

# Contents / Inhoudsopgawe

1. Dear Friends.....	2
2. The Royal Visit of 25 February 1947	4
3. Die liewe bordjie eetgoed	7
4. Stockenström heirlooms return to Graaff-Reinet	9
5. Aankondigings	11
6. Words to ponder	12



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# Dear Friends,

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For the past five years or so, we have worked our fingers to the bone to establish and secure a reputation of excellence and achievement.

We have obtained funds from the National Lottery Distribution Trust Fund, developed exhibitions, extended our floor space and forged valuable partnerships, especially with the Department of Education, the schools in our area, and eventually with the South African Faith Communities' Environment Institute.

The educational programmes tried our creativity and innovation. Over the years we have concocted programmes from teaching learners to dance, to more significant topics such as voting and how to preserve South African Rock Art.

Many young and talented staff members went through our hands. Not only was this a learning curve but it offered an overwhelming sense of satisfaction as we helped to prepare the next generation to

become part of South Africa's workforce. We were very sorry to lose the enthusiasm and skill of these young people, but we simply could not make competitive offers and retain their services.

We worked in the gardens from dawn to dusk and called it team building....

I once climbed into the loft to give it a thorough cleaning, took a tumble and landed flat on my back. In years to come I will probably blame my someone-has-to-do-it attitude! But the archives had to be spotless and the collection taken care of.

We made and sold soup, curry and rice and boerewors rolls. We had stalls at festivals and bazaars. All to raise a few cents. We lamented and wailed, raising our voices to the heavens and approached anyone with a willing ear. But still we managed to scrape through, sometimes by the skin of our teeth.

Dear Friends, of course you know where I am going with this. We once again need your help:

**HELP US.....  
TO SAVE REINET HOUSE!**

What else can we do but follow the route A A Kingwill proposed many many years ago to save Reinet House from falling into disrepair and eventual demolition?

Get the community to help!

After many many years history repeats itself. Our buildings are falling into disrepair. With the rise in costs, we simply do not have the money for urgent maintenance work such as repairing and replacing the thatch roofs, fixing the front stoep of Reinet House and the floor of the archival repository. On top of that our industrial polisher also went on the blink!

It is all about the money, money, money.

And yes, we have explored various avenues which all led to cul-de-sacs. Organisations, businesses and individuals alike are in dire straits, desperately treading water and struggling to survive.

You might have come across some of our board members encouraging you to take a little card with our banking details. All that we request

is your commitment to donate a minimum amount of R20, debited from your banking account, every month.

it is not only for  
what we do that  
we are held  
responsible, but  
also for what  
we do not do.

Moliere

[WWW.VERYBESTQUOTES.COM](http://WWW.VERYBESTQUOTES.COM)

We know it might be a hassle going to the bank to sign a debit order, but experience has shown that people prefer a debit order instead of a donation list being waved in the face or a telephone call pleading to contribute to the street stall.

Our banking details for the

**SAVE REINET HOUSE PROJECT**

is available at Reinet House. We hope to hear from you soon.

Kind regards

# THE ROYAL VISIT OF 25 FEBRUARY, 1947

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This year marks Queen Elizabeth's 90<sup>th</sup> birthday, and next year will be 70 years since the visit of the King, Queen and Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret in 1947.

The visit, coming shortly after the conclusion of World War Two, put South Africa in the spotlight of the international media for a full 60 days (17 February to 24 April). The railway authorities and the communities along the route planned months in advance in meticulous detail and left no stone unturned to make it a smooth, professional event. The movements of trains were timed to the minute, all stations along the way were beautified under the direction of the Railway Horticulturalist, and train drivers had to stop the trains within a few inches of predetermined markings to ensure that the Royal party could step out on precisely laid carpets, to name but a few details. The journey through South Africa, Zimbabwe and

Botswana covered 11000km and included 33 official stops in towns and cities with official receptions arranged. One of these stops was at Graaff-Reinet.

The convoy consisted of two separate trains – the Pilot Train and the Royal Train. The Pilot Train had 13 coaches and provided logistical support.

Besides the supplies and accommodation for the support crews, the Pilot Train carried the Daimler cars used by the family, telegraphic communication facilities, a darkroom for the press and photographers, a post office, a refrigeration van for perishable foodstuffs and a baggage van. The Pilot Train led the Royal Train by about thirty minutes to ensure that the way was clear with all arrangements in place.

The Royal Train itself had 12 coaches. Eight of these coaches were specially ordered from England for the tour and fitted with air-conditioning.

One coach was reserved for the King, another for the Queen, a third for

the two Princesses, along with a dining car and lounge car for the exclusive use of the Royal Family.



*Photo 1: The Interior of the lounge car of the Royal Train*

The visit being so soon after the war, the King specifically called for a measure of austerity, so the coaches were fitted luxuriously, but with subdued finishes. The King's Secretary and office staff had a coach and the Minister of Transport another. The remaining five coaches carried the kitchen and other support staff.

The Royal Tour left Oudtshoorn on Monday 24 February at six in the afternoon and travelled through the night via Toorwaterpoort and Klipplaat to arrive at Koningsrust

very early in the morning of Tuesday 25 February.

Photo 2 shows the Post Office providing wireless communication at Koningsrust. It never was an official siding, but a special stopping point just a few kilometers north of Kendrew, with its name evidently derived from the Royal Tour. From here the convoy travelled to Graaff-Reinet with the Pilot Train arriving at 10h00 and the Royal Train at 10h30.



*Photo 2: The Pilot Train (distant) and Royal Train (just inside left edge) at Koningsrust, with the telecommunications truck of the Post Office in the foreground*

The official programme at Graaff-Reinet reads:

*10h30: The Hon. HG Lawrence will, at the Railway Station, present the Mayor of Graaff-Reinet (J Kroon) and his wife.*

*The Administrator will present the Magistrate of Graaff-Reinet (DE Mooney) and his wife; the Chairman of the Divisional Council (AA Kingwill); and the Mayors and Mayoresses of Aberdeen, Adendorp, Cradock, Jansenville, Middelburg, New Bethesda, Richmond and Somerset East. The Mayor of Graaff-Reinet will present the members of his Town Council and the Town Clerk, with the wives. Dress: Informal.*

*10h45: The Royal Party will drive from the Railway Station to the Town Hall along Church Street, around the Dutch Reformed Church, Somerset, Donkin, Park, Cradock and Caledon Streets. Refreshments will be served.*

*11h30: Their Majesties and Their Royal Highnesses will leave the Town Hall and drive via Caledon Street to the Market Square and thence along Somerset and Church Streets to the Railway Station, where the Mayor and*

*Mayoress will attend to say farewell.*

*12h00: The Royal Train will leave Graaff-Reinet.*

The Royal Family emerged from the station through an arch which was apparently built specially for the visit. Photo 3 shows the family being driven off in one of the Daimlers with the arch in the background.



*Photo 3: The Royal Family emerges from the Graaff-Reinet Train Station in a Daimler*

Photo 4 shows their appearance on the steps at the entrance to the Town Hall. Today, there is a plaque in Te Water House on the corner of Somerset and Church Streets, stating that the Royal Family had tea in that house, but that claim is not supported by the official programme quoted. Can any of our members clarify this discrepancy?

From Graaff-Reinet, the convoy continued to Port Elizabeth, arriving at 09h30 the next morning. The Pilot and Royal Trains were parked on open land close to the beach some distance away from the city centre, giving King's Beach its name to the present day. The Royal Party slept here on the train for the next two nights before resuming their journey.



*Photo 4: The Royal Family at  
The Graaff-Reinet Town Hall*

Credit is due to the Transnet Heritage Library in Johannesburg for permission to use photos R131, R134, R160 and R393.

Johannes Haarhoff  
May 2016

## DIE LIEWE BORDJIE EETGOED!

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Deur Hermi Baartman

Kyk, as jy my nou lekker die harnas in wil jaag, moet jy my op nommer nege-en-negentig vra vir 'n bordjie eetgoed. Soos nou die anderdag.

Ek het my so pas heerlijk neergevly voor die televisie, afstandbeheerder in die hand, koppie tee en twee beskuitjies byderhand, toe die telefoon hier langs my skrillend begin ruk en bewe.

Dit was mevrou Dominee. Wou weet of ek onthou het van die bordjie eetgoed vir die sustersverenigingvergadering!

“Nee,” antwoord ek, heel verbaas, “bordjie eetgoed? Eerste woord wat ek daarvan hoor”.

“Vrou,” kom dit heel verbaas, “lees jy dan nooit jou e-posse nie? Daar staan duidelik dat daar elfuur 'n vergadering is en dat jy asseblief 'n bordjie eetgoed moet verskaf.”

Vervaard skakel ek die televisie af. Dit is tienuur! Ek gryp na my lywige kookboek, maar slinger dit net so vining terug in die boekrak. Vir tierlantyntjies is daar nie



vanmôre tyd nie. Nou vir plan B. Is dit nie net moontlik dat daar in die vrieskas 'n uitkoms skuil nie? Skilferkorsdeeg? Nee, heigend hert, ek sal sommer met die eerste happie uitgevang word met my winkelkorsie. As baasbakster van die VLV weet ek ook van beter.

Met bewende hande slaan ek my ouma se swart resepteboekie oop. Blaai deur. Ekonomiese pannekoek sonder melk, ingelêgde heel-turksvye, flatervrye koeksisters, Ouma Bessie se aartappelsuurdeeg! Nee, nie vandag nie. Wag, wat van die botterbroodjies? Dit sal werk! Daar is nog 'n heel gawe stukkie plaasbotter oor. Kry bestanddele bymekaar! Nou moet ek wikkel! Stadig met die koeksoda, haat dit as daar so 'n frank smaak in die mond kom lê.

Ek klits die eiers eenkant, groot, geel dooiers; jy kan sien Hessie se hoenders wei in die luserland. Dan die heerlike gevoel van plaasbotter tussen die vingers, werk hom tot die mengsel soos broodkrummels lyk. 'n Ekspert gaan jou kom vertel jy moet die botter insny met 'n platlemmes, maar vanoggend is die kalf in die put. Dit is met groot verligting dat ek die dertien (een vir

die wis en die onwis) ewe groot, ewe dik stukkies deeg aan die ou stoof toevertrou.

Nou net gou iets anders oorgooi, my blink gesig met 'n poeierkwas bykom en my rooi lipstiffie aanwend. Ook 'n lekkerruikdingetjie aanspuit om die paniek-sweetreuk te fnuik. In die gang ruik ek die bekende, lieflike geur van 'skons' soos my ma dit genoem het. Nou nie meer lank nie.

In die oond begroet hierdie skougehalte gebakseltjies my, blink bo, hoog gerys maar lig in die broek, egalig en volrond.



[Fineartamerica.com](http://Fineartamerica.com)

Ek rangskik die botterbroodjies op Ouma se hekelhappie in die klein silwerskinkbordjie. 'n Klein bakkie botter en Jackie se heerlike aarbeikontfyt wat ek vir 'n spesiale geleentheid gebêre het, kom ook op



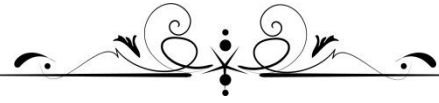
die skinkbord. My geborduurde teenet met kralesoom rond die prentjie af. In 'n stofwolk hou ek voor die kerksaal stil. Toe ek by die deur insteier is almal se oë op my. “Dis duidelik dat ‘n sekere suster se nalatigheid onder bespreking was” dink ek so by myself, “as julle maar net kon raai deur watter woeste vaarwater ek die afgelope uur geworstel het, het julle my ‘n staande applous gegee in plaas daarvan om so skuldig te lyk omdat julle, jul diskoers moes kortknip toe ek by die saal instap!”

Die vergadering verloop in 'n waas. Op my ouderdom is sulke gejaagdheid sleg vir my bloeddruk. In plaas van konsentreer, maal die gedagtes deur my kop. Ek het eendag, onder dieselfde omstandighede my bejaarde moeder gemaan om die leisels aan die jonger geslag te oorhandig. Haar wyse woorde was, “my kind, wie sal dit dan doen?” Diensvaardig tot die einde.

By die teetafel verwyder ek die teenet en onthul met trots my bydrae.

Mevrou Dominee smul so aan die heerlike botterbroodjies dat die botter blink aan haar bolip kleef, vra die resepte en skep lepelsvol van

Jackie se aarbeikonfyt op 'n volgende helfte. Ek dink so by myself “dank jou die duiwel, die 'Liewe Bordjie Eetgoed' het my lelik laat skarrel.”



## STOCKENSTRÖM HEIRLOOMS RETURN TO GRAAFF-REINET

The Graaff-Reinet Museum recently acquired very rare heirlooms of Andries Stockenström donated by Malcolm Park Hutton, a direct descendant.

Andries Stockenström, born on 6 July 1792 the son of Swedish born *Landdrost* Anders Stockenström, made history when he was appointed *landdrost* (magistrate) of Graaff-Reinet at the young age of twenty. He proved to be a brilliant administrator from the outset and became one of the most important leaders of his time. He worked tirelessly for the development of the Cape Dutch community of Graaff-Reinet. During

his term of office, each consecutive governor of the Cape visited Graaff-Reinet and streets were in turn named in their honour: Sir John Cradock (1813), Lord Charles Somerset (1817), Sir Rufane Donkin (1821) and General Bourke (1826).

Stockenström left his mark in all spheres of the Graaff-Reinet society: he divided the district into farms and solved the water disputes by vastly improving the water furrow system which remained in use until very recently in the history of the town. He also made the first attempts at establishing a public library and improving education by subsidising the Misses Mills to set up an academy for young ladies. He mingled with all segments of society and had strong views on public life and administration which brought him into open conflict with officialdom. In his autobiography he expresses his contempt for the system of British Colonial Administration. He also took the lead with regard to the abolition of slavery in the Cape Colony. In 1826, the slave-holders of Graaff-Reinet submitted a proposal to the Colonial Administration that after a pre-determined date every child born of a slave should be born free. Unfortunately the proposal of the

Graaff-Reineters alarmed the administration and was never considered. Had the Graaff-Reinet proposal been accepted in 1826, it might have altered the course of historical events in South Africa with regard to the abolition of slavery.

Stockenström's duties took him to all corners of the district and he trotted off visits to Cape Town and Grahamstown as if they were a mere trifle. The miles he travelled increased with each passing year and earned him the nickname *The Flying Dutchman*.

Stockenström married Elsabe Helena, daughter of Gysbert Maasdorp in 1828, the same year that he departed from Graaff-Reinet. By that time he was already one of the best known figures in the Eastern Cape partially because of his determination to uphold justice in the Slachtersneck rebellion. The execution of the rebels "had made a most awful impression" on him and he regarded the tragic event as a struggle between right and wrong, a choice between order and civilization and potentially precipitating a return to the chaotic days of the "First Republic".

Stockenström's association with Graaff-Reinet did not conclude with

his departure in 1828 and in 1861 he was invited to open The Graaff-Reinet College.

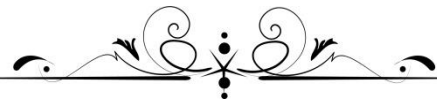
The Stockenström heirlooms donated to the Graaff-Reinet Museum date back to the early 1800s and are amongst the oldest three dimensional artefacts in the museum's collection. According to Hutton the items are national treasures and instead of keeping them privately it was decided that they should be donated to the Graaff-Reinet Museum in accordance with the wishes of his late mother as expressed in her will.



*Malcolm Hutton with the Stockenström heirlooms*

The donation to the museum was thus made in the names of the late Andries Stockenström Hutton, the late Reginald William Hutton, Malcolm Park Hutton and David Ash Hutton. The artefacts consist of a portrait of Stockenström painted on mother of pearl, two volumes of his autobiography (considered to be Africana) a silver salver presented to Sir Andries Stockenström by the burghers of Graaff-Reinet in April 1828 and a writing chest with brass inlay. All will be on display at Reinet House.

Anziske Kayster



## AANKONDIGINGS

- Ons kondig met spyt aan dat sommige van ons museum op sekere vakansiedae gesluit sal wees. Ons kan eenvoudig nie meer bekostig om die deure van die museum oop te hou as geen besoeker ons drumpel betree nie. Dit is voorwaar 'n hartseer dag. Ongelukkig is dit 'n teer saak, buite ons beheer. Ons hoop van harte

dat ons omstandighede in die toekoms sal verander, dat ons weer spierwit afgewitte museum geboue, besondere tuine en oop museumdeure sal hê.

- Please find the agenda and minutes for the Annual General Meeting included in this edition of the Hourglass. The Annual General Meeting will take place on Thursday, 23 June 2016 at 12h00 at The Old Library. We hope to see you there as we will once again be entertained by the insights of a marvelous guest speaker and sumptuous refreshments prepared by the Board of Trustees.
- Kaartjies met ons bankbesonderhede vir die **RED REINETHUIS-PROJEK** is by Reinethuis beskikbaar. Ons deel ook met graagte kaartjies uit en beantwoord alle e-posse in hierdie verband. Help ons om die wa deur die drif te trek!
- Mrs Hermi Baartman has been co-opted as a board member while we await the appointment of the new board. The Board will be functioning as normal whilst we await the new appointments.

## WORDS TO PONDER

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By Dr. A E Rupert

Here in Graaff-Reinet the unique opportunity exists to recreate an environment of yesteryear - the opportunity of combining nature and culture conservation and restoring a historic town. What a magnificent heritage to bequeath to future generations!

Die kultuur en geestesgoedere van ons voorgeslagte is 'n erfenis wat ons nie moet nalaat nie, maar wat elke geslag opnuut moet verwerf. “Gister veilig, vandag verkoop, môre gesloop”, was oor die jare die droewe refrein oor pragtige ou opstalle en herehuise van weleer, wat een na die ander sienderoë verdwyn het onder die aanslag van die stootskraper onder die dekmantel van ontwikkeling. Bewaringsmense praat al van die stootskraper-sindroom

Ons sal dit nie graag op die gewete wil hê dat die nageslag na ons verwys as swak rentmeesters van hierdie wonderlike erfenis nie en ons daarvan beskuldig dat ons die goue draad met die verlede geknip het nie.

