

Pretoriana



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MERENSKY-BIBLIOTEEK

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Wyle Mnr. Just de Loor.

OP 24 Mei 1956 is mnr. H. A. (Just) de Loor plotseling oorlede.

Hy is in 1903 in Pretoria gebore en hier het hy sy onderwys aan die Oost Eind School ontvang. Daarna het hy vennoot in die welbekende de Loors bakkerij geword.

Mnr. de Loor het in 'n groot verskeidenheid van verenigings en organisasies belang gestel en liefdadigheid sterk bevorder. Van meeste was hy voorsitter of bestuurslid. In die geskiedenis van ons stad het hy besonder veel belanggestel. Hy was dan ook een van ons Genootskap se oudste lede. Die laaste twee jaar was hy ondervoorsitter van die Genootskap Oud-Pretoria.

Vir ons Genootskap het hy veel gedoen en aan al ons planne het hy steeds sy heelhartige steun en samewerking verleen. Op sy medewerking en daadwerklike hulp kon ons altyd staat maak.

Die doelstellings, werk en planne van ons Genootskap het mnr. de Loor so getref dat hy Oud-Pretoria se strewe orals sterk gepropageer het. Nog kort gelede het hy by geleentheid van 'n konferensie in Port Elizabeth met sy vriende Oud-Pretoria bespreek en die stigting van soortgelyke liggame in ander dorpe bepleit.

In hom het Oud-Pretoria en ook ons stad 'n getroue vriend verloor wie se plek moeilik gevul sal word.

— W. PUNT, *Voorsitter.*

Sir Winston does not remember

IN connection with the request for information concerning Sir Winston Churchill's stay at the Staats Model School, I wrote to Sir Winston and asked if he could supply the information required. Four months later I received a reply which read:

Dear Sir,

I am desired by Sir Winston Churchill to thank you for your letter. He is interested to know of the proposal that the Staats Model School should become a National Monument, and by all you say.

Sir Winston is so sorry but he cannot recall enough of the details of his experiences in those days to enable him to answer the questions raised in the *Pretoria News*.

Sir Winston thinks it most kind of you to have written to him and to have sent him all this information.

Yours truly,

W. Sturdee, Private Secretary.

Not very helpful!

The little information I have been able to collect is as follows:

To the north of the main entrance of the School there are three rooms facing van der Walt Street and the centre of the three was the one occupied by Sir Winston. Some of those who shared the room were:

Capt. Alymer Haldane, Gordon Highlanders,

Lieut. le Mesurier, Dublin Fusiliers,

Capt. A. E. Haserick and

Sergt. A. Brockie of the Imperial Light Horse. When captured, the last-named posed as a Lieut. of the Natal Carbineers. He was a Johannesburg man and apparently spoke Afrikaans and a Native language.

The officer who drew the caricatures on the walls was . . . Frankland of the Dublin Fusiliers. It is not clear whether he shared the room with Sir Winston.

Haldane and Brockie intended to escape with Sir Winston but were prevented by the vigilance of the sentries. Haldane, Brockie and le Mesurier escaped subsequently.

Of the many things said and written about the School it appears to me that the most important item has been entirely overlooked. Dr. Punt at the meeting of the Society on 14th June last also failed to mention it, although the incident had a tremendous influence on Pretoria in general and higher education in particular.

After being used to accommodate prisoners of war, the building resumed its proper function as a secondary school for boys under the name Pretoria College, and at the annual distribution of prizes in 1905

or 6 the prizes were handed out by Mr. Justice Wessels, subsequently Sir John Wessels, Chief Justice of the Union.

In the course of his speech the Judge said that secondary schools should not be situated in the middle of the town where classes were disturbed by traffic noises and students were deprived of playing fields, and he went on to suggest that perhaps arrangements could be made by the Municipality and the Education Department for the High Schools to be transferred to the Sunnyside Town Lands, or Commonage, as it was usually called. Events moved quickly and soon afterwards an announcement was made to the effect that the Municipality and the Education Department had come to an agreement, the gist of which was that the greater part of the Sunnyside Town Lands would be leased to the Education Department at a rental of one shilling per year in perpetuity, provided that the ground was used for educational purposes only.

It may not appear in the Agreement or Lease, but it was intended to reserve the ground for secondary and higher education only, and it is against the spirit of the agreement for the Education Department to build a primary school on the land. The Fuel Research Institute and the Meteorological Station fall under the heading of higher education, but a primary school does not.

May I suggest that if the rental of one shilling is actually paid every year it should be done with ceremony. There could be an annual function by way of a procession to the City Hall where one of the students would pay the rental to the Mayor. The Boys' High School was the first to be accommodated in this Pretoria Educational Campus so the Head Boy of that School should be the first to pay the rent, followed by the following in the order mentioned :

The Pretoria University
Girls' High School
Afrikaans Boys
Afrikaans Girls
Fuel Research Institute, and
The Meteorological Station.

The two Afrikaans Schools are not on the Sunnyside Town Lands but they are near neighbours. Such a ceremony would perpetuate the knowledge that the land belongs to the Town and it could be arranged to take place during Jacaranda week.

Finally, all the institutions mentioned should learn that their address is Sunnyside, and not Brooklyn. The land became available owing to the generosity of the vendor of Sunnyside, Mr. Mears and not the vendor of Brooklyn. Furthermore, Brooklyn was not included in the Municipality until several years after the agreement was made.

The Pretoria Publicity Association will persist in describing the institutions mentioned as being in Brooklyn because they are served by the Brooklyn bus. This is a poor excuse — not a reason at all.

C. J. BEANES.

Tekeninge wat verdwyn het.

IN een van die klaskamers van die voormalige Staatsmodelskool herinner 'n tweetal kaarte van die gevegsterreine in 1900 nog heden ten dage aan die Tweede Vryheidsoorlog en die verblyf van 'n aantal Britse krygsgevangenes binne die mure van 'n gebou wat letterlik en figuurlik aanspraak daarop kon maak om 'n modelskool te wees.

In die eerste nommer van *Pretoriana* (jaargang I, 1951) is, van die hand van die skrywer, onder die opskrif *Vondse in die Staatsmodelskool*, besonderhede vermeld aangaande die toestand van die gebou nadat die Britse gevangenes in Maart 1900 vandaar na elders oorgebring is.

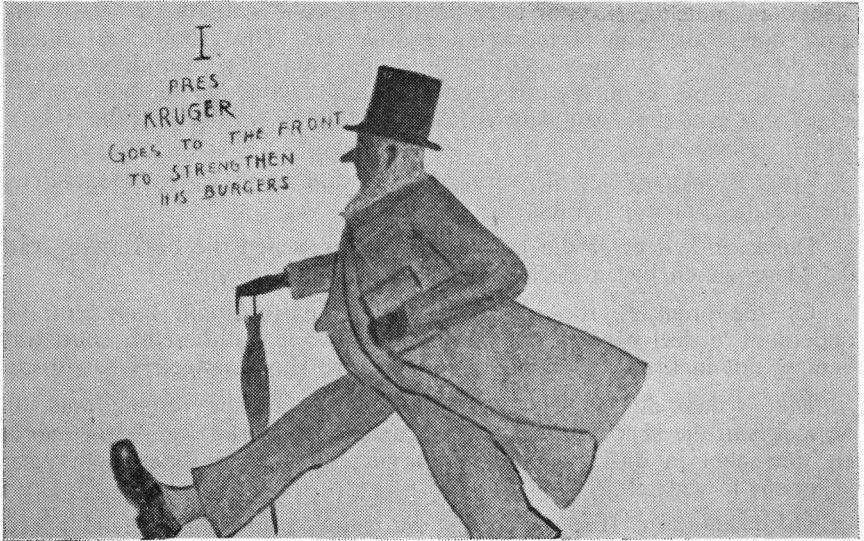
In 'n skrywe wat op 17 Maart van daardie jaar deur die Superintendent van Onderwys, dr. Nicolaas Mansvelt, aan die Staatsekretaris (B) gestuur is, het die Superintendent o.m. melding gemaak van die aanwesigheid van twee kaarte op een van die mure van die gebou. Hierdie kaarte is, danksy die bemoeiing van die Superintendent, vandag nog in die gebou te besigtig.

Dr. Mansvelt het gereken dat die kaarte „als historiese herrinnering en voor toekomstig klasegebruik” ongeskonde bewaar moet bly.

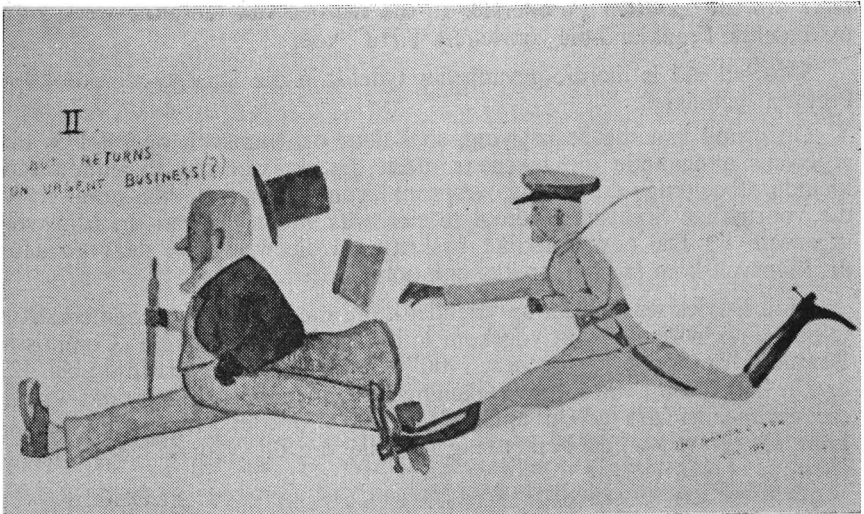
In 'n ander klaskamer het die Superintendent die volgende tekeninge aanskou: „In een ander lokaal staan op den muur twee groote spotbeelden van Z.H.Ed. den Staatspresident geteekend, waarvan ik een paar photographische kopieën heb doen maken, waarvan ik, indien ze goed gelukt zijn, een paar exx. zal zenden. Het ééne beeld stelt ZHEd. voor „going to the front to strengthen his burghers’ met een Bijbel onder den eenen arm en een regenscherf in die andere hand, en het andere stelt ZHEd. voor „returning on urgent(?) business,” Zijn Bijbel latende vallen, Zijn hoed verliezende en achtervolgd door een Br. officier met getrokken sabel, waarsch. Lord Kitchener vertegenwoordigende.”

In 'n naskrif by die genoemde brief het die Superintendent vermeld: „Terwijl natuurlik de spotprenten en caricaturen uitgewischt worden, verzoek ik met allen nadruk, dat de oorlogskarten als historiese herinnering en voor toekomstig klasegebruik ongeschonden bewaard zullen blijven.”

Die spotprente het verdwyn en 'n ondersoek wat die skrywer omstreeks 1950 in die plaaslike Staatsargief ingestel het, het geen resultate opgelewer nie. Tussen 1951 en hede het geen leser van *Pretoriana* reageer op 'n versoek van die skrywer om meer besonderhede aangaande die tekeninge of foto's mee te deel nie.



DIE TWEE SPOTPRENTE
WAARNA IN BYGAANDE ARTIKEL VERWYS WORD



Ongeveer 'n maand gelede het mnr. J. H. Broekman, van Bergen, Nederland, aan die skrywer twee prentjies gestuur wat, soos dit wil voorkom, oorspronklik in 'n tydskrif afgedruk was. Die grootte van elkeen van die prentjies is ongeveer $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $2\frac{3}{4}$ duim. Daar is geen onderskrifte by die prentjies nie, maar die afbeeldings het die skrywer onmiddellik aan die spotprente laat dink wat deur dr. Mansvelt in sy skrywe aan die Staatssekretaris beskryf is.

Mnr. Broekman het nie vermeld hoe, waar of in watter toestand hy die prentjies ontvang het nie.

Die leser kan egter die groot ooreenkomst tussen die beskrywing van dr. Mansvelt en bygaande afbeeldings sien. Daar is meer.

Op die prentjies, soos gestuur deur mnr. Broekman, kom aan die onderkant 'n deel van 'n hout afskeidingslys voor van dieselfde soort wat vandag not in klaskamers van die voormalige skool aangetref kan word.

Dan is daar die naam van die tekenaar. In hierdie verband was, op versoek van die skrywer, mej. J. H. Davies, bestuurslid van *Oud-Pretoria* en werksaam in die plaaslike Staatsargief, in staat en bereid om meer gewens te verstrek.

Op tekening nr. II is onder regs die naam "Frankland" duidelik leesbaar. Dit geld ook vir die voorletters T.H.C. en die jaartal 1900.

Op. bls. 307 van die tweede deel van *The Times History of the War in South Africa* is die oorweldiging van die gepantserde trein by Chieveley deur die Boere beskryf. Ongeveer sewentig persone is deur die Boere gevangeneem. Onder hulle was Haldane, Churchill en luitenant Frankland van die „Dublin Fuseliers." In die register van dieselfde werk kom by dieselfde Frankland die voorletters T.H.C. voor.

Soos bekend is hierdie gevangenes tydelik in die Staatsmodelskool, op Pretoria, gehuisves.

Op grond van die beskrywing, soos deur dr. Mansvelt opgestel en die gewens aangaande die tekenaar meen die skrywer dat bygaande verkleinde afbeeldings dié is wat oorspronklik in een van die klaskamers van die voormalige Staatsmodelskool te sien was en op las van dr. Mansvelt afgeneem is. Die oorspronklike byskrifte en die weergawe daarvan deur dr. Mansvelt kom in groot trekke ook ooreen.

Mej. Davies was verder so vriendelik om die skrywer nog opmerkzaam te maak op 'n verslag wat voorkom in die brieweboek van die „Commissie Bewaking van Krijgsgevangenes, 1900" (S.S.2564, 1900) waarin op bls. 427 e.v. 'n beskrywing van die spottekeninge en aangaande die toestand waarin die gevangenes die gebou agtergelaat het, voorkom. In hierdie verslag kom die eersgenoemde beskrywing met dié van dr. Mansvelt ooreen.

J. PLOEGER.

MEMORIES

BY MRS. T. J. RODDA

IV

(In our previous issue Mrs. Rodda described her personal impressions of the happenings that led to the Anglo-Boer war. The First Annexation of the Transvaal Republic and the Jameson Raid of 1895 were but links in the chain that made the final clash inevitable. At the outbreak of war, Pretoria became a besieged town).

TRYING MOMENTS

SHORTLY after this a magistrate and his wife and child were taken prisoners from Zululand and were brought to Pretoria. The man, Mr. Hegnett, was imprisoned with the English officers in the model school while his wife and child were taken in by Mr. and Mrs. T. Dod, another of the few Englishmen left here. Mr. Dod was the only man with sufficient knowledge of electricity to keep the street lighting going so was kept here by the Government in case of need. After some weeks the Government decided to send this family back to Zululand, and having met her, I went up to the station to see them off. While there, Mr. Hegnett, who was in a compartment by himself, made a sign to me to come nearer. I did this when in a round about way he made me understand that he wanted me to tell him if I could see any bulge in his hat band where he had folded and placed a little money, in paper of course. All money had been taken from the prisoners as they were captured, but wearing a straw sailor hat he had managed to conceal several notes under the band. As I have said, his method of telling me this and asking me to tell him if I saw any sign, was truly amusing. Naturally there was a soldier in charge of him at the other side of the compartment and I am sure he must have thought his prisoner was slightly mad. He, Mr. Hegnett, used quotations, and repeated poetry and recited prose, and by degrees I was able to pick up the threads

and assure him that there was no sign of his precious notes. While there, I spoke to Mrs. Hegnett and her little girl and kissed her goodbye when the train steamed out. I did not notice that a certain townsman was watching me very closely, and following me as I moved, nevertheless such was the case, and I was soon to be made aware of the fact as you will see.

CHURCHILL'S ESCAPE

NEEDLESS to say no-one in Pretoria had horses or cars in those war days, all private people owing any such had them commandeered for the use of the Government and we walked everywhere we needed to go. We very rarely left our houses or gardens as there was nothing interesting to see and nothing in the way of pleasure, no shows of any kind, church service in one or two churches only once a Sunday — everyone seemed to suspect everyone else, and to stay quietly in our own garden was quite the best and wisest thing to do. When walking down from the station after the train left a man overtook me and in passing said in a whisper, "Churchill has escaped." Now we were constantly being told by pro-Boer "specials" that hundreds of English prisoners were being taken and Churchill had been mentioned as one who had been brought to Pretoria and placed in the *Model School* which had been turned into a prison with a small building next to it as a hospital and in this some two or three hundred English officers were kept for some months, and if ill, were taken into the hospital and nursed by three or four town girls who did excellent work. Among these was Miss Meyer, the daughter of old commandant Meyer. She nursed the Duke of Norfolk, who presented her with a lovely diamond brooch after leaving hospital.

MOMENTS OF TENSION

ON being told of Churchill's escape I naturally felt excited, but showed no sign of this, simply nodding my head, and I walked on. Shortly after reaching our house Mr. Aitchesson, the manager of Henwood (a big hefty Irishman, very florid in face, with auburn hair), came in at the gate much to my surprise, as few people were allowed to come from any town into Pretoria; however, he told me he had got a permit and had come over to see if Dad and I had made up our minds to leave the Transvaal or to remain as naturally if Dad, as General Manager stayed, he as Manager of the Johannesburg branch could not leave unless forced to do so by the Government. He came in and waited till Dad arrived for lunch, saying he had had a snack and would sit in Dad's smoking room while we had our meal; a sorry one of tinned beef and coarse bread — dry — with a cup of coffee with the last of our condensed milk. I well remember Gordon, then a little fellow of three years, saying, "No Mum, we tant eat dis," and how my heart failed when I wondered what we would have in

the days to come that the little fellow would eat. When Dad came in we had a chat with Mr. Aitchesson, manager of Johannesburg, Dad telling him that I thought his position here was like that of the captain of a ship when sinking when the captain would be the last to leave it, and that I refused to go away, but would remain with him and our children. Mr. Aitchesson was very disappointed at our decision, and sat waiting till time to go back.

While at lunch in the dining-room of old "Home Lodge," I sat at Dad's right hand and so had my back to the glass door that opened onto the stoep, and just after beginning I felt a shadow fall upon me and on looking round I found two men *fully*, very fully, armed standing at the door. I saw that they were Hollanders and whispering to Dad not to move or speak (as he spoke no Dutch), I rose, opened the door, and in high Dutch said, "Well gentlemen, what can I do for you," one, the spokesman, answered saying also in high Dutch, "One of the English prisoners has escaped, and we have reason to believe that he is hidden in your house, so in the name of the State we demand an entrance." I turned to your father and carefully translated this into English (which both Hollanders understood) and then said, "Follow me gentlemen" and walked to the door of our bedroom expressing my surprise at the escape of a prisoner as I went. I, in rather dramatic fashion, threw open the door saying as I did so, "Enter gentleman," then went back to my lunch. You children all looked very frightened, and I had to comfort you by saying it was allright.

Mr. Aitchesson stood at the door of the smoking room where he had been waiting and watched the proceedings. After some minutes the two men appeared saying they would now proceed to go through the rest of the house. This they did following my lead — on going into the nursery where Gordon was sitting on the floor fastening his shoes, the taller of the men almost fell over him, and looking down said in a ferocious manner, "Well, and who are you?" when Gordon looked up and said, "I am an Englishman." I got cold thinking that speech would be marked against us. The men went into the room and thrust their swords through 2 nurses gowns hanging in the doorway under a curtain leaving large holes in them. After going into our coachman's room where he was washing his hands in preparation for having his lunch and demanding from the two men: "What the hell do you want here," they told him to be careful what he said and left the house going through the dining-room and, I think out of sheer devilment, I called to the men when they were halfway down the garden asking them if they would not come back and look behind this.

They looked foolish but returning pushed the bookcase aside and of course found no one. I then suggested that as we had a manhole in the ceiling they should go up there, and I called our coachman to bring a ladder. They came down having found no one but were covered in dust much to my delight.

They left after this and Mr. Aitchesson, who had remained leaning against the door all the while with his arms folded came a few steps into the dining-room and in a husky voice said, "My God little woman, what pluck." Your father, he and I then went into our bedroom to find it in absolute chaos. The bed was stripped, sheets, blankets all on the ground, mattresses partly so, the slips off the pillows, every drawer and shelf of the wardrobe turned over, the small trinket drawers in the dressingtable all emptied on to the tables, those in the washingstand the same — all to find Churchill — who then was on the coal train on his way to Delagoa Bay.

Mr. Aitchesson left for Johannesburg at 2.30 or thereabouts and died two or three weeks after from enteric. Little did we think we would not meet again on the day they searched our house for Churchill. I sometimes see of the men who searched, and wonder just what they thought and felt like as they left our home — I hope rather small. I never heard of any other house being searched for anyone and have always realized while hunting for Churchill they were also hunting for any letters or papers they might find in the small drawers of my wardrobe and tables in our bedroom. Fortunately there were none to find, but hidden behind the fireplace under pots of soil taken from the plantstand on the verandah I had hidden three bricks of gold weeks before, and Dad only sent these to England months after. I do not remember the value of these but they were in payment for goods bought from Henwoods by the Government and paid for in these bars of gold taken from the mines in Johannesburg.

After the escape of Churchill the remaining prisoners were taken to an iron building built near the zoo and kept there till Lord Roberts came into Pretoria when they were liberated and met him on the Church Square. The building had been called the "Bird Cage" and even now, after thirty years, is still called by that name when spoken of by us.

HOSPITAL WORK

DURING the 8 months we were watching and waiting for the advance of Lord Roberts and his men, to relieve the monotony I begged for and was granted a permit by the man commanding Pretoria, a Mr. de Sousa, to visit the hospitals, and this I did for some few years, first the small hospital joining the Model School where I talked to and helped to nurse both English and Boer, and later all the hospitals. I think there were eleven (11) in all, some under canvas and others in buildings used as such. The yeomanry were in Mr. Beckett's house for a long while.

On going into one ward one morning I was met by the nurse in charge who had been brought from somewhere else, and she told me No. 4 wanted to speak to me before going out — he was considered well enough to go under canvas. I went up to his bed and said good evening, then said I had heard he wanted to speak to me, he said, "Yes Mum, I does,

I wanted to tell as ow I took to you so." I said I was glad to know he had taken a fancy to me and would be glad to know the reason, he said, "Well Mum, you see, it was this way, it was just one word as I eard yr sez to nurse." "Oh," I said, "and what was that word?" "Well, Mum, it were Devonshire and ye see thats where the misses and the kids be." Needless to say my tears were not far from my eyes. I had most likely been speaking of Devonshire cream and he had caught the word, poor fellow. On another occasion I was sitting at the window when I saw a huge highlander come into the garden and I heard him speak to Gordon who was lying on the lawn. After a while he asked if the mistress was in. Gordon said, "Yes, Mum is inside." The man then said, "Is the mistress engaged?" "No," said Gordon laughing, "Mum is married long ago." Needless to say the highlander laughed heartily and so did I.

BONDS OF FRIENDSHIP

I MADE many acquaintances during the many months the English regiments were in Pretoria, and I think from a brain point of view I have never been so satisfied. Many of the journalists became friendly with us and it was a joy to me to chat to them and to listen to them. You now all know that we were in Pretoria 8 months practically cut off from the outer world hearing only a very one-sided account of what was happening at the front, usually the report of battles fought would give numbers of English killed and wounded by the hundred while the number of Boers both wounded and killed were remarkably small — this was very trying as it made us feel that the war was likely to continue for a very long time and perhaps our besieged town would be foodless had we not had the hidden supply bought by your father to give to those of his staff who were willing to remain at their posts — only one or two of these men were allowed to do so by the Government, being English they, with hundreds of others, were turned out, and became refugees in Natal and all over the Cape Colony, where they were dealt with according to the natures of the people.

I have since heard sad and sorrowful stories of how some were treated, in many cases more like brigands, thieves, and not what they were, poor helpless citizens living quiet family lives doing no harm to anyone, just turned out of their homes with little or no money, no knowledge even as to where they were going and their homes invaded by hordes of strangers

IN DUTY BOUND

NEEDLESS to say that my greatest fear was that you, my children, would suffer through lack of suitable food, and this fear was one that made me hesitate for a moment when deciding whether to leave Pretoria

or stay, yet I stayed. I risked it as I thought it was my duty. I have always wondered since how when called upon to make so momentous a decision I had the strength to do so I have often heard people say that food was always easy to get, during the time we were shut up here. This may have been the case when certain people applied but certainly not in every case.

I cannot say we actually suffered serious hardships for while we kept in our houses and gardens and did not show our feelings or say anything against the Boers, we were left in peace up to a point.

While your father was known to be a man of integrity and honesty and while, of course, there were many who would have liked to have him put over the border, there were others who helped to keep him here. On four occasions we were ordered to leave the town with only 12 hours notice. No one who has not gone through an experience such as this can have any idea what that means, to leave one's home to be given to any of the refugees to go into, to leave one's belongings, all the things dear to you to be taken by those people brought into the town from the country, people for the most part who had lived in huts — it was truly an awful experience — one never to be forgotten. Many people so sent away returned to find their homes absolutely devastated, everything broken up and destroyed. On the four occasions I have mentioned when men in uniforms had handed us the documents ordering us to leave the town, I persuaded your father to go down to personally interview the Magistrate, who was actually responsible for this, and to tell him that I, as the daughter of a Burger (which my father had become through merit of long residence) claimed protection from the Boer Government and absolutely refused to leave the town except at the point of the bayonet, nor would I allow my children to do so either. Mr. Schutte, the Magistrate, seemed to be somewhat surprised at my taking up this position and very grudgingly gave his consent to our staying, saying, "Does your wife understand that she and her children will have to face the music if she stays?" Father repeated what he had said before and left the office.

On one other occasion Mr. S. Marks spoke to us and again Mr. Beckett did the same, although he, with others, had signed a petition to have the representative of any firm who had contributed to any body of men fighting against the Boers removed from Pretoria, and having heard that Greenacre and Henwoods had done so in Durban, they immediately sent in this petition, but it was soon proved that each branch of these firms acted on their own responsibility and so this was squashed, but it caused endless pain and personal suffering to me — in this way — At my father's death we found that he had named Mr. Beckett as co-executor with Grandma, and guardian to Aunt Maggie and myself, and here he was mainly instrumental in trying to turn me and my children out of our home. To say I was hurt but feebly expresses my feelings.

and when a few weeks after I got your father to go to him and put the matter before him he came up and almost on his knees apologised for his thoughtless action. When reading of these things no one can in the least enter into the feelings of those who actually went through them; the sleepless hours, the strain and the heartache.

NEWS FROM AFAR

ALL this time we had almost no news of Grandma and Ivy, that they had gone from Durban where the heat seemed to try both Grandma and Ivy, but where they were and with whom we did not know, and it was only long after that when Father de Lacey left Pretoria that we were able to smuggle a few lines through by getting Mr. Burnham to write in very small letters on tissue paper, which paper I put inside a pencil and gave to Father de Lacey. This he gave to Henwoods in Durban and they in turn to Grandma who was delighted and much relieved to hear we were safe.

THE "RELIEF" OF PRETORIA

TIME passed slowly but at last we were reluctantly told that the English were approaching Pretoria, and on waking one morning we heard sounds of horses and carts, hand carts and wheelbarrows passing our door and on asking someone we were told that as the enemy was nearing the town the Government had decided to give the foodstuffs stored in a large building near the Railway station to anyone who could take it away. The scene was unique, men, women, children, natives and whites were pushing and knocking one another down in the rush, never were such weird vehicles seen or used, a hand cart to which a small donkey and a cow were harnessed, another which a cow and a woman were drawing, old spiders drawn by two men, old dilapidated coaches, perambulators, small boxes on wheels and an unfortunate man who had no legs but dragged himself on his haunches and hands, formed the huge crowd that swarmed up St. Andrews Street all hoping to be able to get something in the way of foodstuff for nothing; it was a dreadful sight. Wherever a hedge was found high enough to dump things behind, you saw men rushing for and in our own garden one very well-known Government official managed to hide several bags of flour and sugar which he took to his home after dark.

We fortunately had a padlock with which we locked our garden gate and so stopped anyone else from hiding things in our garden. Needless to say we kept indoors only seeing crowds passing through the windows. We were told afterwards that there was a dreadful scene when someone on horseback raced to the door of the building when it was full of men, women and children, many high up on the top of piles of bags and shouted, "The enemy are upon us." No doubt some were hurt, the

stampede was dreadful. Two or three days after this we were wakened by the sound of guns and for eleven hours Pretoria was bombarded. The idea was to break down the bridge over which the train supposed to be taking the President, his suite and many thousands of pounds to Delagoa Bay, was to pass. The bridge was not hit and only some hundreds of panes of glass were smashed in Sunnyside. No further damage was done. This day and all night horsemen and carts were seen rushing out of the town towards Silverton and we subsequently heard that the President and the Boer commandos had all left the town before Lord Roberts' khaki clad men marched in.

MOMENTS OF TRIUMPH

WHAT a sight it was, thousands of weary, dusty and in many cases blackened men, as they had marched through burnt grass, came down the street and at a signal from their officers squatted down in the middle of the road. Our two lemon trees were covered with ripe fruit and you may remember my telling you to fill baskets and take them to the men who enjoyed them thoroughly — their mouths and throats being very dry. It was a never to be forgotten hour. One of my dearest friends who did not understand the fact that an English soldier was absolutely under the command of his officer who was a gentleman — out to protect women and children even at the risk of his life — came rushing to me with her little girl wrapped in a large shawl and crying bitterly. She begged me to protect her and her child from the men whom she thought would bayonet both. Dear thing, she had been such a fine wife and mother and was even then ready to sacrifice her own life to save her child; she stood shivering behind my front door weeping and pleading with me to hide her and her child and it was only after *some long* time that I could persuade her to come out to our garden gate and see for herself that both men and officers were only too delighted to chat to her child and herself.

At about 12 o'clock Dad and I went down to the Church Square where your three youngest children had already gone, and where Willie and Sidney were also. You three — Gladys, Louise and Gordon — happened to be in red, as your winter frocks and coats were red, and I was told that many of the Dutch women who knew me were quite sure that I had purposely dressed you in the English colours — red. Your father and I took up a position on the steps of the Grand Hotel — now alas no more — and we eagerly watched the arrival of the great little man who came down Market Street on his white horse, surrounded by his staff and who took up his stand in the front of the church, facing south. I have often since realised the courage it needed to do this — he — the man of all others most hated by the Dutch as being responsible for everything, and I sometimes think the people whose husbands, brothers

and menfolk generally (*sic!*) were really very fine in the quiet way they behaved. Shortly after his actual arrival in the centre of the square people began to come into position from all four entrances. North, South, Market Street and East and West Church Street was absolutely thronged with foal and horse, preceded by the General commanding the brigade. It was an awe inspiring sight. The little figure on horse, a white one, standing in the centre taking the salute — his task accomplished, his goal reached. Your father made a remark about the generals wondering who they were and a tall redfaced officer standing next to me hearing his remark turned to me and saluting said, "Perhaps I can tell you their names." "That" pointing to one, "is Smith Dorian, that is Imgo Jones," and so on. I have always thought your father must have thought this man was rather inclined to joke, and was creating names for the occasion — Smith — Jones — for he looked at me, whereupon the gentleman turning said to me, "Madam may I introduce myself, in active warfare we do not carry visiting cards, but perhaps this will do," turning up his binocular case hanging on his shoulder I found his name and address, and he proved to be Lord Colin Campbell; tapping another man on his shoulder he said, "and may I introduce my friend Howell Gwynne, Reuter's chief war agent." We chatted and after a little time they arranged with Dad to meet him at his office at 3 o'clock, when he would try to arrange with some one to let him put these two gentlemen into your Uncle's empty house at Sunnyside, your Aunt and Uncle and family having been sent to Natal long before. After these arrangements were made your father left them, coming home. On his arrival he said, "I have an invitation for you dear, those two men want you and I to lunch with them tomorrow." I was willing and at 12.45 the next day their Cape cart arrived to take us to the most delightful lunch I have ever been to. Our host, Howell Gwynne, never let me be left out of things although I was the only woman present, and when the party was complete I found there were in all 15 of the leading newspapers of the English world represented, London, Scotland, Australia and so on. Many of these men had not met since leaving the base and truly that lunch was a feast for the Gods, not, in what we ate, that was simple, but what we heard and it is as fresh in my mind as ever. After leaving the table just as we were about to leave, the eldest man, a nobleman, came to me and said, "Mrs. Rodda, I come as a deputation to ask if you will grant us a further favour, will you ask us to tea with you"? Needless to say I did hurrying home to receive them. They had added to their number by the time they reached Home Lodge and 18 sat down on our verandah to tea. One by one left the town during the next few days, but J. Barends the representative of *The Sun*, New York, and Howell Gwynne, Reuter's representative, remained for some long time and became constant visitors at our home.

(To be continued)

ENIGE HERINNERINGE

van Tant Malie Postma

DIE BRONKHORSTWONINGS

MMAGDALENE MARGARIETHA POSTMA (geb. Bronkhorst) is die derde dogter uit die tweede huwelik van Phillipus Carl Bronkhorst. Sy is dus die kleindogter van Johannes Gerhardus Bronkhorst wat saam met sy broer Lucas Bronkhorst in 1844 die eerste blanke bewoners van die Fonteinedal was.

Alhoewel eers op 26 Desember 1867 gebore, kan sy nog baie van die vroeëre geskiedenis van Pretoria vertel. Haar gegewens kry sy natuurlik van haar ouers wat baie oor die ou dae in haar teenwoordigheid gesels het. So vertel sy dat Andries van der Walt en Joachim Prinsloo nie die grond wat hulle aan M. W. Pretorius verkoop het van die Bronkhorst-familie gekoop het nie, maar die grond geokkupeer het. Die deel van Elandspoort, oos van die Apiesrivier, was dus die eiendom van die Bronkhorst-families terwyl die deel wes van die Apiesrivier die eiendom van A. van der Walt geword het. J. Prinsloo het op sy beurt die suidelike deel van Daspoort, suid van die Daspoortrant, inbesit geneem.

Tant Malie kon nie onthou waar die woning van P. Bronkhorst was nie. Dit moet volgens haar, naby Lucas Bronkhorst se opstal wees. Dit wil voorkom asof tant Malie nog te jonk was toe haar vader uit die Fonteinedal weggetrek het om die ligging van die woning goed te kan onthou.

In die onderhoud met tant Malie, in teenwoordigheid van ds. C. G. Botha en mevr. J. C. Cadle het sy vertel dat haar vader naby die teenswoordige stasie gewoon het. Dit word ook deur die kaart van A. F. du Toit bevestig maar die kaart van du Toit toon die ligging van die woning aan die oostekant van die Apiesrivier terwyl in haar verduideliking aan mevr. K. Roodt-Coetzee sou sy beweer dat haar vader wes van die Apiesrivier gewoon het, want hulle moes deur die Apiesrivier loop om by haar oom Lucas te kom.

Indien die grond wes van die Apiesrivier aan A. v.d. Walt behoort het, dan is tant Malie ongetwyfeld verkeerd. Die waarskynlike oplossing van waar haar vader se woonhuis sou gestaan het sou dan wees dat haar vader wel 'n paar honderd treë van Lucas Bronkhorst, maar ook oos van die Apiesrivier, gewoon het. Om by haar oom Lucas te kom was die maklikste pad om eers deur die Apiesrivier na die oostelike oewer te gaan

en dan later weer deur die Apiesrivier na die westelike oewer, sodat Tant Malie nog reg is as sy sê dat sy deur die Apiesrivier moes gaan om by haar oom te kom.

Met 'n besoek aan die terrein, aan die oostelike oewer van die Apiesrivier, het skrywer hiervan ook wel 'n murasie aangetref wat ooreenstem met die aanduiding van A. F. du Toit se kaart van waar Phillipus Bronkhorst moes gewoon het. By die ou murasie is daar nog grenaat- en ander vrugtebome te sien. Van hierdie murasie sou die maklikste pad na Lucas Bronkhorst ook deur die Apiesrivier gewees het.

NATURELLE OM PRETORIA.

TEN opsigte van die naturellebewoners van die omgewing van Pretoria, weet tant Malie te vertel dat toe haar grootvader in 1844 hier kom woon het, daar hoegenaamd geen georganiseerde naturellestam in die omgewing van die huidige stadsgebied gewoon het nie. Uit die omliggende berge, grotte en klowe het daar wel naturelle te voorskyn getree, maar hulle was maar te dankbaar om onder die Blankes se beskerming as bediendes te werk. Gaandeweg het hierdie naturelle hulle weer in groepe verenig maar dan het hulle jaarliks met kalbasse heuning of 'n slagbok by die Blankes opgedaag as geskenk uit dankbaarheid vir die redding uit Silkaats se mag.

IETS OOR TANT MALIE SELF.

TANT MALIE het haar eerste lewenslig in die Fonteinedal aanskou, maar op 'n ouderdom van 4 jaar het haar vader P. C. Bronkhorst, uit Pretoria weggetrek na die plaas Waterval, wat aan Erasmus behoort het. Op 10 jarige leeftyd het haar ouers weer getrek en hulle toe op Hartebeestfontein, naby die teenswoordige Premiermyn, gaan vestig. Hier het tant Malie skoolgegaan en middae gehelp met die boerdery. Sy moes melk, help saai en plant, maar sy kon glo nooit ploegstert hou nie!

Die skoolgaan was ook maar 'n moeilike taak, want op Hartebeestfontein het die ouers die reëling gehad dat die skool elke drie maande van plek tot plek rondskuiwe. Vir drie maande van die jaar was die skool op Hartebeestfontein en dan het dit vir 'n volgende drie maande na 'n ander plaas verhuis, om dan weereens oor nege maande op hulle plaas terug te keer.

Op 19 jarige leeftyd is sy getroud met D. J. E. Erasmus van die plaas Grootfontein naby Heidelberg en uit die huwelik is ses kinders gebore.

Na die goudontdekking het hulle hulle plaas verkoop en het haar man as 'n welgestelde boer na Middelburg, Transvaal, verhuis en hom op die plaas Sterkwater gaan vestig. Hier het hulle ook rustig gewoon totdat haar man in 1897 aldaar oorlede is.

Tant Malie-hulle het baie Pretoria toe gekom. Sy het Pretoria sien groei en self baie maal by President Kruger besoek gaan aflê. Hulle inkope

het sy gewoonlik by T. W. Beckett & Kie en Bourke gedoen en baie maal met nagmaalvierings op die Kerkplein tentopgeslaan.

In 1899 is sy weer getroud met P. G. S. Uys, volksraadslid vir Middelburg. Met die uitbreek van die oorlog was haar man egter in Duitsland vir mediese behandeling en was sy alleen op die plaas.

Na die oorgawe van Pretoria het sy baie skade gely. Vyfhonderd-en-sestig beeste, dertienhonderd skape, vier-en-sewentig perde en haar bokwa is geneem. Later is haar huis ook afgebrand en is sy toe na haar dorps huis op Middelburg. Deur aan die Engelse melk te verskaf van ses koeie wat sy weer gekoop het, het sy in 1901 daarin geslaag om verlof te kry om haar eggenoot in Europa te gaan opsoek.

Sy en haar drie kinders is toe weg Europa toe waar hulle op 17 April 1902 aangekom het. Aanvanklik het hulle hulle te Bussum naby Amsterdam gevestig maar later na Loche Majorie naby Strassburg en toe na Edinburg verhuis.

Intussen het hulle verneem dat die oorlog tot 'n einde gekom het. Hulle het besluit om nie na Suid-Afrika terug te keer nie, omdat haar man nie die eed van getrouheid aan die Britse gesag wou aflê nie.

In 1907 is P. G. S. Uys egter in Europa oorlede en na nog drie jaar se verblyf in die buiteland, het sy toe besluit om met haar kinders weer na Suid-Afrika terug te keer.

Terug in Transvaal het sy haar weer in Middelburg gaan vestig waar sy in 1911 met ds. D. Postma getroud is. Na ds. Postma se dood het die ou moeder maar by haar kinders gaan woon. Tans woon sy by haar stiefkleinseun, mnr. Uys van Vasfontein, Bon Accord, Dist. Pretoria.

(Kort nadat hierdie herinneringe deur dr. R. Peacock opgeteken is, is Tant Malie Postma oorlede. Ons innige deelname aan al Tant Malie se naasbestaandes.—Red.)

Oudste Skool

moet Monument word

DIE oudste skool uit die dae van die Zuid-Afrikaansche Republiek in Pretoria, die Staatsmodelskool in Van der Waltstraat en die Operahuis in Pretoriusstraat, moet tot historiese monumente verklaar word.

Die Staatsmodelskool was een van die vernaamste staatsgeboue in die dae van die Republiek. Dit is argitektonies tiperend van die boustyl van

die Republiek se skole. Die herinnering aan die uitstekende onderwysstelsel wat in die Republiek gebruik is, moet in Pretoria bestendig bly in die vorm van 'n gebou.

Aan die Staatsmodelskool het sulke bekende persone soos genl. Kemp en Piet Grobler skoolgegaan. Baie bekende skole van die Hoofstad is later in die gebou gehuisves.

Gedurende die Tweede Vryheidsoorlog het die Staatsmodelskool gedien as krygsgevangenekamp vir Engelse offisiere. Onder meer was die vorige Britse eerste minister, sir Winston Churchill, wat toe oorlogskorrespondent was, ook daar gevange gehou. **'n Pretorianer het reeds onderneem om aan sir Winston te skryf om uit te vind in watter kamer hy opgesluit was.** (Sien artikel: Sir Winston does not remember, in hierdie uitgawe.)

Die staatsmodelskool behoort aan die Transvaalse Provinsiale Administrasie. Daar behoort nie veel moeilikheid te wees om die staatsmodelskool as historiese monument verklaar te kry nie.

● THE PRISONER

Sir,—In reply to Dr. Punt's queries in the "*Pretoria News*" the following information may be of some use.

In his book "*London to Ladysmith*" published in 1900 Sir Winston Churchill in Chapter X mentions Lieut. Grimshaw of the Dublin Fusiliers and Lieut. Southey of the Royal Irish Fusiliers as being in charge of the Mess in the State Model School. In the same chapter he says he usually sat next to Col. Carleton at meals. These are the only officers he mentions by name in this book, but in my first edition on page 156 Sir Winston writes, "I had made a large map upon the wall and followed the course of the war as far as possible by making squares of red and green paper to represent the various columns." Whether this is the map still in the building, is doubtful. The existing one contains some signatures, but Churchill's is not among them.

In another book, "*My Early Life*," first published in 1930 in Chapter XX Sir Winston says that he arrived at the School as a prisoner in the company of Captain Haldane, Lieut. Brockie of the Imperial Light Horse—he was a Cape colonist — and Lieut. Frankland of the Dublin Fusiliers. The latter was killed in Gallipoli in 1915 — he was then a Colonel. Altogether there were sixty officers in the School and about ten or eleven soldier batmen, but in his two books these are the only men Sir Winston mentions by name.

When my school vacated the building in 1950, I wrote to the Transvaal Education Department suggesting that steps should be taken to protect the

maps, as I received many British and American visitors, especially after the publication of H. V. Morton's "In Search of S. Africa," who were interested to see where Sir Winston Churchill had been a P.O.W.

— M. S. GREEN, Pretoria.

GELDVERDUISTERING OP BARBERTON

REGTER JORISSEN met 'n Jurie, het 'n saak verhoor waar 'n persoon beskuldig gestaan het dat hy 'n groot bedrag Staatsgeld verduister het. Die Staat het sy saak volkome bewys. Die advokaat vir die verdediging het die jurie deeglik bewerk en hulle op die hart gedra dat die nood baie hoog was en as die broodwinner vir 'n geruime tyd ingekerker word, die nood nog hoër sou styg.

Die jurie het na die opsomming die hofsaal verlaat om die beskuldigde skuldig of onskuldig te verklaar. Hulle was maar vir 'n kort tydjie afgesonder. Die griffier het hulle gevra wat hulle bevinding is: is die beskuldigde skuldig of onskuldig aan die misdaad wat hom ter laste gelê is?

Die voorman van die jurie het die regter meegedeel dat die beskuldigde deur die jurie onskuldig bevind is.

Nadat Regter Jorissen elke jurielid vir geruime tyd aandagtiglik betrag het, het hy hom na die beskuldigde gekeer en gesê: „Beskuldigde, die Jurie heeft u onskuldig bevonden aan die misdaad u ter laste gelegen. Er blyft voor my niets anders over dan u te ontslaan. U mag gaan. Mag ik wanneer ik in de toekoms 'n wellig misdaad bedrewe heb ik ook 'n dergelyke Jurie heb om over myn misdaad te besluiten.”

OOM HANSIE KLEYNHANS.

'N BESONDERE ONDERSCHEIDING

DR. J. PLOEGER, stigterslid van die Genootskap Oud-Pretoria, het onlangs verneem dat hy benoem is as lid van die „Koninklijk Nederlandsch Genootschap voor Geslacht- en Wapenkunde“ in Den Haag (Nederland). Ons wil van hierdie geleentheid gebruik maak om dr. Ploeger namens al die lede van ons Genootskap, geluk te wens met hierdie besondere eer wat hom te beurt geval het. Dr. Ploeger is een van ons mees uitstaande historici en as voorstander van nouere kulturele skakeling met ons Dietse stamland het hy in dié opsig reeds voortrefflike diens gelewer.

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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Contributions may be sent to the Editor, P.O. Box 1422, Bydraes moet gestuur word
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