INTRODUCTION

This is Book 8 of a series of 8 e-books on a branch of the FAURE family:

2. Genealogy of a Faure Branch: Book 2: Descendants of Dr Abraham FAURE (1795-1875).

This e-book covers:

Appendix Abridged genealogy of Antoine FAURE (1685-1736), by Alexander Pierre FAURE (1946-), Michael John HARRIS (1933-), Albert Pieter Verner FAURE (1931-2007)
Appendix Branches not yet fitted, by Alexander Pierre FAURE (1946-)
Appendix Myne eerste Afrikaansche excursie (My first African excursion) [Described by Wits University Library (where the original is kept) as “The experiences of the wife of a minister who travelled by ox-wagon from Pietermaritzburg to Ladysmith and back”], by Maria Johanna Louisa ALEWIJN (1830-1907) (called “Marianne”) (edited by Val WARD)
Appendix General Sir John FIELD, husband of Aletta Hendrina FAURE (1824-1898), by Michael John HARRIS (1933-)
Appendix Past memories, by Helen Elizabeth Morkel FAURE (x BECKER) (1915-2005) (written in 1990)
Appendix 1938 letter from Marianne Isabella Martina Frederika FAURE (1852-1945) to Senator PAB FAURE (1875-1947), translated by Anthony Gerard FAURE (1926-)
Appendix The reminiscences of Annie Faure, by Anna Johanna FAURE (1882-1973)
Appendix  Biographical notes on Archdeacon Richard BROOKE, by Paul Stewart WEST (1949-)
Appendix  Biographical notes on David Cade WIGGLESWORTH, CBE, DL, (1930-), by Michael John HARRIS (1933-)
Appendix  2007 letter from James Hendrik FAURE (1934-) (Jimmy) to Anthony Gerhard FAURE (1926-) (Tony) [on the commodities brokerage firm, HMF Faure, owned UK FAURE's], edited by Anthony Gerard FAURE (1926-)
Appendix  Biographical notes on William Adolf FAURE (1895-1990) and Sjoukje Maria DE VRIES, by Anthony Gerard FAURE (1926-)
Appendix  The Faure signet ring, by Anthony Gerard FAURE (1926-)
Appendix  Eulogy to a grande old dame: Marguerita Mary (Liefie) FAURE (born KLERCK) (1918-2002), by Alexander Pierre FAURE (1946-)
Appendix  Memories of Hannes and Liefie FAURE, by Alexander Pierre Faure (1946-)
Appendix  Memories of Kahlenberg, by Geoffrey Longford MORGAN (1949-)
Appendix  Ancestors of Antoine FAURE (1685-1736), Alexandre FAURE (1672-1741) and Jean FAURE (1681-1759), by Alexander Pierre FAURE (1946-) and Michael John HARRIS (1933-)
Appendix  Jean FAURE (1637-1714) and his descendants, by Alexander Pierre FAURE (1946-) and Michael John HARRIS (1933-)
APPENDIX

ABRIDGED GENEALOGY OF ANTOINE FAURE (1685-1736)

The descendents of Antoine and Rachel are presented below in the de Villiers / Pama format. It will be evident that each person has a unique code. For example, Peter Macdonald FAURE (1991-) (on the next page) has the code a1b1c2d4e3f6g1h1i3. In reverse order he is able to read his precise Faure-male ancestor line back to Antoine FAURE (1685-1736):

- Self: Peter Macdonald FAURE (1991) (i3)
- Father: Ian Eric (1953-2007) (h1)
- Grandfather: Peter David (1925-1987) (g1)
- Great grandfather: Reginald Theodore (1882-1952) (f6)
- Great-great grandfather: David Pieter (1842-1916) (e3)
- Great-great-great grandfather: Abraham (1795-1868) (d4)
- Great-great-great-great grandfather: Jan Pieter (1760-1820) (c2)
- Great-great-great-great-great grandfather: Abraham (1717-1792) (b1)
- Great-great-great-great-great-great grandfather: Antoine (1685-1736) (a1).

In the genealogy below we provide the birth and death years, and variations thereof, as indicated in the following examples:

- Both birth and death dates are known: Antoine 1685-1736
- Deceased but date of death unknown: Dorothea Susanna 1837-?
- Birth and death dates unknown: Angela ?-?
- Birth date known and s/he is likely to be alive: Peter Macdonald 1991-
- A child was born but s/he is likely to be deceased: A child ?-
- A child was born and s/he is likely to be alive: A child ?-
• We know the child died young: Alexander 1762-y or ?.y.

It will be seen in the genealogy below that the detail provided (precise dates, places, biographical notes, etc) is limited. This is because we elected to keep the genealogy unfettered at this stage such that the reader is able to trace his/her line easily. The detail is provided in the subsequent chapters.

THE BELOW WILL BE CHECKED IN DETAIL

a1 Antoine 1685-1736
  b1 Abraham 1717-1792
    c1 Anthony Alexander 1758-1824
    d1 Petronella Sophia 1787-1868
    c2 Jan Pieter 1760-1820
      d1 Catharina Maria 1790-1791
      d2 Anna Catharina Maria 1791-1860
      d3 Catharina Maria 1793-1860
      d4 Abraham 1795-1868
        e1 Dorothea Susanna 1837-?
        e2 Jan Pieter 1841-1843
        e3 David Pieter 1842-1916
          f1 Maria Beatrice 1872-?
          f2 Dora 1873-?
          f3 Florence 1875-1951
          f4 Vincent 1866-1918
            g1 David Andre 1910-1978
              h1 Peta Vivienne Margarte 1937-?
              g2 Neil 1912-1944
                h1 Angela ?-?
                f5 Josephine 1879-?
            f6 Reginald Theodore 1882-1952
              g1 Peter David 1925-1987
                h1 Ian Eric 1953-2007
                  i1 Michelle Catherine 1983-?
                  i2 Jani Suzanne 1984-
i3 Peter Macdonald 1991-
  h2 Robin Michael 1955-
    i1 James Peter 1988-
    i2 Simon Christopher 1990-
  h3 Kathryn Elaine 1957-

d5 Johanna Jacoba 1797-?
d6 Susanna Justina 1800-1878
d7 Jan Pieter Hendrik 1804-1856
    e1 Anna Catharina Frederika 1826-1831
    e2 Jan Pieter 1836-1872
      f1 Theodora Sophia Overbeek 1861-1861
      f2 Sophia Johanna 1862-1919
      f3 Jan Pieter Hendrik 1863-1929
      f4 Willem Christiaan Botha 1865-1955
        g1 Muriel Elizabeth 1892-1981
        g2 Gladys Jacoba 1894-1894
        g3 Ernest 1895-1916
        g4 Alexius Schonberg 1896-1971
          h1 William Ernest 1922-1977
            i1 Catharina 1949-
            i2 Alexius Ernest 1955-
            h2 Jeanne Suzanne 1924-?
            h3 Muriel Constance 1931-? x de Wet
      f5 Theodora Petronella Aletta 1870-1948

d8 Aletta Antoinetta Alexandrina 1807-1808
c3 Susanna Justina 1762-1816
c4 Pieter Hendrik 1764-1795
    d1 Elizabeth Hendrina 1791-1863

c5 Abraham 1766-1846
    d1 Arnoldus Constantyn Mom 1799-?
      e1 Theresa Louise Mom 1825-?
      e2 Abraham Mom 1828-?
      e3 Ida Mom 1830-c1830
      e4 Ida Magdalena Mom 1832-?
    d2 Louis Alexander c1801-c1801
d3 Jan Pieter Eduard 1802-?
   No issue

d4 Magdalena Elisabeth 1814-?

d5 Abraham 1815-1858
   e1 Johanna Sara 1843-1880
   e2 Abraham 1845-1846
   e3 Michiel Adriaan 1847-1919 Issue?
   e4 Abraham 1847-?

c6 Jacobus Christiaan 1769-1834
   d1 Maria Cornelia 1794-1795
   d2 Abraham 1795-1875
   e1 Jacobus Christiaan 1819-1879
      f1 Maria Theresia 1840-1863
      f2 Geertruida Isabella 1842-1929
      f3 Catharina Johanna 1843-1924
      f4 Johanna Henrietta 1845-?
      f5 Abraham 1847-1927
         g1 Julia Antoinette 1874-y
         g2 Johanna Henrietta Knobel 1876-?
         g3 Jacobus Christiaan 1878-y
         g4 Margaretha Maria Irene Rosa 1879-?
         g5 Johan Pieter Rosa 1881->1941
            h1 Mabel ?-?
         g6 Abraham August 1883-1970
            h1 Pierre Knobel 1921-1995
            h2 Eileen 1921-1973
            h3 Abraham 1925-?
         g7 Gertruida Isabella Caldwell 1885-?
         g8 Gwendolene Stegman 1887-?
         g9 Catharina Aletta Elizabeth 1889-?
         g10 Lucretia Mary Ada 1891-?
         g11 Andrew Murray 1893-1960
            h1 Abraham Theodorus 1921-1974
               i1 Andrew Murray 1948-
                  j1 Riana 1974-
                  j2 Maryka 1977-
h2 Theodorus Daniel 1923-1989
  i1 Margaretha 1957-
  i2 Andrew Murray 1960-
    f1 Louis 1981-
    f2 Theodorus Daniel 1983-
    f3 Enslin 1985-
  i3 Joanette 1962-
  i4 Willem 1967-
    f1 Sune 1987-
    f2 Jana 1989-
    f3 Theodorus Daniel 2001-
    f4 Lisa 2004-
  i5 Catharina c1960-
h3 Andrew Murray c1928-
  i1 Lucinda c1965-
h4 Denis 1933-1969
  i1 Andre 1960-
  i2 Hannalie 1960-
h5 Eileen c1936-
h6 Pierre c1939-
f6 Johan Christiaan 1849-1905
  g1 Henriette Margaretha Visagie 1877-<1955
  g2 John Andrew 1879-1942
  g3 Isabella Margaretha 1882-?
  g4 Aletta Elizabeth Louise von Bouchenroder c1885-?
f7 Aletta Hendrina 1851-1934
f8 William Caldwell 1853-1902
  g1 Anna Christina Elizabeth 1888-?
  g2 Johanna Henrietta 1889-?
  g3 Isabella Caldwell 1890-?
  g4 Carl Frederik 1892-?
    h1 William Caldwell 1924-
      Had children
      g1 Child
      g2 Child etc
    h2 Charles Kirkwood 1926-
i1 Charles Kirkwood 1949-
j1 Libette 1972-
j2 Etienne 1974-
k1 Heather Joy 2002-
k2 Dylan Kirk 2006-
j3 Michelle 1982-
i2 Raymond Denis 1953-
k1 Deander 1950-
k2 Damon 1983-
i3 Howard Andrew 1956-
j1 Brett Deane 1979-
j2 Pierre 1982-
k1 Cohen Tristan 2004-
k2 Ethan 2006-
i4 Colette Esme 1959-
h3 Mya 1929-
h4 Nesta 1932-
g5 William Caldwell 1893-?
h1 William Caldwell 1920-1994
  i1 William Caldwell 1949-1994
  i2 Duncan Caldwell 1956-
k1 William Caldwell 2000-
k2 Julia Maria 2001-
h2 Keith Alexe 1925-
i1 Elsabe 1951-1982
  i2 Jacqueline 1955-
h3 Yvonne Henrietta 1928-
g6 Jacobus Johannes Kiegaart Ballot 1897-?
g7 Charlotte Wilhelmina 1900-?
f9 Jacobus Christiaan 1856-1898
  g1 Marie Henriette 1882-1969
  g2 Catharina Anna Elizabeth 1884-1979
  g3 Talitha Cumi 1885-1979
  g4 Jacobus Christiaan 1891-1973
  h1 Marie Helene 1921-
h2 Lorette Talitha 1924-
g5 Hermoine Stephanie Lombard 1894-1961
f10 August Frederick Knobel 1858-1882
f11 Elisabeth Amalia Franciska 1861-1912
e2 Catharina Johanna Maria 1821-?
e3 William Caldwell 1822-1844
e4 Aletta Hendrina 1824-1898
e5 Abraham 1825-1826
e6 Gertruida Isabella 1827-1907
e7 Hendrik Emanuel 1828-1898
f1 Marianne Isabella Martina Frederika Alewyn 1852-1945
f2 Abraham William Frederik Alewyn 1854-1922
  g1 Mary Catherine Isabella 1879-?
g2 Hendrik Carel William 1882-1960
  h1 Hendrik Everard Erik 1906-1998
  h2 Maria Joanna Louisa 1908-1989
  h3 Marguerite Cornelia 1925-?
  h4 Lillian Marianne Joy 1928-?
  h5 Henri Charles Wiliam 1929-?
    i1 Benedicte Caroline Nathalie 1956-
    i2 Frederic Charles William 1959-
      j1 Martin 1997-
      j2 Romain 2001-
  h6 Antoine Alexandre 1931-1991
    i1 Michael Gerbert 1958-
      j1 Marguerite Elisabeth 1985-
      j2 Gerbert Henry Charles 1987-
      j3 Emmy Magalie 1997-
      j4 Esmee Catherine 1999-
      j5 Antoine Haitao 2007-
    i2 Joyce Ellie Robertine 1959-
  g3 William Natalis Martinus 1883-1975
    h1 Marguerite Alide Jeanne 1915-?
    h2 Rene Angelique Annette 1918-2006
  g4 Margaretha Theodora 1885-?
g5 Edward William 1890-?
g6 Anna Angelique Adrienne 1892-1994
g7 Theoda Jeanne Mary 1893-?
f3 Louis Henry Frederik Alewyn 1857-1924
g1 Henry Martinus Frederik 1882-1937
  h1 Gertrude Emilie 1907-1967
  h2 Peter Henry 1908-1964
    i1 Sally Anna 1938-?
    i2 Simon Christopher Henry 1940-2005
      j1 Anna Olivia 1972-
      j2 Simon Henry 1975-
    i3 Adrian John 1947-
  h3 Hillegonda Anna Elisabeth (Lady) 1909-2002
  h4 Henry Frederick 1910-2000
    i1 Margaret Ingeborg 1937-
    i2 Howard Henry 1939-?
    i3 Nicholas Ove 1944-?
      j1 James Oliver 1986-
      j2 Marcus Richard 1988-
      j3 Jeanne Louise 1990-
  h5 Eric Simon Noel 1913-1998
    i1 Andrew David 1948-2007
    i2 John Richard 1948-
    i3 Caroline Elisabeth Stuart 1949-
g2 Emily Geertruida 1884-1968
g3 Edward Everard George 1885-1886
g4 Maria Theresia 1885-1979
g5 Marnix Frederik 1886-1918
g6 Natalie Marie 1890-1972
g7 Anna Bartholda 1892-1987
g8 Marie Jeanne Agatha 1893-1987
g9 William Adolf 1895-1990
  h1 Marnix Frederik 1920-?
    i1 Margaret Beryl 1952-
  h2 Sjoukje Annie 1924-?
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   g2 Edward 1900-?
   g2 Helena Francisca 1902-1950
f8 Henriette Maria Theoda 1867-1923
f9 Mary Jane Agatha 1869-1953
e8 Johanna Susanna 1830-?
e9 Johannes Pieter 1832-1900
f1 Catharina Frederica 1856-1924
f2 Abraham 1858-1935
f3 Gertruida Isabella 1859-1900
f4 Maria Aletta 1861-1961
f5 James Abercrombie 1864-1950
   g1 Johannes Pieter 1891-1958
      h1 June Yvonne 1939-1966
      g2 Martin Theodore 1894-1953
         h1 Michael Newberry Abercrombie 1939-
            i1 Micah Chimuntu 1986- (adopted)
        h2 Ruth Ann 1941-
   g3 Claude Rudolf 1901-1902
   g4 Hester Marie 1903-?
   g5 Margaret Petronella 1907-1971
f6 Julia Hutchinson 1865-1928
f7 William Caldwell 1867-1944
   g1 Johannes Pieter 1898-1971
      h1 William Caldwell 1924(2)-
         i1 Martin Jack 1946-
            j1 Martin William 1972-
            j2 Conan Preston 1975-
            j3 Adrianus Lukas 1977-
            j4 Anthony Roy Caldwell 1980-
            i2 Kathleen 1948-
            i3 Johannes Pieter 1954-
               j1 Bernadine 1975-
               j2 Charlize 1996-
j3 William Caldwell 1998-
h2 Josias Servaes c1927-
   i1 Johannes Pieter c1952-
   i2 Daniel Johannes c1955-
   i3 Josias c1956-
   h3 Johanna Helena c1930-
   g2 Maria Johanna Susanna 1901-?
   g3 Petronella Catharina margaretha 1904-?
   f8 John Field 1868-1924
   g1 Johannes Emile 1921-?
   f9 Hester Elizabeth 1870-1940
   f10 Hendrik Alewyn 1872-1872
   e10 Pieter Heinrich von Manger 1834-1840
   e11 Philip Eduard 1838-1869
   f1 Abraham 1860-1937
   g1 Philip Eduard 1884-1944
   h1 Abraham 1911-1981
   i1 Philip Eduard 1933-1984
   j1 Elizabeth Susanna 1958-
   j2 Abraham 1961-
   j3 Jurgens Johannes 1963-
   k1 Kevin Jurgens 1987-
   k2 Gabriel Johannes 1989-
   j4 Anneline Marecie ?
i2 Theunis Philipus Botha 1936-1945
i3 Abraham 1939-
   j1 Abraham 1060-
   k1 Simone 1990-
   k2 Brihan 2006-
   Ruvan 2008-
   j2 Mari 1963-
i4 Jan Abraham 1941-1999
   k1 Maria Elizabeth 1966-
   k2 Marianna 1968-
   k3 Jacolene 1973-
i5 Johan Marius 1947-1947
i6 Magdalena Henrietta Elizabeth 1950-
h2 Johan Andries Benjamin 1913-1986
i1 Magdalena Susanna 1942-
h3 Philip Eduard 1915-1968
i1 Philip Eduard 1944-
i2 Jan Daniel 1950-
h4 Jannie 1919-1935
h5 Helena Hendrika Susanna 1926-
g2 Martha Maria 1887-1969
g3 Jacobus Petrus Nicolaas 1891-1933
h1 Martha Maria Magdalena 1918-1986
h2 Abraham 1920-1921
h3 Jacobus Nicolaas 1922-?
i1 Philip Nicolaas 1950-
j1 Angelo 1976-
j2 Nicolaas 1979-
i2 Douglas 1951-
h4 George Diederick 1923-?
i1 Elizabeth Johanna 1958-
i2 George Diederick 1960-
j1 Deon 1985-
j2 Maria 1988-
h5 Philip Eduard 1928-?
i1 Dalene Julia 1954-
i2 Martie Maria 1957-
i3 Irene 1961-
g4 Helena Catharina 1893-1984
g5 Maria Wilhelmina Helena 1894-1984
g6 Abraham 1897-1969
h1 Magdalena Johanna Gertruida 1925-
h2 Abraham 1828-
i1 Abraham 1984-
h3 Pieter Francois 1932-
i1 Brian Duncan 1959-
j1  Alan c1984-
j2  Barbara c1986-
j3  Craig c1989-
j4  Derek c1992-
j5  Evelyn c1995-
j6  Fiona c1997-
i2  David 1963-
i3  Michael 1966-
     j1  a girl c1992-
     j2  Kevin c1995-
h4  Philip Jakobus Malherbe 1937-
     i1  Charleen 1965-
     i2  Vanessa 1969-
     i3  Raymond Philip 1973-
     i4  Marisa 1974-
g7  Gerhardus Jacobus 1900-1901
f2  Helena Catharina 1861-1877
f3  Gertruida Isabella 1863-1877
f4  Hester Leonora 1865-1866
f5  Pieter Jacobus van Breda 1866-
     g1  Philip Peter 1891-1891
     g2  Peter Faure LATEGAN 1901-1981
e12 Carolina 1839-1839
d3  Johannes Gysbertus 1796-1869
  e1  Jacobus Christiaan 1819-1925
  e2  Willem Daniel 1820-1868
     f1  Johannes Gysbertus 1845-1858
     f2  Anna Maria 1847-1848
     f3  Magfeld Johanna Maria 1848-1870
     f4  Isaac Pieter 1850-1921
     g1  Willem Daniel 1875-1949
     g2  Daniel Eliza 1877-1952
     h1  Martha Jacoba 1906-1966
     h2  Izak Pieter 1908-?
        i1  Daniel Eliza 1950-
j1 Izak Pieter Louis 1980-
j2 Rozanne Anneline 1984-
i2 Pieter Slabbert 1955-
   j1 Yolande 1984-
   j2 Ilse 1987-
   j3 Izak Pieter 1989-
i3 Hester Magdalena 1958-
i4 Susanna Margrieta 1962-
h3 Margaretha Johanna Katharina 1909-1978
h4 Susanna Margaretha 1911-1991
h5 Dawid Barend 1914-1982
   i1 Cornelius Daniel 1959-
      j1 Mariette 1986-
      j2 Dawid Hendrik 1991-
h6 Daniel Eliza 1916-1991
   i1 Henriette 1949-
      i2 Daniel Eliza 1951-
         j1 Eugene 1972-
            k1 Gabriel 1995-
            j2 Antoinette 1974-
            j3 Jonathan 1981-
            k1 Aydan 2005-
i3 Cornelis Jacobus Francois 1953-1964
   i4 Susanna Margarita van der Merwe 1955-
i5 Petrus Jacobus Struwig 1957-
      j1 Rentia 1980-
      j2 Deidre 1987-
h7 Maria Aletta 1920-?
g3 Isaac Pieter 1880-1947
h1 Hendrina Susanna 1920-
h2 Issac Pieter 1921-1988
   i1 Erika Aletta 1954-
i2 Isak Pieter 1958-
      j1 Ivan Pieter 1983-
      j2 Claudette 1988-
i3 Matthys Johannes 1959-                      
   j1 Matthys Johannes 1986-                    
h3 Margaretha Johanna 1923-                    
h4 Jacoba Margaretha 1925-                      
h5 Maria Aletta 1927-                         
h6 Pieter Jacobus 1932-                        
   i1 Stephanus Johannes 1953-                  
      j1 Sonnika 1978-                          
      j2 Stephanie 1980-                        
i2 Francois Lloyd 1955-                         
      j1 Francois Pieter 1985-                   
      j2 Eon 1993-                              
i3 Pieter 1957-                                
      j1 Candice 1988-                          
      j2 Adrian 1992-                           
i4 Tallitha 1960-                              
i5 Beranta 1960-                               
h7 Anna Maria 1933-                            
g4 Maria Aletta 1882-1959                     
g5 Johannes Gysbertus 1888-1908               
g6 Margaretha Johanna Susanna 1891-1966        
g7 Stephanus Johannes 1893-1972                
g8 Anna Maria 1895-1982                       
f5 Willemina Margaretha Johanna 1852-1853      
f6 Willem Daniel 1853-1935                    
   g1 Servaas Daniel 1876-1971                  
      h1 Cornelia Aletta Wyanda 1903-           
      h2 Willem Felix Conradie 1906-1986        
         i1 Annette Susanne 1930-                
         i2 Johan Andre Felix 1933-              
      h3 Douglas Daniel de Villiers 1908-1987    
         i1 Hendrina Elizabeth 1940-             
         i2 Servaas Daniel 1942-                 
            j1 Cornelia 1973-                   
            j2 Douglas Daniel de Villiers 1974-1994
h3 Helen c1938-
h4 Jacobus Christiaan 1941-1992
i1 Daleen 1976-
i2 Justin William 1987-
g7 Marius Eliza 1908-1967
h1 Constance c1932-c1938
f8 Margaretha Magdalena Catharina 1857-1932
f9 Aletta Hendrina Elizabeth 1859-1942
f10 Abraham 1861-1935
f11 Catharina Elizabeth 1863-1930
e3 Johanna Barbara 1822-
e4 Aletta Hendrina 1825-
e5 Abraham 1827-1852
e6 Clara Elizabeth Catharina 1829-
e7 Johannes Gysbertus 1831-1858
e8 Susanna Justina Catharina 1833-
e9 Adriaan Philippus 1835-
f1 Johannes Gysbertus 1858-c1858
f2 Christina Elizabeth 1860-?
f3 Magfeld Johanna 1862-?
f4 Elsabe Christina 1863-?
f5 Aletta Hendrina 1865-?
f6 Gysbertus Christiaan 1866-1931
g1 Barend Frederik 1903-1949
h1 Aletta Maria 1943-1966
h2 Gysbertus Christiaan 1945-
g2 Johanna Elizabeth 1905-?
g3 Elsabe Elizabeth 1910-?
g4 Antoine Alexander 1914-1970
h1 Johanna Christina 1948-
f7 Gysbertus Philippus 1866-?
f8 Adriaan Philippus 1868-1943
f9 Daniel Ferdinand 1870-1938
g1 Helena c1905-?
f10 Susanna Justina Catharina 1875-?
i1 Nicolette 1969- 
i2 Belinda 1971- 
i3 Theresa 1973- 
i4 Sheryl 1974- 
g4 Anna Brand 1905-?
e2 Elisabeth Isabella 1834-1876 
e3 Johannes Albertus 1838-1902 
f1 Jacobus Christiaan 1861-1934 
g1 Erilda Louisa 1898-1968 
g2 Johannes Albertus 1900-1967 
h1 Rosali Ida 1932- 
h2 Jacobus Christiaan 1934-? 
i1 Lynette Ann 1959- 
i2 Joan Elizabeth 1961- 
i3 Johannes Albertus 1962- 
j1 Abigail 1988- 
j2 Jacobus Christiaan 1991- 
i4 David Enderby 1964- 
j1 Oliver Thomas 2003- 
j2 Timothy 2006- 
h3 Johannes Henricus Brand 1937-? 
i1 Elaine Cornelia 1964- 
i2 Claude Alexander Brand 1966- 
j1 Daniel 1996- 
j2 Nathan 1998- 
j3 Benjamin 2001- 
j3 Sharon Michelle 1970- 
f2 Anna Fredrika Wilhelmina 1863-1932 
f3 Elizabeth 1865-1944 
f4 Wilhelmina Catharina Johanna 1868- 
f5 Philippus Albertus Brand 1875-1947 
g1 Helena Elizabeth Morkel 1915-2005 
g2 Anna Wilhelmina Morkel 1916-2000 
g3 Johannes Philibert Morkel 1917-1995 
h1 Philibert Klerck 1945-1965
h2 Alexander Pierre 1946-
i1 Jean Philip Miller 1970-
  j1 James Philip Kossuth 1998-
  j2 Alexandra Megan 2000-
  j3 Emily Faith 2005-
  i2 Andre Pierre 1974-
  j1 Nicholas Pierre Gottfert 2006-
  j2 Taryn Karmen 2009-
  i3 Antoinette Barbara 1977-
  i4 Peter John 1983-

h3 Johann Klerck 1948-
i1 Anton Johan 1975-
  j1 Ashiene kate 2005-
  j2 Damien Anton 2007-
  j3 Mark ?-
  i2 Jan Johannes 1976-
    j1
    j2

i3 Steven Gordon 1976-
  j1 Isabel ?-
    j2

i4 Jeanine 1982-

h4 Carol Klerck 1952-
h5 Klerck Pieter 1956-
  i1 Justin Nicholas 1993-
  i2 Lindsay Marie 1995-

h6 Lance Klerck 1957-
  i1 Taylor Ashley 1996-
  i2 Georgia Ann 2000-

h1 Albert Hendrik 1953
  i1 Alison Jayne 1989-
  i2 Anthony Albert 1993-

h2 Florene Emmerentia 1960

h3 Hendrik Noel Morkel 1965
j1 Clea Marie 1998-
j2 Minette Florene 2000-
j3 Roche Noel 2003-
g5 Emerentia Morkel 1920-1985
e4 Magdalena Maria 1841-1938
e5 Abraham 1843-1844
e6 Philip 1846-1901
e7 Aletta Hendrina 1849-1918
e8 Pieter Hendrik 1848-1914
f1 Jacobus Christiaan 1875-1875
f2 Anna Magdalena 1876-1877
f3 Elizabeth 1878-1949
f4 Jacobus Christiaan 1879-1955
g1 Helen Joan 1915-2007
g2 Pieter Mills 1917-1988
h1 Jacobus Christiaan 1950-
i1 Andrew Peter 1979-
i2 Emma Elizabeth 1984-
h2 Helen 1952-
h3 Michael 1954-
i1 Jennifer Helen 1981-
i2 Katherine 1985-
i3 Lauren 1987-
g3 John Mills 1920-2013
h1 Pieter Hendrik 1958-
i1 John Peter 1991-
i2 Brian William Batchelor 1992-
h2 Rex Philip 1960-
i1 Alexander Philip 1992-
f5 Anna Johanna 1882-1973
f6 Johanna Susanna 1884-1928
f7 Cecil Magdalene 1892-1981
d5 Pieter Hendrik 1800-1862
e1 Jacobus Christiaan 1822-?
f1 Pieter Hendrik 1850-1923
g1 Sophia Albertina 1876-1952
g2 Anna Wilhelmina 1878-?
g3 Angelique Maria 1880-?
g4 Jacobus Christiaan 1882-c1903
h1 Johanna Susanna c1908-?
g5 Nicolaas Bamberger 1884-1953
    h2 Pieter Hendrik c1910-?
h3 Angelique Bamberger 1912-?
g6 Aletta Eleonora 1886-?
g7 Pieter Hendrik 1888-1946
    h1 Pieter Hendrik 1918-?
        i1 Wilhelmina Hendrieka 1944-
        i2 Pieter Hendrik 1946-
            j1 Pieter Hendrik 1974-
            j2 Brett Roedolf Christiaan 1976-
        i3 Willem Jacobus 1950-
            j1 Gina 1975-
            j2 Liezel 1977-
        i4 Johan Christiaan 1960-
            j1 Anelle 1987-
    h2 Christiaan Johannes 1920-
        i1 Pieter Hendrik 1951-1974
    h3 Angelique Marie 1926-
        g8 Alexina Johanna 1890-?
f2 Lambertus Dirk Petrus 1851-1921
    g1 Susanna Jacomina 1878-?
g2 Sophia Albertina 1879-?
g3 Lambertina Petronella 1880-?
g4 Margaretha Johanna 1881-?
g5 Jacobus Christiaan 1891-1968
    h1 Lambertus Dirk Petrus 1925-
        i1 Anton Dirk 1959-
            j1 Justin Craig 1987-
            j2 Adrian Stanton 1989-
        i2 Louise Medie 1961-
h2 Jacobus Marthinus 1928-
i1 Elizabeth 1954-
h3 Elizabeth 1932-1957
g6 Catharina Maria 1893-?
g7 Elizabeth Margaritha c1896-?
g8 Angelique Marie 1901-?
f3 Cornelia Sophia 1853-1857
f4 Jacobus Christiaan 1855-1932
g1 Sophia Albertina c1877-?
g2 Catharina Jacoba c1880-?
g3 Elizabeth Sophia c1882-1932
g4 Jacobus Christiaan 1883-1883
g5 Johannes Hendrik 1886-1917
g6 Francois Jacobus Petrus Retief 1890-c1932
g7 Johanna Elizabeth Maria 1893-?
g8 Maria Elizabeth 1895-?
f5 Abraham 1858-1901
g1 Jacobus Christiaan 1883-1883
g2 Sophia Johanna Gertruida 1884-1884
g3 Sophia Albertina 1884-1884
g4 Sophia Jacoba 1886-1886
g5 Willem Jacobus Christiaan 1887-1887
g6 Abraham 1889-1889
g7 Joseph Benjamin 1890-1919
h1 Aletta Lavinia 1918-1943
h2 Joseph Benjamin 1920-c1993
g8 Pieter Hendrik 1892-1951
h1 Abraham 1923-1993
i1 Gertruida Beatrice 1947-
i2 Pieter Hendrik 1949-
j1 Antoinie Alexander 1978-
j2 Dominique 1982-
j3 Donna-Lee 1987-
i3 Elizabeth Johanna 1955-
i4 Abrani 1965-
h2 Paul Machiel 1926-
i1 Pieter Hendrik 1954-
i2 Elizabeth Johanna 1956-
i3 Anna Margrieta Johanna 1959-
i4 Frederick Daniel Christiaan 1962-
j1 Daniel Alexander 1995-
j2 Kirsty Margaret 1998-

h3 Sophia Jaoba c1930-?
h4 Willem Jacobus 1933-1933
g9 Sophia Johanna Gertruida 1893-?
g10 Sophia Albertina 1896-1929
g11 Elizabeth Johanna Christina 1898-?
g12 Lambertus Dirk Petrus 1901-1901

f6 Philip Hendrik Emanuel 1860-1941
g1 Sophia Johanna Gertruida 1884-?
g2 Jacobus Christiaen 1886-1975

h1 Philip Hendrik Emanuel 1915-?
i1 Martha Magdalena 1940-
i2 Elizabeth Cecilia 1942-
i3 Magdalena Catharina 1944-
i4 Jacoba Christina 1946-

h2 Maria Elizabeth c1918-?
g3 Philip Hendrik Emanuel 1889-1934

h1 Philip Hendrik Emanuel 1918-?
i1 Philip Hendrik Emanuel 1952-
i2 Sara Maria 1955-
i3 Elsa Sophia Johanna 1955-
i4 Johanna Jacoba 1958-

h2 Johanna Sophia Cornelia 1922-
h3 David Jacobus Strauss 1925-
h4 Theunsinna Louisa 1931-
g4 Theunsinna Louisa Prinsloo 1894-c1901

h5 Albertina Cornelia 1900-?
g6 Pieter Hendrik 1903-1958

h1 Lydia Anette c1931-?
h2 Margaret Winifred 1934-
h3 Jacoba Petronella c1937-?
h4 Theunsinna Louisa c1940-?
g7 Lambertina Dirkie Petronella 1906-?
f7 Albert 1862-1906
g1 Jacobus Christiaan 1884-1918
  h1 Somerset 1912-2002
    i1 Jacobus Jean 1942-
      j1 Jeanita 1975-
      j2 Mario Somerset 1976-
      j3 Andre Jean 1980-
    i2 Anette 1944-
h2 Alexander 1919-2006
    i1 Leonie 1948-
    i2 Alexandre 1951-
g2 David Francois Naude ?-?
h1 Francina Magdalena 1910-1994
g3 Elizabeth Susanna Margaretha 1890-1945
g4 Albert 1891-1966
  h1 Anna c1915-?
  h2 Betty c1918-?
g5 Hester Susanna 1894-?
g6 Sophia Albertina 1895-?
g7 Catharina Cornelia 1898-?
g8 Pieter Hendrik 1899-1983
  h1 Albert Jacobus 1933-1960
g9 Joel Louw 1902-1956
  h1 Ethel Verner 1929-
  h2 Albert Pieter Verner 1931-2007
    i1 Joel Louw 1958-
      j1 Jean-Marc Joel 1990-
      j2 Angelique Catherine Michele 1992-
    i2 Christian Rudolph 1964-
      j1 Nicholas Christian 2001-
      j2 Sebastian Albert 2008-
f8 Johannes Gysbertus 1865-1901
f9 Willem 1869-c1870
f10 Johanna Petronella 1871-?
e2 Willem Daniel 1824-1824
e3 Pieter Hendrik 1826-1826
e4 Johanna Barbara Aletta 1828-
e5 Aletta Hendrina 1830-c1830
e6 Abraham Pieter 1832-?
f1 Pieter Hendrik 1858-1937
g1 Susanna Margaretha c1888-1971
g2 Maria Elizabeth c1891-?
g3 Irene 1896-?
g4 Vera c1900-c1900
g5 Abraham Pieter 1904-?
h1 Hendrina 1930-?
h2 Pieter Hendrik 1933-?
i1 Anel 1964-
i2 Ernest Gers? 1965-
i3 Lizel 1968-
i4 Mandy 1982-
g6 Johannes Mattheus Barnard 1908-1992
h1 Gertruida Maria 1939-
h2 Pieter Hendrik 1941-
i1 Sune 1970-
i2 Johan Barnard 1973-
h3 Elizabeth 1943-
g7 Margaretha Mohr 1909-?
g8 Aletta Johanna Wessel 1912-?
f2 Johanna Barendina Wilhelmina 1860-?
f3 Maria Petronella 1862-?
f4 Sophia Albertina 1864-?
f5 Abraham Izaak 1866-1927
g1 Cornelia Hendrina 1890-1935
g2 Abraham Pieter 1891-1950
h1 Wilma 1923-1997
h2 Abraham Izak Felix 1927-c1987
  i1 Alexander 1965-
  i2 Martle 1967-
h3 Abraham Pieter 1948-
  i1 Jacques 1972-
  i2 Heidi 1974-
g3 Johannes Christoffel 1893-1959
h1 Jean Mary 1927-
  h2 John Christopher 1929-
    i1 Christine May 1961-
    i2 John Christopher 1964-
      j1 John Christopher 1987-
      j2 Julius Serwick 1990-
      j3 Jacques Louis 1991-
    i3 Theresa Josephine 1967-
    i4 Marlene Louise 1970-
h3 Abraham William 1934-
  i1 Kevin 1959-
    j1 Sophia 1992-
  i2 Roslyn 1964-
h4 Neville Peter 1935-
  i1 Noleen 1957-
  i2 Colin John 1963-
  i3 Neil 1967-
g4 Jacques Lotz 1895-1961
  h1 Abraham Izaak 1922-?
    i1 Jacques 1948-
      j1 Abraham Izak 1975-
      j2 Vikus Johann 1976-
    i2 Andre Stegman 1950-
    i3 Anette 1956-
    i4 Trudie 1958-
  h2 Frederich Jacobus van Zyl 1926-
i1 Gerda 1948-
i2 Emma 1950-
i3 Marietjie 1951-
i4 Jacques Lotz 1958-
j1 Frederik Jacobus 1989-
j2 Terina 1992-
i5 Freda 1962-
i6 Frederik Jacobus 1966-
h3 Jacqueline 1937-
g5 Felix 1897-c1901
g6 Nicolaas Christoffel Lotz 1900-1970
h1 Anna Johanna 1929-
h2 Wilhelmina Magdalena 1935-
g7 Pieter Hendrik 1903-1939
h1 Judith 1931-
h2 Wilhelmina 1935-
h3 Aletta Johanna 1938-
h4 Pieter Hendrik 1938-1993
i1 Pieter 1964-
i2 Johan 1969-
i3 Este 1970-
i4 Laetitia 1973-
g8 Maria Jacoba Elizabeth 1910-1964
f6 Jacobus Christiaan 1869-1937
g1 Abraham 1894-
h1 Jacomina Maria 1928-
h2 Jacobus Christiaan 1932-c1932
h3 Everhardus Smit 1936-c1936
h4 Abraham 1940-
i1 Abraham Dean 1968-
j1 daughter
j2 daughter
g2 Anna Elizabeth 1896-?
g3 Conradus Marinus 1905-1970
h1 Jacobus Christiaan 1936-1987
i1 Conradus Marinus 1961-
i2 Marche 1962-
i3 Martinus Jacobus 1965-1988
i4 Anna Margaretha 1969-
h2 Johannes Stephanus c1940-?
i1 Bernice 1972-
i2 Juan Pierre 1981-
i3 Sonae 1984-
g4 Maria Cornelia 1907-?
f7 Lourens Johannes De Villiers 1871-1927
g1 Lawrence Withington 1907-1963
h1 Pepita Catherine c1930-
g2 Catherine Alice c1909-?
g3 Hillary Herbert 1911-?
h1 Jean Catherine c1933-
f8 Johanna Matilda Margaretha 1872-c1872
f9 Gertruida Laurentia 1874-c1874
f10 Philip Hendrik Emanuel 1875-c1875
e7 Philip Hendrik Emanuel 1834-?
f1 Johanna Barendina Wilhelmina 1858-?
f2 Maria Jacoba Elisabeth 1862-?
f3 Pieter Hendrik 1864-?
f4 Sophia Albertina 1866-?
f5 Philip Hendrik Emanuel 1867-?
f6 Jacobus Petrus 1885-1941
g1 Maria Catharina Aletta 1909-?
g2 Johanna Louisa 1909-c1909
g3 Philippus Hendrik Emanuel 1911-1970
h1 Johanna Charlotte 1940-
h2 Maria Aletta 1947-
h3 Jacobus Christiaan 1950-
i1 Jacobus Christiaan 1971-
i2 Marius 1974-
i3 Eulise 1981-
g4 Anna Maria 1916-?
g5 Bernhardus Gysbertus Keet 1919-1986
h1 Elizabeth Margaretha 1948-
h2 Marianne 1951-
e8 Aletta Hendrina 1836-1839
e9 Johanna Frederika Matilda 1844-
d6 Robert 1801-1802
d7 Anna Maria 1803-1805
d8 Hendrik Emanuel 1804-1828
d9 Aletta Catharina 1806-1873
d10 Susanna Catharina Justina 1809-1839>
d11 Philip Eduard 1811-1882
e1 Wilhelmina Hendrina 1835-1898
e2 Jacobus Christiaan 1837-1838
e3 Aletta Hendrina 1839-
e4 Jan Gysbertus Reynier Cambier 1841-1897  1842-1897?
f1 Anna Cambier 1870-1943
f2 Johanna Aletta 1872-1920
f3 Wilhelmina Frances 1875-1919
f4 Jessie Ida 1877-c1877
e5 Philibert Carel Gerhard 1844-1844
e6 Maria 1845-1847
e7 Abraham Jodocus Heringa 1847-1894
e8 Philip Carel Dirk 1849-1885
f1 Jessie Wilhelmina 1877-
f2 Philip Eduard 1879-
g1 Shirley Maude 1904-1921
g2 Kathleen 1906-
g3 Winifred May 1907-1968
g4 Philip Eduard 1920-1951
h1 Mary-Ann 1945-
h2 Shirley Louise 1948-
h3 Barbara Joy 1950-
f3 Anna Cambier 1881-
f4 James Henry 1884-
f5 Frank 1885-1885
c7 Philip Eduard 1773-1822
b2 Jean Pierre 1719-1744
b3 Suzanna Justinia 1722-1755
b4 Christiaan 1724-1755
b5 Jacobus 1727-1744
b6 Johannes Christoffel 1729-y
b7 Maria 1733-1735
APPENDIX

BRANCHES NOT YET FITTED

by

Alexander Pierre Faure (1946-)

There are a number of family branches for which a fit cannot be found. All the Faure’s listed in the telephone directories from across the country were recorded, and much time spent in phoning and meeting these families, and recording their details. We present them below. “No fit” means that we endeavoured to find MOOC details of the oldest departed members, and had little success. There are a few MOOC records for some of the members listed below, but they did not enable us to make a “fit”. We would welcome assistance in the form of any records, to enable us to make a “fit”.

Cape Province
a1 Daniel Robert 1881-1955 x Anna Dorothea Smit 1891-1964
   b1 Maria Elizabeth ?-? x Walters
   b2 Daniel Michael George ?-?
   b3 Wynand Stephanus ?-? x Anna Susanna du Toit
      c1 Daniel Johannes 1939-91 x Katrina Gertruida Fourie 1941
         d1 Adri 1962-64
      c2 Wynand Stephanus 1942-
         d1 Vic 1982-
      c3 Andre Jacobus 1943-
         d1 Jacqueline 1971- x van Staden
         d2 Alain 1976-
      c4 Ester Marina 1944-
   b4 Sara Clara ?-? x Fick
   b5 Victoria Judith ?-? x Crafford
a1 Philip
  b1 a girl 1887-?
  b2 Percy Philip 1900-?
    c1 Cecilia Isobel 1939-
    c2 Elizabeth Pamle ?-?
    c3 James Philip 1942 ?-
      d1 Keith ?-
      d2 Devon ?-
      d3 James ?-
      d4 Ricardo ?-
    c4 Doreen Mavis 1944-
    c5 Edward Percy ?-
      d1 Rovaan ?-
      d2 Annalise ?-
    c6 Peter John ?-
      d1 Quinton ?-
      d2 Rudy ?-
      d3 Falon ?-
    c7 Albert Walter ?-
      d1 Bradley ?-
      d2 Kurt ?-
      d3 Ryan ?-
  b3 a boy ?-c1919 (flu epidemic)
  b4 girl ?-? x Jimmy ?

Cape Province
a1 Fred Charles c1890-1952 x Josephine ?
  b1 Vernon ?-
  b2 Michael Joseph 1920-?
    c1 Valerie c1942-
    c2 Veronica 1945-
    c3 Estelle 1960-
    c4 Ursula 1962-
    c5 Shaun 1966-
  b3 Harold ?-?
c1 Taswell ?-
b4 Leslie ?-
    c1 Has children
b5 Ronald 1925-
    c1 Rodney Charles 1959-
        d1 Ashlene 1985-
        d2 Marilyn 1988-
    c2 Denzil Lionel 1961-
        d1 Rian ?-
        d2 Shannon ?-
    c3 Keith Granville 1966-
b6 Douglas ?-
    c1 boy ?-y
    c2 girl ?-
b7 Aubrey James 1929-1954
b8 Basil ?-
b9 Joan ?-
b10 Veronica ?-

Cape Province and Durban, Natal
a1 James Henry 1915-1980 (orphaned at 3, + Durban, no brothers or sisters)
    b1 Susan Johanna 1936-
    b2 Henry James 1940-
    b3 David Raymond 1941-
    b4 Neville Robert 1942-
    b5 Brian John 1945-
    b6 Basil 1947-
    b7 Thelma 1948-
    b8 Andrew John 1950-
    b9 Katlin ?-
    b10 Lorraine ?-
    b11 Patricia ?-
    b12 Geraldine ?-

Cape Province
a1 Father
b1 James ?-? (moved to Rhodesia)
b2 sister ?-?
b3 John ?-? x Christine Levy
c1 Cecil John 1906-1952 (or 1962)
d1 Sybil 1933-
e1 Cecil John ?-y
d3 Louise 1937-
d4 Walter 1940- (single)
d5 Ursula 1949-
d6 Victor 1953-
e1 Tomlan 1981-
e2 Darren 1983-
e3 Keenan Cecil 1994-
c2 Graham Bernard 1912-
d1 Graham Paul James 1936-
e1 Quintin Albert 1965-
e2 Denzil Maurice 1970-
e3 Heidi Paula 1975-
c3 Thomas George 1924-
c4 Paul William ?-1972
d1 James ?-
e1 Has children
d2 Allan Roger 1955-1990
e1 Adhiel 1979-
e2 Rameez 1985-
d3 Colin ?-
e1 Has children
d4 Belinda ?-
d5 Marcus ?-y
c5 Olga ?-y
c6 Sybil ?-

Cape Province
a1 Father (died at a young age)
  b1 Daughter ?- (emigrated to Australia)
  b2 Harold Maxwell 1905-1973
    c1 Maxwell John 1933-
      d1 Debbie 1958-
      d2 Jennifer 1966-
    c2 Jennifer Ellen 1934-
    c3 Peter Michael ?-
      d1 Christopher 1963-
        e1 Wesley ?-
      d2 Mandy ?-
    c4 Patrick James ?-
      d1 Tina ?-
      d2 Natalie ?-
  c5 Gerald Ronald ?-
    d1 Gregory Ronald ?-
    d2 Ronald Anthony 1962-

Cape Province
a1 Earas c1820-? x Eliza Nieuwoudt
  b1 Jacobus Eliza 1845-1911 (died Worcester)
    c1 Had other children (none became majors)
    c2 Johannes Hermanus 1864-1936 (born Worcester)
      d1 Jacobus Johannes 1891-1962
      d2 Johannes Hermanus 1893-1935 (born Beaufort West)
        e1 John Dennis 1916-
          f1 Michael John ?-
            g1 Wynton c1978-
          f2 Kenneth Paul ?-
        e2 Reginald Oscar 1918-
        e3 Aubrey Robinson 1920-
          f1 Glenn 1950-
          f2 Jean 1952-
          f3 Lynn 1955-
        e4 Leonard James ?-
f1 Colin John 1955-
g1 Amanda Lee 1953-
g2 Peter James 1986-
g3 Michael John 1993-
f2 Peter James 1959-1975
f3 Douglass Roy 1961-
f4 Lorraine Anne 1962-
d3 Jane Johanna ?-?
d4 Lilian Caroline ?-?
d5 Isabel Sophia ?-?
d6 Charlotte Evelynia 1904-?
d7 Joan Magdalena 1929-1945
d8 Beatrice May 1930-
d9 Ivan Gilbert 1931-
e1 Ivor 1968-
d10 Leslie Noble 1935-
e1 5 children
d11 Josephine Joyce 1936-
d12 Vernon Stanley 1940-
e1 5 children
d13 Edgar Brian 1941-
e1 Glenville Lester 1967-
e2 Edmund Brian 1972-
e3 Gilmore Elbano 1975-

Cape Province
a1 Joseph Johannes 1906-c1975
   b1 Ganie ?-
   b2 Minor ?-
   b3 Ivan Joseph 1956-
      c1 Samantha 1975-
      c2 Chantel 1980-
      c3 Olivia 1984-

Cape Province
a1 Joseph Marthinus ?-? x Hester Johanna Prins
   b1 Hendrik Albertus 1872-1972 (witnesses at baptism: HA Prins, EM du Poets, PF Gerber, MA Fourie)

Transvaal (Lichtenberg)
a1 Hendrik Jacobus ?-? x Anna Catharina ?-?
   b1 Gert Pieter Johannes 1876-1970 x Maria Susanna Jacoba Botha
      c1 Hendrik Jacobus ?-?
      c2 Gezina Beatrix ?-? x Oosthuizen
      c3 Barend Cornelis ?-?
      c4 Anna Catharina ?-? x Fourie
      c5 Ockert Jonathan ?-?
      c6 Philippus Lodewicus ?-?
      c7 Gertruida Petronella ?-? x van der Westhuizen
      c8 Magdalena Johanna ?-?
      c9 Elizabeth ?-? x Nieuwoudt
      c10 Gert Johannes ?-?

Transvaal
a1 Roelof Andries c1885-? x Susanna Johanna? and Emmarentia Horsinis
   b1 Gerhardus Marthinus 1912-1986
   b2 Nicolaas Johannes c1921-
   b3 Roelof Andries 1923-1984
   b4 James William Ryan ?-?
   b5 Hester Aletta Magdalena Emmarentia ?-

Transvaal
a1 Charles John c1890-? x Agnes Adriana ?
   b1 William 1916-1985 (* Middelburg, + Germiston) x Mazel du Preez
      c1 Charles John 1954-
      c2 Elizabeth Agnes 1956-
      c3 Michael Anthony 1958-
      c4 Charmaine 1964-

Transvaal
a1 Lorance (or Laurance) ?-? x Wilhelmina Pienaar
b1 Steven Lorenza 1914-1992 x Maud Solomon *Germiston, +Johannesburg
  c1 Aurille ?- x Botha
  c2 Ingrid Cynthia ?- x Marks
  c3 Donald Clive ?-

Province unknown
a1 Jacobus Petrus ?-? x Jacoba Jakomina van Zyl
  b1 Karl Hendrik 1869-? (witnesses at baptism: PB van Zyl, MA van Zyl and KJ Faure)

Province unknown
a1 Johannes Albertus ?-? x Magdalena Maria Weber
  b1 Johanna Catharina 1858-? (witnesses at baptism: Maria Justina Metzler, Izak Jacobus Weber)
APPENDIX

MYNE EERSTE AFRIKAANSCHE EXCURSIE (MY FIRST AFRICAN EXCURSION)

Described by Wits University Library¹ (where the original is kept – see below for the link to the original) as “The experiences of the wife of a minister who travelled by ox-wagon from Pietermaritzburg to Ladysmith and back”

by

Maria Johanna Louisa ALEWIJN (1830-1907) (called “Marianne”)
[wife of Dr Hendrik Emanuel FAURE (1828-1898)]

edited by

Val WARD


EDITOR’S NOTE

Marianne Faure’s story was written five weeks after she returned home in 1853. It has been transcribed several times. Originally written in Dutch it was copied by hand in Dutch in the early 20th century. Then it was translated into English in the early 1980s. In 1987 I transcribed a typed English translation onto my electric typewriter. Subsequently, I have typed this into my computer. The author’s memory, the Dutch transcription, the English translation and subsequent transcriptions may have resulted in the discrepancies in this publication. I have tried to keep to the original English translation but have made a few changes e.g. when a river is named, I have used River and I have italicised the farm names. I have accessed the original document and I have used it to

correct some of the English translation that bothered me. I have not interfered with the language, ethos or attitudes of the past. Marianne Faure’s great grand-daughter Marguerite Cotterrell lent me a typed copy in 1987. At that time she was visiting Pietermaritzburg from Thomas River in the Eastern Cape, South Africa. Since then she has emigrated to South Island, New Zealand to be with two of her children and her grandchildren. Marguerite is a first cousin of Anna Maria Entrop-Le Poole, the translator of the Dutch copy. Marguerite has given permission for the publication of the English translation. The original Dutch manuscript of 73 pages is in the Witwatersrand University (William Cullen) Library. The reference is Document 6 of 235, Ref: A36. M (A) Faure. Mijne eerste Afrikaansche excursie 1853, 8 May – 29 June.

Shelagh Spencer was most helpful in lending me copies of early colonial Natal material, the Cullingworth map being the most useful in identifying places, and the list of title deeds from 1847. Shelagh also made useful suggestions and provided additional information when she checked a draft and the endnotes. Helpful staff of the Natal Museum include Linda Ireland who found that the original manuscript was listed as being in the Witwatersrand University Library; Jeremy Hollman who prepared the map; Gavin Whitelaw who identified the ‘Waldeckers’ for me and who checked the current official farm and river spellings used in the endnotes; Zandile Mbhele unsuccessfully tried to effect an Interlibrary Loan. I am grateful to Jo Earle of Johannesburg who accessed and photocopied Marianne Faure’s Dutch manuscript in the Witwatersrand University Library, and delivered it to me at home in Pietermaritzburg.

MY FIRST AFRICAN EXCURSION

On the 8th of May 1853, Sunday night, some members of our Dutch Reformed Church of Pietermaritzburg, Natal had gathered to discuss the necessary details for Faure’s departure to Ladysmith in Klip River, which was due the next morning. It was already some weeks ago that it had been announced that on Saturday May 14th the new church building there would be consecrated by the reverends Dr H.E. Faure and Dr D. Van Velden of Winburg in the Colony. A short time ago he had arrived in Pietermaritzburg to induct Dr Faure as Minister of the parish. This took place on May 8th 1853, and the reading was Jeremiah 1, Verse 17. Faure preached in the evening from the text 2 Corinthians 5, Verse 20 ‘Now then, we are ambassadors of Christ, as though God did beseech you by us we pray you in Christ’s stead, be ye reconciled to God’.
He, Dr Van Velden, was now ready to go back to Winburg, via Ladysmith. Faure suggested we should accompany him as far as Boschfontein, the place of Gerrit Naude⁴ and then return to Pietermaritzburg. We, my sister-in-law Gertrude⁵ and I, agreed; provided the weather was favourable.

The next morning [Monday 9th May] at 9 o'clock sharp the waggon, drawn by 14 oxen, pulled up in front of the house⁶. At 11 o'clock Gertrude, little Marianne⁷ and her wet nurse, Nancy, with the Deacon Naude, set off in this typical African vehicle.

It is not easy to describe what an ox waggon looks like; it is a little bit wider, much longer and definitely cleaner than our original transport waggons. Ours was in extremely good condition. It had been newly painted, green and red, and it had a clean white canopy. On the katel (the katel is a wooden frame, a little more than half the length of the waggon, as wide as the inside, and fitted with leather straps) we had put a mattress, three pillows and one blanket. Furthermore, the waggon contained little more than two camp stools, an African mat and a small Persian carpet.

Faure and I stayed in the rectory and followed an hour later on horseback. We had sent off our African, Tom, with the waggon, together with a Hottentot as driver and an African as leader.

We rode very slowly along a terribly bad, rough road to reach the summit of a steep hill⁸. When we overtook the waggon we found our sister Gertrude in tears over the uncomfortable road, the waggon rolled from one hole to another, alternately bumped into huge stones or banks of clay with which the waggon had to cope.

The road led us along a mass of hills, in Holland we would call them mountains. It was almost 2 o'clock when we reached a plain⁹. There, we unyoked to give the oxen some rest and time to graze. The horses had been unsaddled and Tom was sent off to gather wood for a fire. A kettle was put on and while Faure was busy preparing coffee, the mats were spread on the grass and pillows on top of them. Then we took our lunch from the waggon-box. The carpet served as a table, seats etc. Our lunch consisted of bread and butter and cold meat, brought from Pietermaritzburg. As we possessed only one plate, one knife, one cup, sharing was introduced instantly, so we had to wait our turn.

After an hour's pause we discussed continuing our journey but our lazy driver protested: ‘We should not be able to reach Mr Preller’s farm¹⁰ anyway before dark’, and the road was unknown to him, ‘besides it would be too far’, he added. Fortunately we had
been well informed before our departure so we insisted we should leave immediately. We told him that, whatever happened, we had to be at Preller's farm even late at night, if necessary. We had never spent the night in the open and the possibility did not appeal to us.

Not far from the picnic place we had been fortunate to meet two waggons from Preller and Westhuysen; in one of them sat Dr Van Velden who was travelling with Mr Preller and his family. We felt safe and without fear for although the road was very bad in the vicinity of Preller's house, and a steep hill loomed up, Mr Preller promised to see that our waggon would be safely brought in. Faure and I continued on our way and rode via a side road to the famous [Howick] waterfall of the Umghene. We could make it in time and catch up the waggons later on. For three-quarters of an hour we rode fairly fast over a good path. On both sides the grass was very high. We were still a good distance from the river when a constant roar reached our ears. We came nearer and nearer and, as is usually the case in meeting gigantic natural phenomena we were overwhelmed by a feeling of respect when we heard the first sound.

We had reached the summit of a grassy hill, where a monument had been put up. That is where we led our horses by hand. The Umghene drift (the place where waggons, horses and pedestrians cross the river) is at a dangerous spot, only 40 or 50 steps distance from the waterfall. When the water is high, many accidents have occurred here. There is a bridge now, a little higher up, preferred by everyone, of course.

We saw some Africans wading the river, the water was low and the flat stones, lying at the bottom, formed almost a dry path for them. It was interesting to watch how quickly they jumped from one rock to the next without slipping once. To my great relief, our ox waggon crossed the river by the bridge! It is more and more understood that wading is dangerous and in several places bridges are being built. The grave monument was a simple one, with the following text:

Sacred to the memory of William, only son of William Lodge, who was drowned by falling off a horse, whilst crossing the Umghene drift on the 15th of January 1851, and whose body was found beneath the falls on the 22nd of January 1851, aged 13 years and one month. Requiescat in Pace!

It made a deep impression on us.
A bend in the road took us to the side of the hill from where we had a marvellous view of the falls. It is impossible to describe the beauty of it. As far as the eye could see there was not one dwelling, only a vast wilderness where we stood. It gave us the impression of loneliness which was very special and sublime. We overlooked a sheet of water flowing straight over steep rocks, more than 470 feet high, cascading into the depths. The rocks on both sides were of a dark reddish brown; green ivy and red aloes gave them a lively touch of colour. The enormous force with which the water came down (in spite of the moderate width of the stream feeding the waterfall) appears in one great mass of foam. It took us quite a while to absorb the lovely view, and even longer to tear ourselves away from it. I had never imagined to be so moved by any natural event — it was even beyond my highest expectations! We soon reached our waggon.

It had been an awful job to drive the oxen over the new bridge. These animals, used to wading rivers, feared the wooden bridges on which their hooves made an unusual noise. The two middle oxen were still unruly and had broken their yokes. These were soon repaired and we started off for the next bridge, over the Sterkspruit, which was very wide at this point. Evening had fallen and as we did not fancy facing unnecessary dangers, we decided to have the waggons undone and be brought to the other side while we followed on foot. I was afraid of the cold evening air for my little Marianne and carried her in my arms, wrapped in a warm shawl drawn over her little head. We reached Mr Preller’s house without further delay, after crossing a small drift with many rocks. I want to point out that the slippery rocks, with which the rivers are paved, made the crossing unsafe and especially so when one goes on horseback.

We were welcomed with warm hospitality at Mr Preller’s house, where we stayed until the next day. The house (a farm house is not the right name because the occupants are more like landowners than farmers) was not very large, and Mr Preller had a big family, like most Afrikaners, 13 children I believe. A tidy room, compared to the ones we found elsewhere, was ours, it was even a ‘royal’ room. We had to share it with my sister-in-law, the child and her nurse. The usual extent of farmer’s land is about 3000 acres. Many owners possess two, three or even four farms.

I wish I could give a general description of the so-called Afrikaner Boers, as we learned to know them during our trip. Mr Preller is not the right person as an example because he is much more civilised and cultured than most. Their appearances are somewhat unusual, mostly they are big, muscular types. In that respect they are not like the Europeans. Their open faces are sympathetic. The families are numerous. I have seen grandmothers who fostered their own children and their grandchildren at the same time. There is something patriarchal in their way of living, their innumerable flocks of sheep, oxen and cows remind us of the old
shepherd kings. The father is the head of the family, married sons and daughter live under the same roof. Matrimony and love, obedience and subordination, mark the Afrikaner families. The appearance of the women I found not very attractive; they seem to take pride in being heavy. Many Boers have a real faith; house services, when the father reads the Bible and prays, are seldom missed, three times a day. Simplicity, courage, generous hospitality and love of truth, are characteristic of Boers. Common sense, even intelligence, does not fail them. They have constructed complicated machinery for agriculture and other purposes and they make all kinds of furniture. Knowledge and culture are not counted necessary; as long as they can read and write and do some arithmetic that is all that matters to them, three months of going to school is sufficient. They are excellent shots. We have been told that one man had shot a hundred lions in his lifetime.

Most Boers still live in houses made of wood, plastered with clay, as when they first came to the Colony. The furniture consists of one table, two or three chairs and waggoncases along the walls serving as seats, wardrobes or trunks. The front door is generally the only door, the other door openings are closed by simple curtains, or not at all. Windows have no glass and are closed by shutters during the night or in a storm. It is nice and airy during summertime but cold in winter. Most farms have a front living-room and two or three smaller rooms used as bedrooms. The whole family consisting sometimes of more than 20 people, live together. This way of life is more or less obnoxious to us Europeans. On the other hand, it is remarkable that lack of morals, in Europe an overruling evil, is practically non-existent amongst these people, and although temptation is there, cleanliness of hearts is found everywhere.

Often I have been impressed by the faith of married life. It is a natural state. Since my arrival in Africa I have not heard of one unhappy marriage. Perhaps in God’s Hand the naïve way of life, the lack of many sinful pleasures, so familiar to civilised people in Europe, is the clue which guards these simple people from evil? Truly, our Lord has blessed this nation.

They generally are very young when they marry. It is not unusual to find a 13 or 14-year-old bride and a 16 or 17-year-old bridgroom. Seldom is the bride older. But it is not my intention to talk about the remarkable history of the Afrikaners. What I have heard about their departure from the Cape, their ‘trek’ to this area, the fights with the Africans, their deadly fear in camps and their heroism, related to me by eye-witnesses, seems incredible! We sometimes met people who were the only survivors of a whole family. Parents, brothers and sisters had been murdered by Dingaan, the former Zulu king. Even little children had been smashed against the wheels of the Boers’ wagons by this monster. We have visited these places of slaughter during our travels, and it only happened a few years ago! The aversion for the British, for whom they left their old colonies, is still prevalent amongst the Boers. In
Mr Preller’s house we noticed, at the lower end of the table, a neatly dressed English person. We could not make out what relationship he bore to the family and we were curious. The next day we were even more curious when we saw him working on the farm, killing a pig, preparing fowls for dinner, feeding the horses and making the fire. He turned out to be the schoolmaster who taught the Preller’s children and neighbours’ children. They really are a practical lot, though they don’t fancy science.

The day after our arrival at Preller’s, we travelled to Mr Naude’s place. We departed at half past three in the afternoon [Tuesday, 10th May], Gertrude, baby and her nurse, Nancy, in the waggon, Faure and I following on horse-back. At 6 o’clock we reached our destination. Our deacon, Naude, a kind man, six foot tall, welcomed us with love and heartiness and an hour and a half later the waggon arrived at Boschfontein.

It was a lovely quiet evening. We had enjoyed our trip, the road had not given us too many difficulties and the views were magnificent. We came through the woods, crossed many clear waters and admired a beautiful sunset behind the hills which were covered with all kinds of grass. Twice a year the grass is burnt in this country, in January and again in May or June. It is said that burning fertilises the soil. The fresh, green grass contrasts with the dark grass, recently burnt; a clear stream meanders through the foot of the hills forming small waterfalls here and there. Everything was beautiful and harmonious.

Mr Naude is building a fairly large, comfortable stone house. His present house is small and built of clay. It contains a small kitchen, apart from the living-room, and two modest bedrooms. Some of the inhabitants were obliged to spend the night in the ox waggon belonging to the owner of the house to make room for us. We had to share it with our sister, the child and her nurse. It was so small, we could hardly move. But what is the use of grumbling? We had been offered the best they had. One learns to be content when there is no choice.

Boschfontein, Mr Naude’s place, is certainly one of the most beautiful in Natal. There are the most fantastic views and woods ever to be seen. On the way back we had a chance to observe the wonderful surroundings more closely. We saw many trees that could not be encircled by six or seven men at a time! There is a well-equipped sawmill in these woods. We had to make our way though thick undergrowth, sometimes through water, swamp etc., then again we came into the open or had to go down steep hills strewn with large stones. Sometimes I had to lead my horse. Unfortunately, it was a troublesome animal that I had borrowed from Mr Naude’s sister in order to give my own pony to Gertrude, who was less used to riding. The horse I rode wanted to gallop all the time and it frequently stumbled.
When we reached the top of the hill we had a marvellous view of the valley of the Umghene and the Sterkspruit. We saw a few houses — they were resting points for our eyes. Far away we saw the snow-capped mountains of the Drakensberg\textsuperscript{17}. The effect of colours of the woods against the white snow, where the sun cast its clear light, was overwhelming, and we stood there, fascinated beyond words! The Umghene [Howick] Falls were out of sight as they were behind rocky mountains.

At \textit{Boschfontein} we decided to accompany Faure on his trip to the district of Klip River. Up to now we had thoroughly enjoyed our trip and we had not met with many hardships. Mrs Naude kindly provided us with bread and butter, coffee, tea, flour, sugar, salt and meat and she even added two bottles of milk and a roast suckling pig. This seems to be a speciality in these parts for wherever we had been given a treat we were offered this dish and we always had unskimmed milk with it.

As far as our attire was concerned, we had to manage with the few clothes we had taken for two days. It was a little inconvenient but, on the other hand, it was fun to travel with the minimum. Next morning [Wednesday 11th May] at 6 o’clock, the waggon started off, Faure and I following an hour later. We had sent home our African, Tom. Mr Naude, as deacon, accompanied the waggon with the aid of an African leader. So it was in safe hands, humanly speaking.

The weather was good, although a little cold, because of the early hour. The road was reasonable and the sun shone clearly on the grassy hills. We saw many fowl, African turkeys\textsuperscript{18}, partridges and other wild birds. This gave a pleasant touch to the scenery. Falcons, eagles and all sorts of birds of prey, are to be found as well. A poor little bird sought in vain a safe shelter under our horses. At that very moment a large eagle, that had been waiting to strike, descended and took its prey before our eyes.

At noon we reached the Mooi River Drift\textsuperscript{19}. The Mooi River is certainly one of the most beautiful in the colony and its drift is broad and calm at this time of the year. In summer, crossings are sometimes impossible at high water. Because this drift was totally unknown to us, we took the wrong route across, although we had asked some Africans to show the way. They probably misunderstood and so we had to cope with a lot of stones, causing our horses to stumble many times! However, we reached the other bank where we unsaddled and allowed our horses to roam freely while we sought a place in the shade under some overhanging rocks. The sun was high and burning.
One hour later we saw the ox waggon coming down the hill and crossing the river. The waggon was open and Dr Van Velden came over to us. After having our meal we started off at 2 o’clock. Dr Van Velden came with us in the waggon. I lent my horse to my sister-in-law for the next hour and tried to make myself as comfortable as possible in the waggon, but alas no chance on this bad road. I lay down on the mattress spread on the katel, but my poor head had to endure so many shocks and bumps that I did not know where to put myself. I wanted to read, but that was out of the question. Little Marianne slept on Nancy’s lap. I tried to think, but the smoke of tobacco was blown in to the wagon and affected my head. Dr Van Velden, like most Dutch reverends, had the habit of smoking all day long, either a pipe or a cigar. Complaints, or serious pleading did not change this although it was a cause of constant war between Gertrude and Dr Van Velden. She had to put up with it all the time.

We were on our way for half an hour when I discovered that I had lost four rings. I had taken them off when washing my hands and put them on the wheel. In a hurry to prepare our meal I had forgotten all about them. Faure came to the waggon not long after the discovery and returned immediately to look for them; however, in vain, as one can imagine. The value of these rings was immense. They had been given to me as gifts on my departure from dear friends in Holland.

At 4 o’clock, Gertrude returned to the waggon and it was decided that Faure and I should ride in front to look for Scheepers’ house, which was still a long way off. We wanted to get there before dark. The exact spot was unknown to us so we rode fast, the road had been repaired recently and was good. In Holland one can hardly imagine that we in this country can travel for a whole day, yes, even for two days, without seeing one single dwelling or even an African kraal. All around us was totally deserted. When the sun went down this desolation did not appeal to me at all.

The hills and valleys formed a welcome change in the setting sun, and we enjoyed the calm and beauty of it. We continued on our way without discovering anything that looked like a farm. It grew dark quickly and, as we had gone at some speed, we were, by that time, a long way ahead of the waggon. I was reluctant to go further, especially as I had seen Dr Van Velden running towards us from the waggon, as if he wanted to tell us something. We had not taken any notice because we did not want to lose time. Mr Naude had told us that near Mr Scheepers’ place we would have difficulty in finding our way down the hill. We ought to ask for help when we got there. I felt uneasy and implored Faure to return and see if Dr Van Velden had wanted to tell us that he considered spending the night on the plain instead of continuing in the dark. The road was so good that Faure decided to ride on. We reached a brook with clean water and we drank out of the cups of our hands. We mounted our horses again and bravely started to wade across the water, but my pony refused. Faure, seeing that I did not succeed in persuading it, even after he had made a small
footpath through the rocks, showed the way and then came back for my pony. It was very unwilling and when it got to the opposite side it staggered. I was glad I was not riding at that moment. We sped on. It was completely dark now and no moon. I was jumpy, the slightest noise made me afraid. I imagined all sorts of things — animals rounding up on us, even lions in this uninhabited country. And how could we survive if we had to spend the night in the open in case we did not find our waggon? We felt the cold night breeze. It made me shiver. Fear had taken hold of me, even the noise of our own voices frightened me.

At last, we discovered a faint light in the distance. As we approached, we found that some Englishmen had made a fire. They had unyoked their oxen and decided to spend the night in their waggon. Where Scheepers lived they could not tell, but it was definitely a long way off. That was all — not very encouraging! What next? Should we go on, or return? After hesitating, Faure gave in to my pleading and we returned. I must confess disappointment; realising that our fruitless effort had taken away my last ounce of courage, I had difficulty in suppressing my tears. At this very moment we heard Mr Naude’s voice and we discovered that the ox waggon was quite near. The oxen travelled at a constant speed, hence this unexpected meeting. I was soon consoled and took my place in the waggon while Faure led my horse. We decided to go on and try to find Scheepers’ place. It was half past eight when we reached the top of the hill; we saw an open field and a light in the distance. In some parts the road was so bad that we hardly moved. Faure also had difficulty in finding his way. At last we could see Scheepers’ place. Our shouting seemed to awaken only the dogs. Now and then we saw some movement, for instance a lamp was taken from one room to the other, but nothing happened. Mr Naude was getting impatient and wanted to make camp (we had waited three-quarters of an hour by that time) when we saw some commotion, someone was coming out of the house to help us. It was Scheepers himself who led us along a very bad road. The waggon bumped from one stone to another, fortunately the darkness hid the dangerous situation. When we saw it the next morning, we were glad still to be alive.

We had reached Scheepers’ house but not the end of the bad luck. Gerrit Scheepers told us that a whooping cough epidemic had broken out and so we could not go inside. It was not wise to expose our dear little girl to the infection so we decided to spend the night in the waggon except for Mr Naude and Dr Van Velden. It was our first attempt of this kind. Coffee and bread and butter were brought to us after which we closed the waggon thoroughly. We lit the lantern and lay down fully clothed on the mattress. For Nancy and the baby we had put up a bed in the back of the waggon. In spite of the noise of the geese, ducks and other fowl, we slept well that night. The sun was already high on the horizon when we woke up. Gertrude and I started out to wash in a little stream nearby which soon refreshed us.
Shortly after, we broke camp [on Thursday 12th May], Gertrude, Faure and myself on horseback. Scheepers had kindly lent us a horse on which Faure rode. Gertrude took his pony and I rode my own. Faure’s pony was a nice brown one, bought recently from Mr Naude, but she was not used to being ridden and she was so frightened that Faure had to take her by the reins. Later I had to change horses with Gertrude. I liked this one, and so did Gertrude. After a while we reached Bushmans River and a little further on Little Bushmans River, both known for their dangerous banks23. Faure took Gertrude’s horse by the reins, I followed on my pony and we came safely to the other side. Fortunately, I had not been informed that the crossing of these two rivers was dangerous because of the slippery stones.

Even in these parts, the Bushmen make their annual poaching excursions. The district of the Tugela to the Drakensberg mountains, their original homeland, lies open to them. Many times they even operated in the neighbourhood of Pietermaritzburg24. Some years previously they stole 7000 sheep and 250 oxen near Bushmans River. Oosthuysen25, a land owner, who lived there, told me he had lost 123 oxen and 38 horses through robbery, not long ago. It is almost impossible to pursue them. They generally come in troops, with guns and deadly poisoned arrows, which they handle quite skilfully. To make pursuing even more difficult, they steal the horses first. The cattle are so frightened by the smell of the Bushmen (they know it predicts evil) that they run as fast as they can when they are driven by them, as if they are followed by lions.

The Bushmen live in caves, or sometimes in the open air. They feed on plants and butchered meat, even in its raw state. Their cruelty is notorious. When they have stolen cattle, and discover they are being pursued, they kill or mutilate the poor animals so that they are no use to the owner any more. They leave them on the spot. Many times one finds sheep with only two or three legs or with a piece of flesh cut out from their sides. Sometimes their muscles or tendons have been cut so as to make them useless to the owner. They even leave behind their own children in the woods, like some useless waste, when they get troublesome during those trips, and where they perish through lack of food or by wild animals. Some are killed against the rocks which is perhaps a little more merciful.

I have seen in Pietermaritzburg, Bushmen parents serving in a respectable family, who, with threats of a beating, had to be forced not to leave their naked babies out in the frosty night but to take them into the house.

Out of more than a hundred animals that have been stolen, one finds, after several days, only a dozen still alive, the rest having been gruesomely butchered. What they steal is generally given up. The rapidity with which they proceed along the dangerous paths
over the rocks (which they climb without difficulty) terrifies the animals (the ones that won’t go are thrown down) and makes it impossible to go after them. Their caves are inaccessible. They are safe there. Besides the English Government has prohibited the killing of them. When they are captured they have to be brought to justice where they are set free on condition that they promise not to steal again, and they are sent off with some blankets as a reward. That is how many landowners lose a great deal of their possessions, frustrated by the law. It is also forbidden to take one’s cattle back once they have crossed certain borders. This was one of the grudges the Boers from the Cape have against the Government and for which they left the country to go to Natal. Mr Naude told us that before this ‘trek’ to Natal they actually saw their cattle being stolen without having the right to take them back. It was said that the Government would pay compensation and therefore pursuing was prohibited. When some sheep and oxen fell into the hands of the government the prey was sold and the money given to the victims as damages. The freedom of the Bushmen was called ‘humanity’. As proof of their cruelty, they often, out of simple blood-thirst, killed and butchered the cattle guards. Not one beast of prey was more feared and shunned than the Bushmen!

After leaving Scheepers’ place, we came through most interesting countryside. We crossed a small brook called Moordspruit26, the water of which was coloured red by the bloodshed, 13 or 14 years previously, by Dingaan, ‘Africa’s Nero’27. His victims were mainly Boers, but also among his own subjects. The Boers who had penetrated the country, were killed28 by this cruel monster. We had now neared Blauwkrans, the place where Dingaan murdered Retief and those who were with him, in his own kraal29. Retief had pretended to be a member of a Commission of Boers and had spoken words of hospitality and greetings of peace. After this horrible deed Dingaan attacked the wagons of Boers and killed the wives and children treacherously. Retief and his men had been invited to dinner and, suspecting no harm, had been slaughtered. Many lost, on that particular day, their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters. Parents had been robbed of their children. Nobody was able to escape, for Dingaan had ordered the wagons, in which some people tried to hide, to be stabbed by the Zulus; tents were torn to pieces, the heads of babies were smashed against the wheels of their wagons. Women were cut open and two babies met with all kinds of cruelties. It is thought that some 616 souls, men, women and children were slaughtered on that spot. No wonder Blauwkrans is called ‘Place of bloodshed’. We saw many deserted African kraals from which Dingaan’s subjects had fled in fear of his wrath. Nature, wild and beautiful in its wilderness, is in accordance to those awful remembrances.

We saw an unusual occurrence, at least for us it was, 23 large eagles feasting on a dead animal, probably a dead ox that had perished on the road. The most spectacular thing was that one bird watched the whole scene from a dead tree.
At sunset we arrived at the broad and most beautiful river of the Colony of Natal, the Tugela. It seemed to me to be too wide to be crossed on horseback so I left my dear animal in Faure’s care and climbed the waggon. It is still strange to me to wade a river and I do it with fear in my heart. Faure, on his horse, led mine by hand. Now and again I saw them stumble and I was glad to be in the waggon. The bank of the other side was steep and the path leading to the hills was even more so. Mr Naude had to use his whip to persuade the oxen and an Afrikaner, willing to help, used his also. The oxen not used to two whips at a time started to protest, some tried to turn round, others wanted to run away and some refused to go one step. In the confusion, Nancy, with our child in her arms, jumped out of the waggon. Two oxen broke their yoke, while Mr Naude tried to retain control over the animals so that he could repair the yoke.

Gertrude, Dr Van Velden and I got out of the waggon, preferring to climb the hill on foot rather than in the waggon. As soon as we had reached the top, Faure and I mounted our horses while the others took their seats in the waggon. After a quarter of an hour we arrived at Groot Tugela, a small village consisting of a few houses, built only recently. It is a neat, quiet place on the bank of the river Tugela. It was a nice, calm evening when we arrived. The house of Mr De Waal, who had moved to Pietermaritzburg, was lent to us in which to spend the night. The house was not quite ready and it certainly was primitive. We drank tea and coffee in the front room. For supper we had hot and cold meat, potatoes, eggs and bread. It was very cold that night. The cold night air penetrated the thatched roof due to the fact that the ceiling, as in most South African houses, was omitted. If it does exist, it is timber boarding. My greatest concern was for my dear little Marianne who was not used to the cold and inconvenience.

The next morning [Friday 13th May] we started off early. The road was bad, with many loose stones, and many times we had to lead our horses by hand. The first stop was between Tugela and Ladysmith. The drift over the Klip River was too dangerous. So we all got into the waggon, leaving our horses to the care of one of the Africans. At noon we arrived at Ladysmith. We had seen many wagons, with churchgoers, on our way. They came from different regions. Ladysmith looked most attractive and promising. The situation was not glamorous, hardly a tree to be seen but the general impression was one of joy and festivity, 150 ox wagons and many tents were gathered. Many churchgoers had come on horseback, according to African custom. The oxen and horses grazed freely in the surrounding field. Almost without exception there was a tent next to every waggon; imagine the sight of these white tents, some closed, some open and all the white hoods of the ox wagons. In their midst was the neat and simple church building, to be consecrated the next day [Saturday 14th May]. From all directions more churchgoers came down the hills. It was a touching, patriarchal scene.
We wanted to go to Captain Struben’s house, Magistrate of Klip River and looked for it. Soon we saw a nice cottage, the most respectable house in the village. We thought it would be the Magistrate’s dwelling and we were not disappointed. We knocked (one does not find door bells in primitive Natal or rarely, perhaps I saw one or two in Pietermaritzburg). The door opened and Captain Struben and his wife greeted us cordially and bade us come inside. Their large and cosy cottage was elegantly arranged. There was a verandah along the side with brown painted lattice work. A few trees in the English garden gave more privacy to the house. The Strubens wanted us to stay with them. I was against it, because here again there was whooping cough in the house. What could be done? There was no accommodation elsewhere. Mr Naude could sleep in the waggon. Although we had brought a tent it was not suitable as an abode for several days, certainly not for a baby. Mrs Struben was so kind as to offer us a room, separate from the house where our little Marianne could stay, with no contact with the coughing children. We accepted this generous offer gratefully, and by God’s grace our dear child was saved. Captain Struben was born a Dutchman and, indeed, he was one at heart. His father came to Holland as a boy of 16 with the regiment of the Waldeckers whose Colonel he became. Capt. Struben served with the Dutch Marines for some time. Later on he went to England, where he married an elegant, cultured and amiable English girl. For some time they lived in Rotterdam, then they returned to England, where his wife’s relatives lived. Some three year ago he was appointed Magistrate of Klip River, the result of a visit to these parts of the world. After he started his civilian service, his wife came over to Natal. He is a respected man amongst the Boers and very popular because of his open character and broad views.

As a human being and as a countryman, we have learned to appreciate him also. His wife is adorable. She has been brought up wealthy, but she has adapted herself so well that she stole all hearts. She also speaks Dutch very well.

A few hours after our arrival, Gertrude and I went out to visit the churchgoers in their tents. This seemed to please them and the next day I had to visit as many people as was possible so as not to disappoint them. At dinner a few guests had been invited, it turned out to be a nice, quiet evening. To show how naive the views of the Afrikaners can be, I want to mention how easily they can be misled. Capt. Struben told us that, three or four years ago there happened to be an elderly lady, whose way of life had not been unscrupulous, set herself up as the Mother of the Messiah. I did not quite get her ideas, but I have learnt that she had great success with the Boers, who respected her as a prophetess, and treated her with respect and admiration. Many had been persuaded to travel to Jerusalem, where great things would take place. Her death put an end to all this, on her deathbed she confessed to have cheated and also that there had been a man behind these things. It was exactly at this time that Capt. Struben was on one of his official excursions. He visited a farm, where the inhabitants were busy preparing their ox waggons with many
things, as many as they could possibly pack for a long journey. In answer to his questions they told Captain Struben that the prophetess had visited them, and now they intended to go to Jerusalem. All the members of the family had made the same decision and they were ready to depart soon.

‘But how will you get there, dear friends?’ Capt. Struben asked.

‘If we go eastwards all the time, we can't miss it’ they answered.

‘But how can you cross the sea with your ox waggons?’ They had not thought of this, their knowledge of geography was not far-reaching, some of them had never seen the sea, they hardly knew the word. With astonishment they looked at each other.

‘Is there no other way?’ The prophetess had not mentioned the sea and she was sure to know.

Capt. Struben asked for a piece of chalk or charcoal and started to draw, as well as he could from memory, a world-map on the rough table. They started to confide in him and looked at each other hesitantly. At last they exclaimed ‘But then the prophetess must be wrong, however impossible that seems. We shall postpone our plans and see what the others are going to do.’

Half a year later (Capt. Struben had almost forgotten the incident) the owners of the farm came to visit him. ‘What, you here?’ the Magistrate asked him. ‘I thought you had gone to Jerusalem.’

‘No’, the man replied, ‘we know now that you were right and that we can trust you.’

‘But what has changed your mind?’ the Magistrate asked.

‘Well’, he answered, ‘some time after you had left we saw an old Bible at our neighbour's farm, in it was an old map and that was exactly as you had drawn for us. Then we knew that it was true and we are ready to believe all you say. I am glad that Mr Struben came just in time!’

I mentioned this incident to prove how naïve the Afrikaners are, and to point out how much they respect the Bible and all it says. It is of the greatest value to be careful in selecting the Europeans to be sent out, teachers, lawyers, reverends.

The next day [Saturday 14th May] the consecration of the Church was to take place. I visited many tents, all by myself, that day, and again I was pleased to see how welcome I was. As soon as I entered someone hastened to give me a camp-stool and from all sides they rushed in to see and welcome ‘The wife of our reverend’ (as it said on my letter of introduction). I stretched out to shake hands and tried to have a personal word with everyone.
In each tent I was urgently invited to have a cup of tea or coffee; I had to try their new baked bread or their roast chicken or duck. As I happened to come at the time they had their meals, I feared indigestion.

The sound of church bells called me away from my friends to go home. I was sorry not to have been able to visit them all. It seemed they considered the wife of the reverend a bit young, due to my looks, for they asked me again and again how old I was. I told them I had a child, 9 months old, so they concluded I had married very young. This, to prove that the African climate and the journey have had no affect on me. The African woman ages quickly as a rule, due to the climate and the hard life.

At the consecration of the Church Dr Van Velden read from Genesis 28, Verse 19 'and he called the name of that place Beth-el'.

After the service we had refreshments. Visitors came all the time, so it was not a quiet dinner. One of the people whom I had visited the previous day brought me a roast duck. After dinner Faure took the service of Preparation and Admission, his text being 1 Cor. 11, Verse 28 ‘But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup’. I needed some rest and remained at home. The inside of the church was not yet complete, the pulpit for instance was made of some cases, one on top of the other, covered by a table cloth; a footstool helped the preachers to climb to the pulpit, a hazardous procedure! I feared many times Faure would tumble down, pulpit and all. There also were no lamps yet. To have light the churchgoers brought their own candles, holding them in their hands all the time, during the service. A few had been more inventive and put them on bottles. One has to adapt one’s self to the circumstances. On Sunday May 15th Faure took the Holy Communion Service, according to John 6, Verse 48 ‘I am the bread of life’.

Dr van der Hoff had arrived at Ladysmith the previous day [Saturday 14th May], he was on his way, with his wife and child, to Mooi River in the Transvaal Republic, where he had been called by the Transvaalers; he had been sent out as a preacher to the Cape. A few months after his arrival he got this new job. Dr Van Velden took the Thanksgiving Service in the afternoon and on this occasion Faure baptised no less that 53 children. After the service we went to one of the tents, where a child, meant to be baptised, lay severely ill. It looked as if he was going to die and the parents urgently bade Faure to baptise him there and then. The deacon was also present.
With Dr van der Hoff and his family we had dinner at the house of our kind host. Dr van der Hoff led the evening service and preached from the text Mark 4, Verses 33–35 ‘And with many such parables spake he the word unto them as they were able to hear it. But without a parable spake he not unto them: and when they were alone he expounded all things to his disciples’.

I had caught a cold and did not go and when many visitors arrived I slipped off to bed early. We had planned our departure for the next day [Monday 16th May]. Dr Van Velden set off before us to lecture to his parish. I went to visit some people in tents with my sister-in-law and to our great relief we found the sick child much better and ready to go home.

It was half past two [afternoon of the 16th May] when we left our hosts and their hospitable home. After the waggon had left, Faure and I followed on horseback. Again we crossed the Klip River, at another drift this time, for we rode in the opposite direction, towards Little Tugela River. We went westwards hoping to reach Deacon Caspar Labuschagne’s home before night fall, where on Wednesday May 18th a service would be held. A long journey lay ahead of us, and because the road was very bad we had to make our way through banks of sand and stones. The sky was dark with menacing clouds. Fortunately, we could climb into the waggon when the rain came. We left our horses in the care of an African and hurriedly made for Caspar’s house. We had to cross the Tugela at a bad drift and there was even the possibility that the water would be high.

At half past five, darkness fell, still no sign of the river. It did not look too good. We had a lantern, but no place to hang it, so that was no use. For some time we held it in our hands but with the rolling of the waggon the candelight soon extinguished. At last we reached the river [Tugela]. We found we had to go down a steep slope while the one on the other side of the Tugela seemed even worse. When going down, the waggon stood almost vertically, so that I held my hands in front of my eyes so as not to see the danger. Wading at this point was very risky as the water was deep and the river bed full of holes, two of the oxen stumbled and fell. A steep rocky path awaited us on the other side but we arrived safely at half past eight at Labuschagne’s house. The rain came down in torrents and I was afraid to expose Marianne to the damp night air. The waggon could not get close to the house. Gertrude felt sick after the uncomfortable trip, so we decided to remain in the waggon that night. Faure and I went inside the house and returned after a light supper, to the waggon. Supper consisted of meat, potatoes and dry rice with a glass of fresh milk, usually the only drink for the Boers. In a white cup we made a night light, lit it, and made a sleeping place for Nancy and baby, after which we went to sleep, fully clothed, on the mattress. It was a cold night and to make it worse the hood leaked here and there. At dawn we saw that our blankets were soaked in several places. Nancy did not feel well either, she had to go in and out of the waggon, letting in the cold air. It kept on raining, so we decided to go to the hospitable house. It was a primitive dwelling, a living room and
two bedrooms with curtains instead of doors. One of the bedrooms was prepared for us. As in most houses, there was no ceiling, only the roof over our heads. The windows had no glass, only wooden shutters, closed all day long because of the rain. We were glad to leave the dark bedroom and go to the living room, where the whole family gathered. The shutters were also closed here but the light came in through the half open door. It is not easy to describe our bedroom, under the bed pots of honey were stacked, sacks of lard, flour and all kinds of seeds, etc. Hanging along the walls were weapons and our host’s Sunday hat and coat. The rain coming down steadily, kept us indoors all day. Gertrude lay ill in bed. At noon a thunderstorm broke out with flashes of lightning. The whole day I felt miserable cold, due to the damp clay floors.

When we woke up the next day [Tuesday 17th May] the rain had stopped and although the roads would be bad after the constant rain, we decided to proceed on our journey. When we were ready to leave, there was a great tumult. It appeared that a lion had dragged away many sheep during the night, right in front of the house. Lions come regularly in these parts. We took the way to Klein Tugela [Labuschagne’s Rustenburg] accompanied by the father and his sons, who followed the lion’s tracks. We did not fancy a lion hunt! The waggon had gone on ahead and we followed on horseback. The road was drenched and very slippery, so that we had to dismount several times. The trail of the lion led away from our road in another direction, but we could not forget it and turned around at every sound.

After about 3½ hours we came to a fast flowing river [probably the Tugela] and when we had crossed it we reached the church place, Klein Tugela, a vast empty field with only one building, the small church, where 13 or 14 ox waggons had gathered. More churchgoers arrived soon after us. Hurriedly we prepared our meal, helped by some of the churchgoers, one brought boiling water, others brought meat, bread and ruskis. We soon had our meal, together with the provisions we had brought along. After having written down the names of the children to be baptised and those of the grown ups to be confirmed (with which I helped my husband, like a true reverend’s wife), we all went to church. The service started at 7 o’clock in the evening. Faure preached from the text 1 Thess. 5, Verse 17 ‘Pray without ceasing’. Here also there were only candles in bottles. I was amazed that the children made so much noise, they even talked aloud. After the service we returned to our waggon while the church was being prepared to serve as a shelter for various church people, including Mr Naudé. The cold night made me run to our waggon and the next day we saw frost on the ground. The service started early at 7 o’clock, in the morning [of Wednesday 18th May]. Faure read from Psalm 23 ‘The Lord is my shepherd’. At 11 o’clock we were ready to leave. Honey and milk had been brought to us. The region we came through was most interesting, we saw clearly the Drakensberg mountains with their snow-capped peaks against the blue sky. During our stay at Tugela church place we had admired this range and now when we drew nearer I was disappointed that we did
not have time to go there and admire the waterfall [Tugela Falls], coming down from 1000 feet high. We had been told that we could reach it after three hours riding without effort, but alas time failed us.

The Drakensberg mountains are known to be very interesting for tourists, there are Bushmen and many beasts of prey, lions, buffaloes, hippos, eland etc., especially on the other side of the mountains. We approached the land of Moshesh, king of the hostile tribe of the Basouto which had fought the English Government, a short while ago. We went through the Sterkspruit and the Little Tugela, both rivers are generally high in summertime, but now they were low. We came through grass fields, where the grass stood 2½–3 feet high. Even on horseback it was difficult to ride through, it is called Tamboeki grass, owing to the deep holes it covers. These holes are made by ‘aardvarken’ [antbears — *Orycteropus afer*. Smithers, p. 599] and are dangerous because the horses may stumble or even fall. We went on carefully and saw many wild animals, for instance, large buck called hartebeest, brown and with huge horns. We visited some Boers whom we met at the church place and were cordially welcomed. The weather was glorious, the air was warm, not oppressive and the trip, that would be a long one, as we had to go to Kaalspruit before nightfall, did not worry us.

Evening fell and we had some horses riding ahead of us. We reached an African kraal and changed some raw meat for wood to be able to cook our meal when we arrived at the camping place near *Blauwkrans*. The moon was high and clear in the sky, shedding a beautiful serene light on the plain. We passed fields of Turkish corn [grain] and mealies on which our horses fed now and then. It was one of those nights which can never be forgotten. We were ahead of our waggon and we talked about our dear Fatherland and the loved ones we had left behind. Our hearts lived in the past. What struck me was the constant change in temperature, it was cold in some parts and warm in others. At the camping place we met another waggon. We made a fire for all of us, spread the mat and the Indian carpet and sat around the fire, it gave us a nice warm feeling in the chilly night. It was half past nine. The coffee was soon made, our good, kind fellow traveller Mr Naude went out of his way to help, he grilled sausages and steak over the fire. I had never before seen a roast prepared this way, it was very tasty. At half past eleven we broke up to go to our waggon to sleep. Mr Naude took a rug, put it under the waggon and fell asleep. He was glad that the horses had the excellent idea of accompanying him, for it was a cold night. When he woke up he saw a horse lying on either side. We opened our waggon and found breakfast ready [?19th or 20th May], thanks to Mr Naude. We had not slept much owing to the wild shouts of Africans, probably a festivity in one of the kraals. It must have been a joyful event! When the African, who was our leader saw that Mr Naude was preparing breakfast, while we were still in the waggon, he asked our deacon in mysterious terms who was the big boss in the waggon who
had 3 wives? And if Mr Naude had more? There is no law yet forbidding polygamy for Africans and a chief who is rich and respectable has many wives. Women are still a matter of trade.

Faure and I mounted our horses at 8 o'clock. There was a frost and the ground was white. At 10 o'clock I lent my horse to Gertrude who with Faure, rode on to Scheepers’ place [Wagendrift] where we had spent the night at the beginning of our trip. We crossed the Bushmans River where we bumped and rocked uncomfortably. Finally, we reached our destination. Remembering the prevailing whooping cough, I wanted to keep at a distance. When the waggon halted Faure came to meet us, together with Gerrit Scheepers and his son-in-law Oosthuysen, whose parents had been murdered by Dingaan, near Blauwkrans. I felt ill and exhausted and preferred to remain in the waggon but Faure insisted I should get out and have dinner with the Scheepers. I gave in and left Marianne and Nancy in the waggon.

A disagreeable surprise awaited us. We had counted on getting another leader and oxen at Scheepers’ place but we were disappointed. The leader told us he had to be back in time to hand over the oxen to his master and he refused to come. We were obliged to go on for the next Sunday Service [22nd May] was to be at Boschfontein, Mr Naude’s place, and to get there we had to make haste. We had hoped to camp that night at Mooi River. Scheepers and Oosthuysen talked to our leader for a long time in his own language and succeeded in persuading him to go with us part of the way. We could not understand what they said, but it was evident that the man was frightened. Oosthuysen told us afterwards that he had said Mr Faure was a mighty head of the white people and a friend of the Government and if he persisted, he would be handed over to the police and be punished. We only stayed for a short time at Scheepers’ house and departed at 3 o’clock [in the afternoon of Saturday 21st May]. I tried to ride my horse but I felt sick and had a terrible headache, so that every movement was too much for me. We tried to overtake the waggon and so it was necessary to ride fast; unfortunately it took some time before we sighted it.

Evening fell, the road was bad and unused, in many places we had to go through swamps or make detours to avoid them. It was dark when we finally caught up with our waggon. Faure wanted to camp knowing how much I needed a rest, but Mr Naude did not agree. I lay down on the mattress and immediately fell asleep. I already felt a little better when Faure brought me my supper, a slice of bread and cold chicken. Like the night before Mr Naude camped under the waggon with the promise he would wake us early for we had to start at dawn. Fearing our African leader might escape we gave him a good meal. Mr Naude threatened him with a severe punishment if he tried to run away. But in spite of this he went while it was still dark, Mr Naude awakened us with the bad news [on 20th May]. The oxen were still there for they had been fastened to the waggon and could not be taken away without
making too much noise. Our horses were let loose; they never go a long way. They were still there. What next? We were at a loss, the oxen were not used to Mr Naude, besides he did not know the way and as the road was untrodden and full of holes, he was reluctant to take the responsibility. We decided to proceed slowly and very carefully. Faure would ride ahead and see if he could get some help. We had seen some tents in the distance. They belonged to an Englishman, who was in charge of some Africans repairing the road to Bushmans River. He willingly lent us one man to act as our leader.

This being arranged I jumped out of the waggon to accompany Faure. While he saddled my horse the waggon went on. We soon caught up with it, when Faure remarked that neither, in front nor at the back the leader could be seen. We wanted to ask Mr Naude if the leader was perhaps sitting next to him, when he turned round and answered he had not seen him for some time and asked us if we had seen him anywhere. So that was the end of it, African No. 2 had escaped, but how? We had not seen him, although we had been following at a short distance. Possibly the man did not like to walk in the cold morning air and had taken cover in the high grass, we had to continue without a leader as well as possible. At Mr Naude’s request we rode to Mooi River where we would try and find an able leader and send him to the waggon, for, at Mooi River the waggon would have to negotiate a steep downhill path. It was cold and my hands were numb. I could hardly hold the reins. I had put on a warm coat and a fur, but I still felt the cold. I had not expected it in Natal. I put on two pairs of gloves, the sharp wind was blowing hard, the sky was hazy and it took a long time before the sun could force its way through heavy, dark clouds. We took a shortcut to the river, meandering quietly and beautifully through the valley at our feet, not unlike a silver snake creeping through the dark green grass. What a pity, we were in such a hurry! Gradually the footpath got steeper and we had to dismount and lead our horses by hand. The river was swollen, but we came through without difficulty.

We found a small inn, owned by an Englishman and soon we were sitting near the fire waiting for the waggon. We had been lucky to find an African willing to lead the waggon down the slope and through the river, but no further. It was half past nine when at last the waggon arrived. Our poor deacon was exhausted, no wonder. Only someone who knows Africa would understand what it is to be a leader and driver at the same time. Our poor friend had to walk beside the waggon most of the time, looking on both sides to calm the oxen. We had lunch at the Hotel, bread and chicken, wine and coffee. At 4 o’clock [afternoon of 21st May] Faure and I mounted our horses to go with speed to Boschfontein and sent Mr Naude’s own leader back to him to help him to climb the difficult path in the rocks near his place. On our trip we passed rocky hills, very picturesque with aloes and beautiful valleys formed by the hills. On the grassy plains, amidst dark woods, a mass of cattle was grazing peacefully. To me Boschfontein, with its lovely valleys, majestic woods and flowered hills always has a great attraction. When we arrived at Mr Naude’s place [Boschfontein], we sent him
the Africans without delay, a leader and a driver. A few hours later the waggon arrived safely. Every year some wild animals are being shot at *Boschfontein*, lions, buffaloes and eland. Shortly before we arrived some mares and a colt had been dragged away by a lion and after our return to Pietermaritzburg a lion had been seen on the very spot where we stood, near the house of our deacon.

The next day, being a Sunday [22nd May], Faure preached to about 50 people. This service was held in the front room. The text was Matthew 11, Verse 28 ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavily laden, and I will give you rest’. On Monday [23rd May] we rode out on a pastoral visit, Faure, Gertrude, Mr Naude and myself. We dined with Jan Naude’s family, brother of our deacon, and so we had the opportunity to get acquainted with the beautiful surroundings. At night Faure held a simple service, the text being Romans 8, Verse 31 ‘If God be for us, who can be against us?’ The next day [Tuesday 24th May] we left our kind host to return to Pietermaritzburg on horseback. Faure and I visited Petrus Potgieter and his family. We crossed the Sterkspruit and arrived at Karel Preller’s house at suppertime. We spent the night there.

Gertrude borrowed a horse and Preller himself accompanied us part of the way. The waggon was left to the care of Petrus Potgieter whose oxen we borrowed at *Boschfontein* and who acted as driver. He looked after Nancy well and our dear little Marianne, whom he loved very much. He often said ‘If only I had a little girl like her, then I should be really happy’. With my sister-in-law we visited the Umghene [Howick] waterfall. We reached the rectory at Pietermaritzburg at 6 o’clock in the evening of May 25th, truly contented and happy with our first improvised African excursion, which we shall always remember with joy.

Marianne Faure
Born Alewyn
Pietermartizburg June 29th 1853
Translated by Anna Maria Entrop-Le Poole
In memory of my Great Grandmother

MAP OF THE EXCURSION

The map is based on a map in the Natal Archives Repository, MS/108 map which is marked ?1854, but has on it places that did not exist in 1854. It is very likely taken from a later map, perhaps Cullingworth 1862. Only the middle section of the map has been used and altered here. For orientation Colenso and Escourt [sic] were retained while Winterton and Mooi River have been added. The
route presumed to have been taken by the Faure party is dotted and places mentioned in the text are starred and numbered. 1: Preller’s place, Hebron. 2: Naude’s place, Boschfontein. 3: Scheepers’ place, Wagendrift. 4: De Waal’s place, Tugela Drift. 5: Klip River drift, Herman’s Kraal. 6: Caspar’s place, ‘Klein Tugela’ — Rustenburg. 7: Mooi River drift, Gray’s Accommodation House. 8: Jan Naude’s place, Bosch Hoek. 9: Potgieter’s place, Wildeals Spruit.
ENDNOTES

1 Rev Hendrik Emanuel Faure, born 17 August 1828, baptised in Cape Town 21 September 1828, died 6 April 1898 at Doesburg, Holland. He married at Soestdyk, Holland 20 November 1851 (South African Genealogies vol. 2 p. 272).
3 Orange River Sovereignty (today’s Free State).
4 Gerrit Jacobus Naude (born c. 1809).
6 The rectory, in Longmarket Street, now the site of the provincial offices, Natalia.
7 The author’s daughter Marianne Isabella Marthinus Frederika, born 6 September 1852, baptised Cape Town 24 October 1852 (South African Genealogies Vol. 2 p. 272).
8 Probably present-day Hilton.
9 Probably Cedara area.
10 Karel (or Carl) Fredrik Preller (1801–1870).
11 According to Mrs Holland of Howick Museum, this monument is no longer extant (1988).
12 Present-day view site.
13 Possibly present-day Lion’s River or Mpofana River.
14 Hebron on the Mgeni River in the Lion’s River area. Present-day Hebron Haven Hotel is on the farm. (Dimock, Lion’s River; Hebron: Cullingworth’s map).
15 Boschfontein, at present-day Caversham.
16 Possibly Mpofana River.
17 There must have been an early snowfall in May.
18 Probably the Ground Hornbill (Bucorvus leadbeateri), a turkey-like bird — David Johnson pers. comm.
19 This was downstream from present day Mooi River town, on the Greytown Road.
20 She married Faure in Holland in 1851 and arrived in South Africa in December 1852.
21 Probably Beacon Hill, near the N3 motorway.
22 Wagendrift. A portion of present-day Wagendrift Dam is on this farm.
23 The group travelled west of present-day Estcourt which lies at the confluence of these two rivers.
24 See also John Wright’s *Bushman raiders of the Drakensberg*.
25 There were several Oosthuysens in the area, including at *Wagendrift* (Wright).
26 There are a few streams running northwards through the farm *Moordspruit*, owned by E.G. Landsberg in 1862, and which join the Blaauwkrans River north-east of present-day Frere.
27 The Blaauwkrans attack took place on 17 February 1838 (F.T. du Bruyn).
28 Piet Retief (1780–1838) was leader, with Gerrit Maritz, of the Voortrekkers from the Cape Colony to Natal in 1837. Because of the hope of obtaining large tracts of land, the Voortrekkers were of great concern to the Zulu Kingdom, resulting in the murder of Retief at Mgungundlovu, Dingane’s capital (Ballard).
29 Dingane’s kraal was at Mgungundlovu in the eMakhosini Valley near Melmoth. Retief was murdered there and not at Blaauwkrans (Colenbrander). Dingane kaSenzangakhona (1795–1840) was the Zulu chief from 1828 when he obtained the throne by murdering his predecessor, and brother, Shaka. He was defeated in a battle with the Boer immigrants on 16 December 1838 at Blood River (Ncome). He escaped to Swaziland where he was deposed by his brother Mpande, and subsequently murdered.
30 Thukela River drift, upstream from present-day Colenso.
31 Probably *Tugela Drift* farm on the north bank, owned by P.J. de Waal.
32 The road on the 1862 map runs through *Herman’s Kraal* and crosses the Klip River south-east of Ladysmith.
33 J.H.M. Struben (1806-1869).
34 Waldeck-Pymont was a small principality in the German empire. A Waldeck Battalion was founded in 1681. In 1784 the 5th Waldeck Battalion entered Dutch service. During re-organisation in 1806, the 5th Waldeck Battalion was disbanded while the other regiments were renamed. Early in the 19th century the Waldeck regiments left Dutch service. (Ref: http://home.att.net/~david.danner/militaria/waldeck.htm)
36 Mooi River Dorp is present-day Potchefstroom.
37 South or west of Ladysmith.
38 This may be on the farm *Labuschagne’s Kraal*. I have not been able to identify positively Labuschagne’s ‘home’. The description of the next four or five days is very confusing.
39 Probably the farm *Rustenburg* on the north bank of the Little Tugela River near the confluence with the Tugela River, east of present-day Winterton. Caspar Jeremias Labuschagne (c1773-1860) was granted Rustenburg (5241 acres) on 1 April 1851 and
Schietdrift (1987 acres) on 1 Jan 1851 - both signed for by him on 1 April 1852. Schietdrift, adjacent to Rustenburg belonged to J. Caspar Labuschagne.

40 Mrs Elbie Raath of the Dutch Reformed Church Archive in Pietermaritzburg informed me that Reverend Faure named the little church place (where a church could be built) at Klein Tugela, the Marianne Church, in honour of his wife. The church subsequently fell into disrepair and by the 1870s was no longer in use (Record 1694). In Record 5045 Die Kerkbode of 27 May 1854, page 176 records that the church council and members of the congregation between the Little Thukela and Thukela rivers, Natal have named their house of God, the Marianne Church after the wife of the minister whom they respected and in remembrance of her visit to the Lindique Spruit.

41 The Sterkspruit converges with the Little Thukela River south of Caspar Labuschagne’s Rustenburg.

42 The Kaalspruit runs northwards from near Draycott to join the Little Tugela River upstream of its confluence with the Tugela River.

43 The road on the 1862 map crosses the Blaauw Krans River on J.B. Wessels farm Plessislager and passes through J. Rudolph’s Blaauwkrans, near present-day Frere.

44 Messrs Oosthuyzen & Scheepers granted Wagendrift (6031 acres) on 1 September 1847 - signed for by F or T.W. Oosthuyzen.

45 David Gray’s Accommodation House, on the Mooi River at the drift. David Gray was at Mooi River between 1850 and 1859. The hotel was improved and subsequently owned by John Whipp (in Mooi River 1861–1875) and named John Whipp’s Accommodation House before it was renamed the Mooi River Drift Accommodation House, and finally The Lake Hotel. It burnt down in the 1950s.

46 At Bosch Hoek, north of and adjacent to Boschfontein.

47 P.E. Potgieter on Wildeals Spruit, west of Boschfontein.

48 Possibly Lion’s River.

49 Hebron, on the Mngeni River at present-day Lion’s River.

50 Baptised Maria Johanna Louisa Alwijn, born 22 May 1830, Amersfoort, Holland. Wife of Rev Hendrik Emanuel Faure.

51 Translated in the mid 1950s in Holland by Anna Maria Entrop-Le Poole. The translator is the granddaughter of Rev H.E. Faure and Marianne Faure-Alewijn’s second son Louis Henry Ferdinand Alewijn Faure and his wife and cousin, Natalie Gertrude Faure. Information supplied by Marguerite Cotterrell.

ITINERARY OF MY FIRST AFRICAN EXCURSION (ABSTRACTED BY VAL WARD)
May 9th Monday. Left Pietermaritzburg, for night at Hebron, Carl Preller’s place.
May 10th Tuesday. Left Hebron for Boschfontein, Deacon Naude’s place.
May 11th Wednesday. Departed Boschfontein for Wagendrift, Scheepers’ place.
May 12th Thursday. Left Wagendrift for Tugela Drift, De Waal’s place.
May 13th Friday. Departed Tugela Drift for Ladysmith, Magistrate Struben’s house.
May 14th Saturday. Ladysmith.
May 15th Sunday. Ladysmith.
May 16th Monday. Left Ladysmith for ?Labuschagne’s Kraal.
May 18th Wednesday. Rustenburg farm.
May 19th Thursday. Departed Rustenburg farm for camp near Blaauwkrans.
May 20th Friday. Departed Blaauwkrans for night in open near Mooi River.
May 21st Saturday. Departed camp for Boschfontein, Deacon Naude’s place.
May 22nd Sunday. Boschfontein.
May 23rd Monday. Visited Bosch Hoek, Mr Jan Naude’s place, from Boschfontein.
May 24th Tuesday. Left Boschfontein, visited Petrus Potgieter at Wildeals Spruit on way to Hebron, Preller’s place.
May 25th Wednesday. Left Hebron for Pietermaritzburg, via Howick Falls.
The exact whereabouts of the party from the evening of Monday 16th May (arrival at Labuschagne’s home) to the evening of Saturday 21st May (arrival at Naude’s Boschfontein) are unknown.

REFERENCES


Pietermaritzburg Archives Repository, SGO III/12/1. Lists of quitrent and freehold properties from 14 February 1847; Titles to Crown Lands Issued.


**THE ORIGINAL**

The original diary, titled “Myne eerste Afrikaansche excursie” is available at (with permission of the Wits University Library): https://onedrive.live.com/redir?resid=AEBCCC9A7D24402E17714&authkey=!AJeerULm7wx2wSc&ithint=folder%2cpdf (note that it is a large file of close to 60MB).

Note (on the inside cover) that the diary was the “Property of HMF FAURE, The Manor House, Claygate, Surrey”. This is Henry Martinus Frederik FAURE (1882-1937). Trudi HARRIS (nee HUBBARD) (1940-) recalls being read to from the diary by her grandmother (HMFF’s wife) when she was young. Thus, we knew that the diary was in England <1950. An email to the Archivist of the “Historical Papers Archive” at Wits University Library of 18.06.2015 yielded that the diary was one of the first donations to the
Archives and was made in October 1966. Thus, the donation was not made by HMFF (who died in 1937) but by one of his descendants.
APPENDIX

GENERAL SIR JOHN FIELD, HUSBAND OF LADY ALETTA HENDRINA FAURE (1824-1898)

by

Michael John HARRIS (1933-)

John Field was commissioned as an Ensign in the Indian Army on 22.12.1839 and arrived at Bombay on 02.05.1840 and, by General Order dated 13.05.1840, was attached to 26th Regiment Native Infantry. After six months at Poona, he was posted to 6th Regiment Native Infantry, then about to take part in the first Afgan and Scinde campaigns of 1841-44. During this time the regiment was stationed at Upper Scinde (1841-1843), Sukkur and Hyderabad. He took part in the operations through the Bolan Pass to Quetta and Kandahar and was present at the engagements at Haikalsai and the defeat and capture of Meer Shah Mahomed at Pir Arri. Due to many attacks of Scinde fever he was ordered to Karachi for two months to recover.

On 26.04.1842 he was promoted to Lieutenant. In October 1844 the regiment left the Scinde for Satara (south of Poona). It was in 1844 that he converted to the Christian faith and since that time he gave up balls, theatres, cards and other worldly pleasures. He was an active member of the temperance movement throughout his life. In February 1845, due to increasing ill-health, he was ordered to Bombay for a change of air, but this had little effect, and so he was ordered by the doctors to go on two year's leave to the Cape, where many Indian officers used to go to recover their health before the opening of the Suez Canal. On 05.08.1845 he sailed for the Cape in the barque "Actress" calling at Cochin (18-21 August) and Mauritius on the way. At Mauritius he changed ship and continued his journey on the "Madagascar" reaching Cape Town on 9 October.

In Cape Town he met Aletta Hendrina FAURE. A mutual affection arose and, after a brief engagement, they were married on 03.03.1846. Their marriage, based upon religious sympathy, was a happy one, and they lived to celebrate their golden wedding in 1896. They returned to India in January 1847. Shortly afterwards the regiment was ordered to Baroda and, during the march there, he had a narrow escape when he fell down a well in the dark. They remained in Baroda for three years. In January 1851 he was ordered to Bombay and on 27.10.1851 was promoted to Captain.
In January 1852 they left for the Cape and England for three years' leave. Soon after arrival at the Cape their eldest son died from whooping cough. They left the Cape for England in October 1852 and, whilst in England, they visited his old home in Chesham. On returning to India in January 1855 he had to leave his wife and two-year-old child at the hill station at Mahabaleshwar as his regiment was again at Hyderabad where the climate was hot and unhealthy. Eventually he returned to his family and, after some pleasant weeks with them in an idyllic cottage in the Enteshwar Hills, he took them with him to Tannah (Than), near Bombay, whither his regiment had been ordered.

When the Indian Mutiny broke out in 1857 he was, as senior Captain, selected by the Commander-in-Chief for the command of the regiment, because of his known influence over the Sepoys. The regiment had been augmented to 1 200 rank and file, and its duty was to protect Poona, the principal military station, with an arsenal and a large civil community. The European troops had been nearly all sent to strengthen the force under Sir Hugh Rose on its march through central India, and the safety of the cantonments depended upon the fidelity of this Sepoy regiment. Some 10 000 Muslims in the city were waiting for an opportunity to break into the cantonments, but they were overawed by the loyal Sepoys, who resisted all attempts to tamper with them. On the whole western India remained comparatively quiet, though there were sporadic outbreaks here and there, and frequent incendiary fires in the Poona cantonments witnessed to the discontent which simmered below the surface.

In September 1859 he was again separated from his family, having received orders to proceed with his regiment to assist in the reduction of Beyt (Bet), a strong fortress on an island off the coast of the Kathiwar peninsula, where a number of Waghurs were in revolt. The siege of the fortress failed and the Waghurs escaped to the fort at Dwarka, to the south of Beyt where a large number were taken prisoner and the rest dispersed. The Beyt campaign came to an end in February 1860 and, in March, he rejoined his family at Matheran, only to find his three-year-old son, John, suffering from hip disease. The child lingered in great pain for two months and then died.

On 26.09.1860 John Field was promoted to Major. Early in 1861 his wife and children sailed for England for the education of the elder children and a separation of fifteen months followed. His wife's continued ill health caused him to apply for six month's leave to England, where he had not been for seven years, and he arrived at Clifton on 06.06.1862. In November he set out on the return journey to India leaving behind his wife pregnant with their youngest child, Claude. In late 1863 or early 1864 his wife had a narrow escape from being burnt to death when she was sitting by the fireside reading and her dress caught fire. She returned to India in
the early summer of 1864 with their youngest child after a separation of about eighteen months. The older children remained behind in Wimbledon.

At this time he received the appointment of Deputy Judge Advocate General to the Bombay Army. The post of Judge Advocate General was not offered to him until 1872. This period also coincided with illness and money difficulties, John having lost money in the failure of a bank. In April 1867 his wife and child again returned to England. He was promoted to Colonel with effect from 30.09.1867 and was put in charge of the Advance Brigade of the Abyssinian Expedition (consisting of 10th Regiment Native Infantry, 3rd Light Cavalry, two companies of sappers and one company of artillery) which was sent to avenge the behaviour of King Theodore of Abyssinia. In revenge for a slight by the British Government, the King had thrown the British Consul and two missionaries into jail where they languished for over two years and were treated with the grossest cruelty.

The Advance Brigade embarked on 7th October 1867 and arrived at Annesley Bay on 21 October. They marched the 12 miles to Kimayli, at the foot of the mountains, which they reached on 2 November and set to work preparing encampments and making a road 60 miles long from the coast, through the mountain ranges, and reaching Senafe in December where the Brigade established the first military post in Abyssinia. Here the Brigade was employed in making roads and cutting down jungle and they held the position for six weeks until the 1st Division under command of Sir Charles Staveley arrived. At the end of January 1868, when the Expedition was half way to Magdala, Colonel Field was promoted to Brigadier-General and put in command of the Pioneer Force to construct the road over the mountains preparing the way for the elephants and Armstrong guns to advance. On the amalgamation of this Force with other Brigades, he commanded 3rd Brigade, 1st Division for a short time. He was in command of 10th Regiment Native Infantry when the Expedition attacked and entered the fort at Magdala where they found that King Theodore had committed suicide.

Having secured the release of the British Consul and the missionaries, the Expeditionary Force returned to the coast. 10th Regiment Native Infantry proceeded to Zoulla and embarked on the steamer "American". Bombay was reached on 12 June and the regiment moved to Malligaum. He reverted to the rank of Colonel at the end of the Abyssinian campaign. For his services in this expedition Field was made a Companion of the Order of the Bath, received the Abyssinian medal and was appointed Aide-de-camp to the Queen, holding that position for ten years, until promoted to Major-General in 1879.

His health had suffered from the exposure and hardships of the march and so he returned to England for two years sick leave in the
latter part of 1868. On 01.10.1870 he sailed again for India, leaving his wife and children behind. No sooner had his ship reached the Red Sea than he had a serious attack of illness, losing a stone and a half in one week. He gradually regained his strength during the voyage and resumed his command of his regiment when he reached Malligaum on 8 November. In February 1872 the regiment was ordered to Mhow and in May he welcomed his wife back from England. He was relieved of the necessity of taking her to the trying climate of Mhow, by the unexpected offer of the post of Judge Advocate General of the Bombay Army. In 1874 he was offered the command of Aden but declined it for family reasons, and retired after thirty-four years' service, during which he had commanded the 6th and 10th Regiments Native Infantry for 15 years.

Throughout his life in India he had been a very active evangelist among both the natives and among the military, sometimes to the evident annoyance of some of his fellow officers. On his return to England he continued his voluntary evangelism. He took an active part in the London Mission of Messrs Moody and Sankey. From August 1875 to February 1876 Field and his family stayed at Ramsgate. They then moved to a house called "Heathdene" in Blackheath, Kent where they lived for the next nineteen years. From here Field began steadily visiting and preaching to the destitute families in the slums of East Greenwich, the Lewisham Workhouse and the Refuge home in Maze Hill as well as open-air preaching and talks with individuals and groups by the wayside. He also held a Bible class for ladies at his house. In 1876 he became Vice-president of the Theatrical Mission to Actresses and played an active part in the Tramps' Mission, which organised services in workhouses for casuals. From 1879 to 31st March 1892 he was one of the secretaries of the Evangelical Alliance.

His continual parochial visiting began to tax his strength and in 1894, at the age of seventy-three, he ceased his visits. In April 1895 he sold the house at Blackheath and, after a few months at Weybridge, he settled at "Leeuwenrust", Epsom Road, Guildford. Here he took an active part in the work in Christ Church parish and undertook a weekly service for tramps in the Guildford Workhouse. When his friend Bishop Ingram was appointed to the Rectorship of Stoke-next-Guildford, in which parish Field's house lay, he became an active member of that congregation. Bishop Ingram conducted his funeral. The coffin was draped with the Union Jack, and on it was placed his military insignia and sword. His daughter, who had nursed him devotedly during his last illness, his sons and his brother, Admiral Field, with other relatives were the principal mourners.

He has been described as "a fine handsome man, with very martial, soldier-like bearing, having an iron-grey moustache, which, in later years, became snow white. His manner was distinctly an impressive one, and he was a man whose opinion would carry great weight with the average man of the world. He was very thoughtful and tactful, but had an iron will and determination, which not
unnaturally provoked, as it generally does with strong characters, a good deal of opposition from those who did not see eye to eye with him. But with all his determination and strength of character he was ever most courteous when he differed, and he could be tender and sympathetic. It was, indeed, this happy combination of force and sympathy that attracted so many to him."

APPENDIX

PAST MEMORIES

by

Helen Elizabeth Morkel FAURE (x BECKER) (1915-2005) (written in 1990)

I was born on the farm “Bleak House”, Faure, on 16th February, 1915. My father Philippus Albertus Brand Faure came from the family farm nearby called Vergenoegd. His birth, in 1875, actually took place at the home of his mother’s parents, the Brands, who lived in the fashionable area of Wale Street, Cape Town. He was the youngest of 5. As in those days the farm was always left to the eldest son. (Bleak House was part of Vergenoegd.)

As regards “Vergenoegd”, the original grant of land dates back to 1696. The gable is dated 1773. The first Faure, Johannes Gysbertus, became the owner in 1820, since which date it has remained in the Faure family. “Vergenoegd” was declared a National Monument in the late 60’s. At present Jack and Brand, sons of my cousin John are on the farm. The Homestead and farm with its slave bell and cellars, etc. are well worth a visit, and I hope in the future the family will call in and introduce themselves to their distant cousins.

My mother, Emerentia Elizabeth Morkel was born in 1883. She came from a very old family the Morkels of Somerset West. Her family farm was called “Onverwacht”, later known as “Die Bos”. The farm is about 3 miles outside Somerset West on the Sir Lowry’s Pass Road. All the land including “Morning Star” farm, and “Bridge Water” and all the land as far as the Strand originally belonged to the Morkels. The farm is still in possession of the Morkels and my cousin Hendrik owns the farm today. When gold was discovered, as the farm was in a bad way, Philip Morkel left to do transport driving in Kimberley. His wife, Emerentia, saved the farm. The Morkels were a sporting family, especially known for rugby. No other family has had more family members as Springboks in the same team. There was talk that a rugby team was made up of all Morkels. In 1913 – 1914 seven Morkels made up half the team that won all the cups that year. Altogether 10 Morkels won Springbok colours. The Morkels were also very musical. My mother was one of 6 beautiful sisters. All were music or singing teachers. She studied music at the Conservatorium of Music at Stellenbosch. She also played the organ in Church. She told us stories of how she sneaked away one night and
played for a dance at the Marine Hotel, Strand. Not the sort of thing young girls did in those days. She was a wonderful person, much loved by all. She was so loving and patient and kind. Nothing was too much trouble for her. When she died the following words were put on her Tombstone – “Wat sy kon het sy gedoen”. My mother and father were married in 1914.

I was the eldest of 5 children. Myself, Anna, Johannes, Hennie and Emerentia. When I was 5 years and 5 months old the 5th child was born. It must have been a difficult time for my mother. There were lots of servants available, wives and children of farm workers, but they were a very unreliable type.

I don’t remember much of “Bleak House” except that it was an old double storey house with a wooden balcony. I remember the bathroom ceiling collapsing one night. Fortunately we had just had our bath. I also remember I was in the top of a tree when the maid came to tell me that my Faure grandmother had died. My only recollection of her is that she always gave us monkey nuts when we visited her in Vergenoegd. I did not know my Grandfather. When I was small I climbed on the Threshing Machine and caught my leg on one of the spikes. Our doctor, Dr Hewat, (married to my father’s sister, Aunt Minnie) came along to stitch my leg. His daughter Anne (later Anne Morgan) came along to talk to me and distract my attention while my leg was being stitched. She was about 15 then and told me in later life that she had watched it all and almost fainted.

The cellar was next to the house and there was a deep pit near the kitchen door. It had no covering or fence around it. My mother was always scared that we would fall into it and we were always closely watched.

When I was 5 years old, in 1920, we moved to Kahlenberg, a wine farm against the hill not far from Bleak House. The farm was bought from a Mr Kuffner. He was a wine-maker and came from Kahlenberg, Vienna, Austria. The farm originally belonged to “Vergenoegd” and consisted of grain lands against the hill. Mr Kuffner started the vines and the cellar and my father later extended the vineyards.

During the Boer War (1899-1902) my father was with the Civil Imperial Volunteers. He acted as interpreter and his job was to buy horses for the British Army. He was often away. Cecil Rhodes was a friend of the family and often came to “Vergenoegd”. In my father’s diary he wrote in 1899 – “I accompanied Mr. Rhodes on horseback today to buy ground for De Beers at Somerset West.”
Emerentia was the only one who was born at Kahlenberg. We had many white nannies. They were mostly the by-woner class and we had a lot of trouble with them. Finally Miss Katie Visser came and stayed with us for a long time. She was a second mother to Emerentia, and Emerentia slept with Miss Katie as Hennie was very ill when Emmie was a baby, and what with 5 children so close together, I don't know how my mother coped. We all loved Miss Katie and when she was getting old she always worried what would happen to her. My father and mother assured her that they would always look after her. However, when I was about 18 years old she got up early one morning and committed suicide by throwing herself under the train. It was a great shock to us and we were all very upset. We think she went out of her mind. She had a hard life and many troubles before she came to us.

Ouma Morkel had a maid working for her. She had a white father and she was married to Jan Boesman as he was called. He was half-Boesman. He was the cook. When she died she left two little girls. My Ouma took one little girl into her home and my mother took one. Her name was Sarah but we called her Bekkie. Bekkie grew up with us and slept in the room with us at one stage. She was light skinned. We taught her to read and write and she taught herself to play the piano. When she was grown up she went to Somerset West to confirmation classes. She met a taxi-driver by the name of Gordon and married him. He drank a lot, and she left him once or twice and came back home. Finally she settled down. She worked for my Ma again when she lived at the Strand after my father died.

My Dad was away a lot. He was on many Committees and Commissions and he was on the Land Board and often went with the Minister of Lands to settle problems in the North Western Cape, The Copper Belt, Rigtersveld and Canon Island in the Orange River. My Dad's mother was a sister to President Brand.

My mother was very keen on her tennis. We always had a car, a Buick or a Rover, but she could not drive, she only learnt in later years. I can remember her walking to the station from either Bleak House or Kahlenberg and taking the train to Somerset West to play tennis.

We had a very happy childhood. We used to go for walks up the hill to collect wild flowers – Pypies, Kalkoentjies, Bobbejaantjies, etc. There were buck on the hill and jackals and hedgehogs, etc. It was a great thrill looking for and finding a kukumakranka. It is a scented yellow juicy seed-pod just sticking out of the ground. We went to Meerlust to pick red-pypies and to Zandvliet to pick Afrikaner Pypies. The Meerlust veld is all covered by vines now. Most of the grounds on these farms have been cultivated now. When we were small our friends and playmates were the coloured children of the farm labourers. Hannes and Hennie played
rugby with the “klonkies” as they were then called. My Dad put up goal posts and they had a nice field. We picked up lice and we used to sit for ages at times combing our hair with fine tooth combs.

We used to walk to the river to swim. There was a weir at Vergenoegd. We washed the dogs at the river and the wagon had to go to the river to collect water for the fruit trees. There was a lovely big orchard in front of the house.

Sundays we used to have dinner, either at Vergenoegd or Zandvliet or with Ouma Morkel at “Die Bos”. Every Christmas night we had a party at “Die Bos” and Father Christmas came. My mother was one of 12 children, 8 survived and all the grandchildren used to come to the party. There were many cousins:

John Morkel’s children Antoinette, Hendrik, Daniel
Dan Morkel’s children Hennie, Charles, Danie and Andre
My mother (Faure) Helen, Anna, Hannes, Hennie and Emerentia
Essie (de Villiers) Nicolas, Hennie, Girlie, Oenie, Rocco and Essie
Nellie (Smuts) Frank and Morkel
Alice (Theron) Helene and Nettie
Maria (Broeksma) Cornelius, Hennie and Marlene
Magriet Unmarried – later married Broeksma when Mariatjie died

Our house was an open house. We always had people, friends and cousins to stay, and sometimes interfering old aunts. One in particular, Aunt Minnie used to take over the garden when she was there and transplanted shrubs and plants. My mother just kept quiet and said nothing. She always peeped into pots on the stove much to the annoyance of Aia Hannah the Cook. We always had a coal stove and very much later got an Esse. For ironing we used irons which were heated on the stove.

As we grew older we went to the farm school. The school was situated on the main road and we had to cross the railway to walk to school. My parents were always terrified of the trains; however, we were trained to be careful. Even today when visitors leave the farm I hear my brothers say “Pasop vir die trein”. We always went to school barefoot. Hannes got his first shoes when he went to stay with the Brands in Sea Point, and the shoes were bought there. He came back with these shoes very very much too big for him and he could hardly walk in them. He did not have them for long as they were lost in the vineyard. One was found years later.
I am left handed but was never allowed to write with my left hand. The teacher used to hit me on the knuckles when I wrote with my left hand. There were about 25 or 30 pupils in the school with only one teacher. Children came from Eerste River. I remember one teacher well, Miss Keats. She came every morning from Kuils River by train. I sometimes spent a weekend with her. The classes ranged from Sub. A to Std. 4 or 5. I had a special friend at the Faure school – Johanna Le Roux. She lived at Eerste River. Her father was a foreman of a gang of road workers. We still keep in touch with each at Christmas time. She did well in life. The school consisted of only one large room. All the classes were in the one room. One day we found a large snake in the classroom and everyone panicked. A farm labourer from across the road came in to kill it.

At about this time the cars were all open with a hood that rolled down. I can remember many a time Dad had to stop the car as Mam’s hat blew off. Many of the farms had gates so we always had to stop and open gates. We sometimes went by cart and horses and we always went to the station by wagon to fetch goods.

We often helped. Coffee beans were baked and we helped to grind them in a coffee grinder. We fed the fowls and the little chickens and ducks, and collected eggs and washed and wiped them. They were sent off in boxes to the Cape Egg Circle. We also helped to make butter. In the evenings we often went to watch the cows being milked and sometimes drank the milk, but I was not particularly keen on the warmish milk. There were horses and pigs and ducks and geese, etc. Dogs and lots of cats. Chickens were hatched in incubators. It all took up a lot of work. We bought meat from the butcher but used our own chickens, ducks and geese. There were no fridges in those days. We used a sort of safe covered with fine wire netting. It was hung on a pole in a cool place. No electric lights. We used lamps and candles.

We always had a cook – Aia Clara, and then Aia Hannah who was with us for many years. We also had inside maids. We never bought bread and always ate lovely fresh brown home-made bread. Mam, we always called her “Mammie” when we were small, made all jam and canned fruit bottles. The pantry had to be kept locked as the thieving was unbelievable.

I can remember servants carrying buckets of hot water from the kitchen to the bathroom for us to bath in. We bathed about once a week. Later on we got a geyser. There was only one bathroom and one toilet.
As I said before, Mam had a lot of trouble with white nannies. When Anna was very small one of them locked her in the toilet. Anna had a temper (you won’t believe it today) and she threw a potty through the window and broke it. Mam arrived back and saw the nannie hitting and kicking Anna. She was sacked on the spot. Another thing that comes to mind is when Hennie caught his finger in the outside lavatory door. I can still see him screaming with the flesh hanging off the bone of his finger. Hannes fainted a lot when he was small.

Emmie had beautiful hair. She was a very pretty child and was flower girl at family weddings about 5 or 6 times. Anna also had lovely wavy hair. She and I were flower girls a few times too. My hair was very straight. My father cut the boys hair and sometimes shaved it all off.

We had bible reading every night at table after supper. The older children took turns each to read a few verses. Hennie used to come out with such funny pronunciations and it caused many a giggle. When my father’s brow went up (we watched for it) we knew he could not contain his laughter. One night Hennie, instead of reading Didymus said “Dickey Mouse”. Another time 12 partridges, instead of 12 Patriots. Of course, that was the end of the reading for the night. We could not stop laughing. My Mam used to get very cross, or maybe she pretended she was cross.

We did not go to Sunday School as we lived too far away, but we sometimes went with Mam to the Dutch Reformed Church at Somerset West. Before she was married she played the organ in the Church. Afterwards she sometimes played at weddings or relieved when the organist was away.

Every April after “Parstyd” we went to the Strand for a month on holiday. We either stayed at Haylett’s White House Hotel (Mr. Haylett and his wife were great friends of my parents), or in one of the houses between the Marine Hotel and the White House Hotel, or even in one of the White House Hotel cottages. We loved staying at the Hotel as we got shop bread and golden syrup – a great treat for us. When we were older we always stayed in a house. When school started after the April holidays we took the train to Somerset West. Our milk was sent from the farm in a gallon can. We children had to walk to the Strand Station everyday to fetch the milk. In the Faure School days when we were younger we had a teacher Miss Alexander who lived at the Strand. While we were at the Strand she gave some of the children extra lessons. She was very pretty and was the first Miss South Africa.
We often went over to Vergenoegd and Zandvliet. Oomie, my father's elder brother lived at Vergenoegd. His wife died young. Aunt Anna, his sister also lived there, and his two children, Erilda who later married Willie Starke, and John who married Elaine who was the granddaughter of President Brand. Aunt Bettie, another sister, lived at Zandvliet. She married a John Faure so remained a Faure. Her children were Bertie, Koosie and Anna (later Mousley). We often went to the Kramit, Tomb of Sheik Yusef, which was near the farm. He was a Muslim priest who brought the faith to South Africa. Because of political activities he was banished to the Cape from Java in 1694. I one day fell in the dam at Zandvliet. I could not swim and it was a terrible experience. Fortunately one of the labourers jumped in and saved me.

Once a year in Dec / Jan the “Dorsmasjien” came to thresh the wheat. Mam had to feed the men. Huge plates of food were given. The Foreman or Manager ate with us. He was quite a character as we giggled a lot at the table and we were sent to the kitchen one by one on certain occasions. One day he said “my turn next”. One night he came in late to eat. Em was in the dining room in a thin short nightie. She dived under the table and there she sat until he finished his meal, very much to our amusement. One by one we came in to peep at Em.

We had a very old white mule called Kitty. When he got too old to work my Dad pensioned him off and he roamed about the werf and the farm. He was very tame and he had been given to my father by Cecil Rhodes.

We often went with our parents to visit friends on neighbouring farms – The Myburghs at Meerlust and at Klawervlei (now taken over by Kahlenberg), the Louws at Neethlingshof, Spier, Lanzerac, Morgenster, Vergelegen. All wine farms and well known today for their wines.

We often went to Rondebosch to visit Ouma moedertjie van der Byl, my Faure grandfather’s sister. She lived with her daughter Aunt Lizzie Herold off Kromboom Road. It was a huge property with tennis court etc. The house was enormous with many rooms including a billiard room. Two old maid aunts also lived there, Aunt Lou and Aunt Max. They often came to stay at the farm. Ouma moedertjie reached the age of over 100 years. I can still picture her. She wore a little lace cap with two ribbons down the back. Aunt Lou lived to be 101 years old. Aunt Max kept tortoises; we were most interested in them especially the baby ones. I can also remember Ouma Morkel’s mother at “Die Bos” with her little lace cap. The van der Byl’s originally farmed at L’Ormarins, Franschoek.
Oupa Faure had a sister, Lettie. Her twin was Peter Faure (later Sir Peter Faure). She was engaged to a Van der Byl for 25 years. Each looked after old parents. When their parents died they got married and lived at Spier, a lovely old farm at Lynedoch. (Spier – Title Deed 17.9.1692, signed by Governor Simon van der Stel). When they died, this was before my father’s marriage, he bought their dinner service, a tremendously big dinner service as we seemed to have hundreds of plates, dishes etc. Most of it was stored in the loft. The servants ate off the plates and we as children did too. Some of the plates were brownish. Could be from repeated heating of the plates in the oven, or, as someone said, the service was buried during the Boer War. This service is very valuable today. Pity we have so few plates left. I still have the Soup Tureen and some plates. Vergenoegd also had a beautiful old dinner service, Blue with the boy blowing the horn and the sheep. We have some of these plates too. After the Boer War my father bought all the silver cutlery from the Officer’s Mess of the Civil Imperial Volunteers. He had the “C.I.V.” stamped out and “F” engraved over it. I have a cruet stand marked “OMWLH” (Officer’s Mess, Western Light Horse). The green plates came from “Die Bos”. They are dated 1612. My dad also bought a kist at a sale at Stellenbosch. It was sold for 27 shillings and 6 pence and he offered the buyer 10 shillings more. He had it railed to Faure Station. It lay on the station for a long time in rain and sunshine. One day a railway official offered him £10 for it. Dad then fetched it at the station and sent it to D. Isaacs and Son in Cape Town to have it repaired and polished. They offered him £100. It is a beautiful piece of furniture today and very valuable. We always had it in the drawing room at the farm. Today Hennie has it in his Front Hall. It is a Rosewood and Ebony kist with a Brass Keyhole Escutcheon and large brass handles. The brass work is exceptionally fine and the decoration of the keyhole escutcheon with the Balinese dancers, flowers, grotesque animals and reptiles appear to indicate that the brasses are the work of Javanese craftsmen, and that the kist was brought over by one of the ships of the East India Co. from Batavia in the 18th century. This kist was exhibited at the Empire Exhibition, Johannesburg, in 1936 / 1937. Also exhibited were (a) Hexagon blue and white wine jar of the 17th century which I have in my possession; (b) large porcelain bowl richly painted in enamels – K’ang H’si, 1662 – 1722; and (c) Large Nankin blue and white dish 18th century. These are at the farm.

When I was in Std. 4 we went to Somerset West Primary School. We went by train everyday from Faure Station. The railway line from Cape Town to Stellenbosch via Eerste River was built in 1862, and in 1889 the line was extended from Eerste River to The Strand. It was then that Faure Siding, now Faure Station, came into being. It was named after my grandfather. He was a member of the C.P. Legislative Assembly, hence was known as The Hon. John Faure. I can’t remember how we got to the Station at first. I think Mam could drive by then. Many a day we walked. We walked via the Brodie’s farm and then along the railway line and over a dangerous bridge. The bridge had no side walk for pedestrians so we had to look and see if a train was coming and then run across. Later we went by bicycle. I can well remember battling against the wind on that gravel main road. It was so exposed to
the South Easters and the North Wind. It was a rush getting away in the mornings, usually one by one. Often one or other of us was late arriving at the station. The engine driver saw us approach and waited for us. In the grape season my father sent baskets of grapes to the Station Master, Engine Drivers and Ticket Collectors. Our bicycles were kept in the station store room. One day I ripped my leg open when I stepped over a bag of dried fish which had been tied up with “Kruidjie-roer-my-niet” (?) in it. We picked it near the river. Dr. Hewat came to Sunday dinner a week after it happened and he said the leg should have been stitched. I don’t know if my father was joking or not, but at the time it happened he wanted to stitch it up with his horse materials and Mam would not hear of it. I once had an accident on my bicycle. The South Easter blew me down an embankment. The bicycle was damaged and I collected a mouthful of gravel and cracked my front tooth. The crack is still visible today. Many children travelled on the train. They came from Kuils River, Eerste River, Firgrove and all over. A boy travelled from Bellville, we were great friends. In the afternoon we travelled home on the train that came all the way from Caledon. Mr. Minnaar, the Conductor sometimes brought us Caledon wild flowers and lovely different kinds of heath. While waiting for the train after school at Somerset West station we played Dolossies (five stones) in the waiting room. We used dolossies which are the knuckles from pigs or sheep (?). When I was in Std. 8 in 1930 the High School moved over to the newly completed Hottentots Holland High School. A Siding was built opposite the school so we could get off there. In 1931 I went to Wynberg Girls High School as a boarder (more about this later). Anna did not want to go and by this time my Dad was the Member of Parliament for Hottentos Holland and he felt he should keep his children at school in the Constituency. When we were at Somerset West School we used to walk to Aunt Minnie Hewat’s house for lunch. She was my father’s sister. Sometimes we did not like the food so we wrapped it up in our handkerchiefs and later fed it to the pig which she kept in a pig sty in a part of the garden. Fortunately she did not eat with us so she was not aware of what we did. We particularly did not like the pink jam which we called pink slime. Dr. Hewat and Aunt Minnie’s home was next to the Magistrate’s Court called De Hoop. It was one of the most attractive homes in Somerset West. They had a fine collection of antiques. It was an open house to friends. Tea was served at 11am sharp and often the Magistrate, Bank Managers, Attorneys and clerks from neighbouring offices would walk in and help themselves. She was very kind, but as I said elsewhere, very difficult. In those days everyone knew everybody. Walking to De Hoop we passed many homes and cottages, some of them coloured cottages. We waved to them all and had a quick chat. One old girl called “Kassie” made gorgeous sponge cakes. She was known in Somerset West for her baking and was given many orders. I will always remember “Kassie se Koek”.
Anna and I took music with Miss Theunissen in Somerset West. Mam tried to teach us but she gave up eventually as we sat and sighed for most of the time. We got as far as Higher. Hennie was the most musical of the lot of us and he never took music lessons. Mam used to play tennis at De Beers (Dynamite Factory) with Mrs Gutshe the General Manager's wife and some other friends, so on her tennis afternoons we took the bus to De Beers and came home by car with Mam. When the boys had sport or we had music or sport we would catch a late train home or she would fetch us in Somerset West.

My mother took up golf when she gave up tennis. She loved her golf and she and Mrs Hawke from Eerste River took turns to drive to the golf course. The passage at Kahlenberg was very long and she always said that from the toilet to the kitchen was a short hole on the golf course. My parents were keen on a game of bridge. They played every Saturday night with the Brodies who farmed next door at Croydon. They were close friends and we often went there. Their children, Fiilmer and Constance, were more Hannes and Hennie and Em's age.

My Mom and Dad were very generous and kind. No one left the farm empty-handed. We had so much to give – eggs, butter, vegetables, fruit, flowers etc. When Mam went to Somerset West or The Strand she always had goodies in the car for family and friends. I can remember how many times the bottles of Mos fell over.

Kahlenberg was an open house. We always had people, family and friends staying there. Sometimes each child had a friend for the weekend. I can remember once so many staying there that we slept all over the floor. We did have a cook and two inside maids but nevertheless with all her farm duties and catering etc it must have been a lot of work for my Mam, but I think she enjoyed it. It is only in later life that you realise what your mother does for you. She was always loving and friendly and never complained. Often today I meet someone who talks about the lovely times they spent at the farm and I can't even remember that they were there.

We always had a beautiful garden. There were terraces leading up the driveway. My Mam was a very keen gardener. She loved her rose garden and often exhibited at the Rose Show in the City Hall in Cape Town. She won many prizes and cups and sometimes won the prize for the best rose on the show. These roses had to be picked early and taken to Cape Town by car. She also specialised in Chrysanthemums and exhibited them on shows too. She used to disbud drastically and produced beautiful blooms. My father was also keen on the garden. He always provided a gardener. Ou Hannes was our gardener and later “Mal Daad”. We had no water laid on. It was pumped up from the dam and led into the flower beds. In the house we used tank water.
Our washing was done at the river. We left the bundle at the Faure shop every Monday morning. The washerwoman, old Thea, collected it there and returned it on Fridays. She did the ironing at her house.

As I said before, my father was very generous – too generous. He gave such a lot away and helped so many people. He was no businessman and often lost on his deals and did not get the money back which he lent to people. I believe he bought a tin mine at Kuils River that came to nothing. He and his pals bought a ship which had been grounded. By the time the ship was off the rocks it disappeared with all the “valuables”. He also bought an aeroplane “Miss Strand” which took people for flips. This was about 1930. The Pilot was Pat Murdoch. It was an open plane. Mam went up and collapsed immediately. She was very ill and taken to the White House Hotel and a doctor was called. The plane eventually crashed. My father was full of fun and full of jokes and told many stories, but he was also a very impatient man. My mother needed a medal. He was always very short-tempered with Mr Loedolf our foreman. He used to criticize him about his work on the farm, usually on a Friday night when he came from Parliament – in front of the family at supper table. Mam used to wait for Mr Loedolf in the kitchen to apologise. We loved to listen to Dad’s stories about his young days especially in the winter when we sat round the fire in the little room next to the dining-room which we called the “office”. I can’t remember them all but some of them come to mind. One day he and three of his friends took the train from Faure Station to Cape Town to go to the Tivoli. The train seats were higher in those days. He bought 4 tickets but played a prank on his friends and said he had lost one. So Oom Koos Faure (later MP for Paarl) climbed under the seat and hid there. When the conductor came Dad produced 4 tickets. He was very puzzled so my father said that one is for the man under the seat. Of course we thought it was a huge joke. At the Tivoli they had seats in the Bay over the stage. At the end of the show when the leading lady came on to the stage they passed down a box of chocolates on the end of a long string. As she took it they pulled it up again. However, they gave it to her later. They had the House in fits of laughter.

My father could snore and I am sure no one has ever heard such snoring. One night while on a Land Board Commission he had to share a room with a Mr Moolman, a very big man. When the snoring became unbearable, Mr Moolman quietly got up and pulled the pillow from under his head. My father, thinking it was a burglar, as he kept his money under his pillow, let out a kick and sent Mr Moolman flying and winded across the room against the door. People woke up and came to see what happened. Mam also told us a story which we found so funny. She taught music in Somerset West and had to cycle from “Die Bos”, a distance of about 3 or 4 miles. In those days they wore long dresses down to the ankles. One day her dress got caught in the bicycle wheel. She had to leave the bike and dress on the road and walk home in her petticoat. She was most embarrassed.
Dad always quoted the first little verse he ever learnt:

The sun has set  
And now anew  
With fallen dew  
The grass is wet

The following is another one of his funny little verses:

Piet lived in a dirty Pandok  
Bordering on a little vlei  
And he had a dikkop sysie  
Which he hung outside one day  
In the garden sat a fiskaal  
Waiting for the sysie’s head  
And the wyfie bokmakierie  
Chirping this is what she said  
Oom fiskaal daar sit ’n sysie  
Kerel man betrek hom nou  
Vriet sy kop af daar kom Piet aan  
Oom fiskaal maak tog gou  
Down swept the hungry fiskaal  
Waiting for the sysie’s head  
And the wyfie bokmakierie  
Chirping this is what she said  
Piet Piet-je-malie, Piet-jemalie  
Blow him up with dynamite  
Skit hom agter met the bokhaal  
Slacken off his appetite
Our old cook was a very good cook and everyone used to enjoy the home cooking and the fresh brown bread and homemade butter and jams, etc. A friend told me recently that what she can remember of the farm is the smell of lovely fresh bread, the lovely meals and playing on the haystack. Every year we ordered a box of penguin eggs. They were delicious. Fresh harders were caught by fishermen and brought to the farm. The fish cart came very often blowing its horn. We also bought bokkoms. At that time you could get a snoek for sixpence and a crayfish cost about sixpence. We often had white mussels beautifully prepared by Aia Hannah. An old boy collected them at Swartklip and came to the farm with the bag of mussels on his back. They cost a shilling a hundred. Old Sannie used to be the mussel cleaner. She was an expert. The groceries were delivered by Norbye’s shop with a cart and horse and later by Friedman and Cohen, Strand, and the butcher delivered the meat. Shopping for clothes was done at Friedman and Cohen but most of our clothes were made by a dressmaker. My mother shopped in Cape Town too, we went in by train. Mam never handled cash; everything was bought on account. My father had an account at Garlicks, Stuttafords, Fletcher and Cartwright, and Scotts – in fact wherever we bought goods. The boy’s blazers were bought at Scotts. He paid his accounts twice a year. Mam was always worried. She was scared she would spend too much. She knew nothing about his financial position, but he denied her nothing. He was very generous. It would have been nice if she could have had an allowance.

The sweets were so cheap in those days – Drops (long flat liquorice), fish, Burnt Almonds etc were 2 for a penny. Ice creams a tickey (2½ cents) each. Sherbet was a penny (1 cent) a packet which had a liquorice straw which you used to suck up the sherbet. All the stations had chocolate machines and for a penny in the slot you could get a small slab of chocolate. You could also get a penny lick ice cream which was ice cream in a cone.

Our telephone was on party line. Before phoning you picked up the receiver to hear if anyone was talking. People could listen in to your conversations. You could hear the click when the receiver was picked up. Each town had its own exchange. It often took ages to make a trunk call. My father could get very impatient on the phone and the exchange girls were scared of him. The exchange closed at 6pm, after that you could only get people on the party line. (Later you could phone through Somerset West.) My father, Oomie from Vergenoegd, and Uncle John from Zandvliet spoke to each other every night from 9 o’clock onwards. As the station was closed they used the station ring to call each other. There was a couch at the phone and often Dad used to fall asleep and snore and we could hear the others whistling and calling into the phone to wake him.
The South African Broadcasting Corporation came into being in 1927. Great excitement as at about that time we got our first wireless as it was then called. In the first sets the sound came from a loudspeaker through a trumpet. Mr Poulton came to fix up the wireless and the staff stood outside to listen in.

We went to bioscope at the Strand sometimes. Coloured people sat apart on the balcony. The pictures were all silent in those days. We paid about one shilling a ticket, or I think it was less. Charlie Chapman was a great favourite. Gold Rush was one of his pictures. Then there was Tom Mix in the Wild Westerns. Other actors – Wallace Beary, Jackie Koogan, the Gish sisters etc. In 1928 the first talkie “Rio Rita” came to Cape Town. It was shown at the Astoria, Woodstock. Aunt Magriet took Anna and myself in by train. In 1930 the New Alhambra Theatre was built in Cape Town. We saw Al Johnson in the “Singing Fool”. Shirley Temple was a great child star in those days. After the show at all bioscopes everyone stood up and sang “God save the King”.

The roads were all gravelled and more often than not very corrugated. You really did shake around a lot in the car. When it was very wet there was the danger of skidding. The road to Cape Town went through Eerste River, Kuils River and Bellville. I can well remember how very badly corrugated that road always was.

Faure Village consisted of Norbye’s shop, a coloured school and a few coloured houses. Later Mrs Morland opened a Tearoom at the bridge. Norbye employed a white man by the name of Munnik. It was later discovered that Munnik was the murderer of a young school girl at Camps Bay. He was convicted, and to think that he came to the farm to visit Miss Katie. The Post Office was at the station and later moved to the village. Later Mr Shaban opened a shop. We bought the odd groceries in the village. The Cape Times was fetched at the station, and in the evening a friend who travelled from work in Cape Town back to the Strand threw the Argus out at our road.

Oumatjie Faure had a house on the beach front at Gordon’s Bay. We often went there for holidays. When Oumatjie died the house was left to my father’s 3 sisters. It stood on large grounds with big overhanging milkwood trees at the back of the house. They were umbrella shaped with thick growth and sea sand underneath. Very sheltered and ideal picnic spots. Every year on “2de Nuwe Jaar” all the Faure’s gathered there for a picnic. The food was terrific – chickens, ducks, milk tarts, koeksisters and so on. When the last sister died the house was sold and the ground divided into plots. I am pleased to say that Hennie eventually, in 1983, bought the house back into the family and it is still in his possession today. The house was named Villa-La-Mer by Oumatjie Faure.
Another one of my father’s stories which I forgot to mention earlier. One day when he was a small boy one of the Cabinet Ministers
came to visit at Vergenoegd. He put his top hat and walking stick on the hallstand. Dad got hold of it and twirled the hat around on
the walking stick and the next thing was that the walking stick went right through the hat. He ran away and was nowhere to be
found. However, he got his hiding later.

In my grandfather and great-grandfather’s day they bred horses and traded with horses at Vergenoegd. Horses were sent
overseas too. The jockeys’ quarters were at the back of the house. In later years my father had his bedroom there.

The following tongue-twister was Dad’s favourite way of spelling CONSTANTINOPLE:

C-O-N Con with the con
S-T-A-N Stan with the Stan with the Con with the Con-Stan
T-I Ti with the Ti with the Stan with the Con with the Con-Stan-Ti
N-O No with the No with the Ti with the Stan with the Con with the Con-Stan-Ti-No
P-L-E Ple with the Ple with the No with the Ti with the Stan with the Con with the Con-stan-ti-no-ple.

This must be said very fast and the first syllable must be spelt out.

Kahlenberg was chiefly a wine farm. The pressing of the grapes started in early February. In the early days the workers picked the
grapes in baskets and tipped the grapes into barrels on the wagons which took the grapes to the cellar to be tipped into the
crushing machine and pumped into 6ft high containers where they were left to ferment. In the Bleak House days the grapes were
crushed by treading on them. I can remember treading on them too. After 2 or 3 days when fermentation starts the skins and pips
would rise to the top and the juice would be pumped from the bottom into huge enclosed cement tanks. At the end of the season
the juice or wine would be put in wooden barrels and sent to the Castle Wine & Brandy company by train. The 2 day old juice was
called Mos. It was quite potent and nice to drink. Mam made mosbolletjies which were most delicious. As the farm progressed
more surrounding land was bought and more vines were planted. Originally there were 40,000 wines, later 200,000 and now there
are 1,200,000 – probably more as I type this. Pressing was done on a large scale and lorries took over in 1935. We always had a
foreman. One of them, Mr Loedolff was with us for many years. Later Hannes and Hennie helped and finally took over.
The farm boys were given 6 tots of wine a day, throughout the day and weekends too and also a bottle of wine for the weekend. They were a merry lot and there were some good workers. They grew up on the farm and most of them never left. They were well looked after – they had a house, ground if they wanted to garden, medical expenses paid, clothes at Christmas time etc. They had a rugby team, I think called the Blue Stars. Christmas eve they came and sang carols. Mam baked them each a cake. She visited them if they were sick and took them to the doctor if necessary.

We often went to the cellar to watch. One day Hannes and Hennie locked Emmie in an empty vat. She never forgot it.

We also grew Turkish Tobacco. It was not profitable but it kept the workers, women too, busy in November, December and January. There was a huge tobacco shed near where Hennie’s house now is. The women did the threading of the leaves, which were graded, on to needles and then on to the reeds which were hung up to dry and then pressed into bales. They were paid 1½ d per reed, 4 needles to a read. Each needle was 15 inches long. We tried our hand at it too, and got paid, but we did not often help. One’s hand got terribly black and dirty from the tobacco.

We had a pet owl called Toby. He slept in a basket in front of the stove in the kitchen. We tried him on the loft to catch the mice. The mice and rats ran across the loft at night as if they were playing a rugby match. We were used to it but our visitors were either amused or shocked, and it kept them awake at night.

My Dad was a member of the Divisional Council for 30 years and Chairman for 12 years. Twice he was President of the Association of Divisional Councils of the Cape Province. He served on the Stellenbosch University Council, Hospital Board, School Board, and several bodies connected with farming including the Cape Land Board, and Turkish Tobacco Growers Ass. When the new road across the Cape Flats (now N2) between Faure and Cape Town was being built we often went along with him to inspect and we loved playing on the sand dunes.

When we went to Cape Town we sometimes went to the Pier which was on the Sea Front at the bottom of Adderley Street. It was a wooden pier built 1000ft out into the sea. Sometimes there was a band playing. People dived off the Pier and swam in the sea. There were many boats anchored, rowing boats too, and you could hire a boat.
The railway line to Sea Point which ran all along the sea front crossed the road at the bottom of Adderley Street. There was a station there called Monument Station. All along the sea front to Woodstock there was a beach road with palms on one side. The Pier and all this water front area was demolished in about 1936 – 1938 when they started work on reclaiming the land as far as the present docks.

In 1929 my father stood for Parliament. He won the Hottentots Holland seat for the SA Party against Mr Fagan KC (Nationalist). The SA Party later became the United Party. Dad was a strong supporter but was always popular with the Nationalists. In fact it was said that “Oom Albie”, as he was known by all, was one of the most popular men in the House. It was said “He speaks little but gets much done for his Constituency”. He represented Hottentots Holland in the House of Assembly for 13 years and in 1942 he was elected to the Senate. He remained a Senator until just before he died, when he resigned due to ill health.

My Dad fought hard for a road to be built along the Gordons Bay (Hottentots Holland) Mountain to Steenbras River mouth, and later to be continued to Hermanus. Eventually when the road was completed as far as the Steenbras River mouth it was called the “Faure Marine Drive”. He also worked hard for the beach front road at Melkbai Beach, The Strand, and for the bridge to be built over the river there. He did a lot for his Constituency, also the Gordon’s Bay harbour and so on. He bought plots where the Da Gama is today but was cheated by his friend, the Attorney, and (unknown to him) transfer never followed.

In our young days Melkbai beach seemed so far away from the Strand proper. We often walked there and took a picnic tea or lunch with us. The bathing was considered very dangerous. That area was all sand dunes and beach and very few people swam there.

After my Dad entered Parliament Mam had a very much busier life. She had to open bazaars and attend functions and dinners and so on. I will never forget how nervous she was when, at Stikland, she opened her first bazaar. The Constituency was spread out in those early days. Even Grassy Park was included. Members of Parliament were paid £700. Travel on the train was free. The express train stopped specially for him at Faure Station. Later when we travelled to work in Cape Town we took the same train. Sometimes we went along with my Dad on his election campaigns. I can remember him chatting to officials of both parties and standing tea to officials all round. Those days they did not cater as they do at elections today.
We always had many visitors on Sunday afternoons – friends and relations and during the Session many Parliamentary friends came. The farm was just a nice drive from Cape Town, Somerset West, The Strand and Stellenbosch. We had no servants on Sunday afternoons so we had to help. First tea was served, always with fresh cream cakes which my mother excelled at. In the grape season we also had mosbolletjies. After tea the visitors were taken to the cellar to be shown around and to drink Mos (the 2 day old juice which was quite potent). In the mean time we got the table ready for the fruit feast! Watermelon, spanspek, grapes etc. All this a great treat for the Parliamentarians. Many of them represented Constituencies in the Transvaal, OFS and Natal. Everyone went home with a basket of grapes.

The Steenbras Dam was completed in about 1930. I can remember the pipes being laid past the farm to Cape Town. The dam is situated in a splendid setting on the top of the Hottentots Mountain range. There is a turn off to the dam on the top of Sir Lowry’s Pass and also at Gordon’s Bay on the Faure Marine Drive. It was a great day for us when water was laid on to the farm.

The ESCOM lines also went past the farm but it was only in 1933 when I was at the University that we got electricity. It was a joy to have a refrigerator and also a hot water cylinder in the bathroom. We did not get an electric stove. After the coal stove we got an Aga.

We had many friends at school. Two special ones were Suzetli Watson Smith and Stella Goldman (Lewin). We all brought friends home for weekends and holidays, and of course we went to them too. Lots of parties were given at that time. At first we played games – “blick bord”, kissing games, murder etc. Later as we grew older we danced. We hired a pianist for the night. At all parties the parents went to town with the catering – meat dishes, pudding etc. My first evening dress was pink taffeta and came to just below the knee. Another evening dress which was much admired was a red one with frills from the waist down. The frills were edged with gold lace and the hem was calf length but it dipped at the back, much shorter in front. It sounds terrible. I wore it to the Dynamite Factory Ball. We were also very friendly with the Youngs. They had children all our ages. Kathleen was my friend; also Robbie. I went to many dances with him and we all spent weekends with the Youngs at Somerset West.

In 1931 (Std. 9) Suzetli and I went to Wynberg Girls High School as boarders. I enjoyed being there and made many friends. My subjects were English, Afrikaans, History, Botany, Sewing and Cookery and I also took Music. Miss King was the Principal. I became very friendly with Maaike Conroy. Her father had many farms in the Karroo and I spent many holidays with them on their
Maaike stayed with us for a while while she was doing Shorthand and Typing in Cape Town. Cynthia Horwood also stayed with us when she got her first job in Cape Town. Maaike’s father was a Senator and later a Cabinet Minister (Smuts Gov SA Party). I spent one interesting holiday with them. It was during an election campaign and we went everywhere with Mr Conroy. It was either in 1931 or 1932. He addressed meetings at De Aar, Hanover, Naauwpoort etc. We either stayed over or arrived home in the early hours of the morning and Mrs. Conroy would be up with food for us. Maaike and I were dead scared to stay over at some of these places. One night at Richmond she said, after we had blown the candle out, “Have you looked under the bed.” We had no matches and could not rest until we had got up and felt under the beds and in the cupboards! We had a nasty experience at Naauwpoort. Mr. Conroy and Mr Harry Lawrence were addressing a meeting. Fortunately we were seated on the stage. After much heckling a fight started between the NATS and the SAPS. Chairs were broken, people were injured and the meeting broke up. It was frightening. A policeman showed Mrs. Lawrence, Maaike and myself out through a back door on the stage and took us to the Hotel. Next day the fight made headlines. “Senator Conroy hit over the head with chair”. However, it was a mistake. It was Andrew, his son, who was injured.

Hannes and Hennie bought an old Opel for £2.10 which they drove around the farm only as they were too young to get a licence. They painted it all colours and took out the seats at the back and turned it into a bakkie. They picked up parts after an accident on the Main Road. The car gave them a lot of fun. It was minus front doors, and the passengers had to hold the gears in place. It could only travel in second gear. One morning the Buick would not start, great panic as my Dad had to get to the station. Hannes and Hennie came to the rescue and took him in the bakkie. It must have been a funny sight as he was all dressed up, ready for Parliament. He got to the station in time, much to everyone’s amusement. He then bought the boys a new India rubber tyre for + £3.

We all brought many friends home and we had many dances and parties at the farm. Today I think that we took so much for granted. My mother always willingly accepted our friends, put them up and catered for them, always friendly and with no complaints. When we had a dance my father enclosed the stoep with the sheets of canvas which he used for the tobacco. We would sit out there and dance in the big dining room. We had a tennis court and used to have tennis parties every Sunday.
afternoon. Em was a good player, she learnt most of her tennis, when, after Varsity, she went to work at the Dynamite Factory. She boarded in Somerset West, and played a lot after work.

There was a weir in the river at Vergenoegd. We sometimes went there to swim.

The “Office”, the little room with the fireplace, next to the dining room, was more or less our family room. We always sat there in the evenings, especially in winter when we always had a fire. Wood was always used and winged stompies too. When we were very much younger we used to fight for the centre seat round the fire. It was opposite the “T”. We sat on a bankie or little chairs. I still have my little chair. The telephone was in that room and when we were older it was very awkward when we received our phone calls especially from girls or boy friends. The conversation was always very one-sided. One night I must have said “Yes” “Yes” “Yes” quite a few times and my father chipped in and said “Steek hom met die No”. Hannes and Hennie went down to Norby’s shop to phone their girlfriends from the public telephone box.

I passed matric in 1932. My symbols were History and Sewing “B”, English, Afrikaans and Botany “C” and Cookery “D” – Average “C”.

After school I went to University of Cape Town for a year. I stayed at Fuller Hall. It was a wonderful year and I had a good time, but, I’m afraid, did very little work. In those days the form of entertainment was dances and parties. We all had many evening dresses, all long. There was not much eating out at restaurants as there is today. A popular place to eat was the Del Monica or the Waldorf, both in Cape Town. The popular Alhambra Bioscope was opposite the Del Monica. In June while I was at UCT. I decided to take up shorthand and typing. I travelled in to Cape Town every afternoon to attend lessons at Cornhills. Maaike went too. I still attended University lectures in the mornings.

When Prince George was here in 1933 Maaike and I went to the State ball at Government House, and another at the City Hall. Also remember going to a Ball at Groote Schuur given by General and Mrs. Smuts. We sometimes had meals at the Houses of Parliament with my Dad or anyone else who invited us.

Other forms of entertaining were concerts, picnics and camping. We also went to Rugby on Saturday afternoons, either at Newlands or Somerset West.
The dances at UCT were all held in the Jameson Hall. When it was a formal dance we had programme cards. Your partner filled in the dances he wanted, always the first dance and supper dance and last dance, and one or two others, and then anyone could book a dance.

I did not write the University examinations at the end of the year. When I left Cornhills I passed English shorthand 120 words a minute and Afrikaans shorthand 80 words a minute. Anna and Emerentia went to Varsity too when they passed matric. Each went for a year too. I am sorry today that I did not finish my B.A. Hannes and Hennie went to Stellenbosch University where they studied. Hennie got a BSc Agric degree.

My first job was a temporary one at Southern Life in St George’s St. I earned £7 a month. Then I worked at SANLAM for a while and then went to the Gresham Life Ass. Co. After that I worked as secretary to Dr. Cole-Roux and Dr. Frater, most interesting work. I sometimes helped Dr Cole-Rous in the surgery. He was very good to me and I spent weekends with his wife and himself. He was also a pilot and took me flying in a tiny little open plane. He took out my appendix. I stayed with the doctors until Maaike and I went overseas in 1937. When I came back I worked as secretary to Leslie Smith who was the Secretary of the Pilot Radio Company. There too I was very happy. I earned £15 a month which was considered a good salary. I left there to get married.

Wherever we worked we always worked on Saturday mornings. I made many friends through work. Anna worked at the South African Mutual in Darling Street. She too made good friends there. Emerentia worked at the Dynamite Factory as I said before. We travelled in to Cape Town every morning on the Express train, as my Dad did too when Parliament was in session. My Mam took us to the station every morning and fetched us again in the evening. The train left Faure Station at 8.10 a.m. and got to Cape Town at about 8.50 a.m. Most offices opened at 9 a.m. We had set travelling companions. We read or knitted or sewed and time passed quickly. In the evening we got home at 6 p.m.

We would stop at lunch time, or have our hair done and have a quick lunch. Sometimes we walked around. Everyone was out at lunch time. One got so used to faces and even if you did not know them you would greet them. Everything had to be fitted into one and a quarter hours. Anna bought her wedding dress at Rejane’s in half an hour.
Cleghorns served a good lunch – Pie and Mash, bread and coffee for 1/6d. Fletchers and Cartwrights and Garlicks had cheap lunches too. A favourite meeting place was Fletcher and Cartwrights corner. Fletchers was on the corner of Adderley St. and Darling Street. The Waldorf was also a very popular meeting place. Sometimes we would be invited to lunch. One day Stella and I met Mrs. Conroy in the lift. I invited her to lunch and suddenly realised I had no money. I made a sign to Stella, and imagine what I felt like when she whispered that she too had no money. We each had a plate of soup, the cheapest. I was miserable and decided to hand in my watch. Imagine our relief when Mrs. Conroy insisted on paying the bill.

The dances at the Strand, Somerset and Stellenbosch were always held on Friday nights as the Orchestras had to come from Cape Town. The Ball room at the White House Hotel at the Strand had a spring floor and was very popular. On Saturday nights the popular places in Cape Town to dance were the Bordeaux, Marine Hotel, Arthurs Seat, etc. All at Sea Point, and Kelvin Grove at Newlands. I can’t remember what the tickets cost – probably about 7/6d. Some of the dances we did were as follows: Waltz, Fox Trot, Tango, Lamberts Walk, Paul Jones. When I went to a dance in Town I’d sometimes stay over with friends. Anna did too. Remember we worked on Saturday mornings. We would take our suitcases along and leave them in the station parcel office. One day I found that my suitcase had been handed to someone else by mistake. That night I had to go to the Bordeaux in a borrowed dress, much too short, and I had to wear the shoes I wore to office. My case went all the way to Worcester and I only got it back 3 or 4 days later. Another time I went straight from office to the White House Hotel at the Strand and met my partner there. I changed into evening dress and after the dance found my suitcase gone. I had changed at the Albertyn’s house. In my case I had my salary and all my clothes for the weekend, which I was spending at Somerset West. I wore borrowed clothes all weekend and we traced the case to Hermanus, mistakenly taken there by Shirley Newmark. I was supposed to pick it up at a Hotel in Somerset West. It lay there for ages as I had no message to call for it. It was unlocked and fortunately I found it intact, salary and all.

When Hannes and Hennie worked at the farm they only earned /10 a week. Sometimes they gave us lifts to Town on a Saturday night. Hannes especially as he used to visit Liefie who lived at Sea Point. I can remember paying a speeding fine for him. Anna says she did too.

While I worked I saved as much as I could so that I could go overseas. My Faure Grandmother had left me £50 when she died, and that amount accumulated to nearly £100 when I needed it. In 1937 Maaike Conroy and I left for England on the Winchester Castle. We had a great send off. Many friends and family came to see us off. We received many flowers, presents and telegrams. The departure of the Mail boat for England on a Friday afternoon was a great occasion. Streamers were thrown down to the people
on the quayside, the band played and there was waving and singing and much jollification. We had a super trip and we travelled 2\textsuperscript{nd} class and the ticket cost £75. There was a concession for the family of Members of Parliament. It was the year of the Coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, the present Queen Mother. Most of the Parliamentary staff were over for the Coronation. We were friendly with some of the Secretaries of the Cabinet Ministers and we were taken out and well entertained. We sometimes had meals at their hotel. I can remember one night a table laden with food being pushed into their room and we ate in private. The Prime Minister’s Secretary and Maaike were particularly friendly at the time. We had good seats at the Coronation. We were overseas for 6 months and travelled in England, Scotland and Europe. It was all a wonderful experience. We met many friends and were taken to places and functions etc. which the ordinary tourist would not see. Amongst other interesting things we did – we were invited by two fellows we met in Edinburgh to a dance at Sandhurst. We spent the weekend at Camberley and they took us all over, and we also watched the marching and went rowing on the lake at Sandhurst for two hours. There are so many other occasions that I could write about.

For the next number of years we lived a happy and full life going to work every day and leading a good social life. We were fortunate in having such wonderful parents who did so much for us. We went on the usual holidays. Once Stella and I went on the Mail ship to Durban. The ships left Cape Town every week, touching at Port Elizabeth and East London and coming back the same way, and then on to Southampton. At East London the ship could not dock as the water was not deep enough in the docks, so people were lifted off the ship in a basket on to a smaller boat or barge and then taken ashore. There was great entertainment on the ship and everyone, at some time or another, went on this trip.

I was bridesmaid 5 times – to Gustine de Howarth and Neil Faure, Stella Goldman and Adrian Venter, Maaike and Jack Ross, Matty Buys and Max Bertram and Mary Difford and Clifford Jordan. I met Vossie Becker for the first time in the Vestry at Mary and Clifford Jordan’s wedding. He was bestman and I was bridesmaid. Maaike’s wedding was the wedding of the year. The newspapers were full of it, “Cabinet Minister’s daughter weds.” There was much publicity.

The war broke out in 1939. Hannes went North as a pilot. He won many distinctions and ended up a Colonel with D.S.O. and D.F.C. and bar. I remember my father receiving a telegram during the war to say that Hannes was missing off El Daba. He and Hennie were working in front of Kahlenberg in the tobacco beds when the news arrived. My Mam was away at Stellenbosch for the day. Later that same day another telegram arrived to say that Hannes had turned up at his base. He had been shot down in
enemy territory. Fortunately my Mam was out and was spared the anxiety. Hennie could not join up and go to war. As my father was tied up with Parliamentary work, Hennie had to hold the fort on the farm, which he did extremely well.

Anna got married first, to Idwal Morgan. Idwal had to go North and they were given three day’s notice. It is amazing how my mother managed a big evening wedding at such short notice. Vossie and I got engaged in 1940. When we heard that he had to go North we also had a short notice of two weeks for the wedding. No invitations to our weddings. Just a notice in the newspaper. Our reception was in the garden at the farm. There were about 300 guests. We had two bridesmaids, Em, and Mattie Wagner. Anna was pregnant and my other friends were all married. Maaike was in uniform and drove us to and from the Church. We spent a weekend’s honeymoon at Hermanus and then left for Pretoria. Hannes and Rita (Liefie) Klerck were next to get married. They had a beautiful and a very big wedding at Sea Point where Liefie lived. Emerentia and Frank Cotty from Kimberley were married in 1948. Also a big wedding in the garden. Em made a very pretty bride. Lastly Hennie and Karin Floren were married after the death of our Mam and Dad. Karin made a very lovely bride, their reception was also in the garden at the farm.

While Hannes, Idwal and Vossie were up North we all stayed at the farm with my parents. Hennie and Em. were not married then. Hennie was wonderful and very caring. He drove us all to the Nursing Home in Sea Point when our babies arrived. He was a great help. Em. was working at the time and was a weekly boarder in Somerset West. I don’t know what we would have done without my Mam. She really was a most marvellous and loving person. Nothing was too much trouble for her.

My father collapsed while having tea one Sunday afternoon. He had a stroke and just fell forward on the table. After that he had a day nurse and a night nurse for two years. It was a sad time for all of us. Many people came to visit him, among them General Smuts and the then Governor General Mr. Brand Van Zyl who was my father’s cousin. Actually Uncle Mannie Brand Van Zyl proposed a toast at our wedding. It was before he was made Governor General. Mam was great in handling everything, including the nurses. It was a difficult time. Dad died in February 1947 at the age of 72. After he died Mam went to live at the Strand. Hannes had been Commanding Officer at the Langebaan Air Station. After that he was stationed at Ysterplaat, from where he resigned in 1950, and he and Liefie moved to Kahlenberg.

We often spent our holidays with my Mam at the Strand. Her house was near the beach. It was a sad day when she died in November 1950 after a short illness.
As regards our families. Vossie Becker (Henry Vos Theron) was born in Wellington in 1909. He studied at Cape Town University and at Edinburgh University and became a Presbyterian Church Minister. He joined up in the war in 1939 and was sent up North in 1941. After the war he went to Kimberley where he was the Presbyterian Church Minister for 5 years. Vossie then came to Cape Town as manager of the Cape Town Civilian Blind Society. He stayed there until he retired. When we first came to Cape Town he lived in Newlands for about 5 years, since then we have always lived in Rondebosch. We have 3 children – Derek, born 1942. He married Mary Oates and they have 3 children, Nicola, David and Kim. Rentia, born 1947. She married Barry Hildebrand and they have 3 children, twins Bronwen, Douglas and Andrea. Peter, born 1952. He married Lynda Traviss and they also have 3 children, Sharon, Cathryn and Richard.

My Sisters and Brothers

Anna married Idwal Morgan. He worked at the Dynamite Factory and they lived at the Strand. They have 3 children, all sons.

Hannes and Liefie had 6 children, five sons and a daughter. Sadly the eldest son was killed in a motor accident. They have 11 grandchildren. Two sons are still unmarried. They have recently retired to Somerset West.

Hennie and Karin have 3 children. They have two grandchildren. They still live on the farm.

Em and Frank lived in Rondebosch. Frank retired from Syfrets. They have 3 children and 5 grandchildren. Ingrid the youngest is not married. We so sadly lost Em in 1985 when she was 65 years old. She was a great person and loved by all.

Past memories which came to mind at a later date

We had no electricity until after I left school. Homework and reading etc was done by lamp and candle light.

The bathroom had no running water. Water was heated in the kitchen on the stove and carried to the bathroom in buckets. It was a big house. The kitchen was at the other end of the house, two a half long passages away. My mother always jokingly said “It was like a short hole on the golf course.” We did not bath every day. Later we got a geyser. There was only one bathroom and one toilet. Amazing how we coped in those days with a large family and all the visitors who came to stay.
No hair dryers. We sat in the sun to dry our hair.

PAB Faure

He was a jolly man, full of jokes, popular and had many friends and was very kind. He was quick tempered and impatient. I always felt so sorry for the exchange girls and poor old Mr. Loedolf the Foreman. Mam always had to smooth things out. He did not give Mam an allowance, but she could buy anything in the world she wanted to. He had accounts with almost every shop in Cape Town, The Strand, Somerset West, Stellenbosch etc and Mam just had to buy everything on account. As far as I can remember he paid his accounts twice a year. I used to help writing out envelopes.

He was away a lot as he was on so many Boards – Wine Boards, Tobacco, School, Rugby, Judicial Council etc etc, also a Land Board which took him to the Orange River and Richtersveld etc. Was fond of children and spent time with them showing them tricks and telling them stories.

First elected to Parliament in 1929. Popular M.P. Was not a man of many words in Parliament, but it was said he was one of the men who did the most for his constituency. It was a big spread out Constituency, Hottentots Holland, Strand, Somerset West, Eerste River, Cape Flats as far as Grassy Park. The first election included Stellenbosch. He was kind hearted and generous and did so much for the Constituency and Constituents. A few I can think of – Faure Marine Drive, Gordons Bay Harbour, Bridge at Melkbaai and so on. Many many letters from clubs, churches, schools etc asking for money. During the session my Dad and Mam were always at home on a Sunday afternoon to the Parliamentarians. We served tea and cream cakes, then they were shown the Cellar and drank Mos and then back to the house where they sat around the large table eating fruit, watermelons, spanspek, grapes etc. Amongst others he set Mr. Burger, the Foreman before Mr Loedolf, up with a small farm and bought him a lorry.

He trusted people (I don’t think he was a good businessman). Bought the plot the Da Gama Hotel is on and afterwards discovered transfer was never given by the Strand Attorney. After that one attorney after the other at Somerset West (3 of them want member names) got into trouble. He had lent them money, but lost everything. Bought a tin mine at Kuils River which came to nothing. Also a ship and lost on that too. He was soft hearted and always wanted to help.
He and one or two others bought an aeroplane and called it “Miss Strand”. It was used to take people for flips. It crashed and then they bought another. This one got burnt out at Kimberly. Pat Murdoch was the pilot.

My mother was the most kind, loving and patient woman. Couldn’t do enough for the family and for people. We always had family and friends staying with us. Sometimes each of us would have a friend or even 2 or 3 – all at the same time. It was an open house. No one even left the farm without something. Either vegetables or fruit, eggs, butter, milk, flowers, grain, Mos and so on.

It was a very happy home.
The following is an introduction to and a translation of a letter of letter from Marianne Isabella Martina Frederika FAURE (1852-1945) to Senator PAB FAURE (1975-1947). The letter was written in 1938. The introduction to the letter below was written, and translation of the letter was executed, by Dr Anthony Gerard FAURE (1926-) in January 2011.

INTRODUCTION (BY DR AG FAURE)

Great Aunt Marianne was 86 when she wrote her letter. It was written in 1938 and typed faultlessly I think by someone else. The place and date under it, would probably have been written by Marianna, and are in beautiful firm letters.

The letter is written to “WelEerwaarde ZeerGeleerde Heer”, which was the form of address for a minister of the church (Predikant = Preacher) with a Doctor in Theology degree. This form of address people would have used, when writing to her father, Dr Hendrik Emanuel (1828-1898), or to one of her grandfathers, Dr Abraham Faure (1795-1875), who were both ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church.

We assume that the letter was actually written to Philippus Albertus Brand Faure (1875-1947), a farmer and Member of Parliament, but not a Minister of the church.

She had been asked for some notes about the Faure family for the period when she was living in South Africa, which she left when she was ten. What she actually did, was to try to remember the family stories of that time, add her own reminiscences, and put them in some sort of order before putting them down on paper. She does this beautifully, and selects carefully. She confronts us with the family in all sorts of extreme circumstances, but also in gentle ones.

Most of the family stories she tells were stories retold many times within the family on birthdays, at dinners and reunions. They improved in the telling. But the telling and retelling would have had a purpose. The standing of the family, its reputation inside the family and beyond, required its conformity to the current ideals, values and beliefs. On top of that, as Darwin taught us, only the fittest stories will survive. The stories would therefore tend to become more robust. Romance and drama would be accentuated and the quality of ancestry, and the quality of character, displayed.
Fortunately Aunt Marianne was intelligent and knew how to do this, when it was her turn to tell these stories. She may have been aware that she was telling her stories not only to the recipient of her letter, but that she also was sowing seeds that would sprout in a larger field.

The result is a collection of small gems held together by events, people and customs; sparkling and readymade for not forgetting. She shows the character of the family in so far as a family can have a character. She shows what family life was about. And she shows how life in her time could be extreme; extreme in a way she thought most of the younger generation would never experience. Her heroes are her father Hendrik Emanuel and her grandfather Alewijn. But she also has her heroin: her mother, whose feelings she almost experiences herself.

In translating this, there is a problem that she chooses word orders and words which make an impact in Dutch, but an impact that is easily lost in the distortion of translation. I have tried to keep the qualities of her writing and also its Dutch character, even when this was at the cost of smooth English.

End of introduction.

THE LETTER (ITALICS BY DR AG FAURE)

WelEerwaarde ZeerGeleerde Heer

My nephew Carel Faure, the engineer, has just returned from a visit to the Cape, full of enthusiasm about the wonderful reception he received in the country of my birth and in particular about the warm hearted way you made it possible for him to track down the Old Bibles which we knew had been in the possession of Dr Abraham Faure. My nephew also told me of your request to send you some notes about the Faure's in as far as I can recall these from memory.

Much as I wish to satisfy your request, I wonder whether the memories of a child, six year old (at the time), who lived in Pietermaritzburg, or those of a ten year old girl, who left the Cape of Good Hope in 1862, would be of use to you.
As you know, a son of Jacobus Christiaan Faure (*Jacobus was a younger brother of Dr Abraham Faure*) was studying in 1828 for the ministry in Utrecht. His name was Hendrik Emanuel Faure. He became seriously ill and when the hour of death approached, he prophesied that the Lord would waken another to preach the Gospel and carry out that office which he had so much desired for himself. In South Africa at just this moment, the 17th August 1828, one small Hendrik Emanuel, was born, son of Dr. Abraham Faure and Isabella Caldwell. It was he who would later fill the place of his so early departed uncle. The latter now lies buried in the Janskerk in Utrecht, and was buried there by torch light, as was the custom at the time. (*Note: This last Hendrik Emanuel is the father of the writer.*)

My father studied at Utrecht, I believe from 1849 - with several other young Capetonians (*inhabitants of the Cape*): Murray, Neethling, etc. Together they formed the so called Chocolate Club, where not strong liquor, but chocolate was enjoyed.

In a relatively short time, Hendrik Emanuel Faure, my father, achieved the title of Dr of Theology. He, as a student in Utrecht, was received by a number of families, including those of Professor Rooyards, the van Boetzlaars, as well as by Mrs (widow) Trip of Zoutland. Mrs Trip was a great-aunt of my mother. Her son was also a student of Theology. One day when he passed her house, he saw a tall man and a lovely young girl standing on the steps of the house. One look was sufficient and in his heart, the young student felt "This will be the one to be my wife."

The young girl was Marie Joanne Louise Alewyn, daughter from an old Amsterdam family. My mother had lost her mother when she was 14. She received an outstanding education with the choice of the Netherland's jonkvrouwen (*ladies of noble descent*) at the boarding school of Miss Ellinckhuizen in Utrecht. The tone of this institution was very serious. If a student showed any problems with her conscience, Ds Jorissen was called and the timid maiden would have to discuss the matter with her pastor and set it right. Many years later I would read a letter of my mother addressed to her friend Betsy von Namen, when both were 18 years old and in which she proposes not to accept the invitation to the first ball to which both were invited. [*Note: Marie Joanne Louise Alewyn (Marianne) was the writer's mother*]

At 18 years Marianne came home to stay there permanently with her father, in their country estate Vredenhof in Soestdijk. It was a happy life as father and daughter became very fond of each other. Marianne met her future husband at the home of her aunt Mrs Trip (*her great-aunt*). Marianne had heard of the Cape students from an older friend, the writer Betsy Hasebroeck. Betsy had been so impressed by Andrew Murray that she wrote, “This would be my choice of a husband for my Marianne.” But it was not Andrew Murray but Hendrik Faure who became the choice of my mother.
Not without inner turmoil however. In those days marriage to a minister in South Africa was something else than a simple trip to the Indies. Marianne also felt as if she was being tossed to and fro between her love for the young man to whom she was engaged, and her lonely father.

They met at the grave of her mother at Amersfoort and a decision was made. Here, my mother promised to accompany the young teacher to South Africa as his wedded wife. In his happiness he, in his turn, promised her, that after ten years, he would take her back to Holland if the homesickness would become unbearable. It was then that my father gave my mother a golden bracelet he had inscribed with the words: “Nil nisi mors”, and when they had been married twelve and a half years, he brought her another bracelet, with the motto: “Ne moro guidem.” First “nothing but death will us part” and then “not even death”.

On the 20 November 1851, in the small chapel at Soest, they were married, and afterwards the married couple left for Paris on their honeymoon. Here, they found themselves in middle of the now well known coup d'État during the first days of December. My father was standing in front of an hotel window, when a soldier in the street called out something he did not understand. The soldier threatened him with his gun. In the meanwhile, my mother had come near, and understood that the man only told them to close the shutters immediately, which command was immediately obeyed. (The coup d'État of 02.12.1851: the people gave supreme power to Napoleon III, who they wanted to represent them, instead of the corrupt parliament.)

My parents remained in Soestdijk with my grandfather until April 1852 and then the great journey to South Africa was undertaken, and farewells said as they parted from her loved father.

After a long journey by sailing ship my parents arrived at the Cape and were heartily received at Leeuwenrust, the old country-home of my grandfather Dr Abraham Faure, at the foot of Table Mountain. There, on 6 September 1852, the first child was born, Marianne, Isabella, Martina, Frederika. She almost cost the life of her young mother. For a number of days she hovered between life and death. In all the churches prayers were said for her recovery, which prayers God heard. (Note: This child was later the writer of this letter.) Not long after, my parents left for Pietermaritzburg, where my father had been called to preach.

I can still see the old parsonage at Pietermaritzburg before my eyes. The garden with an avenue of flowering, strongly scented orange trees. The living room with a staircase along one wall leading to the floor above where father’s study was, with a door
leading to a small balcony, covered entirely in by creepers, from which, unknown to him, death threatened. My mother told me that on one Saturday morning while her husband was busy preparing his sermon, she had an urge to go to the study and there, to her consternation, was a small adder creeping through the keyhole.

“Heavy” she cried, and my father rushed to her - and only just in time - as at that same moment, the poisonous snake dropped on to the chair where he had been sitting. In the creeper, the kaffer, who had killed the snake, found a nest of the deadly adders, whose bite would have caused death immediately.

This escape from danger was not the only one my father experienced. Once on his travels on horseback to visit far away parishioners, he saw a majestic lion standing on a promontory with its back towards him, above-wind of my father. However the terrified horse, very much aware of this enemy, bolted and fled in the opposite direction, bringing his rider safely home.

Very well do I remember our long treks in the ox wagon when we went for a short stay to one of the farms where my father carried out his pastoral duty. My parents would ride on horses through the wilderness. Apes in groups would sometimes throw small stones at them. We children, my two brothers and I, travelled with our English nurse, Elisabeth Hicks, in the long ox wagon drawn by numerous oxen with enormous horns. There were no roadways or bridges in the interior, so we travelled at the slow pace of the oxen over the “veld” and through the shallow rivers. Once my mother looked back only to see that the ox wagon had overturned. She dashed back on her horse, full of fear for her three small children. But fortunately, nothing serious had happened. The wagon was righted and we were able to proceed further.

On these travels we were accompanied by Mr Naudé, a farmer at whose home we would frequently stop over. He became a trusted friend of my parents.

Every now and then, the oxen would be taken out of their harnesses and allowed to graze while we picnicked on provisions we had brought with us. Water was boiled for coffee and “pumpkin fritters” eaten. A wonderful life for the children. I have memories of a warm sun, fresh air and flowers. Snow white arum lilies and red and yellow bellflowers the names of which I did not know. *(Hibiscus?)*
My mother describes one of these journeys in a small brochure which my nephew gave you and through which you probably get a more sympathetic impression of her, than, of whom legend had stamped as being “the lady who did not love the Afrikaanse people”. I think that little book proves her to be the opposite.

It was certainly another life from that to which the young lady was accustomed in Holland. I heard her tell of an occasion where they arrived at a remote farm and where there was only one room at the disposal of my parents, my aunt Gertrude, who on this occasion accompanied them, the English nurse and the baby. The same room was used to store food, and as well, had a coffin in it, for a possible case of death.

When I was hardly two years old, my grandfather Alewyn came from Holland. He missed the boat to Natal, and stayed some weeks at Leeuwenrust, where he passed the time pleasantly by giving riding lessons to the two sisters-in-law of his daughter, Gertrude and Hanny. When he finally arrived in Pietermaritzburg there was great joy. I was his godchild and was very fond of this lovable man who according to my father was an honourable man. My grandfather was a champion rider and accompanied my father on his visits to the parishioners in the country. The hearty welcomes and reception, endless cups of coffee, and at the midday meal of roast suckling pig, supposed to be a great treat and remarkable, left nothing to be desired. Large glasses of fresh milk were also consumed, which my grandfather at first found strange, but later enjoyed.

Later I heard the description of a prayer-meeting which my father held one evening, I believe in a barn. Night falls quickly there, so each churchgoer was given an empty bottle with a candle. When a psalm or hymn was sung the candles were lighted and afterwards blown out again, leaving only two candles burning on the lectern of the minister.

On the day that I became two years old, my brother William came into the world, that was on 6 September 1854, and a year later my grandfather (grandfather Alewyn) left Natal via the Cape to return to the Netherlands. He had to wait for six weeks for a good sailing opportunity, and in this time he entered into a second marriage with Gertrude Faure, the 28 year-old daughter of Dr Abraham Faure. My grandfather Alewyn was then 55 years’ old, but youthful and full of humour. The young bride had six bridesmaids in her entourage and when the bride and groom knelt to receive the blessing the six bridesmaids knelt as well, and Grandfather was startled and wondered if he had now married seven women instead of one.
After the honeymoon at Kalk Bay (on the False Bay coast near Cape Town) they left for Holland in a Dutch sailing-ship. The journey did not start off well. The ship was struck by a storm and the ship lurched from side to side. An enormous wave came over her, and everything on deck was ripped off. My grandparents (grandfather Alewyn and his wife Gertrude) were kneeling in their cabin when the deafening noise came to an abrupt stop and was followed by an ominous quietness, making them think that the frail vessel was sinking to the bottom of the ocean. But the ship righted itself again and when grandfather went back up on deck, he saw another ship making distress signals. The captain called for officers and crew willing to risk their lives to try rescuing the men from the other ship. Without any hesitation a number of men presented themselves and manned a boat, which came high on a crest of a wave, and then went down again in the deep troughs. The brave men were rewarded with success, and hardly had they brought back the sailors, when the abandoned vessel disappeared in the angry seas. In the mean time their own ship started leaking. All hands had to bale out the water, my grandfather included. The captain wanted to set the rescued men to work, but they all refused. “We are all going to drown”, they said. “It’s better to give us a barrel of gin so that we can get drunk.”

“Oh” said the captain, “you do not want to help to save the ship? Then I will put you immediately into irons and hand you over to the authorities in Holland.” This overawed the mutineers and they started working.

In the meanwhile a sailor was strapped to a kind of seat and when the waves lifted the leaky side of the ship above the water, the sailor was lowered together with his tools, only to be hoisted up when the ship rolled back under the water. In the end the hole was blocked, and slowly the storm abated.

They arrived safely at Brouwershaven (a port on an island in Zeeland, in the south of the Netherlands) and the travellers left as soon as possible for Utrecht where they were welcomed by the two sons of my grandpapa. The elder was two years younger than his stepmother. They were just in time to attend his (the elder son Frederic Marie Balthasar Alewyn's) wedding to Dido, baroness Collot d’Escury, after which they (grandfather Alewyn and Gertrude) went on a grand tour of Italy, visiting Florence, Rome and Naples and then on to visit a blood relation of Mrs Alewyn in England. They returned to South Africa in 1857. My grandfather settled in Rondebosch, where he purchased a house, I believe from a gentleman by the name of Echstein but I'm not sure about that. (The writer, my great-aunt Marianne, at the age of 66, married the grandson of her grandpapa Alewijn, the son of the above ridder Frederik and the baroness: Martin Frederik, aged 63.)
In the mean time our life at Pietermaritzburg followed its usual course. A third brother had come to the family, so that we came in quite a troupe in the ox-drawn wagon to the farm of Mr Naudé to stay there for some time. I remember a veranda, on which school was held by a failed student, who also had to do all sorts of other odd jobs. “Schoolmaster, make dead that chicken”, I can hear Mr Naudé command when a chicken had to be killed for dinner.

Once we were given two very young lion cubs as pets. The lioness had been shot and the farmer had taken her cubs into the house. They were exactly like young pups and do not cause any harm; but as soon as they get older they get to be dangerous and are usually sent to a zoo.

A strange habit developed after the main meal. A black woman would enter with a basin of water soap and a towel which she first would offer respectfully to my father. He would then first let his wife wash her hands before he did so himself, and then the basin went round the table.

Not far from the Naude’s lived a family Chagnion. I heard later that most of the progeny of the French Huguenots including the Faure’s owned a French bible which they no longer could read. You probably know that in the previous century, the French government granted the descendents of compatriots who had been banned for their religion, the right to get back their French nationality. They only had to prove that they were direct descendents of their persecuted ancestors. You had, however, to be able to show that your lineage came directly from forefathers who were persecuted. As far as I know only Mr Gideon Busken has made use of the offer.

In the course of the year of 1858, my father experienced problems in his parish which kept him very busy. In September his youngest, his one year old son, died after a short illness. How well I can remember this. I was playing outside with my brother William, when the daughter of the Naudé’s who was staying with us, called me and took me upstairs. There sat my father with the dying baby on his lap, my mother and the friends. I can hear my father’s cry of despair: “Abraham”. The baby opened his eyes wide, and then closed them again for ever.

One or two days later I was taken to a room full of people - they stood around a table upon which a small coffin was placed. I was lifted up to enable me to kiss my little brother one last time. He looked as if he were asleep, with a wreath of small roses around his head and covered with orange blossoms. My mother could never again stand the scent of orange blossoms.
Not long after my father had a serious stroke; he predicted he recover in three months. During those days his young wife experienced a thousand anxious moments. She was expectant, and did not understand what was wrong with her husband. His increasingly feverish excitement had frightened her. One night she ran down the stairs to the living room. To her surprise she found it filled by the gentlemen from the parish who, fearing a catastrophe, had rushed in to come to help the young lady. My mother and the children were taken to friends and my father was placed under medical care.

Later, at the first opportunity, we left the Cape together with our mother and arrived at Rondebosch at the home of my grandfather (Alewyn), where my father joined us after his recovery. My sister was born on 23 May 1859 and was given the name “Natalie” by my father, in memory of the country where he had experienced so much.

My father was then called to St Stephen's in Cape Town and moved with his wife and three children to Natal Lodge close to Leeuwenrust, while I stayed on with my grandfather (Alewyn) and did not leave him again.

I realised later what my mother meant to her husband. Spiritual things were her greatest interest, and now she managed to cheer her depressed husband up and to encourage him to get his capacity for work back and his enthusiasm for his pastoral profession.

A bus service operated from Rondebosch (where she lived with grandfather Alewyn) to the city and I occasionally would come home (Cape Town, where here parents lived) when we children would play at Leeuwenrust collecting acorns in the oak lane that ran alongside the vine where delicious sweet grapes grew or visit our old aunt Caroline (I believe her surname was Bletterman) who had a couple of rooms on the lower floor of the house.

For my grandpapa Abraham Faure we had much respect. Not tall in stature, with lively dark eyes under bushy eyebrows, he was very much the Frenchman of the South. With grandmother, born Isabella Caldwell, we were more at ease. It was said that she and her husband, when small children, walked hand in hand to the kindergarten (nursery school), and already loved one another. When he died after 50 years of married life, she wrote to me that: “Never an unpleasant word passed between us.”

I can still see the house in Leeuwenrust clearly in my mind. The large dining room on the right and the on the left the living room with a big clock which represented the waterfall at Schaffhauzen. On the wall there hung a portrait of my father's brother William in
a red English uniform. (Dr Abraham's son, William Caldwell Faure, aged 22, was killed by rebels near Bombay.) The eyes of the portrait seem to follow me everywhere when I was in the room. Upstairs was the study of my grandfather. Here he worked hard on his sermons. Once on a Saturday evening he remained unsatisfied with the ending of his sermon. In the end, he gave up and went to bed. In the morning he said to his wife: “Last night, I have dreamt the whole of the ending of my sermon. If I could only remember it, I would write it down immediately.” “Well” said grandmamma, “Go and look on your writing desk. You got up last night and spent a long time writing - that was probably the last bit of your sermon.” He went to look and surely, to his great surprise, he had unwittingly completed and written down his sermon in his sleep.

As he was the oldest brother, his brothers and sisters addressed him not by name but, as was the custom, as “brother” and his wife as “sister”.

His brother Philip Faure minister at Wynberg, I remember well. Once we went from Rondebosch to Wynberg to spend the day there. He showed us with pride his uniform which he wore when, as a student in 1830, he had confronted the Belgians. It hung as a trophy behind his desk. (He took part, probably as volunteer, in a 10-day campaign when the Belgians rebelled. They became independent in 1839.)

Many years later in the Hague, when I was spending some time with my mother's brother, Mr Fritz Alewyn, director of the King's cabinet, an old gentleman approached us and asked my uncle to be introduced to me. On hearing my name Faure, he asked if I was related to Dominee Faure who had stood at Wynberg ("... die te Wynberg gestaan het"). On hearing that this man was my grand-uncle he became filled with enthusiasm. He had served in the Netherlands Navy and when his ship had anchored in Simons Bay, the first person to welcome him had been Ds Philip Faure. He had come to tell him that his house was open at all hours of the day. “We went to his church” said the old gentleman, “and as soon as we were free we were in his friendly and hospitable home and were taken in as if we were his own children. We will never forget him.”

My fourth brother was named after uncle Philip with the name Alfred added, this last name after Prince Alfred, a son of Queen Victoria, who served in the English navy, and was making his happy entry in South Africa.

I believe that many of the small Capetonians, who came into the world at this time, were given his name. I remember well the enthusiasm of the crowd at Rondebosch. Not far from our home a beautiful arch was erected on which a crown of golden-yellow
oranges and apples was hanging. When the coach of the Prince passed and came to a halt for a minute, the crown came down slowly and stately onto the knees of Prince Alfred and then a gentleman stepped forward and recited the following poem:

“Here’s an orange:
Take another:
One for father,
and one for mother.”

The South Africans are full of humour. I see you smiling at my authentic story.

In the beginning of 1862 my grandfather Alewyn decided to leave the Cape with his young wife to return for good to Holland, where he still had two sons. When the day of departure drew closer and this would be a parting from her father for life, my mother reminded her husband of his promise to be willing to take her back to Holland after ten years. And so it happened that my parents and their five children went with my grandfather on the Marlborough, a sailing-ship, which left for London in the month of May.

Our journey took more than two months, a journey which would now take only days per aeroplane. With a lack of wind we were becalmed or drifted towards America, the sailors pulled long strands of seaweed unto the deck, and surely these do not grow in deep water.

A year after our arrival in the Netherlands a great National festival was celebrated in the remembrance of the liberation from the French yoke fifty years ago and I still hear my three year old sister singing in her broken Dutch: “Away with Napoleon and Long Live Willy the Third.”

My father was called to Bergschen Hoek, a village near Rotterdam and later in 1867 was called again, this time to Doesburg, a garrison town on the IJssel in one of the most picturesque parts of Gelderland. I believe he was the first minister to boast a beard. He once received a call, I think it was to Harderwijk, but it had the condition that he shave off his beard and wear a cocked hat. (Her father did not take the job.)
King William III on a tour through Doesburg was welcomed at the city hall by the notables. When my father was introduced, the King said smilingly: “Gentlemen if we are drawn into conflict, I will take Ds Faure with us as Field Chaplain.” “At your majesty’s service”, was my father immediate reply.

For thirty years my father had stood in Doesburg. In April 1898 he died of pneumonia. My eldest brother who was with him on that last night said, “That was not a dying, that was a triumphal march.” “I have come to the great waters”, (were his last words), “but Jesus is carrying me over.”

One of his successors in the ministry in Doesburg, said that the people there still speak of love and appreciation of the “old Dominee Faure.”

My mother followed him in May 1907. A serious heart problem, the consequences of those anxious days in Pietermaritzburg, made an end to her life.

My mother said that her husband had a great gift of prayer, and they who attended his morning- and evening-services at home, agreed with her. I had always been struck by his great honesty. When he was a young preacher in Pietermaritzburg, he had bought some shares in a Bank there, and for these shares he paid up only half, or a part, while the bank kept the right to call up the balance in case of need. Forty years later, when the bank got into trouble, because of bad management it was said, suddenly a large sum of money was demanded from my father. His relatives in South Africa advised him not to pay. But my father said: “I have promised this when I bought the shares and I may not break my word.” Those shares were what they then called Illimeted shares, which are now forbidden, and they cost my father a large part of his assets. *(It is not clear whether the bank could ask for the unpaid purchase price to be paid, or whether he was exposed to his share of the debts of the bank.)*

Carel Faure also sent you old notes concerning the life of one of the forefathers of the Faure’s which I found in the Library of the University of Geneva. Early in 1700 Faisan described the history of the most prominent legal experts, and there I found the most interesting biography of Antoine Alexandre Faure or Favre, which I have for a large part copied, and who lived from 1556 to 1618.

Wemmel near Brussels, February 1938.
I was born at Paarl in the house next to the present Standard Bank which was my father's office, and our house is now the Bank House. Father practised as an Attorney, Notary and Conveyancer for many years, and at one time he and the late AB de Villiers carried on an auctioneer business as well, and I have been told that it was one of the most lucrative businesses in the Cape Colony.

In 1890, father was asked by Cecil Rhodes to join his Ministry as Secretary for Native Affairs. It meant father having to go and live in Cape Town. He had my mother's nephew (Jan Neethling) articled to him at Paarl and Jan lived in our house for many years. When father decided to make his home in Cape Town he made Jan his partner, and the partnership lasted for some years until Jan married Miss Annie Hofmeyr, and decided to join his brother-in-law, JJ Hofmeyr, a well known firm of Auctioneers in Cape Town. Father then took into his office Henry van Eyk as Partner- eventually turned out disastrously for my father, for van Eyk absconded with thousands of pounds of the firm's (father's) money. (I say "father's" because he started the firm and his money was invested in it, and the firm was financed entirely by him.)

We lived for six months in "Coningsby," at the top of St. John's Road, Sea Point, and then moved to "Rosedale" Orange Street, Cape Town where my sister Cecil was born. Father was then in Rhodes' 1st Ministry as Minister of Native Affairs. Mr Rhodes asked father and mother to call their baby "Cecil" and to make him godfather. He was personally, at Cecil's christening in the "Nieuwe Kerk" in Bree Street [Ds (later Professor) Muller officiating]. Mr Rhodes, Sir James Sivewright and Mr Tom Louw were the
godfathers and stood in front of the pulpit!

Father wanted to "study" the natives, so he and mother spent six weeks going through the Territories, and had a most interesting time. Their principal hosts were Major Sir Henry Elliot who became a great friend of both father and mother's and Sir Walton Stanford. After father's and mother's return home they received two beautiful Basuto ponies from Sir Henry, and mother "christened" hers "Major" after Sir Henry Elliot. We were then living in Cape Town, where Mr Rhodes often dropped in for lunch. Another frequent lunch guest was Ds JW Sauer who was particularly fond of sheep's trotters, and it was a foregone conclusion that whenever we had that for lunch, father had to tell Ds Sauer (at Sauer's own request!) and bring him to lunch.

Mr Rhodes was very fond of father, and one day he came and said to him, "Faure, I want you to come and live nearer to me. My property 'Highstead' is empty and I want you and Lady Faure to come and live there." Father replied, "Yes, but if one day you should change your mind, what then?" Rhodes replied, "No, I want you there and I give 'Highstead' to you and Lady Faure for life, and at your death it must go to my godchild Cecil". Well? We moved to "Highstead" and spent many, many very happy years there.

Father died in 1914 at "Villa Capri" St James where we generally spent the winter months. When the first Rhodes Ministry resigned Mr Rhodes was asked to form another, and he invited father (the only member of his first ministry) to join him as Colonial Secretary. Mr Rhodes tendered his resignation after the Jameson raid in 1896. Father became Colonial Secretary in Sir Gordon Sprigg's Ministry. When Sir Thomas Smartt moved the suspension of the Constitution in 1902, father fought against Smartt's motion tooth and nail- and won the day!

Father had a very keen sense of humour, and was a most amusing companion, and he was in constant demand to accompany the Governors, as Minister in attendance, when the former had to go on tour, or had to attend public functions. Lord Loch was very fond of father, and invariably invited father to attend him. He also went with Lord Milner on various occasions and was very popular with the respective staffs. On very many occasions did he accompany Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, and the members of his staff became our very great friends. These were Major Deane, Captain (after Colonel) Alex Gordon, Captain (later Colonel) Lutley, Captain Wanchope who was very badly wounded in the Boer War. They all loved father and loved his company and his yarns!

We used to stay at "Sandown" Muizenberg, a house right on the beach, during December, January, and February, and Sir Hely-Hutchison's ADC used to come down for a bathe every morning, and stay and have breakfast with us. Captain Wanchope came
every day, but Capt Gordon, Capt Nuuverly, Capt Lutley and Major Deane came alternately every alternate day - two at a time.

Father was a good after dinner speaker, and had a great sense of humour, and could tell innumerable "stories" with great gusto and a naughty twinkle in his eye. On one occasion while living in Paarl, a certain Reverend gentleman came to stay with him and mother, and the Reverend was asked by the local minister to preach in the lower Paarl church. Unfortunately the Reverend was not tall, while the pulpit was high, and when he mounted the pulpit not much more than the top of his head could be seen. He gave out as his text, "I am the light of the world", and father, in an audible voice exclaimed, "Goodness, he is already burning in the socket".

Another time he annoyed the man who supplied us with milk. He was a neighbour and a friend of father, and the milk was rich and good, but father said to our maid who used to fetch the milk in a large jug, "Take two jugs tonight, and tell Mr Van Aarde to put the milk in one and the water in the other and I'll mix them myself". Mr Van Aarde was most annoyed, rushed over to our house to give father a piece of his mind as he said, but when he got there, father who was sitting on the stoep just laughed at him. Mr Van Aarde gave one look then burst out laughing exclaiming, "Piet Faure, 'n mens kan nie kwaad word met jou nie." ("A person can't get cross with you.")

Father married Johanna Susanna Van der Byl, daughter of Adrian vd Byl of "Lattevlei", Klapmuts on the 29th April 1874 and they were a most devoted couple, and were beloved by all who knew them. They were wonderful parents to us - we all adored them, and were a very happy family.

During the Boer War many interesting people came out from England with letters of introduction to father and mother. Mr Rhodes had Lady Edward Cecil (later Lady Milner) and Lady Charles Bentwick staying at Groote Schuur for practically the duration of the war, while he was besieged in Kimberley. Lady Edward and Lady Charles often came over to "Highstead" and grew very fond of mother. After their return to England they wrote to mother, and Lady Edward sent mother a charming photo herself which always stood on mother's dressing table until we left "Highstead" after father's death in 1914. My great regret is that I did not contact Lady Edward's (Lady Milner then) daughter when she visited South Africa in the 1950's. I could have told her quite a lot of interesting things of the Boer War, and of Lord Milner too, while he was governor of the Cape.

Major Hanbury-Williams, Lord Milner's Military Secretary, and his wife became great friends of my parents, and Mrs H-W became particularly fond of my sister Bessie. On the night of Bessie's coming out at a Government House Ball, Lord Milner personally
presented her with a magnificent bouquet on her arrival at the ball with father and mother. Osmond Walrond who was now Lord Milner's Private Secretary became a great friend of our family and was particularly fond my sister Bessie. He once took her to the Hunt Club Ball in the Rondebosch Town Hall. Princess Radziwell happened to be there too. She was a bit of a mystery at the time, and at the Ball she wore rows and rows of pearls which she claimed were priceless. That evening one of the strings broke scattering pearls right and left. Walrond, who was Bessie's dancing partner at the time, said, "Let us see if they are real," and put his foot on some! And they all broke, showing that they were imitation!! The Princess was furious with Walrond.

I have had a very happy and interesting life! And met most interesting people. For a long time mother suffered ill health, and very often she was unable to carry out her social duties, and I acted for her. Once, when I was only 18, mother had been asked to open a bazaar or fete, and that morning father came to my room and said, "Mother is not well, and will not be able to go and open the fete, I suppose they'll ask me to open in her stead, but I want you to go with me." Of course I did and when we got there and father explained that mother was too unwell to come in, they said, "We would like Miss Faure to represent Lady Faure!" I walked on to the platform followed by father and the Parson in charge, said a few words (which I cannot remember now!) and declared the fete open. A little girl came up and presented me with a magnificent bouquet of flowers! And I followed mother's usual custom when she was asked to open a bazaar, by taking the little girl to the various stalls to choose something for herself. Of course she chose the most expensive doll there!

We entertained our friends royally at "Highstead" and always kept open house. Our friends all adored father and mother who were the perfect hosts and always entered in the fun. We had a tennis court and tennis parties every Wednesday afternoon. (Amongst our tennis players were Advocates Charles de Villiers, Etienne de Villiers (afterwards Judge), Peter and Ruby Chiappini, Stanley Horwood etc, etc.)

In 1901 Mr Bright, (who was joint General Manager with Capt Clunie of Buckwall Steamship Co in South Africa) had to go to Saldanha Bay on board the "Fort Salisbury" to supervise the transferring of cargo from the "FS" to a cargo ship and he (Bright) invited some friends to accompany him. The party consisted of Mrs August Peterson (chaperone!) Olga Peterson, Ethel Mandy, Annie Spilhaus and myself. Bob Hazell, Carlos Spilhaus and Otto Rathfelder, and the 2nd. Officer (Lt Tarvas) always joined our party and became a great friend of mine. There were others on board and we all got on very well together and had a grand time.

The "Fort Salisbury" was commanded by Capt. George Stevens and had as 1st Officer Arthur Lee, nicknamed by us "Porkie"! Cecil
Kilpin and brother Ralph also belonged to our party. We lived on board for 15 delightful days, returning home on the 9th July 1901.

In August the Duke and Duchess of York (later King George V and Queen Mary) arrived in Cape Town. As father was in the Ministry (Cabinet) at the time, he and mother had many opportunities of meeting them. Father and mother were invited to dinner at Government House the 1st night of the Duke and Duchess's visit, and father sat next to the Duchess at dinner, and incidentally showed her how to peel a naartjie. A large reception was given in the Houses of Parliament on the Wednesday evening (they arrived here on Monday a.m.) where my brother Koos and I were "presented"! Sir John Buchanan was knighted by the Duke, and father was one of his sponsors i.e. 2 titled men walked up, one on either side of Sir John B., - father being one. (I forget the other). They walked three steps towards the Duke, then made a deep bow, then another three steps bowing again, and then the last three steps to the Dais where the Duke stood.

The Duchess laid the foundation stone of the Nurses Home at the New Somerset Hospital, which mother and I attended and sat right in front - with Lady Hely-Hutchinson. 6000 school children sang to the Duchess at Government House Cape Town, and one of them presented Shetland Ponies (one or more?) to the Duchess for the Royal Children. Lady Hely-Hutchinson very kindly invited me to join her own children - Natalie and Maurice and Sir Arthur Lawley's son - to watch the presentation from the balcony. We first had tea in the "school-room" and when the presentation of the ponies and the signing was over, Lady Hely-Hutchinson sent for me, and presented me to the Duchess.

Mr Murdoch Anderson, a guest friend of mother, used to spend two or three months with us at "Highstead" every year, for many years. After his visit in 1902, I returned to Bloemfontein where Mr Anderson was General Manager of the National Bank (after Barclays Bank) with her. We left Cape Town on the 15th May arriving in Bloemfontein on the 17th. I spent a most enjoyable and happy three months there and met most interesting people, including General Baden-Powell, Colonel Lindsell of the Gloucester Regiment (a Dean!) and his ADC who was in the Lancers.

Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams was Lieutenant-Governor of the Orange River Colony at the time, and as he was a bachelor, and loved entertaining, Mrs Anderson and I were always among his guests. He was going to give a ball in honour of King Edward VII's coronation. Unfortunately the King took ill and all functions in connection with the coronation had to be postponed. All arrangements for the ball at Government House, Bloemfontein, had been completed, and great was the disappointment when we heard it would not take place, when suddenly Sir Hamilton "discovered" that it would be his birthday on the 26th June - the date of the ball - so he
said he would give a "birthday ball" to celebrate the event! Of course the invitations were limited and not so many guests invited as to the coronation ball, but Mrs A and I were there. As a matter of fact, Sir Hamilton had asked us to come to lunch the day before and supervise the decorations and "sitting-out places". The King had appendicitis. As no one present, including Major Garraway (incidentally my particular pal at the time!) who was chief MOH to the South African Constabulary knew what appendicitis was then. Sir Hamilton would not say what was wrong with the King, but sent his ADC (Lord Alexander Thynne) to Headquarters of the Medical ... to find out.

I returned home (to "Highstead") for Bessie's wedding, which took place on the 10th September 1902. It was a gorgeous affair and the largest wedding reception yet given here. The ceremony took place in the Wynberg DR Church and was performed by the Rev Abraham Faure of Hertzog in the Free State. He was a cousin of my father and came down specially to officiate at the wedding. The reception attended by over 600 guests took place at "Westbrooke" Rondebosch. "Westbrooke" was the property of the Moodies and was vacant at the time, so father hired it for the month of September.

We had a number of guests staying with us for the wedding, so "Westbrooke" was used as an "overflow" for the men. Amongst who were Johnnie Pritchard, Albie Faure, Dick Van Velden, Koos, Alec Van der Byl and a number of others I cannot remember now. Mother used to send early coffee and rusks over to them every morning and later they all trooped over to "Highstead" for breakfast. We danced most evenings. Bessie's bridesmaids were Connie Smuts and myself, "middle maids" Cecil, and May Broers, and the flower girls Magda Herold (who led the wedding procession) and Annie Hewat and Erilda Faure. The bestman was Porter Buchanan, and groomsmen my brother Koos. Sir Walter Hely-Hutchison (Governor) proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom.

Early in 1903 father and mother went to visit Bessie and Mac in Johannesburg taking Cecil with them. Lady Hely-Hutchinson had invited me to be guest at Government House while father and mother were away. (This proved to be the first of my many visits to Government House.) I was very nervous at the idea of going, and the day before I was due to go, Minnie Ross gave a large picnic at Hout Bay. We went out in wagonettes, and had a delightful day, but I got terribly sun burn, and thought, with relief, "This is the end of my visit to Government House", but father came to the rescue by making me bathe my face in water as hot as I could bear into which he poured a wineglass full of brandy. I then had to dab my face very gingerly with a soft towel, and plaster it with flour! Believe it or not, the next morning my face was absolutely normal and I went off to GH where I spent a most delightful three weeks with Lady Hely-Hutchinson.
Lady Hely-Hutchinson and I remained close friends until her death in 1935. I often stayed with her, once for nearly three months. One Christmas when Victor was a small boy (and I think at Eton then), she asked me to accompany her to England where she went to their home near Gravesend to spend the Christmas holidays with her children, but I did not go. I was very devoted to my parents, and never liked going far away, for fear something might happen to them in my absence (not that I could have prevented it: but I just felt I'd like to be near them). Once my passage was actually booked on the "Kildonan Castle", to accompany Mrs GC Olivier to England and the continent, to fetch her daughter Maggie who was at a finishing school in Brussels and five days before sailing I was so unhappy at the idea of going, that I wired her to Oudtshoorn, to say I would not go.

In February 1903 Mr Joseph Chamberlain (at that time Colonial Secretary - or Secretary for the Colonies as it was called in England) visited South Africa, accompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain (a charming person). As my father was Colonial Secretary here, he naturally saw a lot of Mr Chamberlain. On the day of Mr C's arrival mother was indisposed and unable to go in with father, so Mrs Murdoch Anderson and I accompanied him. A great public welcome was given to Mr Chamberlain on Greenmarket Square, and he had a great reception. Father, Mrs A and I had seats on the dais (or platform), father was of course right in front next to Mr Chamberlain, and Mrs A and I just behind them.

In the evening a banquet was given to him in the drill hall. It was for men only, but mother and I were invited to watch the proceedings and given seats in the front row of the gallery, and we sat next to Lady Hely-Hutchinson, and had a most enjoyable evening, and heard Mr C make an excellent speech. I have the programme of the Banquet with the seating at the tables.

The Government gave Mr Chamberlain an 'al fresco' lunch at Groot Constantia. The tables were set under the beautiful oak trees. Miss Edith Frost, (daughter of Sir John Frost,) and I were asked to do all the table decorations. We drove out to Constantia in father's Cape cart early that morning, to arrange the flowers. The main table where Mr and Mrs. Chamberlain and the members of the ministry and the Governor sat, we had vases and bowls of blue Disas. These flowers on the snow-white tablecloths (for in those days doilies on luncheon and dinner tables were unknown) made a grand show and were much admired. We used Disas in compliment to Mr C, who always wore an orchid in his buttonhole, but that day he sported a red Disa, which I pinned on him!

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia paid a visit to South Africa, and stayed at Government House with the Hely-Hutchinson's. Father dined with them the first night of the Duke and Duchess's visit, and the H-H's gave a garden party at
Government House, Newlands. In those days "Government House" was the property of Michael Hiddingh and the Government hired as the summer residence of the Governors of the Cape. It was a lovely old house with spacious grounds and lovely gardens. There was also a Deer Park belonging to Mr Hiddingh and many years later Mr JW Jagger (then living at "Lourensford" Somerset West, where Stanley was his General Manager) got the deer from Hiddingh and had them in a camp on the "Lourensford" estate. I am now digressing from the Connaught's visit, and shall return to "Lourensford" later.

At the Garden Party, after all the guests had been "presented" to Duke and Duchess (i.e. they with Sir Walter and Lady Hely-Hutchinson stood on a carpet under a huge oak tree, to the front of the house, and the guests filed past, their names being read out as they filed past the Connaught's and Hely-Hutchinson's). Lady Hely introduced me to Princess Patricia. She said, (taking my hand), "This is a particularly dear friend of mine, and she is very clever with sewing and makes charming dresses for herself". This, I may add, is because I was taking dress-making lessons, and had made myself a frock which Lady Hely particularly admired. Princess Patricia said, "I think anyone who can make a dress is very clever; I cannot sew, but I like trimming hats, only I pin on the trimmings! Once I trimmed a hat with lots of flowers (all pinned on) and I was driving down Oxford Street with my sister on a windy day, when to my horror I saw all the flowers which I had trimmed my hat with, blowing down the street!" That was the last of her millinery efforts, she said.

At the opening of the "Helena Maternity Home" named after Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Helena Duchess of Schleswig Holstein, and in connection with the Victoria Nurses Institute, Princess Helena and her daughter Princess Victoria, who were on a visit to SA were entertained by the committee of the VHI. Mother was Vice-President at the time, and Lady Buchanan President so Minnie and I were deputized to present the Royal Visitors with bouquets - Minnie to Princess Helena, and I to Princess Victoria! After which we served them and the Committee (including of course Mother and Lady B) with tea - earlier that morning I had gone in to arrange the flowers there.

It is interesting to recall that the Victoria Nurse's Institute in London of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, was started by Mother, Father and Colonel and Mrs Lixon. Mrs L contracted typhoid fever and was living in the Castle, which was the Headquarters of the General and his staff. In those days it was an Imperial General, and all the troops were Imperial troops and a fine lot of men they were. General Cameron was the General here at the time. Colonel and Mrs. Lixon were great friends of my parents, and when Mrs Lixon took ill, it was with the greatest difficulty that a trained nurse was obtained for her, and then mother suggested starting a home for trained nurses in Cape Town as a memorial to Queen Victoria, and that was the beginning of the VNI. Father was
Colonial Secretary at the time, and hospitals came under his Department, and the building etc, of the VNI on the "Pound for pound" system.

Mother organized meetings and got a number of friends to collect money for the project, and it was in honour of, (or a memorial to) Queen Victoria's jubilee, and proved a veritable Godsend not only to Cape Town, but many of the Country Districts used to get trained nurses for private nursing from the VNI. It was the only one of its kind. Mother was the first President, and remained so for many years. When she had a serious illness and had to" go slow" for some time and was unable to attend the monthly meetings regularly, she resigned and Lady Buchanan became President, but they would not let mother go, and chose her as their Vice-President, and she remained that until her death in 1928.

I remember father telling us that once when he was electioneering in Namaqualand with Herbert Smith as his private secretary, water was so scarce there that all they had to wash in were two bottles of soda water! When father was in Sir Gordon Sprigg's Ministry, (Cabinet) he was offered the position of Agent-General foe SA in London, formerly occupied by Sir Thomas Fuller, but he refused it, and Sir Somerset French was appointed. Again in 1901 he was asked to represent SA at the Commonwealth of Australia. Again he refused. Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, who was Governor here, would not take "No" from father, and even rode to "Highstead" one morning before breakfast, accompanied by his ADC Captain Gordon, to try and persuade father to change his mind. Father said "No" and suggested that he send Sir John Frost who was "Minister without Portfolio" in Sprigg's Cabinet, but Sir Walter's reply was, "We don't want Sir John Frost, we want you and Lady Faure to represent SA", so father went to see Sir John and asked if he would go? And Sir John went, taking Lady Frost and Miss Frost and father lent Sir John his Private Secretary, Harry Piers.

One thing I can claim which perhaps few parents can, and that is that all three my children - Cynthia, Owen, and John (Billy) - have passed all the exams they went in for, both in English and Afrikaans, (JC, Matric, Taalbond, etc.) have always gained a first class, and in matric all three won bursaries, which enabled them to go to the University where all three did exceptionally well. Cynthia won a bursary (or scholarship) at the end of her first year at UCT, and Owen and Billy each had a three-year bursary at the university.
APPENDIX

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON ARCHDEACON RICHARD BROOKE

by

Paul Stewart WEST (1948-)

Archdeacon Richard BROOKE was born in Bath, Somersetshire, England, on 20.08.1840. He was the son of Richard BROOKE and Charlotte THORNTHWAITE. Education: BA. He married: (1) Lucy Drummond HAY (+ 21.01.1869); (2) 03.10.1870, Mary Sophia BOURHILL (+ 22.11.1921). Ordained: Deacon in St George's Cathedral, Cape Town on 01.12.1864, and Priest in St George's Cathedral, Cape Town on 24.12.1865, by the Metropolitan Bishop of Cape Town, the Most Reverend Robert Gray. Career: Arrived at the Cape aboard the ship Emerald on 05.05.1859. Tutor under the Rev George Ogilvie, St George's Grammar School, Cape Town (1859-1860), and Diocesan Collegiate School, Rondebosch (later the Diocesan College, or “Bishops”) (1861-1865). Obtained the second-class Certificate in Literature and science of the Board of Public Examiners of the Cape Colony, 1864. Curate-in-charge of Philippolis, in the diocese the Orange Free State, 1866-02.1868. Acting Chaplain, Robben Island (1868); Acting Assistant Master, Diocesan College (“Bishops”), Rondebosch, and Priest-in-charge of St John's, Wynberg, during the absence on leave of the Rev WWB Phillipson (1868-1869); Rector of St John's, Clanwilliam (instituted 26.01.1870; served until 1878), and Headmaster, Clanwilliam Public School (1869-1878); Rector of St Saviour's, Claremont (instituted 17.02.1878; served until 1887), all in the diocese of Cape Town. Foundation Member, Convocation of the University of the Cape of Good Hope, 1874. Founded St Saviour's Grammar School, attached to the Rectory in Claremont, 1878. [The school was amalgamated with the lower classes at “Bishops” to form the Diocesan College School at Feldhausen in Claremont, 1886.] First Warden, Diocesan College School, 1886-1887. Principal, Diocesan College (“Bishops”), 1887-1901. Canon of St George’s Cathedral (from 1887); Rector of Holy Trinity, Kalk Bay (instituted 11.05.1901; served until 1923); Archdeacon of the Cape (instituted in St George’s Cathedral by the Archbishop, the Most Rev William West Jones on Easter Tuesday, 25.04.1905; served until 1924); Archdeacon Emeritus (from September 1924); Vicar-General, during the absence of Bishop Cameron (1909), all in the diocese of Cape Town. Awarded the degree of Bachelor of Arts by the University of the Cape of Good Hope, 1896. Justice of the Peace. Died: Rondebosch, on Easter Day, 04.04.19?
In 1885, at the suggestion of the Archbishop, St Saviour's Grammar School and the junior part of the Diocesan College combined at Feldhausen to form the Diocesan College School while the senior boys from St Saviour's went to Woodlands, for St Saviour's Grammar School prepared boys for university entrance and that class stayed at Woodlands. The "warden" of the Diocesan College School was Richard Brooke. The school stayed at Feldhausen until School House was built in 1900, with Herbert Baker as its architect and Her Serene Highness Margaret Duchess of Teck as its benefactor, and opened in 1901. After that preparatory classrooms were built between School House and the Top Field, buildings now incorporated into Gray and Ogilvie. In 1918 the College Council bought two houses, first Rossall and then Stanmore, and the Prep moved down the road with its own "senior master", though still under the authority of the principal of the College and ultimate responsible to the Council. The establishment of St Saviour's and Feldhausen is relevant to the rugby story when we consider certain great players possibly old Bishops boys. Certainly old boys of St Saviour's from the time before the amalgamation were free to use the Magazine for correspondence and were later eligible to join the OD Union. As the Diocesan College was called Bishops so St Saviour's Grammar School was referred to as Brooke's. After Ogilvie retired from the College, the Rev JE Sedgwick came out from England as principal, but he did not last a year as the school was soon in revolt against his inability to teach or keep discipline, although he was undoubtedly a man of ideas, energy and goodwill. Richard Brooke then became principal, at a time when John X Merriman was Chairman of the College Council, and the College flourished again, and in 1892 the number of boarders reached 45 (and those were days when boarders lived at the school more fully than they do now. In fact John Brooke could remark in 1892 that his family would be going on holiday and for the first time in 14 years would not have boarders during the long holidays.) Brooke remained warden of the College School at Feldhausen, starting a tradition, which still obtains, of having one principal for the two schools.
Other notes: In bath, Somerset, he was a scholar, then a Teacher, then a Senior Pupil Teacher at Wlacot Parochial School. He emigrated to SA in 1859, at the age of 18. A descended from Richard the Archdeacon's brother, Edwin Fitzherbert BROOKE, says that there was a family dispute shortly before he left for South Africa. He was an Anglican Minister, Rector Clannwilliam, 1886-1878; Rector St Saviours, Claremont, 1878-1887. Had been Rector of St Saviours School Claremont where he started a school which later amalgamated with Bishop Gray School to become Bishops. Headmaster of Diocesan College 1887-1901. Also Rector of Holy Trinity Kalk Bay 1901-1922. Involved in Muizenberg High School in its early years. Very interested in Ornithology. Had a collection of 30 000 articles called the Richard Brooke Memorial Reprint Collection; is in the Niven Library in the Percy FitzPatrick Institute of African Ornithology.
From the beginning, aeroplanes influenced David Wigglesworth's life. That Singapore was his birthplace, on 25th March 1930, was the result of his father, Cecil George "Wiggles" Wigglesworth (whose career was spent in the Royal Naval Air Service in the First World War and then in the Royal Air Force) flying "Singapore three" flying boats from England to Singapore, where he was stationed for a couple of years. This pioneering flight in open cockpit flying boats made history as the Far East Flight but was passed off by Wiggles and his squadron as 'just another mission' 

The family returned home when David was 18 months old and he therefore had no recollection of Singapore until he made a business trip to Japan some 40 years later. Wiggles was stationed at Calshot in the mid thirties and David's first memory was of the Queen Mary steaming down the Solent in 1935 on her maiden journey. David also vividly remembers a dashing young RAF officer named Don Bennett coming to date his au pair governess in an open SS car, which had a bonnet that seemed to stretch to infinity and an engine that roared like a lion! In the Second World War, Don Bennett (later Air Marshal Sir Don), a brilliant pilot and navigator, became famous as the creator and leader of the "pathfinders" which led night raids over Germany and lit up the targets for the following bombers. His governess became Lady Bennett.

When the war started, David was 9. His preparatory school, St. Felix, was evacuated from Felixtowe to Teignmouth. He was sitting looking out to sea from the classroom window when a Junkers 88, pursued by a Hurricane, flashed along the promenade and unloaded its bombs, fortunately into the water so that only the windows were broken. David thought it was wizardry. At Woodcote House, two prep schools later, his father, who had captained the RAF at both cricket and hockey, forgave David's mediocre exam results in view of his being awarded his First XI cricket colours. Wiggles commanded a Free Czech Liberator squadron at Beaulieu
in Hampshire where David had his first flight, the thrill being enhanced by firing a .5 machine gun from the belly gunner's position. Back home at Chipstead in Kent the Battle of Britain raged overhead and a 1,000-1b bomb dropped in their orchard. David vowed to fly a Spitfire one day, an ambition that took 49 years to fulfill.

Wiggles was promoted to Air Commodore and, as Air Officer Commanding Iceland, was responsible for directing his Liberator squadrons to bridge the "Atlantic gap", thus playing a major role in defeating the U boats in the Battle of the Atlantic. 1943-47 saw David at Tonbridge School. For the most part it was tolerable but certainly not his happiest days. He much admired the Headmaster, E. A. Whitworth, who was also his Housemaster and who helped greatly in assessing his career options, David's mother Peggy, was born a Bemrose so the two of them went to Derby to meet the firm's highly autocratic head, William Bemrose. Hence to the London School of Printing for further education. Pretty boring stuff reflected in mediocre exam results, so deferment was cancelled and National Service began. Incredible luck! A National Service aircrew scheme had just started and, following pilot selection at Hornchurch, he went to Wittering for preliminary training, prior to posting to Feltwell for a magical year of flying training. At last, David was as much motivated by his work as his play and it was to change his whole approach to life. He adored flying and nearly transferred to Cranwell for a permanent commission. He was put off by seeing his father suffer from severe feelings of rejection, following his retirement at the age of 54 after four very successful years as Air Attaché in Turkey.

David graduated second on No. 28 pilot course, was commissioned into the RAFVR and left the RAF. He had nine wonderful weeks travelling in the United States on £25 (the maximum allowed under exchange control regulations) with Ronald Turner and Talbot Richardson, the two American boys who were at Tonbridge with him. He returned to the UK with a deep commitment to the US and to their attitudes to business. He persuaded Max Bemrose (subsequently "Sir" Max), then, in charge of the Bemrose London Office and latterly Chairman of the Group, who was invariably attracted by a challenge, to allow him to return to the London School of Printing if he took the final exams of the three year course at the end of a second year. He worked very hard and graduated with distinction, being described by the Principal, Ellis Thirkettle, who had been so critical of him two years earlier, as "a likeable student of outstanding ability".

There followed a year at the Bemrose factories in Derby, Manchester and Leeds, before starting as a salesman in London in 1952. After some depressing early months with few new sales, he landed a huge contract from Mars, which boosted both his confidence and his standing in the company. He was promoted to London Sales Manager in 1955, by when he had formed the deepest liking and respect for Max Bemrose. David continued flying, Chipmunks and Tiger Moths in the RAFVR, including an unforgettable
fortnight in Perth with Bill Smart, the only other National Service pilot on his course. The flying ended in 1953, when the Air Ministry decided it was not a good use of public money.

By then golf had replaced tennis as his main recreation and, influenced by his mother’s belief that common interests and values are most important in a successful marriage, had decided that he would not fall in love with any non-golfing girl! In 1954, his current golfing sweetheart introduced him to Anne on the veranda of Westhill Golf Club. Three months later, they met again at Thorpeness. He was much impressed by her golf swing and he invited her to the last night at the Proms. It took until September 1955 before she agreed to marry him! 11th February 1956 was cold, bright and snowy, perfect for their wedding. Best man, John Evers, had a range of vehicles to ensure he got them to London Airport on time. After a night in Paris, they went on to Zermatt, skiing being another of David’s obsessions. On their fifth afternoon and their first ski run on their own together, Anne broke her leg. She spent the rest of their honeymoon in a clinic while he went skiing. Their marriage passed its first big test! Over the years to come they were to take their four children skiing to many different ski resorts and then added, four children-in-law and ten grandchildren, ending in 1998 when they could no longer keep up with them.

David’s golf started at Worplesdon in Surrey but, after he and Anne had played virtually every good course round London, they joined Wentworth and bought a house near the 18th hole on the East Course. David worked hard on his game (while Anne was having babies!) and brought his handicap down to one. He played for Tonbridge in the Halford Hewitt, before joining up with son Lloyd, the only one of the four children to get bitten by the golf bug, in the Father & Son competition. On moving to Derbyshire, he represented the county 1st team on 80 occasions and led the side as playing captain for 1974 and 1975. In 1978 he was honoured by being made an overseas member of Pine Valley Golf Club in New Jersey, USA, which he relished. A crowning moment was when he and Lloyd won a coveted Pine Valley plate on the 20th green.

In 1965 David was promoted to General Manager of Bemrose Flexible Packaging at Spondon and the family moved to Derby. They bought Manor Quarry, the 80th house they looked at, where they still live. In 1969, he became Managing Director of Bemrose Derby operations. In 1971 he was made Bemrose Group Chief Executive and held the post until he became non-executive Chairman from 1992 to 1995. He was also a Freeman of the City of London and a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Stationers. 29th April 1983 was a day to remember when the Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, visited Bemrose’s flexible packaging and cheque units. She charmed everyone, including declared adversaries, and glimpses of the Iron Lady were rare.
The greatest impact on the company came in 1984 with the decision to sell the packaging operations in Derby, Manchester and Leeds, being 40% of the total group, due to excessive competition and inadequate profits, and to reinvest in the advertising products industry in the USA. David personally investigated and led the US acquisition programme. The first of half a dozen successes, Souvenir Pen Company, made excellent profits and growth and its owner, Bob Yaw, became a very close friend, continuing to consult for the company. David had previously become a founding member and visiting lecturer of the Faculty Association of the American Management Association in Europe.

From 1984 to 1992, he was Chairman of the Economic Situation Committee of the Confederation of British Industry. During his 8 years of chairmanship he did over 150 television and radio interviews and press conferences and made numerous friends in industry, economists and the media. He was made a Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire in 1993. In 1989, Tom Frost, then Chief Executive of National Westminster Bank, visited Bemrose to inspect the production of their cheques and noticed a picture of a Spitfire on Wigglesworth's office wall. Frost subsequently arranged for David to realise his 49-year-old dream by flying and aerobatting the two seater Spitfire owned by Caroline Grace. Utterly wonderful, said David, and "the Spitfire even seemed to anticipate the pilot's every wish!"

As High Sheriff of Derbyshire in 1992-93, he created "Crimebeat", a programme for involving young people in their own projects for reducing crime in their own localities. In 1994, he was appointed a Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire and, with Crimebeat having spread to encompass over half the High Sheriff bailiwick in England and Wales he retired from the position of National Chairman. He had decided that any new activities would have to satisfy three criteria. 1) It would need to be substantially different from anything he had previously done; 2) It would need to be something in which he felt he could make a real contribution; 3) It would need to be fun.

Non-executive Chairman of Hobson Plc (1994-95), a company being formed to acquire the food manufacturing group from the Co-op, fitted the criteria but ended when it was itself acquired by Hillsdown. Wigglesworth was approached by the Department of Trade & Industry in 1993 to set up an organisation to bring inward investment into the six counties of the East Midlands. There was an allocation of funds but no staff or office and he found out (after he had accepted the job!) that the two largest counties, Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire, had each stated that their co-operation was dependant on the office being located within their county boundary. When David retired as Chairman after four years, the East Midlands Development Company was fully operational with a number of significant successes to its credit.
Prior to his retirement at the age of 70, his nine years as Chairman of the Board of Governors of Trent College was one of the most satisfying periods of his career. This centred on the relationships he built with the Headmaster, Jonathan Lee, and members of the Board and staff. The two largest successes under his chairmanship were taking the whole school coeducational and adding a kindergarten called The Elms. His love of poetry was kindled when, at the age of ten, his father taught him Milton's sonnet "On his blindness". David wrote nearly 100 poems, of which over 70 have been collected and recorded under the headings of Reflections, Memories, Love, Golf, Biographies and Family. He wrote and recited at his final speech day "Trent's Way" (based on Frank Sinatra's classic) and received a standing ovation. The new building at Trent required to house expansion of The Elms was called "The David Wigglesworth building" and John Sprakes was commissioned to paint a portrait for the front entrance. John started David on a painting career, which became a new obsession to replace golf, which was severely limited by Parkinson's Disease.
Dear Tony

It was a very pleasant surprise to receive your letter this morning. Indeed a great deal has happened in the last 50 years which will take a lot of telling. We have been incredibly fortunate in our lives with a very active lifestyle, lots of good friends and a supportive family!

We were very sad when you lost Carol but are delighted that you are well supported by lots of children, friends and family. This all becomes even more important when you are finally on your own.

Your summary of your Father's career in the early days in the family business very much matches what I was told over the years. Why old Fehr was unhappy with your Father I have never been able find out, but I did not know that your father went to Alexandria in 1920 and the subsequent closing down of the operation and return to Holland. Certainly the move to Hartog Margarine and the eventual merger into Unilever was a very happy series of developments leading to his brilliant career and eventual main board directorship.

HMF Faure was reorganised with my father (Pa) becoming a full partner. As Uncle Henry becoming ill during 1935-6 the increasing load fell on my father's shoulders and he became chairman on Henry's death with his two nephews Peter and Eric Faure as directors. When the war broke out both Peter and Eric went into the RAF and were later involved in the highly secret establishment
of Bletchley House where, amongst other things, they were involved in the Enigma Project, which did so much to break down the German codes and it is thought shortened the war by 2 years.

During the war Pa set up NABUK, National Association of UK Brokers, which was basically to save the trade from collapsing and to ensure that they were a part of the Ministry of Food buying and distribution system. This worked so efficiently that after a while Pa became rather bored with not enough to do. He joined the Fire Service and then in 1944 applied to join the British Army to assist in rehabilitating shattered towns as they advanced through Belgium and Holland. The British turned him down, so he joined the Militair Gezag who were delighted to have his services for the next 18 months.

During this time he was approached by Sir Geoffrey Heyworth, the Unilever Chairman, who had observed his great work at the Ministry of Food, to join URM at the end of the war as their Chief Buyer. This led to a series of meetings with Peter and Eric who were still in the RAF to agree on his leaving the company and handing over the reins to them on their demobilisation. Pa, of course, had to sell all his shares in the company to avoid any conflict of interest, as they were a major supplier to Unilever. Sometime in the autumn of 1945 Pa moved over to Unilever and Eric and Peter took over the running of the Faure business. HMF Faure became highly successful and made serious money during those post war years. Freddie, their brother, joined the firm in 1953 after leaving Colgate Palmolive as MD and stayed with them until he finally retired many years later.

I joined the company in December 1954 after completing my National Service in the RN. I spent the first 6 months in the back office trying to learn the basics of contracts, shipping documents, insurance, tenders, etc. before being sent to the USA in May 1955 for 7 months’ training with various brokerage and trading houses in Chicago, San Francisco and New York. This was a total eye-opener for me and a truly fantastic experience.

I returned before Christmas and spent the next 18 months continuing my back office training. Shirley and I became engaged in January 1956. I was sent to the Liverpool office in September 1956 just before the Suez War started and had a huge baptism of fire as the markets skyrocketed with the closure of the Suez Canal and consumers clamouring for cover; exciting stuff! We were married the following year and stayed in Liverpool until August 1959 when I was called back to the London office and worked alongside Eric and Jake Backus on the technical oils, linseed, castor and tung. We moved to Oxshott and Marvin, our oldest, was then about 9 months old.
In early 1962 we merged with an old established City trading company Fairclough, Dodd & Jones, and the new company became HMF Faure Fairclough Ltd. It was a big merger in those days and our staff levels doubled to around 120, far too many and a big overhead! We stayed in Oxshott until September 1963 when I was invited to open an office in Lagos, Nigeria to ease the transition of the transfer of the Nigerian Produce Marketing Company (NPMC) from London to Lagos and the replacement of all the British traders by Africans. This was soon after Nigerian Independence. The NPMC business was a major part of the company's earnings and my role was to act as the link between London and Lagos. In addition we were the agents for Nigerian Oils Mills (NOM), a major groundnut crusher and HPS producer in Kano. So I had a dual function, a great challenge and a fascinating 4 year period.

Before I went out and during the period of 1959-1963 the company became very involved with Allied Crude Vegetable Oil run by Tino De Angelis. This company was doing a huge business in PL 480 allocations of cottonseed and soya bean oils to all parts of the world and had become a major force. They operated out of New Jersey and had a large tank farm in Bayonne.

Our business with them was in bulk lard, fish oil, soya and cotton oils, a large amount going to Unilever Bromborough and Purfleet. When I left for Lagos in mid-September 1963 I had a meeting with Peter Faure Snr (Peter, his son was now in the business); he expressed the wish that the Nigerian operation would be a huge success, so that they could wean themselves off the Allied business which was starting to make them nervous.

The crisis hit in mid-November 1963 when the Chicago Board of Trade, (CBOT) started to fall. It had been rising rapidly for days on rumours of expected heavy Russian buying of US vegoils. Once it became suspected that this might not happen, the market collapsed. It went limit down 5 days in a row, never seen before or since! Allied were found to be holding 93% of the cotton oil futures; once they could not meet their margin calls they were wiped out. We were financing them with American Express Warehouse Warrants, which were regarded as the equivalent of a banker's draft and so were not that worried when it happened. Eric went to New York to present the warrants and take possession of the oil (financing 80% of the FOB value) which we would resell once the market settled down. Well in the end it was the largest fraud ever perpetrated (at that time) and we had been financing seawater! A huge disaster which cost the firm millions and its entire capital. Big court cases followed with American Express refusing to pay out for years until the great day when the Bank of England issued a notice that all Amex cards, travellers' cheques and financial instruments were frozen until they started to honour their obligations!
The company had to be completely re-structured and re-financed. Holland Colombo Trading, a subsidiary of the Internatio Group in Holland became the principal shareholder and in February 1964 the newly re-formed Faure Fairclough Ltd started trading again. Sadly, Peter Faure died of lung cancer the following May, his illness greatly exacerbated by the worries of the Allied disaster. You might well have read all about this in the book written by the Wall Street Journal Commodity Editor, Norman C Miller, "The Great Salad Oil Swindle"; compulsory reading for all commodity traders!

We returned from Nigeria in July 1967 having had a very busy and, I'm glad to say, successful time. We did a huge amount of trade, learned an enormous amount about Africa and were there during the military coup of January 1966, the Kano massacre in the Sabon Gari in May 1966, the 2nd coup in July 1966, and the lead up to the Civil war in 1967. An amazing time and never to be forgotten experience!

I was made an Assistant Director on my return with my brief as managing the West African trade from Gambia and Senegal in the West to Cameroon in the East. During this time I became aware of the major plans for the growing and expansion of oil palm, in Malaysia and Indonesia. Eric and Freddie asked me to go to Asia and do a full report and survey on the prospects. I was captivated and fascinated by Asia and told them that this was where the real growth was going to be over the next 25 years. Little did I realise how true those comments were. In 1968 Malaysia produced about 400,000 tons of crude palm oil (CPO) and Indonesia about 300,000 tons. This year Malaysia expects to produce 16 million tons and Indonesia a similar amount - a staggering increase!

Steadily the emphasis changed and I was increasingly involved with Asia. In 1970 Internatio stated that they wished to pull out their investment which was replaced by Tate & Lyle through their subsidiary United Molasses. I was made joint MD with Eric and Freddie became Chairman. This worked well until early 1973 when Sime Darby, a major Malaysian plantation group expressed an interest in buying the company. We had already been doing a large volume of CPO with them after my many visits to Asia. We then became a wholly owned subsidiary of Sime Darby.

Sime Darby's timing could not have been better from an investment point of view. The oil shocks of 1972-3 were creating very active and buoyant trading conditions. We made a huge profit in 1973 and 1974, more than 4 times the normal, but as with all trading companies not every year will show an improvement over the next. 1975 proved to be a watershed year. The company profits were lower, but worse, one of our traders, in his weekly trading report to Eric and me, as management, seriously under-reported his losses. We were expecting about US$85,000 but on a quick audit found it was almost US$250,000. We had never had
a case in all the years of reporting being more than 10% out. Sime Darby sent over one of "heavies" and on the day that I left on a sailing holiday with the family, (booked 6 months earlier) they fired Eric on the spot for mismanagement. Told him to clear his desk and get out (after 43 years in the company!). I received a call in Poros in Greece to be told what had happened that morning. I caught the first flight back the next day, leaving the family on the boat, went to the Sime Darby London office and offered my resignation. I said that Eric and I were joint MDs, I fully shared the responsibility for the loss, and therefore I must go also. They would not hear of it. They oozed charm and oily words, I was told that I was now the sole MD, must I return to Greece to complete the holiday and come back to steer the company back on track.

 Needless to say their cavalier handling of Eric caused shockwaves in the company, but also in the International markets, where Eric was a highly respected senior figure. I struggled hard for the next 3 months to get it running but was faced with wholesale resignations from most of the top traders who had sympathy for my thankless task but were highly sceptical of the Sime Darby management giving us the support they were promising. They were proved correct, my position became untenable, Sime would not follow my recommendations, my authority was undermined, all my closest friends and colleagues were leaving or had left, so I finally resigned at the end of 1975.

 That effectively was the end of Faure Fairclough as we knew it. A number of junior traders stayed on, being promised the earth by SD but eventually within 3 years the name disappeared and was absorbed by SD Plantations and the few that were left became effectively selling agents for the plantation company. All very sad and a totally unnecessary end to a great company.

 I eventually set up an office in Singapore called Rayner & Faure (Far East Pte) Ltd. The London operation contained the rump of the traders who left the old Faure Fairclough Ltd. Eric was the chairman. Our majority shareholder was JH Rayner Hatton Garden Ltd, run by a couple of smart streetwise brothers, Nick & Steve Wilkes. I had a busy time in Singapore and enjoyed the years under that umbrella. JH Rayner themselves were bought by a big American mining group in 1980 which effectively ended the partnership with the Faure group. I was asked to become involved in a new company in Devizes, Wiltshire which would be heavily involved in UK rape seed together with Eric, Peter and the rest of the team. I did not take up this offer as I had been approached by a group to oversee the building of a new palm oil refinery on the East coast of Malaysia, in Kuantan. The long term plan being for me to become the commercial MD.
In 1982 this final plan did not work out due to quarrelling amongst the French and Indian shareholders. The French wanted their own commercial MD, going back on a previous commitment, and so I did not get that job. In the end it was a blessing in disguise because it gave Shirley and me the opportunity to go it alone. In September 1983 we established JH Faure Brokerage Pte Ltd in Singapore.

By a considerable piece of good fortune our timing was immaculate! The market was tired of pushy Malaysian Chinese brokers and we were welcomed as experienced and well known European traders. The business took off amazingly well. We got huge support from the major producers and refiners in Malaysia, Indonesia, Philippines and the trading companies and consumers all over the world.

Chris, our middle son, joined us in 1985 and Gus Lim, a Singapore Chinese, came to me having previously been with us in the Rayner & Faure company. He is still our local director to this day!

We finally closed down the Singapore company in May 1997 and returned to the UK. Chris did not want to take it over and now works for the 2nd largest refiner, crusher and exporter in Indonesia. He is based in the UK but covers everywhere except Asia. Our Hong Kong Company which still trades oleochemicals remains active and Gus does the trading for that business.

The name of Faure as a trading or brokerage company in oils and fats has ceased. JH Faure Brokerage HK is still alive and Chris Faure is well known and active in the markets with Musim Mas the Indonesian producer.

A few footnotes: I became President of the Federation of Oils & Fats Association (FOSFA) in 1998 and was on the Council until 2002. I remain on one or two committees but with only a limited amount of work. We have a beautiful Linssen 410 Grand Sturdy, steel yacht built in Maasbracht. We keep her there as her base. We have travelled to Stockholm and Denmark and back through Holland and also extensively in the French canals. We also have a house in Phuket, Thailand where we go from December until end March to escape the winter!

Eric died in 1999, Freddie in 2000, and Peter aged 65 died in 2005 strangely enough on 17th July, Pa's 106th birthday!

I do hope you will find all this interesting.
With all best wishes from Shirley and myself.

Jimmy
My mother, Sjoukje Maria de Vries, was born in Assendelft on 1 August 1898. She was the daughter of Antonie de Vries (born 18 April 1874) and Sjoukje Boon. Anton was one of the family of the eight children of my great-grandfather.

Anton went to the technical school. He was a lovely, cheerful, purposeful and practical man who reduced complications to simple truths. He set up a smithy, and then started a repair shop and foundry for trawlers in Ijmuiden with his brother Maarten, who supervised the administration and financial side of the business.

Maarten was dropped when a baby and had one short leg. When five, his musical talents were recognised. He started lessons and later got a scholarship for learning the violin. He became leader (first violin) of the Concertbouworkest in Amsterdam.

Sjoukje soon got three younger sisters, Antonie Cornelia (29 June 1901), Annie Marie (16 June 1903), Marie Annie in 1905. But then, in 1909, disaster. Her mother died unexpectedly from an infectious disease. Sjoukje was ten. Anton was left with only his children. He took the great care of them. His business prospered, and he moved to the more fashionable Haarlem. He took on a housekeeper Tinie, and spent as much time as possible with his children, who had many happy memories.

Anton remarried 1917 to Elisabeth Wagner and gave up his business in the twenties and retired to Bloemendaal, and smoking a cigar in his little workshop. He kept to his hobby of making and repairing things, including numerous clocks. He loved doing things with us and always explained how it worked. He died in 1949.

My mother studied English in Amsterdam, and sometimes stayed with Marnix Frederik Faure, an older brother of my father, and his British wife Muriel. They, of course, spoke English at home. There she met my father, William Adolf Faure. He was born in Utrecht.
on the 14th of May 1895, and was an officer and military pilot in the Dutch army, attached to the airfield at Soesterberg. They got engaged, and married on 4th of November 1919 in Bloemendaal, after he had left the army and promised not to fly again without her express permission.

My father's eldest brother Henry, had a brokerage business, HMF FAURE, in London, and asked my father to go to Egypt for him. He went there, and soon my mother joined him, and the lived in a house "Dès Mérigé Poès" in Alexandria, with the boy Achmed, who did the washing and cooking. There also was Henri Pieck, who painted my mother in a green dress. She was beautiful. They next year they went back to Europe, destination London, via Santpoort in Holland, where Marnix Frederik Faure was born 28 December 1920. He was named after my father's brother, where Sjoukje had spent such lovely times, but had been sadly killed in the train accident at Weesp in 1918.

The small family then moved to England, to No 3 Thetford Road in New Malden. Sjoukje Annie was born 5 July 1924, and me, Anthony Gerhard on 17 December 1926.

In 1928, my father had been taken on by Mr. Hartog who had a margarine business in Holland, and who was negotiating with van den Berg and Jurgens, and with Lever Brothers at a time when Unilever was being formed. Dad sold the house in New Malden, and the family went temporarily to Mill Hill, where Maarten Bart was born on 27 October 1928. Maarten was named after my mother's musical uncle and my father's brother in law, Bartlomeus Westerbeek van Eerten, who, as a doctor and friend, had helped him with his illness in 1927. Music remained with Maarten all his life.

The family moved to Nijmegen, the home town of the Hartog, Ubberveldseweg 71. When Hartog's and the other businesses had been reorganised to Unilever, my father became the margarine export manager in Rotterdam, and in 1930 we, as a family moved to Waalsdorperweg 20 in The Hague, with the back of the garden in the dunes. Dad travelled extensively throughout Europe, and North Africa, and was fortunate in speaking four languages fluently. After a few years of managing the subsidiary Calvé Delft (oil and cattlecake), he became Plantation Manager in 1937 and later Director of the United Africa Company which was a Unilever trading company with plantations in Nigeria, the Gold Coast and the Belgian Congo. He made inspection tours in these countries, each lasting 3 to 6 months, and thoroughly knew the people with whom he worked.
The move to England upset family plans, which had been on course for a future in Holland. Our new house was "Wyndgates", in Foley Road, Claygate. The back of the garden was about 100 yards from Uncle Henry's "Manor House". In fact, dad was getting back to, and also looking very much forward to being with his brothers, because the other one, uncle Jimmy, lived only a few miles away in Surbiton. But this was only to be in part; uncle Henry died in the autumn of 1937, a few months before we arrived in England. We were welcomed by auntie Annie, and made to feel at home from the very first day.

During the war Unilever Head Office had emergency evacuation accommodation in Cockfosters. Because of the impracticability for Dad to travel right across London daily, we left "Wyndgates" with its tennis court and orchard in 1940, for a temporary 6 years in "Highlands", Waggon Road, Hadley Wood. The emergency accommodation however, was never used and "Highlands" although blasted by a nearby bomb in 1941, and a parachute mine in September 1944, stood firm.

In 1942 Martin, as Maarten now was called, became very ill with high fevers and serious looking doctors, and Dad staying at home. After six weeks with doctors coming to and fro, not much was left of him, and it took 2 years of incredibly devoted nursing of my parents, to nurse him back at home to someone who could walk again and play cricket. Martin was never demoralised, he always had total confidence in his parents. He went to school again, did well, became school captain, and went to the LSE to study economics. He got up at five to work, and then played his piano an hour or so before starting his day.

After the war, the government asked for the United Africa Company to manage the start of the Groundnut Scheme in Tanjanika, which Dad at first did from London, and then went with my mother 6 months on site, in tents, to direct operations locally until the government could take them over in 1948. Coming back, he was appointed to the Unilever board as director responsible for the business in France and the surrounding countries Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Spain and Portugal. These were exciting post-war times, when everything had to be set up again. The economic situation in France was difficult and the trade unions made (often justifiable) demands. His services to France were officially recognised, and he was made "Commandeur l'Ordre de l'Économie Nationale de la République Française". He retired in 1959, after a serious heart attack in 1958. My mother died in 1981, and my father in July 1990.
THE FAURE SIGNET RING

by

Anthony Gerard Faure (1926-)

Dad wore a signet ring on the little finger of his left hand. At least that is what my sister Ann and I think we remember. When he died, my instructions were to pass it on to my cousin Jimmy Faure, which I did. Dad and uncle Jimmy had decided this would be so. The signet ring had the bull's head of the Faure family. I think that I have seen this, and Ann and I think we can remember talk about this. As far as I can remember, Dad got the ring sometime around 1937-38, after uncle Henry died.

Where did the ring come from? It does not seem unlikely that grandfather Henry gave it to his eldest son, uncle Henry. Before that you would think it would have been passed down from generation to generation. Going back you would at some point come to the generation of someone who would actually have had it made. It would therefore be absolutely marvellous if someone would be able to tell when it was made.

Grandfather Henry is probably the most unlikely person to have had a family signet ring made. More likely would be his father Hendrik Emmanuel, or his grandfather Abraham. We know that Abraham took some interest in family history, and produced a family tree starting with Pierre and his son Antoine (1685 - 1736).

The Faure arms (bull's head) had been used by some descendants of Jean Faure (born 1637, whom Abraham considered to have been a brother of Pierre. This has now become very doubtful and it looks if Pierre and Jean were not brothers, and probably not family). But if Abraham had a signet ring made, it would have been one with the bull's head.

This is all very speculative. The ring might have been much older, or it might have been passed down by another route. But any research is usually helped by some speculation. And the ring certainly seems to be very interesting.
Below is an enlarged picture of the "seal" which Jimmy kindly made with the ring and sent me. The "seal" itself measures 17 mm x 13 mm. Originally most seals were large. In the 17th century private seals were often fob seals, the matrix could be carried in the fob-pocket of a waistcoat. I haven't read anywhere when signet rings were the mode. They of course were really convenient for carrying about, and had to be made so small and delicate that forgery was almost impossible.

In order to get some idea of its origin we will have to go into the history of signet rings, and may be an expert can give us an approximate date of manufacture.

21.11.2007
I would like to thank you all for being here today to remember and reminisce about the life of an extraordinary woman, Marguerita Mary Faure. Mom was of course better known as “Liefie”; a term of endearment that I always thought aptly described mom's personality and nature.

Our spiritually-supercharged friends and family members will be delighted to know that I have had a number of deep conversations with my Guardian Angel over the last few days. I specifically asked my Angel to use her network to find out about God's plan for mom when he created her.

My Guardian Angel's networking skills are good, and she found an Angel who had had a conversation with God while He was busy creating mom in 1918. The Angel was young and inexperienced at the time.

God had been working overtime for 2 days in creating mom when the Angel appeared. She asked of God, “Why are you spending so much time on this model of a person?

The Lord answered, “You must see the spec sheet I drew up for this creation. I am going to make her small and petite, with a narrow waist, but she must be able to easily produce 6 children, and have a wide enough lap to hold 3 children at one time. She must also have a kiss that can cure anything from a stubbed toe to a broken heart, have a smile that can restore self-esteem, and she must have six hands for all she will have to do for her children.

The Angel was wide-eyed. “No way,” she said.
The Lord replied, “It's not the six hands that is the problem. It's the three pairs of eyes that this mother must have. She must be able to see through doors and through the back of her head, in order to protect her children. And she will have a special set at the front. This pair of eyes will be for looking at her wayward children and conveying to them, without saying a word, that they must stop their nonsense, but also that they are special. After all, part of a mother's job is to discipline without breaking the child's spirit. ”

The Angel asked, “Are all these extras on this standard model?”

The Lord shook his head. “No way. This is the superior model, to be known as the 'Elegance'. And this is a limited edition.”

The Angel asked the Lord if he was not exhausted after spending so much overtime on this model. Should he not take a break?

“I can't,” the Lord replied. “This creation is to be born on 26 January 1918, which is just a couple of days away. And I still have much to do.”

“Such as?”, the Angel asked.

The Lord replied, “Like making her sickness-proof when she's young, in order to bring up her children. Like making her beautiful when she grows up, so that she attracts a tall and handsome mate with an excellent sense of humour.”

“Wow,” the Angel said. “That's pretty cool.”

The Angel then leaned over and touched the new creation, and said, “Lord, you have made her so soft.”

“Yes, I have,” replied the Lord. “Not only is she soft physically, but she will have a soft nature. She will be compassionate and kind and caring. But, she will also be tough enough to bring up her scruffy children.”

The Angel noticed something on the creation's cheek, and touched it. “Oops, Lord, there is something wrong with this model. It's leaking. I thought that you were trying to pack too many things into this creation, but didn't want to say anything.”

The Lord held back his irritation. “That is not a leak, that's a tear.”

“What's a tear for?”, the inexperienced Angel asked.

The Lord replied, “The tear is for the female species to communicate all sorts of emotions, such as joy, sorrow, pain, loneliness, disappointment, and grief.”

The Lord added, “You may be interested to know that I have made it so that men also get to communicate this way when their testosterone level drops after the age of 50.”

The Angel grinned. “Now that's really cool, and cruel.”

The Lord smiled mischievously.

The Angel then asked the Lord what His biggest challenge had been in this creation.

The Lord thought, Getting through this blasted interrogation, but said to the Angel, “It takes a long time to instil a sense of humour into a new creation, and evidence of this is found in the fact that not many people have a sense of humour. I have spent much time
in doing so in this creation. She will have a special brand of humour and spread it around, and make many people happy, and many people will want to have her as their friend.”

The Angel plucked up some courage and scolded, “Lord, I think that you are making her too perfect. She has got to have some flaws.”

The Lord thought, God, I wish you’d go to hell, but replied, “Her only flaws will be her shabby kids.”

The Lord then added, “I am going to make sure that the sense of humour this special creation will have will be passed on to her scruffy kids. They will need a sense of humour. Two examples spring to mind,” the Lord said. “The one son will marry an heiress to a fortune, in Zimbabwe dollars, now trading at 1 + many zeros to 1 rand. Another son will marry a magnificent normal woman, but she will later become a psychologist, and know everything he’s thinking.”

The Angel beamed and said, “That's malicious, but I like it.”

As most of you know, mom was born on 26 January 1918, and passed away at the age of 83, after a full life she had no regrets about. She was an extraordinary mom who cared for us, nurtured us, and loved us. All who got to know mom loved her. Over the past few days we have had many phone calls and emails from family and friend all over the world, and I would like to mention a few of the memories that people have of mom. A young friend from London said, “My memory of Mrs Faure will always be of a warm, humorous and very charismatic lady. I feel fortunate to have known her.” A member of the family said, “She was a special lady and an incredible role model for all of us.” Another said, “She made me laugh; she was always full of the joys of spring. I loved her to bits.” Yet another said, “She influenced all our lives; she was such a precious lady.” And another friend said, “She was such a joyous person. I loved being with her.”

I think these memories of mom sum up what we all feel about her. She loved life with a passion. She was a lady and she was charming and magnetic. She was always cheerful and brought joy to others. She never spoke badly of anyone. Mom was a template on how to live life.

In conclusion, I would like to give you an example of mom's brand of humour. You all know that mom enjoyed the good things in life. Apart from the company of friends and family, mom took pleasure in the derivatives of the vine and the tobacco leaf, i.e. good brandy and wine, and cigarettes. The doctor once ordered mom to only smoke 5 cigarettes a day. During a visit to mom one night, I noticed that there were more than 5 stompies in the ashtray. I said to mom that I thought she was only allowed 5 ciggies a day. She
replied, “The doctor did say that I'm allowed 5 ciggies a day, and I have exactly 5 per day, but he said nothing about how many I
could have at night.”

Over the past few months, mom told us on many occasions that she was looking forward to going to Heaven, because she missed
dad and Philip and her dear departed friends. However, mom said that she only wanted to go to Heaven if they had cigarettes, and
good brandy and wine up there. My spiritual contacts inform me that Heaven does not have these products, but I know that God
has made a plan just to get mom up there.

We are all going to miss mom very much, as I'm sure all of you are.

I would like to say thank you to all of you for your kindness and support and offers of help during the past few days. Thank you
Venita, Jeanette and Elsa for allowing Carol to raid you gardens. Thank you to all the Somerset Oaks residents and management
who made our parents' last few years' exceptionally happy years for them. Carol asked me to extend a special thank you to her
sisters-in-law, Sheila, Peggy, Mart-Marie and Alison, not only for loving mom and caring for her as they would their mothers, and
also for loving and supporting Carol as they would a sister.

Thank you again for being here today, and I now hand you over to my son, Philip, who would like to say a few words on behalf of
mom's 15 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren.

Thank you.

Note: the above piece on the creation is adapted from a text called “Mothers” (author unknown).
Sheila and I decided to move back to Cape Town in 1992 because the wrinklies were getting on. Both my parents and Sheila’s mother were still hale and hearty at the time, but were approaching eighty. Anything over three score years plus ten, dad said, was injury time, and was to be relished and enjoyed to the fullest extent. We wanted to be part of it.

Dad’s deep-seated philosophy of life was that when Saint Peter inspects a person upon arrival at the Pearly Gates, before making a recommendation on entry to Heaven, the body must provide strong evidence of a life which was enjoyed. The lungs, the heart, the liver, the gall bladder, and so on, must be all used up. It is not right to arrive in Heaven with good body parts. Dad also lived by the conviction that wealth is measured not by your net worth, but by the number of people you can call your friend. Saint Peter must also detect deep laugh lines on your face.

Dad had eight years of injury time, and we shared three of those years - mostly around the dining table in a fog of cigarette smoke and surrounded by bottles of fine wine and gaiety. We are certain that he passed the inspection with flying colours and was welcomed with open arms by the Big Guy.

We were also fortunate to share the last five years of Sheila’s mother’s full life. She was a special lady with a special life philosophy. She had an innate warmth for others, believed fiercely in washing used plastic bags and tin foil for use again (she was a young bride during the Second World War) and espoused sharing. But not just any kind of sharing. She kindly shared all her thoughts with us - verbally, of course. She believed that thoughts must not be neglected. They must all be shared at all costs. When on her own, she even used to make notes of her thoughts for dissemination at a later stage.
Mom had a pragmatic life philosophy. A person wakes up each morning and has to make a decision between two moods: misery or happiness. She chose the latter and delighted in each day. As someone once said, she sucked the marrow out of the bone of life. Like dad, she believed that money is a sick way of keeping score. She also believed that the body must be moderately abused, and thus rejoiced in the derivatives of the vine and tobacco plant.

Mom lived at Somerset Oaks Retirement Village, Somerset West in her last years, and had many friends. There she attended Bible study classes, because she wanted to go to Heaven to meet the old man and her friends. This, however, was subject to whether they sold cigarettes and good wine up there. She was convinced the devil sold these commodities down below.

Mom also believed strongly in obeying the doctor. Her doctor once ordered her to not smoke more than five cigarettes per day. Mom smoked exactly five cigarettes during the day. At night, however, she smoked as many as she liked.

* 

We grew up on a wine farm at Faure just outside Somerset West, and lived in a rambling old farmhouse. We wanted for nothing, but it was not this that made us privileged. It was the lively and happy home atmosphere in which we grew up which made us privileged. The folks adored each another and created an environment of love, well being, caring and laughter.

House mystics would have approved of our house. Such people claim to be able to ‘feel’ the emotional history of a house, that is, the aura, the atmosphere, the ‘vibe’, of a house. In our house the walls, the doors, the ceilings and floors were impregnated with laughter, happiness and contentment.

Dad was called Hannes, short for Johannes, by his friends, and grew up on the farm. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and handsome, and was eyed covertly by the women. He was a World War II Spitfire pilot, decorated with the DSO and twice with the DFC, and he enjoyed harassing the Germans in the sky. He also removed a sufficient number from the sky to be awarded the Ace Pilot accreditation.
After the Nationalists took office in 1948, dad was convinced that he would be ejected from his position of Officer Commanding of Air Force Base Ysterplaat. He resigned and joined his brother Hennie on the family farm at Faure. Together, they built a successful wine estate.

Mom was affectionately known as Liefie (little loved one), despite a lifelong crusade to be called Rita, short for Marguerita. She was the only daughter in the large Klerck family of Sea Point, Cape Town, and was doted upon by her many brothers. She stood all of five foot and two inches at maximum height age (and brought down the tall genes of the Morkel family – dad’s mom) and was a real good looker (she said ‘gorgeous’). Even when she was a wrinklie, she remained gorgeous, with a figure that was the envy of many non-wrinklies.

The folks met during the war and, given mom’s looks, dad had serious competition. Mother’s brothers were not too keen on this rough boy from the farm. It probably also had something to do with the fact that he spent a lot of time in North Africa, Malta and Italy irritating the Germans, and his first port of call upon returning from a mission was the Klerck home in Sea Point. They waited up for her when she was out gallivanting with the farm boy to make sure that nothing ungentlemanly took place. And so did the competition!

One fine night in 1943, as dad was giving mom a passionate embrace at the front door, one of the competition fell out of the large fig tree and landed on the hard concrete right next to them. He got up and, without a word, scurried away with purpose. (His purpose, no doubt, was to get away from the man who put bullets into people who competed with him.)

Mom was the first to admit that she has led a highly privileged life. She brought up six children with much domestic help, and had no constraint on shopping. The latter was given by dad on the population census forms as mom’s occupation.

We grew up in an ideal physical environment: many hectares of vines and an expansive view over False Bay. The farm is close to Cape Town (twenty minutes by car), and next door to Somerset West, the Strand and Stellenbosch. We were therefore not deprived of entertainment and friends as many rural farm kids are. We helped on the farm during school holidays, especially at the time of the tobacco harvest and the pars (pressing of the grapes). We attended the local schools and had wide circles of friends.

We had Sunday lunches with three meat roasts, crispy roast potatoes and five vegetables, followed by two puddings. Good wines always complemented the meal and we learnt to appreciate them from a young age. We were encouraged to play sport and our
parents never missed a game (except once). Spare time, apart from sport, was spent eyeing the girls on the Strand beach, on a surfboard, or diving for abalone and crayfish.

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Even though by some standards we were privileged, we did have some rough moments. Some of them scarred us psychologically for life. My earliest memory is burnt into my brain - like words on a computer screen that does not have a screen saver. I was two or three at the time. Dad rushed into my bedroom, threw my teddy aside, and dragged me by the arm to the lounge. I could not understand why I was being dragged down the long passage. The dragging stopped and dad pointed to a huge, curly product of someone’s or something’s bowel, lying quietly on the carpet behind the couch.

I recognised it immediately. It belonged to my favourite dog, Blompot (flower pot). The tip of Blompot’s product-of-the-bowel looked like the tip of a soft-serve ice cream. I smiled my recognition up to dad. He glowered down at me. ‘How could you do that?’ I was devastated. He thought it was I! How could he even think that I would do such a horrible thing? It was obvious that it was the dog’s turd. I knew that because I was the local dog turd inspector. I protested my innocence in two-year-old language, but to no avail. Only gibberish came out. I was neuked (bashed) by dad, and I recall bashing the dog with my teddy afterwards.

Another indelible memory is the event that took place as we were driving home from friends after a long Sunday lunch when I was three or four. Without warning the car skidded to a halt. Dad, looking rather pale, turned around and without warning ripped my dear cap off my head and promptly deposited his lunch and its accompaniments into it. He then threw my filled cap into the bush. I couldn’t believe that this was happening to me. Why my cap? How could I live without my cap? But I then felt sorry for dad. He was obviously sick. I had seen the dog do what he did on the carpet before, get bashed by mom or dad, and look miserable for a time thereafter. I could not understand why mom did not feel sorry for dad. She barked at him and insisted on driving.

Another lasting childhood memory took place when I was four and my elder brother, Philip, six. We were lighting matches in dad’s new MG Sports that was parked under the palm tree. About the tenth match burnt Philip’s hand, and he promptly dropped the match on the seat. To our horror the seat started burning. We were trying to stomp the fire to death by jumping up and down on the seat. Dad arrived on the scene to see smoke and us jumping on his precious seats. He ripped open the door, yanked us out of the car and beat us while we tried to tell him that the car was burning. ‘This will teach you not to smoke and to jump on my new seats,’
he shouted. When dad realised what was really happening it was too late. The flames took hold and car burnt out. My father was not a happy man.

The main reason my brothers, sister and I are psychologically scarred is that dad’s dogs and mom’s cats were treated better than we were. Mom had about ten cats and dad always had three dogs. The cats had names such as Siemels, Poefies, Gillette (a thin cat), Minora (Gillette’s offspring), 23:59 (a black cat), Mama, Streepies and so on. The dogs had names such as Bandiet (bandit - given to dad by a labourer he had bailed out of jail), Blompot (flower pot), and Aunty and Uncle. It was OK having all these dogs and cats around, but the folks used to buy the cats and dogs bigger presents than we got, and referred more to them than to us in their letters when they were away: ‘Dear children, we are all fine. How are the dogs and cats? I hope that you are not forgetting to feed them. And don’t forget the Bob Martin’s,’ the letter started. Then came the limited blah, blah, blah about the holiday and it ended with, ‘We hope that you kids are behaving yourselves. Give the dogs and cats a big hug. Tell them we love them and miss them very much. Ta Ta for now.’

Mom bought so many presents on holiday that they, according to dad, were obliged to hire a glider that was towed behind the Boeing to get them home. Dad put a stop to this after a few years, and mom then resorted to buying presents in South Africa that were made in the country of their holiday. She hid them until their return. We were none the wiser until their holiday to Mauritius in 1960 was cancelled, because mom had the flu. All our Christmas presents that year had Made in Mauritius labels attached.

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Because mom and dad had six children, mom had little spare time, and she consequently had many domestics to help in the house. The result was that mom’s cooking skills remained underdeveloped. Mom’s lack of skill in the kitchen remained undetected - until they moved to the Somerset Oaks retirement village in Somerset West, where there was no help. Her feats in the kitchen were most peculiar. Possibly the most unusual was her endeavour to ‘cook’ frozen chips (fries) in a pan after spraying the pan with the newly released spray-canned Spray and Cook product.

On one occasion mom tried to emulate a Kingklip with lemon butter and white wine dish they had much enjoyed at friends. She asked for the recipe and set to work to impress dad a few nights later. She also wanted to rebuild her self-esteem, which had been drastically lowered by her children and their spouses following disclosure by dad of the Spray and Cook episode. Mom read the
recipe, put her reading glasses aside to ensure that they would not get all greasy, and set to work. The Kingklip fried away nicely and mom added the lemon butter sauce at the right time. It looked wonderful and dad’s nostrils probably flared when the aroma wafted into the lounge. She then took a bottle of white wine from the fridge and added a few glugs. Horrors! It went all sticky and gooey. Thinking that more white wine would solve the problem, mom added another few glugs. It went even more sticky and gooey. She was mortified. No problem. Mom scraped the goo from the Kingklip and served it with properly fried chips (that is, chips not prepared in the pan with Spray and Cook). Dad dutifully ate the dish under mom’s watchful eye but said not a word, while mom feasted on a boiled egg.

The following morning mom, with her glasses on, discovered that the wine bottle transmuted into a Soda Stream lemonade concentrate bottle during the night. Once again, she was distraught. ‘Hannes, why did you not tell me?’ Dad: ‘Tell you what, my darling?’ Mom: ‘About the Kingklip ... do you know what I did?’ She gave him the gory details. Dad: ‘I did not want to hurt your feelings. But I am going to tell the children.’ What a cruel man he was. Mom’s self-esteem plunged in anticipation.

A few weeks later mom read a supermarket advertorial about a new fresh water crayfish. Dad would have done a bollemakiesie (somersault) for a piece of crayfish. This was her chance to regain dad’s culinary respect. She rushed out and purchased three pieces, two for dad and one for herself. She unwrapped the crayfish, and was most disappointed with the appearance. They could be off. Just to make sure that they were not off she fed one of the crayfish pieces to the dog (note: dad’s dog, and not her cat). The dog devoured the crayfish and licked his chops. His eyes smiled. Mom was then sorry her cat had not been fed the delicacy. Satisfied that the crayfish was not off, mother served dad with the remaining two pieces of crayfish on a bed of lettuce, garnished with tomato and tangy mayonnaise. She poured dad a glass of chilled Welmoed Chardonnay, and gave him a cheery grin.

Mom felt good. She had reclaimed her lost self-esteem. She felt redeemed. Mom then sat down to her boiled egg, the dog having devoured her portion of crayfish. Dad stabbed a portion with his fork and placed it on his quivering tongue. He was about to murmur ‘Mm,’ when the taste registered. He looked over at mom and said softly, ‘Liefie, this crayfish is not cooked.’ Mom was devastated. Dad was kind on that occasion. He disclosed this juicy piece of information to the family only after three days.

Given serious ragging by her awful (except me) children, and much experimentation, mom’s cooking skills improved. However, dad informed me confidentially once that he was pleased that Somerset Oaks had a dining room where lunch is served every day.
Mom often has the family over for dinner. She now only serves Woolies (Woolworths, the local equivalent of Marks & Spencer) pre-made food, or takes us out.

* 

Mom is a feisty woman and she took no nonsense from dad. She kept him in line and there are many incidents to demonstrate this individuality. The one took place while driving with friends from the farm to a restaurant in Somerset West some years ago. As they entered the outskirts of the town mom swung her head in dad’s direction. ‘Hannes, you are driving too fast,’ she admonished. Dad: ‘I'm only going at a hundred.’ Mom: ‘The speed limit is sixty in urban areas and you are going too fast. You are going to get a fine.’ Dad: ‘It’s downhill. They never trap on a downhill.’ Mom: ‘Hannes, slow down!’

Just then a traffic policeman jumped out of the bush and stopped them with his extended arm. He sauntered up to the car with that nonchalant variety of walk and that stony facial expression that cops learn at cop school. Mom: ‘Good. Now you are going to get a stiff fine.’ Dad: ‘Just watch me. I'll talk him out of it. I always do.’ Dad had a way with people. He turned down the window and gave the fuzz his best smile. He opened his mouth and got ready to launch into his defence. Mom leaned across dad to the driver's window. ‘Fine him. He deserves it. He was driving at one hundred kilometres per hour. I'll testify to this in court.’ Dad was stunned and his mouth promptly closed. The traffic cop was equally stunned. And so were the friends sitting in the back of the car. What was the matter with this woman? The traffic policeman pulled out the dreaded pad and wrote out the ticket. He handed it to dad, bent lower, and flashed mom a (probably uncommon) smile. ‘I’ve given you a discount for the entertainment.’

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Mom was (and still is) an enthusiastic knitter. Another one of my lasting childhood memories is of mom knitting. She knitted every night while we listened to the radio. This was before television arrived in South Africa (it was banned because the Nationalists did not want our minds to be corrupted; our minds had to be clean for the propaganda machine). When television arrived in 1976, mom was so good at knitting that she did not even have to look down to see if the plains and pearls were correctly executed. Mom knitted while she waited for us at school, chatting to the other mothers. She even knitted while she watched us pulverising the opposition on the rugby field. She knitted on the beach. She knitted up a storm. The knitting shop people gave mom a raucous welcome whenever she came into the shop.
We were never short of knitted wear. We had beanies to keep the warmth escaping from our heads. And they had those special pom-poms on top. We had red jerseys, blue jerseys and green jerseys. We had mixed-colour jerseys. We even had knitted gloves. We did not like the winter, because we had to wear mom’s creations. At the first hint of warm weather we discarded our jerseys, beanies and gloves. ‘Won’t you be cold?’ mom would ask on the first day of spring. ‘It’s freezing outside.’ ‘No, mom, we’ll be fine,’ replied my brother slowly through his blue lips.

An indication of the quality of mom’s knitting first dawned on her after forty years of intense knitting activity. Brother, Lance, suffered a burglary in Johannesburg. The burglar removed most of the clothes, with the exception of a few uninteresting items and mom’s knitted jerseys, beanies and gloves. She hasn’t been the same since. Mom now knits for the jerseyless, beanieless and gloveless homeless.

Dad and mom were keen on sport, and they prided themselves on never missing an event in which their children participated. Back in the seventies brother Piet was playing for one of the Strand-Somerset West rugby sides at the Charles Morkel Stadium in the Strand. As usual, mom and dad were there to support their second youngest. After the game they hugged Piet and congratulated him on beating the Villagers B-side by 23-12. Piet looked at them in amazement and, through a broad grin, informed them that he had played on the C-field and lost 14-36 to the Villagers C-side. Dad and mom, with sheepish looks, informed Piet that maybe it was time they saw the optometrist.

Mom remains keen on sport. But this enthusiasm did not extend to herself. It applied only to others, and she enjoyed listening to or watching their activities. All the other wrinklies at Somerset Oaks were up early in the morning, walking or swimming with determination. This intense activity was repeated in the late afternoon. Mom’s flat bordered the swimming pool, and some serious splashing and consequent heavy breathing and grunting repeatedly awakened her. She smiled and got up (on the right side of the bed) to make a pot of Five Roses. While the kettle murmured its way to boiling point, she listened to the activity in the pool. The hectic activity wore her out after a while. Exhausted, she took her tea up to the bedroom, snuggled up in bed and lit up a cigarette. A pleasant doze usually followed.
When the swimming sessions ended, mom’s energy returned, and she got ready to embrace the day. And this mom did with great enthusiasm. Her days were filled with diverse activities such as shopping, going to the movies (residents of the complex asked mom for movie reviews when they decided to go), having tea and scones and/or lunch and/or dinner with friends, watching soapies and so on. Anything that required effort of an even slight aerobic nature was strictly avoided. Mom said that she did not want to peak out too early in life.

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A result of mom’s diverse activities is that her children had to make appointments to see her. ‘Hi mom, how are you?’ ‘Fine thanks, my wonderful son. How are you and the children?’ (I’m the favourite.) Me: ‘Everybody is fine, thanks. Mom, how would you like to spend the day with us on Sunday?’ Mon: ‘Sorry, I’m out to breakfast with Annabelle at the Helderberg Nature Reserve. Then I’m lunching with the Hoefies at Vergelegen. But thanks for the invitation.’ Me: ‘Oh, okay. What about dinner at the Ou Pastorie in Somerset West on Wednesday night?’ This is one of mom’s favourite restaurants. Mom: ‘Sorry, I’m off to the theatre. But thanks awfully for asking me.’ This is the way it was with my mother. You have to book her far in advance.

The reason for mother having to split herself into tiny pieces is that everybody wanted a piece of her. And this is because she had the most engaging personality. She was kind and caring and did not say a bad word about anybody. She was interested in other people and was therefore an interesting person herself. She exuded happiness and contentment and people wanted to be with her because she lifted their spirits. She was the life and soul of the party. She was a human tonic.

Mom’s grandchildren loved her to bits. They thought she was the coolest grandmother around and sought her company. And so did the guy who fell out of the fig tree in 1943! After he scurried away with purpose, mom never saw him again - until dad passed away. The fig tree lurker became a charming companion for mom. ‘Mom, he’s after your money,’ brother Johan said when the fig tree lurker arrived back on the scene after 54 years. Mom: ‘No, he’s not. He’s after my bod.’

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Mom’s most engaging characteristic was her compassion for fellow mortals. Many years’ ago an artist held an exhibition at Somerset Oaks. The paintings went slowly over a two-week period. Then there was one left. It hung in the dining room for weeks afterwards. Mom saw it every day during lunch, hanging all on its own. It had an abandoned look and it haunted her. After a few weeks she could take the stress no longer and bought it.

‘Pierre, I bought you a painting,’ mom said to me on one my visits (by appointment only, of course). ‘Mom, you are so kind. Why did you do that? Mom related the story of the forlorn-looking painting. ‘I bought it because I felt sorry for it. It was all on its own weeks and weeks. I could not understand why nobody wanted it.’ I couldn’t wait to see it. ‘Where is it, mom?’ I enquired, apprehensively. What was I to say if the painting was awful? Mom fetched it from the broom cupboard and held it up. ‘Isn’t it gorgeous?’ I could not believe my eyes. It was not just awful; it was spectacularly awful. It was a painting of a tree with what looked like snow on the leaves. The backdrop was a blood-red African sunset, the kind of sky that does not quite go with snow. Under the leaves flew what could have been a crow, but it was seriously out of proportion. The frame was the cheapest on the market. What was I to say?

I told mom that it was really nice, and thanked her for thinking about us, but Sheila had just bought a picture for that last spot we had on the wall. I thought that brother Johan (the second-oldest) would be thrilled to the back teeth to have a painting such as this one. Mom looked disappointed, and I felt like a coward. She told me a while later that she had offered it to Johan, but he had said that the colour was wrong. While it was really good, it would not go with the other paintings. Johan suggested that sister Carol (third-born) could use it better than he could. He was also a coward.

We were there when mom offered the painting to Carol. She looked thrilled. Her usual smile faded when the picture was paraded. The rest of us were enjoying this. ‘Mom, that’s kind of you, but it won’t go with the curtains. It’s a very good painting. Piet will love it. He’s got just the spot for it.’ Carol was also a coward.

Piet (second-last in line) lived in Johannesburg, so we had to wait for him to come down on business for the next episode. He came a month later. ‘Piet, I’ve got a painting for you,’ mom announced during dinner. Piet: ‘Thanks, mom. Where is it?’ It was paraded and we waited with bated breath. ‘Mom, it’s wonderful. Thank you kindly, but Mart-Marie has just changed the curtains and it just won’t go. Lance needs paintings badly. He hardly has any paintings.’ My brothers and sister are all cowards! Mom was beginning to smell a rat.
Lance, the baby brother, also lived in Johannesburg, and we had to wait for Christmas for the final episode. Christmas duly arrived and mom executed her fifth parade of the famous painting after dinner one night. Lance was quiet as he viewed the painting. We were desperately hoping that he would yield. We felt sure that mom was feeling rejected. Lance’s lips parted and we shifted forward on our seats. We took a collective deep breath. Lance’s lips promptly closed when wife Alison announced, with much enthusiasm, ‘We accept, mom. Thank you so much. It is magnificent.’ We were thrilled. The painting had found a home. But then an agonizing thought crept into our minds. Alison has a BA Honours degree in fine art! What have we done? If Alison likes it, it must be good. It will probably be worth a fortune one day!

After recovering from the shock, I asked mom the question that had been niggling me for months. ‘Mom, why did you want to give the painting away?’ Mom looked at me with a whimsical grin. ‘I said I felt sorry for the painting. I didn’t say I liked it. In fact, I think it’s positively awful!’

The dreaded painting did not turn out to be worth a fortune. It presently gathers dust in a dark cupboard. But, mom had one canvass by a Master: Pierneef. It would now sell for millions. Lance and Alison’s inherited it, no doubt a consequence of their noble reaction to the poor purchase, even though it was promised to me. They deserve

Mom and dad were tonics.

2015
When “Kahlenberg” farm was sold in 2014 GLM wrote an email to the family, and REB added to the story. GLM’s email (03.04.2015):

This historic family farm has given me many happy memories which I will cherish forever.

My parents, Idwal and Anna were married on the farm on the 17th July 1940. The wedding ceremony and reception was held in the homestead. Mom and Dad had a few days to plan the wedding because Dad was leaving for army training.

My first photograph of the family showed me sitting on Ouma’s lap. Being the youngest I had the best seat. The photograph was taken in July 1949. Our family of John, Lloyd and myself was complete. The other aunts still had some work to do.

Aunty Liefe is holding Honeyboy (aka Johann) while keeping an eye on Phillip and Pierre. Aunty Helen has Rentia on her arm while Derek smiles at the photographer. Aunty Em holds Robert tightly and is pregnant with Helene. Another special photograph taken on the farmhouse steps was of
John, Lloyd and myself.

I will always remember the Christmas Day evenings when the whole family assembled at the farm. The highlight was the cricket match on the vast lawn. The batting order was from youngest to oldest with each person keeping their score. Due to honesty there was no need for reviews; the umpire’s decision was final. Before sunset Uncle Vossie would call us for the family photograph, first the parents followed by the cousins.

I really enjoyed working on the farm during the tobacco season. Johann and I had the responsibility of counting the tobacco filled needles and punching the employee’s card. Friday evening was pay time and we would line up to receive an envelope from paymaster, Uncle Hennie. This was the time in my life when Johann introduced me to cigarettes. We started with Westminster 85 because that is what Uncle Hannes and Aunty Liefie smoked. Lucky for us they never counted the packets kept in the pantry.

The homemade farm bread baked by Gallies in the Agar stove will always be remembered. Nothing will beat the warm slices spread thickly with butter and jam.

The grape harvest was exciting for me as a youngster. Watching the fully laden trailers offload the grape-bunches into the press and tasting the fresh juice. Mom would take a few bottles of juice home to bake mosbolletjies.
I clearly remember camping on the farm, this was very exciting with swims in the dam, making camp fires and cooking the meals. I enjoyed playing rugby at the farm. The lines were not marked but the players knew where the try line was. My first taste of multiracial rugby!

Anne and I will always remember the New Year’s Eve dinners on the farm. The first one was prepared by master chefs Johann, Roger Coulson and myself for our wives. The men would do all the purchasing in the morning, cook the dinner and set the table. This tradition grew and proved to be immense fun. One year when Peggy’s family joined us we had 25 for dinner.

Now that Kahlenberg is sold I can reveal the answer of who drilled the whole in the bedroom door. It started with a few cousins each having a turn to use the handheld drill on the door. Being the youngest, the drill was passed to me when the end was near. I believe I made the final turn of the drill which pierced the door. Case closed.

I found a pencil sketch of myself drawn by Phillip, signed and dated 30th January 1960. This sketch is of great sentimental value to me.

Goodbye Kahlenberg and thank you for the wonderful memories. Thank you to the farmers: Oupa Philippus Albertus Brand Faure; Faure Brothers: Uncle Hannes and Uncle Hennie; Faure Cousins: Johann and Cousin Albie.

Best regards
Geoff

REB (1947-) added by email (09.04.2015):

Hi Pierre

It is so super to see everyone’s enthusiasm for your wonderful project. It makes one feel all warm and fuzzy! (sentimental old fool that I am).
As Geoff has said, those Xmas concerts do need a mention. Helene and I didn't enjoy the spotlight and I always felt nervous. But we thoroughly enjoyed the performances of those less self conscious. Johann's ballet was always a highlight - totally hilarious and my Dad's rendition of the song You Can Baby Me Now (or something like that) Did he dress up for that?

Very vivid for me also is the earlier memory of waiting for Father Xmas to arrive. We all sat in the diningroom with the curtains closed and strained to hear the sleigh. The excitement was palpable. In would come Uncle Hennie and I for one never suspected he was anything but the real deal.

We all have wonderful Kahlenberg memories. For me it is where I learnt to ride a two wheel bike. You taught me at the back of the house on the werf and I can still remember how pleased I was the first time I managed it. It is also where I practised my driving taking the old cream Rover by myself and driving around. I remember you and I getting into so much trouble one day. We took eggs from the henne hok wanting to make scrambled eggs, and broke them into a bowl. One of the maids came out and grabbed the bowl from us and threw the eggs on the ground. I thought it such a waste. I couldn't understand why she was so cross. One can go on and on. If we all told all our memories the book would be longer than the family tree! So I don't expect all this to be added. Thought I would just share a few with you.

But most importantly, Kahlenberg will always be special because that is where all my memories of Philip are.

Love
Rentia
APPENDIX

ANCESTORS OF ANTOINE (1685-1736), ALEXANDRE (1672-1741) & JEAN (1681-1759)

by

Alexander Pierre FAURE (1946-) and Michael John HARRIS (1931-)

A note to the reader: The below is a genealogical study on the ancestors of Antoine and first cousins Alexandre and Jean, ie Pierre (1636-c1703), Jean (1637-1714) and forefathers, based on the assumption that they [Pierre (1636-c1703), Jean (1637-1714)] were brothers (which after further research turns out to have been unlikely). This, as well as the following appendix, is relevant only if future research proves this to be the case.
This genealogical study covers the persons in the heading above and their descendants. However, in order to understand their narrative we need to be familiar with their ancestral history. The original source of this book up to the 1870s is DrA. He recorded the ancestors as shown in the accompanying illustration.

According to a number of sources, Pierre (1636-c1703) and Jean (1637-1714) did originally live in the town of Orange (on the east bank of the Rhone) in the Principality of Orange, South France, and they did have a father named Philippe who also lived there. Today, it is still named Orange (in Provence). According to DrAT:
Philippe Faure: Born about 1608. Persecuted on account of his having embraced the reformed religion. Was twice married: his first wife, Louise ROUSSEL, died childless. In 1635 he married a lady of the family DE LA LAFONTAINE. He underwent particularly in his old age, long terms of imprisonment in the fortress of Grenoble, and separation from his children. Through the intervention of his friends he was at length released and proceeded to Geneva, where he remained for two years, and then removed to Holland.

According to NL82 (also BoZ, which used NL82 as a source), Philippe was born c1596, was a "cardeur à laine" (wool carder) in Orange. He acquired a vineyard on 16.06.1638 (aged 42), bought a "membre de maison" (member of a house?) from a Dr André Coavenent on 18.10.1658 (aged 62), and owned a house in the Rue de Mazeau (quartier de Pourtoules) in Orange. (The latter could be the house bought from the doctor.) He died on 02.05.1683 (aged 87). He married Louise ROUSSEL (?- >13.09.1668).

The name Louise ROUSSEL synchronises with the DrA information above. If she died after 1668, Philippe must have divorced her (probably because she could not have children), because we know that Philippe’s first child, Pierre, was born in 1636. This date also fits with DrA’s information that he married Miss DE LA FONTAINE in 1635. As regards Philippe’s year of birth (c1596), the source NL82 has more detailed information, including his exact date of death, and many different sources were consulted in the research. The c1608 Philippe was a son of Baron Faure, who, according to NL82, is not related to the branch discussed here.

According to source DrA, Philippe (c1608-) had 2 children (the below is verbatim):

- **Pierre Faure.** “Born in January 1636. Being persecuted on account of his religion, upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV, in 1685, he fled from Orange, where he was established as a merchant, to Barkelo [Borculo] in the Netherlands. When peace was re-established, consequent upon the Treaty of Ryswick, he returned to the Principality Orange; but, war having broken out anew, he left his native country a second time in 1703 and settled in Orbe in Switzerland. He was married first to Marie SOULIER, and after her death to Justina POINTY.”
- **Jean Faure.** “Born 9th December 1637. On account of religious persecution he fled from the Principality Orange in 1685 to
Bergen-op-Zoom, whence he returned to Orange with his brother in 1689, leaving behind him in Holland his children, who had by that time entered into business there. In 1702 he again took refuge at Bergen-op-Zoom. His wife, Lucrese CONTE, of Noyon in Picardy, was born on the 15th March, 1637; their marriage took place in 1661. Jean Faure’s flight from France was recorded by him in a Folio Bible, presented by his grandson to Rev Dr A Faure of Cape Town, in 1817.”

Two notes are required at this stage. (1) As we will see later, the “flight from France” story is actually Jean’s eldest son’s [Alexandre (1672-1741)] escape story and it was recorded by Alexandre’s brother Jean (1681-1759) (it is covered in detail in a later chapter). (2) The fact that DrA refers to himself in the first person makes one doubt whether he was the original author of the source DrA. However, as we do not have any strong leads to the identity of the author, and we do know he made many additions later in life, we assume still that it is Dr Abraham.

According to source NL82, Philippe (c1656-1683), “uit dit huwelijk” (from this marriage) to Miss DE LA FONTAINE in 1635, had the following issue:

- **Jean Faure.** He was baptised in Orange on 06.12.1637\[ii\], and was a merchant (“marchant mercier”) in Orange. His parents gave him two rooms in a house in the Rue des Jacobins (quartier de Langes) (this probably means he was allowed to use the two rooms). Jean acquired a house in the Grande Place (quartier de St. Martin)[iii] which was conveyanced to his name on 30.04.1665 (aged 27 or 28). NL82: “... he is supposed to have lived in Bergen op Zoom in 1703 and to have died there in 1714; [married] Lucrèce Comte[iv]...” NL82 lists the children, which are the same as we present later. The reference to Bergen op Zoom in 1703, and the date of death, 1714, fits with the information on Jean we have (and provide later). Thus, there is no dilemma in respect of the information on Jean.

- **Pierre Faure.** NL82 presents information of a Pierre Faure who had 13 children and who died in Orange in 1700, but it does cast doubt as to whether this Pierre is the right “fit” (see below). It is a fact that Pierre did not have anything close to 13 children. There were other Pierre’s as well, but none of them fit even closely.

- **Jeanne Faure.** She married Benjamin BERTIN, a baker, in Orange, on 10.06.1668. He was the son of François BERTIN and Catherine CHAUVET. At the time of the wedding, her brothers Jean and Pierre, were permitted by their father to do outside work and to do business on their own account. They gave each to their sister a golden ring with a value of 2 écus. Jeanne Faure fled to Geneva with a son in 1703, and remained in Switzerland.
In respect of another Pierre (whom we believe is “our” Pierre), NL82 [based on source NP (which is possibly based on DrA), which “... can be supplemented, to some extent, with the data found in the archives of Orange ..."] presents the following:

Pierre Faure (almost verbatim). He was a merchant in Orange. He is qualified as such on 02.08.1653, when he sold fruit (produce?) in Orange, from a plot [the premises] of Pierre Raynaud, spouse of Marie Marcellin. He married: First: Jeanne SOULIER, born at St. Restitut in Dauphiné (near St. Paul-Trois-Chateaux dep. Drome) daughter of N SOULIER and Marguerite DOUX. While seriously ill, she made a will with notary Felix in Orange on 15.06.1683, wishing to be buried in the Protestant churchyard in Orange, and making her daughter, Marie Faure, her universal heiress, or otherwise her husband Pierre Faure. She apparently died shortly later. Second: Justine PO(I)NTY, born in Courthézon (Principality of Orange) on 01.08.1653. Monsieur Deydier of Jonquières had at first refused to open the church door for the solemnisation of the marriage. Clearly the wedding, held not more than a month and a half after Pierre’s first wife passed away, was not considered proper. The fact that Justine was just 19 (AGF1) did not help. From the first marriage was born Marie Faure; from the second marriage was born Anthoine Faure (sic), baptised in Orange in the Catholic church on 20.03.1686 [godfather Antoine Garagnon, godmother Claire Molan (Malan?)]. The baptism took place in a Catholic church as, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, on command of Louis XIV, the Protestant churches were closed. The times were such that other children from Protestant families were also baptised in a Catholic church. Also from the second marriage was born Henri Faure, baptised in Orange in the Protestant church on 16.08.1698. He died in Orange in September 1698.

NL82 further states (verbatim): “Based on this data, Pierre’s life can be reconstructed as follows:

After the Protestant churches were closed in [O]ctober 1685, Pierre remained in Orange until after the birth of his son in [M]arch 1686 [this year is incorrect – see later]. He was still found [living] in Orange as a merchant in [M]ay 1686. After this, he apparently fled, but whereto is not known, probably to the Netherlands, as many people from Orange did in those years. As soon as Orange had been given back to William III, the record shows that Pierre went back, but after the reoccupation in 1703 by Louis XIV, he does not appear on the lists of refugees who arrived at Geneva, and who left from there to go to other destinations, or on the lists of those who finally arrived in Prussia. Neither has he been found in the Netherlands. He could therefore be identical to the Pierre Faure, who at the age of 60 died in Orange on 29 [S]ep[tember] 1700, and was buried there, or as stated in Ned. Patriciaat [source NP], he fled already in 1701 to Switzerland, and died there. A town Orben does not exist in Switzerland, but one named Orbe does, to the southeast of Yverdon.”
It will be evident that this narrative fits quite well with DrA’s narrative. Furthermore, DrA’s listing of Pierre’s children is similar to the NL82 one (almost verbatim from DrA, DrAT, SirPHT):

- From his first wife, Marie SOULIER:
  - **Alexandre Faure.** Died childless.
  - **Marie Faure.** Married Mr BERTRAND, a merchant in Orbe in Switzerland. She died there in 1745. From this marriage sprung 3 children:
    - H Bertrand, Councillor of Orbe, and member of the Royal Societies of Science of Berlin and Copenhagen. He had a son, Jean Elie.
    - Elie Bertrand, Professor and Minister of Religion at Berne. He had one son.
    - J Bertrand. Minister of Religion at Orbe. He had two daughters. He died in Orbe.

- From his second wife Justina POINTY:
  - **Frederic Faure.** Disappeared during the religious persecution of 1685, following upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.
  - **Antoine Alexandre Faure.** Born in Orange in 1685. Fled to Prussia in 1703, and thence emigrated to the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope in 1708 ... [the rest of the information on Antoine (Alexandre – we dispute the existence of this second name, and the date of emigration) is provided in great detail later].

In a footnote, the author of NL82, referring to another research paper by himself, adds:

"According to the still to be named ms-genealogy in the collection of the Genootschap, he [Pierre] fled to Borculo. There was indeed a soldier Pierre Fourie [source AGF1 says Feure (see below); they could simply be misspellings] there, who had a son Frederik Willem, baptised on 4 [A]ug[ust] 1689, named after the count of Limburg Stirum, and on 25 [N]ov[ember] 1691, when soldier and gatekeeper of his excellency, a daughter Elisabeth Charlotte, but there is no indication that this here was about the same person."

It is notable that DrA who wrote up the genealogy up to the 1870s (ie long before NL82) also mentions that Pierre “... fled from Orange ... to Barkelo [Borculo] in the Netherlands.” It is highly likely that these two were children of Pierre and Justine. This is
supported by the fact that there are unusually many years (13) between the birth of Antoine (1685-1736) and Henri (1698-1698). Source AGF1 also confirms their presence in Borculo (here he refers to the castle in Borculo):

“Unfortunately nearly all historical documents have been lost from the castle, of which only ruins now remain. Only a few of the church books from the village church have survived. Apart from membership records the presence of both Pierre and Justine, there is also a reference that Pierre Feure, soldier and gatekeeper had in 1689, a son baptized Frederik Willem and in 1692, a daughter, Charlotte Elizabeth.” AGF1 hypothesizes that they were named after Count Frederik Willem van Limburg-Stirum (as does NL82) who resided at the castle in Borculo with his wife and his mother, Charlotte Elizabeth, because Pierre and Justine were grateful for Pierre having been given a position at the castle, despite his age. AGF1 says: “We do not hear more about these children, and we think they must have died before Pierre and Justina returned to Orange.”

Given the above, we are confident to add them to the offspring of Pierre and Justine as follows:

- **Frederik Willem** (1689-y).
- **Charlotte Elizabeth** (1691-y).

Based on the above, we are able to present the accompanying illustration, and a summary below, with some confidence. It will have been noted that Jean’s (1637-1714) detailed information provided in the illustration was not discussed above. This is because Jean’s family is afforded a separate chapter later.
**SUMMARY:**

Philippe Faure (c1596-1683) was born c1596 and lived in Orange, where he initially was a wool carder. He married Louise ROUSSEL, probably c1620. She died childless after 1668. He was married a second time, in 1636, to a Miss DE LA LAFONTAINE (which means he and his first wife were divorced <1635, which could be because she could not bear children). He bought a vineyard on 16.06.1638 (at age 42), and a house in the Rue de Mazeau (quartier de Pourtoules) in Orange on 18.10.1658 (at age 62). Philippe was a Protestant, and was persecuted on account of his faith, and spent long terms of imprisonment in the fortress of Grenoble, particularly in his old age. Through the intervention of his friends he was eventually released and proceeded to Geneva, where he remained for two years, and then removed to Holland. He died on 02.05.1683 (aged 87). Philippe and Miss DE LA LAFONTAINE had 3 children:

- Pierre Faure (1636->1703)
- Jean Faure (1637-1714)
- Jeanne Faure (1648->1703).
**Pierre Faure** (1636->1703) was born on ?.01.1636 in Orange. He was a merchant there. He married Jeanne (or Marie) SOULIER and they had 2 children as follows (on the assumption that they were married in 1660):

- Alexandre Faure (c1680-?). He died childless.
- Marie Faure (c1682-1745). She married a Mr BERTRAND, a merchant of Orbe in Switzerland, probably around 1702. They lived in Orbe, Switzerland and had three highly educated children. Marie died there in 1745 at age c63.

Jeanne (or Marie) SOULIER became seriously ill and died in June 1653. Pierre married Justine POINTY on 01.08.1653 (a month and a half after his first wife’s death, which was frowned upon by the minister). They most likely had 5 children:

- Frederic Faure (c1684-c1685). Born in Orange around 1684. He disappeared during the religious persecution of 1685.
- Antoine Faure (1685-1736). Born in Orange in January 1685 (the DrA date). Died in Stellenbosch, Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, in 1736. Antoine’s story is covered in the following chapter, and in detail in Appendix 1v).
- Frederik Willem (1689-y). Born in Borculo, Netherlands, and died there.
- Charlotte Elizabeth (1691-y). Born in Borculo, Netherlands, and died there.
- Henri Faure (1698-1698). Born in Orange in 1698; baptised 16.08.1698. He died in Orange in September 1698.

The Edict of Nantes was revoked in 1685. Marie had probably moved to Orbe before then. Antoine was newly born (in March, and the only child in the household), and Pierre and Justine could not leave then. They left after May 1686 and settled in Borculo in the Netherlands, where Pierre did business as a merchant. When peace was restored in 1698, Pierre returned to Orange with his brother Jean. Antoine and Justine (who delivered Henri and baptised him on 16.08.1698 in Orange) accompanied them. It seems as though Pierre (and Justine?) relocated to Orbe, Switzerland to live with his daughter Marie in 1703 (the DrA date)xvi. He died there after 1703. Antoine, the only surviving child, was 18 in 1703. He fled Orange with Pierre’s brother, Jean (discussed in detail later).

**Jean Faure** (1637-1714) was born in Orange on 09.12.1637 (DrA). This date is probably incorrect as he was baptised in Orange on 06.12.1637 (NL82). Like his brother Pierre, he was a merchant in Orange. He bought a house in Orange in 1665. He married Lucrese CONTE in 1661 and they had 8 children, the first of which was born in 1661, and the last in 1681. He was incarcerated in the fort in Grenoble with Lucrese (and other family members) in 1685, was freed in 1686 or 1687, and fled the country for Bergen
op Zoom, Holland. He returned with his brother Pierre in 1698 and fled again in 1702 or 1703 for Bergen op Zoom, taking along his nephew, Antoine. They seem to have parted company later, because Antoine did not go to Bergen op Zoom. The full story of Jean is covered in a later chapter, as is the history of Antoine (1685-1736).

Jeanne Faure (1648->1703) was born in Orange in 1648. She married Benjamin BERTIN, a baker in Orange, on 10.06.1668. Jeanne Faure fled to Geneva with a son in 1703, and remained in Switzerland.
APPENDIX

JEAN FAURE (1637-1714) AND HIS DESCENDANTS

by

Alexander Pierre FAURE (1946-) and Michael John HARRIS (1931-)

A note to the reader: The below is a follow-up of the previous appendix, and covers the descendants of Jean No 2 (1637-1714). It was undertaken because there is a slight possibility that Pierre (No 1) (1636-c1703) and Jean No 2 were brothers. This, as well as the previous appendix, is relevant only if future research proves this to be the case.

INTRODUCTION

We know that Pierre (1636->1703) had a brother, Jean, but we are not 100% sure which Jean he is: Jean No1 or Jean No 2 (1637-1714), as outlined earlier. In the scenario of Pierre and Jean No 2, they had a sister. In this Appendix we cover this scenario.

We begin by presenting the entire (as far as we have it), but abridged, genealogy in de Villiers / Pama format. The details and the narratives follow this.
THE ABRIDGED GENEALOGY

a1 Jean 1637-1714
   b1 Anne 1661-1661
   b2 Pierre 1662-1662
   b3 Louise 1665-c1750
   b4 Gabriel 1667-1670
   b5 Moise 1670-1670
   b6 Alexandre 1672-1741
      c1 Lucrese 1702-c1702
      c2 Elisabeth Pitemelle 1703-?
      c3 Alexandre Pierre 1704-1779
      c4 Henry Simon 1704-?
      c5 Jean 1706-c1706
      c6 Samson 1708-?
         d1 Boudewyn Verselwele 1734-1770
            e1 Jean c1760-?
            e2 Samson Hugo Pieter c1762-c1762
         d2 Elisabeth Pitemella 1740-?
         d3 Margarita 1740-?
         d4 Maximiliaan Lambertus 1740-?
            e1 A child 1750-?
            e2 A child 1750-?
         d5 Anna Jacoba 1753-?
         d6 Matthia Johanna 1753-?
         d7 Gerrit Pienkenbroek 1753-?
         d8 Maximiliaan Wynand 1753-?
      c7 Anne Charlotte Marie Theresa 1709-1786
      c8 Sabina Henriett3 1710-?
      c9 Anne Elisabeth 1711-c1711
      c10 Cornelis Mathieu 1712-?
      c11 Heugina Barbara 1713-?
      c12 Oswalt Cornelis Eustachius Maurice 1714-?
      c13 Hugo Pierre 1718-1763
         d1 Pieter Huibert 1752-1822
JEAN (1637-1714)

According to the DrA source, Jean was born on 9 December 1637, lived in Orange and, in 1661 (at age 24), he married Lucrese CONTE, born on 15.03.1637 in Noyon in Picardie, France. DrA also tells us that: “In 1685, because of religious persecution, he fled from Orange to Bergen op Zoom from where he returned to Orange in 1689 with his brother, leaving his children in the Netherlands where they had by that time entered into business. In 1702 he fled again to Bergen op Zoom.” This information is not entirely correct. In the folio bible story of Alexandre (1672-1741), son of Jean and Lucrese, the following is written (the full story follows later):

“He left this place in July 1685, when he was thirteen and a half years old, and after having spent some time hiding in Grenoble, where his father, mother, sister and brother in law were kept prisoners on account their faith, Alex Faure managed to get away and arrived at Geneva. He stayed there for about two years, and at the end of 1688 he left for Holland and arrived at Haag (The Hague) with only one ecu in his pocket and no one to help him. But God never abandons those who have faith in Him (and hope); so he only went through about ten years of hardship. After this in 1699, he became employed in the management of the Marquisat of Bergen op Zoom.”
It is clear that, in 1685, Jean (1637-1714), his wife Lucrese, a daughter and her husband [below information reveals that this could only be Louise (1665-c1750) and husband Alexander LE JEUNE] were incarcerated in the fort at Grenoble. In 1685, Jean had 4 (possibly 3) surviving children:

- Louise (1665-c1750), ie then 20.
- Alexandre (1672-1741), ie then 13 (confirmed in the folio bible).
- Susanne (1674-?); then 11 (if she survived – see below).
- Jean (1681-1759), ie then 4.

It is likely that Susanne (11) and Jean (4), ie too young to be incarcerated, remained in Oranje with Pierre (1636->1703) in 1685. Antoine (1685-1736) was then 1-year old baby; because of this, Pierre and family could not flee. We also know that Antoine (1685-1736) was baptised in a Catholic Church (in order to survive, Pierre had no option but to do so). Alexandre (1672-1741) was in Grenoble in July 1685, hiding out at the age of 13.5 years. Then, at some stage, Alexandre “... managed to get away and arrived in Geneva. He stayed there for about two years, and at the end of 1688 he left for Holland ...” This means that he remained in Grenoble until sometime in 1686.

When Jean and family were released from the fort we do not know, but we do know that he returned to Orange with brother Pierre (1636->1703) in 1689 (DrA) and that he left his children in Holland then (source DrA says that Jean’s children remained in the Netherlands because by that time they had entered into business). Thus, Jean and family arrived in Holland sometime between 1686 and 1689. When Jean returned to Orange in 1689 it is likely that Susanne (if she survived) and Jean (then 8) would have been taken along. However, it is possible that Jean jnr remained in Holland with his sister Louise.

We know (see Pierre and Antoine’s stories) that Pierre was in Orange in August 1686, in Borculo (east Netherlands) in June 1687 and in Zutphen, Netherlands (source AGF1) also in 1687. It is likely that Jean and family accompanied Pierre on this journey, indicating that they were released from the fort in Grenoble in 1686 or 1687. After reaching Zutphen it seems as though Pierre and Jean went their separate ways: Pierre went to Borculo (which could indicate that Pierre and Jean went to Zutphen first and then on to Borculo) and Jean went to Bergen op Zoom.
We know that Jean (1637-1714) and his brother Pierre (1636->1703) (and families) returned to Orange in 1698 (when peace was restored by the Treaty of Ryswick). Pierre left Orange again in 1703 for Orbe in Switzerland (DrA). Jean left Oranje in 1702 (DrA) or 1703 (when Pierre left), accompanied by Pierre’s son Antoine (1685-1736) and a Louise Jeanne (this name is a puzzle). Jean and nephew Antoine were in Geneva in 1703. Jean and Antoine seem to have parted company in 1703. Antoine, then 18, went on to Shaffhausen (northern Switzerland on the Rhine), and Jean went to Zurich and then on to Bergen op Zoom in Holland where he arrived also in 1703 (at age 66). He probably lived with his daughter Louise (1665-c1750) until his death in 1714.

**CHILDREN OF JEAN (1637-1714)**

Source DrA records Jean and Lucrese as having only 3 children: Louise (?-?), Alexandre (1671-1741) and Jean (?-?); these could be the surviving children recorded by a source who supplied the information to him. According to source BoZ, they had children as shown in the accompanying figure, the details of which are supplied in the accompanying table.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names</th>
<th>Birth</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Baptism</th>
<th>Death</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Buried</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Married</th>
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<td>02.01.1665</td>
<td>Orange</td>
<td>15.02.1665 (Geref)</td>
<td>c1750</td>
<td>Bergen op Zoom?</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Children ?</td>
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<td>Orange</td>
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<tr>
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</table>
Marriage details:

- Louise (1665-c1750): BoZ records: married in Orange (reformed) on 09.02.1681 to Alexandre LE JEUNE (*? Bourdeaux in Dauphine, +1705 France in a skirmish). DrA records that: “Alexandre was a Receiver of Revenue in Orange and that he had taken refuge in the Netherlands during the persecution of 1685. His sister was hanged in the door of her own house for having allowed a meeting of Huguenots to take place within her dwelling.” Louise and Alexandre had 6 children (1st 3: source DrA; 2nd 3: source AGF):
  - Pierre le Jeune: He settled in Denmark.
  - Jacques le Jeune: Added by DrAT: He was a solicitor in Bergen-op-Zoom, Netherlands; his wife’s family name was Rupertus (SirPH spells it Rupertue). BoZ adds 1698-1790 and that he was Postmaster in Steenbergen, and thereafter Postmaster-General.
  - Perette le Jeune: x a Bermond. Added by DrAT: She had a son who became a lieutenant in the Dutch army in the East Indies.
  - Louise: * c1695 (date from the Geneva refugee lists, 1703, when Louise was 8).
  - Marthe.
  - Anne.
- Alexandre (1672-1741): His details and story are contained in the folio bible (source B:Folio). Because his story is so engaging, we provide a separate section for it below. In short, he married Miss Marguerite Teresa LE PENDRI on 18.08.1701 (at age 30) at Bergen op Zoom in the French Church (B:Folio). They had 14 children.
- Jean (1681-1759): He was Sheriff and Magistrate of Standaarbuitemen in the Netherlands. He was married 3 times and had 8 children. He authored a book on the history of Bergen op Zoom, a book that was translated in 2010 (source: BoZ) in which additional information on his family is recorded. We give his story a separate section later.

ALEXANDRE (1672-1741): HIS STORY
One of the sources mentioned is B:Folio. It is a French bible “folio” bible which came into the possession of Dr Abraham Faure (1795-1875) from Holland. It was printed in Amsterdam in 1669. This bible is in custody of the theological seminary library at the University of Stellenbosch. How it came to be there is an engaging story, which is contained in a letter written by Dr Abraham on 30 May 1864. Translated, it reads:

“When I in the month of December of the year 1817 as a result of the indisposition of the Rev Dr McKintosh conducted the service in Amsterdam in English, I was visited by a Pieter Huibert Faure, a merchant there, a deacon of the French church. (PHF’s genealogy is presented below.) He was surprised to see the name Faure on the minister’s letter – and came to see me to learn if we are closely related. I showed him my crest – his was the same – the names of his father and grandfather I found recorded in the genealogical register that I had brought along from the Cape. I became acquainted with his three unmarried daughters. He was a widower – 65 years old. He showed me the bible in which his grandfather Alexandre Faure recorded the history of his flight from France. He had no son – and promised to bequeath the bible – (the 2 parts in folio) – to me. During the residence of my departed dear brother Hendrik Emanuel Faure at Utrecht in 1825 – I enquired whether my departed dear relative made any reference to the aforesaid bible in his will. His daughter replied in the negative – but she added, according to my brother’s letter, that she remembers the conversation and the undertaking of her father. The bible was handed to my brother and in this way the bible came into my possession.

“Alexandre Faure – the author of the story in the bible was (as was my great-grandfather Antoine) the grandson of Philippe Faure.

“It is my wish that the bible be deposited, after my death, as the property of the Faure family, in the library of the Theological Seminary at Stellenbosch.

In fulfilment of Dr Abraham’s wish, eldest his son, Jacobus Christiaan Faure (1819-1875) delivered the folio bible (as well as the quarto bible) to the library of the Theological Seminary at Stellenbosch after Dr Abraham’s passing [surmised by APF (1946-)].
The Pieter Huibert FAURE Dr Abraham referred to was a grandson of Alexandre FAURE (1672-1741).

Dr Abraham refers to Alexandre as the author of the story and genealogical information. We believe this is not so, which can be inferred from (1) the lack of some dates in the genealogy (see below), (2) Alex is referred to in the third person. We are of the opinion that the author is Alexandre's brother, Jean (1681-1759). This Jean was the author of a book on the history of Bergen op Zoom (discussed below); thus, he would have known the details of the persons mentioned in the story, which is part of the history of the town.

The accompanying photographs show the title page of the bible, the second page, which is titled “Family register of Mr Alex Faure”, and the third page the story of part of his life. Translated, the story goes:

"God continues to give in abundance his benediction to this family, where the chief is one of these staunch fighters who fortunately escaped from the persecution fire, that Louis the 14th, King of France, made against the churches in his kingdom and the Dukedom of Orange, from where the said Alex Faure came. He left this place in July 1685, when he was thirteen and a half years old, and after having spent some time hiding in Grenoble, where his father, mother, sister and brother in law were kept prisoners on account their faith, Alex Faure managed to get away and arrived at Geneva. He stayed there for about two years, and at the end of 1688 he left for Holland and arrived at Haag (Den Haag?) with only one ecu in his pocket and no one to help him. But God never abandons
those who have faith in Him (and hope); so he only went through about ten years of hardship. After this in 1699, he became employed in the management of the Marquisat de Bergen op Zoom in a difficult job, but which suited him well.

“After having full satisfaction to his employers, he was promoted in 1702 to the post of Secretary to the Prince François Egon de la Tour d' Auvergne, who was Marquis of Bergen op Zoom.

“Alex Faure also became Registrar of the Dukes Council Chamber of Commerce, Superintendent of a great part of his lands, Treasurer of the province Polder, Halsteren, Beyemoer, Old Climes, Noortgeest and Noortlandt.

“On the 27th of July 1710, Prince François Egon de la Tour d' Auvergne died. His two brothers, both princes, became the guardians of his daughter, the princess. One brother was the Archbishop of Tours and later, of Vienne in Dauphine; the other was the mayor of Strassburg.

“In 1714 they established Alex Faure as Privy Councillor, and also as General Treasurer and General Receiver of all taxes in the whole Dukedom. He was in charge of all these most responsible posts until August 1724, and feeling very tired at this time he resigned as Treasurer of the western and southern parts of the Dukedom.

“In 1720 he had already resigned as receiver in the eastern parts and the province of Standaerbuyten and this in agreement with the two princes who ruled until the beginning of 1722.

“Later, his Highness the Prince of Soulsbagh who married the young princess in February 1722, also agreed to relieve Alex Faure of certain duties. All these ruling princes, although Roman Catholics, had complete confidence in Alex Faure, even his Highness Cardinal de Bouillon, Dean of the Sacred College in the years 1711 and 1712, only had confidence in him during the period of two
years when he was the Regent, and after leaving for Rome to become a Dean there, he left his signature to Alex Faure, so that he could sign all patent letters, documents and licenses in the meantime before the guardians were appointed.

“In 1725 the above-mentioned Prince of Soulsbagh with the Princess, his wife, went to Germany and left the sovereignty to Her Highness the Duchess of Arenbergh, who was their grandmother. This lady felt differently towards Alex Faure and did her best to ruin his reputation and made him lose his job. She sued him several times, but lost the cases; this made her so angry, that she decided to use other means to get rid of him. But God protected him with His grace.

“This personal persecution had a remarkable effect on his spiritual life. The more the Duchess was prejudicial to his earthly goods, the more he thought of his sins and regretted them and tried to recover the spiritual life, which only can fill the emptiness of the human heart, and create real happiness. So the harm the Duchess tried to do to him became a blessing, because it made him a better and stronger man than before. And then he had the satisfaction to realise that God also blessed his children, giving them all good inclinations. In 1734 three of his children had already important political and military jobs.

"God give them the grace to make the best of their lives and to deserve His favours. Let it be so."

B:Folio records: “On 18th of August 1701 he [Alexandre, then 30] married Miss Marguerite Teresa LE PENDRI at Bergen op Zoom in the French Church of the said town.” DrA spells her names as Margrite Theresa LES PENDRIX. According to MJH (source: “Information supplied by Annette Dolores Ford”), she was born in 1676 and died in 1757 (at age 81).

CHILDREN OF ALEXANDRE (1672-1741)
The source of the 12 children of Alexandre and Marguerite is the folio bible. Where additional information was gained, this is indicated.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names</th>
<th>Birth</th>
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<th>Baptism</th>
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<tr>
<td>Elisabeth Piternelle</td>
<td>09.09.1703</td>
<td>BoZ</td>
<td>French Church</td>
<td>05.07.1779(^1)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander Pierre</td>
<td>02.10.1704</td>
<td>BoZ</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Henry Simon</td>
<td>02.10.1704</td>
<td>BoZ</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jean</td>
<td>10.11.1706</td>
<td>BoZ</td>
<td>c1706(^4)</td>
<td>Groote Kerk</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samson</td>
<td>25.03.1708</td>
<td>Flemish Church</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Anne Charlotte Marie Theresa</td>
<td>31.05.1709</td>
<td></td>
<td>26.08.1786(^1)</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Yes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sabina Henriette</td>
<td>29.06.1710</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anne Elisabeth(^3)</td>
<td>29.06.1711</td>
<td>c1711(^4)</td>
<td>Groote Kerk</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cornelis Mathieu</td>
<td>1712</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Groote Kerk</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Heugina Barbara 1713  
Oswalt Cornelis Eustachius Maurice 17.03.1714  
Hugo Pierre 27.12.1718 05.09.1763 Batavia Yes  
Jean 29.03.1721 c1721 Groote Kerk  

BoZ = Bergen op Zoom. 1 Source: DrA. 2 "Alex" in B:Folio. 3 Elisabet in the B:Folio. 4 B:Folio records for example "Sy / hy is dood en begrawe ..." or "The baby died ...", this indicates an early death; we have assumed the year of birth. 5 La Haye = The Hague. 6 The B:Folio records that Jean "... died and was buried is the family grave situated in the northern corner of the Groote Kerk, the same grave which was built for Governor Morgan and his family at the beginning of the 16th century."

As said, the information in the detailed table was sourced from the B:Folio (the original source). Note that spaces indicate no information. It is likely that all children after Lucrese were born in Bergen op Zoom. Note also that the source DrA records some of the names incorrectly, as indicated in the accompanying table.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>B:Folio names</th>
<th>DrA record</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lucrese</td>
<td>Lucrese</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elisabeth Pieternelle</td>
<td>Elisabeth Pieternelle (latter changed to Petronella)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander Pierre</td>
<td>Alexandre Pierre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Simon</td>
<td>Henri Simon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jean</td>
<td>No name</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samson</td>
<td>Same</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anne Charlotte Marie Theresa</td>
<td>Same</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sabina Henriette</td>
<td>Sabina Henrietta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anne Elisabeth</td>
<td>Same</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cornelis Mathieu</td>
<td>Same</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heugina Barbara</td>
<td>Same</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oswalt Cornelis Eustachius Maurice</td>
<td>Oswal Estatius Cornelis Maurits</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hugo Pierre</td>
<td>Hugo Pieter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jean</td>
<td>Jan</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1 Alex in B:Folio. 2 Elisabet in the B:Folio.

Additional information according to the DrA source:
- Alexander Pierre: Was a Judge and Councillor at Bergen op Zoom. He was married to Cornelia Beugholtz, but they did not have children.
- Henry Simon: Was a naval lieutenant. He was unmarried (MJH).
- Samson: Was a major in the Dutch army (in Axel and Neuse). According to the Coat of Arms of his eldest child (see below), he was stationed at Dendermonde (now in Belgium) in 1734. He married Anna Margaretha BOURGELLE. They had 8 children (see below).
- Anne Charlotte Marie Theresa: Married Antoine NICOLLE. It is not know if they had children.
- Sabina Henriette: Married Jacques Auguste GOGLIN, a French minister at Bergen op Zoom. They had 1 child, Pierre GOGLIN.
- Cornelis Mathieu: Died unmarried.
- Heugina Barbara: Died childless.
- Hugo Pierre: Was a Cavalry Major at Batavia and died (at age 44) holding the position of Commander of Bantam, in Batavia. He married Sara VAN BONEVAL, the widow of Pieter van Brandenburg. They had 5 children (see below).

**CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN OF SAMSON (1708-1795)**

Source DrA recorded the children of Samson as follows:

- Margarita
- Boudewyn Verselewel Married Elisabeth Johanna VAN SCHOOR Secretary of East India Council at Batavia, 1765
- Elisabeth Piternella Married J VAN ASTEN Captain in the military
- Anna Jacoba Married to CAMPHUIS
- Matthia Johanna
- Maximiliaan Lambertus Governor of the island of Madura
- Gerrit Piekenbroek His wife’s name was GAZEWYK
- Maximiliaan Wynand.
Source DrAT (ie the translation) lists the children in the order as in the table. During a visit by Doreen Faure [wife of Peter David Faure (1925-1987) to the Rijkmuseum in Amsterdam, she came across the Coat of Arms of Boudewyn Verselewel (BVF). It provides information on his dates and career. In the Cape Town archives is a joint will of BV and his wife, countersigned by Governor Swellengrebel. They must have stopped off in Cape Town on their way to India or back from to Holland and decided to lodge a will with the DEIC.

![Coat of Arms: Boudewyn Verselewel](image)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names</th>
<th>Birth</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Baptism</th>
<th>Death</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Buried</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Married</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Boudewyn Verselewel</td>
<td>25.01.1734</td>
<td>Dendermonde</td>
<td></td>
<td>06.05.1770</td>
<td>Bengal</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elisabeth Pieternelia</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margarita</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Maximiliaan Lambertus</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna Jacoba</td>
<td>c1753¹</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matthia Johanna</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Gerrit Piekenbroek</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maximiliaan Wynand</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

¹ International Genealogical Index, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (MJH).

From the abovementioned sources, we know that BVF:

- Was born in Dendermonde (now Belgium) 25.01.1734; died in Bengal (now Bangladesh) 06.05.1770 at age 36.
- Married Elisabeth Johanna VAN SCHOOR.
- Was First Secretary of the "High" Government and Director of Bengal (the DrA information is incorrect).

DrA records that BVF had 2 children (if he married when he was 25 the children would have had birth dates as indicated):
- Jean (c1760-?)
- Samson Hugo Pieter (died in infancy) (c1762-c1762).

The source SirPH adds snippets of information such that, together with the above-mentioned sources (and another as indicated), we are able to present the following information on some of the other children:

- Elisabeth Pietermella: Married J VAN ASTEN, a captain in the military.
- Margarita: Married to a Lieutenant Stuart; no children (Sir PH).
- Maximiliaan Lambertus: He was Governor of the Island of Madura. He married a Miss van Dufsen and they had children (SirPH); we have assumed 2 children.
- Anna Jacoba: Married Lieutenant-Colonel CAMPHUIS and they had 2 sons and 3 daughters (“Lieutenant-Colonel” and children from source SirPH). Lieutenant-Colonel CAMPHUIS’s name was “Cornelius” and he was born c1749 in Leeuwarden, Friesland, Netherlands (International Genealogical Index, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints).

CHILDREN OF HUGO PIERRE (1718-1763)

We know that Hugo Pierre was a Cavalry Major at Batavia and died (at age 44) holding the position of Commander of Bantam, in Batavia. He married Sara VAN BONEVAL, the widow of Pieter van Brandenburg. They had 5 children (sources: DrA and IGI, where indicated).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names</th>
<th>Birth</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Baptism</th>
<th>Death</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Buried Date</th>
<th>Buried Place</th>
<th>Married Place</th>
<th>Married Note</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pieter Huibert</td>
<td>21.08.1752</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>7.10.1822</td>
<td>Amsterdam</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Yes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Liebrecht Alexander</td>
<td>06.08.1753</td>
<td>Nagatam, India¹</td>
<td>06.08.1753, Nagatam,</td>
<td>1804¹</td>
<td>Groningen, Netherlands¹</td>
<td>14.07.1804¹</td>
<td>Groningen¹</td>
<td></td>
<td>Yes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hugo Pieter van Boneval</td>
<td>01.06.1755</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johanna Margaretha</td>
<td>05.08.1757</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>c1763</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Cornelia Wilhelmina 25.12.1759  06.04.1804 3    Yes


Other information (all DrA, except where superscript 1 = IGI):

- **Pieter Huibert**: He was a merchant in Amsterdam. He is the Faure whom Dr Abraham met after a sermon and who promised that he would leave his family bible (the folio bible) to Dr Abraham on his death. He married Adriana Maria COETZ and they had 6 daughters (see below).

- **Liebrecht Alexander**: He was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Dutch army. He married Johanna DIEPHUIS, daughter of Rev Harmannus1 DIEPHUIS & Petronella SPRENGER in Groningen, Netherlands1. Born c1751 in Groningen, Johanna died on 22.10.1824 (at age 73).1

- **Hugo Pieter van Boneval**: He was Advocate and President of Appingedam, Netherlands. On 04.07.1779 (at age 24) he married Rembertina Volkera VAN IDDEKINGA, daughter of Colonel [Remb TobiasMJH?] VAN IDDEKINGA and the Lady
Sibella Volkera SIGTERMAN. RVvi was born c1760 in Groningen, Netherlands, and she died on 23.01.1843 (at age 83). They had 4 children (see below).

- Johanna Margaretha: She died while on a voyage to Europe. [Note APF: we know that her father died in Batavia on 05.09.1763. It is likely that her mother travelled back to Holland in 1763; she would have been 6; thus, we assume c1763.]
- Cornelia Wilhelmina: She married Jan Danckaerts, a Captain in the army. They had 1 son and 3 daughters. They had the following children (source: footnote 3 in table):
  - Jan (08.12.1780-1812)
  - Sara Johanna Alexandrina (02.03.1782-1827)
  - Maria Anna Judith (06.05.1784-?)
  - Henrietta (1786 -?) (born in The Hague, Netherlands)
  - Wilhelmina (03.07.1788-25.07.1788).

**CHILDREN OF PIETER HUIBERT (1752-1822)**

Pieter Huibert and Adriana Maria COETZ had 6 daughters. Source DrA lists the first and last daughters with full birth dates. IGI lists all six with the details as shown in the table.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names</th>
<th>Birth</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Baptism</th>
<th>Death</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Buried</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Married</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alexandrina Johanna</td>
<td>29.03.1779</td>
<td>Amsterdam</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeanne Marie</td>
<td>c1782</td>
<td>Amsterdam</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna Charlotta</td>
<td>c1783</td>
<td>Amsterdam</td>
<td>30.11.1783</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Charlotte Marie</td>
<td>c1784</td>
<td>Amsterdam</td>
<td>14.11.1784</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Johanna Maria</td>
<td>17.02.1787</td>
<td>Amsterdam</td>
<td>18.02.1787</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>?03.1862</td>
<td>Haarlem</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Pietronella Cornelia</td>
<td>28.12.1788</td>
<td>Amsterdam</td>
<td>04.01.1789</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

1 SirPH
In source SirPH a handwritten note states that “Jeane Marie [ie Johanna Maria] was born on 13 February 1787, and was married to a certain Mr du Booy, and died at age 75 years in Haarlem on ... March 1862 (according to David’s letter of 2 April 1862).” APF (1946-) note: This could be the Rev David Pieter Faure who we know visited the family when in Holland (indicated in his story earlier).

CHILDREN OF HUGO PIETER VAN BONEVAL (1755-1838)

As we showed earlier, Hugo Pieter van Boneval Faure married Rembertina Volkera VAN IDDEKINGA and they had 4 children. Their details are indicated in the accompanying table (source: DrA).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names</th>
<th>Birth</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Baptism</th>
<th>Death</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Buried Place</th>
<th>Married</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rembt Tobias van Boneval</td>
<td>16.07.1780</td>
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<td>19.12.1797</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hugo Pieter van Boneval</td>
<td>09.08.1786</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liebrecht Alexander van Boneval</td>
<td>13.01.1789</td>
<td>Iddekinge, Netherlands¹</td>
<td>20.11.1811¹</td>
<td>Arras, France¹</td>
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<tr>
<td>Willem Jan van Boneval</td>
<td>06.04.1796</td>
<td>Termunten, Netherlands²</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

¹ Town & Rural Chronicle of Gronigen, Town & Rural Chronicle of Gronigenien online [http://redrivell.com/stamhuisfamily/Webstamhuis/Webstamhuis/Page4.html].

Additional information (DrA or as indicated):

- Rembt Tobias van Boneval: He was an artillery cadet in the Dutch army and died at the age of 17.
- Hugo Pieter van Boneval: No further information.
- Liebrecht Alexander van Boneval: He was a second lieutenant in the 11th Regiment of Hussars in the Dutch army (footnote 1 in table) and died at the age of 22.
- Willem Jan van Boneval: He married (at age 27) Wilhelmina Jacoba Elisabeth WICHERS on 17.11.1823. Born on 05.04.1804 (in Amsterdam – source MJH?), she was the daughter of Louis WICHERS & Quirine Mathilda TERSIER. They were married in Burgerlijke Stand, Groningen, Netherlands (source MJH?) and had 14 children. WJvB’s occupation was
CHILDREN OF WILLEM JAN VAN BONEVAL (1796-1900)

As seen above, Willem Jan van Boneval and Wilhelmina Jacoba Elisabeth WICHERS had 14 children. Their details are contained in the accompanying table (source DrA, unless otherwise indicated).
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names</th>
<th>Birth</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Baptism</th>
<th>Death</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Buried</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Married</th>
<th>Notes</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hugo Pieter van Boneval</td>
<td>09.08.1824</td>
<td>Groningen6</td>
<td>Arnhem3</td>
<td>14.01.19003</td>
<td>Arnhem3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rembt Tobias Hugo Pieter Liebrecht</td>
<td>25.01.1826</td>
<td>Groningen</td>
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<td>19.08.19092</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alexander van Boneval</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rembt Tobias Hugo Pieter Liebrecht</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Rembt Tobias Hugo Pieter Liebrecht</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rembt Tobias Hugo Pieter Liebrecht</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Quirine Magtilda van Boneval 27.08.1827  01.10.1847
Catharina Helena van Boneval 01.08.1829  03.08.1829, 15.05.1838
Sibella Volkera van Boneval 06.01.1831
Wilhelmina Jacoba Elisabeth van Boneval 28.09.1834  21.08.1850
Anna Elisabeth Helena van Boneval 03.10.1835  Groningen,  20.06.1839
Louis Wichers van Boneval 12.01.1837  24.06.1839
Maria Jacoba Johanna van Boneval 18.02.1838
Catharina Helena van Boneval 14.09.1839  Groningen,  16.09.1839
Louis van Boneval 20.11.1840  16.06.1842
Anna Elisabeth Helena van Boneval 12.03.1842  14.03.1842
Geertruid van Boneval 05.12.1843
Jan Jacob van Boneval 23.06.1846  23.02.1848


Other information (sources: DrA, SirPH, unless otherwise indicated):

**Hugo Pieter van Boneval (1824-1900)**

On 01.01.1847, at age 22, HPvBF earned the rank of “Luitenant ter Zee” (naval lieutenant) second class (SirPH). He later was promoted to naval Lieutenant first class. In April 1858 he was appointed “Onder Equipagemeester der Marine bij sRijks werf te Amsterdam” (SirPH). On 19 October 1859 he was appointed by the King (decree No 60) as a member of the “Raad van Tucht” in Amsterdam (SirPH). A note in DrA (difficult to read) indicates a further promotion, on 20.12.1866, to Commander.

His appointment as Commander is confirmed by the Rev David Pieter Faure (1842-1916) in his book “My life and times” (source DPFB). He wrote that “… H van Boneval Faure, who has several times visited Cape Town as commander of Dutch warships…” DPFB also reveals that HPvBF lived in Leyden and that he was on very friendly terms with him. DPF was a student at Leyden University at the time and got to know him and his brother RTHPLavBF (discussed further later). Source SirPHT records that HPvB visited the Cape as a Lieutenant on the Dutch frigate “Sambre” (56 guns) in 1850, as Commander of the steam frigate “Vesuvius” in 1866, and again as Captain of the steam frigate “Zilveren Kruis”.

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HPvB (at age 33) married Gerhardina Anna Lucia Susanna Canter (or Zanter) CREMERS (born 26.11.1831) on 05.10.1857 (source SirPH; SirPHT records 06.11.1831). This took place in Leyden, South Holland (footnote 3 in table). It is not known how many children they had. Only 1 was recorded in 1866 (in a letter to Dr Abraham dated 20 December 1866): a son, Willem Jan van Boneval, born 22.01.1860 in Amsterdam.

**Rembt Tobias Hugo Pieter Liebrecht Alexander van Boneval (1826-1909)**

RTHPLAvBF graduated as Doctor of Laws at the University of Groningen on 15.04.1848 (when he was 22). Source DrA records that on 01.07.1850 he was appointed to a position at the Ministry of Finance at ‘S Gravenhage (it is difficult to decipher the position – “Adjunet Komies”). Some time later on (but before 1856) he was appointed by the King ["By Koninklijk besluit dd 28 February (no year mentioned)] to the position of “Referendaris van Finanties” at the Minstry of Finance (SirPH).

RTHPLAvBF’s academic career started in 1856 (at age 30) when he was appointed Professor of Laws at Groningen University (SirPH). On 31.12.1858 he was appointed (by King’s decree No 79) as Professor of Laws at the University of Leyden (SirPH).

On 26.04.1854, at age 28, he married Johanna Justina VAN HALL (born 29.04.1827 in Groningen) (SirPH), daughter of Hermanus Christiaan VAN HALL & Maria Anna VAN SCHERMBEEK, in Groningen, Netherlands (MJH? - source of parents?).

As noted above DPF (1842-1916) studied at Leyden during the 1860s and, in addition to theology, read law. RTHPLAvBF was one of his professors. DPF wrote in this regard: “I was on intimate terms with eight or ten families, especially with one of the law professors, Professor R van Boneval Faure and his amiable wife, and I spent some of my holidays most pleasantly in Groningen with his father and sisters.” DPF further wrote that even if the family relationship “... was very distant ... we could not have been more friendly and intimate if we had been first cousins.” He also wrote that “Every Sunday I dined with the professor and his wife ...” This seems to confirm that the RTHPLAvBF had no children. DPF also wrote in DPFB (published 1907): “Professor Faure is still
living, and we still keep up a correspondence ... and though he is now more than 80 years old ... he is still interested ... in the public affairs of the Cape Colony.”

Catharina Helena Van Boneval (1839-?)

Source SirPH adds that on 10.04.1863 she married Willem Jan QUINTUS. Source IGI adds that WJQ was the son of Willem Jan QUINTUS & Baroness Beerta Johanna RENGERS; that they were married in Arnhem, Netherlands; and that WJQ was born on 17.01.1841 in Haren Groningen, Netherlands. Willem Jan QUINTUS jnr was a Doctor of Laws (SirPH).

JEAN (1681-1759) AND HIS CHILDREN

We know that Jean was a baby (of 4 years) in 1685 when his parents were incarcerated in the fort at Grenoble, and that he most likely lived with his uncle Pierre (1636-c1700) until they were released in 1686 or 1687. He travelled with them to Holland, and settled in Bergen op Zoom. His parents went back to Orange in 1689 (and returned in 1702 or 1703). It seems as though Jean jnr remained in Bergen op Zoom with one of his siblings, most likely Louise (1665-c1750) who was married.

Dr A records that Jean was Sheriff and Magistrate of “Sand daar buiten”; the correct spelling is Standdaarbuiten, and it is in the Netherlands. Standdaarbuiten was a village in the Dutch province of North Brabant; it is now a part of Moerdijk. This, and the fact that he was married 3 times and had children, is all that is recorded by Dr A and the other sources.

Subsequent research has yielded the fact that Jean wrote a book on the history of the town Bergen op Zoom, “Histoire abregee de la ville de Bergen-op-Zoom” (“Abridged history of the village Bergen op Zoom”), published in 1761, two years after his death. Jean completed the book before he died, and his son, Jean Alexander (1734-1763), prepared it for publishing. Jean Alexander died 2 years (at age 29) after publication of the book.
The book was translated into Dutch, and the genealogy of the author, Jean (1681-1759), was fully researched. With the new information, the book was re-launched in 2010 as “Beknopte historie van de stad Bergen op Zoom, [by] Johan [Jean] Faure, een geschiedenisboek uit 1761”. It serves as the source BoZ. It contains genealogical information on Jean and his family. The latter information is presented below. The information on Jean is in Dutch and requires translation. It is clear that Jean was a highly respected citizen.

According to DrA, JF married 3 times and had 5 children as follows:

- **VAN STEEN**: no children
- **CHATELAIN**: Judith Lucrese Theresa; Margrite Marianna; Jeanne Hester Lucrese
- **HOREMAN**: Jean Alexandre; Pieternelle Maria Gertruida.

The information is partly correct. The source BoZ is a recent one (2010), and it covers, in addition to the history of the town Bergen op Zoom (originally written by JF), much biographical information on JF and his children. This we present in the accompanying table, and below it. First, we present the BoZ source information on JF’s wives.

- **First marriage** (first 3 children): 02.01.1707 in the Groote Kerk in Bergen op Zoom to Anna Elisabeth VAN STEEN (baptised in Fijnaart on 30.06.1686), daughter of Theodorus VAN STEEN (“herformd” minister) and Maria WAGENAARS. AEvS died in c1723 in Oudenbosch.
- **Second marriage** (next 3 children): 19.01.1725 in the French Church in ‘S-Gravenhage to Marianne (or Marie Anne) CHASTELAIN (baptised 30.12.1694 in the same French Church), daughter of Simon CHASTELAIN and Judith MOREAU. She died in c1730 in Oudenbosch.
- **Third marriage**: (last 2 children): 19.06.1731 in the Reformed Kloosterkerk in ‘S-Gravenhage to Susanna HOOREMAN (or HOOREMANS, or HOREMAN, or HOREMANs) (baptised in the Reformed Nieuwe Kerk, S-Gravenhage on 19.07.1699), daughter of Wouter HOOREMAN (1660-1742) and Petronella Maria BROUWERS (1676-1742). SH died on 12.09.1752 in Oudenbosch at age 53 and was buried in the Reformed Church there.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names</th>
<th>Birth</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Baptism</th>
<th>Death</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Buried</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Married</th>
<th>Notes</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lucretia Maria</td>
<td>1707</td>
<td></td>
<td>07.10.1707¹</td>
<td>c1707</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lucretia Maria</td>
<td>1708</td>
<td></td>
<td>09.09.1708¹</td>
<td>c1708</td>
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<tr>
<td>Emanuel Theodosius</td>
<td>1711</td>
<td></td>
<td>22.01.1711²</td>
<td>c22.01.1711</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>24.06.1711²</td>
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<tr>
<td>Judith Lucrese Therese</td>
<td>1726</td>
<td></td>
<td>03.03.1726³</td>
<td>&gt;12.1779</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marguerite Marianne</td>
<td>1727</td>
<td></td>
<td>30.11.1727³</td>
<td>1784</td>
<td>Fijnaart</td>
<td>14.09.1784¹</td>
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<tr>
<td>Johanna Hester Lucretia</td>
<td>1729</td>
<td></td>
<td>30.01.1729³</td>
<td>c1729</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jean Alexander</td>
<td>1734</td>
<td></td>
<td>17.10.1734³</td>
<td>?12.1763</td>
<td>Oudenbosch</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Pieternella Maria Geertruida</td>
<td>1736</td>
<td>Oudenbosch</td>
<td>10.11.1736⁴</td>
<td>08.08.1778</td>
<td>Bergen op Zoom</td>
<td>12.08.1778²</td>
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<td></td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

¹ Reformed Church, Fijnaart. 2 Groote Kerk, Bergen op Zoom. 3 Reformed Church, Oudenbosch. 4 Reformed Church, Standdaarbuiten.

Other information (BoZ):

- Judith Lucrese Therese: Married Jan DAN[C]KAARTS (born in ‘S-Gravenhage) in ?07.1748. JD died after 12.1779. They did have children (names not recorded in BoZ).
- Marguerite Marianne: Married Hendrik Marijnus (or Marinus) VAN RIJSSEN (1738-1792) in Fijnaart on 28.04.1771. It is not know whether they had children.
- Jean Alexander: Lived and studied in Harderwijk and graduated with a Masters degree in Law. He relocated to Oudenbosch and died there in ?12.1763. He was unmarried.
- Pieternella Maria Geertruida: Married Gerhardus LOEFF (*15.06.1727 in Nijmegen) on 07.12.1777 in Bergen op Zoom. GL was the widower of Hillegonda VAN WESEL, and was a Captain in the Regiment of General RADERS of the Bergen op Zoom Garrison. His father, Gerard LOEFF, was Lieutentant Commander of the Fort Sint-Andries. They had a son, Hendrik Marinus Gerhardus LOEFF (1778-<12.08.1778). The latter was the date on which he was buried in the Groote Kerk, Bergen op Zoom.
A person who cards wool, cotton, or other fibrous material (Webster’s); Carding: a process that disentangles, cleans and intermixes fibers to produce a continuous web or sliver suitable for subsequent processing (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Carding).

Godfather Peter Jean Chamard; godmother N Pigollas, wife of N Roussel.

From the nobleman Claude de Drevon.

NL82 added: “usually Comtesse, as the family names of women were used in the feminine form), probably [daughter] of Jean and Anne Laurian.”

A beautiful and poignant reconstruction of the life of Antoine (1685-1736) was prepared by Dr AG (Tony) Faure (1926-) over a number of years and completed in 2012. One of the benefits of genealogical research is that it brings one into contact with family members not met before. One of the many new friends made is Tony Faure of The Netherlands (you will see where he fits later). Antoine’s story, and related information gathered by Tony, is offered in Appendices 1-4.

A loose page in my (APF 1946-) possession, which seems to be in the handwriting of DrA, says: “Pierre died in Orange in 1702.” We will stay with the >1703 date.