

Published by
**QUEENSTOWN & DISTRICT
HISTORICAL SOCIETY (INC.)**
Queenstown

Aims of the Society.....

- (1) *That we use our power to advise, concerning the saving of historical aspects of the district.*
- (2) *Preservation of and education in all aspects of historical research and interest.*

General Information.....

President:	Rupert Iles	442-1976
Secretary:	Marie Dawson	442-9444
Treasurer:	E C (Peter) Mills	442-7930
Editor:	Duncan Wilson	442-7385
Trips:	Malcolm Boote	442-0004
	Cicely Morrison	442-1744

Subscriptions.....

Subscriptions are shown on page 3. Prompt payment would be appreciated, but overdue subs will be indicated by a red sticker on the front cover of this publication.

Address.....

All correspondence, accounts and subscription payments should be addressed to:

P.O. Box 132, Queenstown

The Courier acknowledgement
This issue has been produced by staff at the Lakes District Museum.
Their quality work is hereby acknowledged.

Cover: Buckham's Brewery, Queenstown
by John Husband

Issue No. 62

The Queenstown Courier



The Official Publication
of the Queenstown & District
Historical Society

**A HISTORIC WALK FROM THE BOTANICAL
GARDENS THROUGH
DOWNTOWN QUEENSTOWN.**

Historic Queenstown Dramatised Walk

A "Virtual History" of some early Queenstown pioneers, who's lives were researched and enacted by present members of our Society, at sites where, or near where they lived or worked. Not only were there some one hundred society members reliving the past on this day 21 March '99, but other 'locals' and overseas visitors joined in and some even paid the \$5 fee! It must be realised however, that to make the history alive and interesting, the actors and actresses used some dramatic license.

The Pioneer Characters:

Reko - Maori Chieftain
Mr & Mrs W G Rees
Henry Buckham
John Williams
Mary Williams
Reuben Harris
Mrs Julia Eichardt
Mrs Rebecca Bond
Bendix Hallenstein
Philip Waldmann
Rev. Coffey
Richmond Beetham
M J Malaghan
Thomas Arthur

The Speakers:

Rex Austin
Malcolm & Trish Boote
John Heenan
George Ellingham
Margaret Templeton
Allan De La Mare
Julia Bradshaw
Michelle Ruddenklau
Rupert Isles
Ray Clarkson
Neil Fuge
David Duston
Wallace Chilton
Eddie Newman

The Sites:

Queenstown Gardens
Rees Memorial
Horn Creek
Williams Cottage
Williams Cottage
Lodge of Ophir
Hotel doorway
Mountaineer door
Rees St shop
West side of Mall
Anglican Church
Courthouse
Council Buildings
Near Memorial Hall

Reko - Maori Chieftain
by Rex Austin

Reko Maori Chief
Guide - Rex
Austin

An important fully tattooed Maori chief who befriended and guided many early European settlers and explorers searching for suitable land on which to live, or in which to invest, Reko guided the very first white explorers to the inland lakes. He took Nathaniel Chalmers inland and indicated to him Lakes Wakatipu, Wanaka and Hawea. Chalmers was to take up the Hokanui Run, changing its name to Croyden after an area near London where he grew up. He was born in the Kyles of Bute in Scotland. As a reward for his guiding, Chalmers gave Reko a three legged iron pot - an extremely valuable utensil at that time.

It was Reko who revealed the route to John Chubbins party who became the first Europeans to actually reach Lake Wakatipu. It is obvious that Reko's knowledge of the geography of the lower South Island was quite detailed and accurate. He described the route over the Lindis Pass to John Turnbull Thompson, Chief Surveyor of Otago and later the first Surveyor-General of New Zealand.

On the dirt floor of his whare, Reko drew a map with a stick. He placed the Mataura, Molyneux and the Clutha Rivers along with the Waitaki and the Waiiau in their respective positions. He drew all the major lakes including Lakes Te Anau, Tekapo, Pukaki and Ohau, and then he drew the Maori track across the Lindis Pass, through the interior and then back to Tuturau. Thompson regularly drew on that diagram during his own explorations into the hinterland.

Reko lived out his life at Tuturau, a small village, still marked, between Wyndham and Mataura townships. Today the village site is administered by members of a Maori trust.



*Rex Austin as Reko,
Queenstown Gardens.*

William Gilbert Rees
by Malcolm Boote

Today is a very special day. Frances and our family are leaving this town after three years to live in Kawarau Falls. Born in Haverford, West Wales on the 7th May 1827, I went to Naval College in Camberwell, taught in Exeter and left with my cousin GHB Gilbert for Australia in 1852, working on sheep stations in Queensland. I returned to England in July 1858 to marry my dearest Frances, leaving for New Zealand in the same year. It does not seem long since my brother in law Nicholas and I first saw our "promised land" from the Crown Range. We had trekked from Dunedin by the Waitaki, Lindis and Cardrona, to the Wakatipu Basin and camped by the lakeside in this little bay. We left the horses, climbed Ben Lomond and saw the wonderful lands around us; returning, we made a raft from driftwood and flaxcords and paddled up the lake to the Seven Mile, we abandoned the lake and from the bluff above, White Point, saw the great expanse of land ahead. Later we opened up 5000 acres at the Head of the Lake. We scrambled through Speargrass and Matagouri, burning our way out and having to take to the lake to avoid the burning inferno. We returned to Dunedin to register these runs, later we brought 21000 sheep overland with great difficulty to the district.

Von Tunzelmann settled the southern and western shores of the lake and my land covered from Glenorchy to Kingston; over 240000 acres, on the eastern and northern shores. With Frances and our young family we made our homestead in "this pretty little bay." After two hard but wonderful years the town was overrun by gold seekers who ruined our lifestyle and farming, they occupied our land and made their camp. We tried to help by supplying transport, being butcher, baker, boat builder, carrier, coach proprietor, contractor, ferryman, gold buyer, hotel and storekeeper, land agent, lighterman, slaughterman and station holder, but we lost our home and our land has been confiscated by the land board for town reserve. We even had to buy back sections of our own land. We hold no bitterness, but the drunken rowdy miners have built a camp around our home, the Irish giving the name "Queenstown" to our "little bay". We leave having our holding reduced to 100,000 acres, our "promised land" nearly all gone and our peace is destroyed. From about twenty people working and living on these runs a year ago there are now thousands.

Sad though we are to leave, we leave lasting momentoes of our presence: Cecil and Walter Peaks named after our son; Frankton after Frances; the Rivers Rees, Shotover, Arrow and Dart; Mount Gilbert, my wife's family name; Mount Alfred after my faithful cadet Alfred Duncan who has a great story of his own to tell; Morven Hill and Coronet Peak were also named by us.

Our homestead is overrun, the woolshed is now the Queen's Arms, run by SGT Bracken, but we have no regrets on leaving. Being good Christians, we helped to found a strong and thriving Anglican Church, the Masonic Lodge and the hospital at Frankton.

We leave with the good wishes of many people and this lasting memory is an honour (pointing to the memorial). You will meet many of our good friends on your journey, but watch your pocket and your back, there are dangerous people about! We are off to our new home and I will be able to follow my love of cricket.

Frances Rees -
Trish Boote

Frances Rees
by Trish Boote

William, who is, incidentally, my cousin, returned from Australia in 1858 and we were married in Worcester on 20th July 1858; I was 19 years old and almost immediately we embarked on the ship "Equator" for Wellington. My brother, John Gilbert, was also in the party. It was a long journey of almost five months and the seasickness was quite dreadful, I vow I shall never cross that ocean again. We duly arrived in Wellington and made arrangements to travel south, having said good-bye to our shipboard friends we set off on the overland journey and it was some three months later that we arrived at our first home, a run that William had bought at Dalvey on the Pomahaka in South Otago.

Two weeks after we arrived our first child, Mary Rose, was born in Dunedin on 14th May 1859. The following January, after the birth of our second child, a son, William set off again for the interior and eventually I joined him in Queenstown. What a pretty and tranquil place! Sadly our son became ill shortly after we arrived and died at the age of two months, not a happy time but we had so much to do around the property that we could not dwell on our sadness. Early in February 1863, I was again pregnant and it was arranged for me to go back to Dalvey with our daughter and await the birth. Our third child, Cecil Walter, was born there on 22nd April 1862. It was after the winter that William saw his son for the first time when he came to take us all back to Queenstown. The journey took nearly three weeks and was most tiring, the rivers were in flood and the dray carrying my boxes overturned - among other things, all my beautiful new books from England were spoilt. What a drying out there was!! The children traveled well but it was good to be home and see our friends again.

Our peace was much disturbed with the arrival of the miners. They were rowdy and badly behaved. It worried me greatly when William would trade or buy gold sometimes to the value of 2000 pounds and bring it home for safe keeping. Travelling by dray and horseback became very dangerous and many robberies occurred. Our land has been overrun. Our woolshed has become an hotel. Time to move on and I am busy with pack boxes for our new home at Kawarau Falls.

We will miss our friends, but we are in God's hands.

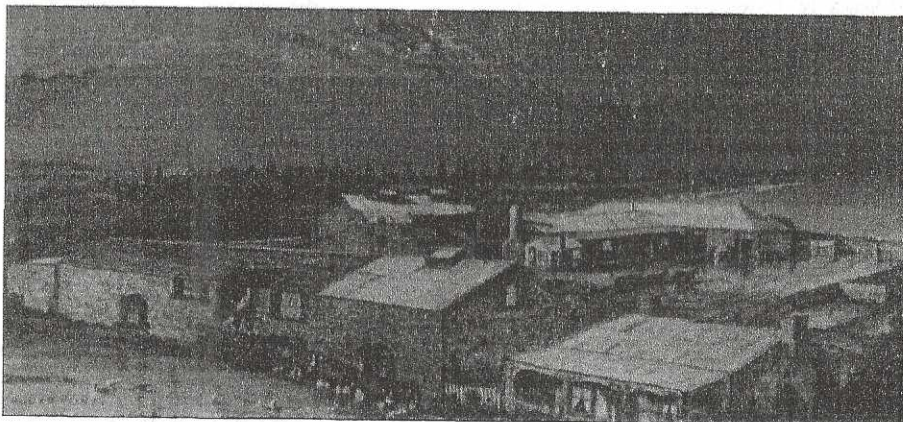
Henry Charles
Buckham
Buckhams Brewery
John Heenan

Henry Charles Buckham
and Buckham's Wakatip Brewery
By John Heenan

I am Henry Charles Buckham, but am always called Harry. Here in front of you is a drawing of our modern industrial complex consisting of a Brewery and Cordial factory. Very soon after gold was discovered a brewery was first established on a site on the opposite corner of Queenstown Bay, later moved to Brewery Creek out at the Gorge and finally established on this site. A most unfortunate set back to development occurred in 1878 when the great flood undermined the foundations of the large stone stable and storage building. The building collapsed as can be seen in the photograph, and had to be rebuilt.

The business was first established by Mr Davis whose daughter Daisy I happened to marry. When Mr Davis died he left the business to Daisy and her two sisters. Daisy and I bought out the sisters' shares, and so took over in 1909.

Using the drawing of the complex I will point out the purpose of all the buildings and the basic brewing process. The large stone building in the foreground is used for storing grain and a part at one end is for germinating or malting the barley. When this process is completed the product of mash is transferred to the large part stone and part timber building behind and placed in large wooden vats to ferment at a controlled temperature. The heat is produced by a small furnace in the stone section. The metal plate on the wall controls draught and thus the temperature. After fermenting, the brew is further processed to clear it, and on maturity transferred to barrels for delivery to customers. Our market area covers Queenstown, Glenorchy, Skippers, Mace-town, Arrowtown, Cromwell, and extends past Kingston down to Riversdale. Two great advantages we have in maintaining quality production is the really pure water here and the excellent barley grown locally.



Buckham's "Wakatip Brewery" (the Gardens Park Royal Hotel now stands on the site)

The next large building is for cordial manufacture, also produced with modern equipment, and the large stone building next to it is the main storage area and stables. The loft in this building is used for accommodation for the qualified Brewer employed. The small building in front is the Office.

Behind our house is a large yard with an orchard and vegetable garden. A cow is kept on a paddock on the Commonage, brought down to be milked each evening and kept in a stall at the end of the malthouse. She is fed a stock food that is a by-product of the brewing process, milked again each morning before being returned to the paddock.

Our plant and production methods are as modern as others throughout the Colony and the quality as good as any.

[After describing the buildings, the brewing process, some questions and discussion, I discarded the Harry Buckham mantle to tell the audience that my name was John Heenan and that Harry was my Grandfather. This seemed to create a good deal of further interest.]

John Ralph Williams
Customs Officer
George Ellingham

John Ralph Williams
by George Ellingham

John Williams was born at Orford, Suffolk, England in January 1828 to parents William and Mary Williams, and christened in the Orford Church on 20 January 1828. William Williams was a Customs Officer.

John had two older sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, and a younger sister, Anne Bella. It is believed that both parents, William and Mary, died when their children were quite young. John and his sisters were then brought up by an aunt in Cornwall. It appears that John and his sisters left Cornwall for Australia in about 1850 when they were in their early twenties. Elizabeth's obituary states that she sailed to Adelaide on the 'Wanderer' in 1850. The journey took 6 months. Possibly John Williams went ahead but in any case the siblings all lived on the Victoria Goldfields.

Following the tide of miners heading to the Otago goldfields, John Williams came to New Zealand in about 1861. He arrived in Queenstown in 1862. After a spell at gold-mining Williams was employed by the pioneer run-holder and Queenstown's founder, William G. Rees, as a boatman. This involved sailing small single or double masted boats up or down the lake carrying stores and wool. It is reported that Williams took the first gold escort to Kingston. The whaleboat he used for the task was carrying himself, one or two others and 33,000 ounces of gold.

After a time Williams became a boatman on his own account and over the next 10 years owned the *May Queen*, *Lady of the Lake*, *Moa*, *G MCRae*, and *G W Rees* which were all sailing boats. At the beginning of this phase he was joined by George Archer. Archer was also a sea-faring man

having been born in Great Yarmouth. He too had been working as a miner on the Victoria gold fields and it seems likely that this is where he met the Williams. Williams' sister, Elizabeth married Archer in Queenstown in 1863.

In April 1864 Williams purchased a lake-front section from Israel Shaw who had bought the land from the government. There was timber already on the ground and Williams proceeded to build a cottage. It was helpful that he was able to use his own craft to ferry additional timber down from the sawmill at the head of the lake. It is not known if Williams built the cottage himself but it seems likely that he did, given the lack of builders in the district at the time. At this stage Queenstown was mostly canvas tents and make-shift shanties with few permanent buildings.

Williams built a small weather board house which was fairly typical of cottages at the time. Its unusual features are a very high gable and a long parlour, both possibly built to make the building look more impressive. Another unusual feature of the cottage is the fact that the parlour floor slopes 75mm from the back to the front. When the cottage was being renovated it was found that this had been done deliberately. The reason for doing this is not known. Initially the roof was covered with timber shingles, but the shingles leaked in southerly storms and the roof was covered in corrugated iron in about 1870. At about the same time the cottage was extended. The kitchen and back bedroom were made longer and a back room was added. As the back room cuts across the rear windows of the kitchen



Margaret Templeton as Mary Williams

is extremely likely that it was originally a shed, or something similar, which was moved to the site and joined onto the existing building.

Williams continued to have some interest in mining. He was leasing 10 acres in the Shotover Gorge until 1866, but more and more time was spent in the shipping business. In 1871 Williams and Archer commissioned a screw steamer to be built for use on the lake. The steamer was assembled near Williams Cottage at the mouth of Home Creek and launched on 18 February 1872. She was named the *Jane Williams* after an aunt and Williams was the first master. During the late 1870s the *Jane Williams* faced stiff competition from other steamers and both Williams and Archer simply listed themselves as timber merchants in the local business directories.

John Ralph Williams died in Queenstown in September 1881, aged 53.

Lake Lodge of Ophir - Allan De La Mare

Lake Lodge of Ophir. by Allan De La Mare

When gold was discovered late in 1862 the population of the Wakatipu Basin was probably less than 20. Within six months the population had rocketed to at least 10,000.

When the tradesmen and others arrived in Queenstown Bay to get their share of the wealth by supplying the miners needs they chose the most suitable site they could find and hastily erected a canvas building. There was little or no supervision and the early town was a collection of ramshackle buildings mostly canvas, crammed cheek by jowl into a small area. It was to this shanty town the thousands of miners came for supplies, to sell gold and enjoy some relaxation from the constant labour in an hostile environment.

The constant comings and goings of men and horses and the frenzy of the gold rush with fortunes being made daily created an electric atmosphere where everybody was intent on advancing their interests. Over twenty hotels, a number of music halls and other forms of entertainment operating around the clock ensured constant noise with fighting and arguments ever present.

It was in this frenzied atmosphere that the Masons gathered together in the Queens Arms Hotel on 6 June 1863. How they found one another is a mystery. Having met, action was swift. It was decided to form a lodge, which was given a name, and Rueben Harris who had come to Otago from Victoria and was an auctioneer was elected the first Master. His photograph shows a young man aged about 30.

A site for a lodge building was chosen, probably by simply declaring their intention, 600 pounds was raised by donations and the sale of debentures, contractors engaged and work commenced

On 15 July the foundation stone was laid with pomp and ceremony unequalled by modern society. The Masons came from far and wide and in full regalia processed from the Queens Arms Hotel to the site accompanied by several hundred members of the public. The Masons brought with them symbols of their craft including wine representing fruitfulness, corn representing plenty, and oil representing peace together with their working tool of compass, square and spirit level. After the stone was ceremoniously laid the gathering returned to the hotel where a light luncheon was served

Stone for the building came from the lake edge (no Resource Management Act in those days) and the timber including the shingles came from the Head of the Lake. The internal dado was of timber with the walls above plastered with a mixture of mud and horse hair finished with a lime wash. The ceiling was of canvas lined with paper.

The building was completed in October 1863 the only substantial building in a sea of canvas. Having raised the building in record time the Masons found they needed a charter to operate and it was not till July 1864 that a dispensation made it possible to operate as a lodge.

There was a flood of applications for membership and for the first few years many new members were initiated. Some of the early members have familiar names:-

Bendix Hallenstein; Richmond Beetham; Albert Eichardt; William Rees; Nicholas von Tunzelmann.

Julia Eichardt 1890-
Julia Bradshaw

Julia Eichardt - 1890 *by Julia Bradshaw*

Good afternoon. I understand that you are looking for accommodation. Eichardts has much to offer. We have 70 rooms and a number of suites overlooking the lake. All the rooms are serviced with running water and we have electricity! We are the only hotel in Queenstown to have electric lighting. We have a ladies parlour with two pianos and also a parlour for gentlemen with one piano. There is a reading room, a billiards room and also a bar. I have another room which I call the stone jug which is where I will send any gentlemen who have enjoyed my bar facilities rather too much. We have horses, boats and guides for hire and will cater most attentively to your wants. So if it's fine accommodation you are looking for you won't find anything better outside of Dunedin.

I've built this hotel up from a woolshed which is what it was when I first started here. I started working here for Mr William Rees in January 1863, in the early days of the goldrush. Of course, people always imagine that Albert ran the place and that I only took over when he died but it wasn't quite like that. He was always busy with the Masonic Lodge, being on the Council, the Queenstown Volunteer Rifles and being a conductor for local Philharmonic orchestra and Garrison Band. He was just too busy to run the hotel as well. After all I was the one with the experience, because I'd grown up in hotels. Mr Eichardt was a cordial manufacturer! Although I must admit that did come in handy.

I was born in Tipperary but I was only three when I left with my Ma and my father, God bless him. We were on one of the early ships to Melbourne in 1841. My father died there and my mother married again to Mr O'Meara so I have many brothers and sisters. I came to Queenstown during the rush and easily found work managing this hotel. My step-father had died so others of the family joined me including my mother about the time I was married. My mother runs the Supreme Court Hotel near the Post Office. In fact you know all the hotels in

Queenstown are run by women! There's Mrs McBride, Mrs Bond and myself and my mother. All widows

Albert used to come in and have a drink and I always thought he had his eye on me, though of course being a good catholic girl I was far too sensible to take any notice. Well then he won a gold nugget in a raffle at Arrowtown and the first thing he does is negotiate to buy the Queens Arms Hotel from Mr Rees. So now Albert is my boss but I still won't take any notice of him. Finally though in 1868 I agree to marry him as long as we are married in the Catholic Church.

Soon we decided to rename the hotel "Eichardts" as everyone is calling it that anyway. In 1872 we took down the old woolshed and built the nice stone building you see today. Ten years later I lost my fine husband which grieved me deeply. He was kind and generous and a man of culture. But of course I couldn't let down my many visitors and so I continued on.

In 1886 I knocked down the last of the original wooden buildings and extended the hotel to its present dimensions. I also started experimenting with electricity and I now have a system running off a pelton wheel which uses the town water supply. And you know, no-one has said anything to me yet! So, as I was saying, if its fine accommodation you're looking for....

POSTSCRIPT

After managing the Queens Arms/Eichardts Hotel for nearly 30 years Julia died at the age of 54 after hitting her head when falling over a board left on the steps at the back of the hotel. The news of Julia's death hit Queenstown hard. The newspaper said that her death "has cast a gloom over



the whole town." Special prayer was offered at the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches and the council adjourned their monthly meeting as did the Good Templars. Queenstown shops and business closed their doors on the afternoon of the funeral which was attended by people from as far away as Christchurch. The funeral procession was led by four catholic priests and up to 700 people went to the cemetery. "At the close of the service a large quantity of wreaths were placed on the grave, and the people came away praying eternal rest to the departed soul, and wondering who could be found to take the place of Mrs Eichardt in this district. " Lake Wakatip Mail 6 May 1892.

Mrs Julia Eichardt

Mrs Rebecca Bond - Licensee of
The Mountaineer Hotel.
by Michelle Ruddenklau (researched by Julia
Bradshaw)

In a time before New Zealand women have the vote, when women were still largely regarded as the property of their husbands, I stand here in 1885 as the newly appointed licensee of The Mountaineer Hotel, Queenstown. I am one of Queenstown's pioneering women and have led a life of many trials and adventures - my name is Rebecca Bond; this is my story.

I was born in Melbourne, Victoria to Matthew and Isabella Rumbell; by my late teens I was to travel to Benella where I encountered a man who was to change my life and remove me from my home forever - his name was George Butler Bond and he was Irish. We were married in 1862 when I was nineteen and he was 27, I gave birth to George Butler Junior at Fitz, Victoria the following year. At this time we, like many others, followed the lure of gold across the Tasman to New Zealand, making our way to the province of Otago and settling at Arthur's Point. It was here where George first displayed his talent for enterprising business ventures; he and a partner recognised the need for a strong bridge across the Shotover River at Arthur's Point, previous attempts by others to construct bridges had ended in failure when the river became swollen in flood and washed them away. George and Mr Ryan's bridge was high and strong, the local newspaper described it thus:

"without doubt the finest work of its kind on the goldfields.....It is strongly and carefully built, and has a span of 57 feet by a width of 6 and a half feet..... if ever bridges have been wanted at all, they have been over the Shotover "

Life was good at this time, as George looked after the bridge, charging foot passengers one shilling to cross and then two shillings and sixpence for a horse and load. I gave birth to Alice Maud in 1865 and then to Ada Rebecca in 1867. We had money saved by this time and, after selling the bridge, decided to head for a bigger and better enterprise - we moved to Cardrona and set up The Empire Hotel.

It became clear to me here that my duties as a wife and mother of three would now also include the running and upkeep of the hotel, as George decided to put his previous experience to use in mining ventures. As George never quite managed to strike upon our next lucrative venture, he increasingly became our best customer at the bar - leaving the burden of working to

support our family further upon my shoulders. 1869 saw me give birth to twin girls, Isabella and Mary Ann with five youngsters now under the age of seven and an hotel to run, my workload was heavy. Minnie was born in 1872, then Frederick in 1874, making our family seven in all.

February 1876 was when tragedy struck. George had become increasingly unwell and the details of his drinking were a subject of gossip for all who knew him. Finally, he went to Cromwell Hospital, from which point the facts of this story are hard to distinguish from the lies and tittle tattle that followed these events. George left the hospital without the doctors consent, preferring to stay at Goodgers Hotel in Cromwell. He retired to bed at midnight and was heard by a room mate climbing out of a window. The publican was woken and the two set off to search for George, but could find no trace of my poor husband. The police searched later and found traces of blood amongst the broken bottles and rubbish thrown down the steep bank behind the hotel - the traces led to the water's edge.

As I struggled to come to terms with my husband's death, I was horrified by the press reports of what had happened. Accounts described George's faults, his having "given way to inebriation" and even how his lack of financial success recently had "induced him to do this rash act, which resulted in a watery grave". The inference that George had brought shame on us by committing suicide was more than I could bear, I wrote a letter to the Editor of the Dunstan Times. The paper's comments could hardly be surpassed, I stated, "for illiberality and recklessness for the feelings of his family." I denied vehemently that George had been in financial trouble which had caused him to commit suicide. Attempting to respect the memory of my poor dead husband, and protect our seven children from malicious gossip, I offered the following explanation: George had been taking medication and had climbed out of the window to use the long drop toilet near the river. "A person falling from Goodger's closet, if his course were arrested before reaching the river, would be so stunned and wounded as to make it a matter of chance whether he would not walk into the water.... Mr Bond left a wife and seven children who have a right to protect his good name from ungenerous reflections." I buried George at Roxburgh and erected a marble headstone which read "Sacred to the memory of George Butler BOND who departed this life 7 Feb 1876, age 41 years. God giveth and God taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

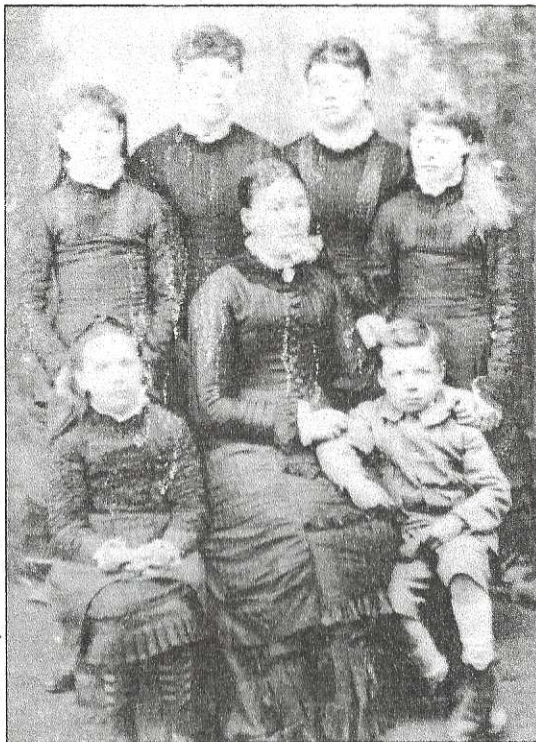
Here was the lowest point of my life, alone with seven children, a hotel to run and only a little money to tide me over. I put the hotel on the market immediately, it was time to get out of Cardrona and start anew somewhere else. Unfortunately, Cardrona's hey day seemed to have passed and there was little interest in buying the property - after three years I left,

never selling the hotel, and took over the Ballarat Hotel in Arrowtown. Slowly our lives returned to normal, my children went to the local school and I set about maintaining a well respected hotel, and reputation in the area. It was hard work, but I was a good hostess and enjoyed the stability of our life in Arrowtown.

In early 1885 a new and important hotel was being built in Queenstown where previously had stood The Prince of Wales, of which Arthur Kelly was publican. Mrs Mary Malaghan, owner of the building, shifted Arthur over to run the old Victoria Hotel whilst the new building was finished; Arthur looked forward to being the publican

of the new hotel when it opened. The Annual Licensing Committee met and decided that I, Rebecca Bond, would receive the license for the new fine hotel - Arthur had not kept The Prince of Wales to an acceptable standard, the new hotel would be run by a woman with the experience and resolve to meet the accommodation expectations of the time! Arthur was livid, expressing his consternation that all of the hotels in Queenstown were now run by women - all widows. He claimed that at least one should be run by a man as "there were different classes of customers requiring different accommodation."

Times were changing, however, there was even talk of women one day being permitted to vote - and their talents as efficient, determined and respected business people were being utilised and applauded throughout the hotels of Queenstown. I am proud to be one of those women and I run a handsome and comfortable hotel, well regarded by locals and travellers alike. Like many women living here, I have struggled for many years to reach the point where you now find me - but I have never been bankrupt, unlike many others at this time, and I intend to continue on the path for which my talent dictates - that of a respectable and successful pioneer woman



Mrs Bond with six of her seven children

Bendix Hallenstein
by Rupert Iles

Bendix Hallenstein *by Rupert Iles*

I am Bendix Hallenstein. You are standing in front of my store, here is Rees Street, from where we sold general merchandise to the local population, which included a large proportion of gold miners. We kept everything required of an upcountry population: provisions; groceries; wine and spirits; drapery and ironmongery. I also acted as agent for woolgrowers, forwarding their wool for sale in Dunedin, Melbourne and London. But where did I come from and what else did I achieve?

I was born in Brunswick, Germany, in 1835. My family were Jewish and I was the youngest of three sons and had two sisters. When I was seventeen I went to Manchester (England) to work as a shipping clerk for an Uncle who was in business. After five years I followed my brothers, Isaac and Michaelis, to the Victorian goldfields in Australia where we opened a store at Daylesford. Here we engaged an English housekeeper, Mary Mountain, whom I married, following her to England to do so.

We returned to Daylesford but when business declined we, with my brother Isaac and our families came to New Zealand and on to Invercargill in 1863 and opened up a store. Isaac and his wife soon went back to Melbourne as his wife did not like the climate. After a year in Invercargill losing money, we decided to move to Queenstown and open another store. This store was on the corner almost opposite this brick store into which we moved in 1871. Here we prospered, due to energy, foresight and boldness.

In 1867 with J.W. Robertson from Brunswick, Canada (1st Mayor of Queenstown) we opened the first inland flour mill in Otago at the Kawarau Falls and called it Brunswick Mills after our birthplaces. We leased land and put on farmers who supplied our mill with grain. Regrettably it was never a financial success. At the same time I took up farming at Speargrass Flat, built a house which we called Thurlby Domain after my wife's family farm in Lincolnshire, England. At Thurlby we entertained lavishly and instigated the planting of many trees that still grace the area.

I was elected mayor of Queenstown in 1869 and represented the district on the provincial council. I also served one term as the member of parliament. Due to my involvement in local affairs I was influential in the building of two early bridges over the Shotover and Kawarau Rivers, also the building of the courthouse and jail. I also helped promote the planting of trees on the present gardens site.

We opened shops in Cromwell, Arrowtown and Lawrence, but had difficulty supplying them because of irregular shipments of goods, especially clothing from the wholesalers. Because of my clothing supply problem I decided to open the New Zealand Clothing Factory in Dunedin in 1873. I followed in 1874 having leased my shop in Queenstown to De Beer and Van Der Walde and sold Thurlby Domain to my associate Herman Agndst. Before leaving Queenstown I was badly injured when the horse that was drawing my carriage bolted.

Philip Waldman
- Ray Clarkson

Philip Waldmann
by Ray Clarkson

(A sunny afternoon on 22nd January, 1882....)

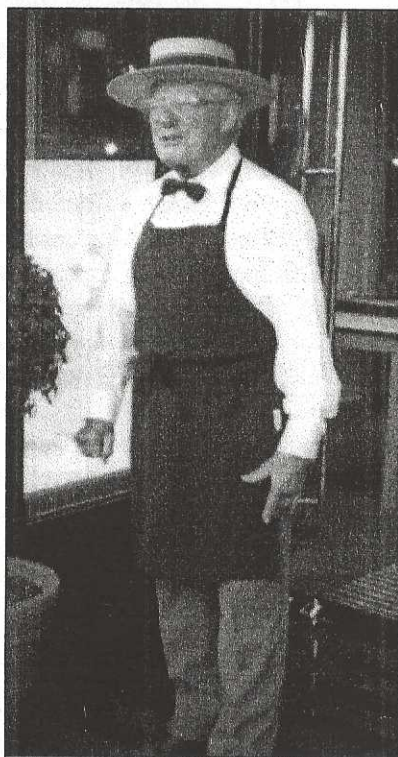
Guten Tag. Meine name ist Philip Waldmann..... and I run this grocer's shop, but I was once in Germany, a stonemason. After we were married in London, Rebecca and I sailed for New Zealand because we had heard of the gold discoveries in Otago and the jobs that were here. We arrived in Queenstown in 1874 and after a short time I started up in business, here in Ballarat street.

If you look about, you will see that my shop is on the poor side of the street. Over there on Albert Eichardt's side are rather grand buildings made of stone, and on this side small, wooden buildings. The fire brigade in Queenstown is not very reliable and so my building is well insured. At first when we arrived, business was good and I was able to build a good stone house in Hallenstein Street, up the hill there. I have called it "Nil Desperandum" and it has a wonderful view. It is well insured. I am always very punctual paying the premiums, especially this year.

But now business is not as good. The economy of New Zealand is depressed - so am I. The easy gold is gone, the miners have moved on, rabbits are destroying the sheep country and the farmers are having a rough time, and we are struggling.

Mr Hallenstein has moved to Dunedin and other shops are closing. My wife with four of our children is already in Dunedin. We will set up another house there. She has taken the silver and many of our valuables with her. I think that times are going to improve for us and our financial problems will be solved. Tomorrow morning, with my eldest son, I leave this town at 5.30 on the steamer for Kingston. We do not plan to return

(The sequel to Philip Waldmann's story and the tragic fire can be read in Alan De La Mare's interesting article in "The Queenstown Courier", Issue No. 61.)



Ray Clarkson, alias Phillip Waldmann, practises his German.

Rev Richard Coffrey first Vicar of the Wakatipu - Neil Fuge
The Rev. Richard Coffey - First Vicar of
Wakatipu.
by Neil Fuge

Good afternoon everyone. My name is Richard Coffey and I was born in West Meath Ireland thirty years ago. I was educated at Trinity College, Dublin and ordained at Tuam Cathedral in 1866.

Strange as it may seem, I came to New Zealand because of a throat infection. One error I made when I landed in New Zealand was to visit the gold fields in Central Otago, because while I was there members of the Church of England in the developing town of Queenstown, invited me to visit them in the Lakes District. Little did I know that they were looking for a Vicar, for soon after, by resolution of the Parish Annual Meeting, I was invited to become their first Vicar.

On my acceptance, although there was already a small wooden church, the parishioners had to provide me with a Vicarage. They immediately set out to raise the funds for this. The house cost originally fort nine pounds ten, but added to this cost was much donated timber, and the labouring costs for painting and paperhanging. It is a weatherboard style with wooden shingles on the roof. A few Years ago we had a tremendous controversy with our Diocese over the appointment of the Bishop, a Bishop Jenner who was a known ritualist. We would have none of that, so with the help of our representatives at the Diocesan Synod we managed to have his appointment rejected.

It is normally up to the parishioners to raise funds to keep their Vicar, but because I am the only one who travels regularly over the full extent of the parish, the lot falls to me to keep the parishioners up to date on their giving and fund raising. Already I have missed out on my stipend because the parish has not had enough in the purse to pay me. At one stage the parish owed me for nearly a year's stipend - two hundred pounds. My trips around the parish were long and arduous, often by foot or by horse back, and included such places as Clyde, Bendigo, Cardrona, Macetown, Skippers, Twelve Mile and even to Garston, Nokomai and Athol.

Although we have a beautiful Wooden church - St Peter's, which we have recently extended, we have a vision to build a beautiful stone church on our site (which by the way was gained by the good negotiation one of our first settlers who happened to be a Church of England Lay Reader - William Rees- who, with Richmond Beetham, twisted the arm of Wright the Government surveyor to set aside a nice piece of land for a Church, of adequate size and the best possible position.) So convinced that this idea of a stone church is a good one, I have heard on the grapevine that one of my parishioners - Thomas Hicks - has set aside fifteen hundred pounds in his will to finance such a proposal, and I am also personally willing to follow his example by setting aside one hundred pounds in my estate to go with three hundred from another parishioner, Mr Lubeckie. We have even gone so far as to have some tentative plans of such a stone church drawn up.

Our Church of St Peter is well furnished, and two of our treasures are a

beautiful pipe organ that came from England, installed in All Saints Dunedin and recently purchased for our Church- and a beautiful lectern eagle - carved by Mr Ah Tong one of the local Chinese community.

Richard Beetham-
David Duston

Richmond Beetham
by David Duston

My name is Richmond Beetham and I was Resident Magistrate here in Queenstown during the peak of the Goldrush.

I was born at Horncastle, York, on April 30 1836, the son of a farmer. I immigrated to the Australian Goldfields when I was 17 and later from 1 Dec 1855 I lived in Wellington for a while until on 8 October 1862 I was appointed Mining Registrar for Dunstan Goldfields. Later I built on this experience and was appointed Resident Magistrate for the Arrow and Wakatipu when I was 26 years old.

Things were very rough and ready in those days. My Court was held in a tent and after one hectic day we discovered that the oaths had been sworn on a cookery book! I had no legal training but I think that the Law should be simple - if it isn't commonsense then it isn't good law. I can remember giving my judgement on a dispute between two mining parties over a rich area of adjoining paydirt. I ordered 10 men from each side to shovel the wash-dirt to their side on the given word. It was great success. When I arrived here many miners suffered badly from scurvy and I was instrumental in gaining a Government Subsidy for a hospital at Frankton, which opened in 1863.

We helped in many things. With William Rees we founded the St Peters Anglican Church where I was Chairman of the Committee, lay reader and Treasurer and we provided an organ that my wife played. However I had a row with the Vestry when we found to our horror that an unauthorised person had been playing the organ in our absence. I resigned from the Church. I also had a dispute with the Masonic Lodge on a matter of principle and I resigned from that too. Some people have called me autocratic but this isn't true ; it's just that I am right most of the time! In 1872 the Chinese Community accused me of showing prejudice in my judgements and possibly putting their fines in my pocket. I heard that they paid bribes to one of their number to influence proceedings as they used to do in China and were annoyed that they got no results. A Commission of Inquiry was held and of course they found no substance in the allegations. My wife had ill health and we left here in 1876 to be Resident Magistrate in Napier, and later in Timaru and Christchurch. I am interested in Art and Fishing.

This Courthouse was built from Nov 1875 to Sept 1876 and the Library was built at the same time. The new Court was a great improvement on the old tent.

These 'Trees of Justice' (*Sequoia wellingtonia gigantea*) were planted by Philip Boulton the then County Clerk. He had read that in California 'every courthouse has trees outside so that witnesses could sit in the shade waiting for their turn to be called.' He raised the trees from seed given to him by Dr Hector,

No 62 1999

Michael John Malaghan -
Year 1882
by Wallace Chilton

Some dramatic licence involved.

I would like to take you back in time to 1835 when I was born at Pomeroy, County Tyrone, Northern Ireland, son of Patrick and Alice. Because times were tough at home, I decided to seek my fame and fortune abroad, and at the age of 18 I emigrated to Victoria Australia, where I set up a successful trading business, and also where I met and married Mary Jane O'Ryan. As the Victorian goldfields were becoming worked out and having heard of the exciting returns being achieved from the newly found gold fields of Otago, we decided to pack our bags and head for New Zealand.

We arrived in Queenstown in 1863 and immediately set up in business with a Mr Comiskey. This venture was short lived however and because we were fortunate to have been able to bring substantial capital with us from Australia we were able to establish a general merchant business on our own at a site in Shotover Street, providing all the needs of the gold



Wallace Chilton as M J Malaghan

mining community, such as groceries, liquor, hardware, footwear, furniture, clothing, and even firearms and explosives. I was also fortunate to be appointed an agent of the Colonial Insurance Company and acted as a commission agent for the sale of shares, grain etc. The business soon became known to everyone and was regarded as one of the main suppliers of the Wakatipu. Even though I say it myself the name Malaghan has earned a reputation with the mining community to be one that is fair and can be trusted.

We also own two Hotels, one called 'The Victorian' in Rees St and the other 'The Prince of Wales' on the corner of Rees and Beach Streets. These are leased to women publicans who appear to be more successful than men. We also own another hotel on the back road to Arrowtown called 'Malaghan's'.

Since my arrival in Queenstown I have taken a prominent part in public affairs, having served on the first Queenstown Borough Council in 1866 and the first Lakes County Council and was privileged to be elected Mayor for the period 1874 to 1877. Other organisations which I have taken an active part in are the Jockey Club, Hospital Board, Athenaeum, School Committee, and a Lieutenant in the Volunteers. My wife and I are generous supporters of St. Josephs Catholic Church.

I also have interests in many other business activities, a number of alluvial mines on the Shotover, quartz crushing plants in Macetown and the Wire Rope Sluicing Co at Maori Point which was first to take water across the Shotover River.

Speaking on the Council building, this stone structure on the corner of Stanley St and Ballarat st, was built two years ago in 1880 for the Lakes County Council and was constructed of local stone. One prominent stonemason working on the building was James McNeil who emigrated from Scotland and is now living in Queenstown. In fact he is presently involved in the construction of the Ballarat Street bridge which is due for completion this year. The other stone building on the corner of Ballarat and Athol Sts was built about twelve years ago in 1870 by the Forrester Lodge as a meeting place.

Thomas Arthur- Eddie Newman

Thomas Arthur - in 1863

by Eddie Newman

Hello there I'm Thomas Arthur. I suppose you'd like to hear about how I got started. It all began down at Nokomai. Me and my mate Harry Redfern were standing there in this bar and we were dead broke, we didn't have a bean between us. Then this fine looking gentleman stepped into the bar and said is there anyone here willing to work and everybody laughed and jeered at him. Some asked what kind of work he had and he said "shearing". He was laughed out of the bar but secretly Harry and I were very desperate for work- we found out where he was staying, went up to see him and begged him to give us a job.

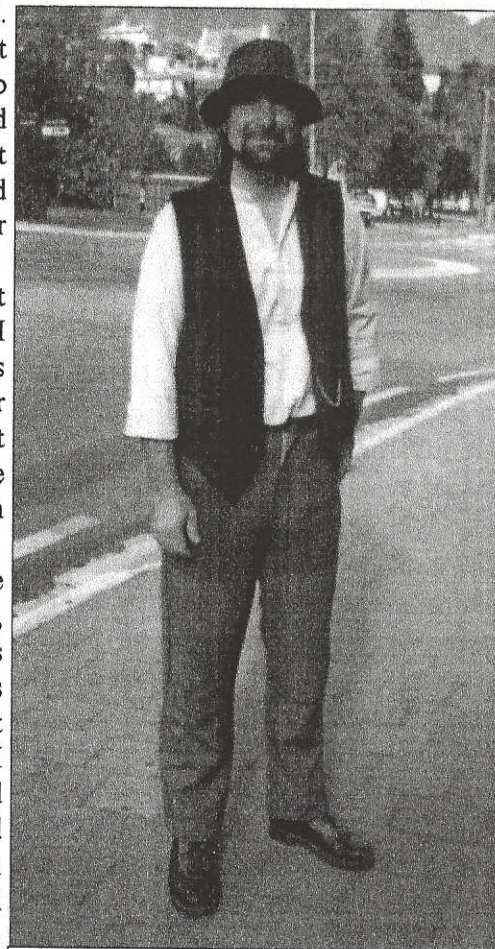
He said that we could have a job as long as we agreed to stay for the whole shearing season, this we readily agreed to. He said that he could arrange for a boat to take us from Kingston to Rees's station, this meant that we had to start walking straight away so that we would be at Kingston by morning to meet Mr Duncan who was coming on his horse. It was a hard walk but by morning we were there.

We headed over to the station in a whale boat. When we arrived I was dismayed to find that there were women there. My attire was so bad that I actually had the backside out of my pants - this caused me great embarrassment and I refused to leave the boat- Alfred Duncan kindly made me a gift of a pair of his trousers and I was able to step ashore. As you can see he was a little smaller than I am.

We began shearing on 13th November 1862. It was a hard job, backbreaking work. On our first Sunday off Harry and I headed up to what is now called Blow-ho Gully. We took with us a pannikin and a butchers knife- which we used to scrape out some crevices. In just one hour we found several pounds worth of gold. We were greatly excited and rushed back to tell Alfred Duncan. He was not happy. He reminded us of our obligations but we were so excited that we hardly listened. He took us to Mr Rees and told him what we had discovered. Mr Rees also tried to tell us that we had an obligation to him to finish the shearing. But he could see that our excitement was great and he let us off our contract and paid us out with tea and flour which was very decent of him.

Then Harry and I headed out and staked out a claim which I now hear is known as Arthur's Point- we made no secret of our find and happily showed Vincent Pyke when he passed by. He spread the word and people began pouring in,

It is well known around the goldfields that I am very frugal, in fact, they say on the goldfields that when I walk I squeak, but it's really just due to the tight trousers. Harry Redfern and I eventually parted company and he headed into town and started up the Theatre Royal. I've been down there today to see him and he's got Charlie Thatcher singing there, in fact I found a copy of one of his songs. I'll read you



Eddie Newman provided the last stop on the walk as Thomas Arthur

some of it:

*Rees settled down here on this nice quiet station,
The Lake was a place then of calm desolation;
He 'd cross the Shotover his cattle to find,
But that nuggets were there never entered his mind.
His shepherds here daily unconsciously trod -
Over tons of bright gold lying hid in the sod;
And Rees drove in bullocks, and branded away,
Never thinking what money they'd fetch him some day.
(from "Olden Days at Lake Wakatipu" by Charles Thatcher)*

Right, well off to find some more gold. Good day to you.

Further Sequel to the Big fire- Wademan- Allan de La Mare

A Further Sequel to the Big Fire of 1882 by Allan De La Mare

In the last issue of the Courier reference was made to the visit of a great grand daughter of Phillip Waldmann, famous or perhaps infamous for his arson in the town which did such widespread damage, seeking family history. The article came to the attention of Phillip Waldman's remaining grand son who like wise was interested to learn of the events surrounding his grand father so long ago. The Queenstown episode was never mentioned in the family and he had wondered why his father was born in Dunedin.

He was grateful to receive the early family history and photocopies of the lower Court hearing from the Wakatipu Mail and made a generous donation to the Society.

It is interesting to learn that his father a son of a German went overseas with the 1 NZEF and was wounded in France. A case of what he described as fighting his cousins. Queenstown has a similar situation in that the Roll of Honour in the Memorial Hall lists the name of R.W. Geisow who was also a son of a German.

Wakatipu Millennium History Project From Mining to Mecca (working title)

The Millennium looks to be heralding a long-overdue look at the on-going history of the Wakatipu.

The Queenstown & District Historical Society --- already the publisher of two profit-making local books --- is embarking on a project to condense some hundred years of Wakatipu history into book form. The bulk of the raw material will come from the society's "Courier" magazine, which for the last 30 years has been printing articles, primarily locally-written, about the district's colourful history.

However, the "Courier" venture will deal primarily with the early history of the district. There is still the gap of the last 50 or so years --- arguably at least as colourful and important as the previous hundred.

There is recognition from a variety of sectors of the Queenstown community that our more recent history needs to be recorded, particularly the development of tourism and the role many of the district's families played in this. It is important to preserve this while memories are still alive. Added to this are the pioneers of modern tourism and development, many of whom are still around.

Taking advice from George Griffiths, of Otago Heritage Books --- someone who has vast experience in similar publishing projects --- the suggestion is a series of three books. The Courier volume would be the first of the series, but would simply lead on to relatively modern times.

The urgent project, which will become volume two (but will be done first), will be simply a summary of significant events in the Wakatipu over the last 50 years. This will give a vital time-line for further interviews, change in the district has been so rapid over the post-war decades that even the best memories are confused over sequences of events locally. With appropriate indexing and source references it will be very valuable historical base data --- especially in its ability to be computer-accessed.

Fortunately, the foresight of previous local historians and councils has left the Queenstown Library with a dozen giant scrapbooks of more or less complete press cuttings about the area from 1969 to 1994. The periods before and after this are less systematically recorded, but are ultimately

accessible. Work has already started summarising these entries, and will go ahead regardless. It is a big job. there will be well over 4000 one or two-line summaries, running to more than 150 A4 pages without even the indexing.

Beyond that is the third volume, fleshing out the history with personal interviews, and illustrations, and filling in the picture of what is arguably New Zealand's most exciting and controversial growth-region in the last half century.

Volumes two and probably three will be a joint undertaking between the Lakes District Museum, the Queenstown Library and the group already working on summarising data. The project dovetails with the Museum's existing oral archive of essentially pre-war Wakatipu memories prepared for its much-praised "Speaking of Change" exhibition, its historical research and resources, especially on Arrowtown and Glenorchy, and its current archive project on the history of tourism locally. The museum is happy to take a role in the eventual publishing -although in the case of volume two (the summary of significant events), publishing is a relatively simple matter.

Resources unearthed to date include..

-Locally compiled scrapbooks held by the library of news clippings from 1969-1994.

-Historical Society and personal scrapbooks from 1958 until present.

-QLDC articles on Council-related news items from 1991 to the present

-Mountain Scene unbound copies from 1972 to 1984 and bound copies from 1984 on. (The Museum has some indexed files of the Mountain Scene).

-The Mirror has bound files of the Nineties

-The Hocken Library has local council records prior to the Eighties.

-The New Zealand Room of the Dunedin Public Library has a useful resource of indexed clippings.

-There are also the library resources of the ODT and the Southland Times.

Unfortunately, these are now rather disorganised, but they and the appropriate city libraries have bound copies to cross-check local scrapbooks and verify dating.

-The Central Otago News has bound copies, with Queenstown news, going back to the Forties, and including the Fifties and Sixties.

-Alan Cooke, Neil Clayton and Irene Adamson have personal scrapbooks of their reports as Central Otago News, ODT and Southland Times correspondents stretching from the early Sixties to the Eighties.

Work has already started on summarising the library scrapbooks. It is time consuming, but a very necessary step to further research. At least 500 hours of research and editing will be required, without allowing for the travel and further filling in of gaps in the time-line. The end result will be a book, initially photocopied, and a compact disc. These will be for sale and made available to local museums, libraries and the Council. Funding options for the project are being explored.

The Project principals are Adele Hewlett; Head Librarian, Malaghan Library, David Clarke; Director of Lakes District Museum, QLDC Councillor, Karen Boulay, Queenstown and Lakes District Historical Society committee member, Jean Malpas., member of the Queenstown and Lakes District Historical Society, Michael Lynch; veteran journalist with considerable local connections, Margaret Templeton; Queenstown and Lakes District Historical Society committee member.

This project will add considerable value to our community as a research tool, historical archive and as a memorial to the Wakatipu's locals, councillors, and other movers and shakers of the district. Society members interested in contributing to the project should contact Mike Lynch on 4428812.

The Great Clearing Sale

by Allan De La Mare

Over a three day period in January 1883 what must have been the biggest clearing sale in the history of the Wakatipu took place. The newspaper report indicates it was on behalf of J.W. Robertson, Hicks and Co and must have been the winding up of the syndicate usually called J.W. Robertson & Co. The reason for the sale is not known but it was probably required to wind up J.W. Robertson's estate, he having died in 1876. Hicks who was skipper of the P.S. Antrim had prospered and the profits of the early days were probably being eroded by the launching of the Ben Lomond in 1872 and the Mountaineer in 1879. There was greater competition in the timber trade another important part of the Robertson/Hicks empire.

The extent of the sale illustrates the wealth J.W. Robertson & Co had acquired in 20 years and none of it directly from gold. The auctioneer was Fred Daniel who in 1879 had been Mayor of Queenstown Borough and Chairman of the Lake County at the same time.

The principle items for sale were:-

1. Frankton Farm. 625 acres, 9 roomed house and other buildings. Good land adjoining Brunswick Mill
2. Shotover Farm. 311 acres adjoining No 1 with Shotover in between.
3. 10 acres near Arrowtown known as Butel Falls.
4. 15 acres near Frankton known as timber yard.
5. 7 and a half acres Battery Hill with stream and 4 roomed cottage
6. 9 and a half acres adjoining Queenstown.
7. Lime Kiln. 10 acres freehold and leasehold with jetty, cottage etc.
8. Sawmill at Head of the Lake. 12 miles of bush. powered by 36 foot water wheel. 3 miles of tramway.
9. Paddle Steamer Antrim
10. S.S. Venus
11. 2 sections Kingston
12. 10 sections Kinlock
13. 13 sections Frankton
14. 1 section Arrowtown
15. 56 sections Queenstown. Representing a sweep through the town from Rees Street to the Lynch Block. A substantial portion of the surveyed town
16. 6 working bullocks; 24 horses; 20 cows; 11 heifers 400 sheep; 60 pigs; 400 acres of crops; farm implements.

Iromongery, crockery, groceries etc associated with the Antrim.

An associated sale on a/c of Robertson and Hallenstein was:-

1. 13 sections Frankton with two large granaries
2. 2 sections Frankton with 2 houses.
3. Leasehold. 5 sections Frankton with 4 storey flour mill. 3 pair best French buhr stones, with turbine installed at a cost of eight hundred pounds. Capacity 25 tons of flour a week
4. 1500 cords of mixed firewood; 30,000 feet of sawn timber

The newspaper report on the sale indicates it as generally successful but a number of lots failed to receive bids, mainly the town sections, because of the number offered.

The Frankton Farm went to Mr F. Mc Bride at 8 pounds an acre. The Butel Falls went to the Roman Catholic priest, Father McKay at ten pounds ten shillings an acre.

The Antrim was purchased by Mr R. Mc Bride for 1950 pounds.

Mrs J.W. Robertson purchased a number of the town sections.

Matters of Note from The President

The Annual Luncheon will be held at the Copthorne Hotel on Sunday 22 August 1999. Booking details will be advised in due course.

'The N.Z. Federation of Historical Societies' produces a very informative Journal called the N.Z. Legacy. The price is \$5.00 per copy. We will hopefully have some back numbers for you to peruse at the Luncheon and the A.G.M.; ordering arrangements will be in place by then.

A.G.M. : Please support the Annual General Meeting later in the year (Oct/Nov) and make a contribution to the election of Officers. We must have people coming on who can help with historical, or organisational matters.

From the Treasurer

Subscriptions: There appears to be some confusion among our members regarding their financial status with our Society. If you are currently in arrears there will be an invoice inside the front cover of this issue. Our financial year runs from 1 October to 30 September and your renewal invoice is sent to you with the first issue of the "Courier" after the A.G.M., usually in November.

To check your financial status with the Society, refer to the number after your name on the label of the envelope in which this "Courier" was posted to you. If that number is 98 or less, your subscription is in arrears and is now due. If it is 99 or higher you are financial until 30 September of that year.

The 1999 subscription covers the year from 1 October 1998 to 30 September 1999. If in doubt, 'phone the Treasurer on 442 7930.