

out of africa

INTERNATIONAL

DECEMBER 2000

KEEPING SOUTHERN AFRICANS IN TOUCH AROUND THE WORLD

VOLUME 2 ISSUE 2

The art of making babies

Pianos,
kids and
all that jazz

Living the California dream

The faces of out of africa international



EDITOR Tom Henshaw. Born in Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, UK in 1943 as Adolf Hitler's Luftwaffe bombed towns in the area. Moved to Rhodesia in 1956 and attended various schools, including Chaplin, in Gwelo. Joined the Rhodesia Herald in 1960 and has been in newspapers ever since. After a stint in Zambia, moved to South Africa in the late 60s and worked for all the English-language newspapers in Durban at one time or another until the end of 1982. Emigrated with wife, Eileen and son Andrew to Australia in early 1983 - Brisbane, initially, but had already been seduced by Western Australia's pristine deserted beaches and moved to Perth at the end of that year. Still a full-time newspaper journalist and technology trainer.
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UK EDITOR Penny Willis. Emigrated with her parents to Southern Rhodesia in 1956, aged 2. She considers herself extremely privileged to have spent a totally secure and sunny childhood in Umniati, a small settlement halfway between Bulawayo and Harare. Penny was educated at Umniati Primary (approx 36 pupils) and Que Que High School, after which she moved on to the big smoke to work in the Public Health Labs and then Rhodesian Breweries. She then moved 'down South' to work for SAB in Joburg for 3 years before heading off on a working holiday to the UK. She is still there 20 odd years down the line! She and husband, Terry, still intend to return when their children are off their hands. Penny now works in the Design and Technology faculty at Margaret Thatcher's old school in Grantham in Lincolnshire.
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ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR Suzanne-Kelly. Born in Johannesburg, South Africa in the year voetsak. Family lived in Natal, Cape Town and Johannesburg. Schools: Bryneven Primary, Bryanston High, Epworth Girls High (in Pietermaritzburg) and finally at Hyde Park High. Has teaching degrees in all forms of performing arts and is a qualified nursery school teacher. Became a professional musical entertainer at 15 for PACT/ NAPAC / CAPAB - Musical and Opera departments and performed in many SA shows. Director of her own performing arts studio in Lonehill, Sandton and involved in many aspects of television. Lead entertainer on the QE 2 1991, where she met her future husband, David an American employed on the ship. After getting off the QE2 I travelled the US on my own first, and then settled (and eloped in Las Vegas) at the end of 1991. Many shows followed as well as a degree in television and radio broadcasting and production. Has two sons - Storm and Chase. Began doing inserts for SABC and M-Net, from Las Vegas and eventually started her own production company, PAL Productions - which produces entertainment television shows. Hosted TV shows in the US and "Behind the Scenes" of the Las Vegas and Los Angeles shows (Both T.V and Live Stage). Currently in addition to Entertainment Editor for OOAi, also in pre-production for numerous television shows as well as pursuing a degree in "Pilates".
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Andrew Templeton was born in the UK of Kenyan 'stock'. When he was just 3, the family returned to Africa. Andrew spent the next 22 years in South Africa before returning to the UK for the first time. He keeps going 'home' to his beloved country, but always ends up coming back to the UK in search of a livable wage! He belongs in Africa, but admits that it could well be a long time before he is willing to try and settle there again. In 1998, Andrew wrote his first website, www.templewood.co.za and his interest in the Internet grew to the point where he now works for himself.
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In this issue



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Editor's corner

WE ARE delighted to have a new face on our "block". Suzanne-Kelly Ryder, from a talented South African show business family has joined our team and is doing some writing for us.

Suzanne's mother, Gina Gilpin, is well-known in South Africa for her dance Studios.

Hardly waiting to catch her breath, Suzanne filed first a profile of her own rise to fame in showbiz and then followed up with two stories I'm sure you'll enjoy reading.

Her first, about entertainment agent Lynne Crawford, who arrived in the US with suitcases, two children and precious little else. Lynne used her hotel skills to gain a toehold and branched out into the showbiz world.

Suzanne followed up with a story about South African-born IVF pioneer Geoffrey Sher and his actress wife, Charlene, who live in the entertainment mecca, Las Vegas.

She has given us an intimate insight into how they arrived and settled there.

Dudley Simons left South Africa back in the 1960s to settle in Australia. A piano teacher and jazz player, Dudley makes no bones about his feelings when it comes to teaching piano in Australian schools.

Today, he lives a long way from the lights of Sydney and the pubs and clubs he played in the shadow of the "Old Coathanger" that is Sydney harbour bridge.

Home today is a cottage built in the 1800s by Welsh gold miners in the township of Maldon, in country Victoria.

He still teaches piano, in a studio he built himself.

Trevor Bazeley left Africa after the Rhodesian conflict. Looking for new horizons, he decided to help crew a yacht sailing north from Cape Town. It was a fateful decision and has, since then, made a life of sailing yachts to and from exotic locations around the world for the rich and famous.

Derry Hill and husband Frank also left Rhodesia with regrets and first settled in South Africa. But when their children "flew the coop" and settled overseas, they followed. They now call a small settlement called Sooke, in Canada, home.

All our contributors again, show that life goes on, despite the upheavals of emigration. Most find it an invigorating challenge.

I'm sure you will enjoy their stories.

Tom Henshaw - editor

Out of Africa International is an Internet-based magazine published for those who have an interest in southern Africa and who are interested in how southern African emigrants have settled in other parts of the world.

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Magic: As leading Lady For "Carlton & Co." on a world tour. Seen here with Carlton and Genie the leopard in a publicity shot



Suzanne-Kelly - entertainer in her own write

Out Of Africa International's new Entertainment Editor knows show business from the inside - and she's encountered more than her fair share of catty partners in her time, too!

SUZANNE-Kelly was born in Johannesburg, South Africa as Suzanne-Kelly Gilpin. Having had a mother involved in the entertainment world in both Cape Town and Johannesburg – it was inevitable Suzanne would follow suit.

She attended Bryneven Primary school, Bryanston High, Epworth (in Petermaritzburg) and finally Hyde Park High (in Johannesburg).

Whilst still in High School, (unbeknownst to her parents), she auditioned for a PACT production of Kismet and landed the part of Ababu Princess.

She opened her own Performing Arts and Dance academy in Rivonia and later in Lonehill.

Whilst teaching, she continued in her professional career in musical theatre.

Many more musicals followed, including Evita, Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat, Showboat, The King and I, Annie get your gun, Gigi and Robinson Crusoe etc.

She also featured in South African commercials, television specials and films.

She became a choreographer for members of gymnastic teams, films and television shows.

Whilst performing in Spellbound, an American magic show

at the Sun City Superbowl, she was chosen to assist the lead magician Carlton, who used wild cats; lions, leopards, tigers, servals and panthers in his act.

During this show she also met her future adagio partner, Steve Rogers. This show changed her life.

The following show for her (and Steve) was at the Wild Coast Sun. Whilst there, they were approached by the production manager of Cunard Cruise Lines, who they met during their stint in SPELLBOUND. They were asked to send photographs for the cruise lines production shows.

They didn't have any. So, after a quick photo shoot on top of a Johannesburg gold mine they were set.

They mailed the pictures off (without a video – as they didn't have one!) and honestly didn't expect to hear back.

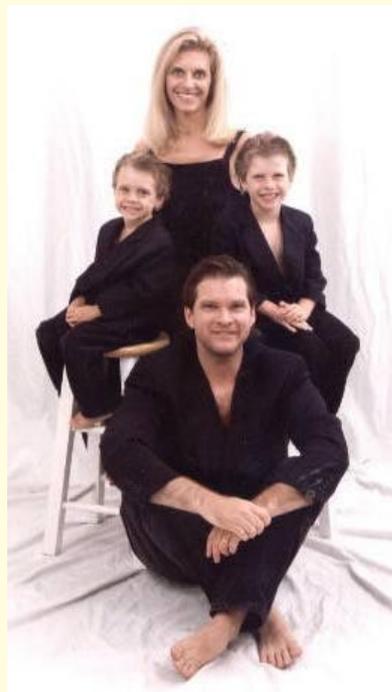
Two weeks later Suzanne received a phone call at home, offering Steve and her, the lead adagio/singing act on the QE2.

Having been partner to Steve for a while, and both being pranksters, Suzanne thought it was Steve pulling her leg, so she promptly said to the caller: "Very Funny" and slammed down the phone.

Being her fate and all – the woman called right back and said who she was and how she knew Suzanne and Steve.

A week later, they were on their way to Florida and a world cruise on the QE2!

Whilst on the ship, Carlton, the magician from "Spellbound" contacted



The Ryder family - Suzanne, David, Storm and Chase.

Suzanne and asked her to go to Las Vegas to help him in his next show.

But the biggest event from the QE2, was meeting her future husband David – who was also working on the ship.

Three months later they were married (eloped) in Las Vegas, with Carlton giving her away.

She continued as Carlton's lead lady in shows worldwide, as well as performing in other Las Vegas shows.

Then Suzanne "retired" and she and David started a family - two sons, Storm and Chase, 18 months apart.

But her retirement was shortlived. SABC television contacted her to help set up shoots in Las Vegas.

From there, she began doing on-camera and production work for local Las Vegas shows, movies and television, as well as SABC and M-Net.

She started her own company, "PAL PRODUCTIONS", and now hosts, produces and writes entertainment inserts for various companies.

At present Suzanne and her family are still living in Las Vegas, but she works in Los Angeles as well on various shows.

She knows most of the many ex-South Africans living in both Las Vegas and Los Angeles – and if there are any new South Africans arriving, she is sure to find out and welcome them in.

Suzanne still gets home-sick for Sunny South Africa and those wonderful God-given thundershower storms.

Although being in Las Vegas, there always seem to be an endless array of visitors of family, friends, business associates etc. who keep her well stocked with Joko tea (she refuses to drink American "TEA?"), Zoo biscuits and Jellytots.

The one big thing sadly lacking is . . . BILTONG!

Top to bottom:

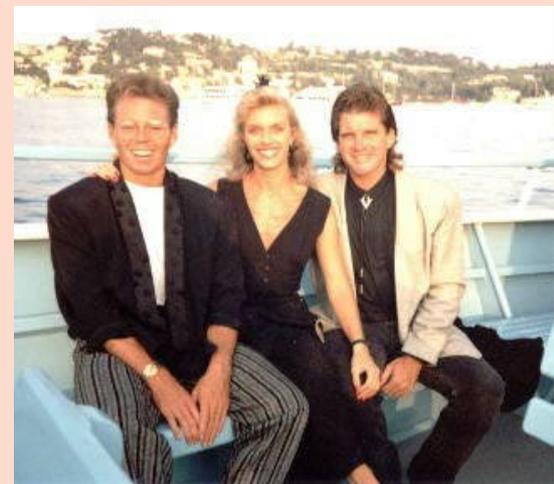
Spellbound: The beginnings of our international career"- Suzanne, Steven Rogers (Adagio Partner) and Carlton (the Magician) with Toby the Tiger

Cats: Steven and Suzanne getting 'made up' for our performance.

QE 2: With the Captain of the QE 2.

Monte Carlo: visiting the beautiful French Riviera with Steven and future husband David.

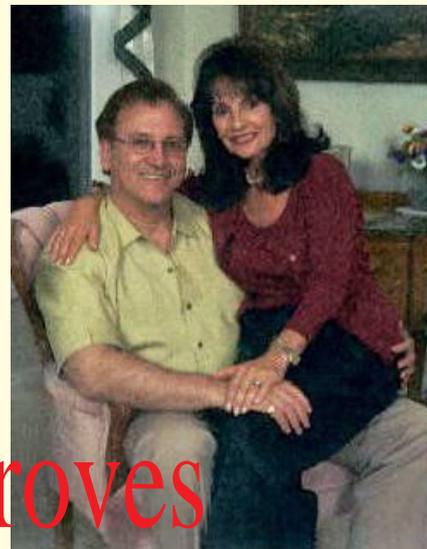
Below: The family I married into - we all were in "Spirit Lake" which is an amazing part of Idaho, USA. There is a family home there.



Dr Sher's website:
<http://www.haveababy.com>

Geoffrey and Charlene Sher -
relaxing at home.

Books published by Dr Sher:
"Your Pregnancy"
"From Infertility to Family"
"IVF The A.R.T. of making babies"



SA baby doctor improves odds for childless couples

In-vitro fertilisation pioneer Geoffrey Sher and his actress wife, Charlene have made gambling capital Las Vegas their home

By Suzanne-Kelly

C OUPLES world wide, desperate to start a family are heading to the US "entertainment capital" – Las Vegas. It's not the glitzy life, nor is it the seductive hotel settings they are seeking. They travel there hoping to secure an appointment with one of the world's leading in-vitro fertilization specialists – a South African doctor, Dr. Geoffrey Sher.

Dr Sher has helped hundreds of couples in their quest to produce a child of their own.

Dr. Sher and his wife Charlene, have lived in Las Vegas for just three years, but are well known among the city's tight-knit South African community.

It takes only moments to work out their origins - their strong South African accents are a sure give-away!

Dr Sher and Charlene have four grown children who have lately begun to present them with grandchildren. Charlene's mother – Ray Faktor, lives with them in her own wing of the Sher home. Although all the children are now in homes of their own, they still remain a tight-knit family.

Geoffrey was born in George and went to school at Outeniqua High before following on to study medicine at Stellenbosch University (he's a proud ex-Matie), later transferring to UCT.

Charlene Sher (nee Faktor),

was born in Cape Town where she attended Ellerslie Girls High School in Sea Point, before studying Drama at UCT.

She won the Sonny Cohen Award for most promising Drama Student whilst still a second-year student. Her professional debut, was as the title role in CAPAB's Production of the play GIGI (not the musical version).

From there, she starred in a number of shows with well-known actress, Yvonne Bryceland. Radio, voice-overs, soaps, and comedy the SABC followed.

The couple knew each other for many years before becoming romantically involved. Charlene remembers the first time Geoffrey saw her perform in a talent contest in - Oudtshoorn! She laughingly tells me that regardless of the fact she does not sing, she actually won by singing a song! She swears it was her acting ability that got her the prize.

The couple became husband and wife in 1968, at the Garden's Synagogue in Cape Town.

Whilst Geoffrey completed his final year as a Medical Student, Charlene taught drama at various schools in Cape Town as well as offering private tuition.

The couple relocated to Pietermaritzburg while Geoffrey completed his internship in Grey's Hospital. Then it was on to the Livingston Hospital in Port Elizabeth and finally back to Cape Town's Groote Schuur Hospital. This is where he became one of the medical school's senior consultants in Gynecology and Obstetrics at the age of 28.

Dr Sher proudly says the education and training he received in South Africa gave him one of the biggest advantages in optimizing his career goals.

At that time South Africa was testing fertility agents and techniques that no other country in the world was attempting.

"One test", says Dr. Sher, required giving very high



Charlene Sher: Starred in Cape Town stage shows and on radio

doses of the fertility drugs to our patients. "We received a fantastic reaction to this procedure."

His research was noticed by the University of North Carolina and in 1976 he was offered a position there. The family, which now included a son Ivan and daughters Rozanne & Karen (ages 7, 5 & 2) moved to Chapel Hill, North Carolina in the U.S.

While at the University of North Carolina, Dr. Sher became intrigued with IVF (in vitro fertilisation), which was then in its infancy.

It was here that he and colleague Dr. Bernard Statland, developed a test, to determine the maturity of a fetus' lungs.

During their stay in North Carolina Charlene made a foray back into acting, taking a lead role in a television series which began with Chekov's "The Boor". But, family beckoned and Charlene opted to once again shelve her acting career to concentrate on raising her children.

After being involved in the university arena, of gynecology and obstetrics for three years in North Carolina, Dr. Sher opted to move his family to Reno, Nevada after ex-Zimbabwean, Dr. Michael Pokroy, told him there was a need for OB/GYN's in Reno. In Reno, child number 4 – Darren, was born. In 1982, Dr. Sher met the founder of in-vitro fertilisation, Dr. Patrick Steptoe – and trained under him.

Dr. Sher then went into private practice - the third doctor in the US practicing IVF but the first private practitioner practicing IVF (i.e. not being attached to a University).

Life was not easy. There was a lot of skepticism surrounding IVF and the family was under enormous pressure. Charlene remembers hearing her daughter Karen, praying one night saying, "Please God, make my Daddy hatch an egg!"

But, being an entrepreneurial and a tenacious person, Dr. Sher stuck to his beliefs and succeeded.

Nine years later he decided to expand and the family moved to San Francisco, where he developed a larger research arm in private practice.

Additionally, Dr. Sher continued to lecture at various universities around the country, whilst Charlene raised their family of now four children.

It was here that Dr. Sher began receiving the highest IVF success rates worldwide.

Then on to Los Angeles, where Dr. Sher was the first doctor to monitor his success by calling for an "attestation audit" by Arthur Anderson - thereby allowing the general public access to the successes of the



Charlene in her lead role in "Streetcar named desire", in the role of BLANCHE



Dr. Sher and Charlene with their musician son Darren, in his soundproofed recording room, in their home



The Sher family



Geoffrey and Charlene Sher at dinner

procedure. It was during this time that the company was named PFC (Pacific Fertility Centers). A move aimed at incorporating the various centers in Reno, Sacramento, San Francisco and the Los Angeles areas. Two years later, the company was bought out. A "Non Compete Clause" in the contract, stated that Dr. Sher could not practice IVF within 100 miles of the "PCF".

Dr. Sher opted to move his family to Las Vegas, as he preferred being an independent practitioner. He also realised, that there was tremendous potential to enlarge his private practice by relocating.

Once in Las Vegas, he created "SIRM" (Sher Institute for Reproductive Medicine). Following up with similar practices in Chicago and St. Louis with his partners.

Charlene, meanwhile, decided it was time to jumpstart her career again. In a big way! During their short time in Las Vegas, she has starred in four stage shows and various television commercials. Her most memorable, in the lead role of Blanche, in Streetcar named Desire.

Of their four children – two now have children of their own and one other has just recently married an Australian and moved to Melbourne.

Ivan is a Real Estate agent in Las Vegas and is married to Jennifer. They have two children, Max and Madison.

Rozanne has followed in her Mom's footsteps and is a very talented actress in film and theatre. She is married to Bruce Sultzberg and they have one son Brandon.

Karen lives in Melbourne, Australia and is married to Michael Borenstein. She is studying Family Counseling and Psychology.

Darren, the youngest, is a multi-talented musician in Las Vegas and is sure to have his name in lights in the not too distant future.

Dr. Sher and Charlene are so open to helping couples conceive that they have been known to open their home to patients who come from other states for IVF treatment.

This is just one of the many loving gifts of generosity that emit from this wonderful couple.

The Sher family, are very happy in Las Vegas, as they all boom towards their own individual goals in life. As for Karen's prayers as a little girl?

They have been answered -

"HER DADDY DOES HATCH MANY EGGS!"

Dr and Mrs Sher gave permission for the use of all photographs.

That's Africa!

Concrete conclusion

WHEN your grieving loved ones plant you in South Africa these days, you stay planted - BIG TIME! The latest security measure, it seems, is a tonne of wet cement on poured on top of your coffin.

It seems crime is so bad now, grave robbers have taken to nicking fancy coffins, and, presumably, recycling them.

So, in an effort to thwart the graveyard ghouls wealthy families are hiring instant concrete trucks into the cortege.

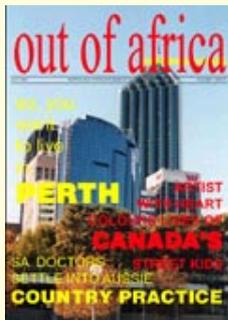
Some undertakers say up to 20 percent of their clients are cementing relations into the beyond.

One south African newspaper quoted metropolitan cemeteries manager Alan Buff, who is responsible for looking after 27 cemeteries in the Greater Johannesburg area, as saying he sees people cementing in graves all the time.

"We have security in cemeteries with regular night-time patrols and inspections every morning. If a grave has been fiddled with, we see it immediately.

"Besides, digging up a coffin isn't an easy or quick thing to do. Even Chris Hani's grave was filled with cement. There was a huge cement lorry that filled it."

Get the set!

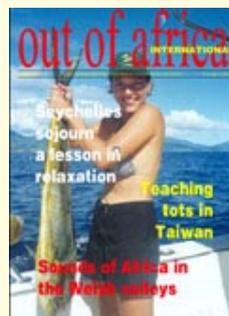
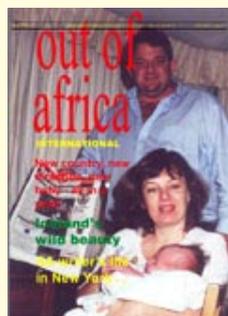
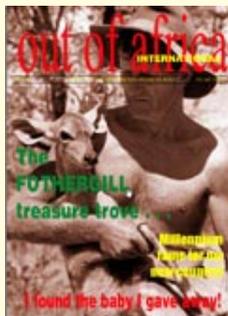


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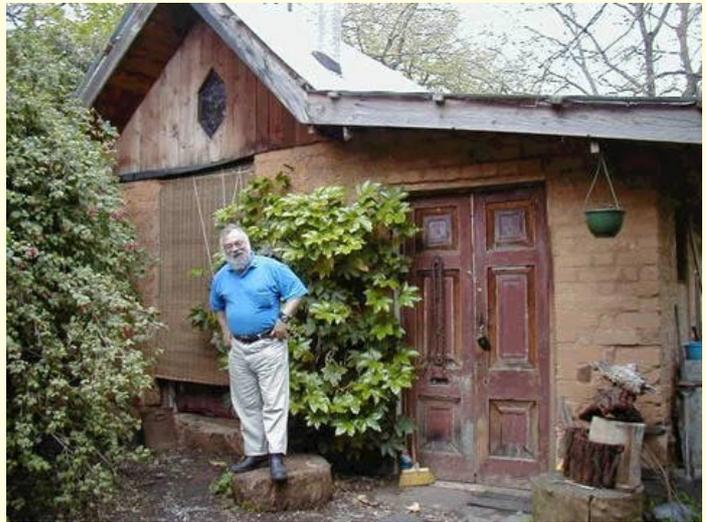
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SO WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR!!



My 'masterpiece'. Building my studio helped to bring me back to earth. It is cool in summer and cosy in the bitter winters. We burn wood for heating.

Pianos, teaching kids and all that jazz . . .

Former Capetonian Dudley Simons lives in the Australian state Victoria, in cottage built by Welsh miners during the country's 1800 Gold Rush days.

His passion is pianos and music. Teaching it has been his worst enemy and his best friend!

IT BEGAN way back from the present time, way back in the fifties when Apartheid was just beginning to bite, but it was so very hard to get out of South Africa. My parents spoke about getting out, but then they could not decide where to go.

In those days it was difficult to leave South Africa.

My late dear father was a school principal who earned about R80 per month. Mum did worse as a kindergarten teacher, and debts were always high.

Debt governed our lives. We couldn't keep up with the Smiths or the Joneses.

Politics was high on the list and when, years later, I read Mandela's Long Walk To Freedom, a book of around 800 pages, I could not put down for a full week. It was full of names from my youth and constantly pricked my memory. I was at Alexander Sinton High School (1962) in Athlone at the time Nelson Mandela was imprisoned. I was in Maldon, Victoria, when he was released.

It took seven years and a wrangle through the South African Supreme Court to be granted a one way passport.



My dear old cottage, just as it was it still is. One of the original miners shacks, built by then town engineer Robert L Nankivell.

Plans were set and the family, (parents and my younger brother John), set off eastward towards the great beyond in 1969 for Australia, a country we knew little or nothing about, just that the climate was something like South Africa.

It was a great sea voyage on the Australis, then a great transporter of Greeks, Turks, British and Italians. These were Australia's immigrants of the late 60's early 70's.

The Australis represented my first journey outside of South Africa. It was also the scariest and the most exciting for me at the time.

Three weeks on this huge ship was enough.

Sydney sights at first were incredible.

It was a humid day in March 1969 and there it was, sprawled majestically for miles.

I had never seen such a huge place. I was 21 and very much a child compared to my walloping maturity now. I have nearly gone full circle. The first memorable visual impact was the size of Sydney city where we booked in to the unforgettable Peoples Palace. There really was no luxury here.

Our first home in Sydney was a small flat in Dulwich Hill where mainly Greeks lived then and now.

Constitution Road Dulwich Hill. It was cheap (by comparison to now). Rent was \$20 per week.

My father was appointed to a Catholic School in Blakehurst in the southern suburbs, a fair way from Dulwich Hill.

Mum, eventually was appointed to another Catholic school close by at Kogarah.

My younger brother went to Dulwich High, where we became friendly with one of the art teachers called David Baker.

I attended Alexander Mackie Teachers College, where I studied music, which was to become my life companion, a job which I loathed and loved all at once. It has kept me all of my life so far.

I l o v e music, but hate teaching kids in schools. They were basically uncultured then, and they still largely are now.

The College years were fantastic. I really never wanted to teach anyway, but I had to goddamn do something with my life. I also studied music teaching at UCT during the 60's, so I kept on studying music. I had no desire for anything else, or I couldn't or didn't want to, I do not know. I finally graduated from the Sydney Conservatorium in 1974 at the ripe old age of 26.

During those fantastic college years, I ventured out into the world of funk and jazz and apple wine was the craze. Worked in the 'Pub' scene in the Rocks area of Sydney, which was very popular then as it is still, and I remember the Commercial hotel, where my brother was the drummer, I was the pianist, the mad-as-a-hatter David Baker was the vocalist/guitarist and Tony Mills the Bassist.

Right under the Harbour Bridge. We spent two and a half years there, every Saturday night where the tunes were the same each week and if we even thought of changing the repertoire or tried adding new tunes, or the order in which we played the tunes, we were booed by our eternal fans who were a mish mash of bikers, tramps and the usual entourage of drug addicts. We were strictly apple 'winos', but they were OK. Their numbers slowly diminished as the years rolled on. The name of the band was Zabbarat, the name of Tony's bass amp spelled backwards.

I got my first appointment as a music teacher at Punchbowl Boys High in 1974.

Something about this place turned me off music



Here I am playing some jazz for you. I hope you enjoy.



Jack Fowler and I sweating it out in preparation for our first CD. His dad is the town's doctor - and mine.

teaching from day one. It seemed as though I just could not win a trick.

I kept sane by continuing my other 'career' (playing some form of popular jazz) at newer venues, with newer bands and in different places. I still hate electric pianos with a passion.

School was where I earned the 'bucks', because the 'gigs' were just mind outlets.

My father suffered a stroke in '76 so I became the family breadwinner and mortgage payer.

This was eventually to adversely affect my family relations. I put it all down to life experience.

The bands were great; school was awful. My last school was Cabramatta High. It was the best and the finally the end for me.

I did strike one solitary school principal (Jack Freeman) at Cabramatta who was actually pro music and helped to make my life at least bearable till the end finally came.

He loved real musicals, which were impossible to run at Cabramatta, well . . . it was not the end of the earth, but one could see it from there.

Cabramatta was the dumping ground for all new settlers, and at any one time there were 32 languages spoken at school.

We adapted plays like 'A Streetcar Named Desire' by Tennessee Williams; 'Macbeth' by Shakespeare and 'Sargent Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band' by the Beatles to tame the masses. The biggest 'hoods' were also the lead actors.

There were 1600 kids at the school and needed virtually two principals to run it. We had a staff of two music teachers. Not really enough to cope.

After Vietnam, Cabramatta became the new home for the Vietnamese. It is now called 'Vietnamatta'.

I really got to the point where I could not stand it any more. My mind and body gave up and I took a 'package' and on the advice of my doctor, I changed lifestyle.

The original band was back in business and it was now that we had probably the most fun of all (outrageous fun).

It lasted four whole years and we had the longest stint at Dr Redbirds (a wine bar), just over the fantastic Sydney Harbour Bridge.

The late seventies saw us backing an American called

Bobby Warren at the Whisky a Go Go night club in the heady Kings Cross.

I had visited Maldon Victoria during my earlier years in Sydney (1973) with my then sweetheart (Shelly) and immediately fell in love with the place.

It is a dear little gold mining town from the 1830's, and settled by the Cornish Welsh and Irish miners. It is ostensibly still the same now.

I looked down from Mount Tarrangower and the village below reminded me of Paarl (Cape Province) and I secretly imagined that I would retire there. I did, just nine years later in 1981.

Shelly was not with me any longer, although we are very much in touch still.

Our great and everlasting friend Lil Merlo, the first real Maldon person I had ever met (other than her father) died in July 2000 at the ripe old age of ninety or thereabouts. She was forever young. We had been friends for 27 years. Shelly now lives in Perth.

Maldon has a rich mining heritage, all intact. The town is small and has around 2000 inhabitants (the incredible volume of tourists confuses me) and I have lived here for just on 20 years.

I now live almost completely within myself, and have plenty to keep me 'amused'. The air is fresh and we live about 900m above sea level at the foot of Mount Tarrangower, and about 160km north of Melbourne.

Spaces are vast. It is as though time stands still.

Maldon is in the middle of Victoria, right in the heart of gold country. I absolutely enjoy walking the bushland areas. I always take the girls (my old dogs - Poppy, a Jack Russell X and nearly 13; and Arna, a big Doberman X and nearly 8) for a walk with me.

Even MoCatMeKapratley the 23rd (Mo) the cat is behaving like a dog lately.

I live in my very own Welsh cottage, built in 1861. It is still very much in original condition with infrequent maintenance on my part largely due to ever the decreasing spondool.

It has survived all the bushfires so far and believe me when I say that bushfires are a way of life here. Victoria is dry during the summer and like this year, there has been so much rain that the local man-made lake, Cairn Curran approximately 35km long is finally full again.

I often walk at Cairn Curran during wet weather. It is truly, like an inland sea.

When I finally left Sydney I built from mud bricks (and a little, or rather substantial, help from my new dear friends - I would like to name them; Carol and Roo; John

Snowdon and Haydn and Taofi [the latter is a lovely Samoan woman]) a mud studio which was to be my personal 'achievement' in life.

I will never build anything again, due to lack of time and, well, I am not that young any more. Not that I am old - I am still pretty frisky!

During the building of the studio I had two ambitions; to own an old BMW motorcycle (now nearly twenty one) and a grand piano (now twelve - and beautifully 'bedded' in).

I still drive the VW Kombi that brought me here. It still has its original motor and twenty six years young.

The motor will and soon to be restored for the first time.



Main Street Maldon. As it was, it still is.



Maldon village from the top of Mt Tarrangower. When I saw this place I somehow knew I wanted to retire here.

Much of my years here, I honestly tried to get away from music, as it haunts me, mucks me up and pays my way.

Very contradictory. It has been an amazing battle, but I still continue to teach my wonderful and ever changing array of students from our rich gold mining towns.

One town, Maryborough, kept me going until the old pianos (from the start of the mining era I bet) started to literally lose their panels whilst the kiddies were playing them.

True, bits would fall off. If you would like a piece of piano, contact me via e mail at: desim@netcon.net.au and I will try to send you a piece!

If you call by, I may also take you for a spin on my trusty old BMW on the best country roads for motorbike rides. Not fast rides (BMW's are slow machines actually - but very stylish and comfortable, not that bikes are meant to be comfortable). Two years ago in '98 I moved away from Maryborough and back to

my own piano. I now have just a small number of 'biddys' doing quite well.

Soon, due to the children being OK players in my fifth life change, we will make our first experimental CD, playing what we know, as best we can in the absence of anyone else's inspiration. If we do a good job, who knows, we just may become commended.

Music is not too high on the average 'shopping list'. "It's not real work" they say.

That's disappointing, but it's not the end of the world. History tells us that music and children go well together. So we keep on going mate. Our children are the answer.

I returned on a visit to South Africa in 1995 and found the place somewhat unpalatable.

I have been spoilt by Australians. I will never leave my country for any other - ever.

That's Africa!

Tickets for luxury-loving politicians

MALAWIAN MPs recently found out the hard way that luxury has its price – their jobs! President Bakili Muluzi sacked his entire cabinet after revelations that millions of pounds in aid money from Britain had been used to buy a fleet of Mercedes-Benz limousines. Thirty-three of his ministers were dismissed and then dropped at bus stops to make their own way home.

The angry premier said the limos would be sold and that the money would be used for development projects. The “Mercs to Malawi” furore is the latest in a series of corruption scandals to engulf Muluzi’s government. Recently, the education minister was arrested after it was revealed that much of his budget was allocated to building non-existent schools.

Women give equality drive the push

HUNDREDS of Kenyan women recently demonstrated against a proposed sexual equality bill before the Kenyan parliament. The women, dressed in black, took over the streets of the Muslim dominated coastal city of Mombasa after Friday prayers in a march organised by an influential group of local Muslim clerics. The protesters said they were against the bill which aims to bring greater equality for women and to outlaw sexual discrimination in the country. The women said the proposed Bill “slighted the Koranic place of the woman”.

One protester, Mariam Mohammed, said that the place of the women in the Koran cannot be changed. Calls for equality with men ran contrary to Islamic teachings, according to one woman. “The place of the woman in the Koran is not negotiable, it is very clear that the woman must submit to the man and we can’t change this!”

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Entertaining Immigrants



*Entertainment Agent Lynne Crawford:
Arrived in the US with two daughters and
some suitcases . . .*

Tough start, but now Lynne's living the California dream

By Suzanne-Kelly

W E SIT in a lush, tropical Marina Del Rey (Sunny Californian) office building - reminiscing on the "braaivleis and biltong" days. Lynne is an entertainment agent and owner and director of the Crawford Agency in Los Angeles, California.

Now, you think to yourself: Sounds like easy-street. I'm here to tell you: Not even close!

Being an artistic sort myself, I can honestly say I don't envy Lynne in her dealings with the temperamental would-be's.

But she takes it all in her stride and paired with her unabashed energy, empathy and encouraging ways, her clients (there are many), are lucky to have such a woman representing them.

Lynne Crawford was born in Johannesburg, but lived mostly in the Eastern Cape. Whilst married to an architect, they both decided to go into the hotel business.

They bought the Catberg Hotel, an old World War Two establishment (inland from Port Elizabeth and East London) and hosted many theatrical guests - some of the artistic South African crÈme-de-la-crÈme of the day.

But fate intervened and eight years later, in 1977 they, divorced.

With two daughters in tow (ages 4 and 6), Lynne moved to Los Angeles to start a new life.

They arrived with three suitcases, no money and moved into a rented house with 15 or so other former South Africans.

The decision to emigrate to the US was driven by her desire for a change of life-style and pace. Well, she got it!

Lynne went back into the hotel business and for a year worked at the Sunset Marquis on Sunset Boulevard.

The hotel catered for many infamous rock groups of

the day. But it didn't take long for the Hollywood "bug" to bite and she was drawn into the world of film and television. Her duties were varied and interesting and she had a hand in producing many well-known shows.

She later opened her own Celebrity Travel Agency, catering for stars like George Clooney and Sandra Bernhardt.

After 10 years catering to the famous and infamous, as well as introducing names to other names to BIG jobs, Lynne decided: why not get paid for that perk and have some easier working hours.

Yeah right! She opened Crawford Agency, with "No cash-flow but plenty of dreams!" Well she did it! Two years down the track Lynne's agency is well respected in Hollywood and counts four former South Africans among clients.

She lists among the positives of living in the US as: "Women have many more options here and the life-style accessibility here is wonderful! Each day is different and there is a definite thrill in helping unemployed actors become house-hold names".

The negatives: "Dealing with temperamental people who think it's going to be easy - and it very rarely is!; missing the comforts and

security of South Africa and having a never ending supply of biltong!"

Lynne finds Americans friendly, very accepting and "very competitive". She is happy and settled here, as are her two grown daughters, who, have followed her lead. One works for a production company, the other a well-known Hollywood talent agency.

Ideally, Lynne would love to run her own production company in South Africa and live six months of the year there and six months in the US. Just don't tell her: "You can't do it", because she'll just go right ahead and prove you wrong!



*Lynne Crawford:
Going places in
Hollywood*



Trevor Bazeley - Panama-bound.

End of conflict was the spur to find new horizons

Trevor Bazeley set course for the UK but ended up cruising the world's oceans with the rich and famous

From Trevor Bazeley, Yacht "Dindingwe"

MY TRAVELS since leaving Rhodesia have taken me to many countries throughout the world - thank goodness I listened to my Geography and History classes instead of thinking of ways to get out of class to play rugby or go swimming.

I found that the world is round and a great place to explore. I decided at the end of the Rhodesian conflict I could only see disaster So I decided to leave and start again in England.

A friend said he knew of someone who had built a sailing yacht which was in Cape Town ready to sail to England via the Caribbean and was looking for crew so I packed up and off to Cape Town and a new adventure.

The yacht "Erica of Limpton" was there but not yet ready to sail. I got on as the engineer to look after the engines in exchange for sailing lessons!

We completed the work and sure enough that concrete boat did float- a little lower in the water than it was supposed to, but she did!

The owner, his wife and 3 other crew, all young Rhodesians, set off for the great adventure. Our first stop on the island of Saint Helena was first of many ports in the world for that I would visit in years to come.

We then completed the

crossing to South America and the Islands of Fernando del Nora where we spent some time regrouping after the long crossing.

My love of the sea had now begun, there is so much out there to see and experience. We then sailed up to Barbados, the first stop in the Caribbean islands and on through the Windward Islands up to Antigua.

Next was Saint Bartholomew, where I decided to leave the yacht to look around and also start to earn some money, as that was becoming a problem. I returned to Antigua for race week and got a berth on a Maxi named "Mistress Quickly".

That was the racing bug set in me, which I love to do even now.

I found a boat going back to St. Bart's and spent some time there setting up a little workshop repairing charter boats and having fun until the season closed.

Then it was up to the British Virgin Islands and onto an 85-foot charter ketch where I spent the next few months enjoying the islands, making some money, making friends and just hanging out looking for better things to do.

In Tortolla, there was a 147-foot motor yacht called "Kalizma" once owned by Liz Taylor and Richard Burton but now



Fish for dinner - and lots of it!



"Dragon Lady IV": On to Canada and Alaska for the summer.



Racing on Sorcery.

owned by a Japanese.

I got to know the skipper and found out he was looking for an engineer so I changed jobs and joined them. We went up to Puerto Rico to do a major refit, installing new generators and a lot of other work, which took 10 months.

We then headed to Merrill-Steven's dry dock in Miami where the boat was to come out of water for further work on the the bottom and shafts. When it was refloated, the owner decided to sell.

The skipper on another yacht being repaired in the yard offered me the chance of joining them, which I did and subsequently spent the next year visiting many islands and ports throughout the Bahamas and Central and South America.

The owner, a Saudi Arabian and one of the wealthiest men in the world was on the yacht from time to time and a very pleasant man.

I had met Joanna, a Canadian who was on holiday in San Juan and had been keeping in touch with her.

Just before Christmas of '81 I broke both hands in an accident on the yacht trying to save one of the tenders and was basically useless for a while, so skipper said he would fly me to Vancouver to spend Christmas there. This turned into love and I married Joanna in early '81.

I decided to stay in Vancouver and become a Canadian citizen, which was a lot easier said than done even with a Canadian wife. It seemed if I was not white and could not do anything it was easy to get in, but being white and an engineer by trade didn't interest them, but in the end I did become a Canadian citizen.

That has been a big help in my profession and for while I left the sea full time and worked in Vancouver as an engine builder for a race team.

I found a pub where a lot of ex-pat Kiwis and Australians drank and also sailed from and soon I was back at sea, racing and doing deliveries to Hawaii and the States then back to Vancouver as well as working on land.

I decided to build my dream, a 42-foot sailboat so designed a plan and took it to a naval architect to do the calculations on keel placement and started to build the yacht, which would take me 5 years to complete.

As always plans change, I had just started my boat when I had an offer to skipper a brand new 75 foot sail boat being built in Vancouver by a ship yard there for a owner from New York.

So my yacht went on hold for a while and I was hired on as captain to complete the building then sail the yacht

around the world with Joanna as the chef and deck hand.

On our way to the South Pacific we had to stop in Hawaii with major engine installation problems and ended up staying there for two and a half years!

It took all that time to repair and upgrade the systems on the brand new yacht at great expense to the owner. But without an engineer/captain overseeing

the building from the start that's what happens. It was a great time in Hawaii making many friends and joining the Hawaii Yacht Club.

I took the yacht down to Tahiti and then spent two months sailing the islands before returning to Hawaii. Then we went back to San Diego to sell the yacht and then back to Vancouver to open up my own company and to build my yacht.

So at the end of 85 I put my sailing on hold for a while except for racing on an 85-foot workhorse, the big Maxi "Sorcery". Had great fun as grinder captain - a place I spent many years and many happy times sailing.

I launched my yacht "Dindingwe" on the 4th July '91 with a very big party with friends and made 15 dozen beers go down with no problem plus 4 bottles of Pusser's rum made into "Dark and Stormies", the yacht's official drink, pass lips at a great rate of speed, no one falling in.

I spent the next year preparing the yacht for sea, putting the rig in and testing and checking that she was safe.

My own status changed in 95 and I sold my company and decided that it was time to go see if the world was still round. The plan was to sail in company with friends Masher and Sandi in their yacht through the States and Mexico and then on to Hawaii again and then down to New Zealand.

The trip south was great, sailing a good lot of the 'down coast' legs single-handed just enjoying the yacht and sailing. I spent some time up in the Sea of Cortez (the Gulf of California) and then over to Mazatlan on the Mexican Riviera.

I left the yacht there and flew back to Los Angeles to race back down to Matzaland on "Sorcery". Then I took "Dindingwe" down to Puerto Vallarta and did the Mexoc race week on the maxi.

As I said things always change - a friend Paddy asked what I was doing for the next while as they were heading through the Panama Canal and going to do Antigua race week and then off to Ireland to race there so as I was retired I decided to put my plans on hold and leave Masher to go on

and I headed east.

The sail through the Panama Canal south was a fantastic experience. Then I went on up to Antigua where we raced and won the Regatta. I also sailed in the classic big boat series on a beautiful old yacht "Bolero" and met the yacht's original owner's son, now in his 60s.

He had a smaller race yacht there too and was looking for a new skipper to take the boat to Ireland for the New York yacht club annual cruise. I had to return to Mexico to sort out some paper work on my yacht so flew back and then up to Bermuda to join "Quadrille" to sail over to Kinsale where we had a blast enjoying the Irish people and the hospitality and meeting up with "Sorcery" and racing Cork race week before they took off for Europe.

I took "Quadrille" down to the Algarve and then down to the Canary Islands where I left the yacht for the winter in Morgan, a beautiful little port. I returned to my yacht for the holidays and then came back to the Canary Islands in the New Year to take the yacht to the Antigua and then up to St. Maarten again for the New York yacht Club winter cruise through the islands for two weeks, which was fun.

Then I delivered the yacht up to Annapolis for the owner where I handed the yacht over to the mate, a very capable sailor and a great friend. I returned to Canada for while to spend a few months playing golf before returning to my yacht in Mexico where I spent a well-deserved rest with my girl friend Cary who had flown down from Vancouver.

We enjoyed the holidays and 5 months of sailing my yacht around Puerto Vallarta.

The end of January 98 the yacht "Dragon Lady IV" was on her usual trip to Mexico for the winter then up to

Canada and Alaska for the summer. One of the crew who I knew came over to my yacht saying they were looking for an engineer and asked if I was available so I sort of said I guess so.

The next thing I knew the skipper Jim comes over followed within days by the owner who said "welcome aboard!" That was it - I was working again and Cary was returning to Canada.

So I was on my way north again as engineer on the "Dragon Lady IV". We stopped at the yacht's homeport of Marina Del Ray and then went on to Canada and Alaska for the summer and this we did for the next year too.

It was a fantastic time with good fishing both in Mexico and in Alaska.

Then this year 2000 we took the yacht south to Mexico as usual for the early winter and then through the Panama Canal again and up to Miami for while, then up to Boston and New York and Newport, Rhode Island for the summer.

We then returned to Miami for more yacht work. Well, my travels have been the greatest thing I could have done since leaving home and now enjoying the oceans of the world seeing so many ocean creatures it's been a fantastic life and I hope that further excerpts from my travels will be interesting too.

I am about to leave Miami for an 8-day trip to the Canal and then 10 days to Puerto Vallarta and home for Christmas for Cary and me. The best of the season to all.
Trevor Bazeley

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Mary's one of the chosen few . . .

ARTIST Mary Seymour, who appeared in the first edition of Out of Africa International has written to tell us of her continuing success in Canada. She writes:

I was the Toronto based artist featured in the first issue of your magazine OOAi . . . Just a little update.

Recently I had the honour of having one of my paintings - "Encounter" - selected for the Ontario Society of Artist's juried exhibition, Representations 2000.

This exhibit is the second in a series for the new Millenium where many thousands of visitors to the Lieutenant Governor's Suite, Queen's Park, Toronto, Ontario will be able to view the work.

Lieutenant Governor, The Honourable Hilary Weston held an opening reception on Sept. 6, 2000. The exhibition continues until Jan. 2001.

All the best,
Mary Seymour

<http://www.interlog.com/~nellie/studio3/>



Encounter

Artist's statement

"The most important and most recognized need of the human soul."



Mary Seymour
4321 Postlone Ave.
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Newmarket, Ontario
L7Y 2W1
mary@interlog.net
<http://www.interlog.com/~nellie/studio3/>



Suburban reflections

Inspiration from brush with
homeless Mary Seymour, formerly of Harare,
helps Canadian kids colour their world

Graduated from the University of Windsor, Ontario. Graduated with a B.F.A. degree in 1978. Has exhibited her work in the following countries:

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TRAVEL



I-Lollo Lodge, St Francis Bay: each room imaginatively styled in a different theme.

Picture perfect places and the hotel from Hell!



Penny Willis, our UK editor, continues her account of her return to Africa with her husband Terry and two British born children, Kim and Gareth, after 22 years in the UK.

FOLLOWING our dash along the Garden Route we decided to stop at The I-Lollo Lodge, a B & B in St Francis Bay, beginning what was to be a bizarre couple of days where we were hardly to speak to another white person and where the black people we encountered were polite but uncommunicative – mostly Afrikaans speaking, I think.

St Francis Bay is the most amazing little town almost too perfect to be true. Every building is a bright white painted thatch in the Swiss style; every garden is perfectly manicured with barely a blade of grass out of place – totally surreal.

On arrival at I-Lollo Lodge, the maid answered the door and it quickly became obvious that she was alone in the house. I only discovered the next day that the owners were away for the weekend and had presumably left her in charge.

For all I know she could have been running the place as a private enterprise for the weekend!

Whatever, the place was lovely with each room imaginatively styled in a different theme - The Floral Room, The Big Cat Room, The Fish Room and so on. All beautifully done and only R150 ppp night!

The next day, after a slap up breakfast all served up in shy silence by the maid, we headed off with Bloemfontein, 700 kilometres away, as our objective.

Although I had been completely enchanted by the beauty of the Cape, now we were heading into terrain more familiar to me – my Africa, inland.

The Africa of endless veld and flat-topped trees;

where the horizon is always far distant, where there is always a smudge of far-off hills in at least one direction and where I swear the sky is higher than anywhere else on the planet.

By the time we reached Bloemfontein, it seemed a bit early to stop so, despite warnings ringing in our ears about not driving after dark, we decided to continue on to Winburg.

Although there was no listing in our Portfolio book of recommended accommodation, we surmised it must be a decent sized town as it was on the confluence of the N1 and N5 major routes.

Big mistake!

By the time we reached Winburg it was pitch dark.

The approach to the town seemed eerily long with nary a street light operational and with black pedestrians haphazardly looming up suddenly in the middle of the road.

When we reached what appeared to be the outskirts of town, we pulled into a garage and asked directions to a good hotel.

“Ah eet ees jost down there,” the attendant pointed.

We drove a couple blocks and landed up in what was presumably the town square, flanked on one side by what had once been a fairly substantial hotel.

Worryingly the only light outside it was a red lantern, but it was plainly the only game in town. Undeterred, Terry sent me in to check it out...

I found myself in a dingy hallway lit by a single unshaded light bulb that did nothing to disguise the threadbare carpet underfoot. It was also like walking into a

fridge! A barely legible sign pointed left to reception, which turned out to be unoccupied.

There were sounds of laughter emanating from somewhere within. I “pressed the bell for attention” and waited, and waited and pressed again and waited some more. Nada.

I ventured in the direction of the laughter to find a massive lounge with only two tables occupied, one with two old blokes and the other with half a dozen or so young people.

In answer to my inquiry as to whether someone was likely to appear at reception any time soon, one of the young blokes said he would see what he could do.

He disappeared through a door at the end of the entrance hall returning to say that someone should come soon. After a few minutes a Coloured woman wearing a grubby, nylon housecoat appeared.

When I asked whether they could accommodate four of us, she looked very grave and said: “I show you the room. R45 each person for one night.”

This didn’t bode well at all! Up the stairs we went, along a dark veranda, down a long, dark corridor where she showed me two rooms in each of which she had to fiddle with wiring and two-way switches to get a 20 watt light bulb switched on, each with two beds and rickety furniture, wooden floors covered with carpet that had long seen better days.

The bathroom was way down the corridor. Still, it was either stay there or drive on in the dark into more unknown territory.

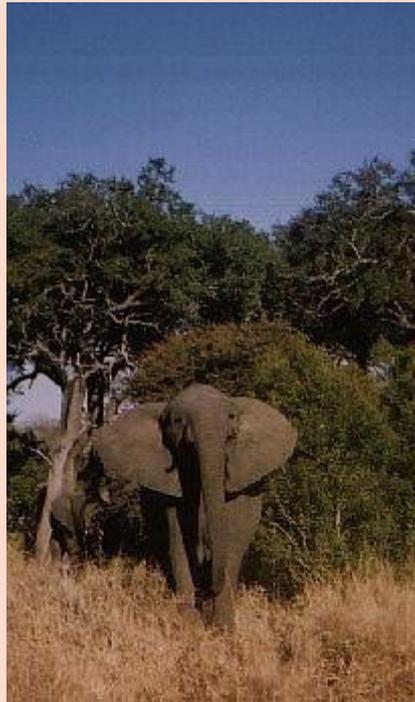
I told her we would take the rooms and went off to tell the family the good news!

Leaving our room to go down for dinner, the bedroom door wouldn’t close properly - I gave it a firm pull – it banged shut and a great lump of plaster from the high ceiling fell on my head!

We seated ourselves in the dining room, though while it was as dilapidated as the rest of the building, incongruously the tables were beautifully set with perfectly ironed, bright



Winberg Hotel: the only light outside it was a red lantern . . .



An elephant a Khoka Moya shows interest in us.

blue tablecloths overlaid with bright white crocheted covers.

There were even flowers on the table – plastic ones in a milk bottle.

The receptionist was now the waitress and the two old blokes, who appeared to be the only other residents in the hotel, soon informed us that she was the cook as well!

We got in a round of drinks before our meal (toasted cheese and tomato sandwiches seemed the safest option) but afterwards we started to order another round to be told firmly: “The bar is closed.”

It was 8pm, we were freezing cold and there seemed nothing for it but to go to bed, get what sleep we could and get the hell out first thing in the morning.

Well, sleep was not on the agenda in the Winburg Hotel.

Closing the cracked window didn’t keep out the cold, nor the incessant dog barking, not to mention a high pitched chirping that sounded suspiciously like bats.

Needless to say we all had a restless night freezing to death.

Gareth swore he could feel ‘things’ crawling over him.

Come morning we found that we were in fact right in the centre of an extremely shabby town with not a white face to be seen.

When Terry went outside for a smoke, all of a sudden a black man broke loose from a crowd across the square and came running directly at Terry at an almighty rate of knots.

The guy slammed on anchors directly in front of him and as he thought he was about to be mugged the guy said one word: “Coffee?”

We had the coffee but didn’t stop for breakfast and were on the road by 8am. We had paid for the accommodation with the meal the night before – R225 all in! This night proved that you definitely do get what you pay for!

Our destination was Nelspruit for an overnight stop with friends who farm near there.

On the way we passed the scenes of two devastating car accidents. Both wreckages were spectacularly crumpled, scattered and burnt.

These were our first encounter with evidence of South

Africa's spectacular road death statistics.

All over the country there are high profile road sign campaigns attempting to reduce the toll. Arrive Alive; Cut your Speed and even stats on the percentage of drivers who weren't speeding or drunk at a particular point. Percentage of drivers not speeding this week: 43%. Damn, we must have left a trail of even further reduced scores!

We left Nelspruit at about 10am with the aim of getting to Khoka Moya, a private game lodge in the Manyeleti reserve within the Kruger National Park, by around 12-ish.

Taking a route through Bushbuckridge, we had been advised that it was a dangerous road and that we should not stop under any circumstances.

Indeed, it was like driving through and endless township with mile upon mile of shacks on the sides of the road, not to mention goats, pedestrians, potholes and taxis liable to stop or pull out without warning.

Just past Bushbuckridge we were overtaken and waved over by a black guy in a white car. Terry slowed, but Kim and I, both mindful of the warnings we had been given, exhorted him not to stop. So Terry overtook him.

So the guy overtook us and waved us over for a second time. Now what? We still voted that it wasn't a good plan to stop, so Terry overtook again! This time we decided that we had no choice and the chap must be a policeman, so we stopped.

Terry got out of the car and yes when our pursuer got out of his car it seemed that he was in fact a policeman.

He said he was charging Terry with crossing a solid white line – no mention of failing to stop when requested – and said the fine was R500.

Well, we had crossed a solid white line further down the road but only a little bit and because we had no choice – a slow moving lorry pulled over to the left to allow us to

overtake but it was wide so we had maybe two wheels over the line. Honest, Guv'nor!

He said that he'd have to take us to the police station because we weren't South African. We told him no we couldn't do that because we were in a hurry but R500 was too much.

He quickly said OK, R300 cash and we could go. I bet that never made its way to the SA exchequer!

We sped on to Khoka Moya, which means "Capture the spirit" in Shangaan and indeed, it turned out to be the most wonderful place – a bush camp comprising ten thatched timber chalets arranged along a wooden boardwalk. On booking in, we were introduced to our personal ranger, Janine, a friendly young blonde woman, five foot nothing but plainly full of guts and cheek!

We spent two magical days at this peaceful yet congenial retreat, interspersed with the exhilaration of up close and personal game encounters, not to mention the added thrill of Janine's off road driving! What more could one ask for?

Space here does not permit a detailed description of our time at Khoka Moya, but suffice to say that the whole African/game viewing experience is provided faultlessly – I cannot think of a single thing about the game-drives, incidence of game, food, ambience, accommodation – anything that I would change.

Most readers of this magazine will be perfectly aware of the extent of the privilege of seeing

African wildlife in its own habitat. I can tell you that observing the wonder written all over the faces of my usually difficult-to-impress, teenaged, British-raised children as they encountered all manner of African wildlife and relished life in a bush camp enhanced the pleasure tenfold – a true joy to behold.

Anyone dropping back to southern Africa with their 'foreign' children – take my word for it – watching Africa work its magic on them is a real treat!



Neck and neck: Giraffes capture the spirit of Khoka Moya.



African sunset: Penny Willis and son Gareth capture the moment.

Anyone returning to southern Africa with their 'foreign' children – take my word for it – watching Africa work its magic on them is a real treat! - Penny

Helpful guides and people we used on our trip:

Car hire: email Tracy at <mailto:ctaechbm@bmh.co.za> or telephone 021 9342326

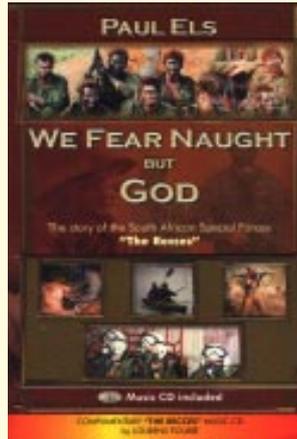
Guide book: The Cape of Good Hope by Ursula Stevens

Guides to excellent accommodation: <http://www.portfoliocollection.co.za>

Khoka Moya Safari Lodge: <http://www.country-escapes.co.za/khokamoya.htm> and <http://africantravel.com/sa/khokamoya.html>



BOOKSHELF



Recce account deepens the intrigue

We Fear Naught but God
Paul Els
(Covos-Day 2000)
Website: <http://www.mazoe.com/covos.html>

SOUTH Africa fought a bush war during the 1970s and 80s against an enemy loosely grouped as communist terrorists. The enemy was South West Africans seeking independence for Namibia.

South Africa's brilliant education indoctrination saw thousands of young conscripts serve two years fighting against what they were told were communists bent on taking away a Christian and moral right to their land.

Against this backdrop formed an elite, often mysterious fighting force, Reconnaissance Command, or Recces.

Like Rhodesia's Selous Scouts or the British SAS, the Recces were the best fighters in South Africa, usurping parachute battalion as top combat unit.

Els was a member of 5 Recce. He traces the unit's origins, its often brutal training methods and describes military operations in Angola, Mozambique and South West Africa.

He offers a personal insight into the make-up of the Recces, from a big Portuguese contingent to volunteer black Namibians and South Africans who served with distinction but failed to gain official recognition because, in the madness that was South Africa, blacks were not recognised as South African citizens.

Els leaves holes. Details are scant.

So secret were Recce operations that members' second names were often not recorded.

That many failed to find peace in the new South Africa, seeking instead a move abroad or an anonymous life as a professional soldier, the Recces remain an enigmatic part of South African history.

Els tries to enlighten his reader, but his work serves to deepen the intrigue. -

M.H.

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"Mom's Cafe" : The food is excellent, reasonably priced and the portions staggeringly enormous.

Sooke it and see!

Derry Hill lives in a former timber town on Vancouver Island, Canada, but hankers after the warm waters of the Cayman Islands . . .

DAD was an officer in the B.S.A. Police and like everyone else in the force, we moved from place to place at fairly regular intervals. Bulawayo, Salisbury, Fort Victoria before leaving for UK where I went to a physical education college and Dad was appointed police recruiting officer at Rhodesia House.

My training complete, I returned to Rhodesia and my parents, having decided that life in England was not for them, followed shortly afterwards, dad having been offered a security job at the new University in Salisbury.

Soon after that I met Frank, also a policeman, and once again started the regular transfer bit.

I taught phys ed at Eveline, Fort Vic High, Thornhill High, Queen Elizabeth, St Peter's and Townsend.

During one of our stops in Bulawayo we produced our first son, Lindsay and 2 years later in Fort Victoria, Brett arrived.

On completion of his 20 years in the BSAP Frank decided that perhaps he should think about a new career while still young enough.

He was a keen sportsman, and having played cricket with Neil Jardine and many other teacher friends, and helped with coaching high school teams in his spare time, he decided to do the course at TTC in Bulawayo.

With this in mind, we made what we thought would be our final move, bought a beautiful house and presumed we were settled for life.

Sadly, in 1980 many of our friends left for greener pastures and we also saw the writing on the wall, so we sold

up and, having been offered jobs and a house at Clifton Prep School for Boys, set off for Durban.

Frank taught maths and I coached swimming, tennis, hockey and athletics.

It was a fairly easy transition as about half the staff were ex-Rhodies and we met up with many more old friends at inter-school sports meetings, as the Natal private schools seemed to be staffed mainly by Rhodesians.

Lindsay and Brett, having completed their education at Hamilton, both qualified as chartered accountants in Durban.

Lindsay then donned his back-pack and set off round the world.

He never did return, but after numerous adventures just about everywhere in the world, finally settled in Victoria on Vancouver Island.

A few years later Brett and Alison (now his wife) set off for UK and Europe.

They only intended being away for a year, but were both offered excellent jobs in the Cayman Islands.

We felt very sad at having been, as we looked on it, orphaned, but we had a terrific caravan which we stored permanently in a beautiful park at Bazley Beach, just south of Scottburgh.

The park was owned by a wonderful family who sort of adopted us, and we spent every long-weekend and holiday down there, where we met many South Africans from all over the Republic. In '92, thanks to our wonderful sons, we had a



Derry windsurfing in the Caymans

magic holiday, first spending nearly a month exploring Vancouver Island, pretty well all of British Columbia and the Rockies National Parks in Alberta.

Mostly we camped, Frank and I sharing a one-man tent and Lindsay sleeping under a tarpaulin. Needless to say it was summer and the weather was glorious.

This was followed by a flight to Miami where Brett and Alison met us, carted us off to Disney World for four magical days and then on to the Caymans.

I might add that at that time most of our friends back in SA, hadn't a clue where the Caymans were as they don't even appear on most maps.

We knew where they were from reading thrillers. In these all the bad guys seemed to stash their money down there.

We returned via New York, to a South Africa where crime was escalating and people were getting bigger dogs and raising their walls.

Lindsay said he'd like to sponsor us into Canada and, after much deliberation we decided that if we were going to move, we'd better do so before we got too decrepit.

I hated leaving Africa, but with parents dead and children settled elsewhere, we felt we had to go. So in 1994 we left.

I note that Vancouver Island has featured in two previous magazines, so at least everyone now knows where it is.

We were lucky enough to find a very comfortable condo in beautiful grounds and situated right on the water.

It's a bit like living in a seaside holiday complex in SA except that the water is so cold, that even in mid-summer it's unswimmable. (I think I just made up that word. My computer doesn't like it but then it spells the American way.)

This condo is in a place called Sooke, just outside Victoria on the Island's West Coast.

We can see America from our balcony.

Sooke is one of those places that were never planned.

Like Topsy, they "just grewed." It's in an idyllic setting, used to be a logging area and isn't really famous for anything except maybe an eatery known simply as "Mom's Cafe," where the food is excellent, reasonably priced and the portions staggeringly enormous, dating back I suspect, to logging days.

The Harbour House Hotel is also pretty well known.

There you pay an arm and a leg and come home hungry after eating salads made from flowers.

Most West Coast towns here are euphemistically termed "unspoilt." This means that they offer very few amenities such as shops, cinemas and recreation centres, and all proposed development is vigorously opposed.

Still it's quiet here, has very little serious crime and is close to Victoria where everything is available.

Soon after settling here, we met two other ex-Rhodesian couples and registered with a South African doctor.

We have also met and been welcomed by a surprisingly large number of other ex-Africans and have made quite a few new friends.

We didn't necessarily want to exclude Canadians, but have found it difficult to form close associations with many of them.

They are outwardly very friendly, will chat for ages to complete strangers but seldom invite you in.

Also, no-one here has a surname, and this tends to make everything seem very 'hail fellow-well met.' I think it is probably much easier to break in if one still has schoolgoing children.

They're always good ice-breakers.

One Canadian couple who came to us for dinner, admitted that ours was the first house of a non-relative that they'd ever eaten in.

As with most other African exiles in our age group, money is not in plentiful supply.

With the rand dropping and the Zim\$ a joke, we decided we'd better find something to do.

Teaching is not an option as the schools here don't have the sports programmes we had in Africa and though maths teachers are needed, Frank doesn't have a British Columbia qualification.

In addition, the lack of discipline in schools makes it an unattractive proposition.

This being the case, we decided we'd better offer ourselves as house cleaners.

We had fancy cards printed and circulated them around all the local Bed and Breakfast places.

People didn't exactly rush to grab our services, but we did impress one super couple and went to work for them.

Funnily enough it was great fun and we met guests from all over the world.

We also made a name for ourselves as pretty good

cleaners. Sadly, after three years John and Muriel decided to give up the place, but we have remained friends.

In the meantime, Frank got a job at a local education centre, as a math and physics tutor and I got a job at London Drugs.

Frank loves his job but I loathed mine.

I thoroughly enjoyed the company of my co-workers, but the work bored me to tears and as the store was open until 10.30pm I hated my turns on night shift, followed by the 25km drive home, usually on a wet, slippery, very narrow, winding road.

That lasted just over a year before I quit.

My next venture was in one of those home-based businesses selling cleaning materials, health products and cosmetics.

Many people were, or said they were, making an absolute fortune in this field, but sad to say I was a dismal failure and didn't manage to make a cent. I guess waxing lyrical over cleaning products and vitamins etc, just wasn't my forte.

I now have a job in an enormous bookstore in Victoria, called Chapters. It's 3 stories high and each floor is crammed with books.

The pay isn't fantastic but I converted my hourly rate to SA rands and it looked pretty respectable. Further conversion into Zim\$ put me into the millionaire bracket.

The job is great, but I was nearly a nervous wreck when I started. All my work is carried out on a computer and as I'm almost totally computer illiterate, I had a tough time.

I thought I'd be put in a little room with a play-play computer and left to familiarise myself with the numerous transactions and their accompanying codes before being turned loose on the public, but this wasn't the case.

Luckily my co-workers, mainly varsity students, helped out and after a month I began to feel a bit more confident.

I still marvel at their expertise and the way their fingers dance nimbly over the keyboard, while I plod along with my two fingers and one thumb. They seem able to fix any glitch too. I just have to wail: "What did I do?" to have one rush over, say: "Just do this, this and this. See, fixed." The work is extremely interesting but I never knew that there were so many "how to" books in the world.

They seem to cover everything, from how to potty train your child in 24 hours, to coping with any problem that might crop up.

Last week however I found one not covered when a customer wanted "How to work with your Spirit Guide." Surprisingly, tarot cards sell very well.

One lady bought a whole bunch of the cards and also a "Witch's Bible." I was dying to ask if she was a witch but was too scared to, in case she put a hex on me.

The store stays open till 11pm but I was promised "no weekends and no nights." So far so good.

There is one custom at Chapters that I find a bit bizarre, but which everyone else takes very seriously.

That is the awarding of "Dream Points." Compensation maybe, for the low pay-rates.

When I joined the work force, along with a lot of bumpf on how wonderful the store was and how I would be

expected to comport myself therein, I received a little book entitled "Chapters, Book of Dreams, Employee Reward Programme. Prize Passport. Collect Dream Points and Win."

Pretty impressive huh! These points are sort of like the stars we used to get in Junior School only much, much harder to earn.

They aren't stars either, just numbered oblong bits of paper that you stick in your book, and they're awarded for extra specially good work.

These qualify you for rewards e.g. 12 will get you a blanket and 100 and something, a dishwasher. There are 132 spaces in the book and at my rate of accumulation I'll be about 84 before I fill them all. Luckily I already have a dishwasher.

Frank has settled wonderfully well on our island, but I am still very homesick for Africa.

Probably the weather is the deciding factor. We don't get any extremes here.

The temperature rarely falls below freezing but it doesn't get really hot either and we do get an awful lot of rain, sometimes for days at a time, very depressing.

Snowfalls are also rare but when we do have one, the countryside turns into fairyland.

I miss being able to swim in the sea without freezing to death, but we spend quite a bit of time on the water in our canoe, kayak or Frank's little putt-putt boat and we still wind-surf. No waves here, and I miss that too. I also miss the African sense of humour, or maybe it's our sense of the ridiculous.

Canadians seem to lack the ability to laugh at themselves.

To anyone wanting to come here I say, "Bring your sense of humour with, but be careful where you use it."

On the up side, we live in an extremely beautiful part of the world,

with mountains, lakes and magnificent forests, and there is ample opportunity for travel.

I go down to the Caymans on a very regular basis, to spend time with Brett, Alison and their children, Lauren 4 and Graeme 10months.

Frank doesn't come as often, as he had a very unpleasant skin cancer op on his nose and is now very wary of the sun.

I love the Caymans and feel far more at home there than here. I always get a terrific welcome, not only from the family, but also from their friends.

We have also explored three of the Hawaiian Islands, Oahu, Maui and the Big Island. I could happily live there.

Later, with Lindsay and his one time girl-friend Nancy, we went to Las Vegas, a unique experience, and then travelled extensively around Arizona, finishing up at Grand Canyon, before returning home.

Also with Lindsay and Nancy, we flew to Sydney where Frank met up with his brother after 40 years.

We spent seven days there and in Canberra before flying to Christchurch in New Zealand, where we hired a van.

It was a virulent green in colour and I dubbed it "The Green Machine," but on seeing it in the Mt Cook National Park, a ranger said, "Kermit," so Kermit it became.

I think we must have traversed every inch of South Island before returning home after a 4-day stopover in Fiji.



Brett and Alison - offered jobs in the Cayman Islands.