

The Hughes Chronicles



The Barnard Son

Book Eight

DuGallan

The Hughes Chronicles · The Barnard Son

THE DUGALLAN CHRONICLES

The Hughes Chronicles · Book Eight

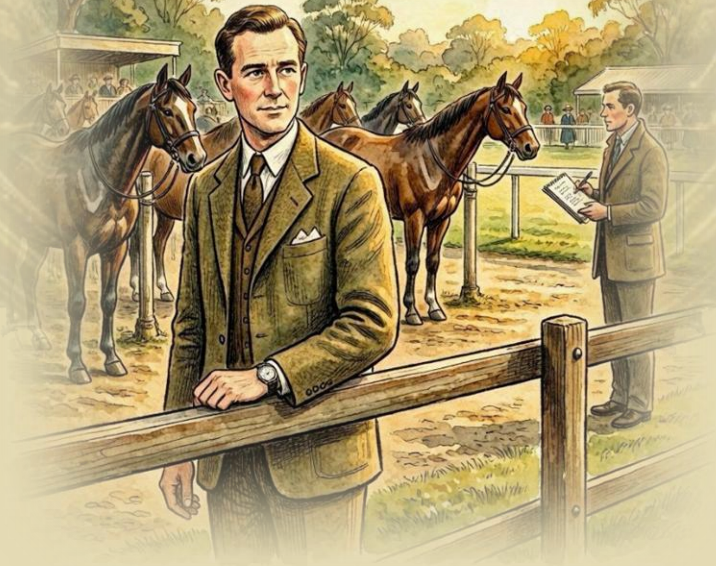
THE BARNARD SON

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 EIGHT

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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DuGallan.com

Written by DuGallan



For
RJ Barnard

Who chose not to be his father.

*Who built a trust and called it ST Holdings
and waited for the right person to come.*

Who wore one watch.

Some debts cannot be repaid.

But they can be acknowledged.

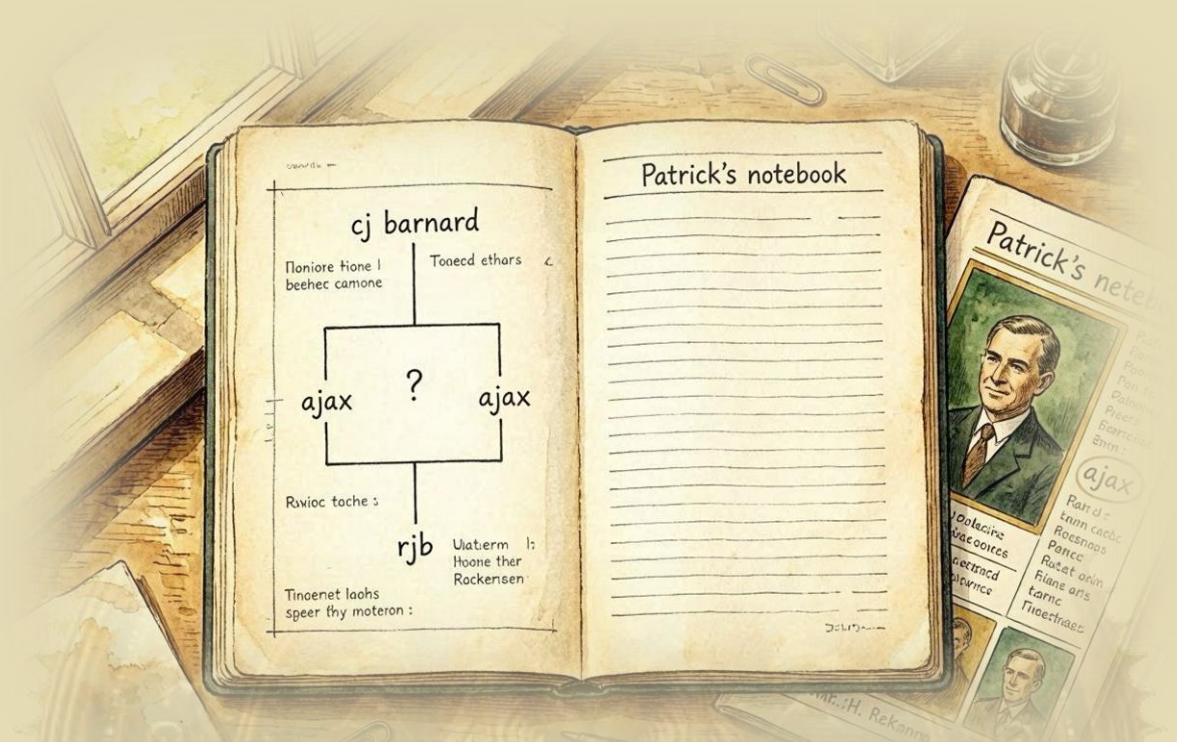
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WHAT WE KNOW SO FAR



A note from DuGallan — DG — the third of Daphne's four sons, and the one writing these books.

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

Our grandfather's name was ST — Samuel Thomas Isaac Hughes. He was Welsh. He came to South Africa, bred racehorses in Shannon in the Orange Free State, and created Black Forest Tea — a tea so extraordinary that people travelled far to buy it. His signature was on every box. He went to the Belgian Congo in the late 1930s to find the source of the flower that made his tea remarkable. He never came home.

He left a trail. A network of people, each holding one piece. Our mother Daphne followed that trail for most of her life — from Shannon to Johannesburg to Wales and back. She found the complete map. She found the DuGall valley in Wales and the two-hundred-year botanical book. She found that the formula requires three flowers, not one — the Congo island, the Welsh valley, and a hillside in the Namaqualand that Jan Heyneke has been pointing at from a Spoornet bus for decades.

A man called CJ Barnard used his position as co-signatory to seize control of ST's Black Forest Tea company in 1936 while ST was in the Congo. He took what ST created. He represented a European pharmaceutical company called Hartmann. He has two of the three botanical pieces. He does not know about the West Coast flower.

In August 1964 our mother told us the truth. She gave each of us a thread. Patrick: the Congo river. Whitney: the Johannesburg records. DG: Wales. Robert: the sea.

Patrick found Ajax — ST's horse — transferred to Barnard for one pound in 1937, later registered to a Hartmann subsidiary. Whitney found that Barnard seized Black Forest Tea in 1936 while ST was gone. And in the Shannon tack room, carved into the wall in 1961, we found three letters: RJB.

RJ Barnard. CJ's son. He was in Shannon. He scratched his initials in the same spot where ST carved his, and where DJ Hughes carved his before that.

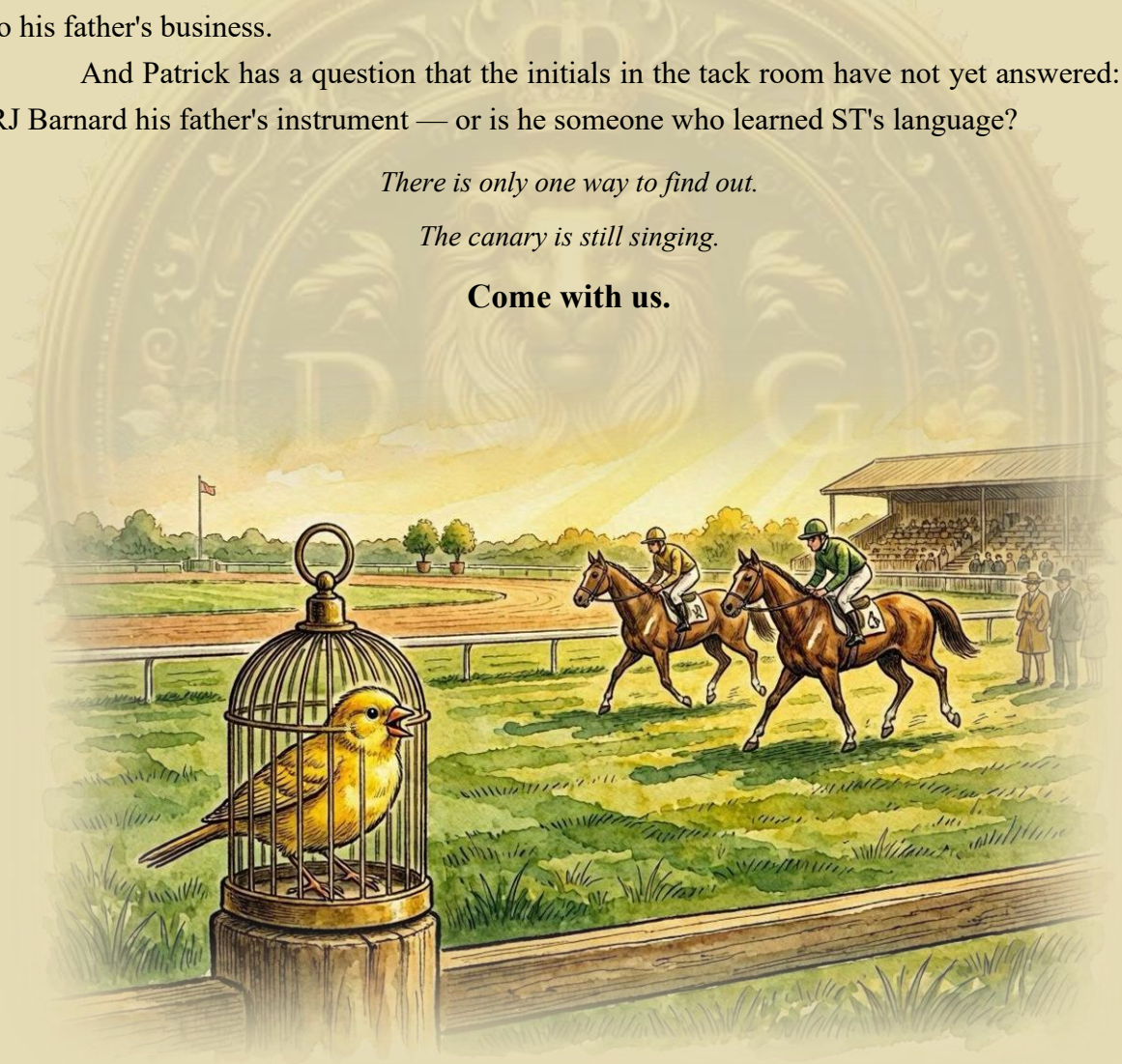
Patrick has been watching RJ Barnard for a year. He has found him — a trainer at a small yard outside Johannesburg. He is in his late thirties. He has never been publicly connected to his father's business.

And Patrick has a question that the initials in the tack room have not yet answered: is RJ Barnard his father's instrument — or is he someone who learned ST's language?

There is only one way to find out.

The canary is still singing.

Come with us.



CHAPTER ONE

The Yard

OUTSIDE JOHANNESBURG — JUNE 1966



Patrick had been watching the yard for three weeks before he made his move.

This was not impatience. This was the opposite of impatience — the particular discipline of someone who has learned that the most important information about a person is not what they say but what they do when they believe nobody is watching.

RJ Barnard did the same things every morning. He arrived at the yard before five. He watched the first lot work in the half-dark, stopwatch in hand, saying very little. He drank one cup of coffee from a flask he brought himself. He spoke to his two stable hands with the quiet efficiency of a man who respects work and expects it to be done properly. He left by eight, drove a clean but unremarkable car, and did not look around him the way a man who expected to be watched would look around.

He wore one watch.

Patrick had checked this carefully. Every morning, the same left-wrist watch. The right wrist bare. Not two watches — one. This was, in Patrick's considered assessment, either completely meaningless or the most significant detail he had found in three weeks of observation.

He was eighteen years old and had the patience of someone twice that age and the instincts of someone who had been absorbing intelligence methodology from his mother since he could read.

On the twenty-second morning, he got out of the car.

~ ~ ~

The yard smelled of horses and hay and the particular mineral cleanness of early morning highveld air. Patrick walked to the rail and stood beside RJ Barnard without speaking, watching the horse on the sand track complete its circuit.

Barnard did not turn.

The horse finished its work and was walked back toward the stables.

Then Barnard said, without looking at Patrick:

"You have been parked on that road for three weeks."

Patrick said nothing.

"The third morning I thought you were a debt collector. By the tenth I thought you were from one of the syndicates. By the fifteenth I understood you were something else."

He turned and looked at Patrick directly.

He had his father's eyes — the same calm, assessing quality that Patrick had seen in the race-day photograph at Turffontein. But there was something different in them. Something that had not been in CJ Barnard's face.

Uncertainty. Not fear. Uncertainty. The expression of a man who has been hoping for something for a long time and is not sure whether what has arrived is that thing.

"You have your mother's eyes,"

he said.

"People say I have my grandfather's."

Something shifted in RJ Barnard's face.

"Yes,"

he said quietly.

"I know."



CHAPTER TWO

What RJ Barnard Knew

THE YARD — THE SAME MORNING



They sat in the office behind the stables.

It was a plain room — desk, two chairs, race programmes on the wall, a framed photograph of a horse Patrick did not recognise. The kind of room that belongs to someone who spends most of their time outside it.

RJ Barnard poured two cups of coffee, set one in front of Patrick, and sat down. He looked at his hands for a moment. Then he looked at Patrick.

"How much do you know?"

"Enough to be here,"

Patrick said.

"How much does your mother know?"

"More than I do. She has been following this since she was fourteen."

RJ Barnard nodded slowly.

"I know. I have been watching for her — or someone from her family — for years. I did not know it would be this soon. You are very young."

"I am eighteen."

"Your grandfather was twenty-two when he found the island."

Patrick went very still.

"You know about the island."

"I know about everything,"

RJ Barnard said. Not boasting. Simply stating.

"My father made sure I did. He thought he was educating me. He thought he was training an heir."

He looked at his coffee.

"He was wrong about what I would do with the education."

~ ~ ~

It took two hours.

RJ Barnard told Patrick what he knew, what his father had told him, and what he had found out on his own in the years since he had understood that his father's project was something he could not be part of.

CJ Barnard had known about ST's work before ST had fully understood it himself. He had positioned himself as a business partner — the bookmaker who understood Johannesburg's commercial networks, who could facilitate the connections ST needed. The company co-signatory. The trusted associate.

When ST went to the Congo the second time, CJ had moved. He had used the co-signatory authority to restructure the Black Forest Tea company — transferring effective control to a holding entity connected to Hartmann. Legally bulletproof. ST, had he returned, would have faced years of litigation to reclaim what was his.

"But he did not return,"

Patrick said.

"No."

"Do you know what happened to him?"

RJ Barnard was quiet for a long moment.

"I know what my father believed happened. I do not know whether it is true."

"Tell me."

RJ looked at him carefully.

"Your grandfather found something on that island that was more significant than a botanical formula. Something that the people behind Hartmann — not Hartmann itself, the people above Hartmann — had been trying to locate for a generation. He understood what he had found. And he understood that if he came home openly, he would lose it. Everything. The formula. The knowledge. Possibly more than that."

Patrick said nothing.

"My father believed ST made a choice. Not to disappear. To stay hidden. Deliberately. Until he could find a way to protect what he had found and still come home."

"And the letter,"

Patrick said.

"Which letter?"

"Not yet. Wait. He wrote to my mother. He said not yet. And then he said: the time is coming. Soon."

RJ Barnard looked at him for a long time.

"My father received a similar communication. Not from ST directly. Through intermediaries. It said: tell your son to wait. The time is not right. But it will be."

The room was very quiet.

The horses moved outside. Someone called to a stable hand. The ordinary sounds of a racing yard on an ordinary morning.

"When was this?"

"1961,"

said RJ Barnard.

"The year you went to Shannon."

"Yes,"

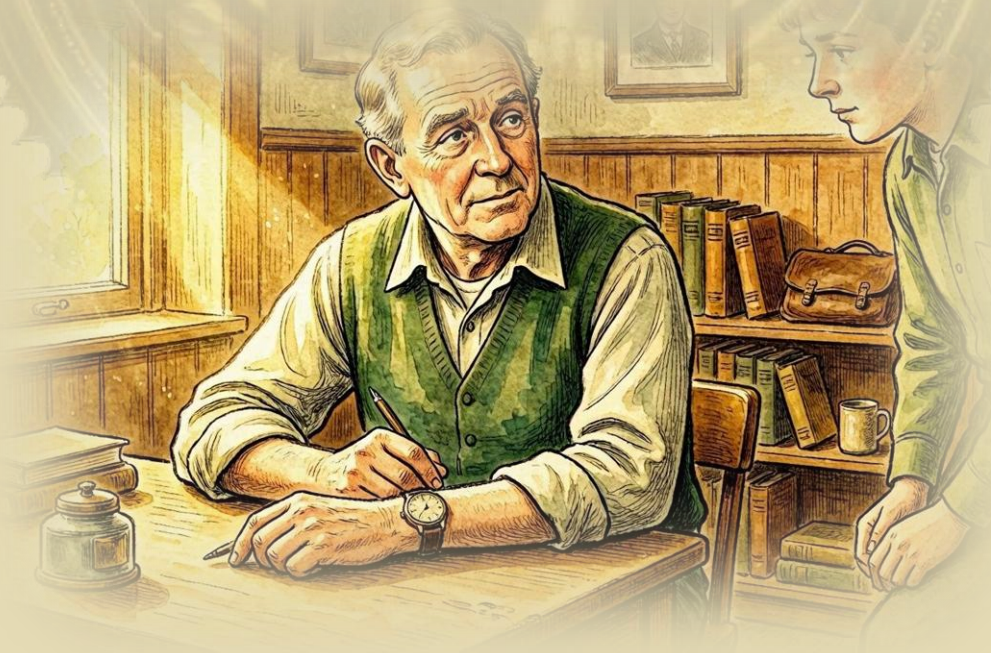
said RJ Barnard.

"I went to Shannon because I needed to leave my mark somewhere ST would recognise. Somewhere that told him — or told whoever came looking — that I was not my father. That I knew the language. That I was waiting on the right side."

~ ~ ~

"The watch,"

Patrick said.



RJ Barnard looked at his wrist.

"My father wore two. Always. One for here. One for the Congo — he kept it on Léopoldville time until the day he died. I think he believed it kept him connected to what he was trying to find."

"And you wear one."

"I wear one,"

said RJ Barnard.

"I decided a long time ago that I would not be the man with two watches."



CHAPTER THREE

Ajax

JOHANNESBURG — THE FOLLOWING WEEK



Whitney had been in the archives for four months.

He was seventeen years old and had talked his way into the Thoroughbred Racing SA records room by presenting himself as a student writing a history of Turffontein Racecourse — a story that was technically true in the sense that he was indeed writing down what he found, and was indeed interested in the history.

He had found the Ajax transfer document in October — the one-pound sale from ST to CJ Barnard in 1937. He had found the Hartmann subsidiary registration. He had followed the ownership chain forward through the 1940s and into the 1950s.

And then he had found something that made him sit very still for a long time in the quiet of the archives.

The Ajax race records from 1963 and 1964.

Ajax — registered now to a company called Llandaff Holdings, Johannesburg — had raced at Turffontein in both years. The horse had performed respectably, placing in three races, winning one. The trainer was listed. The jockey was listed.

And the owner's representative, the name listed as appearing at races on behalf of Llandaff Holdings, was:

R.J. Barnard

RJ Barnard had been managing Ajax on behalf of a holding company.

Whitney closed the ledger. He opened his notebook. He wrote three things down:

First: Llandaff Holdings. A Welsh name. Llandaff was a district of Cardiff. ST had come from Wales.

Second: RJ Barnard was managing Ajax — ST's horse, transferred under duress — for an entity with a Welsh name.

Third: Ajax had raced against Sea Cottage.

~ ~ ~

Sea Cottage was not simply a famous horse. Sea Cottage was the horse that South Africa had taken to its collective heart — blinded in one eye by a horsefly sting, entered in a major race against all advice, and winning anyway. The country had watched it happen and felt something that went beyond sport.

And Ajax had raced against him.

Whitney sat with the ledger for a long time.

If RJ Barnard was managing Ajax for Llandaff Holdings, and if Llandaff Holdings had a Welsh name, and if RJ Barnard had gone to Shannon in 1961 to scratch his initials in a tack room — then the question was not whether RJ Barnard was on the right side.

The question was: who owned Llandaff Holdings?

~ ~ ~



Whitney took the information to Patrick the same evening.

Patrick listened without interrupting — which was his way, the way that had always unnerved Whitney slightly, the absolute stillness of a man who does not react until he has finished processing.

When Whitney finished, Patrick said:

"I know who owns Llandaff Holdings."

Whitney stared at him.

"RJ told me. When we met."

"You already knew? You sent me to the archives for four months when you already —"

"I sent you to the archives because I needed you to find it yourself. Independently. So that when we compare what we know, neither of us is only trusting the other's sources."

Whitney looked at his brother for a moment.

"That is the most Patrick thing you have ever said."

"Thank you."

"It was not a compliment."

Patrick almost smiled.

"Llandaff Holdings is registered to a trust. The trust's named beneficiary is an entity called ST Holdings. The trustee is RJ Barnard."

Whitney understood immediately.

"ST Holdings. ST's initials."

"Yes."

"Which means —"

"Which means that when Barnard seized the company in 1936, someone — somehow — maintained a parallel structure that kept ST's name connected to his own horse. RJ has been managing Ajax on behalf of a trust that belongs, in some form, to our grandfather."

The room was quiet.

"He is alive,"

Whitney said.

"Someone is keeping his interests alive,"

Patrick said carefully.

"That is not quite the same thing. But it is closer than we have been."



CHAPTER FOUR

What Patrick Decided

JOHANNESBURG — 1966



Patrick went back to the yard.

He went twice more before he made the decision. The second time, RJ showed him the file he had been keeping. The third time, Patrick brought Whitney.

Whitney and RJ Barnard looked at each other across the desk in the small office behind the stables.

Then Whitney said:

"Llandaff Holdings. ST Holdings. You have been maintaining our grandfather's interests."

"As best I could,"

RJ said.

"Why?"

RJ looked at him for a moment.

"Because my father did something that cannot be undone. He stole from a man who trusted him. He did it legally and he did it deliberately. I cannot give back what he took. But I can make sure that when the right time comes — when whoever is following ST's trail gets close enough — there is something left to return to."

"The trust,"

Whitney said.

"Yes. Ajax is registered to Llandaff Holdings which is managed by ST Holdings trust. When the trust is eventually wound up — when a legitimate beneficiary can be established — everything reverts. The horse's racing history. The company records. Whatever can be documented of ST's original ownership."

Patrick was quiet for a moment.

"And Black Forest Tea?"

RJ's expression changed.

"That I cannot help with. The Tea was absorbed into a Hartmann subsidiary in the 1940s. By now it has passed through several hands. It is no longer a South African entity — it is a European one. Hartmann itself was restructured in the 1950s. The people behind it now are not the same people who were behind it when my father was working for them."

"But they still have the tea."

"They still have the tea. And ST's signature is still on the boxes. For now."

Patrick looked at him.

"For now?"

RJ Barnard looked at his hands.

"The company that currently holds Black Forest Tea has been conducting what they call a brand audit. They are standardising their heritage brands. Removing individual names from packaging. Modernising."

Patrick understood exactly what this meant.

"They are going to erase him."

"I believe so. Not immediately. But within the decade. The signature will come off the boxes. The name Hughes will be removed from the brand history. ST will become, officially, nobody."



~ ~ ~

Patrick made three decisions that morning, walking back to his car along the yard road with the highveld sun beginning to warm the air.

First: RJ Barnard was an ally. Not a simple one — he was the son of the man who had stolen from ST, and that could never be uncomplicated. But his actions over the past decade, and the file he had kept, and the trust he had constructed, spoke more clearly than any words.

Second: the Black Forest Tea situation needed to be monitored. The removal of ST's name from the boxes would happen eventually. When it did, it would be the most public erasure yet — the final severing of ST's connection to his own creation. Patrick did not know yet what could be done about it. But he would be watching.

Third: the Ajax and ST Holdings trust was a legal instrument that would one day be needed. He did not know when. He did not know which of his brothers would be the one to use it. But it existed, and he knew where it was, and he would protect that knowledge.

He drove home through the Johannesburg morning, through the streets that his grandfather had moved through thirty years before, and he felt — not for the first time, and not for the last — that the search was not his alone.

It had never been his alone.

That was the whole point.

CHAPTER FIVE

The File

JOHANNESBURG — LATE 1966



The file that RJ Barnard had kept was extraordinary.

Patrick spent three weeks going through it. He read everything twice. He cross-referenced it against Whitney's archive findings and his own three months of research at the Sunday Times.

What emerged was the clearest picture yet of what ST had walked into.

Hartmann — the company behind Barnard — had not been interested primarily in the formula. They had been interested in the botanical source. The island. The specific cultivar that grew only in that location. They had understood, earlier than almost anyone, that the commercial value of a plant was not in what you could make from it but in whether you could control its supply.

ST had found the source. He had understood its value. And he had understood — too late to prevent the theft of his company, but early enough to hide the knowledge — that whoever controlled the island controlled the formula.

The Léopoldville letters. The frightened man who had written that the arrangement was complicated. Patrick had not seen those letters — they were with Daphne in Johannesburg — but RJ had heard about them from sources he would not name. The frightened man had been one of Hartmann's own people, who had understood what they were doing to ST and had tried, too late, to warn him.

And then there was a name.

In RJ's file, appearing twice — once in a 1955 communication and once in a 1962 Johannesburg business registry entry — a name that Patrick did not recognise but wrote down with particular care.

Not Hartmann. Not Barnard. Something else. A name that suggested whatever had absorbed Black Forest Tea in the 1940s had itself been absorbed, or restructured, or renamed — and that the entity that now held ST's creation was larger and less visible than anything CJ Barnard had worked for.

Patrick wrote the name in his notebook.

He would spend the next forty years following it.

~ ~ ~

He wrote a letter to Daphne that evening.

He told her about RJ Barnard — that he had made contact, that RJ was trustworthy, that the situation was more complex and more promising than they had understood.

He told her about the ST Holdings trust and the Llandaff Holdings structure. He told her that Ajax had raced against Sea Cottage and that the horse's racing history was intact and traceable.

He did not tell her the name from the file. Not yet. He needed to know more before he put that name in a letter — even a letter to his mother.

He told her one more thing.

He told her that RJ Barnard had received a communication in 1961, through intermediaries, that said: tell your son to wait. The time is not right. But it will be.

He told her that the communication had come from the direction of the Congo.

He sealed the letter. He held it in his hands for a moment.

Outside the Johannesburg window, the city was doing what it always did — loud and purposeful and entirely unaware of what was being pieced together in a room above it.

Patrick put the letter in the post.

Then he opened his notebook to a fresh page and wrote, at the top, the name from the file.

The search had a new direction.



CHAPTER SIX

What The Canary Said

JOHANNESBURG — 1966



Daphne listened to everything without interrupting.

Patrick told her about RJ Barnard. Whitney told her about the Ajax records and Llandaff Holdings and ST Holdings trust. DG, who was nine years old, sat at the table and held the orange flower and listened in the way he always listened — completely, without knowing yet what he was absorbing.

Robert, eight years old, had stopped watching the canary about halfway through and was now watching his mother's face instead, with the particular attention of the youngest child who has learned that the most important information in any room is usually on the face of the person who knows the most.

When Patrick finished, Daphne was quiet for a long time.

Then she said:

"He is protecting something. Not just the formula. Something else. Something he found on the island that he has not told anyone — or has told only in fragments, to different people."

"That is what RJ believes,"

Patrick said.

"It is what Old Joseph believed. It is what Emrys said. It is what the Léopoldville letter said — the item remains where he left it."

She looked at the canary.

"The canary is still singing."

"Every morning,"

said Patrick.

Daphne nodded slowly.

"Then we are still going the right way."

~ ~ ~

She told them, that evening, what she had never told them before.

The court case. ST vs CJ Barnard, 02 January 1947. ST had been the plaintiff. He had been in South Africa, had initiated legal action against Barnard for the company seizure, and then — had vanished again. The case had gone nowhere. Barnard's lawyers had buried it in procedure. But ST had been there. In Johannesburg. In 1947.

Patrick wrote this down.

"He came back to fight for his company. Barnard's lawyers stopped him. And then he went back to wherever he had been."

"Yes,"

said Daphne.

"He tried. And then he sent me the letters. Not yet. Wait. He was telling me — telling all of us — that the legal route had failed and there was another way but the time was not right."

"And RJ received the same message in 1961,"

Patrick said.

"ST has been running a very long game,"

Whitney said.

"Yes,"

said Daphne.

"He has."

She looked at her four sons. Patrick eighteen, just beginning to understand what his intelligence instincts were actually for. Whitney seventeen, who could follow a money trail through six holding companies and still emerge with a clear map. DG nine, holding an orange flower and committing everything to a memory that would one day write these books. Robert eight, watching everything from the edges with the sailor's eye for what the weather is about to do.

Four threads. Four people who each carried one piece.

The deep place where things come together.

It was not there yet. But it was coming.

"RJ Barnard,"

she said.

"Tell him — when you next see him — that Daphne says: the canary is still singing."

"He will know what that means?"

"If he knows ST's language,"
said Daphne,
"he will know exactly what it means."



THE BROTHERS' CLUE KEEPER

What we know — Books One through Eight

New in Book Eight are marked NEW!



Carried forward from Books One through Seven:

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

The formula: Welsh foundation copied. Seeds in Shannon and Adelaide. Third flower known to Jan.

Black Forest Tea: ST's creation. Seized by Barnard 1936. Still exists. ST's signature on boxes — for now.

The canary: Still singing. The signal has never failed.

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

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

The Shannon garden: DuGall seeds growing since 1943. Safest where no one looks.

New in Book Eight:

NEW RJ Barnard — confirmed ally: *CJ's son. Wears ONE watch — left wrist only. Right wrist bare. Went to Shannon 1961 to leave his mark in ST's language. Has been waiting on the right side.*

NEW Llandaff Holdings: *A Welsh-named holding company — Llandaff is a district of Cardiff. Ajax registered here. Managed by RJ Barnard on behalf of ST Holdings trust.*

NEW ST Holdings Trust: *Beneficiary: ST. Trustee: RJ Barnard. ST's interests maintained in legal form across three decades.*

NEW Ajax raced Sea Cottage: *CONFIRMED. Turffontein 1963–64. South Africa's greatest racehorse ran against ST's horse.*

NEW The 1947 court case: *ST was in Johannesburg January 1947 as plaintiff against Barnard. Legal route failed. Barnard's lawyers buried it. ST disappeared again.*

NEW 1961 communication: *RJ received a message through intermediaries: 'Tell your son to wait. The time is not right. But it will be.' From the direction of the Congo.*

NEW ST's signature — warning: *The company holding Black Forest Tea is conducting a brand audit. ST's signature will be removed from the boxes within the decade.*

NEW The name: *Patrick found a name in RJ's file — not Hartmann, not Barnard. A European/German entity. Larger. He has begun following it.*

NEW The item on the island: *Multiple sources confirm: ST left something on the island. Not the formula. Something else. Still there.*

Big Question: *What did ST leave on the island — and what is the name Patrick found in RJ's file?*

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Patrick has a name. He does not know yet what it means.

The name from RJ's file connects to a company that absorbed Black Forest Tea from Hartmann in the 1950s. Patrick has spent six months tracing it through business registries, newspaper archives, and the Sunday Times library. He has found that the company is based in Europe — Germany specifically — and has interests across pharmaceutical, botanical and agricultural sectors.

He has also found that the company has a representative in Johannesburg. A quiet man. Unremarkable. The kind of person you would not look at twice in the street.

And he has found — through a connection RJ Barnard did not know about, a source Patrick has developed entirely independently — that this representative knows about the Shannon garden. About the DuGall seeds growing there.

Someone has been watching the Shannon garden.

What would YOU do?

- A)** Tell Daphne immediately — the Shannon garden may be in danger and she needs to know
- B)** Go to Shannon first and remove the plants before anyone can take them — the seeds are too important to leave unprotected
- C)** Watch the Johannesburg representative first — find out what he knows and what he has already reported before making any move that might reveal how much you know

Find out what Patrick decides — and what is in the Shannon garden — in Book Nine:

THE HUGHES CHRONICLES, BOOK NINE: 'RIETSPRUIT'

Available now at DuGallan.com

FUN FACTS FOR CURIOUS READERS

Sea Cottage — The Horse That Would Not Give Up



Sea Cottage is one of the most beloved racehorses in South African history. In 1967, before a major race, a horsefly stung him near his eye. The injury was serious — Sea Cottage lost significant vision in that eye. His connections were advised to withdraw him. They did not. Sea Cottage ran anyway, and won, and South Africa fell in love with him completely. A horse that had been partially blinded, that should not have raced, that won anyway — this was the kind of story that a country takes to its heart and does not let go. For Ajax to have raced against Sea Cottage means Ajax was competing at the highest level, in the company of a national legend.

Trusts and Holding Companies

A trust is a legal arrangement where one person (the trustee) holds and manages assets on behalf of another person or entity (the beneficiary). Trusts are used for many purposes — protecting assets, managing inheritance, maintaining businesses across generations. A holding company is a company that owns other companies or assets rather than trading directly. When RJ Barnard structured Llandaff Holdings and ST Holdings trust, he was using the same legal tools that large companies use — but to protect ST's interests rather than to take from them. The law does not care about intentions. It cares about paperwork. RJ's paperwork was very carefully prepared.

Intelligence Work — How It Actually Works

Real intelligence work — the kind that produces useful results — is almost entirely about patience and records. It is not dramatic. It is sitting in archives for months. It is cross-

referencing names across different document types. It is building a picture slowly, piece by piece, never jumping to conclusions before the evidence supports them. Patrick's approach — watching RJ for three weeks before making contact, sending Whitney to the archives independently to verify what RJ had told him, keeping his notebook methodically — is exactly how professional intelligence analysts work. The dramatic moments only happen because of all the undramatic ones that came before.

Johannesburg in the 1960s

Johannesburg in the mid-1960s was one of the most dynamic cities in Africa — driven by gold mining, growing fast, complicated in every direction. It was also a city of enormous inequality and injustice under apartheid, which was at its most rigidly enforced during this period. The racing world — Turffontein, the bookmakers, the trainers and jockeys and syndicates — was one of the few spaces where different communities intersected, however imperfectly. It was the world Arthur French Green moved through, and the world that ST had moved through before him. Patrick's intelligence instincts had been shaped in this city, in this world, from childhood.

The Llandaff Connection

Llandaff is a historic district in Cardiff, the capital of Wales. It is home to Llandaff Cathedral, one of the oldest Christian sites in Wales, dating back to the sixth century. For RJ Barnard to name his holding company Llandaff Holdings was a deliberate signal — a Welsh name, connected to ST's origins, placed in the middle of a Johannesburg business structure so that someone who knew what they were looking for would recognise it. It is exactly the kind of hidden message that ST himself used: the meaning hidden in plain sight, waiting for the right person to find it.

~ ~ ~

*The search continues in
The Hughes Chronicles*

Book Nine

RIETSPRUIT

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~ ~ ~

He left clues. We are still following them.



The name is in the notebook.

The flowers are still growing.



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Follow the clues.