

FAMNEA

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**KWARTAALBLAD VAN DIE GENEALOGIE
GENOOTSKAP VAN
SA NOORDWESTAK**

**1960-01-24: MASSACRE OF
POLICE AT CATO MANOR**

OUMA LENIE VISSER

**TREIN MET DINAMIET
ONTPLOF BY
LEEUDORINGSTAD**



**MY VRIEND CORNELIS
JOHANNES ("POEN")
COETZEE**

**FIGHT FOR FREE COURTS
IN A FREE COUNTRY**



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12 "HERINNERINGE VAN JOCH (JOGGIE) VAN DER WALT . "EENVOUDIGE LIEDJIE" J.R.L. VAN BRUGGEN.

13 OUMA LENIE VISSER

Daar word vandag dikwels verwys na ons voorouers wat ook maar brandarm was, maar wat ten spyte daarvan, nie van steel probeer oorleef het nie.

15 TREIN MET DINAMIET ONTPLOF BY LEEUDORINGSTAD

Leeudoringstad was voorheen 'n plaas genaamd Rietkuil wat op 6 Desember 1920 as dorp verklaar is.

17 MY VRIEND CORNELIS JOHANNES ("POEN") COETZEE

Dis met leedwese dat ons afskeid neem van 'Poen' Coetzee soos hy alom bekend was. Poen was een van die stigterslede toe ons NW Genealogiese tak op 6 Julie 2004 gestig is. Hy word deur sy familie en vriende onthou as iemand wat diep spore in hul harte getrap het. - RED

21 MEN WHO HELPED TO MAKE SOUTH AFRICA. FIGHT FOR FREE COURTS IN A FREE COUNTRY

POLITICS has been the preserve of Afrikaans-speaking South Africa for so long that the decisive political contribution that the English-speaking have made to the rise of our country is apt to be overlooked.



By BRIG. HENNIE HEYMANS

1960-01-24: MASSACRE OF POLICE AT CATO MANOR: A SUBJECTIVE VIEW

The brutal slaying of a number of Black and White policemen by a mob at Cato Manor shortly before the infamous 'Sharpeville Massacre' was fresh in the minds of the besieged police contingent at Sharpeville. If the Sharpeville 'massacre' had not been a massacre of protesters, it would have been another massacre of policemen.

"SHARPEVILLE MASSACRE"

It was the year 1960; I remember John F. Kennedy was not yet president of the US. The US however, had its own problems after the Korean conflict; the Cold War with its "iron curtain", the divided Berlin, racial segregation in America, the Ku Klux Klan and Vietnam.



In 1946 India **[1]** became South Africa's first enemy at the "new" United Nations. Field marshal J.C. Smuts wrote the preamble of the UN's charter. India had obtained its independence from Britain during 1947. Because of South Africa's policy India removed the Indian High Commissioner in Durban. My father had pointed out the palatial Indian office and residency to me, in the Mayville police area.

The "Winds of Change" were slowly but surely sweeping over Africa from north to south! We experienced the Suez-crisis when hundreds

of ships were anchored on the foreshore in front of Durban Harbour.[2] The ghastly Belgian Congo massacres were well known to us, as we had a Belgian fugitive in our school. We saw the terrible pictures in the press.[3] This was our second experience of fugitives, the first were the Hungarians who fled during the 1956 uprising and some were given employment in Durban with the Railways.

It was only 12 years ago that Dr. D.F. Malan of the National Party assumed power in South Africa. We Afrikaners were not yet over the euphoria of winning the election. South Africa was then the Union of South Africa and part of the British Commonwealth. Dr. H.F. Verwoerd was prime minister since 1958. The “Granite” Dr. Verwoerd was hated by the English press and working class English speaking people in Durban.[4] Durban was an important naval port and the Union Jack was flying next to our “oranje, blanje, blou” from the city hall.

As far as the white population was concerned, we Afrikaners were far in the minority. We got our first Afrikaans Primary School in Durban during 1953. At first I attended Stella Park Primary School, in fact an English school with a few Afrikaans classrooms. We Afrikaners were the children of policemen, railwaymen and civil servants. Most of us belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church. We eavesdropped on our parents and their guests. We picked up titbits here and there – yes the Afrikaner was moving “forward” but on the other side of the scale; the clouds of war and revolutions was on the horizon.

But that day, we thought, was far away!

Durban

Durban lies next to the warm Indian Ocean in the Sub-Tropics. It is a multi-racial and multi-cultural area: Zulu, Hindu, Boer, Brit, Jew, Christian, Zanzibari and Moslems all mixed together. The then so-called Indian Market in Warwick Ave was a fantastic place. The area was covered in lovely exotic aromas and strange products were exhibited. Here I saw betel-chewing Indian ladies in traditional sari's and jewels that pierced their noses. A cacophony of sounds and languages were heard. A bunch of bananas then cost 5/- (60cents)!

The actors

My father, as I said, was also a policeman and he was a raconteur, as and when we travelled in and around Durban he would point out landmarks of “police interest” and would say “this happened here” and he would love to tell the story He was in the 1949 Caro Manor riots. My father could speak Zulu fluently and a little of Hindi. His actions made that I came from the wrong side of the Afrikaner “cultural railway tracks”. He was a “Bokryer” – a Freemason and during the World War 2, he took the “Red Oath”. He was a “Smuts”-man. Both his parents, my grandparents, were victims of the British Concentration Camp policy. They lost siblings in the dreadful concentration camps.

So I knew about “Cato Manor” and what happened there, I was a policeman’s son after all! Both my parents insisted that we children become “readers”. We read the English newspapers and the weekly Afrikaans newspaper “Die Nataller”. My father also read the “Post”, then a non-white newspaper. I fell in love with all the newspapers – The Natal Mercury; The Sunday Tribune (then my favourite); The Sunday Times and the Daily News and magazines like the Jongspan; Huisgenoot; Farmer’s Weekly and Landbouweekblad. As Afrikaners we loved to read about farming and agriculture.

So, whilst most of South Africa was “nationalist”, a place like Durban (and Pietermaritzburg) was still a safe haven for the English speakers and those who were British orientated. I had English speaking uncles, aunts and cousins. I then knew about the “Torch Commando” of ex-servicemen under the leadership of “Sailor” Malan. It was the days of the Black Sash and the author of “Cry the Beloved Country”, Alan Paton, lived outside Durban. Our local chemist, Mr. Harry Melford Lewis, was the United Party MP for our constituency, Umlazi.

Durban still had a few proper English speaking officers. We also had a few English speaking policemen who were transferred from the City Police to the South African Police in Durban.

A ‘champion of the African’s cause’ in Durban was Mr. Rowley Israel Arenstein, a lawyer and listed communist. He “cheaply” defended many an accused from Cato Manor. As a lawyer, he was well-known to most policemen in Durban. I was introduced to Rowley, before I joined the Police, by my father, Sgt. Heymans. Ironically Rowley also defended policemen in departmental trials

and in court. There was no animosity towards him by the police.

Rowley Israel Arenstein *1919-1969

In summary: Lawyer, banned person, trade union advisor, member of the South African Communist Party and Congress of Democrats, advisor to Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi.

Rowley Israel Arenstein was born in 1919. He was a prominent Durban attorney and a leader of the Congress of Democrats (COD).

He joined the Communist Party in 1938, becoming an organizer for the Durban and District branch. In 1947, he withdrew from active politics in order to concentrate on his legal practice, but he did participate in the Durban branch of the COD in the 1950's.

In 1950, following the Suppression of Communism Act, the South African Communist Party (SACP) decided to disband (though an underground SACP was soon set up). Arenstein worked closely with Chief Albert Luthuli and Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi. Buthelezi had been expelled from Fort Hare University for his African National Congress (ANC) activities and had come to work at the Durban Commissioner's Court, the administrative experience being thought useful to the future chief. Arenstein and Buthelezi became close friends. Buthelezi became one of Rowley's articulated clerks.[5] When the chieftaincy of the Buthelezi clan was offered to him, Rowley helped Buthelezi defeat an early challenge to his chieftaincy and became his legal adviser.

Arenstein was first barred from political activities in 1953. During this banned period he was active in organizing opposition to the new laws enforcing apartheid and in establishing labour unions in Durban. Arenstein suffered the longest period of banning (33 years) in South African History and endured the longest house arrest (18 years), with his wife, Jacqueline Arenstein (Jackie), not far behind by being house-arrested for 6 years and banned for 19 years. She was a journalist and a defendant in the 1956 Treason Trial. Though banned,

Arenstein continued to defend persons accused of political offences.

Among the ANC activists with whom Buthelezi mingled at the Arenstein house were Nelson Mandela and Walter Sisulu – who always visited Rowley when they came down to Durban to visit Luthuli. Rowley found himself becoming increasingly critical of the autocratic style of the Johannesburg-based Communists who ran the underground SACP and, through it, the ANC.

In 1960 with the Pondoland insurrection against the Government-imposed Bantustan policy, the Pondos were fiercely suppressed and turned to Arenstein for help. At last 11 people were killed and 60 wounded. Four months after the dead were buried, their remains were exhumed at his insistence after he challenged police claims that fewer than 11 people were killed. Arenstein was barred from leaving the magisterial district of Durban on 1 October 1960 and subsequently could not represent his clients.

He had to go to Pondoland to defend them – many of the Eastern Cape Communists had been detained. When he got back to Durban, a delegation of Pondo leaders came to see him requesting that he facilitates a purchase of guns. Arenstein was able to convince them otherwise and dissuaded them from embarking on a violent course. In 1961, he led the legal fight for the release of Anderson Ganyile and other leaders of the Pondoland revolt who had been seized in Lesotho by the South African Police (SAP).

He was vociferous in opposing the move to the armed struggle, predicting that it would bring catastrophe to both the SACP and the ANC. During this period, Arenstein claims that he resigned from the Party, although the party insisted that he was expelled.

Arenstein was detained without trial in 1964, and went on a hunger strike and was released. When Bram Fischer went underground in 1965, one of the first things he did was to re-establish links with Arenstein, in Natal and Fred Carneson in Cape Town. In 1966 he was

sentenced to 4 years' jail under the Suppression of Communism Act for furthering the aims of Communism. The prosecution failed to pin a charge of belonging to the SACP. In jail he developed a strong friendship with the SACP leader Bram Fischer whom he held in very high esteem.

In 1970, Arenstein emerged from jail to find that the ANC had been so utterly smashed that it had effectively ceased to exist within the country. When the Government offered Buthelezi the post of Chief Minister of KwaZulu he sought Arenstein's advice, and that of the exiled ANC. Both agreed that he should accept – but refuse to take independence.

In 1971, Arenstein remained struck off the official list of attorneys – a punitive measure by the Government which had been in force for 20 years – and was forced to practice from modest offices disguised as a 'business adviser and consultant'. Although he remained banned he assisted the Defence in the Pietermaritzburg trial of 13, charged under the Terrorism Act. He was later banned from practicing law and placed under house arrest in Durban. He spent the early 70's as an adviser to trade unionists when moves were being made to build up a black labour organization. He was also a legal advisor to the Inkatha Freedom Party (IFP).

In 1988, despite the vehement protests of the Government, Buthelezi nominated Arenstein as one of his negotiating committee with Pretoria. Thus, Arenstein also served as a legal advisor for the Inkatha Freedom Party.

When Winnie Mandela was denounced for her association with the Mandela United Football Club, Arenstein offered to help her, an offer which she accepted. After Mandela was released Arenstein phoned him and told him that the political violence between the ANC and Inkatha in Natal had to be stopped, and that to achieve this he had to meet Buthelezi. Mandela agreed and told him to arrange such a meeting. The Inkatha stronghold of Taylor's Halt was chosen as a venue. However, the meeting did not take place but eventually, Mandela and Buthelezi met.

The Arensteins had two children and lived in Durban. Arenstein died in 1996.

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POLITICS & POLICY IN DURBAN

As far as the policy is concerned, there could have been a lot of conflict between a United Party controlled-Durban and the Nationalist government in Pretoria. Picture this: Durban had its own police force, the Durban City Police, a former borough police dating back to the Colonial era. Durban had its own municipal telephone exchange and its own municipal power station – they were a lot of independent fellows if you asked me. Natal later voted in the referendum not to become part of the Republic of South Africa.[7]

We were in contact with Sgt. "Oom Curt" Scheepers who was stationed at Cato Manor. Please allow me to digress for a moment on Afrikaners in Durban: I should also mention that Constable Gys Mulder was a friend of my father. When I "passed out" as a Constable during June 1964 he came to our home and he congratulated me on my appointment as Constable. Years later I was District Commissioner of Police in Welkom and met Oom Gys Muller at a Civic Reception for Mayors all over South Africa which was held in Welkom. Oom Gys Muller had become Mayor of Durban under National Party rule. In days of old it was not uncommon for some Durbanites to ask a policeman to call at the backdoor!

So much for change in my lifetime!

LOCALITY

Inland (generally westwards) from Maydon Wharf you would find Port Natal Primary School and behind the school was Port Natal Hoërskool. On the ridge was Natal University – most prominent were Howard College and

the Memorial Tower Building. The Medical Faculty of Natal University had their offices and lecturers rooms right in front of our school in Umbilo Road – south from the then King Edward VIII Hospital. Later Steve Biko was a student at the medical faculty. In the hollow behind the university you would find Cato Manor – named after Durban's first Mayor George Cato. (There is also a Cato Creek).

Cato Manor “was named after ... George Christopher Cato. In 1843 the land which later became Cato Manor was given to him as compensation for another portion of land previously used for military purposes. It was also intended as a reward for his years of personal dedication to community service and recognition as Durban's first Mayor in 1865.” [8]



“ George Cato”

As far as I could see, Cato Manor was even then a keg full of explosives – waiting for the right catalyst to explode at any

minute. Various riots took place there – the newspapers were full of it. Major Jerry van der Merwe once appeared on the front page of a local newspaper with a bleeding face after a stone was thrown at him, which struck him in the face. All the factors and actors were present, especially over weekends. Various factors were at play. It was just a question of time.

HOW MY FORMER SCHOOL PRINCIPAL, MR. P.R.T. NEL (FROM 1958-1959) REMEMBERS THE VARIOUS RIOTS IN CATO MANOR [9]:

Cato Manor was not far from the Durban harbour, not far from Maydon Wharf and not far from the factories and industry. The proud Zulus became urbanized. Due to a housing shortage they were forced to become squatters in that area. At the same time we as “whites” at that time did not appreciate the social and cultural importance of indigenous brewed beer. (It was only later as a student majoring in Social Anthropology that I became aware of the importance of beer in Zulu culture). With urbanization we found that many Zulu tribesmen who were husbands loosened their tribal bonds and instead became townsmen. Money was needed back at home and a wife would risk the influx control regulations and come to Durban to look for her husband and his money.

Zulu women, like all Nguni womenfolk, were able beer brewers. African beer is also very nutritious. (It should also be remembered that at the behest of the Rand Lords “white” liquor was not sold to Africans. They had traditional beer and illicit brews like skokiaan, itisjimijane and gavine.)

A conflict of interest arose between the Durban City Council who had its own beer halls where they sold traditional beer and used the profit to uplift the Africans. On the other side we find “free enterprise” – the traditional Zulu brewers. Their job which they had practiced since time immemorial was “criminalized”. It was a conflict between “new” legislation and indigenous law. It is just here where a problem arose between the police – enforcers of an unsympathetic law and the brewers who ran their own shebeens and sold liquor to survive. In this regard many a sympathetic policeman experienced this difficult situation of inner conflict between his duty and his conscience. Many brewers, in order to survive, became police or detective's informers of murder, robbery, stolen property and drugs etc.

So this is here where I come from and where I stand and see the mountain which I am trying to describe from my vantage point. If I am influenced by external factors or by my upbringing, I beg your indulgence.

1960-01-24: MASSACRE OF POLICE AT CATO MANOR

On a lazy, hazy, warm Sunday-afternoon a squad of policemen were at work. Never did they think for one moment that they will become “famous” in their death. Yes, when they came on duty, like thousands of policemen before and like the police is still doing today, they were inspected, produced their appointments and equipment, lectured to and posted to their duties. They were clean, sober and fit for duty. For the first time in our history, and so far the last time in our history, nine members of the police force were to die! They died a horrible death!

It is regretful to report that the following nine members of the Force were murdered at Cato Manor on Sunday 24 January 1960:

- | | |
|-------------|-------------------------------|
| • No 119702 | 2nd Class Sergeant K. Buhlalo |
| • No 36446 | Constable C.P.J.S. Rademan |
| • No 35490 | Constable G.J. Joubert |
| • No 36496 | Constable L.W. Kunneke |
| • No 34624 | Constable C.C. Kriel |
| • No 133633 | Constable P. Jeza |
| • No 130543 | Constable F. Dhludhlu |
| • No 134706 | Constable M. Nzuza |
| • No 136349 | Constable P. Mtetwa |

The official police version, vide SAPS Museum File 667-29/2/1B-6/14-1 is as follows:

SAPS Museum File 667-29/2/1B-6/14-1

News from Port Natal: The Nongqai, March 1960

“THE SPIRITS CALLING FOR BLOOD”

As a young policeman I listened to the stories told by my elder peers about Cato Manor. Later in life when I got much more interested in “Police history”. I spoke to a detective, Lt.-Col. Daan Wessels, and asked him before his death how the murders of the policemen were investigated? He told me each murder was investigated separately. He was the investigating officer of one of the murders at the

Cato Manor massacre. He also told me that “Kwa-Ticky” was a place where you paid 3d (2½ cents) per night for a bed. Nearby a group of traditional beer-drinkers were sitting under a tree enjoying their “sun downer” when a policeman rushed by. They apprehended him and killed the poor unfortunate policeman. While the whole case was being investigated the same group congregated under the same tree and before they could be apprehended, lightning struck and killed them all. The locals said it was the spirits who called for the innocent policeman’s blood!

CATO MANOR AND THE PRESS

Readers might find it interesting to see how an eminent journalist, Mr Harvey Tyson, saw the matter. After all these years (33 years) I think he has presented an objective and sympathetic view of a difficult case^[10]:

A TWIST OF IRONY

In years to come (post 1960) this photograph became a world famous photograph; an icon portraying “Apartheid South Africa”

Harvey Tyson writes: “Cato Manor was the key to the problem. It lay out of view behind the Durban university on the hill dividing the bay from the overcrowded valley, Cato Manor, hidden and neglected and notorious for its squalor and its inflammability.”

Just more than a decade after the first Cato Manor riots^[11] a policeman, part of a police raiding party, stepped on a woman’s toe while searching a shebeen. He should not have done that, as it served as a catalyst for a new riot on that Sunday-afternoon amongst the crowded Cato Manor shanties. Police made arrests for illicit possession of liquor, and on 24 January 1960 the umpteenth riot broke out and it shocked South Africa. Nine policemen were dead! The Daily News reported that a black^[12] police sergeant and four very young white constables and four black constables were murdered:

With only 24 bullets among them, a police raiding party fought the hordes of rioters until their ammunition ran out ... Three 19-year-old European Constables, trapped

in a bungalow, were massacred by the mob who broke the doors and windows with rocks and iron bars. Three Native constables were hacked to pieces and mutilated beyond recognition. The fourth European constable ran about 400 yards before he was brought down by the mob and bludgeoned to death. The bodies of two more Native constables were found nearby.

Empty shell cases found in the rooms today indicate the desperate battle the policemen put up until their ammunition ran out. It was every man for himself after the white constables had emptied their revolvers into the mob. One by one, the policemen leapt through doors and windows. Of the 13 who escaped, three were badly injured..... [13]

"The public - and the press - yearn to know 'the cause' of every major tragedy. 'The cause' is most often a minor incident; a trigger in fact. The real cause of trouble in Cato Manor included all the worst aspects of apartheid; unresolved tensions arising out of poverty; insecurity of tenure; official harassment. More than 125 000 people lived in the 4 500-acre shantytown. The land was owned by Indians, and their Zulu tenants sub-let to sub-tenants who built shelters out of anything they could lay their hands on. Many women in Cato Manor brewed beer at home, tried to burn down the official beer halls. The police in turn tried to destroy the illegal shebeens" [14] writes Tyson.

Women led the defiance and, as the political historian Tom Lodges reports, 'in some instances anger was effectively mixed with ribaldry and sexual assertion'! He quotes researchers as saying:

'These women were very powerful. Some came half-dressed with their breasts exposed, and when they got near this place the Blackjacks (municipal police) tried to block the women. But when they saw this, the women turned and pulled up their skirts. The police closed their eyes and the women passed by and went in And they took off their panties and filled them with beer.....'[15]

It was the women who led the rioting in Cato Manor in January 1960. One of the world's most famous photographs symbolizing oppression was taken during those riots by Daily News photographer Laurie Bloomfield. He was standing on a hillside in the light of the setting sun as a thin line of policemen, afraid but angry at the slaughter of

their colleagues, advanced on a crowd. Consisting mainly of women, the crowd had created a penumbra of dust as they danced and ululated, as generations of Zulu women before them had done to encourage their men in battle. Bloomfield snapped his picture as a policeman raised a baton high before bringing it down on someone in the crowd.

To prove their case, it was ironic that the police in the absence of an official police photographer asked a journalist to take photographs. Bloomfield says there were about 30 policemen facing a large crowd of angry Zulu women and youths. Tyson quotes Laurie Bloomfield who described the events as follows [16]:

The police in charge – not very senior, but an officer with a fine reputation by the name of Van der Merwe [17] – came over to me and said that he and his men were about to make the first baton charge of their lives. They required a recording of it. What would I need in order to get such a record on film? Those were the days!

I told him: 'I want to stand on the roof of that big truck of yours, but it must be repositioned here.' This was done, and I felt as though I was in charge of a production. It was like a movie set.

The police commander said: 'We'll issue a third and final warning to disperse, then if nothing happens we'll count down from 30 and then make the charge, so be ready with that camera. Then the police, black and white, started to run at the crowd. They cracked five or six heads, but mainly whacked the fleeing women on the buttocks, and the whole crowd turned and ran. There was very little violence ... until after dark.



"Cato Manor"
foto deur Laurie Bloomfield

Bloomfield's photographs were highly dramatic and seemed to have captured the very essence of conflict, tension and police violence.

The photographs had quite the opposite effect from the one expected by some well-intentioned, well-drilled police who refrained from using fire-arms. The one ironic photograph went instantly around the world. The particular photograph appeared on the front page of every Argus newspaper and almost every other newspaper on earth which had access to Associated Press but with one exception: Bloomfield's own paper, the Daily News.[18]

Acting as editor of the Daily News, in the absence of J.S.M. Simpson, René de Villiers, however decided not to print the dramatic picture in the Daily News. He felt it was too emotionally explosive to publish the dramatic picture in the heat of a riot. His staff was astounded.

"Had it been anyone other than De Villiers taking that decision – had it been the editor – there might have been a riot in the newspaper. We were ready to cry 'unethical censorship', even 'cowardice'; but it was hard to accuse De Villiers of these. His sympathy for the oppressed and his credentials as an honest newspaperman was greater than those of his accusers. We realized too, that the easiest decision for him – one with no personal consequences whatever – would have been to publish the picture. Instead he chose the toughest option and the worst in terms solely of his own interests", writes Tyson.[19]

"That picture is so strong it will lead to more riots and perhaps many deaths if it goes into Cato Manor tonight. Let them publish it in Johannesburg and Cape Town", said René de Villiers. Tyson concludes: "Few of us were convinced by this but we accepted his view." [20]

At that stage my father was a policeman at Somsue Road in Durban. They were on standby at their station. We did not see him often. I clearly remember the S.A. Navy had search lights on during the night at Cato Manor. From the Bluff we saw the search lights prying into the night sky and clouds.

Later I was employed on the "Communist Desk" at security Branch, Head Office in Pretoria and I can confirm that the same iconic photograph was used over and over to our disadvantage. I must confess it was an excellent shot and it did much to tarnish the image of the South African Police. Tyson remarks:

"The Communist Party, from Britain to Bolivia, from Moscow to Mexico, used Bloomfield's

picture as a poster and almost as a logo (without acknowledgement or payment, of course)." [21]

As far as political warfare went we were novices. At that stage we did not have a public relations division or "Stratkom" or "Psi-Ops". We had to wait at least another decade for a public relations division and two decades before we used "Stratkom".

On the other hand Cato Manor was a tough place – the Zulu were, like the Afrikaner, good fighters. Actually we were much more the same, than we differed.

CONCLUSION

It is always easy to be an armchair judge of such an event! Many liberals, academicians and journalists have criticized the police in the past.

May I be allowed to comment?

The police are not above criticism. I have one aspect of criticism against the defunct South African Police Force: Maybe because we were understaffed, but I think our inspectorate should have done an internal enquiry into disasters like Bergville, Cato Manor and Sharpeville. But we were far too busy with our 24-7-365-job! More lives could have been saved if we did more honest introspection. I believe we did not learn any lessons in Cato Manor. Or did we?

From my personal viewpoint regarding riots: Not everything is apartheid's fault. Remember there will always be crime. I have served as a youngster and I have served as a commander who gave orders. It is no easy task; no amount of academic knowledge helps you, its experience that counts when you are confronted by a dangerous hostile mob! Sometimes you are in a "catch-22" situation. You are damned if you do and dead if you don't! You must know how to read the crowd like a book! Usually the best sounding board is one of your elderly traditional African policemen who know the chants and the songs! Who reads their body language like an open book! Never show fear! You must stand fast before such a crowd. I have found that humour can diffuse a situation, but then we are not clowns but law enforcers.

The two fiercest groups of fighters I have experienced are mineworkers fighting their faction fights on the Free State gold mines and the Zulu's. The Zulu's are the worst and the fiercest fighters and they sometimes love

fighting! (A Zulu police lawyer once said to me in Ulundi: "You know what we have in common with the British? We love a good fight!")

We as police actually not only have to face the hostile mob, but when things have cooled down, we have to face: Inquiries, Commissions and Judges like Judge Goldstone. Both the fighting and the aftermath can be frightening experiences!

With the Zulu their womenfolk are nearby, ululating, dancing with swaying breasts and buttocks giving rise to high testosterone levels amongst the attackers. It's like a baseball game with unwritten rules. Such noise is deafening! Dogs – both police and local – barking, children crying, people singing, the stamping of feet and chanting, toy-toying, sirens of ambulances and fire brigades and police choppers hovering ahead, and the police commander must be cognitive, he must be wide awake even after a long shift, he must take in everything and decide when is the right moment to take counter action within the realm of the law!

The academic can retreat to his ivory tower and take time to decide where blame lies. Unfortunately blame sometimes lay with the police because they are in the first place humans, secondary they are the primary executive organ of the state and they are perceived as the enforcers of "bad laws".

During 1966 I reformed "special duties" for a period of time in Umlazi. I was the only "white" at the station. I had to work for a period of time from 6pm until 2 am with a group of African policemen. When we came to a section called "Mplankweni" – the place of Plank Houses – the African Constables said to me: "Be careful here – these people were moved from Cato Manor and they live in plank houses hastily erected to accommodate them. They can be dangerous!" So one has to take note and be careful and vigilant.

A policeman's lot is not always a happy one. It is difficult for the police to say "they are sorry" because through a legal eagle's eyes that may amount to an admission of certain acts committed by the police. This "no comment" causes a gulf between the police and their clients, the community at large.

We take a moment to pause and to think of those policemen and civilians who paid the highest offer in Cato Manor.

Reading through my old school's anniversary edition, 1953- 1978, I came across the Afrikaner's struggle for Afrikaans schools in Durban. That is a subject for

another day but I found it ironic that a decade and a half later – 1976 – we imported and forced Afrikaans into Soweto Schools, like the British did with us after the Anglo-Boer War. In 1976 this fact exploded in our faces and once again the "poor" police bore the brunt of the people's anger! The Soweto Riots gave such an impetus to the struggle and the revolutionary war that the SACP-ANC Alliance could hardly believe their luck! This action was planned by clever Afrikaner people but it just proves that nobody learns from history!

Yes, I did join the Police Force, with open eyes against the wishes of my parents. And yes, I knew trouble was brewing. I knew it was dangerous but I loved every moment of it when employed on functional police duties. I will tell you what I hated; it was administrative work. I tried to "serve and protect". I did not always succeed, but I tried my best! Will I do it all over again? Yes, I loved the police and I could be described as an idealistic policeman, one who cared for people.

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HERINNERINGE VAN JOCH (Joggie) VAN DER WALT T.B. 405+

EENVOUDIGE LIEDJIE

*Ek ken 'n melodietjie So menslik en so rein
 Dat heel my siele saamwee Saam met die liedjie klein
 Die liedjie so eenvoudig, dat elkeen dit verstaan:
 'n Kindjie he teen awend, sag na die Heer gegaan.
 Ek ken 'n liedjie van onsterflikheid,
 Maar o, die moederharte moet glo aan d'e ewigheid.
 -J.R.L. van Bruggen(Kleinjan)*

Die gegewens wat ek nou hier gaan skryf, glo ek nie is al êrens opgeteken nie. Dit gaan oor die ontstaan van twee van ons Afrikaanse liedjies wat geskryf is deur J.R.L. van Bruggen, nl. "Heimwee" en "'n Eenvoudige Liedjie". "Heimwee" word meestal toegedig aan S.le Roux Marais, wat die toonsetting gedoen het, en min mense weet wie die pragtige woorde geskryf het.

My oupa, Jochem van Bruggen het op die plaas *Stenekoppies* gewoon, dit is waar die huidige dorpie Magaliesburg geleë is. J.R.L. van Bruggen, ook bekend as Kleinjan, was Oupa se jongste broer en het baie tyd op die plaas deurgebring. Vanaf die plaas kon die Magaliesberge wat in 'n blou waas gehul is, gesien word. Terwyl Kleinjan in Holland studeer het, was daar altyd 'n verlange na sy land en sy mense. Die plaas met sy "vrye ruimte waar 'n siel in woon wat verstaan" asook "Ek sien weer die yl-bloue berge," het ontstaan uit sy verlange na sy plaas.

As agtergrond vir "'n Eenvoudige Liedjie", moet ek 'n brokkie familiegeskiedenis vertel. Ouma van Bruggen se suster, tante Leen is met oom Hans de Jager getroud en hulle het hulle in die "agterbosveld" gaan vestig. So na 'n paar jaar het hulle besluit om die familie op *Stenekoppies* te gaan besoek. Daar was al twee kinders, die een so 3 jaar oud en die ander nog 'n baba. Dit was natuurlik nog in die tyd van die ossewa. Op pad het die seuntjie met sy koppie oor die kant van die wa gelê en kyk hoe die grond verby beweeg. Die wa het verby 'n boom gery en die kindjie se koppie is vergruis tussen die reling van die wa en die boom. Die skok en smart was onbeskryflik en is vererger deur die feit dat die kindjie daar begrawe moes word, want die hitte van die bosveld was kwaai en hulle was nog 'n hele paar dae se reis van hulle bestemming af.

Wat 'n blye weersiens moes wees, was 'n diepe hartseer wat elkeen geraak het. Kleinjan was toevallig ook op besoek en die gebrokenheid van die ouerpaar en veral tant Leen het hom so aangegryp dat hy sy gevoel met die volgende verwoord het:

*Ek ken 'n melodietjie So menslik en so rein
 Dat heel my siele saamwee Saam met die liedjie klein.
 Die liedjie so eenvoudig, dat elkeen dit verstaan:
 'n Kindjie he teen awend, sag na die Heer gegaan.
 Maar o, die moederharte moet glo aan d'e ewigheid.*

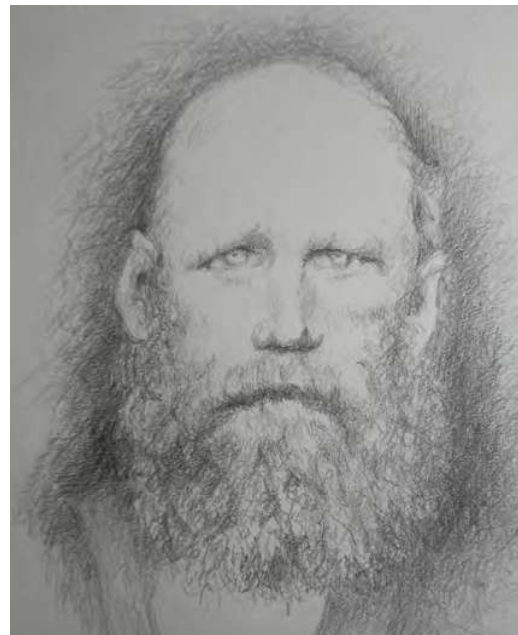




deur :
THYS DU PREEZ

OUMA LENIE VISSER

Daar word vandag dikwels verwys na ons voorouers wat ook maar brandarm was, maar wat ten spyte daarvan, nie van steel probeer oorleef het nie. Of dit hul eng Calvinistiese geloofsoortuigings was (wat met verstedeliking heelwat verwater geraak het) en of daar ander redes is wat tot hierdie lewensuitkyk gelei het, is nie vir my duidelik nie. Die mantra “arm, maar ordentlik” het seker gegeld by die meerderheid en so het ek dit selfs nog in my kinderjare op my geboortedorp beleef. Soos hieronder gesien sal word, het my ouma Helena Catharina Heyns * 10.5.1878 Stinkfontein, Aurora; ☞ 22.6.1956 Adullam, Piketberg; x 2.12.1902 Piketberg, Matthys Hendrik Christiaan Visser * 15.6.1882 Serviteurskraal, Piketberg; ☞ 12.9.1931 Serviteurskraal, volgens hierdie beginsels geleef, tenspyte van haar familie-agtergrond?



“Johannes Jacobus Heyns”
1849 -1913

OUMA LENIE SE LEWE

Ouma Lenie, gebore Helena Catharina Heyns, was 'n trotse en gehegte familiemens vir wie bloed letterlik dikker as water was. Dis tog interessant hoe mense aan die familie-anker vasklou as hulle nie by hul biologiese ouers opgroei nie. Sy was 'n aangenome kind wat by 'n kinderlose tante, wie se name sy gekry het, grootgeword het. Haar eie moeder is oorlede toe sy maar 7 maande oud was. Haar voogmoeder was Helena Catharina Adriaanse * 1848 ('n ouer suster van haar biologiese moeder) x Piketberg 23.9.1884, Jan Hendrik Lategan * ca 1845. Sy was die 2de vrou van Jan Hendrik Lategan van Soutkloof, Piketberg en die egpaar was heelwat meer gegoed as Ouma se biologiese ouers. Sy was dus beter daaraan toe by haar tante as wat sy sou wees indien sy by haar pa grootgeword het. Sy was nie 'n snob nie, maar jy moes jou korrek gedra.

As Ouma Lenie haar familiegeskiedenis geken het soos ek dit vandag ken, dan, soos my ma altyd anglosisties gesê het, sou sy dit nie "gelyk" het nie. Ouma Lenie is op Stinkfontein, Aurora in die Sandveld gebore. Haar pa, Johannes Jacobus Heyns (*14.7.1849 Swartland; [?] 6.8.1913 Robbeneiland) was 'n ramp wat gewag het om te gebeur. Sy rampspoedige bestaan is ingelui met sy geboorte 13 maande na sy "pa", Christiaan Heyns *1811 Kaapstad; [?] 8.6.1848, se dood en (om verstaanbare redes) sonder dat dit mediese geskiedenis gemaak het. Sy moeder was Beatrix Helena Truter *1818 Swartland x 2.9.1839 Swartland, Christiaan Heyns.

Op 15 Februarie 1876 is Johannes J. Heyns te Hoedjiesbaai (Saldanhaabaai) bankrot verklaar omdat hy nie die laaste 100 bôkkoms wat hy teen 1/-3d (12,5c) gekoop het, kon betaal nie. Die vermoede is dat hy in veel dieper finansiële moeilikheid was, want hulle het sy twee perde vir £25 (R50) gevat en sy sakhorlosie vir £1 (R2) om sy skulde te probeer delg. Hierna is sy eerste vrou, Johanna Wilhelmina Josina Adriaanse (1854-1878), Ouma Lenie se moeder, oorlede. Dan trou hy weer en dié keer met ene Hilletjie Aletta Johanna Elizabeth Visser van die Sandveldse Vissers by wie hy 4 kinders gehad

het. Hier eindig sy ellendes nog nie, want sy gee hom blykbaar melaatsheid waarna albei, in aparte geboue, in die sanatorium vir melaatses op Robbeneiland aangehou is. Op 6 Augustus 1913 is Johannes J. Heyns op Robbeneiland in eensaame afsondering oorlede.

Ouma Lenie se lewe was nooit maklik en sonder pyn nie en tog het mens haar nooit, maar nooit hoor kla nie. Sy was 'n diabeet wat haarself jare lank insulien-inspuitings moes gee met 'n spuitnaald wat mens vandag jammer sal wees om op diere te gebruik. Weggooi spuitnaalde was nog nie bekombaar nie en spuite moes met kookwater vir hergebruik gesteriliseer word. Dan het sy nog erg aan artritus ook gely. Sy het dit alles met Stoïsynse gelatenheid gedra en alleen in haar huis op haar plaas gewoon wat deur haar oudste seun, Johannes Hendrik Jacobus Visser (1904-1971) geboer is. Sy het nooit weer na oupa Thys Visser se dood getrou nie.

GOEIE SIN VIR HUMOR

Ouma Lenie het ook 'n goeie sin vir humor gehad en selfs in haar laaste lewensdae nog 'n Uilspieël-grap vertel. Sy het op 'n verebed gelê en was seker lyfseer toe sy teenoor my opgemerk het dat Uilspieël gesê het *"as een veer so hard lê, wil hy nie weet hoe hard 'n hele klomp vere sal wees nie."* Tydens 'n besoek aan die Uilspieël Museum in Damme, België, 'n paar jaar gelede, het ek met heimweë aan haar gedink.

Vroeg in 1956 het sy by herhaling by my aangedring dat ek 'n foto van haar moet kom neem tot ek beloof het ek sal in die Paasvakansie kom. Ek was toe 'n 2de jaar student op Stellenbosch en kon nie verstaan wat pla die foto haar so baie nie? Sy het heelwaarskynlik gevoel haar einde nader en gelukkig het ek met my ou bokskameratjie die kiekie gaan neem en dit is die een hierbo. 'n Paar maande later het sy beroerte gekry en is sy oorlede – 78 jaar oud.

Dit is aan Ouma Lenie se familie uitlegte en vertellinge te danke dat ek op 'n redelike jong leeftyd in die genealogie en familiegeskiedenis begin belangstel het.

Nota: Die foto wat Thys du Preez van Ouma Lenie Visser geneem het met sy bokskamera was ongelukkig nie duidelik genoeg vir plasing nie. Ingeslote is wel 'n skets wat gemaak is van Ouma Lenie met die foto as verwysing. Ook 'n potloodskets van Ouma Lenie se vader Johannes Jacobus Heyns*1849 -1913 deur Esther Visser Stieger.

TREIN MET DINAMIET ONTPLOF BY LEEUDORINGSTAD

Leeudoringstad was voorheen 'n plaas genaamd Rietkuil wat op 6 Desember 1920 as dorp verklaar is. Dit lê in die Noordwes Provinsie van Suid Afrika en met die dorpstigting is daar besluit om dit na die Leeudoringboom te vernoem.

Die dorp, geleë op die hoofspoorweglyn tussen Johannesburg en Kimberley, het rondom die spoorweghalte ontwikkel. Elke Vrydag laatmiddag het 'n goederetrein met wit trokke gemerk met groot rooi kruise deur Leeudoringstad se spoorweghalte gery. Die trein was op pad vanaf Somerset-Wes na die goudmyne op die Witwatersrand met sy gevaarlike lading van verpakte dinamietkerse. Die dinamiet het gekom van die De Beers-fabriek by Somerset-Wes in die Wes-Kaap.

Op 17 Julie 1932 om 17:45 was daar binne 2km vanaf Leeudoringstad 'n geweldige ontploffing op hierdie goederetrein wat gelaai was met 1 200 (sic.) ton plofstof aan boord. Die skokgolwe hiervan het kilometers ver deur alles geruk en die omgewing omgedolwe en groot verwoesting gesaai. Na die ontploffing het wrakstukke oor 'n radius van 10 km besaai gelê. (Wikipedia:2015).

In *Wikipedia* en die *SA Military Journal* word genoem dat vyf mense dood is maar volgens Oom Willie Myburgh, wat self destyds as 14-jarige beseer is in die ontploffing, is daar ses mense dood, asook diere en talle beseer. Meeste van die dorp se geboue is beskadig en sommige totaal vernietig. Oom Willie



Wrakstukke : Foto Ellie Kotze

vertel dat die trein skaars 150m vanaf sy oupa se plaasopstal opgeblaas het as gevolg van die dinamietvrag wat op een of ander wyse vonk gevat het. Sy ma en sussie is albei dood in die ontploffing en hy en sy vierjarige boetie is erg beseer in hierdie ramp wat so naby die plaashuis gebeur het. (Volksblad:2005).

Nog 'n ander bron vertel van die dapper optrede van Leeudoringstad se polisie-stasiebevelvoerder, sersant Piet Botha, gedurende die dinamiettrein-drama. Toe die trein laat op 'n Sondagmiddag binne 'n kilometer van die stasie in die lug opgeblaas is, het baie mense verskrik weggevlug. Sers. Piet Botha was egter eerste op die ramptoneel om te help waar hy kon. Blykbaar het die treindrywer, toe hy agterkom dat daar rook uit die middelste gedeelte van die trein kom, brieke aangesit en die enjin en vier trokke wat nie dinamiet in gehad het nie, ontkoppel van die res en verder gegaan in die rigting van Leeudoringstad. Daar het die manne op die enjin gewaarsku dat nog trokke enige oomblik kon ontplof. Tenspyte van die verstikkende stof- en rookwalms het sers. Piet Botha sy eie veiligheid verontagsaam en aanhou soek vir moontlike slagoffers van die ramp tussen die afvalstukke en rommel. Volgens Wulfsohn in die SA

Military Journal was daar vyf mense dood en 11 beseer. Hierdie bron meld ook dat die relatief lae ongevallesyfer toegeskryf kan word aan die feit dat die omgewing nie dig bevolk was nie. (Wulfsohn)

Die *Star*-koerant van 18 Julie 1932 het die ramptoneel as volg beskryf:

'A vast hole 200m in length, resembled nothing so much as a shell-swept trench in Flanders, indescribable desolation for an area a kilometre square, wrecked houses, dead and dying animals, twisted metals, branchless tree stumps and the ruins of half a dozen smoking trucks bearing tragic witness to the terrific dynamite explosion which at 17:45 yesterday evening brought suffering untold to the small community of Leeudoringstad in the south-western Transvaal.'

Mense het vermoed dat die trein se masjins aan die slaap geraak het. Ooggetuies het al 90km vanaf Bloemhof gesien hoedat daar vonke onder die voorste as van die tweede dinamiettrok uitspat - iets waarvan die trein se insittendes blykbaar salig onbewus was. Die 14-jarige Willie Myburgh was op die dag van die gebeure in die badkamer besig om reg te maak om saam met sy pa stasie toe te gaan. Deur die badkamervenster het hy die brandende trein gewaar en sy eerste bekommernis was dat dit tog net nie die plaas se lang droë gras aan die brand moes steek nie. Toe hy na buite hardloop het die kruitvat op die trein begin knetter en die een ontploffing na die ander het gevolg en die geweld daarvan het hom teen die grond geslinger. Hy het probeer opstaan en wegkom maar is vir 'n tweede keer neergevel toe 'n stuk treinspoor hom skrams teen sy kop getref het en in sy skouer vasgeslaan het. Hy het vir 'n rukkie sy bewussyn verloor en toe hy later bykom het bloed uit sy hoof gestroom.

Intussen het die damwal ook gebreek as gevolg van die ontploffing en Willie se elfjarige sussie, Aletta, wat daar naby gespeel het, het verdrink. Voor sy verdrink het, het die krag van die water haar tot in 'n diep leivoor gesleur en het 'n losgerukte sinkplaat wat om die dam was, haar in die maag getref. Toe hulle haar lykie vind het 'n ontwortelde vyeboom bo-op haar gelê. Die slag van die ontploffing het die trein in stukke deur die lug opgeskiet en Willie se kleinboet, Gideon, het albei bene verloor toe vallende dele van die treinspoor sy bene vergruis het. Hulle ma, asook 'n huishulp in die kombuis, is dood toe die mure van die plaashuis op hulle ingetuimel het. Vlieënde skrapnel het die verdere dood van twee plaaswerkers en 'n onbekende werker wat besig was om sy fiets langs

die spoorlyn reg te maak, veroorsaak. Beide Willie en Gideon moes drie maande lank in die hospitaal bly as gevolg van hul ernstige beserings.

Die distriksmagistraat het gevoel dat Sersant Piet Botha die hoogste eer verdien het met sy dapper reddingspogings. Hy het reddingsspanne georganiseer vanuit 'n naburige plaashuis en deur sy goeie voorbeeld, het hy kalmte bewerkstellig onder die paniekbevange dorpsbewoners wat op vlug wou slaan. (Volksblad:2005)

Die Spoorweë het die hospitaalkostes gedek en ook 'n bedrag aan Willie se Oupa uitbetaal om die plaasopstal te herbou. Dit was genoeg om ook vir die twee seuns se verdere studies te betaal. Albei het later onderwysers geword en Gideon het, tenspyte van sy kunsbene, selfs ook orrel leer speel.

LW: Volgens die berig in die *Volksblad* het die trein bestaan uit 34 wit trokke wat 312 ton vrag vervoer het. Die bron op *Wikipedia* beweer daar was 1200 ton plofstof aan boord was. Wulfsohn skryf in die *Military History Journal* en noem dat daar 33 trokke met meer as 370 ton plofstof op die trein was.



BRONNE

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CORNELIS JOHANNES (“POEN”) COETZEE

15 APRIL 1945 – 6 JANUARIE 2018

Dis met leedwese dat ons afskeid neem van ‘Poen’ Coetzee soos hy alom bekend was. Poen was een van die stigterslede toe ons NW Genealogiese tak op 6 Julie 2004 gestig is. Hy word deur sy familie en vriende onthou as iemand wat diep spore in hul harte getrap het. - RED



**PROF PONTI VENTER SKRYF VAN SY
JARELANGE VRIEND EN KOLLEGA**

“Hy was regtig ‘n Israeliet sonder
bedrog – ‘n man wat die liefdesgebod in
stilte geleef het”

Op op 6 Januarie 2018, het Poen Coetzee (voorletters C.J.) heengegaan na die Vaderhuis Die laaste maande se stryd teen kanker was swaar. Nie sy eerste veldslag daarteen nie! Poen se lewe – soos die van Pa, Prof. J.H. (Hennie) Coetzee, was gewy aan sy land se armstes Pa Hennie was ‘n ordentlike wetenskaplike; sosiale antropoloog (destydse Volkekundige) wat saam met L.J. du Plessis en dr. Jan

Schutte hard gewerk het om werklik iets gesonds te maak van rasse- en volkereverhouding in die RSA; die NP woedend gehad omdat hulle met hoofman Albert Luthuli gesels het (eintlik onderhandel het); in die 1950's met die Rand Daily Mail en die Sunday Times gepraat het. Daarna was hulle dikwels in konflik met die NP-leiding.

Daarvandaan kom Poen. Hy het daardie werk voortgesit, navorsing gedoen en gewerk aan Ontwikkelingsadministrasie. Hy was sy tyd vooruit. In die Instituut vir Afrika en Politieke Studies het hy en sy kollegas gewerk - om populêr- akademies hulle navorsing oor die land bekend te stel en by te dra tot die ontwikkeling van ons mense.

Ons was saam eerstejaars in 1964 en ek het Poen lank geken. Vanaf die middel 70's het 'n hele groepie jong geleerdes van die PUK probeer om die PUK se kritiek of die politieke bestel onder die NP verder te neem. Poen was een van daardie jonges.

In die vroeë 2000's, was ek betrokke by die vestiging van nuwe navorsingsprojekte en bevordering van mense. Moes toe o.a. my kollega Poen se CV deurwerk. Dit was 'n Poen-CV. Hy het 'n variëteit van inskrywings gehad, maar onvolledig en ongeorganiseerd; somer-net-neergepen so uit die vuis. Niks van 'n ge-"brag" nie. So omtrent drie-uur in die oggend stuur ek uit my kantoor vir Poen 'n e-pos "Poen, hier is die PUK se CV-templaar. Ek moes ook maar leer hoe. Help my asseblief – kan jy joune ook in die formaat bring en opdateer asseblief?" Direk kry ek 'n antwoord: "Gee my 'n dag of twee".

So was dit in daardie dae elk in sy kantoor om drie-uur in die oggend Probeer om teen alle obstrukties tog ons vakke en werk in stand te hou. En ja, beide ek en Poen was verslaaf aan koffie. Ons kon darem, deur hom Indië toe te stuur vir navorsing, daarin slaag om hom tot mede-professor bevorder te kry. So was sy CV kenmerkend van 'n mens sonder opsmuk. Deurmekaar haartjies en hoe het hy nie in die 1980's die professor in Teologie op hol gehad toe hy in die kerk opdaag met 'n kortmouhemp en sonder 'n das nie! Daarmee het hy eenklaps die idee van 'pak-en-das' in die Doppekerk beëindig. Sy reuse motorfiets en sy Mini het hyself onderhou. Hy het swaar afstand gedoen van sy motorfiets.

Poen het kanker gekry. Ernstig siek geword. Soos hy self by sy afskeid gesê het: **"Ek het gevoel die Jirre het my gelos". Vir maande het ons gewaak** Die hoof van die Instituut in Indië, waar hy navorsing gedoen het,

het by my latere besoek vir my gesê dat hulle (Moslems) vir hierdie goeie man bid. En toe een dag, daar by die hoofposkantoor, sien ek die Mini waarvan die verf afskilfer uit 'n parkeerplek uittrek en 'n groot kromsteelpyp by die venster uitsteek. Ons kollega was weer aan die gang. 'n Jaar of wat later het hy afgetree en toe hy uit die spanning van werksdruk weg is, het sy immuniteit verbeter en het hy gesond geword. Na sy aftrede was hy steeds aktief – voluit by die armes. Hy het op die beheerraad van die *Mukhanyo Bible School* (later *Theological College*) gedien waar hy in die bresse moes tree vir die stigter en bestuurder, (Prof.) Flip Buys. Hy het so bietjie Tswana geleer en by die sopkombuis gepreek. Hy was betrokke by Ikageng – gesorg vir mense sterwende aan VIGS. **"Dit maak jou gedaan. Dit put jou uit. Die probleme is so groot Maar jy moet gaan. Dis wat die Here sê"**.

Verlede jaar het ons gehoor dat Poen se kanker weer gevat het. Die keer het dit vinnig versprei. Hy het swaar gely. En gister het hy gegaan. Soos ons hom leer ken het, dekades gelede – 'n man sonder opsmuk, direk in sy standpunte soos Pa Hennie, dierbaar en sag soos sy Ma, so het Poen van ons weggegaan. Ons wat hom geken het, kan God dank vir sy lewe. Suzette – sy eggenote van seker naby 50 jaar – JY het vir hom veel beteken! En hy het my vertel dat hy kwaad word as Doppers van NG-mense skinder – want kyk dan vir Suzette (sy was NG). En ja, jy was daar vir hom – enduit. Vertrouing vir julle – die kinders wat saam met ons kinders grootgeword het en die vreugde van kleinkinders. – (Ponti Venter-07:01:2018)

ELLIE KOTZE ONTHOU POEN AS 'N GOEIE BUURMAN. SY SKRYF:

Poen Coetzee het 'n leemte gelaat met sy afsterwe. Soos een van sy seuns gesê het: **"My pa het baie beteken vir baie mense. Hy het lewens aangeraak. Hy was 'n sterk persoon met 'n onuitputbare bron van wilskrag en deursettingsvermoë, maar terselfertyd ook 'n besondere sagte mens wat altyd wou help, maak nie saak wie hulp nodig het nie. Hy was onwrikbaar in sy geloof en het nooit enige twyfel getoon nie."**

Toe ek en my man Sarel sy bure geword het (amper 15 jaar gelede), het ons 'n man met werkvermoë ontmoet wat ons verstom laat staan het. Hy was in remissie van kanker waarvoor die prognose net 'n ses maande lewensverwachting gegee het. (Poen het homself gesond

gewerk). Laataande kon jy hom hoor sweis aan een of ander projek, o.a. die groot stewige hek wat nog voor hulle motorhuise staan. Vir werk was hy nie bang nie. Hy het boonop nog genoeg tyd vir sy medemens gehad as jy op sy klokke gedruk het. By die PUK het hy gehelp met die digitalisering van die OB se argief waar hy duisende fotos geneem het. Ek kon dit nie glo toe hy my vertel dat hy altyd uit sy Franse Bybel lees nie. Soos ds. Stefan Botha ook sê: "Hy was 'n man met soveel kennis en dit was net 'n plesier om in sy geselskap te wees!"

Toe die kanker in 2017 in al sy felheid weer toeslaan, het sy vrou Suzette steeds met haar stil, sagte toewyding en met die liefdevolle hulp van haar seuns en hul gesinne vir hom bygestaan tot die einde.

Ons jou bure oorkant die straat en al jou vriende en kennisse, gaan nog baie na jou verlang en jou mis. – (*Ellie Kotze-16:01:2018*).

REDAKSIE

Ter wille van navorsing vra ons altyd ons lede vir 'n kort bekendstelling omdat dit insig gee in iemand se lewe en help om sy/haar belangstellinglyn in die genealogie te bepaal.

POEN COETZEE SE CV AS VOLG

Jammer dat mens 'n CV altyd met "ek" moet begin. Hierdie is 'n poging om 'n leeftyd – wat vinnig verbygegaan het – uit te stip.

Ek is op 15 April 1945 gebore net voor die oorlog tot 'n einde gekom het en was nog baie klein toe sit my pa al in die tronk, naamlik die Fort in Johannesburg, as gevolg van "politiek". Ma en ek het in Ventersburg "oorgestaan" by haar ma en gewag vir beter dae, nie dat ek veel of iets verstaan het van wat aangegaan het nie. Ek is geskool te Moirivierskool en Gimmies en het in 1963 sowaar matriek "gemaak" al het die hoof, met respek, Ponna Kruger, gesê ek het 'n "simpel" vakkeuse gehad. Kon nie anders nie as gevolg van siekte – maar nog nooit spyt gewees oor die Duits wat ek kon neem nie. Rugby, paalspring en swem was my lekkerste sportsoorte.

Met die lotery vir Weermagdiens is ek nie geloot nie, maar het toe aansoek gedoen om Leërgimnasium, Pretoria, toe te gaan. Vanweë 'n bajonetsteek daar is ek "medies ongeskik" verklaar (d.w.s. as gevaar vir die samelewing)

en is toe PUK toe. Ek het 'n BA oor 4 jaar gedoen met vakke soos Volkekunde, Frans, Geskiedenis en so meer. Nagraads het ek in Ontwikkelingstudies aangegaan en na my Honneurs by die SAUK in Commissionerstraat in Johannesburg se "Bantoenuus" gaan werk. Ek is gou verplaas na Umtata en Durban (omdat ek met twee vingers kon tik) en toe weer terug na Johannesburg.

In Februarie 1970 is ek as junior lektor aangestel in die Departement Ontwikkelingstudies en was aan die PUK verbonde tot einde 2003 toe ek vanweë gesondheidsprobleme uit diens getree het.

Wat genealogie betref het ek in die Departement en in die PhD-studies baie met genealogiese herkoms van persone in swart stamme – veral die Mapoggers – te make gehad. Die ou staatsdepartement "Bantoe-administrasie en Ontwikkeling" (later bekend as "Swart Sake") het 'n genealogiese afdeling gehad waarin daar uiters bekwame mense gewerk het soos dr. Van Warmelo, Vale Botma en andere. Die rol van die afdeling was onder andere om opvolgingstwiste in stamme te probeer uitklaar – en daar was baie in die land. Dit het natuurlik ook baie gedoen om die splitsing van stamme, geografiese verskuiwings daarvan en konflikte van die stamme aan te teken en navorsing daaroor te doen. Genealogiese "berekenings" in dié konteks dra sy eie metodologie en probleme en het sy eie verwysingsraamwerk as "datums".

Gedurende die loop van meer as 30 jaar by die PUK het ek verskuif vanaf die Departement Ontwikkelingstudies na die Instituut vir Politieke en Afrikastudies (*IPAS*) – wat baie aangename jare was. Na die uitnasionalisering van die Instituut, is ek oorgeplaas na die Departement Politieke Studies (ook bekend as Staatsleer).

In geheel en binne samehang van daardie tyd gesien, het ons verskeie toere (langer en korter) met studente onderneem na iedere en elke sogenaamde tuisland – na Suidwes-Afrika (Namibië), Madagaskar, Malawië en tweekeer na Rhodesië (Zimbabwe). Destyds was mens verbied om enige "wêrelddeel" buite dié lande te sien. Dit was meer as leersaam – dit was en bly 'n ervaring des lewens.

Die gegewe konteks het al hoe meer konflik begin openbaar en die politieke debat oor wat aan die gang was het natuurlik baie botsende idees na vore gebring – veral die kwessie van kommunisme en nasionalisme. *IPAS* het 'n wetenskaplike blad uitgegee, "*Oënskou*", waarin ons gepubliseer het terwyl ek ook by "*Woord en Daad*" sowel as 'n junior ekwivalent daarvan betrokke was. Politieke klappe was volop.

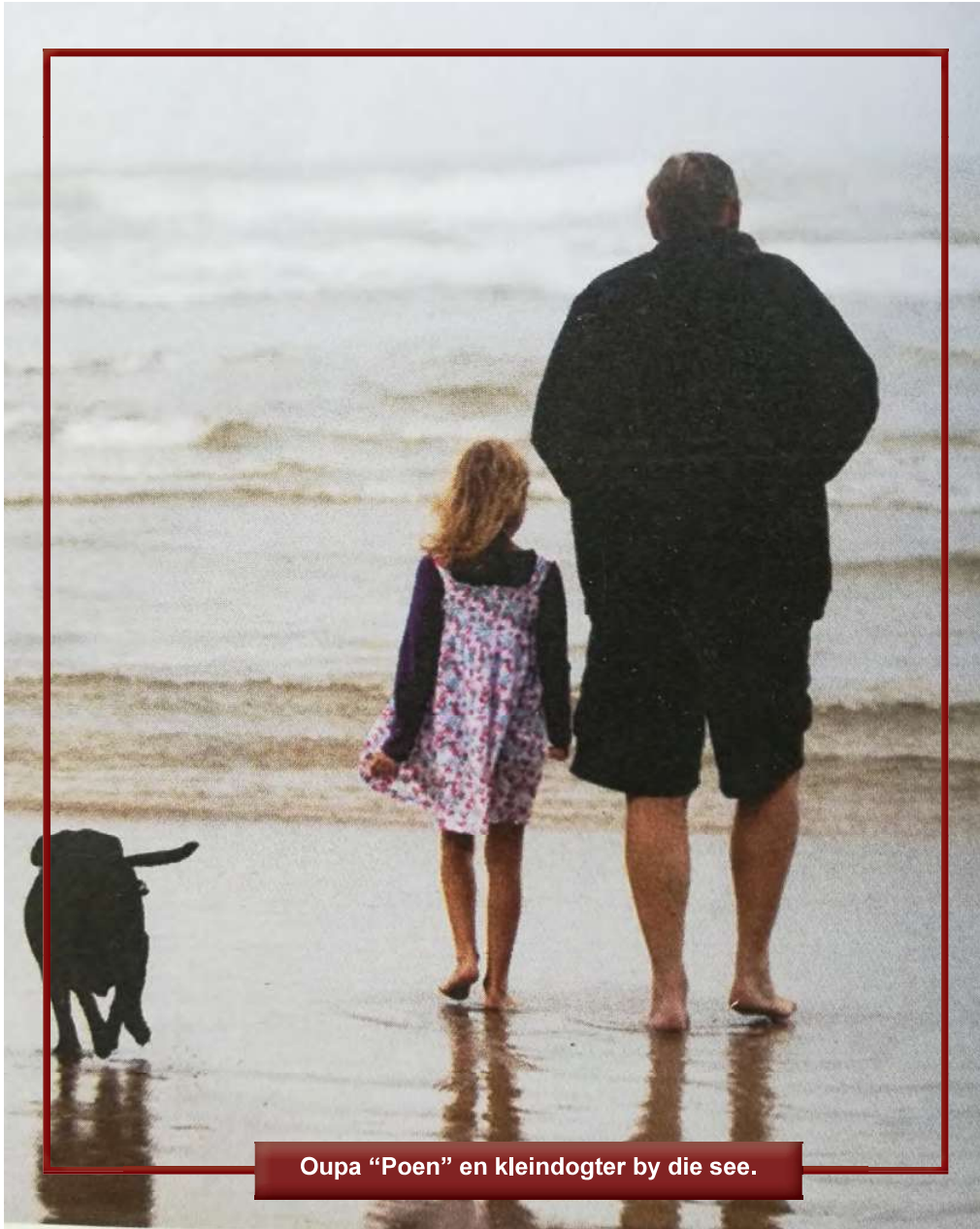
Ek is in 1969 getroud met Suzette Schutte en ons het drie seuns. Suzette, afkomstig van Belfast, maar eintlik vanaf Buffeldoorns omdat haar pa, Fanie Schutte, een van die jongste seuns van Oupa Frans Schutte was – ‘n moeilike man! Hy was later aangestel as hoof van die Landbank en dis ook hy, sover ek weet, wat geld aan die ZAR geleen het om hulle deur die drif te help. Hy het die volle drie jaar in die ABO geveg en toe sy familie met die Rebelle wou begin, het hy vasgesteek en gesê hy het sy deel gedoen en die oorlog is nou verby. (*Poen Coetzee:2009*)

BRONNE

COETZEE, C.J. 2009. Poen Coetzee se CV . Januarie 2009 in die FAMNEA.

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VENTER, Prof.Ponti 2018. Herinneringe van sy vriend en kollega Poen Coetzee.



Oupa "Poen" en kleindogter by die see.



author: JOHN BOND

MEN WHO HELPED TO MAKE SOUTH AFRICA GREAT

The English-speaking contribution

Part 7

*The following piece of information was the last chapter found in a little book called the
"THE MEN WHO HELPED TO MAKE SOUTH AFRICA: - The English-speaking contribution" - by John Bond.*

FIGHT FOR FREE COURTS IN A FREE COUNTRY

POLITICS has been the preserve of Afrikaans-speaking South Africa for so long that the decisive political contribution that the English-speaking have made to the rise of our country is apt to be overlooked.

Whether fighting Lord Charles Somerset for the freedom of the Press, or struggling to wrest the right to vote in Cape Colony from Whitehall, or in the South African Republic from President Kruger, they have kept alive the democratic spirit as stubbornly as the Voortrekkers themselves.

When the British landed in 1795 most of the Western Cape was inured to a high degree of autocracy and the rest of white South Africa to a high degree of chaos. It fell

to English-speaking pioneers, bred in the central tradition of Western liberty, to establish unfamiliar freedoms in the west and do much in the chaotic interior to turn anarchy into order.

If Burnett had been an Afrikaner he might have accepted the peculiarities of the High court in Lord Charles Somerset's day as an old Cape tradition – and trekked deeper into Africa. But Burnett was an irascible 1822 Settler accustomed to free courts.

The more he pressed his litigation against Robert Hart, Lord Charles Somerset's farm manager in the Eastern Cape, the more outrageous he deemed the High Court's subservience to the Government.

SUBSERVIENT COURT

Less quarrelsome English litigants, such as Launcelot Cooke of Cape Town, found the court, in any dispute with officials, equally subservient to the Governor. Many of the judges were not even lawyers; some were paid public servants who could lose their other posts at a word from Lord Charles Somerset.

The unheard-of spirit with which Burnett, Cooke and others stood up to the Governor led to the famous Commission of Inquiry of the 1820's and thus to the creation of an independent Bench of full-time judges, chosen from eminent lawyers, and obliged to hear evidence in open court, where all men could see that justice was done.

On this foundation the first new judges – Wylde, Kekewich, Menzies and Burton – and their illustrious successors of both White races have, not without friction, built a reputation for impartial justice of which any country can be proud.

This struggle for an independent High Court touched off the much longer struggle against Lord Charles Somerset for the freedom of the Press. That freedom was simply freedom of speech writ large in a country where no-one could even hold a public meeting without Government permission.

It is to John Fairbairn, George Greig and Thomas Pringle's fearless and costly fight that we owe this liberty, without which no country can be accounted free, and which is always in danger.

Chaos rather than tyranny was the peril to freedom for many years in the Voortrekker areas. The Voortrekkers had the instincts of democracy, for they were sons of Calvin. But they had been denied both the traditions and equipment of constitutional government.

They had no corps of civil servants. They honoured Roman Dutch law, but had no-one trained to administer it. They lacked the British tradition of tax-paying as a patriotic duty. As late as 1877 the Transvaal Republic toppled in ruin because its burghers refused to pay up.

PUBLIC SERVICE

The growth of an efficient, incorruptible public service in the Cape Colony was, therefore, a major event for South African democracy. Afrikaners like Sir Andries Stockenstrom, P.B. Borchers, W.S. van Ryneveld and

others gave yeoman service more than a century ago. South Africa owes an equal debt to the first English-speaking landdrosts and magistrates – Stretch, Mackay, Duncan Campbell and many more – who shared the thankless task of establishing ordered government.

Our public service tradition stems above all, perhaps from John Montagu, tireless head of the Public Service in Cape Colony, Natal and the Orange River Sovereignty from 1843 till his death 10 years later.

It is to Montagu, to his 1820 settler successor, Sir Richard Southey, to William Porter and such born South Africans as Charles Brownlee, the Graham brothers, and later to Milner's "kindergarten" that we owe the great traditions of our public service today.

Nor should we forget the English-speaking public servants of Natal or those that did so much to make the Free State a model republic and loyally served President Steyn throughout the South African War.

The foundations of that republic, as an Afrikaans historian has pointed out, were laid by Warden, who more than 100 years ago created the skeleton administration of the future Free State and founded Bloemfontein to be its capital.

Even in the chaotic Transvaal English-speaking burghers like the Strubens, Lys, William Skinner, Henry Cooper and others gave valuable service as landdrosts, members of the Volksraad and of the executive. The chairman of the committee which framed the Transvaal republican Grondwet in 1855 was William Robinson, 1820 settler.

In 1854, while chaos reigned from the Orange to the Limpopo, the greatest advance of all was made towards effective South African democracy. John Fairbairn and Sir Christoffel Brand succeeded in that year in gaining representative government for Cape Colony, the home of the overwhelming majority of White South Africans.

Brand's most powerful allies were F.W. Reitz, father of President Reitz, and Stockenstrom. Prominent at Fairbairn's side was the brilliant John Bardwell Ebdon.

The early Cape Parliament was endowed 19 years later with the full powers of Cabinet government through the stubborn persistence of Sir John Molteno, Saul Solomon and William Porter. In 1872 Molteno became first Prime Minister of Cape Colony and thus of 80 per cent of all White South Africans living at that time.

Though Molteno was educated in England his policy of putting South Africa first, of selecting South Africans

for the highest posts and of brooking no interference from Whitehall, through honouring the Crown, substantially anticipated General Herzog's policy of half a century later.

To that Cape Parliament we owe not only the Union's parliamentary system – a superb instrument for reconciling strong government with freedom to differ – but a galaxy of statesmen.

There Sir John Brand, like President Reitz after him, was schooled for constitutional rule in the Free State. There sat General Smuts's father. There young Mr. Rhodes learned such attachment to Cape institutions that he transplanted them to Rhodesia, complete with Roman-Dutch law. There reigned Onze Jan Hofmeyr and Merriman; there W.P. Schreiner in his troubled premiership did his utmost to avert the South African War and alleviate its misery.

SECTIONAL TYRANNY

Our parliamentary system has only one major shortcoming. It offers inadequate safeguards against sectional tyranny in a land of many races.

To remedy this flaw, the founders of the Union, Afrikaans-speaking and English-speaking alike, embedded a Boer republican precedent in our Constitution.

The Free State system of entrenched clauses marks the Union Parliament all the more emphatically as no mere plagiarism of Westminster but authentically our own.

The lesson of the past is plain for English-speaking South Africans. It is not by withdrawing into business, but only by public service and political activity of the broadest kind in unison with their many Afrikaans-speaking countrymen who care for our county's freedom, order and good name that they can halt the disastrous retrogression now threatening our public life.

SOSIAAL

GGSA BW – AFSLUITING : NOVEMBER 2017



*Christa Loxton en Eggenoot, Evert Kleynhans,
Danie Bloem,
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GGSA NW – JAAR AFSLUITING : 4 NOV 2017

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Johanita Viviers met haar gaste



Christa en George Loxton



Gaste by die jaareindfunksie



Ellie en Sarel Kotzé



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BEKENDSTELLING : "DRIE VROU EN 'N MEISIE"

Professor Hans du Plessis word deur Voorsitter Dirk Bloem bedank vir sy interessante praatjie en bekendstelling van sy boek "Drie Vroue en 'n Meisie" by die GGSA Noordwes byeenkoms wat op Februarie 2018 plaasgevind het.



AJV Februarie 2018

*Simon du Plooy oorhandig GGSA se
nuutste reeks boeke aan Elmarie Weyers*

BYDRAES VIR PUBLIKASIE - RIGLYNE

FOTO'S EN SKADERINGS

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Heg ook foto van outeur aan.

UITLEG

Kort samevatting van artikel in een paragraaf, kursief gedruk. Indien artikel in Afrikaans geskryf, is opsomming in Engels en andersom.

Teks slegs in swart

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Geen tabelle of kolomme

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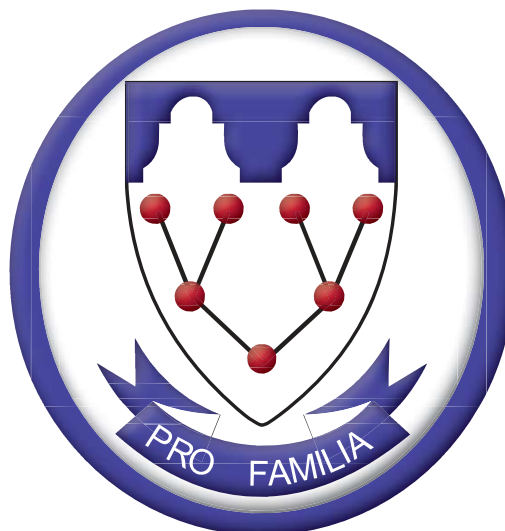
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PROEFLEES

Dit is die outeur se verantwoordelikheid om te sorg dat die bydraes taalkundig en feitelik korrek is.

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10/02/2015



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