

Pretoriana



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INHOUD — CONTENTS

1. Editorial/Redaksioneel: Die Eeufeesjaar is verby.
2. H. M. Rex: Albert Brodrick — Winkelier en Digter van Ou Pretoria.
3. Mrs. T. J. Rodda: Memories II.
4. Wie was hulle?
5. Dr. J. Ploeger: Kleinenberg en Kleynenberg.



SO IS DAAR FEES GEVIER. FOTO TOON DIE DUISENDE FEESGANGERS IN PAUL KRUGERSTRAAT WAT OP DIE AAND VAN DIE 29ste OKTOBER SAAMGEDROM HET OM DIE VLOTOPTOG TE AANSKOU.

FOTO: P. ENGELBRECHT

DIE EEUFEESJAAR IS VERBY

PRETORIA se eerste eeufes is verby. Ons Genootskap wil dan ook burgemeester raadslid dr. H. Muller en die Stadsraad van harte gelukwens met die afgelope geslaagde feeste.

Ons burgers, gaste en besoekers het die drie weke van feestelikhede ten seerste geniet. Almal praat met die grootste lof van die uitstekende organisasie en die groot verskeidenheid van funksies. In teenstelling met die pragtige straatverligting en blomme-vertoon was die smakelose versiering van meeste geboue egter 'n bittere teleurstelling.

Weereens het Pretoria die sigbare bewys gelewer dat daar in ons midde persone woon wat die kunsgevoel, organisasietalent en deursettingsvermoë besit om op reuse skaal fees te vier. Die feesvieringe van 1938, 1949, 1952 en 1955 het oorvloedig bewys dat Pretoria soos geen ander stad in die Unie 'n groot gebeurtenis kan herdenk.

Reeds 60 jaar gelede was Pretoria vir sy feeste beroemd. Tydens die indiensstelling van die Z.A.S.M.-spoorweg na Delagoabaai is in Pretoria op grootse skaal feeste georganiseer. Die luisterryke en skitterende staatsbal wat die regering van die Z.A. Republiek in die Marksaal in 1895 gehou het, is tot hede toe nog nie oortref nie.

Met regmatige trots sal huidige Pretoriane aan die indrukwekkende onthulling van die Pretorius-standbeelde, die grootse historiese voorstelling en die skitterende polisie-militêre vertoning terug dink. Sulke vertonings sien 'n mens maar eenkeer in 'n leeftyd.

Aan dr. en mevr. H. Muller wil ons ons opregte dank betuig dat u gedurende u ampstermyn Pretoria op so'n waardige wyse verteenwoordig het.

Ten slotte wens ons ons lede en lesers 'n geseënde Kersfees en 'n voorspoedige Nuwejaar toe.

W. PUNT, Voorsitter.



ALBERT BRODRICK

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ALBERT BRODRICK

WINKELIER EN DIGTER VAN OU-PRETORIA

ALBERT BRODRICK is sonder die minste twyfel een van die mees kleurryke en interessante persoonlikhede van Ou-Pretoria. Ongelukkig is daar min bekend oor sy lewe voor en direk na sy aankoms in Pretoria aan die begin van die sestiger jare. Nietemin vang sy naam gereeld die oog wanneer die ou koerantleggers van daardie jare deurgeblaai word. Vir meer as twintig jaar was hy een van die bekendste persone in Pretoria, 'n algemeen gesiene en beminde figuur met 'n ruim aandeel in die handels- en sosiale lewe van die regeringsetel. Hy was aangenaam en gemoedelik van aard, en het 'n besondere sin gehad vir die humoristiese in die lewe. Sir John Kotzé het hom onthou as „an educated man with a keen sense of humour, (he was) pleasant in company.” Sy roem berus egter groten-deels op sy digterlike talente wat hy aan die dag gelê het en waarmee hy sy tydgenote vermaak en besiel het.

Al wat ons van Broderick se lewe voor sy koms na Pretoria met sekerheid weet is dat hy in 1830 in Engeland gebore is en dat hy voor sy koms na Pretoria, vroeg in die sestiger jare, handelsbelange in Kimberley gehad het („*Pretoria News*,” 25/7/1951). Dit is egter nie seker of hy Kimberley net as 'n rondreisende smous aangedoen, en of hy hom daar vir 'n tydlang gevestig het nie. Volgens Gustav Preller („*Ou-Pretoria*,” bl. 74) was hy 'n „rondtrekkende Engelse negosiant” en dit is waarskynlik dat hy op sy reis noordwaarts Pretoria as 'n smous aangedoen en toe besluit het om hom hier voorlopig vir goed te vestig.

Volgens Prof. S. P. Engelbrecht (*Thomas Francois Burgers*,” bl. 125, voetnota) het Brodrick nie enige akademiese opleiding gehad nie, ofskoon hy tog iemand was van 'n sekere ontwikkeling. Sir John Kotzé („*Biographical Memoirs and Reminiscences*,” bl. 429, voetnota), wat Brodrick persoonlik geken en soms ook met hom 'n potjie skaak gespeel het, vertel daarenteen dat hierdie „pioneer and poet” „an educated man” was. Dat Brodrick beslis 'n goeie opvoeding gehad het, kan afgelei word uit sommige van sy gedigte waar hy kennis van Frans, Latyn en die klassieke letterkunde aan die dag lê.

Nadat Brodrick hom vroeg in die sestiger jare as 'n winkelier in Pretoria gevestig het, het hy op grond van sy uitmuntende persoonlike hoedanighede, heel gou 'n gesiene openbare figuur geword. Uit 'n koerantberig van 1894 („*Transvaal Advertiser*,” 17/11/1894) verneem ons dat Brodrick alreeds in April 1862 in Pretoria woonagtig was. Die skrywer van die koerantartikel, wat homself „*Old Fogey*” noem, het Pretoria destyds besoek en hy gee 'n beskrywing van die geboue rondom die Kerkplein, sowel as die vernaamste persone wat toe hier woonagtig was en hulle daag-

likse bedrywighede voortgesit het. Hy vertel, onder andere, dat „there were only a few houses round the Square,” waarvan „Brodrick’s Store and Cottage” een van die opvallendes was. Hy verwys verder na „witty Brodrick, with his ready tongue and a pun on his lips on every word you said, our Transvaal poet laureate (author of „Fugitive Fancies”).”

Sy handelsbedrywighede het Brodrick oor ’n lang periode op twee verskillende persele van die noordoostelike gedeelte van Kerkplein toegepits. Voor 1865 was Brodrick se winkel en woonhuis — volgens Preller („*Ou-Pretoria*” bl. 75) — geleë op die terrein van die huidige „Equity”-gebou (tot onlangs die „Erasmus-gebou”), alhoewel sy woonhuis en winkel, volgens ander bronne, gestaan het waar die „Lewis & Marks”-gebou mettertyd opgerig is.

Ofskoon daar ’n mate van onsekerheid bestaan i.v.m. die presiese plek van Brodrick se eerste winkel en woonhuis, weet ons dat Brodrick sy winkelbesigheid vanaf Mei 1865 verskuiwe het na Erf No. 323, op die hoek van Kerkstraat-Oos en Kerkplein, waar die Barclaysbank-gebou nou staan. Op hierdie goed-geleë perseel, wat voorheen aan H. J. Vermeulen behoort het, het Brodrick vanaf 1865 sy besigheid voortgesit totdat hy „The Hole in the Wall” mettertyd aan iemand anders oorgemaak het en hom van toe af meer begin toelê het op ander bedrywighede, soos grondspekulasies, mynbedrywighede en agentskapswerk. Intussen het hy hom ook steeds beywer om die belange van die Pretoriase gemeenskap op verskillende terreine te bevorder. Die bevordering van perdesport en perdereisiesbyeenkoms in Pretoria het veral sy belangstelling geniet.

Nadat Brodrick sy eerste winkel en woonhuis in 1865 ontruim en oorgetrek het na die hoekerf, het die „gewezene woonhuis van Brodrick” vanaf Maart 1865 vir twee jaar die goewermentsgebou van die Suid-Afrikaanse Republiek geword (Staats Courant, Vol. VIII, No. 92, dd. 11/4/1965; Gouvts. Kennisgeving No. 178). Hierdie gebou het al die goewermentskantore gehuisves totdat die Eerste Ou Goewermentsgebou in 1867 voltooi is.

Vermeldenswaardig is die feit dat terwyl Brodrick nog sy winkel en woonhuis op hoekerf No. 323 gehad het, hy suksesvol was om aalwyne op sy erf te kweek. In September 1877 het ’n berig in „*De Volksstem*” melding gemaak van die „*Flowering Aloes*”: „In Mr. Brodrick’s back yard, at the back of the “Hole in the Wall” several aloes are just shooting into flower. They will be the first aloes that have flowered in Pretoria.”

Hoedat Brodrick se naam gekoppel is aan die inswering van Sir Theophilus Shepstone as Administrateur van Transvaal word vir ons vertel deur Sir John Kotzé („*Memoirs*,” a.w., bl. 428—429): „On the 19th of May, 1877, Sir Theophilus took the usual oath on assuming the office of Administrator. The ceremony took place in the Dutch Church on the Square. The European inhabitants turned out almost *en masse* to witness the function. Besides the usual crowd outside, there was a guard of honour

furnished by the 13th Regiment, together with the military band. The church itself was well filled. At the appointed hour the playing of the National Anthem announced the arrival of the new „Administrator,” the title adopted by Sir Theophilus. He took his seat at a small table on a temporary dais. On this table were to be seen a Bible and a very artistic inkstand in good silver plate. This inkstand had been presented to Sir Theophilus Shepstone by Mr. A. Brodrick, a storekeeper in Pretoria and also a poet. Hence it came to be known as the „Annexation Inkstand.”

Eers nadat Brodrick hom in Pretoria gevestig het, het hy in die huwelik getree en wel met Mej. Isabella Louisa Cole. Sy was een van die vyf dogters van Eerw. Cole. Die Eerwaarde was met sy gesin op pad na Singapore, maar aangesien hy ongesteld geraak het tydens die lang seereis het die sendeling-gesin nie verder as Kaapstad gereis nie en hulle mettertyd na Transvaal begewe. Een van die ander dogters, Alexa, is later getroud met J. C. Rous, destyds in diens van die bekende Alexander McCorkindale. Rous het gedurende die sewentiger jare ’n belangrike aandeel gehad in die Transvaalse koerantwese. Veral sal hy onthou word as een van die mede-oprigters en mede-eienaars van „*De Expresse*” (saam met Jeppe) en „*De Volksstem*”) (saam met J. F. Celliers) („*Pretoria News*,” 16/7/1951).

Mevr. Brodrick is op ’n betreklik vroeë leeftyd, op 9 Junie 1873 oorlede en sy lê begrawe in die Ou Kerkhof in Pretoria. (Dr. J. Ploeger, „*A Wanderer’s Rhymes*,” „*Pretoriana*,” Deel 1, No. 1, Sept. 1951). Vermoedelik is daar net een seun uit die huwelik gebore, nl. Harold Brodrick. Van hom word melding gemaak in die „*Lys Diary*” waarvan ’n gedeelte in besit is van die Stadsraad van Pretoria. John Robert Lys was een van die eerste handelaars van Pretoria en in sy „*Diary*” word gereeld melding gemaak van Brodrick, soms egter op ’n minder vleierende wyse. Vir die doen en late van feitlik al die Pretorianers van die sestiger jare, is Lys se „*Diary*” beslis ’n baie belangrike en waardevolle bron, wat tot nou toe nog nie juis onder die aandag van die historici van Pretoria gekom het nie.

Onder die datum van 8 Februarie 1867, en daarna, vind ons ’n aantal verwysings na die siekte van Harold Brodrick: „Harold Brodrick taken suddenly ill, speechless in a fit. After some time the little fellow came round but remained very queer . . . Harold very queer still. The little fellow is so fat that sickness has a great effect upon him.”

Ek vermoed dat Harold Brodrick, wie se naam voorkom in die bg. artikel van Dr. Ploeger, nl. waar hy ’n bundel van Brodrick se verse aan sy neef M. W. Frean geskenk het, in werklikheid dieselfde Harold was wat in 1867 so ernstig siek was.

Die algemene opvatting is dat Albert Brodrick teen die einde van die sewentiger jare vir goed terug is na sy geboorteland oorsee; volgens Prof. Engelbrecht en Dr. Ploeger in 1878, en volgens Sir John Kotzé in 1879. Dit is egter blykbaar ’n vergissing want dit is bekend dat Brodrick gedurende die tagtiger jare weer vir ’n tydperk in Pretoria woonagtig was.

In „*De Volksstem*” van 17 September 1881, adverteer A. Brodrick van No. 1. Kerkplein, Pretoria, „splendid Lithographical Plans of the Town Pretoria,” elk 24 dm. by 24 dm. Tydens ’n verkoping wat gedurende Februarie 1882 op Heidelberg gehou is, het die „*Transvaal Advertiser*” van 25 Februarie 1882 verwys na „our old Friend Mr. A.B., die rhymster, with his son, the punster, assisted by Green Bottle (vermoedelik R. Cottle Green) did good work in their particular line, to the evident amusement of all present.” Verder word ook nog berig: „by the way, we might mention that the following Pretorians were present: Brodrick, Sen. and Jun.”

Eers in die loop van die tagtiger jare, vermoedelik gedurende of net na 1885, is Brodrick vir goed terug na Engeland. In Desember 1887 was hy in elk geval nie meer in Transvaal woonagtig nie, aangesien hy destyds vanaf Londen ’n aantal nuwe verse aan die „*Transvaal Advertiser*” vir publikasie gestuur het.

Van sy lewe in Engeland weet ons feitlik niks nie, behalwe dat hy nog voortdurend belangstelling getoon het in sy geliefde ou Transvaal en sy mense. Van sy verlange en sy heimwee getuig sy gedigte, waarvan daar drie bundels verskyn het en een daarvan ’n herdruk belewe het kort voor sy dood in 1908. Hierdie nuwe uitgawe van „*A Wanderer’s Rhymes*” het hy nog self persklaar gemaak en sy gedigte was seker vir die afgeleefde ou heer ’n groot bron van vreugde waar hy in die aand van sy lewe in sy gees weer die awonture en ondervindings van sy jeugjare in die vërre afgeleë Transvaal kon belewe.

In die Engelse letterkunde van Transvaal sal sy naam dan ook steeds met eer vermeld word, ofskoon daar toegegee moet word dat Brodrick se verdienstelike digwerk vandag in wyer kringe nie so bekend is as wat dit behoort te wees nie.

Aanvanklik is sy gedigte nie gepubliseer nie, maar soos die digwerke van ouds het sy gedigte en gevathede, maar veral sy gevleuelde woorde, in mondelinge sirkulasie gekom. Eugene Marais vertel („*Ou-Pretoria*,” bl. 75) dat Brodrick bekend was vir sy geestigheid en dat hy menige satiriese vers op mede-Pretoriane nagelaat het, sommige waarvan tenminste mondelinge onsterflikheid behaal het. Eugene Marais kon nog die volgende voorbeeld, Brodrick se eie voorgestelde grafskrif, onthou:

“Here lies old Brod in his last rest;
of men between the worst ones and the best;
— the greatest coward in the town,
barring Piet Marais and Baby Brown!”

Mettertyd het Brodrick van sy gedigte begin publiseer in die „*Transvaal Argus*,” „*De Volksstem*” en die „*Transvaal Advertiser*,” meesal onder skuilname, waarvan die volgende die bekendste was, nl. „*A Wanderer*,” „*Transvaal Englishman*,” „*T.V. Englishman*,” „*A.B.*” en „*Vaalpens*.”

In die ou koerante vind ons ook gedigte van ander persone, maar dit

is tog duidelik dat die gedigte van Brodrick van 'n suiwerder digterlike talent getuig. Daar bestaan voldoende getuienis om te konstateer dat Brodrick se gedigte destyds deur 'n ruim leserskring waardeer is.

Een van sy gedigte wat in die „*Transvaal Argus*” van 15 Julie 1868 onder die titel „*Farewell to Pretoria*” en onder die skuilnaam „*T.V. Englishman*” gepubliseer is, en wat Brodrick op 25 Mei voltooi het, gee vir ons 'n besondere interessante kyk op die sosiale lewe van Pretoria gedurende die sestiger jare. Uit sy gedigte kan ons aflei dat Brodrick — destyds in sy 30-er jare — aan al die sosiale bedrywighede van Pretoria deelgeneem het. Vandaar dan ook sy vermoë om op 'n lewendige en interessante wyse 'n beskrywing te gee van die persone en gebeurtenisse van Pretoria. Veral belangrik is sy verwysing na die „Kirk on Market Square, with your D.D.S. initials, standing on your gable there.” „*Die Volkstem*” van 5/10/1904 bevestig Brodrick se verwysing na die kontrakteurs se voorletters op een van die gewels: „Het oude kerkgebouw . . . werd gebouwd door de gebroeders Devereau en Skinner . . . Op een der gevels prykte dan ook in duidelike letters de initialen der bouwlieden: D.D. & S., met het jaartal: 1855 eronder.” Sover my kennis strek is hierdie die enigste twee bronne wat hierdie belangrike besonderheid vermeld.

Farewell to Pretoria

ET VIX SUSTINUIT DICERE LINGUA VALE

NOW Farewell to my trim-built City,
Store, and Note, and Lads, Farewell,
Farewell, beauteous, wise, and witty,
I must leave thee for “a spell.”

* * *

Every four years comes a longing,
Stronger than a twinge of Gout,
For the land with mem'ries thronging,
Land of Oysters and of Stout.

* * *

And my Creditors, though many,
When I plainly tell them so,
Say “Perhaps he'll make a penny
Bortheration! let him go.”

* * *

Farewell pleasant, grave Officials,
Farewell Kirk on Market Square,
With your D.D.S. initials,
Standing on your gable there.

* * *

Farewell Wagons full of Produce,
Butter, Cabbages and Wool,
Farewell Master, well your rod use

In your well conducted school.

* * *

Farewell pleasant little meetings,
Farewell friendships cold and hot,
Farewell “tossings,” “standings,”
“treating,”

Farewell surreptitious tot!

* * *

Farewell Dinners! farewell speeches,
Farewell Picnics 'neath the Trees,
Races (though Experience teaches
Potchefstroom is Baas at these).

* * *

Farewell Balls and jolly Dances,
Farewell partners lost in lace,
Still I see thy gentle glances,
Still thy waltzing full of grace.

* * *

Farewell sweet Accordeon Player.
Farewell Polkas (toe and heel).
Farewell “deux temps” two times gayer
And for winding up, the Reel!

* * *

Farewell simple, Gentle "suction,"
Jellies made by hands so dear!
Farewell soft and sweet seduction
Of the bottled Ginger Beer.

* * *

Farewell Tournaments at Croquet
"Married," "single," "black" and "blue,"
Farewell many a pleasant joke (eh?)
Made by ONE, WHOSE jokes are NEW,

* * *

Farewell hair, that krinkle, krankles
Brightly o'er the Chignon's loop,
Farewell pretty feet and ancles,
Farewell mallet, ball, and hoop.

* * *

Farewell men of weight and measure,
Bold Surveyors ("mete"-ors bright)
May you ever taste the pleasures
Science gives (The-odd-delight).

* * *

Farewell President and People
Each to each hold firm and tight
Though your road be up a steep hill.
Soon you'll reach the topmost height.

* * *

Farewell Legislators; ever
Be your acts from "Bunkum" freed,
Farewell Registrar! so clever
Good in every "Act" and "Deed."

* * *

Farewell Landdrost, plain, straight-
forward,
Free from humbug and pretence,
Never letting some BIG law word,
Move you from the "Common Sence."

* * *

Farewell Advocates and Agents,
Farewell "Procureur du Roi"
(Jolly chap!) farewell all Pageants,
Pomp and circumstance of Law!

* * *

Farewell Rifle Corps! I wager
You've now drilled without a fault.
Farewell active Sergeant Major,
Signal Gun and Cry of "Halt."

* * *

Farewell officers commanding,
Doctor too with scimitar,
Looking just like (as he's standing)
Mars (the second) God of War.

* * *

Farewell "Commandeering brieven"
Farewell stunning Veldt Cornet,
May you e'er at Morn and Even,
Take your "customary wet" (*Query
Grondwet).

* * *

Farewell War — and BROTHER nigger,
Hiding in Z.P.B.'s caves,
May the "cap" and captious trigger,
Stop you making White men SLAVES.

* * *

Farewell Merchants in that Quarter,
Sad your fate to think upon!
"Blades" all broken by Katlachter,
With your IVORY HANDEL gone.

* * *

Farewell Argus, may your "Leaders,"
Never o'er the traces Kick,
May you have 10,000 readers
Men who PAY SUBSCRIPTIONS
QUICK.

* * *

Farewell salted steeds (dear horses),
Farewell "Tempest," Prince of Prigs,
Farewell Musa's Water-courses,
Farewell Donkeys, Ducks and Pigs!

* * *

Farewell Pump, the first erected
By a jolly TEMPERANCE! "bloke,"
Though the water thence ejected
Very often tastes of "SMOKE"!

* * *

Farewell all what's sad and nasty
Farewell all what's good and nice,
Farewell Business-letters hasty;
Oh! Farewell the stern Bewys!

* * *

Farewell jolly "Males" and "Females"
Gentle, simple, dark and fair,
I must steam by many Sea-"mails"
E'er I meet your match I swear.

* * *

Farewell "Dorpje" not one minute
Would I call thee "great," it were vain,
It's not the size, but what is in it,
Makes me long for you again.

* * *

So farewell MY trim-built city,
I must leave thee for a spell
Farewell beautiful, wise, and witty
Still again — I say Farewell.

Gedurende Junie 1874 is berig dat die Engelse Kerk in Pretoria 'n klok as geskenk van die Biskop van Zoeloeland ontvang het („*De Volksstem*,” 13/6/1874) en na aanleiding daarvan het Brodrick een van sy mooiste gedigte geskrywe, nl. „*The Exiled Bell*.” In hierdie verband het „*De Volksstem*” van 22 Augustus 1874 as volg geskrywe: “The talented little poem „*The Exiled Bell*” published some weeks since in „*De Volksstem*” was not long finding its way to England, where it has been much appreciated in the neighbourhood from which the Bell was sent. The donor thus writes upon the subject: „I was very glad to receive the very pretty little ‘Lay of the Bell’ which we have all here read with much interest and admiration that your so far off flock should produce so genuine little piece of poetry. I shall certainly have far higher opinion than before of our old clock bell.”

“Another from the same neighbourhood writes: ‘I have just been reading some lines Mr. F. kindly lent me, *The Exiled Bell*,’ which I like very much. I want the F——’s to illustrate them with some Norfolk sketches and then you must provide the African ones, and let them be sold for the benefit of — ’.” Dit sal interessant wees om vas te stel of daar destyds uitvoering gegee was aan die wenk om die gedig te illustreer.

Tydens sy verblyf in Pretoria het Brodrick voortgegaan om oor verskillende uiteenlopende onderwerpe gedigte te skrywe en hulle dan in een of ander van die destydse Transvaalse koerante te publiseer. Omdat sy swaer, J. C. Rous, een van die eienaars van „*De Volksstem*” was, vind ons baie gedigte van Brodrick in daardie koerant, wat aanvanklik as 'n tweetalige koerant gepubliseer is.

BRODRICK SE DIGBUNDELS

SOVER bekend het Brodrick drie bundels gedigte gepubliseer; die eerste een in 1875, die tweede in 1882, en die derde bundel in 1893, met 'n nuwe geïllustreerde uitgawe in 1905.

Die eerste aanduiding dat Brodrick se gedigte gebundel sou word, vind ons in 'n berig in „*De Volksstem*” van 26 September 1874: „Shortly will be published ‘Fifty Fugitive Fancies in Verse.’ Price 1sh. By Albert Brodrick. Sentimental, Comic, Touching, Tasteful and tolerably True; — Now first collected and revised — with several pieces never before published.

“It is respectfully intimated that the profits of the little work will be devoted to NO Special good work or particular charity, but will be carefully shared between the Author and Printer in a most cold-blooded, business-like and sensible way.

“As a medium for advertisements this will be an opportunity seldom offered to a Discriminating Public — 500 copies having been ordered for the Diamond Fields alone, and it is certain that this Book will be found in every Home from the Wattle-and-Daub Drawing-Room of the Local Artist and the Sanded Boudoir of the Elite of South-Africa to the Hut of

the Merchant and the Haunt of the 'Hearty-Beast.'" Vervolgens word die titels van sommige gedigte wat gepubliseer sou word genoem.

Hierdie eersteling-digbundel van Albert Brodrick, „*Fifty Fugitive Fancies in Verse*,” het toe gedurende 1875 die lig gesien. Dit is gepubliseer deur Celliers & Rous van „*De Volksstem*”-drukkery en is opgedra aan “Mac” — My oldest Friend — These Fancies are Dedicated in Remembrance of Lang Syne.” Aangesien een van sy gedigte handel oor Alexander McCorkindale, die bekende Oos-Transvaalse immigrant, vermoed ek dat hy die “Mac” was aan wie die bundel opgedra was.

Brodrick het 'n opregte bewondering gehad vir President Burgers en dit is dan ook paslik dat die eerste gedig in die bundel aan die President opgedra is. Gedurende 1874 was President Burgers ernstig siek. Toe daar beterskap in sy ernstige siekte gekom het, het Brodrick die gedig „A Hope” gemaak en dit die volgende jaar die eerste gedig van sy eersteling-digbundel gemaak.

A HOPE

T.F.B. . . .

HE came to us when Winter's pall
Lay velvet-soft upon the earth,
When darkness reigned upon us all,
When dreams of Fame seemed little
worth.

* * *

Our country lay in sleep profound.
Sweet Nature, as her seasons passed,
Could wake to life the wintry ground —
But our good name aside was cast.

* * *

He came to us to do and dare —
A warrior fitted for the fight:
With one fixed purpose—ne'evr to spare
His strength in battling for the Right.

* * *

He came to us in Winter's gloom,
And ere the Spring had waked the
flow'rs,
And woods with sweet Mimosa bloom
Were goldened—his great heart was
ours!

* * *

We loved him as one set apart,
In whom no thought of self was
sown. —

Is not a pure unselfish heart
A passport to the highest crown?

* * *

He nobly fought and won his way,
And just when Fame afar had borne
His prowess — sickness came to slay,
And we of all our joy were shorn.

* * *

He fought, and foremost fighting fell,
And we, who marked all he had
done,
Felt what the tongue ne'er dared to tell:
“We yet may lose the heart we've
won.”

* * *

But now a Hope has ris'n on high —
We trust in the Almighty Will,
And one dear friend who standeth by,
With gentle strength and sovereign
skill.

* * *

We rest in Hope, in Hope we wait,
“God moves in a mysterious way” —
But we believe in this, our fate:
“Our Darkness shall be turned to
Day.”

Hierdie eerste klein bundeltjie verse van Brodrick, wat vandag baie skaars is, en wat 'n hele aantal treffende gedigte bevat, is in 1882 aangevul

deur 'n tweede bundel verse met die titel „*South African Leaves*” by „*The Transvaal Englishman*.”

In die „*Transvaal Advertiser*” van 7 Oktober 1882 het daar 'n simpatieke waardering van Brodrick se tweede verse-bundel verskyn: „This is a neat little brochure of 36 pages containing some poetical pieces by the well-known author of „*Fugitive Fancies*.” Most of the Verses have never been published before, but many of them have for some time been known to the writer's most intimate friends. Though humorous fancies seem to flow most freely from the author's pen; many of the pieces awake other feelings than those of amusement. „*Rorke's Drift*,” and „*Before Ulundi*” will find a responsive chord in the heart of most Englishmen; and the tender passion is expressed in many touching lines.

„The little work as a whole, is elegant, bright, and sparkling with humour. Its only defect in our eyes is, that there is so little of it. Taking it up we finished it in an hour, and wished for another.”

Vermoedelik is hierdie tweede digbundel van Brodrick ook in Pretoria gepubliseer, maar aangesien ek hierdie bundel nie onder oë gehad het nie, het ek alleen so'n vermoede. Dit sal onthou word dat Brodrick destyds weer terug was in Pretoria na een van sy gereelde, periodieke oorsese reise.

Nadat Brodrick vir goed teruggekeer het na Engeland, het in September 1893 die eerste uitgawe van „*A Wanderer's Rhymes*” die lig in Londen gesien. Hierdie derde digbundel van Brodrick is deur die „*Record Press*” gepubliseer en in sy „*Dedication*” het die skrywer gemeld dat „this collection of Rhymes, some of which have already appeared over the signatures of „*A Wanderer*” — „*Transvaal Englishman*” — „*A.B.*” — and „*Vaalpens*,” is dedicated to the memory of M.S.B., my first and my best friend.”

Op hierdie eerste uitgawe het 'n nuwe uitgawe in Maart 1905 gevolg, hierdie keer gepubliseer deur Wilkinson Bros., 1—9 Green Lanes, London. Wat hierdie uitgawe so belangrik en interessant maak is dat die uitgawe geïllustreer is deur 41 treffende illustrasies van W. Herbert Holloway.

Volgens Sir John Kotzé („*Memoirs*,” a.w., bl. 429, voetnota) bevat „*The African Monthly*” van 1908, bl. 414, 'n waarderende beskouing oor die gedigte in Brodrick se laaste digbundel.

Melding kan ook nog daarvan gemaak word dat een van Brodrick se gedigte „*Our Republic*” in 1892 getoonset is deur S. Holmes („*Die Volksstem*,” 23/11/1892).

Albert Brodrick was nie 'n groot digter in die gewone sin van die woord nie, maar tog is hy iemand wat ons belangstelling en waardering ten volle verdien. Sommige van sy gedigte is beslis van hoogstaande en blywende letterkundige waarde, terwyl feitlik almal veral van kultuur-historiese waarde is, aangesien die meerderheid van die gedigte betrekking gehad het op een of ander persoon of gebeurtenis — in die meeste gevalle met Ou-Pretoria as agtergrond. Vir daardie rede sal Brodrick se gedigte altyd 'n belangrike bron wees vir 'n studie van die sosiale en selfs politieke lewe van Pretoria in die besonder, en van Transvaal in die algemeen. Brodrick

was die Boere en hulle Republiek baie goedgesind en in hulle krisisoomblikke het hy met hulle gesimpatiseer.

Hierdie gevoel van heimwee na Transvaal en van meegevoel met die Boere in hulle stryd teen die Britse Ryk, kom baie duidelik na vore in sy gedig „*The New Year*” wat hy gedurende 1881 in Londen gemaak het terwyl hy weer op een van sy periodieke besoeke was en terwyl die Eerste Vryheidsoorlog in Transvaal gewoed het.

WE have good need of hope — for we of late
Have been oppressed by fears — here at our door
And far from us on Africa’s wild shore
The love of Brothers has been turned to hate,

* * *

Where lies the fairest land beneath the sun,
Friends fight ’against friends — the weaker for a Right
To right a wrong — they say that we have done,
That may not stand the test of honour’s light.

Een van sy mooiste gedigte vir my is die volgende een wat tenslotte aangehaal word. Daar is geen aanduiding na wie Brodrick in hierdie gedig verwys nie: vermoedelik John Robert Lys wat kort na Pretoria se stigting op die toneel verskyn het; dit mag egter ook na William Skinner of Henry Austin verwys.

AN OLD PRETORIAN

I SOMETIMES think I hear him sing
His favourite song, “The Trysting
Tree” —
And memory flies with rapid wing
To distant ways across the sea.
A moonlight night, a long white road,
The scattered bush on either side,
When he and I together rode
Long leagues, in heart and soul allied;
I read by day, he sang by night,
The “Trysting Tree” was my delight.

* * *

It was a song he knew “by heart,”
Learned long ago in some odd time,
A song to make the tear drop start,
With quaint sweet melody, and rhyme;
It told of hopes, and joys and fears,
And many a maid, who ’neath its boughs,
Had listened with enslaved ears
And throbbing heart to lover’s vows!
It told of times our Fathers knew —
When men were staunch, and women
true.

And now his voice is still; the home
He lived in even has passed away —
The home where all, who e’er might
come,
Were welcome as the light of day!
He did not live to see the glow
Of golden sunshine — long deferred —
But left us with the clouds still low,
And ere the Land yet our Sun was dim,
Its coming brightness not for him.

* * *

His eyes beheld our little Town
When first it raised its dainty head
Above the earth — now mighty grown,
And daily growing mightier — fed
By human streams from every clime;
He sees it not! nor hears the hum,
In life’s quick-changing pantomime,
From clamouring crowds. Farewell! old
chum,
We yet may re-united be
Beneath the old, old Trysting Tree!

H. M. REX.

MEMOIRS

BY MRS. T. J. RODDA

II

In our previous issue Mrs. Rodda described her long and tedious journey from Cape Town to Pretoria together with her mother. This charming narrative now continues with their arrival in Pretoria.

HOME AT LAST

WE reached Pretoria the next day and once again we were met as at Potchefstroom. Of course the arrival of another woman was a matter of great importance in what Pretoria then was, a tiny village, and when it was recognised, as at once it was, that mother was a beautiful woman of education and great charm, many warm friendships were offered and lasted for all the many years she lived in the charming thatched house which was ready for her reception, which still stands (though no longer thatched) at the corner of St. Andrews and Schoeman Streets.

Mother displayed great taste in both dress and in her home, and in a few days many little additions had been made to the beauty and comfort of this home. The packing cases we had brought with our clothing and other things she converted into cupboards, and in some cases seats, and covered the cushions my father had ready with turkey twill. This then took the place of the cretonne we now see so much of, and really was cheerful and dainty when properly used. One other renovation I remember was a wall pocket made of brown American cloth bound with red braid, this had divisions in which all father's pipes were put and hanging at the side of the fireplace in the little sitting room, looked neat and created quite a large amount of admiration and was copied by many.

A CUP OF TEA

WELL do I remember the first Sunday afternoon, after saying she would be at home, mother arranged her tea cups and dainty linen (brought with her—mostly parting gifts) on the packing case table in her sitting room, and dressing herself in one of her prettiest frocks, received her visitors. I have forgotten to mention the *piece de resistance* in the room, it was a *riempjie*

couch. This was hard and unattractive when first seen, but after some soft grass was cut and filled, the covers of turkey twill, made to fit the seat and cushions of the same placed along the back, embroidered with bright flowers in wool, the couch was both comfortable and much admired, and I think this also was copied as were many other things both then and after. Needless to say I too was made much of, and was very proud at being called in to help to entertain our visitors, but alas! my pride soon had its fall for when handing a cup of tea to one of the best dressed and richest ladies in the town, I suddenly stumbled turning the whole cup of tea into her lap. I was sent out of the room, I was no doubt nervous, and so came my accident. The lady in question was the wife of a Portuguese man who certainly dressed very richly, and on this particular occasion wore a lovely brown satin gown, richly trimmed with gold, when her lap became a pool of tea. Oh my distress, my tears were many and it was only after many protestations on her part, assuring mother that it did not matter in the least, as even if it could not be saved a gown more or less spoiled was of no earthly concern, as she had many more in her wardrobe, that I was able to help to mop up the spilt tea. Needless to say mother was very angry with me and the greatly looked forward to reception was a sad memory for years after.

THE DAYS OF OUR YOUTH

CHRISTMAS DAY followed in due course and we were invited to dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Coes Meintjies who were just the kindest friends we ever had. Their dinner at 1 o'clock was indeed a feast of goodwill and fellowship, quite 20 adults sat around their laden tables, and the fare was kingly. To me it was a revelation as I had never been to any function of its kind, and the happy family, children and adults, all cheerful, and fraternising with each other was indeed a joy, and I am sure the tired little girl who was carried home by her father at sunset and put to bed had spent the happiest day of her life so far.

At the end of this eventful week came the grand finale — New Year's Day — that day beloved by all South African children — then, if not now. Mother and father and, of course, myself, had all been invited to a picnic to be given in the large garden of Arcadia farm house, then belonging to Mr. Farnie Meintjies. Most of those invited were asked to bring some addition to the lunch and at 9 o'clock an ox cart was sent round the town to collect the first groups of friends and their donations, usually those who lived furthest away from the farm. Mattresses were spread on the floor of the wagon and made use of in a way I shall tell you of later.

We all reached our destination safely at about 10 o'clock and were heartily welcomed by Oom Farnie and Tante Betty Meintjies and their daughters and sons, one of whom was Hendry, who had brought us from

Kimberley — once again he took possession of me — and looked after my welfare all day, calling me his little sweetheart (he died of consumption a little while after). After having 11 o'clock tea with all kinds of sandwiches and cakes the children were sent to play games with one or two older girls and boys to see that nothing went wrong, while the older women and a few of the men set the tables. The old garden was really a wonderful one, huge pear trees in full bloom gave all the shade that was needed, and the ground had been levelled to take the place of tables, and when the numerous snowy cloths were spread with vases filled with gay flowers down the centre and the innumerable dishes of salads all most attractively arranged, and the cold sweets equally attractive, added, and the glasses placed in position, it was indeed a charming picture, an alfresco meal to dream of.

Near to 1 o'clock the meats, Turkey, Chicken, Duck, Sucking Pig, all beautifully carved, were served, but as a special treat sasartjies with rice were provided — this dish when well made is delicious — and I think was originally made by Indian cooks who call it Cabobs. It would be difficult to tell of the fun and jokes, the laughter and good fellowship that emanated from that meal, old and young all participated, simple fare and home-made drinks, fruit from the garden, no bon-bons, no french dainties, no pretence or shade of snobbery — all friends — all out to enjoy and to give pleasure. When all had been satisfied the meats were carefully put away for supper and many of the older people retired to the homestead where the mattresses were laid on the bedroom floors and made comfortable couches. The smaller children rested there with their parents while the older ones played games in the garden. At 4 o'clock again we were all up and ready for a sumptuous tea and at 6.30 for another cold collation. After this the young children were undressed and put to bed on the floors; I had never slept on a floor before, and thought it rather strange, but when at 8 o'clock two old Hottentot men appeared with a concertina and broken down violin and tuned up with the somewhat out of tune, very ancient piano, and struck up the lances which brought all the younger set in from the garden, I was very delighted and even excited, for to me this was indeed wonderful. The whole day was one of wonder and delight and when the next morning I found myself in my cot at home I think I must have believed I dreamt it all.

During this New Year's Day mother had many conquests-friendships that lasted for years.

MY BELOVED FATHER

MY father was a man full to the brim with wit and humour. When a boy his father entertained largely and when men of war came into Table Bay many and frequent were the parties given by him to the officers, and many were the pranks played by them, always accompanied by my

father. On one occasion they were going from a dinner party to their ship and when passing a hall where services were held by a Scotch clergyman, to a coloured congregation, they heard singing, so decided to go in and see what was happening; this they did and on going to the door found the clergyman shouting about David and Goliath. He tried to speak Dutch but kept breaking into English and demonstrating his meaning by flinging his hands about in a somewhat startling manner. On trying to impress his hearers he explained how "David was a kleine man and Goliath was a groose man and David put a stone into a shling, and he slugh and slugh and he slugh and he slugh Goliath in the kop and killed Goliath dood on de spot!"

Now while listening to this father had been looking round and had noticed that the lighting of the hall was a very primitive affair and consisted of a long piece of rough board with another piece the same width crossing it — each piece holding some 20 or 30 candles — this cross was attached to a rope, this rope was brought down through a ring suspended over the door behind which the group of young men were standing, and was fastened to a hook. When the man in the pulpit — waxed eloquent — Dad grew wise to the state of affairs, and prepared himself for conquest. Drawing his knife from his pocket he quietly cut the rope holding the primitive chandelier and suddenly the whole construction fell, striking many of the congregation, and plunging the whole place in darkness.

By the time order was restored Dad and his friends were far away. A policeman saw the group hurrying down the street and followed them taking their names. The next day they were brought before the Magistrate who fined each of the naval men 5/- but unfortunately Dad was the last of the row and the Magistrate having an impediment in his speech gave him an opportunity of doing something nonsensical, so after each man was fined, he imitated the old man quietly thinking he was not noticed, but when his turn came instead of saying 5/- the Magistrate said "10/- you beggar" much to the joy of the others. I have often seen him playing tricks on friends and servants. One thing he often did was when coming up a street he would suddenly stop and look up into the sky, in a few minutes men or women passing would stop and look and perhaps say "what do you see" he would answer "well it is really strange, I could have sworn I saw it, see just there, don't you see it," of course they would say "no" but then look up and when two to three would stop all looking up, he would walk on leaving them there. Another little trick, one he loved, was when passing a native woman with a bundle of washing on her head he would quietly tip this up with his cane (which he always carried). The woman not realising how she had lost the balance of her bundle would look around in surprise and consternation, when Dad would sympathetically ask her what had happened and giving 6d. would go on with his happy nature.

(To be continued)

OPROEP OM STEUN VIR TRICHARDTFONDS

DIE Trichardttrekfonds het in die jongste tyd pragtige bydraes van stadsrade ontvang. 'n Aansienlike bedrag kom egter nog kort.

Die reëlings vir die aankoop van die tweede standplaas in Lourenco Marques is nou in die haak—die eerste standplaas is reeds aangekoop.

Die gebrek aan fondse bring egter mee dat die aankoop noodwendig vertrap word, en dat die uiteindelijke voltooiing van die Tuin van Herinnering ook vertrap word.

Die Trichardtgenootskap benodig £20,000 om hierdie Tuin van Herinnering uit te lê.

WIE WAS HULLE?

Ons het onlangs in die pers 'n beroep gedoen op ou inwoners van Pretoria om aan ons soveel name as moontlik van Oudstudente van die „Staatsmodelschool” te verstrek. Ons het o.a. die volgende antwoorde ontvang:

● MEER BESONDERHEDE

Van de week werd mij een uitknipsel van een krant toegezonden, waarin U vroeg om inlichtingen aangaande de Staats Model School.

Als een van de weinig overgeblevenen wil ik U gaarne het een en ander mededeelen voor zoover mijn geheugen het toelaat.

Zoo U zult weten kwam de S. H. School voort uit de school van de oude heer Louis, die op het markt plein Prinsloostraat zijn school had (het gebouwtje, alhoewel verbouwd, staat er nog) en is nu een Indiër winkel.

Behalve mnr. Louis waren mnr. Cars de Jonghe (gesneuveld op Elands-laagte) en mnr. Visser (school inspecteur), de onderwijzers.

Later toen de school zich meer uitbreidde kwamen de heeren Zonneveld (later predikant onder de Argentijnsche Boeren), Q. Boersma (na de Boerenoorlog, naar Holland waar hij Predikant werd van de Gereformeerde kerk), N. Tromp (na de oorlog, onderwijzer te Assen, Drenthe), E. Kalt, voor doofstommen onderwijs te Boekhorst, van Niekerk en Harrington (Engelsch).

Het was ongeveer in 1892 of '93 dat de Heer Wagner uit Nederland de school overnam en werd ze de Staats Model School. Het was niet vóór 1896, dat de school overgeplaatst werd van het oude gebouw, naar het nieuwe, dat er thans nog staat in de v.d. Walt straat hoek Skinner straat en waar de tegenwoordige Sir Winston Churchill uit ontvluchtte.

Voor zoover ik mij herinner kwamen de heeren Boersma en Tromp

mee en werd mnr. Moerdijk (vader van de Architect) aangesteld als onderwijzer voor std. V. In 1897 ging ik vandaar uit naar het Gymnasium.

In de krant stond, dat het Staats Gymnasium wel de oudste is. Dat is niet geheel juist, want toen ik in '97 daar aankwam werd er nog aan gewerkt, terwijl de Model School al een tijd van te voren klaar was.

Als ik my niet vergis, werd in '91 en '92 dr. Reinink aangesteld als rector van het Gymnasium en werden de klassen gehouden in een zink gebouwtje op het Kerkplein, waar nu het Hooggerechtshof staat.

Van de personen die geregeld de Model School bezochten herinner ik mij slechts dr. N. Mansvelt. Ik herinner mij niet wie de school officieel geopend heeft.

Van de leerlingen die gelijk met mij op school waren, tijdens mijnheer Louis, waren: minister Piet Grobler, Generaal Kemp, Gustav Preller, Tjaart Kruger (de Presidents jongste zoon), Frikkie Eloff (kleinzoon van de President).

De leeraren op het Staats Gymnasium waren, behalve dr. Reinink, dr. Geerminck (later curator van het museum en dieretuin), dr. Breiger, dr. Wolf, dr. MacFadgen, mijnheer Baardman, mijnheer Hofmeyer (die schreef „Kijkjes in onze geschiedenis”). J. VAN CITTERT, Port Alfred.

● 'N PAAR NAME

Leerlinge van die Staatsmodel School was:— Paul Lombard, W. A. S. Nel, ds. v.d. Hoven, argitek Moerdyk, dr. Pretorius, argiv. van Verenigde kerk, Adriaan Fisher. Personeel: Mnre. Wagner, Boersma, Tromp, Vaandrager, Frowein, v.d. Merwe (later op Ermelo), de Groot, 'n Hollandse Jood wat musiek en sang gegee het.

Die skool het tot st. VI gegaan en van daar is leerlinge na die Staats Gimnasium. V.d. Hoven het O_3 en O_2 onderwyserseksamens in die skool afgelê. Die Normaal Kolleges is die voortsetting van die Staatsmodel.

— Ds. V.D. HOVEN.

● SPOTPRENTE

Tydelyk in Zuid Afrika zijnde las ik van de oproep over de Staats Model School uit 1900 — te Pretoria.

Ik herinner mij de tekeningen op de muren te hebben gezien, de kaarten en de spotprenten op President Kruger, waar mijn andere broer, N. C. Mansvelt nu te Piet Retief — Postbus 69 — nog foto's van heeft genomen nadat Pretoria bezet was.

Ik meen dat er een luik in dezelfde kamer was van de tekeningen, waar de 3 officieren zich eerst enige dagen schuil hebben gehouden, toen Churchill ontvlucht was, op de zolder daar.

Ik herinner mij hoe vader en alle Burgers naar hem moesten helpen zoeken.

Misschien kan mijn broer U meer gegevens geven.

Hoogachtend,

(Mej.) S. J. MANSVELT, Kampsbaai.

● CHURCHILL

'n Paar punte in u brief van 7/6/55. Churchill se kamer? Natuurlik bedoel u waar hy ingekwartier was — nie gevange gehou nie — want al die klaskamers was as slaapvertrekke ingerig — daar was tente op „de speelplaats” vir die „bat men” van offisiere. Ek het nog 'n vae idee dat Sir Winston in my ou kamer, d.i. gang links eerste kamer regs was waar die landkaarte en getekende geraamte is en ook dat hy iets te doen gehad het met die teken daarvan.

Kyk ook in daardie lokaal, op een van die vloere, of daar nie 'n vierkantige luik in die vloer is nie, ek meen in die Noord-oos hoek van die vloer. Ek herinner my nog ek het die skool ingegaan dieselfde middag toe die skool ontruim is en almal verhuis het na die „Zoo” Kamp.

Twee of drie van die offisiere het hulle onder die vloer vir 'n dag of wat versteek, is nooit met die verhuising opgemerk nie en toe 'n dag of so later het hulle ontsnap. In veel latere jare het ek dit in een of andere lewensbeskrywing van 'n offisier gelees. Toe hulle weg was, is die skuilplek ontdek.

Die skool het geen elektriese lig gehad nie. Daar was ook geen lampe nie.

W. VAN WERMERSKERKEN, Witrivier.

● NOG 'N PAAR

My geheue is nog goed en al die persone wie se name hier volg het ek persoonlik geken.

Hoof: mnr. F. W. Wagner. Onderwysers: N. Tromp (teruggegaan na Holland; O. Boersma; M. Vaandrager, later hoof van die Oost-Eind skool; Veenemans (twee van sy seuns woon nog op Pretoria); M. Ribbens (een van sy seuns is hoof van 'n Pretoria skool); J. Lub, later hoof van die skool op Maraisburg en nog later Inspekteur van Onderwys; Van der Merwe (later hoof van die skool op Ermelo).

Daar was ook nog 'n Engelse onderwyser maar sy naam het my ontaan.

Moontlik was daar meer onderwysers aan die skool, maar hulle het ek nie geken nie.

R. VAN MARIJLO, Pretoria.

Kleinenberg en Kleynenberg

IN die eeufesuitgawe van „Pretoriana” het 'n welgemeende boodskap verskyn van die hand van die burgemeester van Ouddorp, die heer J. A. Kleynenberg, 'n boodskap afkomstig van die burgerlike hoof van die

Nederlandse dorpie waar die bakermat van die stamvader van die stigter van Pretoria was.

In die eeufes-byvoegsel tot „*Dagbreek en Sondagnuus*” van 4 September j.l. het die voorsitter van die Genootskap, dr. W. J. H. Punt, meer besonderhede oor die dorpie Ouddorp verstrekk en o.m. vermeld dat die van van die burgemeester van Ouddorp ook eg Afrikaans is.

In verband met resente navorsingswerk insake emigrasie van Nederland na ons land omstreeks die midde van die negentiende eeu het die skrywer die van *Kleinenberg* teengekom. Draer van hierdie van was Bouke (of Bauke) Kleinenberg. Hierdie Kleinenberg is op 3 Augustus 1823 in die dorpie Rolde, provinsie Drente, Nederland, gebore. Kort voor sy vertrek na ons land (1852) was hy onderwyser op die gehug Leggeloo binne die grense van die munisipaliteit Dwingeloo in die reeds genoemde provinsie. Ten tyde van sy vertrek was hy 29 jaar oud, ongetroud en lidmaat van die Hervormde Kerk. Hy was in besit van die derde rangsertifikaat. Hy het uit sy geboorteland vertrek met die hoop om ’n beter broodwinning in ons land te vind.

Saam met Kleinenberg het die ses-en-twintigjarige onderwyser *Jan Jans Zoer* uit Nederland vertrek. Zoer is op 28 April 1826 te Lhee, munisipaliteit Dwingeloo, gebore as seun van die egteliede Jan Jans Zoer en Klaasje Hendriks Noorman. Ten tyde van sy vertrek was hy onderwyser te Lhee, ongetroud en lidmaat van die Hervormde Kerk.

Van B. Kleinenberg is bekend dat hy in 1852 onderwyser op Piketberg was. In die „*South African Who's Who*” van 1909 kom Theunis Kleinenberg voor. T. Kleinenberg is, as seun van B. Kleinenberg, in 1865 te Kaapstad gebore. Hy het in 1887 na die Suid-Afrikaanse Republiek oorgekom.

In Senator G. G. Munnik se werk „*Memoirs of Senator the Hon. G. G. Munnik*” (Kaapstad, s.j.) staan op bls. 44 vermeld dat sen. Munnik se dogter Maud met die politikus T. Kleinenberg getroud was. Munnik en T. Kleinenberg was die oprigters van die „*Zoutpansberg Review*”.

In verband met B. Kleinenberg is die onderwyser J. J. Zoer genoem. Van Zoer is bekend dat hy in 1885 met die Nederlandse emigrante *Margaretha Pierik* getroud is. Sy was van Wanneperveen, Nederland, afkomstig. Onder die onderwysers wat in die laat negentiger jare van die vorige eeu in diens van die Transvaalse Onderwysdepartement was kom *J. W. A. Soer*, ’n ongesertifiseerde onderwyser op Waterval, distrik Middelburg, voor. Of hierdie twee vanne oorspronklik dieselfde was of gladnie met mekaar in verband staan nie, kon die skrywer tot hede nog nie vasstel nie.

B. Kleinenberg en J. J. Zoer is albei deur bemiddeling van ds. Cornelis van Schaik, predikant van die Ned. Hervormde gemeente Dwingeloo, en prof. U. G. Lauts na ons land uitgestuur om te help om ’n tekort aan onderwysers in die Kaapkolonie en die Soewereiniteit te verminder.

— J. PLOEGER.

Genootskap Oud-Pretoria

(Gestig 22 Maart 1948)

Association Old Pretoria

(Founded 22 March. 1948)

Ons doel: Om te waak oor die geskiedenis van ons stad en distrik.

Our aim: To preserve the past for the future of our city and district.

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