

**You know you're an ex-Zimbo/Rhodie if:**

You can still remember Sally Donaldson's voice.

You failed your driver's licence first time.

You saw "Grease" more than three times.

You still wear vellies without socks.

You miss the smell of rain on a hot, tar road.

You miss Christmas by the pool...

You horrify people by eating raw, dried meat.

You horrify other Zimbos by cooking boerewors "to death".

You coveted a Raleigh "chopper" bicycle.

You got a "Rebel" instead of a "chopper".

You still secretly think that day scholars were pampered mummies boys.

You took driving lessons in an Anne Hunter Anglia in Bulawayo.

You still own some Spingbok Hits LP's.

You still pee on the lawn at night.

You carved your name on a famous landmark in Zim.

You chatted up a farmer's daughter at a Country Club get-together - with one eye on her Dad.

You did wheelies on the Enterprise Road outside Gremlin's

You almost lost the family jewels on the rock slide at Mermaid's Pool

You spat from a window on the top floor at Monomotapa onto the pool deck and ducked your head in quick.

You can still sing "Ach pleeez Daddy".

You actually miss the housebrick we were assured WAS bread.

You played "Bezant" at midnight, full of Castle, and ended up in

a rockery. You whinged to the waiter at Caribbea Bay at the outrageous price of their beers during the Tigerfish Competition.

You injected Cane spirit into a pocket of oranges to beat the booze ban at the Rugby at the Police grounds.

You promised faithfully to meet the "gang" at precisely noon 10/15/20 years "from now" for a reunion, and haven't heard from them since.

You still refer to toilet paper as 'bog roll'.

You got a speeding ticket trying to make the border by 6 PM.

You sang rude or witty words instead of the originals to hymns in school assembly.

Your forearms and the areas between you lower thighs and mid calf are irredeemably burned brown by the sun.

You once owned an 8 track car tape player!!!

You still own a record player and can pull out the vinyls when need be!

You eat cuts of meat today that were ration meat in the old days.

You have given up looking for a good meat pie.  
You had a servant called sixpence.  
You miss the smell of red stoep polish.  
You bore or frighten your children with harrowing tales of your  
deprived upbringing in the days when TV started at 17H00 and kids were  
expected to ride push bikes to school...  
You have graduated to more sophisticated food than chicken in a  
basket at a restaurant!  
You still butter bread by holding the slice in your hand...

You wish you'd had the presence of mind to keep mum's morrie minor  
You ate supper in Vila da Manhica, the Vila Perry or Guido's on  
occasions.  
You can remember the beer adverts on the tin trays the hotel  
waiters used...  
You can remember thinking that Bengal Juice was OK.  
You still believe it's wrong to use bad language in mixed company  
You still think of traffic lights as robots  
You know the words to more than two ABBA songs  
You HATE washing your car and mowing your lawn. Ironing is still  
something other people do  
You didn't see "Are You Being Served" and other British comedies  
until 1980 You still find it hard to throw things away when they could be  
fixed  
You went to a school that taught real subjects like grammar and history  
You went to a school where instead of being "counselled" , unruly  
students were beaten - and it worked!  
You complained to your father that you were disciplined at  
school - only to find he thought it was a good idea.  
You used to call your parents' friends "Uncle" and "Aunty"  
You used to believe that in England and the USA they must be so  
much better at everything that we were - until you visited those countries  
and found they were inhabited by ordinary people who lived ordinary lives  
You have driven on a strip road  
You long for that soft morning glow that brightens the  
Mashonaland sky between 6am and 8am.

Really miss a great, fantastic, bed rattling, window shaking,  
earth tremoring, all-kids-and- animals-in- the-parents' -bed tropical  
storm.

You parked your car in a car park and couldn't find it again,  
because it was a blue Renault 4.  
You shot every snake you saw even though you knew they were  
essential to the balance of nature.  
Someone stole your car and returned it the next day, because it

was a Renault 4 and they felt sorry for you (hell they were too embarrassed to be seen driving it)!  
You remember watching the brown grass turn green after a day's rain.  
Arguing that Castle was for men Lion was for kids, and pommies

You put green stripes on your R4 so that you could find it in that car park!!!  
You found a hundred R4s with green stripes on them!!  
You still wonder what this thing polystyrene is, you know of caylite.  
You still refer to Koki pens as Neon's.  
Muuush is still common in your vocabulary, as is 'lekker'.  
You still have Wrex Tarr's "Chilapalapa" LP's and know the words to "Cockie Lobbin".  
You hear crickets in July and remember the December Christmas beetles.  
You know or still write to someone from PE, Saints, Churcill, Ellis Robins Chaplin, Plummers, Guinea Fowl or Gwebi Agricultural College.  
You drank Tanganda Tips tea or Preema Coffee (or day break).  
You shopped at Truworth's, Edgar's, Meikle's or Kingston's.  
You had an avocado, mango, guava and pawpaw tree in your garden.  
You played in a sand pit and on a jungle gym.  
You thought bilharzia was an incurable disease but still swam in the rivers,dams anyway.  
You remember jacaranda trees in full bloom on Selous Ave.  
You remember when a Coke or ice-lolly cost a tickie.  
You miss the taste of bream fried on the side of the dam five minutes after you caught it.  
You have at least one ivory, soapstone or wooden carving.  
You still remember the taste of gemsquash and melted butter, mealies and Mazoe Orange Juice.  
You think there is no green surpassing that of the Sandowana emeralds.  
You still expect to see a chongololo after an afternoon rain and a few flying ants.  
You still beleive your A-levels were harder than most first-year University courses today.  
You still refer to an expert as a "fundi".  
You still say "braai" instead of "barbecue" or "kopje" instead of "hill".

The following names mean something to you: "Sandro's", "Arkies", "Club Tomorrow"  
You collected coke cans on your trips to South Africa 'cos they

were so cool.

You still can't get your head around the idea of throwing away a glass coke or beer bottle, instead of taking it back for the deposit. You remember the days when you got ½ c change from your bus-fare, and used it to buy sweets at the tuck shop.

You've ever sat at Castle Corner in the cricket grounds - and can't remember who won the cricket match.

You bought a Zimbabwe Cricket Union T-shirt from a girl vending them around the cricket grounds - and tried to get her to sell you the one she was wearing.

You were there when the 'chicken farmer' beat England.

You think the "all Blacks" are the Zimbabwe Tennis Team.

You were a member of Hellenics / Callies / Raylton / Alex / Postals.

You've ever been boating on Lake Mac - before the hyacinth.

You've ever driven up to Montclair for an evening's gambling and been back at work the next day.

You still think the most haunting sound in the world is the cry of the fish eagle.

You've never carried your own golf clubs, and think that golf carts are a sign of weakness.

You've spent an hour looking for a lost golf ball at the 'police' course - on the fairway!

You thought that an evening at Reps was the height of culture.

You still call a Mongolian restaurant a 'Manchurian' .

Good beer comes in brown bottles.

You know at least one person who has 'streaked' at the Harare Cricket Grounds.

You remember sitting for hours in petrol queues - and not getting any.

You ever got fifteen people into a VW Kombi - long enough to get past the gates at the 'drive-in'.

You made out in the back of a car at the 'Nitestar' or the Mabelreign Drive-in.

You thought the Borrowdale Road was a motorway.

You remember with nostalgia the days when the Zim Dollar was trading at eleven to one against the greenback.

## Cockie Lobin

Zonke nyoni lapa moya ena kala ene kala,  
Ene zwile ena file lo nyoni Cockie Lobin,  
Ena zwili ena file ena zwili ena fili Cockie Lobin

Kubani ena blalile cocky lobin,  
Mena kluma lo fly,  
Na lo piccanini astromomical microscope,  
Mena blalile cocky lobin.

Kubani ena blalile cocky lobin,  
Mena klumu lo sparrow,  
Na lo picannini intercontinental ballistic missile  
Mena blalile cocky lobin.

Kubani ena digga lo grave,  
Mena klumu lo owl,  
Na lo earth moving equipment kamina,  
Mena digga lo grave.

Kubani ena klumu lo prayers,  
Mena klumu lo vulture,  
Ndaba mena kona maningi culture,  
Mena klumu lo prayers.

**"6:30 Get up up up up up..."** This was the wake up call of a rotund fun loving clown by the name of Leslie Sullivan who was the morning man on Radio Rhodesia. Leslie, I am told was quite a night owl and would show up about 45 minutes before Radio Rhodesia went on the air and had a "Power Sleep" waking just in time to get the morning radio show kicked off.

At about 5 minutes to 6 in the morning the day began on the air for Radio Rhodesia. It started with "A thought for the day", an inspirational message to help face the day. At 6AM the morning call would go out announcing Radio Rhodesia, telling about what meter band and wave length the RBC could be picked up on.

When I think of this some how the aroma of toast being made, Jungle Oats and bleary eyes come to mind.

Between 6AM and 6:30 a short recap of the news and weather forecast for the day were given, some music played and then VIOLA! It was time for Leslie to perform his magic and get the children out of bed with his "Get up up up" routine. He usually followed with a kiddie song like "Teddy Bears picnic or "Pink Toothbrush" but the greatest was when once a year he would play a short piece each morning from a story about a fat Chinese boy who fell down a well but because of his long name lost potential rescuers when he would call out for help and tell his name that being Nicky Nicky Tembo etc etc. Leslie was always so much fun to wake up to in the morning, it

almost notice I said almost took the sting out of having to get ready to go to work or school. His audience comprised of both parents and children.

At a recent Rhodesian Reunion two dear Rhodesian reminisced with me about Leslie showing that he is still remembered.

Later in the morning it was time for another sorcerer to perform his radio magic in the form of a kindly chap by the name of Don Burdette. Don had a hospital request show with "Silver Lining" as his theme music. Don showed tremendous empathy for the ailing whether it was a "new mum" at the Lady Chancellor hospital for pregnant woman giving birth, to a malaria case in Salisbury Central hospital, maybe Umtali General, The Mater Dei in Bulawayo or Greenwood Park hospital or even some one recuperating at home. Don always saved a special segment for his "Little Horrors", the sick children who were in hospital. Usually he would play Alvin and the Chipmunks, it always perked a person up listening to his kindly voice admonishing you to cheer up and get better soon.

Around Noon shortly after the "Daily Service", (a religious piece presented by the Right Reverend So and So, vicar of the Archdiocese of Mashonaland or Matabeleland etc) a wonderful woman by the name of Beryl Salt would exhort children to "Bring a cushion or a chair right up to the radio" at which time she would read a story with the most amazing professionalism, never mispronouncing a word, stuttering or losing a beat, sad to say Beryl passed away last year! I will never forget her for she made my childhood so much more enjoyable with her lovely voice.

Around 2PM there was usually a short news update following which a "Serial" as they were called came on. It was usually a radio theatre presentation of a book and sooo very well done. These programs brought something to look forward to and were seldom missed, if they were usually it was matter for discussion with the neighbour at afternoon tea. Telephone calls cost threepence or a "tickey" (word used for the Threepence coin) each call so most people never used the phone to check on their "Serials" as women do in America but chatted about them at tea.

Radio really had an impact on our lives as Television did not come on until 6PM and that was only in the larger cities until later years as technology became better. It was the great spirit in a small box that penetrated our soul and mind and left that indelible image there. It forced your imagination to take you places your eye could not see, truly wonderful!

Monday nights there was a great show on entitled "The Missing Persons Bureau" about an agency that traced down folks who had disappeared. Henry Simon, was the director of the bureau.

During the rest of the week several radio drama shows were done usually by some great entertainers like Ken Marshall and his beautiful wife Claire. These folk along with other celebrities not only did wonderful radio dramas but often performed in plays at the well known Repts theatre in Salisbury.

There were many fine voices on the air, one was Gerry Wilmot who left Radio Rhodesia to work

for Lourenco Marques radio, I think that was about 1961 or 1962.

My favourite day was Saturday for all the great hit music generally got played.

A chap by the name of Ian Warren had a show at 9AM playing new songs that were potential hits.

Everyone's favourite was none other than Lyons Maid (an ice cream company sponsor) hits of the week. The show was done by Martin Locke a young chap who not only had a great radio voice but held quite an appeal to the young ladies.

Each week there was a jackpot and if the top ten hits of the week were predicted correctly the winner would win the amount or if he or she got the top three correct free ice cream was in the works! How we lived for this show! Martin left the Rhodesian airwaves for a while and Keith Kennedy took over the show. Both gentlemen were excellent at their craft and the show was tremendously successful.

Another great at Radio Rhodesia was a chap that I thought never got enough credit for his excellence and that was Malcom Russell.

Malcom had a show called "New Tracks" and it was the last biggie for we young folk on a Saturday morning. The show's theme song was "I Will Follow Him" and was just super.

Saturday afternoon at 2PM, a radio game show, "The Eyegene Jackpot", was presented and it was quite enjoyable.

A game show program presented by Mervin Hamilton and Vic Matheson that featured housewives pushing a shopping cart around Meikles (a large chain of stores in Rhodesia) gathering groceries without duplicating items in an allotted time, brought excitement to the listeners. It was always quite a rush to listen to especially when a very dear friend of ours not only participated but won more than anyone ever had on the show.

My favourite was "Forces Requests" with Sally Donaldson at 6PM. Sally was a beautiful young woman with a voice to match. She played all the forces favourites and with the escalating terrorist bush war she became very popular as young men went off to defend their country. Dusk was usually falling as we would listen with the lights turned out in our living room with only the lights of (my mother's pride and joy) our Philips Radiogram. It was so peaceful thanks to our security forces.

Sadly Sally passed away last year but her wonderful personality, charm and looks will never be forgotten.

There were several distinguished voices like that of John Bishop and Peter Tobin that graced our airwaves.

As the years passed small stations were set up in the provinces that covered local issues for

about 2 or 3 hours on Friday nights.

I wish that there was more I could pass on but it is 3AM and I am exhausted as I write this but have a smile on my face thinking of all the fond memories of a wonderful Radio station. My times for the programming maybe slightly off and will gladly stand corrected on any of this. Bear in mind all of this happened so long ago and in a land faraway!

Thanks to all of these dear people, some still with us, others not but everyone is fondly remembered and never forgotten.

For Radio Rhodesia past and hopefully for Radio Rhodesia in Exile in the future this is Phil Morris bidding you a good night and God bless.

**join today [www.Rhodesiansworld wide.com](http://www.Rhodesiansworldwide.com) [www.Zimbabweanswide world.com](http://www.Zimbabweanswide world.com)**

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### **The Memories**

#### **REMEMBER**

**The country we knew is finished  
And how we all regret  
The loss of our land by the flick of a hand  
For the new route now is set.**

**We had our share of the fighting  
There were many we knew who died  
But our troops had fame and they knew the name  
Would be carried on with pride.**

**We never lost sight of our reason  
There was always the courage and will  
To live day by day, keeping terrorists at bay  
On the river, the plain and the hill.  
But we knew we couldn't continue.  
Suspected the end must be near.  
We wondered and guessed, talked with much jest**

**But the voices were all tinged with fear.**

**The men were called up for elections.  
They came in, young and old.  
The results came out and beyond all doubt  
We knew we had been sold.**

**In the end, the death of an era.  
The new way had made it's start.  
They can change the names, play political games  
But RHODESIA lives on in the heart.**