

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.*

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Secretary:	Pat Duff	442-8626
Treasurer:	E C (Peter) Mills	442-7930
"Courier":	Duncan Wilson	442-7385
Trips:	Malcolm Boote	442-0004
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The Queenstown Courier



Arrowtown Museum and visitors' cottages, Arrowtown, New Zealand

*The Official Publication
of the Queenstown & District
Historical Society*

The Courier acknowledgement

This issue has been produced by staff at the Lakes District Museum.

Their quality work is hereby acknowledged.

The Queenstown Courier

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Queenstown and District Historical Society

Sixty Forth Issue - May 2000

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Arrowtown Walk by Society members - Dramatic enactment

THE ARROWTOWN WALK

A LIVING HISTORY OF ARROWTOWN PIONEERING PERSONALITIES

[In March of last year a most interesting historic walk was held from the Gardens through downtown Queenstown, and on the way we 'met' some of the prominent early settlers of Queenstown. The undoubted success of that day prompted Ray Clarkson to organise a similar outing in Arrowtown, and we are indebted to Ray and all his 'actors' who helped us to relive those early times and make history real. And it was a fine warm day on Sunday 20th February 2000 in Arrowtown.]

The Pioneers:

William Fox
Ah Lum
James Reid
Bully Hayes
Rosie Buckingham
Sarah Dyson
Mr & Mrs John Jopp
Sergeant Bracken
Henry & Mary Romans

Sister Mary McKillop
Mrs Ellen Dennison
Mrs Frances Cotter & Mary
Mary ann Anderson

The Actors:

Mike Lynch
Ping Wang
Malcolm Boote
Barry Bain
Fiona Clayton
Loris Mills
Ray and Mary Lines
David Duston
Rupert Iles & Margaret Templeton
Margaret Hyland
Joan Carswell
Wendy Clarke & Marcia Stewart
Victoria Gray

William Fox - Mike Lynch

William Fox

by Mike Lynch

William Fox. When all's read and done, there's not a lot known about him. He died without a family, and it is mostly families who have given us the more substantial knowledge of the hard men and women of 140-odd years ago.

But Fox was the kingpin of the Arrow rush that set spinning the golden wheel in the Wakatipu. Only 29, he'd seen the world. He'd been a merchant seaman, and was calloused and cunning from the goldfields of both California and Ballarat.

He was the tough man of the group that penetrated the then very narrow and difficult gorges of the Arrow River in 1862. They kept the finds secret for weeks in the face of a veritable army of desperate diggers pushing its way up the Clutha and beyond. His cunning in throwing off pursuit is legend. When the first of the mob caught up he policed the claims and preserved the secret spot a few weeks longer. He would use his fists to sort out the claim-hoppers we are told.

He must have made his pile in the Arrow though, taking out 40lb in two weeks. He had a big longboat built and dragged up from Dunedin, to break the Rees monopoly on the lake. He invested in grog shops at Skippers. He built a pub at Arthur's Point.

But then he came unstuck. In a drunken fight, he stabbed a patron with a pocket knife. He did six months hard labour in Dunedin gaol and then quit the Wakatipu for the new fields of the West Coast. He gave his name to the Fox River, north of Punakaikai. By 1870 he was mining far south in the Hollyford. He died near Murchison in 1890.

We don't know an awful lot more, so the Fox people met on the Historical Walk had to tease out the tale. After all, the year was meant to be 1863 and Fox hadn't yet stabbed his man.

We had him recount the fortune-teller who mapped out something of his subsequent years. We had him quite bemused by the willow trees he was sitting under by the river, not to mention the garb of the onlookers. Miners were hungry for fuel and shelter; the Arrow (or Fox's) was a treeless town by 1863. Exposed knees would have meant a loose woman indeed.



Mike Lynch

And take a little more licence. My great-grandfather was building his (still there) house at the foot of the Hayes Lake hill that year. They were both Irish and both liked their grog. Why not have Fox have a night on the whiskey at Tom McEntyre's place, and be befuddled the next day by his strange metamorphosis into the Twenty-first Century.

He might well have been sipping from the keg on Tom's kitchen table (the keg bit at least is family lore). He was nothing if not a man for the main chance.

I wish we knew more about him.

[William Fox left Arrowtown in 1865. He travelled to the West Coast where he was involved in several strikes, including the Hollyford and other parts of Fiordland. He died in 1890 and is buried in Reefton.]

Ah lum - Ping Wang

AH LUM (1844 - 1925)

by Ping Wang

My name is Ah Lum. Lum means dragon, Ah doesn't mean anything. It is just the Chinese way of calling names intimately. I was born in 1844, in Southern China. I came to New Zealand and joined the other Chinese gold miners from 1875. I worked round hills in Southland, specially in Lawrence, Otago, for a few years and ended up here on the Arrow River, Arrowtown. I had education and was a policeman in China so that I have been able to learn English and am able to read and write in Chinese script. For that reason, I have helped other Chinese on gold fields by writing their letters and explaining instructions because they generally can't read and write in English. This has helped me become an important member of the community. The local kids call me the king of all Chinamen. There are many Chinese mining in this area, once as many as two thousand. As well as mining, I have a grocery shop and also collect gold for Chinese miners. My shop here in Arrowtown has been very important as a meeting place for Chinese miners on the Arrow. I live there myself and sometimes have boarders living up stairs of the store.



Ping Wang

Once I rescued a European miner from drowning in the Shotover River, but afterwards, he didn't even invite me for dinner! Still, I

have many good friends in the European community, particularly Alec the local bank manager and his family. I was often invited to his house for dinner. I call him Ah Lick. Ah Lick, I made it sound like a Chinese name, his children laughed every time. I like seeing the kids being happy. Gradually, the easily found gold ran out and people got other jobs and went to other places, such as the cities of Oamaru and Dunedin. Most Chinese miners went back to the motherland, but I don't think they would be happy. Maybe they've lived and worked here too long. China became a strange place for them. Also they would have failed raising family fortune. I decided to stay here for the rest of my life. I could have gone to Dunedin and made good money, probably 50 pounds a year but over there you might gamble all the money away and you would have nothing to look at but the backyard fence. Look here, the hills, the rivers, and my willow trees. This is my home.

[Ah Lum was buried on 24 May 1925]

James Reid - Malcolm Boote

JAMES REID 1831 - 1922
by Malcolm Boote

Good day to you. I am James Reid, born on the isle of Stronsay in Orkney, off the North of Scotland. Life was hard in the 1850's, there were too many workers on the land on Orkney and life could not be sustained working the soil.

In 1857 the family decided that my two younger brothers Peter and David should try life in the colonies. They chose the Victoria goldfields of Australia but richer finds were discovered in Otago and they sailed to Port Chalmers, joining the rush at Gabriels Gully. Davey followed the diggers to Fox's, Peter staying at Hamiltons and Sowburn.

During this time, 13 December 1860 to be exact, I married Jane Scott of Sanday and in 1864 after the birth of our first two sons we set off to join David at Fox's township.

Jane, myself and the two bairns, with my sister Jane, my wife's sister, Mary Scott and Davey's betrothed, Janet Maxwell set sail from Gravesend to Bluff on the barque 'Dona Anita'.

It was hard to leave our lovely islands.

Davey met us on landing at Bluff in December 1864 and we took a four day wagon journey to Kingston with all our sea chests. Then on a boat across Lake Wakatipu and a horse drawn coach to the Arrow River, our sea chests following next day.

Davey had purchased tents for all of us and we set to work on Swiper's Gully up in the hills, just scraping a living with the flakes of gold that we found.

Sad news came from Sowburn (later Patcaroa). Brother Peter had been killed on Christmas eve 1865 by a fall of earth.

Life had been very hard living in tents on the diggings, particularly for the women. Winter snow, frosts and cold winds were cruel. Hoards of rats ate everything and it meant all food had to be kept in tins. In 1866 enough money had been saved to purchase land here in Arrowtown and we built this real Orkney stone house. Jane was expecting our third child and we moved in six weeks after Tom was born on Big Beach over there.



Malcolm Boote

We now had our own home and soon I was able to buy additional land, from the school teacher, the Reverend McHutcheson, from John O'Brien, plus 70 acres from Robert Watson and later other land. Setting up as a dairyman, we stocked with cows and horses and the children delivered milk in billies before school. A dairy was built next to the house. Jane runs 100 hens on the steading and makes butter which is sold from the dairy. We bought farm equipment which allowed us to contract to the new Arrowtown Borough to scrape, form and gravel new streets as the town developed. We bought the first reaper and binder in the district. A horse powered chaff cutter provided all our needs and we sell chaff to the local horse owners and stables. Our new buggy is available for hire when not in use.

All our family has strong connections with the Presbyterian Church. I am first elder of the Wakatipu Parish, Jane runs womens meetings, forming the Presbyterian Women's Missionary Union. We worked hard to raise funds for the new stone church, where my sons are now managers and my daughter plays the organ.

I have served on the Arrowtown Borough Council for many years and was elected Mayor for a term. I was also elected to the Lakes County Council and served till ill health forced my retirement.

I must leave you now as cows need milking and animals must be fed.

Although we are today in 1870, I would, if I had a crystal ball, be able to tell you that as our family grew up (two daughters and six sons) we helped them to buy farms. Peter and James bought Mrs Flint's farm at 'Mary Hill' on Ladies Mile (later renamed Glenpanel). Willy joined Peter there when James died, but he soon bought 'Willowbrook' on Millers Flat. Tom made a good career in the Post Office, becoming Postmaster. Davey joined the local Colonial Bank and, after take over by BNZ, became manager in Wellington and Lon-

don. He signed BNZ bank notes until the reserve bank took over that responsibility.

Our youngest son Jack is on the home farm which he now runs. I do less as I lost most of my right hand in the chaff cutter. I returned to Stronsay and there sponsored old Orkney friends and relatives who were keen to emigrate to New Zealand. Several settled in this district.

After Janes death in 1890 I married Mary (John Hamiltons widow). She had an adult family and we lived happily till she passed away in 1911. James Reid died in 1922 and was buried in Arrowtown cemetery. The family home, Reidhaven, built in 1866, is still occupied by grandson Jack Reid, three generations have lived in Arrowtown, all serving on Arrowtown Borough Council and all three elected as mayor.

[researched by Jack Reid (Grandson of James) with Malcolm Boote]

Rosie Buckingham - Fiona Clayton

ROSIE BUCKINGHAM
by Fiona Clayton

Oh the trouble there has been this last year! And all for my dear William. Now you may know him as that rogue Bully Hayes but he is MY William.

How I ended up with him I hardly know. My mother now scarcely prepared to give me the time of day. But how can a girl resist a dark man, a suave man.... how can a woman resist a scoundrel.

I've always had a sense of adventure - how could I not. I come from a family of entertainers. That's why we came here from Dunedin - the gold for us is the gold handed over for a night of song, of dance, a night LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, of merriment.

Now I'm not one to boast but I have a voice worth listening to. Actually when I sing they say you can't hear anything else! I'm best - so I'm told - when singing with a full brass band in accompaniment. I can drown out even the loudest of the drums.

Still, happier times....

When my William first came to the township he set up the United States Hotel directly opposite from ours, the Provincial. Mammy was furious - said he would take away all our business. Not when I was singing he wouldn't. That was, until he took a courtin' with me that is. Good gracious what a scandal that turned out to be, started a right royal family feud. And things only got worse when my family sought revenge with that nasty little drama 'the barbarous barber'. Imagine cutting off his hair for a bet over his poor maimed ear and then making a mockery of the entire sorry scandal with cheap drama and a full house! And here I am pregnant and Bully speaking of leaving the town for good. Well, that's what you get for courtin' with Bully Hayes!



Barry Bain and Fiona Clayton

Sarah Dyson - Loris Mills

SARAH DYSON 1845 - 1912

by Loris Mills

Sarah Dyson (nee Scoles) was born in Yorkshire in 1845. She and her second husband, Humphrey, arrived in the district in the early 1880's with five children from Sarah's first marriage.

Their first hotel was the Alpine Hotel which they opened in Mace-town. However by then the heady days of the goldrush were over and times must have been extremely hard for a woman with five children living in such an isolated, male dominated community, even with a husband.

Winters, in particular, were made more difficult by the shortage of firewood ensuring that simple jobs such as cooking and cleaning became very difficult and even more so as an hotelier!

No doubt that pre-empted their move to Arrowtown where they opened another hotel, the Ballarat, which was where the Arrowtown Bakery is presently located.

Not long after they purchased the New Orleans Hotel, Humphrey died (1892) and Sarah continued to run the hotel for a further 13 years before she retired at the age of sixty. As a widow, running a



Loris Mills

hotel was a respectable and legitimate profession. Not so for single women who were, in fact prohibited from holding a license from 1893 until 1953!

By all accounts Sarah had a fine sense of humour, running a very clean and tidy establishment.

John and Catherine Jopp Ray and Mary Lines

JOHN LUMSDEN JOPP
1844 - 1907 and
CATHERINE JOPP
(nee Henderson)
1850 - 1931

by Ray and Mary Lines



My name is John Jopp and I am currently the proud owner of the Royal Oak Hotel and the stables here in Arrowtown. I was born in the County of Aberdeen, Scotland in 1844 and at the age of 18 I decided to seek a new life in Dunedin in 1862. Times were hard in Scotland and I thought that the time was opportune for a change.

The gold rush was on in earnest in Central Otago, so I decided that rather than be a miner I would carry supplies to them. I purchased four Clydesdales and a wagon and worked between Dunedin and Arrowtown for thirteen years. This turned out to be quite a profitable business. I met an attractive young lady by the name of Catherine Henderson, and married her in 1867.

In 1875 we decided to sell my carrying business and we moved to Arrowtown. Once there I purchased a three horse dray and transported

people between Queenstown and Arrowtown. I also carried mail and frequently did trips up on to the Crown Terrace and through to Macetown. In 1885 my wife and I purchased the Royal Oak Hotel and also quite large stables along the main street. The stables of course was to encourage people to stay at our hotel. Catherine had the prime responsibility of managing the hotel, while I ran the stables. We have a very good table at our hotel and the whole operation runs very successfully. Incidentally, if you go through the stables to the back street, you will see a very good wagon that is almost identical to the one I operated. I have become quite involved with community here in Arrowtown. I am a member of the Arrow Borough Council and the Arrow Hospital Trust, and also involved in the Lake County Council, and the Jockey Club. I have also become a Freemason, being a member of the Lodge Arrow of Kilwinning.

With my business and these other activities I have a very busy life. Lang may it continue. The year is 1906.

Catherine's Story

My parents John and Jane Henderson travelled from Scotland to live in Australia. They settled in the New England area of northern New South Wales. When I was 12 years old in 1862 the family undertook the arduous nine week journey by ship to Port Chalmers New Zealand. We settled in the Pine Hill area of Dunedin. What a relief to reach port after a very rough trip during which time I was kept busy helping my Mother look after my brothers and sis-

ters.

I was only sixteen and a half years old when John and I were married and we continued to live in Dunedin for the next 10 years before shifting to Arrowtown. We finally found "Meg Cottage" to live in, a lovely cottage that bulged at the seams with our increasing family. We had ten children but sadly two died in early childhood.

Looking after my husband John and the children gave me little time for my great love of needlework. Whenever possible I try to join in community affairs and enjoy meeting friends.

Our lives took another change in 1885 when John and I bought the Royal Oak Hotel which we still own today. It is a very busy life but our family is a great help, especially Andrew who shows the most interest in our venture. It is our earnest hope that he will take over the hotel from us one day.

SERGEANT MAJOR BRACKEN by David Duston

Sergeant Major Bracken
David Duston



David Duston

My name is Hugh William Bracken, and I look after law and order in

this District, to be sure! I was born in Inniskillen Co. Fermanagh Nth Ireland, on my family's farm of 35 acres where I helped with the cattle, hay, potatoes and grain. There was no work there so when I was 17 I joined the Army - the 5th Inniskillen Dragoons and our Commander was Lord Cardigan and my I did look smart in my Scarlet uniform! When I was 18 I sailed to the Bosphorus, landed in Balaklava and was ready to fight the Russians in the Crimean War. Our first assault was a great victory - 500 Russians dead and we only lost one officer and two men, but we didn't follow that up and the Russians reassembled and the next day the Light Brigade charged, but only 200 of the 700 of us lived to tell the tale. It was horrible. The Winter conditions were atrocious and muddy and we could not help the wounded much although I heard later that a woman, Florence Nightingale, was working as a nurse in Constantinople. We had a great welcome when we returned home on leave, but I could not settle down, I missed my mates.

Some of my family wrote from Australia and I could see that there wasn't any future in Ireland so I deserted from the Army, changed my name and sailed from Liverpool for Adelaide.

In Adelaide I joined the Adelaide Police Force, but found walking around the streets very boring, arresting the occasional drunk and talking to townsfolk. Then I joined the Melbourne police (I had had a slight disagreement with my superior officer) and was sent to the goldfields at Ballarat, which was much more lively, be gorrah. Now there was another gold rush in Otago, and the Superintendent there sent over for help so Inspector John Brannigan, another and myself, all from Ireland were sent over to sort things out in 1861.

I was made Sergeant at Gabriels Gully, and our main job was to check miner's licences (but not too officiously - that had caused a riot at Eureka, Victoria). Show a blind eye to the sly-grogging, and

by using the Vagrancy Ordinances we had powers to arrest on suspicion, beggars, drunkards, prostitutes, non workers, Australian convicts or those given to fighting.

I was part of a famous incident at Gabriels Gully. Well the story goes like this. There we an Accommodation Tent run by a man called John Alexander, and one night a man called Livesy stayed in it. At midnight Mr Livesy goes outside (I could never find out what for) and he is set upon by three men, he was choked unconscious and robbed of 27 pounds. Alexander heard the struggle and ran outside. One assailant shot at him and then ran off. Three of us policemen ran to help and chased them. We approached a tent of known thieves but someone gave the alarm and five ran off but we captured them and held them secure. We travelled on to Waitahuna at night where we surrounded their tent where they were sleeping with a loaded shotgun each. We jumped them and arrested the lot and found that four the the five were Australian convicts or 'Ticket of leave' men. They were the Kelly, Rogers gang. Anyway they were convicted and got three and a half years hard labour, and we each got a ten pound reward for bravery, tis true! When they were released from prison they went to the West Coast and did the famous Mauriatapu murders near Nelson. Evil men to be sure!

We did the gold escort from Lawrence to Waikouaiti with over 600 oz of gold, some days with five mounted troupers. Then I was posted to Manuherikia (later called Alexandra) where there were a lot of Irish, even the street names were Irish. Of course our pay was twelve shillings a day which wasn't much when lots of miners would be getting twenty shillings a day. Our food was dear too so I arranged for it to be brought through in bulk from Dunedin. I was getting nicely settled in that town when begorrah, I got the orders to move once again. Fox's rush on the Arrow was getting out-of-hand and with 1500 miners there it was chaotic. So up I went. I gathered the men together and said "look here diggers" I have been sent here to enforce law and order and by God I will - to be sure! I showed them my pistol so that they could see that I meant business. I worked out a system to settle disputes - the miners ap-

pointed two disinterested men to be assessors, we heard the stories, I explained the laws and they decided the sentences. It had no legal authority but I didn't care, - it worked like a charm, it did. if there was a serious case I would hand it over to Mr Beetham to decide in court. I didn't have a jail so I would padlock the prisoner to a log near my tent. My brother Christopher arrived from Australia and he was soon making twelve pounds a day and later 800 pounds in two weeks, so I resigned in 1863 when I was one year here. William Fox presented me with a ring of Arrow gold at a lunch at the Golden Age Hotel. I'm packing up and have a job at Mr Rees farm at Queenstown. So I am 36, and finished with policing - but I would dearly like to run a Pub - there is money to be made there for sure!

Henry and Mary Romans
Rupert Iles and Margaret Templeton

HENRY ROMANS 1843 - 1945
and wife MARY 1863 - 1938
by Rupert Iles and Margaret Templeton

I am George Henry Romans and with my second wife Mary Elizabeth, you are standing in front of our house which I first occupied in 1885. Lars Gibson was the first occupier in 1878, with many owners between 1878 and 1885. I was the only child of George Henry Romans of Ricall, Yorkshire, and his wife Ann Gillingham of Gloucestershire, England. They emigrated to Australia and took up land at Avoca, Tasmania, where I was born in 1843. In my earlier years I worked for my Father and had a roving career shearing and fencing. I was always wanting to see new places, and I also developed a keen interest in horse racing, going to my first Melbourne Cup meeting when I was about 26 years old.

In 1873 I came to New Zealand, landing at Bluff and from there

walked up the Lindis to Morven Hills. There was plenty of work shearing, fencing, harvesting and road making.

Over the years I made several trips back to Australia. On one occasion, when returning to Melbourne on the steamer "Alhambra", the engines broke down. The ship, which was crowded with prospectors bound for the Palmer goldfields in Queensland, drifted helplessly. Food and water ran out, and because I possessed a very fine bass voice I played no small part in preserving order among the passengers. When the Captain could see things getting out of hand, he would get me to sing! We were eventually towed into Melbourne, with the voyage taking 15 days. On one occasion on returning from Australia, I became involved in a shearer's strike. Shearers were claiming one pound per 100 sheep shorn (up from 17/6) and at this time harvesting wages were two pounds ten shillings per week and found, wet or dry, or one shilling per hour. I preferred the weekly rate. And during all this I maintained my interest in horse racing. Between 1874 and 1939 I had attended about 55 Dunedin cup meetings.

Although I had little interest in gold I settled in Arrowtown in 1875. I did a little prospecting in my spare time and later owned a few claims.

I had contracts for the Macetown and Cardrona roads and the Glendhu Bluff road where I lost 500 pounds.

In 1880 I went into business as a Butcher and Baker in partnership with Mr George Heller. This was my occupation all these years, although I did some contracting. Our premises was where the Museum now stands. The bakers oven is still there in the basement. A lane went down beside what we know as the Gold Nugget and delivery carts used this.

In 1881 I married Christina Jansen whose parents were of Danish

Ellen (Granny) Denniston- Joan Carswell

would go out into the outback teaching and living among the locals as they lived. I opened our first school in a stable that my brother John converted for me. Soon I was joined by other young women. There was some misunderstanding with some of the clergy early as they felt we should be living in convents under the supervision of the bishop but I pointed out that this was Australia. Our needs were different from Europe. God was just testing us. We trusted in him and our order spread throughout Australia. We opened schools, orphanages, women's refuges and homes for the elderly.

I came to New Zealand first in 1894 and spent 14 months here. I love New Zealand.

I arrived at Bluff on my second visit about six months ago with three of my sisters.

We were on our way out to Port Chalmers to open a school there but Father Keenan and some ladies from here on the Arrow met us on the Bluff wharf.

They convinced me that the need for teachers in their school was greater and they had a convent ready for us so we came here. What a journey! We came from Bluff to Invercargill, stayed the night then by train from Invercargill then boat up the Lake then buggy to the Arrow. The local mayor and councillors and lots of families came out to meet us and led us in procession to our convent in Buckingham Street. I worked with the sisters to get them started teaching, doing the washing, ironing and cleaning even cooking though I am not much of a cook. I wanted my young sisters closer to the school and church so I convinced Father and the men to convert this cottage with a couple of rooms subdivided from the school behind it into a convent. It is finished now and they should be cosy for the Winter, so it is time for me to move on again, to Port Chalmers.

Mrs ELLEN (Granny) DENNISON
1875 - 1964
by Joan Carswell

"Come away in now, and have a cup of tea. There's shortbread in the tin, and the kettle's boiling".

My name is Granny Dennison. I was born on Crown Terrace in 1875, where my parents owned a farm. We children walked every day to school in Arrowtown, walking down Tobin's Track. It was a long way down the track and back. We would call to see Mrs Tobin and ask for a drink of water. She always gave us a piece of bread too.

My Mother died when I was eight years old and my elder sister looked after us children, and we all helped on the farm. I was married when I was 16 and went to live in Macetown, I found this very isolated, but I worked hard. I had three young children. My husband died after we had been married just five years as the result of an accident.

I cooked at Spooners Hotel in Macetown for some time and baked bread in a camp oven to supply the miners at Bracken.

I was offered a house-keeping job at Crown Terrace in 1900, not far from where I lived as a child. My children and I lived very happily there. I drove the horses and chaff cutter for fifteen years from 7.00 am to perhaps 7.00 pm and I milked 14 cows night



Joan Carswell

and morning as well. I also made butter - 80 lbs a week - which was sold to a store in Arrowtown, and 40 lbs which I always sent to Hamilton House in Queenstown.

I was an expert horse-woman, winning many ribbons from the show at Lake Hayes. I used to ride to Macetown for the Annual Ball, and to visit friends.

In 1914 I bought a Chev. car. I loved driving and we passed everything on the road. It was said that I had a "heavy foot". The Chev. was my pride and joy. George, my second husband, died suddenly in 1923. I continued to work on the farm until 1930 when I married John Dennison. After only six months he died tragically, following a riding accident. I'm superstitious about only one thing - I don't like October! My first two husbands died on October 16 and my third husband on October 17. So you can see I am glad when October has ended.

I sold the farm and came to live in Arrowtown, where I am known as Granny Dennison.

I get up early in the morning, and have my work done by 9.00 am. I've worked hard all my life and I like to keep busy. I make lots of apricot chutney and my family love it. I gather the fruit from my own tree in the garden.

I make lots of short-bread too. Perhaps you would like my recipe. - In a bowl, put a pile of butter, a pile of flour, a pile of icing sugar, then mix and knead well.

"So, come away in now and have a cup of tea. There's shortbread in the tin and the kettle's always boiling"



Wendy Clarke & Marcia Stewart

Francis and Mary -
Cotter
Wendy Clarke and
Marcia Stewart

FRANCES COTTER
and daughter
MARY
by Wendy Clarke and Marcia Stewart

Good afternoon to you all! I'm Frances Cotter and this is my daughter Mary.

Let me tell you about my life - its been a long and busy one. I was born in Cork and was taught the trade of Cap and Mantle maker. They were all leaving for the Americas then to find gold and away I went too. I found plenty of work for a skilled woman like myself.

But the rush shifted this time to Australia and it was there in Ballarat I met Mr Cotter and at the age of 17 I married him. The rush moved on yet again, but by this time I had three babies. I had no desire for another sea journey. So Mr Cotter went to Otago but while he was away the good Lord took one of my babies. Mr Cotter returned but I wouldn't stay without him. It was a hard life without a man, even for a respectable God fearing woman like myself.

Mary Ann Anderson - Victoria Gray

MARY ANN ANDERSON
aka THE BULL PUP

by Victoria Gray

Hello sir, what brings you out on to the street? Just looking eh? Looking for a little bite to eat? May be something to drink? With some nice company? I happen to know a very good establishment not at all far from here. I know it's good 'cause I own it. Hell, where've I put my manners? My name's Mary, Mary Anderson. Others call me 'The Bull Pup', only to me back mind, on account of me having a bull dog pup, but he died and that's by the by. So will you come for a drink? Now, now I don't want you believing anything you may hear around town about me. I am a fine upstanding citizen. My you are a strong gentleman aren't you? Hell's britches. Bugger, look lively, here



Victoria Gray

comes Sergeant Lynch. Afternoon Sergeant, lovely day ain't it. Bastard. I got fined 20 shillings last time he arrested me. Twenty shillings! That bloody Constable Hunt was just as bad. Forty shillings fine I got, just for trying to help me friend, and another forty for ripping his precious jacket. Four bloody pound! it was his fault he didn't catch me when I fell! Forty shillings indeed. What's a woman to do to get a little respect around here. And the devils

So in 1862 off we went. Mr Cotter said it could be hard and it was.

I walked all the way from Dunedin to Kingston with the babies strapped into Gin boxes on the dray, and three months later we were blessed with young Mary here.

I was better off than some women. Most had their cooking pots strapped to their backs.

We lived in a camp near the river at first. In fact one of my lads fell into a pool. The men, the idiots, all sat round and watched, so in I went, crinoline hoops and all. Well I floated a treat and my lad was saved.

I had six more children after that and I'm a proud woman, they all went to mass clean and well dressed.

I sewed for all nine by hand - no machines then. There were some fun times among the hardship. We had a Magpie tht could talk up a storm. Some poor old drudge was being taken to the jail in a wheelbarrow, the worse for the demon drink, poor woman. The magpie squawked: oh you robber, oh you robber! and the woman said "I might be fond of the drink but I'm no robber" We all laughed.

Dear wee Mary here was honoured when they were planting this avenue of trees. Our house was just behind us here. The workman said if she danced around the tree, they would name it after her, and sure enough they did. I'm sure the tree will tower over her one day!

had the gall to arrest me for having a 'disorderly house' Disorderly house, my fundament. There's nothing disorderly about my house. Everything is in perfect order, all my gentlemen callers say so. Or at least they used to, but all of them have buggered off over to the West Coast. All my income walked out of town when the word came. Chances are I'll be following them, it's much more fun where the men are.

So sir, what'll it be eh? A little bite, a little sip from by best cups and then some food maybe? Other things to do eh? Well bugger off and let a woman get on then Go on, sod off.

Lion launch - Ray Clarkson

"LION"
by Ray Clarkson



By 1908, Hugh Mackenzie had lived at Walter Peak Station for twenty-six years and the Company Hugh Mackenzie and Sons had controlled the vastholding of Walter Peak, Mt. Nicholas and Fernhill Stations on the west side of Lake Wakatipu - 170,000 acres for five years. Their isolation meant that communication which had to be by water was a problem. The vital links were the Lake steamers and their own boat which they rowed across the Lake - a rather challenging task, when they attended church in Queenstown.

It was decided to commission Jas. McPherson, Shipwright of Dunedin, to build a launch for family purposes. McPherson was a respected tradesman and had successfully built several launches which would have suited the MacKenzie's needs and so an order was placed. The vessel which was built at the yards at Ravensbourne was 37' long, 9' beam and 3' draught with a most distinctive canoe stern. The hull of kauri was of carvel not clinker construction. The beam measurement was decided by the necessity to transport the vessel by rail to Kingston

and she had to be capable of negotiating the tunnels and bridges on the way. Powered by a single cylinder oil engine, she had an enclosed, small forward cabin, engine compartment, a small rather tall wheelhouse and a large, open aft cabin which could be protected by canvas dodgers.

Reflecting the times and the attitudes of the Mackenzie owners the vessel was named "Lion" after the flagship of the Royal Navy and a special jetty was constructed in the bay at Walter Peak.

For over half a century she served the needs of the Station well. She handled a head sea well and was also good in a following sea, but rolled considerably in a beam sea. "Lion" is rarely mentioned in stories about boats on the Lake, supporting the idea held by other launch masters that she was a reliable, all-weather vessel. The only minor mishaps were the fault of lack of maintenance on the engine. In the 1920's the original was replaced by a four cylinder in-line Gray Marine engine which pushed "Lion" along at 10 knots. For the many members of the Mackenzie family, and the great variety of visitors who were entertained at Walter Peak between the ward, "Lion" was much used.

In 1945 when the "Ben Lomond" ran aground - not an unusual occurrence, at Rat Point 'Lion' was part of the rescue effort, and Peter McKenzie, known as the Colonel, had an embarrassing experience. While lighting his pipe in the engine compartment, he caused an explosion which knocked him overboard and triggered a fire which was extinguished. When "Lion" was moored at the jetty in Queenstown Bay near the "Earnslaw" everyone knew the Colonel was over for the day.

In 1949 Mt. Nicholas Station was sold to Phil and Judy Hunt, and in the early 1960's the Mackenzies severed their relations with Walter Peak. The Station was bought by Cliff Herron. For the next ten years, neglect was the fate of "Lion". It had little use, serving more like a utility vessel. When George Wiles took over the Station she spent most of the time tied to the jetty in Beach Bay while Queenstown launches and the "Earnslaw"

serviced the Station. Philip De Gruchy remembers a day when he and his brother as schoolboys started the engine which failed and they drifted out into the Bay. Frank Howarth had to be summoned from Queenstown to tow them back to shore. In 1972 Walter Peak was in the hands of the Bank and soon new owners took over. "Lion", an unwanted chattel, was brought over to Queenstown and moored on the quay side of the wharf, practically derelict, waiting a sale.

When the first option fell through, the partnership of Alan Hunter, Pat Farry and Dick Ratcliff put up \$1,150 and "Lion" was theirs. Better days now followed. With Ray Tompkins assistance, restoration was undertaken - a smart blue and white colour scheme was chosen with blue canvas dodgers and a reconditioned engine. The boat was now used for pleasure and entertainment, and as a support vessel during yacht club races, especially the Donald Hay. It was during this time that it became known incorrectly as "The Lion". Apart from running aground on the Gardens Point - the result of a navigational error which prompted Alan Hunter to obtain his launchmaster qualifications, and towing the Underwater Observatory to the Town Pier, "The Lion" reverted to the old role of a dependable, familiar lake sight. By the mid '70's she was owned by Alan Hunter and Geoff Bradley and they enjoyed the use of the vessel until 1993. With such a craft, maintenance was always an ongoing affair, the restoration was well over budget, and when the slipway and workshop at Frankton became unavailable this proved to be a major obstacle. With the changing interests of the owners, the launch was again laid up for considerable periods.

In 1993, Kevin Sexton became the new owner. He set to on a six year, 6,000 hour labour of love to research and restore the 85 year old craft. She once again became "Lion". The wheelhouse was enlarged, equipped with modern navigational aids and incorporated a small kauri galley with the nameplate of the original shipwright displayed. The old air cooled Lister engine was replaced with a new Yanmar 51 horsepower skilfully installed, making it most accessible and making "Lion" capable of 10.5 knots. The resulting space saved became a very comfortable

cabin. The forward cabin was attractively refurbished with bunks and a head. The main cabin aft had new striped canvas dodgers, dark red leather squabs, a centre table, light fittings and was completely carpeted. The original heart-kauri hull was closely inspected and in order to increase stability, ballast consisting of old sash weights were fitted under the middle seats in the main cabin on the shoulders of the hull rather than on the keel. Most of the wood work is highly polished teak with brass fittings. A new interesting feature is the installation of two antique brass kerosene navigation lights, probably older than the "Lion" which has now been surveyed to carry 14 passengers. This impressive restoration with the new colour scheme of old white, burgundy and dark green marks the completion of Kevin Sexton's task and "Lion" is now in the ownership of Richard Farrar.

In compiling this record, I acknowledge the considerable help of Geoff Bradley, Alan and Lis Hunter, Kevin Section, Philip De Gruchy, Lel Luckie, Margaret Templeton, Lindsay Westaway and Phil Hunt.

The Invincible Gold mine - Ray Timmins

THE INVINCIBLE GOLD MINE BUDDLE : REES VALLEY

By Ray Timmins.

In reading Geoffrey Thornton's book "Cast in Concrete", I was disappointed to find no mention of the Buddle at the Invincible mine site. This in my opinion is a truly remarkable concrete structure built in a very remote area in 1884. The explanation for the omission was simple, Mr Thornton did not know of its existence.

As probably the most active Industrial Archaeologist in New Zealand and the author of 3 books on the subject, it is very interesting that Mr Thornton in later correspondence says "Although I have read extensively on goldmining in New Zealand and have visited a number of sites, I have not come across the use of buddles other than the above example. The Invincible Mine Buddle is most unusual to say the least and probably it is unique in New Zealand".

This society visited the buddle site some years ago and we were given a talk on its operation by Tommy Thomson. Since then a very complete history of the buddle and its operation has been provided on site as part of the Goldfields Park. The full text of the plaque takes about 1.5 pages. The following is a summary.

The tailings from the mine contained a high proportion of Pyrites (fools gold), however the Pyrites also contained a good quantity of true gold. The buddle, by washing a thin layer of finely crushed ore in a flow of water across a sloping surface, was able to separate the heavy ore (gold and some pyrites) from the remainder by reason of the heavy ore moving more slowly. The machinery to turn this into a continuous process whereby 90 tons of tailings were processed each week was somewhat more complex than this description (a more full description is available).

The Otago Pyrites Company, who installed the buddle, and carried out the work purchased the tailings. Gold was returned at about 9.5 oz per ton of tailings.

The success of this process was such that the Invincible Company decided to further process the tailings by the use of further crushing and the amalgamation of the gold with mercury. This was done in berdans, a machine designed for the purpose. The amalgam was then heated in an iron retort thus boiling off and condensing the mercury for further use and leaving the gold in the retort. After the introduction of this further processing the Pyrites operation was no longer viable.

The buddle originated at the tin mines of Cornwall where they were used to separate the various ores, lead silver antimony etc. mixed with the tin as well as greatly improve the tin yield. The early buddles were a long gently sloping table made of close fitting timber. Then came the circular concave buddle more efficient but requiring frequent cleaning. These were mostly made of dressed stone (1826). The convex concrete and fine plaster buddle of which the Otago companies is an example was the ultimate design for these devices

End notes - As well as the excellent on site information I am indebted to Mr Thornton for extracts from "The Industrial Archaeology of Dartmoor" by Helen Harris" (1986) and "Industrial Archaeology An Historical Survey" by Arthur Raistrick (1972), "Mining and Engineering" by Henry A Gordon late Inspecting Engineer Mines Department New Zealand has information on Buddles Burdans as well as many other mine machines. This by courtesy of the Lakes District Museum.

The Invincible Buddle (as it is known as) has a table diameter of 8.1m (26.57ft) and a fall from centre to the outer circumference of 158mm. The rotating arms were driven by a water turbine and rotated about once very two minutes processing 32kg of tailings.

Text of the Otago Goldfields park Plaque at the Circular Buddle, Invincible Mine Site Rees Valley

PYRITES SAVING

In common with most quartz mines in the Wakatipu regions the discarded tailings from the Invincible Battery contained a high proportion of gold bearing pyrites. Until 1884 no attempt was made to retrieve this, but that year an experimental crushing of tailings produced 9.5 oz of gold to the tonne of tailings. This was an extremely high yield. As a result tailings were sold to the Otago Pyrites Saving Company and it introduced a unique method of saving pyrites by a series of washings. A 679m wooden chute carried tailings from the battery site to the pyrites works on the valley floor. Here they passed through classifiers, pyramidal boxes, and jiggers (all were forms of washers) and then the concentrates were bagged for shipment to Australia. The lighter fractions then entered the circular stationary buddle.

THE CIRCULAR BUDDLE

The circular buddle originated in the mining areas of Cornwall, England. Throughout the Otago goldfields only one buddle was ever installed and used. This was a circular stationary convex buddle owned and operated by the Otago Pyrites Saving Company on this site.

The machinery consisted of a stationary conical table mounted like a huge umbrella, constructed of concrete and faced with smooth plaster. This convex has a diameter of almost 8m and is fixed in position. At the apex of the table a central pulp distributor is located. Attached to it were four arms bearing spray pipes. These and a launder around the outer lip of the table are mounted on a revolving frame and rotate in unison. Immediately below the moving launder are lo-

cated concrete gutters to carry away the concentrate, middings and tailings.

The entire apparatus was driven by a 'Little Giant' water powered turbine using five heads of water from the Invincible Creek.

Up to 90 tonnes of tailings were processed each week by this buddle. This is equivalent to 32 kg of tailings washed each cycle of the buddle (of two minutes duration).

BUDDLE OPERATION

Goldbearing tailings were introduced into the central distributor at pressure. They spilled out over a quarter to a half of the inner area of the table in a thin even layer. Lighter particles quickly reached the outer edge under action of the water jets and via the moving launder passed as waste to eventually enter the Rees River. The heavier sand remained on the tabletop. Under increased jet pressure slightly slower moving tailings (middings) next reached the outer edge and were diverted via the moving launder to the midding gutter. The midding product was passed over the table again, though with careful adjustment of the washing process very little midding was produced. Pyrites and gold bearing concentrate travelled most slowly under the wash water from the third set of jets and reached the outer periphery last to pass into the inner gutter. A fourth and final wash with five ball jets washed the last of the concentrate off and the cycle began again.

The ore concentrate passed to settling boxes and was then dried and bagged for export to Pyrites smelting works in Victoria or Germany.

THE SUCCESS OF THIS VENTURE prompted the Invincible Company to process its own tailings by further crushing and amalgamation with mercury in berdans. The seven berdans used are still to be seen at the battery site. The process was so successful that there was nothing left for the Pyrites Company. It closed down in 1886.



Tommy Thompson standing on the Cornish buddle 23rd March 1992

Tile memorial presented by Jan Morrison

HISTORICAL QUEENSTOWN

[At a function in the Queenstown library on 27th April 2000 our Society presented to the people of the Wakatipu area a Tile Mural, created by artist Jan Morrison]

Jan talks about the Mural:

The story of Queenstown begins with the image of a pair of well-travelled flax sandals found at Diamond Lake, evoking images of primitive life amongst the early Maori visitors to the region. However the full story is not told here

This mural serves as a collection of moments in history - 'time-bites' if you like - designed to trigger the many, well documented stories of early Queenstown. You, the viewer, are invited to embark on your own journey under this guidance through Queenstown's formative years.

I have attempted here to represent these years in various ways: architecture, fashion and important events; profiling colourful and influential pioneers of the day; the various groups who came to the region and settled here, all contributing to the area's emerging identity.

And underlying all this, the sense of ruggedness, the natural beauty of the landscape, the magnificent Re-

markable mountain range and the glorious colours of the autumn leaves..... All of this is celebrated here.

[An associated brass plaque will read: "This mural was presented to the people of the Wakatipu area by the Queenstown and District Historical Society to commemorate the Sesquicentenary of Otago and Southland in 1998]