“Whatever you vividly imagine, ardently desire, sincerely believe, and enthusiastically act upon, must inevitably come to pass” ~ Paul J. Meyer
My Life So Far

by

Robin J. Elliott

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This Book is Presented to


In Grateful Recognition of


With Compliments


Date.........
“As a man thinketh, so is he”
Dedication

This book is dedicated to Sacha Elliott Joubert my beautiful, courageous, unstoppable, loving Daughter, of whom I am exceedingly proud, and to whom I am ever grateful.
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INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll.
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley
Introduction

I'm 57. This is about my life up to now. The best is yet to come. I'm not really a “writer” – I never had training, and I make lots of grammatical mistakes. Clive James began a review of a Leonid Brezhnev memoir this way: “Here is a book so dull that a whirling dervish could read himself to sleep with it.... If it were read in the open air, birds would fall stunned from the sky.” While I wanted to write about my life (my wife always tells me that people love stories to illustrate a point, and I have lots of stories), I didn't want to write a boring, self-aggrandizing thing.

I have written thirteen little books* so far (this is the fourteenth and longest) – all short, self-published and full of mistakes, but they have helped a lot of people. One of them, “Joint Adventures” was translated into five languages and downloaded from DollarMakers.com by 26,141 people at the time of writing. How did I pay for the printing? I sold some in advance to cover the costs. How did I pay for the translations? I got the downloads linked to the replicator websites of the translators and paid them commissions on any other sales from those websites. No fees paid except for resulting sales. How did I pay for the covers and artwork and, most importantly, editing? I mentioned the designers and editors in the book. And THAT is what this book is about: to show you how I have used Joint Ventures all my adult life. Also, to produce a record of my life up to the age of 57 in 2010, should my kids or grandchildren ever be interested.

In my usual, politically-incorrect, tactless, direct way, I will do my best to make this book interesting and helpful. More of my writings and up-to-date info can be found on my Blog, www.RobinJElliott.com, Twitter (theDollarMaker), and Facebook, and more websites will be mentioned at the end of this book. I don't believe one has to be a good writer to send a helpful message, so focus on the message, not the grammatical mistakes.

Please note that times, dates, names, amounts, and specific details could be wrong – I'm 57 years old and I have forgotten a lot of stuff in my busy life. I'll do my best to honor the timeline and specifics, but I will make a few mistakes. 99% will be correct, though. I have omitted some information that could harm people or hurt them. Read between the lines if you wish.

I hope you enjoy this book, but most of all I hope you learn something valuable and understand how you can use Joint Ventures to create wealth, and in turn show others how to do it.

Robin J. Elliott Vancouver, 2010

“Your life will be the same five years from now as it is today, except for the books you read and the people you meet” – Charlie Tremendous Jones
MY OTHER BOOKS:

• Muscle, Mind, and Motivation, co-authored with Lionel Kearns, Mr. South Africa Bodybuilding Champion. (Out of print)
• How to Kill Elvis Presley (Overcoming Your Conditioning) (Out of print)
• Black Pride (Out of print)
• The Marketing Wizard (Out of print)
• The Sales Wizard (Out of print)
• How to Start Your Own Business with No Money and No Risk (Out of print)
• Joint Adventures
• Life is a Joint Venture (Compilation of articles I wrote)
• Break Free
• How to Retire in One Year
• How to Double Your Business Profits in 97 Days
• Billy's Big Bank Balance (For kids)
• How Your Philosophy Determines Your Financial Status

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The worth of a book is to be measured by what you can carry away from it. ~James Bryce
Chapter One
Born in East London, South Africa

My dad was an English speaking, South African war hero. He is also my hero, as a wonderful father. He volunteered for the South African Air Force at a tender age at the beginning of WW2 and was trained as an air gunner and radio operator. The average life of an air gunner, which is what he did, is three minutes. Dad went on a total of 83 raids in Baltimores and Marauders over Italy and Yugoslavia. He comes from good English stock (I'm a direct descendent of Robert the Bruce of Scotland), so it was natural to fight for England.

My grandfather (dad's dad) managed cattle farms in the Cape Province of South Africa for English royalty, so dad and his three brothers grew up learning the best table manners, which he kindly passed on to me and my two sisters. My wife, Rika, jokingly says I eat like a girl. I grew up very positively inclined to the military and I still am. I have great respect for Germans and could speak fluent German at one time, but I still have to stop myself from imagining them in helmets, and in England, I'm constantly relating to the place in terms of WW2.

My mother grew up in abject poverty in a South African Afrikaans family – a completely different background and culture to my dad's, and she met him in Pretoria when she was working in a bank. They married when dad was 30 and mom was 24. They had money problems from the time they married. My mother was a wonderful mother to me.

I am always amazed at how powerful our upbringing and conditioning is in terms of establishing certain expectations, beliefs, perspectives, lenses, and biases. It's good to be aware of how we interpret our reality, what lenses we look through, and why. Read “Outliers” by Malcolm Gladwell.

I was born in the very English seaside town of East London, South Africa, in 1953. My earliest memories are of living in an apartment, the beach with big beach umbrellas and ice cream in little paper cups, deck chairs, and sandcastles. (In 2008, when I presented seminars in Worthing, Sussex, in England, the town reminded me very much of East London – it was amazing.) I remember the big boys played “pennetjie” – a game in which they would throw their penknives into the ground at each others' feet, and each time one had to move your feet further apart to where the knife stuck in the ground. When your legs were too far apart, you would fall over. The first one to fall over lost the game. My mom couldn't afford to
buy me a knife, so I showed up with a knife from the dining room table and couldn't throw it, but they were kind and didn't tease me.

I've seen a lot of business owners stretch themselves to a point where they fall over – they can't survive any longer, and they lose their businesses. It nearly happened to me, and I swore I would never get myself into a negative cash flow situation again.

I was hospitalized for the removal of my tonsils and adenoids, and I remember my family visiting me in the hospital. Mom used to read my Noddy books, and when older, “Just William” books, which I loved.

My eldest sister, Wendy, was born a year after I was. When it was time for me to start school, my parents left East London and moved upcountry to Pretoria in the Transvaal, near Johannesburg. We rented a nice house. Dad was working in the civil service, but he was blocked from promotion by his Afrikaans bosses because he was English speaking. During the war, many of the Afrikaners were pro German, and feelings still ran high. We had an Afrikaans government at that time, too. So dad decided to become a teacher. He worked all day in his civil service job, went to teachers training college at night, and worked as a waiter at a roadhouse after that. He had little sleep. He was never afraid of hard work. Mom stayed home and looked after us kids.

Wendy's first doll, Gail, had red hair!

I inherited my work ethic from dad. As I write, he is 87 and I am 57. He's still as sharp as a tack, a real intellectual, very clever, a cultured man, a snappy dresser, an avid reader with a wide array of interests, a very flexible thinker, and able to do deals and solve problems. His only weakness was making and keeping money.

I had a wonderful, happy, exciting childhood, in spite of the fact that we were poor and mom and dad always had marital problems. I knew my parents loved me and they were great parents to me. And they always told me, “You have the brains and ability to accomplish anything you want to.”

My real memories begin from when I started in Grade One at Sunnyside School. It was the beginning of an adventurous and exciting life, which I look forward to sharing with you.
"Till at last the child's mind is these suggestions, and the sum of the suggestions is the child's mind. And not the child's mind only. The adult's mind too - all his life long. The mind that judges and desires and decides - made up of these suggestions. But all these suggestions are our suggestions... Suggestions from the State."
- Aldous Huxley, Brave New World, Ch. 2

Chapter Two
Grade One – Pretoria

I loved the house we lived in. Across the road was a park, where mom and dad would fly kites with us, which dad made. I enjoyed school, except for the fact that when I laughed too much at my classmates, I would wet my pants on occasion. I got on well with the other kids, and learning has never been a challenge for me. My second sister, Gwyneth, was born. She's six years younger than I am. We would sit at the table which was properly laid, with candles and attention to proper table manners. I was shocked when I saw North Americans eat for the first time. Many of them eat like pigs, chewing with their mouths open, stuffing their mouths, talking with their mouths full, handling their utensils like garden tools, leaning across each other – my dad would have had a fit to see that. But then he always said to me, “You can't make a silk purse from a sow's ear, Boykie.”

Dad built a ramp in the back yard and I would race down the ramp in my red pedal car with newspapers blazing on fire in the front of it, tip the car over at the bottom, and lie on the ground singing the song, “Tell Laura I love her, tell Laura I need her, tell Laura she mustn't cry – my love for her will never die” as Wendy posed, Laura and mom and dad applauded the show. They were always there for me, always applauding – I was very fortunate to have the parents I did. When entrepreneurs give their leaders and managers place to explore and expand their individual talents and skills and innovate, everyone wins. Together, we can do amazing things. Creativity and imagination is essential in business, so don't stifle your team.

We loved making a fake snake out of a sock filled with sand, and drawing it across the sidewalk with fishing line or cotton in front of an unsuspecting passer-by. Dad was a practical joker. Wendy had a Wendy House in the garden, and Dad procured (at no cost, using his old Air Force connections) two huge aircraft fuel drop tanks, which he intended to use to build a catamaran, but he never had enough money to make it happen. Big dreams, no cash. Had he teamed up with a money-savvy entrepreneur, he would have been a millionaire long ago. He built me a play
airplane from an old hot water geyser, and I would sit in it wearing his old flying
helmet and goggles from an army surplus store – our favorite place to hang out.

First, mom and dad had bicycles, and the whole family would travel on the
two bicycles. Then dad got an autocycle for him and mom to get around on. Then
one bright and glorious day, we got our first car – a shiny, black old Citroen,
complete with running boards, and we thought we were the richest people in the
world. Isn't everything relative? It's good to compare yourself with what you have
today, as opposed to what you had before. You can't really compare yourself with
others.

Dad then got the Air Force to GIVE him a used Link Trainer – a real,
working flight simulator. I don't know how he sold them on that, but he had to
remove the windows in the one room of our rented house on Walker Street to get
the thing in. I was in Grade Two by that time, and I charged my teacher sixpence (a
nickle) to have a ride in the trainer. I could fly it. That was my first earned income –
I was still six, since I started school at five. My birthday is February 4th, 1953. I loved
“flying” that link trainer.

I got my first bicycle for Christmas. It was shiny and black, but it was a girl's
bike. I was told it was “the latest American style, not a girl's bike” and dad taught me
how to ride it by pushing me down the passage in the house. I loved it. Wendy got a
red tricycle.

Before long, we moved to another house in another suburb, which I loved.
I had my own room for the first time, and we had lots of fun. It was near my
cousin's house, which was an old railroad house built with wood and iron, and they
were rich compared to us. They even had breakfast cereal – it was a great treat to
sleep over there to get breakfast cereal, which I had never tasted before. One day,
my cousins, Mark and David, found a dead tramp on a bench in a park.

Once again, I was hospitalized for the removal of my tonsils, which had
evidently “grown again.”

My cousins and I – Mark was my age and David was younger – enjoyed
throwing stones at lizards and killing them. But Mark was cruel – he would stick a
pin in a frog's head and watch it suffer. In high school he started smoking, then
smoked pot, then he took LSD. He ended up a bum. David was murdered when he
was an adult. Anyone who thinks pot is a harmless drug is an idiot. I have seen how
the deterioration sets in when it becomes a habit. Habits always lead to consequences.

I changed schools to Hatfield School, and immediately fell in love with a little American girl in my class, Sherry Rittenhouse. Mom and dad took in a boarder to help pay the rent, but he was even poorer than we were. He lived on oranges and couldn't afford his rent. They felt too sorry for him to evict him, so they fed him, too. I always remember him when I smell rotting oranges.

At some point, my mom tells me, I was late walking home from Sunday school, and they found me in the church, arguing with the minster. I have never unquestioningly accepted what “authorities” tell me.

Money was very tight, and my mom's cousin, a famous wrestler by the name of Manie Maritz, was the manager of the Silverton Hotel. He invited us to live there for free with all our meals included (it was a residential hotel at that time) until we could get on our feet. I didn't know any of the money details – I just enjoyed the moving and the stimulating adventures. We moved, and I changed to Brooklyn School. The hotel was a series of small, interconnected chalets, with huge grounds, a vast swimming pool, a forest and a river at the bottom of the grounds, and a dance hall and dining room.

Dad would take me on long walks in the “forest” and he bought me a Daisy air gun. I was only allowed to shoot birds if I agreed to clean, cook, and eat them. No frogs or crabs. So I would shoot birds and make a fire, clean, cook, and eat them. Delicious! Dad bred and sold Keeshond dogs to make extra money, and my dog I named Hunter. I spent a lot of time alone and enjoyed it. I played with my small plastic navy ships in the fishpond, and my favorite game was leading my imaginary army to defend my island – the fountain structure in the middle of the children's empty swimming pool. I have never been lonely when I was alone.

Wendy and I went to school on a school bus – another adventure. We would watch the adults enjoying their dances on weekends, and I loved living there.

Manie's daughter, who was a lot older than me, persuaded me that it was a good idea to strip naked together behind the swimming pool building, and I got an erection – I didn't know why. She suggested I insert myself in her, but I was afraid I would get stuck, so I declined.
By this time, we owned a light blue Volkswagen camper, and we enjoyed that van. I vaguely remember also living at two additional places during this time. One was a boarding house near a park, and at the other, a house, Wendy and I kept white rats as pets there. We always had pets – dogs, cats, budgies, rats, a rabbit, silkworms...

My mental picture of Wendy as a child was with her long, brown plaits and bangs, always kind and friendly and helpful. Whenever I see a Wendy's Fast Food “Restaurant” I think of her.

One day in 1962, dad had an important announcement to make – we were going to live on “the Farm!” Dad's three brothers were all “rich” and one had sold his farm to the roads department so they could build a freeway through the land. Although it was no longer a working farm, Dad's brother Rupert had built a brand new house about a mile away (next door) and we were invited to go and live rent free in the farm. A great adventure was about to begin. I was nearly nine years old.

When I was older, mom told me we had moved eighteen times by the time I was seventeen. Not boring!

"I am no longer cursed by poverty because I took possession of my own mind, and that mind has yielded me every material thing I want, and much more than I need. But this power of mind is a universal one, available to the humblest person as it is to the greatest."

~ Andrew Carnegie
Chapter Three
1962 – The Farm

The Farm on the Boksburg/Benoni border was amazing. The spacious old house included a large kitchen, my own room, sitting room, two more bedrooms, a dining room, a bathroom, a stove in the back to heat the water, an outside toilet (long drop), a large stoop, massive grounds with a large lawn out front, an orchard of bearing fruit trees, a grove of tall pine trees, and a huge “Games Room” that was once a chicken hatchery, plus an old Model T Ford under a carport, and an open garage with a pit to park a car over. Dad taught at Germiston Boys High School, and mom stayed home with us kids. Wendy and I attended the small farm school Wit Deep, to which we traveled by school bus.

We had an old, unused dam, a windmill that didn't work, and a water tower. At the back door, surrounded by a four foot high, round, red metal guard and with an open trapdoor on top, was a “sinkhole” about twelve feet in diameter – there was evidently once a huge palm tree there which one morning ten years before had simply disappeared into the ground. Sinkholes were the result of collapsing underground mine shafts and tunnels – lots of gold mining took place there. We used the sinkhole as a garbage disposal – very convenient – it had happily consumed ten years of garbage so far. Some people in life are like that sinkhole – you can throw money and care and help and advice at them for years, but it disappears into a black hole – they're bottomless baskets, and they'll never change. Some businesses have black hole advertising campaigns too – they never measure the results of their advertising or the return on investment.

We had loads of fun on the farm – I would spend whole days “hunting” with my new Gecado air rifle – shooting doves, cleaning and cooking them over a fire and eating them, riding for mile upon mile along the red sandy dirt roads on my bike, and climbing trees. Dad showed us kids how to run inside an old water tank, so that it rolled through the fields of blackjacks. (Weeds with black seeds that stick onto clothes and socks like Velcro). He used to make us “Fireballs” - a long piece of wire with rags soaked in gasoline wired onto the end. He would light the rags, whirl it around his head, and send it flying, so that it rolled far down the dried grass of the front lawn in winter, leaving long black strips of burning grass in its wake.

Dad built me a soapbox cart and the dogs, Hunter and Puppy, pulled me around the house at great speed. Felt like a chariot, a la Spartacus! He also made me a small covered wagon to play with – the wheels consisted of shoe polish tins. The puddles on the dirt roads when it rained were miniature oceans on which to sail.
sticks. Our neighboring farm was a dairy farm owned by “rich people” – the father was a pilot with South African Airways, and Wendy and I befriended their redhead son and daughter. We formed a “club” – just the four of us – and our clubhouse was the pit in the garage that was used for working under cars years ago. Of course it was covered in old oil, and we lighted candles so we could see! It's a wonder we were never incinerated.

One day, dad and I decided to burn a field of blackjacks adjacent to the pine trees. Before long, the fire got out of control, and was headed for the dairy farm. It caught onto their row of splendid bluegum trees, which blazed like fiery torches in the dusk, and headed for the cowshed. Fire engines screamed and the pilot, Mr. Leathers, never forgave dad for nearly killing his cattle. Dad was always full of fun, tricks, and adventures. One day he showed me how to fix the hosepipe in the outhouse so that it pointed upward from inside the long drop, pointing directly at the rear end of anyone using the toilet. When mom next went to the outhouse, we turned on the tap and she was blasted with an icy stream of water. She wasn't impressed! We also “rocked” the outhouse with stones against the corrugated iron sides when guests used it. Very loud when one is inside.

We played soldiers with our friends, hurling sand clods at each other from garden to garden. We wore helmets and shields we had made. I have always seen myself as a warrior. And I have always believed we live right on the edge of a precipice – at any time, life as we know it can change drastically and fast. Many people have experienced this, and they know it's wise to be prepared.

I have always carried a handkerchief – I don't like the way people sniff instead of blowing their noses properly. Even old Larry King of CNN (Communist News Network) sniffed on TV. Disgusting sound. My wonderful wife, Rika, jokingly calls my hanky – my “security blanket” but I spend my time lending it to her and my grandsons, so I guess they are secure in the knowledge that Robin / Grandpa always has a handkerchief available. Anyway, one day I went walking around the dam, which wasn't allowed after dark, and I dropped my handkerchief. Mom found the handkerchief the next day, and asked if I was at the dam. I lied that I wasn't, and she was furious. I remember her telling me, “I can put up with anything except liars.”

We were financially poor, but rich in other ways: health, love, fun, learning, adventure... When the dogs killed the chickens, we didn't bury them – we ate them. Our black servant showed us how to eat marog – a type of spinach that black people eat, and she would harvest and cook it for us to eat with grits (mealie meal). We were poor, but I never missed a meal or went hungry. Dad always provided for
us and mom was careful with the money. To make extra money, dad would cut branches off the pine trees and Wendy and I would sell them as Christmas Trees along the side of the highway. We also picked and sold fruit and nuts that grew on the farm – apples, peaches, apricots, nuts, and plums, which were delicious.

One day, Wendy and I discovered a witchdoctor's bag of dirty tricks and bones in a field. We started unpacking it and looking at its weird contents, and suddenly we heard a shout and the witchdoctor himself was running towards us. We ran away and got quite a fright.

The farm school was great. We used old dipping pens and inkwells, and it was a small school, so we enjoyed it. I still love the smell of ink and chalk. My dad taught me to drive the VW bus along the farm road when I was nine.

One morning, we woke up and saw that it had snowed. This was the first time we had ever seen snow – what excitement! Long icicles hung off the water tower, and it looked like a winter wonderland. At school, a bully called me over and sucker punched me in the nose. I chased after him and threw a snow ball at him – my first snowball. I realized early in my life that I was not afraid of people. I have never had any fear of another person. That is sometimes not a good thing, but it has helped me immeasurably in my life.

That afternoon, we went to visit mom in the hospital – she was having a hysterectomy – and we could all share the beautiful sight of snow from her hospital window.

We had a very tall, very strong Zulu who used to live on the land and cut wood for the fire. He must have been nearly seven feet tall. His name was Gibson, and dad and Uncle Doug, who lived next door, each paid half of Gibson's salary. Gibson used to BBQ chicken feet over an open fire (he called them “runners”) and generously shared them with me. I always got along very well with black people. One morning, dad and Uncle Doug found Gibson drunk and smoking pot at his house. Uncle Doug swore at him, and Gibson grabbed an iron bar and attacked them. They ran towards our house, and dad shouted for mom to take me and Wendy and Gwynnie to the other farm house, away from the danger. I refused to leave my dad, so they ran away without me to call the police. I stood on the kitchen table so I could see dad and Uncle Doug out of the window. Gibson was laying into Uncle Doug with a heavy steel rod. I passed dad my air gun / pellet gun through the window, but Gibson just laughed at it. Then uncle Doug was knocking on the locked back door – he was covered in blood, both his arms smashed, his wrists and
hands and fingers broken, his head battered, his collar bone broken, ribs broken, flesh ripped open. I had him sit on the side of the bath and wiped some of the blood off him with a washcloth, but he just bled more. I locked the door again and ran back to see what was happening to dad, and I passed him a spear that was hanging on my bedroom wall. That spear saved his life, because he used it to block and parry the blows from Gibson until the police finally arrive. Dad survived with a small scratch on his nose, but Uncle Doug spent a long time recovering in hospital.

Keeping your head when everyone else is losing theirs is a great asset in life!

Dad decided it was time to return to East London, since his parents were aging fast. A large container (“pakwa”) was delivered at our back door to pack our worldly belongings to be sent by train, and we sped off in the VW bus for East London. Mom was absolutely against the idea of moving to East London. A new adventure had begun! Never a dull moment in my life.

“As the great ocean has only one taste, the taste of salt, so my doctrine has only one flavor, the flavor of emancipation.” – The Buddha

E-mail me for a list of the latest recommended JV / income – producing opportunities: Include your name, telephone number, and where you live, and a bit about yourself, and I'll hook you up. Put “JV Opportunities” in your e-mail Subject Line. robin@dollar-makers.com
Chapter Four

We moved into nice a house on Dersley Street in the suburb if Stirling, East London. The first night there, I experienced an asthma attack for the first time in my life. I battled to breathe, and I thought I was going to die. For the next three years, until we left East London, I suffered from asthma. I couldn't run without an attack, I developed “pollops” in my nose and couldn't breathe through my nose for those three years, and I often went for weekly injections for the asthma. In spite of that, I had a great time.

We attended Stirling Primary School at which dad was now a teacher. I was in grade five (Standard Three). Going to the beach was a treat. Dad made us sand surfing boards which we waxed with old candles and used to slide down the magnificent, white sand dunes. I rode my bike all over. We would visit Bat's Cave, and an “Uncle” Tommy, an old family friend, managed a canoe business on the Nahoon River, so we got to ride for free on many occasions. Dad would take us along the beach where we would find pieces of shipwreck and old, rusted chains, shells, and the like. He built me a tree house, and I made lots of new friends.

Because my dad was a teacher at the school and didn't want people to think I was getting preferential treatment, I was punished more severely than most other kids when I deserved it, my dad caning me in front of the classroom. It's a pity corporal punishment was stopped, because it worked. One boy, Derick Grant, decided to bully me, because he knew I didn't want to cause trouble at school since my dad was a teacher there. I told my mom, and she showed me how to grab him by his lapels, jerk him towards me, and punch him hard in the nose. She promised me one Rand (the equivalent of a Dollar) if I did it the next time he bullied me. Being unafraid and very eager to earn the rand, I followed her advice, and punched Derick as hard as I could. The fight was broken up by a prefect, and Derick and I became best friends. I got the Rand and bought comics with it.

Confronting bullies and those who think they can intimidate you is good – stand up for yourself, or you'll suffer from passive aggression and end up writing nasty, anonymous letters to the newspaper and pinching defenseless babies. Being politically correct is a sign of weakness, fear, and dishonesty.

I was now ten years old. Mom and dad signed me up for horse riding classes, which I loved dearly, even when my horse, Treasure, bit me. (She later died –
perhaps from the bite...) I wore riding boots and jodhpurs, and loved our Sunday morning outride’s, where we once saw a likewaan (a giant lizard like a small alligator), but I knew mom and dad couldn't afford the classes, so I reluctantly quit. They then signed me up for piano lessons. I learned “Home on the Range” and played in a school concert, then quit for the same reason – mom and dad really couldn't afford it.

Many years before, Dad had started the first Gliding Club (soaring) in East London, using A Frames that they built themselves, and he arranged for me to have a flip in a glider and in a biplane, which did a loop and a roll with me. I was fantastic. He also arranged a flip in a Dakota. We often went to air shows, too. As a child, my dad and the farm workers would point at any airplane – the cry would go out, “Aeroplane!” As a result, he always pointed out any passing airplane to us. And to this day, Rika and I point out airplanes to each other.

We moved to another house on Krohn Street in Cambridge. It was a pink house. Although mom hated living in East London and in spite of my asthma and pollops, I loved it and had lots of fun. The father of my friend who lived across the road was an airline pilot, and he bought my friend a little movie projector that we used to watch animated movies in the dark under the bed. I started a “band” with two other friends who played the guitar. I couldn't afford drums, only a cake tin with a rag in it and drumsticks, and we played songs and enjoyed it. One friend, Duncan, had an older sister with Down Syndrome, Patty. Many years later, my grandson, Joseph, was to be born here in Canada with Down Syndrome.

One night, I was lying in bed crying. My mom came to ask me what was wrong, and I told her that my teacher, who was an ex Catholic monk, was scaring the daylights out of me with his stories about hell and limbo. The next day, mom arrived at the school and told him off. He never mentioned his religion again. I contacted Campus Crusade and received all their Christian literature. I prayed regularly and was always privately very “spiritual.” My Myers Briggs character type is INTJ. My DiSC Personality type is High D with a flick-up C under the midline.

One day, a package arrived from my “rich” Uncle Coen, my mom's brother, who lived in Pietrmaritzburg. His son, my cousin Rupe, was an only child, and Coen was a university professor (Political Science). This package contained some of Rupe's old toys, and it was one of the most exciting, extravagant gifts I have ever received. Today, Rupe and his family live in Newfoundland, Canada.
I progressed to grade six and then seven, and at the age of eleven we moved to another house on Preston Avenue. Three houses in three years. I dragged my family to the Methodist Church across the road. Dad built me two tree houses and a Wendy house for Wendy and Gwynnie. We made more friends. It was a really nice house with high hedges surrounding the back. We would play outside at night where a street lamp lit up part of the yard. We spent time with our redheaded cousins, Joy and Ian, and we liked visiting their home – their father, my “rich” Uncle Nat, worked for a shipping company.

I made friends with an American boy, Stephen Sorantos. There were five kids in the family, and although they were wealthy – his dad was a gynecologist – they had no servants. Even poor people like us could afford a servant, but that family cleaned their own smart, double-story house. One day, Steve and I secretly looked at his dad's “doctor books,” which was strictly forbidden. I can still remember one picture, of a boy naked on a hospital table with a steel spike that entered his leg and emerged from his head. He had fallen off a building onto the spike.

One night, dad was out, and the little coal stove at the back door of the house set the oily paint on the walls alight. It spread to the wood box, and a roaring fire ensued. Mom and I rushed back and forth from the kitchen with water to put it out in case it set the rest of the house alight. It was a close call, but we remained calm and determined and managed to get it out in time. Another time, Mom and I went for a drive in the VW bus and stopped along the way for mom to pick some wild roses. The stem of one rose whipped back when she released it, and a thorn stabbed her in the eye. With blood in her eyes and pouring down her dress, she couldn't see, but I could, so I guided her along verbally and steered from the passenger seat, while she controlled the gears, brake, clutch and accelerator. We got home safely, and her eye healed. Always have a co-pilot in your business.

Dad subscribed to a weekly English comic for me – the “Tiger and Hurricane” and I would ride my bike to the corner store every Friday to receive my comic all the way from England – very exciting! It was always rolled up with a white piece of paper around it and my name on the paper. And when I had enough pocket money saved, I would buy a toffee apple. I would sit in my favorite tree and eat the toffee apple. A new friend across the road told me about masturbation when I was in standard five (grade seven) – 11 years old. I started enjoying the latest pop music, and could name many bands.

This idyllic lifestyle in East London ended when Dad announced that, partly because of my health (the fool doctor was under the false impression that it
was caused by the sea air), we were moving back to Pretoria. Mom was very happy. I was not. The worst part was that we had to leave six months before dad, since he had to “wrap things up” in East London. When Mom and Wendy and Gwynnie and I pulled out of the driveway of Preston Avenue, Dad stood waving to us next to the dogs. I cried and cried. Another adventure was about to start!

**From Wikipedia:**

Psychosomatic disorders:

Some physical diseases are believed to have a mental component derived from the stresses and strains of everyday living. This is the case, for example, of lower back pain and high blood pressure, that appears to be partly related to stresses in everyday life. Psychiatry has found it difficult until relatively recently to distinguish somatoform disorders, disorders in which mental factors are the sole cause of a physical illness, from psychosomatic disorders, disorders in which mental factors play a significant role in the development, expression, or resolution of a physical illness.

For instance, while peptic ulcer was once thought of as being purely caused by stress, later research revealed that Helicobacter pylori caused 80% of ulcers. However 4 out of 5 people infected with Helicobacter pylori do not develop ulcers, and an expert panel convened by the Academy of Behavioral Medicine Research concluded that ulcers are not merely an infectious disease and that mental factors do play a significant role. One likelihood is that stress diverts energy away from the immune system, thereby stress promotes Helicobacter pylori infection in the body.”

“As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.”

*In this context, the original language defines “heart” as emotions, as opposed to “mind” – intellect.*
I was twelve when we arrived in Pretoria in our VW bus in December 1965. Here's the amazing thing: As soon as we got to Pretoria, my serious asthma and the pollops blocking my nose DISAPPEARED completely. Instantly. I couldn't believe it. In retrospect, I believe the asthma and pollops were really psychosomatic, and it had lasted three years. It just goes to show how powerful your mind is. Even though I wasn't consciously aware of my mother's hatred of East London and the marital stress, I was unconsciously aware of it.

We checked into two furnished rooms in a residential hotel / boarding house called “The Rissik” on Rissik Street. It was quite a novelty eating in the dining room. The first night, mom asked for the menu. The waiter informed us that we had a choice between “Vis, Sop, or Kos.” (Fish, Soup, or Meat Entree).

Many years later, I asked mom, “What happened to all our furniture that we had in East London and your piano? We moved from a fully-furnished house into two furnished rooms...” Mom replied that dad had had to sell everything to pay off his vast debts before leaving East London, so we simply started over. I have started over a few times in my life – never a bad thing to do. I am grateful that I lived in so many different places – feels like different lives – it has made me more flexible and less attached.

Buddhism teaches that to live is to suffer. Life is accompanied by inevitable pain, sickness, disappointment, disillusion, decay and death. Life is characterized by inevitable and unavoidable dissatisfaction, disappointment, rejection, failure, pain, yearning, decrepitude, and loss. "Suffering" in Buddhism refers not only to physical pain, aging, sickness, and death, and to emotional pain like fear, loss, jealousy, disappointment, and unrequited love, but also to the existential sense that, somehow, deep down, life is permanently out of joint. Everything is touched by the shadow of dissatisfaction, imperfection, and disappointment. Suffering, in the Buddhist sense, is a pervasive condition. No one escapes it. Even enlightened teachers grow old, suffer the pains of decay, and die.

Suffering is caused by attachment. Suffering arises because everything changes, everything is impermanent. Everything is in process, all the time. Whenever we hope to find any lasting happiness by means of something that is changing, suffering results. This means that nothing in the realm of ordinary human
experience can provide lasting happiness, and trying to force things to stand still and make us happy is itself the main source of misery. Imagine a bubble floating down a river. It's beautiful, so enjoy it while it lasts.

Two people lie in hospital beds, both endure the same pain and discomfort, however one suffers more than the other one – he is attached to health. He believes he shouldn't be ill, that he deserves to be healthy. The other doesn't think he has a right to health that life is unfair or that someone is to blame for his illness. Rather, he accepts his situation, adjusts to it, and makes the best of it. He interprets his circumstances differently. He suffers less. In business, when entrepreneurs confuse themselves with their businesses and get their egos involved, they get attached to their opinions and reputations. You are not your business. They are more interested in pride than profit, and they usually fail because of their inflexibility. The same happens in marriages. When you have to be right all the time, even when you're wrong, your partnership turns into a power play.

The high school for wealthy kids was Pretoria Boys High. For poor kids, it was Hillview High. Mom visited both schools and concluded that we were out of the wealthy school zone, but in retrospect I think she just couldn't afford the good school. Anyway, I started at Hillview High in Grade Eight of January 1966. I turned thirteen in February, and I was determined to do well and make my dad proud. By the time he arrived in June, I was at the top of my class, and remained there, winning the awards through Grade Nine. Then I got bored and disillusioned with school, especially teachers. Most male teachers, in my opinion, are boys amongst men and men amongst boys. They can't cope with adults, so they lord it over children. They have poor self-esteem, and I picked up on this early in life.

When dad arrived in June, he immediately moved us to a much better residential hotel, the Panorama Hotel, and we once again got two inter-leading furnished room, but each had its own enclosed balcony and toilet. We felt very posh indeed. I lived on one balcony with Wendy and Gwynnie in the bedroom. We had our own bathroom. Mom and dad lived in the bedroom next door and they also had a bathroom. Wow! TWO BATHROOMS!

The dining room was to die for, with a real menu and delicious food. Never having stayed in a real hotel, we thought this must surely be as good as it gets. I was now spending a lot of time with my two cousins, both my age – Theo, who was very smart and whom I loved like a brother, and Mark, a compulsive liar (the one who tortured frogs), but fun to be around. We had many adventures. This was a wonderful time in my life. I remember once the three of us were walking in a line – Theo in front, me in the middle, Mark behind. Mark asked me, “Robin, where are
we going now?” I replied, “I don't know – I'm just following Theo.” Mark asked Theo, “Theo, where are we going?” And Theo replied, “I don't know – I'm just leading Robin!”

Many years ago, researchers did a survey at Harvard University. They found that only three percent of the graduating class had written specific goals for their lives. Years later, they surveyed the same people and the assets of the three percent who had written specific goals at university exceeded the combined assets of those 97% who had no written goals. I have always been goal-directed. For me, I set goals in everything, even when I ride my bicycle. Yes, I am slightly obsessive compulsive, but I always know why I am doing something and what I intend to accomplish by it. It serves me well. I don't live by accident; I live on purpose. I don't react to life – I create a lifestyle.

Soon after we arrived at the Panorama hotel, I was about to descend the stairs when I saw Jeanette, my first true love. She was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, and I fell in love at first sight. That relationship was to continue off and on for many years, right up to 1980. We made many friends at the Panorama – there were loads of kids of our ages, and we made friends in the neighborhood as well. Across the road from the hotel was the Pretoria Art Gallery, with spacious, grassy grounds, fishponds, a park, trees, and benches. Theo lived in a house in Colbyn and Mark in an apartment in Arcadia. We traveled by foot and bicycle wherever we went, wearing slip slops, T shirts, and shorts, or barefoot, and Theo and I became very good friends. He was naughty and fearless. I was also fearless but more inclined to follow the rules, and we both had a rebellious and adventurous streak. I learned a lot from Theo.

The Capitol movie house in downtown Pretoria would feature “Midnight Shows” on certain weekends, and I would lead a large group of friends to movies on these occasions. We would walk all the way there and back, and on the way back a few of us boys would swim in the long fishpond at the art gallery for fun. (The girls were impressed...). We enjoyed visiting municipal swimming pools and loved playing “Skop die Blik” at night in the park: it’s like hide and go seek, and if you can emerge undetected from your hiding place and kick the can, you survive the game. I spoke fluent Afrikaans.

Through the ages of thirteen and fourteen at the Panorama I had a few girlfriends, but I was always deeply in love with Jeanette, who attended boarding school. In my mind, she was the love of my life whom I would eventually marry. Mom and dad paid for me to go to Judo lessons. I enjoyed the Judo and was very good at it. I was included in a championship (I only had an orange belt at that stage)
and for the first time in my life my mom took me to a “restaurant” (actually a cafe) – for a real steak to keep my weight right for my fight. Our trainer at the dojo spent less and less time training us and more and more time playing Scalectrix cars, and knowing that mom and dad had money problems, I reluctantly quit Judo.

Theo and I got up to tricks. We would stick nails in the grass at the lawn bowling pitch before championships and sit high up in a tree overlooking the players on the Championship day, observing the chaos when the balls would suddenly be rerouted after hitting a hidden nail. Luckily, we were never caught, but the bowling fanatics looked as though they were close to heart attacks at times. Once, as we ran away, laughing, past a woman who was watering her garden, she sprayed us with her hosepipe as a punishment. We also barricaded a road with branches and sat in a tree watching angry drivers get out to remove branches, sat on the side of the hill, lit the tips of paper airplanes and threw them down onto the dry grass, eventually setting the whole hill alight, and watched the fire engines arrive and put the fire out. We stole lots of fruit, too.

Mark and Theo stole a luggage cart at the rail station and brought it to the hill. It was a heavy thing, but we all dragged it to the top and then raced down an old brick paved road on it, all falling off on the way down. We climbed over the walls and roofs of a strip mall and descended into the back enclosure of a pharmacy, where we found used syringes. We wanted to use the syringes to squirt water at passing motorists from our bicycles, but the chemist came out and caught us. While he called the police, we escaped back over the roof. Harmless fun.

Dad had a large roof rack made for the VW bus, added a metal ladder at the back, and registered Mini Transport. He got the van sign written, and we were suddenly the proud owners of a business. On Saturdays, dad and I would hire a casual worker and we would visit auctions and offer to transport their purchases for the buyers. We also helped people move house – after all, we had a lot of personal experience doing that! Mini Transport made money, and at one stage dad bought me my friend's old racing bike when he got a new one. I was in seventh heaven; I'll never forget receiving that bike.

Theo’s dad sold their house and they moved into a residential hotel as well. They had heaps of money but he must have hit a bad patch. Anyway, we had even more fun. Theo and I borrowed his dad's movie camera and proceeded to make our own movie, complete with dummies falling off roofs. We camped out and stole rides on the back of the miniature train at Fountains, and then Theo and Mark broke into a supermarket. When Theo's dad found the loot, he dumped it into a river and made an anonymous call to the police after giving Theo a hiding. When
Theo punched his high school teacher and pushed him into the swimming pool, his dad again protected him. His calls for parental attention were always ignored. He was good at making money but a poor dad to his son. Mine was a great dad who couldn't make money. I am glad I had my dad instead of Theo's dad.

Theo wanted to sign up for a film audition. It cost ten rands (from now on, I'll refer to rands as dollars, if you don't mind, since it was equivalent at that time), and I didn't have any money, but I went with him. They took his photo and asked him to complete a form, ticking all the things he was able to do. Theo proceeded to tick everything: from scuba diving to parachuting to spelunking to mountain climbing and motorbike racing. I said, “But Theo, you've never done any of those things!” To which he characteristically replied, “Robin, I can do ANYTHING.” And he could, because that's who he was. I have never seen self-confidence and spirit like Theo had.

When we went to movies, we would steal empty pop bottles out of Theo's dad's garage and exchange them, using the deposits to go to movies and buy candy, and Theo would lend me one of his smart, colored shirts that had epaulets – the craze at that time.

When I hit Grade Ten in school, I was bored with school and realized what a joke it was, especially the male teachers. I stopped studying and progressed simply by using my head. I only studied my German because I enjoyed it.

A friend who stayed in the hotel bought an apartment. They had a kitchen, and it was marvelous to visit our friend and have a sandwich. We made “cappuccino” by grinding a bit of hot water, sugar and instant coffee with a teaspoon until it was a white paste, then filling it with hot water and adding some milk. It was all frothy. We also made “brown cow” – coke and milk.

Theo, Mark and I used old coat hangers to create wire clips which we used to steal coupons out of the letterboxes at apartment blocks, which we exchanged at the store for Pepsis. We had so much Pepsi that we wasted it by squirting each other with it. We would ride our bikes behind the Coke trucks and steal bottles off the back and drop cartons full of empty milk bottles into the Apies River to watch them explode on the cement at the bottom. Theo and I had a friend who stayed with his family in the same hotel that Theo and his family stayed at. The friend told us he and his family were visiting the farm of a relative where they got free jars of honey, and that they would bring us each a jar back. We looked forward to receiving the honeycomb, but when the friend returned, he laughed and told us he was just joking.
Every Sunday his family would sleep after lunch and leave the door open to keep cool. So Theo and I crept into their apartment while they slept and each stole a large jar of honey, which we proceeded to devour at our leisure. I couldn't face honey for the next five years.

Dad sold Mini Transport, along with the VW, and bought a little red Austin 1100, of which we were very proud. He started making plastic ornaments – pouring plastic resin into molds to encase insects and shells and things we had collected in East London, and sold that as a little business as well. The buyer reneged on payments, so he sold it again. I still have two of his creations here on my desk. I have always written poems, and at school one of my compositions was entitled “On a Falling Piece of Dust.” My English teacher, a smelly old smoker, would partake frequently in refreshment from her secret hip flask, which we all knew about, and was also a lover of Shakespeare, told me, “You write extremely well.” That was very inspiring to me.

Then dad decided to start a new business – a taxi service, using a three-wheeled Lambretta scooter, as they do in Asian countries. He had one built – the back had two benches, a little door, and a canopy on top. He got it duly licensed, and I had great fun riding it with Mark and David but without a license. Dad sold that business, too.

Theo and I were riding along the road beside a river, taking turns pulling each other along with a stick. I was riding the racing bike dad had bought me from my friend. One of us pulled the stick too hard, and we crashed, and we each blamed the other. Theo swore at me, I slapped him, we started punching each other and fighting, rolling on the ground, when a passing motorist stopped and shouted at us to stop or he would beat us both up. We stopped, laughed it off, and rode on. The next day a car failed to stop at an intersection and crashed into me on my bike. I wasn't hurt, but the bike's gears were. The owner paid me cash and drove away, and I got the gears fixed.

I decided to play the drums in a band, so I applied through the Geography teacher, who was also in charge of the cadets and the school band. He was a bitter man who lived with his mother, and he hated me for not laughing at his weak jokes in class, so he denied me the opportunity to play the drums in the school band. Soon after his answer, dad was given tickets for our family to attend a radio show, "The Surf Show, Pick-a-Box.” I sat away from my family with my cousins, and my ticket number was called! Because I was too young to play, the couple next to me offered to play in may place for me. They won a floor polisher and then refused to give it to me. My dad got a lawyer to write them a letter of demand and I got the
floor polisher. I took it to a downtown store called Powerpoint, one that sold both musical instruments and home appliances, and swapped my new polisher for a used set of pearl drums. I took them back to the hotel and set them up in the room shared by my sisters (I lived on the enclosed balcony, remember) and started practicing and teaching myself to play. Imagine the effect of the rest of the residents. The hotel owner was not happy. Mom and dad sent me for drumming lessons, but it soon became obvious that they really couldn't afford the lessons, so I quit. My pet snake also escaped and a fellow resident killed it. So I was not too popular with the hotel management, and at that time a bigger boy began teasing me. I didn't want more trouble, so I avoided him. Once more, my mom suggested I hit him very hard to stop his nonsense. I did. Didn't get a rand. He ran away crying and his dad soon arrived at our door, demanding that my dad do something about me. I heard my dad answer, “Your son is much bigger than my son, and Robin beat him. I am much bigger than you, so you'd better disappear, or I will beat YOU.” My dad was not a fighter, but he was no coward.

I played cricket, but I was scared of the ball. To stand in the slips and have someone hit that hard ball directly at me at high speed is a little stupid, in my mind. Compared to tennis and squash, I also found cricket very slow and boring. So I wasn't much good at the game. I liked soccer and tennis. Anyway, our cricket team went on a tour to Swaziland (Mbabane) and it was beautiful, green, misty place with rolling hills and soft rain, very much like parts of Vancouver.

In business, you should only play the game you're passionate about. If it's vacuum cleaners, you'll make a fortune. If it's plumbing, you'll make a fortune. If it's plumbing and you hate it, you'll go bankrupt. If you love what you do, your business becomes a game, and you'll win. Otherwise it's a prison, and three hours will feel like three days. The same goes for your job.

I advertised myself as a drummer in a music shop. One night I received a call from a trio who desperately needed a drummer to play with them at a gig at the Pinocchio Restaurant. I told them my fee was ten bucks and they picked me up in a car, loaded up my drums, and off we went to the restaurant. I was such a bad drummer that a member of the audience played my drums for me while I sat in a corner and sipped a coke. I still got my ten dollars, though. Undaunted, I started a band with friends from school, and we practiced at every opportunity. Eventually, I was advertising in music stores again, and three young men invited me to join the band. They were excellent musicians and they took pity on me and helped me. We called our band the RainCoach and it was a wonderful time. We were paid to play at “sessions” (dances), restaurants, clubs, parties, weddings, and the ice rink. I discovered that when I went to dances, no girls wanted to dance with me (I'm an
ugly little character), but when I played in the band, they lined up to sleep with me. I didn't sleep with any of them, but I did kiss a few...

By this time, I had my own room down the passage from the two family rooms in the Panorama Hotel. This was independence! I would go out drinking with my friends on weekends and climb up into my window via the drainpipe when I came home, then pass out on my bed or on the floor. One night mom and dad found me and dad gave me a serious talking-to, revealing that all three of his brothers were alcoholics. It didn't stop me drinking, but I have always been very careful about limiting my alcohol intake. I've seen many men ruined by drugs and alcohol.

Across the road from Panorama was a large old broken-down house with a big garden and a concrete water dam. The walls were about five feet high and the water hadn't been turned off. There was two feet of green, slimy water in the bottom, and summer was on its way. Jeanette was coming home for the holidays, and I rounded up my friends and suggested we clean out the dam and create our own, private swimming pool. In my mind, I was creating a swimming pool for Wendy and Gwynnie and Jeanette. We worked hard, used the municipal water, and swam in that dam all that hot summer, sunbathing on the grass. It was heaven. It was a Joint Venture.

Mom had a kind of nervous breakdown and ended up in hospital for a while. She was often ill. At school, I became a sergeant in the cadets and then a Student Officer with my own marching squad. I attended army camps and joined the Efficiency Marching Squad, and we took part in school marching band competitions. I enjoyed army stuff. I wore my uniform, beret, Sam Brown, boots, and putties proudly.

One day, Dad had a new announcement: he and mom had bought a house! And it had a swimming pool!

Money is amoral; it is neither good nor bad in and of itself. A brick can be used to break a window or build the wall of a school. Money=Value. Not time or skill. The more value you create, the more money you can make.
Chapter Six
1968-1970

We moved into our first own house in Malherbe Street, Capital Park, in 1968. I was in Grade Ten (Standard Eight). I was 15. It was a very exhilarating experience. My room overlooked the large, blue, sparkling pool. My mom and Wendy still live there as I write. They've been there 42 years.

It was incredible to live in a house again, to have a big, sparkling pool, my own room, a kitchen, and our dogs back from the kennels. Money was tighter than ever for mom and dad, but we kids didn't really notice it. Our friends didn't have money either. Dad and I built a twelve foot high, 24 square foot tower at the end of the pool out of logs, and a Wendy house for Wendy and Gwynnie. We jumped off the tower into the pool, had lots of parties with our friends, our band practiced in the outside room, we picked loads of avocado pears off our big avocado pear tree – it still bears today, 42 years later – and made friends in the neighborhood. I started to visit the Methodist Church close by and got confirmed. My family didn't attend the church.

At Pretoria Boys High School where the rich kids were, they had debating classes and overseas excursions – we had daily scheduled fights in the PT shed. They boxed and wrestled in their fights – our fights included knuckle dusters. My friend Raymond Wainer lived with his mom on Charles Street in Brooklyn. Unlike the New York Brooklyn, this was a suburb where only wealthy people lived. I swore that when I had a son one day, I would live on Charles Street and send my son to Boys High, where the rich kids went to school. Many years later, I made it happen.

One of my good friends at school, who also played in my first band, was Jurie Smal. He was fat and had a poor self-image, but he was a really good guy. Many years later he married a slut, had a kid with her, and she started whoring around. He told her that he would kill himself if she continued, and she just laughed at him. One night he saw her walking home with another man and he threw himself off the balcony of their eighth-floor apartment. He landed on his head.

Don't marry someone for looks, sex, prestige, money, or the acceptance of others.

My judo came in handy when a boy ran at me during lunch break at school and I used a hip throw to fling him onto his back on the concrete paving. I let him
go so that he fell very hard. He left me alone after that. The skills we learn are always with us and make us better people. One night a few friends and I went uninvited to a party in another suburb. They heard we were gate crashing, and chased us around the suburb in a truck, throwing bricks at us. We hid in people's yards until they were gone.

I was made a prefect at school in my final year. I was seventeen. I held a party at the house and invited Jeanette. She showed up and walked around the party holding hands with a friend of mine from school. I was devastated – I was naive and heartbroken. Years later, she told me she was just too embarrassed to tell my friend to let her hand go. For my birthday, she bought me the Beatles White Album.

At school, I had a good friend, Robert Sherman. He lived with his mom in a small apartment in downtown Pretoria. He was good looking and well built, and would accept any challenge for a fight. He always won, and he told me that his secret was to attack until your opponent cannot rise anymore. That advice helped me in later life. We played together in my band. Robert wanted to be a doctor. He operated on rabbits in his apartment. We had a truly sadistic Nazi German teacher who hated Robert. Once, he caned Robert so hard that he would actually jump off the ground as he hit him. Robert pointed in his face and told him that if he ever caught Mein Herr outside of school, he would beat him to a pulp. He would have.

Our math teacher was too smart to be able to teach us, and we constantly played tricks on him. When he left, we got a new, young, ex monk math teacher. He told us that we would all fail final year math if we didn't buck up, and asked if we would agree to his special recipe for mathematical success, which was an incredibly hard caning with the heavy, wooden blackboard dividers if we failed any test. We agreed, and I often felt like crying from the hidings I got from him. But we all passed Math – a miracle of motivation!

I finished high school with four E's and two D's, and no studying except German. I would have received an A for German but I missed a whole bunch of questions in my haste to finish and go home. More haste, less speed. I was glad to be rid of male school teachers forever. When the end of the school year came along, dad had another big surprise for us. He was going into more debt to send me and Wendy on an overseas trip with a local high school when I finished school!

Dad had discovered that if I was to sign a work commitment to work for one year in the civil service after I completed my one year of army, they would pay
me a salary while I was in the army. So I signed up to work for a year after the army in the civil service.

The overseas trip was the experience of a lifetime. We spent three weeks in England and Europe, and when we got home, mom and dad said we were changed people. It was amazing to see so much in three weeks. I remember I was fascinated by a girl with long, red hair, but the excitement of seeing London, the Mediterranean, the Parthenon, Venice, Germany, Rome, Austria, Switzerland, France, and Holland eclipsed my interest in her. The day after I got home, still jet-lagged, unfit, and moving from a minus 3 degrees Celsius, snowy Europe to plus 30 degrees Celsius in the African Sun, I was delivered to the Air Force Gymnasium for my basic army training. Dad had got special permission for me to start seven days late. My army experience was to be absolutely fantastic, another great adventure.

“You make your own dream. That’s the Beatles’ story, isn’t it? That’s Yoko’s story. That’s what I’m saying now. Produce your own dream. If you want to save Peru, go save Peru. It’s quite possible to do anything, but not to put it on the leaders and the parking meters. Don’t expect Jimmy Carter or Ronald Reagan or John Lennon or Yoko Ono or Bob Dylan or Jesus Christ to come and do it for you. You have to do it yourself. That’s what the great masters and mistresses have been saying ever since time began. They can point the way, leave signposts and little instructions in various books that are now called holy and worshiped for the cover of the book and not for what it says, but the instructions are all there for all to see, have always been and always will be. There’s nothing new under the sun. All the roads lead to Rome. And people cannot provide it for you. I can’t wake you up. You can wake you up. I can’t cure you. You can cure you.” – John Lennon
Chapter Seven
1971 – ARMY

I was told that I had to run at all times, and when in a stationary position, to run on the spot. The only time I stopped was to get my head shaved. I was kitted out with uniform, gun, boots, “varkpan” and utensils, (“pig tray” to eat out of), an enamel mug, blankets, sheets, a pillow, gun cleaning kit, and given a steel “trommel” or chest to carry, into which to put my stuff. I slung my R1 semi-automatic rifle over my shoulder and ran, escorted by an ankle biting, cursing corporal, carrying my trommel past hundreds of soldiers to my bungalow, in my “civvies” civilian clothes. There were eighteen beds in the bungalow. The corporal referred to me as a “F****ng civvie piel” (civilian penis) and “roof” (scab) and that was my introduction to the army. As I ran, sweating and panting, past a squadron of soldiers, carrying my gun and heavier-than-the-earth trommel, the corporal shouting behind me, one of the soldiers looked at me and whispered, “Vasbyt!” (Bite fast – don’t quit) an encouraging word that would soon become a favorite throughout my life. The other words were “Min Dae” – “Few Days” – referring to the end of our army time of a year, or the time left before a weekend off.

We went through basic training for three months. I made good friends, enjoyed many adventures, and got extremely fit. On the nights before inspection days, we had to polish the bungalow floor until it was shining. We traveled around on “taxis” (booties we made out of old blankets) and listened to the radio while cleaning our guns, washing and ironing our uniforms, making our beds, polishing our boots, etc. In spite of extremely tough training, I really enjoyed it. I found the food delicious, and learned that tea is much more refreshing than cold water or coffee.

I was surprised that I wasn't a great shot, and only when I left the army a year later discovered that I needed glasses – no wonder! Fortunately, when I did see some action in Angola later, my human targets were close enough to see clearly – and shoot. I won't discuss that time in real combat, but suffice to say I am grateful for the experience – it gave me tremendous self-confidence for the rest of my life.

The route marches, training, running, exercising, and strenuous tests made me fit and strong, both physically and mentally. I would arrange a “Joint Venture” with others when we took turns on guard duty so that I could go AWOL (Absent Without Official Leave) over the barbed wire fences at least once a week. My dad would pick me up and I would go home for a delicious, home cooked meal and time
with mom, dad, Wendy and Gwynnie. Great fun! The penalty for being caught was serious punishment in the DB (Detention Barracks), but the risk was worth it.

I turned 18 February 4th and dad had arranged a special pass for me to go and do my driver’s test and license on the same day, under the guise of having to drive to visit a sick relative. It was great to get out of camp for half a day and I got my license to drive.

While many of my fellow soldiers did their best to avoid strenuous training, and tried on many occasions to cheat when exercising, I believed I was a warrior preparing for battle. I saw myself as a gladiator, and I wanted to be as strong and fit as possible when I faced the enemy. Since my country was at war and we were fighting on the borders and in Angola, this wasn’t a far-fetched philosophy. I worked as hard as I could, so I got fitter and stronger faster than many of my comrades. And when I did see combat, I was glad of my choices. The first time I told anyone that I saw combat during the army was when I told Rika in 2009. She asked, and I don't lie to Rika.

I learned that one always has more reserves than one is aware of, and that physical is always subject to mental. The right mindset, attitude, self-belief, and courage are more important than any amount of physical strength.

At the end of basic training, we were given our first pass, and officially went home for a weekend. I was mustered in the Operations Intelligence Corps, and after writing some tests I was soon picked to do an officer's course. When we were given the material to study, however, I refused to regurgitate their neo-Nazi philosophy or memorize their false version of the Afrikaans nation's history, so I was kicked off the course. They were careful to select only people who were aligned with their philosophy as officers, and I didn't qualify, for which I am eternally grateful, since I really wanted to be an officer, but I refused to compromise my values. I used bleach to draw a huge “Ban the Bomb” sign on my black canvas army kitbag, and moved on.

Our Operations Intelligence training at the Air Force College was interesting, but even more interesting was what my friend Kobus and I learned when we were taken on a tour of Air Force Base Waterkloof, where cargo planes (C130's and C160's) were stationed to carry arms and cargo to the borders for the fighting troops and the Mirage jet fighters were based. This was also a base for air transport for celebrities and the top brass. Kobus and I noticed that a few bored fellows were sitting in offices typing stuff like women, while the others were driving
forklifts around, packing planes, and generally having fun. We were told that those who got the best marks in the test became typists, while the rest were to become Loadmasters. We agreed to fail the test and become Loadmasters, a very wise choice in retrospect.

To phone home, we used “long tickies” at the camp phone booths. We attached a coin to a piece of cotton and would let it down into the machine, and every time it tapped the sensor, we would be credited, so we phoned local and long distance free of charge for hours on our days off.

When you’re an eighteen-year-old kid and living in an army camp, hormones rage. My friend Fanie set me up on a blind date – with my face, it would have worked better if she WAS blind – with a very beautiful, sexy friend of his who wore hot pants and treated me as though I was the only man in the world. We had a great time, but we only had three dates. Fanie confided in me that she preferred her old boyfriend who used to get into fights over her. I guess it made her feel more special.

After six long months at base camp, Kobus and I, along with a few friends, were sent to Air Force Base Waterkloof as Loadmasters. We were now “ou manne” (old men). We lived in the same camp as permanent force soldiers, got a Land Rover to drive around in, and only had five of us Loadmasters in the bungalow: myself, Hutch, Kobus, Fanie, and I can't remember the other fellow's name, so I will call him Rolf. We had great fun in the next six months until we were demobilized. There was a canteen, a swimming pool, and lots of freedom – we could come and go as we pleased, as long as the work got done, and my beloved family lived only 40 minutes away.

I got to fly with celebrities to Victoria Falls in Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) where we were treated to lunch. I was the one who loaded their bags. An unforgettable trip. We flew to border posts – Katima Mulilo and others, learned how to load planes properly, and drove the forklifts. One day, it had been raining, and the landing strip was wet and slippery. Kobus and I were playing the fool on the forklift and I drove the forks right into the side of a DC9 plane we were loading. The forks pierced right through the carpet and the side of the plane's indentation where the loading door fits flush with the body of the aircraft. Luckily, nobody saw it happen, so we rushed to stuff the holes full of carpet fluff, and pretended nothing had happened.
Our commander was Captain Buck, a real gentleman, and he was very supportive. When a drunken sergeant drove his air force car into our working zone and I accidentally rammed the blades of my forklift through the back of his new car (first pierce a plane, then a car), smashing the tail lights and moving the car six feet, Captain Buck was there to protect me from his wrath and his threats. The Captain told the sergeant that he was drunk, that he drove into a prohibited area where I couldn't see him past the load on my forklift, and that if he didn't get out of the hangar immediately, the Captain would lay charges against him. I never heard anything more of the incident. Buck just winked at me. Naughty old Captain.

When Kobus and I rolled the little battery-operated tow car that pulled the trolleys to carry the bags of celebrities, the Captain told us that the replacement for the cracked battery cost thousands, and just warned us to be more careful. Amazing.

Once, we were having a good time at the pool and almost forgot that we had to be at the landing of a Lear Jet to unload for the Chief of the Armed Forces, Magnus Malan. In our rush to get there, I forgot to put my boots on, so when all the other Loadmasters stood saluting in front of the baggage cards, I stood barefoot behind them, saluting. South African Soldiers used to salute like English soldiers, palm facing forward. Magnus Malan used to give Nazi salutes, just like Hitler.

Based on Cliff Richard's song, “Forty Days” all South African troops would traditionally celebrate when we had only forty days left in the army. When our Forty Days rolled up, we prepared a serious drinking party and all got very drunk. The next morning we had to be up early (it was still dark) to receive a loaded cargo plane and unpack it, but we were still so drunk when we woke up that we couldn't even dial Rolf's number at his latest girlfriend's house to remind him to come to work. We had trashed the bungalow, and knew we had to sober up, so we went to the mess and broke in to find coffee. In the dark, we found coffee and hot water, and it did a good job of sobering us up. A week later we discovered that we had used old, dirty dishwater to make that coffee! But it worked. You can recover fast when you're eighteen.

Finally, Fanie always refused to speak until at least two hours after waking up in the morning. Early one cold, winter morning, he and I were trudging down the road to fetch our Land Rover from the security area, and Fanie was plodding along in his usual somnambulist way. The wind was screaming through the telephone wires above us and our greatcoats were slapping against us. Suddenly, Fanie stopped dead in his tracks, looked up at the telephone wires, and asked in a very upper crust English accent (he had a rough Afrikaans accent), “Is that the wind
howling?” then he continued to walk along, as if nothing had happened, and only started conversing an hour later. I still smile when I think of that.

In the army I learned that when all the labels and money and decorating and masks are removed, when it's just men, all at the same level, in the same uniform, facing the same challenges and opportunities, with no daddies to protect us or status or education or excuses or political pull, you get to know who you really are at your core, where you really stand, and whether you've got guts or not. It's only under duress (especially when it's kill or be killed) and pressure that you have the wonderful opportunity to make the HARD choices about what you will do, be, and have. I am very grateful for my opportunity to serve in the South African Defense force before it became a socialist army under Mandela.

My mom had bought me an old, racing green Morris Minor car for fifty bucks, which I greatly appreciated. When our final parade came around and we were demobilized, I said goodbye to my friends and went home. Kobus and I remained friends for years, but I never saw the others again. I was a civilian once more. After seeing the kind of people who had joined the permanent military force, I had no intention of staying in the army. The army was over, and a new adventure was about to begin!

“I call that mind free which protects itself against the usurpations of society, and which does not cower to human opinion: Which refuses to be the slave or tool of the many or of the few, and guards its empire over itself as nobler than the empire of the world. I call that mind free which resists the bondage of habit, which does not mechanically copy the past, or live on its old virtues: But which listens for new and higher monitions of conscience, and rejoices to pour itself forth in fresh and higher exertions.”
— William Ellery Channing

E-mail me for a list of the latest recommended JV / income – producing opportunities: Include your name, telephone number, and where you live, and a bit about yourself, and I'll hook you up. Put “JV Opportunities” in your e-mail Subject Line. robin@dollarmakers.com
Chapter Eight
1972 – Government Employee (18 Years Old)

My job was a clerk in the Unemployment Insurance section of the Department of Labor. They say that the way a government employee winks is to open one eye, and I can attest to that. I enjoyed the year. I got a new girlfriend, a pretty English lass named Sue whose breath smelt of tea, and we partook in a play – “Dark of the Moon” – and a pantomime, “William Tell.” Her stepfather was abusive so I helped her move into her own apartment. I bought an old VW bus and my dad helped me fit it out as a camper. I took myself camping to Ponta Do Ouro, a quaint little town situated in Southern Mozambique just 10 km from the South African border. I used to camp at a river close to home as well. Loading my van for the trip to Ponta Do Ouro, all the windows of the camper were closed and I was standing in the doorway carrying my snub nose .38 Special on a pillow. It fell onto the floor of the van and went off with a loud bang. The bullet was nowhere to be found – it could only have gone between me and the doorway – a real miracle.

At work, after asking a fellow clerk to read the calendar across the room for me for the umpteenth time, he finally shouted, “Hey, Robin, you need glasses!” I did, so I got some. I couldn't believe I had been so blind for so long – a real awakening.

There are a lot of “blind” people out there. Their philosophies have blinded them to opportunities, truth, and freedom. The average business owner runs his/her business at about ten percent of its potential profit. Most people accept far less than they’re worth. We are programed by those who have a vested interest in keeping the multitudes blind and dumb, hungry, poor, and needy.

My cousin Rupe came visiting and told us about the bursary he got to attend Hotel School in Johannesburg, which was run by the technical training college. All the training was done by lecturers and chefs from City and Guilds in England, so the training was excellent. If you got a bursary, they even paid for your accommodation and food in the living quarters. I made an appointment with the Hotel Board, was interviewed, and got the bursary. My motivation was once having read a James Hadley Chase novel about a hotel manager. Seemed like a good thing, especially if it was free!

I turned 19, living at home, preparing for Hotel School at the end of the year, when Wendy came home with a friend to whom she introduced me. I was put
off by this girl's false, affected demeanor, and wasn't interested in her, but Wendy persuaded me to take her to my cousin's wedding, so I did. I had never had intercourse before, and within a short time she seduced me. Contrary to the advice of my mom and many friends, I started going out with her. She was a clever manipulator, and she was going to attend the teachers training college in Johannesburg when I went to Hotel School in Johannesburg. I dumped Sue, who was actually in love, she told me, with the leading man in the pantomime, anyway.

In January, 1973, I moved to Johannesburg. I was still 19.

**Something to Think About**

*From my Blog, www.RobinJElliott.com*

This famous passage from Faust, Part 1, lines 1851-1855, expresses Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's view of human reason and science, and the consequence of their abandonment by proponents of superstition:

“Verachte nur Vernunft und Wissenschaft,
des Menschen allerhöchste Kraft,
laß nur in Blend- und Zauberwerken
dich von dem Lügengeist bestärken,
so hab’ ich dich schon unbedingt.”

**Atkins translation:**

“Scorn learning, if you must, and reason,
the highest faculty mankind possesses,
let your fondness for self-deception
involve you deeper still in magic and illusion,
and its dead certain you'll be mine!”

**Schafersman’s translation:**

“Despise reason and science,
humankind’s greatest powers,
indulge in illusions and magical practices
that reinforce your self-deception,
and you will be unconditionally lost.”

“We run carelessly to the precipice, after we have put something before us to prevent us from seeing it.” (Blaise Pascal – Pensées, 1670) That's why Ayn Rand said, “The hardest thing to explain is the glaringly evident which everybody had decided not to see.” While we deceive ourselves to avoid pain, responsibility, and accountability, we miss many golden opportunities in the process.
Chapter Nine
1973-1976 – Hotel School and More

I was to be trained and qualified as a hotel manager, earning a National Certificate. I enjoyed Hotel School immensely. The training and accommodation was excellent, but within a few months I moved in with this girlfriend. We got a rent controlled apartment, then a second (which was subsequently burglarized). We had loads of fun and supported ourselves with part-time jobs – we even worked as ushers at a theater at one point. She worked part time in a department store, while I worked as a Maitre D'hotel in Restaurants, worked for caterers, and started working as a wine waiter in another hotel in Pretoria on weekends. Before long, I was promoted to Assistant Manager over weekends, of which I was very proud. One of the other managers, an older man who was jealous of me, once badmouthed me while I was having lunch with my dad in the restaurant. I chased him to beat him up and he hid in his office until I left that evening.

As a weekend Maitre D' at La Provence, Pretoria's best a la Carte restaurant, I made a good impression on the owners and the woman who ran the desk and accounting, Margaret. I learned a lot from these German people about how a restaurant should be run. One learns more working than at College. (Later, when working for Holiday Inns, I was trained and qualified as an On-the-Job Trainer). Although I learned at lot of theory at hotel school, I loved the practical side of management and all the challenges and opportunities that came with it. I found I could motivate and manage very well, but I hated the paperwork and admin. I was able to do it, but I got terribly bored and impatient.

When I needed a radio for my van, I bought three from a business that was going bankrupt and sold two of them for the price of three, which meant I could keep one.

After two years at the college, I was sent to two hotels for “In Service Training” a time I eagerly anticipated. The first hotel for the first six months of my final year, 1975, was the Ranch Motel outside Pietersburg in the Transvaal, where I had many exciting adventures. I was assigned to kitchen duty for the duration of my six-month stay – a perpetual split shift with one day off per week and a very small salary.

It was good to be away from this live-in girlfriend, whom I had decided I had had enough of, and one day a new German chef arrived. His name was Klaus,
and we got on very well together. He was a large, athletic, good looking fellow over whom all women swooned, and he was full of fun. (Today he lives in Australia). When he decided to play tennis with me, he bought the very best equipment, and we had fun playing tennis, then squash, and then we got snorkels and flippers and went diving in a flooded valley. It was like flying over the trees, with crystal clear water and the hot African sun on our backs. I'll never forget that afternoon – what an experience!

Another friend of mine and I spent a lot of time target shooting in the bush. Klaus and I often hired horses to ride at a nearby farm, and he decided to buy one. He had learned to ride in America (he had worked for the German Navy and had traveled widely), and to stop that particular horse in America, he was taught to shout, “RRR!! RRRR! RRR!” Klaus assumed all horses literally spoke the same language. He asked me to stand in a clearing with his camera, and then take an “action photo” of him as he came racing through the trees. This photo was to be sent to his girlfriend in Germany, Biggi. I waited in the clearing. Klaus's horse got the bit between its teeth and ran away with Klaus, who was shouting, “RRR!! RRRR! RRR!” but to no avail, as he came storming through the tress from different angles. I was laughing so much I could hardly hold the camera.

The assistant manager of the hotel asked me if I would like to accompany him to the country north of us – Botswana. I had never been there, and I expected something like a big city. All I saw was of mud huts, gas stations, and a few low brick buildings, all in disrepair and filthy. Typical Africa. People were poor, and it was disappointing. It turned out the assistant manager was really going to buy pornography, which was illegal in South Africa. I was very worried when we got back to the border, because he put the porno magazines right on the dash – hidden in plain sight, and nobody even noticed.

I read a lot. I remember reading “The Magus” while in Pietersburg. Charlie Tremendous Jones once said, “In five years' time, you will be exactly the same person you are today, except for the people you meet and the books you read.” I was reading good stuff and certainly meeting a lot of people, not all great people.

One night, I agreed to take some waiters home after work in exchange for a small fee to supplement my income. By this time, I owned a lovely Peugeot 404. I was one of the few employees not stealing from the hotel, and I needed money. It was a long trip along dirt roads into the bush, and even though I was driving relatively slowly, the road banked the wrong way, and the car simply slid off the road, rolled down a bank, and landed unceremoniously on its roof. Two waiters had been thrown clear as we rolled, and at some time my door must have flown open,
causing me to hang on to the frame, because by the time it came to a shuddering, renting stop, I was hanging upside down in my seat belt, with the small finger of my right hand stuck between the door and the door frame. The door was against the bank, and wouldn't open to free my finger. The car was wrecked, the windows all smashed. I asked the waiters to try to free me, but they couldn't, and when I saw liquid running down from the engine over the electrics and light switches, which I couldn't switch off, I assumed it was gasoline, and that I was about to be burned alive. I have always had a very active imagination.

I decided to take my trusty snub nose .38 Special out of the dash and shoot my finger off to escape the inferno – better to lose a finger than burn alive. Fortunately, the gun was in the trunk, so I couldn't use it, and the thought of fire gave me the strength to get the door open far enough to escape. We walked for many miles that night (first in the wrong direction), until we came upon some huts and I paid someone to load us onto his truck and take us back to the hotel. First, we sat in a traditional circle and all drank from a bowl of water. We didn't get any sleep that night. Sometimes, we should be grateful that we don't always get what we want.

When I told the management about the accident and showed them my badly cut finger, they insisted I finish my shift before seeing a doctor. Nice. I finished my shift, borrowed a car, and drove into town to get my finger stitched up and arrange for my poor old car to be towed. I ended up replacing the 404 with an old 403, a lovely car.

One day, Klaus asked me and the owner of the hotel if we had ever tasted a good, German pigeon pie. The owners of this upmarket, boutique country motel prided themselves on their beautiful pigeons, which had a snow-white home on the top of a tall pole. A week later, Klaus proudly served up a delicious pigeon pie which the management and staff thoroughly enjoyed. We found out later that Klaus had climbed up to the pigeons' lovely home with a big stick and beaten a few to death to make the pie. He saw no harm in it, but they were rather upset. When he had the gall to ask for the increase they had promised him, he was fired. I had an orange cat that I called "Mazamba" – "Potatoe" in Sotho.

I learned a lot about cooking and hotels and restaurants there, but also about life. Klaus taught me to make every place I lived in, even if it was only for a few months, like home. He decorated his room with flowers and skins and ornaments. I did the same. He learned that in the navy. Make the best of every temporary home, because all homes are temporary.
In June, I was transferred to the second hotel, the 400 room, brand new Malibu high-rise hotel hundreds of miles south on Durban beach. My girlfriend, in whom I had lost interest, insisted on joining me in Durban for a short holiday. Like a fool, I accepted, and never guessed what her motive might be. (This was still the same girlfriend that Wendy had introduced me to).

What a thrill to work at the Malibu! I was assigned to all the departments, one at a time, and learned a great deal. Other Hotel School students were also in Durban, and cousin Rupe lived close by in Pietermaritzburg, so I had a wonderful time. I started off sharing a room with an LSD addict at the YMCA and learned a lot from him about drugs. Never took any, though. I have never taken any drugs, smoked pot, or smoked a cigarette, but I did drink with friends. Then I moved into a commune with other students in Durban North, got a girlfriend whose uncle had a small yacht, and enjoyed yachting in the harbor until I jumped out to save the yacht from the rocks and cut my feet on the rocks in the dirty harbor water – the infection lasted two weeks. I then got an American girlfriend, June, and we were together until I received a telegram – the girlfriend in Pretoria was now pregnant with my baby. I agreed to marry her and Rupe drove me to Pretoria for the wedding.

I went back to Durban and enjoyed my last days living in the commune with my friends. I worked in the Malibu's liquor store which was in the red light district on Point Road, and saw how the prostitutes operated with the sailors. I worked in housekeeping, the restaurants, admin, accounting, the front desk, security, and management. Klaus came to visit me – he was working in Natal at the time.

At the end of the year, I went back to Johannesburg, graduated, and hired an apartment in Pretoria for me and my new wife. I had been offered a job running a German restaurant, owned by the woman who worked at La Provence, Margaret, and her husband, Dieter. They knew me and trusted me, so I had a job waiting for me.

Keith Richards, of the Rolling Stones, said: "When you are growing up, two institutions affect you most powerfully: The church, owned by god, and the public library, that belongs to you. The public library is the great equalizer.”
I ran the Zottelhexe Restaurant in Pretoria for Margaret and Dieter for the year of 1976. My son, Stephen Tennyson Elliott, was born February 3, 1976, the day before my own birthday. I turned 24 the next day. What a wonderful birthday present! I named him after Stephen Sorantos and Stephen Swan (the lead guitarist in our Raincoach band), both of whom I greatly respected, and my favorite poet. I worked hard. We moved to a second apartment, then a third, improving all the time. We bought a tandem bicycle and rode around the parks. I had decided to make the best of my marriage for the sake of my son, whom I adored and always have, and it started going well. My wife stayed home with him and I worked long hours. My salary was $400 per month and sufficient. My boss told me to shave my neck and throat (I had a beard) and this was valuable information to me. I watched wealthy people and learned to mirror them.

During this time, my parents asked me to come to the house for an announcement: they were getting divorced. Dad moved out. He never really accepted that he was divorced, and he continued to help, provide for, and support my mother to the best of his ability for the rest of his life. But a woman scorned...

I learned a lot about the restaurant business. The chef and Margaret and Dieter, her husband, were partners, and the chef saw me as teaming up with them against him. He started making comments about my writing on the food orders, called me an “Affe” (Monkey) and was generally obnoxious. One day, he saw me in my squash outfit. I was on my way to play squash with Kobus. He asked what I was going to do, and I told him. He seemed interested, so I invited him to join me one day. We played squash, got to know one another, and became friends. He was a nice guy.

I got bored. There's only so much to learn, working in a restaurant. I wanted to work in a hotel. I built great relationships with our regular guests. By the end of the year, I was offered the job of Assistant Manager at the Continental Hotel in Pretoria, with a salary of $600 per month and free food, parking, laundry, and accommodation. Zottelhexe offered me an extra $200 per month “black money” – under the table, to stay, and I refused. They got nasty and refused to pay me my last salary check, because I had started working there with a month's leave after the Malibu, since the restaurant was closed while they had gone to Germany. But that had been our agreement, and they had wanted to lock me in to working with them. There was nothing I could do. We moved again. It was January, 1977.
The Continental Hotel was filthy and bankrupt when we took it over. Drunks and prostitutes were our customers, and every morning I had to climb over the toilet stall walls to get the sleeping prostitutes out. At night, I stopped fights and threw people out of the bars. There was never a fight in the men's bar (men only) but there were always fights in the ladies (mixed) bar. What an adventure that Continental Hotel proved to be. When men are alone there are seldom fights, but add one woman...

I started contacting the Zottelhexe clients and inviting them to follow me to the Continental, which they did. Soon Zottelhexe sent me a check, and I stopped poaching their customers. I don't forget, and I don't forgive. You do not want me for an enemy. And when my enemies become your friends, you, too, will become my enemy. As Sidney Sheldr wrote, “The foolish think the Eagle weak, and easy to bring to heel. The Eagle's wings are silken, but its claws are made of steel.”

It took a while for the new owner to clean and refurbish the hotel. Meanwhile, the gutters on the roof had to be cleaned, seven floors up. I would get onto the roof with a team and tie a rope around the gutter cleaners in case they (the cleaners) fell off; very sophisticated safety measures. I had no bouncer, so I became the bouncer as well as the manager. I'm small – five foot seven, so it was interesting. We dealt with a kitchen fire, drunken, crazy chefs, and much more. When the local representative of the Gideon's Bible bunch booked an event and the electricity went off, he approached and extended his hand as if to shake hands. He was a huge character, at least six foot five and 230 pounds, and he did his best to crush my hand while he smiled and said, “You WILL get this sorted out, won't you, brother?” A bully in sheep's clothing. Nothing new – I have found that the worst people I have met so far in my life wore the shroud of religion.

I had great respect for my boss, and I yearned to be successful like him. He was a Rotarian. These wealthy men met at the hotel. In South Africa at that time, you had to be wealthy to join Rotary - it was selective and quite a status symbol. (At that time, Rotary was still for men only, which appealed to me). I set a goal to become a Rotarian and to get a Diners Club and American Express card like my boss. I intended to become wealthy. I would live on Charles Street and send Stephen to Boys High.

We had an aged lesbian alcoholic singer perform in our appropriately named; “Dirty Dicks Pub” (she had also performed at La Provence), and she would get drunk and naked and call for room service, much to the disgust and dismay of the waiters. A group of policemen rugby players attended our disco one night and one climbed up onto the table and beat up ten women and five men. Two of the
women had to have stitches to their faces as a result. We all went to court, and when
the charges were DROPPED because he was a well-known rugby player, thirty of
his policeman friends stood up and applauded.

The hotel had a water seepage problem in the basement bar, and a special
meter would automatically switch a sump pump on when the water level rose too
far. Often, this meter wouldn't work, and the bar would flood. We had a separate
sewage system from the municipal sewage system, and every week the handyman, a
one-legged alcoholic, Aby, would have to use a portable sump pump to pump the
sewage into the main sewage system. This was an opportunity for lots of fun, since
the handyman would usually be drunk by the time he was ready on the sidewalk
with the pump. The waiters loved to tease him. Inevitably, Aby would drop his pipe
wrench into the sewage, at which time he would buy another alcoholic, Kleinbooi, a
large bottle of beer and entice the instantly inebriated Kleinbooi to unceremoniously strip naked on the sidewalk, climb into the sewer, and dive under the raw sewage to find the wrench. When he emerged on the sidewalk, stark naked, stinking, and covered in sewage, a bright, triumphant smile on his face, everyone
would cheer loudly. Then we would wash him off with a hosepipe.

I had a chef who drank. One night he and I got into a fight, and he tried to
stab me. We were separated, but I went and fetched my .38 revolver and walked into
the staff sleeping quarters to shoot him. Luckily for him, his friends hid him. Lucky
for me, too! I was an aggressive fellow. I fired the chef. The owner of the hotel was
Mr. Honey, who taught me a great deal about management and the hotel business,
and for whom I had great respect. I worked for him for nine months with only one
day off. He called me into his office the next day to tell me he had rehired this chef.
I told him that he was undermining my authority, and I would leave if he didn't
immediately re-fire the chef. Mr. Honey was battling to find a good chef, so he
rehired the chef, and I kept my word and resigned. He gave me an excellent
testimonial and we parted on good terms.

The reason I had taken my one day off was the birth of my daughter, Sacha
Gayle Elliott. In Durban, I had seen a beautiful little girl and a bright summer dress
run laughing with a dog, and her mother called her Sacha. I loved that name. Gail
was one of my wife's friends, a nice person. It was also the name of a nice little girl
in my class in primary school in East London, and the name of Wendy's first doll. I
changed the spelling to Gayle. I watched her being born and I'll never forget that
day. She has turned into a beautiful, wonderful young woman with a fantastic
husband and two gorgeous sons. I have always been very proud of her. She now
calls herself Sacha Elliott Joubert – the nicest compliment she could ever pay me.
We had bought a lovely, yellow; second hand VW Bus, so I equipped it for camping, took my savings, packed up my family, and headed for the coast. My goal was to travel the length of SA coast from Cape Town to north of Durban, stopping along the way to find a job. Before we left with newborn Sacha and Stephen who was now seventeen months old, I went for a job interview with Holiday Inns in Johannesburg. The man who interviewed me was the CEO, Hubert Schmidt. They said they would get back to me. Off we went to Cape Town for a brand new adventure.

The yellow VW van: I like yellow almost as much as I like reading P.G. Wodehouse, and I like P.G. Wodehouse almost as much as I like eggs.

**P. G. Wodehouse Quotes:**

The least thing upset him on the links. He missed short putts because of the uproar of the butterflies in the adjoining meadows.

There is only one cure for gray hair. It was invented by a Frenchman. It is called the guillotine.

Why don’t you get a haircut? You look like a chrysanthemum.

Few of them were to be trusted within reach of a trowel and a pile of bricks.

He was a tubby little chap who looked as if he had been poured into his clothes and had forgotten to say "when!"

I could see that, if not actually disgruntled, he was far from being gruntled.

I know I was writing stories when I was five. I don't know what I did before that. Just loafed I suppose.

It was my Uncle George who discovered that alcohol was a food well in advance of modern medical thought.
Chapter Eleven
1977-1978 – The Trip and back to Pietersburg

The trip to Cape Town and along the coast was truly wonderful. I had worked so hard, such long hours, for so long, that my feet had started to give me trouble, so the break and change was much appreciated. I had saved diligently (by that time my wife hadn't started wasting money) and had enough to support us for months and months. I have always been very responsible to my family from a financial perspective – I believe the man in the house should support his family and not expect his wife to work. I always had a lot of life insurance – I didn't need anyone to sell it to me – I would call the company and ask to buy it.

It was a kind of working holiday, and when I saw a hotel I liked the look of, I would walk in and ask for a management position. At one camping place, Stephen started to have problems – his eyes rolled back in his head and I was sure he'd been poisoned. I took out my knife and cut the tent stay ropes off the van, we grabbed the kids, and I drove like a wild person to the hospital. When we got there, I refused to fill out forms and rushed to the doctor with Stephen in my arms. We found out he had an inner ear infection. It was a scary experience.

Nothing came up until we were in St. Lucia, north of Durban, at the end of our quest. While camping there, I received a call from my mom to tell me that Holiday Inn had a position for me in Pietersburg, a long way north, and I had to get myself to Johannesburg for the final interview in a hurry. All excited, we packed up and drove to Johannesburg. I got the job, and we packed everything we had in a truck and took off for Pietersburg. My dad drove the truck, I drove the VW bus, and I rented a house and moved in the same day we got there. I move fast.

I was issued with a green blazer and Holiday Inn tie and name tag, given money to buy beige slacks and white shirts, and appointed Assistant Food and Beverage Manager. After the Continental, I thought I was in heaven. I worked there for two years and had lots of adventures. During that time we lived in three different houses – the owners kept selling the house we were renting. The kids liked living in a nice house. We had dogs and cats and chickens.

A couple who lived in the hotel were swingers. He was a landscaping expert. They were involved with the leader of the band that played weekends at the hotel. One morning, the housekeeper called the manager to tell him they had found a woman shot dead in her bed. The manager mistook the dead woman for “the
gardeners wife” as she was known, and reported back. In a hotel like that, everybody talks, and everyone knows everything. When, later that evening, the real gardeners wife walked calmly into the bar, the band leader went as white as a sheet, one of the more effeminate students from Hotel school swooned and dropped a tray of glasses, and the word was out: “The gardener's wife is ALIVE!”

Another time, I was the duty manager, and was told that an old woman guest of seventy-six had bilked – left without paying. Also, there was a large, gaping hole in the ceiling of her room, and the wall table, which was fixed to the wall and contained the radio and telephone, had been ripped right out of the wall. Bear in mind South African buildings are brick, not wood and cardboard like in North America – not “little boxes made of ticky tacky...”

We finally found out that a man suspected his wife of having an affair with his friend in a room at the Holiday Inn, and he had proceeded to climb around in the ceiling to find the room and catch them in the act. He ended up falling through the ceiling and knocking the table off the wall. The old woman was so distressed that she left the hotel immediately.

Though my wife was very beautiful when I met her, she lost her looks as time went by. Stephen and Sacha got their good looks from her. (I never dated an ugly woman, even though I am an ugly man). I longed for a wife that I could be proud of, and I envied men who were married to classy, decent, well dressed, cultured women who were also good mothers, who could cook, who had integrity, and who could raise my children properly. But for the kids' sakes, I stayed with her. I knew she would get the kids and destroy them if I divorced her.

Troops from the nearby army camp were stealing gasoline out of cars in the Holiday Inn parking lot, and we couldn't catch them. So I set up a trap with the police and their dogs, and we eventually caught them all. I attended a Holiday Inn Management Conference and the trainers came from Holiday Inn University in the US. We learned about Transactional Analysis and I loved the training. Bob Morris, one of the American trainers, and I communicated for many years after that until we lost contact when I immigrated to Canada in 1997.

I was proud to be trained and officially qualified by Holiday Inn as an On-The-Job-Trainer.
My grandfather and father were Freemasons, so I decided to join as well, since I was a Lewis. A Lewis is an instrument in operative masonry. It is a cramp iron which is inserted into a cavity prepared for that purpose in any large stone, so as to give attachment to a pulley and hook whereby the stone may be conveniently raised to any height and deposited in its proper position. The contrivance was known to the Romans, and several taken from old ruins are now in the Vatican. In addition, in the ruins of Whitby Abbey in England, which was founded by Oswy, King of Northumberland, in 685, large stones were discovered with the necessary excavation for the insertion of a Lewis. The word is likely derived from the old French levis, any tool for lifting. The modern French call the instrument a louve.

In the English system of Masonry, the Lewis is found on the tracing board of the Entered Apprentice, where it is used as a symbol of strength, because, by its assistance, the operative mason is enabled to lift the heaviest stones with a comparatively trifling exertion of physical power. It has not been adopted as a symbol by American Freemasons, except in Pennsylvania, where it receives the English interpretation.

The son of a Mason is, in England, called a Lewis, because it is his duty to support the sinking powers and aid the failing strength of his father. That means that my son, Stephen, is a Lewis. My dad and the Master of his Lodge flew up to Pietersburg for my ceremony. I really enjoyed Masonry and became an Entered Apprentice. The Pietersburg Masons lived their Masonry. We helped each other, as brothers are supposed to do. We went out of our way to apply our principles in everyday life. I loved the symbolism and discipline of the Lodge, and visiting brethren in other lodges.

Stephen and Sacha were getting bigger. They were wonderful children, and I spent as much time as I could with them. They were the most important thing in my life. We went away on holiday and came back to find our house burgled. Typical of Africa, the burglars weren't satisfied with stealing our stuff – they defecated everywhere, even on the furniture, burnt our private papers in the oven, ate the dog food when the human food ran out, and lived the way savages live.

The Austrian manager of the hotel was good at making money, but he was a pig. He had long, greasy hair, constantly smoked cigars, and regularly got drunk and beat guests up in the hotel. When I was on duty, I threw the prostitutes out, but when he and other managers were on duty, they got drunk with the prostitutes. Head Office knew about it but ignored it. I eventually hired bouncers and tried to clean the bar up, but it was like pushing rope up a hill. This manager knew that I saw through him and refused to sink to his degraded level, and one night he was drunk.
and saw me reprimand a receptionist for flirting with guests instead of doing her work. He swayed up to me, swore at me in public, told me I was fired and that I should leave the next day. This was normal for him, firing people, and normally, the next day he would apologize and things would get back to normal. But I am not normal. I had had enough of this filthy character, so the next morning, instead of showing up as duty manager at 5am the next morning to unlock everything, I slept in and let the night manager call him out of bed. I strolled in around tea time and handed him my keys. I told him I was off to Head Office in Johannesburg to report the fact that he had fired me for no reason while in a drunken stupor.

He apologized and begged me not to leave, but I left. At the Holiday Inn Head Office, I told my story and they asked me to go home and rest on full pay while they found me another Inn to work at. They knew all about this manager and they didn't want to lose me. I rested for a month, then they sent me to fill in for six weeks at the Milpark Holiday Inn in Johannesburg, where I could use one of the Holiday Inn owned, furnished apartments in Hillbrow. I enjoyed my stay there and learned a lot, but I missed my kids terribly. I went home again for two weeks and was then sent to fill in at the Maseru Holiday Inn Casino in the country of Lesotho. Here, I learned a great deal. I also saw how badly run the country was under black rule. Corruption reigned. I saw money donated by Canada for trees being wasted by corrupt government officials in the casino and on drugs and prostitutes. I saw people chopping down any trees they liked for firewood, and that law and order was a thing of the past. I also saw how racist the black employees were.

One busy morning, an employee refused to listen to me, accused me of being racist, and got the rest of the waiters to strike in the main restaurant. I had been warned of this, so I approached the Innkeeper for advice. “Follow my lead” he said, and he started working like a waiter, clearing tables and serving food. I did the same, as did the white cashier. The decent waiters were so embarrassed that they went back to work. This Innkeeper was a great manager and taught me a lot about management. He led by example and had a great deal of class.

We did a regular fire drill. A code was announced over the intercom, and the fire team was to get to the fire with extinguishers as fast as possible, but with dignity, without upsetting the guests. One day a car caught a light at the main gate. The Fire Team ignored the repeated coded calls on the intercom until the announcer lost it and started screaming profanities at them on the intercom, for all to hear, in Sotho, and they realized something was going on. They each grabbed a fire extinguisher and ran to put the fire out. The problem was that they enthusiastically “tested” the fire extinguishers all the way to the fire, by which time
the extinguishers were empty, so they had to run back for more. The car burned to a cinder. It was hilarious.

I missed Stephen and Sacha a lot, and after six weeks, I could return home at last.

After two weeks at home, with such an uncertain future, I was sleeping one night and suddenly woke up feeling that I couldn't breathe. It felt like there was no air in the house. I punched out some louver windows to get at fresh air – it felt like my asthma was back. My wife rushed me to the hospital, where the doctor injected me and told me I wasn't having a heart attack, but a panic attack, brought on by severe stress. He gave me some Valium tablets to take, in case I ever experienced a panic attack again, but I never needed them again.

Another two weeks passed before I received a call from Head Office. The Personnel Manager wanted to see me. I drove to Johannesburg and he said he wanted to appoint me to the position of Assistant Food and Beverage Manager of the Bulawayo Holiday Inn. I would be alone there until he could find a Food and Beverage Manager to be my boss, and I would be paid in Rhodesian Dollars, which were already worth less than South African Rands. Because there was a war going on in Rhodesia, nobody wanted to go there, so he suggested they fly me there for a weekend to check it out and make a decision.

I countered his offer. By this time, I had had enough of their B.S. I told him that, if I accepted his offer, I wanted an immediate promotion to Food and Beverage Manager with a pay increase, that I would be paid in South African Rands, and that my wife was to accompany me to Rhodesia so that she could share the decision. If that was not acceptable, I told him in no uncertain terms, I would immediately resign. He accepted, and we flew to Rhodesia. This was the start of another fantastic adventure in my life.
Chapter Twelve

1979 – Rhodesia

My wife and I flew to Bulawayo and stayed at the Holiday Inn for the weekend. We visited my Uncle Peter and his family and enjoyed a BBQ at their home. Everyone, including the women were armed. I instantly fell in love with the country and Peter assured me that the fighting was never in the cities. All terrorist contact was outside of the cities. We flew home, packed, and loaded our two dogs (one a Great Dane) and Stephen and Sacha up. By this time, I was driving a Fiat hatchback. A moving van took our furniture. When we got to the border, they asked us to stick rifles out of the car windows, and if we didn't have rifles, broom handles would work – from far away, they would look like gun barrels to the terrorists. I had a 9mm pistol, a shotgun, and my trusty .38 Special revolver with me. We stuck the shotgun barrel out of the window and were escorted by the army from the border to Bulawayo. The sides of the road had been cleared in order not to afford terrorists like Mugabe a hiding place. I was later to find that the sandy, clear sides of the road were a great place to gallop a horse on the way home to the stable.

We found a wonderful house to rent for 140 Rhodesian Dollars per month. It had a beautiful garden, a long, gravel driveway, a huge veranda, two sitting rooms, four bedrooms, two bathrooms. A real colonial house. It came with the condition that I hire their two male servants – one to clean and cook inside and one to keep the yard and garden spic and span, and we enjoyed living there. We soon got cats and the kids had a swing. Then I built a chicken run. It was like stepping back in time. The owners had immigrated to South Africa.

At the Holiday Inn, the staff tested me. They would not show up for the kitchen night shift to see if I would cope. They pretended not to be able to use the cash register. Each time, I proved that I could handle myself, and them. The existing white employees hated the black convention manager. He was in charge of the events waiters, and they said he was lazy. They called me into a meeting and told me they expected me to fire him. I said I would make my own choice after observing him at work. Nobody would tell me how to manage my people. I noticed that Oral – that was his real name – would sit outside smoking while his staff did an excellent job. He was an expert manager and an excellent black market operator. I called him into my office. He was tall – over six feet, and thin. I said, “Oral, you're fired!” (Just like Trump). Then I said, “and now, I am rehiring you – on MY terms. Everyone wanted me to fire you, so I did. Here are your new terms of employment: You can sit outside and smoke all day, as long as the job gets done to my satisfaction. In fact, you don't even have to come to work. If I'm not happy, I'll let you know. What do you think?” He laughed, we shook hands, and became good friends.
One night, a group of ruffians in the discotheque that we ran decided to beat me up. I refused to retreat, and I know I would have been badly hurt. Suddenly, Oral appeared, running. He grabbed me, and shouted, “Mr. Elliott, Mr. Elliott, emergency call for you! Come quick!” He saved me and I saved face.

I worked hard, and simply loved the Rhodesians, black and white. They were a cut above South Africans – more cultured, wonderful people. I got a call from Klaus and he wanted a job as a chef. I offered him a job, and it was great to be working with my old friend again. We went hunting and fishing, and had a great deal of fun. Rhodesia was in transition from being Rhodesia, run by Ian Smith, to Zimbabwe Rhodesia, run by the political puppet, Bishop Able Muzerewa. South Africa and England were forcing Rhodesia into defeat, and applying strict sanctions. We battled to get imported liquor, cooking oil, shellfish, eating utensils, and all sorts of things that most people never think of being without in a busy hotel. This forced us to think outside the box, and soon we began to understand how the black market works.

We took Stephen for riding lessons and he and Sacha loved playing with me in the big yard.

Gasoline was rationed, so we got ration cards, and as a South African working in Rhodesia, I got a few more than most. Tourists also got plenty, so before long I was doing business buying and selling ration cards. I also bought and sold antiques (people were immigrating and didn’t want to haul everything with them, plus they needed money), gold, which was smuggled out of the mines, and foreign currency. We would buy it from the hotel receptionists and resell it at a profit – US Dollars, English Pounds, Japanese Yen, South African Rands, German Deutschmarks, you name it. I bought a lovely old blue Lambretta scooter and saved even more gasoline and made even more money. Stephen loved riding on it with me.

I had a problem with beer deliveries. They would arrive on a Wednesday, and the two fellows allocated to unloading the crates of beer were slow and unmotivated. One day, I challenged them. I said, “I bet you I can unload more crates of beer than you can. Sam, let’s see how many crates I can unload in ten minutes. Then it’s your turn. OK?” He agreed, and I took off my jacket, tie, and shirt, and went to work. I beat him. Then the other fellow, Joseph, beat me. The next Wednesday we had another competition, and one of the off-duty barmen joined us. By the end of a month, the Wednesday beer packing competitions were in full swing, with people begging to take part, and the beer was being unloaded in a fraction of the time it used to take.
A Rhodesian friend, Bart, and his wife invited us to their house for a BBQ. The BBQ was set up on a mound of dirt in the back yard, and we all sat down with some beers. He had his .22 rifle with him, so he simply shot a passing chicken in the head and his wife proceeded to clean it right then and there and fling it onto the BBQ. When we wanted more food, he'd simply shoot another chicken. He had a huge, LIVE, unexploded bomb hanging over his bar for decoration. He once invited me to go shooting at an old burnt-out sawmill where the terrorists had killed everyone, including the animals and pets. I later found out that it was the most dangerous part of the country and nobody was allowed to go there.

We would go the Matopas National Park and illegally catch Bream with a throw net, then take it up the hotel and give it to the owner, whose wife would prepare it for us and they'd have dinner with us. We drank the Castle Pilsener beer with the green label and had a wonderful life, riding horses and making good friends. I decided to buy a house, since they were cheap, and there was a very small chance that Mugabe wouldn't take over. Unfortunately, the brave Rhodesians were finally forced to capitulate, and it became obvious that the war was lost, and therefore civilization, as another colony fell to African rule and barbarism. Men sent their wives and children out of the country to South Africa and loaded our guns – we were worried that when Mugabe took power there would be wholesale slaughter. We knew how whites had been slaughtered in the Belgian Congo and many other African countries. My wife took Stephen and Sacha to safety in South Africa.

Tensions rose. Tempers ran high. One night, a slightly inebriated black in the bar told me that when Mugabe took over, he would sleep with my wife, kill me, and take my house. I lost my temper and tried my best to kill him with my bare hands. I would have succeed, had another manager not managed to pull me off him.

While my family was away in South Africa, I singlehandedly moved the entire house to our new home in Malindela. Fortunately, there was no violence. Bart invited me to go on a “Rhodesian Pubcrawl” with him, since my family was away. I agreed. In the bars, the barmen would sit with the patrons, and people would serve themselves and put money in the cash register and take change, always leaving a tip. I asked one of the barmen if there was ever a shortage. He said no, in fact he made a lot more money by not working the bar and letting people serve themselves. Such was the decency and respect in Rhodesia. I love Jews and Rhodesians.

Once, when we returned to the stables after a ride, a huge spitting cobra emerged from a pile of rubbish in front of me. I shot at it with my pistol and missed it. When the small pile of rubble was carefully removed, the five-foot long snake was simply gone.
Our new home was next to a golf course—a lovely house. We put a huge seesaw (teeter-totter) on the front lawn. We had bought our first house.

As my year-long contract came to an end, it was obvious to me that Zimbabwe was going to go down the drain like all the countries to the north. We held a huge going-away party at our house, and I cried like a baby that night. I really loved Rhodesia very much and I didn't want to go back to South Africa, but I really had no choice if I wanted a safe life for my children. The new black government would not let whites take any electric appliances that were newer than four years out of the country—they had to leave that behind as “reparation.” We were also very limited in the amount of money we could take out. I swapped the house for a Ford Escort, packed my cash into the steering columns of the cars, and we returned to South Africa.

In this remarkable article in Time Magazine “Pain amid Plenty” author Alex Perry answers the reason why, despite years of aid from the West (the Producers), Africans are on the brink of starvation again.

Perry writes, Over time, sustained food aid creates dependence on handouts and shifts focus away from improving agricultural practices to increase local food supplies. Ethiopia exemplifies the consequences of giving a starving man a fish instead of teaching him to catch his own. This year the U.S. will give more than $800 million to Ethiopia: $460 million for food, $350 million for HIV/AIDS treatment—and just $7 million for agricultural development. Western governments are loath to halt programs that create a market for their farm surpluses, but for countries receiving their charity, long-term food aid can become addictive.

Why bother with development when shortfalls are met by aid? Ethiopian farmers can’t compete with free food, so they stop trying. Over time, there’s a loss of key skills, and a country that doesn’t have to feed itself soon becomes a country that can’t. All too often, its rulers use resources elsewhere—Ethiopia has one of Africa’s largest armies.

Why do we get aid so wrong? Because it feels so right. “The American people,” says U.S. ambassador to Ethiopia Donald Yamamoto, “are simply not going to sit tight while they see children dying.” Nor should they: a starving man needs to be saved first, before he can be taught to fish—or farm. But as the world rallies again to Ethiopia’s aid, donors face a dilemma. “We’re not getting to the real problem,” says Yamamoto.
Chapter Thirteen
1980 – Durban

In December, 1980, we returned to Pretoria, South Africa. I was 26 years old. We decided to live in Durban, so I took Stephen and Sacha and stayed with my wife in Pretoria. Stephen and I traveled to Durban and stayed with my aunt Cynthia in her apartment while I job hunted with Stephen. Before leaving Pretoria, I had answered an advert to sell life insurance in Pretoria. I had always had life insurance, and I believed strongly in the concept. I went from job interview to job interview, avoiding the hospitality business. One day, I got a call from Pretoria – African Eagle Life had an opening in Durban, so I went for the interview with Stephen. I got the job with a six-month income to help me over the learning curve. I hired an apartment close to the beach, and told my wife to come and join us in Durban.

My training consisted of an instruction manual, a rate book, and a set of audio cassettes – no exam that I can remember. If there was one, I would have passed it – I never fail exams. I asked my manager how much money I could make. He showed me a corner office on the east side of the building where the salesman was going bankrupt, then he walked me to a corner office on the west side, where the salesman had become a millionaire. He said that both these salesmen had the same training (such as it was) and both had exactly the same market, pricing, opportunities, support, and products, yet one failed while the other succeeded. My success was up to me. I went on a few calls with a senior salesman and then decided to work alone. I suggested to my boss that I present talks to groups. He said it wouldn't work, but I, of course, knew better. I wasted time and gasoline presenting talks and made no sales, then I realized I had better take advice from people who knew the business well, and not try to reinvent the wheel.

My manager showed me a lone filing cabinet and told me the files contained the information about “orphans” – people who were sold policies, but the salesmen who sold them the policies had left the company – most salesmen didn't make it. Nobody was interested in the orphans, he said, but I was welcome to all of them. I was overjoyed. I didn't know anyone in Durban aside from my aunt, so here was a huge treasure chest of qualified prospects. I would call them up and say, “Mr. Jack Ripper? This is Robin Elliott calling from African Eagle Life. You have a problem.” That got his attention. I proceeded, “The man who sold you your insurance policy, Peter Pumpkin, has left this company, and I have been instructed to meet with you urgently to make sure you understand the product you bought and to make sure Mr. Pumpkin sold you the right product. You don’t want to think you have something that you really don’t, do you? Will Tuesday at 4pm or Friday at 9am suit you better?” I got the appointment every time, sold most of them, and got
referrals from them. If they didn't need more insurance, I wouldn't sell them any, and they appreciated that.

We enjoyed living in Durban. But the kids hated living in an apartment after their freedom and space in Rhodesia, so we often went to the beach. I would pick mussels off the rocks and boil them in seawater on a fire on the beach to eat. I loved my children. They were very obedient and kind, and we had lots of fun. I got used to my job, my wife stayed home and looked after the kids, and life went on. My whole purpose in life was providing for my family and making my children and parents proud of me. I had always read a lot, and I continued reading a lot. I took Karate classes at a dojo in town. Once, in the showers, a fellow asked me what work I did. I told him I sold life insurance. I didn't use the fancy names, labels, masks, and camouflages people use today. I asked what he did, and he replied, “I’m a vertical transport engineer” – Lift (Elevator) Mechanic. I had a good laugh. While I sold life insurance, I also sold paper for a paper company and an oil additive as a sideline.

I heard that my friend from the army, Kobus, had become a medical rep, selling drugs to doctors, and had become very successful. He also employed a gardener who taught him how to create ornamental resin pen holders that had the person's name embedded in it, much as my dad had done at the Panorama Hotel, and I traveled to Pretoria so that Kobus could teach me how to do the same. He sold these to the doctors he called on for $10 each. He then started manufacturing basins and bathtubs, using the same method, and before long, he was a millionaire. He had already been divorced and was now married for the second time. I returned to Durban, hired a warehouse, and started manufacturing pen holders and so on there in my spare time. The business never took off and I closed it down.

I met a good friend, Peter, who wanted to pair up with me – we would sell insurance together and split the commissions. I didn't understand why this was necessary, since my sales were good, and I enjoyed working alone, but I liked Peter, so I agreed. Peter was addicted to gambling on horse races. While we traveled in the car together to sell insurance, he would guess the outcomes of the races broadcast on the car radio – I was amazed at how accurate he was, and how much money he lost. I have never been interested in gambling, and I saw how it affected Peter. He was living a lie. When he married his wife, his father-in-law had given them a house, mortgage free, and this house was now mortgaged to the hilt. His wife was blissfully unaware that her house was mortgaged and that Peter was up to his ears in debt.

My wife started going to an Assemblies of God church in Durban North after she heard that my family in Pretoria had become “born-again” Christians. I would let her attend church and the kids attended Sunday School while I sat in the
car, reading the Sunday Times. I wasn't happy with my marriage and I wasn't achieving anything significant. The kids kept me with my wife, but I really felt like I was going nowhere. I was depressed.

Most people who are in that kind of situation – depressed, bored, going nowhere, sad, no real direction, are vulnerable to cults and religious predators.

The Cult Information Center provides 31 Characteristics of a Cult:
Every cult can be defined as a group having all of the following five characteristics:
1. It uses psychological coercion to recruit, indoctrinate and retain its members.
2. It forms an elitist totalitarian society.
3. Its founder/leader is self-appointed, dogmatic, messianic, not accountable and has charisma.
4. It believes 'the end justifies the means' in order to solicit funds recruit people.
5. Its wealth does not benefit its members or society.

Mind Control techniques include:
1. Hypnosis
   Inducing a state of high suggestibility by hypnosis, often thinly disguised as relaxation or meditation.
2. Peer Group Pressure
   Suppressing doubt and resistance to new ideas by exploiting the need to belong.
3. Love Bombing
   Creating a sense of family and belonging through hugging, kissing, touching and flattery.
4. Rejection of Old Values
   Accelerating acceptance of new life style by constantly denouncing former values and beliefs.
5. Confusing Doctrine
   Encouraging blind acceptance and rejection of logic through complex lectures on an incomprehensible doctrine.
6. Metacommunication
   Implanting subliminal messages by stressing certain key words or phrases in long, confusing lectures.
7. Removal of Privacy
Achieving loss of ability to evaluate logically by preventing private contemplation.

8. Time Sense Deprivation
Destroying ability to evaluate information, personal reactions, and body functions in relation to passage of time by removing all clocks and watches.

9. Disinhibition
Encouraging child-like obedience by orchestrating child-like behavior.

10. Uncompromising Rules
Inducing regression and disorientation by soliciting agreement to seemingly simple rules which regulate mealtimes, bathroom breaks and use of medications.

11. Verbal Abuse
Desensitizing through bombardment with foul and abusive language.

12. Sleep Deprivation and Fatigue
Creating disorientation and vulnerability by prolonging mental and physical activity and withholding adequate rest and sleep.

13. Dress Codes
Removing individuality by demanding conformity to the group dress code.

14. Chanting and Singing
Eliminating non-cult ideas through group repetition of mind-narrowing chants or phrases.

15. Confession
Encouraging the destruction of individual ego through confession of personal weaknesses and innermost feelings of doubt.

16. Financial Commitment
Achieving increased dependence on the group by 'burning bridges' to the past, through the donation of assets.

17. Finger Pointing
Creating a false sense of righteousness by pointing to the shortcomings of the outside world and other cults.

18. Flaunting Hierarchy
Promoting acceptance of cult authority by promising advancement, power and salvation.

19. Isolation
Inducing loss of reality by physical separation from family, friends, society and rational references.

20. Controlled Approval
Maintaining vulnerability and confusion by alternately rewarding and punishing similar actions.

21. Change of Diet
Creating disorientation and increased susceptibility to emotional arousal by depriving the nervous system of necessary nutrients through the use of special diets and/or fasting.

22. Games
Inducing dependence on the group by introducing games with obscure rules.

23. No Questions
Accomplishing automatic acceptance of beliefs by discouraging questions.

24. Guilt
Reinforcing the need for 'salvation' by exaggerating the sins of the former lifestyles.

25. Fear
Maintaining loyalty and obedience to the group by threatening soul, life or limb for the slightest 'negative' thought, word or deed.

26. Replacement of Relationships
Destroying pre-cult families by arranging cult marriages and 'families'.

Me again. You can see from the above how many organizations can be labeled a cult, including training programs, MLM, clubs, and more. Religion is, of course, number one. ALL religion, to a greater or lesser degree. One morning, one of my fellow salesmen asked me if we could have a chat. In the parking garage, he showed me a little picture he had drawn. On the one side were adjectives describing a “lost soul” – me. They included familiar emotions: sadness, boredom, insomnia, thoughts of suicide, depression, no direction or excitement. In the middle was a cross. On the other side, adjectives described a “saved” person: happy, fulfilled, purposeful, joyful, at peace, motivated... He simply indicated that the cross (Jesus) was the bridge to happiness for me, and if I knelt down right now and accepted Jesus as my Lord and Savior, I would cross the bridge and be saved and be happy. That simple. So, never having had the problem of procrastination or indecision, I knelt down and did my thang. I was now “saved” I believed, and started attending church with my wife and kids.
The same character that had “led me to the lord” had a friend who managed a furniture store. They lied to me (a very common thing amongst fake born-again Christians, I was to discover over time) that I could earn a lot more selling furniture, so I resigned from the life insurance company and started selling furniture at Al's Your Pals on West Street. My wife decided to get a teaching job. We put Stephen and Sacha into daycare for the first time, and they hated it. She was fired from the teaching job, and went back to minding the kids at home. I had never heard of a teacher being fired before, but that was my wife.

Although the earnings were not what I had been told, I truly enjoyed selling furniture and learned a lot from my Indian fellow salesmen. We had lots of fun, and played tricks on the salespeople who visited us. We would take all their books out of their briefcase and replace them with a brick, attach toilet tissue to their suit jackets, have curry dinners, and sell furniture. I came sixth out of the entire group of furniture store salespeople (stores were all owned by Bears, but all with different names – we were our own competition) of which I was very proud. The stores had Jewish leadership, which I liked. I like Jews. My mom used to tease me and call me an “American Jew” because I liked America and Jews.

I had always been fearless of people, and I had a quick temper. When I got really angry, I would get a funny feeling in my legs, and I knew I could easily kill someone, so I avoided fights and tried to behave. I was always depressed, and I only found out at the age of fifty-seven (this year) that I had a chemical imbalance that caused the ongoing depression and volatility. I believed Jesus would fix this. One way I have always coped was to be very busy, very innovative, very active, and very goal-oriented. You can't feel depressed while you are presenting a seminar, writing, conducting a conference call, or selling something...

I enjoyed the church, and before long we received a message from my family in Pretoria – Wendy was on the DTS – Discipleship Training School – a brainwashing, 6-month program developed by YWAM, an American Christian cult. Wendy felt God was telling her that we should pray about going back to Pretoria and joining their mega church and attending the DTS. Then I could possibly attend the “Bible College” and become a pastor!

I, like Sacha, am a fanatic. I am black or white, on or off, totally committed, or not committed at all. I am fully dedicated to what I believe in, no matter what the cost. I call it “integrity” – congruency.
This was very exciting to me, and my wife urged me to take her and the kids back to Pretoria to get involved in this Hatfield cult church. Naturally, I was convinced that God told me to go, to “sell everything and follow me.” So I did. I quit my job, sold everything, including our cars, bought a train ticket, and we arrived in Pretoria to serve God. I knew I was smart enough to handle any course or Bible College, and I knew I was a good leader, so I wanted to become a pastor.

“This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behavior,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and traitors, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star!” (William Shakespeare – King Lear, act 1, scene 2, Edmund.)

From my Blog: Courage, Daring, and Audacity – the Keys to the Vault of Wealth

What sets the champions apart? I believe it is a deep-seated passion and commitment to a purpose that refuses to be denied. That passion is beyond the pale of any other person, institution, opinion, or agenda. It is unassailable and profound. And it demands satisfaction at all costs. It is by no means a burden, but a true glory and joy. It is the pearl of great price: “Again, [the goal] is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.”

Theodore Roosevelt said, “It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, who comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the
worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who neither know victory nor defeat.”

Champions know that they know – Churchill believed all his life that he was born to save England. He said, “Courage is rightly esteemed the first of human qualities… because it is the quality which guarantees all others.” His fortitude, fervor, and supreme confidence saved the civilized world from Hitler’s National Socialism. (Who is the John Galt who will save America from Obama? Will it be Romney, a mystic?)

When you find your purpose, you ascend to a higher plane of consciousness. You become an unstoppable force. Tenacity, energy, power, and discipline will come to you naturally. You evolve faster. Your mind clears, and your objectives crystallize and become a burning desire. You believe without doubt, restraint, or question. This is what happens, in a negative way, to cult members and true believers. They are weak, ineffectual people who believe unquestioningly in others or in imaginary, mystical beings, and are manipulated like puppets. They avoid reason and hide in faith. Believe in YOUR OWN rational purpose, aligned with the goals and values of other great people.

General George S. Patton believed he was a reincarnated warrior leader. He said, “Now there’s another thing I want you to remember. I don’t want to get any messages saying that “we are holding our position.” We’re not holding anything. Let the Hun do that. We are advancing constantly and we’re not interested in holding onto anything except the enemy. We’re going to hold onto him by the nose and we’re going to kick him in the ass. We’re going to kick the hell out of him all the time and we’re going to go through him like crap through a goose!” He made no apologies and never compromised, in spite of massive pressure.

Steve Chandler said, “I notice that peoples’ greatest opportunity for success is right in front of them in the very next conversation they are about to have. Yet they fly past that conversation, tagging it, like a drive-by shooting, racing to get to their “better” future. When I recommend that they slow down it goes against their inner anxiety, that anxiety that runs their lives, as they strain so hard against their leash they begin to lose oxygen. At night, they don’t sleep, they pass out. No wonder no valid plans for the future can be made. Those plans are all fear-based because they want a “better” world than the one that presents itself in this next conversation, this world of infinite opportunity.” Those are people to avoid – the losers, moochers, parasites, parrots and posers – 97% of people who simply seek to survive with the least effort. They believe in sport, mysticism, narcissism, and instant gratification.

Champions are like Margaret Thatcher, who said, “I seem to smell the stench of appeasement in the air.” No compromise for winners. So ask yourself, “What is my profound purpose? What is my great objective?” Think big. Go for the gold. You only have one life.

Audacity, courage, and daring – these wonderful attributes will become yours when you discover you true purpose. It’s not too late.
Chapter Fourteen

1982 – Pretoria Again

We moved into one room in my parents' house in Pretoria, while my dad and I built a cottage at the back, adding to the existing garage and outside room and toilet. We built a lovely little cottage, which is still there as I write, with two bedrooms and a sitting room, kitchen study, and bathroom. Sacha slept in a “dining room” area and Stephen had his own room. They had the yard, my loving family, their mother, a swimming pool – what more could we want? My mom worked at the White Dove Christian Nursery School, and Stephen and Sacha loved it. I knew that my mom and sisters would make up for my wife's parenting. I could make something of my new life, and my family would be proud of me. I had always supported them, and I immediately started working part time to bring in extra money.

The DTS was simply a cult program with an American leader from YWAM, and they indoctrinated us all. I started running one “Home Cell” and it grew to sixteen home cells. We went on an “Outreach” to Durban to convert people, and it all seemed fine. I went to the Bible College and passed with flying colors. I was set up to become a pastor in the church. I was popular, sincere, committed, and successful.

I teamed up with a good friend from the church, Theo, who was a really great guy, and very funny. We got paintings on consignment from well-known artists and traveled around the province of the Free State, selling them to wealthy doctors and farmers. We traveled in Theo's old Volvo, pulling a trailer full of paintings. We shared the expenses and our profits and had great fun on these trips. The hospitable farmers always offered us lodging, and the trips made us good money. I learned a lot from Theo, as well as the farmers and doctors, and we had great fun. I spent my time laughing at Theo's antics.

We saved up money and took Stephen and Sacha on a holiday to Durban. It was great fun.

I worked part time as a chef in a hotel owned by a wealthy man in the church, and saw how money affected the church and the congregation. The motive was power and money. I enjoyed working in the kitchen of the Mahem Hotel – the manager, a Hollander who later died when he fell off his horse, had a great system in place. I learned a lot.
The more successful I became in the church and the more I learned, the more I questioned. I saw how easy it was for church leaders to manipulate their “flock” of sheeple. When we studied Christology, Apologetics, World Religions, Eschatology, and Koine Greek, I found that there were many discrepancies. After all, if I wanted to know about Buddhism, why would I want to know what a born-again Christian had to say about it? I found that hundreds of pre-Christian religions had almost identical stories and myths about creation, saviors, and miracles. So I started studying Psychology at the University of South Africa, at that time one of the best correspondence universities in the world. (I completed my second year with a 92% average, and then quit. I had learned what I wanted to learn). I was still a Theist, but I didn't like religion.

My marriage was floundering. We went for counseling and I couldn't believe the stories my wife told the psychologist – fairy tales and lies. I was shocked.

In 1995, my wife had an affair with the handyman at the Christian Nursery School and divorced me. In spite of my trying to prevent the divorce for the sake of my children, and begging the pastors at the church to intervene, the church simply blamed me for the “breakdown.” I won't go into divorce details, her bad behavior regarding child custody, her terrible treatment of Sacha, or the shocking revelations over the ensuing years that showed just how blind I had been to what I had been married to. All I can say is that it is amazing how much damage one person can do. I managed to get custody of Stephen and she took Sacha. My heart broke to lose my wonderful daughter.

Even though I was free of this woman, the stress of the divorce and missing Sacha was amazing. I would burst into tears on a bus. I got huge boils on the insides of my legs (Job?) that had to be surgically removed – I still have scars. Stephen suffered. One morning his tears dripped into his porridge while he ate breakfast. I felt so sorry for him, and his mother influenced him when he was with her.

Meanwhile, one of the people in one of my cell groups was having a problem. He had been diagnosed as schizophrenic and was on heavy medication. The church persuaded him that he was demon-possessed. They would chase the demons out of him and he wouldn't need his medication. The purpose of these home study cell groups was to build relationships, support each other, and be good Christians. It worked – people helped, cared, loved, and supported each other. This fellow approached me and said, “I had the devils chased out of me, so I stopped my medication. Now, when I look at my wife and little daughters, I see the devil in their eyes and I want to kill them. Seems to me I LIKE the devil, and I don't want to! I
don't want to end up killing my family, and without the meds, I can't control myself. I should kill myself.” I tried to persuade him to get back onto his meds and forget about the drivel about demons, but I could see I wasn't getting through to him. Two days later, another friend of mine and I decided to visit him. The maid was ironing his clothes in the kitchen. I asked her where her boss was, and she said that he'd been in the garage all morning.

We found him gassed to death in his car. My friend tried mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, but we couldn't revive him. The ambulance and police arrived. He had left a suicide note for his beloved wife and daughters. I took off for the church to see the head witch doctor. I was furious.

When I arrived at the church, the head pastor / witchdoctor seemed unperturbed by the fact that I was accusing him of being instrumental in the death of one of his sheeple. Instead, he showed me graphs on his office wall of church numbers (and money) growth, and congratulated me on my success. I resigned and walked out of the coven. I joined another church, surprisingly – extraction from cults takes time, and you can't rush it. This one turned out to be just a smaller version of the previous one.

I was very interested in Christian Community living, and Stephen and I flew to East London to stay in one for a week to study it, hopefully to bring the concept back to Pretoria. But the more I studied it, the less I liked it, and it had failed in the US.

Theo and I had been working part-time in the civil service to make money, and his dad managed to get me a full-time job in a government office. I stayed in the cottage at my parents' house with Stephen. I felt like my mind was a translucent yellow lotus flower rising above the dark, fetid mud of my marriage. I was free of her at last, and I bore no guilt. I knew the price I had paid for ten years for the sake of my children. I had no car, and she had taken whatever money we had, so I started my life over at the age of 32. It was 1985. Stephen had started school. I started a church in the basement of the government building for black people, and called it Kereke Ya Lethabo – Church of Happiness. It was great fun. I preached, we sang. The Afrikaans bureaucrats hated me for it. They were very racist.

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Chapter Fifteen
1985-1988 – New Life

My mom bought another car and gave me her old car, for which I was very grateful. My ex-wife had taken our car, a mini. I no longer went to church. Stephen joined the cub scouts. I loved it when Sacha visited and we swam and played in the pool. I took the kids away to camp in a caravan park and enjoyed the outdoors. I didn't go on any dates, and just built my life again. One day my dad suggested I attend a talk at a school by a social worker, on how to raise a child when you're a single parent. As a single parent, I agreed that it was a good idea, and I showed up at the school. I walked into the school hall and was confronted by an angel.

Every man has a preference when it comes to things that attract him to a woman, and usually it's a cluster, but one aspect is always the strongest. It could be legs, ass, nails, hair, face, eyes. For me, it's hair. That's why it was astonishing that when Rika Wilcox welcomed me to the school hall for the single parent talk, I saw only her amazing eyes, despite the fact that she has the sexiest, most beautiful mane of red hair I have ever seen, even now, 24 years after marrying her. I couldn't believe those eyes. It was like looking into the heart of an angel. I didn't hear much of the talk. But I definitely found out who Rika was.

I invited Rika on a date to see a play in town. I took her on dates and didn't touch her. It took quite a few dates before I even kissed her. I was being very careful. As was she. We joined a single parents’ group. She says I asked her the same questions over and over from many different angles, interrogating her. I wasn't about to marry another dud. Stephen was nine, Sacha was eight, and Rika had Erica, also nine, and Lynnette, much younger. She'd been single for several years and yet managed well, kept her house clean, had a new car, and had saved some money, in spite of the fact that she was a single parent teacher and her ex husband was a real dirt bag who paid no maintenance for her or her kids. She was frugal, wore little or no make-up, was beautifully built, dressed well, put on no airs, had no piercings or tattoos (tramp stamps), had never smoked or been drunk. She was the opposite of my ex wife, and the woman of my dreams. Suddenly, Jeanette came second – I couldn't believe it. Over Rika took Jeanette's place, and Jeanette faded away to a distant memory. But I didn't intend to be bowled over and become an irrational, lovesick puppy. I took time to second guess my feelings, to rationally observe my emotions and motives, and to consider all the pitfalls of a step family.

The better I got to know her, the more people I met who knew and loved her, the more amazed I was at the quality and integrity of this woman, who was
three years older than me. She could cook (my ex couldn't) and she had been a lecturer at the teachers training college, was studying a post graduate degree in Minimal Brain Dysfunction, and was a head of department at the school she had been teaching at for seventeen years. She had been married for ten years and single for four years. She was beautiful inside and out. Today, after 24 years, she's even more beautiful. She was a cultured woman who I could be very proud of – the woman of my dreams.

I took my mom for tea and discussed my feelings about Rika. She was very positive about her. I asked Rika to marry me, and she said she would have to think about it. I had little money and a child. She had much more than me. I often tease her and say she married me for my looks and my money. I had neither. I can make money, but I can't get prettier. When she agreed to marry me on a park bench in a park, I was very happy. I bought her a ring that I would have to pay off, and we were engaged.

We were naïve about step families and unprepared for the interference of family members, ex spouses, politics between the kids, our own protective, dominant character types, our single parent conditioning, and the kids' choices, and in spite of the fact that we bought books about step families to prepare ourselves, we had a tough time adjusting. I encouraged Rika to get a nice a pre-nuptial contract to protect herself and her kids, her house, and possessions. We were married March 29, 1986, in a church, and went on honeymoon. The first time we had sex was on our honeymoon. It was wonderful.

We moved into Rika's house, put it on the market, and began adjusting to the step family. The kids attended a Methodist Sunday school. Stephen moved to the same school as Erica, I worked in the civil service, Rika taught. She earned $1,760 per month. I earned $1,000 per month. We used her savings of $6,000 for the wedding and to set ourselves up. We sold my car and used her car. We sold the house and bought a lovely house in Rietondale, three blocks from the school Rika taught at. We put in a pool, a “lapa” – a thatched roof cover at the pool, a new wall in the front, redid the kitchen, and added new closets to the bedroom. We had lots of client meetings and BBQ's at the house.

Stephen started taking Cello lessons at school, Lynnette took violin lessons, and Erika took flute lessons.

At work, I was tested and offered the opportunity to do a course in Work Study (Organization and Methods – O&M), which I did, and I was promoted to
Work Study Officer. I learned a lot on the course, but after qualifying I realized that it was simply a facade in the government – they weren’t interested in productivity. I joined the South African Institute of Organization and Methods. What I didn’t know then was that this was the qualification that allowed me to immigrate to Canada in 1997!

I investigated Scientology and realized that not only was it a dangerous cult, but that it was based on science fiction. Much like all other religions. Rika and I joined another church but it was a joke. We joined the Theosophical Society. Although also mystics, at least Theosophists were intelligent people. I attended a Christian Science Church, which I enjoyed. We went to Science of Mind meetings. We investigated New Age stuff and read widely. I LOVED, and still love, Buddhism.

I got to understand racism at its most evil by working with these government workers and hearing their stories. On one occasion, Rika and I went to court to try to get her ex to pay for child support (the psychopath sat reading a newspaper in court, and we eventually decided to walk away and do without him).

There was a gay fellow who worked at our offices. He was very nice, helpful, and caring. His parents and church wouldn’t accept the fact that he was gay and he became increasingly unhappy. One day he barricaded his office door and jumped out of the window. He fell sixteen floors to his death. A born-again Christian woman who had worked with him for over a year calmly remarked that he had “jumped straight through the gates of hell into eternal fire” because he was gay and dared to commit suicide. The love of Jesus incarnate, as usual. Relishing the suffering of people they claim to love.

One day I saw an advert for a free Motivational / Goal Setting Booklet in the newspaper, for which I applied. I received a phone call, inviting me to come and attend a seminar in Johannesburg, where I would receive my booklet. I was excited and Rika and I dressed up and took off for Johannesburg. The seminar was presented in the wealthy suburb of Parktown, in beautiful offices, by SMI – Success Motivation International, founded and run by the late Paul J. Meyer. The seminar was really exciting, until it came to the price of the product they were selling – two binders and six audio cassettes for $1,495. Rika was earning $1,760 per month, so this was a lot of money to us. When I talked with the seminar presenter about this, he said that I could work part-time selling the product and get rich. He said that if I gave him $2,000, he would add a week of training in these offices and a sales program, and then, when I sold any of their programs for $1,495, I could keep $1,000 for every program sold. And if I bought a Distributorship for a mere $10,000 (a fortune to me at that time), I could build a sales team, and split my
$1,000 with them when they sold a program. I knew I was a good leader and manager and I knew I could sell, and I hated my job.

The different SMI programs covered things like goal setting, motivation, management, personal development, sales, sales management, time management, Adventures in Growth for children, and so on. Great programs.

Rika supported me and agreed, and we refinanced our cars and mortgage to get the extra money. When we commit, we COMMIT. No going back. Rika believed in me, and I believed in myself. We would make this business work. It was 1987.

Right at this time, Rika's ex got her daughters to move in with him and he sued us for custody of them. We put all our money together and hired a lawyer, and fought him. Rika retained custody of the girls, and they came home. We included Sacha in our family whenever we could, and I missed her terribly. I was very worried about her living with her mother and approached lawyers about her mother's lifestyle and my options about getting custody. They told me that I had no chance of getting her back because of her age and the way the law worked.

In my first month of part-time work with SMI, I sold three programs and made $3,000 – three times my salary. I resigned immediately. My neo-Nazi boss told me I wouldn't make it. I'd heard that before. I would prove him wrong. I had massive goals and a way to achieve them now, and I could work alone. No more boss for me. I haven't had one since, and don't intend to. The SMI training and support I received was very good. I was highly motivated and started making money fast. The Founder of SMI, Paul J. Meyer, said, “Whatever you vividly imagine, ardently desire, sincerely believe, and enthusiastically act upon must, inevitably, come to pass.” Rika and I adopted that motto for our lives. It works.

Rika and I took the kids on holiday and listened to the SMI tapes all the way there and all the way back. I did EXACTLY what I was taught, and I worked very hard. I started building a sales team. We bought a full Distributorship for $10,000. We built an office in the garage for sales meetings, and I started to become one of the top SMI distributors, so I was asked to help with the training for one week in every month at the SMI offices in Johannesburg, without being paid for it. After doing this for a few months, I approached the main license holder and said, “George, I work for free for a whole week out of every month. I'm resigning from doing the training so that I can spend that time selling and building my business. That way, I will make more money.” George warned me that my production would go down if I did that, since I was “sharpening the saw” by learning while I trained...
others, and that's why I was doing so well. I tested it and proved him right, so I went back to doing the training.

We found that, although people will buy expensive self-improvement programs, few will actually apply them on an ongoing basis. 97% of people will live lives of frustrated mediocrity and quiet desperation, compare themselves with those who are worse off than they are, and complain, and that is not going to change. But there are a few who are sick and tired of suffering, and they change their lives. For those, it's worth the frustration of seeing people fail to use their full potential.

“There can be no compromise on basic principles. There can be no compromise on moral issues. There can be no compromise on matters of knowledge, of truth, of rational conviction.” ~ Ayn Rand
We sold our house and bought a huge, lovely house on Charles Street in Brooklyn, the exact goal I had set while still at school when my friend Raymond lived there. It was a lovely house – a long driveway, white walls, big front lawn and double, covered car park, a huge sitting room that we could fit forty chairs into for Wednesday night meetings for our SMI clients, a beautiful wood-paneled study that we turned into Stephen's bedroom (my dad added a shower to the bathroom so Stephen had his own bathroom), a lovely kitchen, a dining room, two more bedrooms with their own bathrooms, and a main Bedroom with its own bathroom – four beds, four baths. We added six TV sets. Each child had their own room. The main bedroom also had a little sitting-room feature and bay windows. There was a sun room / sitting room overlooking a large, sparkling pool at the back, plus a garage, maid’s quarters with shower and toilet, an ironing room, and a scullery. When we first moved in, I stood at the pool and wondered how I would possibly manage to pay the mortgage.

It was time for high school. I registered Stephen at Pretoria Boys High School, thereby achieving that goal. He had everything he needed – the best of the best, and all he had to do was do well at school and in sport. He had money, the right address, the right school, and my full support. I was very proud of him. I hoped he would get a bursary and go to university. I hoped he would do well in sports. Sacha was with her mother. I saw her regularly, but I missed her and worried about her. She wouldn't admit to any problems, but I knew it was very hard for her.

Business went well. When we went to big meetings at SMI, the average Distributor would show up with three salespeople. Then my eighteen salespeople would file into the room, men immaculately dressed in dark blue suits, white shirts, and red ties, women dressed in black and white and well groomed, too, and each with a gold name tag, with the name of our business on it next to their own names: Institute for Dynamic Development. I had a big sign made and put it on the front wall of our home. It was illegal, but it stayed there until I sold the house. Better to ask forgiveness than permission when dealing with government slaves and bootlickers.

I was a Finalist in the KPMG Aiken and Peat “Against All Odds” Entrepreneur Competition. Rika and I were trained by Thomas International in the use of the DiSC Personality Assessment Tools, and then we joined Performax where we trained in the same tools as well as Values Assessments and Listening
Tools. We sold their products to our clients and learned a lot. I then wrote my own copy and partnered up with a friend, Carlos, to create Vanguard Solutions. He created the software and the packaging, I wrote the contents, and we marketed our Personality Assessment Software to business owners and through the Software Connection retail stores. Carlos got cancer and died suddenly within six months. I never got the passwords from him – I didn't want to continue with the business alone. His wife and kids were well looked after and didn't need the money either.

While I was at Hotel School, one of my fellow students, Peter, who was good academically but poor practically, flirted with my then girlfriend whom I later married. I never forgot that. He showed up at my house in Charles Street looking for a job, and told me he was an alcoholic, had been convicted of fraud, and was desperate for work. I had nothing to lose, so I allowed him to sell SMI programs. Until, one day, he refused to pay me $1,750. I warned him that he had seven days before I went on the attack. He ignored me, so I called his wife and parents and told them I was about to report him to the police. He reluctantly paid and threatened to beat me up. I told him he was welcome to try. He didn't try.

A year later, one of my sales reps told me he had called on the owner of the Farm Inn, Pedro. Pedro asked him, “Has Robin got more money than me? If not, he can't teach me anything.” I called Pedro. I said, “Your father sold the Hellenic Hotel and left you millions. You have lost a few million already, and I have made a million. Which of us is more successful? I created a million, you lost millions. I make money – you spend and lose it.” He agreed to have me train and consult for him. He was a great guy to work with. One day he called me. He was very excited – he had found a wonderful new General Manager – the same Peter who had tried to rip me off. I told Pedro not to hire this fraudster who was also an alcoholic – the last person you want running a hotel. Peter didn't get the job. What goes around comes around. Don't mess with me.

Another fellow bought an SMI program from one of my reps and bounced his check. He refused to pay, hoping I would go away. He was a tall, thin man who stank of tobacco. I hate the smell of cigarette smoke – it is the most disgusting smell in the world. It signals the approach of a born loser. Anyway, he worked for a company that sold telephones and fax machines. I called him and told him I had a contact for him that wanted to buy a thousand fax machines, and asked him what commission I would get. We agreed on the commission and a date to introduce him to the buyer. Then I said, “But before you meet the buyer, bring me the $1,500 you owe me – in cash.” He showed up the same day with the money, eager to make the big sale. I took his money and told him, “There is no fax machine buyer. I was lying.
But now I have my money. You play with me, I'll play with you. Now get off my property."

I attended the Business Presentation Skills seminar and completed the Reeva Business Management School program, which I repeated as a trainer.

I used to help sell SMI distributorships, now $25,000, for a 10% commission. One night, Rika was lying in the bathtub while I sat on the toilet lid talking to her. She said, “You know, Robin, your salespeople get better deals and treatment than Distributors who pay $25,000. Why don't you create and sell your OWN distributorships?” I asked, “How much should I sell them for? $7,000 each?” “No” she replied. “TEN thousand each.” I created a contract and sold fifteen of my eighteen salespeople each a ten thousand dollar sub-distributorship. That made us $150,000. Now we had a committed team, and we shared the cost of a corporate video. I was paying $495 for imported SMI programs, but I knew that new Distributors got inventory to the retail value of their investment (now $25,000), and as in any other business, most of them failed. 87% of new businesses fail in the first five years. What, I wondered, became of the inventory they didn't sell? I advertised for new SMI programs still in their original packaging and found that I could buy as many programs as I wanted for my team to sell. And instead of paying $495, I paid $75 each for them!

I won several international SMI awards for business building, sales, and so on – plaques and certificates and pins. I attended the Dale Carnegie Public Speaking course and then the management course. I still encourage people to attend the Dale Carnegie Training. The man who was responsible for running Dale Carnegie courses in South Africa, Gordon, was a great role model and an excellent businessman. He owned a printing business and was always immaculately dressed. He was a Third Dan in karate, too. He wanted me to get involved in the Dale Carnegie training, and we had a few meetings. One day I called him to finalize our agreement and a policeman answered the phone. My friend had shot his sixteen-year-old daughter, seventeen-year-old son, and wife in their sleep before shooting himself. He had planned this for months and left a suicide note. I was shocked rigid.

I paid for my salespeople to attend the Tom Hopkins sales training. I attended another course in public speaking. Rika and I qualified as Realtors and sold houses part-time. We did very well. I was appointed a director of the Louis Botha Children's Home, an orphanage, and I was made a Board Member on the South African Sales Trainers Association. I assisted the Witwatersrand Deaf Association with their strategic planning. I was made an Executive Committee Member of the Pretoria Chamber of Business.
I asked SMI to allow me to carry other products in addition to theirs, but they threatened to sue me, so I left SMI and started selling training and other products. By working together, we could have accomplished a lot more. But it was not to be. I moved on. We could now afford nice family holidays, one of which was to Mauritius, on the east coast of Africa, much like Hawaii. Mauritius was great fun, and we snorkeled and rode bicycles there, but it was extremely hot.

I heard of a crowd of mercenary soldiers who laundered their money through a video editing and production company, I approached them to make a set of Twelve Videos on Personal Power, which I would pay for as I sold them. My team sold these sets for $4,500 each and I paid $75 each for them, plus the printing and a nice little oak “bookcase” that they fit into. Everyone did well.

For Stephen's sixteenth birthday in 1992, I paid for us both to do a scuba course – Open Water One. We did our initial training a special, deep swimming pool. I was claustrophobic, but I didn't want to let Stephen see that I was scared of drowning, so I behaved myself and overcame it. We then did our qualification in an unused, flooded asbestos mine – very interesting.

In 1993 I turned 40, and a month later I met Marnus Roothman at a Pretoria Chamber of Commerce lunch. He introduced himself as a printer and a public relations expert, and I ordered some business cards from him. In March, he invited me and Rika to his 50th birthday party. Of the 53 people invited, 50 showed up, and I learned that I had met a man of extraordinary intelligence, decency, and character. We are still great friends, even though he still lives in South Africa.

Marnus and I started doing business together. I started the Institute for Dynamic Development Entrepreneurial College. I rented offices and training rooms in town for it and hired a clerk / receptionist. My accountant was also Marnus' accountant. I set up a deal with the local newspaper, the Pretoria News, to run a weekly competition, “Why I should receive a bursary to the Entrepreneur College” and got massive exposure. I started offering training and consulting to businesses and my clients included AMC Cookware, Adcock Ingram, Martin Jonker Motors, Atlas Aircraft Association, and more. I helped Aquathin Water to develop and sell licenses and wrote my first books. I started a successful Business Networking Club.

Marnus suggested I co-author a book with our mutual friend, the South African Bodybuilding Champion, Lionel Kearns, who owned eighteen health
studios. Lionel said he would love to write Muscle, Mind, and Motivation with me, but I needed to lose weight and get in shape first. So he gave me free Gold Membership to his health clubs and I actually trained with him on many occasions. I lost fat, put on muscle, and was looking great when I hurt my back doing dumbbell curls. That back problem stayed with me on and off for years. We wrote the book and sold it at seminars we presented in the health clubs. It went great. I wrote How to Kill Elvis Presley, Black Pride, The Sales Wizard, and The Marketing Wizard.

I started the Institute for Dynamic Development Club, and we held monthly meetings and provided a hard copy newsletter and monthly audio cassette. Rika had started Success Consultants and did very well training women and children. We spoke at many venues. I was interviewed on radio and television and wrote articles for newspapers. The College was actively endorsed by the Black Management Forum, the Junior Chamber of Commerce, the Pretoria News, and others, and the overhead was high, however it didn't take off. I was making a lot of money but it was all being eaten up by the college, and debts increased. Joint Ventures were a big part of my business, and had been since I started it in 1987, but the college overhead was paralyzing and debts mounted.

Round about that time, one of my salespeople asked me if I was prepared to train a hair salon. I met with the owner and offered him the following: I would train him and his staff for one hour a week on a Tuesday morning to use Joint Ventures, sales techniques, and improve customer service to double their profits. I would charge him $1,000 in advance per month. He agreed, so I had a beautiful oak and brass plaque made and let him hang it on the salon wall: “Ongoing Human Resource Development Training in this Establishment by Robin J. Elliott.” He was very happy with the results of my training, and soon introduced me to another salon. Eventually, I was training four salons per month.

I joined a Rotary Club and became the Director for International Affairs. I got my American Express Card and my Diners Club Card. We enjoyed holidays and fine restaurants. Soon, I was a Founding Member of a second Rotary Club, and I invited all my Joint Venture partners to join it. That way, we would enjoy a Rotary meeting, and afterwards we'd stay in the restaurant and have a business meeting. I recruited a total of 46 Rotarians. These Rotarians helped each other and we promoted each other’s businesses. I joined a Network Marketing Company and did well in that, too, reaching their Winners Circle.

At home, the step family was difficult. Our marriage was great, but the ex spouses and extended family interfered, games were played, and we all had a tough time. I was working very hard on establishing my name, and overheads were high.
By this time, I was flying around the country presenting seminars as well. One day, it was raining, so I drove Stephen to school, and although parents weren't supposed to drive scholars up the long and winding road from the gate to the school buildings, I broke the rule and saved Stephen from a soaking by driving him all the way to the building. Along the way, a teacher was walking in the middle of the road with his dog. When it became obvious that he didn't intend getting out of the way, I honked at him and drove past. It was an all boys school – male teacher. Later in the day, a distraught Stephen called me from school and asked this teacher had humiliated him in front of his entire class and asked him, “Who does your father think he is to drive up the lane and honk at a teacher?” I think I got to the school before Stephen put the phone down. I stormed into the reception area and asked to speak to the maggot teacher. When I was told I needed an appointment, I gave the receptionist a choice: “Either you get him into his office with me in two minutes, or I will see him in front of his class.”

The weasel teacher saw me in his office five minutes later. I said, “You asked me who I think I am. I'm going to tell you who I am, and then I'm going to tell you who YOU are. I am a businessman and I earn my money working with real men in the real world. You are a weak, insignificant a**hole who feels important in front of defenseless children, because you can't cut it with adults. Now you will go and apologize to Stephen in front of the whole class, and if he doesn't tell me you did that, I will come here tomorrow and beat ten kinds of s**t out of you!” The teacher was pale and shaking and literally ran out of his office. He apologized to Stephen in front of his class.

Rika and I went on holidays alone together, then she would take her kids on a holiday, then I would take my kids on a holiday. She spent time with her kids, and I spent time with my kids. It worked. I loved spending time with Stephen and Sacha. Sacha was a real achiever. In spite of a horrific home life (I only found out about most of it when we were all in Canada), she excelled at everything she put her mind to. She was a great ballet dancer and she won awards for roller skating. In fact, in a championship I watched, she was the youngest and least experienced and the only one to fall, yet she still won. She was unstoppable, driven, focused, and a perfectionist. Much like her father, she is a fanatic. I would take Stephen and Sacha horse riding and to Johannesburg, and we had lots of fun. We went on holidays and my dad came with us on one of them too. We enjoyed big family meals at mom's house – Rika and I, the kids, Gwynnie, Wendy and dad.

We hosted and ran a Psychic Fair and tried many other ways to make many, many of which worked.
Gwynnie got married. I preached at their wedding. Dad's cousin had died and left him his house, which dad generously gave to Gwynnie, so they had an instant, free house. Dad gave the Malherbe Street house, where mom and Wendy still lived (and still do today), to Wendy. Gwynnie's marriage only lasted about a year. Wendy never married. We all enjoyed the family get-togethers.

Because of the College overhead, cash flow became very tight. At one point, Marnus asked me what was wrong. I said I needed a certain amount of money very urgently and I had run out of options. He took out his checkbook, asked what the amount was, and wrote me a check. “Pay it back when you can, Robin” he said, “no interest.” He saved my gravy. Many years later, I was able to return the favor when he was in trouble.

A good friend of mine from SMI days had made a lot of money by buying and running a real estate company, funded by his two partners, both lawyers. They bought one partner out and Louis wanted me to join him. I said I would try it, and he advanced me ten thousand dollars per month to sell properties in central Pretoria. This helped my cash flow, but my heart wasn't in it. After three months I stopped, but I still owed Louis the money. Don't do something you're not passionate about – you won't succeed in it.

One bleak day, I received a call from my bank manager. He said that according to his records, I was getting deeper and deeper into debt, and that I was on the verge of bankruptcy. He threatened to call my second mortgage, lines of credit, credit cards, etc., so I went to the bank's head office to plead my case. I finally managed to persuade them to only pull some debts, so that I would have the chance to rectify the situation. If I was bankrupted, everyone would lose, including my JV partners who relied on me, my salespeople, and so on.

I was on the verge of panic. I thought of selling the house and other wild ideas, and so I went and visited my very successful friend, Gerald Voutsas, and asked for his advice. Gerald was a successful auctioneer, and he and his five brothers each owned ten percent in each other's businesses, so that when one of their businesses had a problem, five brothers with a vested interest in its success would band together to solve the problem – a Mastermind in action. He objectively looked at my situation and showed me what a stupid idea selling the house was. He asked where and how I could make the most money, I told him, and he said, “Get out there and sell training, and you'll solve your problem.” I did. I worked very hard and turned the business around. I closed the College and swore never to carry overhead again. I trained and consulted to a security business, and learned a lot from them, too. I also created a training program that my sales reps sold to restaurants. It worked well. I
created a program for Colour Me Beautiful Image Consultants which worked well. Marnus and I presented seminars together, too. He was a great friend and I learned a lot from him. I continued to read widely and discovered Ayn Rand in The Fountainhead. We bought and sold Mind Machines (light and sound machines with audio) which I enjoyed using myself. I have a sneaking feeling it contributes to depersonalization personality disorder, though. I managed my depression by always being extremely busy and in front of people.

I learned NLP and then taught NLP and mind techniques to golfers at the University of Pretoria (I have never played golf, and I never intend to) and I trained the National South African Underwater Hockey Team on anchoring and mind control. They won. I attended a Firewalk and then presented six of them myself to my clients. I bought the Tony Robbins Twelve Steps to Personal Power program from the US and used it in my training and counseling. I spoke at the Tupperware Convention and trained the Annique Beauty Company. I trained the Northern Transvaal Sports Coaches Academy, the Women's Business Club (Sakevrouens), Club One Million, Fotoquip, House of Health, and many more. My stuff worked.

Louis died suddenly of a heart attack, and his lawyer partner called me and threatened me that if I didn't pay him the $30K immediately, he would sue me. I visited my lawyer, who quickly established that the company that had signed the agreement with Louis had never been registered. He called the bully lawyer and explained that he didn't have a leg to stand on. I was a happy and relieved camper.

I joint ventured with a full color magazine, South African Success, for a double center page spread advertising, not my body, but national seminars. That advertising failed dismally, but by now I had learned not to incur risk, especially when it came to advertising and overheads.

I gave a talk at a large Haut Coiffure hairdressing event – hundreds of hairdressers attended. At the end of my talk, I was approached by the owner of the Redken hair product line license for South Africa, Maxim Krok. He proposed a Joint Venture to me. He wanted to get Redken products into more salons, and he needed leverage on the salon owners. Because of my rising reputation, he wanted to use me as leverage. He would have his big sales force promote me to salons and say, “You can only hire Robin J. Elliott if you stock Redken products” and I was to agree to Redken exclusivity for a year. All my (four) clients were already using Redken, so I had nothing to lose. I agreed. What happened next was amazing.
In the next four days, the phone rang off the hook, and we accepted 16 new hair salon clients. Our income in that profit center shot up from $4,000 per month to $20,000 per month with no cost or risk. And my credibility shot up, too. I presented seminars for Redken across the country. Johnson and Johnson paid me to travel with the South African AIDS expert around South Africa giving talks to nurses in hospitals. I traveled a lot to those twenty salons and learned a lot. I got them great results and established myself as the expert of hair salon sales in South Africa. Maxim also had me train the employees of another one of his companies, Mr. Cupboard. At the end of the year contract, I did work for other hairdressing product companies like Femista and Wella. I presented a seminar in Mombasa, Kenya for Wella for South African hair stylists who had won a sales contest. That was very interesting – white sand, little boats with white sails on the blue water, baboons walking through the tourist camp. The tourist camp had high walls to protect us from robbers, and the guards carried lethal bows and arrows – I know, because I asked one of them to demonstrate his skill. He shot an arrow four inches into the trunk of a tree thirty meters away. Nairobi was scary – hordes of people, lots of crime. We traveled on a dhow down the river and saw their markets. The Kenyan’s I met were very friendly and they are very proud of their coffee, which is absolutely delicious when you drink it in Kenya. Wella asked me to give a talk to the large Carlton Hair Hairdressing Group, and they wanted me to train them. But they refused to stock Wella, so I couldn't train them.

I trained the Million Dollar Round Table insurance salespeople of the Old Mutual Insurance Company. I enjoyed working with them.

By now, I had sold the Institute for Dynamic Development and registered Robin Elliott Enterprises. I was branding my name. In December, 1994, while sitting in a coffee shop in a mall, waiting to train a salon client upstairs, I read a 16-page advertisement in a Success Magazine about the Jay Abraham Experience in Los Angeles – US$5,000 each for three days. (R20,000 plus flights, hotel, food, etc.) I decided I would attend it, and that I would JV the experience for no money and no risk. I started contacting my friends, but nobody was as excited about it as I was.

Marnus and I were training the government controlled Pretoria Science Museum employees, and Marnus approached the Director about the Jay Abraham event in LA. He promptly got full government funding for all three of us to attend, on condition Marnus and I individually repaid the debt through training. I knew they would eventually tire of my training, so I agreed. A new adventure was about to start!
“I bargained with Life for a penny,
And Life would pay no more,
However I begged at evening
When I counted my scanty store;
For Life is a just employer,
He gives you what you ask,
But once you have set the wages,
Why, you must bear the task.
I worked for a menial’s hire,
Only to learn, dismayed,
That any wage I had asked of Life,
Life would have paid.”

Marnus and I with Jay Abraham
Chapter Seventeen
1995 – December 1997

It was 1995. I was 42 years old. Marnus and I flew with “The Doctor” from the Science Museum to Los Angeles. Although most of my training had been American, this was my first trip to America. I was very excited and the three day seminar by Jay was unbelievable. Most of all, I realized the massive market in the US, and saw mediocre people making a lot of money simply because of the amount of people in the market. I loved the training. I must mention, at this point, that BEFORE we left South Africa, we received Jay’s Home Study Program, and I immersed myself in it, just as I had with materials from Jim Rohn, Napoleon Hill, Earl Nightingale, and many more great trainers, and I had already developed and sold a seminar based on that training: The Robin Elliott Experience. So I made money before I even got to the training.

I also made an appointment with the owner of the Carlton Hair salon group, who was now based in Orange County, south of LA. He owned a chain of very successful salons in Orange County – high end. He wanted me to speak on the last section of a three day hairdressing convention. After the amazing three days, I rented a car and drove to Orange County. First time on the right hand side of the road with left hand steering. At the end of my talk, I received a standing ovation. He asked me why I wasn't training his salons in South Africa, and I explained that they needed to carry Wella products to make that happen. Long story short, Wella paid me to do training for all the Carlton Hair salons, and Carlton Hair started stocking Wella. Win, win, win. A nice little Joint Venture.

I returned to South Africa and immediately put our house on the market. I intended immigrating to America. The owner of Carlton Hair assured me that he would sponsor me. Within a month, it was obvious that he had no intention of sponsoring me, but we were committed and dedicated to immigrating. South Africa was slipping further and further into a Third World Country. The violence and crime was out of control, blatant black racism and nepotism was rampant, and the writing was on the wall – we were becoming just like all the other African countries. We were always armed. People were getting shot, our homes were like fortresses, Rika was afraid to go outside and swim in the pool if I wasn't home, and she carried a “Panic Button” linked to a private security force around her neck at all times. Every room had a panic button, and we even had one at our bed. True to form, illiterate black politicians were being pushed into senior positions and whites were being pushed out. No maintenance was being carried out on the country's infrastructure. It was like putting the control of the country into the hands of nine-year-old psychopaths. We had to get out, and I knew we would find a way.
I continued to run my Robin Elliott Experience seminars, and at $1,000 per head, we attracted good people. One of them suggested I meet with his brother, Enver. Enver was a self-made millionaire who owned an electronics importing business and other businesses. He loved training and had attended many seminars, and he wanted to go into business with me. He put in the money and I put in the work, and we opened lavish offices in an upmarket mall in Pretoria. Success Solutions International (PTY) Ltd was launched. I flew to America to source products, hired a great secretary, furnished the training room, reception area and my office, and got the sign writing done on the windows, business cards and letterheads and invoices printed, and we were in business. I learned a lot from Enver, especially about passive income. I sold training and business consulting at high prices and I worked hard.


One of my business consulting clients was an optician across the way in the mall. Her husband came home early and saw her in bed with his friend. He went to his brother's house, got a gun, and came home and shot them both dead. I was surrounded by thugs in the post office and they tried to steal my cell phone by distracting me, but I grabbed it back and managed to avoid a serious fight. I was the only white person in the Post Office out of about fifty people.

Sacha decided to go overseas and tour Europe. She saved her money and I was at the airport with her when she left. I sat in my car and cried like a baby for ages after her plane left. She returned and did it a second time – nothing stopped her from reaching her goals, in spite of serious opposition and a terrible home life. She took responsibility for her life, and never complained.

Another of my consulting clients was sitting on a farm in the middle of nowhere with a water purification system. He owned the franchise rights for South Africa and hadn't been able to sell one system. The head office was in the U.S. At that time, a “Hot Button” for South Africans was to visit America and go to Disneyland. I doubled the price of the franchise, repackaged it, included a trip for two to America with training (and a qualification certificate!) at the headquarters in Fort Lauderdale, followed by a city tour and a day in Disneyland. Then we started selling them and we all made money. I arranged a complimentary trip with the group for Stephen, so he got to go to America at no cost. I also arranged a trip to England for him with another client who was a travel agent.
I decided that selling business would make me and Enver a lot more money than selling my time and working long hours, but he disagreed, so we parted ways on good terms and closed the offices. I opened a new office next door to my accountant, and she and I shared my secretary, Francesca. I was back on my own, motivated, and free.

I took Rika to Florida to Fort Lauderdale, Disneyworld, Miami, and the Florida Keys, so that she could get a feel for North America. She loved it.

I started focusing on selling businesses. My secretary, Francesca, and her husband were in debt and wanted to get out. I suggested to her that her husband tell his friends in the army (he was a Captain) about the water purification franchise opportunity, since most of the higher-up white officers were getting the “Golden Handshake” and being replaced with black officers – blatant racism – and they were wasting their money on expensive American franchises – average price $600,000 plus huge overheads. Instead, they could buy the water franchise – much safer and cheaper. He brought us one buyer who bought an entire city – Johannesburg – franchise. Francesca got a huge commission and they were out of debt. Keep it in the family – just like the mafia.

We would create a business, complete with training, equipment, and support, and sell it for $40,000. For example, we approached an electric fencing contractor – in South Africa you NEED an electric fence to avoid being murdered – and he agreed to provide training, equipment, and ongoing support to anyone we brought him for $5,000. He would have someone selling his stuff, so he was happy. We added Joint Venture and sales training, books, and support from our side – virtually no cost. We set the business model up as a home based business with massive potential and very low risk. I had five eager, commission-only salespeople. They would print HUGE posters: How To Start Your Own Business – Free Seminar, Free Report, Free Consultation with Robin J. Elliott – call (the salesperson's cellphone number.) They were printed in red on white and we would blanket the city illegally with these posters. One salesperson carried a ladder on his car's roof rack and put his signs up where the ladders of the municipality couldn't reach them. When people called to book seats, they were told to dress professionally with jacket and tie or they wouldn't be admitted to the room. They were also told that the doors would be locked and latecomers wouldn't be admitted. We strictly adhered to these standards, and we gained a solid reputation. Once a week, I would present the seminar in a venue that the sales people paid for. They were all well dressed and the people were filed in exactly on time as they do in Disneyland. Up to seventy people per week would attend these seminars, and many would book for the follow-up complimentary 30 minute meeting with me. I usually charged $500 per
hour and I had been on national TV (we replayed the TV interview in the seminar so that we could impress them!) so they appreciated my time.

30 minutes into the interview, Francesca would appear at the door to let me know that the next person had arrived. We had actually booked them an hour apart, and if I felt I could sell these prospects a business (they had to attend with a spouse), I would tug my right ear lobe, and Francesca would announce that my next appointment was late and that I still had 30 minutes to go. If I had non-buyers at my desk, I touched my nose, and Francesca would announce that my next appointment was about to arrive. I would stand up and she would shoo them out of the office.

We sold on average one business a week. I pulled Stephen into the business – he had done very well working as a salesperson in Lionel's health clubs and had also been successful in his own video surveillance business. It was wonderful to be able to work with him and spend time with him. There was a bath re-enameling business, the electric fencing business, a sand blasting business to make corporate gifts out of glass, and a printing business. All four sold for $40,000 each. The cost to me was always around $5,000, the salesperson who brought the buyer to the seminar got a $5,000 commission (enough for them to live comfortably for a month at that time), and I got $30,000. Usually, in cash. The system ran like a well-oiled machine. I was making on average $30,000 per week, I had low overhead, and life was good.

One of Rika's friends worked for the Canadian High Commission in Pretoria. She also belonged to my Rotary Club. She persuaded Rika that Canada was a better idea than the US, and we duly applied to immigrate to Canada, for which I am very grateful in retrospect. We did all the medical tests, applied for Lynnette as well, paid for everything, and were finally accepted. It was a wonderful feeling to be able to escape South Africa, and our Canadian friend had fortunately recommended Vancouver, judged for many years to be the most livable city in the world, and in North America it is followed by Hawaii. After traveling extensively in Canada, I am very glad we chose Vancouver. Stephen got married at seventeen and Erika was living with her father. Rika told Lynnette that she could choose to come to Canada or stay in South Africa. Sacha still lived with her mother. I felt that when I had established myself in Canada, I would be able to get all the rest of the family out of South Africa.

Our house sold for the price we wanted in 1996, and we rented a nice condo with a one year lease. We had one year left before Lynnette finished school, and we decided to arrive in Vancouver December 1st, 1997. We sold everything, helped family members financially, gave them stuff, gave the business to Stephen,
and left for Canada with four bulging suitcases and some money. When we realized our assets, and after helping people, giving the business away, and dividing our South African Rands by four to get Canadian dollars, our net worth in Canadian dollars wasn't as much as many would imagine.

My dad had his ceremonial Air Force Sword blessed by some priest and presented it to me when we left. I was very grateful, and it hangs on the wall here next to my desk. Mom, Wendy, and Gwynnie gave me and Rika each a small gold maple leaf lapel pin with a little diamond on it – “turning over a new leaf with a drop of morning dew on it” – wonderful. Marnus generously paid for us to spend our last two days in a nice hotel (a Holiday Inn) before we left, as his going-away present.

Business people, Rotarians, and most people we knew were angry with us for leaving, telling us we were on a “chicken run” and deserting them. As it turned out, it was an “OWL run.” I was back in the Masonic Lodge at this time. They wished me well and hooked me up with Masons in Vancouver, as did the Theosophical Society. We had never been to Canada before.

We stopped over for a day with Sacha in England and she spoiled us. It was wonderful to see her again.

I had been in business for ten years, and I had more residual passive income than we needed to live on. I had technically retired. It was time for a new start in a new world. We were leaving on top of our game – on a high. I was 44, about to turn 45 in February. How exciting!
Chapter Eighteen
Canada! Arrived December 1st, 1997

I won't be following a timeline for the rest of this book. It will be more effective to group topics.

There was a lightness in the aircraft from London to Vancouver. It almost felt like suspended animation. I can't explain it, but perhaps it was a kind of rebirth. We were about to start our lives over again from scratch, and I was very optimistic and excited; after all, I had done this kind of thing before. When I first got serious with Rika, she had said, “Robin, I know you have moved around a lot. I have been living in Pretoria all my life. I was born here. I have taught in the same school for seventeen years and I don't intend stopping teaching or moving.” A year later, she resigned her job and retired. Then we moved three times, and now we were moving to a country 18,000 kms away on the other side of the earth. It was a lot harder for her, but she is a strong woman and she trusts me to provide for her and look after her. She is the most important thing in my life. She knows that. I didn't want her to end up old and alone in a savage, dangerous, Third World country, and I was rescuing her.

I told everyone that I was 120% confident, and I was, as I always am. I said I would never live in South Africa again, and that I would become a millionaire again in Canada. I did it. But I could never have done it without Rika. From the start of our relationship, she has contributed at least 50% of our success. She is truly an amazing, wonderful woman, and I love her more today than ever before. She gets more beautiful every day, in every way. We are a strong team.

The Vancouver airport is by far the best I have ever experienced. The first and lasting impression is very good. We had loads of papers and preparation when we hit the immigration desk at the airport, but it went quickly, and the agent said, “Welcome to Canada.” I'll never forget that – I nearly burst into tears. Seriously. This was the start of a new life. All that was missing was for the agent to whip me up into the air by my feet and slap my bum, but perhaps I was a bit too heavy...

We had rented a basement suite in North Vancouver from South African ex-pats – we found them on the Internet. It was dark and raining when we emerged from the stunningly beautiful, clean, airport. We had four suitcases and two carry-on bags. We hailed a cab. A man in a white turban showed up in a taxi and I gave him the address. Turned out he was new to this and had no idea how to get there, so we
pored over a map and navigated our way along. When Rika and I saw the lights in the mist on Grouse Mountain, we were amazed – it looked like space ships landing. We were “dumb immigrants” but unlike many other SA immigrants we have met, we knew that we didn’t know anything about Canada, the culture, or how things worked here, and we were prepared to learn from anyone. After living here for nearly 13 years, I have very few SA friends, and most of them are Jewish. Our best friends in Canada are Steve and Sandra Friedland, a Jewish, ex SA couple, and wonderful people.

We got to the house, moved in, and met the SA couple who owned the house – very arrogant after being here for a mere 4 years, but we were so excited we hardly noticed. They showed no interest in us and we were only there for two months. They did introduce us to the SA that did their Internet and website, so that helped. Apart from that, they gave us a bus book and said “Welcome.” We explored Vancouver in the rain. It was so beautiful, smelt so fresh, and was so clean and friendly. We traveled on the SeaBus and the SkyTrain and regular buses and drank Starbucks. It was wonderful, and thirteen years later, it’s just as wonderful living in this Eden. We are eternally grateful to be accepted into this wonderful country with its wonderful people.

In our first month (December 1997) we registered and incorporated our business, Elliott Enterprises Inc., bought a new car for cash, and started looking for somewhere to live. Another SA charged us $600 to take us and another couple around the Greater Vancouver District for a one day tour, so we could decide where to live. That was money well spent. We decided to rent an apartment in Coquitlam. We immediately joined the local Theosophical Society, and I joined a Rotary Club. We printed a business brochure and business cards, rented a Virtual Office (answering service plus) and started networking like crazy. When it snowed for the first time, we were very excited. We explored and drove back and forth to and from Coquitlam, looking for an apartment. When we found one to rent (it was owned by someone in Hong Kong and we worked through an agent) we were told we couldn’t rent it, since we had no references or track record in Canada. I offered to pay the rent in cash, one year in advance. It was illegal to do that, I was told. I showed her references from Price Waterhouse, my banks and insurance companies in SA, plus more references. Not interested. If it wasn’t Canadian, they didn’t want it. Finally, I showed them a personal reference from Earl Young, the South African Country Director for the IUS Peace Corps. That, they accepted.

Six weeks after we arrived in Canada, Lynnette arrived. Naturally, Rika was overjoyed that her one daughter had decided to escape SA. Lynnette worked very hard, supported herself, found accommodation, and took full responsibility for her
life in Canada. Rika helped her and supported her, but didn't throw money at her, so Lynnette grew up fast and proved herself to be a hardworking, conscientious girl.

Our first apartment was two blocks from a lake, a park a library, a police station, City Hall, three blocks from a big mall, stripmall, supermarket, doctor's rooms, bookstores, etc., four blocks from a forest and a river – a perfect setting. We signed a one year lease and started furnishing it – we had to buy everything and we bought it all new – we didn't know about garage sales and thrift shops. From teaspoons to TV, from can opener to cups, from a bed to a bowl, we had to start afresh. Wonderful! We loved starting over.

We traveled to Vancouver Island on the ferry – an amazing trip for us – and played in the snow on the magnificent mountains. I attended many networking meetings and we joined the Vancouver Board of Trade. We attended a parade and found ourselves at a Masonic Lodge that was having an open day. I joined them and worked my way up over the years to become the Master of the Lodge. Our goal was to find successful people to Joint Venture with. Until then, I would sell my training and consulting services. Rika was fully involved in the business for the first time. We got an accountant (CA) and Rika agreed to handle the books and the money.

I needed to fast track my reputation, access, database, credibility, and branding ASAP, so I set up a Joint Venture with the Surrey Chamber of Commerce. I suggested that I would join the Chamber and that I would present a different business seminar each Tuesday morning for them, the public, and their members at their boardroom, for three months, at no charge, They were welcome to fire me at any stage. I wanted no commissions or compensation. They had over a thousand Members, were well established, and had the database, credibility, reach, exposure, and leverage that I need to piggyback on. I did this for three months. They advertised me widely in the local newspaper and via their sponsors. I set up a seminar: “How to Start Your Own Business with No Money and No Risk,” based on my book, and we used the Kwantlen University College venue. It was promoted by the Royal Bank (who later became my client), Kwanteln University College, The Surrey Chamber of Commerce, and St. John's Ambulance, which received the entrance fee as a fund raiser. Everyone contributed to the marketing and the bank, the college, the charity, and the Chamber set up booths to promote themselves. A lot of people showed up. I was selling my services, too.

By the end of the three months, I was making a livable income selling coaching and training. Not bad, I thought. One of my new clients was Pro Active Dental Care, a new practice in Surrey. I contacted a Vancouver-based Laser Eye Surgery business that was working primarily with American patients out of
Washington State, and we paid them $10,000 to promote our dental services and send out our information to their clients. It was a roaring success. Then we contacted a radio talk-show host (actually, they did it – I just taught them how) in Seattle and offered to do his dental work at no cost on condition that if he was happy, he would tell his listening audience about us. It worked very well.

Part of immigrating is finding out who's who in the zoo, separating the winners from the losers, and learning the culture. I found that Rotary and the Masons I was exposed to be very different here from South Africa, depending on which club or Lodge you attend. Also that different towns and provinces have differing philosophies and approaches to business. I also found that most of the people I met in business networking groups were simply broke, self-employed salespeople, not real entrepreneurs, but they didn't know it.

I did a talk at my Rotary Club on “How to Recruit Rotarians” and as a result I got to speak at 30 Rotary Clubs in Washington State and the Lower Mainland, including the Vancouver Rotary Club, which at that time had 450 members. It is a lot smaller now, and not because they followed my advice.

I started a promotional computer screen-saver business with friends. Good concept, but it never really took off. I started Club Achieve with others-monthly printed newsletter, lapel pins, monthly audio cassette. Didn't take off.

I presented a successful paid seminar in Lethbridge, Alberta. I sold business opportunities for Compuclean and made money. I sold candy vending machine business opportunities and made money. I spoke at libraries: Vancouver, Richmond, North Vancouver, Coquitlam, I spoke at bookstores: Chapters and Indigo – to promote and sell my books. I spoke at the Valley Women's Network and at the Tri-cities Chamber of Commerce, as well as the Women's Business Referral Network, the Burnaby Board of Trade, Crossroads Hospice Society, the Fraser Valley Education and Career fairs in Vancouver and Kelowna, The Royal Bank in Vancouver, The Business Link in Edmonton, the Northern Alberta Business Incubator Third Annual Trade Show and Conference in St. Albert, Edmonton, and I joined PGIB Networking Club. I spoke and presented seminars for the New Westminster Chamber of Commerce and the Whistler Chamber of Commerce. I spoke to the Association of Women's Business Owners at the Vancouver Club. I promoted the services of other businesses on a commission basis.

I wrote articles for the Canadian Funeral News magazine and even consulted to a coffin selling franchise. I gave talks and training for Mayhews Floral
Wholesalers. I presented a seminar for the Bellingham / Whatcom Chamber of Commerce in Washington State. I presented seminars and talks at CDI college and Capilano College. I spoke at the Canadian Food Service Executives Association in Richmond. I was sponsored by Bank of Montreal, Best Western, Merrill Lynch, Online Office, The Cloverdale Reporter, and many more. I spoke at many more venues as well, but I simply can't remember them all. I did radio and television interviews, too.

I tell you all this to show how hard I worked to learn how things work in Canada and to establish myself here.

I met a fellow who had worked with Thomas International and then sold out to them and created his own DISC programs, very similar to what I had done in SA with my late partner, Carlos. We put together a proposal and sold it to an accounting firm and we each received a retainer of $5,000 per month to build a team and market the products and services to their database. At that time, Rika and I decided to buy the apartment across the way – the shortest distance I have ever moved house – and we used the regular $5,000 retainer income as security to buy the apartment. Soon after that, I quit that relationship – I don't work with dishonest people. Interesting: The chairman used to play games every month when it came to payment, and I had to go and get the money. At one meeting, he said, “You know, Robin, $5,000 per month is a lot of money in Canada.” I replied, “It might seem a lot of money to you, but it's not a lot to me. I intend making a lot more than that.” I did.

We loved our new apartment. It was cooler than the one on the other side of the building, and we owned it.

We attended a trade show where we saw a great little home based ad specialty printing business for sale for $10,000. I bought one and investigated the company. After a while, I contacted the sales manager in Idaho and told him who I was. I said I knew he had poor representation in Canada and I wanted the full Canadian rights to sell the business opportunity on a commission only basis. He immediately flew me down to Idaho and we had a great meeting. They gave me sole rights to British Columbia, and Canada, based on production. I soon had full Canadian rights and it didn't cost me a cent. In addition, they trained me, sent me to their conference in Las Vegas, gave me samples and marketing material, provided full back-up admin and office services, paid for a virtual office in Vancouver. They paid for trade show booths for me as well. Mormons really do know how to do business, and I enjoyed working with them and made good money. I eventually got bored and moved on, but it was great while it lasted.
I worked with Spaline to sell their business opportunity and sold a coffee shop franchise in Vancouver. I presented talks and seminars for Clarkdale Motors. I wrote and self-published and sold more books. I wrote a weekly ezine (E-newsletter), Eagle Attitude, I maintained my website, and tried and failed at many different things, always learning more. Rika supported me to the hilt, and we traveled at lot and loved Canada more and more. It was wonderful to be away from the step family setup, but I missed my family in SA very much.

For years, we went back to SA regularly. I went more often than Rika did. Eventually, the risk of being murdered there and depriving my family in Canada outweighed the benefits of visiting my family in SA. Instead, we send money. We decided to enjoy a free trip to SA so we put together a seminar in SA and had a friend sell sponsorships. We promoted these sponsors to people wishing to immigrate to British Columbia, and quite a few people escaped SA as a result of our seminars. The seminar fees and sponsor fees paid for the entire trip, and everyone benefited.

I have also been sponsored in Canada by Spirepoint Properties, who hosted seminars for me in Montreal, West Coast Alarms, Ramada Hotels, Monte Carlo Inns, the City of Paris, Ontario, Douglas College, Travelodge, Uniglobe, Sterling Water Systems, the West Vancouver Chamber of Commerce, Wings Canada, and many more.

Earlier, I mentioned that I was very involved with the Freemasons here from early 1998, became the Worshipful Master of the Tuscan Lodge No 128, and visited Lodges in Washington State. I was also part of Royal Arch. I was privileged to open the Lodge for the Official Visit of the Grand Master to the Lodges of District no. 28, but I withdrew my membership while in good standing at the end of 2002 due to my heavy work and travel schedule.

I took one skiing lesson and have skied most winters on Mount Seymour. What a wonderful privilege and experience – I love downhill skiing. Rika and I have enjoyed kayaking at Deep Cove and we have rented boats in Indian Arm and Horseshoe Bay.

I was approached by a friend who introduced me to a fellow who was selling gel packs – one warms them up or cools them down and they retain their temperature. He had a range of accessories as well – scarves, pads, etc., and he was
tired of dealing with retail stores. He wanted me to help him with distribution. I packaged a Distributorship for him to sell – a business opportunity for $25K that included machine, training, support, and enough product to sell at $42K retail. I sold a number of these distributorships for him on a commission basis and also created a Master Distributorship package. I did the same for a purveyor of knock-off sunglasses from carts and for a boot company. I enjoyed creating these business opportunities and distributorships and was well paid for doing it. Rather sell $25,000 worth of inventory than $20, I always say.

Throughout my time in Canada, I have relied on Joint Ventures for access, credibility, reach, exposure, leverage, and resources, even more so than I did in South Africa, where I had built a reputation.

At one stage, my business was running well, and I had time on my hands. I love a new challenge, and I was approached by a Greek South African who challenged me. He said, “You sold life insurance in SA, but I bet you can't sell it here.” He also proceeded to tell me that he was with a company that provided all the leads and had leverage to get appointments with these union workers. Also, that there was a lot of money to be made if you were a closer. I am a closer, so I went and got my insurance license and started selling for the company. I made money and came third in sales in British Columbia within three months, but the company was dishonest and the leader of my section was a creep, and I started to feel like an employee instead of a free agent, so I left. But it was very interesting – I traveled with a team to small towns on Vancouver Island and in the Okanagan, stayed in crummy motels, and met real people. I learned a lot about the average Canadian living in BC.

Many people with money have inherited it, and things are not what they seem. Coming from South Africa, this is a different world, and it took us five years before we felt at home here. Also, we found that when we first arrived, a lot of people wanted to help the dumb immigrants, and they were very friendly. Until we started making money, getting traction, and becoming successful. Then the losers started to hate me. They resented the fact that I could come here and start from nowhere and do much better than them, and they had been here all their lives.

In the beginning, I tried to dress down and be politically correct. It got me nowhere, and I started attracting losers. I decided to be my crotchety old self, direct, and to the point. I would tell it like it is and not become another passive-aggressive type. The more politically INcorrect I got, the more money I made. Now I tell it the way it is, and to hell with everyone. If you can't handle the truth, don't work with me. If you're fat, it isn't water retention – it's lack of discipline – you eat too much

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and exercise too little. If you smoke, you stink, and you're stupid to smoke. You're offensive. I prefer a heroin addict to a smoker any day. He doesn't put his heroine in my nose. Smoking is disgusting. Think of the successful people you know: How many smoke? How many drink heavily? FEW if ANY.

I love living in the Lower Mainland. I ride my bike almost every day along the Coquitlam River, through a forest, for miles and miles. I have seen a bear, a coyote, squirrels, snakes, and the changing of the seasons on my rides. Beautiful. I love hiking with Steve Friedland on the North Shore Mountains. Rika and I enjoy walking around the lake and along the rivers, and we know that we'll never be able to see all that Beautiful British Columbia holds in store for people who love nature. You never have to leave this province to see the most incredible nature.

**Winners have the Slight Edge**

*Winners know that going the extra mile makes the difference.*

At 211 degrees, water is hot. At 212 degrees, it boils, and creates steam. That steam can be used to power a massive locomotive. One extra degree of perseverance, persistence, commitment, and enthusiasm makes all the difference.

In golf, the average margin of victory over the last 25 years in all major tournaments combined was less than three strokes.

Olympic Gold Medals: In the 2004 Men’s 800m Race, the margin of victory was .71 seconds.

Indy 500: The average margin for victory in the past ten years was 1.54 seconds! The average winning was $1,278,000 – second place a mere $621,000.

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Chapter Nineteen
Our Travels in Canada and Beyond

Rika and I saw ourselves as Working Tourists in Canada from Day One, and it has never changed. We have traveled extensively since we got here, and enjoyed it immensely.

We went to New York. I felt like a Muslim going to Mecca. Seeing the things I dreamed of, the places where Ayn Rand and Simon and Garfunkel and John Lennon had been, the Statue of Liberty – it was marvelous. We rode around Central Park in a horse and buggy, visited many places including Trump Towers, and loved every minute, especially the Staten Ferry and Ellis Island.

We have been to Las Vegas a few times – funtastic. We never gamble, but it's a load of fun and very interesting. It just shows what people can create and how clever they are. We joined Pre-Paid Legal and leveraged our database to build the MLM business, and we won a trip to Huntington Beach in California, where we explored and heard Jeff Olson, the author of the fantastic book, “The Slight Edge.” It was great to see more of the area, and we enjoyed it.

It's a great experience to travel with Rika. She appreciated every little thing, is very optimistic, easy to please, flexible, always sees the upside, and is very curious (Like Curios George, whom I believe is her Mentor). Her face is the most beautiful sight in the world, especially when she wakes up in the morning, and her laugh is the most wonderful sound I have ever heard.

As I mentioned, we used to travel back to SA regularly, and every time one could see the decay and the increase in danger. Roads that were previously safe were no longer safe. More and more restrictions to stay safe. The increase in litter and filth and cheap business signs, the extravagant wealth of privileged, new rich, politically connected blacks, many of them illiterate, was depressing. I no longer read news about SA – it is dead to me. I miss my family there – Wendy and Gwynnie and mom and dad, of course. We brought mom and dad out separately on a holiday, and they really enjoyed themselves. We took mom to the Empress Hotel in Victoria for her 70th birthday. Wendy and Gwynnie both came as well. My intention was to get them to Canada, but sadly, it didn't work out for various reasons. Wendy and Gwynnie wouldn't leave mom and dad, even when they got Canadian Landed Immigrant Status and had the opportunity.
Rika and I visited LA – we saw Hollywood, the film studios, Rodeo Drive, everything. We went twice – the one time it was paid for by the hosts of a seminar I presented there. That was one way we got to see a lot of Canada – by having the hosts of the seminars I presented pay for all our travel and accommodation expenses. We had a wonderful trip to Hawaii, swam with dolphins, stayed at Waikiki Beach, on the island of Oahu. Montreal was great, too. I went on my own and with Rika. The summer is the only time I want to be there – it was minus 20 Celsius one time – but the architecture is beautiful.

I was a speaker to 650 people at a Pro Travel (MLM) Convention. We had joined and made $36,000 in our first year. The convention was in Cancun and we really had fun. The resort was very nice. The second time we went to Cancun was for our own Convention. More about that later. We went on a cruise to the Bahamas as our one business convention, too. And we cruised to Alaska – we saw glaciers and enjoyed the small towns. We visited Toronto and loved Niagara Falls and the CN Tower. Later, I was to spend a lot of time in Toronto and many towns in Ontario, including Paris, Ontario.

We traveled to Washington State, where we visited Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia, Union Bay, Everett, La Conner, and other small towns, saw a rodeo, and toured. We traveled the Okanagan and Vancouver Island, small towns in BC, and Puerto Vallarta in Mexico. We visited San Francisco, and I went to Idaho Falls in Idaho. We presented a seminar in Evansville, Indiana, and in Nova Scotia, and I presented seminars in Ottawa. We did seminars in Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Regina, Peterborough, Mississauga, London Ontario, and Oakville.

We had an incredible trip to Cuba, one of our most interesting holidays. It was like going back in time; when little girls in school uniforms still looked like little girls, not like little hookers like many of them do in North America. Socialism has crippled the country and people risk their lives to get out, but it was truly interesting and fun.

We traveled to England nine times to present seminars. It was a very interesting experience. Worthing, in Sussex, is a delightful English town next to Brighton. We stayed in both towns. Worthing reminded me very much of East London in South Africa, very old world, and I will certainly go back someday. The hotel we stayed at there was the Chatsworth – highly recommended, with excellent service and food and the breakfast is amazing. We loved the sights and sounds of England. London and Brighton were fascinating, and we visited Arundel Castle twice.
Being in that castle was another dream come true for me, and I keep it as a screensaver. The Buddha said, “Know that your body is a fragile jar, and make your mind a castle.” Read my book, “Break Free!”

Erika and her husband, Gavin, had immigrated to England and lived in Northampton, so Rika got to see them every time we went to England. When granddaughter Ayla was born, Rika was there soon after, and when the second baby, Maia, was born, Rika was there. We also flew Ayla and Gavin and Erika out to Canada for a wonderful summer holiday. I really enjoyed the small English villages, but I was disappointed in my audiences. Good people, but very provincial and limited in their thinking compared to South Africans and North Americans. I expected a lot more from England, with double the population of Canada crammed into that small country with small beds, small TV sets (pathetic TV programs) and small minded people. But the country is going to the dogs fast. History, architecture, beautiful sights, but no future and an apathetic population. How the mighty hath fallen. Open your borders, embrace socialism, be politically correct, and hand over your country to the Muslims. I heard that a very well-known marketer and someone who is a great seminar presenter set up a seminar in London for 1,500 people, and never went back. That says a LOT. After nine seminars, we got no traction, so we focus on Canada. I am very grateful for the trips to England, though, and I will go back to Worthing for a holiday sometime. Ayla is an amazing child, certainly a genius. She has excellent parents, too. I love her very much. I hope Maia will be as sweet – I'm sure she will.

Marnus came to visit us in Canada and it was really excellent to have him here for a week. We flew Sacha in from England and had a great time with her. I always missed her terribly.

In 2002, Rika and I became Canadian Citizens on Canada Day – July 1st. It was an incredible experience. I cried like a baby. What a privilege to be able to come and live in this great country. I did nothing to contribute to its creation, yet we get to walk in and benefit from all the work – a ready-made country, the best in the world, the best city. Soon after we arrived in 1997, I had a hernia operation, and I was very impressed with the fantastic service and free medical. We are extremely grateful to live here.

In 2010, Vancouver hosted the Winter Olympics. By the end of the Olympics, for the first time, we felt like Canadians. The same is true for many other immigrants that I spoke to. The Winter Olympics was very good for a lot of people. I was and am very proud of being a Canadian.
The front wheel on my bicycle was making strange knocking sounds. I took it to the shop, and they’re fixing it. They enjoy their work. It’s rational – you can see what you’re doing on a bike, you can fix things and get (almost) instant gratification, and there’s really no mystery or risk. A=A. Satisfying, slightly creative, a tiny bit of problem solving, a hard day’s work, but enjoyable – even fun, given the right colleagues and work atmosphere, which is exactly right at Westwood Cycle.

Problem is, as a bike mechanic, you earn peanuts, you’re easily replaceable, and you won’t get rich. Unless, of course, you own the shop – but then you move from fixing bikes to the bicycle BUSINESS. The bike fixers have all sorts of opinions about business, of course. Most of them have college / university degrees, as do most waiters in restaurants and even roofers and beggars. So they have a healthy dose of socialist, anti-business philosophy which they received from their professors and teachers, and they pretend to understand money, value, and business. But without the business owners, the real contenders, they wouldn’t even have a job.

The business owners take the risks, use their brains, provide jobs, produce wealth and value, innovate, compete, create, initiate, discover, fail, bounce back, succeed, and build – they are the contenders. They are the tiny percentage of people who make the world go round, and make it possible for the pretenders to live. Producers don’t live in a simple, rational, 1+1 = 2 world like the bike mechanics. When I asked Paul J. Meyer in Johannesburg in 1988, “Mr. Meyer, how does an entrepreneur know when it’s time to quit?” he replied, “Robin, 65% of the things I tried in business failed, but the 35% that worked made me rich. Winners NEVER quit.” I ascribe my business philosophy to that great man, who taught me, “Whatever you vividly imagine, ardently desire, sincerely believe, and enthusiastically act upon, must inevitably come to pass.” That’s contender talk.

Pretenders quit easily, seldom take personal responsibility for their bad choices, blame other people for their failures, and do the least to get the most. They talk the talk, but they don’t walk the walk. They are addicted to comfort, fear risk and change, and are happy to merely survive. It’s easier to fix a bike than to run a business. And you are rewarded, in a Capitalist society, according to the value you create. Contenders are self-disciplined champions who make things happen, and they pay the price for their success. Someone once said, “The pain of discipline weighs ounces, but the pain of regret weighs tones.”
Chapter Twenty
Stephen Comes to Canada!

A father-son relationship is extremely important to both parties, albeit often a tempestuous relationship, and my greatest hope coming to Canada was that Stephen and Sacha would join us here. Stephen was married to Liesel with my grandson, Clinton Skye Elliott, and my granddaughter, Clarice Elliott. I was very excited when Stephen said they wanted to come to Canada, of course. We arranged money in their bank account (a requirement to get into Canada) and based on Liesel's teaching qualifications, they were accepted. Stephen was too old for me to sponsor him, and the immigration laws in Canada are ridiculous. You can sponsor your aging parents, who will be a burden on the country, but not your young, hardworking kids, who the country needs. Immigrants are generally far more successful than the natives in any country.

I advertised for a job for Stephen in the Lodge, but I was told that was not allowed. “Brothers” were not allowed to help a “brother” to find his son a job. I realized that not all brothers were really brothers when it came down to reality. Very disappointing. But not all Lodges are the same, and I will always be a proud Mason.

Undaunted, I went ahead and found him a job anyway. We organized a school for Clinton, and an apartment for them right across the way from where we lived, and we furnished it. We also loaned them money to live on until they started earning money. Stephen and his family arrived in Canada in 2001 and it was a dream come true to have them here. I'll never forget seeing them arrive at the airport. I was very, very happy. Clinton was a great kid, and Clarice was a beautiful little angel. My dream came true. I was in SA visiting my family while Stephen was working and Clinton got very sick. Rika worked hard for two weeks driving Liesel and Stephen and Clarice back and forth to the hospital, babysitting Clarice, and helping in every way she could.

I am very grateful that they live in Canada and I miss them a lot.

“Tiger father begets tiger son.” ~Chinese Proverb
Chapter Twenty-One
Sacha Comes to Canada!

Sacha and her husband, Arno, “the Son-in-Law from Heaven” immigrated to Canada. I was very happy. Their first son, Joseph (Joey) Joubert, has Down Syndrome. He is a wonderful little boy and everyone loves him. He has Arnos' temperament. Their second son, Sebastian Joubert, is a lot more like Sassie. In 2007, Rika and I bought a new apartment three blocks from the Glen Drive apartment. It was much bigger and nicer, with a large patio, two bedrooms and a den. It is a ground floor apartment and faces a beautiful courtyard. It's still very close to everything, even closer to a river and forest – one block away – and the mall.

We invited Sacha and Arno to live in the Glenn Drive apartment when we moved in the Burlington apartment, and they accepted, so we have them very close by – fantastic! It works very well. We refurnished the new apartment and made it very comfortable. We each have our own office now. It's wonderful to spend time with Sas and Arno and the boys, and they are very good to us. They never take advantage, they are generous and caring, and they are very good children to us. I am very proud of them. They are excellent parents and they have a very good relationship. Sacha and Arno did very well in business in SA, and I have no doubt Sacha will get back into business and get rich once the boys are bigger. Joey and Basti just get better and better every day, too. Arno does very well at his job.

“Certain is it that there is no kind of affection so purely angelic as of a father to a daughter. In love to our wives there is desire; to our sons, ambition; but to our daughters there is something which there are no words to express.” ~ Joseph Addison
Chapter Twenty-Two

Lynnette and Rob

Lynnette married Rob Peter, and they live about fifteen minutes away from us in Port Moody. They’re very good and kind to us – great support and care. Rob is a chef who is also very good at computers, and he helps us immensely. He's a really good guy. Lynnette helps us a lot in tour business – she is very entrepreneurial. She did very well in the hospitality, hotel, and tourism business, but she's happier working for herself. That makes me very happy. We want all our kids to do well financially.

Lynnette is the DollarMakers (more about DollarMakers soon) Director for Events and Travel, and a virtual Assistant, and she and Rob are launching Digital DollarMakers soon, too.

Sacha and Arno, Gavin and Erika, and Lynnette and Rob, and of course the Grandchildren, Joey and Ayla and Sebastian and Maia, bring us great joy. It would be great to have the Del Cuores (Erika and Gavin) in Canada, too.

I have the three best sons-in-law I could ever wish for: Arno, Rob, and Gavin.

“In every dispute between parent and child, both cannot be right, but they may be, and usually are, both wrong. It is this situation which gives family life its peculiar hysterical charm.”

~ Isaac Rosenfeld
Chapter Twenty-Three
My Philosophy

Before I write about DollarMakers, I need to share my philosophy with you, so that you understand where I am coming from. I'll put it in fifteen points to make it easy.

1. “Whatever you vividly imagine, ardently desire, sincerely believe, and enthusiastically act upon must inevitably come to pass.” That's what Rika and I learned from Paul J. Meyer (whom I met personally in Johannesburg), when we started our business. I believe anything is possible with belief, certainty, self-esteem, consistency, passion, perseverance, vision, and a positive attitude.

2. The basis of creating wealth comes from Zig Ziglar: “You can get anything you want out of life, if you're prepared to help enough other people to get what they want out of life.” Value based on contribution. The more people you help, the more you can achieve!

3. We can't do it alone, but together, we can do anything. Unity is strength.

4. We are personally responsible for what we create and the circumstances we create. We CHOOSE our responses to whatever happens to us. I don't believe in blame and excuses. Sacha and Rika are perfect examples that our past does not have to affect our choices. We are accountable. We are not victims, except by choice. I am responsible for my life. Nobody else.


6. My purpose in life is to create value for me, my family, my team, and my Members (of DollarMakers) in that order, and after that the rest of the world. My books and writings are primarily aimed at providing my personal message to Rika, Stephen, Clinton, Clarice, Sacha, Arno, Joey, Sebastian, Lynnette, Rob, Erika, Gavin, Ayla, and Maia. What I can't say, I can write. That way, I fulfill my duty of providing guidance if they want it.
7. I believe if we live according to our beliefs and values, without compromise, we will be happy. We reap what we sow, and we punish ourselves and self-sabotage by breaking the rules we create for ourselves.

8. I believe in the Buddha’s teachings of the 4 Noble Truths and the Eightfold Path, and this piece from the Dhammapada is precious:

We are what we think.
All that we are arises with our thoughts.
With our thoughts we make the world.
Speak or act with an impure mind
And trouble will follow you
As the wheel follows the ox that draws the cart.
We are what we think.
All that we are arises with our thoughts.
With our thoughts we make the world.
Speak or act with a pure mind
And happiness will follow you
As your shadow, unshakable.
"Look how he abused me and hurt me,
How he threw me down and robbed me."
Live with such thoughts and you live in hate.
"Look how he abused me and hurt me,
How he threw me down and robbed me."
Abandon such thoughts, and live in love.
In this world
Hate never yet dispelled hate.
Only love dispels hate.
This is the law,
Ancient and inexhaustible.
You too shall pass away.
Knowing this, how can you quarrel?
How easily the wind overturns a frail tree.
Seek happiness in the senses,
Indulge in food and sleep,
And you too will be uprooted.
The wind cannot overturn a mountain.
Temptation cannot touch the man
Who is awake, strong and humble,
Who masters himself and minds the dharma.
If a man's thoughts are muddy,
If he is reckless and full of deceit,
How can he wear the yellow robe?
Whoever is master of his own nature,
Bright, clear and true,
He may indeed wear the yellow robe.
Mistaking the false for the true,
And the true for the false,
You overlook the heart
And fill yourself with desire.
See the false as false,
The true as true.
Look into your heart.
Follow your nature.
An unreflecting mind is a poor roof.
Passion, like the rain, floods the house.
But if the roof is strong, there is shelter.
Whoever follows impure thoughts
Suffers in this world and the next.
In both worlds he suffers
And how greatly
When he sees the wrong he has done.
But whoever follows the dharma
Is joyful here and joyful there.
In both worlds he rejoices
And how greatly
When he sees the good he has done.
For great is the harvest in this world,
And greater still in the next.
However many holy words you read,
However many you speak,
What good will they do you
If you do not act upon them?
Are you a shepherd
Who counts another man's sheep,
Never sharing the way?
Read as few words as you like,
And speak fewer.
But act upon the dharma.
Give up the old ways -
Passion, enmity, folly.
Know the truth and find peace.
Share the way.

9. I follow the teachings of Ayn Rand. Her books, Atlas Shrugged, The Fountainhead, and The Virtue of Selfishness, are my guide. As an Objectivist, I realize that I can only build strong relationship, especially when it comes to trust and work, with people who share my beliefs and values as closely as possible. We don't have to agree on everything, but the basics are very important.

10. I believe we have to do only what we are very good at, and what we passionately believe in, and that we should never compromise. “Without a vision, the people perish.”

11. I am an Atheist. I like the writings of Richard Dawkins, Christopher Hitchens, Sam Harris, and the like, and it was a wonderful, freeing experience to realize that religion is not only the poison of the world, but a fairy tale to give the leaders of
these cults power and money. I have no problem with people who are privately religious and deluded, but they have no right to impose that on others, ESPECIALLY on children and stupid people. That is abuse. I don't have an imaginary friend. I don't believe in Zeus or the Easter Bunny, either. I am personally responsible for my life. Most people are simply too conditioned and afraid to seriously question their religion.

**John Lennon sang in his tune, GOD:**

God is a concept
By which we measure
Our pain
I'll say it again
God is a concept
By which we measure
Our pain

I don't believe in magic
I don't believe in I-ching
I don't believe in Bible
I don't believe in tarot
I don't believe in Hitler
I don't believe in Jesus
I don't believe in Kennedy
I don't believe in Buddha
I don't believe in Mantra
I don't believe in Gita
I don't believe in Yoga
I don't believe in kings
I don't believe in Elvis
I don't believe in Zimmerman
I don't believe in Beatles
I just believe in me
Yoko and me
And that's reality

The dream is over
What can I say?
The dream is over
Yesterday
I was the Dreamweaver
But now I'm reborn
I was the Walrus
But now I'm John
And so dear friends
You'll just have to carry on
The dream is over.

"If you think your belief is based upon reason, you will support it by argument rather than by persecution, and will abandon it if the argument goes against you. But if your belief is based upon faith, you will realize that argument is useless, and will therefore resort to force either in the form of persecution or by stunting or distorting the minds of the young in what is called 'education'." ~ Bertrand Russell

12. We are not responsible for the choices of other people. We should never hurt anyone, and we should judge ourselves by our motives. If I do a stupid thing with bad consequences, but my motive at the time was pure, I do not feel guilty. That's why Karma makes a lot of sense to me. I have turned down 25 people who had the money and wanted to attend our DollarMakers Certified Business Mentoring training at $20,000 each. That means I turned down $500,000 in sales because I didn't believe it would be a win/win. I have walked away from a lot of other business, too. And Rika will tell you that I have never ripped ANYONE off. She knows me better than anyone.

13. Not everyone has the capacity to do what I do, and I should adjust my expectations accordingly. People have different characters, different IQ (the average IQ in North America is only 97) and different hurts, programing, conditioning, perceptions, opportunities, values, beliefs, and delusions in their lives. I can't judge them. Read Outliers by Malcolm Gradwell, as I suggested before.

14. Successful people continually change their values and beliefs as they go through life - “Passages” by Gail Sheehy discuss Developmental Psychology – and we are responsible to keep on growing and developing. We can change our thoughts, beliefs, relationships, goals, and hobbies whenever we like and as many times as we like. Own your own life.

15. Finally, we are what we read and write and the people we spend time with. If you want to know what I think, read my blog, my books, and my writings. And read the books I read. Follow me on Twitter and Facebook.

As far as business is concerned, I am a Capitalist. I believe Joint Ventures is the most sophisticated, advanced, inclusive, all-embracing, synchronistic, synthesizing, valuable system available. Joint Ventures offer the practitioner / broker
the fastest possible way to acquire and maintain wealth with the most potential and leverage and the least risk and restrictions. Read my books, “How to Double Your Business Profits in 97 Days” and “How to Retire in One Year.” Many people are exposed to my teachings. A few have done extremely well, and most haven't done so well. Less than three percent of people are truly successful. If you get the same information, in the same market, with the same tools, support, and opportunities as someone else, and he makes money and you don't, you have only yourself to blame. Most people blame me, but you can't blame the tools when they work for other people.

I'll end with this: COMMITMENT. It is vital to one's success.

“Until I am committed, there's a hesitancy – a chance to draw back; but the moment I definitely commit myself, “god” moves also, and a whole stream of events erupts. All manner of unforeseen incidents, persons and material assistance which I could never have dreamed would come my way, begin to flow towards me, the moment I make a commitment.”

Joan of Ark at the age of nineteen was about to be burnt at the stake. She was given a chance to recant and be saved from the flames, to be a traitor to what she believed in. This was her reply: “Every man lives his life for what he believes in. And every woman lives her life for what she believes in. Sometimes people believe in little or nothing, and yet they give their lives for that little or nothing. One life is all we have, we live it, and it's gone. But to live without belief is more terrible than dying. Even more terrible than dying young.”

Look at your life. That is what you have created so far. It's never too late to change it. Have the guts. Make it happen. Today!

Joseph
Chapter Twenty-Four

DollarMakers

Tony Robbins said one should focus on what you're good at. You have read what my values and beliefs are. Jay Abraham was asked what the most important and valuable thing was out of all the things he used to make billions of dollars and the things he taught. His answer was, “Joint Ventures.” When I looked back on my life, as you can see from this book, my greatest successes and my greatest skill is Joint Ventures. It's also what I like most and what more people can use than any other system.

Based on my personal experience, I feel that 90% of the average person's problems can be solved, or at least alleviated, with money. I am risk averse, so I don't encourage others to take risks. Health and time CAN be bought. In today's world, money is extremely important. I became a millionaire in SA and I have done it again here in Canada, with little or no capital and very limited academic education. How can I create the most possible value for the most possible people? By teaching them to use Joint Ventures. Anyone, regardless of their background, circumstances, education, or age, and whether they have money or a business or a job or not, can use Joint Ventures to become financially free with no cost or risk – just work. Even a prisoner covered in tattoos coming out of prison with a record can use JV's. It can be done full time or part time, internationally or locally or both and it works in any business, whether it's high tech, low tech, slow tech, or no tech.

I was very frustrated dealing with people who thought they understood Joint Ventures (JV's) but didn't. Most business owners barely understand business, let alone JV's. So Rika and I started the DollarMakers Club, so that we could find good people who would bring other good people and we could all educate our own JV partners. This was also based on Galt's Gulch in the book, Atlas Shrugged – a place where the inner core members were trusted friends and producers. See www.JohnGaltToday.com. Through the years, we tried many things in DollarMakers that didn't work, but I fired bad people, nurtured good ones, and persevered. A lot of parasites, peacocks, peasants, posers, plebs, parrots, and plagiarizers have tried to ride on my back and coat tails, but we get rid of them, and slowly but surely my reputation precedes me and we get less losers trying to join DollarMakers.

I want DollarMakers to be able to provide everything that anyone, under any circumstances, at any age, can use successfully to break free from mental and financial restrictions. That is my passion.
We've had some really good people come and go as well, and each contributed in their own way to the establishment of DollarMakers the way it is now. The purpose is to help millions of people worldwide to achieve their own financial freedom through the use of JV's. I lead by example and run DollarMakers with no cost, risk, overhead, employees, leases, inventory, capital investment, or royalties.

Our first DollarMakers Convention was in Edmonton, the second in Vancouver, the third a cruise to the Bahamas, and the fourth was Cancun. The fifth will be a Conference here in Vancouver in July 2010. We didn't hold one every year.

I spoke a few times at PREIG in Toronto and at many other business meetings.

We have worked very hard to build DollarMakers to where it is now. At one stage I was spending ten days of the month away from Rika in Toronto. I was sponsored by Ramada and then by Monte Carlo Inns. The way we got going was to first invite the best people we knew to join DollarMakers. Then we started to present one day JV Bootcamps in Vancouver. Eventually, a Member in Quebec e-mailed me and asked me to present a Bootcamp in Montreal. He paid my speaking fee, flights, food, and hotel, and off I went. Actually, he had JV'd with someone who was well established in Montreal, so the Bootcamp was successful. I was introduced to someone in Ottawa who hosted the next one there, and in attendance was a young man who had a big business networking group in Toronto. He asked me to speak at his group. I gave a 90 minute presentation to 250 people in Toronto and 86 signed up for our first Toronto Bootcamp @ $500 each. So it grew. People joined, there were Members meetings going on all over, and we did Bootcamps in the States and all across Canada and in England. We started Mom Comes Home for Stay-at-Home Moms, and it went well for a while then faded. So Rika started up The DollarMakers Women's Club which now has over 800 Members. See www.DollarMakersWomensClub.com

Winston Bromley came on board as the DollarMakers Technical Director and built the Internet side of DollarMakers.com from where we were. We have over 130 Replicator Websites, as well as Blogs for me and Rika, and many other sites. Shawn and Rebecka Christensen in Edmonton created www.JVWisdom.com and JVU. We use Conference Calls, Podcasts, Ezine (seven per week) articles, reports, CD's, DVD's, and every conceivable means of spreading the message of freedom through JV's.
I did charity Bootcamps for the Burnaby Association for the Mentally Handicapped and the Burnaby Board of Trade, and also for Opportunities for the disabled. I was interviewed on many radio stations and “Man of Your Dreams” got me lots of television time.

David Dubeau came to a Bootcamp in Vancouver and this is the testimonial he gave me:

How a "red-neck" from Ft. St. John created a business that went from 0 to $60,000 a month in just 18 months...

It required no big investment, very little advertising and no expensive equipment or warehousing.

It started with an idea.

Though I was born and raised right here in BC, for quite a few years, I bounced around Central America and eventually settled in Costa Rica where I married my beautiful wife Susy and had two children, a boy and a girl. In 2003, out of concern for our children, we decided to move back to BC and eventually settled in Kamloops. At first, it was a little difficult to get started again. In Costa Rica, I had founded a very large English-As-A-Second language school, catering to local companies that needed to have their staff learn English for international travel.

But I had a hard time in Canada. I got into "creative" real estate and flipped a few properties, I tried my hand in the advertising business and started a marketing consulting business, but things weren’t great by any means. There never seemed to be enough money in the bank account. I felt like a loser.

I tried to keep the financial situation away from my wife, but she wasn’t stupid. We argued constantly about the situation. There were times I even felt like just giving up.

In desperation, I searched high and low for a solution... Anything to get me out of the tens of thousands of dollars of debt and away from the feeling that I was a failure.

One day, almost by accident, the solution appeared as if by magic. An invitation to attend a one-time-only seminar featuring a fellow named Robin J. Elliott.
He promised to introduce a series of techniques that would allow anybody to create a lot of income quickly with a minimum amount of investment.

Frankly, I was a little skeptical, but decided to try anyways. I charged my credit card (once more) for the $1,000 it cost, and did the 9 hour round trip to Vancouver to attend.

I'm so glad I did because I picked up one idea that would completely change my life.

Over the past two years, this one, single idea has helped me create a business that regularly brings in over $60,000 a month.

This one single idea has given me a whole new lease on life. It has completely eliminated my debt, allowed me to put together a good sized investment portfolio, and best of all, has stopped all money arguments with my wife.

We now live in a beautiful 3-story house overlooking Kamloops, I'm able to drive my kids to school in the morning and then head over to my office - just a 5-minute drive away. After a good day of work, I get to go home to spend some quality time with the family in the evenings.

David Dubeau.

The best part is that the organization he created hosted nine Bootcamps that I presented. This brought us more great people, among them Patrick Giesbrecht, who retired within seven months with more residual income than he needed to live on as a result of my teaching and went on to become our Systems Director for Canada.

Dean Ponak joined us and initiated DollarMakers101.com and JVWebPartners.com, both very successful. Dick Low joined and retired within 5 months. He specializes in Gift Certificates.

I created a CD and a seminar called “How to Find the Man of Your Dreams and Marry Him in Six Months.” It did very well and brought a lot of new people on board. See www.findtheman.com. I could go on naming amazing people all day long, but these are people who are currently involved. Lynnette and Rob Peter are launching DigitalDollarMakers.com by the end of the month. Connie
and Andy Benjamin are about to Launch DollarMakers BusinessHeroes.com as I write.

The JV Broker Bootcamp has morphed into the Ultimate Financial Freedom Forum (see www.dollarmakers.com/financialfreedom/) and Rika presents the popular Women's Wealth Workshop (See www.dollarmakerswomensclub.com/workshop/). Rika's Blog is RikaElliott.com and my Blog is RobinJElliott.com. Patrick Giesbrecht and I created and present the very successful DollarMakers Certified Business Mentor Training program (see www.BusinessMentorTraining.com.)

Patrick also initiated www.WealthCreatorGroup.com. He also mentors business owners.

Tim Francis came on board at just the right time and hosted a number of events with Jillian Brock. They attended the Mentor Training and are now Directors of the amazing YoungDollarMakers.com, for which we have high expectations. I registered the URL YoungDollarMakers years ago and waited until I found the right man to run it – Tim. Tim created 80,000 in extra profit for his first Mentoring Client. Tim presents the Freedom Tour seminar.

So you can see that DollarMakers is like a family organization – a dynamic, ever-changing and evolving organization, flexible and inclusive, and people can join us and JV with us under the umbrella and branding of DollarMakers to reach our objectives. Everyone wins when the relationships are right. I take personal responsibility for the failures we have experienced over the years in DollarMakers. In each case, I misjudged the people I put in leadership positions. You have to kiss a lot of frogs to find a prince, I guess, and if we don't try, we won't know. One can only go by the promises and evidence presented, but often people wear masks, or are simply unaware of their own limitations, weaknesses, and shortcomings.

In many cases, when people found out that they couldn't deliver, they became aggressive and dishonest. I can tolerate pretty much anything except dishonesty, and those are the ones that get fired. We can all make honest mistakes, but laziness and dishonesty are not excuses for failure. I don't want anyone to ever leave DollarMakers – that's not the way to succeed, but people are people, and I can't control their perceptions and choices.
My goal is to continually grow the DollarMakers Leaders and Team and add to the proven, trusted JV’s we offer our Members and the world at large. All our relationships are set up as win/win, reciprocal, free, JV relationships. By using different methods, reaching different demographics and working with other Centers of Influence, we can reach the millions and help them change, thereby all meeting our own individual goals. We are always on the lookout for new talent to join us in our quest, because we know that together, we can do amazing things.

As the world is changing so fast with so much uncertainty, especially in the area of money, DollarMakers is needed more than ever before. There is no doubt that we are the accepted world leaders in providing a one-stop service for the owners of small and medium-sized businesses, professionals, and individuals to use JV’s to reach their goals. Our online branding is excellent, many thanks to Winston Bromley, and we are very selective whom we work with. Young DollarMakers has the potential of at least a ten thousand person database, the Women's Club of twenty thousand. If you have read “The Tipping Point” by Malcolm Gladwell, you'll know it's just a matter of time.

I am very grateful to, in no particular order of importance:

Rika, Winston Bromley, Patrick Giesbrecht, Dean Ponak, Lynnette and Rob Peter, Dick Low, Tang Phosy, Jim Michelis, Gwen Settle, Sacha, Tim Francis, Jillian Brock, Andy and Connie Benjamin, Shawn and Rebecka Christensen, Colin Skow, Steve and Sandra Friedland, David Dubeau, Angelo Pace, Auret Esselen, Jewel Tolentino, Tim and Doreen Coleman, Glenn Whitter, Justine Robson, Kumatr and Pratima Ramlall, James Martin, Linda Rasmussen, Marnus Roothman, Maria Reed, Navtaj Chandhoke, Don Campbell, Russell Westcott, Christine and Rodger Till, Brent Frewen, George Hutchings, Peter Kinch, Jimmie Jayes, Louise Neider-Heitman, Sogiet, Maria Klukova, Tas Morfopoulos, The Tressel Family, Joyanna Anthony, Boreh, Cal Misener, Trina Low, Sue Paleniuk, Lisa Lee, Merlin and Joanne Covlin, Jan Janzen, Sunny Parmar, Cole Romaniuk, Richard Canfield, Joyce Wong, Michelle Bacani-Lim, Denise Brandon, Alberto Storelli, Diane Monier, Sunny Parmar, and many others who have contributed so much time, money and effort in the building of DollarMakers. Know that what you sow, you will reap, and that you have contributed to enriching the lives of millions of people. Making a list like this is always a risk – I know I have missed some key people, but you know what my memory is like. Sorry! Get a pen and add your name if it will make you feel better ; )
I keep on remembering more things to write about, but I don't want to bore my Readers with too much stuff. On December 1, 2010, we will have been in Canada for thirteen years. March 29th, 2011, Rika and I will have been married 25 years. I love my life. Whether it's meeting with DollarMakers Leaders, walking around the lake with my darling Rika, horse riding with Sacha, flying in a plane over Vancouver with Arno, discovering new computer secrets with Rob, discussing JV strategies with Lynnette (who is also a DollarMakers Certified Business Mentor), playing with Joey and Sebastian, talking with Ayla on Skype, riding my bike through the forest, reading a good book, hiking with my good friend Steve Friedland or watching a great movie, I am very happy. I have had a full life so far. If I croak tomorrow, I will die happy – I have had a wonderful, full life. I may come back as cockroach or a silkworm, or maybe a woman! THAT will be hard. Men have much easier lives than women.

All my adult life, I suffered from depression, and it got steadily worse as I got older. When Rika suggested I take anti-depressants, I refused – I felt it would be weak and that I must learn to control my emotions. I managed to hide most of the crying, suicidal thoughts, insomnia, anger, hopelessness and sadness, but Rika is very smart (and curious), so she knew it was getting worse. Working more and more wasn't helping anymore. Although I understood depression intellectually, I couldn't accept that I couldn't control it emotionally. Anyway, I was convinced by a neurologist to try anti-depressants this year, and it dramatically changed my life. I can't believe I made Rika suffer for so long by being pigheaded and refusing to take the medication to adjust a chemical imbalance in my brain. I genuinely feel like a different person, and Rika says I am like a different person. This helps me maintain perspective, as well.

I turn 58 February 4, 2011. My goals forward are to be healthier and to work with my team to grow DollarMakers exponentially. I have a wonderful team and we are always looking for more good people, preferably under 40 years old – that's where the power and energy and innovation is. My thanks to the DollarMakers family, and to my family, and especially to my Raison d'etre – Rika – the most wonderful, sexy, intelligent, beautiful, classy, caring, loving, angel Monkey on earth.
Is the Price of Success Really Worth It?

Two young men lived in a desert town. Because of continuous drought, they lived a difficult life. People died young, they were ravaged by illnesses, and there was very little food to go around. There were no jobs – the best people had left years ago. Those who remained were inbred and depressed. The Eubank Mountain separated their village from a veritable Garden of Eden on the other side, a large oasis where the successful people lived. There were jobs and plenty of opportunities for betterment on the other side of the mountain.

The problem was that the mountain was very high, with treacherous trails, dangerous cliffs, vicious weather, and a lot of wild animals who had killed many a climber. While they slaved away every day to survive, the two friends eventually tired of talking about climbing the mountain to freedom, and one day they decided to visit the village wise man, who was blind and close to the end of his life, for advice. In order to obtain an audience with the wise man and receive his guidance and advice, the traditional price was one month’s worth of food. The friends saved food for six months in order to pay this high price, and eventually they had enough to pay him a visit.

After explaining their desire to escape from their blighted hometown, they waited breathlessly for his advice, their hearts beating wildly in anticipation. The old man poured himself another cup of mint tea and then started speaking: “Two kinds of people face Eubank: those few who will succeed and those who will fail. Those who succeed will pay a high price. Those who fail will pay an even higher price. To succeed, you will have to face wild animals that want to devour you, desperate starvation, burning thirst, bloodied limbs, and life-threatening situations, including freezing blizzards, ice and snow, blistering sun, and days of fear of and confusion. But if you refuse to surrender to Eubank, you will overcome, and live out the rest of your life in splendor, comfort, security, and personal growth in a beautiful oasis town with the others who have the same wills of steel.”

“Those who fail will return here humiliated and broken. They will spend the rest of their lives in regret, resentment, and envy, and they will die young, poor, and begging in the streets. The price they pay for retreat is a million times more than those who succeed.”

The young friends asked, “Wise One, what is the secret to success? How can we be sure to conquer Eubank? What is the solution? Why do so many fail, while so few succeed?” The Wise man walked to the back of his cave and returned
with a rock and a sand clod. He held the two items in his hands and said, “Those who retreat and desert their objective and commitment will return here to breed more deserters and cowards. You have to decide whether you are made of rock or sand. Will you prevail, or will you crumble? This is a decision you will have to make many times a day, not once. The option to quit is never to be contemplated or considered. The temptation to quit will tear at your soul, and you will find a thousand good reasons to give up, but you have to remain strong – focus on the goal. Remember, pain is the friend of the champion and the excuse of the loser. Pain is weakness leaving your body. It is a sign of growth.”

The friends left on their quest the next week. Villagers warned them, mocked them, told them horrific stories of failure, and assured them that they would return disgraced and broken.

It was indeed much harder than either of them could ever have imagined. They were starved, bruised, and cut, chased by terrifying animals and whipped by wind and hail. After a month, one of them gave up and headed back to his sordid life of scarcity and want. The other decided that he would rather die on the mountain than return a slave to his circumstances. He remembered the words of the wise one, and carried with him the same, small rock that the wise man had held, to remind him of the analogy. At times, he hated the wise man, and when he couldn't find berries and roots and small rodents to eat, he would hallucinate that the wise man was beckoning him onward towards freedom. For another six months, the man suffered and climbed, walked, slid, fell, swam across raging rivers, and crawled towards his goal. He refused to quit.

When he finally emerged, victorious, at the edge of the new city, friendly townsfolk welcomed him, fed him, and helped him. They remembered their own painful climbs over Eubank, so they respected him and assisted him to start his new life. His name was Tim. He lived another sixty years in the wonderful garden city, and even served as the mayor. He produced and contributed and helped many people. He was a champion of self reliance and personal respect.

After sixty years, with the help of friends, he climbed Eubank again, returned to his desert town, and took the place of the wise man. His mission was to help others escape to freedom, and he used the same small rock to illustrate the speech he had learned from his predecessor.

Many people feel that the road to real success is simply too hard, so they never start, or they quit along the way and return to their lives of mediocrity, quiet
desperation, compromise, and passive aggression as they envy those who fought the hard fight and now live comfortably and stress free.

“The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.”

As a wise man once said, “The pain of success weighs ounces; the pain of regret weighs tons.”
Robin J. Elliott

Join DollarMakers here: www.DollarMakers.com
Join DollarMakers101 here: www.DollarMakers101.com
Join The DollarMakers Women’s Club here: www.DollarMakersWomensClub.com
Join Young DollarMakers here: www.YoungDollarMakers.com
Nominate a DollarMakers Business Hero: www.DollarMakersBusinessHeroes.com

Maia and Ayla
South Africa Today

South Africa started going downhill as soon as Mandela took over. No maintenance has been done on the infrastructure since then. Buildings, parks, factories – all government owned institutions have been neglected and socialism, black racism, ever-increasing violence, murder, and crime, serious corruption, and theft increases daily. It is the murder, AIDS, and rape capital of the world now and it's going the same way as Zimbabwe and the rest of Africa. Anyone who lived there when it was a civilized, first world country, should use Google Street View to see how it has deteriorated before they get dewy-eyed about how “it will all work out in the end.” B.S. Look at the homes you lived in, look at what they have done to our cities and parks and beaches. Criminals, fundamentalist Muslims, the Chinese, the Russian Mafia, and all sorts of bad people have established headquarters there and they are printing fake ID's and passports to help people get into first world countries for their nefarious purposes. I don't advise anyone to go to SA – you are taking your life in your hands. It's sad, but it is what it is. Africa is the Dark Continent.

How to Live Forever – Really

Some people believe they will live on through their children and their children's children. But what if you don’t have children? Or if your kids don’t breed? In our enlightened, civilized society, not everyone has a need to breed. On the contrary, the big breeders are usually the poor, the mystics who are controlled by their wizards, or the savages and the uneducated. Often, all of the above. And your kids may very well not follow in your footsteps; they may not even like you. Other people think they will live forever in some kind of heaven. They could very well be wrong. Too many deluded people are waiting to die to live. Some even try to hasten the transition by murdering innocent people with the bombs they tie to themselves.

Perhaps you’ll be reincarnated? There’s no way to know until you’re dead, and then it’s too late. Rationally, there is only one way that you can be sure to live forever, and that all your experiences and learning will not be wasted, vaporizing when you die. Instead of believing fairy tales and myths, dreaming up an imaginary “travel agent in the sky” friend, or trying to force your kids into a mold they don’t want or can’t handle, here’s a proven alternative.

Shakespeare and Mozart, General Patton and Ayn Rand, Churchill and Rumi will live forever through their work. But we can't all be that great, that clever, or that unique.
I have specialized in Joint Ventures for 24 years. That is because Joint Ventures are the most sophisticated, rational, inclusive, elegant way to make the greatest possible wealth with the least cost, time, risk, and frustration, by using leverage and understanding growth. I recommend a book entitled “The Tipping Point.” By applying Joint Ventures to an understanding of population growth, demographics, distribution, value, and leverage, you can live forever. It’s actually very simple.

Every one of us has developed something special in our lives. It may be a skill, an insight or understanding, a solution, a system, or an art. You have to decide what that is. What have you developed or created that will benefit society? You have to know what it is, you have to believe in it's great value, and you have to want to share it, not only because it might make you money, but because you are passionate about it – something that you sincerely and urgently would want to share with as many people as possible, even if you had millions of dollars in the bank.

Arno and Sebastian
Recommended Reading

When you read a book by General Patton, you’re thinking the thoughts of Patton. You can think the thoughts of Churchill, Rand, Trump, and other geniuses, simply by reading their books. When you think like a business genius, you’re likely to make great choices.

If you only ever read one more book for the rest of your life, the best book I could ever recommend to you to read as a business owner is *Atlas Shrugged* by Ayn Rand. Get it now and start reading it. Here are some other wonderful books to read: (Find my Suggested Reading List at DollarMakers.com)

**The Fountainhead** by Ayn Rand  
**The Tipping Point** and **Outliers** by Malcolm Gladwell  
**The Slight Edge** by Jeff Olson  
**Think and Grow Rich** by Napoleon Hill  
**The War of Art** by Steve Pressfield  
**The Art of War** by Sun Tzu  
**Influence: The Psychology of Persuasion** by Robert Cialdini  
**Self-Deception** by Herbert Fingarette  
**Letter to a Christian Nation** by Sam Harris  
**God is Not Great** by Christopher Hitchens  
**Joint Adventures** by Robin J. Elliott (download free from www.DollarMakers.com – available in five languages, downloaded over 24,000 times)  
**How to Retire in One Year** by Robin J. Elliott  
(See www.DollarMakers.com for link to download FREE)  
**How to Double Your Business Profits in 97 Days** by Robin J. Elliott  
(See www.DollarMakers.com for link to download FREE)  
**Break Free** by Robin J. Elliott  
(See www.DollarMakers.com for link to download FREE)  
**Life is a Joint Venture** by Robin J. Elliott  
(See www.DollarMakers.com for link to download FREE)  
**How Your Philosophy Determines Your Financial Status** by Robin J. Elliott  
(See www.DollarMakers.com for link to buy)

Also See http://astore.amazon.com/dollarmacom-20
And www.samharris.org/site/book_reading_list/

Recommended Websites

www.DollarMakers.com
www.RobinJElliott.com
www.YoungDollarMakers.com
www.BusinessMentorTraining.com
www.DollarMakersWomensClub.com
www.RikaElliott.com
www.WealthCreatorGroup.com
www.JVWebPartners.com
www.DollarMakersBusinessHeroes.com
www.JohnGaltToday.com
www.DollarMakers101.com
www.DigitalDollarMakers.com

Follow Robin J. Elliott on Twitter: www.Twitter.com/TheDollarmaker and Facebook.

WINNERS TAKE ACTION!!

E-mail me for a list of the latest recommended JV / income – producing opportunities: Include your name, telephone number, and where you live, and a bit about yourself, and I'll hook you up. Put “JV Opportunities” in your e-mail Subject Line. robin@dollarmakers.com
Support Information

Questions? Visit www.DollarMakers.com, or e-mail Robin J. Elliott at robin@dollarmakers.com

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Your Free Gift

If you have a North American, English, or European business that does over $300,000 in sales per year, contact me with your details at robin@dollarmakers.com and I will arrange a complimentary 30-minute consultation for you with one of our DollarMakers Certified Business Mentors valued at $500

www.BusinessMentorTraining.com
Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;
Then took the other, just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.
Many Thanks
to the Winners in my Life

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought"
~ Buddha
More DollarMakers Testimonials

“I attended a Dollarmakers seminar by Robin about 4 years ago in Vancouver. I was impressed with the system, but I did not take action. Finally, I forced myself to try it out. I lined up two businesses in Alberta and ended up successfully achieving $90,000 with about 60-hours work total!! Now I have already positioned myself to reach my target cash-flow of $100,000/mo!” Thanks so much Robin, you certainly have changed my life.” ~ Robert Whitney, Fort McMurray, Alberta, July 1, 2010.

"Had no idea what I was getting into when I joined. I have been over & over the DollarMakers Members web site and have put together some ideas that I never would have had – The looking for & offering ads on th Web Site are pure gold – I turned 60 this year but feel like 30 with the tools you had to offer. Thank You" ~ Bob Bailey, Evansville, Indiana

Over $640,000 in One Year with Joint Ventures!
"Within this circle I have given liberally of my time where I could help and have enjoyed great reward. Since handing over my $247 USD membership last year to Robin I have seen $470,000 in cash coming to my company, $100,000 in new business flowing to another member company and an additional $80,000 in contracts issued by my company to members.

Joint venturing works. I’ve found that being interested in people rather than trying to be interesting myself opens doors to business and opportunity that otherwise wouldn’t be there.

I’ve had fun with Robin Elliott and made money – lot’s of it.

He has demonstrated time and time again the ability to make something out of nothing – and that is the definition of Create!"

Tas Morfopoulos Sterling Water Systems - Vancouver, Canada

Saved over $125,000 in One Year with Joint Ventures!
Dear Robin,
I wanted to thank you for your efforts on behalf of all Dollarmaker members. I would like to tell you of one circumstance whereby the information you provided saved my family up front costs of $125,000, provided us with an income of $50,000/year, and passive income from the business of $30,000/year. More importantly, the income from this medical facility has allowed me to stop being on-call on nights and weekends, and to spend more time with my family, other businesses, and our passion for helping parents help their own children. The patients, my partners, and my family are all delighted.
I am a Respiratory Specialist Physician and based on patient need was going to set up a medical laboratory in my field. My family was going to put out the upfront capital and was going to pay for a location, advertising, and operational costs for this business along with dealing with the uncertainty as to whether our facility was going to be a preferred provider compared to other services available. My wife attended one of your Bootcamps 101 alone as I was at work and she purchased your workbook. I read the material that very night and decided to make some big changes to my proposal.

In exchange for profit which I was going to have to share anyway, I negotiated that since I had intellectual capital, qualification, and a track record of being able to set up this facility, that the other partners should put up the money and that I should be paid a consultation fee. In return, the patients of the partners would have first access (a tremendous advantage in the setting of limited resources) and the partners would have equity share. They agreed and this led to the current agreement and the results listed above.

The power of a different way of thinking, information, and action are incredible. Thank you very much.

Sincerely yours,

Kumar Ramlall, BSc,MD,FRCPC,FAAP,FCCP,(Ped. Resp) Feb 13, 2008

January 2, 2005 To Whom It May Concern:

It is with pleasure that I provide this reference commendation of Mr. Robin Elliott. I do this without any hesitation or equivocation. Mr. Robin Elliott is honest, a man of integrity and an advisor “par excellence.” He is a superb man of integrity and a most innovative entrepreneur. I have spoken with others about Mr. Elliott and they share this assessment of Mr. Elliott.

If you wish to contact me for further information, please do so.

Regards

Sam Sussman

Dr. Sam Sussman, Ph.D,

Fellow Royal Academy of Medicine in Ireland
Assistant Professor of Psychiatry, The University of Western Ontario
World Association of Medical Editors (WAME)
President and CEO Physicians Canada
“The foolish think the Eagle weak, and easy to bring to heel.
The Eagle's wings are silken, but its claws are made of steel.” Sydney Sheldon

$ 
He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
...He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

[Alfred, Lord Tennyson: The Eagle]

Eagles: Clarice and Clinton with Rika
My Life So Far

Robin J. Elliott shares the highlights and the good times of his plethoric life so far, replete with authentic, interesting stories and illustrations that explain his ability to dig into his capacious life experience to apply ingenious Joint Venture solutions and options for his clients and colleagues. One can only imagine how big DollarMakers will eventually get.

www.RobinJElliot.com