

out of africa

INTERNATIONAL

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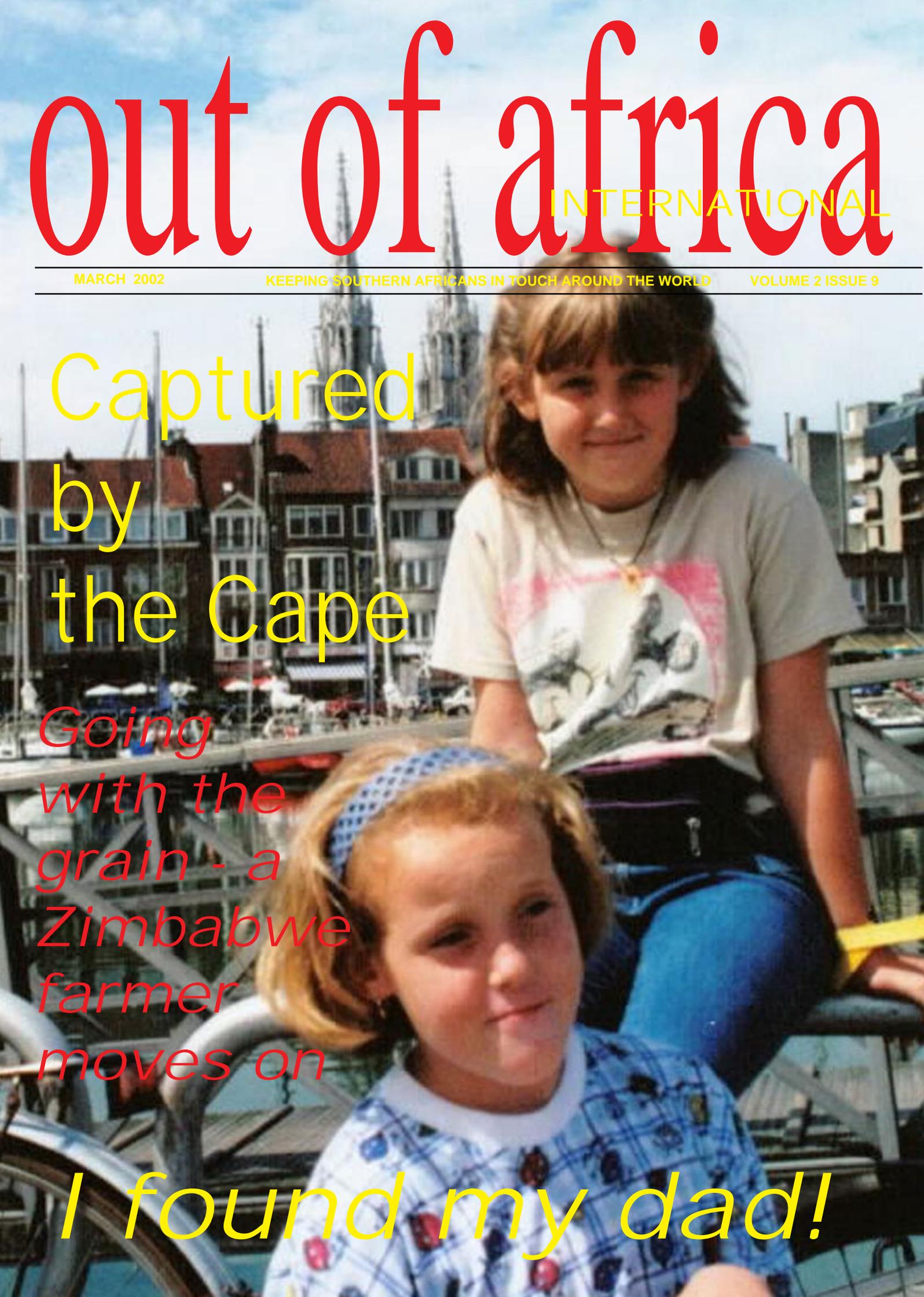
KEEPING SOUTHERN AFRICANS IN TOUCH AROUND THE WORLD

VOLUME 2 ISSUE 9

Captured by the Cape

*Going
with the
grain - a
Zimbabwe
farmer
moves on*

I found my dad!



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! Penny now works in the Design and Technology faculty at Margaret Thatcher's old school in Grantham in Lincolnshire.

pen@ntlworld.com



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

Flies their biggest bugbear!

KEVIN TONKIN is a hard-working Zimbabwean farmer - at least he was until last year. Now he's a hard-working Australian farmer. Fed up with constant vilification, and threats to him and his family by Robert Mugabe's farm invaders the family decided to emigrate.

They moved to Australia found and bought a farm in Western Australia's huge wheatbelt region and set about building a new life.

A year on and the Tonkins have harvested their first wheat crop, and expanded their horizons to include a second property.

And now, instead of trying to handle invaders, Kevin's biggest bugbear is, you've guessed it, the Aussie equivalent, at least in the annoyance department - flies!

But they are something the Tonkins are prepared to live with, as Kevin tells us on Page 8

Karen Metz has gone full circle. Emigrating with her mum and dad to the Cape in the mid-1970s, she immersed herself in the SA lifestyle and became a true South African. But life's twists have taken her back to her home town of Birmingham, in the UK. Along the way she's gained two lovely daughters and a determination to make the best of her situation.

Today she's studying journalism and graphic design under the UK's retraining program and plans to forge a new career after years of being "mum" to the two girls.

Adoption is an emotive word. And whether to tell a child or not, and when, must be one of a parent's toughest decisions.

Renata de Jong's parents didn't and she found out her dad had adopted her when he married her mother only when she applied to South Africa for a birth certificate.

The discovery shattered her, her marriage broke up and she set out on a quest to find her birth father and his family - a 7-year journey that took her back to South Africa and then to Hungary. Today, she lives in Holland, happier now she has drawn the strings of her life together.

This edition is smaller than usual - it seems most of you like to read about how other SAs are making out but are reluctant to tell your own story. But we DO want your stories. You might think it's a pretty ordinary life now you're readjusted to your new surroundings, but imagine the questions you asked yourselves before you emigrated.

Those same questions are being asked in thousands of households across southern Africa every day and you are in the unique position to answer them.

Statistics show most of our readers live in English-speaking countries with Western values - the UK, US, Canada, New Zealand and Australia.

Families thinking of emigrating to those countries would love to hear how you made it. Please share your invaluable knowledge!

Tom Henshaw

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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Happy family: Karen with daughters Michelle and Clair.

Captured by the Cape

Karen Metz's view today is a sea of roofs in Birmingham, England. But it's the sun-drenched beaches of the Cape that have captured her heart

TWENTY-SIX years ago my parents made one of the biggest decisions of their lives, to emigrate from Birmingham UK to Cape Town South Africa. To me, a pubescent fourteen year old, the prospect was both unnerving and exciting. I remember a strange feeling of hollowness as I watched my parents dismantle what had been my life long home. The days before we left, furniture started to disappear and we were eventually left with a few boxes and our suitcases.

The morning of our departure all the neighbors came around to say their final good-byes, it was so difficult to say good-bye to my life long friends. Off we went 'op die groot trek' to the other side of the world. What an adventure.

Fortunately we had public transport and air travel and didn't have to rely on the horse and cart as our ancestors did.

The experience was torrid. Loaded to the hilt with suitcases and paraphernalia we struggled on and off buses, trains and taxies until eventually we arrived at Heathrow airport, boarded the plane and were off to the land of milk and honey, the land of everlasting sunshine.

After a long flight we arrived at Jan Smuts Airport, Johannesburg. The first thing I noticed was that the security guards were all armed with assault rifles, having come from a small town in UK this was totally unfamiliar to us and my father became anxious, barking at my sister and myself to stay close. What we didn't know was that we had arrived a



Looking to the future: Karen in a reflective mood.



Mum's the word: Karen with Claire as a baby

few days after the student riots in the townships, June 1976, and the whole country was on alert. A stranger cautiously approached my father, looking around as if expecting someone to be watching him, he whispered "stay in your hotel, don't go anywhere it is too dangerous" That was it! Fathers anxiety trebled. I think that was the moment he decided we were not staying in the Transvaal.

A chap from the emigration department came to collect us and took us to our hotel where my father started making plans to move us down to Cape Town, where luckily there were job opportunities for him. A couple of days later we boarded the milk train for Cape Town. Crossing the Karoo was an extraordinary experience, especially when the train was so slow you could get out and walk faster. That night, to our amazement, it was frosty cold. Something we didn't expect here in the desert. Twenty four hours later we arrived at what was to be our new home.

What a difference! After seeing the scorched, flat landscape of the Transvaal it was a pleasure to see the fresh, plush landscape of the Western Cape. Table Mountain, looming majestically over Cape Town gave the scene the finishing touch.

We were picked up at the air port by a family friend and taken via Chapman's Peak to Sun Valley, Fish Hoek. It was awesome, the hard, jagged cliffs to the one side and far below us, on the other, was the Atlantic ocean, glistening in the sharp sunlight. Now this was more like it, what a beautiful sight, knickers to the land of milk and honey, this was the land of beauty.

The years that came offered so much pleasure - listening to jazz on sun drenched beach fronts from Sea Point to Kalk Bay, swimming in the warm waters of the Indian ocean at Cape Point reserve, braaiing on Chapman's Peak and driving with the windows open listening to good music on a sunny Sunday afternoon. Taking in a good show at the Nico Malan or the Baxter theatre and spending many weekends just lying around on the beach with the smell of coconut oil thick in the air.

Well, that was the beginning and twenty six years, two children and a broken marriage later I find myself back in the UK, in Birmingham 'nagal'. I've done a full circle. Although it took a long time to get used to living in South Africa I have become South African. I speak Afrikaans, have a twang in my accent and love braai, boerewors, Castle Lager, Cane and Coke and the Springbokke. I suppose I am to tell you that I have settled in and am loving my new life but I can't. For the last fourteen years I have lived in Melkbosstrand on the West Coast, not far from the famous surfer's paradise Big Bay in Bloubaai. I had a wonderful view of Table Mountain from my lounge window, what a sight to have first thing in the morning,

now all I have are the roofs of other buildings and a main road to greet me when I open my curtains. I miss getting up in the mornings and throwing all the doors and windows open and having the fresh air permeate the house. I miss the open spaces and, at night, the sound of crickets and the waves breaking on the beach.

My children, Michelle, 12, and Claire, 10, are also battling to get used to their new environment, wet and cold. Where they were in a private school in South Africa they are now government school and have to get used to having thirty odd kids in a class. Making friends has been difficult because of cultural differences. Michelle has been bullied a couple of times, the other kids see her as being a snob with her 'fancy' accent and what must seem to them as a former blessed life style. She no longer talks about her home in Cape Town, the large house with a pool and summer for what seems like most of the year round. The walks with our Labrador along the beach on those warm, humid nights. Claire often cries at night, wanting to go home but says very little. (If I carry on I think I will start crying). But as the spring starts to set in and the days draw out I see us taking many day trips to some of the beautiful places England has to offer, and hopefully the summer will bring as much pleasure as Cape Town did.

At thirty nine I have had my life turned upside down, but there is a flip side to this coin. Although my environment is not exactly great I have come a long way. The UK has so much to offer someone like myself. Having been a mother and house wife for 12 years I have little to offer any prospective employer. The experience I gained after many years of working is now antiquated and archaic. One of the objectives of the British government is to encourage people like myself back to work and there is a major drive towards adult education, most of which is offered free of charge if you are unemployed. The first thing I did when I arrived in September was enroll myself on a Journalism and Publishing course, which I have almost completed. I have also started computer graphic design and I am loving it. So, I may not have the environmental stimulants that I want but I do have the mental stimulation which will prove to be much more rewarding in the future.

Father time is the great healer, the confusion and heart ache we feel now will subside but the memories of South Africa will always remain vivid in our memories. Africa enters the blood and once there it never fades and will probably pull at my heart for eternity.

My dream is to find my place in the sun somewhere like Australia, or go back to Cape Town, as a professional and hopefully I will have both the pleasure of my surroundings and the security of a career.

That's Africa!



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Scramble for crays as they crawl from sea

CRAYFISH lovers eat your heart out! Early in March, the small settlement of Elands Bay in the western Cape witnessed the amazing phenomenon of seeing crays crawl out of the sea - by the million!

Some 1000 tonnes (at a half kilo each that's around 2,000, 000 of the crack crusaceans) headed for dry land in desperation after the waters of the bay were polluted by rotting plankton, known locally as a "red tide"

But waiting on the beach were 400 or so people eager to take advantage of their misfortune.

Local officials said the plunderers stormed the beach and carted off the unfortunate crusaceans by the carload.

Provincial traffic authorities set up road-blocks and eventually put contingency plans into place to prevent people getting on to the beach.

One man stopped at a roadblock was found to have 3000 crayfish tails in his possession.

Locals and the navy packed some crays into holding tanks and took them in trucks to Lamberts Bay where they were put aboard fishing vessels and released back into the sea.

It's not the first time this has happened. In January, 50 to 60 tonnes of crayfish crawled out of the oxygen-starved water at Elands Bay and prior to that a large-scale walkout occurred in April 1999.

Legal loopies

TWO men appeared in a South African court after they were unmasked as bogus lawyers, having called a magistrate "your majesty" and asked him to explain the term "previous convictions".

Goodman Mokoena and Moses Moloi fooled staff at the Katlehong Magistrate's Court south of Johannesburg when, dressed in black robes, they appeared before the bench to represent a client charged with assault.

Mokoena told the court he was a lawyer and said Moloi was his assistant.

But the Johannesburg daily The Star reported that their cover wore thin when Mokoena addressed the magistrate as "your majesty", instead of the accepted title of "your honour".

The twosome's luck ran out completely when Mokoena asked the magistrate what he meant by previous convictions.

When the two failed to provide a business address, telling the magistrate they had just moved, he had them arrested.

The two who turned out to be unemployed appeared in court charged with impersonating legal officers. They both opted to have lawyers represent them in their case.

Prozac feathers Phoenix's breast

WHEN a young parrot named Phoenix started ripping out his feathers in the bird world's classic symptom of stress, his veterinarian reached for the anti-depressants.

Not for herself. For the bird.

Phoenix, a cockatiel, had developed the worrying habit of compulsively ripping out his breast and wing feathers.

But a week on paediatric Prozac, which is packaged for babies and children, did the trick.

He has stopped the self-mutilation and his feathers are starting to grow back, said Cape Town veterinarian Rina Cotton.

"Phoenix was almost bald - like a plucked chicken - when he came to me, but he's a lot better now," she said.

Cotton said she got the idea from a psychiatrist friend, who told her the drug had been developed partly in tests on birds and had been used successfully to stop obsessive-compulsive disorders in animals.

The drug does have side effects, such as the aggressive behaviour that Phoenix shows now, but Cotton said her animal Prozac patients are usually off the drug and behaving normally within a month.

"Some of them really love it - one bird made such a fuss when we stopped giving him his Prozac that the family still pretend to dose him every day with the yoghurt they used to disguise the taste," she said.



Newsworthies: Kevin Tonkin and family made the front page of the local newspaper when they harvested their first wheat crop in December.

Going with the grain

A year ago, Zimbabwean farmer Kevin Tonkin and his family were being spat on and reviled by invaders. Today, after moving to Australia, they are contributing to the wealth of their new homeland.

ZIMBABWE farmer Kevin Tonkin hasn't let the grass grow under his feet since he and his family emigrated to Australia a year ago. Kevin, wife Lara and their two children Mark, 9, and Colleen, 7, settled quickly into the small country town of Wongan Hills, in West Australian wheatbelt, some 185km north-east of Perth, bought a 3500ha farm and got stuck in.

Freed from the dangers and intimidation they experienced from land invaders on their property in Zimbabwe, they sowed their first wheat and months later were harvesting their first Australian crop.

Since December the Tonkins haven't stood still. They have acquired a second farm, similar in size to their first, 50km to the north and are upgrading it, ready for Kevin's brother-in-law who is hoping to emigrate later this year.

At present the Tonkins are running both farms - a huge task given they don't have staff to share the workload.

But, says Kevin: "At the end of the day it's very rewarding knowing you've done it all yourself."

He does, however, take on a contract labourer at seeding time - a big change from the 120 he used to employ in Zimbabwe.

The Tonkins says Wongan Hills (pop: +/- 2000) has opened its heart to them.

"We've found great support from our neighbours and the people of the town," he says.

He's even located another Zimbabwean couple.

"He's given up farming and is now working for a farm equipment company in town," says Kevin. "And his wife is a nurse at the local hospital."

A motor mechanic by trade with a university agricultural degree, Kevin, 37, says there are some big differences in farming methods between Zimbabwe and his new home.

"The heat's one," he says. "It get pretty hot up here. We've had a couple of 40-degree days, which is bit



Golden crop: Harvester hard at work on the Tonkin farm.



Kids on the go: Colleen and Mark on the farm buggies.

different. It's fine if you're at Kariba with a cold beer in your hand, but working in it's a bit hard."

And flies. In Zimbabwe, his biggest nuisance were the war vets. In Wongan it's the pesky bush flies.

"I guess you get used to them in the end," he says with a laugh, "but they're pretty hard to handle when you're working with both hands and you can't swat them away!"

The Tonkins grew their first grain crop in WA on a quarter of the rainfall they'd been used to.

"In Zim we wait for the soil to be full of water - here we plant on a sniff of moisture."

The 250ml (about a cupful!) they received at Wongan Hills last season came at the right time and he delivered 2800 tonnes of grain and seed worth about \$A600,000.

If there's one thing he misses about Zimbabwe it's the farm dams. In Wongan it's bone dry and rivers are non-existent.

"In Zim we'd go down to the dam after work and try for a bass or two," he says. "I miss that."

But the tradeoffs are greater.

"We intend to become naturalised Australians as soon as possible," he says.

"We are committed to our new life and land.

"We feel safe here. People do not realise how lucky they are in Australia."



Success: The Tonkin's first crop is heads for market.

That's Africa!

OK, so this probably belongs in the Urban Myths category, but using the old journalism adage "never let the truth spoil a good story" we thought it silly enough to use!

HUFFING and puffing, a fainting pilot, a missing jack and an empty nitrogen canister added to passengers' fury when an East African airlines flight was stranded with a flat tyre.

After the flight was postponed by a fortnight "for technical reasons", an airline official added fuel to their fury by calling passengers and journalists unpatriotic trouble-makers.

About 42 passengers were on board and ready to fly from Kisumu to Berlin via Jomo Kenyatta Airport when the pilot noticed the flat tyre.

No spare was available and the nitrogen canister at the airport at Kisumu was empty. "One of the passengers suggested that we take the tyre to the nearest garage to have it inflated.

But then we discovered that the jack was missing, so we couldn't remove the tyre," airline spokesperson Weseka Sambu allegedly explained to a Kenyan newspaper.

"Our technicians bravely tried to pump it with a bicycle pump but it didn't work. One pilot even tried to inflate it by mouth but he fainted," said Sambu.

"When I announced that the flight had been cancelled, one of the passengers slapped me in the face with the whistle of a life-jacket and said our airline was a national embarrassment.

"I told him he was exaggerating and that there would be another flight in two weeks' time.

He could use the opportunity to explore the wonderful natural beauty of Kisumu.

"He was just very upset that he would not be reimbursed for the two weeks' accommodation in Kisumu."

Sambu said any airline could develop such a technical problem. "It was nothing serious."

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*Renata de Jong:
Reconciled at last.*

I found my dad

Renata de Jong tells of her shock when she learnt her Dutch father was her adopted dad. She went in search of her biological father in South Africa.

ADOPTED – the word hit me like as thunderbolt. It was 1983 and I'd just found out my dad wasn't my biological father.

I had just married, for the second time, and the news turned my life upside down.

Let me say right here, searching for, and finding, "birth parents" can be like opening a can of worms – the discovery isn't always what you want to find out.

Within months, I was divorced and my relationship with my mother and Dutch father became impossible. Things became so bad I stopped visiting them.

And I decided to find my "real" father.

I spent the next 14 years searching for him and his family.

I soon found him - in Richmond, Natal in 1985 - living with his second family.

He'd met and fallen in love with an Indian woman, and despite the Apartheid laws, they had three children - a girl and two boys.

His name was Tamas Horvath, a Hungarian immigrant.

He had been born in 1936 born in Budapest and fought against the communists in 1956.

Forced to flee, he made his way to Vienna, Austria, where he married my mother in 1957.

They emigrated to South Africa that year, and I was born, in October.

Sadly the marriage failed shortly afterwards.

In 1960 mom met and married a Hollander and in 1961 my new father adopted me.

It was around this time that my mom cut all ties with my "real" dad and I grew up regarding her new husband as my real father.

I never knew about the adoption until I had to apply to South Africa for a birth certificate.

Tragically, my birth father died on December 31, 1993 after being shot.

I then turned my attention to Budapest and began a search for his family.

He had lost touch with them soon after arriving in South Africa, as, in those days of Communist occupation, it was far too dangerous to keep contact.

I wanted to know what had happened to my grandparents and thanks to the help of the Hungarian Red Cross, I found my family in 1997.

But that is another story.

My own life has had it's ups and downs also.

I married in 1974 at the age of 17 to a South African from Pinetown and in 1976 had a baby girl.

In May 1977 my parents decided to return to Holland.

In June the same year I took my daughter and ran away from my husband. For the next two years my daughter and I lived on the streets. Its a time, I do not like to think about.

In November 1979 I was able to emigrate to Holland.

I still did not know I had been adopted and found out only in 1983 when I needed a birth certificate from South Africa for the Nederlandse Council.

Today I live in s'Hertogenbosch in the province Brabant and have a new relationship. My daughter, Angelique Veronica, has returned to South Africa.

Finding out that I was adopted made me realise how important it was to know who your parents are and where you come from.

When I had finished my own search in 1997 my daughter was 21 years old.

We launched a search for her father and found him and his family in Boxburg, Angelique returned to South Africa March 2000 and was reunited with her father, half brother and sister.

After so much upheaval I have reconciled with my Dutch mum and dad.

I go home now to visit but I suppose it will never be the same again.

My "real" father's second family has had tragedy after tragedy.

In 1987, my one half brother, Tommy, fell into a dam and drowned on New Year's day, while playing with friends. In April 2001 my half sister, Juliet, was found dead by her mother. I'm told the day before she died she'd had stomach ache, and not having money to go to a qualified doctor had gone to a witchdoctor for some medicine, which she took.

I do not know if this medicine was the cause of her death.

My half sister, Juliet, leaves behind a daughter Jenny-Lee of 4 or 5 years, and a husband infected with AIDS.

My niece Jenny-Lee, I am told now lives on the streets with her sick grandmother, and my other half brother is a lost soul.



Finding out that I was adopted made me realise how important it was to know who your parents are.

Koornhof a dad again

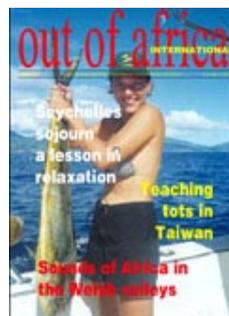
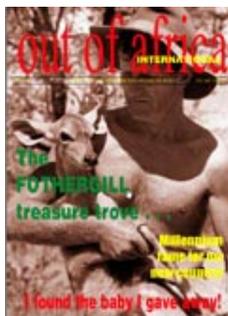
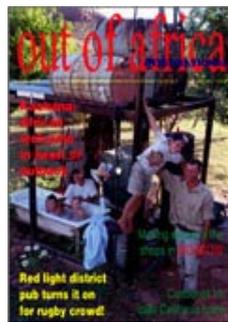
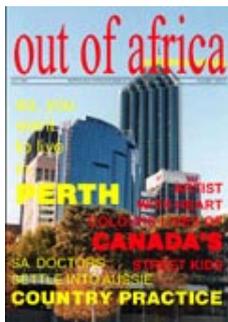
Piet Koornhof has become a dad again - at 76! The veteran politician, who put his old National Party links behind him and joined the ANC, became a father for the sixth time recently when his common-law wife, Marcelle Adams, 32, gave birth to a girl.

The couple now have four children - Maria, 8, twins Samuel and Daniel, 4, and the new baby. Koornhof, who left his wife when he met Adams, has two children from his previous marriage and 12 grandchildren.

And it may not be over yet. "I am very happy. I love children and they love me," he said.

Asked if there could be more, Adams said with a twinkle in her eyes: "You never know..."

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SO WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR!!

Flight of fancy . . .

Next time you travel Sardine Class, think of how the high and mighty do it. We're led to believe that this is the plane Boeing are hoping to sell to SA as the Presidential plane. The South African Government has allocated R300-million for the next two years. Rival plane maker Airbus is also in the running for the contract with its A-319 corporate jet. Either way, it looks like Mr Mbeki could be pretty comfortable travelling the world's skies in the near future . . .





Tale of teak and time

IT WAS a massive tree. It had thrust ever upwards towards the light in the verdant rain forests of the Dutch East Indies.

It was 750 years old when the men came. It took them eight days to chop and burn the tree with their rustic tools. When it eventually fell there were celebrations in the village for three days. One of the woodcutters fell into the fire after an excess of palm wine. He was still laughing when his fellow villagers pulled him out and he carried the scars for the rest of his life.

He was pointed out to the children and they were told of the day when the great tree fell. The men of the Dutch East India Company bought the tree with metal tools and trinkets and floated it down river to Balikpapan.

Here it was cut into planks which were seasoned in the open air for three years and then crafted into any number of artifacts, but mostly barrels for storing food and wine and for open fermentation vats.

From the moist, humid jungles the finished products were shipped worldwide, particularly to the companies re-fueling station at the Cape of Good Hope.

As he stood in the sun dappled light of the derelict cellar, breathing in the damp dusty air, Tim Hamilton Russell looked at the old barrels and the open fermentation tank and wondered where they had come from.

He admired the wonderful teakwood and suspected that they came from the East Indies and were very old.

They had in fact been in use when Napoleon made some serious miscalculations at a little place called Waterloo.

Tim had been holidaying at Hermanus since 1934 and built a home there 20 years later.

He thought the area, with its relatively cool climate, might be very suitable for grape production and purchased two farms in late 1975. The thinking in those days was that the further south you got in the Southern Hemisphere, the better your chances of quality grapes. The first plantings starting

almost immediately in early 1976. All the "noble varieties" were planted. Cabernet Sauvignon, Merlot, Pinot Noir, Shiraz, Chardonnay, Gerwurztraminer and Sauvignon Blanc.

His son, Anthony who has taken his father's ideas a logical step further, now manages the Hamilton Russell farm. "You are now concentrating on just Pinot Noir and Chardonnay for your own label, what brought about the change?"

"When my father first planted, viticulturists were not too concerned with soils, other than their function as a growing medium for the vines.

"The French concept of soil character and structure having a fundamental impact on the style of the wine was viewed with a fairly high level of scepticism. Temperature and winemaking were paramount.."

"Well it certainly gets pretty cool here does that account for the almost Burgundian subtlety and elegance that these wines can achieve? You know, although we are cool by South African standards, we are quite warm when compared to quality areas in Europe, Australia and New Zealand and we tend to harvest in our hottest month, February.

"You are right though, we do tend to produce wines with a more classic style, but this is really more to do with soil than climate.

"In 1994 I initiated a thorough analysis of our soils and we mapped the farm into 16 different soil

structures. Over the years we have been able to note the effect of the various soils on the wines by vinifying each block separately.

It seems clear to me now that the areas best suited for real quality wines are those with soils derived from the Bokkeveld Shale and it is on these which we will be concentrating."

If you visit Hamilton Russell vineyards, that old teak fermenter is still there for you to see.

Listen very carefully and it can tell you a tale or two.

The barrels have disappeared over the years, but there is an old, hand operated crusher/de-stalker, which was made in Lyon in 1920.

But that's another story . . .



Indonesian teak - then right stuff for wine barrels

EU, crikey . . . they have us over a barrel!

By MONTY FRIENDSHIP

YOU know how it is. You are sitting in a conference room and you have a bottle of mineral water and a microphone in front of you. The South African Government has sent you to Europe to negotiate terms with the EU over the naming of exported products.

You have done your homework and you have all the facts and figures about how the EU is plundering the cod stocks in the North Sea. You are going to threaten to have cod named as an endangered species and bugger the whole thing up if the Frogs and the Krauts won't give you your way.

Before you can hit the Boys with these little gems Joao Pinheiro the European Development Commissioner stands up and says: "Listen Dog Breath, you export about 12 bottles of Port and Grappa to Europe and we give you a Zillion Rand in aid and trade.

"Now in a spirit of mutual support and "win win" either you do exactly what we tell you or we will turn you into an economic cripple. What do you say?" The sweat breaks out on your brow and the tummy feels a little liquid.

"Um . . . thank you your Worshipfulness but might I just mention the cod?"

"No! Listen Koosie or whatever your name is, you have exactly 10 seconds to agree to all our demands or we nuke South Africa back to the Stone Age."

"Having considered all the differing viewpoints the South African delegation would like to agree with everything you

have said. "But since the conference began the rand has devalued about 40 per cent and we are not able to pay for our hotel, can anyone help?" So South Africa now cannot export to Europe anything called Port or Ouzo or Grappa. There were mutters by the Europeans of including terms like Tawny and Late Bottled Vintage and words like that as well.

Wine labels that include French words like "Provence", for example, will also be banned.

La Provence in Franschoek has already changed their name to Augusta. I hope the American golf course of the same name doesn't sue!

South Africa has five years to come up with new names for export to Europe. Eight years for export within SADC. We can still use these names within South Africa but even that will be looked at in 2010.

So now you all have a challenge. What shall we call these beverages in the future?

One punter has suggested calling Port "Sport". I rather like the idea of calling it "Ex-Port" and I suppose there is a case for naming some of them "Still is".

Which reminds me of a houseboat on Lake Kariba, which was called "Best Little Whorehouse on Kariba".

There were complaints apparently and the Lake Captain told the owners they would have to change the name.

When it next sailed it had been re-named, "Still is"

Let me have your views and ideas at montyf@iafrica.com.

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My personal view of Cape Town . . .

By Sabrina Davies

CAPE TOWN is the backpackers paradise and delight. There are so many hostels one doesn't know which one to choose. The vibe is relaxed and lazy with easy access to a multitude of clubs, bars, cafes, restaurants, cinemas and theatres.

There is a huge choice of activities for visitors to Cape Town. For nature lovers there is hiking, biking and horse riding on Table Mountain. One can Scubadive and snorkel in the cold waters of the Atlantic or surf and sail on the warm waters of the Indian. Adrenaline rushes can be acquired abseiling off Table Mountain (112m) or skydiving and paragliding off Signal Hill. Sand-boarding and body-boarding, sea kayaking . . . just about anything!. Witness the breathtaking sunsets over Table Mountain, Signal Hill and Lions Head, the beautiful beaches of Camps Bay and spectacular views off Cape Point. A wealth of history is available in the natural museum or take a quick boat ride to Robben Island, the infamous prison where Mandela was incarcerated for so many years.

Capetonians are a cosmopolitan mix of peoples, their roots being drawn from all over Africa and Europe. Cape Town is most definitely a "gay town". The irony here being that on seeing someone who attracts you, he or she will probably be of the opposite sexuality to that of yourself. The gay community here is strong and "in yer face". There is no fear here, as in other cities in Africa and no real ill will towards anyone else irrespective of sexuality, race or nationality.

For those who love the mellow mood of the bar and café scene be prepared for the 'cliquiness' of Cape Town society. It is a closed community and difficult to penetrate. Movie people talk to artists who talk to musicians who talk to photographers who all waft in and out of the trendy café bars such as Lola's and Jo'berg. One wonders when they actually do work!

This is a party town and cliques are everything. This is a place made for models and advertisements. Most days along Long Street one can witness the filming of a new commercial. One day the Audi team will have the street blocked off in order to shoot their latest advertisement. Another day it might be a trendy café being shot for an equally trendy magazine. Numerous tall, skinny, pretty girls being shot strutting along swinging empty shopping bags, sitting in a cafe with a creamy cappuccino, never actually drinking it, or even some poor darling modeling a gorgeous fur coat in the height of summer. Believe me Cape Town's sun burns hot!

My experience of Cape Town is that this is not a town for "ugly" people, unless of course you're rich. I felt one has a strong sense of self worth in Cape Town or the attitude of those within it can knock your confidence for six. You may think you're quite attractive, or even something special at home, but when you come face to face with models on a daily basis, no-one giving you a second glance apart from the street kids and 'bergies' who are only interested in your financial generosity, it can be off-putting.

The trick is to try not to feel 'too' disheartened because Cape Town is an extremely superficial place. Your name is 'sweety' if you are being referred to someone who is gay and 'love' if that person is straight. If you are super thin, wear the right brand of jeans, in the right cut, in obviously the right shade you'll fit in. It's a city of movie people, of artists and photographers. A city to be seen and experienced.

Cape Town is also an area of great disparity. There is a much darker side to the city that one does not have to search too far to uncover. It is not hidden beneath some house or buried in a field it is blatantly obvious, in front of your eyes. The street people. They sleep on the pavements beside the bars and restaurants, below the hostels and hotels. They badger visitor and local alike for food or money, especially foreigners because a tourist is rich, of course!

I have been told that most street kids don't live past the age of about twenty. Many 'kids' look very young but in fact are many years older. Their growth being stunted from being born to an alcoholic or drug taking mother. It is not uncommon to see fights over who gets the bounty newly acquired from a passerby. For some the streets of Cape Town are not paved with gold, instead they offer evidence of the sad, huge gap between the rich and the poor.

Picture the scene. An expensive fashion shoot for a prestigious magazine outside one of the elite bars. The onlookers constantly being moved aside - a street family. The kids begging the crew for food on their coffee breaks. Each day a different product, a different crew but each day the same sad faces on the kids, these remain the same.

In most places in the world the mixture between rich and poor does not blended well, but in few places does it seem so blatantly perverse as in South Africa, especially Cape Town. There is no denying that there is a wealth of natural beauty and an excitement and vigour gained just from being in the place itself, but this darker more sinister quality is not seen in the happy, smiley travel shows or read in glossy travel guides.

That's Africa!



Pole position for Zim motorists



SA club contacts

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The Springbok Club of Northern California

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The South African Club of Atlanta

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Director: Les Kraitzick
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Contact: Jerry Weitsz Tel: 201-507-5109

South African Association of Indiana

Website: <http://www.saindiana.org/index.phtml>
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9465 Counselor's Row, Suite 120
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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)

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Western Australia

The South Africa Club of Western Australia

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The Rhodesian Association (Western USA)

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TEL: (503) 590-8270

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Rhodesians in Dallas

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Email: <mailto:golfman@flash.net>

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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

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Email: <mailto:rwaf@bun.com>

Bryn Price Administrator

RW UK

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Telephone 0113 2190199 : Mobile 07970 376304

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Contact: Chairman, Jim Peters, 31 Longley Court,
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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

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Meetings: 3rd Sunday of the month

Scottish Rhodesians Club

Church House, Sandyford Church of Scotland , Montgomery
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Australia

The Rhodesian Association of WA

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News South Wales

Sydney Rhodesian Society

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Northern Territory

Ron Janson in Darwin is the contact for informal Rhodesian
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Queensland

Africa Club of Queensland Incorporated

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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>

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Victorian Rhodesian Society

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

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Pretoria Branch (serves members countrywide)

Chairman: Jacques Du Bois.

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Secretary: Mary Redfern.

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Durban Branch

Chairman: Stuart Gillman.

Secretary: Lynne McKenzie

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Amanzimtoti

4125

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Pietermaritzburg Branch

Chairman: Quentin Gibson

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Pietermaritzburg

3200

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

Highveld Branch

Chairman: Kevin Jones

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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.

What speed limit . . . ?

SPEED is no object for some in SA these days, it seems. The SABC reports that a Western Cape traffic director was arrested in Beaufort West for speeding. 205km/h to be precise.

The radio news reported that the official was caught speeding on the N1 between Beaufort West and Leeu Gamka. It said the official had already appeared in the Beaufort West Magistrate's Court and had been released on R500 bail.

The radio station also said a motorist who was convicted doing 204kmh on the highway at Park Rynie, on the KwaZulu-Natal South Coast at 204km/h was fined R20 000. The driver had to make an immediate payment of R10 000, and the remainder would have to be paid over three years.

And drunk driver Victor Khupiso was fined R10,000 or 10 months in jail after fleeing police on Christmas Eve.

Hangman hunt needles Swazis

SWAZILAND has given up a global search for a hangman and is thinking of switching to lethal injection for its death row inmates to end a 19-year hiatus in executions, according to the justice minister.

The ministry has advertised worldwide for a hangman since 1998, but claims not to have found a suitable candidate.

"Injections do not need to be administered by a specialist but only by a qualified medical practitioner, and we will probably be introducing the system this year," Justice Minister Maweni Simelane said.

There are nine inmates on death row at Matsapha Maximum Security Prison, 20km east of the Swazi capital Mbabane. The last execution was in 1983.

Piddling amateur!

A WOULD-BE robber got the fright of his life and wet his pants when Kempton Park police fired at him. Two suspects had unsuccessfully tried to rob a local estate agency. Police arrived and opened fire when the suspects pointed guns at them, a spokesman said.

Polish takes gloss off reports

A PORT ELIZABETH primary school is making parents pay for pupils' reports in tins of polish, according to the local press. The Ernest Skosana Public Primary School is demanding each pupil supplies four tins of floor polish a year before reports are released..

"The government does not provide funds for the maintenance of the school so it is up to us," the headmaster said.