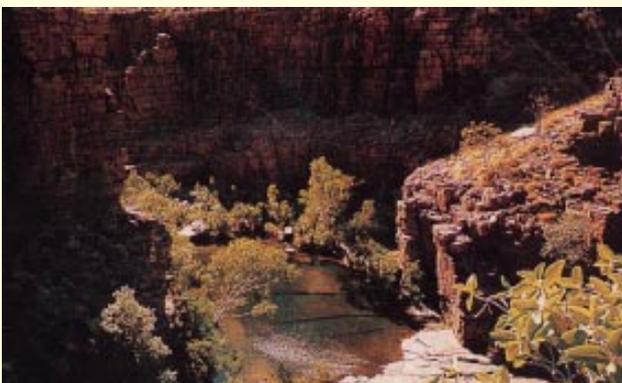
"That avalanche paid off on one turn, though: A perfectly ripe, perfectly undamaged honeydew melon rolled right up to her. "Dinner delivered!" exulted Timothy, a vegetarian who's often had trouble finding food along remote stretches.



Social climber: Journalist Andre Malan on a hike along the south-west coast of Western Australia



Life's a beach: One of the pristine California beaches Vic Mackenzie talks about in his article.



Rugged beauty: One of the gorges on Kachana Station

Back Page

Thank you once again for getting this far!
No matter if you have enjoyed or hated this magazine, we'd love to hear from you.

Please email us your comments, or suggestions on how you think the magazine can be improved to outofafricai@hotmail.com. After all, it is you, the reader who is most important to us.

You might have noticed a lack of any advertising in the publication. The reason is simple. Before we approached would-be advertisers we wanted to test the concept of a PDF publication.

This proved itself with the pilot edition in July. We received more than 800 hits from more than a dozen countries on five continents.

So future editions might well have companies luring you with their products!
It is a sad fact of life that products like Out Of Africa International aren't without cost.

So far we have managed to carry the cost of publishing it. But webspace etc isn't free, so advertising revenue will be one way to offset them.

Should anyone care to advertise in our next edition, again, contact us at outofafricai@hotmail.com for details.

Tom Henshaw

**PS: Please don't forget the "i" in the email address.
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