



FLEMMER, David Christian

David FLEMMER | 13 February 1916 - 5 August 1978

DAVID CHRISTIAN⁷ FLEMMER (CHRISTIAN LUDVIG⁶, CHRISTIAN LUDVIG⁵) was born on 13 February 1916 at Springfield, Tafelberg Station, South Africa and died on 5 August 1978 in Pretoria, South Africa. He married (1) ROSEMARY VERONICA MUSGRAVE on 6 December 1942 in Nelsrust, Natal, South Africa. She was born in April 1922 in the Orange Free State, South Africa and died on 16 December 1958 in Park Street, Pretoria, South Africa. He married (2) JEAN MARY GORDON about 1961 in Pretoria, South Africa. She was born on 30 June 1925 at Vaalwater, Transvaal, South Africa and died on 10 November 2001 in Pretoria, South Africa.

As related by his daughter Bev.

My Dad, David Flemmer was 48 when I was born, therefore I don't remember details all that well. He died in 1978 of a stroke, seems a family problem....

I remember my Dad and his brother Aubrey being very close. They used to sip on Gordon's London Dry gin and tonic, complete with fresh lemon slices. Uncle Aubrey always had a black dirty thumb from puffing on his pipe. These two old geezers used to play snooker every Wed night, and that is when Clive and I used to get a treat!! On these Wednesday nights they always used to visit someone referred to as Granpa Musgrave at an old age home, taking joob-joob sweets for him. Will explain the Musgrave connection later.....

David Christian Flemmer worked at Iscor for over 40 years in Pretoria. At some stage I remember him working shifts... You may or may not be aware of the weird set up regarding him and my mother. He was married to a woman by the name of Rosemary Musgrave. They had 2 sons, Christian John and Roger Christian.

My mother, Jean Mary Gordon was married to man named Victor Musgrave. They had 3 children, Gordon, Rodney and Colleen.

Rosemary and Victor Musgrave were brother and sister! That meant that my parents were brother and sister - law! When the spouses died, my Mom and Dad got married, took all 5 children on honeymoon, and subsequently had Clive and me. Really a case of his, hers and ours.

It is at times like this when I wish I had paid more attention to my Dad's stories.

I know that when Dad was young he was an altar boy in the Anglican cathedral in Pretoria. He had a great sense of humour as did his siblings. He was a practical joker of note, would be nothing for him to call my Mom to the phone from the furthest point in the garden, only for her to find no-one there!! He loved doing cryptic crosswords, and even won money as he used to send them in to the Rand Daily Mail. He retired after many years of service to Iscor, paid off the bond, and helped my Mom with a small clothing shop she had.

Although he was a witty man, I believe that he was very strict with our older siblings. When I was born, my 4 brothers were at Pretoria Boys High. Although 2 of these guys have passed away Clive and I were always reminded how lucky we were to have escaped the wrath of the man, who had obviously softened when we came along. We did however learn impeccable table manners, consideration for others, and above all, how to laugh!

He was a real sport fanatic, and belonged to Berea Sports Club. In summer we were always taken to football matches on a Saturday afternoon.....and cricket in winter. He loved the song- 'Don't cry for me Argentina'. What was interesting in his family was the boy-girl; boy-girl; boy-girl combination. He was known as Dave, and was very fair skinned, as are Clive and I.