

The Hughes Chronicles



The Man With Two Watches

Book Two

DuGallan

THE DUGALLAN CHRONICLES

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THE HUGHES CHRONICLES

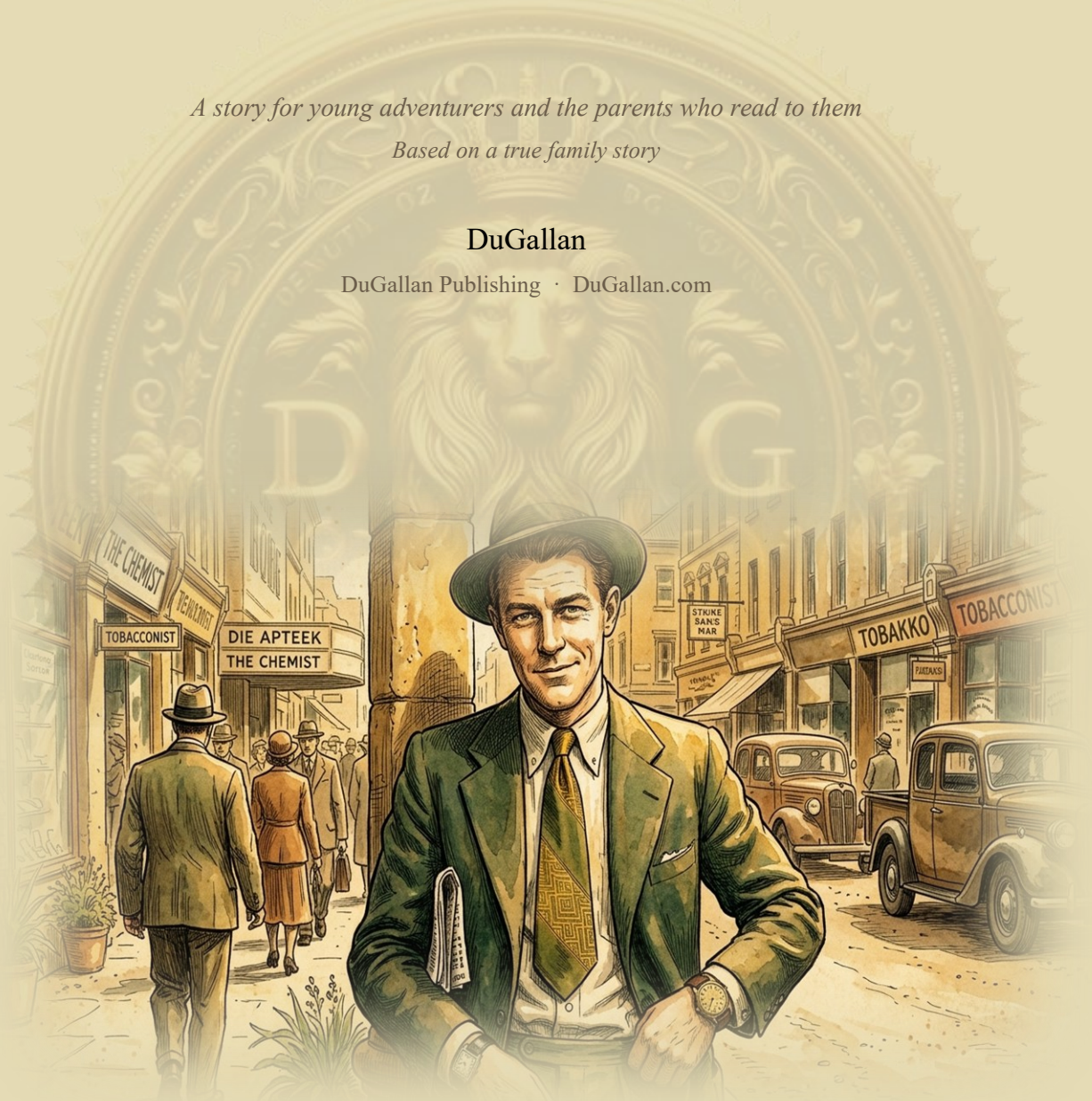
The Man With Two Watches

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

Based on a true family story

DuGallan

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THE HUGHES CHRONICLES — BOOK ONE

The Man with Two Watches

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This book is a work of creative nonfiction based on the true story of Samuel Thomas Isaac Hughes and the Hughes family. The author has made every effort to ensure the accuracy of the historical events and family recollections described. Some scenes, dialogue, and details have been reconstructed for narrative purposes, representing the author's honest interpretation of confirmed family history.

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For

Patrick Sheridan Green

~1947 — 20 October 2014

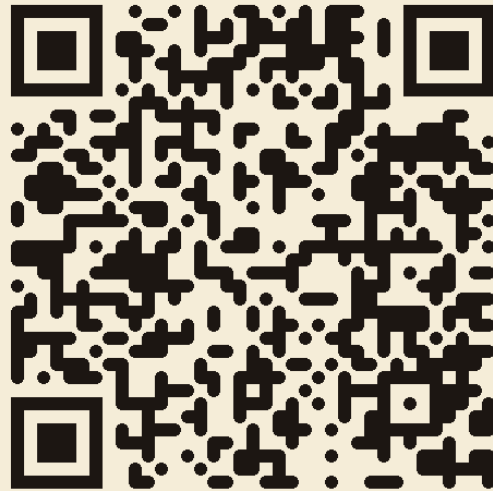
Who followed this trail through channels nobody else had.

Who carried what he found alone, to keep others safe.

Who never left the world ST moved in.

We are still finding out what you knew.

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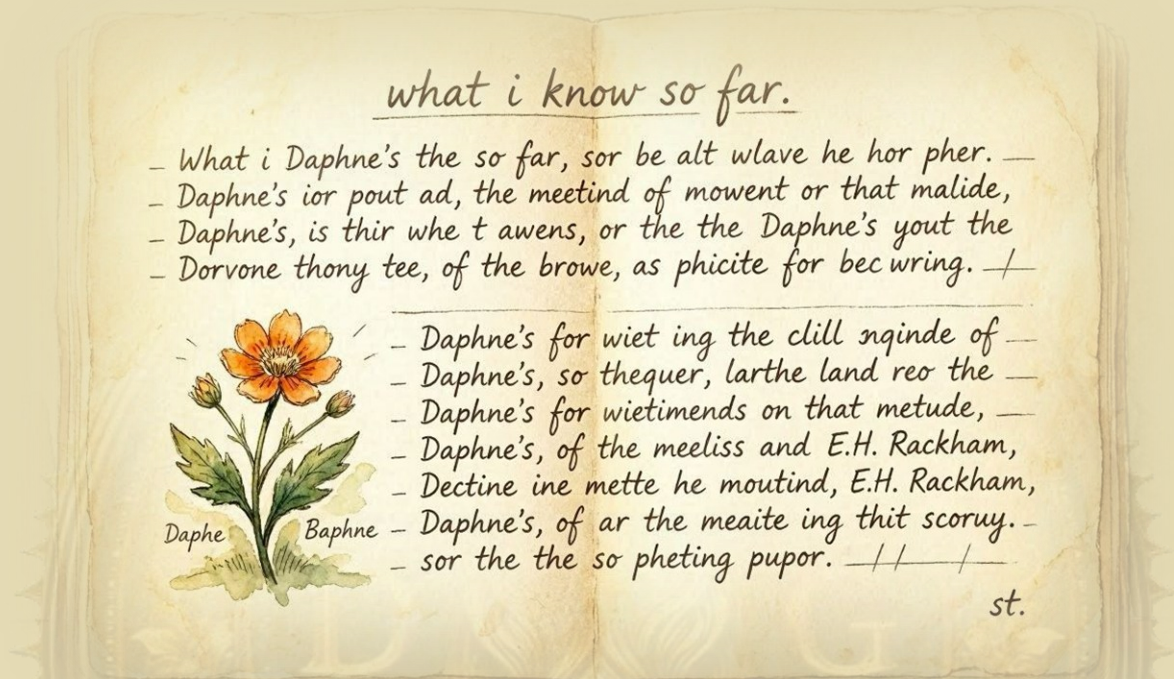


The Hughes Chronicles — Book Two
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BEFORE WE BEGIN

What I Know So Far



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

My father's name is ST — Samuel Thomas Isaac Hughes — and he has been missing since I was young. He was Welsh, which means he came from a green country a very long way from here. He crossed an ocean, settled in a place called Shannon in the Orange Free State of South Africa, bred racehorses, and made an extraordinary herbal tea called Black Forest Tea from a flower that grew somewhere nobody in Shannon had ever been.

Then a man called CJ Barnard — a bookmaker who wore two watches, one on each wrist — got involved in the business of that flower. And a woman whose name I still don't know took all my father's money. And my father, with almost nothing left but a plan and a great deal of determination, went to the Belgian Congo to find the source of the flower himself.

He left me three things in a tin trunk: a partial map, a pressed orange flower, and a note that said: 'Start where the horses ran — ST.'

He left his stable hand Old Joseph in the tack room with a small glass bottle and a message: 'The answer is in the orange. Not the province. The flower.'

He left my sister Peggy with a drawing she makes over and over again — a river, wide and slow, with an island in the middle shaped like a boot. That is where the flower grows.

And Peggy gave me a warning: 'Don't trust the man with two watches.' CJ Barnard — the man who knew what ST had found before ST fully understood it himself.

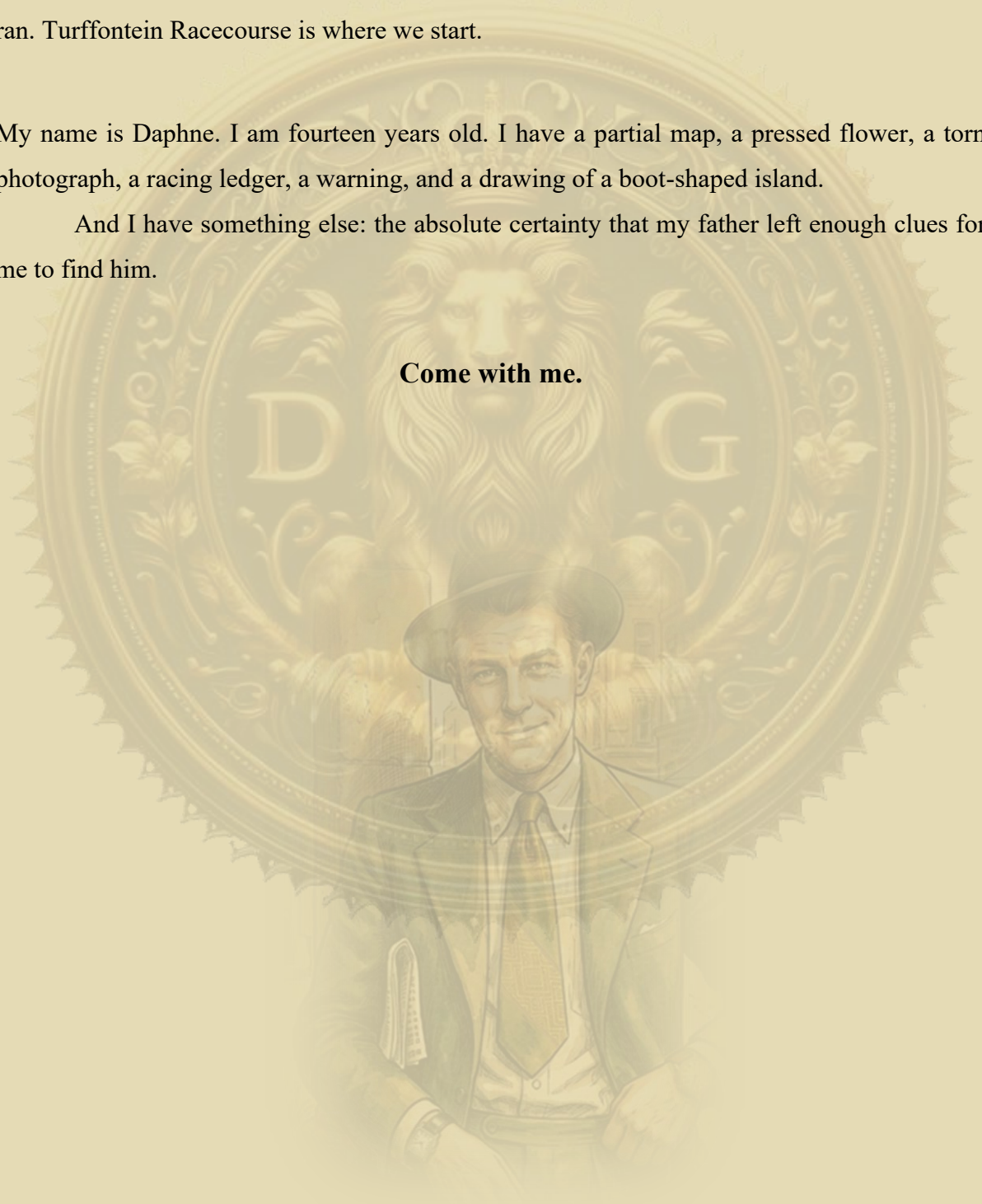
In an abandoned office above a Shannon feed store, I found the second half of a torn photograph. CJ Barnard tore his own face out and ran — but he left ST's half behind.

My mother and I are on our way to Johannesburg. The note said start where the horses ran. Turffontein Racecourse is where we start.

My name is Daphne. I am fourteen years old. I have a partial map, a pressed flower, a torn photograph, a racing ledger, a warning, and a drawing of a boot-shaped island.

And I have something else: the absolute certainty that my father left enough clues for me to find him.

Come with me.



CHAPTER ONE

Turffontein

JOHANNESBURG — JULY 1940



Turffontein was louder than Daphne had expected.

She had imagined it as a quiet place — old, dusty, the horses the only thing that mattered. Instead, it was a roar. The grandstand was packed with men in suits and women in hats, programmes waving, voices rising and falling with the state of each race. Bookmakers stood at their boards like generals, shouting odds that changed every few minutes. A brass band played somewhere near the entrance, and nobody seemed to be listening.

Daphne pressed closer to her mother and held the racing ledger tightly.

"Where do we start?" her mother said.

"The secretary's office. The ledger has a name — the racing secretary who signed most of the race entries. If he's still here, he'll remember ST."

They found the office tucked behind the grandstand — a small room smelling of old paper and leather, with filing cabinets from floor to ceiling and a thin man behind a desk who looked as if he had been there since the racecourse opened in 1887 and didn't intend to leave.

His name was Mr Pienaar.

"ST Hughes," he said, when Daphne showed him the ledger. "I remember him. Welsh. Good eye for a horse — better than most. Quiet man. Always paid what he owed."

"Do you know what happened to him?"

"Went to the Congo, they said. Never came back."

"You're his daughter."

"Yes."

"You have his eyes."

This was the second time someone had said this. Daphne filed it away.

"I'm looking for a man called CJ Barnard. He was a bookmaker here."

Something changed in Mr Pienaar's face. It was a very small change — just a tightening around the eyes — but Daphne caught it.

"I knew of him. He worked this track for several years. Left — must be six, seven years ago. Didn't say goodbye."

"But I know where he used to meet his associates. There was a hotel. On Commissioner Street. The Rialto. Ask for the barman, Charlie Mokoena. He remembers everything."

"Be careful, Miss Hughes. Barnard was not a man who liked people asking questions about him."

~ ~ ~

They were almost at the door when Daphne stopped.

On the wall, half-hidden behind a filing cabinet, was a photograph. A group of men at what looked like a race-day lunch.

She found ST almost immediately. He was at the far right of the photograph, laughing at something outside the frame. Happy.

And three men to his left: a well-dressed man. A good suit. On his left wrist, a watch. On his right wrist, another.



CJ Barnard.

For the first time, Daphne had a face to put to the name.

He had a pleasant face, ordinary, the kind you wouldn't look at twice if you passed him in the street. That, she thought, was probably exactly what he intended.

Daphne took out her notebook and wrote down exactly what CJ Barnard looked like. The watches. The suit. The eyes looking calmly at the camera.

They had a face. They had an address. The trail was getting warmer.

CHAPTER TWO

The Rialto Hotel

COMMISSIONER STREET, JOHANNESBURG — THE SAME AFTERNOON



The Rialto Hotel had a yellow awning.

It was the first thing Daphne noticed. Yellow — the colour that kept appearing around the edges of the ST story, ever since the yellow shoes on the Durban dock. She had begun to pay attention to yellow things.

The bar of the Rialto was dark and cool and smelled of old wood. Behind the bar, polishing glasses with the methodical patience of a man who has been polishing glasses in this room for a very long time, was Charlie Mokoena.

He was old — older than Old Joseph, Daphne thought. He had white hair and eyes that were very still and very watchful.

Daphne's mother found a table near the door. Daphne went to the bar.

~ ~ ~

"Mr Mokoena. Mr Pienaar at Turffontein sent me. I'm looking for information about a man called CJ Barnard."

Charlie Mokoena set down the glass he was polishing.

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen."

"My father was ST Hughes. I think you may have known him."

Something shifted in the old man's eyes.

"ST. Yes. I knew ST."

He reached under the bar and produced a small envelope, brown with age, and set it on the bar between them.

"He left this. Before he went to the Congo the second time. He said: give this to whoever comes asking. He said someone would come, eventually."

"How do you know I'm the right kind?"

The old barman smiled — a slow, quiet smile.

"You have his eyes. And you came alone to the bar while your mother sat at the table. He would have done exactly the same."

Daphne picked up the envelope with hands that were not entirely steady. Inside was a single folded page and a brass key, old and slightly tarnished, with a number stamped into the handle: 7.

The folded page had four lines written on it in ST's cramped, urgent hand:



The Rand Club. Left luggage. Key 7.

Ask for what was left in the name of Hughes.

Trust no one who wears two watches.

— ST

Daphne read it three times.

"The Rand Club — do you know it?"

"Everyone in Johannesburg knows the Rand Club. A very old, very grand building on Loveday Street. Members only."

"They will if she is confident enough and has a key let you in. Go in the morning, when the head porter is on duty. His name is Thomas. Tell him Charlie sent you."

"Barnard came here once, after ST left for the Congo. He asked me the same question. I told him no. He will have people watching. Be careful how you go to the Rand Club. Don't go directly."

"And he still wears two watches."

~ ~ ~

Walking back to her mother's table, Daphne noticed something she had not seen when she came in.

In the corner of the bar, on a small shelf above the wireless, there was a cage. And in the cage, singing very quietly to itself with great contentment, was a canary.

A yellow canary.

"That bird. How long have you had it?"

"ST left it. Said to keep it until someone came to collect it. I've been waiting twelve years."

"I'll collect it when I come back."

"He said you'd say that."

CHAPTER THREE

The Rand Club

LOVEDAY STREET, JOHANNESBURG — THE FOLLOWING MORNING



Thomas the head porter had the face of a man who had seen everything and was therefore impressed by nothing.

Daphne walked up the stone steps, directly to Thomas, and said:

"Good morning. I'm here to collect left luggage in the name of Hughes. Charlie Mokoena sends his regards."

Thomas looked at her for exactly eight seconds. Daphne counted them. Then he said:

"This way, please, Miss Hughes."

~ ~ ~

The left luggage room was in the basement — a cool, stone-floored room with numbered wooden lockers along both walls.

Locker number 7 was at the far end. The key fit. The lock turned. Inside the locker, wrapped in brown paper and tied with string, was a flat package about the size of a large book.

On the front, in ST's handwriting:

For whoever has the key. If it is not Daphne, put this back.

— ST

She opened the package.

Inside was the other half of the map.



She knew it immediately — the same paper, the same weight, the same careful hand. She reached into her coat and pulled out the half-map from the tin trunk in Shannon and held them side by side.

They fit together perfectly, the torn edge matching exactly.

The full map showed: a river. Wide, drawn with careful parallel lines. A route marked along the river — not one route but two, with a question mark where they diverged. And in the middle of the river, on the left-hand half she had just found: an island. The shape of a boot.

Marked with a small precise cross — and beside the cross, in writing so small she had to hold it to the light:

Here. The flower grows here. Nov 1938 — ST

November 1938. ST had been on that island in November 1938. He had been alive in 1938.

And beside the two diverging routes with the question mark: two names. The first: Stanleyville. The second: a Welsh word she didn't recognise. She wrote it down carefully, letter by letter, exactly as ST had written it.

She had the full map. She had the island. She had a Welsh word she didn't understand. And somewhere in this city, CJ Barnard was watching.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Man With Two Watches

JOHANNESBURG — THAT AFTERNOON



She felt him before she saw him.

It was a feeling she had no name for at the time — a prickling awareness, a sense of being watched that was different from the ordinary being-looked-at of a girl walking through a busy city.

"Mama. Don't look behind us. Walk normally. Turn left at the next corner and go into the first shop."

Her mother, to her credit, did not ask questions. She turned left. She went into a fabric shop. Daphne followed, then positioned herself where she could see the street through the window.

He was there.

Standing on the opposite pavement, pretending to read a newspaper, was a well-dressed man of about fifty. On his left wrist was a watch. And on his right wrist was another.

CJ Barnard.



In the flesh, he was less frightening than she'd imagined and, somehow, more. He was just a man reading a newspaper. But he had followed them from the Rand Club.

He hadn't seen her see him. That was something.

~ ~ ~

She bought three yards of blue cotton fabric she didn't need, chatted to the shop assistant for ten minutes, and then left through the back of the shop.

They walked two streets east, then doubled back north, then took a tram to the Ritz Hotel where they were staying — not directly, but in a long, careful arc that no one following on foot could easily have maintained.

"He didn't get to the Rand Club before us. He was watching the Rand Club, but he hadn't gone inside. Which means he doesn't have a key."

Her mother looked at her daughter with an expression that mixed pride with considerable anxiety.

"Daphne. He is not a safe man to follow."

"I know. And we will go home. But not yet. I need to find out what the Welsh word means. And then I need to go back to the Rialto and collect the canary."

"Of course he left a canary," her mother said, in the voice of someone deciding that this was entirely normal.

CHAPTER FIVE

What The Welsh Word Means

JOHANNESBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY — THE FOLLOWING MORNING



The librarian in the reference section was a small, brisk woman named Miss Erasmus who moved between shelves with the confidence of someone who knew exactly where everything was.

She found the Welsh-English dictionary without being asked twice. Daphne found the word on the third page of entries under D. She read the definition. She read it again. Then she sat very still for quite a long time.

~ ~ ~

The word was DuGallan.

The dictionary entry was brief: a place name of Welsh origin, referring to a small valley settlement in mid-Wales, historically associated with the cultivation of medicinal herbs. Recorded in documents as far back as the fifteenth century as a site where specific plants were grown and processed for both local use and trade.

Medicinal herbs.

DuGallan. A Welsh valley. Medicinal herbs. And ST — who came from Wales, who made Black Forest Tea from a specific flower, who went to the Congo to find the source of

that flower — had written this Welsh word beside the two routes on the map, beside the island where the flower grew.

He had connected them. Deliberately, precisely. The flower on the Congo island. The valley in Wales. They were connected. ST had known that.

Someone like his daughter. Whose middle name he had given as Rose — for the orange flower.

Her middle name was Rose. She had always thought it was just a name.



She went back to the Rialto Hotel in the afternoon. She went in through the back entrance. She collected the canary.

It travelled back to the hotel in its small cage, singing quietly to itself, entirely untroubled by the events surrounding it.

That evening, by lamplight, with the canary singing softly in the corner and her mother asleep in the next bed, Daphne wrote up everything she knew. The map — complete. The island — located. The Welsh valley — named. The connection — established. CJ Barnard — real, present, watching, still looking.

And in the morning, they would go home to Shannon. The next part of the trail led somewhere Daphne could not follow alone. Not yet.

CHAPTER SIX

What The Canary Knows

THE TRAIN HOME — JULY 1940



The train home to Bloemfontein left Park Station at six in the morning.

By the time the highveld had opened up on both sides — vast and golden and enormous-skied — she had made a list. What she knew. What she didn't know. What she needed.

~ ~ ~

The canary had been singing since they left the station.

The cage was old. Hand-made. And on the base of the cage, inside, scratched into the tin with something sharp — she had to hold the cage up to the window light to see it clearly — two letters.

ST

And beneath them: 1938.

1938. The same year as the map.



"Because canaries know," Daphne said aloud, quietly.

"Canaries know what?"

"They take canaries down into coal mines. Because if there's danger in the air — something you can't smell yourself — the canary knows first. It stops singing."

Her mother was fully awake now, sitting up and looking at the cage.

"And ST left you a canary."

"He left me a canary that has been singing for twelve years. It knows that we're safe. That we're on the right track."

"It's still singing. Which means we're safe. For now. And we're going the right way."

The train moved through the golden afternoon. The highveld stretched endlessly on both sides. The canary sang.



"In Welsh, the daffodil is a symbol of the homeland. Of Wales. Of coming home."

Daphne looked at the orange flower pressed between the pages of her notebook.

Her father had called her Daffodil. Her middle name was Rose — for the flower. He had left her a map with a Welsh word hidden in it.

He hadn't been calling her a flower. He had been leaving her a clue. From the very beginning. Every time he said her name.

Daphne Rose. Daffodil. Come home. Find the flower. Follow the trail.

The canary sang. The train moved toward home.

And somewhere in the Belgian Congo, on a boot-shaped island in a wide slow river, the orange flower grew in its one place in the world and waited to be understood.

Daphne's Clue Keeper

Everything we know — Books One and Two

New clues are marked NEW!



From Book One:

ST'S MESSAGE:

'Start where the horses ran.' — Turffontein, Johannesburg

THE PARTIAL MAP:

Half a map. One location marked with a cross.

THE ORANGE FLOWER:

'The answer is in the orange.' — the flower, not the province

THE BOOT-SHAPED ISLAND:

In a Congo river. The flower grows there. Peggy drew it.

PEGGY'S WARNING:

'Don't trust the man with two watches.'

CJ BARNARD:

Two watches. 'Congo — he knows.' Tore himself from a photograph.

New in Book Two:

NEW CJ BARNARD'S FACE:

Seen in a race-day photograph at Turffontein. Real. Still in Johannesburg.

NEW CHARLIE MOKOENA'S NOTE:

ST left a key — Number 7 — and instructions: 'The Rand Club. Left luggage.'

NEW THE COMPLETE MAP:

Both halves together. Shows the full river route and the boot-shaped island. Marked: 'Here. Nov 1938 — ST'

NEW ST WAS ALIVE IN 1938:

He marked the island in November 1938. He was there. He left this for us.

NEW DUGALLAN:

A Welsh valley. Historical cultivation of medicinal herbs. Connected to the Congo island.

NEW THE CONNECTION:

The Congo flower and a Welsh valley are connected. ST knew. This is what Barnard wants.

NEW THE CANARY:

ST built it in 1938. His initials scratched inside. Still singing = still safe, right track.

NEW DAPHNE'S MIDDLE NAME:

Rose — for the flower. 'Daffodil' in Welsh = homeland, coming home. ST named her with clues.

Big Question: What is the connection between DuGallan in Wales and the Congo island? And what does CJ Barnard do next?

What Would YOU Do?

The canary is home. The map is complete.

Daphne is back in Shannon with the completed map, the Welsh word DuGallan, and the canary singing on her windowsill. Then a letter arrives from Johannesburg with no return address. Inside, one line, typewritten:

Stop looking, Miss Hughes. Or what happened to your father will happen to you.

Daphne reads it twice. The canary keeps singing.

What would YOU do?

- A) Tell her mother and go straight to the police — this is a threat and must be reported.
- B) Write a letter to her sister Peggy in the Bloemfontein sanatorium — Peggy warned her about Barnard, and Peggy may know more about what he is capable of.
- C) Keep looking. The canary is still singing. The canary knows first. If there was real danger, it would have stopped.

Find out what Daphne decides in Book Three:

"The Bloemfontein Letters"

Available at DuGallan.com

Fun Facts For Curious Readers

Turffontein Racecourse

Turffontein Racecourse opened in Johannesburg in 1887 — the same year gold fever was turning a dusty mining camp into one of the fastest-growing cities in the world. Bookmakers were an essential part of race days. A dishonest bookmaker — one who rigged odds or passed information to the wrong people — could make a great deal of money very quickly.

The Rand Club

The Rand Club on Loveday Street in Johannesburg was founded in 1887 and was one of the most exclusive members' clubs in southern Africa. Mine owners, businessmen and politicians met there to make decisions about money, power and the future of the region.

Canaries in Coal Mines

For hundreds of years, coal miners carried canaries underground. Canaries are more sensitive than humans to poisonous gases — particularly carbon monoxide — which can build up in mines and kill without warning. If the canary stopped singing or fell from its perch, miners knew immediately that the air was becoming dangerous. The last canaries were officially retired from British mines in 1987.

The Welsh Language

Welsh — called Cymraeg — is one of the oldest living languages in Europe, spoken for over 1,500 years in Wales. In ST's time, many Welsh families still spoke Welsh at home. A man who grew up speaking Welsh would have had a private language that most people around him in South Africa couldn't understand — which made it rather useful for hiding clues.

The Highveld

The South African highveld is a vast, flat plateau mostly between 1,500 and 1,800 metres above sea level. In winter it is cold and brilliantly clear, with skies so blue they look painted. For someone sitting on a train crossing the highveld in July 1940, the landscape would have looked exactly as it does today — wide, golden, patient, and entirely unimpressed by human urgency.



He left clues. We're still following them.



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Follow the clues.