

# out of africa

INTERNATIONAL

MAY 2001

KEEPING SOUTHERN AFRICANS IN TOUCH AROUND THE WORLD

VOLUME 2 ISSUE 4

## SAVING NAMIBIA'S BIG CATS

*Family on  
emotional  
rollercoaster*

*Exercise 'king'  
with almost everything*

Marimba magic in the heart of Galilee

## 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](http://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



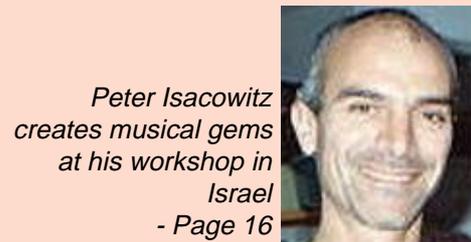
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## Editor's corner

**A**UTHOR Lynn Santer isn't out of Africa. She's never lived there and has no historical links to the continent. But she has a burning love for the place most of us call "home".

Fired by her father's photographic travels throughout the continent, the British-born, Australian-raised woman vowed one day to go there.

She did, and fell in love with the bushveld and its animals.

But she didn't stop there. She became involved in a project to save endangered "big cats" - cheetah, leopard and other predators which had fallen foul of man and been injured.

The project - AfriCat - operates out of Namibia. Lynn is now head of Africat Australia, a registered charity and is planning a number of fundraising events - the big one, to be held on the Gold Coast in Queensland in July - a gala dinner and ball at Jupiter's hotel and casino.

Liz Grant, journalist, wife and mother, puts into words what many would love to but somehow don't manage. Far from the "chicken run" tag, she says, "just the process of applying to emigrate, the logistics of organising a transcontinental move and the emotional wrench of leaving home, family and friends is exhausting and traumatic".

Rael Isacowitz and his brother, Peter are a world apart. Rael teaches a remedial exercise program called Pilates from a studio overlooking Newport Beach, in California. Peter lives in the Middle East hotspot of Galilee, Israel, crafting musical instruments from wood. The two spoke to Sue-Kelly about how their lives have panned out since leaving Johannesburg.

Genealogist Anne Lehmkuhl saw the writing on the wall after her umpteenth hijack and armed robbery. She and helicopter pilot husband now live a short ferry ride from Alaska.

Al and Sam Marinus, also saw the light and headed for New Zealand, where they are loving their new life.

Tony and Roz Baker agonised about leaving Zimbabwe. Both successful career businesspeople, they had it all going for them.

But a chance screening for prostate cancer while on holiday in Perth changed their lives dramatically and today they live busy and productive lives in Perth.

Wine writer Monty Friendship wraps up the edition with a fascinating report on this year's Nederberg Rare Wine Auction and the dilemma of serving 2000 guests a hot meal!

**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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*Liz Grant: leaving the country of your birth to live somewhere else is anything but an easy option*



# We're surviving our emotional rollercoaster

Liz Grant is a newspaper journalist in Perth, Australia

**W**E BOUGHT a puppy the other day. So what, you say. But then you don't know the full story. Actually you don't need to know the whole bang shoot, you don't have time for it, but there is an event which many of you will relate to and will explain why buying a dog has meant something different to me this time.

It is a year since we arrived in Perth having decided to make a new start in life.

Contrary to the "chicken run" theory leaving the country of your birth to live somewhere else is anything but an easy option.

Just the process of applying to emigrate, the logistics of organising a transcontinental move and the emotional

wrench of leaving home, family and friends is exhausting and traumatic. Why did we want to leave little old East London which we loved, where we had good jobs, a network of friends and acquaintances and many strands of involvement binding us to the community there? There is no one answer but if I had to put it simply it came down to quality of life. Not living standards, quality of life.

As a person who loved the outdoors I had lost my freedom.

The risk in going for a walk through the riverside forest with the kids was too great.

I found myself blaming rape victims for being raped. They would not have been raped if they had not gone for a walk on the beach in the early morning.

If it was the victim's fault she got raped then I could have control over what happened to me was the "logic" behind these thoughts.

And so little by little we trapped ourselves in a safe cocoon where the violent crime would not reach us unless we were unlucky.

But it touches your life none the less.

Friends of friends shot because they happened to be in a store when it was robbed.

Another gunned down as she was leaving a netball convention because she was outspoken supporter of merit being the key criteria when selecting a national team.

Plus an uncle on each side of the family murdered - one on his farm in the Free State the other in his garden in Johannesburg.

Then there is the daily diet of violent crime, corruption and incompetence supplied by newspapers.

Funny how much happier I always felt when I stopped reading the paper.



*Playtime: Chris, left, and Richard get to know the new family addition.*



*Family outing: Dave, Liz and Richard on a picnic outing (sone Chris took the picture!)*

*Below: Oh for a friendly Xhosa gardener! Liz gets to work in the back yard of the new home*

But you can't stick your head in the sand, especially when you are a journalist, and you can't start each day of your life wanting to cry when you read the paper.

Although the reasons for us deciding to take the opportunity to live in Australia were many I would say the violence was the pin prick which kept me going on the days when I wondered why we were putting ourselves through the trauma of such a major upheaval.

Those last hectic few weeks were hell, trying sort out rubbish accumulated over decades while keeping a very much lived-in home in show house condition.

In contrast our early days in Perth were blissfully empty of any obligations or demands once we had got kids into schools, found a house to rent and bought a car.

Actually the house was pretty empty too, all we had until the dreaded container arrived was what we brought in suitcases, a box of plates and things bought at the charity shop, mattresses on the floor and plastic chairs and table.

It was a strange experience suddenly finding ourselves in a social vacuum.

I had to think long and hard before I could give the rental agent a business contact in Perth - I settled for the bank manager I had seen a couple of days before.

We knew so little about the city that choosing a suburb to live in, schools to send the kids to was almost a "pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey" exercise - take the map out and pick a spot.

On the one hand it is quite unnerving having so little background, besides having visited Perth for three days while on holiday and having spoken to a couple of people about the place we knew nothing.

On the other hand it is invigorating to be so free, it's something of an adventure making a fresh start in a new country.

Living a life which swung between "real" life, feeding kids and doing the washing, and a type of work-experience holiday we explored our new surrounds.

We would take the kids to a different park and playground just about every day, the novelty of being able to do so without having to pick your way through broken glass and human excrement while avoiding the drunks still has not worn off.

In retrospect it was a bit like having landed on a different planet.

I couldn't believe how little litter there was, the well maintained pavements, the beautiful parks just about around every corner and how easy it was to organise things like electricity and gas connections.

No queueing, no deposits up front, just one phone call.

The rental agent thought I was daft when I asked about connecting the water.

After her amazed "they don't cut off water" I thought if I told her about schools having their water supply cut off for months she wouldn't believe that it could actually happen.

I don't talk much about the problems South Africa faces, it just sounds too unreal here.





*Streetscape: Yes, the jacarandas bloom here too!*

It would sound like negative one-upmanship - you think your health system is in crisis (nurses have closed some hospital beds in protest against working conditions) well in South Africa ...

Twelve months down the track life is a lot more normal for us.

The school and work routine is well established, we have bought a house and there is very little time for anything other than doing what has to be done, minor outings to the beach, park or movies are about all we can fit in.

We have got used to seeing tables outside coffee shops adorned with cutlery and crockery, nobody here is hungry enough to steal knives and forks or brazen enough to belt down the road with a stolen chair.

I still haven't got used to seeing women leaving their handbags unattended on a chair while they go to the counter to order coffee.

And, can you believe it, the banks post cheque books to you, in the mail, delivered to your post box at home.

I don't notice tattoos and body piercings as much as I used to.

Well, they don't have the same jaw dropping effect on me.

When I first arrived and was confronted with so many faces glinting with bits of designer shrapnel lodged in noses, lips, tongues, eyebrows and belly buttons while arms, chest, legs and backs writhed with snakes, dragons or cute little hearts, I had to make an effort not to stare.

I am still trying develop a new style of driving more in keeping with local ways and to train myself to stop at pedestrian crossings.

Old habits die hard and I curse the laid back West Australians who have no idea how to take a gap in rush-hour traffic.

There is a real muddle of memories and experiences and it is hard to pull a few out without reeling in strings of them.

Emigrating is an emotional journey as much as a physical one.

A roller-coaster ride is a better description.

There are days you leap out of bed and see nothing but opportunity and enjoy simple things like leaving the spade in the front garden while you go inside for half-an-hour without it being stolen.

And there are days when you are struck with the

“what if?” terrors.

You feel so vulnerable when you realise you have very little in the way of a support system should things go badly wrong.

What would the kids do if we were both killed or injured in a car accident? But there is no point in getting panic stricken about something which may never happen, you plan what you can and cross each bridge as you get to it.

So much territory that was unfamiliar and unknown has been criss-crossed as we have tried and tested different routes to what are now regular haunts.

Our house and neighbourhood have a familiar feel and a sense of belonging grows in fits and starts.

We are still pretty much strangers in an oddly familiar foreign land.

There are so many cultural overlaps in terms of music, literature and sport - except when it comes to Aussie-rules football.

I can understand the obsession but just can't see myself getting hooked into it.

My kids will.

They are the ones who instruct us on how to pronounce words the Australian way à Melbin not Melbourne.

In the end I guess it comes down to roots.

Through various experiences you start putting down some roots.

This is where the dog comes in à our first Aussie born member of the family.

He may only be a pooch but he is a piece of the jigsaw of our lives which belongs on a our new continent.

# That's (not) Africa!



*Continuing our quest to get Zimbabweans back on the road, we thought this Far Eastern concept of using a bit of bull might be the way to go, given there's a lot of it about in that stricken country these days . . .*

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Rael with wife, Adelle, mum, Dorothy and dad Issy.

# Exercise 'king' settles for life by the ocean



By Suzanne-Kelly talks to Rael Isacowitz, renowned practitioner of the Pilates remedial exercise program

**L**OOKING out of Rael Isacowitz's sixth-floor office window it's easy to think he's got it all. Spread out before him is the breathtaking view of Newport Beach, California, lapped by the blue Pacific Ocean

But Rael, the Johannesburg-born "King" of Pilates, a form of body conditioning named after its creator, Joseph Pilates, still longs for close family contact - a near impossibility, given they live in either South Africa or Israel!

It has been a long road to this point in his life, encompassing a big part of the world.

The SA expatriate has developed his own Pilates reputation with his On Center Conditioning studio, and Body Arts and Science certification course, in Costa Mesa, California, US.

He has integrated the science and art of human movement as well as his experiences in dance, yoga, athletics along with over 20 years' experience with the complete and original repertoire and philosophy of

Pilates' work. His story spans South Africa, Israel, England, the Far East, Australia and now the US.

Needless to say, he has earned his colours..

Rael was born as the last of three children in Johannesburg, to Issy and Dorothy Isacowitz.

His parents, as well as both siblings Peter and Lynn now call Israel home.

Dad (Issy) was originally a retail manufacturing pharmacist and is presently a retail pharmacist.

Mom (Dorothy) was originally a speech therapist working with the mentally handicapped and later a speech therapy lecturer at Wits University.

She is presently utilizing her skills in Israel, assisting the mentally handicapped.

Brother (Peter), is an extremely gifted designer of hand-made original furniture wood musical instruments.

Sister Lynn, was originally a social worker and is now an important element of BEIT, (Protea home for the aged) in Israel, as director of Beit Protea,



Bending over backwards: Rael works out on the Reformer, in his studio.

as well as being involved in the everyday operations .

This home caters primarily to former South Africans now living in Israel.

On to sibling number three - Rael! He grew up in Sydenham, Johannesburg and went to Orange Grove Primary school and Highland's North High School, before emigrating with his family to Israel in 1971.

Not to be outdone by his siblings, Rael made use of his athletic abilities from an early age.

In Johannesburg he represented the Transvaal in swimming from the ages of 9 to 15 years old.

His training was primarily in Norwood at "North Easterns" with coach Katabi.

In Israel his life took a different direction.

Having stopped competitive sports - he found he had a distinctive pull towards dancing and yoga.

He moved to modern dance and this subsequently introduced him to his future Pilates career.

Rael was exposed to well-known dance companies like Bat-Dor and Bat Sheva.

It was during this time that he was introduced to the Pilates method. He also qualified as a physical education instructor, after graduating from the Wingate Institute of Physical Education in Israel in 1980.

He subsequently lectured and taught at the Wingate Institute from 1982 to 1985.

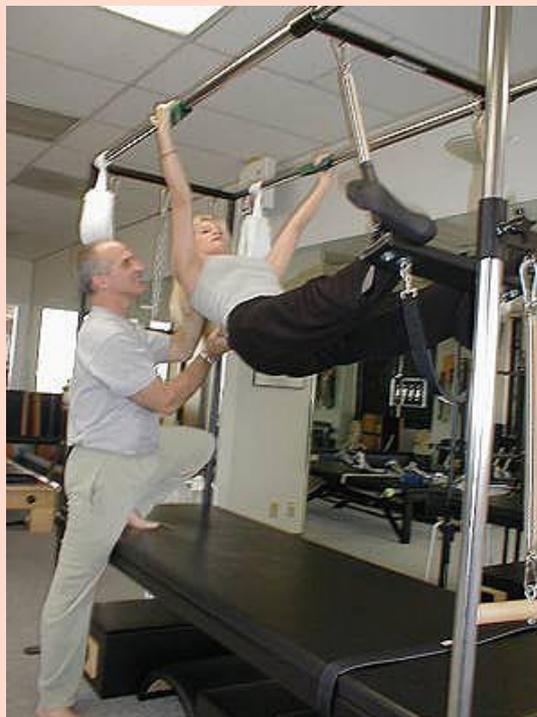
He then flew to the UK to further his Pilates studies with Alan Herdman as well as spending two years there: teaching, performing and studying Pilates.

Whilst here, he completed a Masters Degree in Dance Studies and Human Movement at the University of Surrey.

Following the UK he travelled to the US, where he further perfected the Pilates art form, by studying with five of the original teachers (who were themselves students of Joseph Pilates).

Following that, he travelled through the Far East and ultimately landed up in Australia, where he took up the post of Director of the Dance Department at the McDonald College of Performing Arts, in Sydney.

Having visited the US, he had met the Chair of the Dance



Hang of a workout: Rael puts Sue-Kelly through one of the exercise routines on the apparatus called the Cadillac.

*It really is impossible to do all  
I have learnt thus far in a  
weekend seminar*

Department at the Orange Coast College in California.

She subsequently flew to Australia to study Pilates with Rael and invited him to California, to perform a piece of his choreography, as well as give lectures on the Pilates form.

Whilst in the States, he taught master classes, performed, choreographed and gave many lectures on Pilates.

Life then led him to another special meeting - with that of an orthopaedic surgeon who attended one of Rael's lectures.

He later invited Rael back to the US to work with him on a rehabilitation program at

his clinic, based on the Pilates method.

He arrived in the US to begin his new position in April, 1991.

In 1994, Rael was invited to teach the staff and guests, (as a specialist of the Pilates Method) in Rancho la Puerta, Tecate, Mexico.

It was here that he met his future wife, Adelle, who had been on the staff at the spa for ten years.

Three years later, in 1997 - they became husband and wife! In December 2000, they welcomed their first child, a son - Elan Zachary Isacowitz, into their lives.

Ten years ago, there were only 5000 people in the US working with the form of Pilates.

In the last three to five years, there has been a metamorphic surge and there are now over 5 million involved.

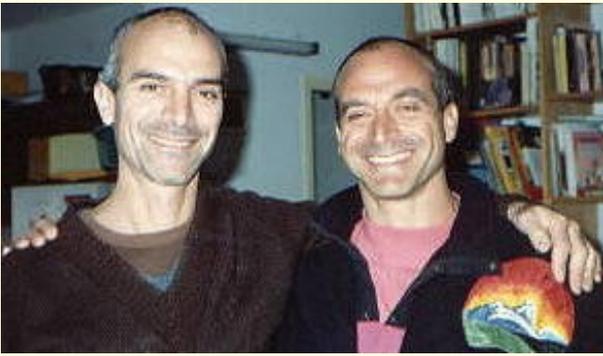
But, as with all art forms the "get rich quick" types jump on the bandwagon.

These are the people who have not trained correctly or fully for that matter and are calling themselves Pilates Instructors! As Rael says: "It is virtually impossible to learn this physical exercise form in a weekend seminar" (of which there are many popping up world-wide).

In the course of Rael's life work, he has reached five continents, which have spanned over 20 years.

With his diverse learning and teaching in Pilates, yoga, professional dance and athletics, he has created a unique approach to body conditioning.

His business has a harmonious blend of eastern and western



Rael with brother, Peter

body arts, science and body mechanics. His peers and colleagues, including many well-known doctors and orthopaedic surgeons regard Rael as a leader in the Pilates field.

He has subsequently established one of the finest training centres in the world, at the "On center Conditioning" studio in Costa Mesa, California.

Rael's wife Adelle, is the administrative director.

She holds a degree in physical education and has 15 years' experience teaching adult fitness and is an intricate part in the operations of their studio.

Their certification course to become an instructor of the "Body, Arts and Science" method is extremely difficult.

(I can tell from experience, I am presently only half-way through the 6 to 18-month course.)

It really is impossible to do all that I have learnt thus far (and PLENTY more to follow!) in a weekend seminar! This is a physical therapist's (physio) and practitioners approach to Pilates.

Besides learning to execute and instruct the very many hundreds of exercises on the various apparatus, (many of which can be dangerous if not utilised correctly), there are the dreaded studies of anatomy and physiology.

I must admit though - this is imperative to be able to call oneself a Pilates therapist and instructor.

Many physical therapists are now integrating Pilates methods into their rehabilitation programs.

After being away from South Africa for 27 years, Rael was invited "home" in February 2000 where he conducted his first course.

According to Rael, South Africans are both very eager and receptive to learning. He was invited to teach a second course



Rael with sister, Lynn.

in Johannesburg, this April.

Rael plans to devote more time educating therapists worldwide in the correct usage and goals of the Pilates method and hopes introduce a standard and licensing system.

Rael generously shares his expansive knowledge and expertise with his students and is very proud of all whom have graduated from the training and certification program.

I for one, after attending his certification course for 3 months, am in awe of all those who made it through.

Rael would also like to someday write a definitive book on the Pilates Method.

His final words on the Pilates method stay with me: "*There is no compromise on quality!*"

As for life in the US - he is extremely happy although, like most expatriates, he misses his family and friends terribly, from SA as well as from Israel.

He says that even though he has been in the US for many years - many things still seem foreign to him.

As he tells it: "The environment here is actually harder than in South Africa, as one has no help at home!" Luckily for Rael and Adelle Isacowitz in California, both believe in sharing all responsibilities equally.

You really have to, to merely get each day accomplished.

We also got to compare other strange idiosyncrasies, including accent differences, which give different meanings to words and making one feel that you are truly speaking a different language at times and not English.

I mean really, can you want to call a car's "boot" a "trunk!" And can you really not "Hoot your Hooter" - but have to "Honk your Horn"? Ag sies!

## Gates gets tough on viruses

MICROSOFT boss Bill Gates got his own back on a bunch of nasty viruses recently - but not the computer kind.

Money donated by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation helped fund a mass immunisation of children in Mozambique. His dad, Bill Gates Snr, co-chair and CEO of the Gates foundation, joined Carol Bellamy, executive director of the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF), and President Joaquim Chissano of Mozambique at Boane District Health Clinic, 4km from the capital city Maputo, to see infants being immunised against diphtheria, tetanus, whooping cough and hepatitis B with DTP-hepB vaccines.

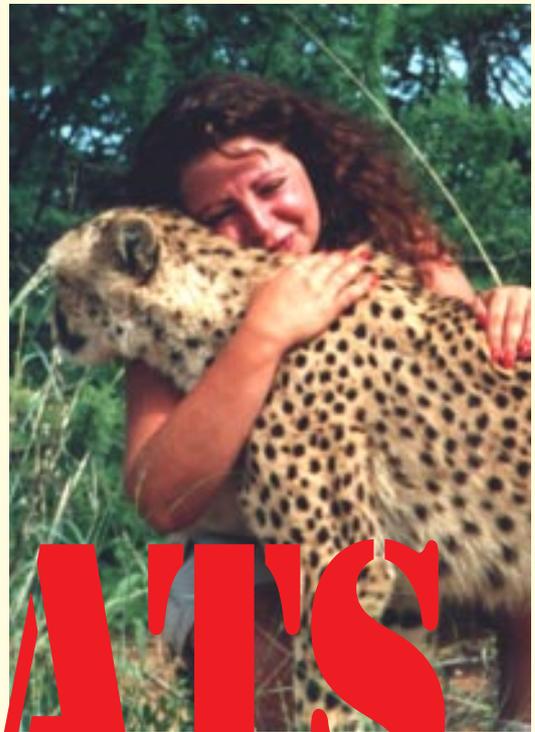
Following the official presentation of the new vaccines by Gates and Bellamy, President Chissano

said Boane District would pilot immunisation activities with the combination DTP-hepB vaccines until a nationwide campaign begins in July.

The pilot will set in motion a host of activities to revitalise the country's immunisation program including: training health workers about the new combination vaccine and correct use of safety devices.

The Global Fund for Children's Vaccines is a new financing resource created in 1999 and provides financial support directly to low-income countries to strengthen their immunisation services and to buy new and under-used vaccines. It received an initial \$750 million grant from the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation and has since received support from governments and other donors.

Website: <http://www.africat.org>  
email: 101355.1730@compuserve.com



# SAVING NAMIBIA'S BIG CATS

Lynn Santer, Gold Coast based author and President of AfriCat Australia, explains her passion for the big cats and life events that led to her designing the biggest fund raising events to help African wildlife ever in Australia.

**W**HEN I was a child growing up in London, England, Africa was a mythical place only visited by other people. But one of those "other people" was my father who regularly visited Africa on business. My father was a keen amateur cameraman. Perhaps "keen" is an understatement. At home we had a full blown cinema built in our attic, including projection and editing rooms, usherette seats and wall-sized screen.

The big game of Africa are captivating under any circumstances, but seeing home-made, David Attenborough style documentaries made by my dad were spell-binding to a three year old who had to trudge through snow to go shopping.



*Purrfect pair: Lynn and Africat founder Lise Hanssen with a pair of playful cheetah at Okonjima in Namibia.*

I was always an animal lover, trying to save everything from worms to baby birds who fell from their nests. I was never without an animal in my life. But nothing, nothing in heaven or earth, held the magic and mystique for me of the big cats.

As I grew into an adult and began to earn a living, a percentage of my income was automatically donated to WWF, the RSPCA and so on. In 1978 my family emigrated to Australia. Here I studied and became what they tell me is an expert in pensions reform legislation. I also began to write creatively. By 1994 I had been invited all over Australia as a guest speaker on Award Superannuation and the Superannuation Guarantee Levy and had completed by first novel "Sins of Life (insurance)" - a dark thriller revealing the sex, drugs, murder and corporate corruption that goes on behind the scenes in the world of high finance.

Unable to get my novel published in Australia, I decided to return to the UK. There I discovered my experience and first-hand knowledge of pensions reform was worth a hefty price tag. Instead of working to get my book published I found myself almost instantly transported to the heady setting of London's Houses of Parliament and the City of London where everyone wanted to benefit from my knowledge.

Suddenly the little girl from Australia had an investment apartment right behind the famous Harrow boys school, a residential apartment in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, right on the Thames, and I was doing all my shopping at Harrods, flying first class around the world, all the trimmings. I was living a dream that was impossible - and yet it was real.

I was able to increase the donations I made to charity and happily did this, adding WSPA (The World Society for Protection of Animals) to the list. I was taking weekend holidays in Paris, Cannes, Prague, Moscow, Toronto. I was

invited to speak to Committees in the House of Commons, Warsaw (where they were also planning pensions reform) and at major international industry conferences. My name became synonymous with the pensions scene.

In 1997 there was an election in the UK and all pensions reform business was put on hold. I had travelled the world but I had never been to the one place I had always wanted to go to: AFRICA. Why? Three reasons:

1. From a small child I had built Africa up to something so big the reality was never possibly going to be that good. I didn't want to burst the bubble.
2. I love the animals so much and fear them so little, there was no doubt in my mind seeing Africa for the first time was going to be the last thing I ever did. I knew I would see a lion and say "pussy cat" and she would say "lunch" and that would be the end of Lynn.
3. When I eventually did "do" Africa I wanted to "do" it a certain way. I wanted it to be me and my ranger (because I had to have one), the animals and the bush. I didn't want any other humans around me. I didn't care if on safari I broke a nail, a limb or lost my life - so long as it was real. BUT when I went back at night I wanted brick walls, a comfortable bed and a hot shower. You can "do" Africa like that - but it comes with a hefty price tag.

Previously I had either had time or money - never both together. At this point I had it all and I could do it - I could finally fulfil the most burning, consuming, over-powering passion of my life and visit Africa. And if it was the last thing I did - so be it. I nagged my travel agent to death to find a place that offered everything I wanted. They came up with Ngala, a John Varty/ Conservation Corporation Lodge on the boundary of the Kruger National Park. 15,000 hectares of PRIVATE prime game land.

My much loved and dear mother in Australia was having six kittens and a puppy at the thought of her daughter - a single, white woman - visiting darkest Africa alone. But she



*Signing my book in Harrods with Africat founder Lise Hanssen (in orange top).*

knew my mind was made up and there was no power on earth capable of stopping me.

The moment, the second, my feet touched African soil I knew I was home. I had been everywhere, done everything and had it all - but I had never known "belonging" until that moment.

I flew from Johannesburg to Skukuza and there was met by the general manager (and now life-long friend) of Ngala, Caroline Burke, and pilot, Sandra. Caroline was very cagey in meeting me. I

couldn't figure out what was wrong. As fate would have it, for the first and only time in their history I was the ONLY guest booked into Ngala. The staff were extremely worried (to say the least) at how a single white woman would react to this news. Let me see, 15,000 hectares of private, prime game land, 80 staff and the wildlife of Africa - ALL TO MYSELF ... Lynn had died and gone to heaven. It just doesn't get any better than this. Or so I thought ... Sandra, Caroline and I climbed into the 12 seater Cessna Caravan to fly the short 20 minutes from Skukuza to Ngala. They asked where I wanted to sit as I had the whole plane to myself. Explaining I had had a couple of flying lessons, I asked if I could sit in the copilot's seat. After a few questions I was told I could do better than that. As there were no other passengers to worry about, they asked me if I'd like to fly it!

So, my first time in Africa ever and it began by me piloting a plane over the Kruger National Park. This was not something that was ever going to happen in my lifetime. It was impossible to believe but it was real.

When I arrived I wrote in my diary: "Africa, Ngala surely is what heaven looks like". My now regular native Shangaan ranger and tracker (Eric and Derrick - really!!) were also a bit cautious about a single, white woman/city slicker being in Africa on her own. But quickly they realised I was part of this land - somewhere, on some spiritual level I was home.

That first night on safari we saw all big five game which I thought was quite normal, but since learned was yet another blessing. After the sun went down we jumped out of our jeep by a water hole and Eric produced a full bar. Amazing. I stood there drinking my G&T under a sky like I have never

seen before. Even in central Australia where the sky seems bigger than anywhere in the world, you just don't know how many stars there are in heaven until you have seen the night sky from African soil. As I stood there with tears welling in my eyes from the totally overwhelming experience of it all I couldn't help thinking my whole life had been a rehearsal for this moment in time. It

was as though all the designer clothes, the first class travel, the fancy apartments - it was all missing the point. This was real. This was Africa: ancient, majestic, ruthless, powerful, natural. It was bliss. I have experienced the state of bliss, something most people never truly will.

And as we stood there a cresh of 12 rhino strolled right past us, heading to the water hole for their own G&T. Not more than 40 feet away I stood with my jaw open as one or two took a cursory glance in my direction and, deciding I posed no threat, continued to meander down for their evening drink. Every sense was alive, I was alive, perhaps for the first time.

The impossible dream - the trip that was never going to be as good as it had been in my imagination since a child, wasn't. It wasn't as good as the dream - it was better ... and that just wasn't possible. When I returned to London my mother and I spoke on the phone, both crying because we were so happy I had experienced these things and it was everything and more than I could have hoped for.

I have been back to Africa many times since. Every time the long, long walk from departure lounge to the air-o-plane which mercilessly tears me away from my home roars into the night sky, is the hardest walk I take. Every time I have been in Africa since, my experiences get better and better. As they now know me at Ngala I have even been afforded the rare privilege of being allowed to track wild predators on foot.

On the last occasion I was at Ngala I actually STOOD about 35 feet from nine hunting lionesses, looking one of them



*Ngala interlude: Lynn and general manager Caroline Burke enjoy a relaxing sundowner.*

straight in the eye. Even Eric had a moment of nerves, thinking she might charge, but she didn't. We must have locked eyes for no more than a heart beat, but it was an eternity for me. I was at one, with everything. On returning to London after that first trip several things happened (including me rewriting my will to have my ashes scattered at Ngala when I die). One

other thing that happened was the happy coincidence of WSPA writing to me and asking as I had been donating money to them for so long, would I like to know more about them?

I was very impressed with WSPA. They operated from humble office in South London and had a pragmatic, diplomatic approach to dealing with issues (which I believe to be far more effective than some of the fanatic approaches to problems). I quickly graduated from donor to fund raiser. With my political and City friends it was easy to organise fund raising events in glitzy venues of London with lots of people with large wallets.

From there I graduated to the ranks of the few who are invited by WSPA to go and visit some of their world wide projects to see first hand what is happening with the money (at our own expense, of course). The nearest project to London was the big bear sanctuary in outback Turkey. Again I was extremely impressed with what WSPA had achieved and how they operated. But now I knew these sort of inspections were possible what I really wanted to see was the project in Africa: The AfriCat Foundation.

The AfriCat project is enormous, working towards the co-existence of man with these predators through rescue, rehabilitation, relocation, research, preservation of habitat and education. Another quirky twist of fate ... some of the AfriCat relocated cheetah have been put onto Conservation Corporation Africa properties. So while I developed two entirely separate relationships with two entirely separate organisations (The AfriCat Foundation and Conservation Corporation Africa) these two organisations have a relationship with each other. Was God trying to tell me something? The rest, as they say in the classics, is history. I knew WSPA did a wonderful job with many important projects all over the world. But I also knew that I as an individual could not possibly hope to make a difference to them all. Selfishly (perhaps) I decided I wanted my contribution to count for something - I wanted to see 100% of my efforts helping one little corner of one little piece of the problem visibly, rather than spreading myself too thinly over many projects I could never hope to influence on my own.

Returning to London again I joined AfriCat UK. Shortly after this I discovered a friend had submitted my novel manuscript ("Sins of Life") to a publisher without my knowledge. Remember "Sins of Life"? I didn't. I had completely forgotten this was the reason I had gone to London. So the novel was published by Minerva Press in 1999 with a big press launch on a



*Trusty twosome: Eric and Derrick looked out for Lynn in the bush.*

cruiser on the Thames and a book signing in Harrods where Lise Hanssen (who IS AfriCat) joined me as I pledged 10% of all royalties to AfriCat.

"Sins of Life" became Minerva's number one selling title in the UK almost exactly at the same time as something else happened. I guess I must have taken my eye off the ball, or been incredibly naïve, or both. I had a profile in the pensions reform scene many of the "boys club" in London were jealous of. I was a single female from Australia operating in a market worth billions of pounds per annum, yet I had credibility and respect not afforded to many of the senior executives of major finance companies. This situation was not acceptable to them.

On the very day of the press launch of my first novel I was, well there's only one way to put this, I was screwed over by experts. An aggressive attempt to take over my business was attempted. It failed but the aftermath was devastating. I lost everything: my properties, the rights to my first novel, everything. And worse I wound up in huge debt. I went from the high life to destitution over night and spent a week in bed planning my suicide.

A series of letters brought me back from the dead. I had written to all my contacts in London (from 10 Downing Street, down and across) and said if this is how you play here, I don't want to play with you. I'm packing up my toys and going home. I will keep the letters I received in reply forever. From the Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee on Financial Services, from The Government Actuary, from the Shadow Minister for Social Security, from Nicholas Witchell of the BBC and many, many more. They all said more or less the same thing. They told me this was not my fault, I had not lost my friends, not lost my reputation and those who had done this would pay. Indeed they did. Those who sought to gain by pushing me out, were themselves pushed out by much higher powers than they. That was satisfying but not helpful for me. I was still broke. My only option was to run back to mum and dad in Australia.

Once in Australia I set to work writing my second novel - guess what that was about?! This became two novels - two sequels to "Sins of Life" making it a trilogy. I am yet to get the second and third novels published (despite many people in the UK "dying" to read them!). But I turned the third novel into a feature movie screenplay and wrote another feature movie screenplay with an independent story line - opening and closing in The AfriCat Foundation of Namibia. November, 1999, I took my screenplays to Hollywood. I had no success with producers but I did happen to meet Tippi Hedren. Tippi has come a long way from her Golden Globe winning debut role in Alfred Hitchcock's "The Birds". Today Tippi is den mother to 60 big cats and an elephant in the Shambala preserve she runs in Acton, just outside Los Angeles. I spent some time meeting Tippi's cats and speaking to her about issues threatening to wipe these noble creatures of the earth. She is just as beautiful as she was in the "The Birds" (sickening!). And she is not just beautiful on the outside. Tippi truly glows with a golden aura of care and concern for the creatures she works with and to protect.

By early 2000 I had stopped wallowing in self pity and

decided to do something positive with my new life back in Australia. It was then I registered AfriCat Australia as a charity. The red tape! That's another story. The AfriCat Foundation had already made me an honorary life member because of my contributions to date, but I wanted to do more.

What started from very humble beginnings has become something so big it is, frankly, frightening.

In July, Queensland will play host to some of the biggest fund raising events ever seen here for the benefit of the big cats.

Apart from the fact that it is going to be my 40th birthday I am organising some gala events which are not coincidentally coinciding with that event.

First, internationally acclaimed UK wildlife artist Dharbinder S. Bamrah is launching his first Australian tour 13th July at the Gold Coast Arts Centre with a reception to coincide with the opening night of CABARET there.

18th July - my actual birthday - I am having a small private reception at the Arts Centre with all the international and interstate visitors we are expecting, which includes Hollywood classic beauty, Tippi Hedren.

21st July Tippi is to be guest of honour at Africat Australia's Gala Dinner and Ball at Conrad Jupiters hotel and casino.

The hotel have special accommodation rates for our interstate and overseas guests - \$A190 a night (single, twin or double) including breakfast. The ball is going to be the event of the year with a great band, dynamite surprise cabaret act, thousands in door prizes and dancing till dawn at the Atrium bar after the ball.

26th July Tippi, Dharbinder and I go to Brisbane where the 10th Brisbane International Film Festival is opening.

28th July BIFF are holding a special screening of THE BIRDS followed by a Q&A with Tippi followed by a fund raising reception for Tippi's big cat sanctuary (Shambala) in the Brisbane Hilton (who are also offering special accommodation rates). Dharbinder is producing a special limited edition print of one of Tippi's cats for this event

before he moves to Sotheby's in Sydney and Melbourne to finish his tour.

On top of all that anyone who pre purchases one of Dharbinder's prints now (the best of which is a swimming tiger called CHANGE OF DIRECTION which comes with a free pencil sketch as well - total value \$600 and we're selling for \$325... we take bankcard, visa and mastercard!) goes into the draw to win one of TWO \$8000 oil paintings. One of these is of one of Tippi's big cats - the winner is drawn at the ball and presented at the BIFF events. The other is of a tiger called SULTAN - he lives at Tiger Island in Dream World here on the Gold Coast. The winner for that will be drawn at the Gold Coast Arts Centre opening party 13th July by the star of CABARET and they will be presented with their prize at a press call at Tiger Island 14th July .... in every likelihood with the tiger himself!!!! (I've met and walked with Sultan - actually I took the photos Dharbinder is painting from ... he's a real pussy cat).

All profit from the gala ball and a percentage from Dharbinder's national tour are to benefit The AfriCat Foundation - the magic, mystique and majesty that is Africa.



*Close encounter: Minutes after coming face to face with a feeding lioness*



## The AfriCat credo

THE AfriCat Foundation, based in the southern African country of Namibia, is a non-profit organisation with a mission to conserve the big cats of Africa by working on short, medium and long term solutions to allow for the coexistence of these predators with man.

The Foundation deals with various Namibian predators, but our main focus is on cheetah, leopard and caracal, as they are the prominent predators on the Namibian farmlands. To date the Foundation has rescued over 200 cheetah and 100 leopard from farmers' traps, animals that might have otherwise been killed.

Namibia is a country of high desert and sustains only sparse vegetation. 7,200 commercial farms represent over 49% of Namibia's land, and it is here on these farmlands that 70% of the wildlife in the country tries to coexist with man.

The AfriCat Foundation was founded by Wayne and Lise Hanssen in November 1992 on the guest farm Okonjima in central Namibia. For a period of 15 years, Wayne Hanssen studied territories, densities and movements of the African leopard on his farm.

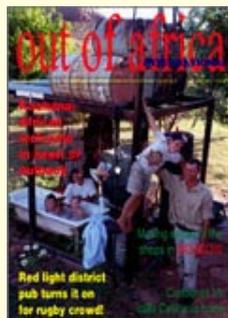
During this time he made observations on the sizes of territories, interaction with livestock and prevention of stock loss to leopard through effective livestock protection methods. Since January 1991, Lise Hanssen has been studying leopard and cheetah, including movements, densities and distribution on general farmland in Namibia.

Initially their project of working to conserve big cats was supported by the tourism business at Okonjima. However, the demand for a big cat facility soon was so great that the project quickly became too expensive for tourism's sole support. So, The AfriCat Foundation was established and functions as a separate entity to the guest farm in order to raise funds to support its projects for the survival of the big cats. Today the Foundation operates on Okonjima's 6,000 hectares (15,000 acres) as well as 7,000 hectares (17,500 acres) on the adjacent farm Ombujongwe.

The AfriCat Foundation is made up of a Board of Trustees who have lived with and understand the problems involving predators suffered by their community.

Thus, The AfriCat Foundation can offer solid advice and help in ways that do not offend the farmers with whom the survival of these predators depends.

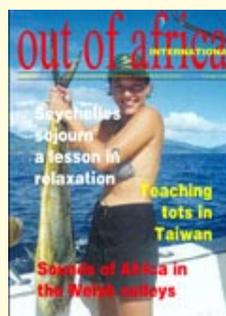
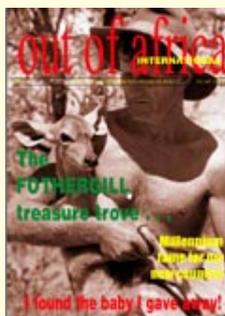
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*Family affair: Peter and Les with their three children - Tali (20), with the long, dark hair, Idan, 18 and Maya, 13*

# Marimba magic in the heart of Galilee

PETER Isacowitz carves out a new life in Israel crafting unique musical instruments that ring out the sounds of Africa

By Suzanne-Kelly in Las Vegas

**P**ETER Isacowitz, is in tune with wood. From his workshop, Woodsong, in Upper Galilee, Israel, Peter, 54, turns out musical works of art, and fascinating marimba tables.

I came across photographs of his work in Rael's California Pilates studio and, fascinated and wanting to know more, went to his web site: <http://www.woodsong.co.il>, to check out the rest of his wares.

Completely sold, I even got some orders going for my husband's art gallery in Caesar's Forum, Las Vegas! After a flurry of emails, I had Peter and wife, Les's details and his story.

Born in 1947, in Johannesburg, Peter grew up in Sydenham.

Like most boys, from an early age, he enjoyed making

pocket-knives, catapults and bows and arrows.

After attending Highlands North High, Peter did his compulsory military service and then went Rhodes and Wits Universities, gaining an Honours degree in Psychology.

In 1970, Pete met Les Rosenbaum in East London and they ultimately married in Israel in 1974.

They returned to South Africa - this time to Cape Town. Here they both taught in high schools - Walmer Estate and Trafalgar High for five years. In 1979 - they returned to Israel where Pete attended a retraining course in carpentry and cabinet making.

It was a fortuitous move. For the next six years he owned a cabinet making business in Jerusalem.

During this time - their first daughter, Tali (now 20) and later their first son, Idan (now 18) were born.

In 1986 - they moved to Kibbutz Ma'ayan Baruch, in the Upper Galilee, where they lived for 13 years.

During that time their youngest daughter, Maya (now 13) was born.

He emailed me this account of how he "graduated" to making musical instruments:

"I have been moved by music from an early age and played guitar and harmonica from the age of 12.

"Some of my early, strong memories were of going with my parents to watch tribal dances on the gold mines near Johannesburg.

"I was totally taken by the



*Child's play: Kids get musical with a marimba table.*

music, dance and the instruments, especially the marimbas.

"I was also fascinated by the street musicians I'd see around Joburg, with their guitars, penny whistles and squeezeboxes.

"All my adult life I've been interested in musical instruments and have run after information wherever I could find it.

"The course I did and the experience I got in cabinet-making, greatly improved my woodworking skills. So building musical instruments became a serious hobby, which occupied every bit of my spare time, especially in my years on the kibbutz.

During those 13 years, I collected and stored wood from all kinds of sources - discarded crates and pallets, to logs of avocado and apple wood pruned from trees in the orchards.

"I started experimenting with doorharps about 15 years ago, giving them to friends and family as gifts.

"My first serious instrument was an electric bass guitar, and then a series of Celtic harps.

"Later, I experimented with xylophones, marimbas and didgeridoos (an ancient Australian Aboriginal wind instrument, whose sounds very much invokes prehistoric times).

"I first heard the didge years ago, on seeing the Australian movie, "The Last Wave", and was mesmerized by its haunting sound. I started experimenting with my own versions, using plastic irrigation pipes, and eventually worked out techniques for making them out of wood.

So, with all the wood I had, I started playing around with weird ideas I'd had in my head for years, namely, furniture and decorative items, which could also play music. I was very moved by a poem I read in the introduction to a book on guitar making . . .

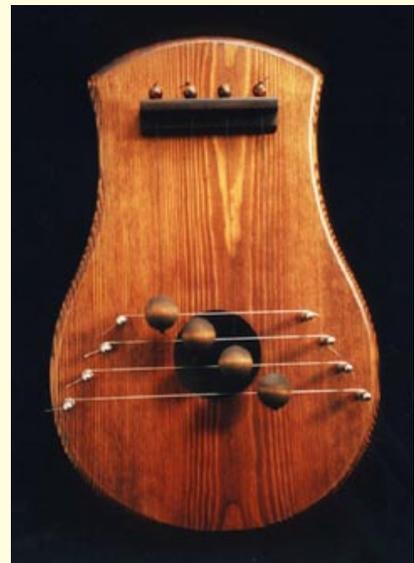
*I was alive in the forest  
I was cut by the cruel axe  
In life I was silent  
In death I sweetly sing*

Anonymous - Found inscribed on the fret-face of an Elizabethan lute.



*Above:  
Didgeridoos -  
traditional  
Australian music  
in the heart of  
Israel!*

*Right: A  
doorharp - said  
to have  
originated in  
Scandinavia,  
they are hung  
on the backs of  
doors and chime  
when opened or  
closed.*



"In fact, the name 'Woodsong' was very much inspired by the concept of bringing old wood back to life and helping it to sing.

"I try to give my instruments a warm, friendly feeling, and in my studio people can participate in a hands-on guided musical tour, which includes a talk and a demonstration of the instruments."

*In 1986 we moved from Jerusalem to a kibbutz (a communal village based on socialist principles) to give our children and ourselves a healthier lifestyle, close to nature, where money wouldn't be such a central concern in our lives and where everyone is equal.*

*We chose a kibbutz in the Upper Galilee, on the Lebanese border, where children were living at home with their parents (which wasn't the case in some kibbutzim at that time). "The kids went to a regional kibbutz school, 15 minutes away and is a wonderful school. The high school is where Les taught and still teaches English.*

*"The whole kibbutz experience turned out to be not quite what we expected. We were close to nature and the surroundings were beautiful and I think it was mostly a fantastic way for the kids to grow up. However, it turned out in practice, that some people are more equal than others. "The kibbutz has been going through a process of privatisation over the past eight years, which is especially hard for people who don't have good jobs on or off the kibbutz.*

*"With privatisation, money has become the be all and end all of everything - more so than off the*

*kibbutz. We had an ongoing battle over the last few years to try to convince the kibbutz that what I was doing in my spare time (building doorharps and musical instruments) could be financially viable. They were unconvinced and we eventually decided to leave and make our own way.*

*Life in Israel in general is interesting, dynamic and fraught with anxiety. Israel is going through a particularly hard time now, both economically and security-wise.*

*"From a tentative, precarious peace process, which has been inching forward for years (but which always held up the hope for peace between Israel and the Palestinians) we've gone overnight to a near state of war.*

*"There are terrorist attacks almost daily. Foreign tourism, which used to be an important part of the economy, has almost come to a standstill and there's high unemployment.*

*We pray that, with all the pain and difficulty involved, the leaders on both sides will find a way to get back to the negotiating table soon.*

*"Life here is very different from life in South Africa. We both have good memories of our lives in South Africa, and often miss it - particularly Cape Town.*

# That's Africa!

Recent menu at one of Harare's upmarket department store restaurants . . .

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62	Fried Fillet of Bream with Tartare Sauce	280.00
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*Anne Lehmkuhl - forced to stare down AK47 barrels by folk who had decided to hold her up.*



# Robberies, carjacking saw us head for Canada

Genealogist Anne Lehmkuhl and her family have settled in the Canadian city of Prince Rupert, a short ferry trip from Alaska

**O**UR expat story begins sometime in late 1994, under a Highveld sky. Husband, Brian, was a helicopter pilot and the officer commanding of the SA Police Airwing based at Rand Airport.

I was working for my dad in his fastfood business.

Our 8-year-old son was at a top private school and loving it.

I first encountered crime in the 1960s when I was about 6 years old and we lived in Germiston.

Two youngsters broke into our house and my full piggybank was part of their loot.

This was followed by a few more incidents.

Eventually our dog was poisoned and we moved out of the area.

Years later, I enlisted in the SA Air Force for three years, where I first saw an AK-47.

Even though I was the one holding it, it was still an ugly, terrifying piece of metal.

In 1994, I saw a few of them, but this time I was being forced to stare down the barrels by folk who had decided to hold me up in an armed robbery.

This event was followed by two more and a car-

hijacking, all within the space of six months in 1994.

Thanks to Brian's work, the reality of crime was very clear, but it wasn't until my car was taken from me and my son, that it hit home.

And so we considered the road ahead. It eventually led to Canada.

Brian had arrived in April 1996. I followed, with our son, in July 1996.

My first introduction to Canada was a bit harsh.

After a 27 hour flight from Johannesburg via Singapore, Canadian immigration officials at Vancouver airport confiscated my passport. They spent over an hour questioning me about a typed message on my landed immigrant visa.

I didn't know what the message meant as it said something about a replacement visa but I had only received one visa from Pretoria.

Brian had prepared a huge "welcome to Canada" sign and was anxiously waiting for us to come through the doors.

Eventually, he was also questioned.

As the officials didn't have a reason for the mysterious message, they decided that it would be better to confis-



*The scene from our house in Prince Rupert, or Poffadder-by-the-Pacific as we like to call it!*



*One of the choppers that Brian flies. This picture was taken on top of Gill Mountain in the coastal mountains of British Columbia, at about 3000 ft in February.*

cate my passport until they got a reply from Pretoria.

Two hours after landing, we were finally reunited as a family.

We stayed in Vancouver for 8 days, visiting South African friends, doing some sightseeing and waiting for my official landing status.

This eventually came through and the message was an error at the Canadian Immigration office.

Now a legal immigrant, we left Vancouver for Victoria (on Vancouver Island).

This involved my first trip on a ferry.

I was apprehensive about this, especially when I saw the huge trucks driving on to the ferry.

Luckily, the trip went well and the voyage was quite a scenic one.

We spent a few days in Victoria, trying to find accommodation and a suitable school.

Brian had a job to finish further up the island, in a little dorp called Gold River, and we had to find accommodation before going there.

On our last day in Victoria, we found a place to rent, as well as a school.

We went to Gold River for a month, and discovered small-town Canada. The only other South African there was the local doctor who was from Pretoria!

Gold River is/was a logging dorpie and with our accents, we stood out like sore thumbs.

Luckily, it was only a temporary stay! Victoria was a wonderful place to start life in a new country.

To me, it is very much like a smaller version of Cape Town (even the weather is similar).

It has lots of wonderful heritage buildings, an abundance of arts, beautiful gardens, and a laid back feeling.



*The Prince Rupert waterfront.*

Our first Christmas in Canada was not what the Victorians had told us it would be.

Victoria hardly ever gets snow.

In December 1996, Victoria had its biggest snowfall in over 100 years! We loved it - it looked like and felt like a Christmas-card scene! The town came to a standstill for 3 days but this just added to the novelty! Victoria had many surprises for us.

At one stage, we hosted two South Korean high school students, which was quite an experience for all involved.

Their English was non-existent when they arrived, as was our Korean.

The dictionary became a part of life, and a few months later we could communicate with it.

I ran a house-cleaning service for a year, something I wouldn't have imagined myself doing.

By then I had discovered the Internet and had developed some ideas for my love of writing.

I started off by combining my love of history with writing and published a South African genealogy newsletter.

This later led me to offering a family history research service specialising in South African families.

I was dealing with quite a few South African expats and a few months later I started publishing the Boerewors

Express - a newsletter for South Africans living outside South Africa.

Life was going along fine in Victoria, except for one thing.

Brian's job took him away from home for long periods of time.

He was fortunate enough to get offered a temporary position with the Canadian Coast Guard, based in Victoria.

He took the risk and joined them.

Eight months later, the position was no more.

A permanent position became available but it was in a dorpie on the north-western coast of British Columbia.

We did a recce of the place and decided to go for it.

After our 6th move in two years, we arrived in Prince Rupert.

The move from Victoria involved us moving North America-style.

We rented a U-Haul van, packed our belongings into it and hitched our car to the back! From Victoria we head up the island to Nanaimo for a night-stop.

After a McDonald's breakfast of Egg McMuffins and gross coffee, we drove all the way to Port Hardy at the tip of the island.

There we boarded a ferry, which followed the Inside Passage route, to Prince Rupert.

If you ever get the chance to sail the Inside Passage in summer, do it - the route is beautiful and you'll probably be accompanied by some killer whales along the way.

Two years later, we're still in Prince Rupert.

Never in our wildest dreams would we have thought that we'd one day be living 2 hours from Alaska! It has taken a lot of getting used to and it's been a rollercoaster ride of emotions.

What we've learnt in the process is that we're definitely big city folk! Although Prince Rupert is classified as a city, we refer to it as Poffadder-by-the-Pacific! It's a small dorpie at the end of the road.

From here you can jump on to a ferry which takes you to Ketchikan, Alaska. The other ferry takes you to Port Hardy on Vancouver Island.

It's cheaper to fly from Vancouver to London, England, than it is to fly from here to Vancouver! The nearest

dorp is 2 hours away and the nearest big city is 8 hours away.

The isolation tends to get one down.

The weather here is like nowhere else in Canada.

Prince Rupert vies with North Vancouver for the most rain in British Columbia, but Prince Rupert gets the most rain in Canada! It is after all, situated in a rainforest.

The scenery is spectacular and when the sun does shine and the sky is a clear blue, it's paradise.

There's hardly any snow here during winter.

The cold is a damp one that chills you to the bone, if you're not wearing the right clothes.

The short summer is dry, thankfully.

In summer, the sun sets at about 11.15pm and rises at about 4am.

The long days are ideal for braais on the deck after work.

We're about 20 South Africans in town, so braais in summer are wonderful! As I write this, I am looking out onto the Pacific and the sun is shining!

We live on the second street up from the shoreline and have a magnificent view.

Brian enjoys flying around the islands here, especially when the weather's good.

Our son has settled down well.

I carry on with family history research and publishing the Boerewors Express.

Someday, soon we hope, we'll rent another U-Haul and head south again.

In the meantime, the rollercoaster ride seems to be getting less bumpy and we believe that if life throws you lemons, make lemonade!

## Snips from the Press

A GADGET which could have been inspired by a James Bond film is being promoted to prevent car thefts in South Africa. It forces the number plates of a car to pop off, revealing a sign with a simple message: "STOLEN". It is activated if the correct code is not entered to cancel the car's alarm when the driver starts the vehicle. The item costs R699 and the firm which markets it, RAC Group, says the first few months' production have been sold out.

AN interim report by a controversial Aids advisory panel to the South African government shows little more than a predictable chasm between dissidents and orthodox scientists, say analysts. The orthodox scientists called for better blood screening and improved awareness campaigns, the dissidents for such treatment as Chinese cucumber, yoga, and music therapy. The long-awaited document drew criticism from Aids activists and opposition parties because it failed to resolve any of the controversies that led to the panel's formation. The report recommended a series of experiments and further research in South Africa, where some 4.7 million people - one in nine of the population - were HIV-positive at the end of 2000, according to government figures

A FORMER Louis Trichardt Pep Stores manager smiled and hugged her husband when she was acquitted on charges of painting a 14-year-old girl white. Thelma Strydom's former colleague, Albert Mbezi, also looked relieved when the Louis Trichardt Magistrate's Court fined him R1 500 as an alternative to a six-year jail sentence suspended for four years. The two were initially charged with crimen injuria and assault after they were accused of painting the girl when she was allegedly caught stealing underwear on August 29 last year. The girl's mother said she was disappointed with the court's decision.

SOUTH Africa will be the first country to use a blood substitute for humans made from cow's blood, the Netcare health company has announced. Hemopure, can be stored for up to two years at room temperature and can be transfused regardless of a patient's blood type. It can be used for the treatment of acute anaemia and surgery, Netcare said, adding that it was manufactured under a technique that prevented the transmission of bovine illnesses such as mad cow disease.

# Emigrating?

## Oz business skills processing moves out of Pretoria

By **Lance Fee**, of *Immigration Down Under* in Perth. He can be contacted via email on <mailto:ausentry@iinet.net.au> or via the company website at <http://www.immigrationdownunder.com.au/index.html>



**B**USINESS migrants from South Africa and Zimbabwe intending to relocate to Australia will be pleased to hear that their applications may soon be processed at the new Perth Business Skills Processing Centre.

Towards the end of the year 2000 the Perth Department of Immigration and Multicultural Affairs mounted an argument to their minister the Hon. Philip Ruddock that Australia was losing out on valuable business capital and expertise because of the length of time it takes to process a business visa in various overseas posts.

As an example of this they provided the figures for Jakarta and Pretoria where it was shown that processing times ranged between 18 to 36 month for some business skills applications. The Perth office proposal included cutting the processing time down to 6 months and training up a team of highly skilled international business skills assessors capable of considering applications from many parts of the world.

As interviews are generally required for business skills applicants it was proposed that officers from Perth fly to the overseas post where necessary for the interview or in some cases an applicant would be invited to attend the Perth office for their interview.

As a trial the Minister agreed that Perth should first take over the backlog of the business skills cases in those posts with the greatest number of unprocessed cases. This included Jakarta and Pretoria.

The backlog in Indonesia has now been processed and continued cooperation between the Perth Centre and Indonesia will ensure that processing of business skills cases at that post are no longer delayed.

At a conference organised by the West Australian branch of the Migration Institute of Australia

in Perth on Monday 23 April 2001 the State Director for the Department of Immigration and Multicultural Affairs Mr John Williams advised that the Minister had authorised the Perth office to assist Pretoria with their backlog. As a start all cases lodged in Pretoria between January 1, 2001 and March 31, 2001 will be transferred to Perth and processed in that office.

This move will have a significant effect on those cases in the business skills category that have been delayed in Pretoria and should give confidence to those considering lodging applications that there will be no untimely delays in the processing of their application.

The move towards onshore processing of business skills applications is interesting when considering future trends towards electronic lodgment and reduction of costs. There has been conjecture that the processing of all skilled migrant applications will be carried out in Australia rather than overseas and the first indication that this was a likely trend was reinforced by the Minister's announcement that after July 1, 2001 all overseas students who have studied towards an IT degree for at least 12 month in Australia will be able to lodge their visa applications in Australia and remain until the processing was completed.

The Department has at various forums raised the possibility that all overseas student applications for skilled visas may soon be processed in Australia.

It would make sense for the Department to consider onshore processing for all permanent visa applications for a number of reasons including consistency in decision making and a reduction in costs for manning of various overseas posts.

I would not be surprised to see a continuing trend of onshore processing of permanent visa applications announced in the next 12 months.

### Roz is the business if you want a business!

**R**OZ BAKER immigrated to Perth from Harare several years ago. In 1976, she left Mocambique where she had been resident for some years. She then watched her parents lose everything they had in Mocambique after Portugal withdrew all military from the country and the local Government decided to take, by force, all privately-owned property. Roz had her own estate agency in Harare, Zimbabwe, specialising in property to rent or to sell to the diplomatic missions and to the corporate sector. The company provided a complete service, whereby an Embassy could buy a property, have it



Roz Baker

renovated or altered to their own particular standards and then have it regularly painted and maintained. In Perth, Roz has joined Zircom Business Brokers. She specialises in finding businesses, partnerships and investment ventures for migrants, from Southern

Africa and other countries. She will write articles to help all migrants and to warn them about some of the pitfalls when applying for immigration visas and when purchasing businesses in WA.

Roz's email: <mailto:rozzie@space.net.au>

Tony's email: <mailto:tonyb@space.net.au>

Roz's email: <mailto:rozzie@space.net.au>



*Tony and Roz - it was obvious that we should be living in Australia*

# Health shock made up our minds . . .

Tony Baker tells how he and wife Roz came to settle in Western Australia

**A**S LONG ago as the late 1980s the writing was on the wall for Zimbabwe as a role model for independent Africa. Robert Mugabe and his henchmen were flexing their muscles and the conciliatory attitudes surprisingly evident at independence in April 1980 were beginning to look like a flight of the imagination.

Good government was taking a back seat to personal ambitions and Africa's most destructive force, corruption, was becoming rife at all levels.

At the end of the eighties, in common with a lot of our contemporaries, Roz and I had enjoyed several years of stable business growth.

However, we were just beginning to question the foundations on which we were building for our retirement. I had founded a significant trading organization providing for the needs of international aid donors with projects throughout Africa and Roz headed her own successful real estate business in the Northern suburb of Borrowdale in Harare.

My business had a British associate company which needed attention and in April 1989 with much trepidation we decided to spend time in England and see how green the grass was on the other side of the hill.

I had a good partner and good management in my business and Roz had a loyal team who were well able to look after the shop while she was away.

Although we knew we would be back regularly, we were determined to have a good look at living away from our beloved homeland.

We immediately realised that making a living in Britain was going to be much harder than we had been accustomed

to. In addition the average British person is not as outgoing as our own 'tribe' and becoming accepted was an uphill job and more than a little one-sided.

In short we were downright spoiled and would have to make a lot of changes to survive.

We chose to live in a village of about 700 inhabitants about ten miles from my office in Southampton and quickly realised that it essential to be introduced to the locals before you could even begin the process of acceptance.

One curious thing we did discover, however, was that as 'colonials' it was difficult for anyone to place us in any one particular stratum of that unique order called the British class system.

We were equally at home with the aristocracy as with tradespeople and often felt that many of them from all strata of society secretly enjoyed not having to mentally categorise someone who was a temporary resident in their midst.

Once when our chimney became blocked, Roz invited the Chimneysweep to sit in the kitchen and have a cup of tea with her after he had fixed the problem.

He was at first reticent and then confided that this was the first time in his career that he had ever had such an invitation.

We spent three years altogether in the UK but this was interspersed with regular visits back to Zimbabwe and at the end of 1993, by which time I had sold my business, we returned to Zimbabwe no richer but a lot wiser.

Roz returned to her own business and I began to look around for something to do. This wasn't easy, as inflation was zooming up and one could get interest of around 35 per cent merely by leaving one's money in the bank.

Early in 1994 my old friend Nick Knill came to see me and told me that he had quit his job as head of a large manufactur-

ing concern with 600 employees and was looking for something to do.

We ended up buying one of the oldest original retail businesses in the country called Feredays, which manufactured as well as sold outdoor and leisure goods for hunting camping and fishing.

Feredays was founded in 1910 to supply the pioneer farmers and miners with guns, bicycles and hardware.

The original premises were in a tent located at the base of Salisbury Kopje. In 1923 the Fereday family built a large new shop in Manica Road and it was here that Nick and I became the proud third owners, in 84 years, of Fereday and Sons.

We quickly set about sympathetically modernising the old business whilst trying to maintain the early settler atmosphere in the store.

When we took over it was like going into a timewarp. All the old shopfittings were still there including counters, till, cast iron holders with huge rolls of brown paper and reels of string hanging from the ceiling.

On the walls were the mounted heads of animals which had been hunted by the original gunsmith in the early 1920s on the site of what is now the Harare International airport.

An enormous model of a double barrelled shotgun hung outside the front door and old enamel signs advertised firearms, ammunition and bicycles.

We carefully retained all of this whilst upgrading and expanding the stock to provide the public with a complete one-stop outdoor shop and the restored shop rapidly became a tourist attraction as well as a successful business.

It was never my intention to become a permanent part of Feredays and I really set out to see Nick on his feet and running his own business.

However, after three years we had five stores and 50 staff, and the turnover had increased tenfold from the day we walked in. It was all very exciting and I have often described the business as a couple of kids owning their own toyshop!

Meanwhile Roz had re-established herself in her real estate business which was growing rapidly. She had increased her staff and had a thriving property maintenance division to complement the rental management department of her business.

My only daughter had gone to Australia in 1982 with Jill, my former wife, and Roz and I had travelled to Australia every year since then to visit her.

We loved Australia and always had in mind to live there one day. Soon after we returned to Zimbabwe from Britain we made application to live in Australia and in early 1995 we were granted a four-year residence visa.

We took this up in June 1995 with a two-month stay in Sydney but we were not yet ready to move permanently. However, we soon decided that Perth was where we wanted to live and we spent increasingly longer periods there while we wound down our life in Zimbabwe

In mid-1997 the decision to move permanently was made for us. During a visit to Perth I took a free test in the city mall on a Saturday morning and was diagnosed with fairly advanced prostate cancer.

After a meeting with a urologist the shock prospect of a major operation was on the cards. I was fortunate to have been referred to Keith Kaye, Professor of Urology at the University of Western Australia who is one of the world's top prostate

specialists. An amazing coincidence came to light during my first meeting with Keith and as a result we have been firm friends ever since. Keith is originally from South Africa and was recruited from Minneapolis in the US to head the Prostate Foundation in Perth, which is probably one of the finest such facilities in the world.

When we met he asked me where I came from and I told him Zimbabwe. He gave me the name of a girl from the Eastern border town of Umtali and asked if I knew her. I replied that when I was about 19 I had known her well and had even taken her out on a couple of occasions.

Keith confided that she had been the first love of his life and asked what had happened to her. I managed to find out that, although Umtali had changed its name, she was still there, and I managed to put them in touch again.

They met up again in Zimbabwe at the end of 1999 after a gap of 35 years and introduced their grown up daughters to each other.

After my operation we returned to Zimbabwe, but it was obvious that we should be living in Australia as my health had to be regularly monitored, so we made plans to go back permanently.

Roz reluctantly sold the business which had been her offspring for 15 years and I handed over my share of Feredays to Nick to give him the freedom to develop it as he saw fit.

We also sold our lovely home in Borrowdale to cut the final tie with Zimbabwe, apart from Roz's parents who live on a farm in the Vumba Mountains on the Eastern border.

With elderly parents who do not want to move, as well as many dear friends still there, we have the excuse to return regularly to Zimbabwe, but recent events have removed the feeling of eager anticipation we used to experience every time we touched down in Harare.

The beauty is still there but so is the sadness evident in all sectors of the population. It will take many miracles to make Zimbabwe anything like the special country

we once knew.

Meanwhile, we are so fortunate to have Australia as a new home. We identify comfortably with Australians and there is a buzz about the country which spells opportunity and a good life.

It is definitely the most caring society we have ever encountered and the standard of living must be among the highest in the world.

There may be a downside, such as more officialdom and regimentation than we have ever been used to but after a lifetime in Africa it never ceases to amaze me that *everything works!*

Although I consider my full-time business life to be behind me, I keep busy with a couple of consultancies including one with a migration agent where we are helping displaced Zimbabwean farmers to find a new life in Australia.

Apart from doing a bit of personal counselling, Roz is a business broker and has found a niche by locating businesses for new immigrants from Southern Africa.

We are active members of the congregation of St Georges Anglican Cathedral in Perth and hopefully we will be able to put something back into the community in recognition of the amazing welcome we have received as newcomers.

During a visit to Perth I took a free test in the city mall on a Saturday morning and was diagnosed with fairly advanced prostate cancer.

*Al and I on the ski slopes last year – Queenstown the thrill capital of the world. What a magical place!*



# Come on over - Kiwi country's a cool change

Al and Sam Marinus are making the most of their new lives in New Zealand

**A**S I sit on the ferry on the way home, it makes me think of all the family we have left behind. The sun is setting and evening draws near. Our new home looks on to the America's Cup course in the Hauraki Gulf, Auckland NZ.

We are golf mad and this home helps us deal with this addiction as our lounge looks on to the 17<sup>th</sup> green. You won't find electric fencing and guards outside the perimeter, just wild birds and maybe an occasional bush rabbit or two.

We left SA because of crime - not another one you say! Well, I was lucky and I got away with my life. We have been away for a year now and just love New Zealand. The economy might be tiny and the population count comparing to that Johannesburg but there is no way we can try to explain how our lives have changed.

I transferred with my company and Al found a job after taking about two months contemplating life.

The Kiwi's are extremely friendly and of course there are 50,000 ex-South Africans to keep us on the straight and narrow.

Funny, my husband's childhood butcher is here and we get biltong and borewors, no problem.

It is amazing how South Africans are hung up about the weather, you learn to live life for the now and enjoy every minute of it, come rain or shine.

We have been very lucky, as we left before we had kids, we could make a good go of it and now I am seven months' pregnant, and cannot complain. The medical care is very good and affordable! We have learnt to ski and sail this past year, things which always seemed to be impossible and too expensive.

I can only say that we have improved our standard of living two-fold over but we miss our family. We have arranged holidays together and keep the email thing alive and well. Digital cameras become essential and so do weekly calls to mums and dads.

If you ever doubt leaving SA, don't, there is a better life out there for you and your kids, crime free and worth a look see!



Monty is a contributor to the Tom Stevenson publications "World Champagnes", "Sothebys World Wine Encyclopedia", the Hugh Johnson "Wine Companion" and Jancis Robinsons "Oxford Companion to Wine". He hosted, "Friendship and Wine" on ZBC radio and wrote and presented the 12-week TV series on ZBCTV entitled "Of Wine and Friendship". He has been elected to the Confrerie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, of Burgundy, to the Circle of Wine Writers and to the International Federation of Wine and Spirit Journalists and Writers. He holds the Certificate in Judging of Wine issued by the Wine and Spirit Trust of South Africa and has been a Guest Judge at the South African National Wine Show (Veritas Awards). Currently living in Stellenbosch, in the Cape, he is a lecturer at all levels for the Cape Wine Academy, Contributing Editor of World Wine Trader based in Spain and is columnist for "Out of Africa International". Remember the email: <mailto:montyf@iafrica.com>

## The Nederberg Wine Auction 2001

**I**N the 27 years that this event has taken place, it has never rained on Auction day. Well it got as close as it could this year. There was a light, moist mist from time to time during the day, but no actual rain drops, so I guess the record remains intact.

It did make the event pleasantly cool. It is quite a formal affair with jackets and ties for the men and the usual fashionable gowns and hats for the ladies. When it is normally around 30 degrees C it can make the body leak a bit!!

The premier event on the South African wine calendar, this annual auction of rare Cape Wines has been organised by Nederburg since 1975. Over the past 27 years it has developed into an international event, with major local and overseas wine buyers bidding for a stringently selected range of the finest wines produced by the Cape's top estates, wineries, co-operative cellars and wholesalers.

A total of 1 650 guests gathered at this historic wine farm on the outskirts of Paarl, about 70 km from Cape Town, on Friday and Saturday, April 6 and 7, 2001 for the 27th Nederburg Auction. There were a record number of entries 70 participants offered 144 items representing the cream of the South African wine crop.

The auction was established with three main objectives in mind: to serve as an incentive to higher wine standards in South Africa, to develop an awareness of South African wines, and to ensure a fair distribution of rare wines.

South Africa's top wineries, estates and co-operatives are invited to submit a wide variety of fine red and white wines to be scrutinised by the tasting panel. As always, strictly applied selection criteria will ensure that only the most noble and rare wines are included in the auction.

The selection of a winemaker's wine for the auction



*Going, going . . . the Nederburg auction in full swing.*

has been the benchmark of their quality, and labels bearing the words "Sold at the Nederburg Auction" are regarded as seals of approval by both licensees and their customers.

Over the years the Nederburg Auction has developed into one of the biggest and best of its kind in the world, to be mentioned in the same breath as those of the Hospice de Beaune, Kloster Eberbach and Napa Valley.

Prominent wine experts have visited South Africa as guest speakers at the Nederburg Auction. From the New World are Allan Shoup, president and CEO of Stimson Lane Vineyards & Estates, Washington State, USA; the late Prof. Maynard Amerine, Marimar Torres and Robert Mondavi of Napa Valley and Professor Alejandro Hernández of Chile, president of the OIV. Also from the New Wine World are Philip Gregan, chief executive officer of the Wine Institute of New Zealand and Robin Day of the Orlando Wyndham Group of Australia.

From Europe: Christian Bizot of Bollinger, Champagne; Robert

Drouhin of Maison Joseph Drouhin of Beaune, France; Paul Pontallier (Chateau Margaux), Jean Hugel, Paul Bouchard, Dr Hans Ambrosi and Lubomir Vitek, general director and chairman of the biggest wine company in Slovakia, Malokarpatskĕ Vinrsky Podnik. To mark the 25th anniversary of the Nederburg Auction in 1999, the guest speaker was Günter Brözel, doyen of the South African wine industry and former Nederburg cellar master for 33 years prior to his retirement in 1989. At the 26th Nederburg Auction the guest speaker was Mr Shin Torii of Japan, president of Suntory International.

This year the Guest Speaker was Zelma Long, a top American winemaker with a long history of consultancy and judging and huge knowledge of international winemaking and marketing. She was excited about the possibilities of making great wine in South Africa and urged the producers to form a united marketing front and to target overseas markets, particularly America, with super and ultra premium wines. She also made the point that more emphasis should be put on



all regions of South Africa and individual terroirs. The auctioneer who has wielded the hammer since 1975 is the debonair Patrick Grubb MW, previously of Sotheby's wine division in London. It represents a World Record for a single auctioneer to have presided over 27 successive auctions and during this week Patrick broke another record by knocking down enough wine to reach R50 million.

At this auction he sold 144 items (8696 cases) entered by 70 participants (estates, co-operatives cellars and wineries) totaling a sales value of R 6,449,640. The average price for red wine was R1156.59 per 9-litre case and for white R702.22 per 9-litre case. (Overall average price was R 957.49 per 9-litre case).

The auction is a great social occasion for the wine world which now takes place over two days the Friday being more business orientated while Saturday has additional highlights such as the guest speaker and culminates in a festive gourmet luncheon under gaily coloured flags. And for a little light relief from the business proceedings on the Saturday, 20 of South Africa's top couturiers present their season's creations at the 2001 Nederburg Auction Fashion Collection. This year Miss South Africa also put in a guest appearance on the cat-walk.

The permanent auction hall, built in 1980, where the Nederburg Auction is held, is named after Johann Graue, a previous owner of Nederburg, in recognition of his extensive contribution to quality wine production in South Africa. The year 1998 saw the unveiling of the Nederburg Auction Centre, the first complex of its kind in South Africa, which has been specially equipped to meet the various needs of the auction. In the large Pinotage Pavillion, a permanent luncheon venue, a 5-star gourmet luncheon is served to all guests attending. In a joint venture

*Catwalk glamour: Some of the fashions on show at this year's wine auction.*

**Pictures: Matt Stow Photography, Cape Town**



between Nederburg and the Southern Sun Hotel Group, the Nederburg Auction Centre is marketed as a stunning venue for banquets and conferences as it can accommodate up to 2000 guests.

If you have ever thought how difficult it is to serve 2000 people with hot food at the same time you will realise how many chefs, waiting staff and supervisors are necessary. The latter, 20 in all, resplendent in black suits, have Secret Service type head-phones and can be seen talking into their sleeves in the best Presidential Guard imitation. Just in case you have thought about it but failed to grasp the details. It involves 20,000 pieces of cutlery, 9,500 glasses and 20 vehicles to transport this and the 400 staff involved.

Executive Chef Erich Springer of the Cape Sun Inter-Continental Hotel presided over his 19th consecutive luncheon, which must itself, be another record. Detailed planning begins 6 months in advance and the dishes are practiced until the optimum standard has been achieved.

This year's menu was Southern Ocean Seafood Medley which consisted of fresh West coast crayfish and whole prawns accompanied by a Tian of Salmon and avocado set on a grilled aubergine.

This was followed by Lamb Cape Viticulteur. A duo of Roast Rack and stuffed loin of lamb served with savoury potato wedges and a spinach and feta springroll complemented by a red wine jus and vegetables in season.

Then a dessert, a Chilli Cheese Trilogy, this was an unusual combination of three distinctive cheeses enhanced by Habanero chilli topped with candied fruits and fresh berries draped with fig and aniseed syrup.

Coffee was served with Chocolate truffles but the entire 2 layered cake tray which held the chocolates was itself made from chocolate and totally



*What am I bid? - auctioneer Patrick Grub in action.*

edible. The wines accompanying the dishes were Nederburg Auction Chardonnay (Private Bin D270) 1998. Nederburg Muscatel/Chenin Blanc Special Late Harvest ( Private Bin S333) 1999. Nederburg Cabernet Sauvignon/Shiraz ( Private Bin R 103) 1994 and Nederburg Eminence 1999.

The formal auction proceedings culminates in a charity auction, when some very unusual wines are auctioned with the proceeds going to organisations such as the Hospice Association of South Africa, National Cancer, Cripple Care and Community Chest. It has also become customary for the guest speaker to donate a bottle of wine for charity. At the 1999 Auction the last complete 24- bottle collection of the legendary Nederburg Edelkeur, spanning the vintages 1973 to 1996, fetched R100 000. The total amount raised at the charity auction last year was R168 000, which was donated to the Hospice Association of South Africa.

The highest price ever paid at the Nederburg charity auction was R230 000 for a magnum of Robert Mondavi Cabernet Reserve 1979, bought by well-known businessman Mr Graham Beck in 1992.

Incidentally his major opponent in that heavyweight

bout was Hans-Joachim Schreiber, in a serious bout of mega rich egos, and with neither willing to give way the incredible price was achieved. It is said that soon thereafter Mr. Schreiber gave a dinner party at which he served several bottles of the identical wine from the auction.

Hans-Joachim Schreiber made his presence felt again this year by bidding R200,000 for a barrel of the Nederburg Pinotage 2001 vintage. Zelma Long donated 6 very special bottles from her own winemaking history which sold for R33,000 and a total of R258,000 was raised on the day for the Hospice Association of South Africa.

Over the last couple of years there has been a trend away from the export market and much more local buying. This was continued this year with about 14% going outside South Africa. Prices continue to rise and when duty and transport are added the prices are much less attractive to overseas buyers, who, after all that, have to add on their own markup. Those of you reading in the United Kingdom should note that only 2 cases of these rare wines are destined for your shores.

You would be better advised to come and drink them here!

## Red wine: how to store it once you've opened the bottle

Jacque Cash of Manchester, England writes to say:

*"What I want to ask you is this: What's the best way to store red wine, once opened? "*

THERE are three main ways to save wine after the bottle is opened. Remember it is the air which reacts with the wine and spoils the taste and therefore all efforts are towards excluding that element.

Firstly, you can use a Vac-u-Vin which is a simple hand pump which sucks all the air out and at the same time puts a rubber seal in place.

This is effective for about a week if the seal remains intact. You can also use a nitrogen spray which settles on to the wine and acts as a barrier to the air.

It is harmless, tasteless and inert. Both of these remedies should be available at your local liquor outlet.

The best and cheapest method is to use those small 250ml or 300ml bottles that you see on airlines. They have screw caps and when filled to the very top are completely airtight.

You can happily keep wine for several weeks in the fridge if you use this method. I confess I have very little problem in this regard because there never seems to be anything left in my bottles!!

Keep the questions and comments coming to <mailto:montyf@iafrica.com>

# TRAVEL

## Wag 'n bietjie - take your time and catch the sights along the way!

By JOHN REDFERN, a registered South African national tourist guide. He feels that many visitors to South Africa often miss getting full advantage of their time in country because they do not really know what it has to offer. Guide books and brochures are valuable planning tools, but are no substitute for a good tourist guide. The tourist guide should be able to take guests direct to places of interest to them, and may be able to save them time and money by avoiding expensive pitfalls along the way, such as bogus 'fines' for minor law infringements, as encountered by the Willis family near the Kruger National Park. John's e-mail address is <mailto:rasa@iafrica.com> should you need an accomplished guide in South Africa.

IN HER endeavour to move as quickly as she could from "the beauty of the Cape" to the enchantment of the Kruger National Park, Penny Willis and her family missed a couple of gems along the way.

But then, so do most South Africans, whose only reason for traversing the Free State and Karroo is to get to the sea or back home as soon as possible.

It was only when I studied the area between the Vaal River and the coast, as a tourist guide, that I discovered how ignorant so many South Africans, including myself, are of certain parts of the country.

Thanks to Penny's article in edition 7, I have now been given the opportunity to reveal what could have been the Willis family's alternative route and experience. Instead of making Bloemfontein our first night-stop after Cape St Francis, we set off after breakfast along the R75 for the Eastern Cape's Graaff-Reinet, the fourth oldest town in South Africa. It has the distinction of having more National Monuments than any other town in South Africa, and is the only town situated within the confines of a nature reserve.

The architecture is mainly traditional Cape Dutch, rivalling that of its sister towns of Stellenbosh, Swellendam and Tulbach in the Western Cape.

It boasts an impressive church, modelled on Salisbury Cathedral in Britain. Thanks to business magnate Anton Rupert, who grew up in Graaff-Reinet, the buildings have been beautifully preserved.

We arrive in time for lunch, after which we walk along the clean oak-lined streets, popping in to the various museums and galleries which portray its fascinating history. After this, we drive up the mountain as its late afternoon shadow reaches the town. From a

viewing point, we peer into the awesome Valley of Desolation – a breath-taking rift in the earth's crust, and a favoured nesting spot for Black eagles - before returning for a restful night in one of the town's many excellent B and Bs. We set off fresh next morning for the Allamanskraal Dam, just beyond Winburg. Not far from Graaff-Reinet, we call in at Nieu-Bethesda hamlet to witness the unique Owl House.

Once the home of a reclusive school mistress, the Owl House and its 'garden' are devoted to life-size concrete sculptures of owls, as well as camels and a variety of surrealistic creatures from the artist's dreams and psychopathic imagination, decorated with fragments of coloured glass.

Following this n'er-to-be forgotten experience, we wend our way back to the N9, calling in at an angora wool farm en route. The enthusiastic farmer and his wife take us to see bushman rock art on their land, and their private collection of Karroo dinosaur fossils – some partially exposed in a river bank.

Continuing northwards along the N9, we pass through semi-desert, described so eloquently by Penny as being

where "the sky is higher than anywhere else on the planet", studded with grazing Merino sheep. We reach Colesberg, stopping briefly to view a fascinating collection of relics from the battle in which the Suffolk Regiment suffered defeat at the hands of Boer commandos defending their homeland during the Anglo-Boer War.

We deviate onto the R53 for Norvalspont, so that we can cross the mighty Orange River at the impressive Gariep Dam. Initially named after Hendrik Verwoerd, the waters of this man-made lake stretch eastwards for



*Graaff-Reinet church - modelled on Salisbury Cathedral*

some 100 kilometres, making it the longest lake in South Africa.

To avoid the somewhat boring N9 to Bloemfontein, judicial capital of South Africa, we cut across eastwards to Smithfield via the village of Bethulie, on the R701. A quick stop at the Bethulie museum is a treat in itself. It was reputedly the first brick house to be built North

of the Orange River, before the Great Trek of 1835 began. A short distance out of the village is an Anglo-Boer War concentration camp cemetery, a grim reminder of the 26 000 women and children who died in these camps during the latter part of the war.

The dusty dorp of Smithfield has a number of interesting items on offer. This town was in the front line of a war between Boer and Basuto in the nineteenth century, as a memorial commemorating the deaths of some of its citizens bears testimony.

An antiques shop, run by a couple of men who obviously enjoy the social isolation the town has accorded them, is our next stop. They also claim to own the defunct building which – according to them – was the first Anglican church North of the Orange River.

There is a museum which has never been open on the three occasions that I previously passed through the town. We have a light lunch here in the brightly whitewashed roadside café, contrasting with the blood-red walls of the antique shop alongside it.

Heading for Bloemfontein along the N6, we pass through Reddersburg. We watch out for traffic cops as we approach, since this seems to be the one-street village's main source of revenue. I was nearly nabbed here at 6:30 am one Sunday morning! Fortunately, I had slowed down to see if the butchery was open – a recommended place to stock up with excellent biltong. Then on again towards Bloemfontein.

We link up with the N1 just before Bloemfontein. As we are in a bit of hurry on this occasion, we bypass the city and head North for Winburg, the first capital of the Orange Free State.

Brandfort is probably best known for being where Winnie Mandela was kept in seclusion during the apartheid era.

However, as it is not on the direct route to Winburg, and its only other claim to fame is a memorial



*The Valley of Desolation.*

to Blacks who perished in British concentration camps during the Anglo-Boer War, we stay on the N1. If it were not for the signpost indicating Winburg a kilometre or so off to our right, we might not have noticed the old town, nestled behind a low hill.

Another sign points to the Voortrekker monument, consisting of

four giant concrete leaves reaching skywards, each representing a Trek leader.

We stop here to stretch our legs, and to take a quick look into the quaint house where Free State President Steyn was born, and now a museum.

We give Winburg itself a miss. Apart from a fresco on the wall of a derelict building on the edge of the town square, in which the Free State legislature used to meet in the mid-eighties, there is little to commend the town to tourists, as Penny and her family discovered.

As the late afternoon sun glares across our left shoulder, we reach the Sand River. Here the British signed a convention recognising the independence of the Transvaal Republic in 1852. An obelisk to remind us of this event stands alongside the road.

Just short of this monument is our turnoff to the Willem Pretorius Nature Reserve. We follow the signs to the Aventura resort, where we are booked in for the night.

Our cosy chalet overlooks the lake, by this time reflecting the pink-tinted clouds of the setting sun. We enjoy dinner in the nearby restaurant before settling down for the night, accompanied by the plaintive call of a jackal.

We rise early, just as the sun tips the eastern horizon across the lake, and set out in the nature reserve for a game viewing drive along the lakeshore. If we're lucky, we will see a small herd of rare roan antelope grazing peacefully by the roadside, and a large herd of black wildebeest galloping across the front of us, on their way down to the water's edge.

Black rhino and cape buffalo are also found in the reserve, but none of the other 'Big Five'.

After breakfast we are on our way again, having discovered other delights of South Africa that might have gone unnoticed.

## SA club contacts

### United States

#### The Springbok Club of Northern California

**Website:** <http://www.saclub-cal.com>

**Email:** <mailto:julipetals@yahoo.com>

**President:** Juli DeKock

#### Indaba Midwest (Chicago)

**e-mail:** <mailto:indabamid@aol.com>

c/o 330 Prospect Ave

Glen Ellyn, IL 60137-4914

**Contact:** Alastair Robertson- President

**Phone:** 630-858-0522 - home, 630-858-0822 - work, **Fax:** 630-858-0520

#### SA Colorado

**Website:** <http://www.sacolorado.com/>

**Email:** <mailto:nicky996@cs.com>

**Contact:** Nicky Zaayman

**Telephone:** (303) 604-6363

#### The South African Club of Atlanta

**Website:** <http://www.saclubatl.org>

**Email:** <mailto:webmaster@saclubatl.org>

**Director:** Les Kraitzick

**email:** <mailto:elkay@mindspring.com>

**Telephone:** 770-399-5933

**Postal address:** Les Kraitzick & Associates, 1729 Mt. Vernon Road, Atlanta, Georgia 3033

#### Orange County

**Email:** <mailto:Archie van der Byl <archie@fuller.edu>>

**Website:** <http://www.sainoc.faithweb.com>

**Contact:** Archie van der Byl

(626) 403 4122

#### New York/New Jersey Springbok Club

**Email:** <mailto:nynjsspringbok@usa.net>

**Website:** <http://www.nynjsspringbok.com>

**Contact:** Jerry Weitsz Tel: 201-507-5109

### Australia

#### Western Australia

#### The South Africa Club of Western Australia

**Website:** <http://www.saclubwa.iinet.net.au>

**Email address:** <mailto:saclubwa@iinet.net.au>

**Postal address:** GPO Box J745 Perth WA, 6842

Australia

**President:** Peter Masters

#### South Africans in Sydney

**Website:** <http://www.ozemail.com.au/~lekkerinsydney/front.html>

### Canada

#### Protea Club (Edmonton)

**Website:** <http://plaza.v-wave.com/protea/index.htm>

**Email:** <mailto:protea@powersurfr.com>

**Telephone:** (780) 489 - 3080

The Protea Club Edmonton is a non-profit, social organisation promoting social events and activities among local residents of South African origin and among all those who are interested in South Africa.

#### South African Canadian Club (Calgary)

**Website:** <http://members.home.net/saclubcalgary>

**Email:** <mailto:riboezaard@yahoo.com>

**Chairman:** Irene Rik Boezaard

#### South African Society of BC

**Website:** [http://www.sacbd.com/sasbc/index\\_en.html](http://www.sacbd.com/sasbc/index_en.html)

**Email:** <mailto:azibarras@home.com>

**Postal address:** SASBC, 503- 3105 Deer Ridge Drive West Vancouver, BC V7S 4W1

**President:** Anna Azibarras

### UK

#### South Africa Society

**Website:** <http://www.saclub.com>

**Email:** <mailto:mail@saclub.com>

**Address:** Citibox 80, 2 Old Brompton Road, London SW7 3DQ, England.

**Fax:** +44 (207) 722 1910

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#### SA Club Oxfordshire

**Email:** <mailto:saclubox@yahoo.co.uk>

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## Rhodesia/Zimbabwe club contacts

### United States

#### Rhodesians Worldwide - USA Branch

**Website :** <http://www.internetmktgworldwide.com>

**Email :** <mailto:BAllen7141@aol.com>

**President:** Barbara Allen

**Postal address:** 7141 Crosstimbers Trl, Roanoke, VA 24019

**Telephone:** 1-540-362 3607

#### The Rhodesian Association (Western USA)

**Website :** <http://www.easystreet.com/~aardvark/Index.htm>

**Email:** <mailto:peter.hirst@timberline.com>

**Postal address:** The Rhodesian Association, 8760 S.W.

TURQUOISE Loop, Beaverton, Oregon 97007.

TEL: (503) 590-8270

**PRO** Peter Barrett

**Chairman** - Peter Hirst

**Secretary** - Lynday Hirst, 11965 SW Fairfield St,

Beaverton, Oregon 97005

**Telephone:** H(503) 646-0175 W (503) 224-6040

**Treasurer** John Reiner

#### **Rhodesians in Dallas**

**Website:** <http://www.rhodesians-in-dallas.com/>

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Plano Tx 75023

WK-972-527-3207

# Rhodesia/Zimbabwe club contacts

## Australia

### **The Rhodesian Association of WA**

**Email:** <mailto:byrons@bigpond.com>

**Administrator:** Doug Capper,

**Postal address:** 1 Byron Court, Kallaroo, WA 6025, Australia.

### **News South Wales**

#### **Sydney Rhodesian Society**

Co-ordinator: Alison Jones (02) 9481-9717

### **Northern Territory**

Ron Janson in Darwin is the contact for informal Rhodesian get-togethers.

Email: <mailto:ronjan@ozemail.com.au>

### **Queensland**

#### **Africa Club of Queensland Incorporated**

President: Eddie Pratt

Email : <mailto:eddpratt@ozemail.com.au>

GPO Box 2129, Brisbane, QLD 4001

Telephone: 0500 540 122 (from anywhere in Australia)

Website: <http://www.africaclub.org.au>

### **Tasmania**

Colin and Maureen Stevenson - Launceston, Tasmania

We are the contact for the Tasmanian Branch of RWW.

Email: <mailto:Maureen.Stevenson@admin.utas.edu.au>

### **Victoria**

#### **Victorian Rhodesian Society**

President: Mike Foley (03) 859 6985

Rob Hodes - Social Contact

Phone 03 9596 6894 or 0407 385880

Email: Rob Hodes. <mailto:robhodes@ozemail.com.au>

## UK

### **Rhodesians WorldWide Assistance Fund**

RWAF 12 Bredgar Close Maidstone Kent ME14 5NG

Phone 01622 762189

Email: <mailto:rwaf@bun.com>

Bryn Price Administrator

### **RW UK**

Chairman: Ian Dixon, 9 Bantam Close, Morley, Leeds LS 27

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Telephone 0113 2190199 : Mobile 07970 376304

### **London Branch**

Contact: Chairman, Jim Peters, 31 Longley Court,

Landsdowne Way, Stockwell London SW8 2PA

Telephone: 0207 498 7386

Meetings: 1st Sunday of the month

### **Kent Branch**

Chairman: Phil Palmer, 7 Norfolk Street, Whitstable, Kent,

CT5 4HB

Tel.: 01227-771690

Email: <mailto:phil.a.palmer@talk21.com>

Secretary : Kathy Oliver

Email: [mailto:Psycho\\_Goose@hotmail.com](mailto:Psycho_Goose@hotmail.com) or

<mailto:Oliktar@btinternet.com>

Meetings: 2nd Sunday of the month

### **Milton-Keynes Branch**

Chairman: Dan Coetzee, Telephone: 01908 510326

Meetings: 4th Sunday of the month

### **North East Branch (Leeds)**

Chairman:Ian Dixon, 9 Bantam close, Morley, Leeds LS 27

8SX

Phone: 0113 2190199

Meet every fourth Sunday, ring for next date.

### **Devon & Cornwall Branch**

Chairman: Graham Parish

Telephone: 44-1208-815013

Meetings: 1st Sunday of the month

### **Three Counties Branch**

Chairman: Bernard Terry

Telephone: 01730 817387; Fax: 01730 812848

Email: <mailto:Dobiegang@bsap.freeserve.co.uk>

Contact: Peter Scott

Telephone: 44-1483-67315

Meetings: 2nd Sunday of the month

### **Lavington Branch**

Contact: Peter Haglethorn

Telephone: (01380) 818381

Meetings: 3rd Sunday of the month

### **Scottish Rhodesians Club**

Church House, Sandyford Church of Scotland , Montgomery

Road, Paisley, Renfrewshire PA3 4LQ Scotland U.K.

Telephone: 0141 561 7855 , 0141 889 5078

Email: <mailto:lombard@bun.com>

## Canada

### **Rhodesians Worldwide Ontario Association**

Peter & Dianne Fisher, 5726 Rama Rd, Orillia L3V 6H6

Ontario

Phone (705) 327 3461

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### **Rhodesian Calgary Club**

Box 74077

Strathcona P.O.

Calgary, AB. T3H 3B6

Email: <mailto:RWW1965@Rhodesians.zzn.com>

## New Zealand

### **RW/RAA**

Email contacts

Keith Kietzmann: <mailto:kiwkeith@voyager.co.nz>

Clare TURNER: <mailto:icms@clear.net.nz>

Paul NES: <mailto:paulnes@xtra.co.nz>

Clubs and associations wishing to be listed in our Clubs contacts page are invited to email their details to <mailto:outofafricai@hotmail.com> and we will endeavour to place them in future editions.