

A man in a light-colored shirt and dark pants stands in a field of tall grass at night. A bright light source, possibly a street lamp or a flare, is visible in the upper left corner, casting a long, warm glow across the scene. The background is dark, with some trees visible on the right side.

Hanlie RETIEF

BYLE- VELD

Dossier of a Serial Sleuth



BYLEVEL

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Dossier of a serial sleuth

Translated from the Afrikaans by Elsa Silke



UMUZI

The material used in this work has largely been taken from interviews with Brigadier Piet Byleveld, and court and official police records and dockets. Where this is not the case, the author took reasonable steps to verify the correctness of the material.

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To Izak, Jan and Zak

My name is Piet Byleveld
And I'm the cop who cares
Deliver us from darkness
Just one more time
I feel like a lover, left in the lurch
By the hidden truth of wicked crime
In the dives of the black night
I will shine
In the darkest hide-outs we will shine
You see I see with my eyes
You see I feel with my heart
The search for pure thoughts is every man's struggle
Every man has a choice
Every murderer his time
I hear suspects breathing in the last gasps of the night
Every man's soul is naked on the scaffold of his conscience
I walk a path scattered with the boulders of crime
I see angels in the squatter camp
And devils in the boardroom
I hear the whispered wisdom and I have to say it loud
This thing will get the better of us if we take it lying down
In the dives of the black night I will shine
In the dark hide-outs fear will disappear
Yes my name shines in *Beeld*
And they say I'm everyman's hero
But you can just call me Piet Byleveld

Translated version of the song "Byleveld" by Radio Kalahari Orkes

Prologue

In the heat of the Gauteng summers I followed the trail of this weathered old sleuth. We usually met in December. At our first meeting, in 2006, he seemed guarded, ill at ease, nervous about our mutual project. Piet Byl knows all about writing docket, after all, not books.

We met in deserted offices or at busy airports, anywhere we could find a spot to work. He delved into file after file from his memory, and we trawled through docket after docket from his past.

As one season followed another, I watched as Piet grew in stature. I stood alongside him as a man turned into a legend.

He is regarded as South Africa's most successful detective, with a ninety-nine per cent success rate during his career that spanned almost forty years until his retirement in July 2010.

While his breakthrough in the Leigh Matthews murder case gave him star status among white South Africans, it was Piet's investigations into serial killings that earned him love and respect among black South Africans. Letters to the media and comments on the internet voiced a plea similar to those that were emblazoned on banners held aloft during protest marches in townships: We want Piet!

In a crime-ridden society, Piet became a symbol of honest, effective law enforcement. He was even the inspiration for the character Captain Pote du Toit in *Erfsondes*, played by Ian Roberts.

The longest-serving member of the notorious Brixton Murder and Robbery Unit, Piet was also the only remaining member of the former unit who was still in the police service by the time he retired. During the apartheid years, his close working relationship with his black colleagues gave him the nickname "Piet Kaffir". His transition from the old order to the new South African Police Service was seamless.

The FBI, Scotland Yard, the Canadian police and Mossad all



Piet Byleveld, December 2010 in England.



approached Piet for assistance with their investigations into serial killings.

Shortly before his retirement, the International Police Association (IPA) honoured Piet with a special award as one of the three best detectives worldwide. Together with the Judicial Award of the Department of Justice – which had been awarded to only seven police officers in the past – it was a fitting reward for his labours.

On a lighter note, Piet's career progress could also be gauged by the car in which he arrived: from a Chev Lumina to a silver Mercedes Benz, his pride and joy; from a Bantam bakkie to a powerful Ranger.

Conversely, I watched his private life as it spiralled down towards the final disintegration of his marriage, and during our interviews I occasionally witnessed the distress he felt about the situation.

Then – along came a new love, a new life. The evidence was clear: his shirts went from stark white to flamboyantly striped; his hair, formerly cut straight across the forehead, accentuating the ever-present frown, was suddenly styled in a side parting that was more flattering to a face that often beamed with affection in the presence of his new blonde love interest.

Those December conversations form the backbone of this book. This is not a biography; rather, the focus is on Piet's years as a detective and the cases he has been involved in. These are Piet's stories, his recollections and comments on events, supplemented by interviews with his colleagues, newspaper reports, dockets and statements.

During his long career, Piet initially specialised in residential and bank robberies, as well as the murders of police members. What put Petrus Erasmus Johannes van Staden Byleveld squarely on the international stage, however, were his investigations into serial killings. Those were his great success stories, the stories that would eventually define his career.

It all began in 1991 with two cold-blooded good-for-nothings in a hotel bar ...

SODOM IN THE DRAKENSBERG

Sixteen-year-old David Sehmel is standing at the roadside in Durban, trying to get away from the Excelsior Place of Safety, from which he has just escaped.

A car stops. He gets in.

This would turn out to be the biggest mistake of his life.

The two men in the car drive away from the city with their passenger. The younger man is attractive, well built, and with a refined appearance. The other one is big, bald and macho.

They drive in the direction of Estcourt, towards the Drakensberg.

Later they stop, unload camping gear, and walk deeper into the mountains with the boy. They climb a few grass-covered slopes and eventually pitch camp on the banks of a stream in a deep kloof.

The younger man sodomises the boy, after which the bald one takes his turn. When it is over, they strangle David Sehmel.

The two men are hungry. They slice some meat from the dead boy's buttocks and have a braai, as casually as if it is lamb chops that are on the menu.

Months later, Piet Byleveld asks them what it felt like to eat a person after sodomising him.

"It was just meat," the bald man says without a trace of emotion or remorse.

It was just meat, and they were hungry.

David Sehmel was just a child ... who happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Piet Byleveld leans back in his chair, facing me.

The jacket hangs loose on his frame. A copper bracelet, shiny with wear, is visible under the shirt cuff. In the sober, dark suit and white shirt (always the white shirt), his neck scrawny in the tight collar, he might have been a leading elder in a church. Or an undertaker.

His upper lip sports a bristly grey moustache, his cheekbones are high and his short hair is cut straight across the forehead. His hands lie folded in his lap, relaxed, the ubiquitous cigarette held loosely between the fingers. A wisp of smoke drifts lazily upward.

From under heavy eyelids he's assessing me, this civilian who is going to write his book. His eyes are dark, dispassionate behind smoky lenses.

It's December 2006.

We are sitting in the belly of a building somewhere in Randburg, in an empty office borrowed for the day from a friend. Everyone is celebrating Christmas; here it's just him and me and a few pigeons strutting on a windowsill.

Piet casts his mind back to a Saturday afternoon in 1991.

Like every other Saturday, smoke hung over the building of the Brixton Murder and Robbery Unit in Johannesburg, in the shadow of the Brixton Tower. The men were having a braai. Lamb chops and Lion lagers and a 9-mill on the hip.

Earlier, they had searched the cells for firearms and sharp objects, to prevent any attempts at escape. All the bedding had been carried out and the cells hosed down. It was Saturday: cleaning day, inspection day.

Piet was on standby. The telephone rang. On the line was a waiter at the Boksburg Hotel, who said that two men were sitting there discussing a murder in Knysna. It didn't sound as if it was just the booze talking; something didn't feel right.

"My interest was immediately aroused. I must say, I seldom ignore information from the public, but that afternoon I just had a feeling, so I rushed over there."

On his way, Piet recalled the American student Edward Perlmutter (24), who had disappeared on the Outeniqua Hiking Trail near George in October 1991. His mysterious disappearance had made headlines worldwide, and Piet had followed the media reports with interest. Now he had a nagging suspicion: what if these two men turned out to be the killers of the unfortunate student?

Three words on a murder docket always frustrated the hell out of this wiry detective: “Untraceable – docket closed”.

When Piet arrived, Juan Havenga (17) and Tony Wessels (30) were still sitting in the bar, talking, drinking hard. Piet arrested them on the spot. Havenga began to tremble. Piet searched their car and found three knives, an axe and a revolver. Bingo!

At the Boksburg police station, Wessels became increasingly upset. When Piet informed him he was from Brixton Murder and Robbery, his meaning was clear: don't even think of making trouble.

Piet said later, “The bastard threatened me. ‘If you touch me, I'll kill you,’ he said. Wessels was a big, slovenly man.

“I answered: ‘You haven't got what it takes.’

“From Havenga's manner, I suspected he was gay. So I took lover-boy aside.”

Piet put Havenga in a chair and perched on the table, facing him menacingly. He took out his Parabellum and slowly placed it diagonally behind him on the table. Far enough, but close enough.

“I said: ‘I have information that you've been discussing a certain murder in Knysna. We know the story. I'm from Brixton, so don't waste my time.’

“Just that.

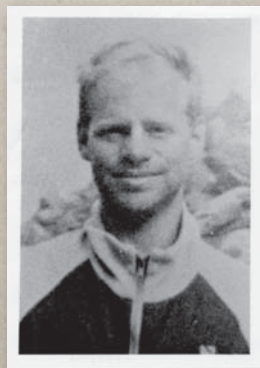
“Next thing, he burst into tears and spilled the beans.”

They had stood waiting in a footpath for the American student, who was singing as he approached. They overpowered him, tied his hands and cut his throat, sitting on his twitching body.

The plan had been to rob him, but it just kind of happened that



*Juan Havenga at
the police cells in
Knysna.*



FAR LEFT: *Edward
Perlmutter.*



LEFT: *David
Schmel.*

they killed him. They didn't rape him. (Both of them swore to this, but during the trial the possibility was not excluded.)

Piet returned to Wessels and told him Havenga had confessed to the murder. Wessels became extremely agitated.

The former railway policeman from Johannesburg was wearing PT shorts and sneakers. He was macho, bald, with a strong body odour.

"It's always the same. As soon as they start to panic, they stink."

The younger one, Havenga, was from Durban. The two had met at a gay bar, became lovers, and cooked up a money-making scheme with added sexual benefits. They travelled all over the country in their filthy car, in which they slept when they didn't have enough money to book into a hotel. They focused on homosexuals: soft targets, easy to intimidate. There had probably been other victims, but no one ever came forward to give evidence.

Somebody, however, did survive an attack by these two: Clive Newman, from Port Elizabeth, who had been left for dead on the beach at Blue Water Bay by Havenga and Wessels on 12 November 1991. His throat was "slit almost from ear to ear", it was later testified in court. He recovered, miraculously, but – in a strange twist of fate – this Anglican priest was later murdered in Grahamstown in 2009.

On their way to Brixton in the back of Piet's car, handcuffed and in leg irons, Tony Wessels broke down and began to cry.

"He cried like a baby, this big man, suddenly a coward, full of apologies for his earlier threatening behaviour. I told him: 'I have no respect for you. A while ago you were threatening me, and look at you now: bawling like a baby!'"

The rest of the journey took place in complete silence. When Wessels tried to bum a cigarette, Piet roared: "No one smokes in my car. You'll burn my seats!"

Their car was also taken to Brixton, where the forensic team went over it with a fine-tooth comb, looking for possible DNA evidence.

When they arrived at Brixton, the two men confessed to the murder

again and agreed to accompany the police to the murder scene.

“This wasn’t the first time, was it?” Piet prodded. “There must be other bodies ...”

The can was open and the worms came tumbling out.

Wessels spoke about a teenage boy they had kidnapped in Durban the previous September and killed in the Drakensberg. In November there had been a retired defence force major in Pretoria. They had left him in a bath, covered in blood. They agreed to point out the murder scenes.

What followed was a macabre road trip during which the policemen and the gay couple retraced the pair’s murderous trail across the country.

The first stop was Knysna. Wessels and Havenga were in separate cars, each with his own police escort. They had to point out the scenes independently, so that it couldn’t later be said that one had influenced the other.

“Somewhere between George and Knysna we went through a gate and deep into the forest. We were on the Outeniqua Hiking Trail. It took them all day to find the place. It was hot – a clammy heat that clung to one’s skin.”

During the long walk, Piet’s leg gave him hell. During a burglary investigation in Bryanston the previous year, he had been wounded in the ankle and the wound refused to heal. His asthma and chain smoking didn’t help matters.

Facing me in the empty office, Piet’s hand instinctively moves to his ankle. Fourteen years later, the wound is still a problem. Reluctantly, he pulls up his trouser leg for me to take a look.

It’s swollen. Purple. Threatening to turn septic. When he notices my concern, Piet mumbles rather curtly that I am not to worry, he’ll nurse the leg back to health in due course.

He was shot by the friend of a domestic worker. The domestic worker had been disgruntled about her salary, and she arranged with

her boyfriend and his friends to beat her seventy-year-old employer to death with an iron bar in the kitchen.

“I locked up the domestic worker and her three accomplices. The second one shot me, the third one I brought back from Zimbabwe. Don’t ever get involved in a wage dispute with your domestic worker,” Piet warns, his voice matter-of-fact. “It’s the motive behind most residential killings.”

We turn our attention back to the Knysna Forest and its clammy heat.

They stumbled, almost by accident, upon the murder scene near Millwood Hut. The first thing Piet saw was Perlmutter’s under-pants, dangling from a tree.

“You raped him, didn’t you?” Piet insisted, but the two swore blind that they had only taken a few rand from him. They had held him at gunpoint and finally strangled him.

The detectives found Perlmutter’s clothes under some bushes, the sneakers placed neatly one beside the other. “So precisely next to each other, I’ll never forget it,” Piet recalls.

Around them it was summer, and the forest was lush with new growth. At a nearby campsite hikers were getting ready to spend the night, blissfully unaware that an hour earlier they had passed only a few metres from a decomposed body.

The killers had left Perlmutter there, exposed to the elements. “Can you believe it? They did the job and walked away.”

In the humid forest the body had decomposed swiftly. Identification was impossible. It was a difficult scene to deal with.

Piet and his companions continued along the murder trail, with the Drakensberg as their next destination.

The killers told Piet they had taken a teenage boy from Durban with them the previous September – David Sehmel.

Having reached a spot as close to the murder scene as the police cars were able to go, they continued on foot, uphill, downhill,

until they reached the deep kloof near Giant's Castle where Sehmel had been murdered.

"Hell, my leg was painful. It felt like an eternity, a helluva distance. The grass was wet and we kept slipping."

The detectives found clear signs of a campsite. Sehmel's body parts lay scattered around. They were collected and put into a bag.

Piet glared at the two men. "I told them: 'You are going to carry this body out of here.'"

Neither Havenga nor Wessels showed any emotion, Piet says. They spoke about the "braai" as if it had been an everyday occurrence. They said: "We got hungry, we searched for food, then we killed and ate him."

The campsite was so isolated that if the murderers hadn't taken the police there the child's body might never have been found.

During the hike to the campsite and back, a weird trust began to develop between the two killers and Piet. He had instinctively developed a technique that would later typify his handling of serial killers: never judge, treat the murderers with respect, and create common ground that will later lead to a kind of relationship, even a semblance of a friendship. "And then," Piet Byleveld says, "I hit them on the soft spots. If you don't win their trust, you have very little chance of solving the case."

Piet didn't realise it at the time, but that first serial-killing docket would propel his career in a new direction.

Havenga had remained impassive as he stood beside the child's body. Tony Wessels might have been the bigger of the two, but Havenga, with his cold demeanour, was the aggressor. Havenga had sodomised the boy first, and he had been the one to kill him as well.

As they drove back to Estcourt, Havenga grew quiet.

At the police station, they spread the deceased's clothes out to dry. Hair and other forensic samples were taken in an attempt to identify the child.

In the Supreme Court, months later, the defence hauled Piet over the coals for forcing the suspects to carry the body out of the kloof.

The judge said he did not find it strange at all. Did the defence expect Inspector Byleveld to carry the body out himself? He wasn't the one who had killed the child, after all.

From the Drakensberg, the murder trail led to Pretoria.

"The two had met a gay retired air force major in a hotel, spent a nice evening together, had sex with him in his flat, and then strangled him," Piet told me.

Jacob Petrus Joubert (47) was found naked on his back in his bathtub. They drowned him. In court, evidence showed he had been bitten on the nose. The two men left with his money.

"Worst of all was that they seemed proud of their actions," Piet says. Full of bravado, they regarded each other as heroes, as if they had achieved something major in life.

"They were pissed off when they were locked up in separate cells at Brixton. Wessels, especially, insisted on being with his lover. But I couldn't allow it, of course. Besides, Havenga had been the one to confess first, and I was afraid Wessels might blame him and kill him.

"Then Wessels threatened to commit suicide. It's a fact of prison life: people in solitary confinement are inclined to commit suicide because their conscience finally gets a chance to haunt them."

Piet Byleveld wanted them alive, to stand trial in the Cape Town Supreme Court and be convicted, to pay for their deeds.

When the judge brought down his gavel and an enraged Wessels realised that the game was up, he shouted that he was going to kill Piet the day he got out of prison.

Piet looks at me and gives a belly laugh. "He hates me. But he isn't a candidate for rehabilitation. Serial killers never are."

On 2 December 1992 Judge President Gerald Friedman sentenced Tony Wessels to death. The sentence was later amended to lifelong imprisonment. Havenga, being a minor at the time, got

Twee ontken moord op Yank

Van Ons Korrespondent

KNYSNA. - Die vermeende reeksmoordenaars wat ook moontlik by verskeie homoseksuele moorde in Kaapland betrokke kan wees, het gister hier in die landdroshof skuld ontken op aanklag dat hulle die Amerikaanse stapper mnr. Edward Perimutter (34) vermoor het.

Mnr. Antonie Wessels (30), 'n voormalige lid van die Spoorwegpolisie, en 'n sestienjarige seun word daarvan verdink dat hulle betrokke kan wees by een van die grootste reeksmoorde nog in Suid-Afrika.

Beeld het verneem dat hulle ook verdink word van verskeie homoseksuele moorde in Kaapland.

Voordat gister se hofsluiting met geslote deure begin het, het die Polisie die twee na die omgewing gebring waar mnr. Perimutter vermoor is. Hulle moes sekere plekke aan die Polisie uit wys.

By hul aankoms by die landdroshof het mnr. Wessels geen emosie getoon nie. Die seun se kop en bolyf was met 'n kombers bedek. Mnr. Wessels het deurtyd probeer om sy gesig van persfotograwe se kameras weg te draai. Albei die beskuldigdes se voete was in boeie.

Mnr. Wessels, 'n fris man sowat van 1,8 m, het klaarblyklik die laas gekoer. Hy was geklee in 'n voetbalpet, 'n gebloemde hemp, 'n olyfgroen weermagbroek en stapsteweels.

Die tiener was geklee in stapsteweels, 'n kort fietsbroek en 'n swart T-hemp.

Die staal het aangevoer dat die beskuldigdes mnr. Perimutter op 25 Oktober op die Outeniekwa-voetslaanpad naby Millwood met 'n stomp voorwerp oor die kop geslaan en daaraan sy leel afgesny het.

Mej. C. van der Westhuizen, vir die staat, het ook aangevoer dat hulle mnr. Perimutter van bestittings van altesame R1 700 be-



Mnr. Antonie Wessels (30), naasregs met die voetbalpet, en die sestienjarige seun (onder die kombers) verlaat gister onder polisiebewaking die landdroshof op Knysna waar hulle skuld op aanklag van moord ontken het.

roof het. Dit sluit in 'n kamera, bergklimtoerusting, klere en R250 in kontant.

Landdroos L.J. Fourie het die saak tot 24 Februarie aanstaande jaar uitgestel vir 'n beslissing deur die Prokureur-generaal.

Mnr. Wessels word in die gevangenis aangehou terwyl die tiener in die polisiehoof aangehou word.

Kapt. Michael Zeetle van die Polisie op Knysna het gesê hulle word afsonderlik aangehou om te keer dat die ondersoek be-

nadeel word.

Die twee beskuldigdes word ook verbind met die moorde op David Sehmel (15) en 'n afgestudeerde offisier van die Lugmag, maj. Jacob Joubert (47), asook 'n poging om mnr. Clive Newman, 'n sakeman van Port Elizabeth, te vermoor.

Die lyk van David Sehmel is Maandag in 'n vlak graf naby Giant's Castle in Natal gekry. Hy is sedert September vermis.

A report in Beeld on 20 December 1991.

a lighter sentence – twenty-five years in prison. Piet has had no further contact with them.

This, then, is the story of two cold-blooded good-for-nothings in a filthy car, scouring the countryside for soft targets – with sex as an added benefit, and murder the collateral damage.

There is irony in Piet's voice as he remarks: "They had such a lovely time together, the two of them ..."

A few months later, my family and I are climbing Table Mountain from the Kirstenbosch side, up Skeleton Gorge. Halfway up the mountain, we notice a pair of underpants in the bushes beside the path. "Hey, someone lost his boxers," my sons laugh. I take a deep breath. A shiver goes down my spine. I look around, nervously ...

FROM SCRAWNY WIMP TO SEASONED COP

On a hill in Auckland Park, Johannesburg, we get out of Piet Byleveld's Chev Lumina. The car is silver. Spotless. Piet washes his car even before he goes driving on a dirt road. And then afterwards, he washes it again.

It's the weekend, and Piet is not wearing his customary dark suit. His shirt hangs over his trousers, Madiba style. On his feet, leather slip-on sandals – typical cop chic – expose pale toes.

In front of us lies the skeleton of a group of old buildings.

“This used to be the police barracks,” Piet says. This is where he first stepped out in police boots at the end of December 1970, after completing his training.

He stands with his back against the car, drawing thoughtfully on a Benson & Hedges, smiling roguishly. “I was a wimpy farm boy from the Waterberg – painfully shy and reserved. At high school I resolved to dedicate my life to God, much to my parents' delight. But then Piet did an about-turn ... bloody hell!”

After matriculating from Nylstroom High School in 1968, Piet reported for his national service in the defence force as a member of the Engineering Corps, stationed at Bethlehem and Kroonstad.

Away from the cocoon of the Waterberg and his sheltered life on the farm, Piet was suddenly required to stand on his own two feet. He didn't have a car so on weekends he would hitch a ride to the farm and back.

Surrounded by total strangers in the army, Piet surprised even himself when he realised: “Hell, Piet, you're not such a loner as you've always thought.”

In due course he was promoted to drill sergeant. The rules and discipline of the army suited him to a T. As soon as he had completed his service, he returned to the farm to tell his parents that his



At the Police College. Piet, far left in the fifth row, his brother Johann next to him.



On the farm.

Piet during border service in Zimbabwe and the Caprivi.

plans had changed. At the coal stove in the kitchen, where the family always gathered, his father, Martiens, and his mother, Marthie, heard that their bright, devout son wanted to be a policeman.

“My dad, in particular, was bitterly disappointed. He had high hopes that I would be going to university.”

Piet chose a career in the police instead of the army because he wanted to work with people. “As a policeman, you deal with the public on a daily basis. They depend on you; you provide them with a service. I dig that big time.”

Service. Almost four decades later, staring at the ruins of the old police barracks, I can still hear something of that calling in his voice.

“Selection was tough in those days,” Piet says. The standard was high. A number of high-ranking officers visited his parents on the farm to take a first-hand look at the way Piet had been raised. His background was investigated.

“It was an honour to be selected to serve in the police force. It was nothing like today, when people are accepted at random.”

On 24 January 1970, Petrus Erasmus Johannes van Staden Byleveld joined the South African Police Force. Force number 056121K.

As a student constable at the Rankin’s Pass police station near Warmbaths, now Bela Bela, he was commended by the area commissioner for exceptional effort in a murder investigation. In July 1970, he left for Pretoria to undergo training at the Police College, where he was nominated best student in Troop 41, and runner-up student of the year.

Leaning with his back against the car while he is telling me this, Piet flinches anew. “Runner-up ... my arse!”

Having completed his training, Piet was immediately assigned to do investigative work. Not once in his career was he required to stand behind a counter or do patrol duty. At the Hillbrow police station, he investigated motor vehicle accidents, assaults and incidents of damage to property.

After only two years in uniform, he became a trainee detective.

Four years later, Piet was a qualified detective. Initially he focused on robberies – specifically those involving stabbings. At last he was in a place where he could show some initiative.

Piet was exactly where he was supposed to be. At about this time, there were regular armed attacks on passengers at Johannesburg Railway Station. One day, Piet was watching as a young lady got off a train. “The next moment a man armed with a knife appeared at her side. He grabbed her handbag and made off. I gave chase. I tried to arrest him, but in the end I was forced to shoot. It was the first time I had ever killed a man.”

Piet was twenty-four.

“How did I feel? I felt I had done my duty. It’s not pleasant, you don’t boast about it, but I did what was expected of me. There was no further crime in that area.”

He hesitates before continuing. “As a child,” he says quietly, “I would never have imagined, not in my wildest dreams, that I would ever shoot someone. Dead.” It had been a terrible ordeal for him when, as a young boy, he’d had to shoot his horse after it had broken its leg.

“It’s a barrier one needs to break through,” Piet says. “When you lie in bed that night, you wonder: could I have saved that life? It stays with you for a long time. Until the next incident.

“You never get used to killing a human being, you just learn to deal with it. And I have found myself in several such situations. Several.”

Piet lights a new cigarette and gazes at the Auckland Park cityscape. He smokes the entire cigarette in brooding silence.

Piet’s forefathers distinguished themselves on the battlefield. In the Anglo-Boer War his great-grandfather, Marthinus Byleveld, had been a diehard under General Koos de La Rey. Piet’s father, Martiens, brought back a few medals from El Alamein and Tobruk after the Second World War. The first Byleveld farm was at