

out of africa



INTERNATIONAL

SEPTEMBER 2001

KEEPING SOUTHERN AFRICANS IN TOUCH AROUND THE WORLD

VOLUME 2 ISSUE 6

The IRISH experience

Summer in St Petersburg

Spain's Costa del S'efrica

Gone fishin' - this is livin'!

The faces of out of africa international



EDITOR Tom Henshaw. Born in Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, UK in 1943 as Adolf Hitler's Luftwaffe bombed towns in the area. Moved to Rhodesia in 1956 and attended various schools, including Chaplin, in Gwelo. Joined the Rhodesia Herald in 1960 and has been in newspapers ever since. After a stint in Zambia, moved to South Africa in the late 60s and worked for all the English-language newspapers in Durban at one time or another until the end of 1982. Emigrated with wife, Eileen and son Andrew to Australia in early 1983 - Brisbane, initially, but had already been seduced by Western Australia's pristine deserted beaches and moved to Perth at the end of that year. Still a full-time newspaper journalist and technology trainer.

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UK EDITOR Penny Willis. Emigrated with her parents to Southern Rhodesia in 1956, aged 2. She considers herself extremely privileged to have spent a totally secure and sunny childhood in Umniati, a small settlement halfway between Bulawayo and Harare. Penny was educated at Umniati Primary (approx 36 pupils) and Que Que High School, after which she moved on to the big smoke to work in the Public Health Labs and then Rhodesian Breweries. She then moved 'down South' to work for SAB in Joburg for 3 years before heading off on a working holiday to the UK. She is still there 20 odd years down the line! She and husband, Terry, still intend to return when their children are off their hands. Penny now works in the Design and Technology faculty at Margaret Thatcher's old school in Grantham in Lincolnshire.



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ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR Suzanne-Kelly. Born in Johannesburg, South Africa in the year voetsak. Family lived in Natal, Cape Town and Johannesburg. Schools: Bryneven Primary, Bryanston High, Epworth Girls High (in Pietermaritzburg) and finally at Hyde Park High. Has teaching degrees in all forms of performing arts and is a qualified nursery school teacher. Became a professional musical entertainer at 15 for PACT/ NAPAC / CAPAB - Musical and Opera departments and performed in many SA shows. Director of her own performing arts studio in Lonehill, Sandton and involved in many aspects of television. Lead entertainer on the QE 2 1991, where she met her future husband, David an American employed on the ship. After getting off the QE2 I travelled the US on my own first, and then settled (and eloped in Las Vegas) at the end of 1991. Many shows followed as well as a degree in television and radio broadcasting and production. Has two sons - Storm and Chase. Began doing inserts for SABC and M-Net, from Las Vegas and eventually started her own production company, PAL Productions - which produces entertainment television shows. Hosted TV shows in the US and "Behind the Scenes" of the Las Vegas and Los Angeles shows (Both T.V and Live Stage). Currently in addition to Entertainment Editor for OOAi, also in pre-production for numerous television shows as well as pursuing a degree in "Pilates".

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Andrew Templeton was born in the UK of Kenyan 'stock'. When he was just 3, the family returned to Africa. Andrew spent the next 22 years in South Africa before returning to the UK for the first time. He keeps going 'home' to his beloved country, but always ends up coming back to the UK in search of a livable wage! He belongs in Africa, but admits that it could well be a long time before he is willing to try and settle there again.

In 1998, Andrew wrote his first website, www.templewood.co.za and his interest in the Internet grew to the point where he now works for himself.

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Editor's corner

It's a matter of loyalties . . .

THE BOKS were in town last month. "So what," you might say. But here in Western Australia - Aussie Rules heartland - it's a big deal. They were here to play the Wallabies in a Tri-nations clash at the local "footie" stadium and like they did a few years ago, rugby supporters packed it to the rafters - a record attendance for the venue.

And once more I was faced with the dilemma of who to support. Should I go with my head or heart?

Like the other 80,000-odd southern Africans in this part of the world, we'd been urged through the press and various other media to support our adopted country.

"You're Aussies now, so support the Wallabies," said one correspondent. A newspaper columnist (South African by birth) said the Boks would be mistaken to believe they'd have the support of all SA expatriates.

There was no such problem among the hardened supporters, of course.

But after 18 years here I felt I was beginning to waver. After all, the Wallabies are a class act, and worthy of anyone's support.

In the end, it took the start of the game for me to realise where my loyalties lay.

From an early age I'd supported the Boks and there was NO WAY I was going to change now!

Like a Manchester United supporter living in Liverpool or vice versa, the argument is academic. Just because they might live in the "enemy" heartland doesn't mean they have to change sides!

My wife, Eileen, an English Rose, will defend England to the death, no matter where she lives, or how they're faring.

In the end, it was academic, anyway. The game ended in an 14-all draw. A perfect result for a fence-sitter.

We emigres are fortunate in that we can support two sides, depending on who is playing: if the Wallabies play the All Blacks, it's "earn the Wallabies!", if it's the Wallabies v the Lions we have a problem in our house. Eileen shouts for the Lions, I shout for the Wallabies. The same goes for the Boks and the Lions.

And last month? Like I said before, my loyalties to the Boks run far too deep. But Eileen crossed over to "the dark side" and pegged her flag to the Wallaby mast!

- Tom Henshaw



Cover pic: Lynell Culligan and son Thomas take a bus ride in their new home - Dublin

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Booked: Author Janet Berliner, right, with reporter Suzanne-Kelly.

SA author's write of passage

By Suzanne-Kelly in Las Vegas

There are many survivors out there. South African expatriate Janet Berliner is one of them.

JANET Berliner, an only child, was born in Mowbray Hospital in Cape Town to German Immigrant parents, Manfred and Thea Abraham-Berliner. (The hospital has since burnt down and there is NO proof of documentation that Janet ever existed!)

Her German parents (and grandparents and uncle, who later became the Mayor of Paarl), escaped Nazi Germany by ship, on which Janet's mother worked the passage as a translator.

The ship docked in Cape Town and the family moved into a boarding house. Janet's mom, Thea, held a succession of jobs one of which was as South Africa's first travelling saleswoman.

Janet was born three years later. Her father, Manfred, enlisted and went off to war against the Germans in North Africa, only to return to tell his family that he had met another woman.

Janet's mother then worked even longer and harder, whilst Janet's grandparents raised Janet.

In all, she attended 13 schools – the longest duration of which was at Renish in Stellenbosch, for a full two years!

When Janet left school she worked as a travel agent for two years at Peltours in Cape Town.

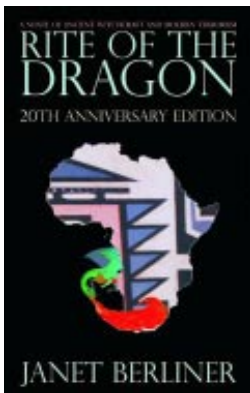
She then went into the newspaper business as an apprentice to Arthur Super, former editor-in-chief of the Jerusalem Post.

At the *Zionist Record* she wrote the "Dear Jan" column. She wrote for *Darling* magazine and did some radio work with Morkel Von Tonder.

She later married Michael Gluckman in Cape Town and became known as Janet Gluckman.

Janet continued with her first love – writing. She was urged by friends to develop a "voice to be heard". But she was afraid that if she wrote it as she saw it politically, her family would suffer.

Due to her reputation of never being one to distinguish between black and white South Africans, Janet and her husband were urged by friends to leave South Africa. They were in



fear for her life.

So, a little after her 21st birthday, they applied for permanent visas to the United States. They were told there was a 20-year wait and were further refused a visitors visa – as they had already requested the permanent kind.

So they took a Union Castle Student ship to Southampton. The rates were 75 pounds per person.

From there they obtained a cheap flight to Canada and their battle for permanent residency in the US began! As an engineer, her husband was able to obtain a first-preference petition to enter the US, but Janet had to stay in their small one-roomed flat in Toronto.

Michael got “free” meals at business lunches while trying to find work. Janet, however, was not eating at all well. But she was smart! She would go into local diners, order a mug of boiling water and a tea bag. She would then take crackers and ketchup (tomato sauce) packets from the table, take them all to their tiny little flat and make herself Soup!

Once a week, the two would manage a shared meal at an automat and occasionally she would splurge and get Cracker Jack. She lived on this for several months.

Then their luck turned. They obtained their green cards in the winter of 1962 and became US citizens in 1966.

Janet tells me that even though she thought she was a normal young woman of 21 – she had had such a bizarre life that she coped with the struggles very well.

Janet went back to working in a travel agency as well as “stringing” for local newspapers, while her husband completed his Masters and Ph.D. in chemical engineering.

They had two daughters, (Deborah, now a Pac Bell computer executive and Stefanie, who recently finished Law School at UCLA. They both now live in California). Janet also attended college at night while her daughters were young and earned a cum laude degree from SUNY (the State University of New York).

The family then moved to Cupertino, California, where her husband had a new position at an energy company. It was through his work that Janet obtained her first translating job, “*Catalytic Hydrogenation of Coal Tar and Oil under Pressure*”.

She now became aware of a way to work in publishing from home and still maintain her family. She started *Professional Media Services* in 1975.

Her first attempt at a novel, which she called “A Vital Right”, did not work. Her second attempt didn’t either. But she persevered and in 1980 she sold two novels. The first, a combination of her earlier attempts, was titled *Rite of the Dragon* – a novel of ancient witchcraft and modern terrorism. This was a hit; (the 20th anniversary edition was released this past April). I was fortunate enough to have been given an autographed copy from Janet – and what a read!

One can well imagine her unpopularity when she wrote this novel so many years ago. Today however – many of us know exactly what she is writing about and can certainly feel along with the characters. Very intense, I did not want to put it down. The second published novel was *The Execution Exchange*, which she co-wrote with Woody Greer.

Janet, now living apart from Michael, went back to South Africa in 1982 as a persona non-grata. She was followed around by the police, had her mail opened for her and was generally treated as an enemy. Today, she would be treated as a celebrity, but has not gone “home” since then. She tells me that in many ways she misses South Africa terribly. Unfortunately, Janet developed *Myasthenia Gravis* – an auto-immune disorder, which impedes muscle usage.

It was so severe at one point that the only way Janet could get nourishment was by feeding herself watery oatmeal, through an eyedropper. She could also only type by guiding the fingers of one hand with the other, one keystroke at a time.

But, being a survivor, she persevered and went on to author and collaborate on many books, including celebrity projects such as *David Copperfield’s Tales of the*

Impossible and *The Michael Critchon Companion*.

Janet now lives and works in Las Vegas, USA. She has written many novels and articles and a list can be seen on her web-site. Janet is working on several new novels, as well as her autobiography. This will be a very interesting read – about the life of a very courageous lady.

And, I can vouch that she is still a lekka vrou, even after all the hardships life has dealt her.



Top: Janet with David Copperfield at a book-signing.
Above: Janet on holiday in Grenada.

That's Joeys!



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Pat and Roland: Happy in their new country.

Britain's beaut!

Pat Mauseth says a spur-of-the-moment decision in Bulawayo one night turned into a whirlwind emigration to the UK

SNOW! All around us, it lay on the ground 3-4 inches of it, Ralph and Belinda stared at it, Roland and I just looked at each other, we had both seen snow before so while it was not such an amazing thing to us - what we both found incredible was that we had at last made it to the UK.

It was 05:15hrs on Saturday 27th November 1993 and we were at Heathrow Airport with a suitcase and carry-all each and £5000 to our name. We were about to start the rest of our lives thousands of miles away from our place of birth.

But let's pause there for a while and go back, back to Thursday September 9, 1993:

Roland and I had arrived home from a Lions Club committee meeting and we were just relaxing when Roland said, "Pat, lets go to England."

"When?" I asked casually, thinking that he meant for a holiday.

"By the end of the year, we'll sell the house and..."

"Hang on Roland" I interrupted, "why do we have to sell the house to go on holiday to see Marith?"

Roland looked at me and said, "No Pat I don't mean on holiday I mean, forever, let's leave Bulawayo and go live in England."

I was shattered. Yes we had over the years, since first going on holiday to London 10 years before, occasionally chatted about where we might go if ever we left Zimbabwe, but Roland had a steady job (he had been with BEC for 12 years), I was teaching typing at Progressive College, our son Ralph and daughter Belinda were both at school, we owned our own home, car and a couple of motorbikes, and we had an active social life, both being Founder members of the Aloe Lions Club.

We spent the next few hours talking over our reasons for wanting to leave. Where does one start? Roland and I had decided in 1980 to give it a go in Zimbabwe, but working as we did with Lions Clubs International we saw things getting worse every day for ALL walks of life.

We'd had a few unpleasant experiences in the early 90s with various threats, including threats of physical abuse made towards Belinda and I. When reported, the police would take no action. We felt the children were still young enough to be uprooted and that they would ultimately be happier in the UK.

Roland's only chance of promotion would have meant moving to Harare and even then a permanent position could not be guaranteed - if it fell through after a few years what then?



Against the chill: Pat, Belinda and Ralph wrapped up on their first day in the UK.

So we reckoned if you're going to sell up and move, you might as well make it a BIG move. The government had relaxed currency controls and we agreed that we should act sooner rather than later.

By the time we went to bed at about 4am we had decided that we'd move to England by the 31st December 1993 – less than 3 months away.

So we duly put the house on the market, asking price Z\$150 000. We broke the news to Roland's mother who gave us her full support. However, she thought our three-month deadline was being a bit optimistic. My Dad didn't seem to think we were serious. Then, a few days later, we discovered that our passports had expired!

We hurriedly arranged a meeting British High Commissioners representative. As both Roland and I had at least 1 Grandparent born in the UK she suggested that we just turn up at Heathrow and tell them that we wanted to emigrate. As long as our passports were valid for 6 months or more there would be no problem.

The next requirement was to get tax clearance. Roland took various forms etc. to the Tax Office and had a personal interview. He 'accidentally' left an envelope behind in the assessors office. A week later we got a letter telling us that pending confirmation of final salaries (including Pensions), the sale of house and payment of taxes related to such then tax clearance would be received.

The following day we were offered Zim\$115 000 hard cash for the house on condition we moved out by the end of November. Roland didn't even hesitate, he said yes and the deal was done.

When Roland told me what he had agreed, I panicked, where would we stay for a whole month? And a thousand other questions flashed through my mind. The first was solved by my Dad agreeing to put us up for the month of December, but we could tell that he still didn't believe that we were really going to leave.

Our passports still hadn't arrived and when I phoned the Passport Office, I was told that they had been mislaid. Roland just blew up. The next day, the 19th October, we went there personally and 6 hours later emerged with emergency passports, which we were later assured by the British High Commissioner would allow us entry to the UK.

On November the 1st we met our house-buyer at the lawyer's office and she duly handed over a suitcase containing Zim\$115,000 in cash. We worked out that after tidying up all our finances in Zim, overall we'd have £5000 to start new lives in a new country.

The next day Roland got a special deal from BA for a flight - Bulawayo - Pretoria - London for less than Z\$20 000. Again

Roland had done his own thing and informed me after the fact. The biggest shock was that he had not booked the flight for the end of December as we had agreed, but for the 26th November, 24 days time!!!

Suddenly we had no worries about selling our household goods, volunteers to 'take stuff off our hands' come flooding in as various relatives and friends visited us.

Roland's sister Marith and her husband Jok confirmed via telephone that we could live them. Roland telexed £500 to her to buy bunks for Ralph and Belinda to use.

12th November - Roland went to see his tame Tax Man and got our tax clearance, another envelope was left behind, careless Roland.

Over the next couple of weeks we visited friends and family and those places that held special memories for us: Borrow Street Pools, Centenary Park and the Museum; the Matopos and Malemi Dam.

26th November 1993 - "Goodbye Zimbabwe"

We arrived at Bulawayo Airport to find my Dad was not there. As we crossed the tarmac I turned around to see him waving, he had made it. It was the last time I would ever see him alive.

"Hello England".

It was Saturday 27th November. 80 days after deciding to move we were on British soil - no - make that British snow!

At the Immigration desk, we explained that we intended to stay in the UK. As you can imagine eyebrows were raised. The Immigration Officer took our "Emergency Travel Documents" and disappeared into a back office. We started to panic. But less than two minutes later he returned all smiles,

handed back our documents and told us that the Senior Immigration Officer had said that we could enter the UK for six months, during which time we should go to their offices in Croydon and apply for residence via ancestry. He stamped our documents and we walked on legally into the UK.

The four of us walked into the arrivals hall, with ALL of our luggage, it had ALL been there, thank goodness as it contained all we owned in the world! Within a few hours we were at Marith and Jok's house, which was to be our home for the next 185 days.

The room that the four of us would share for the next 185 nights was approximately 12' x 12'. Ralph and Belinda had bunk beds and Roland and I shared a fold-up bed/couch type of thing. We had arranged to pay Marith weekly rent of £50 and to ensure that their fridge and pantry remained full as well as paying towards electricity etc.

Just after three in the afternoon suddenly darkness fell. Ralph was really amazed that there could be such a short day.



November 1993 at our farewell party in Bulawayo with our friend the late Therese Hassan (died 16th June 2001 in Bulawayo).

Later that evening there we were standing in snow. It was cold and damp and I was thousands of miles away from the land of my birth, with my children and sister-in-law, plus her son waiting for some Mayor or the other to switch on some lights - was it worth it? YES because as the lights came up the first thing that caught my eye was a tall, sparkling, snow-covered Christmas tree. It was just like a 'Christmas Card' I knew there and then that we had made the right move.

OUR FIRST 80 DAYS IN THE UK

The first Monday after our arrival we got both children enrolled into school with no problems. We went to open a bank account with our £5000 and we had an account within an hour, no references asked for. We withdrew £500 and Marith took us to Tesco and helped us buy £240 worth of food for the house. The same day we registered with the local doctor, again no problems.

Soon after we arrived, we arranged to go up to Crawford in Scotland for a few days to visit Roland's half brother, Billy. We took time to explore and saw a radar installation, the 'Seaworld Centre' in Edinburgh, the 'Forth Bridge' and also spent a day in Glasgow. A snowstorm hit the village one afternoon and we spent hours and hours in it, over 6' deep in places, really enjoying the novelty.

Just before New Year we sent our grandparents' birth certificates, emergency travel documents etc to Croydon. Come the 11th January our money was really low and we decided it was time to look for work.

Of course we needed Work Permits first (i.e. permission to live and work in the UK). We phoned Croydon and were told that Roland should come down there personally. Late that night I could see that Roland was deep in thought, I asked him what was up and he said that today was our 80th day in the UK, it was hard to believe that so much had happened since that fateful night in Zimbabwe 160 days ago. (9th September 1993).

PERMISSION TO STAY

March 14th 1994

Roland caught a coach to Paddington Station in London, then took the Underground to Croydon. He was there by 06:00hrs and was 10th in the line when the doors opened at 09:00hrs. Soon his number was called and he was asked to explain why he was there - he was told to take a seat. 3 hours later he was called forward again and asked to explain about the Emergency Travel Documents. He was told to take a seat again. Roland says at this point he was terrified, then less than 30 seconds later he was called forward. He could not believe his ears as he was told, "Mr Mauseth, your family and you have been granted leave to live and work in the United Kingdom for a period of 3 years, a week before the 3 years is up you may apply for Residence."

He was also told to register with his local Job centre and the DSS. He thanked them and left fast before they changed their minds.

Roland phoned me from the Underground station at Croydon, I could hear that he had been drinking! All I heard him say was "We're in, I'm coming home."

Roland and I went to the local DSS with the "letter" and were issued National Insurance numbers while we waited. We

also put our names down with the Council for a house (still not enough points even now 7 odd years on!) and with the local Job centre. Within a week Roland had a temporary job at Olivetti.

During this period of leave to live and work in the UK, one is not entitled to any Social Security benefits/Unemployment pay. Any attempt to make any such claims would result in 'permission to live and work in the UK' being withdrawn. Only thing was they insisted that I fill in some forms for child allowance, which I did. This is the only Social Security benefit one is entitled to in the UK in the 3 year run-up to qualifying for permanent residence. In fact, it is more a tax concession for people with children, but it is paid through the Social Security system, designed to try to target the Family Allowance to the mother and hence the children, rather than as a tax concession in the father's pay packet. The state education and health systems are also available just the same as to any other Briton.

By the 1st June we had bought a 2nd hand Peugeot and found a home of our own to rent in Newport Pagnell. (12 Month contract) We also bought our 1st computer, a 486DX2 Hewlett Packard, with CD and modem; we were up and on-line with CompuServe by 14:00hrs. We also got our first pet, a 3-year-old Norfolk terrier called Tosh, from the R.S.P.C.A. He had been taken away from his last owner who had abused him.

A few months later Roland's position at Olivetti became permanent. We were now well and truly settled in the UK and over the years have travelled most of it. On a sad note we heard that my dad in Bulawayo had cancer.

1997 PERMANENT RESIDENCE

After 3 years of good behaviour, Roland visited Croydon again, and in less than an hour walked out with the document confirming that we had 'Leave to stay Indefinitely' in the UK.

My father in Bulawayo died in September 1997, which was hard to come to terms with at such a distance.

AFTERWORD

Roland, Ralph, Belinda and I have now been in the UK over seven years and we don't regret one minute of it. We have had many adventures and travelled the length and breadth of England, Scotland and Wales. Roland has been working for Olivetti (now called Getronics) since March 1994. Ralph has finished school and is working. Belinda is completing her 3rd Year at High School and I have a part time job and otherwise run the house.

Before anyone thinks that we paint the UK too perfect we should own up that there are 2 things that really bug us about the UK:

1. Parking is almost impossible, with Roland driving to 4 or 5 different cities/towns a day his moan is that the roads are too narrow and people just don't know how to park.
2. My complaint is the cost of biltong. It is extortionate and the taste? Well, each to their own, but I wouldn't be a "Rhodie" if I couldn't sort out this minor problem, so I make my own Biltong at under £8 a kg. I have my own recipe, all spices available locally, we DO NOT have a biltong maker and we make our 'Tong' all year around and it tastes just right, as we have been told by those 'Rhodies' that we allow to try it!

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**SO WHAT
ARE YOU
WAITING
FOR!!**

*Thomas (3) and Hazel (6)
playing on Dun Laoghaire pier
(just outside Dublin, the Stena
ferry docks here from Holyhead,
England)*



Across the sea to Ireland



Lynell and Sean Culligan have settled in Dublin, Ireland with their children, Thomas and Hazel



MAKING the decision to leave South Africa for Ireland was not an easy one, while at the same time it was simple. There was really no choice involved. We did not leave because of political beliefs or because of the soaring crime rate. We did not leave because of the drop in the standard of education. We did not leave because of the increase in racial tension.

These things do exist and helped us to know that the decision, once made, was the correct one.

We left sunny Cape Town for the simple reason that there was a lack of work.

Ireland is currently experiencing an economic boom. I say currently but this boom has been in existence for the past 10 years or more.

Experts are now saying that there are signs that the Celtic Tiger is weakening, that economic growth is slowing. But, there is still economic growth.

My husband and I had faced the thought of relocation before, each time he was retrenched, in fact.

While this time he was still employed, the building industry was starting to go into a slump, many companies were retrenching.

There was a feeling of *dejavu* – we had been around this mountain before and here we were again.

Feelers were put out to Ireland where all the stories were of growth and that cranes dominated the skyline of Dublin.

This is truly the case, cranes and statues being the norm for this city.

After my husband had reached the other side of his many interviews and he had made his final choice, relocation suddenly became a reality!

With my husband now working halfway around the world and myself and our children intending to join him there, several things had to happen.

Possessions that had taken years to accumulate now had to be disposed of in the matter of weeks.

Family and friends were informed and all reacted in different ways.

Some people were incredibly positive and thought that it would be a wonderful thing for us as a family while others were very negative and made dire predictions about “the weather” and how many South Africans never make it

anywhere in the world, how they all come back eventually! Not very encouraging, to say the least.

Our house, cars and various possessions were sold, tickets were purchased and shipping agents were engaged to ship to Ireland those things that we felt we could just not live without.

Seeing this as a long-term move meant that we wanted to leave very few “strings” behind which might entice us to return.

Having then endured the flight with two small children it was a relief to finally arrive at Dublin airport at the beginning of July.

Seeing my husband again after a period of over two months was also reassuring.

The children were, of course, thrilled to see their Dad again. After the suspense of the past two months where life is still the same yet you know a huge change is coming up, we had finally made the change!

The practical things involved in settling into a new country can be very daunting.

Opening a bank account, buying a car, obtaining insurance. All this while living in a country that has different systems and rules to what you are used to.

I found it very difficult to get insurance as I hadn't lived here for over a year or had insurance before in Ireland.

I would recommend to anyone coming to Ireland to obtain a “no-claim bonus letter” from your South African insurers, if you are entitled to one. This makes a huge difference in what you will have to pay for your insurance.

Then there is also the conversion factor. I have been told that this eventually does fade.

Having been a rand user for all my life, I still tend to convert while shopping.

This does not make for stress-free shopping!

On the whole I have found the people who live in the same estate as me to be very friendly and welcoming. There are plenty of different nationalities living in my neighbourhood. There are even other South Africans too.

The hardest part of leaving South Africa are the people you leave behind. Friends and family cannot be easily replaced. But then, nor can freedom.

Freedom for the children to ride their bikes around our estate; freedom to drive with the windows open; freedom to go for walks in the evening.

Commuting - Russian-style: On the way to work the morning after a blizzard. I am in the middle with two work colleagues, the road to the area in which we lived was inaccessible and we had to walk about a kilometre through the snow drifts to get to the cars. The temperature was around -25C!



St Pleasantburg!

Richard Morgan tells what it's like to live in the historic city of St Petersburg, Russia

THE St.Petersburg summer has arrived and White Nights are around the corner. Complete 24-hour sunshine occurs in the last two weeks of June but the city is already inundated with visitors who will continue to fill the city all the way through summer.

This is a really enjoyable time of year and a welcome break from the long winter.

There is nothing better than joining friends at an open air restaurant and enjoying good conversation and the sunlight till the early hours of the morning.

Colleen and I have now been living in Russia for three years, the first half of this period we lived in Saratov in the Southern part of Russia on the banks of the Volga river and from January last year in Pieter. (as the locals fondly call St.Petersburg)

The story starts in July '98 when we accepted a transfer from South Africa to take up a position in Saratov.

The business opportunity was excellent but we had no idea what to expect when we arrived.

The only knowledge I had of Russia was the information I had been fed during my two years army service which of course had not been positive.

We hauled out the atlas and managed to find Saratov but not even the library could provide us any further information.

Thanks to the marvels of the Internet we could at least obtain some basic information.

We later found the reason for the lack of information was that Saratov had been the home of a significant portion of Russian aircraft manufacture during the Cold War and was therefore closed to foreigners until after Perestroika.

After a brief visit and some Russian lessons we arrived in September where the Rouble crisis welcomed us, the Rouble/USD Dollar exchange rate moved from 6 in July to 16 on the day I started work and plummeted another 25% before the year end.

As I hold a Finance position this provided a challenging start to our first Expat. Posting, but after all a little bit of excitement is the spice of life.

Saratov is a city of around 1 million people within a largely rural region; people are extremely warm and friendly which made our time there very enjoyable.

We soon adapted to the life, including the long winters, when temperatures drop down to as low as - 40 degrees Celsius and average around -12 for 6 months of the



Fur from fun: Colleen Morgan shivers in the Russian Christmas snow.



Saratov the City and the Volga river

year. The temperatures even freeze the 3km wide Volga river to a depth of two metres.

While I was working, Colleen kept busy assisting at one of the orphanages (a real eye opener) and providing talks at universities and schools with South Africa as her subject.

Although all students in Russia take English as a second language they have very little opportunity to meet English speaking people, combined with South Africa being an exotic country for the Russians, Colleen's lectures were enthusiastically received.

In January 2000 we were transferred to St.Petersburg which is a world apart from Saratov and other parts of Russia.

The city has an almost Western European Atmosphere. Plenty of entertainment and sites to visit, with the Hermitage, St Isaacs Cathedral, Peter and Paul fortress and the Marinsky theatre to name but a few.

Having lived here for three years we have been able to dispel most of the myths about Russia which we arrived with in 1998.

Generally Russians are friendly, helpful and always ready for a party especially if there are a couple of bottles of Vodka to be found.

Life is certainly very different from that in South Africa but the most striking differences for me include the pervasive level of bureaucracy and low levels of crime.

Sure there is a certain amount of petty theft but we live in the centre of St.Petersburg and feel quite comfortable walking around late at night or even in the early hours of the morning.

When we do need to go somewhere outside walking distance, it is not a problem if our driver is not around.

We raise a hand at the roadside and normally in less than 30 seconds one of the registered or numerous unregistered taxis pulls over and takes us safely to our destination for a reasonable fee.

If only South Africa could boast the same levels of personal safety.

Life is tough for the average Russian, as typically salaries are poor and average less than the equivalent of R1000 per month.

Of course residents of Moscow and St.Petersburg earn significantly higher salaries than people living outside these two centres.

Doctors are still close to the bottom of the salary scale and it is not uncommon for a fully qualified doctor to be paid less than the equivalent of R600 per month. But I guess the hardest life is lived by pensioners.

During the Soviet era the norm was for the State to provide for all needs and there was no necessity to save money (there are still no private pension funds in Russia).

To put yourself in the position of a typical Russian pensioner take whatever savings you have, remove the last three digits (R1000 becomes R1) this happened in January 1998.

If you didn't lose what was left through your Bank going bankrupt after the Rouble crisis in September 1998, (many Banks went bust) consider the impact of currency devaluation from six roubles to the US dollar down to 30 to the US dollar today.

Top that up with the equivalent of R100 per month state pension and you will find that without a supportive family, survival is on the top of your agenda.

We are now drawing to the end of our time in Russia and as I write this we are waiting to receive notification of the next destination.

We have made some very good friends, had many marvellous experiences and if our next posting is half as interesting we look forward to the adventure.



*The frozen Volga,
Richard is on the right*

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Julie and son, Jared - made it with a little help from their friends . . .

Catching the curve ball

Julie Carrington turns her emigration experience to good use by helping others to settle into their new country - New Zealand

IT WILL never cease to amaze me how life tends to throw curve balls when you least expect it. Looking back over the last six years, which feels like a lifetime away, I often wonder how different things might have been had I turned right instead of left when faced with the proverbial cross-roads! Six years ago, I had a career, had bought my first house, got married and had a baby. I was “happy as”, as they say in New Zealand.

Then, I went to New Zealand for a six-week holiday and decided that I could very happily make New Zealand my home.

But leaving your home country isn't easy and it wasn't until Jared was two years old that we were able to wrench ourselves away from South Africa and start a new life in New Zealand.

Four months after deciding to make the big move, we arrived in Auckland and spent the first of many nights sleeping on the floor in our sleeping bags.

However it wasn't long before true Kiwi hospitality stepping in and our new neighbours loaned us an airbed, car seat for our two-year-old, pots, pans and other essentials.

We soon realised that there was more than the difference in the job market to learn about.

We'd spent a lot of time researching the viability of importing top-of-the-range scuba diving equipment into New Zealand and after more research in New Zealand, decided to give it a go.

Today the business is successful, unfortunately our marriage wasn't. So, three years ago I found myself a single mother of a feisty three-year-old and a large dose of bubble bursting and the realisation that something needed to be done, and fast.

What got me through that period of alone-ness was having a few good friends and a great network of former South Africans to call on.

Something for which I will always be thankful.

Having started one business in New Zealand from scratch got me thinking about doing it again.

Something I know about, had experienced, and could help other with, immigration.

Initially my business, New Zealand Immigration Assistance, started as a hobby but has now grown up and is still growing! Essentially it is a two-man business with a range of experts available for us to call on.

The challenge for me is that each immigration case is different and everybody has unique concerns that need to be addressed.

What motivates me to do what I do? Finding out about each issue - being naturally curious helps.

Passing on what I and others have learnt about immigrating to New Zealand and ultimately assisting them enter and settle in New Zealand.

Find out more about New Zealand Immigration Assistance at <http://www.nzimmigration.net.nz>



Julie and Jared: Hospitable Kiwis loaned them a car seat for the two-year-old.

*Holy mackerel!: Laurie with
a fine spaniard.*

Laurie's hooked on the good life!



AFTER 20 years in Australia I still miss the sounds sights and smells of Africa. Once you have lived there I think that you are forever caught in the spell and intrigue of the atmosphere.

I remember the ease of movement without a care in the world, 15 minutes drive from my home in the outer suburbs of Bulawayo and I was in the beloved Matopos.

Fishing in the many dams often in the company of antelope, fish eagles and countless other creatures.

After finishing high school at Gifford Tech, I spent a year with the Dept of Internal Affairs stationed at the end of the world in Lupane of all places.

I think being stationed there was one of the reasons I resigned quick smart and joined up as an electrical apprentice with the railways and spent the next four years at the Bulawayo Workshops and Bulawayo Technical College.

Then the crunch came in the way of call-up papers and off to Llewellyn barracks I went.

Ten weeks at Brady set me right for the remaining two years in Engineers laying mines along the North East border.

The army propaganda worked well and I happily complied laying down countless anti-personnel mines.

I now sadly shake my head at the terrible toll it must have taken on the wildlife in the area.

This was a wild area that we were doing this in and quite often we would bump into elephant and the occasional lion and leopard could be heard at night.

Though the minefield was fenced I would lie awake at night and hear the mines that we had laid that day going off.

After demobbing from conscription in late 1979 it was back to civvy street, to some considerable adjustment.

The civilians must have been listening to a different propaganda machine than I was!

When I looked around nearly all my friends had left the

country, my job was a dead end and the country was in the process of handing over to Mugabe and Nkomo.

The sign at Beit Bridge read, "Last one out, turn the lights off!"

Well I knew someone in London, so I booked a return ticket to London, told everyone that I was going and set about saving some money to do it.

It was the first time that I had ever had to try and save money as I had thought that there was no reason to save, I would always have a job and a place to live!

Well that kind of thinking would have seen the end of me. So with my trusty British passport I arrived in London and desperately sought work, for if I didn't get work before my money ran out I would have to go back on my return ticket.

Well there is always work if you want to work, I sold my return ticket and stayed on in London for about 18 months, backpacking around Europe and having a great time.

I went back to the new Zimbabwe; probably out of curiosity and that my parents were still there and got my old job back!

Within a year I was getting itchy feet again and had had quite enough of the political rubbish that was going on and returned to London.

Saving up in London is real hard, everything costs money, there is nothing you can do for free except walk the streets. I don't know what it is like now but I only managed to save about 15per cent of my weekly pay, but got up enough to travel overland to Australia, arriving in Melbourne with a much sought after 12 month working visa.

Getting work in Australia was a hell of a lot harder than in London and I only worked for a few months in the first year, mainly in Sydney.

In 1983 I married my long-term girlfriend who conven-



Day out: Laurie and family on one of their fishing boats

iently and by chance is Australian, which gave me instant permanent residence in Australia.

I don't think I planned it that way but am very happy that it turned out like it has. I shudder to think where I would be living today, as immigration to Australia nowadays is very difficult.

After living in wet, cold and big city Melbourne that I hated we moved to Adelaide where my wife Sue got a high paying job and I was still unemployed.

Adelaide by contrast was a town that had stopped moving! So laid back and boring that it was driving us both crazy. We had our eyes on Perth and I was all for it, Perth to me was outback, frontier country, the city of opportunity.

Well to be honest it was just a big country town back in 1985, but a lot more alive than Adelaide.

I settled in to the lifestyle quickly, Sue found a job quickly and I started a small business with another expat, laminating paper products with plastic coatings.

The business couldn't support two people so I sold my share and bought another business in the sign industry.

This was a huge learning curve for me but I pulled it through from a one man band in 1986 to a business employing five staff in 1998 and a turn over of about half a million dollars.

During this time my first son was born, Ben, in 1987 and Rebecca 1989 and Jared came along in 1993.

I was experiencing severe work over load and about to burn out, I rarely got home before dark and hardly saw my kids.

I thought there had to be something wrong and I am sorry that I didn't wake up sooner, but was too busy working to notice that there are other things in life.

We put the business on the market, which took two years to sell.



Evening cruise: A trip on the Murchison River at sunset.

The plan was that if we sold the business and the house and all the rubbish that you don't need, free up any debt, invest the remainder and live off the profits!

Well of course it didn't work that way, we didn't get as much as we wanted for the business, the house sold for next to nothing, so we had very little to invest.

The best part was that we moved to a small country seaside town, our house is half the cost of our Perth house, and with the left over money we bought two ocean going boats that we hire out to anyone who wants them.

See [http://www.wn.com.au/kalbarrionline/murchison boat hire.htm](http://www.wn.com.au/kalbarrionline/murchison%20boat%20hire.htm).

When they are not used I take them out for R&D! And the fishing is great.

I now work very little compared to previously and when there is work to do it is just to sign the boat out to the customer and sit back until the boat is returned!!

I have registered and operate a small sign business from home, which adds a bit of pocket money and in between I drive a tour bus, write fishing articles, manufacture and import a range of fishing lures, and work on the double story extension to the family home.

So I am at the best of times pretty busy but not under the immense pressure of having a \$50,000 overdraft any more.

The hire boats are quite busy but not enough to sit back and relax, not that I ever intended to but I am now doing what I like!

Most importantly my kids and wife are happy here and it has all been worth it. I am very happy with my adopted country and get annoyed when I hear people complaining about conditions in this country – why don't they be grateful and consider themselves lucky!!!

“

I now work very little compared to previously and when there is work to do it is just to sign the boat out to the customer and sit back until the boat is returned.

”

That's African health care!

These are (allegedly!) actual writings on Mpumalanga hospital charts:

1. She has no rigors or shaking chills, but her husband states she was very hot in bed last night.
2. Patient has chest pain if she lies on her left side for over a year.
3. On the second day the knee was better, and on the third day it disappeared.
4. The patient is tearful and crying constantly. She also appears to be depressed.
5. The patient has been depressed since she began seeing me in 1993.
6. Discharge status: Alive but without my permission.
7. Healthy appearing decrepit 69 year old male, mentally alert but forgetful.
8. The patient refused autopsy.
9. The patient has no previous history of suicides.
10. Patient has left white blood cells at another hospital.
11. Patient's medical history has been remarkably insignificant with only a 40 pound weight gain in the past three days.
12. Patient had waffles for breakfast and anorexia for lunch.
13. She is numb from her toes down.
14. While in ER, she was examined, x-rated and sent home.
15. The skin was moist and dry.
16. Occasional, constant infrequent headaches.
17. Patient was alert and unresponsive.
18. Rectal examination revealed a normal size thyroid.
19. She stated that she had been constipated for most of her life, until she got a divorce.
20. I saw your patient today, who is still under our care for physical therapy.
21. Both breasts are equal and reactive to light and accommodation.
22. Examination of genitalia reveals that he is circus sized.
23. The lab test indicated abnormal liver function.
24. The patient was to have a bowel resection. However, he took a job as a stock broker instead.
25. Skin: somewhat pale but present.
26. The pelvic exam will be done later on the floor.
27. Patient was seen in consultation by Dr. Blank, who felt we should sit on the abdomen and I agree.
28. Large brown stool ambulating in the hall.
29. Patient has two teenage children, but no other abnormalities.

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*Brian and Beverley Deller:
European Union (EU)
passports automatically
qualified them to settle in
Spain.*

Spain - it's our place in the sun

IT WAS 2.45 am. Our two small dogs were barking enough to wake the suburb, let alone the neighbours, but in the South Africa of October 1998, it was not unusual to hear dogs barking all night in areas in the northern suburbs of Johannesburg where we lived.

But this was different as our two small animals were inside the house, and our two German Shepherds outside were soon to be seen to be quietly walking around.

I am normally a deep sleeper, a necessary trait in recent years in most of South Africa's urban suburbs and townships where, constantly, there are not only barking dogs, but also gunshots (most South Africans/Zimbabweans can recognise the sound of an AK47). I picked up my, still a vital accessory in South Africa, 9mm gun from its usual place at night, the bedside, and turned on the floodlights outside so we could see if anyone was in the garden.

There was no sign of trouble, so we went back to bed.

Ten minutes later, our dogs repeated their furious yapping, running up and down the passage in our home. This time we stayed up 15 minutes or more while we had a good look again, but there were still no signs of anything amiss outside, so we went back to bed again. The next morning, after opening the front door, the marks on the front door steel security gate showed that someone had been trying to cut their way in during the night, and we then realised how close we had come to being another statistic in the South African annals of serious and violent crime. We decided that we had to take positive action to look after ourselves, other than the many extra "taxes" we were paying to security companies and for expensive security devices to ensure that we could keep our lives and hard-earned possessions.

Our home had the latest high-tech. security system with rapid response from a security company contracted to cruise the suburb 24 hours a day and we basked in what is now realised was a false sense of security.

After all, with an AK 47 against your wife's head, who is going to risk telling the security control room that the alarm was not false?

We had a son who was extremely academically bright as well as being a trophy-winning athlete, whose future now also looked less than positive if we stayed.



*Sean: Complained of
pains in his abdomen.*

Where to though? Returning to the UK was unacceptable as we had become used to warmer climates and Canada was out of the question for the same climatic reason.

Australia seemed a good alternative, but there was an entrance scheme we had to satisfy and a queue to join, and a friend who had his

brother was living there, had taken nine months to be allowed in.

We might not survive that long!

Also, I am now in my sixties, my wife, Beverley, in her (young) 40s, and she was enthusiastic about living in Spain because as a young child into teenage years, she had been there many times on holiday with her parents.

My initial reaction was the possible language barrier, but persuaded by Beverley to at least go and have a look, we did for two weeks so that we could look around other areas if we did not like the Alicante area, which, as it turned out, we did not due to the flat and arid look of the land there at the end of winter, so we rented a car, and we travelled to the Costa Del Sol.

We arrived in a daylong downpour of rain, but we realised that this was more to our liking with much greenery evident amongst the hills and mountains and along the coast, although it is not as green as where we lived near Jo'burg.

I was concerned at having to learn Spanish so I was pleasantly surprised to find that English is the second language on the Costa Del Sol, and it is in fact taught in the Spanish schools, so many are able to converse with you, especially the young, but we are learning Spanish, but it will probably be a couple of years before we are fully fluent.

We found other South Africans who have settled here, some forming their own little enclaves, and although accurate figures are not available, we estimate that there are about 200 recent former South African families here now on the Costa Del Sol or who have bought properties here

We have since started a special social club called "South Africans Staying Alive" or SASA for short, for all those who have lived in South Africa, or who wish to associate with South Africans.

We have a monthly newsletter and a braai once a month.

Chatting with those we have met, the main



The city of Fuengirola - famous for its beaches and magnificent views of the Mediterranean. Many British and other nationalities live there.

reasons given for leaving RSA are like ours, that is, to escape the serious crime and deteriorating civil and economic conditions, and all are people that South Africa could ill-afford to lose, entrepreneurs or business owners, some still owning their business in RSA and now operating them from Spain through managers, although the plan

is to eventually sell up and cut the connection as far as living there is concerned.

Why Spain though? Apart from the climate, one of the problems of going to live in another country is acceptance by the host, but we still had our British citizenship although we had become naturalised South Africans some ten years earlier, such was our misplaced confidence then.

We were able to come and live here without hindrance, for, with any European Union (EU) passport you automatically qualify to settle in any country within the EU, as long as you can support yourself without needing funding from the State.

We returned to South Africa, to our house in Sandton, Johannesburg where we had lived for ten years, and prepared to leave.

Just before we left, a new steel fence had been organised by the residents led by a small committee that I had chaired, my last service to South African peace, and erected around the 900 homes in our suburb in an attempt to keep out the violent criminals who had no conscience about murdering and raping citizens of all races, access being only through two manned booms, and this are now was like dozens of others in Johannesburg. Many suburbs are now mini fortresses as in Europe 500 hundred years ago.

Readers should note that it is not primarily a racial prejudice problem.

We decided to make one more visit to Spain in June 1999 to ensure that we had somewhere to live and set up business contacts as I had decided that I would offer a service to others who were looking for a safe place to live, or just to invest in property in Spain with a view to retiring here later, and to organise the sales of rentals for owners of property to holiday-makers to keep the grey matter working.

We have done this and we call the service "VIA DE VIDA", which means in Spanish, "Way of Life".

During the second look-see visit in June, we had found somewhere to live, and had paid a deposit on a

villa/house halfway up a mountain in Benalmádena Pueblo. The village is one of many in Spain that earns a good living from tourism and as such it is immaculately clean with the usual nice Spanish people.

If it were not for the crime, South Africa could be like Spain, where it was reported that about 32 million tourists, equal to the population of Spain, visited here in the 1998/9 year, this trade representing a reported 40% plus of the Spanish GDP. No wonder foreigners are made welcome here.

South Africa could not cope with that number as far as hotels are concerned, but the criminals would "make a killing". On arrival in late August 1999, we booked our son Sean into a highly recommended private school, but on the second day the head teacher phoned to advise us that Sean was complaining of pains in his abdomen.

We took him to a doctor in Marbella, Dr. Von Metzinger, whom it transpired, had worked in Port Elizabeth for eight years.

THE LAST ARROW

The disastrous news from surgeon Dr Von Metzinger hit us and left us dazed. We were told that Sean had cancer of the liver and it was terminal.

The news left us devastated, as, although I had three children and four grandchildren from my first marriage, still living in South Africa, Sean had been

adopted by me and brought up as my own for fourteen of his sixteen years. But he was Beverley's only child, so it hit her very hard.

This particular form of cancer is almost unknown in Europe but common in Africa, one cause being, according to the specialists seen here, due to bad food, usually mouldy grain which causes a poison which is not destroyed when the grain is cooked.

Sean used to eat out a lot with his friends in South Africa, like all teenagers, although we will never know where he was possibly poisoned. Another was hepatitis, but a blood test showed this was not in Sean's case. It looked as if Africa was to fire the last arrow at us from afar.

The Spanish State health system was very helpful, but we would recommend that anyone coming here (or to Europe) to live, makes sure that their health insurance gives adequate local cover from day one.

We decided to keep Sean at home and the Spanish were marvellous, with the local cancer support association, CUDECA, visiting Sean regularly at no cost, with specialist doctors and nurses, almost daily towards the end, supplying drugs and equipment, such as a wheelchair, so we could take him out.

We kept Sean at home as much as possible, and on March 1st. 2000, Sean, and a few days before his seventeenth birthday, he died in our arms.

How many South Africans are now living in Spain?

DUE to emigration after the Second World War in the 1940s, and in the subsequent years up to the 1980s, South Africa became populated with many people with foreign passports, mainly British.

In fact official estimates in the early 1990's was that there were a million people living there who could claim British citizenship.

Consequently, many are able to leave and return to Europe and settle anywhere without hindrance under the new EU regulations.

Many of course have gone to Australia, Canada and New Zealand, taking their business expertise (and cash) with them, to South Africa's great loss, but like our-selves, they miss the great country, with its open spaces and unspoilt areas.

Most of the black people there are good but having been made promises by the new government before they came to power in 1994 that were patently impossible to keep, are disappointed with their lot which has worsened as many jobs have been lost due to new laws making employment very difficult, and the money they earn is becoming worth less every month.

This applies, of course to everybody there except those in a position to set their own incomes, mainly by crime (criminals) or corruption (politicians etc.?).

WOULD WE RETURN TO SOUTH AFRICA?

We miss South Africa terribly, myself having spent a quarter of a century there, working hard (much harder than in the UK) and helping in a small way to make it the powerful economic entity that it is in Africa, and now feeling upset at having to leave and start again.

If I had not been married with a child, I would have probably stayed but would be walking around, armed to the teeth and ready to kill: not the best way to live!

My children from my first marriage still live there. To read of State employees stealing much needed for policing, education and health, tax money in astronomical amounts (a figure of Ptas 825 billion - over £34 billion) since 1994 has been advised to us from a reliable source) caused me to realise that, like most of Africa, it will probably be another 50 to 100 years before real civilisation for all is prevalent.

Many people here in Spain understand our decision to leave South Africa though as it is accepted as common knowledge in Europe that South Africa is now a very dangerous place to live, and the pleasure of my wife being able, for example, take our dogs for a walk here on her own, even after dark in country lanes, with no fear of being attacked, has not been experienced by us for many years.

The UK Press has even now named the current President Mbeki as an "Enemy of the People" (Editorial, Sunday Times, 27 August, 2000), because, among other faults, he has publicly stated that HIV does not cause AIDS to avoid giving state retroviral drugs to HIV victims, and his support of Mugabe of Zimbabwe.

Why do so many people have to suffer in this day and age to achieve true freedom? Spain is our new home and we love it here — despite the 35 to 40 degree heat in July and August.



SA playing 'catch-up' after the sanctions era

MUCH that is being written in the Press, all over the World these days tends to suggest that South African wine is lagging behind the New World wines of California and Australia and even South America. If that were true what might be the reason and where might the industry be going?

Well there is certainly no denying that the sanctions and isolation brought about by the apartheid era caused us to fall behind in ideas, styles, technology and marketing. It also gave the barrel-producing world a good location to dispose of all of its sub-standard barrels, which certainly affected the wines during that time.

Our winemakers too were, and to an extent still are, picking under-ripe fruit. Oh, the Balling meter says it has enough potential alcohol, but the fruit is not really ripe and all the flavours have not evolved and the dreaded "green tannins" will still become evident in the finished product.

On a recent trip to Burgundy, almost none of the top winemakers I visited had any idea what the Balling reading was when they harvested, or the pH or acid or anything else. "The grapes were read", is all they say and many growers in South Africa need the courage to wait a little longer.

What happened when we became "legal" again? Well, we soon discovered that we were the flavour of the year and people were clamouring to get their lips around wines that had been denied them for decades. Unfortunately it didn't take long for the carpetbagger types to realise that anything with "Produce of South Africa" written on it was likely to sell and some utter rubbish found its way into supermarkets and bottle stores around the world. The Punter tried these and reached a conclusion. "This is crap. I'm not drinking South African wine any more. Bring on the Oz and Chile stuff." It will take us a long time to recover from this one.

We have not yet concentrated enough on the grape varieties that will eventually result in really great wines. A couple of stalwarts continue to produce some very fine Pinotage, but the world doesn't really care and even South Africans are losing interest. It may be time to take the axe to all but the very best Pinotage. We are making and will continue to make some very fine Shiraz and Cabernet Sauvignon and to a lesser extent some drinkable Merlot. Experiments with Italian and Southern Rhone varieties are too young to make any meaningful assessments. But I am optimistic.

We have too much Chenin Blanc still, although the tiny minority has learned how to make good examples of this wine and I am hopeful for the future. We still need to grub up about

80% of the remainder though. Viognier is doing well and there is much hope for this with the passing of time.

There are trade and National bodies trying hard to catch up with the concerted generic marketing campaign that the Australians were so shrewd in introducing some 8 years ago and these same Antipodeans have plans up to about 2025. We are just passing up on individual rivalries and marketing "Wines of South Africa". This is for the good of the industry but we still need to make better wine. Producers will have to listen to what the market wants and then try and guess what they will want 5 years down the line and get the grapes planted.

Until we can come up with some really great wines we are not going to be taken seriously internationally. Penfolds Grange did wonders for Australia and we need to come up with something that will do the same for us. We are producing some really good wine but until this is blind tasted against the best of the New World and recognized for what it is then other countries, Australia and South America in particular are going to continue to bite into our market share.

What do I think will be the grape variety that will launch South Africa into the world limelight? Probably Shiraz. Our climate and many of our terroirs appear very suitable and there are some fine examples already being made. Boekenhoutskloof 97, Saxenburg Private Collection 98, Spice Route Flagship 98, Slaley 98, De Trafford 98, Lievland 98 and Stellenzicht 98 all showed real class and potential.

A couple of words to the wise if you can find any. Flagstone Winery and Vineyards, which has had the idea of setting up at least one of its wineries in the Cape Waterfront. It looks more like a transport garage than a winery and probably was before they took it over.

However, the wines being made by Bruce Jack, who has a heap of Australian experience, are really tasty and excellent value for money. The Two Roads Chardonnay, sold out at the winery, is lovely, soft and citrus with balanced acidity. Look out for it in your bottle shops. Oddbins recently took 1000 cases of other Flagstone wines so you will find some there hopefully. They have a range of about a dozen different wines. Try any you can find and see what you think. Website <http://www.Flagstonewines.com>.

Another one that is going to be very big in the future is De Toren a relatively new and undiscovered Stellenbosch Winery. They only make one wine which is a Bordeaux blend of Cabernet Sauvignon, Cabernet Franc, Merlot, Malbec and Petit Verdot. The maiden vintage of 1999 is very complex. Controlled power, rich, sweet wild berries layered with mint and fragrant cedary spice. Lovely stuff.

They have a website at <http://www.de-toren.com>.



TRAVEL

Home swaps



save big bucks!

Want to go on holiday but can't afford it because of accommodation costs? Well, here's an option worth considering - home swapping. A company based in Cape Town arranges such exchanges and are online for ease of contact. <http://www.hometimeswap.com> says people offer time at their primary home or holiday home in exchange for FREE accommodation at another home at the vacation destination of their choice

HOME owners simply swap destinations. Since people exchange their homes they will respect each other's property as if it were their own. Thus home exchanging allows people to gain extra value from their homes while still maintaining peace of mind that their homes will be well cared for by their like-minded exchange partners.

Home exchanging gives the tourist the opportunity of really getting to know an area as they will be living in the community, off the tourist trail, instead of in an impersonal hotel environment. Exchanging homes is also a much cheaper alternative to traditional accommodation arrangements and ensures the comfort and space that only a home can provide.

If people are swapping their holiday homes rather than their primary homes, the times of travel of the two exchange partners need not be coincident as long as each partner vacations within a one year time period of the other. This affords great flexibility in travel dates and provides a wider range of homes from which to choose.

HomeTimeSwap.Com currently has over 100 homes in 19 countries to choose from including South Africa, England, Channel Islands, Scotland, Ireland, Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Norway, Canada, USA, Hawaii, Panama, Australia, New Zealand, Mauritius. We are growing rapidly with about 20 new registrations on average each month.

We bring home owners together by advertising their homes on our Web site at <http://www.hometimeswap.com>. Interested home owners need to register with us at which time we require their contact details, information about their homes and the destination they wish to visit. We also accept up to four photographs of each home as pictures really do 'paint a thousand words'. We display the details of the registered

homes on our Web site for other members and any other Web surfers to see.

For each home we provide a description of the home and the facilities it includes, plus a description of the sights and activities in the region in which the home occurs. We display the dates during which the home is available as well as the destination that the home owner wishes to visit. Lastly, we provide a short description of the home owner and their family so that prospective exchange partners may get to know a bit about each other. This also gives the site a more personal touch.

The Internet is a perfect medium on which to display our members' beautiful homes as it has a world-wide audience and has a powerful visual impact. This gives prospective travelers a better idea of what to expect at their vacation destination. Also, a Web site does not keep office hours but is open 24-hours a day for greater convenience. Anyone can view our registered homes, not only our members, but people will need to register with us before participating in an exchange.

At the moment registration is free. This is a special offer to the next 100 clients that register with us. Thereafter we will charge an annual fee of R250 (plus R125 for each additional home registered with us). The annual fee ensures that we will advertise a home on our Web site for a year in order to attract the swap partner the home owner desires. We use the annual fees to maintain and improve the Web site and to advertise our company to obtain greater exposure for our registered members.

Home owners can register on-line by selecting the 'FREE Registration' button on the top right hand corner of our home page and choosing 'Register Now' to navigate to our on-line form. Another alternative is to download the registration form

in either a Word document or Text format and to complete the form later and email, fax or mail it back to us.

Our members can express an interest in swapping their home for someone else's home by contacting us or by selecting the 'Home Exchange' icon displayed at the top of the home description and completing the on-line form. We will then contact the home owner concerned and provide them with details about their prospective swap partner and their home. When both home owners wish to proceed with the exchange we will facilitate the initial communication and planning. We provide a checklist of points related to the exchange in order to guide the discussion between the home owners. We also supply an optional exchange contract (at an extra charge of R120) which is a legal document designed to regularise the details of the exchange. For our function in facilitating the exchange we require R250 from each home-owner, regardless of the length of stay and the vacation destinations.

This means that our members can enjoy comfortable, luxurious self-catering accommodation locally or overseas for a mere R250!

HomeTimeSwap.com is more than just an electronic entity. We support home owners who do not have access to the Internet. Home owners may also register with us off-line by requesting us to either post or fax them the registration form. At a small fee, we also send out printed directories of homes every quarter to our registered members who do not have access to the Internet so that they may also view the homes we have available for exchange.

Although we are primarily focussed on home exchanging, we also advertise homes for rent. Homes for rent are not only

accessible to our registered members but to anyone wishing to plan a self-catering vacation. We will pass on the contact details of the lessee to the home owners who can then liaise with them directly to organise the rental. We do not charge any commission resulting in direct savings to the client.

We charge the home owner an annual fee for advertising their homes for rent on our Web site. The annual fee varies depending on the length of time the home is to be advertised for rent. An annual fee of R250 (plus R125 for each additional home) is required for homes which are available for rent for only a few months of the year while R500 (plus R250 for each additional home registered) is required for homes which are available for rent all year round.

Our user-friendly Web site is geared towards communication and interactivity between our clients and ourselves.

We provide a Guest Book in which our clients can voice their opinions. We have also created a Photo Gallery in which we display the best holiday photographs received from our clients.

This gallery also gives people the opportunity of viewing scenes from different destinations to help them plan their vacations.

We also offer travel guides on selected destinations to provide people with more information about the area that they will be visiting.

We send out regular newsletters to our members in which we explore different vacation destinations, offer tips on exchanging and publish our member's comments.

Above all we provide excellent and efficient service!

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HAYLEY Saunders from Cape Town had an article published in the UK Daily Telegraph colour magazine. Hayley is a teacher who was recruited from South Africa to alleviate the teacher shortage in the UK. She was placed in a school whose results were well below the national average and where English was a second language to most of the children, not to mention discipline being almost non-existent.

SOUTH African author Beverley Naidoo beat the like of JK Rowling and Phillip Pullman to win the Carnegie Medal, the equivalent of the 'Booker Prize' for children's books.

SOUTH Africa's best-known Internet tycoon is hoping to become the second paying guest aboard a Russian spacecraft. Mark Shuttleworth, who earned \$500 million (£350 million) from selling his Internet security company last year, is undergoing a month of tests in Star City, outside Moscow, that will indicate whether he is physically up to the challenge.

JIM SUTCLIFFE is to become the tallest chief executive of a FTSE 100 company in November when the 6ft 9in South African takes over the top job at financial services group Old Mutual. Mr Sutcliffe, 45, was brought up in Durban but has lived in Britain, the US and Canada since 1976.

FORMER Zimbabwe and Liverpool goalkeeper, Bruce Grobbelaar has been granted leave to appeal to the House of Lords against a Court of Appeal decision that he was guilty of accepting corrupt payments. Earlier this year the appeal court overturned a jury verdict that he was libelled by The Sun when it claimed he had taken bribes to fix matches.

DESPITE being (almost) annihilated by the Aussies in the recent Ashes series, England are still ranked 3rd in the world, which is considerably higher than they have been in recent years. So, what has made the difference? Hiring a Zimbabwean coach, of course. Duncan Fletcher has been England's coach since October 1999 and has brought his vast experience and quiet brand of discipline to the England side. Fletcher captained the 1983 Zimbabwe side that beat Australia in the World Cup, then went on to pilot Glamorgan's renaissance before moving on to coach England.

SA ACTOR Arnold Vosloo has hit the bigtime in Hollywood with major roles in *The Mummy* and *The Mummy Returns*, which out-grossed even Star Wars. He even got to say "Voetsek" in a "B" Cut 'n' Slash type movie, according to:

<http://www.angelfire.com/biz2/abletree/mummyboy.htm>

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MANA - WHERE THINGS GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT



TONY BAKER, of Perth, (mailto:tonyb@space.net.au) Australia tells of a brush in the bush

MANA Pools is an idyllic game conservation area in the Zambezi valley on the North East border of Zimbabwe. During the rainy season between November and March the mighty Zambezi River, a mile wide at that stretch, overflows into the flood plain and leaves behind it a series of pans, lakes and channels.

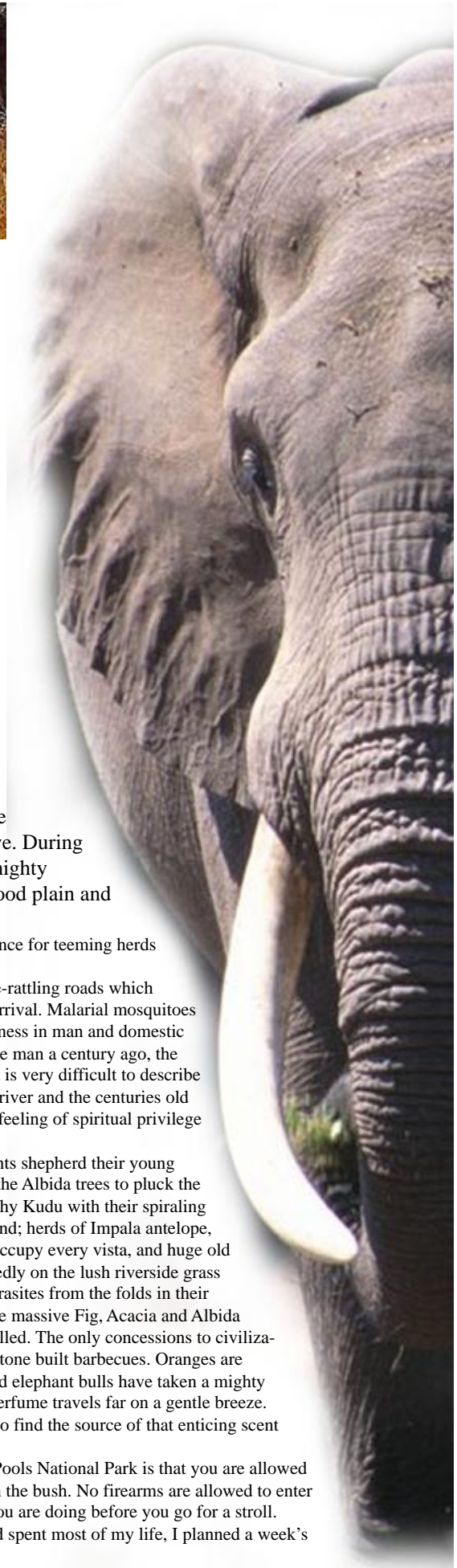
A unique wilderness of magnificent riverine vegetation provides sustenance for teeming herds of game and the predators that follow them to ensure the balance of nature.

Thanks to the remoteness of the Mana Pools National Park, and the bone-rattling roads which access it, one can experience some idea of Africa in the raw before man's arrival. Malarial mosquitoes and the vicious Tsetse Fly, which causes Trypanosomiasis or Sleeping Sickness in man and domestic animals, are rife in the valley. Therefore, even before the arrival of the white man a century ago, the area had been virtually uninhabited and unvisited since the dawn of time. It is very difficult to describe the sheer magic and atmosphere of Mana as apart from the grandeur of the river and the centuries old trees, there is a breathtaking awesomeness about the place that gives one a feeling of spiritual privilege just by being there.

Game of all shapes, sizes and varieties abounds. Herds of female elephants shepherd their young while small groups of old bulls reach many metres up into the branches of the Albida trees to pluck the tasty brown pods as a snack before trundling down to the river for a bath. Shy Kudu with their spiraling horns frequent the shady thickets and mysteriously blend into the background; herds of Impala antelope, fondly described as Zambezi valley goats because of their prolific nature, occupy every vista, and huge old black buffalo bulls covered in mud from their morning bathe chew contentedly on the lush riverside grass while Redbilled Oxpeckers ride their broad backs and pick the ticks and parasites from the folds in their leathery hides. A carefully tended campsite lies under the broad shade of the massive Fig, Acacia and Albida trees along the banks of the river and numbers of visitors are strictly controlled. The only concessions to civilization are simple ablution facilities and stone built barbecues. Oranges are forbidden in the park as some of the old elephant bulls have taken a mighty fancy to these delicious fruits whose perfume travels far on a gentle breeze. These giants who will stop at nothing to find the source of that enticing scent have devastated many a camp.

One of the best things about Mana Pools National Park is that you are allowed to leave your vehicle and walk through the bush. No firearms are allowed to enter the park and you have to know what you are doing before you go for a stroll.

On a visit to the country where I had spent most of my life, I planned a week's





camping together with three friends. Australia is wonderful and the outback is great, but an Old African misses real animals and every now and then I find that I need a 'fix' of the smells, sights, sounds and atmosphere of the African bush.

We elected to camp in the remotest part of the designated camping area which covered several square kilometres. It was a new campsite and was merely a clearing bordered by fairly thick Jess scrub on the banks of the river with no facilities whatsoever. We made our camp on the upper level and pitched two small dome tents for ourselves and made a simple canvas bivvy for Hillary, my former gardener and our camp helper, using a rope stretched between two trees. Mike, an ex- British Army Colonel and I shared one tent and my good friend John and his son Jason who is also my Godson had the other.

Our first couple of walks quickly confirmed that our chosen area was teeming with game of all descriptions and predators were particularly abundant. We walked to within about 200 metres of a solitary male lion and watched a pack of wild dogs hunt down an impala. Our first couple of nights in camp were entertaining to say the least and the hyenas' maniacal chorus and the roaring of lion sent shivers down one's spine.

On our third night we ate early and then settled down to a hotly contested game of bridge in our lounge area on the lower level. The wine went down well and the evening slipped by until at around eleven we called a halt and went to bed. There was still a lot of activity in the bush around the camp and a shone torch revealed numerous alien eyes shining in the darkness.

Mike and I bade each other good night and after a long day were soon asleep. At 4 a.m. I was dramatically awakened by an immensely powerful body hurling itself on top of me through the thin fabric of the tent. It was very similar to having a 120 kg rugby forward making a flying tackle on me. The tent frame was broken, the fabric ripped and the whole thing partially collapsed on top of us. I was in a sleeping bag on a folding camp bed and my first reaction was to roar at the top of my voice and to land a solid punch on the animal which had pounced on me. I hit something very substantial which immediately scrambled away in surprise at being challenged.

Mike, woken from a deep sleep by the tremendous thud followed by my roar, came flying out of his bed screaming like a Banshee and proceeded to attack me. I finally managed to prise him off me and persuade him that I was not a threat and that the real problem was outside.

After a few minutes we plucked up some courage and unzipped what was left of the tent door and crawled out clutching our torches. At the same time John and Jason emerged gingerly from their tent, totally convinced that we had both been butchered by creatures unknown. They were pleased to find that we were relatively unscathed despite the bloodcurdling sound effects and we set out to find out what had attacked me. Flashing our torches around in the pitch darkness, the first thing we saw was poor little Hillary, our black helper, sitting frozen bolt upright with his blanket around him but minus his tent which had been ripped away by the fleeing animal. Hillary was a sort of grey colour and his eyes were as big as a pair of fried eggs in the bottom of a pan. Careful examination of the sandy soil surrounding our tent revealed a set of huge scabbling foot prints which very obviously belonged to a lion. We suspected that it was probably a youngish male, as a mature animal would probably have done a more thorough job. Other lion spoor was found not far away amongst the myriad footprints of the hyena which had been scrounging for scraps around the camp. As daylight came we surveyed the damage and counted our blessings while trying to reconstruct what had happened. I think I must have turned over in my sleep and brushed the side of the tent and the movement had attracted the lion. I was lucky to get away with a bruised shoulder and an ulcerated larynx from my 'roar' that did not heal until six months afterwards.

That morning a game scout who worked for the National Parks Department visited our campsite and told us that the previous party who had camped there had spent three nights in their car because of the lions before abandoning their holiday and going home.

We still had two nights to go and were determined to stay, so we piled loose brush around the perimeter and built a good fire in the centre of the camp. More excellent game viewing during the day and scintillating bridge in the evenings were followed by uneasy sleep and the odd shudder of recollection. However, we survived the trip without further incident and took home an anecdote, which was totally unnecessary to embellish in the re-telling!



BOOKSHELF

African Tears

The Zimbabwe Land Invasions

by Catherine Buckle

mailto:buckle@ecoweb.co.zw

Covos-Day Books

CATHY Buckle's *African Tears* could justifiably be called a "work in progress".

The litany of terror catalogued in her traumatic account of farm invasions – in effect, an ethnic cleansing of a white minority, by so-called war veterans in Zimbabwe continues today.

The book was nearly never published, so terrified was Cathy of retribution should the real story get out.

But urged by friends and others, she went ahead and told the story.

Today, she continues to send out her email accounts of the latest brutality and atrocities.

African Tears and Cathy's emails have lit a flame in the outside world that no amount of terrorism can extinguish.

Even if, or who knows, when, Robert Mugabe's evil empire clamps down on her the world will know, and who is responsible.

African Tears is a deeply personal story of a white farmer in Zimbabwe living under a band of scruffians using psychological warfare tactics to unnerve her and her family.

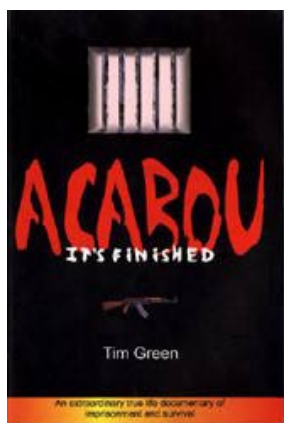
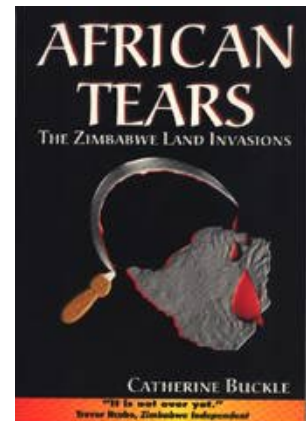
Shacks are built on their fields and their dams and timber plantations "liberated" by the marauders.

The family is left broken, psychologically crippled and driven to the brink of bankruptcy.

They and their labourers are harassed and tortured, their livestock killed, their fields roamed by packs of hunting dogs and the farm eventually razed.

The farm remains unlisted by the government for compulsory acquisition.

Will there be a follow-up to "Tears"? Who knows - Cathy's life has been ripped apart by recent events and she and her family will have to regroup and rebuild, as will many others who have felt the wrath of a dictator out of control and unpunished by a world at large too apathetic to do anything but watch.



Acabou (It's finished)

Tim Green

Covos-Day Books

TIM Green was arrested and imprisoned in Mocambique on a charge of bringing counterfeit money into the country on a flight from South Africa.

His account of two months in appalling conditions is harrowing and uplifting.

The special treatment afforded him by other prisoners is a measure of his dignity and genuine concern for his fellow inmates.

Like many stories of African hardship, Green's is one of fear, corruption and a sad sense of degradation.

Acabou cleverly switches between Green's accounts of prison to the narrative of his wife and her efforts to secure his release.

The book is enthralling and tightly written, though the reader cannot help but be left with the feeling that Green and his associates are not entirely innocent in this escapade. - M.H.

**Covos Day Books, PO Box 6996
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**Covos Day books are also available in Australia through Zambezi Books, 14 Aristride Ave,
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Carolyn Howie: Compelled to contact the author

Story of an email . . .

IT ALL started at London Airport when a flight was delayed. Journalist Carolyn Howie was waiting for her friend and fellow ex-South African to arrive from Slovenia. Of course, the flight was delayed so she went into the nearest newsagents and picked up a book. As she was returning it to the shelf, she caught sight of a little book hidden behind another.

She picked it up and it was called "Signals, An Inspiring Story of Life After Life" written by Joel Rothschild and published by Bantam Press.

She turned to the foreword by Neale Donald Walsch in which he says: . . . "I have received this gift, and now I pass it on to you. If you are reading this, you are holding it in your hands. Do not put it down. Do not return it to the shelf, or to the table, or to the place whence it came. Take it home with you. You are meant to have this . . ."

She bought it and couldn't put it down. It tells the story of Joel Rothschild, the longest surviving patient with full-blown AIDS - it's now been 20 years - and the power of love.

On the final page is an email address and she was so thrilled and excited that she felt compelled to write and thank the author.

To her amazement he wrote back a personal email and a couple of emails later said he was coming to London to do a TV show. He does many TV and Radio shows right across America to promote his book but most of all to get across the message to parents that they must teach their children about AIDS and safe sex.

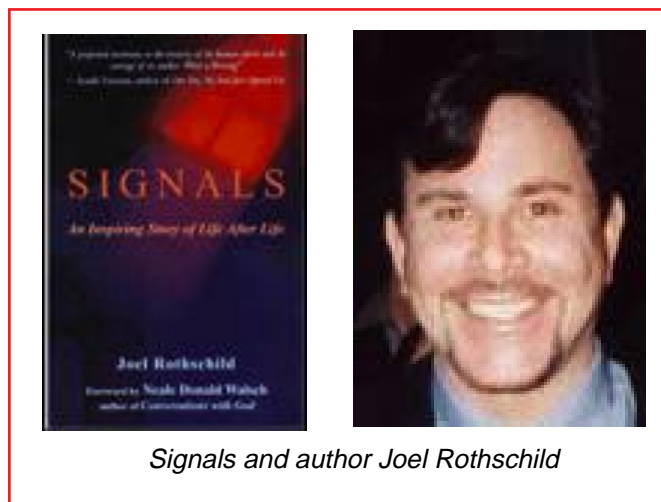
Carolyn, now working at BBC Southern Counties Radio in Guildford, emailed back again to see if there was a chance that he would do an interview for the station with top presenter

Neil Pringle while he was in London.

Back came the "yes" and emails, and later phone calls from producer, Tessa Whidbourne, set up an interview for Monday, June 11. Tessa did this on the previous Friday, shortly after Joel's arrival from Atlanta. It was to be recorded via a two-way link with Guildford and Joel was to go to the BBC studios in Langham Place in central London at 1.30pm

A while after the interview was confirmed, Carolyn was asked by her Day Editor to cover for him at a social action conference, as he would be away. It was to be held on Monday at the BBC studios in Langham Place . . .

She made a couple of calls to Joel's London hotel, but missed him each time. On the Sunday evening she received an email from Thora Mansfield, who had started the Open Door Centre for rape, abuse, HIV/aids victims and domestic violence four years ago in Pinetown, in South Africa. They had been great friends and colleagues, working together on the launch of Open Door. But with Carolyn moving to the UK and Thora being swamped by work and hampered by an old



Signals and author Joel Rothschild

computer, she had only just got "on-line" again.

In the email Thora told her how stretched her services to abused women are and how fundraising locally was so very difficult and she was thinking of trying to get overseas to get finance to keep the centre going. Carolyn took a copy of the email with her the next day and, in the conference lunch break, sought out the studio where Joel was due to record his interview.

At 1.31pm the lift doors opened and there was the diminutive, neat, and somewhat exhausted and jet-lagged author giving her a big hug. There was just time to make introductions, have a photograph taken and as he made for the studio

door, she pressed the email into his hand.

Later that week she forwarded Thora's email to him in America and asked him if he could do anything to help . . . with a copy going to Thora in South Africa.

Thora then, as she put it, took the liberty of telling him something about the centre.

"Dear Joel: Four years ago I was approached by the South African police services to open a centre for rape, abuse and domestic violence. Within a few short months the centre opened from two tiny, tiny rooms in the back of a church. Carolyn was our journalist and press relations officer, and worked telling our story.

In three months we received two calls, had a telephone line, a borrowed computer and one counsellor — myself. Within one year our work had increased to such an extent that we were counselling outside the graveyard in the premises, under the trees in the hot weather and under umbrellas when it rained.

We then moved to 10 rooms where we stayed for one year. I put together a proposal for our local Lottery for our present premises — a beautiful tudor style double storey house — which they accepted and now use free of charge.

So our small beginnings have come from two rooms to 20 rooms, nearly 65 calls a day — many trauma and crisis related. We operate a full shelter for abused women and children, runaways and sufferers from HIV/AIDS. Many of them are very ill and have no place to go. We offer them emergency crisis care until we are able to find a place for them to die with dignity. One day we will be able to have such a place - but let me go on

Today we have 25 face-to-face voluntary counsellors, run training programs, establish crisis centres in the township areas — my dream and vision is that every township area has a self standing centre where disadvantaged communities are taught to deal with their insurmountable problems that they are facing in so many ways.

To empower the women to walk tall, know their rights and have the choice of options — something they have never had before. A social worker (female, an HIV/AIDS educator [male] a 4th year social worker from the university and a general practitioner Dr Siko Mali (one of the first 10 African women doctors in S.A.) complement our African staff. Our board is fully representative of all our people.

For me the tragedy is whilst we are reaching out to all our people, regardless of religion, race, creed or colour, have

- walked alongside over 6500 thousand people face to

face with their specific areas of pain and trauma,

- co-ordinate the flood disaster for 7500 of our African people by receiving and distributing blankets, food and clothing,

- done all the pre and post HIV/aids counselling for the past three and a half years for local government health department . . . we receive NO funding from them.

Our funds are raised from writing to local companies who possibly receive hundreds a day and so we continue to hope and pray that somewhere someone will recognise what we are offering those in need, meeting them in need at their point of need.

Often I have sat with a one day old baby left in the toilet in a plastic bag to die, held an abandoned three month-old HIV/ aids baby who died shortly afterwards, sat on a pavement outside a night club where a 15-year-old has just been drug date raped, only to find three months later that she is HIV.

Our figures in SA are rapidly moving to one in three that are HIV - the funds that are coming in are not reaching grass roots levels and our appeals to authorities are falling on deaf ears.

Unless this funding becomes available we will have to close our services - a tragedy that will affect the lives of those affected and infected.

May I through your many resources encourage you to take a look at my letter and consider us as an organisation that is worth recommending.

Somehow I feel that time is running out - Des my husband is 74 and I am in my sixties and we still work an 18 - 20 hour a day sometimes — trusting and praying that we can reach just one more person. Our services are offered free"

Within a day, Joel had posted an appeal on his website and sent this letter, together with his own personal plea for help, to more than 30 000 email recipients.

Within a day Thora received a donation of \$US100 and another person promised a monthly donation. There was an offer from a buddhist to come and work at the centre for a year and another from a woman who runs a factory, offering baby blankets.

Joel had also emailed a senior TV producer for CNN who replied that he would ask his colleague in South Africa to look and see if there was a story for them. And all this from just one email!

VAN was watching a rugby test against the British Lions at Loftus Versfeld stadium in Pretoria. In the packed stadium, there was only one empty seat - next to Van der Merwe.

"Who does that seat belong to?" asked his neighbour.

"It's for my wife."

"But why isn't she here?"

"She died."

"So why didn't you give the ticket to one of your friends?"

"They've all gone to the funeral."



VAN is planning a visit to America. He practices driving on the right hand side of the road on a trip down to Durban but gives up half-way because it's just too bloody dangerous.

VAN goes to London and somehow, is invited to the Queen's Garden Party. Not only that, but he got presented to the Duke of Edinburgh.

Whom he keeps calling "Duke."

Finally the Duke gets frosted and observes icily, "I am usually addressed as Your Highness."

"What a coincidence!" exclaims Van, "my name's Johannes too!"



AN American tourist, visiting a small dorp in the Free State, met Van outside the only pub in town. Says the Yank: "Say, fellow, this really is the ass-end of the world, isn't it?"

"Blikesem," says Van, "Ja, and you are jus' passing through."

Emigration - New Zealand



Julie Carrington

mailto:juliec@orcon.net.nz

The New Zealand Immigration Assistance

<http://www.nzimmigration.net.nz>

SKILLS LIST

If you want to enter New Zealand on a work permit or visa the following list is going to interest you.

If your career occupation appears on this list, it means that a labour market check will not be required.

The New Zealand Immigration Service still needs to establish that an offer of employment is genuine and sustainable and that the company offering you the position is able to meet their obligations under New Zealand employment law.

The following are labour market skills shortages for Christchurch, Auckland, Hamilton, Wellington, Palmerston North and Dunedin:

Tailors,
Sewing Machine Technicians (Industrial),
Bakers,
Ethnic Chefs,
Registered Plumbers,
Registered Drainlayers,
Registered Gasfitters,
Registered Electricians,
Registered Welders,
Toolmakers,
Secondary School Teachers,
Early Childhood Education Supervisors (not teachers),
Most qualified medical staff,
Boatbuilders (but not cabinet makers),
Appliance Service Technicians (Refrigeration and Airconditioning),
Auto mechanics (qualified),
Diesel mechanics (qualified),
Yacht riggers,
IT personnel,
Upholsterers (must be capable of finishing the whole product, not just a piece of the product),
Furniture Polishers (as per upholsterers),
Track riders/dressage riders,
Knitwear "Linkers",
Senior Hair Stylists,
Veterinarians,
Aircraft engineers,
Telecom engineers (qualified),
Offset printers (qualified),
Electronic engineers (qualified),
Bricklayers (qualified),
Civil engineers (qualified),
Jewellers (qualified),
Auto electricians (qualified),
Lab technicians (qualified).

WORK PERMIT HOLDERS' SPOUSES/PARTNERS

In an effort to promote a more family-friendly policy spouses and partners of work permit holders will qualify for open work permits in their own right without having to satisfy a labour market test.

This will enable spouses and partners to contribute to household income and participate more fully in New Zealand life.

This follows a similar decision last December to grant open work permits to spouses and partners of long-term business permit holders.

10,000 MORE MIGRANTS THIS YEAR

As of 1 July 2001, the New Zealand Immigration Department introduced a specific annual target for skilled and business migrants who are approved to enter New Zealand.

The aim is to attract around 27,000 such migrants a year, 10,000 more than the approvals for 1999-2000.

ACCOMMODATION AND CAR HIRE BOOKINGS

We have had so many people ask us to book accommodation for them upon arrival in New Zealand and now we can do this.

After visiting many "granny flats", self catering flats, cottages and apartments we now have a good database of accommodation we can offer - not many pictures on the web site yet though.

All of the establishments are clean, fully furnished, close to public transport and have telephones. Some of them are self-catering and some are bed and breakfast only. Some of them also have computers linked to the internet.

The rates for accommodation are very very good and in most cases cost less than the backpackers or youth hostel associations. This is a FREE service we offer

ENGLISH LANGUAGE TEST REQUIREMENTS

The English language test requirements have been relaxed.

Instead of having to score a minimum of 5 in all four skill bands, new migrants will have to score an average of 5 across the bands.

However, people scoring below 7 in the test will be encouraged to purchase additional English tuition once they get here.

I recently attended a very interactive meeting for refugees from Zimbabwe where some of the senior people from the Auckland NZIS stated that the English language requirements are not as difficult as people thought. In the case of a refugee who doesn't have papers and cannot get qualifications or papers, personally speaking (not just by phone) with an NZIS officer could be enough

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:nynjspringbok@usa.net>
Website: <http://www.nynjspringbok.com>
Contact: Jerry Weitsz Tel: 201-507-5109

South African Association of Indiana

Website: <http://www.saindiana.org/index.phtml>
Email: <mailto:cpeters@netfor.com>
Mail contact: Colin Peters, Netfor, Inc.
9465 Counselor's Row, Suite 120
Indianapolis, IN 46240
Office: (317) 582-0400 Ext 104,
Fax: (317) 582-1762

Spain

South Africans Staying Alive

The Club for South Africans Living on the Costa del Sol and Costa Blanca
Website: <http://www.spainvia.com>
Email: <mailto:bjdeller@spainvia.com>
Mail contact: Brian Deller
Camino de Amocafre 21/26
Benalmádena Pueblo
29639 MALAGA, SPAIN
Tel. Voice and Fax, 952 56 82 89
Mobiles: Brian Deller 666 888 870
Beverlee Deller 687 296 353

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
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
Tel: +44 (207) 483 4274

SA Club Oxfordshire

Email: <mailto:saclubox@yahoo.co.uk>
Website: <http://www.geocities.com/saclubox>
Contact persons: Greg & Phil Miller +44 1865 862656, Sandy Brits (Secretary) +44 794 170 2423

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>

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/>

Email: <mailto:golfman@flash.net>

Contact: Russell Pattinson

Telephone: WK-972-527-3207

1714 Cherokee Tr

Plano Tx 75023

WK-972-527-3207

Springbok Southern Africa Club - Phoenix Arizona

Website : <http://www.at-info.com/springbok/>

E-Mail : <mailto:107775.3667@compuserve.com>

Contact: Cécile Robson (602) 926-6859

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 8SX

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 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.freereserve.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>

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.africclub.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>

Rhodesia/Zimbabwe club contacts

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>

Canada

Rhodesians Worldwide Ontario Association

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

Phone (705) 327 3461

Email: mailto:rhodie_ont@hotmail.com

Rhodesian Calgary Club

Box 74077

Strathcona P.O.

Calgary, AB. T3H 3B6

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

South Africa

The *Rhodesia Association of South Africa (RASA)* has branches in the main centres as follows:

Pretoria Branch (serves members countrywide)

Chairman: Jacques Du Bois.

Tel: (012)3462710 (a/h only)

Secretary: Mary Redfern.

Tel: (012)4602066 (office hours)

Postal address: PO Box 95474
0145

Waterkloof

Email: <mailto:rasa@iafrica.com>

Durban Branch

Chairman: Stuart Gillman.

Secretary: Lynne McKenzie

Tel (031)4677300 a/h

Postal address:

PO Box 307

Amanzimtoti

4125

Email: <mailto:ninch@iafrica.com>

Pietermaritzburg Branch

Chairman: Quentin Gibson

Tel: (033)3942994

Postal address:

PO Box 2669

Pietermaritzburg

3200

Email: <mailto:gibs@mweb.co.za>

Highveld Branch

Chairman: Kevin Jones

Tel: (017)6346219 a/h

Postal address:

PO Box 1632

Secunda

2302

Email: <mailto:jonesk@xsinet.co.za>

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.

Adam and Eve are trapping around the Garden of Eden kaalgat.

Eve checks this lekker apple and she skiems nooit hey, I'm gonna graze it.

Just then a moerse voice from above charfes her "Leave the apple, or I will send an unimaginable plague upon the earth!"

She kaks herself half stukkend, and loses the apple.

A bit later Adam is trapping along when he gooi's a sharp right and finds this apple.

"BLIKSEM" he skiems "A'hm gonna chow this thing"

Just then a moerse voice from above chirps him "Leave the apple, or I will send an unimaginable plague upon the earth!"

"Ag nooit hey" he reckons "I'm stukkend hungry" and he grazes it.

That night he and Eve are in bed when he hears a knock at the door.

He plucks open the front door to hear:

"Eh, sorry baas, Em looking fo' job.

A rugby referee died and went to heaven. Stopped by St Peter at the gates he was told that only brave people who had performed heroic deeds and had the courage of their convictions could enter. If the ref could describe a situation in his life where he had shown these characteristics, he would be allowed in.

"Well," said the ref, "I was reffing a game between Northern Transvaal and Natal at Loftus Versveld. Northerns were 2 points ahead, 1 minute to go. The Natal wing made a break, passed inside to his lock. The lock was driven on by his forwards, passed out to the flanker who ducked blind and went over in the corner. However, the flanker dropped the ball before he could ground it, and as Natal were clearly the better side all game, I ruled that he had dropped the ball down, not forward, and awarded the try."

"OK, that was fairly brave of you, but I will have to check it in the book." says Peter, and disappears to look it up. When he comes back he says "Sorry, there is no record of this. Can you help me to trace it? When did all this happen?"

The ref looked at his watch and replied "45 seconds ago."