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# Turning Wheels of Bulawayo Rotary Club

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## **Hello my dear Zimbabwean club!!!**

Forgive me for not writing as soon as I arrived in California. It has been a smashing 7 weeks and you must know what is going on. My goodness has it not been explosive. There are never enough words to tell you what I have been up to!!!

Alright since I have arrived in Lancaster I have been to San Bernardino, Big Bear and Los Angeles. All very beautiful places. I have spoken to several groups of people which have been very responsive.

A charter club: Delta Kappa Gamma 45 min  
My host club of Lancaster: 35 min  
Several of my school classes: 2hrs each  
Lancaster Fourth Grade Class: 1 Hr

I'm going to speak to:

Rotary District Meet Los Angeles: 500 people  
Lancaster Julliettes: 35 people  
Rotary International Convention San Antonio: 3000 people?  
All the Rotary Clubs of Antelope Valley: over 250  
Any possible clubs of the SCANEX region: I have no idea

These are just some of the things I have had and have lined up from now till June. Quite a schedule don't you think? So you can tell my public speaking skills are coming in handy.

You would never believe the questions the people here ask. Like I said in my report almost everyone thinks I ride to school on a elephant! It is hilarious.

People know very little about Africa here, let alone southern Africa. Others have a vague idea of North Africa. Zimbabwe just doesn't exist. But don't worry. So far they know where it is, how far it is from California and where Bulawayo is. It is my goal to teach them more about Africa than just what their history books will tell them.

School has been very easy to adapt to since I got here. It is definitely not as competitive as Zimbabwean schools and not as strict. It is fun as easy going which I think is good. I have made numerous friends and funny enough everyone is seriously fascinated by my accent. That is one thing I cannot afford to lose whilst I'm here!!!

I thought I'd tell you what the other clubs in the Antelope Valley think of Lancaster Rotary club: They all say it is the old people's club. Can you imagine what I thought when I arrived? Just like home!!! And you know it is. The people are wonderful just like you all were. I believe I have the best host and sponsor clubs, and I don't care what you say!!! `Tis true.

I haven't been here 3 months yet, but as soon as I am fully settled you shall hear about my plans for certain projects the club has going. It should be tremendous fun.

Is anyone coming to San Antonio? I know I should be expecting our District Governor. If you are coming please mail me so that at least I can make arrangements to see you whilst you are here. I think I will also get to meet our RI President Franklyn Devlyn and possibly RI President Elect Rick King.

I'll keep you informed.

For now I must love and leave you. Homework calls and presentation preparations must be done!

From your hyper-active Exchange student

Siphiwo

## Kerang

Rotary District 9210 Group Study Exchange

Kerang is a city of wonderful, genuine, accommodating, friendly and truly great people. Indeed, the team had a fantastic stay there thanks to the hospitality and fellowship we received. Leaving Kerang was a sad time. It astounded me how in three-and-a-bit days we all bonded so well with the people there that our departure was an emotional event.

It is a small rural city, with a population of 3000 magnificent people, and a population of 3 billion flies! (These flies deserve a paragraph on their own, so I will deal with that later!) My "host parents" were Max and Jayne Robertson, the President of the Kerang Rotary Club. Our co-ordinator was a previous GSE Team Member to Poland, Sharon Champion, who went out of her way to look after us. "Above and beyond the call of duty."

From Kerang we visited a town called Koondrook, where we saw a Redgum Sawmill, a furniture factory, crossed the Murray River into New South Wales for a picnic, toured a citrus packing plant back in Victoria, and a "rotary" dairy. (Nothing to do with Rotary International.) This is a milking plant where many cows step onto a circular platform that rotates slowly, and at the end of the rotation, they step off, fully milked, fed and disinfected. It happens in a somewhat small room, so as you enter, you are confronted with a most spectacular view of a number of cow's rear ends at very close range and slightly above head height.

Believing this to be a rather precarious position to be placed in, Grant Dent and I tactfully retracted to a safe distance, but alas, for the remainder of the team... Well, let's just say Grant and I had a good laugh at Lara, Chris and Peter's misfortune!

The next day saw a trip to Swan Hill where we had an extensive tour of more rolling farmlands - HUGE farmlands. We had visits to a stone fruit packing plant, Tyntynder Aboriginal Centre, the Catalina Airplane Museum, and a "chook" farm. This chicken farm was very interesting as it showed, as is the case with all farms here, that efficiency is the key word. They harvested 400 dozen eggs a day, and it was totally operated by 2 people, a husband and wife team. Back home they would more than likely employ far more people to manage a farm of this size! The automation and computerization is quite amazing.

We then went to Lake Charm for a traditional "barbie" and were addressed by the Mayor herself! Swimming in the lake was discouraged, not because of man-eating crocodiles or the Bilharzia parasite, but because here they have a blue-green algae that has some horrendous affect on man and beast.

The last day in Kerang saw a visit to an agriculture impliments manufacturer / engineer, a tour of the community hospital (very modern and clean, with great staff, and a great buffet lunch!) and a walking tour of the city centre. Grant and I decided to swap the city tour for an in-depth discussion with an Internet Service Provider, but caught up at the local Police Station where we were shown around, and locked up in the cells! One of the young police officers, a Rotarian I believe, had recently reversed the "new" patrol vehicle into another police vehicle in a low impact accident, and we were advised that it was customary to say "beep-beep-beep" every time we saw him. This accident has actually made him famous in the region, even as far as Charlton!

The day ended with a tour of a new and very Impressive multi-million dollar olive plantation, (Watch this space Italy!) and a combined Rotary "barbie" on the plantation grounds. We introduced ourselves, but did not give our presentation. Our bus, however, managed to have 2 blow-outs within an hour of each other, which brought back fond memories of Africa! We had an emotional parting from the people

of Kerang, and were handed over to our new host parents to spend the night in Charlton before going to Horsham.

## Charlton

Charlton is a very small rural town, and again, the people were very hospitable. We only had a morning with the people of Charlton, but I managed to see a number of Rotary initiated and sponsored projects with their President, Elizabeth Whykes. They hosted a lunch for the team, before we were collected by the 2 Horsham Rotary Clubs. One thing that fascinates me is that a "rural" town, like Charlton, with only 1500 people in it, still has modern facilities, a cellular network, e-mail, Internet and all other essential services. They even have flies.

Flies! Yes, the rumors are true, Australia is a great place, 30 billion flies can't be wrong! But saying that, I have been told that "we aint seen nothin' yet!" Although a real pest, and despite the fact that these critters just love lips, nostrils and eyes, and cannot resist flying back to the same spot they have just been chased from, if you perfect the "Australian Wave", you can get away without tying corks to your hat brim. However one learns fast that to perfect the "wave", one has to carry their notebook, camera and pen in one hand, leaving the other hand free at all times. The flies look just like our flies at home, perhaps one size smaller. However I cannot understand why they are so persistent, yet our flies regard the human race with the respect it deserves.

Kerang and all it's people will hold special memories for the team. Thank you Kerang!

## Son of Zimbabwe

Samu Zulu meets former Southern Rhodesia prime minister: Sir Garfield Todd, today one of Zimbabwe's most revered figures

Sir Garfield Todd is easily one of Zimbabwe's richest people. His 50,000-acre ranch outside Bulawayo has attracted the envy of many, including the landless who have forcibly occupied white-owned farms across the country, one of them a much smaller ranch belonging to former prime minister Ian Smith.

But no-one, not even the self-styled war veterans, would dare move against the 92 year old Sir Garfield. A former missionary, prime minister of Southern Rhodesia, doctor and latterly, a business tycoon, Garfield Reginald Stephen Todd was born in Invercargill, New Zealand on July 13 1908. In 1936 he and his wife Grace arrived in the then Southern Rhodesia as missionaries of the New Zealand Church of Christ, to teach at the Dadaya Mission School, 150 km north-east of Bulawayo. It was a hand to mouth existence, the sort of work that only missionaries would take on. Sir Garfield's biographer, Ruth Weiss, recounts that Grace once had to sell her personal effects to pay the teacher's wages. President Robert Mugabe told Weiss that when he taught briefly at Dadaya, teacher's received the princely sum of two pounds a month.

As headmaster, the young Todd took it upon himself to build an adjacent clinic. But there were no qualified personnel and when a patient arrived dying from dreadful burns, Garfield treated his wounds with engine oil - the only possible remedy available.

"When the treatment worked, engine oil became an essential item in our kit," Sir Garfield recalls.

"Since I also served as chief midwife, I delivered hundreds, if not thousands, of children, including my own daughters, Judith and Cynthia." As Judith explains: "One just felt safe with my father because he was so very capable. It wasn't that nothing would happen if he was there, but he would cope with it, whatever it was."

This dependability was soon recognised by fellow whites who in 1946 elected Todd MP for the Insiza constituency. Between 1953 and 1958 he served as prime minister.

As the struggles for independence in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland began to take shape, Sir Garfield lobbied the late Sir Harry Oppenheimer and other industrialists to fund Kenneth Kaunda's United National Independence Party and the Malawi Congress Party of Hastings Banda.

His support for the liberation movements, both in neighbouring countries and in Zimbabwe, earned him the undiluted wrath of his successors in government: Ian Smith never knew quite how to handle Sir Garfield and he was frequently incarcerated during the UDI era. While the bush war raged, Sir Garfield harboured guerrillas of Robert Mugabe's Zanla and Joshua Nkomo's Zipra.

"Though in danger of being killed, not only by the Rhodesian security forces, but in clashes between the two arch-rivals, I stuck my neck out until Zimbabwe became independent in 1980."

Sir Garfield recalls proudly in an interview at his plush Harare home. It is the very extent to which Sir Garfield stuck out his neck and the way in which he has embraced Africans and African ways that has endeared him to so many in Zimbabwe; that makes him one of the country's most enduringly popular public figures and that safeguards his sprawling ranch and personal fortune. The home Sir Garfield shares with Grace is a sprawling mansion even by "white" Zimbabwe standards, complete with swimming pool, electric gate and a treasure trove of decorations and knick-knacks that speak volumes of Sir Garfield's chequered political and business career. Looking every inch the venerable elder statesman in a smart gold-striped blue shirt, Sir Garfield walks purposefully outside to come and greet me. I'm enveloped in a bear hug, with the strength of a much younger man. There are now no visible signs of the serious burns to his hands which he suffered in a car accident some years ago. As we talk, Grace busies herself around the house, an equally dapper, 89 year old. Our conversation takes Sir Garfield back beyond even his Dadaya days; his eyes light up as we discuss various Christchurch landmarks, and his courting of Grace.

"She had been a close friend of my sister at a teacher's training college in Invercargill and it must have been love at first sight because I not only made a speedy proposal but quickly married her too."

"Then we came to Africa after I had been recruited by the church," he explains, adding with a chuckle that he overslept on the day of the interview and very nearly lost out on the chance to ever come to Africa."

"The rest is history because Grace and I have been together ever since, through thick and thin." Dadaya was the first school for black Rhodesians to extend teaching to Standard 8 and Sir Garfield enjoys reminiscing about the school's many famous alumni. They include various government ministers and the first Zanu president, Rev Ndabaningi Sithole.

Sir Garfield tells me he is particularly proud of one former student, Kingsley Dube, who became director of the UN Information Centre in Nairobi when such prestigious jobs were the almost exclusive preserve of Western intellectuals.

"Dadaya means so much more to me that I've even surrendered 600 acres from my nearby Hokonui ranch for the construction of the new wing," he declares. When rioting students burnt the school down, Sir Garfield petitioned wealthy contacts around the world to rebuild it. Black admirers of Sir Garfield talk of his devotion to the school.

They may also mention the night he spent stuck up a tree when a hungry lion attacked him while out hunting. One describes Sir Garfield as "a thoroughly Africanised white man who came to befriend and serve a benighted people in darkest Africa".

Their eulogising contrasts sharply with the opprobrium reserved for the whites who ruled Rhodesia after Sir Garfield's five-year administration ended in 1958. Under Sir Garfield's government Rhodesia's political fate remained uncertain, ultimately in the hands of the vascillating colonial overlords in Whitehall. Sir Garfield mentions the building of Lake Kariba and what is today the University of Zimbabwe as being among his major prime ministerial achievements.

Then, in 1965, Ian Smith announced UDI and, says Sir Garfield, consigned black Zimbabweans to being "down-trodden for another 1000 years without achieving social equality with whites".

Years before, as an MP, Sir Garfield would sometimes give the young Smith lifts when he found him hitch-hiking to parliament. Half a century later, however, Sir Garfield has nothing positive to say about his erstwhile political enemy. "I have absolutely no respect for Ian Smith," he insists, for the moment grim-faced. Sir Garfield holds Smith and his fellow government leaders responsible for the slaughter of Zimbabwe's freedom struggle. That slaughter touched him and his family directly. "Instead of going on scenic tours and looking at Zimbabwe's unique monuments, my family was treated to the stench of rotting bodies brought by the horror of a senseless confrontation which claimed thousands of lives." The carnage seemed to rage all around Sir Garfield's ranch. The security forces knew he was giving succour to their opponents and the former prime minister was frequently thrown in jail or held a virtual captive in his own house. In the eyes of Africans at home and abroad, Sir Garfield's fame grew in leaps and bounds.

In the early 1980's he met for the first time Mozambican President Samora Machel.

"Oh, so this is Sir Garfield," Machel exclaimed in his heavily Portuguese-accented English. "Please, bring a good photographer and take a picture of us," Machel said, "because I have kept this man in my heart for 15 years." For 15 years while races fought each other, tearing southern Africa apart and the South African government tightened its grip on power, Sir Garfield personified the hope that one day whites and blacks might be reconciled.

After Zimbabwe gained independence in 1980, Sir Garfield also came to be an example of how whites could prosper under black majority rule. Today daughter Judith runs his Hokonui Investments empire whose interests include the Daily News newspaper bombed last month, allegedly by pro-Mugabe sympathisers.

"Without doubt," the sprightly nonagenarian says, "I will die in Zimbabwe because this is the only home I

know. I will be buried at Hokonui, Graves for Grace and myself are already made and fenced."

Sir Garfield is determinedly retired - from both business and politics. He has handed over the Hokonui reins "lock, stock and barrel", he says, to the dynamic Judith.

Yet, as he fondly recalls the Dadaya days, he is clearly irked by the reluctance of one bit player from his amazing past, to follow him into gracious retirement: "Little did we know," he says, "that Robert Gabriel Mugabe would be a devil incarnate who wants to cling to power for ever and ever."

## February 2001. Attendance

NAME	MONTH %	YTD %	EXCUSED ATTENDANCE	
1. Andrew Jack	100	53	34. Katz Basil	0 0
2. Barbour Celia	75	87	35. Munyoro Nehemia	0 10
3. Bond Laurie	100	100	36. Sinclair Brian	0 10
4. Bond Maureen	100	100	37. Stipinovich Joe	100 65
5. Bonett Julie	100	100	38. Weeger Fr. Odilo	100 100
6. Chiponda Charles	100	100	39. Whitaker Gerry	0 3
7. Clark Ron	0	71		
8. Cooper Alan	100	55	CLUB AVERAGE SENT TO DG.	67.9%
9. De Souza Ali	100	100		
10. Dlamini J. C.	100	87	TOTAL MEMBERS	39
11. Downing Alan	100	65		
12. Dube Kingsley	100	77	NUMBER OF MEETINGS HELD	4
13. Geddes Gordon	100	100		
14. Ilic Jasmina	100	97		
15. Johnson Marina	75	58		
16. Lazarus Charles	100	77		
17. MacDonald Malcolm	0	32		
18. Maibvisira Edward	0	26		
19. Maksimovic Predrag	100	87		
20. Maphosa Norman	0	38		
21. Matatu Sipiwe	100	100		
22. Naik M.D.	100	100		
23. Ncube Nomsa	50	65		
24. Ndoro Cecil	100	55		
25. Peters Tony	0	39		
26. Pool Chris	100	100		
27. Rensburg Eric	75	91		
28. Ross Malcolm	50	42		
29. Scott Rev Noel	100	39		
30. Shoko Dennis	0	29		
31. Thomas Mark	25	21		
32. Vaghmaria Sash	100	100		
33. Williams Alban	50	61		