

Chapter 11

On the Trail of My Ancestry (A Personal Odyssey)

Anand Jayrajh

Abstract

Many South Africans of Indian descent can trace their ancestral roots to the Indian Indentured labourers who were brought to the Colony of Natal from India during the period 1860 to 1911. They were brought here as bonded labourers under a contract of indenture (referred to by the labourers themselves as '*Girmit*') mainly to toil on and develop the sugar plantations of British Colonial masters who held sway in this part of Southern Africa. Due to the lapse of and through the passage of time, as well as the unavoidable and inevitable effects of generational gap, a broad section of these South Africans lost contact with their kith and kin and descendants of their ancestors in India and have no idea as to who they are. What follows herein is a description of a personal odyssey in pursuit of discovering my ancestral roots to India. For those who are passionate about their ancestry, it is hoped that some will gain inspiration from this narrative to embark on similar quests of their own, if they have not already done so. Such ventures by individuals would most certainly be unique in their own rights and unravel varying individual experiences and emotions. In the process they will most likely find some common threads embroidered therein.

Keywords: Ancestral Roots, Odyssey, '*Girmit*', India

1 Introduction

The majority of South Africans of Indian descent can trace their ancestral roots to the Indian Indentured labourers who were brought to the Colony of Natal from India during the period 1860 to 1911. They were brought here as bonded labourers under a contract of indenture (referred to by the labourers themselves as '*Girmit*') mainly to toil on and develop the sugar plantations of British

Colonial masters who held sway in this part of Southern Africa. There were a few immigrants who came to work in or were later absorbed into some other spheres of economic or industrial endeavour such as mining, construction of railway lines, domestic helpers, hotel and restaurant waiters and so forth. These were largely few and far between.

Generally, a labourer entered into a contract of indenture for a period of five years and thereafter he or she could renew it (if he or she found a willing employer) or return on a free passage to India. There was also a dispensation where, after serving a period of 10 years of indenture, a labourer could, in lieu of a free passage back to India, obtain a piece of land which he or she could utilize personally as a freed person. Records show, however, that not many indentured labourers were in fact granted land. After the termination of the indenture and for various reasons, rather than return to India, many chose to remain in Natal (which, in 1910, was incorporated as one of the four provinces in the Union of South Africa). Their descendants now form part of a segment of South African nationals who are referred to as ‘the Indian diaspora’.

Due to the lapse of and through the passage of time, as well as the unavoidable and inevitable effects of generational gap, a broad section of these South Africans lost contact with the kith and kin and descendants of their ancestors in India and have no idea as to who they are. There is an emerging trend where members of this diaspora are looking increasingly at the prospects of tracing their ancestral roots.

What follows herein is a description of a personal odyssey in pursuit of discovering my ancestral roots. In passing, I must state that I have come across those who do not give two hoots about this topic – so perhaps this account may not be of interest to them. For those who are passionate about their ancestry, it is hoped that some will gain inspiration from this narrative to embark on similar quests of their own, if they have not already done so. Such ventures by individuals would most certainly be unique in their own rights and unravel varying individual experiences and emotions. In the process they will most likely find some common threads embroidered therein.

2 Personal Background to the Quest for Ancestry

When my siblings and I were growing up, my parents used to tell us, as did other elders in the wider family circle, that our forefathers arrived in this country from India ‘*as cane cutters*’ to work on the sugar plantations. This was the

oft familiar and common tale that did the rounds amongst the South Africans who are the descendants of Indian indentured labourers.

As I attained [*what I believe and hope*] maturity, my interest was piqued as far as my ancestry was concerned. I began to read up on the stories of the Indian indenture and conduct enquiries about my own ancestry which revealed some facts of personal interest to me. I thought that it might be a good idea to visit the place of my ancestors to salve my emotional curiosity and satiate my quest to trace my ancestral roots. Before I embark on describing my quest, I thought that it may perhaps be instructive to introduce myself and set out some brief background about my ancestry.

I was born on 06 February 1949 at 19 Matheran Road, Avoca at the residence of my maternal aunt [my mother's sister, Suminthra Selagan] in the then Province of Natal [present-day KwaZulu-Natal] to Jayrajh and Parbhawathee Bhagwatidin. A month prior to my physical arrival on Mother Earth, in mid-January 1949 'Indians' in Durban were the victims and targets of a riot where they were allegedly set upon by mobs of African because of racial tension that had built up. [*The cause and effect of that riot is a story for another day and beyond the scope of this narrative*]. Because of the unrest, my mother had gone to stay temporarily at her sister's house during this turbulent time. That is when I decided that it was time to emerge from the comfort of my mother's womb and check out what was happening in the world outside.

Although many South Africans of Indian descent are now fourth, fifth and even sixth-generation descendants, I am actually a second-generation descendant on both my paternal and maternal sides.

2.1 Paternal Lineage

Bissesur and Hunsa [Paternal Great-grandparents]

According to official records, steamship S.S. Poonah arrived at Durban from Calcutta on 29 July 1878 bringing along 509 immigrants. On board was Bissesur [No 18408] aged 35 (*who was the son of Nunkoo*). He was accompanied by his wife Hunsa [No. 18409] (*daughter of Jeebodh*) age 30, daughters Oomraia [No. 18410] aged 9 and Maharajee [No. 18411] aged 5 and an infant son Bhagwandin [No. 18412], [*my paternal grandfather*] aged 1 year 6 months.

According to the ship's list they came from the following place in India [*located in in the present-day state of Uttar Pradesh*]: Zillah (Province):

Sooltanpore (*sic*) [Present Day Sultanpur]; Thanna (District): Daspore (*sic*) [which I subsequently discovered is actually Dostpur]; Village: Odypore.

/To my mind, an unfortunate feature of Indian Society is the emphasis placed on the ‘caste system’ which I find personally repugnant. Nevertheless, and for the records, the ship’s list indicates that they belonged to the ‘Kunbi’ caste/.

According to records, on 02 August 1878, my great-grandfather Bissessur and his family were originally assigned to J E Churchill of Prospect Hall Estate, Umgeni. About three months later he was transferred to Durban Corporation on 05 November 1878. This may very well be indicative of the fact that perhaps he did not work on the sugar cane plantations. Approximately four years later, on 23 September 1882, he was transferred to T C Milner. I do not know in what capacity he worked for the latter employer. Just over six years after his arrival in Durban, Bissessur was issued, on 01 December 1884, a ‘*licence to quit the Colony*’. The very fact that I am writing this article is indicative of the fact that he did not in fact ‘*quit the Colony*’. In 1901 he held Licence to operate as a ‘Retail Dealer’ at Stratford Road.

Bhagwandin and Sookanie [Paternal Grandparents]

When Bissessur’s infant son referred to above, namely Bhagwandin [No. 18412], attained adulthood he married Sookanie and they were my paternal grandparents. From the information given to me by my father they had two sons and six daughters (*one of whom died in a tragic accident when her dress caught fire as she was burning some leaves she had gathered in the yard of the place where her family lived*). The name ‘Bhagwandin’ somehow morphed into ‘Bhagwatidin’.

He worked for Hajee Mohamed Hajee Dada & Company in the early 1890s and then worked for McNamees [Furniture Business] until March 1896. From copies of licences dated in the 1920s available, it appears that he was issued with licence to operate a ‘Tea Room’ at 783/785 Umgeni Road, Stamford Hill. According to articles in the *Natal Mercury* in 1918, he served as secretary of Shree Thakurwara and Dharamshala Hindoo Temple in Depot Road. My grandparents died before I was born, so I never had the opportunity of getting to know them personally.

One of the two sons was my father Jayrajh Bhagwatidin, born on 02 December 1921. He attended Depot Road School and obtained a Primary School Certificate. He worked as a waiter at Warner Beach Hotel in his youth.

He married Parbhawathee and had children Sithara Jasoda (daughter), yours truly Anand (son), Surendra Nath also known as Suresh (son), Sanjith Choudhree (son) and Nimmi Jasmin (daughter). My father was a skilled upholsterer

2.2 Maternal Lineage

Bissessur and Jitni [Maternal Great-grandparents]

Some 19 years after my paternal great grandparents had arrived in Natal, the S.S. Umzinto (Ship No. 252) departed Calcutta on 08 March 1897 and anchored in Durban on 1 April 1897 with 458 immigrants. On board was Bissessur [No. 66024] *[my maternal great-grandfather]* aged 23 (son of Badloo), his wife Jitni [No. 66025] *[My paternal great grandmother]* aged 17, (daughter of Chothan) and son Sookhoo [No. 66026] *[my maternal grandfather]* aged 1 year 4 months.

Records show that Bissessur was assigned to Tongaat Central Sugar Company owned by E. Saunders. According to the ship list, they came from the following place in India *[also located in in the present-day state of Uttar Pradesh]*: Zillah (Province): Basti; Thanna (District): Baansi; Village: Bahlol *[Likely Bahbol]*.

[For the records, and reiterating my views about the caste system above, the ship's list indicates that they belonged to the 'Kahar' caste].

Sookhoo married Marjadhee and they were my maternal grandparents. They lived in Tongaat and had five sons and five daughters. One of the daughters was my mother Parbhawathee who, as already stated above, married Jayrajh Bhagwatidin. Sookhoo made a living as a taxi operator plying his trade between Tongaat and Leopold Street Taxi Rank in Durban.

[Co-incidentally both my paternal and maternal great-grandfathers bore the name Bissessur]

Having written something about my ancestry, I now turn my attention to write

about the quest to visit my ancestral land in Uttar Pradesh, India.

3 On the Trail of My Ancestry [A Personal Odyssey]

As time passed, I became imbued with the desire to trace my ancestral roots in India. I had visited India on a few occasions, but did not embark on any mission to do so. This was largely because of, amongst other factors, time constraints and the fact that I felt that I had not gathered sufficient information for that purpose. I married Sharitha [Shirley] Balgobind in 1980 and we had three children, namely Avishkar Anand Jayrajh [*son*], Shakthi Anand Jayrajh [*son*] and Preethi Jayrajh [*daughter*].

Fast Forward a Couple of Decades

When the wedding of my daughter and youngest child, Dr Preethi Jayrajh, was scheduled for April 2014, she and my wife conspired to go to India to ‘*do wedding shopping*’. They then roped me in and tied me down to the plot. However, the thought of tagging along with them in the bustling gullies, alleyways, byways, nooks and crannies, shopping centres and marketplaces of Mumbai, lugging shopping bags around in the heat of the day neither appealed to me, nor did it sit too comfortably on my unadorned head. I decided that I would seize the opportunity to visit Uttar Pradesh on the long-cherished mission to trace my ancestral roots. Turning on my charm offensive, I successfully sold the idea to them. I then set about planning the venture, gathering as much information as possible, plotting out an itinerary and making the necessary bookings for the escapade. What follows is a summary of what transpired during that mission which I would like to share with anyone willing and patient enough to read this account.

13/11/2013 (Wednesday) 6.45 a.m. Durban/ Dubai/ Mumbai [India]

My wife Sharitha (Shirley), daughter Preethi and I departed from King Shaka Airport in La Mercy, Durban on Emirates Airlines flight bound for Dubai and then on from there to Mumbai. (*Mission: Preethi’s Wedding shopping for April 2014; Sub-plot: My Mission – on My Ancestry Trail*).

14/11/2013 (Thursday) Mumbai

We arrived at Chhatrapati Shivaji International Airport, Mumbai where our pre-arranged driver Sonu Singh met us and took us to a hotel near Churchgate Station.

15/11/2013 (Friday)

We visited Bhuleshwar, a bustling and crowded part of Mumbai. There, as previously experienced, I had a good 'taste' of what the shopping mission would be like.

After breakfast, I bade farewell to Shirley and Preethi, leaving them happily to do what they enjoy extremely well and that is shopping. Driver Sonu Singh took me to the airport to catch the morning flight on Jet Airways to Lucknow.

16/11/2013 (Saturday) 08.55 On to Lucknow



At Lucknow

11:55 Lucknow

I arrived at Lucknow around midday and was taken to Clarks Avadh Hotel which I had booked earlier through the internet. I did a short tour of Lucknow in the afternoon.

In the evening I was privileged to witness a glamorous wedding in an open-air entertainment area below my hotel room window which was situated a few floors above. The music and cacophony carried on till late at night, but this did not seem to have bothered anybody.

17/11/2013 (Sunday) 05:00 Lucknow/ Ayodhya/ Basti/ Bahbol

Early on Sunday morning I left Lucknow with driver Viren Singh at the wheel. We travelled 135 kilometres east along route 27 to Ayodhya. I made quick visit to Raam Janm Bhoomi *reputedly the birthplace of Lord Raam, the hero of the Hindu epic Ramayan*].

Unauthorised vehicles are not allowed to enter the complex. The driver had to park some distance away and wait at his vehicle whilst I trudged a kilometre to the complex. Upon reaching the vicinity of the birthplace, I discovered that visitors are obliged to walk through a winding metal caged tunnel to reach the 'shrine' where Raam is said to have been born. The area is heavily guarded by the army. This is as a result of communal tension between Hindus and Muslims that culminated in the destruction of the Babri mosque in December 1992.

The 'shrine' located at the spot where the birth [or 'avatar'] was supposed to have taken place is situated about 30 m away from the caged walkway which we were not allowed to leave. Barely having a glimpse of the small shrine, visitors are hurried away by the impatient and imperious soldiers. Thus, the opportunity for any ardent devotee to savour the moment is generally stifled, compromised and dissipated. I left the place wondering whether it was worth all the effort I spent over 1½ hours visiting the place.

We then crossed River Sarju and continued our journey eastward to Basti about 70 kilometres east in an attempt to locate Bansi and Bahlol, which appear on the Ship list on my Maternal side. When we reached Basti we took the off-ramp from the NH27 highway in an endeavour to locate a place which was cited as 'Bansi' (*and which I was pronouncing 'Bunsee' with fully nasalised 'n'*) on my ship list.

As luck would have it, we met a few local gentlemen at a *chai-shop* (tearoom) located in primitive wood and thatch hovel-like structure just off the

off-ramp from the NH27 Highway.

I was able to converse in Hindi and after some discussions and enquiries one of the gentlemen advised us that there was a place called 'Baansi' (long 'a' and *half nasalised 'n' and probably derived from the word 'Baans' meaning Bamboo*) which was about 50 kilometres away and would take about an hour to reach.



The Gentlemen who gave directions to Baansi

After about 1½ hours traversing terrible road conditions along Route 28, we reached Baansi to the north-east of Basti and began enquiries to locate Bahlol. We met a group of people and once again, as luck would have it, a youngster on a motorcycle advised me that he does come from a village known as Bahbol and gave us directions. He was going somewhere else and could not escort us there.

We then travelled on to Bahbol and on reaching there I made some enquiries. A crowd of curious but friendly locals usually gathered around us whenever we reached any village. Bahbol was no exception. We met another

youngster on a motorcycle. This youngster called for an elderly villager who enquired about the caste of the people we were looking for. *[It seems that villagers in India are still obsessed with the caste system]*. I advised him that according to the ship list in my possession it appears that my ancestor belonged to the caste 'Kahar'. He advised us that he knew some Kahar people nearby. We were then led to a house nearby where a Kahar family was said to reside.



Villagers at Bahbol

A man was roused from his midday nap. I have no idea whether or not he took kindly to my untimely intrusion into his siesta. He invited us to sit in his modest cottage and I explained to him my mission to locate any descendants of my ancestors. He informed us that he and his family came from elsewhere and could not help us to identify or locate any people. *[This was understandable as my maternal grandfather Sookhoo departed India and arrived in Natal about 116 years ago]*.

I left some papers with the youngster with the motorcycle and gave him my email and contact details and requested him to contact me should he come across any information which may be of interest to me. I have not heard from him since]. *[I found the place of my maternal ancestors but not my people. It was a remote area accessible by a narrow road full of potholes.]*

After our visit to Bahbol, we travelled south along Route 28 and joined Route 128 for Sultanpur about 170 kilometres away in search of the place where my paternal grandfather hailed from. I had not booked a hotel in Sultanpur in advance, so we had to try to reach there as early as possible to check into a suitable one. The road to Sultanpur (*as were most of the roads that we travelled during this adventure*) was really terrible, with potholes with some mega ones up to 1 metre in diameter. We could not travel more than 30 km per hour, and it took an average of 3 hours to cover 100 km. On the way to Sultanpur we had to take a detour through winding backroads because the main road was closed for reasons unknown to me. When we re-joined the main road, we crossed the mighty Ghagra River over an immensely long bridge.

It took us longer than I had anticipated to reach Sultanpur, our destination for that day. When we eventually reached it was already dark. I could not find a decent hotel. There seemed to be a wedding scheduled for the weekend and all good hotels nearby seemed to be fully booked. I began wondering what I had let myself into. As it was already late, I had to settle for and make do with whatever I could find and was available within the short time available. I eventually found and booked in at a tacky and Spartan boarding house known as *Garden View* just to rest for the night, at the cost of 1 500 Indian Rupees.

[I discovered that the driver's employer had not arranged for his accommodation, and he was going to spend the night in the vehicle. I felt sorry for him and let him share my room].

18/11/2013 (Monday) 05:00 Sultanpur/ Dostpur/ Odypur

We left Garden View Lodge early next morning and set off southwards seeking a place that appeared on the ship-list of my paternal side, namely Thanna Daspore [Dostpur] and Village Odypore [Udaypur Sakarwari - *(I booked in and checked out when it was dark, so I was unable to establish whether or not the lodge was appropriately named).*

I could not find a place called ‘Daspore’ shown on the ship’s list I had in my possession. However, I discovered that there was a place named Dostpur some 60 kilometres from Sultanpur. I surmised and gambled that this is the place referred to in the ships list. The roads, as usual, were absolutely and frustratingly terrible.

[It seems that the Government of India is either oblivious and blissfully unaware of the difficulties its citizens endure because of the atrocious roads or being aware, the politicians avert their vision. I could not fathom why the Government of India cannot build decent roads when transport is the one of the major lifeblood of the nation – not that I can say any better for our own government back home/].

When we reached Dostpur, once again, as luck would have it, we met a local schoolmaster named Ajay Shukla, to whom I explained my mission. He volunteered to help me and took me to meet a few people. As stated earlier, wherever we stopped a crowd of curious but friendly locals usually gathered around us. Ajay took us to the home of an old gentleman who informed us that he was a retired college lecturer. He was more concerned about my caste and did not seem to be particularly interested in my mission. I informed him that my ancestors were Khoonbee. He informed us that the Khoonbees were farmers and also known as Varmas. We then proceeded to another part of the area (*followed by a crowd*) where we met another old man who was also unable to assist or give me any useful information.

On our return we stopped at a *chai shop* where Ajay met Baijnath Jaisul whom he knew and told him about my mission. This gentleman then contacted someone on his mobile. He informed us that there was a place called Udaypur [Coordinates: 26.2673N, 82.3804E] about 10 kilometres from Dostpur. I surmised that this was most likely the place shown as ‘Odypore’ on my ship list.

Ajay then contacted a local leader Mr Sultan Alli (*a Sarpanch – village head*) who was attending a meeting. Mr Alli requested Ajay to wait until he had finished his meeting, and he would thereafter come to meet us. [*Ajay took us to his residence, a typical village home with buffaloes housed within his quarters. His wife was preparing their little daughter for school. He told me that he runs a private school nearby and took us there to see it. It was a modest building which still appeared to be work-in-progress. He informed us that he needed funds to complete it and requested me to seek help on his behalf in South Africa*].

We met with Sarpanch Sultan Alli, who accompanied us to a small farmstead in Udaypur to meet a Varma family. There we met a family who seated us in the courtyard. I informed them of my mission. *[Some of the ladies of the household came and touched my feet which made me feel somewhat awkward and uncomfortable. However, this was part of tradition and which needed to be respected].*

The elder Mr Ramnaresh Varma informed me that many years ago, long before his time, his ancestors had come from another area and the original owners settled them there and left the place. He did not know where they are now. We also met his son Jitendra Varma (*his other son Ramsuresh Varma lives in Mumbai*) and two sons of his brother Ramkhelawan Varma, namely Sailendra Varma and Devendra Varma.

I took photos with members of the household, gave the elder some money and left, with a retinue following us to our vehicle.



The Retinue that followed us when we left the Varma Homestead

[I am sure that I found the area where my paternal ancestors hailed from but was unable to establish whether or not the people I met were related to me]. [I have heard tales by South Africans of Indians descent who say that many of the locals in India are cautious about visitors from our country visiting India to seek their roots because they fear that claims may be laid for shares in inheritance. I am not particularly sure about this theory/].

Dostpur to Varanasi

We then set out for Varanasi [Coordinates: 25.3176° N, 82.9739° E] approximately 150 kilometres from Dostpur along customarily deplorable roads. [*I was relieved that I was using a hired vehicle as I would never allow mine to be abused like that.*]

I booked in at a luxurious Hotel Hindustani International and gave the driver some money to book into another cheaper hotel. [*Whether he booked in at a hotel and stayed there or kept the money and slept in his vehicle, I will never know*].

That afternoon we travelled to Sarnath about 15 kilometres away, travelling over the customarily deplorable roads, where I visited the place where Lord Gautamma Buddha is said to have delivered his first sermon. On the way back at dusk I saw a colourful wedding procession with the groom seated tall on a well-decorated horse accompanied by a live music band and ladies carrying portable battery-operated lights on their heads.

That night I arranged with the driver to take me to Ganga Aarti. However, he had to leave me a distance away and I had to trudge through the crowd to reach the *arti* ceremony. I managed to catch the tail end. [*Varanasi shocked me with the filth around a place that is deemed to be holy.*]

In the evening I was again privileged to witness from my hotel room window another glamorous wedding reception in the hotel courtyard below. I realised that this was the same wedding procession I had encountered on the road earlier. The music and noise carried on till well after midnight.

19/11/2013 (Tuesday) Varanasi/ Allahabad [Prayagraj]/ Lucknow

We left Varanasi at 5.30 a.m. and travelled to Allahabad (*now known as Praya-*

graj) [Coordinates: 25.4358° N, 81.8463° E] which we reached at 7.30 a.m. This is the confluence [*Sangam*] of the Ganga and Jumna Rivers.

[The boatmen quoted me 5 800 Indian Rupees (over ZAR 1 000,00) to take me to the confluence in their flimsy and tacky boats. In any case we still had a long way to go to Lucknow and decided not to venture out onto the river as time was of essence]. Once again, traversing atrocious roads, we arrived at Lucknow. Clark Avadh Hotel was booked out, but the manager assisted in obtaining another hotel for me for the night.

20/11/2013 (Wednesday) Lucknow /Mumbai

I left hotel at 4.30 a.m. Viren Singh took me to airport and I took the 6.45 a.m. flight via Delhi to Mumbai where I was reunited with my wife and daughter, who were more excited about relating their shopping experience and I was unable to get any word in edgewise to relate my escapade, which up to now has remained in the hollow recesses of my mind.

11.4 Conclusion

This was a personal odyssey and just an example of many that have been enacted by others in search of their roots. I do hope that this account will whet the appetite of those with a similar passion and ambition to trace their ancestral roots but have not yet done so. Fortunately, the ship lists of just over 152 000 Indian indentured labourers who came from India during the period of importation, are available.

If one could locate the indenture number of an ancestor from the ship lists, then one will be able, at least, to locate the village from which one's ancestor came from.

[These ship lists can be obtained at the Durban Archives Repository, which is presently situated at 14 De Mazenod Rd, Greyville, Berea, 4001, KwaZulu-Natal, South Africa].

An example of an extract of Ship's List obtained from the KwaZulu-Natal Archives



KWAZULU-NATAL ARCHIVES

INQOLOBANE YOKUGCINA IMIBHALO EYIGUGU YAKWAZULU-NATAL • KWAZULU-NATAL ARGIEF

DURBAN ARCHIVES REPOSITORY

14 De Mazenod Road • Private Bag X22 • Greyville 4023

Tel (031) 309 5681 • Fax (031) 309 5685 • e-mail: dbnarchives@kznedu.kznti.gov.za

ENQ: B E MNTUNGWA

REF: D14/6/11

COPY OF SHIP'S LIST OF INDIAN IMMIGRANTS

- | | |
|------------------------|--|
| 1. Register Number | : 18408 |
| 2. Name | : Bissessur |
| 3. If married, to whom | : Hunsu |
| 4. Father | : Nankoo |
| 5. Age | : 35 |
| 6. Sex | : Male |
| 7. Caste | : Khoonbee |
| 8. Caste | : Kunbi |
| 9. Height | : 163 cm |
| 10. Zillah | : Saultanpore |
| 11. Thanna | : Daspore |
| 12. Village | : Odypore |
| 13. Date of arrival | : July 1878 |
| 14. Employer | : Prospect Hall Estate Umgeni Durban Sugar |

Certified a true copy


HEAD: DURBAN ARCHIVES REPOSITORY

On the Trail of my Ancestry

Mr. Anand Jayrajh

Attorney, Verulam

KwaZulu-Natal

South Africa

info@jayrajh.com