

out of africa

INTERNATIONAL

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KEEPING SOUTHERN AFRICANS IN TOUCH AROUND THE WORLD

VOLUME 2 ISSUE 7

Red hot chilli in Mexico City



**Lekker
London!**

Vancouver viewpoint

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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Editor's corner

Our voyages of discovery

FOR most young southern Africans “going overseas” is an obligatory rite of passage. Almost without fail, they head for London - temporary home and workplace to generations of them. In my day Earl's Court was the place thousands of southern Africans, Australians, New Zealanders and Canadians discovered life after living at home - not always the paradise one thought it might be!

Today, according to a report in this issue, Wimbledon's the go if you want to hear the japie accent, ek se!

Journalist Karen Basson, who writes for the SA Times UK and lives in the area describes “her London” and the eye-opening changing lifestyle.

Arno Kesmp, on the other hand, has “done” London and Europe. He went home to SA but felt there was more waiting for him overseas.

After completing a course in teaching English as a Foreign Language, he now finds himself immersed in a totally different lifestyle - drinking tequila, eating chilli and watching the world go by from his balcony in Mexico City.

Robin Elliot, of Vancouver has some sage advice for would-be emigrants - treat the move as a way to re-invent yourself.

Emigration is a time to find a new environment, meet new people, see new opportunities and make new choices.

The theme running through all our stories is one of people making discoveries and adapting to them.

Settling in a new country takes adjustment - to new ways of doing things, new tastes, smells and often new languages.

Again, we say emigration's not for the faint-hearted. It can be hard and emigres need to understand that they need to be flexible in just about every area they think of. But the rewards are there.

Southern Africans would be astonished at the lax personal security observed in Australia, for example. But it's only because of the life they've been used to. “Normal” can be so different. Where else could you leave a month's shopping outside the checkout for the “parcel pickup” trolley to come round to take your groceries to a place where you can collect them in the car? In all the years we've done it we have yet to have a bag pinched. And watching people blithely collect hundreds of dollars from the autobank and walk away putting in their wallets without a second thought to bag snatchers still worries me!

-Tom Henshaw

SOMBRERO SOMNAMBULANT: A Mexican in traditional headgear is caught by the camera. Arno Kesmp describes living in this vibrant country in this issue



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

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Karen, left, and friend and Elizma Nolte at the sports cafe in the building where they works as a journalists for the SA Times UK in London.

London's lekker!

Journalist Karen Basson left SA to taste the outside world and has been bowled over by the sights and sounds of the heart of England



The South Africa Times UK - bringing a taste of home to expatriates in London

I ARRIVED in the UK seven months ago and have to admit that I am rather dreading my first full winter in London. Make no mistake, it was cold enough when I arrived in mid-March (it snowed on my third day here) but at least I didn't have to endure the cold for much more than a month or two.

I don't think I ever took a conscious decision to come to the UK. It just felt like the logical thing to do at the time.

I had been working at FEMINA magazine in Cape Town for about 15 months and had the sudden realisation that if I didn't make a move overseas soon I would quite easily land in a situation where I couldn't leave SA.

And so, while I was footloose and fancy free, it seemed only sensible to head off to the travel agent and book a return flight to London.

I had no other motivation than the fact that I was ready for something new. Nothing awaited me in London – I had no job there, no family or love interest, only the idea that I was heading towards the media capital of the world – what better place for a journalist to live and work in?

London has – in more ways than one – met all my expectations. I think the best part of living here is that I feel as if I am at the centre point of all that is new and exciting and busy in the world.

London feels to me like life under a magnifying glass. Everything is just so much



Cheers: Karen and two friends enjoying a weekend break in Paris.

wider and faster and bigger than in SA.

I have had so many amazing experiences already – watched tennis on Centre Court at Wimbledon, been to Windsor for the Queen’s welcoming of Mbeki on his state visit, eaten at a Marco Pierre White restaurant, been to an amazing Johnny Clegg concert, and cheered for Nelson Mandela – along with 20 000 others on Trafalgar square at the Celebrate South Africa concert.

London presents opportunities – on a daily basis – that just were not available in South Africa. That is what will keep me here for the meantime.

What worries me about this big and bustling city is that it makes its inhabitants very hard and impatient and callous to the predicament of those around them.

When I first arrived I was appalled by how rude and abrupt people were – on public transport, shops or just walking down the street.

People are also frequently quite violent when it comes to getting the only available seat on the tube, or practically knocking you over in the quest to board a train before the doors close.

Expecting someone to help you when you’re lost or if you are carrying very heavy luggage is another matter entirely.

Most people will simply ignore you and when people do stop to help they are usually South African, Australian or New Zealanders. I guess concern for others is a typically antipodean thing.

Having said that, it does bother me that – seven months down the line – I am just as annoyed with tourists on public transport and have little patience with people who stand in the middle of busy thoroughfares because they are hopelessly lost. I have to keep reminding myself that I did the same not so long ago.

I miss a lot of things about South Africa – the open spaces, the nature sounds, the beautiful beaches and coastlines.

One thing I don’t have a chance to miss is South African people. The thing is, with 500 000 of us in the UK, you literally walk past South Africans everyday.

I frequently sit in tube carriage packed with almost only South Africans – of course, it doesn’t help that I live in Southfields – about five minutes from Wimbledon and home to thousands of South Africans.

Why so many South Africans have settled in the South West, I don’t know, but between Southfields, Wimbledon and Putney SA citizens in the UK are contributing a gross amount to the local pubs, shops and letting agencies.

Until I arrived in the UK, I had no idea how distinctive the South African accent is. These days it hits me in full force – I have even learnt to distinguish between Johannesburg, Cape Town and Durban.

London is a fantastic place to live and work in when you’re young and single. It presents opportunities that can best be grasped and relished when you have few responsibilities and you can write most things down to experience.

It’s not a place that I’d like to raise my children though. I know that areas outside central London provide a more stable and pleasant environment and many people choose to live there and commute hours into work, just so that they can live in surroundings that people would take for granted in South Africa.

I’ll definitely go back to SA when I decide to start a family. I love my country – it breaks my heart when the exchange rate depreciates further and further.

I know many South Africans here are egging it on – they’re hoping it will be R15 to the pound by Christmas when they go home, so that their money will have more spending power.

I can’t think that way. I love South Africa and I want to live there again one day. I can’t get excited about the fact that it’s going to be cheap for me when I go back on holiday. In the long term, it’s going to affect me too.

That's Africa!

The smell of burning rubber . . .

ZIMBABWE medical authorities have incinerated nine million condoms deemed defective after they failed to pass pressure tests, state television reported recently. The Medicine Control Authority said it would take two weeks to burn all the condoms, the report said.

The condoms were declared faulty months ago after some were found to leak during pressure tests, the report said.

Under Zimbabwean law, they could not be destroyed until a representative of the manufacturer, the Thailand-based company Surtex, was in the country to witness the incineration, it added.

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Vancouver viewpoint

Emigration is a chance to re-invent yourself - to start from the beginning again, says Robin Elliott, who now lives in Canada

IT'S FUN to watch women having a makeover on the Oprah show, isn't it? Specialists change the hair, make-up and clothes and the women emerge feeling wonderful and new. They seem to sparkle with new energy and excitement.

They're hardly recognisable!

Problem is, they have to go home afterwards. All the old relationships, neuro-associations, hot buttons and triggers are still there, and statistically most of the make-over ladies return to their old styles within just a week.

Like someone joining a health club. Something like New Year Resolutions, I think.

Emigrating from South Africa is an opportunity to start over, to "do it right this time", without any of the old emotional hooks or relationships and reminders.

A brand new environment, new people, new opportunities and new choices await us.

What a wonderful opportunity to begin again - what a privilege.

New memories to be made, new friends, new skills; a new life.

Recently, my wife and I celebrated the beginning of the fall (autumn) with a trip up Grouse Mountain to look at two new orphaned baby bears, ride the ski lift, eat blueberries and lunch on the patio overlooking Vancouver.

As we enjoyed the sun and watched hikers lining up for the cable car, we remembered a meeting someone soon after we arrived here four years ago.

He gloomily warned us that "Boet, the honeymoon of immigration only lasts six months" - that was nearly four years ago and it just gets better.

Instead of facing emigration with trepidation and reservation, see it as a "life makeover" - a chance to reinvent yourself, your relationships, your business.

The slate is wiped clean. This doesn't mean that you weren't successful in the past, or that you don't have many treasured, happy memories.

It doesn't mean that you have regrets or that you are bitter and twisted and hate South Africa.

It means that you enjoy a challenge to improve your life and do even better. It means that you don't dwell on the past, but focus on creating an even better future for yourself, those you love and those that you do business with.

My motto is, "The best is yet to come!"

Emigrating has made this possible in a special way. It has created a bridge for those who intend to join us.

Today I had a business meeting in a restaurant with a wonderful SA couple and a client who is selling them his business.

The manager in the restaurant, a South African, told me that she has just returned from a trip to Natal and the Transvaal, and that while there, she was accused of "abandoning her country".

Her response was that she was coming back home to Canada, and her jealous accusers were staying behind.

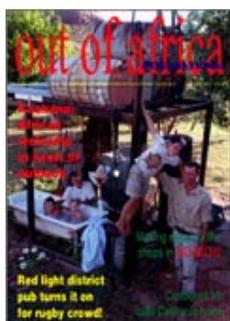
It takes a lot more guts to leave than to stay behind, but brother, what a fantastic reward!

That's Africa!



'scuse me, which way's Zimbabwe please?- our boss Mr Gaddafi says we've got to go there to start up some naartjie farms for him...

Get the set!

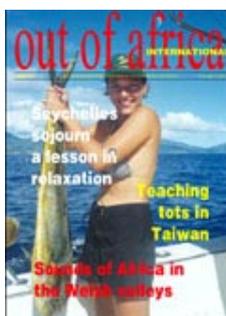
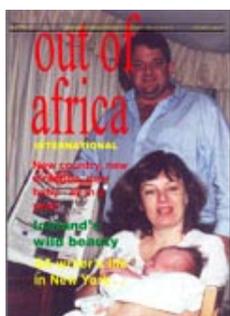
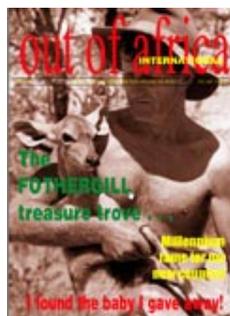


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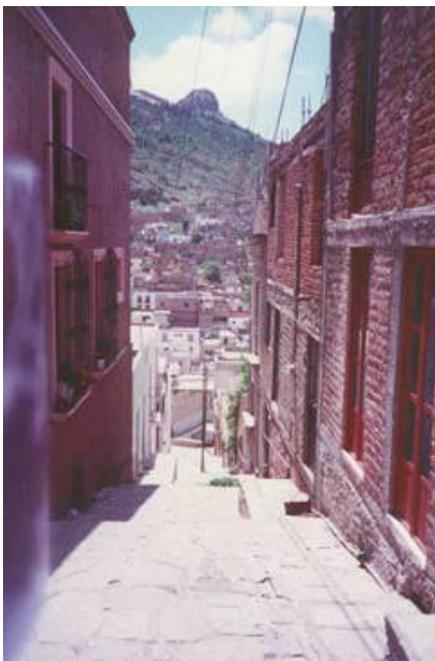
SO WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR!!



Arno Kesmp: Loving every minute of living in Mexico

Mexican madness!

Arno Kesmp took up a teaching post in Mexico City for a change of pace. What he found was a life full of sunny skies and markets, “fiestas” and tequila!



THE OCEAN of lights beneath me seemed to have gone on for millions of miles. I could see thousands of cars, buses and trucks hustling their way about eight-lane highways, crossing gigantic concrete bridges, which lay like spaghetti in a pot – curling and twirling around traffic lights and a thousand billboards.

When I finally felt the earth beneath my overwhelmed feet again, I became a part of the immense sounds that were inaudible from the plane previously. My excited heart seemed to have raced faster than the very byway I was standing on.

I was in Mexico City.

An apt synonym would be madness. The big grey beast never sleeps. Its 24-hour neon eyes flash forever, and through its dark nostrils escapes the smog that hangs around it faithfully.

After a few gruelling years in the corporate industry in South Africa, a couple in the United Kingdom and the rest of Europe; I decide to once again come away to a place where I could pursue my dreams, follow my heart and read the omens strewn along life’s highway.

I completed a “Teaching English as a Foreign Language” diploma in Johannesburg, applied for a few posts on the net, and wham! here I was. Ready for a new life, a new career, and loads of adventure!

* * *

On overcrowded pavements the smell of “tortas”, “flautas” and a hundred other Mexican delights tone down the unbelievable pace of life amongst Mexico City’s 26 million people and the incomprehensible traffic. Colourful “señoras” stand around their food stalls, wiping their able hands on embroidered aprons, inviting all who are hungry with friendly, open faces.

Around metro stations you can stop on your way home and buy anything from CDs to underwear. Latin sounds and rhythmic drums fill the air and limited space all around, and Sunday through Monday, early morning and late night all seem the same as nothing and no one ever seem to take a “siesta” around here!

Thousands of dance clubs and bars pump Cuban and Mexican funk all night long, and live “bandas de musica” in traditional attire entertain until the first rays of sun announces the early “mañana”.

People walk along neon light-filled streets, singing, dancing, laughing. Everywhere the sounds of the “Mariachi” bands are audible, and young men in

Above, left: Music makes the world go round in Mexico.

Left: Narrow streets add to the flavour.

massive, embroidered “sombreros” and traditional suits stand around in groups chatting, playing their violins and trumpets.

In daylight on overcrowded buses and trains, young señoritas apply their makeup skilfully and old señores catch a nap under custom-made sombreros. At Friday and Saturday night house “fiestas”, tequila flows freely and conversation sparkles in the company of attractive people with raven hair and flashy white teeth.

Everything about my new home - my new life – is different. Some days I wonder how I managed to evolve to this point, where I’m sitting on my balcony overlooking this gigantic city, having conversations in Spanish, dancing salsa and eating chilli with everything from chicken to chocolate!

Adjustment was easier than I had anticipated, however not without hardship and daily difficulties and frustration. At first, the language barrier presented major problems and the pollution in combination with the traffic seemed immense.

Mexico is a country of extreme contrasts. High rise sky scrapers in architectural splendour scream out at shack-like dwellings. Small little curvy roads infested by chickens and stray dogs beg from splendid fast track highways, owned by the people driving their imported cars. Poor folk in dirty cloth carry their tools in back bundles up the road to the gardens of Mexico City’s Beverly Hills to earn their 40 pesos wage.

The rich culture and ancient history fascinate, while sophisticated technology and advancement impress. As a lecturer of Business English, I enjoy a sense of respect and admiration unknown to me before. Attributes like honesty and humbleness are alive and kicking here, and between the three states where I’ve lived in the last two years I’ve cultivated many wonderful friendships.

The cosmopolitan nature of the City provides opportunities to mingle with people from all over the globe, and many Argentines, Chileans, Colombians, Cubans and Venezuelans live and work here.

Different (and difficult!) accents make it tricky to communicate without the need for hard concentration, but does not deter people from getting together anywhere and everywhere to chat, dance and eat, and of course to learn about each other’s countries and cultures.

Being one of only a handful South Africans in Mexico, I have yet to meet a fellow countryman who lives and works here. I miss friends, family and braaivleis. I miss being able to converse in my own language sometimes. But here there are always sunny skies and markets, “fiestas” and tequila to keep from feeling too homesick.

From the exquisite beaches of Cancun to the tropical Acapulco nights, from the awesome Yucatan with its great Aztec pyramids to the dry north with its lovely colonial towns and stretched out desert land, this country continues to entice, allure and fascinate me every day.

I have come to love life here, and am reminded every day how fortunate I am, being able to do the job that I love, to feel safe, respected and happy. Viva Mexico!

Right: Sights and sounds stamp Mexico as an exciting, vibrant country where life rarely slows.



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That's Africa!

Banking on porn

VISITORS to the Reserve Bank of Zimbabwe website recently got more than they bargained for - a hacker substituted genuine links for links to pornographic sites. An indignant PR for the bank said their Internet Service Provider had told them somebody in Europe had done it.

They diverted some of our links to adult websites, he said.

The RBZ's website, <http://www.rbz.co.zw/currency.htm> leads visitors to a section housing links to all banking institutions in Zimbabwe.

However, the Central African Building Society link, instead of linking visitors to that bank's website, lead the to adult content.

Mabasa said the RBZ was working with its ISP to tighten security. He didn't say whether the site's hit-rate had risen, but it's a fair guess that it did!

Ooops . . .

ZIMBABWEAN police have appealed to 16 criminals who were mistakenly released from custody to return to jail and finish serving their sentences "for the good of society". The 16 felons were erroneously freed two days after President Robert Mugabe granted amnesty to 3000 of the country's 22,500 convicted inmates in a bid to reduce overcrowding in prisons. The prisons are designed to hold a maximum of 16,000 inmates.

The 16 inmates freed mistakenly from Karoi Prison, 320km north-west of Harare, were serving lengthy terms for housebreaking and theft. "The error was only discovered five days later," said police spokesman Andrew Phiri.

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I've come home

By Barbara Darby

MY FIRST experience of the UK was one of coming home; I'd never been before so I had to do the obvious - see a red London bus, a black cab, a red post box, a British bobby and the suchlike. We travelled from Southampton to Leeds by train and I couldn't get over the amount of free open space, fields and forests.

After all, 50-odd million people lived here!

It was January 1975 and not as cold as I'd expected and that summer and the summer of '76 were fabulous - hottest on record at that time.

We had our daughter in Leeds in '76 and at the time were struggling to survive.

We lived in a small flat in Chapletown (the time when the Yorkshire Ripper prowled the area) and our baby's nursery was a converted cupboard!!

Took the door off, painted it light bright colours and put up mobiles and her cot (just enough room for us to squeeze in next to it to pick her up).

From there we progressed to a mid-terrace, back-to-back house on the outskirts of Leeds and then on to a small-holding a way out on the M62 toward Hull, where our first son was born.

By this time we were running our own business, building renovations, and doing fairly well.

Unfortunately my ex was an impatient man and things went slightly wobbly, he took up construction work abroad and we moved to Jordan for a year, back to the UK for a while, to South Africa for about three years, back to the UK for a while, Botswana for five years and back to the UK - we then divorced as I couldn't take any more!

That was nine years ago.

After a few more stories of difficulty and incredible changes I have re-married to a man I have known for 20 years and whom I met in South Africa.

The UK has been good to me and my family; you do have to work hard and you don't have servants to cushion you. But it's safe and there are safety nets.

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Frankfurt: We have made some lovely new friends and are happy.

Frankly Frankfurt

Michelle Rust lives in Germany, but her heart's back in South Africa - next to the Roodeplaas Dam . . .

I ONCE had a farm in Africa . . . Very famous line, which I would like to use to start my story. The only difference is we should use this sentence in the present and future tense, because yes, **NOW** we have a farm in Africa.

So, let us start at the beginning before I get you all muddled up.

May 2001 – Frankfurt: After a hectic year of getting married, entertaining friends from Germany and packing our few possessions I, in the company of my beloved Jack Russell, Babushka, stood in the arrivals section where my husband, a German South African, waited for us.

Jürgen started work in March this year for IBM Germany, and me, well I support my husband and felt like a change of scenery. Then there was also the piece of land we purchased in Pretoria.

We decided to make a dream come true for both of us and bought a lovely piece of ground right next to Roodeplaas dam. It is exactly what we have been dreaming about – our little piece of “bosveld”.

So, with land there naturally has to be a house and this is what keeps us going – the house is in the final phase of the planning and building will probably start in this month (November).

Of course, this lovely dream costs, so, the most obvious way we thought of financing this was in German Marks.

And yes, although it hurts deep inside I have to smile each time the rand drops. Selfish? No, I would say realistic.

It took us approximately six months to get settled in Stuttgart.

Jürgen has to work a lot and very late hours. We found a little flat and I was in charge of doing all the housework – washing, finding furniture, connecting the water and lights, telephone, ISDN and the list just carries on.

My biggest fear was using the public transport – what a NIGHTMARE.

Now I can look back and laugh about it but back then I could feel myself taking a few steps back.

Yes, there were definitely times where I felt like screaming, packing my bags and going back to my safe haven.

What do I miss most? Well, I could make a list but we do not want to get all melodramatic.

My family, my friends, the feeling of just getting in your car and driving to a friend and talking about your day, “biltong”, meat and yes also the crime.

You may find this weird but the feeling of being so safe and that nothing can actually happen to you I must say I do find a bit boring.

Half a year down the line, I am employed now and know how to make use of the “U-Bahn”.

Big achievement you would say – and definitely laugh but I find that taking small steps at a time is the best way to go about the whole immigration thing. We have made some lovely new friends and are happy. But in my heart I will always stay a South African who is far away from home.

So the point I would like to make – is that emigrating, breaking of your roots and replanting them is **TOUGH**.

You must have purpose and something to drive you. I am sure that each of you has some drive and a purpose, maybe a long lost dream, maybe a career opportunity, or maybe you would like to explore other cultures and opportunities. I wish you all the best of luck and remember that wherever you go you will always keep a bit of Africa in your heart.

That's Africa!

erm . . . are you lot off your trollies??



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Bridging the gap: Barbara took to website building for a new challenge.



'Temporary exile' settles for Queensland

It took 20 years, but now Barbara Goss is happy and looking forward to new challenges in retirement

WE LEFT Zimbabwe in 1982. It is hard to believe that it was nearly 20 years ago . . . for a long time I felt that I was doing no more than marking time here and that my real home was the other side of the world. It took several years before I accepted that Brisbane was home.

It was very hard at first, emotionally and financially. We arrived with \$500 and two sons aged 10 and 12. Luckily we had some money in England and were able to put a deposit on a house, but day-to-day expenses were kept to an absolute minimum. School fees and mortgage repayments took up a huge percentage of our income, and we lived very simply.

We found so many things to be strange, not least the way the houses were built! Old Queenslanders like the one we first rented are made of wood. Our own is made of wooden sticks covered in plaster board and with a brick veneer! We soon learnt that one has to be careful about placing things like picture hooks.

One of the hardest things to overcome was the vast difference between ourselves and the people who would naturally be our friends, the other parents at the boys' school.

Lined up at the end of the school day would be mothers in Range-Rovers, Jaguars and BMWs - and then there was me in the Corolla! This is a society where material things are of paramount importance and class equals money. So it was lonely at first.

There was a glut of teachers at the time and I had been told that there would be no job at all for me. So I set about proving them wrong and within three weeks I was freelancing as a market research interviewer, working for three market research consultancies.

It was a soul-destroying job at first, knocking on doors over weekends, but there were lighter sides to it. One of the first surveys I did was about radio listenership and when I asked one woman what her favourite radio station was I solemnly wrote down her answer "IBC" . . . oops, had not yet got the hang of the Australian accent - the ABC of course!

Luckily I did not have to "street-walk" for long as I was asked to come into the office and supervise and then became the training manager for new Interviewers.

The money I earned was used to pay for "extras" like clothes and haircuts!

What a wonderful life for the boys. They settled in quickly, made friends, acquired Australian accents, and have both done well in their chosen fields.

I have been lucky enough to go back to Zimbabwe every couple of years to visit friends and family - although there has been a gap of three years this time and I am not



Our first home.: On old Queensland made of wood.

sure if I want to go back at the moment.

In 1998 - my last visit, I went on from visiting Zimbabwe and South Africa, to England to spend some time with my sister and Paul's family.

And then the icing on the cake, a Mediterranean cruise on the QE2! This was a wonderful adventure and one I thoroughly enjoyed. If you would like to read about it, I have told the story on one of my web sites.

On board of course I played bridge too. Bridge has long been a passion and I play regularly three times a week. A very good way to keep the grey cells alive.

Since returning from that trip I discovered my latest enthusiasm - the internet and web design!

When I find an interest I put my whole being into it and worry it until I have it licked! So it is with designing web pages - once I started I could not stop and there are 17 of my creations available from <http://www.barbaragoss.com>.

The boys have grown up and made their own lives. How different they are - one adventurous and always keen to meet another challenge, while the other is steady and dependable and happy with a quiet life!

Jonathan is the adventurous one. After acquiring his BSc. degree and completing his education diploma, he worked as a senior instructor with Outward Bound for several years.

Outward Bound Australia is based just outside Canberra and while

he was there he completed another postgraduate qualification, in environmental education.

He travelled a great deal within Australia, as Outward Bound conducts courses in various parts of this vast country. But his first real adventure came when he took a few months off and tackled the National Trail on horseback.

The Bicentennial National Trail is Australia's longest recreation trail and its establishment has opened a new dimension in outdoor recreation in Australia. It covers a distance of 5330km from Cooktown in Queensland, through New South Wales and the ACT to Healesville in Victoria, following historic coach and stock routes, old packhorse tracks, fire and forestry trails and country roads.

It was a very tough challenge but a wonderful experience for him - here are two excerpts from his diary:

(1) *"I thought of going down to the river for a bit of a fish - taking my smallest hand reel and a PB sandwich for bait. Success straight away - just small ones I could see swimming in the crystal clear water under the trees - about 15-20cm long, shaped and coloured like a very large tiger barb. I built a small fishpond in the sand on the water's edge and put the ones I caught in that.*

But this crystal clear water was fascinating me - the light coming through the canopy sending shafts down to the bottom. I had to get out into the sun. So I stripped and swam out - chest-deep water on clean flat sand.

And it went on for ever (well, 100 metres, say) through the rainforest. It was beautiful. Swimming under water with my eyes open, drinking the sweet water as I went. PARADISE!

On my return I broke the walls of the pond and freed the colourful fish which, somewhat dazed, let me gently push

them around with my hands before flitting off into the clear water."

(2) *"I believe I've just finished the hardest day's work in my life. There's blood on everything around me from the cuts and grazes..., but mainly from the leeches - I managed to fend them off my body, but when I took my boots off. Before dawn this morning I was getting packed up - I had to do a bit of repair work on the packs; they really are in a bad condition. We set off at first light, crossed the causeway and headed up to investigate this "steep face".*

Basically, it is thick, almost impenetrable regrowth under the powerlines, surrounded by rainforest (also impenetrable) and extremely steep - even a paved road straight up would be considered a major obstacle!

I spent about an hour on Nugget wandering around looking for any alternative routes or existing tracks on either side - to no avail. I was very disappointed . . . I was really hoping to get into Mossman today . I had no alternative but to take Nugget and Sarah back down to the creek and set up their fence - at least they'd have a relaxing day! Armed with a large stick and my largest knife, I

began to bash a trail up the hill. By about 1pm I'd made it three quarters of the way up - only 100 metres or so! After a drink of water and some of last night's chilli rice (I won't be making that again!) I saddled up Nugget and rode him up to the hill. I figured if

I could ride him up what I'd done already, Sarah would have no trouble with the packs tomorrow. He's a big hearted horse, and gave it everything, but vines were tripping him up and he lost footing a few times, nearly killing me by falling on me at one stage! I got off and led him the rest of the way - quite an exercise. Again, he gave it everything, and we just made it - he was quite scared - wide-eyed and literally foaming with sweat - so was I!

We made it back safely and I put him back with Sarah after a long and well-earned drink. Once again I tackled the hill and finally made it to the top - blow me down there was a track after all - I followed it back but it petered out about halfway. Anyway, after all that, I'm sure we'll be up there within a couple of hours tomorrow morning - although I suspect I might end up making several trips to carry the packs up myself. I'm going to have to take them up separately anyway - it was hard enough leading and reassuring Nugget - as well as staying away from his thrashing hooves. It looks like rain tonight so everything is waterproofed and I'm in my bivi bag . . . about to fall asleep to the soothing sounds of Enya."

Guess what? The complete story of this adventure and some of his others - A solo sailing trip to Lord Howe Island, a walk from Melbourne to Canberra along the Alpine Track . . . 800 km - can be seen on web sites I created for him!

Gradually I have felt less of a temporary exile and we have made a happy life here.

Paul and I have now both retired, and he has his gardening and I have my bridge!

And the joy of keeping up with lots of old Zim friends, and making new ones, via the internet.

What a wonderful life for the boys. They settled in quickly, made friends, acquired Australian accents





There is far too much that is awful and depressing going on in the world right now and without trying to reduce the seriousness of these affairs I am going to try and brighten your particular day a little if I can. If even one of you has a quiet chuckle from the light-hearted stuff below, then I will be well pleased.

Wine safety pointers

Always keep wine locked in a wine cabinet when not in use.
 Always store corkscrews separately from bottles.
 Keep your finger off the corkscrew lever until ready to open.
 Always aim a bottle in a safe direction (applicable to sparkling wines).
 Always treat every bottle as loaded.
 Always treat every wine taster as loaded.
 Ensure the bottle neck is clean and free from obstructions.
 Be sure of your target before pouring.
 Re-cork bottles when not in use.

Subversive slogans on bumper stickers sold at wine events

Wine doesn't kill people - people kill people.
 I'd rather be drinking!
 This car insured by J&B.
 Bottle on Board.
 I have an honour student at the Cape Wine Academy.
 Driver only carries \$20 worth of Cabernet.
 This car stops for all wine sales!
 I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy.
 Crime control — not wine control.
 Wine tasters do it with their tongues.
 I'm pro-wine and I vote!
 I love my wine, but I fear my government.
 I'll give up my Merlot when they pry it from my cold, dead hand.

Wine militias

EXTREMIST NRA members join wine militia cells, often referred to as "tasting groups". Camouflaged in Birkenstocks and Polo shirts, they engage in clandestine night-time and weekend manoeuvres they innocently call "horizontal" and "verticals".

Militia members have also been observed purchasing unregistered bottles (usually by the dozen, or "case") from vendors of dubious repute around the globe, and shipping them illegally and clandestinely across governmental jurisdictions disguised as "olive oil" or "auto parts".

They unabashedly perform these deeds in full view of their children, who eventually learn to accept this deviant behaviour as normal.

The most radical militia members practice a frightening survivalist creed known as "home winemaking".

Assaulting governmental authority, these sociopaths manufacture unsophisticated but powerful wines from easily-obtained, unregulated ingredients such as grapes purchased at the local grocery store or grown on their own private property.

Their goal is to inflict their wines on innocent members of the public, given the potential for mayhem this can cause, confrontation with these ultra-extremists is to be avoided at all costs.

Their products are routinely condemned even by more mainstream NRA members.

If there are any indications of such a Group operating in your area, under no circumstances attempt to confront them yourselves. They habitually invite such confronters into their "caves" and ply them with their "juice" until all memories of the incident disappears.

Keep your distance and telephone your local AA direct who will dispatch the RRU "Riesling Response Unit".

On a serious note there have been a number of e-mails about

WINE STORAGE

UNLESS you have an area in your house that is dark and vibration free and where the temperature remains fairly constant throughout the year, then you are probably better off letting your local bottle store worry about storage. Sure you may pay a bit more for a fully mature wine that is ready to drink, but you will not have the disappointment of a badly stored bottle, nor breakage, theft, insurance etc. to worry about. Wine likes to be stored at a constant temperature. It is not so important what that temperature is, as long as it does not fluctuate too much throughout the various seasons.

Having said that around 12 degrees centigrade is probably ideal for slow maturation. Humidity should be fairly neutral. Too wet and the labels can deteriorate and mould forms rather easily. You can cover the label with hair spray to prevent damage. If it is too dry then you run the risk of the corks drying out and shrinking resulting in the possibility of spoiled and oxidized wine.

Events

San Diego

GUY FAWKES DAY BRAAI

Sunday November 4th, 2001 starting at 10:30am

Come join in the fun of a South African Get Together!

Lets have a fun filled day of Music, Sport, Food & Entertainment. That includes you folks that have been in the USA for many years. The Braai is a great way to learn about old friends, and have a great time.

This is NOT a "when-we" event, for anyone that may think that way.

All South Africans/Zimbabweans welcome. Please pass this e-mail on to all your SA friends who live within a few hours drive from San Diego.

Superb beef and traditional boerewors available by pre-order only (see note below). Please bring your own food, snacks, drinks, and eating implements. Fire provided.

Braai venue: Hospitality Point in Mission Bay

Directions: Sea World Drive Going West, Exit West Mission Bay Drive. After the first light, turn left into Quivira Road, and then turn a sharp left again to Hospitality Point. Continue to the end of the road, approximately 1 mile.

Look for the gazebo and the smiling faces.

Call Derek Selbo at 760-944-6055 with any questions about the event.

London

MARITA VAN DER VYVER LOODS HAAR NUWE BOEK IN ENGELAND

'Die moderne vrou het 'n kop op haar lyf.

Sy lees wyd en bevraagteken die geyskte.

Sy is nie bang vir uitdagings nie. Sy kyk na haarself en voed haar siel.

Sy is Jy, die een wat aanklank gaan vind by hierdie unieke geleentheid.'

Aldus C&R Promosies, wat hul eerste Suid-Afrikaanse vrouedag op 3 November in Londen aanbied in samewerking met die Suid-Afrikaanse glanstydskrif, rooi rose en Tafelberg- Uitgewers.

Die nuwe roman uit die pen van die bekroonde skrywer, Marita van der Vyver, Griet Kom Terug word terselfdertyd bekend gestel!

Marita gaan met die gaste gesels oor haar nuwe boek en haar nuwe lewe in Frankryk. Dié boekvrystelling is (nog) 'n eerste vir Afrikaans in Engeland en dit net dae nádat die boek in Suid-Afrika onder groot trompettergeskal bekendgestel is.

Die Suid-Afrikaanse Vrouedag en bekendstelling van Marita se boek is ook 'n ideale geleentheid vir Suid-Afrikaanse vroue om ander moderne, koelkop vroue in Engeland te ontmoet.

Dié besondere dag wat in samewerking met die twee hoofborge, rooi rose en Tafelberg-Uitgewers plaasvind, word gehou op Saterdag, 3 November 2001 vanaf 10:00 – 18:00 in een van Londen se koelste kuierplekke, Bankside Restaurant.

Die interessante program bestaan uit praatjies oor holistiese gesondheid en optimale energievlakke, wenke oor koskuns, 'n analise van individuele styl en klerekas-ontleding, die nuutste modes, met natuurlik die nodige kuiersessies rondom 'n koppie tee en 'n middagetee oor 'n glasie wyn. Daar sal 'n keurige kunsmark wees met produkte van hoogstaande gehalte, asook 'n stalletjie waar die nuutste Afrikaanse boeke te koop sal wees.

Kaartjies vir dit alles beloop slegs £40 per persoon Daar is beperkte sitplekke en net die eerste 100 vroue kan hul plekke bespreek. Dit beloop om dié geleentheid van die jaar te wees vir die moderne Suid-Afrikaanse vrou in Engeland.

MARITA VAN DER VYVER

Marita van der Vyver woon in 'n klipkasarm in die suide van Frankryk met haar Franse man Alain en hul laslagesin van vier kinders. Sy het eers met jeugboeke soos Eenkantkind sukses behaal voordat sy die volwasse mark in 1992 met Griet Skryf 'n sprokie getref het. Die roman, 'n sensasionele treffer, is met die Eugene Marais-, die ATKV- en die M-Net-prys bekroon. In 1995 het Ding van 'n kind verskyn, in inisiasieroman oor tieners se grootword in die jare sewentig en die verlies van onskuld op seksuele, politieke en morele vlak. Wegkomkans, is 1999, was 'n soort Boere-Big Chill, waarin die verhouding tussen tien vriende oor 'n tydperk van tien jaar laat blyk hoe vriendskap die aanslag van tyd en trauma deurstaan. Marita se romans is wêreldwyd vertaal o.m. in Engels, Nederlands, Duits, Frans, Italiaans, Spaans, Sweeds, Tsjeggies, en selfs in Chinees en Hebreeus.

Besprekings en navrae:

René Taylor 35 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, London, W8 4 SB

020 7221 3875 (m4rene@aol.com) of

Charné Kemp 020 8393 4135/ 0771 4087 109 (charne@meyerkemp.freeserve.co.uk)

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 Weitz 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>

COMSAB

(City of Melbourne South African Business network)

Email: alanr@rosendorff.com.au
Telephone: Alan on 03 9670 2515
Fax: 9670 2505

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.

Did you know . . .

SA's enormously popular wildlife website AFRICAM has closed, according to Business day. The paper reports that the site attracted more than 1-million hits a day, 75 per cent of them from overseas. But its frequent use never turned into physical cash, pushing the company into provisional liquidation. Marketing director Keith Wallington whose brother Graham founded Africam would not say how much money the operation had gobbled up.

POVERTY-STRICKEN Zimbabweans are flocking to the country's border with South Africa to raid farms near the Limpopo River for produce, it has been learnt. Farmers in the Beitbridge area say unemployed Zimbabweans are crossing the dry Limpopo River, some in broad daylight, to steal farm produce from South African farm fields near the border. Nearly three million rural people have registered for food handouts in Matabeleland, the Midlands and Masvingo. Millions of others in rural and urban areas of Zimbabwe will face starvation because of poor harvests and food shortages as manufacturers reduce or cease production.

TEENAGE girls in Swaziland are incensed over a five-year ban on them having sex. They say their boyfriends "won't wait". The ban was introduced as a measure to curb the spread of HIV/AIDS in the kingdom. Lungile Ndlovu, the traditional head of maidens' affairs, announced a five-year

ban on sex after King Mswati re-introduced the "umchwasho" chastity rite. She said that the upholding of this tradition would be policed by traditional chiefs who presided over much of Swazi society.

A 31-year-old Cape Town man is languishing in an Alaskan jail, unable to pay bail of almost R1-million after a bar fight with a man who, he says, racially insulted him. Franswa "Bollie" Fernandez, who describes himself as a "Cape Coloured", has written to Cape newspapers pleading for help. Fernandez was writing from Lemon Creek Correctional Centre Maximum Security Prison in the Alaskan town of Juneau, where both he and his girlfriend, American Bridget Cross, are now awaiting trial in the remote American state. According to the Independent on Saturday the two were on a dream holiday when things turned sour. Fernandez said of the Alaskan locals: "As they don't have many Cape Coloureds living in their town, racism seems to be their main form of entertainment. One night trouble erupted at a farewell party in a local pub. A "railroad worker, muscled and drunk", picked on him, delivering racial slurs and making remarks about his sexuality. Fernandez would only say: "Unfortunately, I cannot tell you exactly what happened, other than that he attacked me and came off the worst. I was arrested." He asked for his fellow Capetonians to make donations to his "support fund".

APPEAL

HENNIE BOTHA, of Afrikaanse Klub in Brisbane North sent
us this email with a plea to help, if at all possible, a family of
new immigrants who have received bad news.

mailto:henlubo@ozlinx.com.au

Hallo daar Afrikaanse vriende.

Ek het sommer gou die boodskappie hieronder aanmekaar gesit om te vra dat julle vir ons **sal help bid** as julle kan.

Ek het self die vrou ontmoet en mee gepraat en dit is nie net 'n storie nie. Andersins vra tog sommer net almal wat jy ken, in jou kerk, op jou e-pos adresboek of waar ook al om te help bid.

As iemand kan - kontak haar gerus en gee vir haar ondersteuning in hierdie moeilike tyd - al hoor sy net dat julle vir haar bid.

Haar kontak besonderhede is: Kobus en Nicolene van der Merwe

mailto:cobus@optusnet.com.au

Mobile: 0413 780 251

Hospital Unit: (07) 3252 8658

Home (07):4985 7924 (erens in Noord-QLD).

As enige iemand dalk meer wil weet - of soortgelyke gevalle van weet waar ondersteuning of 'n gebedsaksie nodig is - kontak my direk by die onderstaande nommers.

Ek het in gedagte om dalk hierdie tipe van ding gereeld te maak en beskikbaar te stel vir diegene wat belangstel -

tussen alle Christene in die wereld, buite die klub, vir diegene in SA wat saam wil help bid - ook ander Suid-Afrikaanse Klubs in ander lande.

Indien jy dalk weet van enige iemand wat sal belangstel om van sulke gevalle te hoor en te help bid - stuur dan die epos vir hulle aan of vra hom/haar om my te kontak en te reel dat ek hulle epos kry.

Ek is self 'n ouer en het self geïmmigreer en kan myself net probeer indink hoe hierdie arme mense op hierdie stadium van die geveg moet voel.

Dit is ons plig om vir hulle te help om nie moed op te gee nie en vir God te vra om hulle te sterk in dit wat voorle.

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Liefdegroete,

Hennie Botha Afrikaanse Klub Verteenwoordiger BNE Noord.

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My naam is Nicolene van der Merwe en ons het drie weke gelede van Suid Afrika hierheen (Australie) gekom.

Ons het daar in Standerton gebly ongeveer 150km van Johannesburg af.

Ons het die eerste week in Sydney gebly waar my man, Cobus, se nuwe hoofkantoor is.

Ons het Vrydag, die 28ste September in Sydney geland en die volgende Vrydag, die 5de Oktober na Queensland vertrek waar ons in Middlemount gaan vestig.

Ons het die Maandag in Middlemount aangekom. Ons het drie kinders, waarvan die middelste, Marlize (14 jaar oud), moeg en bleek geword het.

Ons het haar bleekheid toegeskryf aan die groot verandering wat in ons lewens plaasgevind het, die feit dat sy haar vriende en familie moes agterlaat asook die warm weer wat ons hier gekry het.

Die Donderdag, die 11de Oktober, het sy egter in die badkamer flou geword en ek het haar dokter toe gevat.

Hy het haar ondersoek en bloed getrek.

Hy het gese dat die uitslag die volgende oggend 10uur daar sal wees.

Ons kinders het intussen vriende gemaak en wou met alle geweld skool toe.

Ons het hulle die Vrydag oggend skool toe geneem en is van daar af terug dokter toe.

Hy het ons meegedeel dat Marlize leukemia het en dadelik Rockhampton toe moes gaan om bloed te kry.

Haar "hemoglobien" was 34 en dit moes 110 wees.

Sy is die naweek in Rockhampton gehou en ek en sy het die Sondag oggend met die "flying doctor" vliegtuig na Brisbane gekom waar sy in die Royal Children's Hospital opgeneem is.

Dinsdag is 'n lumberpunch op haar gedoen en hulle het murg uit haar heup getrek om te bepaal watter tipe leukemia sy het.

Sy is gediagnoseer met ALL (Acute Lymphoblastic Leukemia) - dit kan behandel word met chemoterapie oor 'n twee jaar tydperk.

Ek het verblyf gekry by die Children's Leukaemia and Cancer Society. Wat ons as gesin wil vra is dat mense asblyf vir haar sal bid.

Ook vir ons as gesin.

My man en seun is in Middlemount en ek bly hier in Brisbane met die twee dogters.

Dis vir ons baie moeilik aangesien ons so nuut is (hoewel ons al talle mense ontmoet het wat baie baie goed vir ons is) en amper 1000km uitmekaar is - dis buiten om te deel met die feit dat Marlize kanker het.

Sy is baie dapper en positief. Maar die newe-effekte van die behandeling is baie sleg.

Ons moet haar ook baie mooi oppas want as sy infeksie kry, kan dit haar lewe kos.

Dus wil ons probeer om 'n gebedsaksie vir haar te begin.

Baie dankie byvoorbaat vir die ondersteuning.

Nicolene