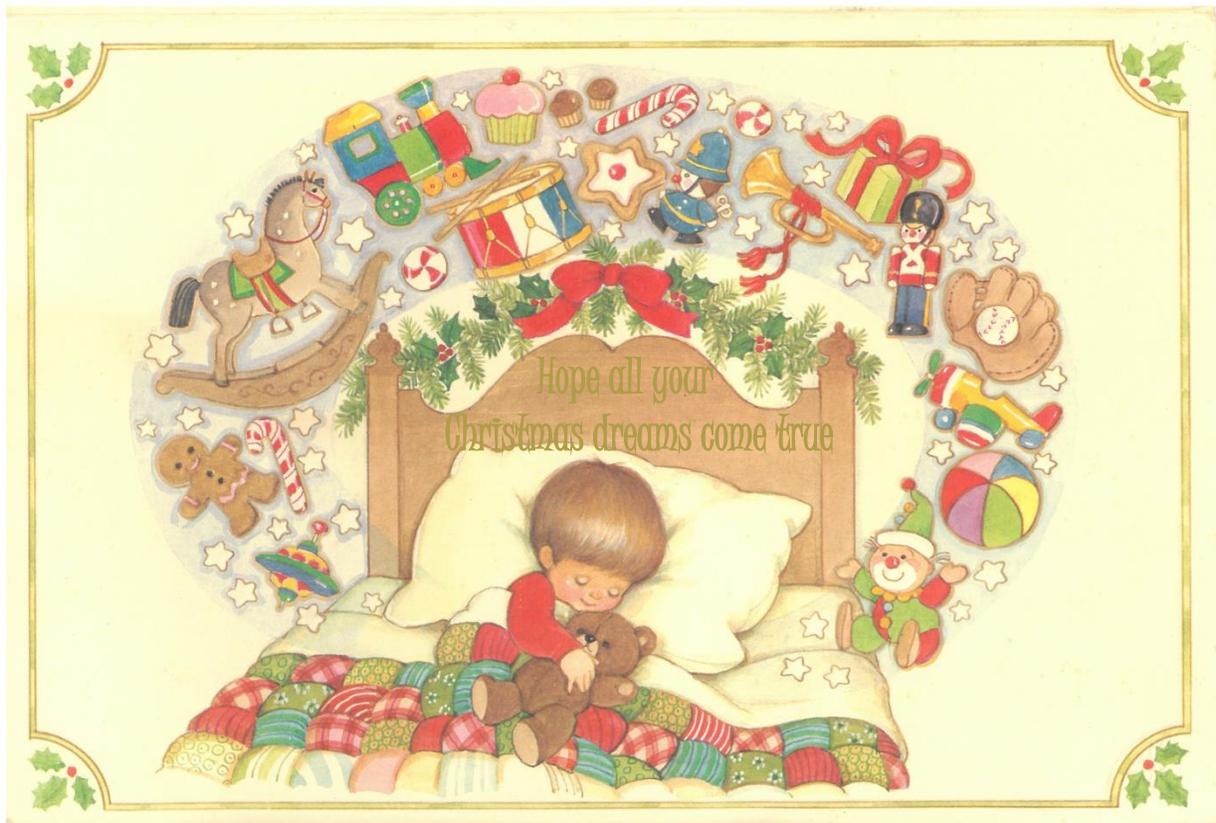


The Hourglass / Die Uurglas

2/2016

Christmas Edition / Kers-uitgawe



1985 Christmas Card: GRT Museum Archival Repository

GRAAFF-REINET MUSEUM

✉ 104 ☎ 049 8923801 / ☎ 049 8925650 / ☎ 049 8910664
☎ 049 8925650

✉ graaffreinetmuseum@intekom.co.za

🌐 www.graaffreinetmuseums.co.za

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ARTIKELS / ARTICLES:

ANZISKE KAYSTER

REDIGERING / EDITING:

ANSIE MALHERBE & PETER WHITLOCK

DRUKWERK EN PRODUKSIE / PRINTING & PRODUCTION:

DENISE VAN WYK, KATRIENA BOOYSEN & VALERINE UITHALER

VERSPREIDING/ DISTRIBUTION:

JAMES VAN RHYNERS & ZENEVIN ISAKS

Liewe Vriende

Dit is asof ek wil hê die jaar moet brieke trek!

Anders as ander jare, is ek egter heel optimisties, want dinge gaan voor die wind en my gô is nog ver van uit. Seker omdat Kersfees hierdie jaar vroeg gekom het, met dié dat *Die Rupert Historiese Huise Stigting* ons met die befondsing vir die restourasie van Reinethuis en al die grasdakke verras het. Ek wens die lekkerte kry nie einde nie.

Vir maande het ek getob: agter my lessenaar, agter die stuurwiel, in die bed, as ek lees, in die kerk, in 'n vergadering, natuurlik legio ander plekke en selfs op onmoontlike tye, veral wanneer onsensitieweit van oningeligtes perke oorskry. Maar Kersfees kom as jy dit die minste verwag! Wanneer jou gebede opraak, loop jou emmer oor en stroom die seëninge in. Ons is so dankbaar teenoor elkeen wat selfs in die winter, lank voor Kersfees, toegelaat het dat die gees van

welwillendheid hulle lei. Ons harte klop warm vir elkeen wat hul weg oopgesien het om tot *Die Red Reinethuis-fonds* by te dra veral omdat ons land se ekonomie tans in 'n wurggreep is. Op dié stadium staan die fonds op 'n stewige vyf-en-twintig-duisend rand en het ons hoop vir die toekoms. Die restourasie van Reinethuis is goed op dreef en behoort na raming teen einde Maart 2017 voltooid wees. Intussen hoop ons om teen middel Desember die museum vir 'n kort rukkie oop te maak, sodat ons toeriste en ander besoekers aan ons dorp nie teleur stel nie. Ons sien met ons gewone entoesiasme daarna uit om besoekers aan ons museum te verwelkom. Ons is slag gereed vir die besige seisoen. Graag wens ons al ons vriende 'n wonderlike feestyd toe. Ons hoop dat die Liewe Heer vir elkeen 'n spesiale wonderwerk beplan en dat Hy die Nuwe Jaar sal gebruik om ons instrumente van welwillendheid te maak. Geseënde Kersfees en 'n Voorspoedige Nuwe Jaar.



Season's Greetings



Christmas cards have been part of the festive season for a very long time. This custom of written greetings, has its origin in early Egyptian times when inscribed gifts were exchanged. Over centuries it has developed into the modern day Christmas card we have all come to know, a tradition sadly, also on the verge of extinction.

In ancient times, neighbours exchanged gifts with the inscription *ay ab nab* (all good luck). Romans exchanged branches of laurel or olive coated with gold leaf. Gift exchange continued in Europe throughout the early days of Christianity. Master wood carvers would manufacture inscribed blocks which had the same intent as the modern Christmas and New Year's card. Hand-painted copperplate prints from artists such as the Italian

engraver Francesco Bartolozzi (1727 – 1815), were in great demand during the 1800s as well as woodcuts and lithographs, some further embellished with embossed frames.

For many years before the introduction of the Christmas card New Year's cards were customary. These were characterised by a certain austerity with classical motifs and a marked absence of yule-tide greenery. Many Catholic countries still do not send cards with Christmas greetings, only formal good wishes for the New Year. The addition of the Christmas sentiment coincided with the beginning of the Victorian period.

The Valentine tradition, when boys in pre-Christian Rome drew the names of the girls from a love urn at the Feast of Lupercalia, can be regarded as the fore runner of the greeting cards. The custom was introduced to England by the Romans and given Christian respectability when the church

reassigned the custom to the feast of St Valentine, a martyr and bishop of Rome.

In England the development of a more efficient postal system aided the distribution of written good wishes to friends and family. The extensive task of writing Christmas greetings became too tiresome a task even for the early Victorian society and in the 1840s the Christmas card replaced the often many sheets of personally written messages. This practice gained further impetus with the expansion of the British postal system and the introduction of the "Penny Post," allowing the sender to send a letter or card anywhere in the country by affixing a penny stamp to the correspondence.

John Calcot Horsley had the honour of designing the first Christmas card for Sir Henry Cole in 1843. Henry Cole travelled in elite social circles of early Victorian England and had the misfortune of having too many friends. Sir Henry, best remembered today as the

founder of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, was an enthusiastic supporter of the new postal system. He enjoyed being the 1840s equivalent of an A-Lister, but was a busy man and fretted over the stacks of unanswered correspondence. As he watched the stacks of unanswered correspondence he fretted over what to do. In Victorian England it was considered impolite not to answer mail. He had to devise a way to respond to all the letters of his very good friends and family.



Sir Henry Cole's Christmas card (1843)

Cole approached his artist friend J C Horsley and asked him to put his idea to paper. The result was a card that had three panels. The two outer panels showed people caring for the poor and in the

center panel was a family having a large Christmas dinner.

The image was printed on a piece of stiff cardboard, 30 x 82,5mm. At the top of each was the salutation, "TO:_____" allowing Cole to personalize his responses, which included the generic greeting:

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year To You.
Some people did not like the card because it showed a child being given a glass of wine. Despite that small flaw about a thousand cards were printed and sold. Today they are very rare and considered collector's items.

The Victorian Christmas card did not achieve immediate popularity in South Africa, as most South Africans were at that stage, blissfully unaware of what would become one of the biggest industries in later years. The commercial production of greeting cards, however, did not proliferate until the mid-Victorian 1860s.

The Variety of Victorian Christmas cards became enormous. Not only

were they printed on paper, but dressed with satin, fringed silk and plush, gilded and frosted. They were made in the form of fans, stars, crescents and embossed or bejeweled. Some were made to stand upright, to squeak, with illustrations of seasonables from beer to balloons as well as comic animals to snowbound scenes.

Interesting Christmas Card Facts



The smallest known Christmas card was a grain of rice sent to the Prince of Wales in 1929



The biggest Christmas card known was sent to Pres Calvin Coolidge in 1925 which measured 533 x 838mm



In 1846 1000 cards, with the same design as the first Christmas cards, were sold to the public at 1 shilling each by Felix Summerly's Treasure House in Bond street.



Postmen in Victorian England were popularly called "robins" because their uniforms were red.



Victorian Christmas cards often showed a robin delivering Christmas mail.



In the nineteenth century, the British Post Office used to deliver cards on Christmas morning.



The first Christmas stamp was released in Canada in 1898.

The Christmas card publishing industry created unheard of opportunities for artists, writers, printers and engravers.

In 1880 the Christmas card had a rebirth, for it was then that a great London firm offered five hundred guineas in prizes for the most artistic designs. Many of the great artists of the day responded with their best ideas. In addition literary writers saw the opportunity to add to the beauty of the painting, the music of their words. Many well-known writers were not above the profitable work of creating greeting cards. Thousands of pounds were spent in finding the right poems to express suitable Christmas sentiments, until these Yuletide offerings reached the climax of literary and artistic excellence.

In 1895 the Christmas card business went into decline due to competition from overseas (European) printers who produce relatively inexpensive greeting cards that could not be ignored.

From 1900 to World War 1, the greeting card business was practically a German monopoly. German firms of printers such as Meisner & Buch and Hagelberg & Co were known for their beautiful colour reproductions and the outstanding quality of their cards.

Many special cards appeared during wars and times of duress.

1901

Khaki Season's Greetings



This is a piece of uniform which belonged to Alex Willats, a trooper with the British Army during the Anglo Boer War.

As no Christmas cards were available in Graaff-Reinet where he was stationed at the time, he made this card and sent it to his fiancée in England. Overwhelmed, she had it framed.

When he returned to England, they married and returned to South Africa to settle in Transvaal. Alex Willat died in Johannesburg at the age of ninety eight.

Humorous sentiments always enjoyed a degree of popularity. Christmas cards also became more definitive, addressing *Dear Husband, Mother, Father, Sister*. Eventually the Christmas card phenomena reached outrageous proportions and coupled with a certain superfluity and shallowness, turned many a sitting room into minor versions of the shops from which the cards were purchased. Increased social awareness, however, saw the decline of the Christmas card with money being donated to charity and the relief of ickness and hunger instead.

The greeting card industry is struggling to remain afloat in the digital age. Social media, preferred by millions, has become the faster and cheaper means of conveying a message and is birthing e-cards at an alarming rate. “The thought that counts” is no longer of any importance and it has become obvious that the internet has killed the greeting card.

More than one Christmas tradition, popular in the past, has fallen away but most of us still cherish the sentiments of Christmas. Changes in our own society over the years, has resulted in us adding some customs of our own that are typically South African in character: flowers in bloom replaced the snowflakes, leg of lamb replaced the traditional turkey, *Kersvader* replaced the very European *Santa Clause* and the Christmas service is held on Christmas morning and not Christmas Eve.

*May Christmas dawn in happiness
And friends afar and near
With loving words and greetings warm
Your heart and spirit cheer,
And tender Christmas memories make
The passing hours more dear*

May you keep the words of every Christmas card you have ever received in your heart, and when the time comes, give some away to disperse a little happiness wherever you go.

Sources:

Graaff-Reinet Museum Archival Repository: Box File 39
<http://www.smithsonianmag.com/history/history-christmas-card->

FREDDIE PIET REID:

'n Huldeblyk gelewer tydens sy gedenkdien

Deur Anziske Kayster



Aan die bedroefde familie,

Dit is met leedwese dat die Trusteeraad en personeel van die Graaff-Reinet Museum asook die Vriende van die Museum vereniging verneem het dat Oom Freddie Reid verlede week tot hoër diens geroep is. Ons deel in julle verlies en dank die Liewe Heer vir die lewe van 'n besondere mens wat

elkeen van ons se harte geraak het. Nie net het julle 'n dierbare pa en oupa verloor nie, ons het 'n toegewyde lid van ons museumfamilie verloor en ons gaan nes julle, swaar gebuk onder die verlies.

Oom Freddie was 'n mens sonder weerga, 'n bron van kennis en vir my 'n persoonlike stut in 'n tyd toe mense nog die museum met suspisie bejeën het. Ek is geraak deur sy verlede wat hy eerlik en openlik met ons gedeel het, veral sodat toekomstige generasies die verlede beter kan verstaan. Daarna was hy onteenseglik deel van die museumfamilie en sou hierdie vriendskap vir dertien jaar duur.

Hy het 'n besondere lewe gelei en het gereeld van sy tyd en energie onbaatsugtig aan die museum gewy, selfs al moes arme Gail (sy dogter) op kort kennisgewing 'n koek bak vir die straatmark en later, hom na vergadering en museumsfunksies karwei. Op sy eie spesiale manier het hy saam met ons gebou om ons museum toeganklik te maak en die nalatenskap van Apartheid op die kop te trap. En in hierdie taak was hy onverskrokke totdat ouderdom en later siekte aan sy deur kom klop het.

Hy het nooit sy plig as Godsman versuim nie, daarvan kan een van ons vorige voorsitters deeglik getuig toe Oom

Freddie hom eendag oor die vingers tik omdat hy nie die vergadering met 'n gebed ge-open het nie. Hy het die moed van sy oortuiging gehad en *come hell or high water*, het hy sy geloof en liefde vir sy naaste uitgeleef.

Oom Freddie Reid se stem het stil geword, maar sy nalatenskap gee alreeds lang treë die toekoms in. Vandag sien ek dit in sy kinders: hulle gevatte grappe, die lekker langarmdans, die kennis van kalkoenbel en katjie-drie-blaar, lang bene vir netbalspeel, die drafstappie op pad kerk toe, die leen van 'n groot pot vir sop kook wanneer jy nêrens een kan kry nie, die geksker en gelag langs Union se rugbyveld, die vinnige was en droogmaak van 'n *skooltracksuit* op 'n Sondagand, maar ook die hand wat joune styf vashou langs 'n oop graf, of die vasberadenheid waarmee hulle jou kind help soek wat in 'n vreemde kar geklim en verdwyn het. Oom Freddie Reid leef in sy nageslag voort en mag julle al die mooi herinneringe van hom gereeld met ons deel.

Sy nalatenskap is vandag ook in ons museum te sien, nie net omdat hy een van die eerste persone in Kroonvale was wat sy volle gewig agter die museum in gegooi het nie, maar in 'n hartroerende vertelling van sy lewe wat vandag deel is van *The Land Restitution* Uitstalling by

die ou Biblioteek. En ek lees vir u 'n uittreksel:

Ek was maar so vyf toe ons in 1932 na 1003 Henry Straat toe trek. My pa, Piet Reid, het vir ons 'n huis in die Capee Stands gekoop maar daar was ook Hillside, die gedeelte net na die hedendaagse Main Road en Royal Block met sy kenmerkende platdakhuisies. Ja, dit was die Native Location – almal praat sommer vandag van die Lokasie en nou eers beseft ek dat dit eintlik 'n beledigende term is, 'n plek waar alle nie-blankes saamgegooi is. Ek was die enigste kind, maar het Poppie Sobukwe en die Jacobse onder my vriende getel. Daar was natuurlik ook die Kaysters, die Gouwse, die Hectors, die Titusse, die Baartmans en die Speelmans.

Ek onthou baie goed hoe ons Sondag-aande afgestap het na die stasie om ons vriende wat in Port Elizabeth gewerk het, te gaan afsien. Die trein het om 08h00 vertrek en vir ons was dit die hoogtepunt van ons dag.

Sokker was ons groot liefde. Daar waar Isibane skool vandag is, het ons Paasnaweke 'n groot sokkertoernooi gehou. Mense het van heinde en verre gekom, selfs so ver as Port Elizabeth en Johannesburg. Dit was nou vir jou 'n saamtrek! Verskillende spanne het teen mekaar gespeel: Shamrocks, Flying

*Starts, Spoilers, Negroes en die Flyers.
Dit was baie lank gelede – om en by
1940.*

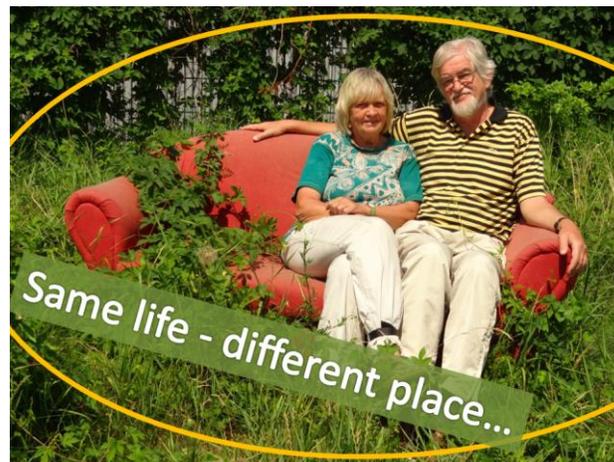
*Toe ek jonk was moes alle ongetroude
mans 'n losieshuisfooie van vyf sjielings
aan die munisipaliteit betaal. Aangesien
ek toe nog ongetroud was en in 'n
buitekamer van my ouers se twee
vertrekhuise gewoon het, was ek verplig
om ook 'n losieshuisfooie te betaal.*

*Ons het in 1951 ons huis in die Lokasie
ontruim. Die groepsgebiedewet het my
pa na die plaas van die Hockley's toe
gedwing en vir my Nieu-Bethesda toe
waar ek as berede polisieman my
loopbaan in die Polisie begin het. My ma
was toe al reeds oorlede. Ek het maar
altyd by my Ant Poppie Misimela in
Presidentstraat tuisgegaan as ek Graaff-
Reinet toe gekom het. Pa is later weer
getroud en ek het myself aan 'n nooi
Koopman van Nieu-Bethesda in die eg
verbind.*

*Ons huis staan nog steeds in
Umasizakhe, alhoewel onbekendes nou
daar woon. Ek wou ook graag 'n
grondeis insit, maar toe ek my kom kry
was die tyd verstreke. Geen geld kan
egter vergoed vir die gelukkige
herinneringe nie. Daar het ek my eerste
das gekry, vandag het ek 110 dasse!*

Die voorreg om so 'n groot gees te ken,
is myne!

Farewell to the Cramers



In 2014, The Graaff-Reinet community was privileged to welcome Stefan and Erika Cramer as representatives of The Southern African Faith Communities' Environment Institute (SAFCEI). SAFCEI is a multi-faith organisation committed to opposing and ending environmental injustices and inspiring individuals and communities to become responsible custodians of the planet.

The Cramers' fight against the environmental degradation of The Karoo for industrial purposes, specifically shale gas exploitation and subsequently uranium mining,

led them to Graaff-Reinet from where they embarked on an aggressive campaign against fracking and uranium mining. They spread their message far and wide not only via the media but their voices were also heard in churches, at schools, at community meetings, sport gatherings and in many private homes.

Their year-long campaign against fracking culminated in the mounting of the most enlightening exhibition: *Transvisions for the Karoo: from Fracking to Renewables – Natural Power, People and the Future* in Graaff-Reinet in May 2015. The exhibition, currently on display at The Graaff-Reinet Museum, centres around a series of lino cuts and an exquisite handmade quilt, aptly named *One World*, created by the First People Artists from Nieu-Bethesda. Additional information panels explain the process of fracking and the negative implications that it holds for the Karoo. It guides the viewer to actively engage in the discourse around shale gas

exploitation and sets new benchmarks for the increased application of sustainable and renewable energy resources such as wind and solar power.

The exhibition became a focal point of many of SAFCEI's anti-fracking endeavors such as educational workshops and presentations and brought many visitors to the Old Library museum. In addition, the exhibition allowed the museum to extend its social platform and promote its mission to exhibit the cultural and natural heritage of all the people of the Camdeboo.

With the imminent departure of the Cramers careful consideration was given to the future of the exhibition. As demounting of the exhibition was not an option SAFCEI and The Graaff-Reinet Museum entered into an open-ended loan agreement which would allow for its indefinite display. Peter Whitlock, the chairman of the Board of Trustees, stated that the exhibition would

remain in the Museum as a fitting tribute to the herculean contribution that the Cramers have made to the protection of the fragile natural environment of the Karoo and to the community life of Graaff-Reinet.

Farewell to the Graaff-Reinet Museums

It is with one laughing and one crying eye that we are leaving Graaff-Reinet after a short stint of less than three years in this beautiful historic town. We have often reflected over the last weeks that these were some of the best years of our lives, with the overwhelming Karoo hospitality, the historic ambience of this iconic Karoo town, and our incessant involvement in the civic affairs of this lovely and vibrant community.

The Museum in particular has become a home for some of our activities, with an entire room dedicated to the subject that brought us here in the first place: the struggle against the disruptive industrialization of the Karoo that would have been brought about by the development of its shale gas resources. To leave this gem, its people and this struggle explains the crying eyes.

The laughing eyes are of course related to the future, our own and that of the Karoo. We are looking forward to new

challenges and opportunities in our own society. We often felt that the multiple divisions within the Karoo society require far more healing than is happening at present. Every struggle, like that against fracking, is easily painted in racial terms, in relation to land ownership, with regards to inequality and unequal access to resources. Our own society is currently being torn apart by xenophobia, mistrust and anger, especially over the questions of refugees coming to Europe. Perhaps we can have a better impact on such issues within our own society and culture.

Our laughing eyes relate also to the many achievements, in particular to lifting the veil of secrecy over the threats of uranium mining in the Karoo. We promise to come back for a big party when the companies finally give up on this crazy plan to dig up a resource that nobody needs anymore, but threatens to kill the rural environment for thousands of years to come. Our hope is that this struggle will continue even well after our departure and we promise to remain part of this struggle even from far afield. Perhaps one day there will be a room dedicated to the history of uranium mining in the Museum.

As the nomadic Tuareg say: When you pack up the tents, the view of horizon

becomes clearer. Graaff-Reinet will always occupy a special corner in our memories, hearts and minds.

Erika & Stefan Cramer, November 2016

An appropriate Christmas story

A little girl's heart made happy

Once upon a time there was a small, rather plain little girl. She wore steel-rimmed glasses and her rat-tailed hair was pulled straight back. She had one missing front tooth. The year was flying towards Christmas and the shops in the little town were decorated with bits of ersatz holly, wispy strings of tinsels and an occasional snow-white ambitious bell.

At the corner of the wide street, where the water still ran through the town in open sluits, stood a shop long since part of the past. It was called Wiggs. In this tin-roofed paradise you could buy ribbons and lace and calico petticoats, coats of unknown style and cut. You could buy pastel-shaded *Crepe de Chine* which slithered off the counter as the girl dressed in black cut and

then tore it across. From glass-topped drawers they sold artificial flowers and veiling and feathers for the hats of the grown-ups.

It was the kind of shop when you went in and said, "Good afternoon, Miss Botha. Aunty wants two yards of white elastic not too wide," and she said, "How's your mother after her operation? And thanks for the basket of figs." In this lovely shop with the wide mahogany counters, and just round the corner from the dressmakers dummy, they had arranged the display of Christmas dolls. There were enormous beautifully dressed dolls standing to attention in cardboard boxes. You knew without touching that they would shut and open their eyes and that they had real hair on their remote unbreakable heads. Their black silk eyelashes weren't real, but that didn't count.

At the feet of the superior dolls sat the baby dolls. Their legs and arms were doubled-jointed and they wore odd white garments which were tied at the back. They were not supposed to be dressed. The cotton shrouds merely covered their

nakedness and it was up to you to dress your own baby doll. Well, in this prodigal shop they had introduced a brand new type of doll.

It was called a Graaff-Reinet doll and it was round and fat and naked, and as hard as nails when you picked it up. It was stuffed with something like coir and the whole was encased in bright pink cotton skin and crowned with a brashly painted breakable head.



The cheeks were scarlet, the slightly parted mouth showed two pearly white front teeth. The crown of the head was painted to look like reddish brown hair, with curls lying slick on the forehead.

There never was a doll like the Graaff-Reinet doll, and the child in the steel-rimmed glasses wanted one more than anything else on earth. She would go into Wiggs every day just to stand in front of the doll.

Two days before Christmas she was terrified to discover that the Graaff-Reinet doll had been transferred to the window. Somebody was going to see it and buy it for sure. She ran all the way home, long thin legs flying and stopped gasping for breath in the door. The Graaff-Reinet doll is in the window, and somebody is going to take it, there isn't another one, only a very small one and you must do something quickly before it's gone. But grown-ups never move fast enough in times of crisis and when she went back to Wiggs in the afternoon the Graaff-Reinet doll had gone.

The child sat on the grass under the oak trees outside the shop window and stared at the spot where the Graaff-Reinet doll used to be. In its place was a bride doll in white satin blue bows and lace. Under its veil it had real fair hair and blue eyes

which anyone could see would open and shut.

The child walked into the shop and said, what's happened to the Graaff-Reinet doll, the one with the pink skin and the two front teeth? The woman in the black wore steel-rimmed pince-nez glasses which snapped back to her chest, when she pulled a black elastic cord. She said the terrible words: it's been sold. But don't look so sad. There are plenty more beautiful dolls. That was the ugliest one in the shop.

The child walked out of the shop, down the dappled oak lined street. She turned into the garden and climbed into the loquat tree sure and safe refuge from the world of grown-ups.

On Christmas morning the child woke up while all house was still asleep. At the foot of the bed was a large pillowcase, and in the pillowcase was a large cardboard box. Inside the cardboard box was the Graaff-Reinet doll.



Unknown girl with glasses and her doll:
Antique Toy Chest

You bought it, you bought it, you bought it, she cried and raced out onto the dew-wet grass still wearing her long cotton nightdress and clutching to her hammering heart the worlds ugliest and most wonderful, beautiful doll.

This unedited story was written by Molly Reinhardt, the Sunday times columnist, many years ago. What an appropriate Christmas story! The original moulds from which the Graaff-Reinet doll was made, are currently on display at Reinet House

Reinethuis-horlosie tot volle glorie herstel

Figuursaagwerk het teen die 1800's 'n hoogtepunt in England bereik. Hierdie ingewikkelde kunsvorm, wat die uitsny

van dekoratiewe patrone uit hout behels, is met figuursae, maar ook met voetaangedrewe krulsae gedoen.

Die figuursaagwerk-horlosie onder bespreking, is reeds in 1980 deur ene Mev. R M Joubert aan Reinethuis geskenk, maar hier en daar het 'n deeltjie verlore gegaan. Terwyl onder die sorg van 'n restoureerder, het hierdie kosbare horlosie deeglik met moederaarde kennis gemaak en die museum het oorweeg om die horlosie af te skryf en uit die versameling te verwyder. Die vermoede bestaan dat Gawie du Toit van Aberdeen, die horlosie vanaf sketse en aanwysings afkomstig van Engeland aanmekeargesit het. Daar word ook vertel dat hy die dekoratiewe patrone met 'n figuursaaglem amper net so dun soos 'n mensehaar, uitgesny het. Hoe lank dit hom geneem het om die horlosie, wat elemente van Big Ben bevat, te maak, is onbekend, maar dit was duidelik 'n langsame proses met baie ure van intense konsentrasie.

Buks Vögel van Nieu-Bethesda, het van die stukkende horlosie verneem en tot die museum se redding gekom. Die horlosie was in eenhonderd sewe en negentig stukke. Die uitdaging was onmiddellik en elke vrye tydjie het

Vögel aan die restourasie van die horlosie gewy. Dit was vir hom 'n obsessie en binne die bestek van 'n maand, op 2 September 2016, lewer hy dit by Reinethuis af waar dit tans op 'n jonkmanskas pryk.



Intussen het Elize en Buks Vögel, asook hul dogter Alida, nie gerus voordat die horlosie in 'n glaskas, beskerm teen wind en weer en vuil hand, is nie en

het hulle hand diep in eie sak gestee. Met die ruimhartige bystand van Graaff-Reinet Hardware en Elizabeth Vorster kon Buks 'n glaskas maak en is die horlosie nou veilig agter slot en grendel. Ons is hulle baie dank verskuldig.

Words to ponder.....

Its great to have a friend like you, your friendship is our Christmas gift. Have a blessed Christmas.