FAMILY FRAGMENTS

PREAMBLE: My interest in genealogy began late 1999. Over the years, a good deal of my findings were published on www.pelteret.co.za/geneaology. In October 2012, I decided to move on and explore other interests.

However, the correspondence relating to prior publications did not stop. Between 2011 - 2020 over 230 persons have been in touch, either providing information complementing that published earlier or seeking specific information. A good deal of the correspondence represented considerable work and decided research acumen on the part of the correspondent.

I have been prevailed upon to publish particularly worthwhile material as an addendum to my original publications. These are they.

FAMILY NAME: SERRURIER 1 _ Christopher Barends, London, UK

A battery of worthwhile correspondence was received which I have treated as private:

2019/06/30, 5:05 pm
2019/07/06, 5:36 pm
2020/06/19, 9:44 am
2020/06/19, 5:10 pm
2020/06/19, 5:36 pm
2020/06/19, 7:31 pm

I am publishing a brief synopsis supplied by the author, as a tribute to the author and to round off a very worthwhile piece of family research.

Herewith a link to his blog, a worthwhile journey to join:
http://www.barends.co.za/2020/07/29/the-raven-haired-beauty/

Charlotta Frederica Serrurier (18 Feb 1823 – 29 July 1884) - The "raven haired beauty".

Charlotta Frederica Serrurier is buried in the Dutch Reformed Cemetery under Groote Schuur Hospital, as the wife of William Heynes Wade Barends.

I discovered this via the incredible recording of gravestones by the eGGSA on their website.

These facts alone were not enough to make a connection to me, nor to the rest of the Serrurier family and then there was the interesting issue that William Heynes Wade Barends was listed as mixed race on his death, as are (most) of the children of his marriage to Charlotta. And I could find no birth record for my Great Great Grandfather, Charles Samuel Barends (1848-1936), but all the baptismal records of their other children were easily available.

But then I found a photo online of Charles Samuel's gravestone on the same site – at the same cemetery.

Coincidently I was in Cape Town on holiday, and found that the graveyard had recently been totally cleared of trees and vagrants, having been a no-go area for decades. And there I found that the two gravestones stand side-by side. I thought I had found my 3x great grandparents. No paper trail at that stage connecting them, but the sharing of the plot seemed pretty conclusive.

Then I found your site, and the reference to the mystery Serrurier sister, and the Denyssens and that she married "beneath her social standing" (is this code for out of her race as well?) the basket maker at St Stephens. And here the family histories collide: I have newspaper articles about my 2x great grandfather Charles Samuel … and the fact that he ran a basket-making and cooperage business from the basement of St Stephen's Church, which he had taken over from his father!

Your oral family history exactly matches mine.

But then it became more interesting. Charlotta married Samuel Heynes Wade Barends on 22 October 1851 at the Dutch Reformed Church. Using dates on the gravestones and the Serrurier/Serrunje names I finally traced Charles Samuel's baptism record: 5 August 1848 at St Georges Cathedral, under the name Charles Samuel, mother Charlotta Fredrica Serrurier (Serrunje) – no father given, and the layout of the listing gives no opportunity to give a surname.

I then found Charlotta's death notice, signed in the autograph hand of her husband.

This lists her children in this order (I have added the dates:)

William Edward Barends (1853 - ?)
Charles Samuel Barends (1848 - 1936)
John Frederick Barends (1854 -?)
Martha Cornelia Barends (c. 1855 - 1894)
Elizabeth Antoinette Barends (1852 - ?)
Magdalena Johanna Barends (1862 - ?)

(research has shown baptisms for the following who I assume died young and are not listed:)

Lodewyk Hendrik (1854-died in infancy?)
Frederick Alexander (1858 – died in infancy?)
Henrietta Wilhelmina (1860 - died in infancy?)
Charlotta Johanna (1865 - died in infancy?)

BUT alongside these names in a separate column are listed (I have added the dates:)

Henry Denyssen (1840-1919)
Charlotta Louisa Denyssen (1843 - ?)
Clara Christina Denyssen (1845 - ?)

Confirmation of these relationships came later in my searches:

Henry Denyssen's Death Notice lists his father as Henry Justinus Denyssen and his mother as "unknown" scratched out and "Serrurier" inserted.

Charlotta Louise Denyssen and her husband Johannes Brink stood as witnesses to baptism of Charlotta Johanna Barends (her namesake and half-sister)

Lodewyk Serrurier and Harriet Coles stood as witnesses to the baptism of Elizabeth Antoinette Barends 1 August 1852 (and I found their graves in the same cemetery).

William Edward Barends stands godparent to his half sister Charlotta Louisa Brink's daughter, alongside his other half sister Clara Christina.

That these children bear the name Denyssen surely suggests she was married to their father?

Your Denyssen research quotes JC Quinton in DSAB that Petrus Johannes Denyssen "had 3 children from the first marriage and one from the second" This could match Charlotta's 3 children, but then you have Henry's death notice giving his father as Henry Justinus, (also listed in your research as Petrus's brother) born 5 October 1818 wife unknown.

So what is the (imagined) tale we can tell? Why would a women of the highest social standing in the Cape, married (we have to assume) to a well-connected man, with three children bearing his name, end up married to a mixed race artisan shopkeeper? Why did someone intimately connected to the Groote Kerk, and respectably married, baptize a fatherless son in St Georges Cathedral?

If William Barends was the father, why wait 3 years to marry? How easy was it to divorce in those days? If it was due to the divorce, why no further children in between? Why is she listed as Jongedogter on her NGK marriage entry to WHWBarends, and not widow?

Can we make the huge assumption that she had an affair and Henry Denyssen rejected the resulting son and threw her out? Did she try raising the son on her own for 3 years before finding a man "beneath her social standing" who would marry her and adopt her child? We have to assume that she would have been completely ostracized by her family for having an illegitimate child?

Is it significant that William lists his own natural son as the firstborn on his wife's death notice, with the elder boy Charles Samuel listed 2nd?

The racial question: where I have been able to trace the subsequent children of William and Charlotta, they are listed as "Mixed". Charlotta, Charles Samuel and the Denyssens are "white" or "European". The family of Charles Samuel seemed not to retain any knowledge of or connection with the other children.

Could the answer be altogether more boring? We seem not to know when Henry Justinus Denyssen died. Was Charles Samuel in fact his son but born posthumously? Was the father's name omitted from the baptism more in error than design – just because he was not there? But then why was he not included with the Denyssens on Charlotta's death notice?

Family links seem to have been maintained after the event – with Serrurier's standing godparents to Barends children, and the Denyssen sisters to their half siblings (there are further examples I haven't quoted) which implies very close connections of children who grew up together. So who knows! Perhaps we never will. Or perhaps DNA testing will eventually provide an answer? Mine is 100% British and Northern European …. including a mysterious 8% Swedish!

Finally to circle back to the Volwyns, your tree gives

1.6 Caroline Wilhelmina Volkwyn * b …… married William James (John)JEARY

1.6.3 G C Jeary married Charles Samuel BARENDS
1.6.4 S C Jeary married John HITE Jnr.

I suspect just a typo in your writing this up – in fact it was Sarah Caroline Jearey (1857-1935) who married my 2x great grandfather Charles Samuel Barends, apparently the adopted son of William Heynes Wade Barends, but certainly the son of Charlotta Fredrica Serrurier.

What we lack is clear evidence of Charlotta's parentage – this comes entirely through your oral history of a sister who married the basketmaker. But that is enough for me! Is there any chance you could let me have more detail of the family oral history about Charlotta that you mentioned? How did it come down the generations and through whom? I would love to know. From your experience, is there anything I can do to trace the death of Henry Justinus Denyssen?

I hope you haven't been bored with all this detail – I thought you might appreciate the unraveling of the tale!

I will attach images of the newspaper clipping about the basket making business of CS Barends which you may find interesting.

And as a final point, with the arrival of online availability of scanned documents, three birth entries for children of Jan Fredrik and Marie Jeanne Gosset have appeared in Amsterdam confirming mother and dates: Jean Frederic (28 Jan 1792), Jean Pierre (4 June 1793) and Madelaine Elizabeth (12 Jan 1797)

ving the same to be true, and by virtue of
substituting Declarations in the place of
Oaths and Affidavits.

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Filed 10 September 1884

S. S & Co.
112.

81/447

DEATH NOTICE.

10

9121

PURSUANT TO THE PROVISIONS CONTAINED IN SECTION 9, ORDINANCE 104.

1.—Name of the Deceased. Charlotta Fredrica Barends (Born Sampies)

2.—Birth-place of the Deceased. Cape Town

3.—Name of Parents of the Deceased.

4.—Age of the Deceased. Sixty one Years

5.—Condition in Life.

6.—Married or Unmarried, Widower or Widow. Married

7.—The Day of the Decease. 29th July 1884

8.—At what House, or where the Person died. at her late residence Rose Street No 15

9.—Names of the Children of the Deceased, and whether Minors or Majors.

William Edward Barends — Henry Sampson
Charles Samuel " — Charlotta Louisa Sampson
John Frederick " — Clara Christina Sampson
Martha Cornelia "
Elizabeth Antonet "
Magdalena Johanna "

All Majors

10.—Whether Deceased has left any Property, and of what kind. None

If the Deceased is not a married Person, or not married in Community of Goods,—or has left no Will,—this Notice must be made within *Six Days* after death.

If otherwise, it must be made within *Six Weeks*.

*** It must be filled up and signed by the nearest Relative or Connection of the Deceased, who shall at the time be at or near the place of death,—or, in the absence of such near Relative or Connection, by the Person who shall have the chief charge of the House in, or the Place on, which the Death shall occur, and must be sent either to the Master in Cape Town, or to the Resident Magistrate of the District, if within Six Hours' distance; if at a greater distance, it must be forwarded to the Field-cornet of the District.

W. H. W. Barends

THE AFTER-DINNER HOUR

60 Years a Craftsman

INTERVIEWING the Oldest Man in Riebeek-Square

THERE is an autocratic old man who set up shop in Riebeek-square, Cape Town, with his father 60 years ago. Their trade was coopering and basket-mending, and they rented one of the basement rooms of the queer old theatre which is now a church; and the son, who turned 82 a few days ago, is still working there.

But not, as he will tell you, because he needs to.

He has arrived at that time of life and that serene frame of mind which need take no thought for the morrow, since a well-spent life has ensured the morrow's plenitude. He need study no one's desires but his own, and if he doesn't wish to finish a job of work, it is no longer necessary that he should. He has unlocked that basement door of his for so many years that the functions of existence would cease if he were to lock it for the last time.

His name is Barends and he is a tall old man with sulky St. Bernard eyes and a drooping white moustache. He looks at you with suspicion, and ten to one he will refuse to do what you want done. Then, when you turn disappointedly away, he will rumble out a gruff, "Let's have a look, then." And cocking a rheumy eye at you he will bid you return in the morning.

WHEN you return you will find the repairs executed to perfection. Old Barends is of that fast-disappearing brotherhood, the faithful craftsmen. You should see him attack a cane-bottomed chair. He recanes these, in variegated patterns, a choice of which hangs in a wooden frame near the doorway. His attitude is that of one who will stand no nonsense, and when he takes a chair to pieces it is obvious that he means business. The screw comes out and the seat is knocked away with well-placed strokes of the still vigorous arm; the cane is sliced off and a new mesh woven in with a deftness which could only have been acquired in sixty years.

His workshop is a dusky, narrow cellar running the width of the building, with the door at one end and a little window which receives the full stream of the afternoon sun, at the other. Here slaves used to await market day a hundred years ago.

The place had lost its character of theatre when Barends senior and junior came, but Bree-street was still of the more aristocratic quarter of the town. Private houses stood opposite the old building and broughams and carriages drawn by spanking teams rolled over the cobble-stones between.

I tried to get Barends, junior, to tell me something of the Cape Town of that day, but he was reticent, being deeply distrustful.

"One-story houses" was all he would say. "Mr. Wit lived over there. Mr. Ball lived there. Mr. Langermann lived there, and Dr Scholtz lived there." He pointed out the positions as he spoke. Factories and warehouses had taken the place of the spacious stoeps and white gables of those days. A shop where they sold candles, the cooper said, was the only shop there half a century ago.

"Been a lot of changes," he mumbled, busy with a brazier.

There is scarcely room to move in his workshop, it being crowded with every description of his wares. There are baskets in amazing variety, with cake-stands, cradles, bird-cages, all in wicker plaited from the pliant canes of osier and bamboo. Canes, unstripped, are strung along the rafters. Where baskets are not there are casks and tubs, excellent things of new teak gleamingly bound with brass. These bear the stamp of exact workmanship to an even greater extent than the baskets, for teak and brass are the trimmest of materials and the tub shape is very comely. I think old Barends is proudest of these.

HE whistles with strange youthfulness as he works. He puts on his hat to work in, and his gnarled hands move with a certain grace and dexterity. When he finishes a job he sweeps bench and floor with an old-fashioned birch broom, for he has the tidy spirit of age.

He is no conversationalist, but he ejects defiant sentences at intervals, accompanied by the shrewd old stare.

"Don't owe five shillings to all Cape Town," he will say. "Pay as I go."

"Only work because I want to. I got plenty of property: two nice houses in Mowbray."

"Had nine children. Six alive still. Three dead."

"Lot a changes here the last 50 years. Too much traffic now."

"People think I'm 67. I'm 82."

HIS chief characteristic is pride. It is a worthy pride, built up through the vicissitudes of three-score years. Sixty years of honest workmanship, of simple living, of owing not any man. He has, he says, looked after himself.

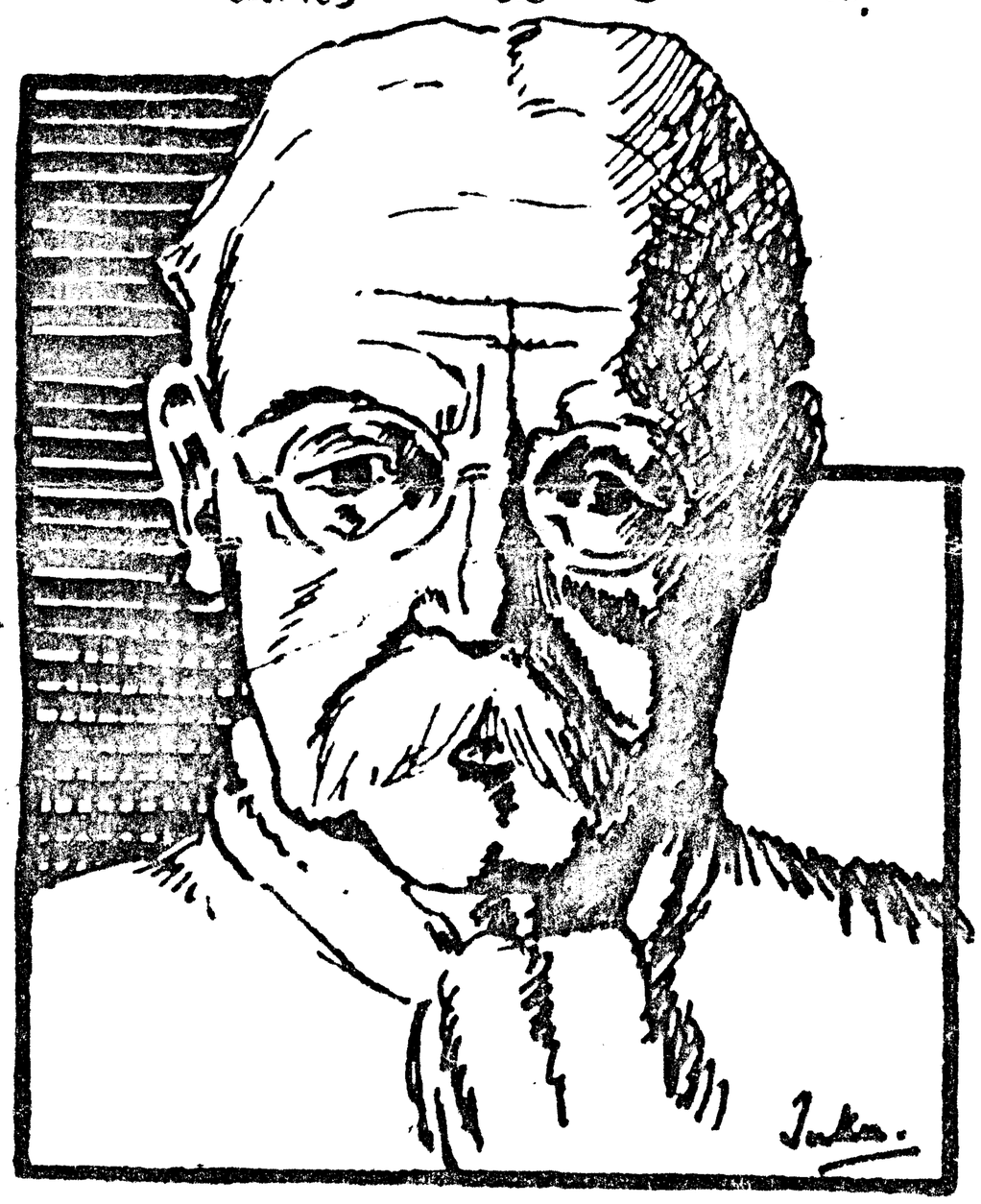
"That's why I don't look my age. Sixty-seven, people think I am. These young men of nowadays, they go the pace too fast. Better go slow. Better go slow."

He retired into a cupboard of a room where he keeps his accounts, and emerged in the doorway again soaping his hands.

"Nearly 5 o'clock," he said. "Shut up shop at five. Don't wait for nobody."

So I took my leave. He touched his hat with the courtliest air; one forgot the soapsuds on his hands; and he

"Great, Great Grandfather Charles Samuel Barends."



"Sixty years of honest workmanship, of simple living, of owing not any man."

Thrills of Flower Hunting

A Naturalist's Fascinating Journey

ENLIGHTENED views, shared alike by city folk and countrymen, have done a lot to make big game hunting a much less popular enterprise than it once was. The same influence will doubtless help to popularise plant hunting as a thrilling and meaningful adventure. The quest for beauty to-day possesses more fascination than the quest to kill. The naturalist is superseding the big game hunter.

It is significant that the Founders' Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society has been awarded this year to Captain F. Kingdon Ward, whose "Plant Hunting on the Edge of the World" (Gollancz)—review copy from C.N.A., Ltd.—has just been published.

The book is of extraordinary general interest. It teems with romance. The record of adventure, hardships and pleasure experienced by the author in the remote and inhospitable fastness of the North-East Indian Frontier packs the volume with most interesting reading.

In an introduction to this record of travel, Captain Kingdon Ward points out facts that will surprise many people. He writes: "There are many flowers which have been with us so long, which are so familiar to us, that we often forget their origin. It would be as difficult to imagine England without lilac and laburnum, crocuses and chrysanthemums, dahlias, begonias, asters, calceolarias, wallflowers, and lilies, as it would be to imagine London without its sparrows and pigeons. Yet these plants have all been imported: you do not see them growing in the hedgerow. . . .

"If there are more beautiful flowers

The Axe of Fascism

LONG ago October and November were joyous months in the Etschtal, in the Tyrol country. In the inns of the Magdalenerberg and at the foot of the Mendel men sat cosily in the Herrgottswinkel, held up new wine in the sunset rays, and gave thanks for the countless blessings that were poured anew over the land.

But those days have gone, according to Dr Edward Reut-Nicolussi, in the volume, "Tyrol Under the Axe of Italian Fascism" (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.). Joy has fled away and black sorrow has taken her place: The iron hand of Fascism lies heavy upon the heart of the people.

Italy took over this ancient German-speaking territory after the Great War. And Fascism, Dr. Reut-Nicolussi states, has been busy stamping out native tradition and culture, closing schools, translating names even on old grave-stones, assaulting men and dishonouring women. It is a sad picture that he presents.

In one village "the Fascists, to provoke the inhabitants, stencilled, in their wont, likenesses of Mussolini on the walls, and on their being damaged it was the moment for the Carabinieri to show their zeal and loyalty. Dragging a school urchin into the barracks, they flogged him until he mentioned a farmer of the place as the perpetrator, but as even to Italians this testimony appeared insufficient, they seized a servant of the said farmer and required him to furnish the desired damning evidence against his employer.

"The man Joseph Steger by name, refused to do so, whereupon the Carabinieri, as a new resource, 'electrified' the unwilling witness until he lost consciousness."

ONE day a Carabiniere behaved in a disgraceful manner to a pretty waitress, and she, furious, struck him in the face. The officer knocked her down, and shouted for the innkeeper;

"The host did not know what had happened, and could only tremble in bewilderment. The Brigadier's shouts and threats grew louder, the innkeeper thought, 'Here are we defenceless against these brutes', and entreated the girl to save them all and beg pardon. She, therefore, fell on her knees before the Brigadier!"

These are no isolated facts, but part of an organised system, the author states.

"Suspicion and mistrust surrounded us, no one was secure from the police, neighbour looked askance at neighbour, servants seemed dangerous eavesdroppers. When once I and some young friends wished to meet together to discuss our common plight, we could find no safe place save a mountain top. All the beloved Homeland was like a cave of conspirators, in which the children of the land affrightedly avoided the foreign masters, and the energetic were liable at any moment to be beaten like dogs or thrown into dungeons."

As a result of defending in court two girls accused of giving private instruction in German, Dr. Reut-Nicolussi was struck off the Roll of Advocates, of which he had been a member for many years, and pronounced an enemy of the State.

Threatened with the same fate that befell his friend Dr. Noldin, who was banished to Lipari, he escaped from the country by making a dangerous journey over the guarded Alpine ridges. He has written his book to make known to the world what Italianisation of his Homeland means. It is the story, of course, of one who resents fiercely Italian rule;

1932

CAPE TOWN IN THE EARLY DAYS

84-YEAR-OLD BASKET-MAKER LOOKS BACK

OVER HALF A CENTURY IN RIEBEEK SQUARE

WHEN IT WAS THE CITY'S FASHION CENTRE

BIRTHDAY greetings to one of the last of Cape Town's old-time craftsmen were broadcast from the city radio station last night. Mr. C. S. Barends, who for 62 years has carried on the trade of cooper and basket-maker in the same shop in Riebeek-square, was celebrating his 84th birthday in the company of his 15 grandchildren.

To-day Mr. Barends was back at work as he has been every day since he and his father first came to ply their trade in Riebeek-square.

Riebeek-square is a square that most of Cape Town seems to have forgotten. Once it was the fashionable centre of Cape Town, and the burghers of Lady Anne Barnard's day strolled there in the cool of the evening to discuss the poor price of grain and perhaps to take a glass of wine.

Now it is a dingy square, an outspan for a hundred carts, a dusty place about which you may find the workshops of motor engineers and the stores of forage merchants.

Yet the square still clings to the last rags of its veil of romance, and you may catch a glimpse of the ghosts of the past if you visit the one big building that stands in lonely isolation on the square itself.

They call it St. Stephen's Mission Church now, but once it was the hub of the quiet night life of the city, for it was built as the first playhouse of the continent, about 1800. Then it was known as the Africa Theatre. Its stoutly buttressed walls still stand as solid as the day when, a little less than a century ago, it was turned into a church and the old slave cells on its lower floor were converted into shops that were numbered among the most fashionable of the day.

ONCE WINE SHOPS

Several of them were known for the fine casks of wine that lay in their dim interiors; and the archivists will still quote the wag who chalked on the church door:

"The spirit above is the spirit of love,
The spirit below is the spirit of woe;
The spirit above is the spirit divine,
But the spirit below is the spirit of wine,
Hey-ho."

Now those once fashionable shops have lost their pristine air of fashion and have become as dingy as the square itself. But they have retained a character of their own, for they are the home of several craftsmen. There is the old "saw doctor," for instance; and there is the cobbler whose proud boast it is that he mends the books of Mr. Bennie Osler, the Springbok Rugby captain: he has, indeed, an air of quiet certainty that but for his last and leather Mr. Osler would never be able to kick such brilliant goals.

And then, also, there is Mr. Barends, aged 84, who still makes teak casks and directs his basket-makers although, as he says, he could well afford to retire.

"Yes, 62 years I've been here," he says. "My father and I were here together, but he's been dead these 30 years. I shall go on until I am dead and due for Woltemade also. Perhaps I shall have more years, perhaps not. It is all ordained."

"NO CRAFTSMEN NOW"

"Yes, 62 years! Everybody else who lived in this square then is gone now, every single one is dead. All round the square were private houses then. Now they are all gone. Only I am left."

"And I still go on with my trade." The old man walks about his shop—a low, dark cell, with all the cluttered tools of his craft hidden in the gloom. Teak casks bound with brass stand row on row between piles of baskets and rattan-seated chairs.

"I still go on with my trade. I learnt coopering many years ago, though a long time after I came into the business with my father. My father was the first basketmaker in the town, the only one.

"Ah, but now"—and he sighs—"but now there are no craftsmen left. The young men of to-day do not care for their trades as they did, and no longer do they live for their work. Now it's bioscopes and playing instead of work. . . ."

The old shop still breathes the spirit of cratsmanship, though, and if you explore its shadows you will find relics of those leisurely days when things were made by hand and men earned their living with their skill and their strength. A chart of "Signals to be displayed from Signal Hill" stands in a corner: "Clear hawser and prepare to veer cable"; "Draw topgallant yards and masts, point yards to the wind, see all clear for working ship as far as possible."

Here is a dusty tureen cover of rare blue china, here a chair with interesting legs. "There's nothing left here now," says Mr. Barends, and adds as the speaking of a transaction completed yesterday, "I have sold most of my antiques to Mr. Rhodes. . . ."

Now Mr. Barends does not worry, for he is comfortably off, even if he does not have an inquiry for one basket in a whole month. His shop and his craft in the past, when Riebeek-square was fashionable and his older neighbours still

1936

THE COOPER OF ST. STEPHENS

A CITY CHARACTER RETIRES AT 88

MR. BARENDS AND HIS MEMORIES

To-day the sign "Barends: Cooper" which has hung over the door of a little shop under St. Stephen's Church, in Riebeek-square for the past 66 years, disappeared. As his old clock struck the 12 strokes for noon, Mr. Barends, who opened the business at the age of 22, walked out and locked his door for the last time.

Mr. Barends, the cooper of old St. Stephen's is a character, but he is very reluctant to talk: "No; No; No news," he said to a representative of The Argus who saw him just as he was about to shut up shop for the last time.

He is now 88. He has carried on his old trade which he taught himself, continually increasing his range and skill as the years went by. To coopering he added basket work, and gradually that has superseded the other. He makes baskets of all sorts, but chiefly a very heavy, strong sort used by the trade for carrying bottles. He also canes chair seats, and a "sampler" of four different patterns of caning hanging in the doorway, shows that this, too, is a fine art. It is by no means a lost art either, for chair-caning has been among the most frequent jobs. Only this morning he sent away his last order—10s.

Mr. Barends has sold his business, and it is to be re-opened at once by a well-known firm of cane-workers. But the time has gone by when it was a single-handed concern, in which the master craftsman did every stroke of the work himself. The new firm employs many hands, and the men specialise on their jobs.

CHANGES IN THE SQUARE

Mr. Barends is still well and hearty, only a little hard of hearing. He does not want to talk to "the Press," but one can worm one or two things out of him. Though it is in one of the least altered parts of the city, even the Square has changed considerably since he first opened his little shop 66 years ago. Then it was the site of a busy market to which came farmers from the Flats and beyond, outspanning their ox-wagons and buying bread, cakes and other delicacies from Flagstaff, the baker, to take back to their families on the farms.

The great change which has come over the Square where he has long carried on his trade, lies in the conversion of the houses round from residences to business premises. One of them, in fact, has disappeared, and that is the house in which Dr. Scholtz used to gather the gay parties which Mr. Barends vividly remembers. Among the guests was the

too. [illegible]w the open sluit which carried ston[illegible] water down Buitengracht-street used to roar in the winter floods.

Mr. Barends remembers Adderley-street as being entirely "one story"! After a long and successful coopering business, Mr. Barends feels justified in retiring. But he tells me tha' he does not intend to be idle, as he has many hobbies, all self-taug[illegible] like his coopering!

THE OLD THEATRE

This one-time theatre of Riebeek-square was opened in 1799 by the Governor, Sir George Yonge. At one time the building is supposed to have been used as a slave market, the slaves being kept in the rooms beneath, where until recently the Barends h[illegible] their shop.

In 1840 the old Theatre was sold and is now used as a coloured mission church. Even in its hey-day, the theatre was never an overwhelming success, by reason of the very high charge of admission.

Mr. Barends has a private house in the suburbs where he hopes to enjoy a well-occupied leisure.

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THE LATE MR. C. S. BARENDS

CAPE TOWN'S OLDEST MASTER COOPER

The death occurred on Monday at his residence in Albert-road, Mowbray, of Mr. Charles Samuel Barends, Cape Town's oldest master cooper.

Mr. Barends, who was in his 89th year, carried on business in St. Stephen's Church building in Bree-street for over 60 years and only retired at the beginning of this month.

The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon at the Dutch Reformed Cemetery, Mowbray, in the presence of a large gathering of relatives and friends.

The Rev. Mr. Daintree, of Mowbray, officiated. The chief mourners were Messrs. A. A. J. and H. Barends, sons, and Mrs. E. Littlejohn, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Lotter and Mrs. Coull, daughters.

WREATHS

The following is a list of the wreaths:

From Ellen; Harry and Marjorie; May, John and Children; Arthur, Pat and Children; Winnie; Alf and Edna; Little Brian; Winnie, Eris and Monica; Sonny, Ivy and Olive; Mr. and Mrs. R. Gunn; Ronald and Joan Hillier; Mrs. Hite and Mrs. Dickson; Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont-Thomas; Mr. and Mrs. Tacon and Family; Madge and Winnie Roberts; Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Isemonger; Mrs. Egerer and Family; Mr. and Mrs. S. Garrett; Mr. and Mrs. Hodes; Mr. and Mrs. Cosnett and Family; Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and Family; Mr. and Miss Paterson; Joe, Kitty and Millie; Mr. and Mrs. A. Rose; Mabel and Frank Horne; Mr. and Mrs. L. Smithson; Leslie Williams; Mr. and Mrs. Alec Laird; Cape Town Municipal Employees' Association.

The funeral arrangements were carried out by Messrs. Wasserfall and Hardick.

First letters

From A.E.W., Fish Hoek

COULD you please tell me when the first Lotters arrived at the Cape, and on what day October 29, 1906 fell; also April 26, 1918?

* * *

The 'Afrikaner-familienaamboek' says that Matthias Lotter, who came from Augsburg, Germany, was the first Lotter to come to South Africa. He landed at the Cape in 1734, in the employ of the Dutch East India Company.

He left his wife and family in Germany, where his wife subsequently died.

In 1735 he became a free burgher, and in 1736 he married Anna Dorothea van den Berg. They had six children.

October 29, 1906, was a Monday and April 26, 1918, a Friday.

National Archives of South Africa (NASA)

Database: All Archives Repositories and National Registers of non-public records

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DEPOT       KAB
SOURCE      MOIB
TYPE        LEER
VOLUME_NO   2/1345
SYSTEM      01
REFERENCE   134
PART        1
DESCRIPTION          DENYSSEN, HENDRIK JUSTINUS. INSOLVENT LIQUIDATION AND DISTRIBUTION
             ACCOUNT.
STARTING    18660000
ENDING      18720000
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M.S.C. 1. U.D.J. 294.

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

No. 3444

DEATH NOTICE

PURSUANT TO THE PROVISIONS CONTAINED IN "THE ADMINISTRATION OF ESTATES ACT, 1913."

7 FEB 1924
MASTER'S OFFICE,
CAPE TOWN.

1. Name of the deceased: Henry Denysen

2. Birthplace and Nationality of the deceased: ~~European~~ : Capetown

3. Names and addresses of the Parents of the deceased: Father: Henry Justinus Denysen; Mother: Catharina (Serrurier)

4. Age of the deceased: 79 years, Eight months.

5. Occupation in life of the deceased, or, if a woman, of her husband: Retired

6. Ordinary place of residence of the deceased, or, if a woman, of her husband: Westbank, Ordtstown

7. Married or unmarried, widower or widow: married

(a) Name of surviving spouse (if any) and whether married in community of property or not: Sarah Sophia Denysen (née Hooper)

(b) Name or names and approximate date of death of predeceased spouse or spouses ... ...: —

(c) Place of last marriage: Knysna

8. The day of the decease: on 3rd May, 1919

9. Where the person died: House: At residence of daughter, Mrs Watson; Town or Place: Ordtshoorn; District: do

10. Names of children of deceased and whether majors or minors:

Henry Justinus	(Deceased)
Catherina Charlotte	Married John Taute
Charlotte Johanna	" David Watson
William Hooper	" Maria Meyer
Sarah Helen	" Arnold Peiser
John Sydney Hubert	
Daniel Stephen	" Edith Wilmot
Rosalie Harriet	" Jan Schwinck
Percy	
Cecile	" Helen Hayden
Olive	" Frank le Roux
Kathleen	" Cardley Wilmot
Violet	" Jane Campbell
Daisy	" Claude Robson

State separately the children born of different marriages, and give the date of birth of each minor. Names must be written out in full. If there are no children, and either or both parents be dead, then give the names and addresses of the brothers and sisters of deceased.

all majors

11. Has the deceased left any movable property? No.

12. Has the deceased left any immovable property? No.

13. Is it estimated that the estate exceeds £300 in value? No.

14. Has the deceased left a will? No.

Dated at Ordtshoorn

the 20th day of December, 1923. (Signature) X Sarah Sophia Denysen

Surviving Spouse

(State in what capacity and whether at the time at or near the place of death.)

This notice must be filled up and signed by *the nearest relative or connection of the deceased* who shall at the time be at or near the place of death, or, in the absence of such near relative or connection, by the person who at or immediately after the death shall have the chief charge of the house in, or the place on, which the death occurred, and must be sent either to the Master, or, if the death occurred in a district wherein a seat of provincial government is not situate, the magistrate of the district, in duplicate, within fourteen days of the death.

8807—23/12/18—30,000 S.