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History At Your Fingertips

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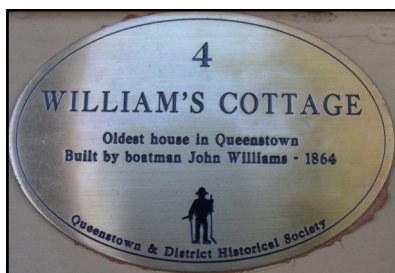
Creating the Exhibition by Angela English

A New APPROach to Promoting Local History

By Marion Borrell (Editor)

In the past the Society has promoted our local history through campaigns, submissions, magazines, books, meetings, trips, guided walks, memorials, heritage conservation trusts, tree-planting, signage, plaques, the Queenstown Walking Guide, and our website. We're indebted to all the previous committees who used every means at their disposal.

Now we have a new device – the smartphone app – by which large numbers of people can receive a lot of information while on the move around the district. We're grateful to Anthony Mason for offering us the concept and his time and technical expertise to make it happen, and grateful for the support of the Community Trust of Southland and the Lakes District Museum.



The app has the equivalent of 120 pages of text and over 200 photos. This makes it like a 200-page book. Of these, 60 'pages' are free and are also available on the internet; 'chapters' cost \$2, and the whole 'book' \$15.

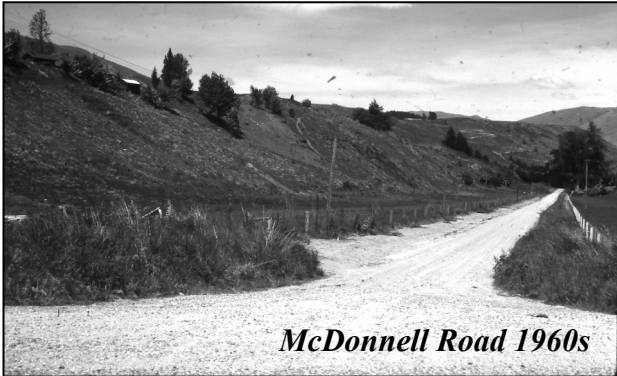
With the proceeds, the Society will continue to promote our heritage today – for tomorrow.

THE LEGEND OF LORENZO RESTA

And the Story Of His House At 82 McDonnell Road, Arrowtown

By Dame Elizabeth Hanan

In the 1960s McDonnell Road on the outskirts of Arrowtown was an unsealed, very rough,



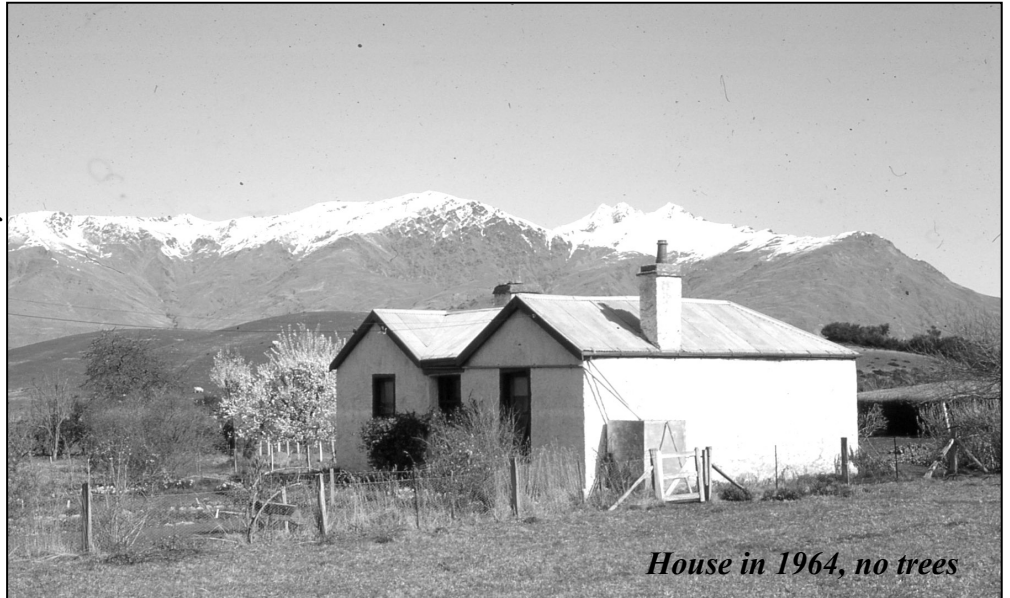
McDonnell Road 1960s

rural road with farmland on both sides. A row of black poplars marked the boundary of a small farmlet of about five acres with a paddock of hay and a roughcast-over-stone house at the rear of the property. The owner, an elderly widow, Dorothy (Dot) Hansen, found the isolation and difficulty of managing the farm a burden, and decided to sell and move to Arrowtown.

Fortunately my parents had been looking in the area and fell in love with the place after driving up

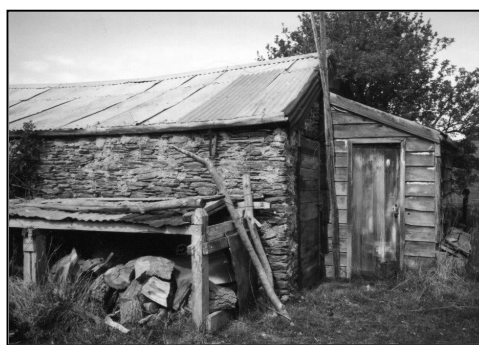
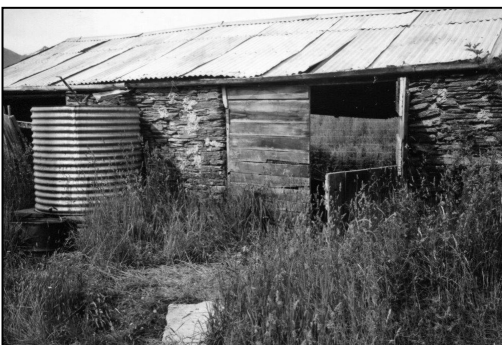
the rough access track to the stone barn, wooden lean-to shed and farm house. The stone barn had a garage at one end, a place for milking the cow and hay storage in the middle and a chicken house at the other end. Perhaps the thought was in their minds that the hens my mother had in Dunedin could be located for long summer holidays to the farmlet.

Through a narrow gate, the lean-to shed, built of timber coarsely milled from Glenorchy, housed a laundry on one side with a butter churn, concrete tubs and a hand-wringer with a copper fired with wood outside. On the other side, a handyman's haven with a



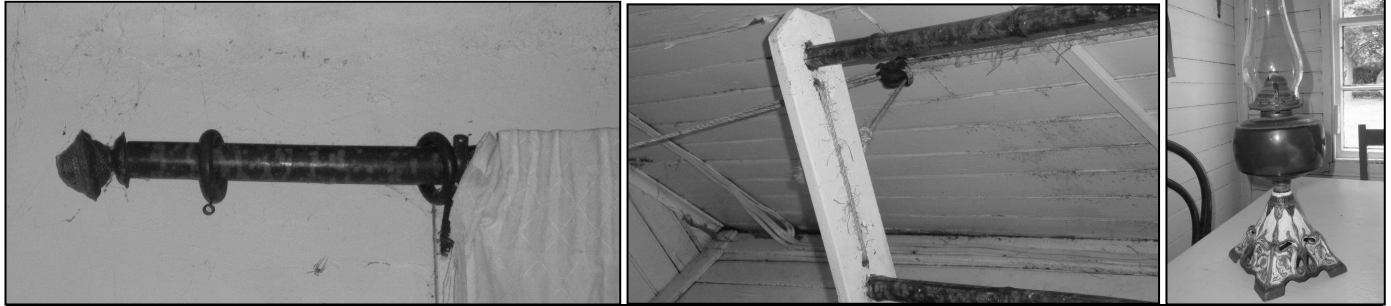
House in 1964, no trees

vice, work-bench, tools, hand-made nails, wire and other items. Water from the roof was collected in a tank for washing.



From left, barn with water tank and central door, chicken house and wooden lean-to shed

There was an extensive vegetable garden with irrigation from the Arrow Irrigation Scheme and a lovely cottage garden in front leading to a gate into the front paddock. The orchard of apples dating back to the 1900s, cherry plums and pears provided fruit. In the small adjacent paddock, the long drop toilet was set well away from the house near the irrigation ditch - quite a walk especially on a cold night.



From left: bamboo curtain track, bamboo clothes dryer and kerosene lamp

The house was built of stone with walls about twenty centimetres thick. The roof was still the original Scotch iron, so was nearly 100 years old and still going strong. The windows had original glass and no sash-cords and had to be held open with props to support the windows. The curtain rods were of bamboo with brass finials at the ends.

The kitchen had been added around 1900 and had a Shacklock coal range with a chaise longue beside it for the man of the house to supervise the cooking. Hot water had to be heated for the bath and washing dishes. There was no sink, just a basin which had to be emptied outside, and for the bathroom, a jug and basin set. The bath did have an outlet - to somewhere. Patterned lino covered the dark-stained timber floor with its wide planks and hand-made nails. A bamboo drying-rack was suspended from the ceiling and the fridge was just a meat safe.

The rest of the house had dark-stained red and white pine ceilings. There was a working fireplace in the parlour originally used for cooking in the late 19th century. The room off the parlour was a pantry or cool-store with navy lace curtains and a hand-made shelf set up for the preserves.

It was fascinating to see and appreciate the house that was built so long ago by **Lorenzo Resta**.

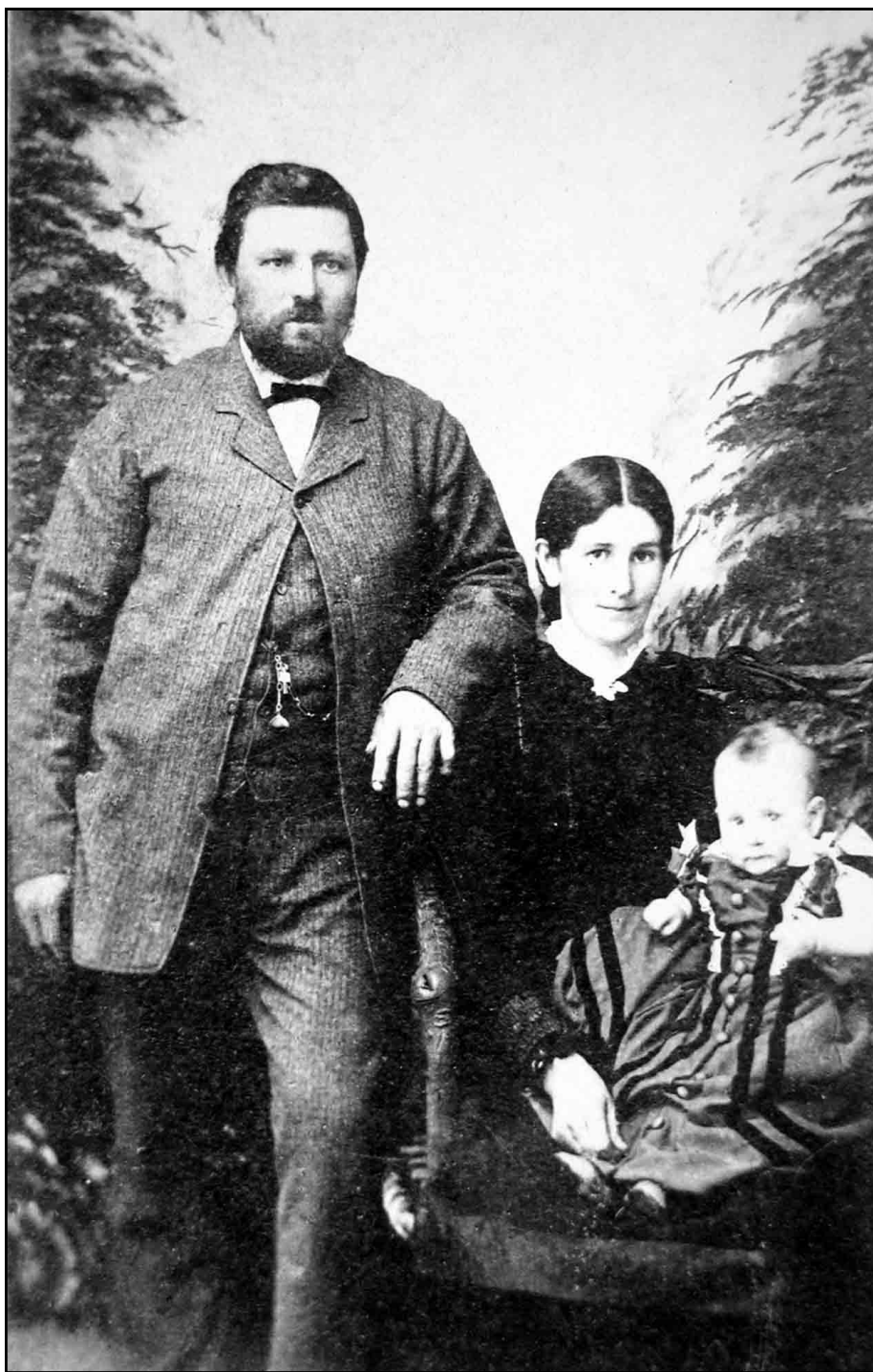
My interest in the history of the house and its builder was awakened. The first place to commence research was at the Lakes District Museum and the assistance of the archivist, Anne Maguire. Members of the Resta family had visited there a couple of years ago and left some information. That was a good start along with records from the schools and historical publications. Then the internet provided information from the *Otago Witness* and other newspapers through the National Library links. That gave an insight into the gold-mining era, claims, court cases relating to gold claims, births, deaths, marriages, property transactions, licensing and a real overview of life in the gold-fields and townships. The title of the house listed the various transactions and owners over the years.

The research at the Museum showed that the two Resta brothers had immigrated from Lombardy, Italy via Australia to New Zealand in 1860. Naturalisation papers showed Antonio in New Zealand by 1864 and Lorenzo 1865 within 8 days of each other. By 1871 they were shown on the electoral roll of Macetown. In 1871 Lorenzo married Matilda Fitzgerald whose widowed father was working at the Royal Oak in Arrowtown.

He was 32 years old and she was 14. They settled in Macetown until 1878 and three

children were born there after 1873. In 1874 Lorenzo purchased the property at 82 McDonnell Road, a subdivision off the McDonnell farm, and the house was built some time between then and 1878. Meantime, the fourth child was born in 1880 in Arrowtown and two others followed. The Macetown miners often settled their families in Arrowtown as the road access to Macetown was somewhat precarious, as outlined in the *Otago Witness* of the day.

Lorenzo for a time owned the Welcome Hotel at Macetown but sold this in 1876 as he was interested in the newly-discovered quartz reefs. Lorenzo contracted for the essential machinery for the battery, and with the assistance of a Chinese engineer, Ah Chung, erected this out of almost nothing with timber growing in the bush, except for the waterwheel. He was the mine manager of the Tipperary claim and ensured the crushing of the payable quartz rock. Antonio was the battery manager. This mine was two



*Lorenzo and Matilda Resta with child, maybe Edith. EP 0879
Photo taken about 1884 (photo at Lakes District Museum-given by
Mrs D. J. McLachlan.*

and a half miles above Macetown. They sold the rights in 1881 after managing the Tipperary mine for 13 years and producing a tremendous output of 1900 ounces of gold with an outlay of £120.

In 1886 when Matilda went up to Macetown to visit her husband she was nearly drowned in the Arrow River in one of the crossings when her horse was caught in quicksand. Her husband fortunately rescued her. The access to Macetown was exceedingly hazardous and dangerous, which may have been a reason for the two brothers to seek other ventures.

In 1890 Lorenzo built the dredge, below, at Waipori and was appointed as manager of the Upper Waipori Alluvial Gold Dredging Company early in 1890. He experimented with the use of manuka firewood in preference to coal, which proved to be a cheaper and more efficient option to produce steam, and which was growing nearby at Waipori Bush.

In 1888 he had transferred the title of the house to Matilda who took out a mortgage with a William Miller, probably to buy property at Waipori. She transferred it to Jessie Miller in 1902 when the family moved to Shag Point.

The family were in Waipori from about 1895, and their seventh child was born there. It was noted in the *Otago*



Witness that three Resta girls attended a bachelors' ball at Waipori which was a successful venture for the eldest daughter Annie who married later that year at the Glen, Mornington to Harold Eaton, a miner of Waipori.

Lorenzo competently managed the dredging company from 1890 to 1897 and when he retired a presentation was made to him. The report made reference to his ability as a manager, his genial nature and good feeling that always existed between him and men under him, and there was general regret at his departure. He received a solid gold Maltese cross made by G&T Young.

Lorenzo had one more contract - the Moonlight No. 2 race completed in 1900. The family then decided to take up the Pukeiti hotel at Shag Point and the ownership was transferred to Lorenzo Resta in 1900. Lorenzo also took up the Weston Hotel five kilometres from Oamaru and later transferred this to his son-in-law Harold Eaton.

Lorenzo Resta suffered from cancer for the last few months of his life and died at his residence in Hampden (30 kilometres south of Oamaru) at the age of 63 years in November 1904.

He was reported in the *Lake County Press* as the father of quartz reef mining in the district and all evidence confirms this. He discovered the first reefs in Macetown with his brother Antonio and was for many years the manager of the Tipperary mine and saw enormous yields taken from this mine. He was also manager of the Moonlight sluicing company at Moke Creek. His family were noted as being born and raised in the district.

The publications on the history of gold mining in the district do not acknowledge the contribution made by Lorenzo Resta and his brother Antonio. Yet clearly he was well respected, hard working, and a leader in his entrepreneurial approach to extracting gold - crushing, sluicing and dredging.

After the death of her husband, Matilda lived on, and with her daughters and sons-in-law,

managed several hotels, finally residing in Auckland managing the Freemans Bay Hotel. She remarried to Louis Andreason and lived until her 86th year. Antonio bought land at Gibbston and settled and farmed there with his family. Resta Road is named after him.

Since the publication of the book, a descendant, Muriel Resta, has contacted me and has some more interesting stories that she has found out, and she hopes to come and visit the house that her husband's grandfather lived in. She is visiting the family seat in Italy to discover where Lorenzo and Antonio came from. The eldest Resta brother inherited the farm, which is the reason the younger brothers came to New Zealand to seek their fortunes.



The house history continued with the Millers transferring the property to James (Jim) and Dorothy (Dot) Hansen in 1922. The front paddock, pictured above in the 1960's, was planted out in wheat, and James worked as a shepherd for a farm on the Crown Range.

Dot assisted as a district nurse and many of her charts of the body and old medicine bottles were found in the barn. Parts of an old dray, seat springs, wheels and horse trappings were left as well as a home-made wooden contraption for controlling the cow at milking time.

Many changes have taken place since the sixties though the basic character of the house remains intact. The main improvements have been in installing modern plumbing in the last few years, and no longer are the cold winter night visits to the long-drop a feature. The roof has had to be replaced and insulation was installed making a warmer house. The floors are carpeted and a wood-burner gives warmth to the parlour. The old wallpapers have been kept as a record of changes in decor. The old barn has been replaced and the lean-to shed has become a garage and store shed for historic bits and pieces. The front paddock has been used for grazing for many years and is now occupied by horses. Trees have been planted, the hedges have grown taller and the house is now a private enclave set in the old apple orchard with additions of walnuts, hazel nuts and chestnuts. It is a real retreat for peace and quiet, a place for reflection and enjoyment.

Book *The Legend of Lorenzo Resta Macetown Miner and the Story of his House at 82 McDonnell Road Arrowsmith* by Elizabeth Hanan, publisher Elizabeth Hanan, 2014 ISBN 978-0-473-27777-2

Footnote: In the *Courier* Issue 90 Spring 2013 there is a photo of Elizabeth and Christen Hansen, and one of their eleven children was named Jim. He later bought the farm in McDonnell Road with his wife Dot (Dorothy), and on his death the property was sold to my parents, John and Enid Walsh.

JAMES AND MARY FLINT'S JOURNEY FROM SCOTLAND, 1860

James and Mary Flint were among the first colonists in Queenstown when they arrived to work on William Rees's sheep-station. At our AGM in 2013 our guest speaker was Dr Jennie Coleman who spoke about immigrant diaries, and noted the coincidence that her great-great-grandfather with seven daughters including her great-great-grandmother had travelled in the same ship as the Flints.



This is adapted from an unsourced newspaper clipping, probably from the *Southland Times*, found in the Lakes District Museum.

Nine people died and the cook mutinied. Many of the passengers became quite filthy with dirt and vermin, and gales blew up until it seemed the vessel would be overwhelmed.

The *Silistria* was a 642-tonne vessel headed from Clyde in Scotland to Port Chalmers in New Zealand, a ninety-day voyage. The year was 1860 and a 27-year-old Scotsman, James Flint, together with his wife Mary, was on board. Mr Flint was a devout Presbyterian, an eager young man on his way to colonise a strange country. He was a reflective type – the sort of person who kept his thoughts in order by writing them down in a daily journal.

One hundred and twenty-one years later (i.e. 1981 when this article was written) the blue script still read clearly from a battered notebook which a grandson, William Flint, kept in his Invercargill home.

First Day The diary begins on July 25, the first day of passage. James and Mary were allocated their berth, a small square enclosure containing two very narrow beds one over the other. They shifted into one bed leaving the other as a place to store their personal effects.

It was a sad and lonely time as the ship sailed away from Scotland. 'We remained on deck all day looking at the hills of our beloved land – we felt it very solemn on the mighty deep,' Mr Flint wrote.

When the *Silistria* sailed out into the Atlantic the passengers became seasick as tremendous masses of white foam are dashed from the bows of the ship. James felt badly on account of his wife. She was 'suffering very much, so much that I would give all I possessed to have remained in Scotland.'

But the couple soon adjusted to the routines. The passengers were divided into messes of six to ten people, each with a leader for a week whose duty it was to get the water, tea, sugar and all the food from the purser or quartermaster, then take it to and from the cook.

Barely Edible The food was at first satisfactory: tea and biscuits in the mornings, preserved soup, salted pork or salted beef for dinner, and more tea and biscuits later.

But soon the water became greasy and dirty as a result of being pumped up with force from the hold. The food was badly cooked and barely edible because the cook was constantly drunk.

As time went on many people came out in ugly ashes over their faces and hands, almost like smallpox, James recorded. He and Mary stopped eating the salted beef and pork, sticking to preserved soup and feeling much better for it. Still James was quite disgusted with the tea without milk, and yearned for a drink of cool water. 'Most of us have sore throats and the water is most abominable. We are mixing lime juice amongst it,' he commented feelingly.

While he and Mary bore up as well as can be expected in this situation, others were unluckier. Gales blew up and their possessions were thrown about and broken into smithereens. One man was hit in the face by a falling block, while others yielded to sickness and disease.

Committed to the Sea James wrote a moving of an old island woman's death and burial. 'It threw a heavy gloom on the thinking portion of the passengers.' The deceased was sewn up in canvas by the sail-maker and laid on the ship's gang with the Union Jack. After a Church of England service 'the gangway was raised and with a dull heavy plunge the body was covered with the ocean never to appear or any memorial to mark the spot till that grey day when the sea shall give up its dead.'

This was the first bereavement and the deaths of children that followed were sadder still. James described it as 'pitiable to see the young infants wasting away to mere skeletons' and told of one family who have lost three of their children and 'are in ill way about it.'

But life at sea had to go on for better or worse. James's spirits were often revived by the sight of pigeons, albatrosses, whales and dolphins accompanying the boat. He seized on the good times when there was dancing by night or a ship passing in the daytime. 'We had a good deal of hurrahing as we passed quite close to each other – our pipers blew long and fiercely on their bags.' The peace and good times were, however, precarious. Often storms blew up and waves completely flooded the deck, and 'large surly dark green waves' threatened the safety of the ship.

Mostly the peace was disrupted by the cook, a fiery character given to brawling.

Mutinous Cook The first time this happened the passengers were ordered below while the captain and officers tried to put the cook in irons. But 'he ran into the fore-castle amongst the seamen who all sided with him.' For some time there was an appearance of mutiny on board.

'The first-mate was soon roaring out "Murder," there was a bottle thrown at the captain which nearly broke his skull.' No one knew where it would end and the passengers cowered as a furious squall hit the ship. 'One of the sails gave way which came down with a noise like thunder and startled us as we thought the ship a wreck.' But just as James was about to abandon hope, the crew, cook and captain alike stopped the row and all hands turned out to shorten the sail.

It was a brief reprieve for the cook who got further backing from the crew the following day when the captain tried to put him into irons. But he came ultimately to his bad end. Unable to restrain himself for long, he caused havoc on another occasion by running ramage with a knife which he tried to score through the captain's body. After slashing at the

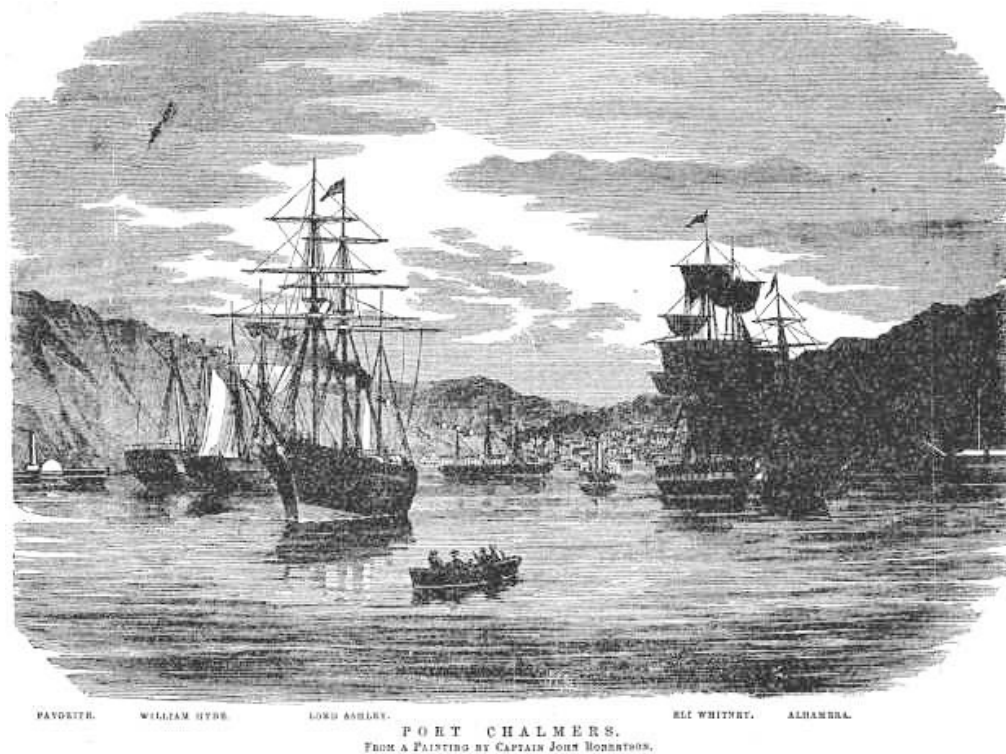
captain's hands and face, at length the mutineer was finally hauled away and secured. And so, James noted, 'he will lie in irons and be delivered up to the proper authorities and as his crime is amongst the blackest in naval jurisdiction, it will very likely end in transportation.'

First Sightings of Land: The Snares, situated south of Stewart Island, were the first sight, and then there was a broader view of the future country. 'It had a lovely appearance without any town or house visible while the hilltops were covered with wood.' James thought that the country resembled some parts of Scotland and 'appears to be beautifully watered....The coast looks beautiful and wants only the hand of man to cultivate the seeming wilderness to make a really splendid sight.' He described the variety of landscapes, from grassy hillocks to lofty mountains covered with snow on the summit.

Port Chalmers: As the ship dropped anchor James wrote 'it is a picturesque looking place, all the hills are covered with wood to the water's edge and so thick you would think no one was able to walk through it.'

And so the diary ends, as all on board leave the *Silistria* to meet the shocks and surprises of life in a strange country.

PORT CHALMERS 1864



Painting By Captain John Robertson

Afterwards: Sheep-station and farm

(From other sources)

James was employed as a shepherd by William Rees, and bought an excellent collie named Dainty. His first job was to bring a mob of rams from Oamaru to Queenstown to join the large flock brought up earlier from Palmerston by Alfred Duncan and others. It was an arduous four or five-week journey through mainly virgin country for the men, sheep, horses and dogs.

Meanwhile, Mary travelled by ship to Bluff, and later, with Frances Rees, came by bullock wagon and whaleboat to Queenstown. The Flints were reunited and settled into their new home at Queenstown Bay. In October 1861 their son William Wakatipu Flint was born, the first white child born in the district. Unfortunately, he died three years later. By 1862 the Flints had their own farm, 'Maryhill' at Ladies Mile, Lake Hayes and grew the first crop of oats. We now know the farm as 'Glenpanel'.

James and Mary Flint have an important place in our history as the third couple to live here, as members of Rees's original sheep-station, and as the first arable farmers.

Sources

Files in the Lakes District Museum archives, including a complete transcript of the diary and *Flint Family History 1756-2010* by Murray Flint (2010)



Mary and William Wakatipu Flint. LDM EP 4016

Excerpts of the diary can be found via the Courier Index on our website. The issues are 15 and 16 (1975).



Flint's Maryhill farm LDM EL 2368

HISTORICAL CUTTINGS: ARROWTOWN'S CHRISTMAS TREE: *PICEA ABIES*

By Rita L. Teele and Anne Maguire

While the Wakatipu Basin basks in the sun in December (we hope), the northern hemisphere awaits the shortest day and winter's cold. But in both hemispheres Christmas includes trees that are decorated with lights and tinsel and ornaments. Since 1947, the people of Oslo have sent a large Norway spruce (*Picea abies*) as a token of gratitude to the British for their support during WW II. The tree is erected in Trafalgar Square and decorated in traditional Norwegian style. In America, a large conifer, often a Norway Spruce, is placed in Rockefeller Center, New York City, in December. The Christmas season in New York begins when it is ablaze with lights.

Few locals and visitors appreciate that Arrowtown has a year-round Christmas tree: a Norway spruce, that grows beside the Butler-Dudley cottage near the Chinese Settlement.

Jack Reid recalls that (Joseph) Austin Dudley, born in 1910, was very proud of this tree because it was given to him as a 'school prize'. We are not sure in which year this might have been, but we would like to think that it was sometime after 1918. Rose Douglas was at Arrowtown Primary School from 1918-1945 as teacher and later principal of the school. She was passionate about gardens and trees. Many of the trees around Arrowtown were planted by her or



her students as part of Arbor Day efforts. It would not stretch belief to consider that Rose Douglas may have played a role in Austin's award.

When it was planted beside the Dudley cottage, we doubt that any of the family would have expected the little spruce tree to grow to the size it is now. We estimate that it is over 30 metres (100 feet) tall. Many of the lower branches have been trimmed back to the trunk over the years. In the Queenstown-Lakes District Plan it is listed as *Picea abies pendosa* because of its droopy branches, but ‘swoop and droop’ is a characteristic feature of the branches of Norway spruces, and the *pendosa* cultivar is usually much smaller.

All conifers growing in this area are exotic. The genus *Picea* refers to spruce, *Abies* to fir, and *Pinus* to pine trees. *Picea abies*, therefore, refers to a spruce that resembles a fir tree! And to add to taxonomic confusion, Douglas fir, which is one of the sources of ‘wilding pines’ in the area is neither fir nor pine. Its botanical name is *Pseudotsuga menziesii* as it is from a genus separate from spruces, firs and pines. It wasn’t until the early twentieth century that the taxonomy for the multiple European and North American conifers was realised.



Detail of the tree’s bark

As a final historical note, Captain Cook had trouble appreciating that native conifers were not the same as European varieties and that spruces and pines were different species. On his second voyage to New Zealand he brewed ‘spruce beer.’ In his journal he wrote: ‘Anyone who is in the least acquainted with spruce pines will find the tree which I have distinguished by that name. There are three sorts of it: that which has the smallest leaves and deepest colour is the sort we brewed with, but doubtless all three might safely serve that purpose.’ (Cook's Second Voyage towards the South Pole, 4th edit. vol i. pp. 99 and 101.) He was probably referring to Rimu, Kahikatea and the Mai or Matai trees which are native conifers.

<http://nzetc.victoria.ac.nz/tm/scholarly/tei-ShoSout-t1-back-d1-d6.html>

Thanks to Dylan Thomas of Queenstown Bike Tours at Dudley’s Cottage and to Jack Reid for recounting Austin Dudley’s story and the origin of ‘Arrowtown’s Christmas tree.’



Cone of Picea abies

IVY RITCHIE

Arrowtown Town Clerk And Community Stalwart

From a talk by Denise Heckler delivered at the 'People From Our Past' presentation during the 2014 Arrowtown Autumn Festival.

How many towns had female town clerks in 1925? Maybe only Arrowtown.



Ivy Beatrice Lawrence, right, was born in 1898 in a rammed earth house at the foot of the road up to Carricktown, above Bannockburn. Her father Thomas was a gold-miner. Her mother was Elizabeth Jane Lawrence, and she had a sister Frances and a brother Edward. The family shifted to Tuckamira, near Perth, for a few years, and then returned to New Zealand, settling in the gold-mining town of Waihi in 1912. Ivy became a pupil-teacher, which was a system of teacher training like an apprenticeship where young people aged 13-18 learnt on the job without attending a Teachers' College.

After a first teaching position at Waitahuna, she returned to her home area and taught at the Nevis school. There she met Archie McQuarry Ritchie, a farm worker. They married in 1922 when Ivy was 24. Unfortunately they had no children, and after moving to Arrowtown in 1923, Ivy threw her

energy into a long working life in the community. Initially they lived in a cottage on a farm near the golf course, and in the 1940s they moved into their house on the corner of Denbigh and Angelsea Streets.

Archie immediately gained employment with the Arrowtown Borough Council as the day-man, which involved maintaining the lighting, cleaning gutters, and being the night-man. In those times the night-cart soil was emptied straight into the Arrow River below Tobins Track!

Ivy looked for employment and when the position of Town Clerk for the Council was advertised in 1925 she applied along with seven others and gained the position. This began a term of office that lasted 33 years until her retirement in 1958. Initially she was paid £3 6s 8d per month.

On the job she wore several different hats. She collected the rates from the 163 rateable properties; she was a valuer; and at election times, the Returning Officer. At one stage the town had no mayor and then no engineer, so she added those temporary hats too.

On Thursdays she worked in the Council Chambers, right, in Buckingham Street, under the trees of the avenue. There she met ratepayers and completed bookwork. On the other days she worked at home in an office she set up there. As she didn't have an assistant, she became a proficient typist, and because of her growing knowledge of Arrowtown, she was constantly providing information to ratepayers and Councillors.



When she attended the South Island

Local Bodies Conference in Akaroa in 1950, it was acknowledged that she was making history as the first and only woman delegate attending amongst 86 delegates. She retired in 1958 and in 1959 she received an MBE in New Year's Honours List.

Changes in Arrowtown: During the 41 years Ivy Ritchie lived in the town it changed from a small rural service town into the beginnings the holiday destination it has become. The main highway was sealed after the residents had endured the mud ruts for many years, and



Arrowtown School Centennial Committee, 1963. Ivy is centre front
LDM EP 2953

the kerosene lamps in the main streets disappeared when electricity arrived in 1947. In 1931 the Athenaeum Hall burnt down, and after a protracted tendering and financing process by the Council the new hall was completed and opened with a Grand Ball in July 1932.

In the 1950s the Council assisted with the establishment of a motor camp on Centennial Avenue to cater for the holidaymakers, and this was followed by a rapid increase in the purchase of sections for cribs, which involved the Council as there was increasing demand for sewerage and water

services. At that time too, the Council built the Memorial Swimming Pool.

School Committee: Having been a teacher, Ivy was keen to contribute to Arrowtown School. She became a member of the committee and served for 33 years. At one stage in the 1940s there were only two people on the school committee - George Hansen and Ivy, and they acted as Commissioners. In the 1950s she realised that a new school was needed as the current school was cold and too small for all the children born after the war. In 1956 the roll reached 70, so the School Committee applied for a new school and was informed that they were seventh on the waiting list. However, somehow Arrowtown always seemed to be dropped off the list and nothing happened until 1964, which was a great disappointment for Ivy.

Always adaptable, during the war Ivy spent some time working at the telephone exchange, and this was followed by a period as the local correspondent for the Otago Daily Times. She was also Secretary of the Horticultural Society and Secretary of the Gymkhana Committee. In 1964 Ivy and Archie retired to Cromwell, not far from where she was born. Archie died in 1973. Ivy died in 1979 in Dunedin Hospital aged 71, and she is buried in the Cromwell Cemetery. So ended her very productive life.

Denise Heckler's Memories of Ivy.

When I was asked to participate in People From Our Past presentations, Ivy's name came into my mind immediately as I always admired her ability to play such a prominent role in the Council as a woman, which was something new for time. In addition to this, I distinctly remember her from my childhood when we first came to Arrowtown in 1957 as campers and then as cribbies. There was always a problem obtaining fresh vegetables over the holidays, and my sister and I were often despatched to Archie and Ivy Ritchie's house to buy lettuces in particular. Archie had what I thought was an enormous vegetable garden at the back of the house which has since been subdivided off. Some locals planted extra vegetables to be sold to visitors over the Christmas holidays and some also provided us with fresh eggs.

I found Mrs Ritchie a rather large, scary person with round-rimmed glasses, but others have described her as a 'kind old lady'. She wore long dresses, and I can still picture Mr and Mrs Ritchie sitting on their front verandah (which has since been glassed in) as we walked up the front path. Archie was large too. He had a pink Roslyn woollen singlet visible under his cotton shirt, and very obvious unforgettable braces to hold his trousers up. He drove a big dark green 1939 two-door Chev. In their practical way, they were part of the warm community of Arrowtown.



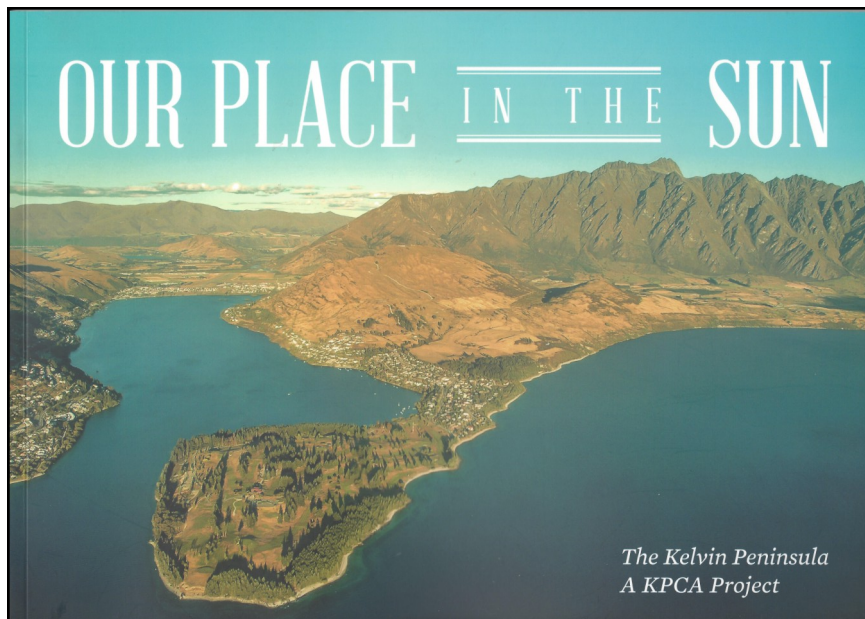
Ivy Ritchie's house today

OUR PLACE IN THE SUN

By George Singleton

Published by the Kelvin Peninsula Community Association 2013

Review by Elizabeth Clarkson



Everyone who has lived in this district will know that Kelvin Heights seems to be blessed with endless sunshine. For all the people who have lived in the sun of Kelvin Heights, this book will provide a thorough background to the district. Meticulously researched and attractively presented by George Singleton, the history of the district encompasses accounts of the shipping on the lake, the geography of the district and the struggle to build a bridge across the Kawarau.

The building of the bridge was completed in 1926 and the road connecting Kingston and Queenstown in 1936. As the population increases, the problems of transport require constant attention.

The stories of many families have been told. Most notably in this book we follow the fortunes of the Rees family, the Boyes brothers, the Mees of Deer Park Heights fame, the Jardines of Frankton, after whom Jardine Park was named, and Bendix Hallenstein who established a flour mill, traces of which still remain.

There are endless places to explore on the Kelvin Peninsula and this book will provide a comprehensive guide.

We must thank George Singleton for assembling so much material to help us understand the history, farming exploits, developing transport and expanding sports facilities, all of which make up a comprehensive and beautifully presented book. Readers will enjoy the wealth of fine photography throughout the publication.

Thank-you, George, and thank-you to the Kelvin Peninsula Project organisers for this very welcome addition to books about our district.

The book is on sale at the Lakes District Museum and The Lake Counter café at the Hilton Hotel.

GEORGE SINGLETON INTERVIEWED BY SHONA BLAIR



Not a barn – on the highway at the right-angle bend south of the Kelvin Peninsula turnoff. Explained on pages 71-2.

Shona: What was your motivation for writing this book?

George: I didn't need motivation. It was my gift to our local community. I was originally asked to write something about Jardine Park for the Kelvin Peninsula Community Association.

S: Is writing a new thing for you, or have you always been interested?

G: I've always been interested in writing. I wrote essays and short articles at school and some sports writing. I then did 35 years of report writing and research with my job.

S: How long have you lived in Kelvin Heights?

G: 17 years. I did come as a child in the late 1940s to shoot goats and rabbits and for picnics. I never thought I would live here. We came to Queenstown for a short while and really never left. We first lived in Sunshine bay then found a section in Kelvin Heights, built our home and here we have stayed.

S: What really interesting thing did you discover when researching for the book?

G: The variety of historical as well as modern events. The most interesting was finding out about the old stone barn that isn't a barn. And the other thing is the old cottage that is still lived in by two elderly ladies. We drive past frequently and take so much for granted.

S: Have you found people willing to share their historical information?

G: No one turned me down. I was encouraged by everyone I came in contact with during my research. I owe a lot to the late Jessie Jardine who was one of my greatest supporters, to June my wife and to Chris Parvin our editor. They all supported me through the process.

S: How long did it take from the idea to the finished product?

G: Probably five years - two years to write and two to three to print.

S: Do you have other historical interests that may drive another book?

G: Yes. I'm currently researching and writing *Banks of the Kawarau*. It's 90% finished. I'm also writing another family history.

S: What do you think the future might hold for the Kelvin Peninsula?

G: Despite the dreams of Council planners, the Peninsula will not be subjected to the close settlement of Shotover Park etc. The cost of carving out rock for underground utility services, roading and building platforms will preclude this. It will retain its character, and will ultimately develop around the western face of Peninsula Hill, but will always remain as 'our place in the sun.'

BACKGROUND TO THE 2015 CALENDAR

January to June - From Talks Given At The Launch

January: Harvesting at Lake Hayes 1905

By Marion Borrell

How the harvest has changed since 100 years ago!

Our THEN photo is taken at what we now call Threepwood beside Ladies Mile. The photographer from the New Zealand Tourist Department has captured the idyllic rural life in the Wakatipu, with the sunlight gleaming on the grain and cut stalks. Imagine the smell of the mown oats. Nearer the lake, where now we walk on the trail, we can see the sheaves have been stooked to continue ripening – like the sample on the left.



I wonder how long it took to reap and bind this thick crop. And how many workers and man-hours were needed to complete the process of reaping and binding, stooking, carting, stacking, threshing and chaff-cutting, in order to make fuel for the horses so that they could do the work.

In this case we do know who the farm-worker is: Alex Grant. He was born at Grandview Farm where Quail Rise is now, and became a shepherd. After he married Henrietta (Ettie) White, they lived in her family's cottage opposite the showgrounds. Alex moved around to various farm jobs, while his family stayed at Lake Hayes. They would have been pleased that he was working close to home this time.

The history of Threepwood: The farm was first inhabited in 1864. Rees's huge sheep-run had smaller farms cut off between Frankton and Arrowtown. The goldminers were a very hungry and captive market, and mixed farms were soon established to provide them with meat, milk, fruit and veges.

The first owner of this farm was William Teal Marshall. His wife Mary was a widow with a tribe of children. Her husband William Colville had drowned in 1864 when crossing the Shotover River on horseback just downstream of the present bridge as he was driving cattle across. He is the first known person to be buried in the Arrowtown Cemetery. Fortunately William Marshall provided for the bereft family.

The stone woolshed and stable which we can see from the trail were built in about 1866 and may be the oldest stone farm buildings left in the district. Nearby is a stone cottage with dormer windows which was built in about 1874. The farm grew grain and other crops on the flat land, and ran sheep on the hills beyond. No doubt they also had a house-cow, chooks, a large vege garden and an orchard. Those children would have had lots of chores.

From the 1870s onwards grain was a major export crop for the district. The virgin soil and continental climate produced prize-winning wheat of 100 bushels an acre (about twice the norm) and the wheat fetched top prices in the London market. The nearest flour mill was at Mill Creek on Speargrass Flat Rd.

In 1881 the Marshalls moved to New Mexico. The next owner was John Trotter Butement, an experienced farmer and runholder. But he was ruined by the plague of rabbits, and falling grain prices during the depression of the 1880s.

At the time of our photo, the farm was owned by Robert McDowell who was co-owner of the flour mill. In 1909 the McDowell family had built the spacious twin-gable villa we see today.

Beside Ladies Mile are a monument and water trough in honour of the next owner, Robert Lee. He installed a private irrigation scheme bringing water from across the Kawarau – an ambitious plan. Unfortunately, he died shortly afterwards, but his son Leo carried on farming at Threepwood for nearly 30 years before selling to the Strain family in 1938.

Main Source: ‘Threepwood Archaeological Assessment’ by P.G. Petchley, Southern Archaeology 2005, especially A.J. Henderson’s history in Appendix A.

February: Skippers Coach

By Danny Knudson

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to travel by horse-drawn coach from



Queenstown to Skippers? Wonder no longer. Take advantage of this once-only offer from Jopp's Stables, Queenstown. Jopps supply reliable horses, experienced whips, and coaches designed for the journey; well sprung for your comfort, and every seat a box seat for unobstructed views of Wakatipu's wonderland.

LDM EL 6456 Courtesy of Danny Knudson

1921,

The year for fun;
Be in for your chop,
Journey with Jopp
To Skippers - come!

Grab a seat to fit your bu ... budget.

Jopp's coaches depart at 8am from the footpath outside Eichardt's Hotel. That's where some drinkers spend the night – on the footpath outside Eichardt's.

The journey heads to the Shotover at Arthurs Point where gold was found in abundance in 1862. As you cross the river, keep a look out for gold. If you see any, it's 'WHOA!' for the coachman and GO for gold. Don't leave gold nuggets deposited in the bank of the Shotover, leave your nuggets deposited in the Bank of New Zealand.

Up the hill towards Racecourse Flat, but pause for a group photo, just like the one in the calendar brochure. Ladies, if you travel with Jopps, this is the day you'll meet your handsome prince. By the time you return from Skippers, your handsome Kodak prints will be waiting for you in Queenstown – a lasting souvenir of a memorable day.

After the photo stop it's back on the coach to Skippers Saddle at a height of 3,000 feet to see panoramic views of the Wakatipu. Then it's off down Long Gully past amazing rock formations. Gentlemen, your wife will swoon as you coach her through Heaven's Gate. On to see the tortuous terrain from Lighthouse Rock.

Men, if your wife bends down in front of you, it's time for Pinchers – no Bluff. Enjoy the road across Pinchers, it's straight: from road to ride-top, straight up 300 feet; from road to river, straight down 300 feet; best go straight ahead.

On to Skippers Bridge, the highest coach bridge in New Zealand, 300 feet above the 'Richest River in the World'. If you suddenly need a bathroom stop, you'll have to hang on. Skippers Bridge was never intended as a long-drop.

Up the hill to the cemetery, the dead centre of Skippers, recently fenced because people have been dying to get in. See the Otago Hotel, the covered stadium for all residents of Skippers; population 21.

Off to Skippers Point School. Meet teacher Mrs Smith and her eight pupils, five of whom are her own children, plus three Macnicols. Together they're a class act.

Now, how much would you expect to pay for this unbelievable journey? £10? £8? But wait, there's more. At Skippers you will be given a cup of tea with scones and pikelets.

Now how much would you expect to pay for this trip? £7? £6? But wait, there's more. On the return journey you will stop at the Welcome Home Hotel for a complimentary drink of Long Gully aqua, absolutely free. And a scrumptious dinner prepared by Chef Sarah Lewis. Just imagine, delicate cutlets of local lamb floating on a sea of gravy with generous lashings of mint sauce, surrounded by white islands of new potatoes, and rugged ridges of colourful carrots. Now how much would you expect to pay for this experience? £5? £4? Book within the next 20 minutes, and you will qualify for one-for-one. Yes, pay just £1 and you will receive one shilling change. All this for only 19 shillings. Don't delay! Book right away!

You'll be back in Queenstown by 6pm at which time the road to Skippers is opened to that demon of motorised transport – the car.

Journey to Skippers with a friend or two.

Coach with Jopps and enjoy the view.

You'll be ready for HEAVEN seeing all that's new,
'Cause the road to Skippers'll scare the HELL out of you.

Giddup!

March: Kawarau Falls Station

By George Singleton

For many years the owners of Run 345 and the Falls Station petitioned the lake County Council to provide a bridge across the outlet of Lake Wakatipu to allow travellers and workers to cross safely. Their efforts went unrewarded and the station continued to provide a rowing boat both before and after the provision of a punt service downstream at Boyd Road.

Pictorial postcards were not introduced into New Zealand until 1900, and the postcard in the photo is postmarked 21 February 1908. From this we know that it was taken

while the McBride family owned the station, which they did from 1898 until 1922.

The group of people in the boat have shotguns, so they are going to shoot goats, ducks or rabbits on the peninsula. The women are most likely going to visit the McBrides. They are disembarking at a jetty which led to a path past the laurel hedge to the homestead. The hedge is protected as a condition of consent for the Hilton complex.

The jetty and building on the opposite side of the lake were originally provided by William Rees. Later they were used by tour operators to moor their craft when they took groups to the Southbergs' house in Robertson Street for afternoon tea.

Run 345: The first lessee was William Saunders and the second the Shennan brothers. The Rees-Gammie-Grant partnership was the third.

Kawarau Falls homestead was built by William Rees in 1863, and passed through ten owners with the longest tenures being the Boyes brothers for 20 years, the McBrides for 22, and the Jardine family for 38. There was also a period of 22 years when the mortgagees, the NZ Loan and Mercantile Company, assumed ownership from the Boyes brothers and provided a series of managers during the lean years that followed during which they could not find a buyer for the property. During these lean times the run suffered from the rabbit plague and scab epidemics as well as a depression. The homestead deteriorated over this time due to lack of finance and maintenance.

The McBrides, a family of sawmillers from the Head of the Lake, began the restoration of the homestead from 1898 onwards, while the Jardines elevated it to prominence as a showplace of the Wakatipu.

The Jardine family set up the property as a family partnership in 1941. It was later subdivided with Cap taking the Remarkables Station and Grieve the balance that became known as Kawarau Falls Station.

In 1960 Grieve Jardine sold the land containing the homestead to the Methodist Church to become a camping ground, and the remaining area to Frank Mee who has now farmed it for 54 years.



The homestead had many alterations over its lifetime. Many of us know what it was like in its later days with its wide verandahs and five bedrooms. At first it was lit by kerosene lamps and later by an unpredictable electric power plant. It had long corridors and a haphazard roofline. During winter the gutters and gullies on the roof were often blocked, the roof leaked like a sieve, and the floors became skating rinks. The only heating was by seven fireplaces, and braziers were used in the corridors when they iced over. Unfortunately, nothing is left to remind us of its past glories and its place in our district's history.



Kawarau Falls homestead LDM EL2976

Over the years I discussed the homestead and peninsula many times with the late Jessie Jardine, and she once commented to me that her heart was still at the homestead, a much-loved home.

I attribute to those discussions with Jessie much of the success of my book about the history of Kelvin Peninsula, *The Sunny Side of the Lake*, published by the Kelvin Peninsula Community Association.

(Later in this magazine we have a review of the book and an interview with George. – Ed)

April: The Oxenbridge Tunnel

By David Hay

Once upon a time, long ago in distant Invercargill, there lived a family by the name of Oxenbridge. There were Ned, his brothers Jim and Bill, Bill's son Bill, and Ned's nephew Victor. They owned and operated a brickworks at nearby Tisbury. One day Bert, another of Ned's brothers, arrived from Australia. He had heard about the riches to be made from gold mining in the Shotover River, so he and Victor set off. They had the idea of diverting the river by driving a tunnel through a huge rock bluff at Star Beach, which was about half a mile above today's Edith Cavill



April 2015

LDM EL 2634 and 2636

bridge. They hoped this would enable them to collect nuggets on the exposed river bed. Neither had had much experience of this sort of thing nor of the work involved and, perhaps not surprisingly, after four months Bert went back to Australia.

However, Ned decided to continue and persuaded his team - Victor, Bill Newick and Bill King - to push the tunnel along. After two years the Oxenbridge family sold their brickworks in Tisbury and they all, together with their brothers-in-law and wives and children, migrated to Queenstown where everyone worked unrelentingly on the tunnel using the hard-rock mining techniques of the day. To make drill holes, one man had to hold a long steel bit against the rock face while another hit it repeatedly with a heavy mallet until the holes were deep enough to place explosives. Then, because the tunnel was 14 feet wide and 15 feet high, they could use a horse and dray to muck out the broken rock. At this stage the consortium had spent about £3000 of their own money so they floated a company, and with capital of £10,000, continued the work.

Ned needed a cottage for himself, his wife and two children, so using the local river stone, he constructed a two-roomed dwelling with tussock thatching and a small lean-to on the terrace above the river. Mrs Oxenbridge must have been a real princess because although conditions were severe and the life was lonely, legend has it that she never complained – at least not when anyone was within earshot.

After nearly four years the tunnel, which was 187 yards [170m] long, was finally punched through, but it was four feet too high at the top opening. They had worked without a theodolite to measure the horizontal angles for the tunnel drift. At this point Victor became so braced off that he went back to Invercargill – having to borrow money for the fare.

Nothing daunted, the remaining men decided to block the tunnel again and take some more rock out of the floor. This was something of a problem with half the Shotover River racing through it, no beach to work from, and solid cliff going straight up. So they got a boat, moored it at the top end of the tunnel and from there drove spikes into the rock on which they constructed a scaffold. The men then drilled more holes and packed in hundreds of plugs of gelignite.

It must have been some bang because the cliff fell across the tunnel closing it completely. This enabled them to correct the levels. Even after that, they had to build a wing dam across the main river to fully expose the river bed around the bluff and, after a further three months of work, this was completed one Saturday. No doubt there were serious celebrations. However, the very next day a heavy flood swept it away again. There is no record of what was said at the time.

Well, they rebuilt the wing dam, but after the river was turned through the tunnel, the backflow still filled the riverbed. The Californian pumps they used proved a failure, as also did an engine and a centrifugal pump. You can still see the remains of the engine on a rock island in the middle of the river. The team then spent £600 on bringing in a hydraulic outfit, but this move only led to further disappointment. They ended up with a patch of riverbed made up of hard rock swept bare except for a very small area about the size of a kitchen table. From this they retrieved £600-worth of gold – about 30 ounces. They also found a number of mining artifacts - wheelbarrows, picks, shovels, pans, parts of a dredge and the like – which made them wonder whether this section of the river had been worked before. But there was no history of that, and the bits and pieces had probably been deposited there by previous floods.

They next sank a shaft to a depth of 60 feet and drove under the riverbed, but the water came in and was too much for the pumps to cope with. At this stage they abandoned the work and left all their materials behind.

That was the end. In today's values they had initially spent \$530,000 of their own money, obtained a further \$1.78 million through the company float, worked solidly for 4 years with several major setbacks, to retrieve only \$48,000 worth of gold for the investment. In other words the tunnel returned \$85 per foot for the construction of it..

Did they all live happily ever after?

Ned was not a man to be cast down for very long by this failure. His next move was a mile or two up river where he staked another claim, floated another company, and this time struck some very rich ground. Once again, Victor worked with him, and in the two years there, the men took out as much as 1000 ounces of gold in two days! In today's terms that's about \$1,600,000 for a couple of days' work. That would make anyone smile!

Now, although the tunnel was not successful at the time, today some 25,000 adventurers per year plunge through it for fun as the last buzz on the whitewater rafting trip which begins up Skippers Canyon at Deep Creek.

As an overseas tourist recently said, 'I have rafted many rivers back home, but this is definitely the best rafting I've ever experienced. We went the day after some heavy rain, which made the river fast and wild, providing us with great rafting conditions. The Shotover River is also the only river in the world where you can raft through a tunnel. Once you enter, it gets totally dark and you can only see a bright dot far down - both scary and fun at the same time.'

So, at \$200 per person for the rafting trip, maybe there is gold at the end of the Oxenbridge Tunnel after all.

Sources

'The Oxenbridge Family' by E.G. Oxenbridge, Hoon Bay Valley, Christchurch
Golden Days of Lake County by F.W.G. Miller, Whitcombe & Tombs 1959
Golden Canyon by F.W. Craddock, Pegasus Press, 1973

May: Fire in Ballarat Street, Queenstown

By Kirsty Sharpe with reporting from *Lake Wakatip Mail*

This fine drawing looks more like a Victorian English scene, doesn't it? Queenstown is flourishing!

Fast forward another eleven years and the near side of Ballarat Street behind the artist was subject to the Great Fire of 1882, shown in the inset photo. This was due to Philip Waldmann who had a grocery store. He was in financial difficulty and conceived a plan to solve his problems. After adjusting his insurances and sending off his wife and young children to



Dunedin a week before with some valuables, he departed on the *Mountaineer* paddle steamer, leaving a note in the window of his shop that he would be away for four days.



Ballarat Street after the fire

LDM EL 0800

Lake Wakatip Mail, 27 January 1882:

‘The saddest and most disastrous conflagration which ever occurred here took place on Monday afternoon last. It broke out in the grocery establishment ... of Mr P. Waldmann, who had left that morning at half-past five o’clock for Dunedin. ... The first intimation of the existence of the devouring element was a little smoke under the eaves on one side, but immediately after a body of smoke and flames burst the roof open. The greater portion of the building was apparently one mass of fire, and the few onlookers present were for a moment paralysed.

‘It was hopeless to think of confining the fire ... Willing hands – but none too many – were soon alive to the danger. A few brought the fire engine, but it was out of order and useless at the most critical time. The energies of the greater portion, however, were directed to the saving of goods and household effects from the houses in the immediate vicinity.... It was impossible for anyone to stand on the opposite side of the street.

‘The excitement was so great that no one seems to recollect the exact progress of events.... The opposite, or south-side of Ballarat Street, also needed every attention. The windows and woodwork of Mr R. Boyne’s stone store, as also those of Powell’s Hotel, were destroyed, and inside materials more than once became ignited. The same might be said more or less of Eichardt’s billiard room.... Protection was of course provided by stone buildings to check the progress from within, but there was little mercy for wooden structures

‘The greatest praise is due to all present for their untiring exertions – we might say to every man, woman and child, for we saw young ladies and girls even carrying buckets of water or otherwise rendering their mite in assisting to check the fire or save property. In the evening, till midnight, relays of men were engaged by the Mayor, and by Mr Edgar on behalf of insurance companies, to work the fire engine and quench the smouldering embers.’

Damage: The list of buildings destroyed or damaged gives an insight into the town in 1882. Eight premises were destroyed belonging to a baker, draper, grocer, hotel stables, saddler and tobacconist, painter, mining agent and contractor. Businesses with damage were an ironmonger, Eichardt's hotel, a jeweller and a pharmacy. The newspaper estimated the total damage as not less than £4000.

Attempted Second Arson: Once the fire in the town was under control, suspicions turned to Waldmann's house on the hill above Hallenstein Street, which was named 'Nil Desperandum' or 'Do Not Despair' in Latin. When the police forced entry they found another fire about to ignite. The floorboards in one room had been saturated with kerosene and tar. There was a pile of brushwood and matches in the midst of which a burning candle was within an inch of catching fire.

A rowdy welcome awaited Waldmann when he was brought back from Dunedin, as the Lake Wakatip Mail reported: 'A large concourse of people crowded the jetty, and excitement ran very high.... Hooting and hissing was indulged in, and some eggs were flung at random into the crowd.'

Waldmann claimed that he was innocent and the victim of anti-German prejudice. Given the evidence, it's hard to believe his protestations. He was found guilty of arson in the Supreme Court and sentenced to seven years imprisonment.

My connection to Philip Waldmann is that my husband Bill and I lived in 'Nil Desperandum' for almost 25 years. Waldmann, a stone-mason by trade in his native Germany, had built the stone house. We bought it in 1976 for \$22,000 and sold in 2000. It has changed hands a couple of times since. Prior to the last sale, over a million dollars was spent on refurbishment, and it sold in 2013 for \$2.5 million. Philip Waldmann would have been astonished at the value of his humble home that he had endeavoured to destroy!

Vivid details of the magistrate's court proceedings in Queenstown can be found in *Otago Witness* accessed at <http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz>

The Arrowtown Chinese Settlement and Stores

By Denise Heckler

This photo encompasses important aspects of Arrowtown's history.

The history of the two white cottages which belonged to the Butler and later the Dudley families have been published in *Courier* 88 Spring 2012 and can be accessed through our website.

Tucked into the hillside beyond is the stone store we know as Ah Lum's, although he did not build it. On the right is a second Chinese store, made of wood, which was owned by Ah Wak but is no longer there.



The **Chinese settlement** on the banks of Bush Creek holds a colourful history and the Chinese who lived there added another dimension to the history of Arrowtown from the 1870s.

Chinese peasants from Guangdong province had been encouraged by the government to establish themselves on the Otago goldfields in an attempt to stabilise the population after many European miners left for other goldfields. They were to live on the edges of the towns, hence the location of the settlement beside Bush Creek. There was no compulsion to rework old claims but frequently the Chinese in the village chose to do so as they were content to work for steady returns rather than chase the illusive bonanza.

Usually there were about 10 miners living in the village during the warmer months as many were away mining in Macetown, Brackens Creek and Coronet Creek. The number increased in the winter when the village became a retreat from the intense cold.

There were conflicting views amongst New Zealanders about the Chinese. They were described by local Nellie Johnston, as a ‘law abiding crowd’ but some people thought they had ‘a lower civilisation’. At times they were teased and called inappropriate names. However, they stuck together and this was one of the reasons why the Chinese village was successful for them as they could follow their culture in comparative peace.

They formed a close-knit community and the village had its share of social activities, disappointments and suicide. They supported each other and imposed a form of discipline which reminded them of their responsibility to their families back in China. Many of the miners returned to their villages after they had made 100 pounds which was the equivalent of 20 years wages in China, but some unfortunately became isolated here due to a lack of funds for the journey home, or sadly, because they had stayed so long that many of their relatives in China had died and they felt that they had no one to go back to. The last resident died in the 1920s.

Ah Lum’s store was constructed in 1883 for market gardener Wong Hop Lee, using schist rock with thatch on the roof. The Dudley’s who owned the property from 1927 – 1983, replaced the thatch with corrugated iron, which has saved the building from falling into disrepair. The layout is typical of many such buildings in the Canton Delta where Wong Hop Lee came from, with a loft on each side of the entrance.

Wong Hop sold the store to Loo Lee for 20 pounds in 1907 and Ah Lum purchased it from him after leasing it for a short period of time. His tenure covered a period when the settlement was in decline as the miners either returned home or died.

During Ah Lum’s occupancy the building acquired an elevated status within the community as a meeting place, store, an unofficial bank, and as an accommodation house for itinerant travellers and miners who needed a bed. Straw mattresses were often laid out on the lofts, amidst the stock of Chinese food and spices that were also stored there.

Chinese stores were renowned for selling a variety of products from Chinese foods and medicines to accessories for gambling and smoking. Tea was imported in packets, rice in sacks, soya oil, preserved ginger, dried vegetables and products such as salted garlic, salted radish, pickled lemon and shrimp sauce all in ceramic containers. It was noted that Ah Lum often packed out goods to his customers working up in the valleys and gullies.

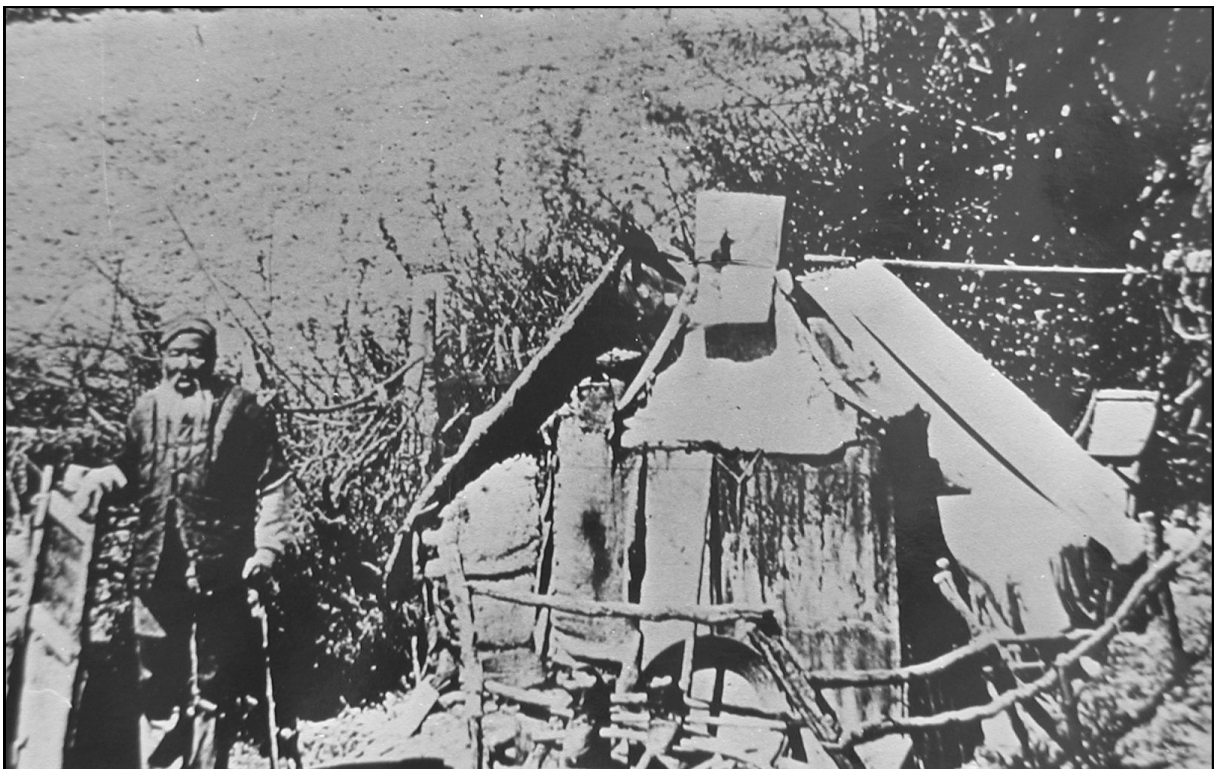
The interior of the store was described by Mary Romans who was an early resident in the town: ‘The walls were hung with banners, calendars, Chinese almanacs and portraits. The furniture appeared to be hand made from wooden packing cases and some still had Chinese

characters stencilled on them. The floors were bare but most of all I remember the smell, it was warm, delicious, spicy and mysterious.’

Ah Lum had been a policeman back in Canton. He could speak English and was well educated compared with many of the miners who were illiterate. He provided an invaluable service to them as he was able to translate their business deals, write their letters and take care of any matters relating to the government or mining.

He was described as a tall man with a regal appearance. On Saturdays he would walk into Arrowtown leading a procession of Chinese men carrying their ginger jars or their baskets of vegetables to sell. Ah Lum obviously had a great sense of ceremony as he dressed himself in a long smock- like garment that was embroidered around the hem. He wore a green cap with a tassel and his splendid pigtail or queque hung down behind. An article in the *Otago Daily Times* described him as having a “magnificent presence”.

Ah Wak’s Store is the building we see on the right. Ah Wak arrived from Zeng Cheng County in China in 1874 aged 18 and mined at Macetown for 22 years. After that he was based in the Macetown store of William Tilly Smith until it closed. He moved to Arrowtown and opened his own store here near that of his relative, Ah Lum. The two stores were apparently complementary. Unfortunately his store burnt down in about 1905, so Ah Wak moved to the Royal Oak Hotel where he became the cowman and gardener. He died in the 1920. The long-drop toilet made of stacked stone remains on the site of his store, and has a Historic Places classification.



Chinese man and hut, Arrowtown LDM EL 2181

Queenstown and District Historical Society

Chairperson's Report for the Annual General Meeting, November 2014

This has been the Year of the Smartphone App, which we began in December and have almost completed. Our usual activities have also continued, carrying out the objectives of our Constitution.

Our financial position is healthy, which enables us to support other organisations. There are several projects and funding offers totalling about \$12,000 which have not yet come to fruition and so do not yet appear on our balance sheet.

Our membership base remains strong at over 200 memberships or about 300 individuals. We thank all members for their continued support and encouragement.

Heritage Protection

Brian Bayley continues to monitor Resource Consent Applications. We have written in support of one historically-sensitive proposal, and submitted on the Tenure Review of Mount Creighton Station regarding the need for continued public access to significant historical sites.

Publications

Queenstown Couriers Issues 90 and 91:

These have included researched articles by Danny Knudson, Alan Cook, Rita Teele and Marion Borrell who is also the editor. Also we print talks given at 'People From Our Past' presentations and the launch of the calendar. Our thanks to all writers and presenters, to Michael Anderson for his meticulous design, and to Print Central for ensuring high quality reproduction at reasonable cost.

Calendars:

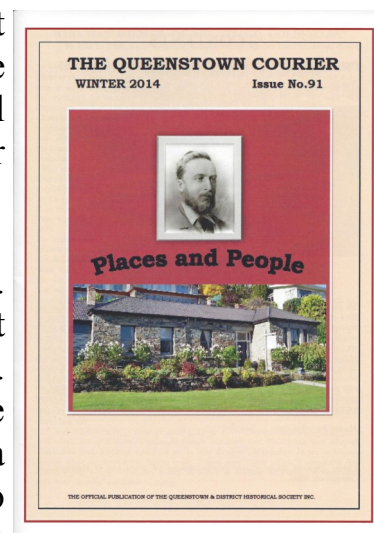
The change to 'THEN and NOW' theme proved very popular. The concept came from Graeme Hastie of Print Central who went on to support the project through the design and printing phases. 800 copies were sold, as we had hoped. The price was \$18. Some outlets kindly sold for us without a commission, and this made a huge difference to our profit which almost doubled from \$3,600 to \$7,000, justifying the additional work required for a more complex publication. We're grateful to all the sellers for their support.

The 2015 calendar continues the theme. The launch was attended by about 60 people who enjoyed the lively talks from all the speakers.

Smartphone App:

This is History at Your Fingertips. Although only a small amount can be seen at a time on a small screen, the total is the equivalent of 120 A4 pages of text and over 200 photos. The free level gives a generous introduction to each of the 64 sites, and the entire package will cost \$15. That's a lot of history for much less than the cost of buying a book.

Anthony Mason initiated the project and has built the app structure and processes. Marion has compiled it from numerous sources with assistance from other people. The Community Trust of Southland, our major sponsor, has granted \$20,000, while the Museum's sponsorship is in the form of all the photos. Now we're looking for sponsors. The launch by the Mayor, Vanessa van Uden, will take place on 26 November. We're sure that the app will



give many more people, both locals and visitors, easy access to historical information as they make their way around the district.

Book:

Our collaboration with the Museum to publish a book on Macetown's history written by Tony Veitch has been delayed, but is now under way with Dr Jennie Coleman doing the copy -editing.

Community Involvement

As 150- and 100-year commemorations occur, our community is showing great interest. Our collaborations:

- The Lakes District Museum is vital to us. Jocelyn Robertson continues to serve as our representative on the Board, and we have made a donation towards a new data-projector. We acknowledge with admiration David Clarke's 25 years as director, and his constant helpfulness to the Society.
- Arrowtown Autumn Festival : Our 'People from Our Past' presentations attracted 130 visitors and members.
- Paradise Trust suffered a disastrous fire, and we have offered funding towards information panels to be placed where the homestead used to be.
- Wakatipu Heritage Trust is undertaking conservation work on the Arrowtown Gaol and we will support this in some way. It is helpful that Marion is on the Trust.
- We have offered seed-funding to the Queenstown Trail Trust for historical information panels beside the track at Lower Shotover near the old school site.
- We have offered QLDC a donation towards signage at the former Queenstown Library.

Communication with the Public

Website:

As word has spread that our archive of 90 *Courier* magazines is available on the internet, the website has become busy with students accessing the articles. At times usage has almost exceeded capacity, especially when student interns doing research for the Wakatipu Heritage Trust were at work last summer. It's good to know that the writing of so many past members is accessible in this way, and that information about our society and activities can be found by anyone anywhere.

Activities for Members from August 2013 to May 2014

- Launch of the 2014 Calendar
- Day trip to Clyde to admire the restoration of the Olivers complex and visit Dunstan House
- AGM, launch of the Summer *Courier*, and guest speaker Dr Jennie Coleman on shipboard diaries
- Annual Picnic at Laurel Bank with a jaunt in the Bryants' vintage bus
- Day trip by 4WD to Kawarau Station at Bannockburn and the Lower Nevis



Richard Anderson talks about Kawarau Station, Bannockburn

- Visit to the Queenstown Gardens to hear the history and see the notable trees and memorials

- Arrowtown Festival: 'People From Our Past' presentations.

Thanks to everyone who contributed to these activities.

Board

The Board consists of myself, Ralph Hanan, Jocelyn Robertson, Gavin Jack, Brian Bayley, Denise Heckler and Danny Knudson. We're rather surprised at ourselves for taking on the huge and unfamiliar project of making the app, and thank Anthony Mason for bringing it about. During the year Ben Saunders shifted to Auckland, and we thanked him for his contribution especially to the calendars over the previous three years.

Next year the Society will celebrate its 50th birthday. We look forward to another active year protecting and promoting our heritage today – for tomorrow.

Marion Borrell

Chairperson



Curiosity at Olivers in Clyde.
Photo: Catherine Ansell



At Lower Nevis



Picnic at Laurel Bank



Bicycle at Olivers. Photo: Catherine Ansell

QUEENSTOWN & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2008 INC.

**Statement of Receipts & Payments
for the year ended 30 September 2014**

	<u>NOTES</u>	<u>30 SEPT 2014</u>	<u>30 SEPT 2013</u>
TOTAL OPENING BANK BALANCE		<u>26,684.46</u>	<u>21,411.42</u>
PLUS RECEIPTS			
Activities Income		50.50	122.70
Project Income	1.	16,280.00	1,823.56
Membership Subscriptions		4,245.00	5,100.00
Donations		750.00	177.00
Other		541.00	314.50
Interest Received		811.35	598.57
Calendar Sales	2.	12,065.00	10,339.00
Total Receipts		<u>34,742.85</u>	<u>18,475.33</u>
LESS PAYMENTS			
Activities Expenses		364.77	258.80
Project Grants & Expenses	3.	18,500.00	115.90
Subscriptions		250.00	60.00
Printing & Stationery		50.00	17.70
Postal Expenses		939.63	577.56
Courier Magazine		2,506.75	4,955.58
Meeting Expenses		233.80	338.75
Sundry Expenses		851.62	972.96
Calendar Expenses		5,486.24	5,441.30
Miscellaneous Equipment		29.00	463.74
Total Payments		<u>29,211.81</u>	<u>13,202.29</u>
TOTAL CLOSING BANK BALANCE		<u><u>\$ 32,215.50</u></u>	<u><u>\$ 26,684.46</u></u>

REPRESENTED BY:	<u>30-Sep-13</u>	<u>Interest</u>	<u>Principal</u>	<u>30-Sep-14</u>
ASB Current Account	11,959.67	-	5,280.31	6,679.36
ASB Fast Saver Account	2,520.36	66.78		2,587.14
ASB Savings Plus Account	-	230.07	10,000.00	10,230.07
SBS Bank Term Deposit 7-1	6,121.12	261.21		6,382.33
SBS Bank Term Deposit 6-3	6,083.31	253.29		6,336.60
	<u>26,684.46</u>	<u>811.35</u>	<u>4,719.69</u>	<u>32,215.50</u>

These Financial Statements should be read in conjunction with the Notes to the Financial Statements and the Auditor's Statement.

NOTES TO THE FINANCIAL STATEMENTS

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTING POLICIES

- The Society is incorporated under the Incorporated Societies Act 1908.
- The Society is also registered as a charitable entity under the Charities Act 2005.
- This report is exclusively for the use of members of the Society.

GENERAL ACCOUNTING POLICIES

- The Society adopts a cash basis of accounting.
- There have been no changes in accounting policies.
- Accounting policies have been applied on a basis consistent with previous years.

PARTICULAR ACCOUNTING POLICIES

- The Society is not registered for Goods and Services Tax.
- As a registered charitable entity, the Society is exempt from Income Tax.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

1. Project Income

- Grant received from the Community Trust of Southland for the development of the Queenstown and District History app 16,000.00
 - Book sales 280.00
- 16,280.00

2. Calendar Sales

- 2014 Calendar 9,153.00
 - 2015 Calendar 2,912.00
- 12,065.00

3. Project Grants & Expenses

Principal Grants paid by the Society during the year were:

- Costs to date for the development of the Queenstown and District History app with funding from the CTOS 16,000.00
 - Contribution towards new data-projector for the Lakes District Museum 2,500.00
- 18,500.00

In addition, commitments to the following projects have been made:

- To Queenstown Trails Trust for historical signage 2,000
 - To Queenstown Lakes District Council for signage at the old Queenstown Library 2,000
 - 50% contribution towards the printing costs of a book on Macetown, in partnership with the Lakes District Museum, approx 6,000
 - To the Paradise Trust for signage 1,000
 - Final instalment for the development of the History app with funding to come from CTOS 4,000
- 15,000

QUEENSTOWN & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Statement of Receipts & Payments
For the year ended 30th September 2014

AUDITOR'S STATEMENT

I have examined the financial records of the Society which in my opinion have been properly kept. I have obtained all the information and explanations I required. In common with other similar organizations, control over income and sundry donations prior to its being recorded is limited, and there is no practical audit procedures to determine the effect of this limited control. In my opinion the financial statements presented above give a true and fair view of the financial activities of the Queenstown and District Historical Society Incorporated for the year ended 30 September 2014.


A L Welsh BCom Dip Ed CA

Creating the Exhibition

By Angela English

Leading up to the centenary of World War One, David Clarke and I discussed a variety of ideas to commemorate the event in exhibition form at the Lakes District Museum. *WWI & the Wakatipu: Lest We Forget* is the result.

Both David and I had no shortage of ideas – our only constraints money, time and physical possibility. Luckily for us, the Lotteries Board WWI Commemoration Fund, Central Lakes Trust, Community Trust of Southland and Arrowtown Village Association helped us overcome the funding obstacle.

Incorporating the iconic interactive elements which our exhibitions are renowned for, the exhibition is entered through a recruiting office, while further around visitors can tread along duckboards and peer through a periscope.

The exhibition brings to life the reality of the sacrifice, especially the loss of sons who remain buried on foreign soils. Examples are the widowed Mrs Cable who fought desperately to keep her two youngest sons at home having lost her two eldest to Gallipoli; the MacKenzies who did not receive confirmation of their son's fate for months; Margaret McDonald's haunting retelling of her brother's (David Cockburn) evacuation from the Western Front, and George Salmond's regular diary entries until his death at Passchendaele.

Uncovering the stories of our local service people would never be possible without the help of their families. Their generosity in sharing personal stories and mementoes has provided a sense of depth to the exhibition that would otherwise be lacking. David and I hope this interpretation of the stories of World War One repays the kindness we have been shown.

Queenstown & District Historical Society 2008 Incorporated

Our Heritage Today - For Tomorrow

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Honorary Solicitor: Graeme Todd

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Individual or Family Membership: \$25 a year

Corporate Membership: \$50 a year

Life Membership: \$250

The Queenstown Courier is posted to members.

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www.queenstownhistoricalsociety.org.nz