The Queenstown Courier

The Official Publication of the
Queenstown & District Historical Society
Forty-sixth Issue - May 1991

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All correspondence and accounts should be addressed to the Society's permanent address - PO Box 132, Queenstown

Society Activities

Courier

This issue has been typed and printed by the Southland Education Centre, 70 Doon Street, Invercargill. We feel sure you will appreciate the much improved finish. Are there any offers for a clapped-out second-hand Gestetener?

Trips

The three trips in December, February and April as advertised in the last issue were well supported and proved to be enjoyable and interesting.

Plaque

The plaque sited in the Queenstown Gardens to commemorate the early Maori presence in this area was unveiled on Sunday, 10 March. Maori representatives from Invercargill and Dunedin were present as was a good attendance of Society members. The plaque is on a moraine boulder near the Scott Memorial.

Conference of NZ Federation of Historical Societies

This Conference, held on 22-24 March, was a great success with representatives from all over New Zealand. With good local support some 70 people registered. The opening address given by Mr G J Griffiths of Dunedin is included in this issue for the benefit of those who could not attend.

Opening Address to the NZ Federation of Historical Societies
20th Annual Conference, Queenstown
March 23, 1991
by Mr G J Griffiths of Dunedin

Ladies and Gentlemen,
The question I ask myself is not merely, WHY was I invited to speak to you; but what on earth ANY of us are doing here at all? A lovely autumn Saturday morning. Why aren't we out enjoying it? Why are we bothered about HISTORY?

After all, when we're following our daily lives at home, every hour we devote to historical research is an hour when we simply disengage from the real life going on around us. Most people in the community wouldn't give tuppence to waste their time researching in some dreary library. What makes some of us derive pleasure from such research, and such disengagement?

I'm not going to try to answer that question. It's enough that we keep our minds firmly aware of the phenomenon, and make sure we don't fall more in love with yesterday than we are with today.

"Historians," said the Russian novelist, Leo Tolstoy, "are like deaf people who go on answering questions no-one has asked them.'

And E M Forster, another famous novelist, warned: "The historian must have some conception of how men who are not historians behave. Otherwise he will move in a world of the dead."

And what did Henry Ford say? "History is bunk." Well, not quite. His actual words, published in the Chicago Tribune in 1916, went like this: "History is more or less bunk. It's tradition. We don't want tradition. We want to live in the present and the only history that is worth a tinker's damn is the history we make today."

The same message comes to us in many forms. In Aldous Huxley's 1921 novel, Crome Yellow, there is a character named Henry Wimbush, who is contemptuous of the present and lives only for the past. "Give me the past", he says. "It doesn't change: it's all there in black and white, and you can get to know about it comfortably and decorously and, above all, privately - by reading.

And, when the guests at the country house turn to dancing, he remarks: "If all these people were dead, this festivity would be extremely agreeable. Nothing would be pleasanter than to read in a well-written book of an open-air ball that took place a century ago. How charming! one would say; how pretty and how amusing! But when the ball takes place today, when one finds oneself involved in it, then one sees the thing in its true light."

That's what I call the "Wimbush factor". It's a blight that continually threatens both historical research itself and the reputation of historical research among the Henry Fords of this world. And I don't blame the Henry Fords for being scathing about it.

How are we to go about studying the history of Queenstown for instance? What should we do first? Head for the library? Well, I would have done so 15 or 20 years ago.

But if you really want to know what Queenstown was like in 1874, the first thing you must do is simply walk around the place as it is today. Drink in its unchanging characteristics. The high mountains. The chop on the lake. The angle of the sun. The breeze on your cheek. Watch the world go by. Look at the children playing. Watch a well-built young fellow stride along. Admire a pretty face.

If you do this, you will quickly become conscious that a man or woman taking the same walk one March morning in 1874 would have to see the same things, feel the same things, as you. And once you realise this, not just as a concept of the intellect, but vividly through your senses, and see how much common ground is shared across the passage of time, you begin to realise that there really is no such thing as 'the past' in terms of human vigour, and the seasonal ebb and flow in the vigour of the physical world.

Was it any different to be hungry in 1874? To go shopping for food? Was it any different then to go to the lavatory? To read a book? To hear a bird? Would any of us, as individuals, have been any different, or fared any better in the competition of Life, than we do now?

History is NOT to be viewed as 'the past'. It was always, and always will be, a succession of "present-days": it must always be understood in those terms. One cannot - MUST not - take away from 1874, or any other year, its messy vigour. Or the same sharp subconscious awareness of life and death that all of us, no matter in what century we are born, carry with us.

Only after we become fully aware of the essential sameness of 1874 and 1991 can we begin to see what differences there may be, and whether they are deeply significant, or merely trivial, or cosmetic, or illusory. Differences in vegetation. Differences in clothing. Differences in expectation, perhaps? Quite a number of differences, and some of them will be quite important.

The past few years have brought about the virtual demolition of the Post Office system as we all knew it. Many New Zealanders criticised that change vehemently and bitterly. They felt that post offices were permanent, unchanging realities: and that their old familiar lives were being destroyed.

But it so happened that one of my main historical interests in the past 10 years has been the postal history of Otago, and I knew very well that as far as the postal system went - and I want to emphasise that I'm not talking about the Savings Bank system - the destruction of the Post Office system had been brought about long before the authorities stepped in to 'formalise' it, as it were.

With the experience in historical research that all you people here today have had, you will know as well as me that Post Offices never could be 'permanent, unchanging realities".

Let's take a simple case. Just up the lake from here, where the Bucklerburn Creek comes down just below Glenorchy, one of Otago's earliest post offices opened on October 1, 1864. That was when the gold-rush there was at its busiest. Is there any reason for a post office to be there now? Of course not. In fact, it closed on August 31, 1865 - after only 11 months. The rush was over.

Everyone knows that, you'll say. And of course they do. But many people think that, in the last 50 years say, the post offices generally served the same purpose. Why should they suddenly close?

The "same purpose"? Well let's take some examples.

1. In the period from 1903 to 1910, when the postcard craze was at its height in New Zealand, and people thought they could make their fortune out of postcard collecting, up to 8 million cards a year were posted in this country - that was in the peak year, 1909. Many tiny post offices survived solely because postcard postings boosted their statistics.

2. When it became known to the general public in the late 1930s that the early health stamps, particularly the Red and Blue Boys, had already become scarce and costly, people rushed to buy health stamps and first-day covers - not really to support the camps, but again to make their fortune. When it became obvious by the 1950s that the health stamp market and the first-day cover market had turned to dross, no-one bothered to buy health stamps any more.

3. There was a time, not so long ago, when families such as ours had mailing lists of 60 to 100 Christmas cards a year. Now we hardly send 10 or 20.

4. Even as late as the 1930s - and in localities as close to Dunedin as Momona - the only telephone in the district was at whatever house or store was serving as the post office. By the 1950s, telephones were virtually universal.

5. For many years, when telephones were still relatively rare, cheap telegrams were widely used for urgent messages. In 1966, when it was finally decided that telephone facilities should be withdrawn from the tiny Kyeburn post office, no telegrams had been sent or received there for more than six years.

6. When dozens of rural post offices were scattered across the countryside, every resident went to the office to collect the mail. Then rural delivery came in. Clearly the post offices were affected. In many Otago localities, communities became split, with a minority fighting for the retention of the post office. But the sheer convenience of rural delivery always won out.

The real pattern of those six examples is that it was always the community that made its own decisions. The authorities generally only follow what the community is already dictating. And the community - which, after all, is just us - never stopped being motivated by its pocket, its time, in short, by its self-interest.

If anybody in the community should be aware of this, it should be, most of all, the historians, the researchers, the members of historical societies. We are the people who, from our familiarity with the lessons of history, should have the clearest possible understanding of how the world ticks. And how we should best face up to each new 'present-day' as it rolls along.

"Those who cannot remember the past," the American philosopher George Santayana wrote, "are condemned to repeat it." Far from holding any brief for nostalgia, for the recovery of lost times, we have the biggest responsibility of all to ensure that, in Santayana's words, our communities do not forget their errors, and are not compelled merely to repeat them.There are three areas, I think, where New Zealand's amateur historical societies could perhaps greatly benefit themselves in a practical manner, and two of them are closely connected with this challenge of associating history far more intimately, and in the same spirit, with the vigour of the present.

First, I was very impressed, two or three years ago, when the former Town Clerk of Milton, George Melville, published a detailed chronology of events that he'd extracted from a century of Borough Minutes. Direct chronological history had long gone out of fashion; and I suddenly realised how few people, in the whole of New Zealand, are engaged in chronicling, in historical terms, each present day as it flashes past.

You may think that it is particularly ridiculous for a journalist to say that, when hundreds of newspapers seem to be engaged in that very task. And there are some public libraries, too, which run useful historical indexes. But it is because I am close to newspapers, and also an historian, that I realise the shortcomings. Newspapers live only for the day. They are neither selective, nor, among those which do maintain an index, are they very efficient. The smaller the town, particularly those - and they are by far the majority - where no indexing is done in the public library, the more likely that no current record is being established by anyone.

I think it would be a very good idea, with computers as common as they are today, for historical societies in New Zealand to consider encouraging within their membership people devoted not to researching the years that have gone, but to chronicling and indexing 'the history we make today'. I am thinking, in smaller localities, even to such things as the widening of a footpath in this or that street. I think this would not only draw into your societies a wider spectrum of members, but also create a body of materials which would make the work of your societies even more immediately useful to local administrators, to your own members and to the general public.

The second suggestion arises from the first. The more information you have at your disposal, the greater the contribution you, and history, can make in offering advice on contemporary proposals.

A few years ago, for instance, Queenstown suddenly acquired a burst of enthusiasm for yachting - which went well until a few very dangerous norwesters caused such havoc that the yachties just as suddenly lost their enthusiasm. If the new generation had only know that precisely the same problem had occurred when the settlers first tried to hold regattas on the lake in the 1860s, they might have gone into it with their eyes open.

When my firm Otago Heritage, was publishing its booklet on Clydevale about 10 years ago, and I interviewed all the farmers there, one or two of the younger ones voiced the possibility of introducing dairying. But not one of the farmers under 35 knew that the little pile of concrete slabs lying in a paddock by the main road was all that remained of the first dairy factory which had failed 60 years earlier.

"Those who cannot remember the past," the American philosopher George Santayana wrote, "are condemned to repeat it."

Communities which do keep chronicles of their predecessors' experiences, and clearly accept that such experience can be drawn on today, are less likely to repeat old mistakes.

Why is it, therefore, that history as a school subject for 5th and 6th forms has declined from about 24% to under 10% in the past 30 years. You, as the historical societies of New Zealand, may have it in your hands to demonstrate what living history can offer as a tool to help the community make tomorrow's decisions.

The third issue that I would like to raise is the yawning chasm that exists between New Zealand's academic historians, on one hand, and the historical societies, on the other. It is not merely that the first group is professional, the second amateur: nor is it a matter of quality, for some really excellent historical work is being done in New Zealand outside the academic system.

In my view, what divides the two groups is this. The academics, are almost wholly concerned with what might be called the history of human interaction - mainly political or social history. Members of historical societies are primarily concerned with what I would call two-dimensional history - the history of things, like shipping, railways, or clothing; or the history of institutions, as in my own case, Otago's postal history; or the descriptive history of localities.

The sad thing is that, like oil and water, the two kinds of history don't mix

too well. For instance, I've tried several times in the past 10 years to persuade the "NZ Journal of History", the academic journal, to carry short reviews - or, at least, brief mentions - of new non-academic publications. No-one wants to bother - even though the academics have been alarmed about the fall-off in the study of history in the schools and sometimes fearful of the future of the subject at university level.

Other opportunities are lost because of this schism. Academics are poorly informed about the range of non-academic publications which could, in many cases, greatly assist their own work. A classic case of this occurred 20 years ago, when an Australian academic came across material connected with the first Aboriginal cricket team's visit to Britain in 1868, and he was so fascinated that such a thing had occurred that he wrote a book about it, called "Cricket Walkabout". Unfortunately, he did so totally ignorant of the very extensive non-academic cricket literature already available, not even the basic reference works. As a result, as he went on theorising page after page about aspects of the tour already thoroughly published decades earlier, he merely looked foolish.

I also regret that the best two-dimensional scholarship, sometimes of remarkably fine standard, is not being given its proper due - or, and this is of more relevance to the future of historical study, any role at all in the academic system. And yet, surely there should be a place at university level for the tertiary training of New Zealanders in historical research techniques, whether or not they are concerned with the history of human interaction.

I know that, as members of the Federation of Historical Societies, you may already have considered and discussed some of these general and particular questions. Already, by bringing together the scattered historical societies of New Zealand, some long established, others in their infancy, the Federation has done an excellent job. Your publication, "New Zealand Legacy", barely into its third year, is already providing a vehicle for like-minded people to share their ideas.

I would like to offer some further suggestions:

- Could the Federation look into ways of lifting the profile of non-academic historical writing; perhaps by commissioning a reference book that would survey (and list) the best non-academic writing and research available in New Zealand in the dozens of various fields?
- Could the Federation, as an alternative to the universities or the Genealogical Society, promote more regional workshops on historical research and writing techniques?

- Could some Federation committee member perhaps send in a small but regular contribution to the "NZ Journal of History" on recent non-academic research and publications?
- Could the Federation begin to implant the idea that courses in two-dimensional history could and should exist along with human-interaction history in our universities, and draw up a possible prescription for such a course?

The common factor in all these things is to sell history to the Henry Fords of this world in such a manner as to persuade them that history isn't bunk; that it is vigorous, relevant, and useful; that it belongs as much to today and tomorrow as yesterday; and that the wider the range of useful history being taught in schools and universities, the greater the support history will receive from the public and the taxpayer.

Slip and Dam on the Kawarau

Damming of the Kawarau

There have been several schemes to dam the Kawarau but the only time it was done successfully it was by accident.

Andrew Reid had a sluicing claim described as half a mile above the Kawarau Bridge. At 10.00am on a day in May 1893 the ground around the claim began to tremble and produce noise. Reid realising what was threatened removed all his gear. At 2.00pm the entire area slipped into the river completely damming it. The slip was described as 90 feet wide, 270 feet long and almost 200 feet high. Where the slip came down the river ran through rock perpendicular for 200 feet on both sides.

Reid crossed the river bed and walked dry shod for a quarter of a mile. The river breached the dam after half an hour.

Courier index from Issue 17 to Issue 46

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The official publication of the Queenstown & District Historical Society

We are extremely grateful to Charlie Snow of Arrowtown for producing the following list and index of the Courier from issue No 17 to date. With the index in issue No 26 easy reference to many interesting historical articles previously published can now be made. It will be noted the Courier has been going for 25 years.

No	Date
1	January 1966
2	August 1967
3	December 1968
4	December 1969
5	December 1970
6	May 1971
7	November 1971
8	July 1972
9	November 1972
10	July 1973
11	December 1973
12	May/April 1974
13	June 1974
14	November 1974
15	March 1975
16	December 1975
17	May 1976
18	November 1976
19	July 1977
20	March 1978
21	September 1978
22	April 1979
23	October 1979
24	March 1980
25	August 1980
26	January 1981 (Index 1-25)
27	November 1981
28	May 1982
29	May 1983
30	November 1982*
31	November 1983
32	May 1984
33	November 1984
34	May 1985
35	November 1985
36	May 1986
37	November 1986
38	May 1987
39	November 1987
40	May 1988
41	November 1988
42	May 1989
43	November 1989
44	May 1990
45	November 1990
*	Note wrong numbering

- Gold Mining in New Zealand - A Miller 38/3-7
- The Second Gold Rush - 38/8-12
- Gold Mining in New Zealand - A Miller - 41/6-10

7. Moke Creek
- Article about Moke Creek taken from Freelance of June 1949 - 44/10-14

8. Monck
- Monck and McInnes - 40/17

9. Mount Nicholas
- White's House at "Old Nicholas" - 27/10-11
- Part 1 - History of Walter Peak Station. Mount Nicholas Run by 324 - Miss Jessie McKenzie 29/20-27 (also indexed under Walter Peak Station)
- Part 2 - History of Walter Peak Station - 31/3-13

N

1. Nokomai
- Nokomai Hydrolic Sluicing Co - 44/16

O

1. Obituary
- Alexander Hugh Miller 4th April, 1990. President of the Society at the time of his death - 44/2

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1. Politics
- Election in the Wakatipu - 32/2

2. Postal Services
- Postal Services. A letter from G J Griffiths - 37/8-9

3. Power Board
- The Power Board With No Power - W P Saunders 27/9-10

4. Price
- Charles Edward Price - 35/15

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1. Queenstown
- Opening of Waterworks, 10 November 1884 - 32/7
- Conviction of Mayor 1886 - 35/17
- Queenstown History - Miss Betty Macdonald - 36/12-14
- Drill Hall - 38/2
- Early Queenstown - A J D - Supplement 39
- The Effects of World War II on Queenstown - 44/3-9

R

1. Religion
- A Wet Bishop - 31/18-19

S

1. Skippers
- Skippers Ambulance - A J D 29/19
- Skippers Ambulance - 32/2
- Skippers Ambulance - 33/20-21
- Skippers Road - 35/17
- Life at Skippers - Patrick Cotter 36/15-31

2. Speid
- William R Speid of Martins Bay 1870/71 - 45/13-17

T

1. Taieri River
- Taieri River - Highway to the Goldfields of Central Otago - 32/12-14

2. Tutuila
- (Hulbert House) Restoration - Supplement 29

3. Twelve Mile
- The 12 Mile Apostles - A J D 31/20

V

1. Vermin
- Vermin Extermination - W W Baillie

W

1. Walter Peak Station
- Part 1 Miss Jessie Mackenzie and History of Walter Peak Station (also indexed under Mt Nicholas) 29/20-27
- Part 2 - 31/3-13
- Miss Mackenzie's Passing and Corrections to above - 32/5
- Death of Mr Nicholas (refer 31/7) - 32/5-6
- John Ambrose Kirke (refer 31/5) - 32/6

2. Water Power
- Water Power in Queenstown - 37/9

3. Women
- Women in the Goldfields - 38/13-17

Adventure in the Colonies

This story contributed by our secretary, Wallace Baillie gives a good picture of conditions in what some people call 'The good old days'.

In 1921 a friend of my father's came out from Scotland to seek work and perhaps adventure in his adopted country.

He landed at Bluff and set out on foot for relations he knew were in the Mossburn Region. On his arrival he was kindly taken in and told that no work was available but for his keep he could labour with them on the farm till he found full-time employment.

Times were hard and an extra hand helped the holding from going under due to draught conditions and banking commitments.

After a period he found the money he had, had all but disappeared and his clothing, apart from his new suit, were but threadbare. Thus faced with the prospect of further fall in his standard of living, he set out to find work in the Wakatipu Basin.

The Nokomai was heard to harbour employment and it was here he found work, after much trying, with an old man who sluiced a terrace.

The work was wet and arduous and he had little company except for the old man who, in the evenings, would talk about the heroics of the Boer War and international finance, of which he had numerous formulas to remedy the abyss the world seemed to be heading for. All this, night after night, for a 24 year old was a little depressing, having at the end of the day to strip off all the wet clothes, hang them on a rope near the fireplace and cook night after night mutton and potatoes bought from the local farmer.

After tea the old man would dose off into a fitful sleep and mutter incoherent phrases that were of no value to our friend who sat beside the fire in pink long johns knitted by his mother before he left for the 'colonies'.

His daily round consisted of breakfast, pulling on clothes that were often half wet and climbing down to the claim face to start cleaning out the large stones and boulders, while the old man made his way a kilometre or two upstream to open the race. Galleries were sluiced into the face with the nozzle and he soon learned the art of quickly disposing of the overburden before the gold-bearing gravel was reached.

upstream to open the race. Galleries were sluiced into the face with the nozzle and he soon learned the art of quickly disposing of the overburden before the gold-bearing gravel was reached.

Dinner was a thick sandwich of cheese and bread and a billy of tea was made ready by the old man. Still with a nip of frost in the air and the joints beginning to stiffen, it was back to the nozzle to wash the pay dirt into the ripple boxes and to blast out the tail race for tomorrow's start.

The nights were glorious, the unfamiliar constellations were a fascination, but on dark nights because of the sluice face on one side and a sharp rocky decline on the other, walking for a limited distance was courting the possible breakage of a limb. He therefore made a length of rope and on it tied knots. He hooked it to one corner of the hut and could walk so far in one direction before the first knot was felt in his hands, then he would retreat back to the hut and then walk in another direction till the second knot came up. Thus from hut to knot and knot to hut he was able to have an evening stroll.

Every now and then the old man would wash up and head off to Garston with the gold. After about a week he would be seen walking up the valley like a battleship with several calibres of bottles sticking out of his clothing.

After three years my father's friend left with sufficient funds to buy clothing and have a small bank deposit. He later found work on the Eglington Road,working under contract. The work was wet and to make a good living he had to be prepared to work long hours.

Pneumonia finally got him in 1936 and I remember as a child watching this wheezing 'old man' with the deformed fingers of rheumatic joints, telling his story and telling it with no malice but that this had been his lot and his adventure in his adopted country.

Fire at Queenstown hospital

Fire at Queenstown Hospital

The first hospital at Frankton was built in 1863. It was badly needed as with thousands of men in the Wakatipu Basin engaged in mining in difficult country there were many accidents. Scurvy and dysentery caused by a diet of flour and mutton affected many and the hospital was the only place they could get nursing care. One record we have is that there were 31 men under treatment for scurvy and dysentery on 11 October 1863. We also know that 391 in and out patients were treated in the six months ended March 1864. It was a busy institution.

With the rush over the demand on the hospital was reduced to that of a small town. It was just as well because in the early morning of 12 December 1894 the building was destroyed by fire. The newspaper reported the building was insured with the National Insurance Company for £1600.

At the end of the month Dr McGregor, Inspector of Hospitals, carried out an inspection of the Arrow Hospital reporting he considered it sufficient to cater for the district and there was no real need to rebuild at Frankton. The decision as to whether or not the hospital be rebuilt was the responsibility of the Southland Hospital and Charitable Aid Board and they must have opted to rebuild. No doubt they were prompted by strong representations from Queenstown.

To get suitable accommodation while a new hospital was built was a problem. It was solved by using two adjoining buildings in Queenstown, the Lake County Council building and the Foresters' Lodge Room.

The Council Room of the Council building became the Men's Ward. The Wardsman and Matron occupied the Chairman's Room. The Draughting Room became the Dispensary and Doctor's Room which he shared with the County Clerk. All very cosy but probably not very hygenic. The Foresters' Lodge became the kitchen and a door was cut through to give access to a window in the Council building through which meals were passed.

Until a new hospital was built the County Council held their meetings in the Borough Library. The Foresters and Good Templars whose Lodge Room had been converted to a kitchen held their meetings in the Masonic Lodge Room.

The hospital built was to remain for almost 100 years until its recent replacement.

Diary of William Speid - Martins Bay 1870

Diary of William R Speid of Martins Bay 1870

We give some more extracts from William Speid's diary. It illustrated the dreary climate, the difficult living conditions and his loneliness far from his wife and child.

June 1870

Thursday 16th Beautiful day
Friday 17th do do
Saturday 18th Began to rain this morning about six o'clock and poured down all day.
Sunday 19th Still raining, no abatement
Monday 20th No sign of clearing up.
Thursday 21st The sun made a bold attempt to shine today but was immediately obscured and the rain continued to fall all day.
Wednesday 22nd Fair weather, numbered and branded some pegs for traverse lines.
Thursday 23rd Rain began to fall in the afternoon and continued all night.
Friday 24th Still raining. River rising rapidly.
Saturday 25th River about twelve feet above its ordinary level, presenting the appearance of a very large river. Some splendid water falls to be seen now.
Sunday 26th Fair today, expected Mr Thompson today, but night set in and no appearance of him, disappointed in consequence, as I was anxiously looking for letters from my darling wifie.
Monday 27th Beautiful day.
Tuesday 28th Raining today.
Wednesday 29th Fair. Put in some pegs
Thursday 30th Fair. And so June has passed

July 1870

Friday July 1st Raining. No appearance of our chief yet.
Saturday 2nd Mr Thompson arrived today accompanied by Mr Strauchon and party. We all experienced great disappointment when we learned that the steamer had brought no letters for any of us. I know there are some at Hokitika for me from ... A party of five men arrived here yesterday from Queenstown nearly a month on the way, provisions ran short and they had to feed on grubs and ferns.
Sunday 3rd Mr Strauchon returned to headquarters. During the late flood sixteen inches of rain had fallen in forty-eight hours.
Monday 4th Thompson began surveying the traverse line. Fine day.
Tuesday 5th July Is the anniversary of the birth of her who is dearest on earth to me. The delight of my soul and the mother of my boy. She is my darling and my greatest joy on earth. Many very many returns of

this day do I wish she may have and earnestly do I wish that I was beside her at present to hold her in my arms and feel at home again.

Wednesday 6th Squally today.

Thursday 7th Fair weather all day

Friday 8th Raining today

Saturday 9th Commenced shifting camp up to Pyke's Creek. Raining in the morning.

Sunday 10th Raining all day, very bad.

Monday 11th Resumed operations in moving camp. Remained at new camp all night.

Tuesday 12th Went down to the old camp for the remainder of our stuff. Fine day.

Wednesday 13th From this time till Saturday 16th busy putting new camp in order where we expect to be located for a month or six weeks. Beautiful weather since we moved our camp, bright sunny days and clear starry nights.

Sunday 17th Magnificent day, very warm.

Monday 18th Fine day - A man arrived at the camp from the township on his way to Queenstown bringing the intelligence that the schooner "Esther Ann" had become a total wreck in attempting to cross the bar at low water. No lives nor cargo lost.

Tuesday 19th Weather still good.

Wednesday 20th Cloudy - A heavy avalanche fell today giving signs of thawing. Barometer falling.

Thursday 21st Barometer still falling and the sky getting very much overcast.

Friday 22nd We have now had eleven days without any rain, but this morning it seemed as if nature intended making amends or having revenge for so much fine weather. Rain began through the night and is still falling and here I would remark that there seems to be no medium in the weather here, it is either all very beautiful or very miserable and at present it is certainly the latter.

Saturday 23rd Is a day that will dwell in my remembrance for life as being the anniversary of my union with her who fills my whole heart and soul with love and esteem for her dear self. Five years have now fled since we were united and truly can I say that I do not regret the choice I made, and have much to be thankful for, although we have not been without trials, but I trust they will soon be overcome and we will be reunited in love and peach. I know my darling Bessie will be expecting to see me before this time but it cannot be though I do earnestly wish that I had her in my arms holding her to my heart and receiving her warm and loving kisses on my lips. I fear it will be some time yet before I can enjoy the supreme bliss of such a meeting. The only thing I can do is to live in anticipation of such a thing until the reality appears.

Sunday 24th Early this morning there was a dreadful thunderstorm. Avalanches, flashes of lightning and peals of thunder followed each other in rapid succession for sometime - then there came a short lull in the storm of about twenty minutes then it seemed as if the elements had gathered all their strength for a final effort. The lightning flashed, the thunder crashed, the avalanches roared, the hills around seemed tumbling down, the rain in torrents poured. And when morning dawned it was till raining, but cleared up about noon.

Monday 25th Weather fine with light frost.

Tuesday 26th do

Wednesday 27th Evident signs of change

Thursday 28th Raining all day

Friday 29th Half and half sort of weather, quite unusual in the Hollyford Valley.

Saturday 30th Intended going to the township for provisions, stopped, bad weather.

Sunday 31st Beautiful weather prospect of a fine day for our journey tomorrow. July hath gone.

Monday 1st August 1870 Went down to the township today head wind, had to pull all the way. When we got down found that during our absence some settlers had arrived including two storekeepers one of whom had brought his wife with him the first woman in the settlement. Fine day.

Tuesday 2nd Raining all day; preparing to return tomorrow if the weather prove favorable. Wrote to my darling tonight anticipating the arrival of the steamer.

Wednesday 3rd Mr Thompson not being ready did not leave the township today.

Thursday 4th Started this morning but had to put back the wind being too strong to pull against.

Friday 5th Tried today with a like result.

Saturday 6th Succeeded in pulling up today although the wind was pretty strong.

Sunday 7th Beautiful day. When we got to the camp last night found that the rates had been having a spree during our absence.

Monday 8th Raining today & Tuesday 9th ditto

Wednesday 10th Went down to our store for some stuff that was left behind on Saturday. Wet afternoon

Thursday 11th Very wet today

Friday 12th Cleared up today.

Saturday 13th A very heavy fall of snow has taken place on the mountains during this week.

Sunday 14th Magnificent day.

Monday 15th Had a visit from the owner and the master of the "Esther Ann". They told us the steamer had not come in. Weather good.

Tuesday 16th Went down to the head of the lake today. No letters there.

Wednesday 17th Nothing particular occurred today. Weather dry, sky cloudy.