

out of africa

INTERNATIONAL

SEPTEMBER 2002

KEEPING SOUTHERN AFRICANS IN TOUCH AROUND THE WORLD

VOLUME 3 ISSUE 2

On a roll in Switzerland!

**Cornering the
'driehoekie'
market in
Queensland**

**Come to
Connemara**

*Ghosts of the past - an airman's tribute to
his long lost wartime friends*

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.

henshaw@iinet.net.au

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!

pen@ntlworld.com



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".

Email: palprod@excite.com



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.

Email: monty@iafrica.com

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Editor's corner

Pets just don't understand . . .

IT'S never easy to emigrate. Leaving family, friends and pets is the hardest thing most of us have ever done. We all know the feeling of saying goodbye to our most loved and perhaps the hardest is the pets.

Yes, leaving family and friends is heart-wrenching. But THEY understand - they can make sense of why you're doing what you are doing.

But the pets don't - they have big brown eyes that speak volumes, but they don't know you're leaving them forever - to fates you don't know.

Like it or not, they become members of the family and leaving them behind is as emotionally devastating as leaving a child.

I know when we left behind our corgi and cat of 10 years, I felt awful - even though they'd been given good homes.

Lynda and Alan Cookson just couldn't bear to think of life without their beloved pets.

So when they left the Cape for Ireland, leaving their small menagerie wasn't an option and they stumped up R40,000 to take their german shepherd, maltese poodle and two budgies with them . . .

Janine Hanekom's husband, Leon, was stuck in a job with few prospects - until he was offered a chance to go to Europe.

Today they live in beautiful Switzerland and say the reserve for which the Swiss are renowned is a misnomer.

They have found warmth, friendship and a new horizon for their little boy, Lee.

In Queensland, Sue Furphy has used her cooking talents to corner the market in, of all things, vegetarian samosas!

She and husband Terry, left Zimbabwe in 1989 and they first tried New Zealand before heading across the Tasman for Australia.

William Dives was a WWII bomber pilot - one of many young Rhodesians who went to fight Hitler in the 1939-45 conflict.

Lucky to survive, he later spent years in the tobacco industry before settling in France, where today, he helps trace relatives of airmen who died when their remains are dug up in their crashed planes - more than 50 years on.

And if you have a yen for Japan, read Philip Bryan's piece - he has some valuable information to give you.

- Tom Henshaw

Cover picture: Lee Hanekom poses for parents Janine and Leon with a backdrop of the Swiss mountains,



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Published bi-monthly by Tom Henshaw, 32 Eucumbene Crescent, Joondalup 6027 Western Australia.

Tel: (08)93011688

mailto:henshaw@iinet.net.au

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Keeping warm: Janine and Leon enjoy braais with other South Africans in their new home of Nyon.

On a roll in Switzerland!

Janine Hanekom says life is reaching new peaks among the mountains of Switzerland

IF SOMEONE had told me in Jan 2001, that we would be living in Switzerland right now, I would never have believed them! Leon (my husband), Lee (my 3 year old son) and I lived a very ordinary life in Midrand – Johannesburg.

I had a very challenging and promising career ahead of me, Leon was in a dead end job and a little frustrated. We had just built a very modest but comfortable home for ourselves and life was treating us very well.

Whenever either Leon or I heard about couples leaving SA, we would defend our country to the bitter end because we both believe that things will get better.

Neither of us had any desire to leave the country that had been very good to us and we certainly could not imagine leaving our families behind.

On the 31st March 2001, we were told that Leon had been offered the career opportunity of a lifetime with his company in Nyon-Switzerland, a chance to climb the corporate ladder eventually.

This was also the day before we were to move into our newly built home.

Reality hit us with a bang, I had to give up my wonderful job to become a full time mother and wife, a daunting thought in itself.

We had to leave a country that we loved so much and worst of all we had to desert our wonderful family and friends.

Once all was considered, we realised that we really didn't have a choice in the matter.

We had a little boy whose future we had to think



Snow fun: Lee gets a feel for the cold stuff amid spectacular scenery.



Festive gathering: Janine's family joined them for Christmas

about and it seemed much brighter in Europe than in South Africa.

We eventually left SA on the 15th July 2001 and headed north.

The one thing I remember most about our first two months here is how hot it was.

I had never experienced such dreadful heat in all my life - in Switzerland of all places.

We were so naive back then. I really thought it was always cold here.

Not true. In fact we have only had one week of snow in the entire 11 months that we have been here.

We were not sure what to expect from Switzerland because we had been told many stories about how rigid and cold the Swiss culture is.

We found out soon enough that very little of what we had heard was true.

We found a lovely apartment in a very Swiss part of Nyon and were warned that it could be tough making friends here because the Swiss keep to themselves.

We have found just the opposite, we were welcomed into the neighborhood with open arms and our Swiss neighbors have been wonderfully helpful when any crisis has arisen.

Nyon is home to a huge number of immigrants and we have been very privileged to encounter many

people of various religions and cultures, which has helped us learn more about people around the world.

We also discovered that there are many South Africans living in the area and a good old braai is arranged every three months to get everyone together.

We have also been fortunate enough to have done some sightseeing and I am constantly amazed and in awe if the spectacular scenery surrounding us.

The mountains are breathtaking and I can't get enough of them. The spring and summer flowers growing wild all over the place are a real treat and I hope we never take any of it for granted.

Every summer evening, Leon and I sit on our west facing veranda which overlooks the Jura mountain range and we just watch as the sun slowly sets late into the night and we chat about things that we never had a chance to chat about in South Africa because life was too busy.

Settling down in Switzerland has not been easy but our family life has benefited more than we could ever have imagined and this alone has made it all worth while.

We now look forward to going back to SA for holidays and enjoying every minute of what it has to offer because it is one of the cheapest holiday destinations in the world and comes very highly rated.

***An advertisement here will be seen
around the world . . .***

That's Africa!

Civet cat keeps hyenas from injured woman

A SERIOUSLY injured woman owes her life to an African civet cat that kept circling hyenas at bay during a horror night in the Kruger National Park, reports Beeld.

Brenda Watts (45) was on her way to the Sweni camp at 17:00 on Monday when she swerved to avoid two kudu and overturned her bakkie.

She was thrown from the vehicle and spent the night in the veld with a shattered shoulder and internal injuries, until help arrived the next morning.

The newspaper reported that the civet kept a vigil by Watts' side throughout the night.

Frank Watts, Brenda's husband, said: "The civet made strange 'purring' sounds. That gave Brenda the strength to stay alive during the night."

Frank organises walking tours in the park. Brenda, who has previously hand-reared a civet, apparently was comfortable with the cat spending the night next to her head.

She remembers little of the accident and became aware of

the civet only when she was lying in the veld.

According to her husband, the hyenas probably had been attracted by her shouts for help.

Brenda managed to crawl back into the overturned bakkie and chased away the hyenas by throwing sand and stones at them and hammering against the side of the vehicle.

The civet spent the night just outside the window, growling at times.

Brenda said: "It was terribly cold. I was sore from my teeth to my toenails."

At daybreak, she managed to crawl to the side of the road where tourists picked her up and took her to Satara.

A friend, Anne-Marie de Villiers, raced her to the hospital.

Frank said: "I can't believe my wife spent the whole night in pain out in the veld less than 10km from where I was sleeping."

He went to the crash site and was amazed that his wife managed to survive the crash.

The new bakkie was a write-off.

Brenda underwent a shoulder operation.

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Himself and herself: Alan and Lynda - immersed in the Irish way.

Come to Connemara!

Lynda and Alan Cookson have found a new passion for life among the green hills of Ireland

JUST before Christmas 2000 we managed to ignore the reasons we love South Africa so much and let our need for a better opportunity to earn our retirement make us decide to emigrate to Ireland.

Both of us being a tad (or more . . .) older than spring chickens, and both of us having left our previous marriages with not a bean in our pockets, old age and its concerns had been on our minds for a couple of years.

It also seemed highly likely that all of our four offspring, now leaving their teens, would be settling in and around Europe and the UK.

Even if they settled in the States, its cheaper to visit there from Europe than it is from South Africa.

We had holidayed in Connemara on the west coast of Ireland in 1997 when Alan renewed his passion for Ireland and I fell in love with the beautiful countryside, the people

and the cool weather.

So that was it! We trumpeted our news to the world, put the house on the market, spent hours surfing the internet researching our future home base and revelled in the excitement of our friend's and family's reactions.

Hot on the heels of all that excitement came tears for me when the quotes for sending my beloved Tessie (german shepherd) and Vicki (maltese), not to mention Chloe and Joey (the budgies), over to Ireland with us, zoomed in at just under R40 000,00.

In a fit of sympathy, my parents agreed to keep my pets for me, but a week later realised what they had taken on and, as gently as they could, withdrew their agreement.

They wouldn't be able to manage. I was devastated. There was no way I was going to do anything else but take the animals with us. Whatever the cost. And we did. Ouch. (Sadly little Vicki died of cancer a month before we left).

As mug's luck would have it, we bought our house when the housing market was booming in Greyton, (our small village about 140km east of Cape Town) and put it back on the market when the market had slumped.

Five months later we realised that it was a bad idea to wait until the house sold before we left.

As each month ticked by, Alan was getting closer to the 55-year age barrier and we were not earning nearly enough to keep our noses dry. So we booked our flights out of South Africa for June 2, 2001, my 47th birthday.

After spending a week in a Dublin B&B at about £90 each a night (ouch again), while we researched and chose which car to buy, we headed down to Tralee for another week, this time to a self-catering unit.

Our aim at this time was to make up our minds which part of Ireland we wanted to settle in. On a limited budget of time and money, this is not an easy task, even on an island as small as Ireland.



Bridge in Oughterard, our nearest village



Early morning view from the house we are living in at the moment. It is Lough Bofin at Leam, Recess, between Oughterard and Maan Cross, Connemara.

Our hearts were still in Connemara though, so our task was made slightly easier. At the beginning of the third week we headed to the Oughterard area in Connemara, about 30km west of Galway, and stayed in another self-catering cottage halfway between Oughterard and Galway, in an area of Roscahill called Porridgetown.

By this time we had taken delivery of our brand new, fire engine red Citroën Berlingo which we named Vicki after our precious maltese so recently lost.

Vicki the Citroën has turned out to be a terrific purchase. She's the perfect sedan car which can be turned into a delivery van in the time it takes you to flip the back seats down. I'm sure I can fit more into her than I could the VW kombi I owned some years back.

What we were looking for was a versatile car to transport ourselves and guests, one that could accommodate our german shepherd easily and which could be turned into a reliable work car to suit my giftware distribution business.

We also needed seating where our legs were closer to a 90 degree angle when seated rather than straight out in front of us - both of us have nasty back problems.

The Citroën Berlingo fits all of these requirements with incredibly comfortable seating as well.

The cherry on the top was that it was not the most expensive vehicle on the market. We paid £12 700,00 (about 16 600 Euro) for her, and that was in June 2001.

She's very light on petrol - mind you, anything would be light on petrol after driving a 1976 shortwheel base Land-Rover for the past half dozen years!

Luckily we didn't have to search long to find a furnished house to rent with a six-month lease and then month by month after that for a possible eighteen months to two years.

The rental was £600 per month, which was quite reasonable for a hardly lived-in, two-year-old, four-bedroom, house with the most stunning view in Ireland (to be sure, to be sure!).

The house is on the Clifden Road, halfway between Maam Cross and Oughterard, on the southern side of Lough Bofin. As one of only four houses on that side of the lough, we look out over fields of sheep and the inevitable picturesque ruin, to the distant main road on the other side of the lough.

Connemara has such a lovely fresh, open feel about it. The atmosphere is always crystal clear, except in times of heavy rain - which is not nearly as often as we were led to believe, and there are frequent, full, double rainbows arcing across the landscape.

Alan is still trying to live down the time he rushed out to photograph a rainbow, spent ages with different views of it, only to discover he was using a camera with a black and white film in it! Daft. He suits Ireland.

Within days of settling in to our new abode, we felt a strong need to hold a house warming party for two with a braai. Oh dear. No braai place. What you can get here though are disposable braais!! Okay, barbecues. They're roasting pan sized foil containers filled with coals and fire lighter and topped with wire netting. Just enough for a braai for two at a cost of about £4. On the day of our choice, it rained, but we were so determined to braai that we opened the garage door and sat at the entrance enjoying the view over the lough while we munched our braai'd pork chops.

We've repeated our disposable experiences a few times since then but are eagerly looking forward to when our own furniture and genuine braai equipment arrives.

Pretty soon I'm going to have to go back to report as an alien who has been on the Emerald Isle for a year. I wonder if I'll meet the same chap who had great fun when at first I couldn't understand his broad Irish accent.

The twinkle in his eye shone more brightly when I was finally able to challenge him at his word pun game, once I'd got used to what he was saying.

I have not yet met an Irish official who is glum, sour or unhelpful. They seem to derive sincere pleasure from meeting you and are only too happy to assist you in any way possible. Last year's alien meeting with the Garda went off without a hitch. My passport was duly stamped as permitted to stay in Ireland until the 13th October 2002 and I was issued with a green book (Certificate of Registration) as the spouse of an EU National. (Alan holds a British passport).

After acquiring my green alien's book, I confidently marched off to the Social Welfare office in Galway to register for my Social Security or PPS number. That took ten

days to arrive. After that, I visited the local clinic in our village, introduced myself to the doctor and started proceedings to get my Medical Health Card.

This allows me free consultations at the clinic and free prescription fulfilments from the pharmacy. Not a bad thing while we are unable to afford medical health insurance.

Being in possession of a Social Security Card also entitles me to claim social security benefits.

And so, on to our careers. It's not been an easy year for Alan. Countless CV's sent out, interviews with placement agencies, telephone calls, hours searching the internet and emailing applications produced nothing fruitful apart from three second interviews.

There seemed to be a number of factors preventing the successful finding of a job. The boom in Ireland had already begun to level out in many areas; the US disaster and its economic repercussions brought about the closing down of many American based businesses in Ireland and their subsequent job losses; the imminent change-over from the Irish Punt to the Euro possibly made people feel a bit insecure about changing jobs; and more personal to Alan, he was past his 55th birthday and has not got any experience of international trade from an Irish perspective.

Although a qualified biologist, Alan has spent the major part of his career life in international trade which has taken him all over the world - except Ireland. He was hoping to land a position in the administrative or marketing side of import/export. No such luck.

From the moment I landed back in Ireland, I began building up my own small business. I am a compulsive small business owner and have been self-employed since I was 27 years old.

Being my own boss meant that I had the flexibility to be a mom and a housewife while still attempting to satisfy my own career needs. I really appreciate all those hard years of juggling family and business and the experience I gained then which I am now drawing on when I need it most.

My businesses always involved creativity of some kind - a ballroom dancing studio, a dance and stage boutique, a costume hire wardrobe and freelance writing. I became very ill in 1986 with an auto-immune deficiency disease.

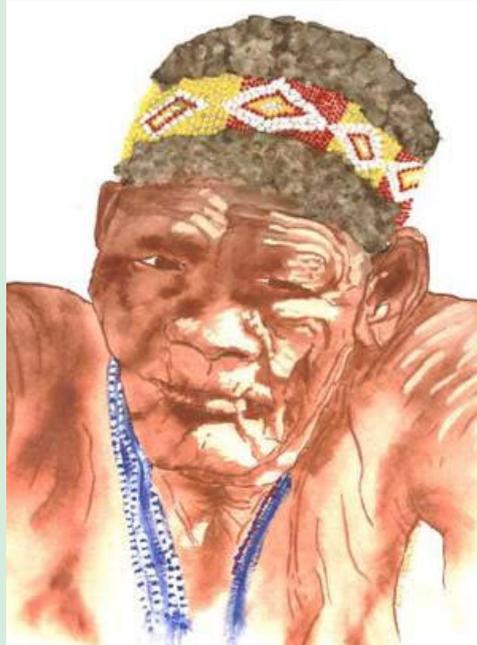
Sadly, this meant I had to close down my shop, but as one door opens. I studied reflexology and shiatsu and ran my own clinic for five years, with branches in Pietermaritzburg, Durban and Westville.

Five years in Cape Town saw the opening of my paper-making business and finally, three years ago, the opening of my art gallery in Greyton.

It took me a month or so to be able to open a bank account



Vicki the Citroen Berlingo outside our house in Leam.



Lynda's art sample : Bushman Portrait (watercolour)

in Galway. You are required to produce a utility bill with your name on it to confirm your residence before an account can be opened. Our electricity bill was only in Alan's name so we had to change that and then wait for the next bill to arrive and be paid before I could present it to the bank.

The banks in Ireland are very concerned with possible money laundering, far more so than with fraud. I must say its such a pleasure to go into the bank and be able to talk to the teller without having to yell through a glass panel.

I haven't yet come across a bank here without the old-fashioned wooden counter separating teller and customer and there are no double security doors or security guards to get past either.

I was ready to roll, selling selected South African art and giftware, by the beginning of November.

Lesson number one, I soon found out, was not to expect a business to leave the ground in Ireland between November and January! Hibernation occurs. Christmas silly season. So I had to wait until the end of January.

It had been apparent to me for some time that Alan wasn't going to succeed in finding a job and that we needed to implement a Plan B. The problem was, Alan, who is very single-minded at the best of times, was so tuned

in to succeeding in his mission that it was difficult for him to change gear and consider changing direction. Finally I persuaded him to at least be the salesman for Sunshine (*the name of my business*) in between job applications and interviews. He took to it like a duck to water and started bringing in order after order. The satisfaction of running our own business began to grow on him and he hasn't looked back or been to another interview since!

We've grown into a strong, workable team where we complement each other's strengths and weaknesses. Alan is the sales department and I'm the admin and backroom girl.

We have the usual sales/admin clashes but generally the running of Sunshine couldn't be smoother. I'm learning a lot from him on how to let that side of the business be run without me and he's learning a lot on the financial and business management side. You can find us on www.cooksononline.com.

With our move to our new home in September, we'll be letting out one guest room as a B&B, I'll be running paper making courses and continuing to develop my art (see <http://www.absolutearts.com/portfolios/n/nutmeg>), while still working with Alan on Sunshine. That should put us on the road to security!

Life is full and exciting and we couldn't be happier.

That's Africa!

Pigeon fancied a flight south . . .

A BRITISH homing pigeon turned up at a diamond mine near Alexander Bay recently. Normally, the necks of homing pigeons in that area are summarily wrung because they might be diamond smugglers, but the small ring around the pigeon's leg and stamps on her wing feathers immediately alerted Vincent McGann to the fact that this was a homing pigeon with a difference.

He sent it to Willie Venter in Pretoria by courier. Venter phoned an old friend in the pigeon fancy, John Krug from the Liverpool area in England and established within 20 minutes that pigeon GB S82074.99 belonged to a Mr Sinfield from Derbyshire.

Mr Sinfield told him the pigeon was had been released in Fougères, France, on June 8 in a race back to England. Somewhere along the 536km route, she lost her way - completely.

Mr Venter says storms over the North Sea could have been the cause. He suspects she flew south for a long distance with a tail wind, and then hitched a ride on a ship further south, as she is still in good condition.

As soon as she saw land, she flew towards it, and because she was so tame, she went begging for food at Mr McGann's office. This probably was her salvation.

The long and short of it . . .

S WAZI men, from parliamentarians to soccer officials, are flocking to elongate their penises, but women in the southern African kingdom are not impressed, a news report said.

A Tanzanian sex therapist who promises penis elongation up to 25 centimetres by a type of electrotherapy - is conducting a thriving business with polygamous Swazi men, the Swazi News reported. Male students are among his customers seeking a "super shaft" to service the so-called sugar mamas who keep them in style, the newspaper claimed.

But some women have objected to their men's bigger size. They have complained about unbearable pain during sex and asked their partners to refrain or have the elongation reversed, the report said.

"Should my husband go there, I will not hesitate to fire him as I never told him that his tool was too short for my liking," one woman on the capital's streets said.

"The length of the penis does not matter to me," declared another woman.

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Driehoekie cookie: Sue Furphy has them queueing for her vegetarian samosas.



Sue corners

the 'driehoekie' market



Sue and Terry Furphy have settled in Brisbane, where Sue has them queueing for her vegetarian samosas, writes Barbara Goss, left.

SUE and Terry Furphy and their young family left Zimbabwe in 1989. An unhappy experience in hospital made them reassess their future and decide that they wanted something different for their children.

The children were Colin aged four, Scott aged three and Alexander, eighteen months.

Their first choice, Australia, was not easy to get into, so they went to New Zealand first. They had a tough time there - Terry, a chartered accountant, got a job as management consultant with an international accountancy firm, but it was not easy to settle there, and after 18 months and six earthquakes, they decided to rethink their options.

They applied to Australia and used their return tickets to go back to Zimbabwe to assess the situation. When they got there they found they had been accepted for Australia, so off they set again!

Perth had appealed to them but the advice was that Melbourne or Sydney would be a better bet. So Terry went on ahead to Australia and found a job in Wangaratta, Victoria.

There was a recession and jobs were not plentiful, and Terry started work as financial controller for a sausage skin factory!

Wangaratta did not appeal as somewhere to live, so they found a house in Beechworth, nearby. This little town has lovely surroundings and they made good friends there - but after 18 months in his job Terry was made redundant.

This was a very difficult time. They had three youngsters, one of whom had a serious illness. They heard that the Sunshine Coast area of Queensland should have better prospects, so once again they were on the move, to Buderim, a delightful spot north of Brisbane.

Terry battled to find a job but eventually started working for the Lions Australian Rules Football Club as financial controller.

This meant a long daily commute to Brisbane - an hour and a half each way - and eventually about five years ago the family decided to move to Brisbane, where they are now happily settled in Ormiston.

Sue loved cooking from the time she was two years old. Her mother entertained a lot and Sue did all the dinner parties for her.

When her mother did a Cordon Bleu course, Sue did the course homework!

Later Sue did private catering, and ran cookery classes for housewives, and then, the most satisfying venture, teaching domestic cooks from surrounding suburbs some tips and techniques to extend their knowledge and enjoyment of their jobs.

The "pupils" were delightfully keen and eager to learn.

After she came to Australia, Sue did some casual catering - making desserts for a friend who ran a pub, then organising first one function, which brought in more work from other functions. She also catered for private dinner parties.

But all this was really a hobby and did not provide a regular income.

So she set about finding a gap in the market that she could fill. She asked people who were in the business and discovered there was a need for a fast food vegetarian product.

After deciding on samosas, or "driehoekiekerriekeoks", as her product, Sue researched what sort of pastry would be best and experimented with different fillings.

Once they moved to Brisbane she visited the executive chefs in the major hotels and discussed her product with them and in this way they became her main clients.

To comply with health regulations, she had to borrow a commercial kitchen to work in and with a great deal of hard work - and an excellent product - she gradually built up her business to the point where she felt she had to take the plunge and expand.

She had a core of good clients and when after a few years the need for her product was still as sure and when her orders were showing a 300% increase, she opened her own kitchen earlier this year.

Production is not yet at capacity as she is waiting for a machine which is being manufactured to her specifications and which will significantly increase her output.

This machine should be in use within a short time and then there will be no stopping Sue! Her only regret is that she now has less time for her friends and for playing bridge!



Bomber Bill: William Dives today - he flew Lancasters bombers during the war.

Ghosts of the past



UK Editor PENNY WILLIS talks to WWII bomber pilot William Dives about the French organisation that traces families of pilots who died fighting over France - and discovers his own fascinating life . . .

I FIRST heard from William Dives when he emailed me asking if I could help to find the family of Charles Appleton, a Rhodesian pilot who had been killed when his Typhoon was shot down over Normandy in August 1944.

William told me that the gravestone of Group Captain Charles Appleton OBE DSO DFC Croix de Guerre, at the British cemetery Bannville sur Campagne lists that he was the son of Cpt H Appleton of Marandellas, Southern Rhodesia.

William, along with another WWII Rhodesian pilot, Bill Musgrave, and ANSA - a French association who research crash sites and try to locate relatives, have discovered the debris of his Typhoon aircraft.

Their mission is to establish that Charles Appleton was a Rhodesian. If this can be done, the French community and

war veterans will erect a monument to his memory and to about 30 other Rhodesian aircrew who were killed in France - a tremendous tribute to the fact that the small colony with a white population of only about 85,000 contributed so much to the Allied Forces for the liberation of France and Poland.

We get a wide variety of requests for help or information at the Out of Africa International e-office and while we are

often able to suggest avenues of inquiry, this one, on the surface, seemed to be more challenging . . . Surprisingly, the first person I asked, not only knew the son of Charles Appleton, but also was able, within minutes of me making the query, to provide me with a photograph of him. We hope to tell you the intriguing story of Charles and William Appleton in a later issue, but it turned out that William Dives had a similarly interesting story of his own to tell.

Now living in Rennes-en-Grenouilles, France, William was born in 1924 at Guika mine near Que Que. William's passport records the fact, which causes the local gendarmes to ask: "Que est Que Que?", which means "What is what what?"

His mother had run away from her husband in Cape Town, taking her two small sons with her. The boys were taken back and William's mother did not get to see them again for another 20 years.

She met his father, an ex-soldier of the Boer War, who had immigrated to Rhodesia in 1903. They married and went to live in Que Que. His father was a Native Commissioner and together they marched to Kariba dishing out law and order and medicines. They had three children John (who died after 6 months) Suzanne and then William.

William first left Africa in 1943 at the age of 19 years and 5 months. He arrived at Liverpool aboard the SS Mauritania already having trained on single-engine Harvard aircraft in Southern Rhodesia. The first thing he was told on reporting for duty was that he would have to become a bomber pilot.

William takes up the story: "With three other Rhodesians - Richard McGregor, Jack Howarth and Dudley Barlow - all of a similar age to me, I found myself at an airfield near Birmingham learning to fly a twin engine 'Oxford' trainer.

The RAF had no need of fighter pilots but were losing a lot of bomber pilots. Therefore I had to convert to flying multi-engine aeroplanes. First the twin engine Oxford Trainer then the Wellington Bomber then the four engine



Old faithful: Q-Queenie and it's crew.



Recovery crew: The men involved in recovering remains of crashed warplanes.

Stirling Heavy Bomber and finally the famous Lancaster. On the 26th of August 1944 I started "Operational Flying" with No 44 (Rhodesia) Squadron RAF. In reality 44 squadron was a Royal Air Force squadron as Rhodesia was a small British colony and could not have financed all the personnel and equipment needed. The name Rhodesia was a tribute to the colony's war effort.

The squadron had been one of the first two squadrons in the RAF to be equipped with 12 Lancasters in 1942.

Unhappily on the day of April the 17th 1942, 5 out of 6 of 44 squadron's Lancasters were shot down by German fighters over Rouen on their way to bomb Augsburg, a plant that manufactured ball-bearings for German submarines.

The planes had many young Rhodesian aircrew and the Roll of Honour in the Rhodesian newspapers the following day was greeted with dismay.

This sad loss was unacceptable to the Rhodesian Government and from then on more than one Rhodesian aircrew member per Lancaster crew was discouraged.

Over 7000 Rhodesians fought for Britain of whom hundreds sacrificed their lives.

After 80 hours of training on the twin engine Wellington bomber we were ordered to carry out a final 'Special Exercise' - this was a night flight to Paris with the bomb bays filled with American propaganda pamphlets, which we would scatter over the city.

A useless and negative operation, as I found out in 1994 when I showed one to a woman member of the French Resistance. She recoiled in fear even after 50 years because to be seen reading one by the Germans, meant the firing squad!

However, it was my first entry into enemy occupied territory and as it was so ordered our route would mean that we would cross the French coast at Dives-sur-Mer, the village that William the Conqueror had set sail from to invade England in the year 1066. One of his Knight commanders was Beuslin de Dives who was my ancestor according to our family history.

After I had completed ten operations, I was given my own Lancaster KM-Q Queenie with its attendant ground crew of

three mechanics. I completed 36 'sorties' with my crew by the 13th of March 1945, two weeks before my 21st birthday.

After the war I returned to Rhodesia then South Africa where I studied agronomy at the University of Witwatersrand, gaining a BSc in 1949.

Specialising in soil conservation, I started to work for the Government of Southern Rhodesia. I married a young student who I had met at Wits. She was born of French parents living in South Africa. They asked me to come to Port Elizabeth to stay as a united family.

Working for my father-in-law on his farm in a country I did

not like became unbearable. I therefore decided to return to Rhodesia and start a career as a civil pilot. Because I had experience of multi-engine aeroplanes and in particular night flying, I was accepted by Central African Airways.

My wife and three children lived in Salisbury (Harare). That is another story. It is enough to say that life away for many days and weeks did not make for a happy marriage. I resigned and quit flying.

In 1956 I found work at the Tobacco Research Station with the object of getting back into the field of agriculture, which had been my objective from an early age. Shortly after, I was

divorced.

After two years of practical work in the field and making a careful study of all the experiments carried out I applied for a post as an agronomist with a company selling fertiliser and agricultural chemicals.

I married a South African woman who had also divorced her husband. She was a very able secretary and outstanding sports woman. I became the Chief Agronomist and stayed with the company for 18 years. Lecturing to our African sales staff and seeing the worsening terrorist situation in 1975 - I also did a spell of flying with the Rhodesian Air Force- I began to realise the future of Rhodesia was deteriorating fast. Young school leavers were seeking overseas jobs and the pressure on the part-time soldiers was getting to be insupportable.

The American Tobacco Company my wife worked for



Cut above: An article about Bill in a local French newspaper,

approached me and offered me a job overseas. I had to make a choice. My wife would not help me. She was quite prepared to stay on and live with all her Rhodesian friends She loved Rhodesia and became a Rhodesian citizen. I decided to 'take the gap'.

My new tobacco company sent me to Portugal It was shortly after the revolution and full of Angolan and Mocambique refugees.

Trying to get the Portuguese communists to grow tobacco, which was a new crop for them, was impossible. I was the MD of our new firm Portubac. I decided to move to the right-wing islands of the Azores, where men worked very hard unlike their lazy counterparts on the mainland, who let the women do the work.

We lived on the island of Saint Miguel for eight years and then, as my wife was not happy and feeling isolated, I decided to retire to England in 1984. Ten years later my Rhodesian pension was dwindling fast.

While living in the south of England I saw a notice in our 44 Squadron newsletter asking if anybody had flown the Lancaster 'KM- T Tommy' which crashed near Hastings on November 4th 1944, would they please get in touch with the Robertsbridge Aviation Association who were collecting relics of aircraft shot down over Kent.

I checked my logbook. It was the Lancaster I had flown to Brest and later to Brunswick. I telephoned the Association and they knew my name from the research they had carried out on T- Tommy. I told them I could not remember one of our Lancasters crashing near there and asked if they knew the name of the pilot?

They replied: "Flying Officer John Haworth." My mind froze - Jack!

Jack Haworth's Lancaster had been hit by flak over the Ruhr, which hit the cockpit and killed him. The engineer was mortally wounded but the bomb-aimer, who had failed his pilot's course, had managed to fly back to England on two engines.

He could not attempt to land and in any case the bomb doors were jammed open and the under-carriage would not have come down. The crew dropped Jack's body over Canterbury and then started to bale out. The bomb-aimer headed the plane out to sea and then baled out. The engineer was too weak to move and stayed on board.

After all these years it was the first time that I or anyone else on the squadron knew what had happened to his Lancaster, which we thought was at the bottom of the sea.

With my wife I travelled 15 miles from Bexhill-on-Sea to meet the young fellows who had started digging up the Lancaster buried in the side of a small stream near Robertsbridge.

It had apparently turned back over Hastings and lost height before crashing. One of the young men's father had seen it come down and had got on his bicycle to go to the scene. He found the engineer still alive but dying.

It was a very emotional moment to be taken to the site, covered in bluebells. They gave me a small cogwheel as a memento. But it was the memories and thoughts that were in my mind. Why was I still here on earth with a family and a life span of over 60 years? Would Jack have had the same sort of life? Would he have been happy? And what about Richard? Pat Kennedy? Charlie Worrel? And the many others on our courses who had not survived?

Thanks to my efficient crew and loyal crew - and our faithful and reliable "Q-Queenie with her loving and caring ground crew, we had completed 36 sorties by the end of the War - 10 days before my 21st birthday. I felt guilty to be alive.

While taking a holiday in Harare to use up our blocked funds and save our UK income I was asked if I would go to China to help the Chinese produce better tobacco. I accepted with alacrity. That short spell in the backwoods of inland China led to six month contracts in Thailand and the Philippines.

With the good US dollars I was paid we came back to England and decided the best thing we could invest in was a cottage in France and rent our English end of terrace house to supplement my small Portuguese pension and my wife's US pension. By then my Zimbabwe pension was less than £9 a month.

After six happy years living in France my wife died suddenly on Christmas Eve 1998.

Since then I have been living alone, except for my copine Lola who is a German shepherd. She is very jealous and knocks me down when she catches me giving the ladies more than two kisses and when I come home late at night!

But she is very affectionate and is terrified of being abandoned again. I rescued her from the S.P.C.A. after she had been found emaciated and weak in the streets of Bergerac, and then spent 8 months in a cage.

I am so involved with ANSA (Assoscon Normand Souvenir Airienne), that I hardly have time to keep the house clean, do the laundry, feed us, do the shopping and my garden is a picture.

Because of my wartime experience and my involvement in ANSA, I have received quite a bit of attention from the local press and also spoken publicly on the topic.

With the wonderful health facilities (not that I need them) the lack of crime, the inherent politeness and kindness of the French people I have decided to install myself here for the end of my days."



NORMANDY was the scene of intense air activity.

As a result, unfortunately, significant numbers of crashes were recorded. Everyone knows that memories of that time fade, and it seemed essential to "do something".

For this reason it was decided to create a non-profit Association to preserve the memory of wartime aviation in our area.

With this in mind, ANSA detect and excavate crash sites. Our most important objective is to pay tribute to the valiant airmen who liberated our country.

In the event that we discover human remains, we immediately stop our research and contact the Gendarmerie, the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and the Embassy representing in France the airman's nationality.

We attempt to locate the airman's family and arrange for an appropriate funeral service.

Some have already been honoured with a remembrance stone near the site where they met an heroic death.

We owe to them a "duty of memory" for future generations, so that their sacrifice will not have been in vain.



Philip and his partner, Akemi.

The way into Japan

Philip Bryan continues his story

SINCE my story appeared in the last issue of this magazine, I have had quite a few emails asking me about how easy it is to live in Japan. Well, it isn't easy but it isn't impossible. Hey, if I can do it, anyone can! So let's look at how.

First of all, you have to think about what you can do that they have a need for here. Of course, if you're lucky, you can get sent here by a company and let them worry about the red tape.

However, if you don't think that prospect is likely, take a look at the other way. Come here, find a job and do the paperwork yourself.

Now the next question is: how long you plan to stay here?

If it's only a couple of years or so, and you have a college degree, you can try to get an English teaching job. However, the pay is irregular and not great, and you will have to put in a lot of hours to earn enough to save. However, be warned - I came here planning to stay for just a couple of years - and that was in 1991!

Japan sort of grows on you. Whatever kind of job you're thinking of doing here, bear in mind that Japan's economy is in the basement at present and so a lot of jobs are getting axed, including teaching jobs.

There is no job security here and precious little welfare if your luck runs out, so think very carefully before moving.

However, if you're planning to stay here longer, the ultimate prize is a 'Permanent Resident' visa, which gives you the same rights as a Japanese citizen — except the vote, and even that may change!

This is now a lot easier to get but still not simple. The easiest way to get it is by marrying a local. In fact, if your spouse is Japanese, you qualify for a spouse visa, which enables you to do any kind of work for any kind of company. The big advantage of Permanent Resident is that it remains even if the marriage doesn't!

To give you some idea of what kind of jobs those without Japanese spouses can do, here are the main visa categories:

- Artist (including composers, songwriters, artists, sculptors, craftspeople, photographers, etc.)
- Engineer
- Entertainer (Including theatrical performances, arts, song, dance, musical performances, sports, or any other show business, as well as the production of television programs or movies, the photographing of models, etc.)
- Instructor (teaching any subject at any kind of officially recognised schools.)
- Journalist* (Including newspaper and magazine journalists, editors, media photographers, television and radio announcers, etc., including freelancers.)
- Legal/Accounting Services (must be attorneys or public accountants certified to perform their duties in Japan, or those with other legal qualifications recognised by Japan.)
- Medical Services (Including physicians, dentists, etc., qualified under Japanese law.)
- Professor (Must work as a professor, assistant professor, etc. at universities, etc.)
- Religious Activities (Basically, missionaries.)

Please note:

1. To get any of the above visas, you must apply **OUTSIDE** of Japan. This usually entails coming here as a tourist, landing a job, and then having a brief holiday in Seoul (the nearest Japanese embassy) to get the visa.
2. Most (but not all) visas are renewable, which can be done here in Japan. However, if your employer is your sponsor and you lose your job, then you will have to find another job pretty quickly.

Other aspects to consider include:

Earthquakes: Get used to them, as they are part of life here. We rarely go a month with having a noticeable earthquake, but I have not been injured or inconvenienced by them in my time here. However, the boffins say that Tokyo is overdue for the 'Big One', like we had in 1923 — and that killed around 140,000 (mostly in the resulting fires).

Earthquake insurance is almost impossible to get, so the

best you can do is be prepared and don't get too blasé.

Think of it this way. As the earthquake capital of the world, Tokyo is better prepared than anywhere else, and there are regular quake drills, too.

Medical costs: Doctors are quite pricey here so medical insurance is a must. The easiest is the scheme run by your local municipality, which covers 70 per cent of medical bills.

Bear in mind that few Japanese companies give sick leave and so if you stay home sick, that's vacation!

Property: Anyone, including foreigners, can own property here but as a small flat in Tokyo can cost over US\$400,000 (count them zeroes!), buying isn't something many foreigners think about!

However, the mortgage rate is ridiculously low and it does work out cheaper than rent.

Schools: If you have kids, you can enrol them at government schools where they will learn Japanese very well — using the sink or swim method!

There are many private international schools but they cost enough to make it unrealistic for most folks without a nice expatriate benefits package!

For more information about day-to-day life here, check out my website 'The Gaijin's Guide to Living in Japan' (<http://www.geocities.com/megurofoot/living.htm>). This doesn't reflect just my own experience but those of people I know who've been here longer than I - including one guy who came over with Macarthur and stayed on!

Anyway, wherever you are and wherever you end up, take care and keep on keeping on!



Bridging the cultural gap: Philip in Japan.

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A braai to remember . . .

A personal experience by Roland Mauseth ex-Bulawayo

MY WIFE, Pat, and I had never attended the annual braai held in July each year in the UK. However, as our son, Ralph, and I are this year (2002) on the committee of the Milton Keynes Branch of Rhodesians Worldwide (Pat is the unofficial PRO/Web Editor for the Branch), we felt that we should make an effort to attend.

As time for the event approached Pat and I realised that we just could not afford for the four of us to drive to and from Yorkshire, pay for two sites to erect tents plus have money for food and drink, not forgetting those other necessities in life.

So we decided that with the little cash we had we would try to arrange lifts to and from Yorkshire for our son and daughter (Belinda).

The Rhodesians in Milton Keynes were marvellous and lifts for both of them, plus their tent etc were all arranged.

Time to wave Ralph and Belinda drew closer, then heart-ache as the odd hiccup occurred.

Belinda kept in contact with Martin and Alan who gave her reports on what was happening at the campsite.

She passed the information to Pat, for inclusion on "THE BAOBAB" (<http://www.btinternet.com/~rhodies/>) - the online newsletter and website of the Milton Keynes Branch of Rhodesians Worldwide.

Eventually, at 7:30 pm on Thursday 11th July 2002, we waved to Belinda as Jason drove off with her, on their way to Yorkshire, via Coventry.

Just after Midnight Belinda phoned to say that they had arrived, she was very cold and she was going to bed. Jo had taken Belinda under her wing immediately and promised to warm her up.

One down one to go: Early Friday morning Belinda phoned home and gave us her first of her on-site regular reports, so that Pat could update the WebSite.

Just after midday on Friday, Bill who was giving Ralph a lift up arrived and they soon left on their journey, forming a convoy with Carl and Sharon, they arrived just after 5pm.

During the afternoon and evening Belinda, Alan and Martin continued to send us reports and Pat continued to update the website. It was obviously a good party and John Edmonds' Friday night show went down well.

Pat and I had dinner and watched TV, chatting about the event in Yorkshire. I could see that Pat, who had for the last few months been corresponding with John and Teresa Edmond, was really down, but she never complained outwardly at all.

At 1:25 am on Saturday 13th July 2002 I said to Pat, "Come on let's go". Pat thought I meant up to bed, but I said "No, let's go up to the braai, just for the day".

Well, I could see that she was really taken aback. I told her I was serious. Pat knows me well and she could see I was serious, and so without much more ado she threw a few items into the car and left the house at 2:15 am on the dot - next stop Yorkshire.

The journey up was a traffic-free and weather-kind 168



Alan and his bagpipes



Striking a chord: John Edmonds at the concert.



miles. At 4:15am we drove through the gates and on to the camping field. We had thought everyone would be asleep and we planned to sleep a few hours in the car and surprise everyone when they woke up.

But we were the ones surprised, as we found a number of Rhodesians propping up the bar and a few teenagers keeping the Braai fires going.

So we introduced ourselves. People said we were mad when they heard that we had left Milton Keynes just 2 1/2 hour earlier to travel up just for the day.

By 6am a few more Rhodesians joined us in the beer tent and you could smell the fresh brewed coffee, as people slowly surfaced.

Pat phoned Belinda and told her that she was lazy and that dad and mom were in the beer tent.

Belinda was not surprised that we had driven up and reluctantly climbed out of her sleeping bag and wandered over to see us.

Ralph was a different matter. He was surprised but very happy that we had made it.

“Jake” showed us his motorcycle tattoo and also proved that he could still climb a 12-foot tent pole, after which, Ralph climbed the tent pole too.

Liam, the “Political Prisoners In Zimbabwe” co-ordinator and family were there too and we had a good chat.

Eventually, some of the Milton Keynes crowd started to appear and the reception we received was fantastic.

Every Branch member we saw was thrilled we had made it, but disappointed that we intended leaving by noon.

Affairs of food, drink and accommodation flowed in.

To say the least, we were gobsmacked. We hadn't seen this type of generosity and caring since the early 70's in Rhodesia.

But on with our day, Pat had started taking photos since we drove through the gate and she took the majority of the photos during the day.

Alan brought out his bagpipes and welcomed the new day, at the same time we found one Rhodesian walking around the campsite with a black bag, filling it with rubbish. There was no way he was going to let anyone think that Rhodesians left their rubbish around he said.

We met a couple of hundreds (yes hundreds not scores) of Rhodesians, ranging from 1 week old to over 90 years old. Rhodesians who had only left five months ago and others that had left over 25 years ago.

I did a 4-hour bar shift from 5am to 9am when the rostered barmen (and women) came on duty.

Pat met Caroline from the Devon branch, who promptly

bought Pat the beer she had promised her a few days before.

It was a Rhodesian function of that there was no doubt, shorts, T-shirts (on those not bare chested), veldskoens and slops.

The only thing that we noticed different from a Rhodesian braai in the '70s were the mobile phones worn by 1 in 6.

The event was well arranged, there was face painting, air gun shooting (arranged by the Rhodesian Army Association), egg and spoon racing plus sack races for the younger ones. Tug-of-war for everyone (Yorkshire branch stole the championship from the Milton Keynes Branch. Boerewors cooking contest and the like.

All the children who took part in the sports received a prize and I overheard one little girl ask one of the organisers why the rosette she had been given was Green and White. She was told it was the Rhodesian colours.

She ran off to her mother and father, with me following, and I heard her say: “Look I won the Rhodesian colours”.

She was so proud.

Throughout the day a mobile disco was on the go too. Although it seemed to be a bit loud at times, perhaps I'm just getting old.

Dan and Cherry Coetzee were given gifts for their many years service to Rhodesians Worldwide at National level.

The bar was, as usual, very popular, plus the sale of braai packs and boerewors went down very well. Samoosas, biltong and drywors (bar-sticks) were all available.

There was a restored vintage Morris on show and dozens of Green & Whites flying.

We also met another Rhodesian, Marcus, who indicated that if the event was held in Milton Keynes in 2003 he had a camping area we could use, so we'll be looking into that.

Johnny Clay and family who have been in the UK less than six months became instant friends too. When an ice-cream van arrived on site it was mobbed. The braais were in constant use.

About 11am John and Teresa Edmond arrived. Like everyone else, they were surprised to see we had made it. They sold tonnes of CDs and copies of John's autobiography. (I bought one of John's new CDs and Pat presented me with his book as a late anniversary gift) John relentlessly signed every item he and Teresa sold.

Pat spent a number of hours, on and off between taking photos, with John and Teresa and they got on like a house on fire.

John had another show that night so Pat and I decided to stay on, vowing to leave at midnight.

Everyone was happy about us staying. Again, offers to put us up flowed in. This was going to be difficult, as who do you choose and who do you accept without upsetting anyone?

So we said thanks and carried on enjoying ourselves.

Martin roped us both in to help with the games and we both participated in our respective tug-of-war events.

The day edged on towards the night and by 8pm both Pat and I were starting to feel the effects of nearly 36 hours with no sleep, very little food and a number of drinks.

I never had an empty beer bottle from 4:25am till an hour before we left.

I took over taking photos when John Edmond arrived to do his show.

Before John began we were entertained



Pat (second on the Rope) pulling for Matabeleland – they lost!



John & Teresa Edmond, with Pat Mauseth in the centre



4am and the pub was doing a roaring trade!

by Lee and Grant, two South Africans now living in the UK and they really got the crowd in the mood.

They gave way to John and his son Graham (plus Goonwan joined in a while later), with Teresa controlling the backing, and man, did things get wild.

It was out of this world The songs of Rhodesia both old and new, the atmosphere . . . well words cannot describe it, you had to be there.

Everyone joined in, there was singing a dancing, every age group got involved. At 11:45 John closed his act with the UDI song "you can call us Rebels" and there was not a dry eye in the place.

Pat and I decided that we must head back to Milton Keynes so we said our goodbyes to John, Teresa and others, resisting requests for us to stay over we drove out of the gates at midnight, 19 Hours 45 Minutes after arriving.

Once more traffic and weather good and we opened our front door at 2:15 on Sunday 14th July 2002.

It was good to be home, and we were dead tired, but not sorry at all that we had made it to Yorkshire to meet fellow Rhodesians.





Coming to America



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

Gamble on the Green Card

(Part 2)

WE have finally come to that exciting time! We have been promising you for months that we will walk you through the application process for the Green Card Lottery and now the moment is upon us!

In our previous issue, we were warned against possible pitfalls and myths regarding the Diversity Lottery Program, however. In this issue, we are purely concerned with the application form itself.

You will see how simple it is and hopefully, even have time to apply for DV2003 in October of this year.

The suggested format of the DV application form will be found at the end of this article.

However, if you would prefer to download it from the Internet, free of charge of course, you can reference <http://www.inkorpa.com/services-greencard.htm>.

Remember, that if any of you win a Green Card, I am expecting a personal email of your success story so that we can publish it in OOA!

The application form (next page) is truly is a simple document.

For the remainder of this article I will be referring to the form when discussing particular questions and their corresponding numbers. So let's begin!

Question 1, requires the applicant's name in full, while Question 2 requires the applicant's place of birth.

The most confusing question is Question 3. Here, you are asked to specify the applicant's native country.

This question should be left blank by most of our readers, since southern African countries are eligible for the Diversity Lottery Visa.

However, if you were born in an ineligible country, the applicant should specify the name of that country and tick the appropriate box.

If you are still not certain as to which native countries are eligible or ineligible for the Diversity Lottery Program, you could refer back to our previous article. Otherwise, you can visit:

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

Question 4, deals with family members and requests their places of birth and names in full. If you do have more than three children you can continue the list on the back of the application sheet.

Question 5 and 6 relate to your contact details. Make sure to include your signature in Question 6, along with your home and work phone and fax numbers.

The final touch to this application will be individual photo of the individual applicant. To ensure that the photo is not misplaced, sign and date the photo. Also add your full name and place of birth, as in Question 1 and 2 to the back of the photo. Remember to reference our previous article, as to the

Address and Dates that are applicable to the Diversity Lottery Program. Once all the administration is put to rest you can understand why they call it the Green Card Lottery.

The form is so simple that it does not allow for any form of discrimination or manipulation of the facts.

In true American fashion the Diversity Lottery Program opens its doors to any race, color or ethnicity.

Here's to hoping that the next Green Card drawing will be yours!

Although we mentioned all the obstacles that may present themselves during the application process in our previous article, we did not mention how the INS could officially disqualify your application form.

The possibilities for disqualification are set out below.

Photo Format: The final line in the DV document asks for a relevant photo to be mailed in along with it. If this photo does not conform to the INS specifications, your application could be terminated.

The prerequisites for all applicants' photo, namely, of spouse and children should be as follows:

1. The photo size should be 50mm by 50 mm or 2" by 2" inches.

2. There should be nothing concealing the face of the applicant, such as, hats or glasses. On that note, blurred photos will also be disqualified.

3. The background of the photo should be a neutral color; excessively dark or decorative backdrops will automatically be barred by the INS.

4. The heads of the applicants should face the photo directly (not be tilted up or down) and cover roughly half of the area of the photo.

Number of Applications: Secondly, if it does seem tempting to send in as many application forms as possible so as to statistically increase your chances of winning, forget about it!

The INS will automatically disqualify you, if it receives more than one entry for the same person.

It makes no difference to them who submitted the form, they are extremely strict in this regard and the applicant will be barred from the DV Program for that particular year.

Signature: As per Question 6, please be sure to SIGN the form. Any documents received without a personal signature will also be barred from the application process.

Delivery of the Form: Finally, if you are running short of time DO NOT use an express delivery service to mail your form. The INS states that it will only accept normal postal deliveries.

So any type of priority mailings, second day airmails, faxes, hand delivered applications, messenger services or any means requiring special handling will not be processed.

U.S. DIVERSITY VISA LOTTERY APPLICATION

1.
 Applicant's Last Name First Name Middle

2.
 Date of Birth (Day, Month, Year) Place of Birth (City/town, District/Province, Country)

3. Applicant's native country (Do not answer question 3 if you were born in an eligible country)
 This is the country of birth of (check one): spouse
 parent

4. Name, Date & Place of Birth of applicant's Spouse and Unmarried Children Under 21 (if any). If you have more than 3 children, list the remainder on the back of the application.

Spouse
 Last Name First Name Middle

Date of Birth (Day, Month, Year) Place of Birth (City/town, District/Province, Country)

Child 1
 Last Name First Name Middle

Date of Birth (Day, Month, Year) Place of Birth (City/town, District/Province, Country)

Child 2
 Last Name First Name Middle

Date of Birth (Day, Month, Year) Place of Birth (City/town, District/Province, Country)

Child 3
 Last Name First Name Middle

Date of Birth (Day, Month, Year) Place of Birth (City/town, District/Province, Country)

5. Applicant's Mailing Address: **7454 LANCASTER PIKE, # 138**
 HOCKESSIN, DE 19707
 USA

6. Applicant's Signature: _____
 Phone: E-mail:

Include photo
 (50 X 50 mm)
 with full name
 and date of birth
 printed on back.
**DO NOT
 ATTACH.**

I hope this article has been of meaning to you but most importantly, I hope that this article will change at least one of our readers' lives!

We have taken you through the step by step process of filing the DV document, we have shown you the potential obstacles faced by previous candidates, emphasized the reasons for disbarment from the drawing and gone so far as to publish the physical address of the INS for Southern African applications.

You can certainly feel secure enough to fill in those 6 easy questions and become an AMERICAN GREEN CARD HOLDER! If only it was that easy!

For those readers that are still not ready to set their sights on the Lottery, we will be revealing a unique method of entry into

the US, with the option of applying for a Green Card within your first year of residency. Does this sound to good to be true? Well then, would you believe that it could happen within 15 days? Until the next issue then!

Mandy Jacob
 President Inkorpa
www.inkorpa.com <<http://www.inkorpa.com>>
Mandy.Jacob@inkorpa.com
Mandy.Jacob@inkorpa.com

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



Winter with the wine buffs . . .

IT'S winter in the Cape. You get a nice fire roaring in the lounge, pull the sofa a bit closer and make sure you have your warm tracksuit and woolly slippers on.

You pull the cork on a Thelema Cabernet Sauvignon 1994, rip the top off a packet of crisps and grab your latest wine magazine. "I'm really looking forward to a ripper read", you tell yourself.

The first article you find at this time of year is some wine hack describing the effect that the weather has had on the last harvest.

Within five minutes of reading about how 2002 was the wettest in 40 years and the powdery and downy mildew ran rampant through the poor bloody vines and the high winds and hail and black rot got the rest and that some farmers won't have any crop at all, you begin to wonder if there will be any wine to drink.

Generally your head hits your chest at this stage and thankfully you can sleep for the next hour and the magazine will fall into the fire and that will be the end of all that boring rubbish.

As wine drinkers we don't give a toss what the farmers had to go through or how bad the weather was and the struggle the poor benighted buggers had to brave. All we want is a decent drop of nicely priced tippie in our glasses every year.

Who reads that stuff? Who could possibly care that bud-burst happened on the 27th September at 12:07am, for God's sake?

I have to feel that this is a case of some wine scribes writing just so that they can get a cheque and see their own names in print. I have a message for them: "No-one, but no-one, is reading this stuff. OK!!"

Now in Europe the differing vintages can have a marked effect on both price and quality, but in the New World, certainly in South Africa, the vintages vary between, good and just marvellous, thanks!

You are not going to be buying many really old vintages of South African wine in your local supermarket so what was the wine like in 1992? Excellent. 1993? Good. 1994? Good. 1995? Good. 1996? Excellent. 1997 through 2000? Good. Oh! and what a surprise, 2001 was excellent!

Even better news is that regardless of the vagaries of the weather the wines are getting better anyway, because of the large scale replanting with new, virus free, better-ripening clones.

If the producer is reliable you can buy any vintage at all and be assured that you won't regret it.

Every now and again a wine writer has the chance to get even with the producers.

It happened a few months ago when I reported that I had been on a panel tasked with identifying the best wines in the Cape (See OOA July-Aug 2001).

Now if I was not a professional, thoughts like, "Who beat me at golf?" or "Who missed our appointment?" might creep into my mind. But rest assured I conquered these mental demons.

Well the top five back then were: Kanonkop, Vergelegen, Veenwouden, Neil Ellis, Rustenberg

I was invited by Grape magazine to do a similar exercise last month and to see what, if anything had changed. The list remains much the same, except that Neil Ellis and Veenwouden come out and Jordan goes in.



Now, where's that wine magazine . . . yawn . . .

Neil Ellis, Veenwouden and Hamilton Russell Vineyards just missed the top 5 by a whisker and they remain excellent. The other categories and results:

Best value-top price: Vergelegen, Kanonkop, Thelema.

Best value-mid-price: Villiera, Jordan, Kanu.

Best value-lower-price: Swartland, Villiera, Boland, Stellenbosch Vineyards.

Best Red: Kanonkop Paul Sauer, Rust en Vrede Estate Wine, Rustenberg Peter Barlow, Veenwouden Classic.

Best White: Vergelegen Sauvignon Blanc Reserve, Hamilton Russell Vineyards Chardonnay, Steenberg Sauvignon Blanc Reserve.

Best Sparkling: Pongratz, Graham Beck Blanc de Blancs, Twee Jonge Gezellen Krone Borealis.

Best Fortified: JP Bredell Cape Vintage Reserve, Axe Hill Vintage Port, Die Krans Vintage Reserve Port.

Best unfortified: Klein Constantia Vin de Constance, De Trafford Vin de Paille, Neethlingshof Weisser Riesling NLH.

Most exciting wineries: Fairview, Flagstone, Graham Beck, Springfield.

A final note. The very lovely Fusion V from De Toren winery is a star for the future it seems, but it has been going for only a couple of years and it needs a longer track record than that before being listed with its older peers.

If you have had a chance to drink any of these and agree with me, or more excitingly disagree with me then please e-mail mailto:montyf@iafrica.com. I always welcome response and questions.

In fact the Editor pays me in direct proportion to e-mails received.

"No e-mails again this month Monty, no-one is reading your drivel, so no pay, I'm afraid."

Now I have a serious drinking problem to finance and need your help please.

SA club contacts

United States

The Springbok Club of Northern California

Website: <http://www.saclub-cal.com>
Email: <mailto:julipetals@yahoo.com>
President: Juli DeKock

Indaba Midwest (Chicago)

e-mail: <mailto:indabamid@aol.com>
c/o 330 Prospect Ave
Glen Ellyn, IL 60137-4914
Contact: Alastair Robertson- President
Phone: 630-858-0522 - home, 630-858-0822 - work, Fax: 630-858-0520

SA Colorado

Website: <http://www.sacolorado.com/>
Email: <mailto:nicky996@cs.com>
Contact: Nicky Zaayman
Telephone: (303) 604-6363

The South African Club of Atlanta

Website: <http://www.saclubatl.org>
Email: <mailto:webmaster@saclubatl.org>
Director: Les Kraitzick
email: <mailto:elkay@mindspring.com>
Telephone: 770-399-5933
Postal address: Les Kraitzick & Associates, 1729 Mt. Vernon Road, Atlanta, Georgia 3033

Orange County

Email: <mailto:Archie van der Byl <archie@fuller.edu>>
Website: <http://www.sainoc.faithweb.com>
Contact: Archie van der Byl
(626) 403 4122

New York/New Jersey Springbok Club

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

South African Association of Indiana

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

Spain

South Africans Staying Alive

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

Canada

Protea Club (Edmonton)

Website: <http://plaza.v-wave.com/protea/index.htm>
Email: <mailto:protea@powersurfr.com>
Telephone: (780) 489 - 3080

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

South African Canadian Club (Calgary)

Website: <http://members.home.net/saclubcalgary>
Email: <mailto:riboezaard@yahoo.com>
Chairman: Irene Rik Boezaard

South African Society of BC

Website: http://www.sacbd.com/sasbc/index_en.html
Email: <mailto:azibarras@home.com>
Postal address: SASBC, 503- 3105 Deer Ridge Drive
West Vancouver, BC V7S 4W1
President: Anna Azibarras

UK

South Africa Society

Website: <http://www.saclub.com>
Email: <mailto:mail@saclub.com>
Address: Citibox 80, 2 Old Brompton Road, London SW7 3DQ, England.
Fax: +44 (207) 722 1910
Tel: +44 (207) 483 4274

SA Club Oxfordshire

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

Australia

Western Australia

The South Africa Club of Western Australia
Website: <http://www.saclubwa.iinet.net.au>
Email address: <mailto:saclubwa@iinet.net.au>
Postal address: GPO Box J745 Perth WA, 6842
Australia
President: Peter Masters

South Africans in Sydney

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

COMSAB

(City of Melbourne South African Business network)
Email: alanr@rosendorff.com.au
Telephone: Alan on 03 9670 2515
Fax: 9670 2505

Rhodesia/Zimbabwe club contacts

United States

Rhodesians Worldwide - USA Branch

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

Email : <mailto:BAllen7141@aol.com>

President: Barbara Allen

Postal address: 7141 Crosstimbers Trl, Roanoke, VA 24019

Telephone: 1-540-362 3607

The Rhodesian Association (Western USA)

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

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

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

TURQUOISE Loop, Beaverton, Oregon 97007.

TEL: (503) 590-8270

PRO Peter Barrett

Chairman - Peter Hirst

Secretary - Lynday Hirst, 11965 SW Fairfield St, Beaverton, Oregon 97005

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

Treasurer John Reiner

Rhodesians in Dallas

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

Email: <mailto:golfman@flash.net>

Contact: Russell Pattinson

Telephone: WK-972-527-3207

1714 Cherokee Tr

Plano Tx 75023

WK-972-527-3207

Springbok Southern Africa Club - Phoenix Arizona

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

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

Contact: Cècile Robson (602) 926-6859

UK

Rhodesians WorldWide Assistance Fund

RWAF 12 Bredgar Close Maidstone Kent ME14 5NG

Phone 01622 762189

Email: <mailto:rwap@bun.com>

Bryn Price Administrator

RW UK

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

8SX

Telephone 0113 2190199 : Mobile 07970 376304

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

also:

Will Ransom:

The Oaks, Park Farm Close,

Shadoxhurst, Kent TN 26 1LD

Tel: 01233 733736

Milton-Keynes Branch

Chairman: Dan Coetzee, Telephone: 01908 510326

Meetings: 4th Sunday of the month

North East Branch (Leeds)

Chairman: Ian Dixon, 9 Bantam close, Morley, Leeds LS 27 8SX

Phone: 0113 2190199

Meet every fourth Sunday, ring for next date.

Devon & Cornwall Branch

Chairman: Graham Parish

Telephone: 44-1208-815013

Meetings: 1st Sunday of the month

Three Counties Branch

Chairman: Bernard Terry

Telephone: 01730 817387; Fax: 01730 812848

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

Contact: Peter Scott

Telephone: 44-1483-67315

Meetings: 2nd Sunday of the month

Lavington Branch

Contact: Peter Haglethorn

Telephone: (01380) 818381

Meetings: 3rd Sunday of the month

Scottish Rhodesians Club

Church House, Sandyford Church of Scotland, Montgomery Road, Paisley, Renfrewshire PA3 4LQ Scotland U.K.

Telephone: 0141 561 7855, 0141 889 5078

Email: <mailto:lombard@bun.com>

Australia

The Rhodesian Association of WA

Email: <mailto:byrons@bigpond.com>

Administrator: Doug Capper,

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

News South Wales

Sydney Rhodesian Society

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

Northern Territory

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

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

Queensland

Africa Club of Queensland Incorporated

President: Eddie Pratt

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

GPO Box 2129, Brisbane, QLD 4001

Telephone: 0500 540 122 (from anywhere in Australia)

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

Tasmania

Colin and Maureen Stevenson - Launceston, Tasmania

We are the contact for the Tasmanian Branch of RWW.

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

Victoria

Victorian Rhodesian Society

President: Mike Foley (03) 859 6985

Rob Hodes - Social Contact

Phone 03 9596 6894 or 0407 385880

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

Rhodesia/Zimbabwe club contacts

New Zealand

RW/RAA

Email contacts

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

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

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

Canada

Rhodesians Worldwide Ontario Association

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

Phone (705) 327 3461

Email: mailto:rhodie_ont@hotmail.com

Rhodesian Calgary Club

Box 74077

Strathcona P.O.

Calgary, AB. T3H 3B6

Email: mailto:RWW1965@Rhodesians.zzn.com

South Africa

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

Pretoria Branch (serves members countrywide)

Chairman: Jacques Du Bois.

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

Secretary: Mary Redfern.

Tel: (012)4602066 (office hours)

Postal address: PO Box 95474
0145

Waterkloof

Email: mailto:rasa@iafrica.com

Durban Branch

Chairman: Stuart Gillman.

Secretary: Lynne McKenzie

Tel (031)4677300 a/h

Postal address:

PO Box 307

Amanzimtoti

4125

Email: mailto:ninch@iafrica.com

Pietermaritzburg Branch

Chairman: Quentin Gibson

Tel: (033)3942994

Postal address:

PO Box 2669

Pietermaritzburg

3200

Email: mailto:gjbs@mweb.co.za

Highveld Branch

Chairman: Kevin Jones

Tel: (017)6346219 a/h

Postal address:

PO Box 1632

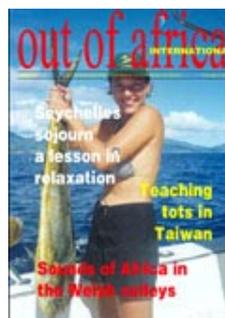
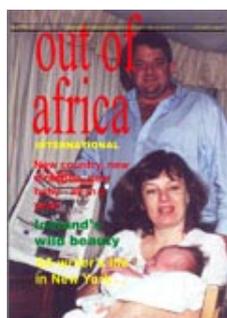
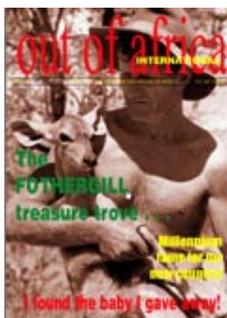
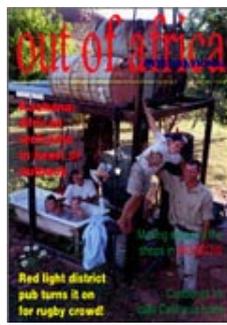
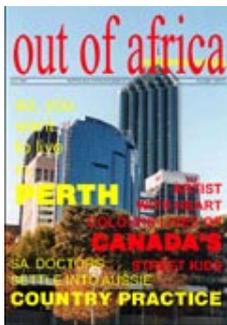
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Email: mailto:jonesk@xsinet.co.za

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