

Contents / Inhoud

LIEWE VRIENDE.....	2
THE HISTORY OF THE SAP ACADEMY BUILDING.....	4
PROF BUSHELL DIE GOGELAAR.....	7
ALL ROADS LEAD TO GRAAFF-REINET: ALFRED NESEMANN.....	8
DIE VRAAG OOR <i>SKARUMBA</i>	10
OOM THYS AND THE PIANO.....	11
WOORDJIE VIR OORDENKING.....	12

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Liewe Vriende,

My liewe Pappie, meer groot as klein, het altyd agter die tafel ingeskuif met 'n “kossies vir dors, kossies vir dors!” Al sy een, twee, drie en viers het dan uit volle bors saamgekwak, agter die tafel ingeskuif en koppies eerbiedig geknak vir die tafelgebed.

Wat *kossies vir dors* beteken wis ek nou nog nie. My pa het nog altyd die wonderlikste sê-goedjies gehad, so 'n slaan-die-spyker-op-die-kop manier. Dalk wou hy met hierdie wyse van spreuke sy wolf- hongerte weergee, of dalk was dit maar net 'n liplekker verlusting in die Sondagmaal. En was dit nou vir jou 'n Sondagmaal, voorwaar 'n eet-jou-rykdom-op-maal, as daar nou ooit een was. Eers kerrie - en verseker nie die verwarde weergawe van suiker en asyn nie, maar 'n heerlijkheid van doeksag skaap, karamonk (kardemom) koljana, barishap en jeera komin. Somtyds, maar net somtyds, is dit vervang met *hoener breyani*, wat eintlik maar net die einde van die maand se kerrie-weergawe was, en 'n *side* van rooiwang- tamatie en uie sambal. Die potgebraaide skaapboud is al die vorige aand gemaak. Dis nogal 'n kuns om so 'n boudjie te kookbraai, maar tog het my Tite dit elke Saterdagand geduldig en met liefde gedoen. Kosmaak was in haar bloed, maar dinge het ook tot 'n einde gekom toe sy een Kersfees na 'n geweldige kooksessie omkantel en

eenvoudig geweier het om haar mond aan haar eie kunswerke te sit. Van toe af het ons lank voor die tyd gekook en dan gevries: beestong, skaapboud, gerookte varkboud en soutvleis maar net nie die kerrie nie. Dit moes ek elke Kersfees en selfs Sondagoggende maak, want die kookkuns het my eie moeder verbygegaan. Alles het sy met 'n laaaang sous gemaak, wat groot bewondering van my pa ontlok het maar ons verlange na familie-kos net meer aangewakker het. Die woord *bredie* was vreemd, maar koolKOS, TamatieKOS en GroenboontjieKOS was die gekookte bord kos van die familietafel, veral gedurende die week.

Die Sondagmaal onthou ek met 'n vergeeflike genot, met heimwee in my binneste vir die onskuldige tye van my kinderjare en 'n oorstelptheid vir die geliefdes wat lankal nie meer met ons is nie. Die lekkerte van gebakte aartappels en die Kroonvale/Kraaifontein gunsteling van neutskorsies en tien grasgroen ertjies in hul uitgeholde magies geberg, bly my diep in die nag by. Dit is wanneer ek 'n brandverlange na my Oupsie kry en die huis waarin ek grootgeword het.

As die Sondagmaal 'n lied was, het my familie dit uit volle bors saamgesing. Nie net het die kos ons behaag nie, maar ook die samesyn. Die lang gedekte tafel had plek vir kind en kraai. Na “*Seën ons Vader*” het ons die kosbakke aangestuur in 'n spesifieke orde: van Oupa, na Moeder, na my ma, dan my pa (ek kan verstaan hoekom my pa nooit langs my oma wou sit nie) ooms, anties en dan die tjokkertjies. Kerrie-en-rys. Skaapboud, gebakte hoender en groente

met beetslaai. Jellie en vla in die somer en padda-eiertjiepoeding (tapioca) in die winter. Dít, en om saam te wees, was genoeg.

Ten spyte van die *grocery-pools* en die spaarklubs het die stygende lewenskoste ons ook maar aan die agterent beetgekry en het die geld minder geword. Die tannies en ooms het kleinkinders bygekry en was dit meer die uitsondering as die reël as die familie rondom die lang tafel vergader. Selfs Saterdagbroodbak met 'n aartappelsuurdeegplantjie en Antie Mattie se *Sondagkoesiesters*, vroeg Sondagoggend gekoop, was later net 'n brose herinnering. Die dames van ons familie het later nie meer hul waarde aan die Sondagmaal gemeet nie en dit was veral duidelik die dag toe ek uitvind dat my antie (aangetroud) snoek en patats aan haar Sondagstafel bedien. Die onverklaarbaarheid van my hartseer en die neusoptrekkerigheid van my Titte vir hierdie skending van bloedgoed, het soos 'n kroes in my binneste kom lê.

Na baie jare van huisie bou, sit ek en my eerste keuse nog steeds rondom die Sondagstafel saam met ons seuns. Wel nou nie twaalfuur soos aan die Albertustafel nie, maar wel drie-uur die middag, nadat ons eers die Sondagblad gelees, *Hanepoot* gedrink en na *Engelbert Humperdinck* of *Demis Roussos* geluister het. Dis meer voorreg as tradisie en die hoop beskaam nie dat ons seuns dalk, net dalk, die flentertjie herinnering in hul eie huise, met hul eie families, sal wil herskep nie.

Kersfees is om die draai en die lang tafel tree aan. Die gesigte om die tafel het verander, maar die dankbaarheid vir

oortloef en die gemeensaamheid van die heiliges en naastes, bly staan. Die geregte, soos ons mense, het ook met die aanstap van die jare 'n nuwe gedaante gekry: salm-terrien, Krismiskalkoen gestop met juniper en pruimedante, aarbei-panacotta met gekarameliseerde suiker-mandjies.....

Hoe maklik het ons nie deel geword van die die *Global Village* nie! Selfs die kos praat saam, maar tog praat die stemme van die verlede net 'n bietjie duideliker op die dag wat die Liewe Heer gemaak het..... en die Engeltjie-poeding sê "AMEN!"

Hoe wonderlik is dit nie om Kersfees met familie te vier nie. Hoe wonderlik is dit nie om herinneringe soos hierdie te hê nie. Deur die koestering van ons herinneringe leer ons mekaar ken, kom ons agter dat ons almal maar iewers 'n gemeensaamheid het. Kos, die godsdienste van Sondag en die Kersboom, bring ons bymekaar en ek sou dit nie anders wou hê nie. Daar is bekendheid in ons vreemdheid en word dit so maklik om dit met mekaar te deel, ons kosherinneringe.

My wens vir al ons museum-vriende is vrede, vreugde en kos: elke dag, elke Sondag, maar meer kos op Kersdag. Mag julle die Liewe Heer se genade in hierdie tyd ervaar en wanneer julle dit oortloef het, dink en gee aan hulle wat dit nie te breed het nie. Dit het ons mos van kindsbeen af geleer.

Geseënde Kersfees en 'n Voorspoedige Nuwejaar.

THE HISTORY OF THE SAP ACADEMY BUILDING

It is truly a privilege to earn one's daily bread in a national monument as stately as the main building of the SA Police Academy in Graaff-Reinet.

The building was originally planned and erected to serve as a new and bigger school for the old Graaff-Reinet Boys College, which was until then, situated

One of the oldest photos available of the Main Building – date unknown – from the Teacher's College Yearbook 1934.



in Bourke Street where the P F de Klerk-building currently stands.

The stately double-story building with its Cape-Dutch gables, moldings, tiled roof and clock tower is an excellent example of the work of the English-born architect, W. White-Cooper, who after graduating from the Royal Academy Architectural School, articulated under the well-known English architect J. L. Pearson in London, and then moved to South Africa and settled in

the Eastern Cape. He designed amongst other buildings, Kingswood College, Grahamstown; Trinity Anglican Church, Havelock Street, Port Elizabeth; the original Erica Girls' School in Port Elizabeth, and the Rocklands Girls' School, Cradock. White-Cooper was among the last of the Victorian architects working in the Cape.

Although the ground for the erection of the new College building was bought and securely fenced as early as 1898, building could not start immediately as it was interrupted by the breaking out of the Anglo-Boer War. During the war the site served at first as a military camp for the Sherwood Forester and Lancashire regiments, and later as a provision camp for military horses.

The laying of the corner stone was done by Dr Thomas Muir, the then Superintendent-General of Education in the Cape Colony, on 2 November 1903. The host of this event was the principal of the College, Mr Way. During the laying of the corner stone a bottle with – as described by the local newspaper – “onmisbare goederen” was placed behind the stone.

One and a half months after the main building and the residence College House were brought into use, the opening ceremony took place on 14 March 1906 and was described in flourishing terms by the local newspaper, *The Advertiser* of 16 March 1906:

“It took place at 10am and just as the clock in the turret chimed the rounded hour, the cadet corps presented arms, and the guest of the day made his appearance, accompanied by Mr Way. Their worthy Worships (the Magistrate and Mayor) flanked by a posse of Town Councillors, Divisional Councillors, educationists, and befrocked citizens, and augmented by bevy upon bevy of the beautiful, were there to receive the honoured guest, and cordially he responded. The ceremony in itself, however, was distinctly short. Dr Muir declared the College to be well and truly open – a fact no one will deny, seeing that it has been occupied for the past ten weeks – and the great crowd surged through the passage way into the Quadrangle at the back.”

The main building is situated on 25 acres of land, described by the local media as a “breezy playground”. Apart from the stately gables and clock tower, other distinctive features include the framing around the impressive teak double doors with its coloured glass fanlight, the black and red tiled foyer, as well as the main hall doors with their brass door handles and small blue and white glass panes. It is interesting to note that all the doors of the main hall were of the swinging type to allow quick evacuating in case of a fire.

The clock in the clock tower was manufactured by Bailey, a firm in Liverpool, England. It had Westminster five chimes, which used to chime on

the quarter. The clock was donated by Mr J. N. Luscombe.

An interesting fact regarding the erection of the building is that the outer walls of the ground floor are 18 inches (45.72 centimetres) thick and rest on a 4 foot (1.219 metre) foundation because it was built on a solid lime stone layer. Notwithstanding the hard and brackish water, inferior building sand and the drought, which

WESTMINSTER CHIMES

doo dee doo doo... doo dee DEE doo... dee doo dee doo... dee dee DEE doo...

According to Viscount Alan Middleton of the British Horological Institute, and Ranald Clouston, Bells and Clocks Consultant to the Council for the Care of Churches, the Westminster chime was originally the Cambridge chime, the chime at Great St Mary's, Cambridge, where a new clock was installed in 1793. The Rev. Dr Joseph Jowett, a law professor, was asked to compose a chime but it is usually supposed that the composition was by his pupil, William Crotch (1775-1847). Crotch was a child prodigy and at the age of 11 was assistant organist at King's College, Cambridge. The tune of the chime is said to be based on a phrase from Handel's aria 'I know that my Redeemer Liveth' from his *Messiah*. A little-known fact is that the quarters have *lyrics*. There are many variations, but the lyrics generally acknowledged as also written by Crotch are:

**Lord through this hour
Be thou our guide
So, by thy power
No foot shall slide**

all served to complicate the building process, the workers – who came from all over South Africa – could lay nine hundred thousand locally manufactured bricks and succeeded in completing the building complex within

two years. The above mentioned *Advertiser* (dated 16 March 1906) reported that the “Gate Committee” already had collected £76-6-6 towards a gate fund. This money was most probably used to erect the beautiful iron gates at the main entrance to the campus.

Next to the main building, College House was built as a residence for ladies. The more modern residences – Vivier House (1952) and Pienaar House (1971) – were erected much later. (House Vivier is currently called Aloe House and Pienaar House, Morning Star House.) A Gymnasium and swimming pool were added to the complex in 1948.

The Graaff-Reinet College for Boys amalgamated with the Midland Ladies’ Seminary in 1922 to form the current Volkskool. The college buildings were then used by the Graaff-Reinet Teachers Training School, which received promoted status as Teachers College in 1924.

In 1971 the stately main building was in danger of being demolished, seeing that bigger and more modern buildings were needed to accommodate growing student numbers. However, as a result of a huge outcry from personnel and the public alike in opposition to the idea, the building was saved by the incorporation of the W. E. Pienaar School (generally known as “*Kleinskooltjie*”) and a part of Albertyn Street into the campus. It was during

this time that a rugby field as well as a roofed pavilion with restrooms, was brought into use, and the main building became lit up at night by spotlights donated by the town council.

Due to a change of policy by the Cape Provincial Department of Education toward the Graaff-Reinet Teachers College, student numbers started to

No old building is worth its while without its resident ghosts. And the first assistant constables who had to patrol the premises on regular basis throughout the night shifts, were very wary of certain parts of the terrain and the buildings: for example, there is the beautiful woman in white robes roaming around the Law department at Kleinskooltjie – many an assistant constable did the quick march in double tempo because of her.

Another frequently seen ghost was the lady in the long dress walking from the swimming pool towards Aloe House (then House Vivier). The story goes that she was a student at the Teachers College who tragically hanged herself. She is apparently not a talkative lady, as she flatly ignores anybody whom she encounters!

In the red building where woodwork and metalwork classrooms of the old Teachers College were, locked doors used to open and slam at night, with accompanying footsteps and funny noises... enough to make anyone working late skedaddle from there as soon as possible.

And the main hall is infamous for the cold, creepy feeling and goosebumps some people get on entering. Maybe someone is living there...

decline steadily. This resulted in limited distance education, which was introduced in 1980, and in 1987 the College became known as the Graaff-

Reinet College for Continued Training (providing in-service training), and also became one of two Colleges in the Cape training students by tele-tuition. The College finally closed down in 1990 and the buildings were taken over by the South African Police for the purpose of establishing a Police Academy.

The beautiful main building of the SAPS Academy, Graaff-Reinet, was officially declared a National Monument on Friday, June 23, 1989 in Government Gazette No 11964, Notice No 1282. The full description on the South African Heritage Resources Agency (SAHRA) website reads as follows:

The facades of the original Graaff-Reinet College for Further Education building, situated on a portion of certain piece of freehold land, being Erf 3403, Graaff-Reinet, situated in the Municipality and Administrative District of Graaff-Reinet.

Archive Status: National Monument

Louise Lipshitz

PROF. BUSHELL DIE GOGELAAR

'n ongeredigeerde weergawe

Op 'n aand sou 'n sekere Prof. Bushell op Graaff-Reinet in die stadshuis sekere kunste vertoon, soos "Mesmerism-Gogelary" en ander onmoontlike dinge. En terwyl ek toevallig op die dorp was, het ek na sy kunste gaan kyk. Nadat hy die "Gehoor" 'n tyd lank met alle

soorte van onmoontlike dinge besig gehou het, sê hy – As daar jong kêrels is wat hulle wil laat Mesmerise dan moet hulle op die Platform kom. Ek dag toe by myself "Engelsman" vanaand gaan ek jou uitvind – Ongelukkig het hy my uitgevind. Mesmerism kom hier op neer, wat die "man" jou wys sien jy en wat hy jou sê om te doen, doen jy. Jy kan jousef eenvoudig nie help nie. Die onmoontlikste en dwaasste dinge van die wêreld sal hy jou wys en jy sal dit sien. As hy jou sê dat jy nie jou naam ken nie, dan sal jy om jou lewe te red jou naam nie kan uitspreek nie as hy jou sê dat jou klere aanbrand is dan sien jy die vlamme en jy slaan dood en spring rond en begin jou klere uit te trek en van jou af te pluk en weg te smyt, jy sal aanhou totdat jy geen draad klere aan het nie, tensy hy sê die vuur is nou geblus – Soms sal hy sê daar sit jy priem kaal en kyk hoe lag die mense vir jou – Dan probeer jy met alle mag jou naaktheid toe te maak en weg te kruip – Totdat hy sê "Reg" dan sien jy hoe dwaas jy was. Dit help niks om kwaad te word nie, as jy kwaad word, dan maak hy 'n des te groter gek van jou.

Om jou onder sy invloed te kry, gee hy jou 'n klein ronde plaatjie, weinig groter as 'n halfkroon, om stikt na te kyk vir omtrent tien minute lank, terwyl die musiek sag speel, gedurende daardie tyd moet jy jou aandag of gedagte vestig op die deuntjie wat die musiek speel en dit nie laat rondswerwe nie.

Wanneer die musiek ophou met speel vat hy met 'n linkerhand aan jou neus en met sy regterhand druk hy jou oë toe. Dan het hy jou onder sy invloed. As hy sê, nou sal jy slaap, dan slaap jy dat die "Gehoor" jou kan hoor snork. As hy sê nou sal jy lag, dan lag jy asof jou kop oop kan skeur – As hy sê "Reg" dan is jy meteens by jou volle verstand en weet presies alles wat jy gedoen het.

Ek sê, hy mag jou nie langer as tien minute in daardie bedwelmdede toestand los nie as hy dit doen, is hy in gevaar om jou nie weer reg te kry nie. Hy het die langste snorbaard gehad wat ek in my lewe gesien het, dit was ruim nege duim lank. – Terwyl hy aan die slaap was, het iemand die een kant van sy snor afgesny, van verontwaardiging. Toe hy wakker word en sien dat hy geskend was, het hy 'n skeermes geneem en sy keel daarmee afgesny. Dus het hy 'n treurige einde gehad.

*Uit: Herinnering van Francois Retief Davel
1856 – 1946.*

'n Boer van Nieu-Bethesda Distrik, Graaff-Reinet.

All Roads Lead to Graaff-Reinet: Alfred Neseemann

Alfred Neseemann was born in Steynsburg in 1884 to Wilhelm and Francis Neseemann. Wilhelm Neseemann must have been a man of great versatility, resource and great ability. He owned a business in Steynsburg, established in 1881, before the birth of his son Alfred.

In 1905 he went to work for the Colonial Trust Corporation Limited in Graaff-Reinet as their secretary. He was indeed a man of many parts which included music, watchmaking; he even took barometric readings for the "Met" Commission in Cape Town. His wife, Frances, mother of Alfred, was described as the salt of the earth and a wonderful wife and mother. She cared for all the poor, the sick and the suffering but with one drawback to all her good qualities – a voice that filled the church to the drowning of all sweeter toned.

Alfred developed an early love for the wide open spaces and all that nature had to offer. He was frequently to be seen in the veld or out climbing, but always accompanied by his dog. Alfred was an inveterate tease, always full of devilment and not beyond indulging in some or other practical joke. Before the government schools became the order of the day he attended the school of Rev. Lomax the Rural Dean and Vicar. As a youth he periodically visited Cradock and Daggaboersnek. He joined the staff of the Standard Bank in his home town (Steynsburg) on 28:1:1899 and became a lance corporal in the Town Guard during the Anglo Boer War. These men

manned mostly road blocks and block houses. Upwards of 25 forts and block houses protected the town. When the Boers crossed the Orange River the bank manager was told to move the bank records and securities to Cradock. While there the Bank deemed it necessary to keep their premises open in Steynsburg. The accountant deemed it unwise that he should go himself having just been transferred from the Orange Free State and so Alfred volunteered and did the trip by bicycle. He kept the doors of the Bank open for quite a long time and that at the age of hardly more than sixteen years. He was transferred to Caledon on 2:9 :1903 tasked to open the branch at Bredasdorp on 22 :7 :1905 where he became accountant. His next move was to Tarkastad as accountant. His managerial appointments were to Vrede, to Robertson in February 1928 and finally to Graaff-Reinet on 27 :1 :1932. Ill health obliged him to take his retirement on 16 :7 :1942, at the age of 58. Alfred was never in robust health, in fact soon after his transfer to Tarkastad he went down to Cape Town for an operation and Georgina Lyster came in from Bredasdorp to marry and nurse him. During the war years he returned to Graaff-Reinet to take

up a temporary post as Secretary to the Midland Agency and Trust Company in order to make it possible for their permanent secretary to go on active service. He never lost his love for nature's wonders, its flowers, mountains and hidden wonders of the veld. He often sent specimens of plants to the Kirstenbosch Botanical Gardens. One of these, a new species of Euphorbia, *Euphorbia Neseemannii*, was named after him in 1931 by Dr. R. A. Dyer and was called Euphorbia Neseemannii. A specimen was also sent to Kew Gardens in London.



Euphorbia Neseemannii
(commons.wikimedia.org)

During one of Dr. Broom's frequent visits to Graaff-Reinet he found among Alfred's collection a very rare skull of a small reptile which was then taken to the Transvaal Museum and called Aulacephalodon Neseemannii. Three of his better preserved specimens, all of them Lystrosaurus

skulls, were given to the Wellwood Private Museum which houses the finest private collection of fossils in the world. Alfred was a keen Freemason and was interested in anything literary, even amateur dramatics did not escape his support. When brass bands were the order of the day one would often find him playing the cornet or the trombone. He had a soft tenor voice while Georgina was a soprano. She had a penchant for collecting good china and would usually collect three of a particular pattern so that each child could inherit one. Although never in vibrant health Georgina nevertheless reached the ripe old age of 96 years. She and Alfred always took a great deal of interest in Church affairs, the latter even being a Lay-Reader at St James Church in Graaff-Reinet. Their ashes are buried in the garden of Remembrance of the Church of the Transfiguration; Bellville. They had four children: Wilfred Taylor Nesemann (1911), Gordon Raymond Nesemann (1913), Freda Margareth Nesemann (1916) and Rhoda Beryl Nesemann (1919).

(Ref.: Documents donated by
Mr Colin Nesemann)

Die Vraag oor *Skarumba*

Toe Juanita Du Plessis met *Skarumba* die trefferlys-haal, was almal van Kroonvale tot Kraaifontein op hulle agterpote. Dis dan óns liedjie! Daar was 'n onderlangse gebrom en dalk het iemand dit op 'n radio-program of twee genoem, maar die stof het mettertyd gaan lê. Dit het Juanita se liedjie geword en dit is mooi as Juanita die liedjie sing. Maar baie van haar aanhangers het gewonder wat *Skarumba* beteken. Die ritme van die Juanita-Skarumba, net soos die liedjie van ons kinderdae, doef-doef hier in jou binneste en die bekendheid daarvan vat jou huis toe, na *Easter*-naweek rugbywedstryde in die *Lokasie*, klopse-wedstryde op Boland Stadium en Interskole. Met die onderhoude wat ons vir die Mondelinge-oorleweringeprojek doen het die vraag oor *Skarumba* weer kop uitgesteek. Tydens my ondersoek, want die hele kwessie het my toe aan't dinke, kom ek op die volgende brief van my oom af:

“Dis 1973. Die jaar van die wêreld oliekrisis...al wat ons weet is dat jy Vrydae-middae voor 6 jou brandstofvoorraad moes aanvul want die vulstasies voorsien eers weer op Maandagoggend. TV het eers in 1975 gekom en daarom het ons maar weinig geweet van die kragte/magte wat dié verstopping veroorsaak het.

Dit is Saterdag-agtermiddag toe ons van oom Sampie Sampson se groot, donkerblou Chev-lorrie met die houtkap, afspring en met die dreunende oorwinningslied ná ons Delicious van Ceres geklop het. So op die maat van Skarumba tsotsi yoh-yoh skarumba.

Mister Francis en Boetie (Mottekop) Abrahams se winkels, waar ons vroeër die dag by die Chev-lorrie opgeklim het, was al toe, toe ons al singend Wellington se strate invaar. Die intensiteit neem merkbaar af soos elkeen in die systrate en stegies verdwyn om die goeie nuus tuis oor te dra.

“Ons koop ’n kan Skarumba, en suip dit uit Skarumba, en hou jolyt... Skarumba tsotsi yoh-yoh Skarumba” Die woorde word hier en daar saamgeflans om by die situasie te pas, en tog bly die koortjie dieselfde. Ek sien en hoor nog duidelik so in my geestesoog die dag toe ek die wendrie ontsê is: “ Ek druk ’n drie! Skarumba, die ref sê nee! Skarumba, wil hom bevlie-! Skarumba tsotsi yoh-yoh Skarumba...”

Die liedjie was eie aan die Bolandse bruin sport-byeenkomste en het selfs by ons skole se atletiek-byeenkomste inslag gevind. Wie dit geskryf en eerste gesing het, wis ek tot vandag nog nie. Tóg eis ek dit op onder die vaandel van ons bruin gemeenskap in Wellington... tot tyd en wyl ek anders bewys word.

Dit bring my by die tydvak hierbo en Juanita Du Plessis wat soveel roem vir

ons liedjie verwerf het...met die vraag of sy erkenning aan die oorspronklike skeppers daarvan gegee het. Sy was dan net twee jaar of so oud, toe ons jolyt op die maat daarvan gehou het.

Haar weergawe is “Noot vir Noot” dieselfde en dit noop my om te versoek dat die leeu wat jare in my binneste grom vir eens en vir altyd stil gemaak word....dink net wat gebeur het met “The lion sleeps tonight”... ”

Wesley De Vries

Ons sal graag kommentaar oor die kwessie van *Skarumba* in die volgende uitgawe van *Die Uurglas* plaas. Dalk kom ons agter ’n ander kap van die byl of dalk is die idee van ’n gedeelde verlede nie so verregaande nie. Die kommentaar sal dit vir ons kan toelig. Dus: NEEM JOU PEN OP EN SKRYF!

Oom Thys and the Piano

I recently received an inquiry about a Victorian piano which belonged to Mr Mathys Coetzee from Calitzdorp. He wanted to know more about the provenance of the piano since the piano was to become part of an exhibition at their local museum. The only clue that he had was that it was bought at a shop known as *Diner* in Graaff-Reinet. And so my search for the elusive *Diner* began. High and low I searched and investigated all the leads that I could find. Eventually I published a short article in *The Advertiser* with pictures of this extraordinary piece of craftsmanship:

It is an upright Victorian piece with a walnut veneer finish and a range of seven octaves. The damaged top part consists of a delicate fretwork panel with green fabric backing, the colour of which was determined by remnants of the original. It is protected by a sheet of Perspex. The curved front legs are ornately carved but the bottom panel of the cabinet is not original and of a different wood. Organic designs as well as a dragon or snake decorate the brass candle-sticks. The harp of this piano has a wooden frame though metal frames date back to 1825. The no. 34 can be found in several places on the inside of the cabinet while the no. 4281 and 3034 (appearing twice), are stamped on the wooden frame of the harp.

The piano was made by Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street, London for Diner, a business in Graaff-Reinet who apparently also sold pianos. An approximate date of fabrication, between 1868 and 1875, could be derived from symbols on the small diamond-shaped registration marks of the candle-sticks, together with notes in pencil on the inside of the cabinet recording tuning dates. The *Copyright of Design Act 1842* initiated the use of the diamond registration mark used to confirm that a design has been registered in Britain, giving it three years copyright protection. 5/7/1875 is the earliest tuning date noted on the frame of the harp. The following appear on the hammer and damper mechanism: A. Dugmore, 17/2/1891; 22/10/1891; 24/8/1892; 11/5/1893; 30/1/1894; 20/11/1894; 15/9/1895; 26/8/1896. On the stems of two keys there are to be

found the following: *Giddings, Aug. 27 1907* and *F. Clark P.E., May 1st 1909*. The fact that the piano was so often tuned during the 1890's might indicate that it was used in a bioscope, dance hall or even a school.

After the article appeared in the newspaper, Mr Jaques Laubsher responded by saying that *Diner* was confused with *Viner*, a music shop situated in Caledon Street. I also discovered that John Lewis Viner came to town in 1859 and became the owner of the first music shop in Graaff-Reinet. His became an important name in the music retail trade. He married Caroline Wimble and established a Music Saloon and Warehouse. By 1870 he was advertising every type of sheet music, in fact 'everything connected to the trade'. By 1898 he advertised that he had over 40 000 items in stock and had moved shop from Caledon to North Street. Between 1903 and 1904 Harry Viner, his son, sold the business to Sidney Rabone who converted the business into a bookshop and news agency. John Viner died in Graaff-Reinet in 1860.

WOORDJIE VIR OORDENKING

As jy nie Kersfees in jou hart het nie, sal jy dit nooit onder die Kersboom vind nie.....

Kersgroete / Season's Greetings

