

# The Hughes Chronicles



## The Brothers

**Book Seven**

**DuGallan**

*The Hughes Chronicles · The Brothers*

*The Hughes Chronicles · Book Seven*

# THE BROTHERS

*A story for young adventurers and the parents who read to them*

*Based on a true family story*



*DuGallan*

DuGallan Publishing · DuGallan.com

THE HUGHES CHRONICLES — BOOK SEVEN

***The Brothers***

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This book is based on the true story of Samuel Thomas Isaac Hughes and the Hughes family. The characters are real. The trail is real. The locations are rooted in real history. Where the story needed wings to fly — it was given them. Some scenes, dialogue, characters and events have been fictionalised or reconstructed for narrative purposes. Any resemblance to events or persons beyond the Hughes family is coincidental.

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**Written by DuGallan**



*For*

**Patrick, Whitney, DG and Robert.**

*Who grew up hearing the stories.*

*Who did not know, for a long time, that the stories were true.*

*Who followed the trail anyway —*

*each in the only direction they knew how to go.*

**The canary is still singing.**

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WHAT WE KNOW SO FAR



*A note from DuGallan — DG — the third of Daphne's four sons, and the one writing these books. What follows is told by all four of us. But it is written by me. I was seven years old when our mother told us the truth. Robert, my younger brother, was six. I am telling you now what happened next.*

Before we go any further, let us tell you what we know.

Our mother's name is Daphne. She spent her whole life looking for a man named ST — Samuel Thomas Isaac Hughes — who was her father and our grandfather. He left Wales, crossed an ocean, bred racehorses in a small town called Shannon in the Orange Free State, created a remarkable herbal tea from a flower that grew on a boot-shaped island in the Belgian Congo, and disappeared in the late 1930s. He was never found.

But he left a trail. A network of people, each holding one piece of a larger truth. Clues hidden in tin trunks and racing ledgers and carved into doorframes and pressed into envelopes. A canary left in a Johannesburg hotel bar for twelve years. A map — both halves — showing the river and the island. A Welsh valley called DuGall where the original plant had been cultivated for two hundred years before a Dutch trader took it east in 1738.

Three flowers. The same family. Separated across two hundred years and three continents. The Congo island. The DuGall valley in Wales. And a hillside near Kamieskroon on the West Coast of South Africa, where a man called Jan Heyneke has pressed the same orange flower every August for decades, without knowing what it meant.

A man called CJ Barnard — representing a European pharmaceutical company called Hartmann — has been trying to get the formula for years. He has two of the three pieces. He does not know about the West Coast flower.

Our mother went to Shannon and found the clues. She went to Johannesburg and found the map. She went to Wales and found Emrys and the two-hundred-year book and the formula's foundation. She brought back seeds — and planted them in the Shannon garden. She grew up. She married. She had children. She told us stories every night.

She did not tell us, for a long time, that the stories were true.

We are telling you now.

Our names are Patrick, Whitney, DG and Robert. We are Daphne's sons. We grew up in Johannesburg, near Turffontein Racecourse, in the world our fathers Arthur French and Allan Sidwell moved through — the world of horses and racing and the complicated men who follow them. We know that world. And we know, now, that our grandfather moved through it too.

Daphne's arc is complete. The search passes to us.

*Each of us follows a different thread. Each of us holds a different piece.*

*The canary is still singing.*

**Come with us.**



CHAPTER ONE

## The Notebook

JOHANNESBURG — 1964



**D**aphne told us the truth on a Thursday evening in August 1964.

Not all of it — she never told anyone all of it at once. But enough. She put the notebook on the kitchen table and she put the pressed orange flower beside it and she unfolded the map and she said: this is what I have been doing since I was fourteen years old, and now you are old enough to know.

Patrick was seventeen. He sat very still and listened the way he had always listened — completely, without interrupting, filing everything away in the particular manner of someone who has always understood that information is a resource to be managed carefully.

Whitney was fifteen. He leaned forward and started asking questions immediately, rapid-fire, jumping from one to the next before the answers came, which was his way with everything interesting.

DG was seven. He looked at the orange flower for a long time without speaking and then asked if he could hold it.

Robert was six. He was more interested in the canary, which sat on its usual shelf and sang on through the whole conversation with magnificent indifference to the human drama unfolding below it.

Daphne answered every question. She told them about Shannon. About the tin trunk and the tack room and Old Joseph and his tortoise. About Johannesburg and the man with two watches and the yellow door and the Rand Club. About her sister Peggy in Bloemfontein and what she knew and how she had always known it.

About Wales. About Du Gallan and what it meant.

About a grandfather they had never met who had left his initials on doorframes across two continents and a canary in a Johannesburg bar and a formula hidden in three separate flowers that together could do something extraordinary.

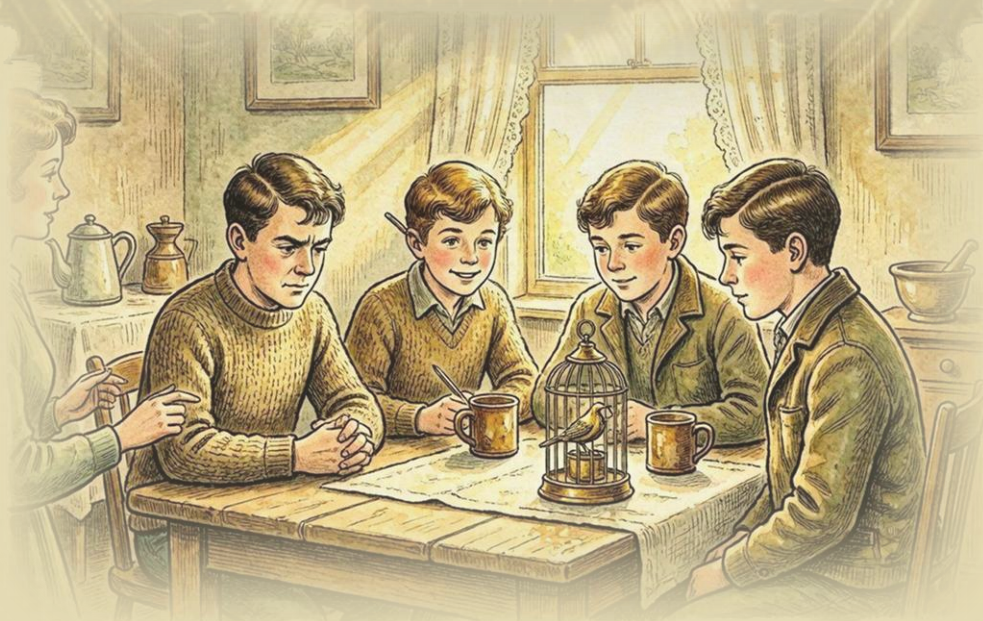
She told them about CJ Barnard. About Hartmann. About why ST had not come home — not because he was dead but because coming home would put everything he had found at risk.

She told them all of this clearly and without drama, the way she told them everything — as if the facts were simply the facts, and the facts were worth knowing, and they were old enough to have them.

When she finished, the kitchen was quiet.

Then Patrick said:

*"What do you need us to do?"*



She had thought about this. She had been thinking about it, in the careful methodical way she thought about everything connected to ST, since before Patrick was born.

*"The trail has four threads,"*

she said.

*"Each one goes somewhere different. Each one holds a different piece. I have followed the threads I could reach. But there are places I cannot go and things I cannot do. You four between you can go everywhere and do everything."*

**She looked at Patrick.**

*"Patrick. The Congo. The river. The island. What ST found there and what happened to him after. This is the physical trail — the most dangerous and the most direct."*

**She looked at Whitney.**

*"Whitney. Johannesburg. The business records, the racing archives, the money trail. CJ Barnard and Hartmann and how they are connected. This is the paper trail — follow what people wrote down and signed their names to."*

**She looked at DG.**

DG looked up from the orange flower he was still holding.

*"Wales,"*

he said. He was seven years old. He said it with the certainty of someone who has known something for a long time without having the word for it.

*"Wales,"*

said Daphne.

*"The DuGall valley. Emrys will be very old by the time you are ready. But the valley will be there. Some things wait."*

**She looked at Robert,** who had finally stopped watching the canary.

*"Robert. The sea. The routes. How things moved and where they went. There is a coastal thread that none of us have followed yet."*

Robert nodded slowly.

*"And the canary,"*

said Daphne.

*"The canary goes with you. Wherever the trail is going. It will tell you what I have always told you: if it sings, you are going the right way."*

Patrick was already making notes on a piece of paper.

Whitney was already asking the next question.

DG was still holding the flower.

Robert had gone back to watching the canary.

Daphne looked at her four sons and felt, for the first time in years, that the shape of the thing was right. Not finished. Not safe. But right.

*The deep place where things come together.*

## CHAPTER TWO

# Arthur

JOHANNESBURG — 1964



Arthur French Green had never asked what Daphne was really looking for.

Not directly. He was not, in Patrick's assessment, a man who asked questions he didn't want answered. He had married Daphne knowing she was searching for something — it was visible in everything she did, the way she kept records, the way she maintained connections, the way she never let a name pass through a conversation without filing it — and he had made a calculation that the searching was part of her and the part of her he had married included it.

This was generous. Patrick gave him that.

Arthur also knew the racing world with a completeness and intimacy that Patrick was beginning to understand was itself a kind of intelligence. He knew who had bet what on which

race and why. He knew which bookmakers were clean and which were running arrangements on the side. He knew the names of men who moved between the racing world and other worlds — business, politics, the complicated middle ground where money changed hands in ways that were not always recorded.

**He had known CJ Barnard.**

Patrick discovered this on a Wednesday afternoon at Turffontein, in the particular way that seventeen-year-olds discover important things — by being in the right place, paying attention, and saying nothing.

~ ~ ~

Arthur was talking to a trainer named Louw near the parade ring when a name came up in the conversation. Barnard. Not a first name. Just Barnard. And the trainer's expression changed in a particular way — a tightening, a carefulness, the face of someone deciding how much to say.

*"Barnard has not been around for years,"*

Louw said.

*"Good riddance."*

*"You had trouble with him?"*

*"Not me. But I knew men who did. He was a bookmaker who thought he was something more. Pharmaceutical interests. Import-export. That kind of thing."*

The trainer looked around the way people look around when they are changing the subject.

*"Ancient history now."*

Ancient history.

Patrick filed it away.

That evening he told Daphne.

She was quiet for a moment. Then she said:

*"Arthur knew Barnard?"*

*"He knew of him. Or Louw did."*

She looked at the canary on its shelf.

*"This is why we are in Johannesburg,"*

she said, very quietly. Not to Patrick. To the canary, perhaps. Or to ST, wherever he was.



*"This is why Arthur."*

Patrick looked at his mother.

*"You knew,"*

he said. Not an accusation. A realisation.

*"I suspected,"*

said Daphne.

*"There is a difference."*

She looked at him with the eyes that everyone said were ST's.

*"This is what the trail does, Patrick. It arranges things. You follow it and it puts the right people in your path. Arthur was never only Arthur. He was also a door into the world your grandfather moved in."*

*"Does he know that?"*

*"No,"*

said Daphne.

*"And you will not tell him."*



CHAPTER THREE

## Shannon

SHANNON, ORANGE FREE STATE — AUGUST 1964



They went to Shannon once.

Daphne arranged it in August 1964 — the same month she told them the truth, the same month the orange flowers were in full bloom. She put all four of them in Arthur's car and they drove to the Orange Free State and she showed them the farmhouse and the paddock and the tack room.

The tack room was empty now. Old Joseph had died the previous year. His tortoise was still there — impossibly, unmistakably the same tortoise, enormous and unhurried, making its way along the wall with the confidence of an animal that has never once doubted its direction.

Patrick crouched at the door frame and found the initials immediately, as if he had always known they were there.

*"DJ above. ST below."*

*"Your great-grandfather and your grandfather,"*  
said Daphne.

*"Three generations carved into the same piece of wood."*

She looked at her four sons.

*"One of you will add a fourth."*

None of them asked which one. They all looked at DG, who was looking at the initials with the expression he had worn since the night of the notebook — the expression of someone hearing something they have always known.

~ ~ ~

The orange flower patch had spread across the entire south-facing section of the garden. Fifteen years of careful tending by the woman who had rented the farmhouse after Daphne left had kept it growing without understanding what it was — she had assumed it was simply a pretty garden flower and had watered it accordingly.

Whitney walked through it slowly, examining the plants with the methodical attention he brought to everything he was trying to catalogue.

*"These are the DuGall plants,"*

he said.

*"The seeds from Wales."*

*"Yes."*

*"And they just — grew. For fifteen years."*

*"The seed remembers where it came from."*

Whitney looked at the orange flowers for a moment, then at the veld, then back at the flowers.

*"Someone could have found these. Could have taken them."*

*"Yes,"*

said Daphne.

*"But nobody who knew what they were looking at came here. Barnard looked in Johannesburg, in Wales, in the Congo. He did not look in a farm garden in Shannon."*

She reached down and broke off one stem carefully — a single spray of orange flowers, papery-thin in the afternoon light.

*"This is why we are going to leave them here for now,"*

she said.

*"They are safest where no one is looking."*

~ ~ ~

Robert found the canary's story in the tack room.

Not the canary itself — that was at home in Johannesburg, on its shelf, singing. But scratched into the wall of the tack room, low down, where you would only see it if you were a six-year-old boy exploring with no particular purpose, were three letters and a date.

RJB. 1961.

Not ST. Not DJ. Someone else.

*"Who is RJB?"*

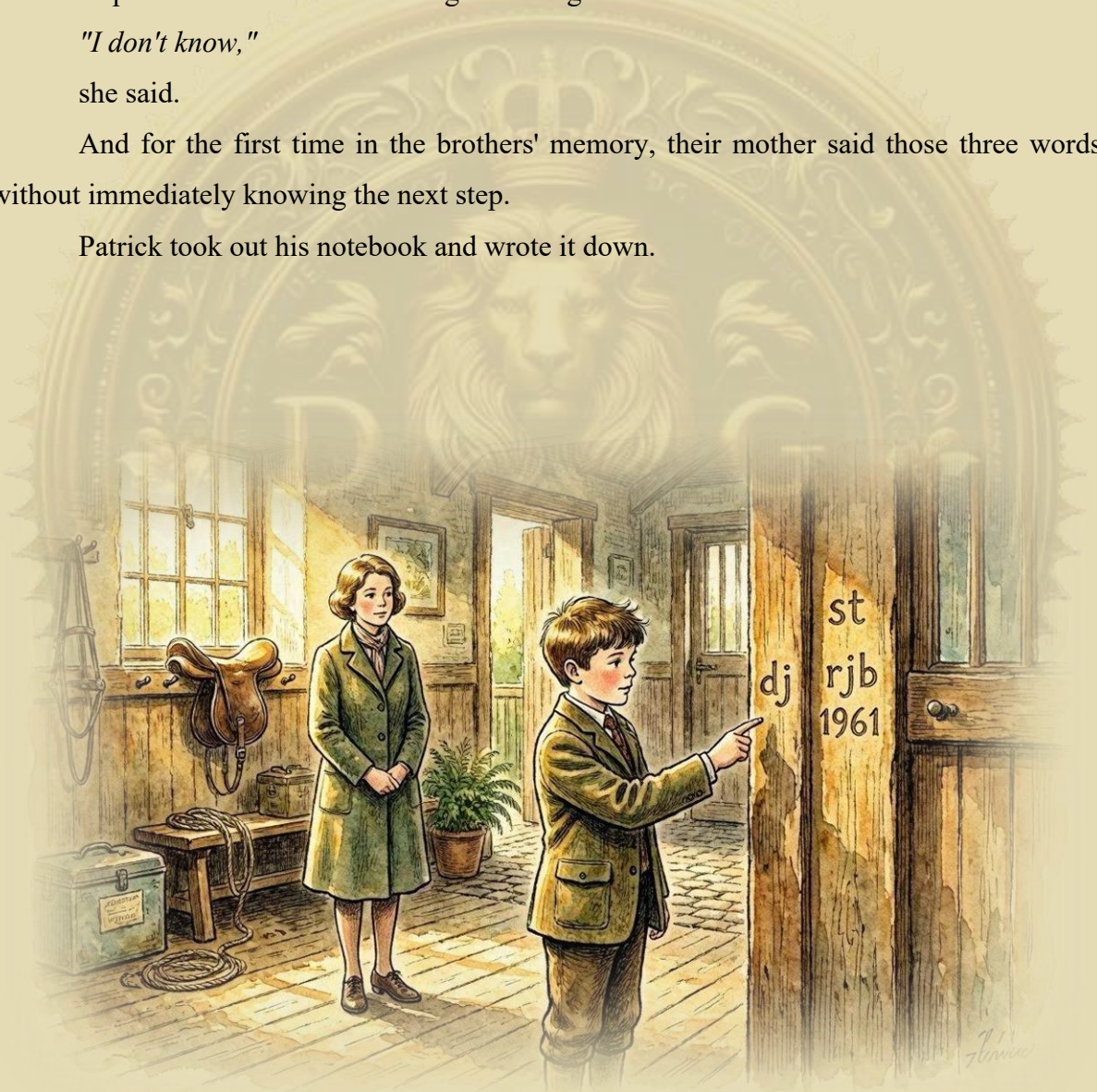
Daphne looked at the scratching for a long time.

*"I don't know,"*

she said.

And for the first time in the brothers' memory, their mother said those three words without immediately knowing the next step.

Patrick took out his notebook and wrote it down.



CHAPTER FOUR

## Four Directions

JOHANNESBURG — 1964–1965



**P**atrick began at Turffontein.

He went through the race programmes systematically — not the current ones, but the archives, the ones going back through the 1950s and into the 1940s. He told the racing secretary he was writing a history of the course for his school. The racing secretary was flattered and gave him access to boxes of old programmes and ledgers that had not been opened in years.

He was looking for Barnard's name. He found it in twelve separate programmes between 1941 and 1951 — registered bookmaker, various race days, everything above board and official. And then, in 1951, it stopped.

He found something else too. In the 1952 programmes, a horse. A single horse, entered in three races over two years, performing respectably without winning anything significant.

The horse's name was Ajax.

Patrick wrote it down and said nothing yet. The name meant nothing to him at seventeen. But it was connected, through the programme dates and the owner registration column, to a company name he recognised from Daphne's notes.

Hartmann.

Ajax was registered to a Hartmann subsidiary company.

He took this to Daphne. She went very still.

*"ST's horse,"*

she said.

*"ST had a horse called Ajax."*

*"Was registered to Hartmann?"*

*"Is registered to Hartmann."*

She was quiet for a moment.

*"Which means Barnard — or Hartmann — got ST's racing registration somehow. After ST disappeared."*

She looked at the programme.

*"Keep this. Tell no one. Not yet."*

~ ~ ~

Whitney went to the business registry.



He was fifteen and looked older and had a manner that made people assume he was authorised to be wherever he was, which was the most useful skill he possessed. He told the clerk he was researching a family business matter. The clerk showed him the filing system and left him to it.

He found three things.

**The Black Forest Tea company** — registered in Johannesburg in 1931 under ST's name. Still operating in 1936. Still operating after that. It never stopped. But something happened in 1936 — the same year ST went to the Congo — that changed who controlled it.

CJ Barnard.

Barnard had used his position as co-signatory to transfer control of the company while ST was in the Congo. Not dissolved. Stolen. The company continued. ST's tea continued to be made and sold. But the man who created it had been pushed out of his own company while he was in Central Africa and could not object.

**Black Forest Tea still existed. It still exists today.** ST's name had been on the boxes since the beginning — his signature, his mark, exactly as he carved his initials into doorframes everywhere he went. But by 1936, the company that bore his creation no longer belonged to him.

The second thing: a Hartmann South Africa subsidiary, registered 1938. Directors included a name Whitney did not recognise — a German name, a Johannesburg address, and CJ Barnard as local representative.

The third thing was a transfer of assets. 1937. From ST Hughes to Barnard, signed and witnessed. A racing registration — one horse, one set of colours — transferred for one pound. One pound.

The horse was Ajax.



~ ~ ~

DG went to the library.

He was seven and could not go anywhere by himself, so Daphne took him, and while she looked at newspapers he sat at a reading table with a Welsh dictionary and a notebook and worked through the words she had taught him from the DuGall valley.

He was making a list of Welsh words that connected plants to places. He did not know why this seemed important. He did it because it seemed important.

He was seven years old. He had the patience of someone much older.

He found the word Du. Dark, deep, profound. And Gallan. Confluence. Meeting place. The deep place where things come together.

He wrote in his notebook — in large, careful seven-year-old letters:

***DuGallan. Deep place. Things come together here.***

He did not know yet that he would one day put this word on a publishing house and a website and a brand, and that doing so would be the fourth generation of the Hughes family hiding their connection in plain sight.

He was seven. He wrote it down because it seemed true.

~ ~ ~

Robert went to the harbour.



He was six and could not go to a harbour alone either, so he went with Arthur, who had business at the docks occasionally and never minded a quiet child alongside him.

Robert stood at the edge of the dock at Durban and looked at the ships and the water and the enormous horizon and felt something shift in him that had no name yet.

He would spend his life trying to name it.

He would become a great sailor and a great fisherman and a man who told stories. He would cross the ocean more times than he could count. He would find his way, eventually, to a wide slow river in the Congo and stand on its banks and look for a boot-shaped island.

But that was a long way off.

For now he was six years old in Durban, and the sea was calling, and he was already gone.

CHAPTER FIVE

**RJB**

JOHANNESBURG — 1965



Patrick found RJB in the Sunday Times.

He had been working through the newspaper archives for three months, looking for anything connected to Barnard, Hartmann, Ajax, or the name ST Hughes. He was eighteen now and the search had become the most serious thing in his life, more serious than school, more serious than everything except the face he showed the world, which was always calm and always occupied with something ordinary.

He found it in a 1961 edition. Not a news story. A racing notice.

A horse called Sovereign had been scratched from a race at Turffontein on account of illness. The trainer's name was listed. And at the bottom, in the small print that nobody read: a note of thanks to RJ Barnard for his assistance with the stabling arrangements.

RJ Barnard.

Not CJ.

***"CJ Barnard has a son,"***

Patrick told Daphne that evening.

Daphne set down her cup.

*"How old?"*

*"The 1961 notice doesn't say. But if CJ was active in the 1930s — forty or fifty years old then — his son would be your age now. Maybe a little older."*

Daphne was very still for a moment.

*"RJB. The initials in the Shannon tack room."*

*"Yes."*

*"He was in Shannon in 1961. At the tack room."*

*"Yes."*

She looked at the canary.

*"Why?"*

*"I don't know yet,"*

said Patrick.

*"But the Barnard family knows about Shannon. They knew where ST lived. They knew where to look."*

He paused.

*"And they scratched their initials into the wall. Which means either they were marking it — telling someone else they had been there — or they were doing what ST did. Leaving a mark."*

Daphne looked at her eldest son.

*"You think RJ Barnard might not be on his father's side?"*

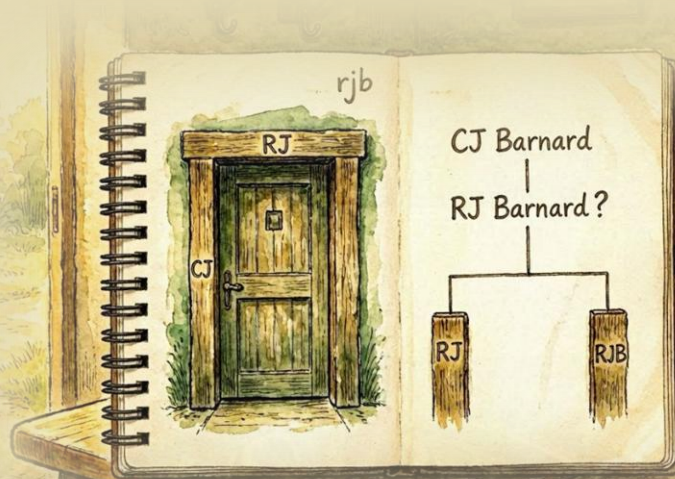
*"I think,"*

said Patrick carefully,

*"that someone who scratches their initials into ST's tack room wall in the same spot where ST scratched his is either an enemy who wants us to know they have been there, or a friend who has learned the language."*

He looked at his notebook.

*"I intend to find out which."*



CHAPTER SIX

## The Shape Of Things

JOHANNESBURG — LATE 1965



**B**y the end of 1965 the shape of things was clearer.

Patrick had the Barnard lineage and the Ajax transfer and the Hartmann connection. He had, through careful cultivation of relationships at Turffontein and in the broader racing world,

identified three men who had known CJ Barnard directly — two of whom were willing to talk, cautiously, about a man who had been very good at making himself useful to people who needed things done quietly.

Whitney had the business records, the company registrations, the hostile takeover of Black Forest Tea in 1936, the Hartmann subsidiary structure. He had followed the money trail as far as he could from Johannesburg and found that it connected, through a series of holding companies with German names, to pharmaceutical interests in Europe that were still active.

Black Forest Tea was still operating. That was the extraordinary part. ST's tea was still being made and sold. His signature was still on the boxes. Barnard had not destroyed what ST created — he had taken it. And whoever had it now was still profiting from a formula they did not fully understand, built on a flower they had located but never been able to reproduce in the extraordinary way ST had intended.

Hartmann was not a relic. It was operating.

DG had been learning Welsh for a year from a library book. He was eight years old and he had learned it the way he learned everything — quietly, completely, without telling anyone until he had something worth saying.

Robert had been to the Durban docks six times and knew the names and schedules of four cargo vessels that ran routes through Central African ports.

Daphne looked at her four sons and their four notebooks and said nothing for a long time.

~ ~ ~

*"There is something I have not told you,"*

she said finally.

Four pairs of eyes — all different, all carrying something of the same quality of attention.

*"The formula requires three flowers. You know about the Congo island and the DuGall valley. There is a third."*

She told them about Jan Heyneke. About the Namaqualand hillside. About the orange flowers above Kamieskroon that bloomed every August in their thousands and that the old Nama people called the one that remembers where it came from.

She told them that Barnard had two pieces and did not know about the third. That the third was the most important — it was what completed the formula and what ST had kept most carefully hidden.

She looked at Robert.

*"Jan Heyneke drives the West Coast routes. When you are old enough — when you are ready for that part of this — you will know what to look for."*

Robert nodded as if this was the most natural thing in the world.

Daphne looked around the table. Patrick calculating. Whitney already reaching for a pen. DG perfectly still. Robert already gone somewhere in his head, somewhere on the water, some wide horizon only he could see.

*"Each of you has a thread,"*

she said.

*"Each thread is different. But they all go to the same place. The deep place where things come together."*

She put her hand on the worn notebook at the centre of the table — the one that had started this, the one from Shannon and Johannesburg and Wales.

*"This is yours now. All of it. I have carried it as far as I can carry it alone."*

She looked at each of them in turn.

*"Do not carry it alone. That is the only instruction."*

~ ~ ~

That night, after the brothers were in bed, Daphne sat alone at the kitchen table.

She looked at the canary on its shelf. It had been singing since 1940. Twenty-five years. It had been in a Johannesburg bar for twelve years before that. Thirty-seven years of the canary, and it had never once stopped.

She thought of Amelia in Adelaide. She wrote her monthly letter.

She thought of Peggy in Bloemfontein, drawing horses with ST's initials in the corner.

She thought of Emrys in the DuGall valley, very old now, the yellow door still painted the same colour it had been when the Dutch trader came in 1738.

She thought of Jan Heyneke driving the West Coast in August, pointing at the orange hillside, saying: look at that, isn't it extraordinary.

She thought of ST. Wherever he was. Whatever not yet had meant.

She put her hand over the notebook.

*"They are ready,"*

she said quietly. To the canary. To the night. To whoever was listening.

*"They are ready now."*

The canary sang three notes. Clear and high and certain.

It was, she thought, the same three notes it always sang when it agreed.



## THE BROTHERS' CLUE KEEPER

*What we know — all seven books*

*New clues from Book Seven are marked NEW!*



Carried from Daphne's arc — Books One through Six:

**The complete map:** *Both halves. Boot-shaped island. 'Here. Nov 1938 — ST'*

**Three flowers:** *Congo island, DuGall valley Wales, Namaqualand near Kamieskroon*

**The Welsh formula:** *Copied from the two-hundred-year book. The DuGall foundation.*

**Du Gallan:** *The deep place where things come together.*

**Barnard / Hartmann:** *Two of three pieces. Does not know the West Coast flower.*

**The canary:** *Still singing. Present through all arcs. The signal.*

**The DuGall seeds:** *Growing in the Shannon garden. Safest where no one looks.*

**ST's letters:** *'Not yet. Wait.' and 'The time is coming. Soon.'*

**New in Book Seven:**

**NEW Daphne tells the brothers — August 1964:** *The stories were true. All of it. The brothers now know the full shape of the trail.*

**NEW Arthur and Barnard:** *Arthur knew of Barnard through the racing world. This is part of why Daphne married him.*

**NEW Ajax:** *ST's racehorse. Transfer document found — signed over to Barnard in 1937 for one pound. Later registered to a Hartmann subsidiary. Still racing in 1952.*

**NEW Black Forest Tea stolen:** *Barnard used his co-signatory position to seize control of ST's company in 1936 while ST was in the Congo. Not dissolved — taken. Black Forest Tea continued. ST's signature remained on the boxes. ST had been removed from his own creation.*

**NEW Hartmann still active:** *The Hartmann subsidiary structure connects to active European pharmaceutical interests. Not a relic. Operating now.*

**NEW RJB — 1961:** *Initials scratched in Shannon tack room wall. RJ Barnard — CJ's son. Was in Shannon in 1961. Enemy or friend — unknown. Patrick intends to find out.*

**NEW Four threads confirmed:** *Patrick: Congo river. Whitney: Johannesburg records. DG: Wales + West Coast. Robert: maritime routes.*

**Big Question:** *Is RJ Barnard an enemy — or someone who has been trying to leave a message?*

## WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

### **Patrick has found RJ Barnard.**

Patrick is eighteen years old. He has found, through the Sunday Times racing archives, that RJ Barnard — CJ Barnard's son — is a trainer at a small yard outside Johannesburg. He is in his late thirties. He has never been publicly connected to his father's business interests.

Patrick has also found, through careful investigation, that RJ Barnard visited Shannon in 1961 and scratched his initials into the wall of ST's tack room — in the same spot where DJ Hughes and ST carved theirs.

Patrick has two theories. Either RJ Barnard is his father's agent, marking the Shannon property as something Barnard still watches. Or RJ Barnard left his initials as a signal — the same language ST used — saying: I was here. I know about this. I am not my father.

Patrick could find out which. But the approach matters entirely.

### *What would YOU do?*

- A)** Approach RJ Barnard directly at the racing yard — introduce himself as Daphne's son and see how Barnard reacts to the name
- B)** Watch from a distance first — learn RJ Barnard's patterns, his contacts, his loyalties, before making any approach
- C)** Find someone who knows both RJ Barnard and the racing world — use an intermediary to ask questions without revealing who is asking

*Find out what Patrick decides — and who RJ Barnard really is — in Book Eight:*

**THE HUGHES CHRONICLES, BOOK EIGHT: 'THE BARNARD SON'**

*Available now at [DuGallan.com](http://DuGallan.com)*

## FUN FACTS FOR CURIOUS READERS

### **Business Registries and Company Records**

When a company is registered, its details are recorded in an official registry — the names of the directors, the date it was founded, what it does, and who has signing authority. These records are kept for many years, sometimes forever. A careful investigator can trace the history of a company through its registration documents — who started it, who controlled it, how signing authority changed, and what assets were transferred and to whom. If a co-signatory on a company uses that authority to transfer control while the founder is overseas and unable to respond, the records will show exactly how it was done. Whitney's work at the Johannesburg business registry is exactly the kind of investigation that a good journalist, lawyer or detective would do. The records were there. He was patient enough to find them.

### **Horse Racing and Ownership Registration**

When a racehorse is registered to run in official races, the owner's name is recorded on the race card alongside the horse's name and trainer. These records are kept by racing authorities and are publicly available. A horse can be transferred from one owner to another by signing a transfer document — a simple piece of paper that, once registered, changes everything about who has rights to the horse. The transfer of Ajax from ST Hughes to CJ Barnard for one pound in 1937 would have been perfectly legal on paper — but the circumstances that produced that signature, and whether ST Hughes signed it freely, is exactly the question Whitney has begun to ask.

### **Intelligence and Information Networks**

An intelligence network is simply a system for gathering, storing and using information. It does not require official government involvement — anyone can build one. A person who reads the right newspapers, cultivates the right relationships, asks the right questions without revealing why they are asking, and keeps careful records is practicing a form of intelligence work. Patrick's systematic approach — the newspaper archives, the racing contacts, the careful filing of everything he finds — is the beginning of the intelligence network he will develop over the next forty years. He learned it, though he might not know this, from his mother.

## **The Orange Free State — A Name Change**

The place called Shannon, where ST bred horses and Daphne was born, is in what was called the Orange Free State in the 1920s to 1940s. Today the province is called the Free State — the word Orange was dropped in 1995 when South Africa became a democracy and many places were renamed to reflect the country's new identity. The Orange River, which gives the province its original name, still runs through it. The veld still stretches in every direction. The orange flowers, if they are still growing in the Shannon garden, still bloom every winter.

## **What A Sunday Times Archive Looks Like**

Before digital records existed, newspapers kept physical archives — rooms full of bound volumes or filing systems of clippings, organised by date. A researcher wanting to find a specific name or event would need to know approximately when it happened and work through the relevant issues one by one. Patrick's three months in the Sunday Times archive is not an exaggeration — this is exactly the kind of time-consuming, page-by-page work that produced results before search engines existed. The people who did this work well were patient, systematic, and good at recognising significance in small details. Patrick was all three.

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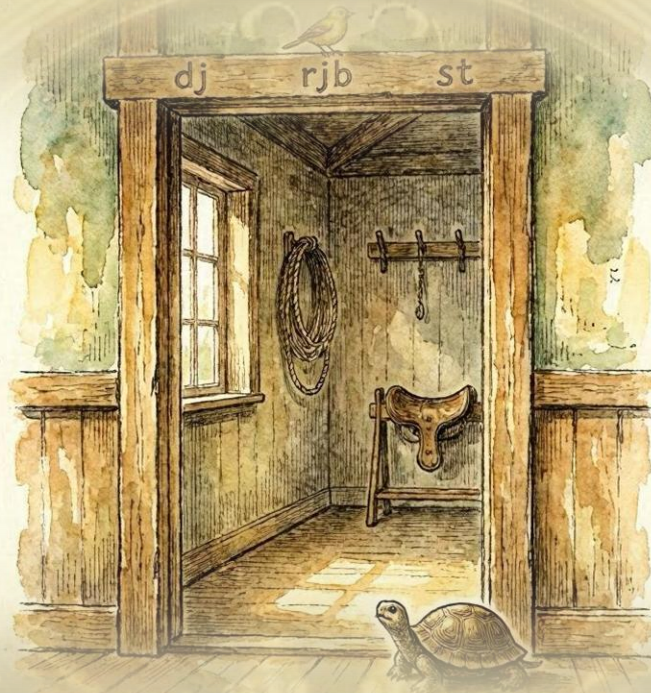
*The search continues in  
The Hughes Chronicles*

## **Book Eight**

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