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# Dear Friends,

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How I love a romper...

A romper is a long slip-on garment, with or without sleeves. The shorts transform it instantly into a fun piece of clothing, suitable for climbing trees and splashing under the garden hose. I owned many of these when I was little, and although my heart still yearns for the romper, it can never be as reality has other dictates.

## Facts about Rompers:

Rompers began as children's clothing, which explains the similarity to overalls, jumpers and onesies. The earliest advertisement I found for rompers was in an issue of the New York Times from 1904. The ad called rompers "pinaforelike garments" with the skirt portion gathered into shorts for comfort. Easy to play in and often made of cotton or other washable material, rompers were the go-to play clothes of the 20th century.

Attire never took precedence over all the preoccupations of my youth: I worried and obsessed about play and school whilst fixating on food, books and my grandma's chicks in the coop behind her house. Sometimes chicks hatched with beaks askew, and that troubled me to distraction.

As I grew older I was quite happy with the hand-me-downs of my cousin. Her *Bee-Gees* denim was a firm favourite. This I co-ordinated with *vissies* (flipflops), the odd t-shirt and an old cardigan borrowed from my grandpa or any other convenient family member. I was eight then, she sixteen and my mom would say: "you need bigger clothes by the minute!" Without a care in the world I would watch my cousin sing to herself in the mirror to the lively tune of Dolly Parton's *Jolene* flaunting her brand-new, tight fitting, bell-bottomed denim jeans.

I observed how significant clothes were, further emphasized by the length of time the women in my family spent choosing their apparel especially on important occasions.

My grandmother was of the never-leave-your-home-without-earrings variety. For many years I was convinced that she was one of a selected few born with a purple tint to her hair. Her shell-pink nails and matching lipstick, contrasted severely with the bushy moustache on her upper lip, but on any important occasion you'll find her bagged, gloved and hatted, all set to lead the proceedings. She had a big heart and was adamant about being well-groomed, despite the moustache mind you! In other words she had room in her heart (and wardrobe) for pastels and shantung silk as well as marcasite brooches and pantyhose. The men in our family, especially those newly related by marriage, were given **THE TALK** as soon as the honeymoon phase was over: "women in this family sleep with curlers, because after all, don't you expect your wife to have a neat hairdo the next day?"

I was quite surprised to see my mom and great aunt sporting wigs for an important occasion. I suppose they were relieved that their long night-

time suffering had come to an end and in such a fashionable way too. It was the seventies and a live dance band was playing in the community hall. They wore matching forest green crimplene evening gowns with red and white trim. I was in awe of the sleeves, and later understood it to be *Medieval Renaissance*, a particular sleeve style that was re-invented in the seventies. Well, they certainly gave long-dead Guinevere a run for her money! The evening of the dance, before my parents could set foot outside the door, I started crying softly and insistently, desperate for my very own crimplene garb. Industrious as always, my grandma grabbed a multi-coloured crocheted blanket, tied it around my waist, added my Sunday-school handbag with the golden chain and applied lipstick liberally to my lips. I still have a photo as proof and it was obvious that she forgot to comb my hair.

The eighties saw my aunt showing off her flashy Olivia Newton-John satin pants, a mullet hairstyle and a white cigarette between the lips. A rebel in every way, she sashayed through the

front door on a Friday evening only to be heard returning in the early hours of the Saturday morning. She, however turned out to be a fantastic aunt, one who loves to cook and clean, always ready with a helping hand and a smile. But regrettably, the fashion revolution passed her by, or shall I say she started her own as her taste in clothing is still as awful.

The first to say her I do's was my cousin. She had lost her patience with my aunt to find herself a husband, the latter being too busy collecting wild flowers! The *Say Yes to The Dress* phase in our family brought about starry-eyed pre-teens drooling over the handsome fiancé and boisterous bouts of silly giggling at his incised side parting, obviously the result of many hours of the tedious work of a razor or a stainless steel hair clipper. There was no doubt that he would have done my grandmother proud: he was smart and well-presented. Mercifully she was called to higher service before she could meet the man that would cause my cousin the biggest heartache of her entire life. My grandmother's observation was

once again spot-on as she always told us never to trust a man with close-set eyes wearing white shoes.

My cousin was a beautiful bride. Her dress of layers of organza ruffles, capped sleeves and beaded bodice was the epitome of eighties style and the prettiest fingerless lace wedding gloves added just the right touch. She carried a bouquet of green orchids from my grandfather's own garden. Years later, I had some of the same orchids in my wedding bouquet but I opted to reproduce my mother's wedding dress for my special day. By then my mother's wedding veil was made into a net for the crib of her first born (me) as was the tradition in my family.

In any coloured family the purchasing of "Krismisklere" introduced the festive season. Months before the time those who could not afford clothes or were not fortunate to receive a Christmas bonus, embarked on the lay-bye; an agreement to pay for the clothes over a period of time with the storeowner retaining the goods until the full amount is paid. To

lay-bye was not a shame as there was no disgrace to poverty. On the contrary, the satisfaction brought on by many a happy child's smile and the additional thought of not being burdened by debt in January, far outweighed the supposed shame of not paying for goods immediately. I still lay-bye goods to this day.

Christmas was a time for dressing up! The attire usually consisted of an outfit for church, matching shoes, bobby socks and hair accessories of the bows and Alice band variety. My poor brother was made to wear braces and a bow tie and had his feet stuffed into shoes. His cranium was also subjected to the stainless steel hair clipper which resulted in a scored side-parting. Our grandmother personified, we filed into church for the Christmas service to neatly take our place in the family pew beside my grandfather ordered strictly according to our age. Our smart attire probably had something to do with the confidence with which we belted out "O, die vrolike, O, die salige".

Late on Christmas afternoons, whilst my grandfather would cut up the watermelon with great precision so that all could get a piece of the crown, I would wear my romper and play with my cousins and my dogs, happy as can be. The next day, Boxing Day, signaled visits to many different family members, partaking in banana, apple and loquat fruit arrangements and wearing my brand new romper, lay-byed in advance in anticipation of the festive season.

I truly have wonderful memories of times gone by, if you can identify with a single one, my job is done. It shows that even though we might be different, we share the same heart. Today we need to cherish our similarity, our sameness, more than ever before.

On that note I wish you all fond Christmas memories. May the magic of Christmas never cease for you.

Have a happy Christmas and a wonderful New year.

# QUO VADIS

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

*Address by Mr Daniel Smith to a Young Person's Speech Club in Canberra (Australia) in 1979.*



**Daniel Stephanus Smith as young diplomat in 1979**

In the lives of men and women, as in the life a nation, there arrives a

moment when circumstances compel them to ask themselves “Quo Vadis?” – “Where are you going?”

Often it occurs in a time of crisis and they are bewildered by it all. They do not know where they are, nor where they are heading. They are like the fellow who spent the evening at the pub and telephoned his wife to fetch him. When she asked him where he was, he left the telephone booth to have a look. He returned and said “I don’t know where it is. All I know is that it is on the corner of walk and don’t walk.”

The question – “where are you going?” compels us to take a deeper look to assess our inner selves, our own abilities and spiritual equipment – call it what you wish.

Legend has it that St Peter, on journeying away from Rome, where the Christians were persecuted by the Romans, was stopped at the crossroads on the Via Appia by a voice asking him – “Quo Vadis?”- “Where are you going?” this question inspired him to go back to Rome, back to make his

contribution in the founding of the Christian church.

St Peter, they say, had the ability, he had the spiritual equipment: he could turn around and start building – start anew and build a church which is today considered as the strongest in the world.

If there is one lesson I have learnt in this globe-trotting nomadic life I have committed myself to, it is the fact that there often arrives a moment when circumstances compel you to ask yourself – “Quo Vadis?” Too often it occurs when it is least expected. That is the moment when the need arises to have a good look at one’s own equipment, at one’s inner self and make an assessment of what one has, what one can enjoy and contribute to one’s own future and well-being. It is also such moments that you will find the most challenging when you are in need of basic values and philosophy and in need of the equipment to recognise the opportunities and challenges that lay ahead.

They told me before my arrival in Canberra that the tip – that place where you and I dump our garden waste and many other redundant materials – is such a marvelous place. Not only, they said, will you meet there from your butcher to the Chief Justice, but you can find there also the most interesting and useful things.

Shortly after my arrival in Canberra, I went to the tip near the crossroads at Farrer, to dump garden waste. As I was unloading, there lying in a discarded box, a book stared at me. I must confess I am a bit like our good friend Ron, I cannot resist a book, especially an old one, as that one was.

I picked it up and had a look. It bore the title “The Royal Path of Life” – its subject – success and happiness; its authors, Haines and Yaggy.

It is not my intention, nor does it lie within the scope of this assignment, to do a book review. Suffice to say that the book deals in the main with what I call the basic desires in the life of man: success and happiness.

Success and happiness have been the consideration of every eminent pen, from the days of Solomon to the present. To say anything strictly new would be impossible; neither could the authors nor I presume that our knowledge and experience would be as valuable as the maxims of the wise and the sublime truths which have become a part of the standard literature. The best, therefore, that one can expect to do is to recombine the experience of the past, compile such thoughts and extracts as have chimed in with the testimony of earnest and aspiring minds and offer them in a novel and fascinating form. However, when the need, when the urge, when the compelling desire to reminisce on the past and contemplate on what the future holds in store arises, books like these are of great value.

But to come back to the crossroads: I am sure that the majority of us, when we arrive there and are asked “Quo Vadis?” – “where are you going? What do you wish to attain in life?” will answer, “all I wish is success and happiness.”

What is success?

Allow me to quote from “The Royal Path of Life” on success:

*Success is the child of confidence and perseverance. The talent of success is simply doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do – without a thought of fame. Fame never comes because it is craved. Success is the best test of capacity. Success is not always a proper criterion for judging a man's character. It is certain that success naturally confirms us in favorable opinion of ourselves. Success in life consists in the proper and harmonious development of those faculties which God has given us.*

If we want to achieve success in whatever we do or pursue, know that in human experience, as frequently in nature, hardship is the vestibule of the highest success.

That magnificent tree was detained twenty years in its upward growth while its roots took a great turn around a boulder by which the tree was anchored to withstand the storms of centuries.

Moreover, do not be afraid of humble beginnings. An English



Judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied, “some succeed by great talent, some by the influence of friends, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling”. We want happiness in addition to success. The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation that happiness is one large and beautiful stone – a single gem, so rare that all search after it is all vain effort, for it is fruitless and hopeless to pursue.

It is not so.

Happiness is a mosaic composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly may be of little value, but when all are grouped together and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole, a costly jewel.

Speaking of jewels, there are those who would say to us that wealth, fame and power are undeniable sources of enjoyment, and that limited fortune, obscurity and insignificance are incompatible with happiness. A gentleman with the

name of Le Droz, who wrote a treatise upon happiness, describes the conditions necessary for it as “consisting of the greatest courage to resist and endure the ills and pains of life, united with keenest sensibility to enjoy its pleasures and delights.”

This should combine, in my opinion, with what “The royal path of life” says on happiness:

“There is so little real happiness on earth because we seek it where it is not, in outward circumstances and external good, and neglect to seek it, where alone it dwells, in the close chambers of the bosom.”

This leads us to that quality that will give us direction and which will support us in the hour of need: the ability to rely on ourselves.

The greatest heroes of the battlefield – as Napoleon, Hannibal, Cromwell – some of the greatest statesmen and orators, ancient and modern – as Demosthenes, Chatham, Burke and Lincoln could boast no patrician advantages. Throughout the ages those men who have won most, are those who

relied most upon themselves. Those who had the ability to make use of opportunities that came their way.

Success and happiness are like birds on the roof, seeking an inlet. If we are shut up to them, they bring us nothing, but sit and sing a while upon the roof and then fly away.

There are those among us, those who have not been on the crossroads of the Via Appia. Those who have not yet been confronted with the question: "Quo Vadis?"

There are those among us who have been, and are perhaps constantly asked by circumstances: - "Quo Vadis?"

There are those who may ask themselves in the future: "Quo Vadis?"

When we are standing on the proverbial Via Appia, leading away from our troubles, let us know that there is happiness and success which longs to be ours.

Success we shall achieve if we develop those inherent qualities which God has given us. Happiness we shall attain if we seek it where

alone the greatest happiness lies, that is within ourselves. But then also we should set ourselves to make use of opportunities that life offers.

***Daniel (Patrys) Smith is retiring in December 2018 after serving on the The Graaff-Reinet Museum as a Board member for a considerable number of years. He started his career as a cadet in the South African Diplomatic Service in 1957 and after an illustrious career in the service, retired in 1996. By then he was South African ambassador in Paraguay and had travelled the world over. The Graaff-Reinet Museum bids him and his wife, Helen, farewell with immense gratitude and well wishes for their future endeavors.***



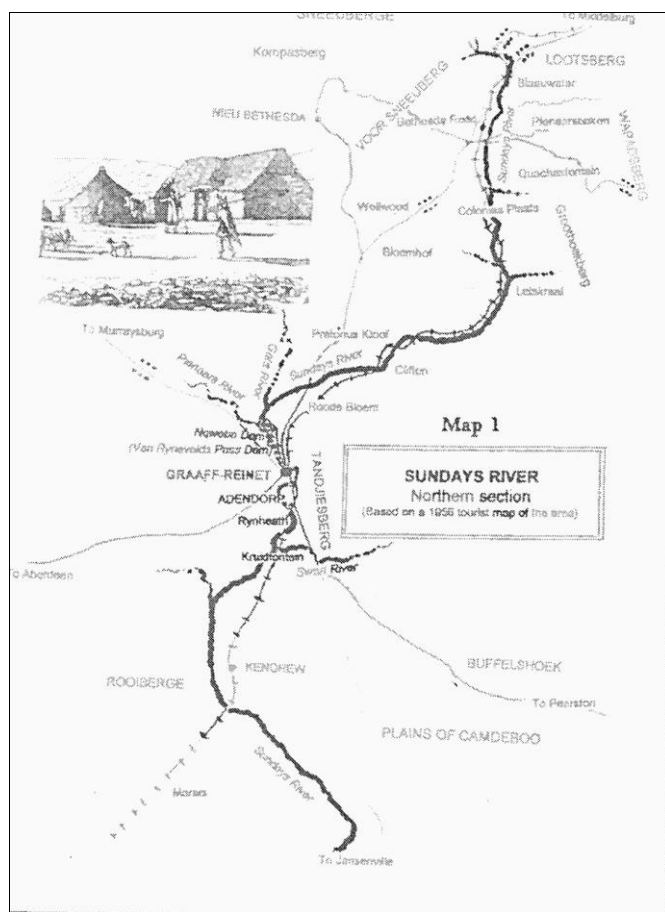
## Sundays River: Quachasfontein in the Sneeuberge to Graaff-Reinet

*“The Snieubergen, where some of the most intelligent and substantial yeomen, herders of sheep, cattle, etc reside.”* John Centlivres Chase. 1843.

The Sundays River or *Nukakamma* (Afrikaans: Sondagsrivier) is a river in the Eastern Cape Province of South Africa. It is said to be the fastest flowing river in the country. The Khoi and San people originally named this river *Nukakamma* (Grassy Water) because the river’s banks are always green and grassy despite the arid terrain that it flows through.

The Sneeuberge, snowclad at times as late as November, stretch from the Kompasberg in the

north-west, its summit at 2 502 meters is the highest point in the range, to the Nardouwberg in the south-east. Roughly in the centre of this towering massif lies the Lootsberg, where once both railway and road found a precarious path through to the interior.



**Following the Sundays River from Lootsberg to near Jansenville**

All the rivulets and rills that rise in these mountains make their winding way down towards the vast

basin cradled between the Voorsneeuberg and Wapadsberg. Intertwining like the strands of a rope they form two larger streams, one flowing down from the Lootsberg, the other from the Wapadsberg. Both of these streams are shown on the map as being the Sundays River, but neither, it seems, takes precedence over the other. The meeting point of the two streams is on the farm Quachasfontein and from this meeting point the river meanders in a south-easterly direction across the basin and towards a gap that lies between the Groothoekberge in die west and the south-easterly extension of the Sneeuberge. From here it is more than 370 km to its meeting with the waters of the Indian Ocean. The river flows in a general south/ south easterly direction, passing the town Graaff-Reinet in the Karoo before winding its way past Jansenville, through the Zuurberg Mountains to Kirkwood and Addo in the fertile lower Sundays River Valley.

It empties into the Indian Ocean at Algoa Bay after running through the village of Colchester, 40 km east of the city of Port Elizabeth.

To the east, nestled beneath the Wapadsberg and beside the other branch of the Sundays River, is the farm Pienaarsbaken, and west of this Quachasfontein. At one time almost all the lands in the basin were farmed by members of the Loots family, which is probably a good enough reason for the mountain to be called Lootsberg. Members of the family, however, have their own version of how it acquired its name. Pienaarsbaken was at one time the farm of Pieter Johannes Loots, who had a blind son named Hendrik. An independent soul despite his affliction, young Hendrik was capable of visiting local farms on his own, so the story goes. One day he was crossing the Lootsberg alone in a Cape cart when an accident occurred. What caused the horses to bolt no one could

tell. Perhaps a gale-force, icy wind overturned the cart, or the animals took fright, but by the time people in the valley became aware that something was amiss it was already too late. A search party set out to find Hendrik Loots lying dead beside the road. And that is according to the late Mr WE Pienaar and an 85-year old Mrs Loots who had lived all her life in the area, was how the mountain came to be called the Lootsberg, after young Hendrik. In the “old days” the mountain was known as the Hendrik-Lootsberg.

Just as the memory of Hendrik Loots will always be linked with the Lootsberg, so another, later member of the family, Mr JAJ (“Kotie”) Loots, is called to mind in connection with the Wapadsberg pass. Kotie Loots, after buying a Model T Ford from the agents in Graaff-Reinet, was anxious to test its mountain-climbing ability. Perhaps with Hendrik’s tragic accident in mind

he opted to test it on the Wapadsberg rather than the Lootsberg. The Model T experienced no real difficulties on the rough track and Kotie Loots, having reached the summit, returned safely. He had the foresight to take along with him a photographer to record the achievement. The Ford agents in Graaff-Reinet displayed the photograph in the window of the garage with very satisfactory results.

Some decades were to pass before in 1943 a proper road was built across the mountain and officially opened by Mrs Maud Kingwill of the nearby farm Colonies Plaats.

As mentioned, the meeting point of the two streams that form the upper Sundays River is on the farm Quachasfontein. This farm was for many years the administrative centre of the basin beneath the mountains and in 1850 was farmed by the field-cornet, Pieter Johannes Loots. It

was from here that the field-cornet conducted his postal business and from here too that he would have ridden out to collect taxes or to summon local farmers when the commandos were called on to protect the district from any threatened attack.

After the confluence on Quachasfontein, the Sundays River follows south through a gently undulating countryside, before swinging to the south-east and away from the N9 to meander towards the Groothoekberge. Entering the defile that runs through the Groothoekberge, the river, road and railway converge. Various travellers have described the scenery and inhabitants. One such was Dr J Mackrill, the first superintendent of the Government Farm at Boschberg, now Somerset East. He travelled through the Groothoekberge in November 1816. He commented: “The great Family name here is Pretorius, in the space of fifty miles I met with

seven farms occupied by a Pretorius...” Hardly 20 years after Mackrill journeyed through the area, the majority of the Pretorius family had left to join the Trekkers, and today (2018) none remain, although the ravine through which the river flows in this part of its course is still known as Pretoriuskloof.

A later traveller, Johan Centlivres Chase, describe the area as the most valuable district in the “County of Graf Reinet.” It was occupied, he wrote, “by a superior and affluent race of stock farmers.” He noted the “bracing climate” and the “snug homesteads” of the local farmers, who were “always ready to receive and befriend the stranger.”

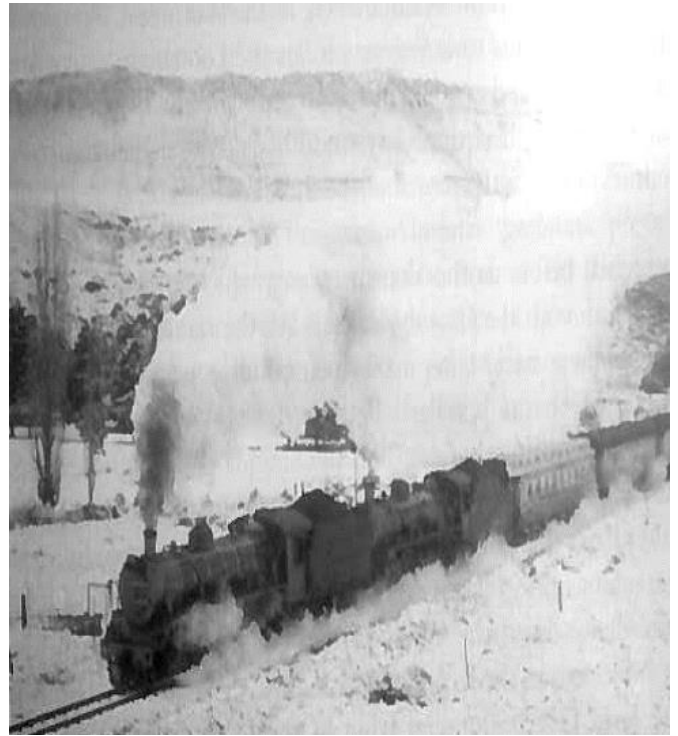
When the engineers charged with building the railway line from Graaff-Reinet to Middelburg chose to follow the course of the river through the mountains, it was rumored that local landowners had influenced the decision.

The river finds its way through Koloniesplaas, the modern version of the name of the farm Colonies Plaats. Much of the land which today is known as Colonies Plaats (Koloniesplaas) was originally a part of the farm Sevenfontein, which was surveyed for the first time in 1836. In October of that year the land was officially granted by the Governor of the Cape, Sir Benjamin D'Urban to Andries Lodewyk Pretorius.

The next owner of Sevenfontein, or Colonies Plaats, as it later became known, was Mr Jacobus Meintjies. It is uncertain exactly when the present name was adopted. He farmed the land for 26 years and in 1863 sold the land, now definitely known as Colonies Plaats, to Christiaan Johannes Watermeyer. Alfred Arthur Kingwill, known in later life as "AAK" bought the farm in 1903 from Watermeyer.

Kingwill went on to become not only a successful farmer, but one of the best known figures in the

district, serving on numerous committees, becoming mayor of Graaff-Reinet, chairman of the Divisional Council and the Agricultural Association.



**Double-headed through a snowy Colonies Plaats (Kingwill Family - Photographer unknown)**

From Colonies Plaats southwards road, rail and river winds through the gap that divides the Groothoekberge from the Sneeuberge. The green, bush-covered banks of the river are flanked by *koppies* and rugged *kranse*.

Letskraal is situated about 15 km from Colonies Plaats. Letskraal was prior to 1837 the farm of Andries Wilhelmus Jacobus Pretorius. He married the 18 year-old Christina de Wit in 1818. In October 1837, leading a small party, he left Letskraal for an exploratory trip to Natal and from that time on his doings are fully covered in the history books. After the departure of the Pretorius family, Letskraal had a succession of owners. In 1849 it was the property of Frederik Watermeyer, possibly the brother of Christiaan Watermeyer on Colonies Plaats, and there followed others like Vermaaks, Albertyn, Jouberts, Bezuidenhouts, and Ferreiras. The valley was once far more densely populated than is the case today. Witness to this being the number of graves on the farm.

After Letskraal the road, railway and river continue southwards. At Mimosa is the confluence of the Sundays and Stolshoekrivier.

Usually there is far more water in the Stolshoekrivier, and strangely enough an early 19<sup>th</sup> century map shows what would appear to be the stream now referred to as the Stolshoekrivier as “De Groete Zondaghs Rivier.” Is it possible that the Sundays once had not two, but three main sources?

Further downstream there are also reminders of the Pretorius family. Jan Pretorius farmed on Elandskloof when Andries was at Letskraal, but in 1838 he too joined the family exodus. Later, Coetzees moved to Elandskloof.

And so the Pretorius family disappeared from the Graaff-Reinet district. The name still appears on a fading sign at the railway siding of Pretoriuskloof and then there is one last reminder of the Pretorius family - of before the exodus, Clifton was farmed by Wilhelm Pretorius.

Clifton is situated in the Pretorius Kloof through which the Sundays River meanders. Exactly when



Willem Sterrenberg Pretorius, born 1762, first arrived in Graaff-Reinet and occupied this loan farm is not known. *De Klipfontein*, as it was then called, was only formally transferred into his name on 11 March 1819 and he died there in November 1837.

Exactly when the original homestead was built is not known. It must, however, have been towards the end of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century as the surveyor's diagram of 1816 shows a house, plus an extensive orchard and lands, situated in a bend of the Sundays River.

It was on Clifton that the first case of rinderpest in the Graaff-Reinet district was reported in August 1897.

The Sundays River also runs through Roode Bloem Farm. On Roode Bloem the train to Letskraal and beyond was always known as the "Lets crawl" line, but despite its slowness it served an important function. Every

weekday the train brought the newspapers and the post, before collecting the milk in tall, well-scrubbed, shiny cans for delivery to Graaff-Reinet.

In 1859 Walter Everitt Murray, married Anna Southey, the daughter of George Southey of Bloemhof, and in 1872 Walter and Anna moved to Roode Bloem, at the time known as *Aanteelfontein*. It was they who built the house that today (2018) serves as a milkshed. There have been Murrays on Roode Bloem ever since.

Emerging from the mountains, the Sundays River winds its way across the plain for some distance before forming the loop within which the town of Graaff-Reinet was established. Today its waters, together with those of the Gats River, Pienaars River and the Broederstroom, flow into the Nqweba Dam (formerly the Van Ryneveld's Pass Dam), situated on the northern outskirts of the town.

The construction of the dam was undertaken in 1921, and was completed in 1925. The entire project cost approximately 450,000 pounds, and resulted in a dam with a width of 380m, and a height of 32m. The dam was originally designed to supply water to irrigation settlements further downstream from the town. Today (2018) the dam is owned by the municipality, and when there has been rain, its waters provide a pleasant adjunct to the Camdeboo National Park.

It was the water and the fertility of the area that lay within the loop of the river that earlier must have attracted Dirk Coetzee to the land. For the same reasons the Council of Policy at the Cape in 1786 authorized the purchase of Coetzee's farms for the establishment of the new Drostdy.

Graaff-Reinet is generally known as the "Gem of the Karoo," and rightly so, for it is not only a green haven in an arid land, but a

cultural oasis that has produced artists, writers, dramatists and scientists, as well as business and political leaders. Without doubt the Sundays River was and still is of strategic importance for the inhabitants of farms as well as the inhabitants of Graaff-Reinet.

(Ansie Malherbe 2018)

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# AANKONDIGINGS:

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- Vanaf November 2018 sal agt vakleerlinge van die Oos-kaapse Parke en Toerisme-agentskap by die museum aanmeld as deel van hul opleiding as toergidse. Die vakleerlinge sal ook uitgeplaas word na onder andere *Recollection Rides*, die museum waar historiese voertuie te sien is, *Fly Karoo* en Die Sobukwe Trust. Ons hoop dat hulle baat sal vind by hierdie projek en dat dit vir hulle 'n leersame, maar ook aangename tyd sal wees. Vanaf Januarie sal hulle in die agenstskap se uniform spog en sal dan maklik geidentifiseer word. Ons vra asseblief u geduld aangesien hierdie studente nog besig is met hul proefperiode. Dra dit so oor aan enige gaste wat dalk ons dorp mag besoek.
- Dit blyk dat die termyn van alle raadslede van die Museum teen

Desember sal verstryk. Alle huidige raadslede het hulle vir 'n volgende termyn verkiesbaar gestel. Graag wil ons 'n woord van dank aan elke raadslid, veral die uittredende raadslede rig, vir hul onbaatsugtige diens aan die gemeenskap. Dit word ten seerste waardeer.

- Die Museum gaan soos normaal voort gedurende die feestyd, maar sal poog om alle museums gedurende naweke vir besoekers oop te hou, veral die Militêre Museum en Urquharhuis wat sommige naweke gesluit is.

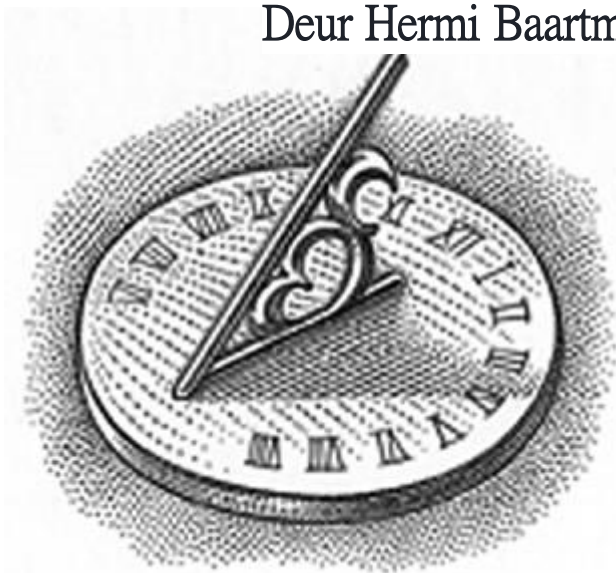


The difference between a graveyard and a cemetery. A graveyard adjoins a church, whereas a cemetery does not. You can

# Karoo- Sonvanger

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Deur Hermi Baartman



Vergeet nou van droogte en vlaktes  
wyd

Van min water en verlatenheid

Kry vir my ' n sonvanger gou

Om die strale vas te hou

Skenk vir my asseblief ' n  
sonwyser

Vir my voortuin en die Olyflyster

Ek sal elke dag gaan kyk

Hoe die ure oor jou wyk

Dan maak ek vir jou ' n Karoo-  
inskripsie

“Laat almal maar van reën en  
storms sing

Vir jou sal ek net die sonskynure  
bring.”

## Words to Ponder.....

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