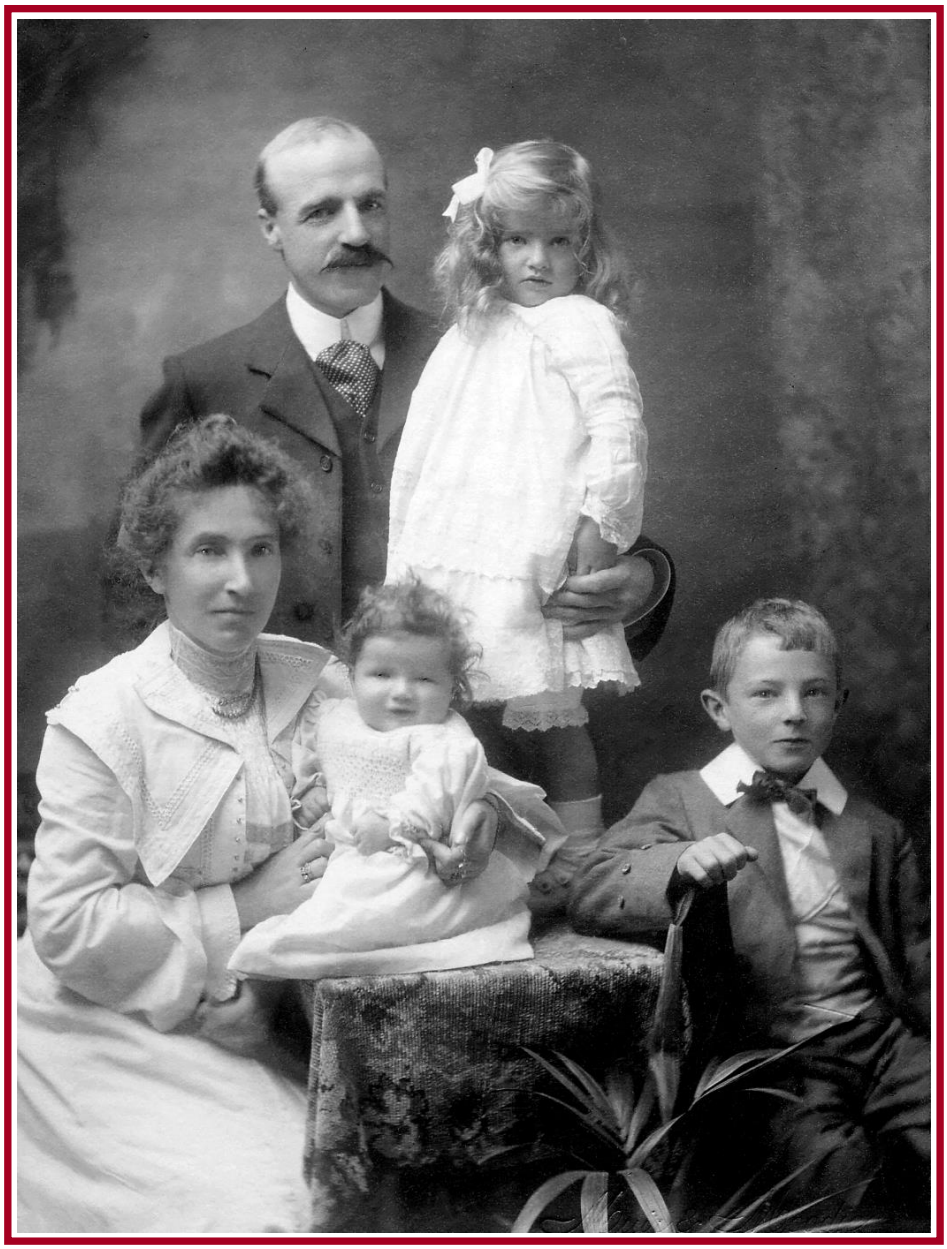
THE QUEENSTOWN COURIER

WINTER 2023 Issue No.109



Mrs Isabella and Dr John Bell Thomson with baby Jim, Peggie and Jack in 1904

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A Salute to Dedicated Owners of Historic Properties

People who strive to maintain or restore their heritage buildings deserve our encouragement and gratitude. Such projects can be time-consuming and costly. When opportunities arise, the Historical Society Board writes submissions in support of Resource Consent Applications, other legal processes and applications for funding.

A notable example occurred in July 2022 when Noel and Carolyn Beggs, having completed their renovations and restorations of the Arrow Doctor's Residence, applied to have it listed with Heritage NZ Pouhere Taonga.

The Board's letter of support emphasises the social significance of the house, as it is all that remains of the Arrow District Hospital. Its status as the doctor's residence and its prominent position beside the road to Arrowtown contribute to its significance.

Ed Elliott, who is an architect as well as a Board member, also wrote in support, describing the house's architectural significance. He noted the remarkably intact original materials and quality features. The well-preserved villa-style frontage added in 1903-5 is important because few such villas were built in this district.

We congratulate Noel and Carolyn on their accomplishment, and hope that the house will grace the roadside for many more decades.

The first three articles in this magazine celebrate the house and its occupants.

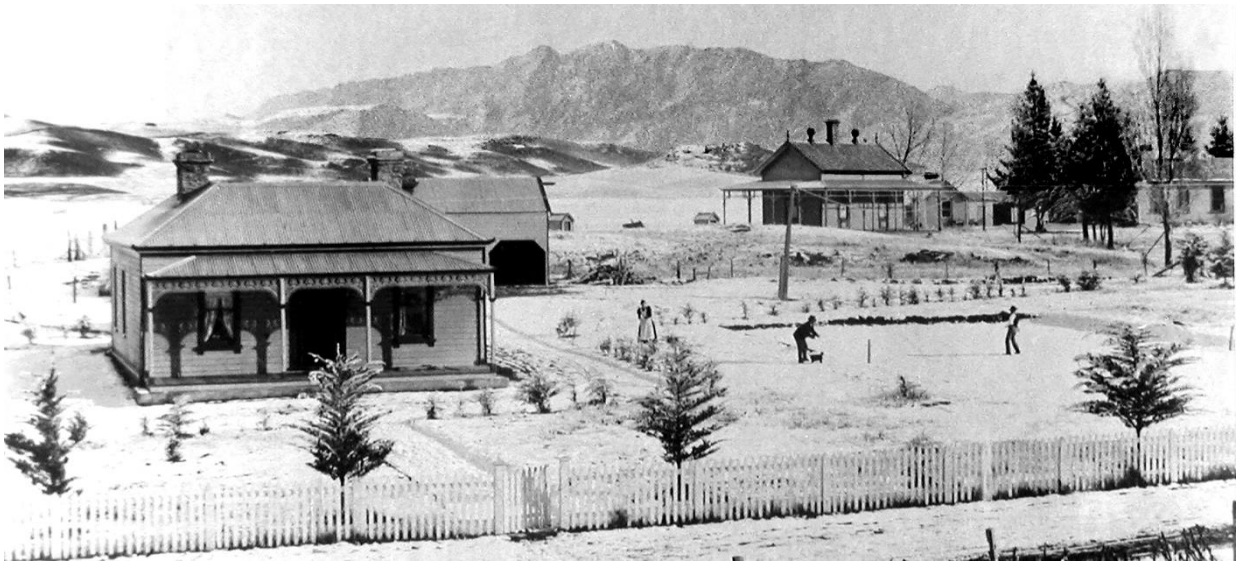
Marion Borrell - editor

The History of the Arrow Doctor's Residence built in 1895

Compiled by Marion Borrell

Less than a year after the discovery of gold in the Arrow, the first Lakes District Hospital was opened at Frankton. However, by 1878 the residents of Arrowtown felt the need for their own hospital which would be closer to the major goldmining areas of Macetown, Skippers and Cardrona. A committee was set up to establish one, and a great community effort ensued. The land was donated by farmer Thomas McDonnell; funds were raised including from balls held in the billiard room of the New Orleans Hotel; annual subscriptions were collected; and the Arrow Borough Council contributed £50. The Arrow District Hospital opened on New Year's Day in 1880. (*Courier 89*, 2013, p.3)

The doctors in charge continued to live in Arrowtown two kilometres away. This was inconvenient for them and for the hospital staff and patients, and in 1894 the Arrow Hospital Committee decided to build a residence near the hospital. The community rallied to the cause once again, for example through a Christmas bazaar. The Southland Hospitals and Charitable Aid Board contributed.



The house as originally built. The woman is sweeping while men and a dog play in the snow c.1898. *(LDM EL4665)*

In his Archaeological Assessment prepared for the owners Noel and Carolyn Beggs in 2016, Benjamin Teele, records that the house was designed by the architect James Hislop of Dunedin and was constructed by Robert Lawton for £350. It was completed August 1895. Dr John Bell Thomson moved in as soon as it was completed. The stable was added the following year.

Dr Thomson's son (also named John Bell Thomson) recorded in his article 'Arrow Hospital History' in the *Mountain Scene*, July 1975:

'In the beginning there were only four main rooms and, at the rear, a bedroom for my mother's cook and companion-help (who was regarded as one of the family), a big kitchen equipped with a coal range which had a hot water compartment on the left-hand side, a bathroom and a dispensary. In the main my father did his own dispensing. An

important step forward in the provision of extra accommodation was taken [in 1905, architect C.H. Roberts] when two new rooms wider in frontage were added, and it is these which now stand out most prominently in the eye of the passing motorist. … Various outhouses serving both the hospital and the doctor's residence helped to give the impression of a self-contained colony which, in modern parlance, could perhaps be called a complex. … We of the family, members of the hospital staff and visitors had the benefit of community recreation on a chipped clay tennis court at the side of the house nearest Arrowtown.'

For more about the Thomson family's time in Arrowtown, see the separate article.

The house with new front rooms *(LDM EL4482)*

Several months after the Thomsons left in 1914, the hospital was closed. The house then became a private residence owned by the Arrowtown Borough Council.

In the early 1920s Dr William B.O. Ferguson rented the house and ran his GP practice there. In 1932 he bought it from the Arrowtown Borough Council. His grandson, Jim Childerstone, in an article in the *Queenstown Courier 67*, 2001 entitled 'Strange Happenings up at the Arrow' writes: 'By 1955 Grandpa lost his driving licence. He was 90 years old but still insisted on visiting his few remaining patients. They were all nearly as old as he was …. Although getting a bit tottery, he still managed to get around his patients until 1960. A year later he died.' His wife had died in 1950, but their companion, Justine Waldmann continued to live in the house until her death in 1967. The Fergusons' daughter Mary Childerstone then sold it for around $7,000 to a Wellington-based film director, who rented it to the crew involved with producing (NZ television series) *Hunter's Gold.'*

After that, various owners and occupiers lived in the house. When I (editor) visited in 1972 it was vacant and woebegone, containing only rubbish and the debris of starlings and their nests that had fallen down the chimneys.

Later in the 1970s it was rented to a group some of whom were boatbuilders from Nova Scotia involved with the building of the Coronet Peak Ski-field base buildings. Locals

are rumoured to have called the property ‘The Hippie House’ during this period. The man on the far right later married Fran O’Connor’s sister.

Subsequent owners made various renovations, whilst maintaining the external style. Local artist Graham Brinsley when he owned the property erected a small art studio to the rear of the section, subsequently altered to a self-contained cottage which remains.

The current owners, Noel and Carolyn Beggs, explain in the next article how they are preserving this significant house.

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Dr John Bell Thomson and Family in Arrowtown 1894 to 1914

Mainly by Patricia Rainey, his granddaughter, in her book *John Bell Thomson, M.B.Ch.M – a Tribute, 2003*

Background by Rita Teele and Rupert Iles in *Courier 89*, 2013, p.9

Doctor John Bell Thomson was born in Dunedin, educated at Otago Boys' High School and studied at Otago Medical School. He completed his surgical studies at the medical school in Edinburgh. In his classes John Thomson was seated next to a Thomas Thomson (no relation) who befriended him. Having been taken to his friend's house, John met and fell in love with Thomas's sister, Isabella. She made the long journey to New Zealand where she was married to John in his family home in Dunedin on 29 September 1894. Isabella Thomson had only to add Mrs to her name.

When they married, John (known as Jack) had just been appointed superintendent of the Arrowtown Hospital and they became the first occupants of the Doctor's Residence, staying for 21 busy years.

Excerpts from Patricia Rainey's book

We have no record of the date of their first child's birth. Unfortunately, the baby, Margaret Cameron Bell Thomson, died soon after birth, which must have been a great sadness for them.

However, the young people threw themselves heart and soul into the life of the district, joining the Presbyterian Church and the Arrow Glee Club (choir). Isabella had a fine contralto voice and helped the local minister to organise musical evenings and concerts, where she also played the piano. Jack wrote and performed 'skits' for social evenings and had 'a good patter for Gilbert and Sullivan verses.'

Although both were Presbyterians, because Arrowtown had a preponderance of Catholic families, Isabella and Jack alternated between the churches, which must have endeared them to the parishioners. On Saturdays there would be sport of some kind for Jack. Although they were busy days for a doctor who travelled by horse, he mapped out and developed the first golf course in Arrowtown and also inaugurated the first bowling club. Every summer he played cricket, and much use was made of the tennis court between the house and the hospital.

On 3 April 1897 a son was born named John Bell Thomson, also called Jack. Because I now have two Jacks in this narrative, to save the reader confusion, I refer to Dr Thomson by his given name John – who knows, Isabella may have preferred the more formal 'John'.

When Jack was two in 1900, Isabella and John went 'home' to Edinburgh, presumably to show their son to relatives, but also to participate in London's summer festivities of 'The Season'. These included concerts and recitals, the Diamond Jubilee Derby at Epsom Race Course, Eton College and the Royal Opera performing *Tannhauser*. John went to Lords and other grounds to attend cricket matches. They returned home after

about eight months away. It had been a good year, with plenty of fun, but I wonder how did Isabella settle back in Arrowtown?

Isobel Margaret Bell Thomson (known as Peggie), was born in Arrowtown in August 1901. A second son, James Cameron Bell Thomson (Jim), was born in 1904, completing the family. The children were christened in the Presbyterian church and young Jack recalled later 'we were probably the only Presbyterian children with Catholic godparents.'

(LDM EP0266)

<u>Of Horses, Cars and a Very Long Walk</u>

Dulcie and the doctor with the gig *(LDM EP2843)*

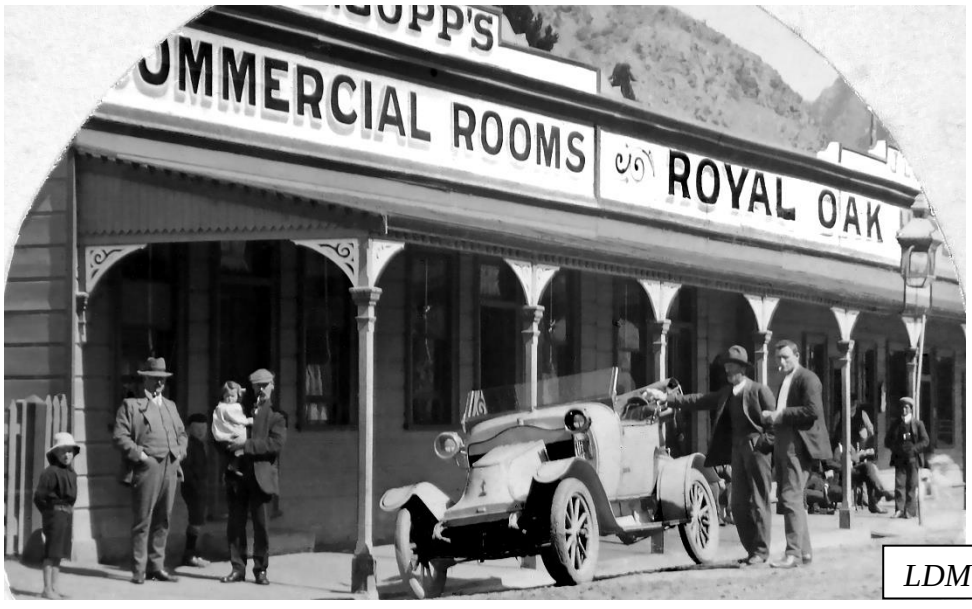
Dulcie, the family mare, was pure white, about 15-16 hands and a bit of a clown. She could put on a hang-dog look when attached to the buggy instead of the gig which she preferred. Dulcie served Dr John well and faithfully, taking him on calls at all times and in all weathers. Sometimes at night while returning from attending to patients, the weary doctor fell asleep while Dulcie plodded on reinless and delivered him safely home.

One particularly bad winter's day when the snow was too thick for the horse, the doctor had an urgent call to Skippers where a miner had suffered an accident. So he walked, carrying his medical bag. The 20-mile walk to Skippers and back is well recorded in the history of Arrowtown and has become a legend in the family too. It is an example of the dedication of the doctor to the welfare of his patients.

Wakatipu Mounted Rifles officers c.1908. John standing second from right. *(LDM EP0113)*

Dulcie accompanied John to the annual camps of the Wakatipu Mounted Rifles of which he was surgeon-captain. In 1901 the Mounted Rifles were invited to Dunedin to form part of the bodyguard welcoming the Duke of York (later George V). Dulcie and Dr Thomson were to be part of that parade, but in Dunedin, Dulcie 'did a runner' overnight and could not be found in time - a big disappointment to John. She was always very much loved by the family and the community, and was finally retired to graze her last days in peace.'

Pending permission to own a motorcar, on his rounds our grandfather decided to ride a bicycle over short distances and hired a driver from the Royal Oak Hotel to take him further afield by car. In 1912 he obtained a licence for the first private car in the county, number plate 'L.K.1'. It was a 30-horsepower E.M.F. [Everett Metzger Flanders], an early Studebaker. An open tourer, it had an adjustable hood and for those days was very streamlined, with some pinstriping on the sides. The appearance and noise from the doctor's car as he drove along the main street were such that the hotel bars were temporarily deserted.



LDM EL1545

Jack recalls in his article 'Motordom comes to the Lakes District':
'My father was no mechanic. He had been a horse-and-gig doctor for twenty years and showed no aptitude for coping with the change. The E.M.F. could not replace Dulcie, and often broke down, leaving him stranded. Time and again it had to be towed to the local coachbuilder and blacksmith who did his best to keep it on the road. During my first years at Otago Boys' High School, it was customary to put me aboard Jopp's horse-drawn coach at 6am to catch the Kingston-bound lake steamer from the Queenstown wharf, [but once he owned a car] my father decided to take me over the Arthur's Point Road in the E.M.F. Twice we missed the boat – once through a delay in replacing a wheel on account of a bad puncture, and once through my father's inability to negotiate a rather steep pinch short of the Arthur's Point Bridge. The fitting of chains on a greasy surface took two poor mechanics so long that we missed the boat again.'

Lake County Cricket

Cricket proved to be a big part of the doctor's recreational life and gave him the opportunity to play competitively into his thirties. Once settled in Arrowtown, it was not long before John was playing again. The *Lake County Press* wrote: 'After a period of several years, cricket has revived. A number of enthusiasts in the grand old game got together a team designated the Arrow Wanderers.' It is tempting to think that the new doctor was at least involved, if not the prime mover, as in a game against Queenstown he was captain. The newspaper continued, 'It was thought that, without practice, they would make a very poor showing, but, contrary to expectations, they put up good scores and the match resulted in a win for Arrow by 73 runs on the first innings. The captain's scores were 3 in the first and 59 in the second innings.'

Games were played against Queenstown, Skippers and Macetown as well as festival games against club sides from Dunedin and Invercargill. The regular Easter games at Carisbrook, in which John's younger brother George played for the opposition, were highlights of the season. The team also played for the Southland Associations Cup, which meant long days of travelling and playing. The Arrowtown doctor must have impressed the Southland selectors as he played for Southland against Otago in 1900 and 1902, and in 1903 against an English touring side.

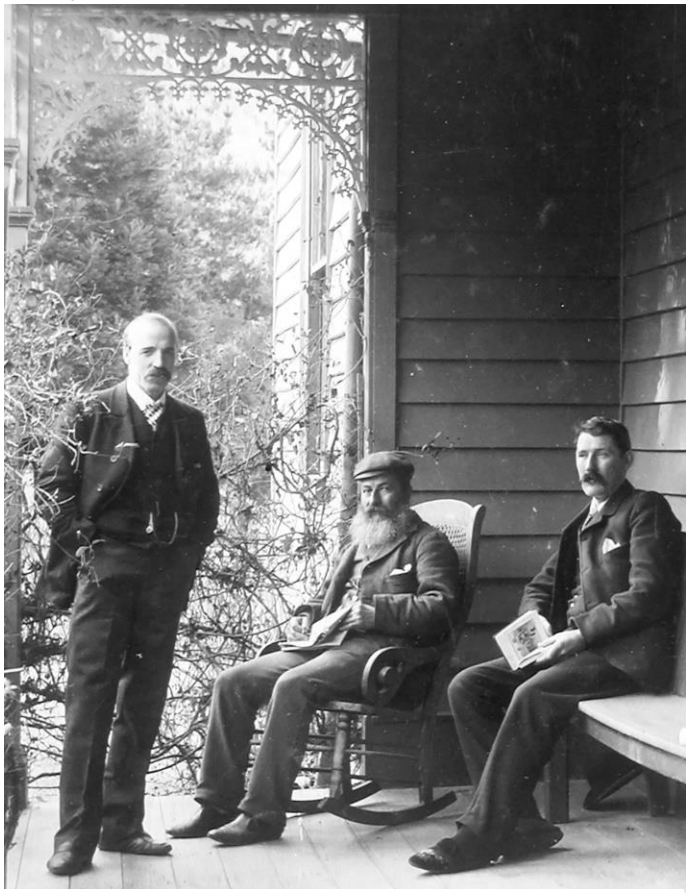
Last Years

From about 1906 John started to have health problems and he travelled to Rotorua to 'take the waters', sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by two Arrowtown companions. In 1908 he took a trip to the South Seas. During this long mid-winter trip. Isabella took the children to Dunedin to stay with 'Grannie' Thomson.

John's writing skills did not diminish. He contributed tennis and cricket notes to the local newspaper and essays by D.O.N.T. for 'The Wranglers' of Arrowtown. Light-hearted ditties came easily, as in this, for his little girl Peggie, about 1910:

There was a young girl of the Arrow
Who wheeled the cat in a barrow.
It gave her some fleas
And she now gets no ease,
But scratches herself like a sparrow.

Young Jack's memories of his childhood in Arrowtown were vivid and fond and are well documented in his autobiography, *Words of passage, a journalist looks back*. There was a dinghy beside Lake Hayes which his father used to take out to catch trout, sometimes with Jack. One day he bet sixpence that Jack couldn't catch 50 trout in one day, so Jack took the boat out and fished the whole day until dark. Try as he may, he could catch only 49 trout, but he recalled with a smile that he collected the sixpence. (*Only* 49 trout!)



Dr John Bell Thomson on the hospital verandah with patients. *(LDM EP2840)*

After a time, John's health began to fail. He tired quickly, lost weight and suffered pain. In 1914, he accepted a post as Medical Inspector of Schools in Auckland, perhaps in the hope that a warmer climate would help him recover.

It was with great sadness and heartfelt appreciation that the district farewelled the family with a 'Valedictory Social and Presentations' in July after 21 years.

The event was thoroughly reported in the *Lake County Press* of 9 July 1914: The grateful Hospital Board gave John 'a well-filled purse of sovereigns and a gold albert watch chain' with an illuminated testimonial to follow, and Isabella 'a handsome gold muff chain.' The Hospital staff presented 'a gold sovereign case, suitably inscribed, and a gold-mounted lady's satchel.' John responded that 'he could say without reservation that he had received nothing but kindness and consideration at the hands of the people of the district. He thanked them sincerely for the kind references they had made to Mrs Thomson, who had come direct from Edinburgh to Arrow but had soon made many friends. He would carry away many pleasant recollections of the happy days he had spent with the people of the Wakatipu. Both he and Mrs Thomson felt keenly their departure and saying good-bye to so many good and kind friends.'

The family moved to Takapuna but the doctor's health did not improve. He resigned his post and they all returned to Dunedin to the family home. Jack recalls, 'My father died suddenly at home on February 20, 1915 and there would be no point in stressing the severity of the blow. He was 46.'

At the end of the war, Isabella with daughter Peggie and younger son James left New Zealand to live in Edinburgh. Isabella died in 1947.

We thank Patricia Rainey, for permission to publish excerpts from her book, and the Lakes District Museum for the use of the photos.

The Arrow Doctor's House: Changes under the Current Owners

By Noel and Carolyn Beggs

We purchased the property in 2008. We had always had a soft spot for the house from our younger years holidaying in the area, often admiring its impressive frontage. We were unaware of the property's history at that time.

Initially we rented the house out to a local builder and his family. They were ideal tenants who undertook maintenance as required, including the installation of insulation in the previously uninsulated bedroom walls.

We moved up to Arrowtown from Southland in 2013 and deliberately lived in the house unchanged to 'get the feel for it' for a year. It was quite easy to see the various alterations that had been undertaken over the years and estimate what period these occurred, for example the internal double brick archways gave a definite 1980s vibe.

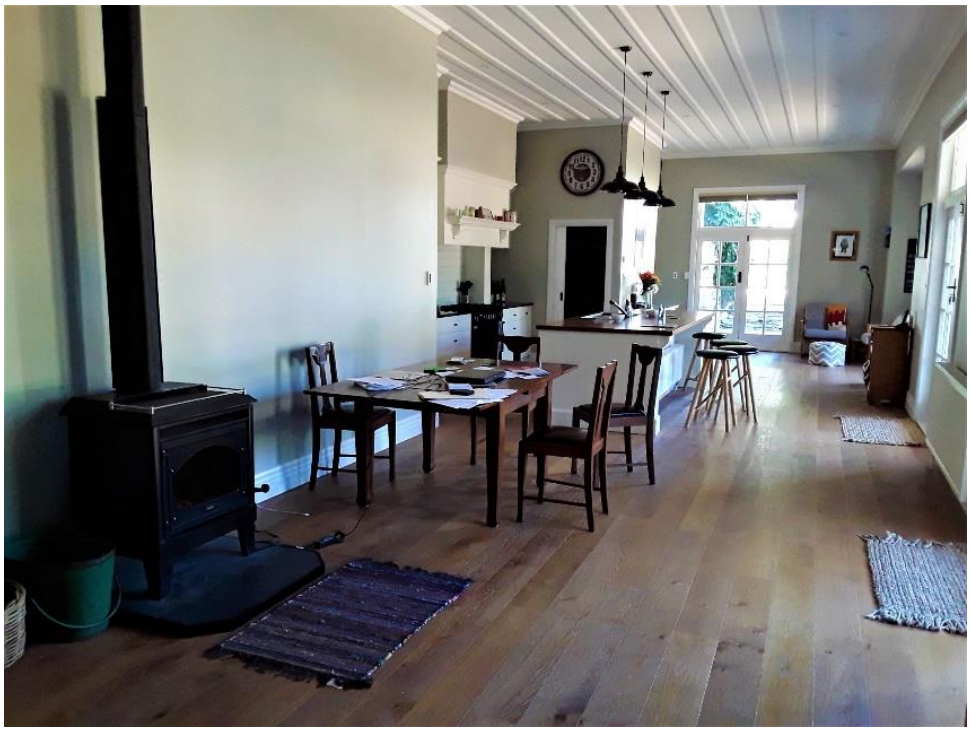
During 2014, a major refurbishment occurred including:

- Kitchen, dining and lounge area opened to be open-plan. Previous alterations had already partially removed walls and doors.
- Kitchen full upgrade in new location.
- Underfloor insulation installed, ceiling insulation upgraded and/or supplemented.
- All windows retrofitted with double-glazing, and sash window mechanisms overhauled.
- All French doors replaced with new replicated double-glazed units.
- Full central heating system upgraded and multi-zoned for efficiency.
- Repainting internally, including refreshing of original fireplaces and surrounds in bedrooms.

The living-room before,

during

and after alterations



Noteworthy parts of the work included:

- Our highly skilled, old-school, perfectionist builder who travelled up from Southland each week.
- As he was a sole operator, both of us assisted fully on the project, which gave us a much-appreciated sense of ownership in the changes.
- Probably the hardest parts to locate were window weights for the sash windows. Many house demolition yards we scoured told us that most were now boat ballast, crayfish pot ballast or used for holding decoy ducks in ponds!
- The lounge and bedrooms retain their original ceilings. Luckily, our joiner still had old machine blades to replicate ceiling batons for the living area.
- Uncovering an original patch of wallpaper beneath subsequently installed layers.

- No other notable antiquities were found, although a note left behind a fireplace by a more recent owner's children (1980s) was uncovered and returned to the family.

- The refurbishment has made a huge difference to the liveability of the house, particularly during the winter. Original flooring remains in the bedrooms, but because of the mixed nature of the original flooring in the living areas (due to early additions to the house), we have covered this with engineered timber flooring.

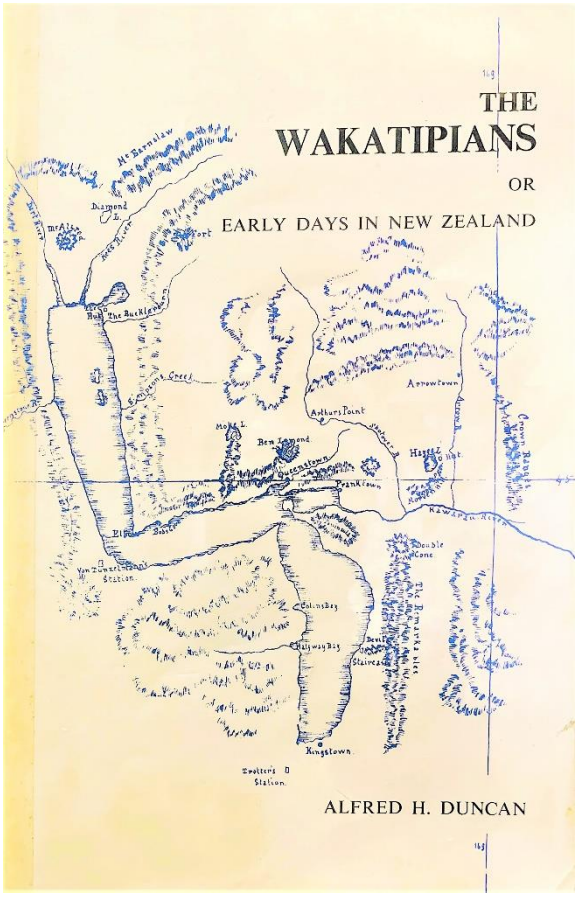
Since that restoration/renovation work was completed, we have externally repainted the house, partially restored the original hospital stables on the property, removed large trees on road frontage and erected a replacement picket fence in keeping with the style of the house. A new garage has been erected, styled to match and utilising salvaged windows and a door retained from the house.

As the current custodians we have recently applied to Heritage NZ Pouhere Taonga to have the property placed on the Category 2 heritage list. Although not giving protection as such, if achieved, a listing would give recognition to the history and hopefully give future owners 'pause for thought' before making drastic alterations to the property. The overall property is already on the QLDC heritage list. A decision is expected to be received from Heritage NZ Pouhere Taonga in mid-2023. We are grateful to the Queenstown and District Historical Society for their written support in this process.

Although the house is rumoured to have a ghost, we are undecided but do have our suspicions. Being partial to the odd spirit, it doesn't overly concern us should we hear bumps in the night.

January 2023

Alfred H. Duncan – Cadet Shepherd and Chronicler



Thanks to Alfred Duncan's letters and notes from which he later wrote *The Wakatipians*, we have a first-hand account of life on William Rees's extensive sheep station from the time the first sheep arrived in late January 1861, and spanning the gold discoveries and rush. In his introduction he explains, 'This is not intended to be a history of the rise and progress of the district, but simply a short account of the wild rough life we pioneers had to lead in the early days…. I have closed my narrative when, gold having been discovered, the district had become overrun with diggers and the old Wakatipians lost their identity in the crowd of fortune-hunters.' The book is a priceless record. Unfortunately, it is currently out of print.

Alfred Henry Duncan was born in 1842 in Aberdeen. His father John owned a farm named 'Bucklerburn'. He was an advocate (barrister) and businessman, being chairman of the Caledonian Railway Company and later of the Great North of Scotland Railway Company. He was also an early member of the breakaway Free Church of Scotland, from which came the founders of the Otago Settlement.

Alfred's brother Francis became a colonel in the Royal Artillery and on his retirement an MP. Another brother, John, emigrated to NZ in 1880 and lived in Wellington working in business.

Alfred wished to become a farmer, and did so by doing his apprenticeship, so to speak, as a cadet shepherd in New Zealand working with merinos. He came with a letter of introduction to William Rees which suggests that his family knew people known to Rees.

As a cadet he paid 10 shillings per week for the privilege of being trained and for his keep. He must have impressed his employer, as he was given responsibility from an early stage and thereafter.

He arrived first in Lyttelton in March 1860, then on to Dunedin where he met Rees and was promptly engaged to tend the sheep as they arrived from Australia and bring them from near Palmerston to Lake Wakatipu. This was a journey of about six weeks via what is now known as the Pigroot to the Maniatoto Plains then over the Raggedy Range to the Clutha near present-day Clyde. The Kawarau Gorge presented an insurmountable challenge and they did not succeed in finding a route through. Duncan himself reconnoitred up the south side as far as the Nevis River before turning back. After he

narrowly escaped drowning, they spent Christmas Day in the water for 16 hours as they swam the sheep back across the river. From there they turned north and approached the Wakatipu via the Cardrona Valley. Duncan writes that by the time they reached Rees's station at Queenstown Bay the sheep could swim as well as retriever dogs.

Shortly afterwards Duncan and George Simpson were given the task of taking sheep to the Head of the Lake to stock Run 346 so that Rees could secure the leasehold. Some of their experiences, along with a romance Duncan wrote later drawing on his time there, are told in the monologue that follows this article.

After their return from the Head of the Lake at the end of 1861, both Duncan and Simpson set off for Dunedin, seeking, one would guess, some R&R after their privations. Duncan then went to Invercargill looking for work. There he met Rees who easily persuaded him to return to the beauties of the Wakatipu. Simpson also returned.

During his remaining time in the district, Duncan worked in several locations on the run and in Northern Southland as Rees brought in more sheep. In the process he met people who were notable early goldminers including William Fox and others who made their way to the Arrow. On a trip south to Nokomai to find men to help at the shearing, he hired Thomas Arthur and Harry Redfern, who went on to discover gold at Arthurs Point and start the Shotover rush. Duncan himself lamented the way the peace of the district was shattered by the goldrush. He left the district in about 1863 and returned to England, but came out again briefly in 1868. He met Mr and Mrs Rees on the banks of the Waitaki where they agreed that life in the Wakatipu district before the goldrush was far preferable to the way it became.

<u>Duncan's admiration for Māori</u>

This is clear in both his book and the romance. It stems in part from the colonists' inability to provide for themselves. Duncan and Simpson were dependent on supplies coming by boat, and became malnourished when one delivery of flour proved to be musty and unfit to eat. He later encountered early gold-hunters at Nokomai and Lake Hayes who were starving and so desperate for any food that one man grabbed uncooked bread dough by the handful. Duncan realised that, by contrast the Māori could live off the land.

When Jack Tewa (who Duncan also calls 'Maori Jack') arrived at the Head of the Lake with a companion saying that they were looking for gold, they stayed at the hut for some weeks. Duncan must have asked many questions and learnt all he could. Later, when he and some other men had to sleep out near the Devils Staircase in dreadful weather, he tried (unsuccessfully) to catch weka using a method Tewa had shown him.

When eight Māori shearers came to the Head of the Lake, Duncan was impressed by their skills and hard work, and fascinated by the nightly concerts they put on, including haka. He was keen to learn the language, customs and recent history, as his fictional writing in the next article demonstrates.

Jack Tewa was employed by Rees as a station hand. In the winter of 1862, he saved the life of James Mitchell in a boating accident on the lake. Shortly afterwards he found gold in the Arrow River, but apparently didn't wish to exploit the find himself.

For a brief account of the lake rescue and his life after that, see *Queenstown Courier Issue 105* 2021, pp.4-10

Duncan considered Tewa a great friend, and recounts meeting him for the final time by chance in Queenstown in 1865. Tewa begged him to take him back to England as he wanted to meet the queen. This was impossible and, 'wringing his big powerful hand, I left him standing in the middle of Rees Street, the tears running down his handsome face.' Perhaps the romance 'Paradise and the Māori' is in part a tribute to Jack Tewa.

Alfred Duncan left New Zealand and made his way back to Scotland visiting family members in Australia and Ceylon on the way. Records of his life after that have not yet been located and we would welcome any information. He married Eliza Barbara Jamieson, and it appears that he settled down to a farming life near Aberdeen. The fact that he later wrote *The Wakatipians* and *Paradise and the Maori* shows that he maintained vivid memories and strong emotions about his youthful sojourn in New Zealand. He died at Montruy, Longside near Aberdeen in 1922 aged 80.

Alfred Duncan with his favourite pony on his Aberdeenshire estate *(Lakes District Museum EP0413)*

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Paradise and the Maori

By Alfred H. Duncan

Abridged and adapted for the 'People From Our Past' event, April 2023

Introduction by Marion Borrell

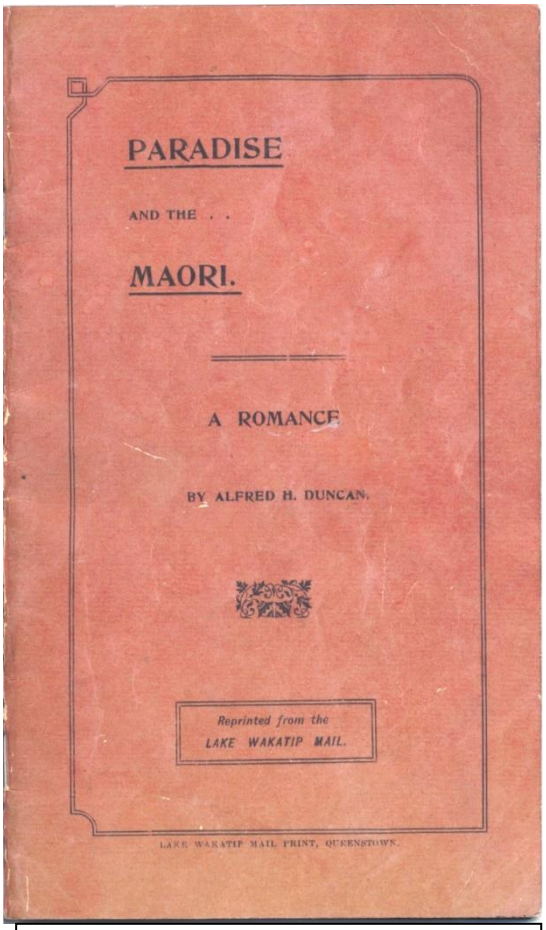
Usually we aim to present historical facts, but this article includes a fictitious story.

In 1900, twelve years after *The Wakatipians* was published, Alfred Duncan sent a romantic story to the Invercargill newspaper, the *Southern Cross.* It was also published in the *Lake Wakatip Mail* 30 October 1903 and later as this small book. We don't know whether he wrote it when he was young or as an older man.

You may wonder what historical value this piece of fiction can have for us now? Quite a lot, I think.

It reveals the way of life of the first two Europeans who lived at the head of the lake, and the effects of their isolation on Alfred Duncan; and the story itself arises from the realisation that Māori had lived there recently.

You can look for the clues that the story is fictitious.



Cover photo courtesy of Paul Hansen

Monologue for Alfred Duncan

Tena koe, good day to you.
Thank-you for inviting me to return to the Arrow. I was last here in 1868 before I returned home to Aberdeenshire.

I came to NZ in 1860 in order to learn more about sheep-farming. Which I certainly did. It was a baptism of fire, as they say, especially bringing the first flock of sheep for Mr Rees from near Palmerston to the shores of Lake Wakatipu.

Once we had delivered the sheep to Queenstown Bay, some of them had to be taken on to the Head of the Lake. I was chosen for this task, along with another 19-year-old cadet, George Simpson.

This we did. Once a sod hut had been was completed, the boatman and the shepherd who had assisted us in driving the sheep by land bade us farewell. Here in this vast, grand, and utterly uninhabited country we were left to lead a life at once monotonous and uninteresting. George and I took it by turns each day to look after the sheep or to remain at the hut doing household duties and trying to find something to do to fill in the time. The only break in the dull routine was the arrival of the boat at the end of every

six weeks bringing us a fresh supply of provisions and any letters and papers addressed to us. Our lives were uneventful and lonely, and we were tormented day and night by a plague of rats which even strove to rob us of our scalps in the night by pulling at our hair.

As time rolled on the weariness of our existence began to affect each of us in a different manner. My colleague took to smoking heavily. With me it was different; the grandeur of the scenery and the solitary days spent by myself on the ranges drove me to day-dreaming and building castles in the air of a most improbable kind, I even broke forth in poetry of a despairing and highly sentimental order.

When we explored the area we found evidence of Maori habitation in the form of nets, baskets, spears and clubs. Also, there were ashes betokening a somewhat recent camp.

From the story

Some months after we had taken up our residence there, it so happened that one day after I had satisfied myself that the sheep were all right, I seated myself on the top of a hill at the source of the Buckler Burn and gazed with pleasure on the lovely landscape spread out at my feet where lay Diamond Lake in the centre of a plain of brightest green, a veritable diamond in a setting of emeralds. I sprang to my feet and started down the hill at my best pace and across to the lake. Here I seated myself on the grassy bank in the shade of a large matagouri bush, and gave myself up to the contemplation of a scene that I had never seen equalled in any part of the world that I have since visited. The water, as smooth as glass, reflected the glacier peaks of mighty Mount Earnslaw, the dark, beech-clothed side of Mt Alfred (named after me), and the clusters of cabbage palms. The silence was only broken by the sounds of birds and sheep.

I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of a softly-modulated girlish voice – *Tena koe, Pakeha.*

I turned and beheld what was certainly the most lovely Maori girl that I had ever seen. I replied to her greeting: *Tena koe, Maori*.

She then addressed me in excellent English, asking me whence I had come and what purpose had brought me to Wakatipu. Having answered her questions, I asked her to tell me her story and to say how it came about that, although I had been living there for many months, I had never seen her before.

Seating herself on the ground near me, she clasped her hands around her knees and proceeded to tell her own story. She explained that her parents belonged to a North Island tribe. Her grandfather had been a great fighting chief, but his enemies had combined against him, and had defeated him. Only her father and mother had managed to escape. These two fugitives had lived for some years amongst the white people, and there there Ruahine was born. After some time, her father, Tewa, decided to move to a safer place away from people who recognised and taunted him.

And so it came to pass that, taking Arupiri, his wife, and the little Ruahine, he embarked in a vessel bound for Otago, where he took up his abode at the Maori kaik near Port Chalmers. There the exiles lived for some years cultivating a small piece of ground and fishing, while Ruahine went to the little school and learned to read and write English. Everything prospered with them, and their lives were happy.

But there came a day when several Maoris from the North Island arrived, and began to mock Tewa, telling the others at the village about the defeat of the tribe.

It was time to move on. The family departed, and after months of toilsome journeying westward, they came to the shores on the mighty Wakatipu. Here where the great rivers flow into the lake, they found an abundance of eels, fern root, ducks, and all that a Maori requires. They had been living here for several years, and during all that time Ruahine had seen no one except her parents. Pointing across Diamond Lake, she explained that they lived in a whare, hidden from view in a clump of ti-tree scrub beyond the plain at the foot of the great mountain range.

Before parting from her, I promised to return again the next day that I was tending the sheep. As I trudged back to the hut, I decided to keep secret from my comrade the presence of Maoris in that quarter, at any rate until I should see how my intimacy with them was likely to progress. Thereafter, every second day I hurried through the sheep, and then took a beeline towards the matagouri bush on the bank of Diamond Lake.

I cannot say how often Ruahine and I met, or how long this friendship, which was fast ripening into love, continued. I only know that my life was no longer monotonous, and time flew onwards far too quickly when we were together. She would tell legends of her ancestors, or sing to me the stirring waiatas of her tribe. In return, I would describe the places I had visited in the land of the Great White Queen.

On one occasion, I told her the names my people had given the places around us, and the reasons – the Earnslaw, the Dart and Rees rivers, Mount Alfred (named after me). Then she asked, 'But tell me, my Pakeha, by what name do you call this place where we are sitting now?'

'Paradise, my Ruahine,' I replied, as if by inspiration. 'Paradise, my Maori Princess, for every place must be that to me, when you are by my side.' And Paradise is the name it still has to this day.

On some days when I arrived at the Rees River on my way to our trysting place, I found that the stream was 'running a banker' after heavy rain. Ruahine would be standing on the opposite bank gesturing to me not to cross. But after a few days of disappointment, I would ford the river once again.

It was these forced separations that convinced me that I loved her, and I found that she felt the same about me. After that, the only tale we ever seemed inclined to tell each other was the old, old story of love which is always new.

But at times I would take a pessimistic view and would declare that happiness such as ours could not be expected to last. As turned out to be the case.

On returning to the hut one evening, I found that the boat had arrived bringing six Maori shearers and some of the station hands. What with building a temporary woolshed, mustering the flock, and assisting at the shearing, I was kept so busy that for over a week it was quite impossible for me to get away to visit Paradise. But no sooner had the boat sailed, than I set off for Diamond Lake, my heart bounding at the prospect of soon clasping Ruahine in my arms.

As I drew near the spot made sacred to our love, I saw no signs of my darling. On arriving on the bank, I found a flax-flower stalk stuck in the ground with a roll of paper-

like tissue fixed into a cleft on the top. It was a thin sheet of bark on which was written with a sharp stick or thorn, this letter:

Pakeha, my own one, farewell. We will never see each other again. Your fears have come true. Our happiness is now at an end, and the future looms darkly before me. My father has seen a large canoe bringing many Maoris to your whare, and recognised three of them as members of the tribe of our enemies. Therefore we will travel farther among the snow-clad peaks, where we may yet find peace and solitude. Before this letter reaches your hand, I will be far away. Yet, oh! My Pakeha, do not forget your Maori lass, and when you look on the tress of hair which I enclose, may it recall my image to you, and cause you to remember the happy days of our love. And when you look from your whare door and see the great white plumes of the toi-toi grass waving on top of the mountain that bears your name, try to imagine that it is your Ruahine sending you my last farewell.

I pressed the tress of hair to my lips, then I placed it in the inside pocket of my coat along with the letter. I was in despair and threw myself on the ground in a state of anguish. It seemed to me to be impossible for me to live without Ruahine. All sorts of mad resolves formed as I lay with my face buried in the grass. I stayed there for a long time, unable to muster the strength to move on.

At last, I arose and set off for home. Before I reached the hut, I wished to take another look at my treasured lock of hair. I put my hand in my pocket but found that both the hair and the letter were gone. They must have fallen out when I lay on the grass, but it was now too dark for me to retrace my steps.

Next day I retraced my steps to the matagouri bush of tender memories, but no sign could I see of my treasures. And what was stranger still, the flax stalk on which I had found them was no longer there, nor was there any indication of the place where it had been stuck in the ground.

I next went over to the clump of ti-tree in which Ruahine's whare stood, but again, no trace could I find.

What did it all mean? Had the monotony of the life I was leading driven me mad? Had Ruahine and all connected with her been merely a dream originating in my fevered imagination? I cannot say, but this I know, that it has been engraved on my memory as no other dream ever has been. And even now at times there comes over me a vision of those happy days, and I seem to be wandering once more in our own Paradise with Ruahine by my side.

When it was time for me to leave the northern end of Lake Wakatipu, as I sat in the boat my eye was arrested by the movement of the toi-toi grass on the top of Mt Alfred. I recalled Ruahine's words, and I fancied that the plumes might be her spirit signalling to me. I took off my cap and waved it in the air in token of our last farewell.

SPEARGRASS

SPEARGRASS

Growing up on a 1940s farm near Arrowtown New Zealand

Hilary Capper

Hilary Capper

Extracts selected by the Author

Hilary Capper née Clingin was born in 1942 and lived with her parents and sisters on the farm on Speargrass Flat Road adjacent to Hunter and Lower Shotover Roads, and attended Arrowtown School.

She has selected the extracts from her just-published memoir.

Up above the schist rocks

Here the long dried grass, untouched by our father's plough because of the steep and unstable terrain, made a hide for the wild cats that hunted for mice and rabbits. On occasions my siblings and I would surprise them as we climbed the hill, and see a blur of orange or black and white as they shot away in fright. The numerous rabbits would also dart away, as would lizards, caught sunning themselves on the warm protruding rocks. Once in a while we would stumble upon a skylark nestled in the grass. Immediately it would shoot high into the sky, twittering out its warning call and fluttering its wings the higher it went. The odd weasel or stoat could be seen as it ran for cover.

An occasional Spaniard grass (a larger form of speargrass) asserted its position with its sharp pointed leaves ready to pierce a hand or leg if it strayed too close. Foxgloves, with their soft pale green leaves waiting to be stroked, stood tall beyond the husk tops of the yellowed grass and added a purple hue when in flower. Scattered amongst all this grew the matagouri bush, with its solid but slender grey-barked main branch, adorned with thin fine lacy branches. Beautiful in its originality of form as seen at a distance, it became lethal if we went too close, scratching us with the long needles that protruded from those delicate branches.

Feeding the Horses

To bring in the horses for their feed we would climb the steep hill, sometimes taking a direct route straight up, our legs hurting with the effort. At other times we would use the path that angled along the side of the hill, cut over time by the horses' hooves. We would call as we climbed, 'Kip, Kee-ip come on down.' We called and called, bellowing and shrieking out our cries in an attempt to move the horses. Eventually Kip, the dominant horse, would raise her head, flick her tail and whinny. At first she would ignore us, but as we approached close by, tentative at being so near to this large animal, Kip would begin to trot towards the path and the remaining horses would follow. Given we were so young and very small in comparison with the horses, it could be a frightening experience to be so near to them, but they seemed to be wary of us and would pass by, heads jolting up and down, always keeping a distance between us and them.

Our father would shake the chaff from the large jute bags into the horse troughs, chaff that had come from his paddocks when harvesting the grain crops. In the evening light the last of the sun's rays would catch the fine grain dust, and the tiny shafts of straw glinting as they blew up from the trough. As the horses chomped away, they snorted and blew up more hay and dust.

A valued friend

We soon became familiar with the language of the workers where swear words were used often, but it was the owner of the contracting firm that outshone them all, with every second word an expletive. He had a fine house, one of the few that existed then, with views of Lake Hayes. His children attended Arrowtown School with us. Of all the men who came to the farm, the one that our father most respected was this man. Here was a man who was true to his word, who would not be bought off by the richer farmers to harvest their crop first, but always kept his promise to be there on the day he said he would. A handsome looking man with blond curling hair, he had a family of bright, equally handsome children, with one of them becoming dux at Arrowtown School a year after Kathryn did. Our father, widely read, found some relief from a wider topic of conversation with this man. Until they died, communication mainly in the form of letters, although infrequent, was kept up long after we moved away from Speargrass. To keep ongoing contact was rare for my father, but such was his respect for this man.

How our family came to be at the Head of the Lake

In 1910 my grandfather, grandmother and my great-grandmother decided to open a general store in Glenorchy. Why they all came to be back in Glenorchy is unknown, but perhaps my grandfather was hoping to make money scheelite mining, and my grandmother hoped he would recover from tuberculosis. Eventually, my grandfather was to end up in a wheelchair, but that did not stop him working in the shop, my father remembering him at the counter serving where he could and stock-taking. The latter was a time-consuming task and this was one of the reasons why my father said he never wanted to have a shop. Being a miner, my grandfather most likely calculated that the miners would be happy to have someone provide stores for them, especially if they could be delivered to (or nearby to) their huts in the hills. Miners would have preferred to work their mines rather than order supplies from Queenstown and then have to head down to Glenorchy to get them when the steamer came in.

Initially my grandfather must have taken the supplies by horse and dray himself, but because he was eventually confined to a wheelchair it was my father and his older brother, John, that would attach draught horses to a dray and take them as near to the miners as they could. My father would probably have been quite young, possibly, only eight or nine years old, when he first helped his brother.

Extracts from the Head of the Lake

My mother's introduction to Routeburn Station when she went there as a governess.

My mother would have departed for Routeburn Station probably in 1933 when she was 22 years of age. To take up her new job as governess at Routeburn Station, Lake Wakatipu she travelled by train from Dunedin. She would have most likely taken the train to Cromwell and bussed over the then narrow, treacherous Kawarau Road. It would have taken her most of the day to get to her destination at Queenstown.

She then made her way to Kinloch, probably on the steamer, and met up with the family from Routeburn Station. To get to the station they travelled by car on a dirt road crossing several creeks, until they came to a wide river bed that was mostly river sands

with more than one channel of river water running through. While driving across the river sand the car suddenly came to a stop; a young man emerged from the bush and climbed onto the running board, the car then ploughed slowly through the water channels and they took off for the homestead. That young man, then about 25 years in age, was the man my mother was to marry and my future father.

Having settled into her room my mother joined the family at the dinner table. It was here that my parents first began to get to know each other. It was soon apparent that both were well read and shared a love of music, and on this first night they discussed the merits of George Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde's writing.

Travelling on the *TSS Earnslaw* to visit relatives at the Head of the Lake

The sound of the gong that could be heard from most places on the steamer told us that morning tea was being served. A set of steep stairs in the centre of the lounge, edged with walls and hand rails, led down to the tearooms. Jennie and I were always intrigued and excited to descend into this rather tight space because the portholes revealed that we were now partly below the water level. In years to come the tearooms were no longer used – possibly because of the shortness of the pleasure trip and the large number of tourists – but for us, it was one of the highlights of the journey as we hoed into the hot, freshly made, buttered scones heaped with genuine strawberry jam and thick cream, which in no way had been watered down as cream is today.

Staying at Woodbine

As we grew older we mainly stayed with my aunt at Woodbine Station. Everyone loved our aunt. A gracious woman, she was very caring and always interested in us. By the time we started staying with her in about 1947, a beautiful new house had been built by her husband. Probably in the 1930s he had cut the trees from the bush and sawn them into planks using a large saw run by a belt. Two of his fingers were missing, and I understood this was due to accidents with the saw. At times this saw would be used to cut fence posts and building materials, and we would hear the cry of the metal as it cut into the wood, echoing across the farmyard.

The entrance to Woodbine Station was on the road that straddled the length of the Routeburn Valley. In those days this road was not connected to the outside world. With no bridge over the Dart River, the only way across to Glenorchy was by boat, on foot or horseback. But the Dart was very large and treacherous and not easily crossed. This meant that the people of Kinloch and the Routeburn were mostly cut off. And although some of them owned small launches and rowboats, they were mainly dependent on the steamer as a means of entering or exiting their valley. On at least one occasion we drove down to the edge of the Dart where drifts of mainly wet sand edged the water. We were warned to be careful as this sand could sometimes become quicksand, and so, fearful of what might happen, I kept close to older family members.

On the back cover is a review written by Bill Dolan, the Past Chairperson of the Society. The book will be for sale at the Museum for $35.

SPEARGRASS

It is my very great privilege to comment on Hilary Capper's extraordinary and evocative memoir.

Her recall and attention to detail highlight the places and people that were important including the Otago settlements of Arrowtown, Queenstown, Glenorchy, Kinloch and Dunedin.

Central to this story is how living on the farm in the immediate post-war period shaped family life. Respect for her parents' efforts to provide the best possible life for them all in the face of considerable social and economic pressures shines through in this remarkable account. Hilary's recall of her time at Arrowtown School will resonate with people who attended similar schools.

The memoir traces the marriage of her parents and the differences in their respective family backgrounds and social expectations. Dunedin and her mother's family maritime backdrop is explored, as is the relevance of Routeburn, Woodbine, and Earnslaw Stations.

Brought to life are the ways the seasons shaped people's daily living, making the most of limited facilities and creating entertainment. Highlighted is the role of the lake steamer, TSS Earnslaw.

Hilary's story easily enables her to join that select group of people who have documented life in the Lake District and the people who were so shaped.

This book will appeal to anyone with a connection to the area as well as all those with an interest in a unique time and place in New Zealand's rich history.

Bill Dolan

Past president, Queenstown and District Historical Society, Paradise Trust, Wakatipu Heritage Trust, Member Arrowtown Cottages Trust

Martinborough, September, 2022

ISBN-13: 978-0473665937

TELL YOUR STORY by G.A. (Tony) Hanning

The years are fading;
Tell your story now.
The story left untold
is soon forgotten.
The snippets from the past
Seem trifles to the teller,
Yet fill the mind and heart
Of many a listener.

The generations far apart
are drawn together now
By story threads
That link the years between.
Tell your story,
Tell it now.
The future generations
Will thank you for
The desert you
turned green.

29. 02. 1988

Watercolours by Mary Cotter in
The Mary Cotter Tree:
The planting of Buckingham Street Avenue 1867
by Tony Hanning, 2022
The book was advertised in *Courier 108* and is for sale at the Museum.

Captain George Budd's Will and William Rees

Rees's great-granddaughter **Rosemary Marryatt**, has sent this addendum to the article about Captain George Budd in *Courier 108*

This is an old document that was handed on to me from Mum and Dad with all the other Rees memorabilia.

It is the last Will and Testament of George Creed Budd who bequeathed 'all his real and personal estate to Cecil Gilbert Rees, the infant son of William Gilbert Rees of the Wakatip district.' It is dated 7th April 1864.

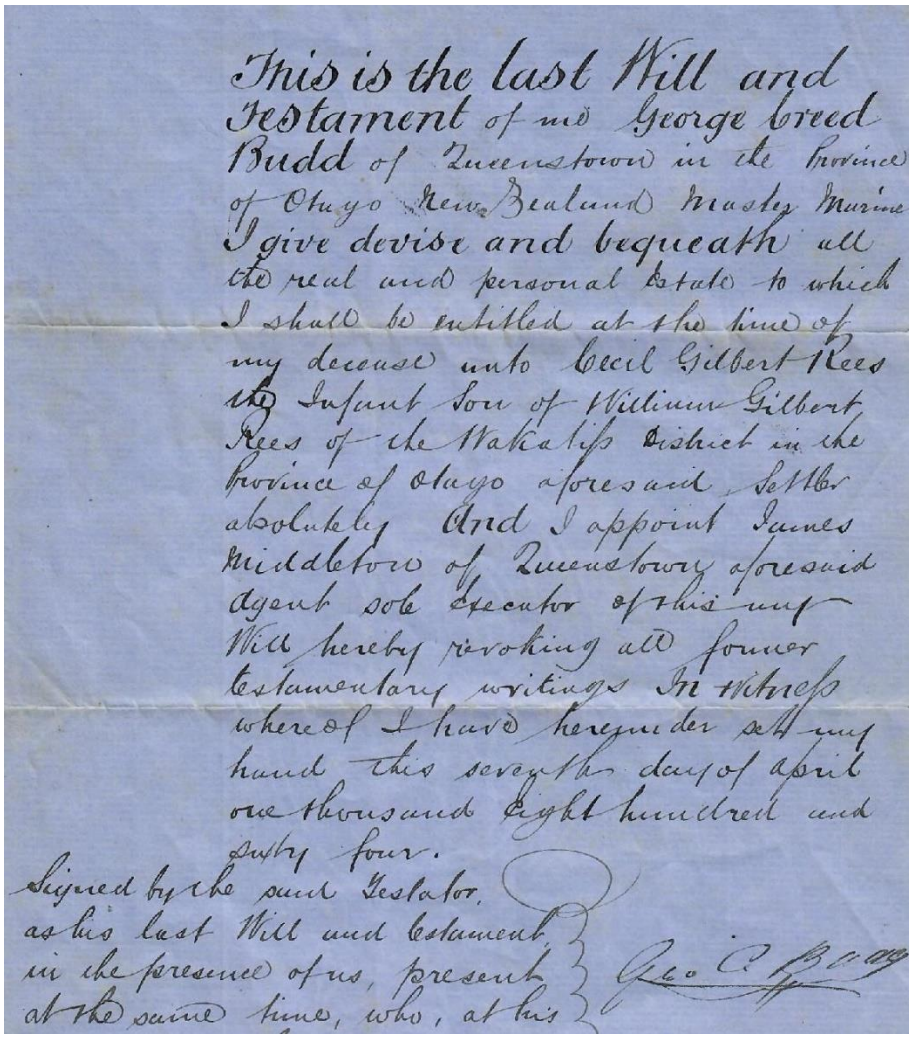
Sadly, he has named the boy Cecil Gilbert Rees instead of Cecil Walter Rees.

It has been witnessed by the Law Clerk, Thomas Shepherd and the Agent of the New South Wales Bank – could be Thomas Horton.

As far as I know nothing was ever done about this Will.

Captain George C. Budd managed the freight and passage of Rees's ship *The Pearl* from 8 August 1863 to 1 March 1865. He was stationed in Rees's office, opposite Rees's wharf.

What a character! He must have thought much of my great-grandfather to even draw up a Will in favour for his 'infant son' Cecil who would have been two weeks short of turning two years old when the Will was signed!!!

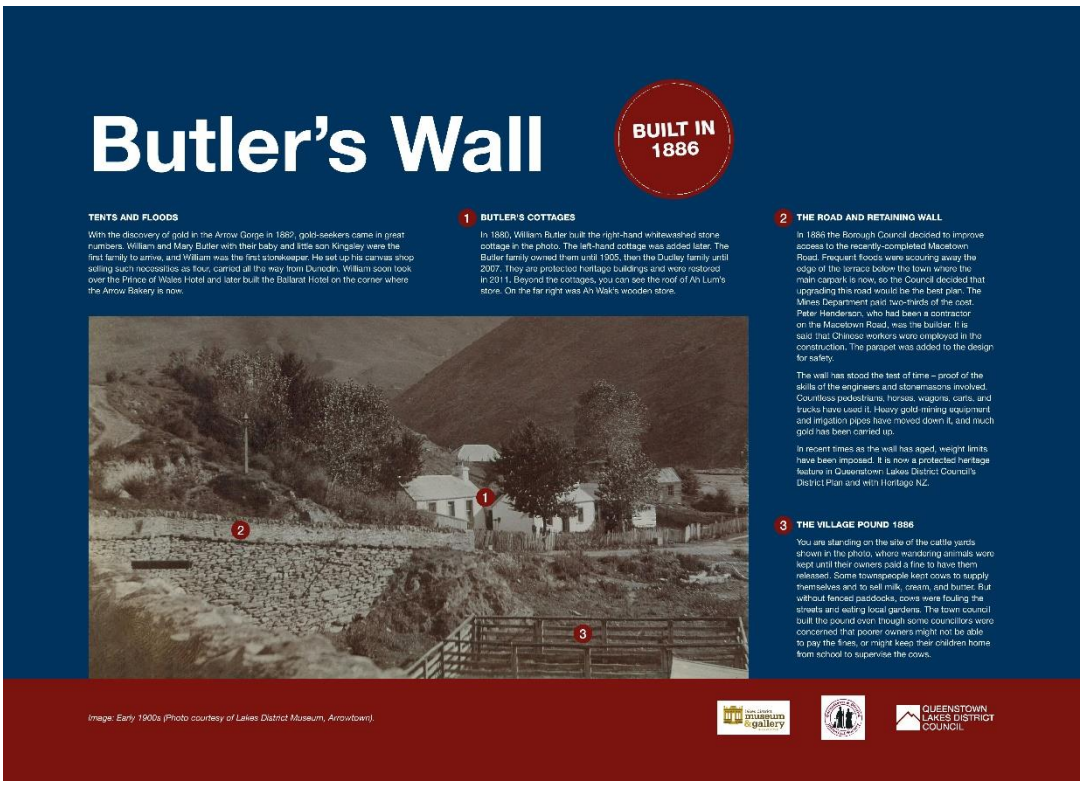


This is the last Will and
Testament of me George Creed
Budd of Queenstown in the Province
of Otago New Zealand Master Mariner
I give devise and bequeath all
the real and personal Estate to which
I shall be entitled at the time of
my decease unto Cecil Gilbert Rees
the Infant Son of William Gilbert
Rees of the Wakatip District in the
Province of Otago aforesaid Settler
absolutely And I appoint James
Middleton of Queenstown aforesaid
Agent sole Executor of this my
Will hereby revoking all former
testamentary writings In Witness
whereof I have hereunder set my
hand this seventh day of April
one thousand eight hundred and
sixty four.
Signed by the said Testator
as his last Will and testament
in the presence of us, present
at the same time, who, at his
Geo C Budd

Well-deserved Recognition for Butler's Wall, Arrowtown, 1886

By Marion Borrell

The Parks and Reserves Department of QLDC asked the Historical Society to provide the contents for an information panel for this vital wall which supports the narrow road down to the Arrow River at the end of Buckingham Street.



Here it is in legible form.

Early 1900s (Photo courtesy of Lakes District Museum, Arrowtown EL1512)

Tents and Floods

With the discovery of gold in the Arrow Gorge in 1862, gold-seekers came in great numbers. William and Mary Butler with their baby and little son Kingsley were the first family to arrive, and William was the first storekeeper. He set up his canvas shop selling such necessities as flour carted all the way from Dunedin. William soon took over the Prince of Wales Hotel and later built the Ballarat Hotel on the corner where the Arrow Bakery is now.

1.Butler's Cottages

In 1880, William Butler built the right-hand whitewashed stone cottage in the photo. The left-hand cottage was added later. The Butler family owned them until 1905, then the Dudley family until 2007. They are protected heritage buildings and were restored in 2011. Beyond the cottages we see the roof of Ah Lum's store. On the far right was Ah Wak's wooden store.

2. The Road and Retaining Wall

In 1886 the Borough Council decided to improve access to the recently-completed Macetown Road. Frequent floods were scouring away the edge of the terrace below the town where the main carpark is now, so the Council decided that upgrading this road would be the best plan. The Mines Department paid two-thirds of the cost. Peter Henderson, who had been a contractor on the Macetown Road, was the builder. It is said that Chinese workers were employed in the construction. The parapet was added to the design for safety.

The wall has stood the test of time – proof of the skills of the engineers and stonemasons. Countless pedestrians, horses, wagons, carts, and trucks have used it. Heavy gold-mining equipment and irrigation pipes have moved down it, and much gold has been carried up.

In recent times as the wall has aged, weight limits have been imposed. It is now a protected heritage feature in the Council's District Plan and with Heritage NZ.

3.The Village Pound 1886

You are standing on the site of the cattle yards shown in the photo, where wandering animals were kept until their owners paid a fine to have them released. Some townspeople kept cows to supply themselves and to sell milk, cream and butter. But without fenced paddocks, cows were fouling the streets and eating people's gardens.

The town council built the pound even though some councillors were concerned that poorer owners mightn't be able to pay the fines, or might keep their children home from school to supervise the cows.

Further Reading: More information about William Butler and the cottages can be found on our website. In the Magazine Archive, search for Butler.

The articles are in *Queenstown Courier* Issue 88, 2012: 'William Butler: Storekeeper, Publican, Farmer and Settler' and 'Butlers or Dudleys Cottage: New Uses in a New Era'.

A Glimpse of the Arrowtown Borough Council at Work in 1886

While preparing the contents of the Butler's Wall panel, I searched the *Lake County Press* on PapersPast. The detailed newspaper reports reveal a group of councillors, probably mainly aged in their fifties, who had taken part in the establishing of the town and all its institutions in the previous 25 years. When we see photos of them posed impassively in their dark suits with faces obscured by bushy beards, it's hard to gain a sense of their personalities and their qualities. The minute-book and news reports reveal them discussing a longstanding nitty-gritty local problem and sometimes disagreeing strongly.

Whether to build a pound for the wandering cattle

Excerpts from *Lake County Press* 16 September 1886

Present at the fortnightly meeting were the Mayor George Heller and Councillors William Butler, Richard Campbell, Henry Graham, Dr Henry Donaldson, Arthur Kelly, Antonio Resta and George Romans.

In accordance with the notice he had given, Cr Campbell moved that a pound be erected in the borough under the parapet wall, Buckingham Street. There had been many complaints about the nuisance of straying cattle. He hoped that if there was a pound there might be very little need for it, as people would no doubt be more careful to see that their cattle were not allowed to roam at large.

Cr Butler did not think that the establishment of a pound would abate the nuisance very much. As a rule, those people who allowed their cattle to wander were poor people who could not do without a cow. They made a living by their cows, and it was wrong to entail expense on such people. The result to them would be that they would have to keep their children from school to look after their cattle. And besides, the cattle would wander at night when the pound-keeper was asleep.

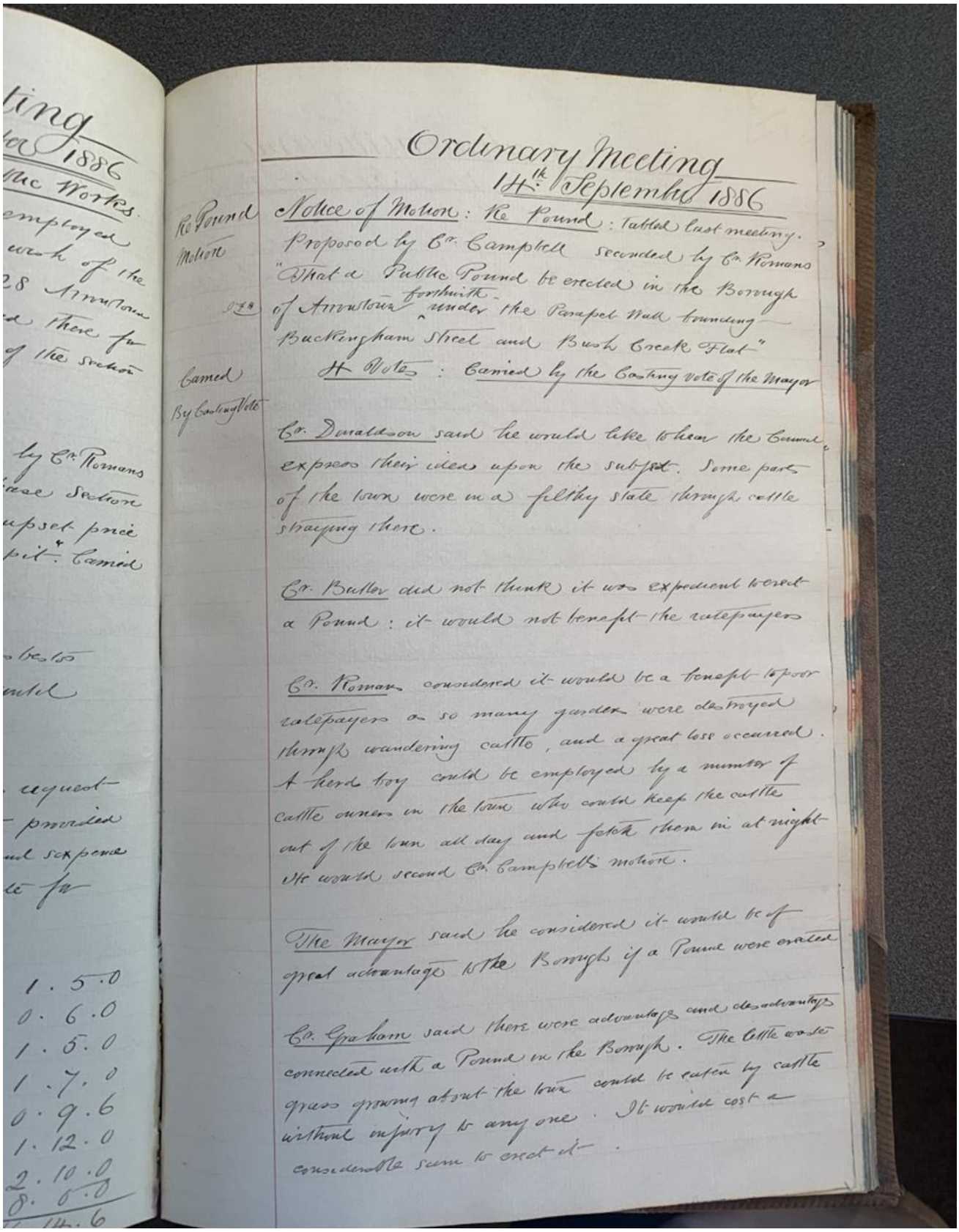
Cr Donaldson said the paths in some parts of the town were in a bad state owing to the nuisance. In some places they were very much like a stockyard…positively disgraceful.

The Mayor thought there should be a pound.

Cr Romans said that no doubt the cattle were a great nuisance and what Cr Butler had said had truth in it, but there was another side to the question. There were poor people who had no cows but who had gardens, and it was a fact that these straying cattle did much damage by walking into gardens and destroying things. He said it would be better for owners to employ a herd boy to drive the cattle out of the town at night. He would second Cr Campbell's motion.

Cr Graham said that as regards revenue, every sixpence that the Council got from a pound would cost them half a crown. A pound would be something like the reserve on Cemetery Hill, which the Mayor and others had said would return them a revenue, but it was no better than a rabbit warren.

When the vote was taken, those opposed to a pound were Crs Graham, Butler, Resta and Kelly. Those in favour were Crs Campbell, Romans and Donaldson, and the Mayor gave his deliberative and casting votes in favour. The motion was therefore carried.



Ordinary Meeting
14th September 1886

Re Pound Motion

Notice of Motion: Re Pound: tabled last meeting.
Proposed by Cr. Campbell seconded by Cr. Romans
"That a Public Pound be erected in the Borough of Armstrong forthwith under the Parapet Wall bounding Buckingham Street and Bush Creek Flat"
4 Votes: Carried by the Casting Vote of the Mayor

Carried By Casting Vote

Cr. Donaldson said he would like to hear the Council express their views upon the subject. Some parts of the town were in a filthy state through cattle straying there.

Cr. Butler did not think it was expedient to erect a Pound: it would not benefit the ratepayers

Cr. Romans considered it would be a benefit to poor ratepayers as so many gardens were destroyed through wandering cattle, and a great loss occurred. A herd boy could be employed by a number of cattle owners in the town who could keep the cattle out of the town all day and fetch them in at night He would second Cr. Campbell's motion.

The Mayor said he considered it would be of great advantage to the Borough if a Pound were erected

Cr. Graham said there were advantages and disadvantages connected with a Pound in the Borough. The little waste grass growing about the town could be eaten by cattle without injury to any one. It would cost a considerable sum to erect it.

lakes district museum & gallery arrowtown

75 YEARS 1948 -2023

The Lakes District Museum is celebrating its 75th year of protecting and preserving the taonga and stories of the Whakatipu and Wānaka district.

It is appropriate that the Museum is built around the original Bank of New Zealand and stables. While originally a repository of gold, the Bank now is the repository of information on the region's past. As the seismic strengthening and restoration project is now complete, the museum staff is thrilled to be fully open to the public once more with renewed and upgraded displays.

Become a Member of the Museum

Benefits of membership include:

- Free entry to the museum
- 10% discount on retail purchases
- Members evenings and special events
- Invitations to exhibition openings

Membership Categories

- Individual $30
- Couple/Family $40
- Life $250 (life memberships are for individuals)

Membership forms can be downloaded from our website or collected from the museum.

Donations of Items

If you have artefacts of local historical interest: papers, photographs or objects, we'd love to hear from you. We appreciate receiving local photographs which we can scan and return. We are currently especially interested in photographs from c.1970 onwards.

Address: 49 Buckingham Street, Arrowtown
Phone: 03 4421824
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museumqueenstown.com

Queenstown & District Historical Society 2008 Incorporated

Our Heritage Today – For Tomorrow

BOARD OF THE SOCIETY

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

Individual and Family Membership	$25 per year
Corporate Membership	$50 per year
Life Membership	$250

Correspondence to P.O. Box132, Queenstown 9348
Bank account 12-3405-0021065-01

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