

out of africa

INTERNATIONAL

JULY 2002

KEEPING SOUTHERN AFRICANS IN TOUCH AROUND THE WORLD

VOLUME 3 ISSUE 1

*Heart in
Africa,
feet in
France*

**Seduced by
the Orient**

Salt Lake City - my place in the sun

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!

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US 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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WINE EDITOR Monty Friendship has been involved with wine for 30 years, regularly travelling to all the major wine producing areas world-wide.

He writes wine columns for the newspaper The Independent and the National News and for several magazines including, Direct Report, the Institute of Directors Magazine, Hospitality, On Safari International, What's Cooking, Travel News, Traveller's Times, Africa Calls, Lifestyle and Skyhost. Monty lives in Stellenbosch, in the Cape, lectures at all levels for the Cape Wine Academy and presents wines for major importers within South Africa. He is Contributing Editor of World Wine Trader. He is a graduate of the Cape Wine Academy. He is past chairman of the Harare branch of the International Wine and Food Society, founded in London.

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Editor's corner

Three years and counting . . .

JOHANNA van Doren makes no bones about it - she misses Africa. But she loves living where she does today, also - the south of France. So she spends time in both, when she can.

Her course was set when, as a 22-year-old, she fell head over heels for a French game hunter who was working in Zimbabwe.

Economics dictated that she move to France, where over time, she had a son and parted ways with her husband.

But she stayed on and today loves the people and Mediterranean way of life.

But, she says: "I take my son to Zimbabwe twice a year, at least for some tigerfishing. I want to show him everything I know of Africa, and yes, I would like the African blood to flow freely in his veins as it does in mine."

Philip Bryan lives on the other side of the world - in Japan. He says Tokyo can seem a very bewildering and chaotic place to the uninitiated.

But for all that, it is a remarkably easy place to live in.

"It is the only city I've ever known where even a 'linguistically challenged' clot like me can get by with little knowledge of the local language."

Kerry Burden found her piece of Heaven in Utah. After working in numerous towns and cities in the US she decided that Salt Lake City was "my kind of town".

SLC, as the locals call it, reminds her a great deal of Salisbury with its wide streets and spacious pavements.

"When walking around the city, I am struck by the sense of safety one feels here - not exactly the same feeling that I had in New York City, Chicago, or Johannesburg," she says.

US immigration expert Mandy Jacobs has started a series on the Green Card and how to get one in this issue and Wine Editor Monty Friendship has written a tongue-in-cheek account of Jan van Riebeeck's arrival in the Cape and his first success with winemaking.

It's worth noting here that all our contributors give their stories, skills and talents free of charge - as do we all at out of africa international.

It is a source of constant surprise to me that southern Africans are so willing to do so.

Maybe it shouldn't, but in today's "me" world, it's pretty damn hard to find people willing to give of themselves as they do for the pleasure of others.

For that I thank them - and you all for taking the time to download and read this magazine. It depends on you all for its success, which isn't inconsiderable.

This issue marks the completion of three years publishing out of africa international. With your help we look forward to the next three.

- 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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Feet in France, heart in Africa

Johanna Van Doren lives within a stone's throw of the Mediterranean, yet still can't shake the lure of her homeland

I WAS born in Salisbury 1968. I am the last of five children - the four other all being boys. So I suppose you could call me somewhat a tomboy, couldn't be otherwise, with four elder brothers, and living on a farm in the Gwelo area in those years.

My Dad was an A.H.I. working for the Rhodesian Government, and he did a lot of research in the Ngundu area on tse-tse fly.

My elder brothers all fought in the war, and by God's blessing they all survived.

My eldest brother was wounded in an ambush in the Zambesi Valley. He was shot in the arm but survived.

I, myself, was sent out of Zimbabwe just after independence in order to have a better education.

But soon after school I went back home to Zimbabwe. I fell very much in love at the age of 22 with a French hunter, who was at that time hunting down in the lowveld at Buffalo Bend.

Ours was a short and sweet romance, and in June 1990 we were married in the south of France.

As my husband was and still is financially very sound, it was better for me to emigrate and adopt the French way of life.

Living in France, especially in the south is quite a perpetual adventure. Firstly the language is like no other, sweet and melodious to the ear, but very unprecise.

Often one finds oneself trying to explain something unique and find that there is only one word to describe an immense and complicated feeling. So, yes, the French language is, I suppose, very diplomatic, in that it is so vague !!

The climate here, is of course Mediterranean, with hot, dry summers and wet and windy winters.



Hills home: Johanna's house near St Tropez.

Character - a typical old farmhouse near Johanna's home.



The landscape is fine, rugged and beautiful, if not for the visual pollution in the street in summer - wearing the latest St. Tropez glitter and sequined tackies !! The air tends to smell of Ambre Solaire and Lancome!

Do I sound harsh, then do excuse me, it's not so bad really. It's just that I do so long for the wild open spaces of home.

The people are great, I have really wonderful friends here - very Mediterranean, speaking with an accent that is not quite French and not quite Italian, it's called Provençale.

Have you read Peter Mayle? He describes it how it is down to a tee. They love their red wine and olive oil, and yes we always manage to eat a helluva lot, without putting on too much weight - I suppose it has something to do with the amount of garlic we consume !!

And oh yes, the French cuisine is quite something - the most appetising meals you ever dreamed of made out of the most basic of ingredients - like ordinary garden snails for example.

The Mediterranean has no tides, so it can become a little boring at times, but it is a beautiful colour indeed, a very deep navy blue.

The folks here are basically country people, simple and pure of heart, the greatest sport here is hunting wild boar and looking for wild mushrooms in the winter time.

The flea markets are great fun, especially when you know everybody - flea markets tend to end up in a party! Now the Parisians are another story - not at all bumpkins like us - but all very sophisticated and I must say shallow to a certain extent.

But Paris is still a wonderful city, apart from the climate, the perpetual smog and traffic jams.

Well, I'm divorced now, my ex-husband bought me a fine property overlooking the sea and I think it's time I sat down and wrote that book I've always dreamed of doing.

I find a lot of inspiration from the photographer Peter Beard, and I do a lot of photography myself, it is one my greatest passions.

I have a son who lives with me, whom I take to Zimbabwe twice a year, at least for some tigerfishing on the Zambezi.

I want to show him everything I know of Africa, and yes, I would like the African blood to flow freely in his veins as it does in mine.



Call of the sea: The Mediterranean from Johanna's terrace.

That's Africa!



Nothing changes in SA . . .

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Philip kicks back with bottle of sake after enjoying a hot springs bath (known as onsen).

Call of the ORIENT



Mt Fuji - a quintessential image of Japan

Philip Bryan tells what it's like to live in the land of the rising sun

JAPAN, way over on the right on the map; Japan, the world's second largest economy (at the moment); Japan, co-host of the FIFA World Cup; Japan, an ancient culture with the world's oldest monarchy; Japan, home to a wandering Rhodesian?

Wait a minute - how come a Rhodesian is living in Japan?

Well like so many of the diaspora, it's a long story but I am not going to bore you all with the nitty-gritty.

There are no direct flights between southern Africa and Japan (not since SAA decided that the landing fees were too high) and sure enough, I came here by a very roundabout route.

My family first moved to Rhodesia back in 1895 and so leaving wasn't easy for me. That's why I didn't do the 'chicken run' like many of my friends and neighbours but stuck it out, even after the farm I grew up on near Marandellas had been burnt down.

Nonetheless, I decided to give Mugabe a chance.

As it happened, it took just a year to confirm my worst fears, and so with just a couple of suitcases, I crossed Beitbridge in 1981, never (yet) to return.

First off, I tried London but couldn't really settle in there.

However, I did stay long enough to land a job that sent me off to Taiwan, where I stayed for around six years.

As South Africa was one of the few countries that recognised the 'Republic of China' on Taiwan, there was a nice SA community in Taipei - we even had a cricket club! But then came a recall to London.

However, my time on 'Formosa' was a good enough taste of life in the East to bring me back and so a little over 11 years ago, I landed in

Japan and have been here ever since. First off, I moved to the city of Utsunomiya, about 110km north of Tokyo, where I initially taught English and Politics at a small junior college before falling for the lure of filthy lucre and moving to a Japanese securities company in Tokyo's financial district.

Life up there in Tochigi Prefecture was pretty nice, with plenty of space and mountains wherever you looked. OK, I had to commute three hours a day to reach my office, but even with Japan's crazy property costs, I could still afford a house that was almost African in size, with a garden big enough for a real braai and plenty of coolers!

However, that long journey to the office, and a very early 'last train' that really limited my social life, eventually got to me and so I headed south to the 'Northern Capital' - that's Tokyo to you folks!

Now Tokyo can seem a very bewildering and chaotic place to the uninitiated - as a lot of soccer fans may have discovered during the World Cup.

However, it is a remarkably easy place to live in. For one



Tokyo's city hall, which has viewing galleries on both 64th floors. It may look very big but don't forget, Tokyo has almost as many people as South Africa.



Japan's imperial palace, occupying a huge chunk of central Tokyo.

thing, it is the only city I've ever known where even a 'linguistically challenged' clot like me can get by with little knowledge of the local language.

All street, railway, subway and official signs are in Japanese and 'Romanised' Japanese, there are several English language daily newspapers and magazines, English language news on the state-run TV station, and a lot of Irish and British pubs.

Hell, my local convenience store even sells South African wine!

On top of that, the locals are remarkably tolerant if you make a mistake in Japanese — and you'd better believe I make more than a few!

So what do I do here to keep the wolf from the door?

Well, like many of the foreigners who've lived here for more than a couple of years, I have tried a few things.

After leaving the aforementioned Japanese securities company, I worked for a German bank, an American trading company and now myself, as a freelance editor, teacher, writer and anything else that comes my way.

My main source of income is teaching English to company executives.

With Japan's economy close to sinking, more and more companies are trying to add to their competitive edge by getting their staff to improve their English, and although a lot of my clients

are foreign companies, the principle remains the same.

The South African community here is fairly large but the Rhodesian/Zimbabwean one is pretty small - less than handful, as far as I know.

The Zim Embassy is actually just a few blocks away from my home and I have met quite a few of their diplomats in the local pubs, but not too many others from back home.

They're probably out there; it's just a matter of reaching them.

To try and make this easier, I set up a monthly newsletter called the 'Japan Bush Telegraph,' distributed by fax and through the pubs, etc.

When this became too time consuming (and expensive), I had to let it die. However, a few friends asked me to revive it in some form and so now it's an Internet thing.

To be exact, it's an email group and although there are only a few subscribers to date, it is still a good way of getting news from home to those who want to know. Actually, only a few of the subscribers are actually African, but that's good proof of

outside interest in southern Africa, right?

So why have I stayed here so long? There are several reasons.

Safety, for example. My few trips back to southern Africa have shown me that beautiful it may still be, but safe it isn't.

A good friend of mine, a student from the Transkei studying here on a COSATU-related scholarship, had a great career ahead of him in the foreign service, a South African diplomat who could speak fluent Japanese, until a relation had him shot in an inheritance dispute. His murder rather put me off returning to Africa again.

Now Tokyo, with or without soccer hooligans, is incredibly safe. It's not crime free but no-one I know has ever been involved in anything worse than a burglary or bicycle theft, and how many folks in a city with almost as many inhabitants as the whole of South Africa can say that?

Another reason is the people. The people here (Japanese and others who have made their home here) can be a very friendly bunch.

In fact, it's not too much to say that a lady is one of my main motivations for staying here way longer than I planned.

OK, some local officials can be a real pain in the nether areas and some older Japanese males do still cling to the 'land of the gods' idea, but younger folk are both friendly and eager to know more about the outside world. Japan was legally cut off from the outside world for over 200 years, when the 'shoguns' executed any Japanese caught returning from abroad, and one result of that policy has been that many folk here are pretty ignorant of the big wide world outside - especially Africa.

As the unofficial (highly) 'Rhodesian' ambassador to Japan, I am doing my best to correct this but I still get a very puzzled look when I say I'm from Africa - as if they're worried that a recent sickness might have made me somewhat anaemic!

Whenever I travel back to Africa or even the UK, folks have a lot of questions about what its like to live in Japan. Just in case any of you folks are thinking about the same things, let me quickly answer some of the more common queries that come my way:

● **The weather.** Don't go thinking that I'm living in a tropical paradise — this is North Asia, a long way indeed from the beaches of Thailand or Bali! Japan's climate is similar to Europe, with occasional snow in the winter and hot, humid summers. As I write this, we're getting close to the Rainy Season (from late June to mid-July, and picturesquely known as 'plum blossom rains') but today's sunny, humid and about 30c.

● **What about the language?** Spoken Japanese is not that difficult, being a lot easier than Chinese or Thai, but the written language - that is another story! For one thing, there are three forms of Japanese writing. There's Katakana (a simple phonetic system used for writing foreign words — like my name), then there's Hiragana (used to help pronounce ancient or unusual words), and lastly, there's Kanji, which consists of Chinese characters pronounced in a Japanese way. It's this last one that makes learning to read such an uphill task.

● **Is it expensive?** It can be if you live like a foreigner but if you live like a local, it can be much less so. For example, the subway and trains are cheaper than London, but a newspaper costs at least US\$1.25 a day, getting into a taxi costs US\$5.10, rent for a small suburban house is over US\$1,000 a month, and a can of beer from a vending machine (of which there are pleasingly many) costs about US\$1.78 (or US\$6.50 in a pub), which is certainly not enough to keep me tee-total!

● **Is there any prejudice against foreigners?** Yes, but it is mostly kept beneath the surface. As many Japanese see it, the world is divided into several categories. At the top of the tree are the Japanese, of course. Next come Caucasian foreigners, especially Americans. After a large gap, the next group is non-whites, but at the bottom come those from countries Japan once dominated, such as Korea. This last group were once known as 'sangokujin', which has now become so non-PC that it is virtually the same as 'kaffir.' The constitution prohibits any form of racism but whenever a foreigner tries to rent a flat or enter some restaurants and clubs, he soon finds out how valid that law is!

● **How about the War?** Japan's government continues to state that it did nothing wrong in WW2, claiming that the rape of Nanking and human experimentation are unproven. Japanese children are taught remarkably little about the war and so often seem genuinely puzzled by the bad feeling this subject generates. However, many younger folk are grateful for the help they received after the war, when unions were legalised and women given the vote, and so there is no real hostility about their defeat, save for those on the loony right, who shouldn't be underestimated here. Suffice to say that whereas the anniversary of Pearl Harbour is usually overlooked, that of the Hiroshima bomb is always given extensive coverage!

To summarise, of course I miss the old country as much as anyone can, and it will always be home, but Japan is a pretty good second best.

Here, I can walk along virtually any street or alleyway by day or night and suffer nothing worse than curious stares; I am not automatically labelled a racist because of where I'm from, by folk who wouldn't accept a non-white neighbour; I can speak my mind without fear of being 'non-PC'; and, maybe most significantly of all, no one is shooting at me. OK, my present life may be less than exciting, but as I am now on the downhill section of the road to my three-score years and ten, that's not exactly a bad thing.

If you are considering a visit to Japan, I am sure you'll enjoy it.

Japan may be shown as just one big concrete jungle but there are still rice fields and castles and shrines aplenty.

It's not as ancient as China but it's old enough — although a lot of it's ancient monuments were destroyed by the US Air Force!

Don't expect it to be a cheap holiday but it will be an interesting one.

I am listing a couple of websites that might help you prepare for and enjoy your stay that much more.

Similarly, if you feel like getting together with the SAAJ (The Southern African Association of Japan), especially if you are already in Japan, just drop me a line at

Rhodie@excite.com.

Homepage:

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Japanbushtelegraph/>

Check out:

<http://www.rhodesia.tk/>

The Gaijin's Guide to Living in Japan:

<http://www.geocities.com/megurofoot/living.htm>

The Gaijin's Guide to Enjoying Tokyo:

<http://www.geocities.com/megurofoot/tokyoguide.htm>;

<http://www.sasj.tk/>

That's Africa!



Angus and Beth Adie, of Port Shepstone, snapped this road hazard and sent the pic to a (unidentified) local paper, from where it made it on to the Internet - hope you don't mind us using it guys!

Watch out - it's a bakkie piggyback!

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Back yard vows: Kerry and Bob Burden on their wedding day.

Salt of the earth - that's Utah people!

*Kerry Burden has found her place in the sun after
a life on the move*

I WAS born in Rhodesia in 1967 and was raised in Greendale, Salisbury. I attended Courteney Selous Primary School and went on to Roosevelt Girls High. In 1983, my parents and I left for Durban and we lived in Bellair, Queensburgh.

I attended Queensburgh Girls High and got my matric in 1984. I then went to Grahamstown and read for a Bachelor of Science in Information Processing at Rhodes University.

My first job as a qualified professional (!) was at First National Bank in Johannesburg, and I progressed there for 3 years before moving to a consulting company.

This company provided me the opportunity to travel a little, so I spent 6 months in Leeds, UK (which I loved), and then got sent to Salt Lake City, Utah, where I have remained.

I have changed jobs numerous times and have worked temporarily in a little place called Modesto, California (just outside San Francisco); Portland, Oregon; and New York City. After visiting Minneapolis, Minnesota; Buffalo, New York; Douglas, Wyoming; Las Vegas, Nevada; Los Angeles, California; and Seattle, Washington; I have decided that Salt Lake City is "my kind of town" and this is where I want to be!

After all, Brigham Young did say that "This is the Place"! I married a man who was born and raised in Wyoming and we both love the high desert lifestyle and the opportunities that the mountains provide for outdoor recreation.



Hill view: The Wasatch mountains dominate Kerry's scenic back yard.

When I first heard that I had the opportunity to go to Salt Lake City, Utah, I asked where that was!! I am not a Mormon, so knew nothing about the history of this city.

So I did a little research and found out that Salt Lake City is in the western part of the United States and Utah has quite a rich history.

A Latter Day Saints prophet named Brigham Young first settled Salt Lake City in 1847. He came across America, from Illinois, in search of a place where he and his followers could worship without persecution.

I admire their tenacity and perseverance in “taming” this desert region and in realising the potential that it held. One fact that is a constant topic of conversation is the close link between the Utah State government and the church, but to me that seems normal, as both Rhodesia and South Africa were ruled under the banner of “Christian nations”.

In America, however, this is an infringement of the freedom of religion that is part of the constitution, so raises all sorts of debates at the state and federal level, not to mention the heated conversations of local gatherings.

The dominant religion in the state is Mormon, or “Church of Jesus Christ and Latter Day Saints”, or “LDS”. The temple in the centre of town is a marvel of architecture and is prominent against the skyline.

At night it is lit with a host of floodlights and the gardens within Temple Square are always immaculate. The temple is so central to the city that all the roads are given co-ordinates from its location.

This is a unique feature of Utah, in that all the towns have a central temple that dictates the naming of the roads within it. It makes navigation around here so easy, and the only thing to beware of is when a road is not continued due to a highway, canyon or river, but continues with the same name and co-ordinate on the other side!

Salt Lake City (SLC or just “Salt Lake”) hosted the Winter Olympics for 2002 in February, so received a fair amount of TV coverage and media attention. I think that this has benefited the economy, but fear that the “small-town atmosphere” may change with time.

Currently it is a fairly small city by American standards, with few high-rise buildings and the tallest of those only twenty-four floors.

It reminds me a great deal of Salisbury, Rhodesia, with its wide streets and spacious side-walks (sorry pavements). When walking around the city, I am struck by the sense of safety one feels here – not exactly the same feeling that I had in New York City, Chicago, or Johannesburg!

Crime in this area is on the increase due to the increase in population as a result of many Californians and Easterners moving into this tranquil city.

However, I will always remember how astounded I was in 1996 when I heard the headline news report on the SLC TV that there had been 12 murders in six months and the police were overwhelmed!! In Johannesburg, the statistics are more like twelve murders a DAY!



Snow fun: Bob and grandson Max with the snowman they built.

There is petty crime here and the gangs have started to show their ugly faces, but, in my opinion, the police force and sheriff departments seem to be controlling these rather well.

I still feel very secure living here and that has eased a great deal of the stress that I felt living in southern Africa.

SLC is obviously named for the Great Salt Lake that dominates the valley.

This lake is the last remnant of the once huge inland sea of Bonneville that dried up tens of thousands of years ago. SLC is nestled at the bottom of the Wasatch Mountains, and spreads west towards the Oquirrh Mountains within the Salt Lake Valley. All in all there are one million people in this valley, and with the boundaries of the mountains all around us, it is a very scenic place to live.

Salt Lake City is said to sit on the Wasatch Fault line, and “any day now” this line is going to erupt.

When this happens apparently everything west of the 1300 East road will be swallowed up, so I insisted that we bought a house on the east of 1300 East!!

Well, I have been here for six years now and that fault seems to be as stable as ever (touch wood). We do get occasional tremors, but no worse than the ones I experienced in Johannesburg, and a far cry from the California Coast and the San Andreas Fault!

Another wonderful thing about SLC is the relatively stable weather. It is located in the desert, so the winters are cold and snowy, and the summers incredibly hot.

But they have only had one tornado in 100 years and that was in 1999, so I doubt that another is on the horizon too soon! In general, the snow falls predominantly in the mountains so the skiing is excellent in the winter months, right through to April. This is where most of the water for the valley is sourced, running into the dams that have been built in the vicinity to cater for the increasing population.

This year we are in a drought as we have had reduced precipitation for the past four years, so the ranchers are very concerned about feed for their livestock and the city is starting to limit water usage. However, nothing so drastic as the droughts in Durban in 1984 seem to be in sight as yet!

I guess my favourite times of year here are the change of seasons. The fall (or autumn) is stunning because all the trees in the mountain canyons change to wonderful red and orange hues and the mountains look like they are on fire – sometimes they are, but that’s usually in late summer!

I love the wind building up and playing with the leaves, sending our wind chimes into a frenzy! The spring is so vibrant, as all the trees start to bud and the fruit trees flower in a profusion of colour. The birds start to return to the valley from their southern wintering and the air is alive with their chorus. Humming birds are prevalent here and I always make sure that we have a feeder out near the house so that we can watch them feed from our living room.

To me Utah will always be “The Place”, and I couldn’t have been luckier in drawing this as a destination for a work contract six years ago!



Beira's Grand Hotel - with fig tree on sixth floor . . .

Beira, where fig trees, decay, still dominate the skyline

For generations of Rhodesians and, later, Zimbabweans, Beira was THE place to go for a cheap beachside holiday. War and neglect have since taken a heavy toll on the town as JONO WATERS found on a recent visit .

FOR those who find something romantic in the shadow of colonialism, this eastern port city in Mozambique is just the place.

That's my euphemism for what most would describe as a post-colonial "shithole" — grubby, potholed and with little natural beauty to offset the decline.

I suppose Beira never really had a whole lot going for it — even the lukewarm sea is made dirty as it's near the mouth of the Pungwe River.

Yet there is a sense of nostalgia when you mention the name as it remains the source of a million memories for a generation of people from Zimbabwe who in the 60s and 70s frequented the city when it was under Portuguese control.



Faded legacy: Entrance to a ruined estate on road to Savanne.

At 550km, it's Harare's closest beach. For families, it was a cheap holiday, and for the youth, it was a place to behave badly.

Independently, I first came down in 1993 in the trusty "Beast" two months after the 17-year civil conflict ended.

The decay was probably at its greatest, but I encountered great kindness and the New Year celebration was one of my most memorable for the RPGs being fired into the ocean as a substitute for fireworks..

There have been a few licks of paint since I was last here about six years ago. It's probably the only evidence of activity in a city that pretty much came to a standstill in 1975 when the Portuguese were booted out.

No "Winners" are recorded on the honours boards at the Golf Club after this date. The once-magnificent Grand Hotel has a fig tree growing out of the 6th floor, while the Estoril — where the budget travellers used to stay — is gutted.

The "residents" of the Dom Carlos (a former 5-Star hotel) have been turfed out, but there is no evidence of any refurbishment soon.

It's amazing looking into the old ballroom with the chandeliers and tapestries — a scene from some kind of spooky "Deep South" movie.

It's also unlikely that animals will replace the people who had been staying in the cages at the zoo... We spent a day looking around the city and then went to Biques — a camping and eating establishment run by Zimbabweans - for lunch and cervezas.

They look at you strange in these parts, and that's not because the peri-peri prawns and chicken made me break into quite a sweat.

Those who are not Mozambican (95% men) have that sneering gunslinger/bad/tough guy look.



Holiday hell: The gutted Estoril.

Whether it's for effect or they are hiding out, we did not have the time to find out.

In contrast, the locals are quite friendly although communication is still a bit of a problem. Portuguese still dominates, although the locals are Ndau, so they can understand Shona..

Since the main road between Mutare and Beira became the economy for many during the war, the drive has little remaining beauty.

The Amatolas have largely been deforested, and the towns are a mixture huts and decrepit Portuguese architecture — the zenith is clearly some time in the early 70s. It's a mixture of classic Portuguese art deco, glazed tile and salasto (largely glitterstone crazy-paving).

Gondola and Dondo are graveyards for rusty steam trains. Old walled estates lie in ruin and plantations are overgrown.

The only thing that is new are the shiny phoneboxes. The road is bad in parts, although this is largely on the Pungwe flats. As I found out in 1993, luck when travelling is achieved by flicking a coin into the Pungwe River.

This I ascribe as the reason for surviving a 900 degree skid into the bush in the "Beast" on my first trip. This time we survived massive dehydration when went on a long walk without water and were too stubborn to turn back before reaching our target. Drinking urine did cross our mind....

There is little evidence of manufacture going on, yet Mozambique has just taken over Zimbabwe as South Africa's largest trading partner.

Because aid (read: the mighty greenback) makes up more than 80% of Mozambique's GDP, the "metical" is pretty much backed by the US dollar. The Zim dollar has slid to only 65 meticals from 600 five years ago, while the "Met" has lost little of it's value against the US dollar.

But if one were to ask what constitutes Mozambique's economy, I'd have to say that it was Manica Beer, Jeit-O condoms and smuggled goods from Zimbabwe.

At the border the coppers were marshalling a cowering

bunch of cross-border smugglers. At Z\$2,800 for a Mozambican visa, I don't blame them.

The immigration guys told us that an Indian businessman in Mutare sponsors the operation, so it's not like they are really losing anything anyway.

Still, most smugglers apparently make a good run for it when they get spotted.

"Ahhh, you can fail to catch one of these guys running away with a 25kg (of sugar) on his head," one of them said laughing.

Perhaps I should add that charcoal is the probably fourth item driving the Mozambican economy. It's incredible to see men on bicycles with charcoal three times their body weight slowly pedalling along the road..

This time we stayed at Rio Savane, kind of the Hamptons of Beira - although this comparison is hugely flattering.

Beira's well-heeled and Seth Efrican businessmen playing the away game with their local concubines make the 30km journey north on the weekends.

We were the only people staying the night here. It has a lovely beach, but the sea is spoiled by brown river water.

Still, that makes the sea less salty and you can stay in for longer. There were a few fishermen around in their dugouts, but that's about it.

With no one around at 7am, the unexpected wave breaking on your back presents a serious scare — as if you were being accosted on a quiet street. Night times at Savane were best described as a "Siege Situation", with mosquitoes launching aggressive attacks as soon as the sun set.

We would have to retreat into the dwelling - a "barraca" - and drink plenty G&T to get quinine levels up in the hope that you would be less of a target for the odd mozzie that managed to sneak in.

Were the sea blue, it would be highly attractive holiday spot. But as it is, it's just not the postcard.



Above: Rio Savanne crossing. Right: Ian and Wendy Waters outside a Rio Savanne "baraka"





Coming to America



Mandy Jacob. Email: mandy.jacob@inkorpa.com

The 'free pass' to the States

Feeling lucky? Why not gamble on the Green Card lottery?

HI ALL, finally the time has arrived to read about how you can come live, work and play in the USA for Free! Yes, Gratis!

How, you ask? The magical tool employed to gain you legal permanent residency is termed the Green Card lottery or Diversity Visa (DV). The DV offers 55 000 lucky recipients a chance to live in the United States with all the benefits of an American citizen except voting rights.

Although this all sounds like a myth that is too good to be true, it is the most economical and legitimate method of attaining U.S. Citizenship.

I am living proof of the DV 1996 winners and with only one-year left until citizenship I am proud to tell you that the entire process only cost me the sum total of \$50!

The intention of this article is not only to make you aware of the DV lottery's existence and the methods that will bring you ultimate success but also to bring to your attention the true way the INS intended the process to occur. Namely, devoid of DV submission services or other intermediary companies.

It should be stated from the onset that the U.S. Government has no consultants or mail services for this program, so any assistance on applications by a third party is done without the consent of the U.S. Government.

You should realise that the only time the government demands payment is after you have been notified that you have won the Green Card. So the entry itself is free!

This article will explain the logic that lies behind the DV and the potential pitfalls in the application. Once our tips and top secrets are revealed the option of employing intermediaries will become null and void. Plus it will save you oodles of dollars!

Before we launch ourselves into the logistics of the DV application form, there are certain people who are not eligible for the visa.

Firstly, if you are a native of the following countries you will not qualify for the DV.

These countries are: CANADA, CHINA (mainland-born), COLOMBIA, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC, EL SALVADOR, HAITI, INDIA, JAMAICA, MEXICO, PAKISTAN, PHILIPPINES, SOUTH KOREA, UNITED KINGDOM (except Northern Ireland) and VIETNAM.

The reason for the natives of the above mentioned countries' being barred from applying for the lottery is because

these visas are intended to provide an immigration opportunity for persons from countries other than the countries which already send large numbers of immigrants to the U.S. The law states that no diversity visas shall be provided for "high admission" countries.

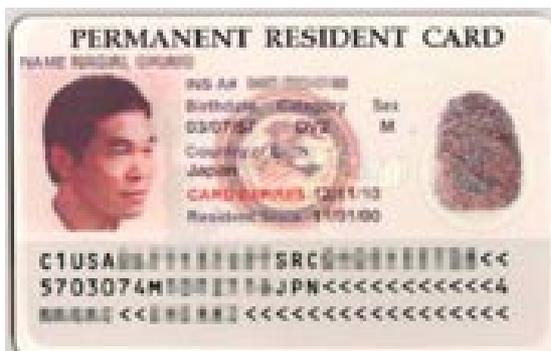
To see whether or not you fall into the accepted natives category, click on the link below.

<http://travel.state.gov/visainstructions.html#qualifyingcountries>

The second reason why a person would be prohibited from the DV is that an applicant is under 18 years of age or over 18 years, with no high-school graduation or the equivalent of two years experience. If you still have passed all these tests, then it's time to divulge the secrets of applying for the Green card lottery!

The DV lottery usually starts at noon on the 1st of October through to noon 31st of October.

In the previous drawing, the INS denied an estimated 3 million applications owing to delivery falling outside of the month of October. So the lesson learnt here is to ensure that your entries are on time. The INS will ignore late entries regardless of when the application was



postmarked.

There seems to be a general misconception regarding the mailing of the entry forms (probably propagated by greedy third parties), that U.S. mailed applications gain preference. Please realise that mailing your application from the USA doesn't improve your odds of being selected at all. That is why they call it the lottery!

Now that you are aware of the mail in dates and potential obstacles, the next question to be answered is, "Where to file?" Since mailing addresses for this program often change, be sure to get updated information as to where to mail your application. There are 6 Kentucky Consular Centers that receive applications, these offices are divided into 6 regions and depending on where you were born, that is where you will file. So for our readers your address will most likely be:

Africa
DV-200x Program (x represents the year of the lottery program)
Kentucky Consular Center
1001 Visa Crest
Migrate, KY 41901-1000, U.S.A.

If your application is mailed to any other INS office your application will be denied. As stated previously no money

should be included with the entry. A special DV case processing fee will be payable later by those lucky individuals whose entries are actually selected and processed at a U.S. consular section for DV visas. So again, ignore those third party companies wanting you to write out another cheque as it's going directly into their personal bank account.

DV applicants like other immigrant visa applicants, must however, pay the regular visa fees at the time of visa issuance. Details of required fees will be included with the instructions sent by the Kentucky Consular Center to applicants whom are selected.

Based on the assumption that the entries have been completely and correctly filed, the applications are then entered into the lottery. Applicants are randomly selected by a computer from the six Kentucky offices. There are no rules and regulations imposed on the drawing, except that no one country may receive more than 7% of the DV for that particular year. Once the recipients of the DV have been selected, they will be notified by mail between April and June of the following year.

In this article, we have learnt whether or not you are eligible for the DV program. We are aware of the dates on which the entry forms will be accepted and where the forms are to be mailed. Most importantly, I am sure that you now know that there should be no costs involved in entering the Green Card Lottery.

In the next edition, I will walk you through the step-by-step process of filling in the entry form, to ensure that it will not be denied on the grounds of incomplete or incorrect evidence. Once you see how simple the process is, you will be well on

the road to success without wasting your money on any intermediary services.

Until the next issue then!

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PS. Please feel free to email us any questions at <mailto:info@inkorpa.com>, so that we can be sure to include them in our next edition.

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Big Jannie gets the Cape gig . . .

JAN van Riebeeck was less than thrilled. He had been looking forward to a dignified and luxurious posting in Batavia.

But the Board of Directors of the East India Company had called him in and laid out their plans to him.

"Listen Jan, we know that you wanted to go to run Batavia, but we have this pressing need in the southern tip of Africa. It is too far for our ships to go all the way from Holland to the Dutch East Indies and the food runs out before the ships arrive and the men get surly and die of disease and we really have to do something about it. What we had in mind was dropping you, and a few good men, off by that flat topped mountain and you could plant some crops and raise some cattle and find fresh water sources. With your management skills it won't take you long Old Man!"

"OK Dudes!", Jan replied, "But I'm only going to stay there for 10 years and then I want that transfer to Batavia OK?"

"Jan, Baby! Would we lie to you? You've got it pal."

It took Van Riebeeck three months to reach Table Mountain from Holland and he arrived in 1652, just after teatime, and started setting up shop. Builders were building, farmers were farming and things got off to a fairly good start, he thought.

"This climate and soil should be OK for some grapes. If I have to stay here I may as well have a jar or three of the good stuff."

In 1655 and 1656 he had some buddies send him grape vines from France, Germany and Spain and planted them in his garden, which was where the Castle is right now. It only took him a short while to realise that his early enthusiasm



was unwarranted and that grapes actually didn't grow all that well there.

"Bugger!" he intoned in High Dutch, I will just have to try another area".

He moved the vineyards a little further inland. "I expect people will call this area Wynberg in a few years", he decided. He was right.

Jan went on to plant 1000 vines in 1658 on his farm Bosheuvel, near the source of the Liesbeeck River, in what is now the suburb of Bishopsclout.

On the 2nd February 1659 Jan went down to his cellar and had a look at the 15 litres of wine that he had made from Muscadel and Spanish grapes.

"Hey, this may not win any awards but it is alcoholic and won't actually kill you", he told anyone who would listen.

In more pompous mood that evening he wrote in his diary, "Today, praise be to God, wine was pressed for the first time from Cape grapes."

In 1662, good to their word the Here XVII transferred Jan to Batavia. It's a good job he came here really. Nothing much happened with wine after he left until Simon van der Stel arrived as the new Governor in 1679. We could perhaps talk about that another time...

Readers' questions

Q: *HOW do I ask for help in selecting a restaurant wine without sounding like an idiot? Can I send it back if I don't like it?*

A: If you're in an elegant restaurant and a wine steward doesn't magically appear at your table after you've ordered, simply tell the server you'd like some help with the wine list. You will have a rough idea what you want and what you are likely to be eating it with. Do you prefer white or red? Dry or not so dry? Do you like a lot of fruit, or something more refined? A big, rich white with lots of wood or a fresh, crisp white? A light, drinkable red, or an intense, powerful red?

Are there particular wine areas you're in the mood to explore? Anything you tell the steward along these lines will be tremendously helpful. If you have a girlfriend or client to impress simply order Champagne, it goes with everything!

Otherwise you can ask the sommelier to make the choice for you. You could say, "I fancy a full bodied old red tonight" or "What will go really well with the crayfish?"

He knows what he has and what is drinking particularly well right now. He will be delighted to have the opportunity to put all his hard work and study to use and he will make every effort to ensure you like your wine.

Just check the list for the price of the wine before you agree and if it is too much then say so. "That's a little more than I am prepared for tonight, what else would you suggest?"

He now knows to find something similar but less expensive. In a really classy restaurant the sommelier will have a check of the wine before he brings it to you, otherwise, when you get offered a taste of the wine you have selected you will sniff it and taste it.

If it smells "corked", that is a damp, unpleasant, musty mildewed cellars smell, or is flat and oxidised, then you should send it back. Whether you are right or wrong the good wine waiter will take it back without discussion and offer you a replacement. Don't be bombastic and over react, just be calm and confident and polite.

Comments and questions to montyf@iafrica.com

That's Africa!

CARDBOARD boxes have often been the refuge of the living poor. Now they're becoming popular among the dying, too. Cardboard coffins are one of the boom spinoff industries of the AIDS pandemic and one South African business recently went into production. Making them from corrugated card.

Printed and varnished to look like a variety of woods and lined with satin, they take around 10 minutes to assemble and cost around half the normal R800 of a cheap wooden coffin.

Inquiries have come from a number of African countries, as well as Australia, according to a company spokesman.

The original design comes from Britain-based Greenfield Coffins, a company started by a cardboard box designer in 1998. In Britain, the coffins are favoured by a populace keen on ecological friendliness.

●
AUGANDAN woman bit off her husband's penis and testicles during a row, police said. The Monitor newspaper said the woman became enraged after he came home drunk and slapped her.

"Because I was so drunk she overpowered me and by the time my neighbour came to my rescue, she had bitten off both my testicles and the penis," the man said.

The attack came only days after a man died in central Uganda after his wife, angered by his inability to provide for her and his two children, cut off his testicles.

●
ALIONESS in Kenya has taken in an oryx calf, the third in as many months, baffling visitors and game wardens at the northern Samburu game reserve.

The lioness was first noticed protecting and mothering a baby antelope in late December, but two weeks later the little oryx was eaten by another lion.

In mid-February, the lioness was seen with another oryx. Kenya Wildlife Service personnel, however, separated the two and the oryx was taken to an animal orphanage in Nairobi.

Local newspapers have noted that all three adoptions occurred on red-letter days - Christmas, Valentine's Day and Good Friday.

●
AN ANGRY cobra gave a South African motorist a rude shock recently when he went to check the oil in his bakkie.

The snake spat poison into his and the garage attendant's eyes after they opened the bonnet.

The following antics made for entertaining viewing of the security video, according to one report, but could have been fatal.

The episode happened early one morning when Isaac Mofokeng from Fouriesburg, who works in Durban, filled his car on the way home from a long weekend.

Unaware of the snake in the engine compartment, Molaba pushed in the oil dipstick, drew it out and pushed it back again and added two tins of oil. Just as he was replacing the oil cap and lowering the bonnet, a dash of fluid hit him in the eyes.

"My eyes stung like fire. I thought it was a burst pipe, spraying water."

Worried about the leaking pipe, Mofokeng bent over the bakkie engine with Molaba. Both were hit in the eyes.

"Then we realised with a shock it was a snake," Molaba explains.

Pandemonium ensued but bystanders managed to get the snake from the engine with a long pole. The snake was killed when it landed on the driveway.

Molaba and Mofokeng were taken to hospital, where the poison was washed from their eyes.

●
TWO academics were caught red-handed by Cape Town's City police as they sprayed graffiti on walls and bridges. The pair, a lecturer at the University of Cape Town and an art teacher of the Zonnebloem College, were arrested on the Settlers Way off-ramp to Liesbeek Parkway.

They were taken to the Mowbray Police Station and charged with malicious damage to property.

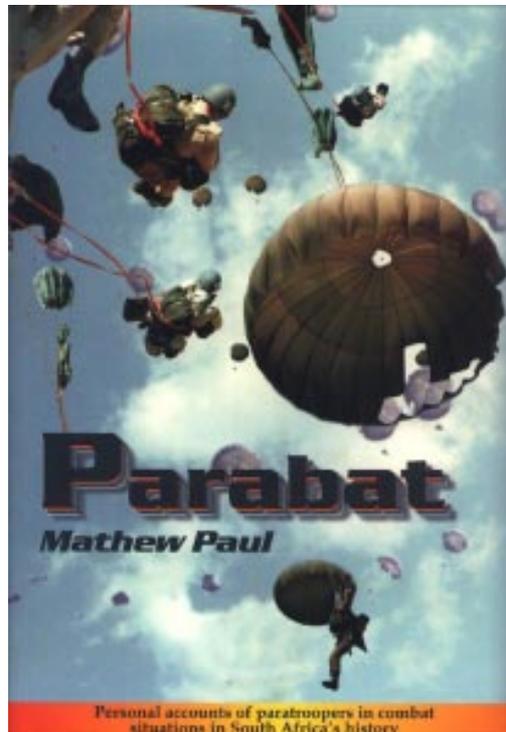
The two were caught after police staked out the area after it had been cleaned up.



BOOKSHELF

Parabat

Mathew Paul (Covos Day)



PARACHUTE Battalion soldiers were among the elite of South Africa's fighting troops during the years of segregation and the years of post-apartheid upheaval.

The author completed two years of national service as infantry instructor before studying theology and re-enlisting in the integrated South African National Defence Force as chaplain to 44 Parachute Brigade.

It was here he put together this book, recording the accounts of Parabats who served in the Border Wars, the Township Wars and the military intervention in Lesotho.

While the detail is often chilling and disturbing, particularly accounts of mutilation, macabre souvenir gathering and torture, the language is turgid and verbose and there is a large measure of duplication.

Certain to interest South African ex-servicemen, readers unfamiliar with that country's recent history will find it tough going. - MH

SA club contacts

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The Springbok Club of Northern California

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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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President: Peter Masters

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Fax: 9670 2505

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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>

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Treasurer John Reiner

Rhodesians in Dallas

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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

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Contact: Cècile Robson (602) 926-6859

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Bryn Price Administrator

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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.freemove.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.

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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

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

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New Zealand

RW/RAA

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Rhodesians Worldwide Ontario Association

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

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Phone (705) 327 3461

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Rhodesian Calgary Club

Box 74077

Strathcona P.O.

Calgary, AB. T3H 3B6

Email: mailto:RWW1965@Rhodesians.zzn.com

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

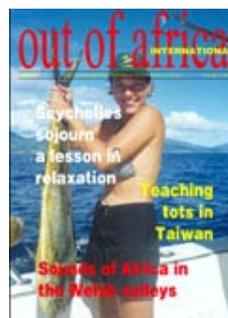
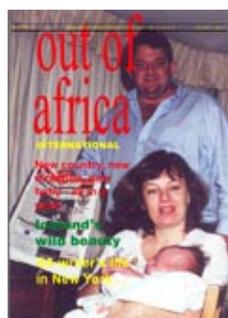
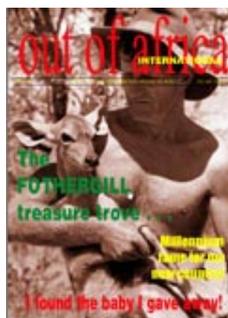
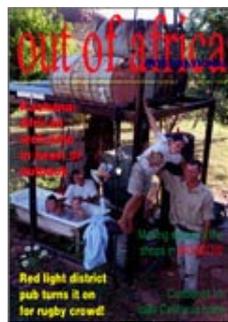
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Email: mailto:jonesk@xsinet.co.za

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