

NEWSLETTER

Volume 2023 No 4

December 2023

A NEOLITHIC FAMILY TREE

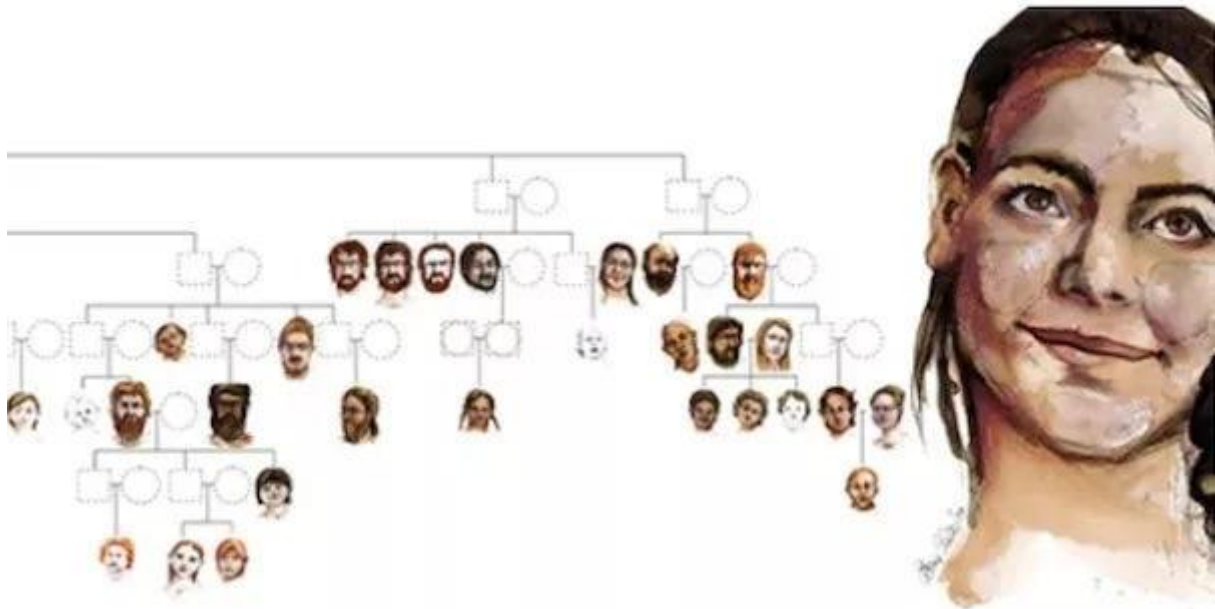
CTFHS member Ammie Bury was fascinated by an article on Neolithic DNA in *Living Science* online.

<https://www.livescience.com/archaeology/largest-ever-genetic-family-tree-reconstructed-for-neolithic-people-in-france-using-ancient-dna>

Ammie reports below on Jennifer Nalewicki's article

A lot of keen genealogists want to trace their family tree as far back as possible – usually getting to William the Conqueror or Charlemagne. Perhaps Jennifer Nalewicki's article opens the door to going as far back as the Neolithic age in France. Entitled *Largest-ever genetic family tree reconstructed for Neolithic people in France using ancient DNA* it was published in *Living Science*.

In the article Nalewicki described how the researchers created two extensive Neolithic family trees using ancient DNA.



A family tree containing dozens of relatives.

An artist's interpretation of what each individual may have looked like, based on DNA. The dotted squares and circles represent male and female individuals, respectfully, who were not found at the site or whose remains lacked significant DNA.

(Image credit: Drawing by Elena Plain)

They used the ancient DNA found in Neolithic graves to pieced together two elaborate Neolithic family trees that span multiple generations, making them the largest ancestral human record ever reconstructed. The source of the DNA was a 6,700-year-old funerary site known as Gurgy, in the Paris Basin region of northern France. With the advancement in DNA techniques researchers studied the genomes of 94 of the 128 individuals, which included

children and adults, whose remains were at the site. The academic article about their research appeared initially in *Nature* of 26 July 2023.

Nalewicki briefly explained in the article how Neolithic communities first emerged roughly 12,000 years ago in the Near East, a region that encompasses West Asia, Southeastern Europe, and North Africa. During this time period, many human groups transitioned from hunting and gathering to farming. This lifestyle change enabled people to put down roots and settle into communities that spread across generations, leading to the extensive burial plot.

"The size of a family tree that huge for that time period" was mind boggling, lead study author Maïté Rivollat, a postdoctoral fellow in the Department of Archaeology at Ghent University in Belgium, told *Live Science*. "We realized that we could explore social aspects of this community."

The site was a single graveyard and many of the bones were not well preserved and corroded but were good enough to extract DNA and they were able to get DNA from 94 of the individuals.



A male skeleton found in a grave.

An adult man (top skeleton) buried some 6,000 years ago in what is now France was a son of the man from whom dozens of people also buried at the site are descended. (Image credit: Stéphane Rottier)

Results of the research showed that the family descended from a single founding father. His skeleton was unique, since it was initially buried at an unknown site and was later moved near his kin at Gurgy.

By analysing the mitochondrial DNA (maternal lineages) and Y-chromosome (paternal lineages) data, as well as each individual's age at death and genetic sex, the researchers constructed two family trees. The first tree connected 64 individuals across seven generations and is the largest to date, and the second contained 12 people from five generations. Soon, a "patrilineal pattern" emerged in which generations were linked through the male line of descendants.

Researchers also noticed that while the men stayed within the community in which they were born, the women left. The women who were buried there weren't related and came from somewhere else. Inbreeding had not occurred and the researchers think that this system of female movements avoided any inbreeding happening. Another interesting aspect of the community was that it lacked half-siblings and that sons and daughters shared the same parents, suggesting that members of this family group weren't polygamous but rather were monogamous.

One thing the researchers noticed was that the descendants seemed know who was buried where and the closer they were buried together, the closer they were related.

There you are! Now you just must compare your DNA to those isolated at this site and you can then take your family back 6,700 years!

Condensed and summarised, with additional material from the original article.

SOME FEISTY FAMILY FEMALES

David Slingsby

There are many families connected to the 'Solomon' family who hold this connection in high regard, however, this account does not focus on the greater family but a few female ancestors who have paved the way, as activists not only in South Africa but also in the United Kingdom.

Female activists in the modern world are part of our society but not so in the Victorian era. Firstly, I would like to pay tribute to Peter Ralph Coates who has spent a lifetime researching and collating the life of Saul Solomon producing an excellent, yet unpublished book on this remarkable man. He quotes from the Authors Preface – *“During fifty years work as a librarian, researcher, and indexer, I repeatedly encountered the Solomon brothers Henry and Saul. Henry Solomon (1816–1900) was an affable man much liked in Cape Town, with scientific and maritime interests which he shared in public lectures, but with a poor business track record and no political inclination. His very different younger brother Saul Solomon (1817–1892) distinguished himself in Cape Town parochial matters and broader Cape colonial politics as a parliamentarian, newspaper proprietor and businessman. He was admired, disliked, and pitied in about equal measure but loved only by his younger sister Bella.”*

My family descended from Richard Solomon (1818–1854) younger brother to Henry and Saul, he married Anne Stuart. Richard passed away at the young age of 35 or 36. His widow Anne, looking for an income, operated 'boarding houses' in several dubious parts of Cape Town. My great-grandmother Jane Solomon was brought up by her uncle Saul at 'Clarensville' Sea Point, her family home, until she married William Edwards Slingsby in St Paul's Church on 31 December 1884.

Joseph and Hannah Solomon, residents of St Helena, for several reasons relocated their whole family to Cape Town arriving on 14 September 1830 on the brig *Woodbine*. Henry, Saul, and Richard enrolled in the South African College. Henry and Saul had previously been sent to England to their grandmother to receive an education and to be initiated into the Jewish faith. Saul, appears to have contracted rheumatic fever on the sea voyage, both boys while in England contracted rickets (an indication of defective nutrition and lack of sunlight) it appears grandmother was not particularly loving nor attentive. Saul was placed in iron leg supports as a youth which left him disabled, as his growing legs were restricted by the Victorian leg callipers inhibiting growth.

GEORGIANA MARGARET SOLOMON

Georgiana Margaret Solomon (née Thomson); was born on 18 August 1844 near Kelso in Scotland to George Thomson and Margaret Stuart Thomson (née Scott). Her father, a near penniless 'gentleman' farmer, managed to arrange for his children to receive an above-standard of education of the time, certainly raising his family in a middle-class style. Georgina was educated at a small boarding school in Edinburgh. (According to Helène Vollgraff also at the University of Edinburgh – no proof or reference can be found to substantiate this statement.)

Georgiana, arrived in 1873 accompanied by her mother to take up a post as principal of the Good Hope Seminary in the Gardens. (Her mother was remotely related to Jessie Matthews, wife of Edward Solomon, Saul's younger brother who was a missionary), This school was established on 4 October 1873 by the Rev. Andrew Murray of the Dutch Reformed Church in Hopeville Lodge, Gardens by a committee of Calvinists as a first step to counter the 'Romish threat'. The contract was 12 months and renewable. Georgiana initial enthusiasm for the post faded rapidly as she found fault with every aspect of the proposed school, the accommodation, and the committee. Bearing a letter of introduction to Saul Solomon, she approached him with her predicament. He however, due to business and political pressure, could only apply his mind to her problems until December of that year.



Saul had for many years been looking for a wife, but being disabled, and a figure of just over a 1,4m in height, although a successful business man and a member of the Cape Parliament had for various reasons been rejected by several females in his pursuit for a partner. After a whirlwind romance of several days, Saul agreed to cover Georgina's repayable debts to the Good Hope Seminary as she had breached her contract with the school. They were married by

special licence on 20th March 1874 in Saul's Sea Point home Clarensville. Saul a 57-year-old and a disabled person and Georgiana a 30-year-old woman!

The lives of Saul and Georgina are recorded in many books and articles, some in glowing terms, others not so complimentary. So, we will focus on the latter part of Saul's life taking up Georgina's achievements. Saul and his immediate family were taken from Clarensville aboard the ship *Athenian* on 25 July 1888 by Georgiana, destination England – claiming Saul was mentally ill suffering a nervous breakdown. He ranted on the quayside before quickly being manhandled aboard the ship. During all this, he managed to pass a note to the purser asking him to advise his sister, Bella, of his abduction!

Saul died in England on 16 October 1892 – Georgiana was now free to pursue her new life with her dowry and inheritance.

Georgiana made several trips to South Africa, mainly to settle her husband's estate and later that of his sister Bella, who had left her estate to Georgiana. She also sold the family home and disposed of Saul's artworks and library.

Back in England she met Olive Schreiner through Saul's niece, Mary Solomon, daughter of Henry Solomon. Mary was married to Dr. John Brown (see below). While living in Fraserburg, Eastern Cape, the Browns had befriended Olive to the extent that Olive dedicated her first novel *The Story of an African Farm* to Mary Brown. Olive Schreiner travelled to England in 1881 with a view of studying medicine, at the same time as John Brown was furthering his studies in Scotland. Olive returned to South Africa in 1889.

In England, Georgiana learned of the atrocities of the Second Anglo-Boer War especially the treatment meted out to the Boer women. She decided to return to South Africa to aid communities that had suffered greatly during the war years.

In 1901 Annie Botha wife of the Boer general, Louis Botha was granted permission to travel to Europe. Whilst there, she hosted Boer generals Koos de la Rey and Christiaan de Wet as they were raising funds for war victims. Once the war ended, she returned to South Africa in 1902. It is not clear how Annie Botha and Georgiana Solomon met, whether it was in England during this time. One report states that the two ladies travelled back to South Africa on the same ship.

As the war ended, post-war problems arose. Groups of prominent women in South Africa were very concerned about the appalling social conditions that prevailed. This disquiet resulted in meetings held by leading local women around the country. In Cape Town, a gathering of fourteen women, all wives of notable church leaders, was held under the watchful eye of Mrs. Marie Koopman de Wet. This resulted in the formation of the ZACVV (Zuid-Afrikaansche Christlike Vrouwen Vereeniging) launched in September 1904 under the presidency of Elizabeth Roos. Not to be outdone, Annie Botha and Georgiana Solomon arranged for the women from the Transvaal to meet on 19 October 1904 at the home of Annie Botha. Attendees came to listen and to understand the experiences of Mrs. Annie Botha and Mrs. Georgiana Solomon.



A flattering portrait of Georgiana painted by her son, Gladstone Solomon, hangs in the Headquarters of the SAVF

The words of Mrs. Solomon: *"Met Gods hulp hopen wij, vrouwen, op geestelyk en stoffelyk gebied een seggen voor Transvaal te worden"* made a deep impression on these ladies and from the first meeting it remained the priority of the members to be supportive and offer help. From Pretoria, the idea had a ripple effect and began spreading wider as branches were established throughout rural villages and in the cities.

From these meetings the Zuid-Afrikaansche Vrouwen Federatie (SAVF) was founded, an organisation of predominantly middle-class Afrikaner women who undertook numerous welfare functions on an entirely voluntary basis. Anchoring its activities firmly on the principles of the Bible, the religious orientation of the organisation was clearly outlined in its anthem:

*'Tis glorious to carry the name of daughters of South Africa
There's work, there's work, my sisters, work for women, pious,*

*And free and strong! To serve her nation, honour her God,
O Lord, guide her Yourself, the woman, in service of her nation
In honour of her God, guide her Yourself, the woman,*

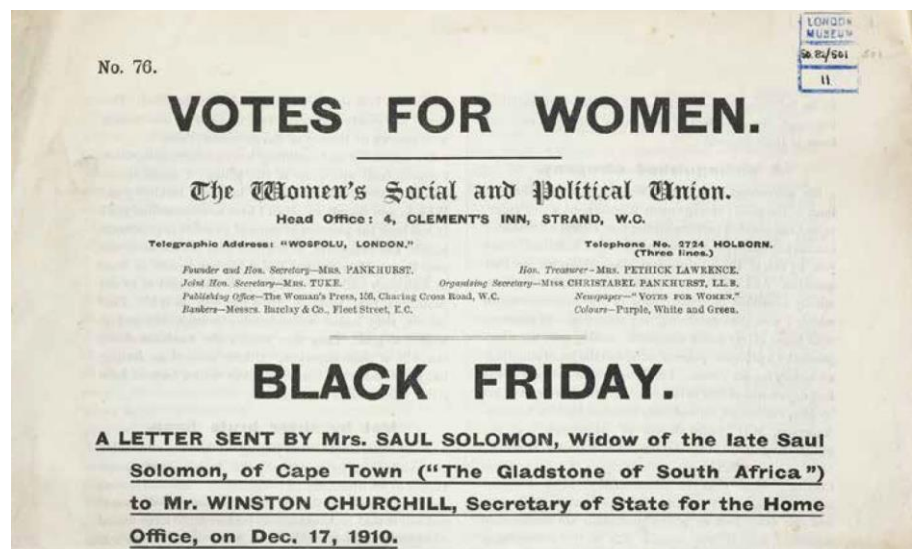
(Eisenberg,1987:57; translated)

This organisation is alive and well today and should not be confused with ACVV (renamed after the original ZACVV) founded by Elizabeth Roos in Cape Town.

Georgiana was also a member of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines' Protection Society. Upon her return to England in 1907, Georgiana was a member of the London Society for Women's Suffrage (LSWS) and, in 1908, she joined the Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU) with her daughter Daisy Solomon. One of the WSPU marches mentioned in the press of the day was an invasion of the House of Commons in London, which was described as follows: Mrs. Saul Solomon leading the deputation from London accompanied by other members of the WSPU *"as the ladies emerged from the hall the band played the 'Marseillaise' and the crowd gathering cheered loudly. In front of the party carrying the Union colours."* They were opposed by the police. Some of the women broke away from the march. *"Mrs Solomon, the leader of the deputation and a Cape Colony lady, was admitted into the House."* She demanded to see the Prime Minister, Mr Asquith. Upon being informed he was not in the House, she asked to see Colonel Seeley whom she knew personally. At the meeting he explained he would do anything in his power to assist. However conveying messages to members of the Cabinet he could not oblige. Prior to leaving the House she wrote a note on a parliament letterhead to the Premier *"Dear Sir – I have the honour to address you in writing, because I learn that you are not present in the House. I therefore am unable have the privilege of seeing you. May enclose the resolution which was deputed to lay before you by the Women's Parliament Caxton Hall, and to request that you will give the same earnest consideration."* Georgiana then left the Hall reporting her achievement to the gathered crowd watched not only by the police but also several members of the House of Lords.

The march eventually got out of hand: the mounted police charged the crowd, several ladies were hurt and several arrested. Outside Parliament, the women were treated with unexpected brutality by the police who forced them back, kicked and punched them, twisted their breasts, thrust knees between their legs and flung them to the ground. Much of the assault experienced by the women was sexual in nature.

Events of the day, subsequently called 'Black Friday' (18 November 1910), Georgiana recounted in a letter to Winston Churchill. The letter was printed in the WSPU's newspaper *Votes for Women* in January 1911 and later reprinted in pamphlet form. Churchill was Home Secretary in charge of civil order at the time of the demonstration and was held responsible for the police violence towards the women. Georgiana served one month in prison for taking part in the WSPU window-smashing campaign in 1912, but left the WSPU in 1913 over the way that Emmeline and Frederick Pethick-Lawrence had been 'ousted' by the Pankhursts from the society. She later joined the breakaway group the United Suffragists (US).

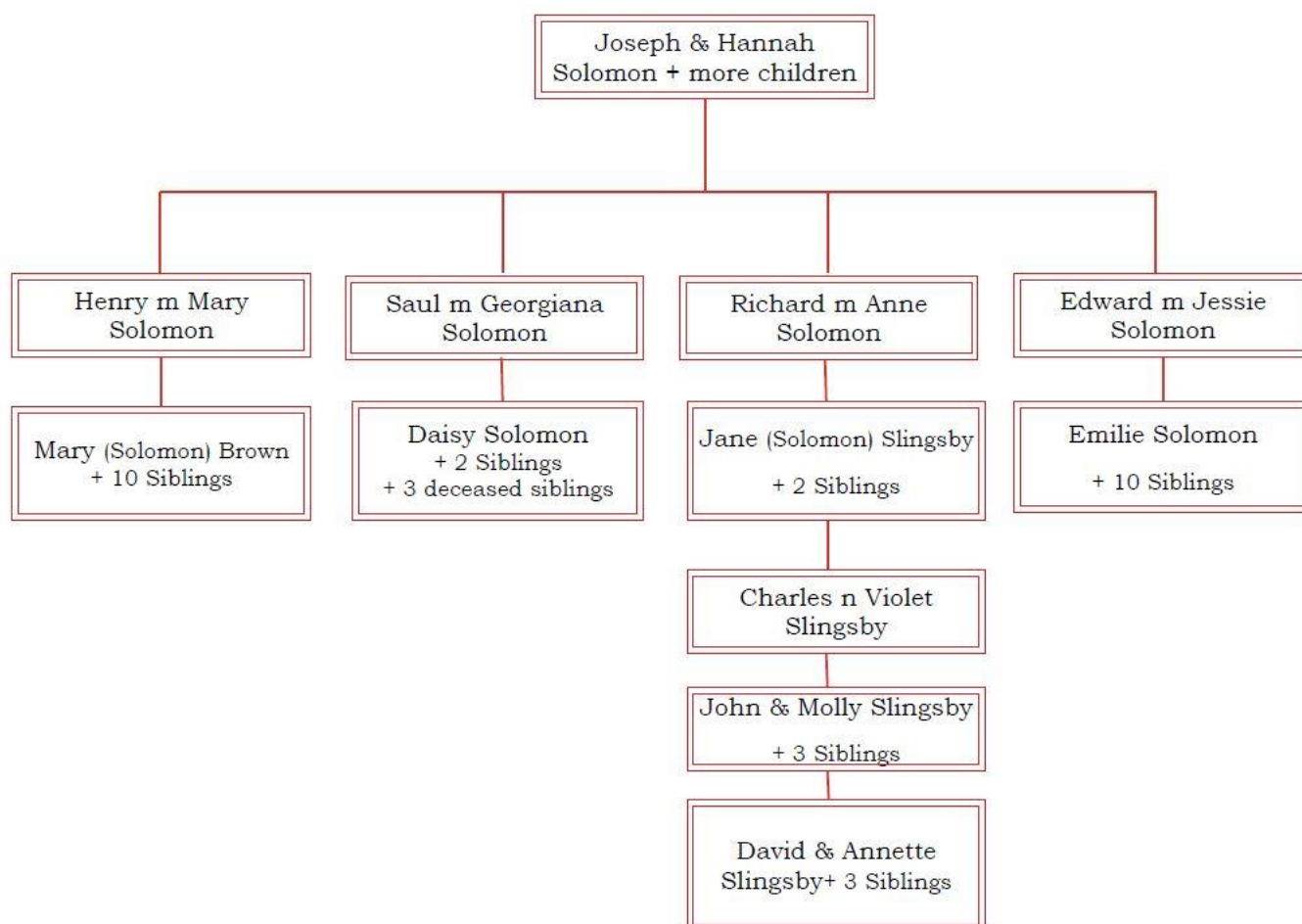


The letter is a detailed first-hand account of the appalling events of Black Friday. In it Mrs Solomon describes how the 300 'honourable women' proceeded 'in a most orderly and ladylike manner' to the House of Commons only to be met 'by the relentless engine of physical force – the Metropolitan Police – an instrument under the control of the Government.' She recalls how women were 'knocked about, tripped up, their arms and fingers twisted, their bodies doubled under, and then forcibly thrown, if indeed they did not drop stunned, on the ground'. Her own sexual assault ('I was gripped by the breast') is detailed in the context of 'younger women, women of an age to be my daughters, [who] were also assaulted in this and other repellent and equally cruel ways'. The conflict went on for many hours and Mrs Solomon was so beaten and bruised that she almost passed out. She had only just collected her 'shattered senses' when 'the police forcibly pushed [her] right into the advancing ranks of the mounted police' Georgiana's sense of

outrage at the behaviour of the police is clear, she concludes her letter with the entreaty 'Sir ... may I respectfully beg to suggest a reversal of the Government policy of "methods of barbarism" hitherto applied to Women Suffragettes.' On 4 March 1912 she began a one-month sentence in Holloway Prison for breaking nine windows in the House of Lords. The office attacked was that used by Black Rod.

She maintained her involvement in South African developments from her base in London. She offered hospitality to the visiting delegation led by William Schreiner who had come to London to press for equal suffrage for all races. She opposed the South Africa Act 1909 which limited the franchise (unlike the Cape Qualified Franchise). This is when she came to know Gandhi. She opposed the Natives Land Act, 1913, thinking the colour bar un-British.

Georgiana passed away 14 June 1933 and is buried with her husband Saul in Eastbourne, England.



A partial family tree showing where David Slingsby fits in.

DAISY DOROTHEA SOLOMON (1882–1978)

In 1906, Daisy was the joint branch secretary of the WSPU Hampstead branch but resigned in 1913. Research by Elizabeth Crawford, suffrage researcher, during 2019 has identified that in 1910, Solomon's brother William E. Gladstone Solomon's banner representing the new political equality of the sexes, with a man and woman and wording *'the old order changeth'*, giving place to new' for the North West London WSPU was unfurled at the branch premises, and Daisy Solomon may be one of the holders standing in the *Kilburn Times* image. The large banner was marched in the *'Prison to Citizenship'* procession on 17 June 1910. *Votes for Women*, the WSPU newsletter recommended the day before this event *'Let no local women miss the chance of walking in the great Procession under Mr W.E. Gladstone Solomon's most beautiful banner'*.

"The old order changeth"
Banner painted by Daisy's
brother Gladstone Solomon





Daisy and other women arriving at No. 10 after being 'posted' – note the postman on the left

On 23 February 1909, Jessie Kenney took Daisy and Elspeth McClelland to the Strand Post Office and paid three-pence to have them 'posted' to the Prime Minister at Number 10 Downing Street the day before the Women's Parliament meeting in Caxton Hall.

This made headline news in the *Daily Mirror*, whose reporter had been alerted. After that meeting a delegation including Daisy tried again to approach the Prime Minister, while he was dining out, and twenty-seven women were arrested with leader Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence. For Daisy and others like Constance Lytton, Caprina Fahey, Rose Lamartine Yates, and Sarah Carwin, this was their first arrest for activism.

The *Cape Times* 16 May 1978 published the following report (the original account appeared in the *Christian Commonwealth* of August 1909. It was sent to the *Cape Times* Women's page by Eric Rosenthal: "*I had the pleasure of walking with our well-known delegate from Glasgow, a lady of 79 years of age. We managed to*

reach Palace Yard and there police were so rough that they succeeded in knocking both of us down'. Daisy was arrested when she refused to move on till she had helped up her elderly companion. She was taken to Cannon Row police station, let out on bail for the night and the next day was sentenced to a month's imprisonment in Holloway prison for: "wilfully obstructing the police." With other suffragettes she was taken to prison in a "Black Maria." "*Of course, we could not see out but I shall never forget the delight when all of a sudden I heard a tremendous cheer from all our friends outside and many a time it rang in my ears during my month of captivity.*" Prison clothes were far from glamorous. Coarse underclothing, green serge skirt and blouse were marked all over with arrows. Even after sticking to advice to turn the stockings inside out so as to have the smooth side next to the skin, she found the irritation great, her shoes were so big she was afraid of walking out of them during exercise. Daisy was known as Prisoner 23 and was kept in a cell which had a table, wooden chair, and a plank bed against the wall. The prisoners were woken at 5.30 a.m., the diet was a vegetarian one of sweet tea and a small brown loaf for breakfast, hot milk, a hard-boiled egg, bread, potatoes and other vegetables for lunch; cocoa with 'thick grease on top' and bread for supper. During the morning and afternoon Daisy sat in the hall and made either nightgowns or knitted men's socks. A bath once a week broke the routine. "*The baths were in a disgraceful condition; they were so dirty. We petitioned the Home Secretary but he refused.*" "*There is only one thing that makes it possible to go through with it, and that is the hope that it may help in some little way towards the uplifting of the womanhood of the country.*" To Daisy the rule of silence was one

of the most gruesome. She wrote "*we as a body decided that we would not keep this rule, and although several of our number were punished receiving two days solitary confinement, in the end the authorities simply had to wink at us whispering now and again during associated labour.*"



"SUFFRAGETTES" WHO WERE IMPRISONED, AT A REUNION DINNER OF "MILITANTS": (BACK ROW, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) MISS DAISY SOLOMON, MISS NINA BOYLE, MRS. MATTERS-PORTER, MRS. BILLINGTON-GREIG; (FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT) MRS. MANSELL-MOULLIN, MRS. PETHICK-LAWRENCE, MRS. ELSA GYE (BEHIND), MISS SYLVIA PANKHURST, MRS. HOW MARTIN, MISS ANNA MUNRO, AND MRS. HICKS-BULL.

Her term of imprisonment set her thinking about the prison system. She questioned whether it needed to be reformed. She

was however glad to have been in prison *“I realise that I have received my baptism to work for the uplifting of womanhood; that I have gained in moral courage; that my powers of endurance have been strengthened: and that adverse criticism no longer affects me as it did before. One comes out of prison knowing that the suffering for others is essential to the formation of character and to the furtherance of a great cause.”*

While women in Great Britain were enfranchised in 1918, Daisy had to wait until 1928 to see them all granted electoral equality. In South Africa white women were given the vote in 1930. Upon her release she wrote a report on her experiences – this resulted in reforms within the prison service.

By 1915, Daisy had joined the Hampstead and Golders Green branch of the United Suffragists, as joint secretary and was in communication with other suffragists such as Charlotte Despard. In 1918, she became literature secretary of the British Dominions’ Women’s Citizens Union, attending an international conference in Paris in 1923. In 1928, she took over as secretary of the British Commonwealth League, and explained the South African situation where the women were doing a considerable amount of social and welfare work. She also explained that in South Africa there was no extended parliamentary enfranchisement and none of the political parties endorsed suffragism. At that time women could vote for local councils and there were a small number of women councillors and even one female mayor. Daisy explained that the racial situation was hampering any progress and she felt that the British suffragists should be sympathetic and support the South African women in their struggle.

Back in SA she served on the Parliamentary Committee of the National Council of Women and as Chair of the Olive Schreiner Scholarship Fund before becoming its treasurer in 1957. She was a regular attendee at the Cape Town Orchestra as well as opera and ballet performances.

Daisy Solomon and her elder brother lived in St James after the war (WW2) – as family we were dragged in our ‘Sunday best’ clothes to visit – a dark house with heavy Victorian-type furniture. Of course, we were threatened on pain of death to behave. At that point in my life, I was not much interested in family matters, but at least I can say I met Daisy Solomon.

Daisy passed away peacefully on 6 May 1978 in Rondebosch, looked after by Billy Solomon, a nephew, and his wife Diana.

M J GRANT

M.J. Grant, known as Peggy, was Daisy’s distant cousin who lived opposite her in St James at a property known at that time as “Ambleside” – a beautiful home on Main Road St James. She, like many of my family, were staunch members of the ‘Black Sash’. Founded in 1955, a small group of white middle-class women (predominantly English-speaking) formed an organisation called the ‘Women’s Defence of the Constitution League’. The organisation grew into an avenue for liberal women to oppose government policies by means of marches, convoys, demonstrations and vigils. It came to be called the Black Sash because the women wore black sashes over one shoulder as they stood to demonstrate against discriminatory legislation. It was initially formed to protest against the Separate Representation of Voters Bill, a ploy by the government to remove Coloureds from the common voters’ roll.

I remember my mother going off to Cape Town by train, and coming home full of indignation one day after standing on the steps of Parliament, as one of the Nat MPs had insulted her, The Black Sash is still operating today.



MARY BROWN (néé Solomon)

Mary was the third daughter of Henry Solomon, elder brother of Saul. She had a great love of her Uncle Saul and would spend many hours in the Clarensville library.

In 1869 she married Dr. John Brown a young Scots doctor who took her to live in Fraserburg. While in Fraserburg, the Browns met Olive Schreiner’s older sister Alice Hemming and her husband Robert. This led to a lifelong friendship between Mary and Olive.



After a few years at Fraserburg, John decided to further his studies in Edinburgh so with Mary and children William and Ray, they spent some time there. Once qualified, John and family settled in Burnley where in partnership with James Mackenzie (later Sir James) he built up a large medical practice. Burnley, Lancashire in those days was a busy manufacturing city. Finding an affinity with the rough working-class people, she offered her help alleviating their suffering. Whilst the Browns were living at Burnley, Olive Schreiner sent them the manuscript of *The Story of an African Farm*, and asked them to help find a publisher for the novel. The Browns sent the manuscript to an Edinburgh friend with publishing connections, but who made various recommendations for alterations. After Olive had brought the revised manuscript to Britain in person and after a series of rejections from publishers, Schreiner finally secured its publication herself with Chapman & Hall. When the second edition of *The Story of an African Farm* was published 1883, Schreiner dedicated it to 'Mrs John Brown', and in an 1887 letter to Mary she commented, '*The book always seems to belong half to you & Dr Brown.*' The extremely religious and conventional Mary Brown was in fact at the time disapproving of the book's contents, as her letters to Schreiner's oldest sister Katie Findlay make clear.

The Browns returned to South Africa in 1898 and settled in Rosebank, Cape Town, Mary worked for the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and then later for the Women's Enfranchisement League in Cape Town and the National Council of Women, playing a major part in the founding of the House of Bethany and the Marion Institute. Mary's eyesight deteriorated badly with age, and she eventually became virtually blind. She died in her sleep on 16 January 1935.

EMILIE SOLOMON

Born in Beford (Eastern Cape) on 9 June 1858 youngest daughter of Rev. Edward Solomon. Died 10 Apr 1939 at age 80 in Southampton, Hampshire, England. Her ashes are interred in Mowbray Cemetery Cape Town.

Cape Argus: 11 April 1939:

DEATH OF MISS EMILIE (Jane) SOLOMON

ONE OF SOUTH AFRICA'S GREATEST WOMEN WORKERS

Three of Emilie's brothers were knighted (Sir Edward, Sir Richard, and Sir William) but Jan Smuts stated in a foreword to her biography that "I am not sure that the sister Emilie was not in some ways the pick of the bunch" (*Emilie Solomon*, by JG Carson: Juta and Co., 1941).

Emilie had no extensive formal education, but did attend a school founded by her father. Later she went to the Good Hope Seminary in Cape Town. She qualified as a primary school teacher and took a special course in the Huguenot College, Wellington before extending her studies in Chicago U.S.A. in 1893–94. Returning to SA she was appointed principal of the Girls High School in Riversdale, and in 1906, moved from that post to be instructor in needlework in the Cape Education Dept. She remained in the Department until 1912, when the constant travelling involved in the work, and the inferior quality of the hotels in which she was obliged to live, taxed her strength too far, and she retired.



Thereafter she devoted herself to the life she loved – the life of a social worker helping less privileged persons. As a child Emilie often accompanied her father to the annual assemblies of the Congregational Church to which he was twice elected chairperson. In these meetings she imbibed that liberal spirit which recognised no differences between men and women, offering equal opportunities for service to all. This sense of equality became part of her being and

made it natural that she should work hard for the enfranchisement of women, which she did as a very active member of the Women's Enfranchisement League which existed till South African women won the vote.

Emilie devoted herself to the affairs of the Congregational Church and was the Founder and First President of the Congregational Women's Federation of South Africa. She was Vice-President of the South African National Council of Women, Chair of the Peninsula Church Council of the Congregational Church and at the age of 76 had the distinction of being elected the first woman Chair of the Congregational Union of South Africa. Involved as she was in all these religious and social works, one might have expected Emilie to be a dry, narrow, and unsmiling person. That was far from the case. She was devoted to the young, was active, lovable, and cheerful. As a hostess she was incomparable, always approachable, broad minded and possessed a delightful sense of humour.

On one occasion when a family photograph was to be taken at cousin Saul's house in Johannesburg, the latter, with Emilie's position as Vice-President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in mind, jokingly placed a bottle of whiskey at her feet as she sat in the front row.

Not a bit abashed Emilie placed her foot on the top of the bottle, remarking "That's the proper place for it."

LYNN SLINGSBY



One of my cousins Lynn Slingsby (now Van Rooyen) daughter of Richard Solomon Slingsby obviously had the correct name for being part of the UCT protests. Now a proud granny she lives with her family in Canada.

"Seventy five University of Cape Town students appeared in the Wynberg Magistrates court, yesterday on charges of attending a gathering prohibited in terms of the Riotous Assemblies Act. Their appearance follows a march by students along Klipfontein Road, Mowbray on Thursday afternoon. No evidence was presented and the case was postponed until 12 October – bail of R30.00 was fixed. Mr G.A. Deil was on the bench, Miss J.M. le Roux appeared for the State. The majority of the students were represented by Mr. M.D. Emmett."

Lynn comments: "we were charged and had to pay R50.00 admission of guilt. I do have a record and had to explain it to the Canadian immigration official during our interview. His

answer – **Welcome to Canada!"**

For this interesting article David used many and various sources including:

Saul Solomon's Life - Peter Ralph Coates

The Solomon's - Alan Solomon

Saul Solomon - W.E.G. Solomon

PhD thesis from UCT - Majijka du Toit

Georgiana Solomon - Heléne Vollgraff

Cape Times 16 May 1978

Family Papers

Internet Images The Solomon's, Saul Solomon, Internet

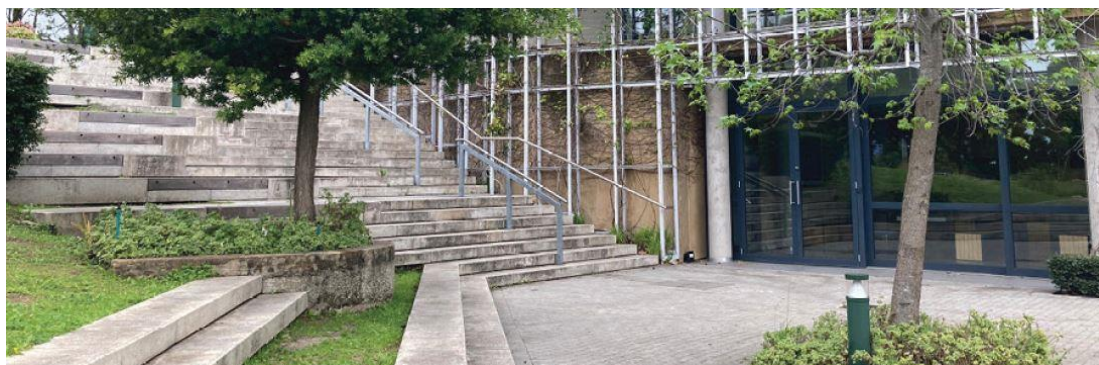
TOUR OF UCT WITH THE GSSA FOR HERITAGE MONTH

John Robinson



On 23 September about 30 people from the GSSA and Cape Town Family History Society were treated to an historical tour of UCT, led by Hugh Amoore, retired Registrar of UCT. Thanks to all the folk who braved the very cold conditions and to the GSSA and CTFHS for organising this tour and to Mr Hugh Amoore for being such a knowledgeable tour guide. Having spent so many years as Registrar, Mr Amoore has a deep knowledge of the history of UCT.

Hugh led us along University Avenue, which passes many of the very historical UCT buildings dating to the origins of UCT on its current campus, as well as some of the more recent buildings. Hugh gave us details of the various architects who designed the buildings. Of course, UCT has its origins at its first campus in the Gardens. The current Little Theatre in the Gardens was one of the earliest UCT buildings. Hugh explained that the original idea was for University Avenue to be a straight road, but that it eventually became a curved road, which is aesthetically more pleasing.



We started at a recently constructed building, which is a state-of-the-art lecture theatre, built very cleverly so as to maximise the space in which it is situated. A feature of this lecture theatre is that every student has access to

a power point, situated at each seat, to power their laptops. The entire campus has WiFi access, which in this day and age is essential.



The second building at which we briefly stopped was the previous Education Faculty (now the Humanities Building). This was designed by Revel Fox and is not an attractive building, but

functional, apparently characteristic of the 1960s. I cannot remember the sequence of all the other

There is a functional post office still in use with an Edwardian post box in front of it. We passed the Leslie Building, noticing that there is a strange chemical reaction between the cement and the metal reinforcing, which is causing some damage, not only to this building but to some others. There is a small statue of Nelson Mandela above the pediments of one of the buildings.

buildings, but here is what I remember!

Near the old Fuller Women's Residence there is a small statuette with the faces of four well-known UCT figures from the past. Hugh pointed out the fire damage which UCT recently suffered. He mentioned that, although very serious, the fire did not destroy as many historical collections as originally thought. For example, the priceless Rudyard Kipling collection was not damaged, although situated very close to the fire. Hugh mentioned well-known figures from the past, such as Beattie, Fuller, Harry Oppenheimer, who was Chancellor for many years and was very supportive and hands-on as Chancellor.

Special mention was made of RW James, a previous Vice-Chancellor, who was a member of Shackleton's famous expedition to the South Pole. Mention was also made of the Bolus Botany Library, which was refurbished using the teak from the original building. Hugh mentioned a special UCT achievement in the 1930s, namely the creation of the very first pregnancy test, which is now used world-wide.

Also, some of the rock samples from the moon were analysed at UCT! One of the previous Chancellors was Edward, Prince of Wales, who had to relinquish his position as Chancellor to become King. Another very interesting snippet of information was that the famous JRR Tolkien, who was Bloemfontein-born, was one of the applicants for the Head of the Classics Department (if I remember correctly). One of the previous Vice-Chancellors, Richard Luyt, was very friendly with some African leaders, including Dr Kenneth Kaunda.

The Spanish Flu epidemic in 1918 was a very difficult time in UCT's history, as was the Second World War. Another challenge was the move from the campus in the Gardens to the current position in Rondebosch. The famous Jameson Hall has been renamed the Sarah Baartman Hall. Apparently, Leander Starr Jameson, leader of the infamous Jameson Raid, didn't really have much to do with UCT anyway. Hugh mentioned there was unfortunately polarisation among English and Afrikaans speaking students and staff in the 1940s, another big challenge faced by UCT. Apparently, the Stellenbosch Medical Faculty had not yet been established, so Afrikaans-speaking students attended UCT to study medicine. Of course, the famous heart transplant operation in the 1960s really put UCT on the map.

Hugh pointed out one of the early lecture theatres, which has been beautifully redone, keeping the original facade. We went inside this building. Near the Jameson steps, with the beautiful view overlooking Cape Town, we stopped at a plaque commemorating the old historical buildings on this part of campus.



This spot also overlooks the UCT War Memorial, near which there is a small plaque of some sort which commemorates the first turning of the soil when the construction of UCT on this site began. Hugh mentioned that the architect first appointed to design the campus sadly took his own life, possibly precipitated by the huge financial challenges of the construction of the UCT buildings. At the outset the plan was for Jameson Hall to have a dome on top, but this was scrapped due to cost factors. The UCT buildings have varied architectural styles, some more attractive than others, depending on when they were built, on financial considerations and on who the architect was.

I have done my best to give a summary of the tour which was very enjoyable, but please note that some of my memories and facts given above may not be accurate. Please accept my apologies for any incorrect information.

Thank you. John Robertson, 27 September 2023

The original appeared in the GSSA Newsletter for Oct and is reproduced with both the author and the GSSA permission.

"I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT!"

Lucille Le Roux

Do not believe everything you read even on gravestones or any documents in the Archives or on websites. It depends on the person who gave the info or who filled in the forms. Church register dates are usually correct except the spelling of names ... as not all scribes could spell well. I am going to show you several discrepancies that I found during my research.

Example 1

The gravestone shows

Elizabeth born 30 June 1873 Thomas born 22 May 1861

The birthdates are wrong and can be proved by baptism records

Proof	the <i>Doopeel</i>	Thomas born	22 May 1860
Proof	Baptism	Elizabeth born	30 June 1871

Example 2 Discrepancy

Marriage certificate shows name as **Winifred Mabel Roberts**

Proof Baptism **Mabel Winifred Roberts**

Example 3

Death Notice not correctly completed

Theodore Allan Steenkamp birthdate shown as **5 July 1909**

Proof Baptism certificate **Theodore Allan Steenkamp born 5 July 1908**

Allan's mother **Elizabeth Emma (nee Warwick) Steenkamp** lost her husband **Willem Steenkamp** on 24 Oct 1918, her brother **Alfred Warwick** on 8 Nov 1918 and her father **Thomas Warwick** on 10 Dec 1918.

Example 4 Gravestone reads **Michael David SILKS**

Proof Born 15 Aug 1876 Baptised 15 Sept 1876

Baptised **David Michael SILK** with no "s" on end

Always known as Michael David SILKS on Marriage Certificate as well.

Example 5 Discrepancy

My husband Errol's father's death certificate had the incorrect death date given by the very old doctor at the Old Age Home.

He did not die on the Friday 17th.

Errol and his sister had visited his father on Saturday afternoon 18 Nov 2006 and he was very much alive.

Noel Peter Le Roux died at 22.55pm

Lucille sent me images of all the graves and documents as proof of the errors but shortage of space prevents me including them here.

Editor's Discussion on discrepancies in records:

Lucille brings up some interesting points. We could divide the 'errors' into date errors and name errors. All her examples are from South Africa and the earliest was in 1860s but I have been thinking more generally about discrepancies. I have already written an article about why people lie about their age on Marriage Certificates. Before the legal requirement of registration of BMDs, birth dates would only be needed when the parents brought the child for baptism and errors could easily occur when the child was born: "Was it after midnight, thus on the 22nd or before midnight thus on the 21st?" If the parents were uneducated and perhaps bywoners on a farm a long way from the nearest small town with a church, by the time they could get to town, the birth was merely a distant memory and thus a 'made-up' date given.

As far as names go, I agree with Lucille that some of the church scribes of the NGK perhaps being unable to spell very accurately, but this also applies in 'Oxbridge' educated Anglican clergy who suddenly must write down Afrikaans/Dutch names given by parents who can't help by spelling the name. I remember seeing a very strange-looking name in one

of the St Paul's Registers. The parents were a domestic servant and a labourer - obviously unable to spell. They gave the child's name and their surname to the minister and he spelt it phonetically as he heard it. I realised that when I said to the Parish Secretary, "Look at this weird name..." and said it out loud as I saw it, and realised that I had just given a fairly common Afrikaans name but not what was **spelt** in the register.

First names can be a disaster: "Although called Alice Ellen she was always called Ellen because her mother was Alice." So, the marriage ceremony was "Ellen, do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband..." The same applies to Death Notices and at funerals. Once I was doing a funeral for a non-churchgoing family at the undertaker's chapel, I had his full name on the form and thought I best do the Committal with his full name and not his nickname. Halfway through the prayer, a man stood up and said, "His name is Jono, not Peter Jonathan."

I have been watching Michael Portillo's TV programme of railway journeys around the UK. He spoke about how, until the arrival of the railways, there was no need for a countrywide uniformity of times. If it was 10am in London, did it matter that in Oxford it was only 9:45? In fact, this still happens today. During lockdown I watched services from Christchurch Cathedral, Oxford and before the service started, they had a notice on the screen saying: "Service starts at 09:35 UK time and 09:30 Oxford time." When the railways came, a universal time (within the UK) was required so that train timetables could be made. If that casual attitude applied to time, did it not apply to dates as well? Especially among our good friends, the Ag. Labs. (agricultural labourers) who could not read or write. Because Sunday was the only day-off they got, they would know the days of the weeks but with early records say pre1837 and BMD registrations, they might get the month but getting the number for the day right was more of a battle.

Death Notices and gravestones were notoriously unreliable, often a year either way for births and deaths. The people ordering the stone are usually the children and often quite resentful at the price they have to pay for it (after all, it comes out of their inheritance!). So, when the stonemason makes a typo, do they complain? Sometimes not.

I suppose what I am saying is that all the data on a person was recorded by other human beings who make mistakes. If, like Lucille, you can find other documents to prove that Document A was right and Document B was wrong, that is great. But in the back of my mind is a little man saying, "How do you know that? Can't Document B be right and Document A wrong?"

That opens another debate on which document carries more significance. Is someone (a lawyer, perhaps) interested in writing about that for March Newsletter?

I want to tell you about an error of names I found on a gravestone in St Paul's Graveyard. Well, actually not so much on the gravestone itself but in the excellent book *Tombstones and Transcripts* published by the Western Cape Branch of the SA Archaeological Society. I have not been to see if it is a badly worn stone which led to the error or the person taking down the details, but the fact that it appears in the book means this error could go on for many generation searching for the Gibson family history.



In the book the transcript said that the parents of the child buried in the grave (no name found on tombstone or perhaps also worn away – the condition was bad when the stone text was transcribed and maybe it is even worse today) were 'Major John William Gibson of the Madras [sic –no regiment name given] and his wife Petronella.' I thought, 'Maybe the child was baptised at St Paul's'. But I could not find any Gibsons baptised in Rondebosch. I searched the burial register and found a Gabrielle Hortense Congreve Gibson buried as well as a Frank Ritherdon Cressingham Frederick GIBSON and James Kidney [sic]

The Gibson Grave at St Paul's Rondebosch. As one can see, the writing is in poor condition. No wonder the transcriber made errors.

Gibson.



Now the transcript in the book, taken from the tombstone says: 'Erected in the memory of the beloved and amiable child by her sorrowful parents Captain Thomas William Gibson of the Madras and of Petronella his wife.' So, it was a young daughter not a son or adult buried there. This just left Gabrielle Hortense Congreve Gibson, so this must be the little one who died.

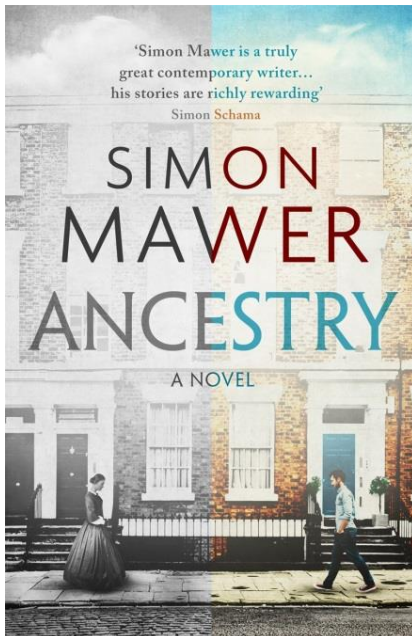
A search on the Mormon site, www.familysearch.org gave me a baptism of a Gabrielle Hortense Congreve Gibson in Port Alfred in the Albany district. But what was more significant was the names of the parents in the baptism register were Thomas **Wheatley** Gibson of

the Madras Infantry and his wife **Isabella**.

So, two errors there Major Thomas Wheatley (not William) Gibson and his wife Isabella not Petronella. This opened a huge and interesting family where Gabrielle's siblings ended up scattered around the British Empire: South Africa, Ceylon, Australia and Canada.

BOOK REVIEW

Anne Marie Bury



Simon Mawer, *Ancestry: A Novel*, first published in Great Britain in 2022 by Little, Brown.

Paperback edition: published in Great Britain in 2023 by Abacus Books.

Paperback ISBN 978-0-349-14497-9

R290 at Exclusive Books (subject to change)

<http://www.simonmawer.com>

<https://www.theguardian.com/books/2022/aug/01/ancestry-a-novel-by-simon-mawer-review-one-for-all-the-family>

With a title like *Ancestry*, of course I grabbed this book off the shelf during a recent foray to the bookshop. I have just finished it and feel compelled to urge you all to read it. This is the story of Simon Mawer's ancestors, based on historical facts and evidence such as we all find in census lists and newspapers – the bare bones of our ancestors' lives. But for anyone who has ever wondered what of their lives beyond the facts, what the texture of their lives was, how they spoke, what else was at play ... this is the book for you. Mawer (pronounced MOR) fleshes out his stories with intuition and an uncanny ability to step into his ancestors' shoes, writing a very plausible account of their experiences. *Ancestry: A Novel* is dedicated to two of his paternal great-great-grandmothers, whose lives

spanned 1827 to 1908. We are empathically shown what the lives of women of those times could be like, being the wife of a seaman and of a British soldier, whose last posting was to serve in the Crimean War. For me, this book was so personal as one of my paternal ancestors sailed around Cape Horn three times, or so family legend has it, and a maternal ancestor – Rev Peter Batchelor – was a Methodist preacher in the Crimea. A PhD thesis I found tells me more about my ancestor:

Peter Batchelor, a missionary in Mysore returning home, was diverted to the Crimea and had the distinction of being the first Wesleyan minister "on active service". He had no status beyond being granted free passage on the instructions of Lord Panmure, Secretary of State for War, and quarters and rations were found for him out of charity by the Anglican chaplain in Scutari. Rule comments, not altogether kindly: The change from the exhaustion of an Indian mission to the horrid grandeur of a

campaign was too violent for our impoverished chaplain to sustain. Happily for him the war ended soon after his landing and he returned forthwith without fairly coming into use."

[In a footnote] *Rule, op cit, pp 33–4. To be completely fair to Batchelor it should be added that the 1854 Wesleyan Methodist Missionary report records that he was given leave of absence from the District for the recovery of his health. Though the sail to and from India was regarded as good for one's health – and Roman Catholic priests were to be regularly put on troop ship duties forty years on for this express reason – hospital duties in Scutari would be unlikely to assist Batchelor's recovery.*

[The thesis continued] *Batchelor in the Crimea in 1856 is the bench-mark. He was a missionary returning from India, who interrupted his journey to be given by the Secretary of State for War free passage to the Crimea and permission to be in the campaign. It was only with the charitable assistance of the Anglican chaplain at Scutari, however, that Batchelor found himself recognised in General Orders, given quarters and a building for services.**

It is desperate reading, Mawer's descriptions of the conditions faced by soldiers in the Crimea, and he uses contemporary newspaper reports as the basis of those chapters, drawing some connections between his father's own experience in WWII and his great-great-grandfather's journey to the battlefields.

There is also Mawer's treatment of a snippet of family history that was given to him by a cousin, which he unpicks and researches and finally comes to a very plausible story.

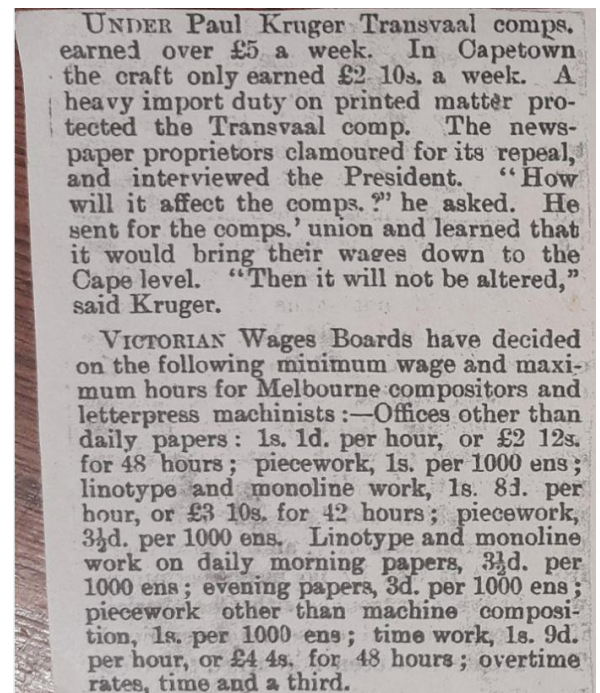
I read this book as historical fiction, yet also historical non-fiction, and finally as an excellent piece of story-telling. *Ancestry: A Novel* is definitely going onto my shelf of inspiring reference books for my family history endeavours.

* Source: John Handby Thompson, CB. MA. "The Free Church Army Chaplain 1830–1930." PhD Thesis in Department of History, University of Sheffield. Submitted October 1990.

COMPOSITORS

Often little bits of information add to our family history and help to make it more 'rounded': that is, not just a collection of facts about births marriages and deaths. An Australian friend of Diana Berwyn-Taylor sent her a newspaper cutting about conditions of employment of printer-compositors in the Cape and the Transvaal during President Kruger's time.

The friend's father was returning to Australia after WW1 and called at the Cape. Jessie GIBSON's father worked in the Labour and Industry Department of the New South Wales government and was therefore interested in fairness of labour practices.



UNDER Paul Kruger Transvaal comps. earned over £5 a week. In Capetown the craft only earned £2 10s. a week. A heavy import duty on printed matter protected the Transvaal comp. The newspaper proprietors clamoured for its repeal, and interviewed the President. "How will it affect the comps.?" he asked. He sent for the comps.' union and learned that it would bring their wages down to the Cape level. "Then it will not be altered," said Kruger.

VICTORIAN Wages Boards have decided on the following minimum wage and maximum hours for Melbourne compositors and letterpress machinists:—Offices other than daily papers: 1s. 1d. per hour, or £2 12s. for 48 hours; piecework, 1s. per 1000 ens; linotype and monoline work, 1s. 8d. per hour, or £3 10s. for 42 hours; piecework, 3½d. per 1000 ens. Linotype and monoline work on daily morning papers, 3½d. per 1000 ens; evening papers, 3d. per 1000 ens; piecework other than machine composition, 1s. per 1000 ens; time work, 1s. 9d. per hour, or £4 4s. for 48 hours; overtime rates, time and a third.

TWO KUHVELT PAINTINGS

(of no value, except for good memories)

Paul Schlaphoff

Both of my parents, each the youngest of their families plus my sister and myself were born in Claremont, Cape Town.

My father George (Jeff) Robert Schlaphoff, was the 9th out of 11 children, 2 of whom died shortly after birth, making him the youngest. He was born on 2 April 1908 (died July 1968) in his family's newly built home on the corners of Cook, St Michael and St Leger Roads when the farm 'Keurboom' was sub-divided. His father had arrived in Cape Town from East London in 1902 to establish the New Apostolic Church in Cape Town – but that's another story!

My mother Stella Clelland, was the youngest of 11 children born in Heather Street, Claremont on 24 December 1912 (died June 1987). Her father came from the suburb 'Govan' in Glasgow, arriving in Cape Town in 1881. I have his book *Rambles Round Kilmarnock* printed in 1875 where he dated the front endpaper on sailing and the back one when arriving – again another story.

My sister, born in Ranelagh Road on 20 May 1938 is 9 years older than me, born on 9 March 1947 in Cook Street.

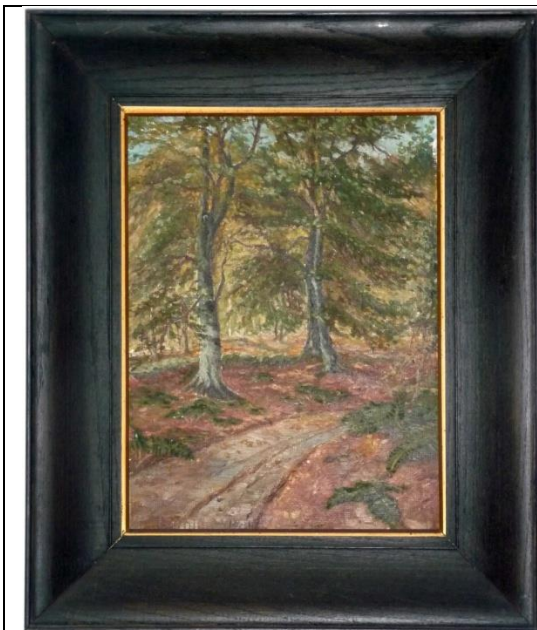
The Paintings

In early 1937 with my parents living in Ranelagh Road, a newly married couple, Bill and Bertha Hinrichsen, had relocated from Windhoek in South West Africa to Cape Town. My parents had met them before their move and offered to lodge them while their house was being built. My sister was born while the Hinrichsens were still boarding with my parents and they became her godparents.

Bertha had been adopted as a young girl and her stepfather had been an amateur landscape painter. She presented my parents with a painting from her father of a tree in the Black Forest in Germany for the newly born infant.

Then some years later the roles reversed, and my parent boarded with the Hinrichsens while their new house was being built. Shortly after moving into the Cook Street house, I was born. The Hinrichsens also became my godparents and presented the family with another painting, but this one depicted a tree from the dry Windhoek landscape.

When my sister and much later I married, our parents gave us the paintings to hang in our homes. Unfortunately, my widowed sister is in an old age home and I now have both paintings. The children can decide on ownership when we are gone.



Far left: from the
Black Forest

Left: a Windhoek
landscape

WHERE ON EARTH WERE YOU BORN?!

If you think you were born in an exotic place, then why not tell us about it and add some of your family details and maybe a long-lost distant cousin will see and a 'brick wall' may come down!

The following members have submitted their stories for this Newsletter.

I am **Cherie WRIGHT** born **HAWES**. I was born in Cape Town on 26 June 1959. My parents were **Irvine** and **Joy HAWES**. Joy's maiden name was **HOWELLS** and she, too, was born in Cape Town. Irvine was born in Port Elizabeth in the Eastern Cape. The **HAWES** family found themselves in **Port Elizabeth** although my grandfather was born in Walvis Bay (an enclave of the Cape Province surrounded by German South West Africa). He was evacuated with his parents and siblings from Walvis in 1914, when there was a danger of the small, isolated settlement being invaded by the German forces. My great-grandfather was the jetty superintendent in Walvis Bay, and went on to work in the harbour in Port

Elizabeth. My grandfather followed in his father's footsteps, working for SA Railways & Harbours until he reached the position of captain of the tug, the **S G Stephens**. The family were based in Cape Town and lived in the old stone house (#6/7 Portswood Road) that is today used as the offices of the Protea Breakwater Lodge. (The hotel building was originally built as a British prison in 1859.) My maternal



S. G. Stephens – tug in Cape Town Harbour

grandfather arrived in South Africa from London in

1920, his ancestry being from Wales and South-East England.

My name is Una (birth surname: Batchelder; married surname: Kyriacos)

I was **born** in 1951 in Youngsfield, Wynberg, Cape.

My **Mother** was **Christina Johanna Petronella Conradie** (born 1914 on the farm Rietvlei in Montagu); my **Father** was **Frederick Warren Batchelder** (born 1906, Woodstock). Tragically, the wrong birth certificate was issued to him when applied for in 1942 (followed by 2 other incorrect ones) which he used all his life until he died in 1962 (thanks for the help from Derek Pratt who got me started at the National Archives, and then Steven Whyte who followed up with the amazing details of the truth – as it unfolds ...). Father was **not** born on 21 January but on 10 February. His father was **not** Frederick Batchelor from England; his mother was **not** Emily Elizabeth Burgess from England). His father was **Arthur Asher Batchelder** from England; his mother was **Sophia Margaret FLETCHER (born NORDSTROM)**. This means that Father's POW records received from the International Committee of the Red Cross are factually correct about the Italian and German camps he was in, but his personal details are incorrect. Where to start to fix all this?



Background: My parents got married one week before he was shipped off to the Suez Canal to 'participate' in WW11. Mother was a nursing sister at Groote Schuur Hospital but got a post in Worcester. When he was expatriated to Cape Town from the UK he tried to settle back to a 'normal' life. My brother Denis Warren was born in 1946 (deceased); my sister Anita in 1948 and then me. Mother joined the defence force as a nursing sister when Father had a stroke 3 weeks after my birth. Perhaps that is why we lived at the Youngsfield camp where I was born.

First off the mark was Lucille Le Roux



I am **Elizabeth Lucille Le Roux**. (nee Steenkamp)

I was born on 4 Feb 1946 in my grandparent's home - "Latvinia", Vineyard Road, Claremont (where Cavendish Square is today). My parents were **Theodore Allan** & **Winifred Mary Steenkamp**.

My mother's maiden name was **Smiltneek** and she was born in Claremont Cape. Her father **Jacob Smiltneek** came to South Africa from Latvia in 1899 & is progenitor of all Smiltneeks in SA.

My father **Theodore Allan** was born in **Sutherland**, his father **Willem Jacobus Steenkamp** died in the 1918 flu epidemic at 35 yrs 8mths old and his mother **Emma** (nee **Warwick**) had to raise 4 children all under 13 years on her own. (Louisa almost 13, James 11, Theo 10 & Willem 1 yr 2mths). She lost her husband, her father & her brother within a few months of each other due to the Spanish flu. She eventually moved to Claremont, Cape.

My father met the elder sister of my mother, was invited home & met & fell in love with my mother who was too young to take out at the time. So my father courted my mother for 10 years under the watchful eye of **Jacob Smiltneek**. My parents lived in Claremont most of their lives. My mother would walk to Vineyard Road to give insulin injections to my diabetic gran **Winifred** (nee **Roberts**) every day until the day she died.

For news of our End-of-Year gathering please turn to next page!

END OF YEAR SMILE!



"You found who in your family tree?"

Cape Town Family History Society December 2023 meeting: A year-end brunch

When?: Saturday 9 December at 10h30

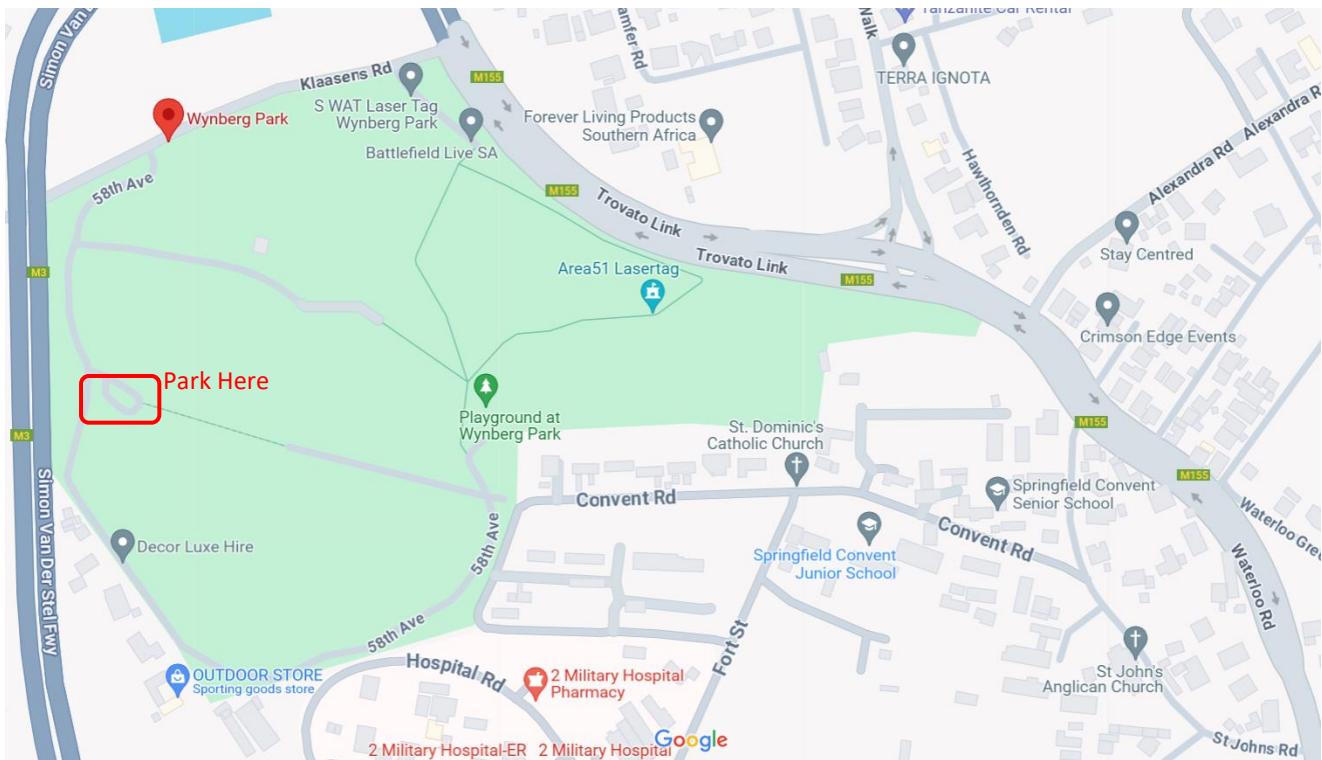
Where?: Under shady trees in Wynberg Park – see directions below.

We are not in one of the braai areas, which can get very crowded, so will not be doing any cooking on the spot.
All members, (and partners) most welcome.

What to bring: a chair, (those who can, a fold-up or camping table, which we can share); your own food and liquid refreshments. [*Wynberg Park seems to follow the general rules for public areas, so please, no alcohol.*]

Directions from the South or East: Waterloo Road runs North past St John's Road (where the Church is), and curves up the hill, becoming Trovato Link, with Wynberg Park on the left. When you see a sign saying Klaasens Road, or Chart Farm, turn left. Don't take the first turn to the parking area on the left but drive on a bit. Then, when you see a Wynberg Park sign, take the next turn to the left down a winding road, and stop in the parking area next to the toilet block. We will be meeting just below this parking area, not at the braai areas.

From the South: From the M3, turn down at the Trovato Link exit at the top of Wynberg Hill. Then take the first turn to the right into Klaasens Road, and keep driving until you see the road winding down to the left and the parking area.



Hope to see lots of you there at our last gathering for 2023! And there's still time for you to do your holiday shopping afterwards, or to enjoy your sport.

