

Published by

QUEENSTOWN & DISTRICT

HISTORICAL SOCIETY (INC.)

Issue No 59

Queenstown

Aims of the Society.....

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

General Information.....

PRESIDENT :	W. REX AUSTIN	442 8345
SECRETARY :	MARIE DAWSON	442 9444
TREASURER :	PETER MILLS	442 7930
EDITOR :	DUNCAN WILSON	442 7385

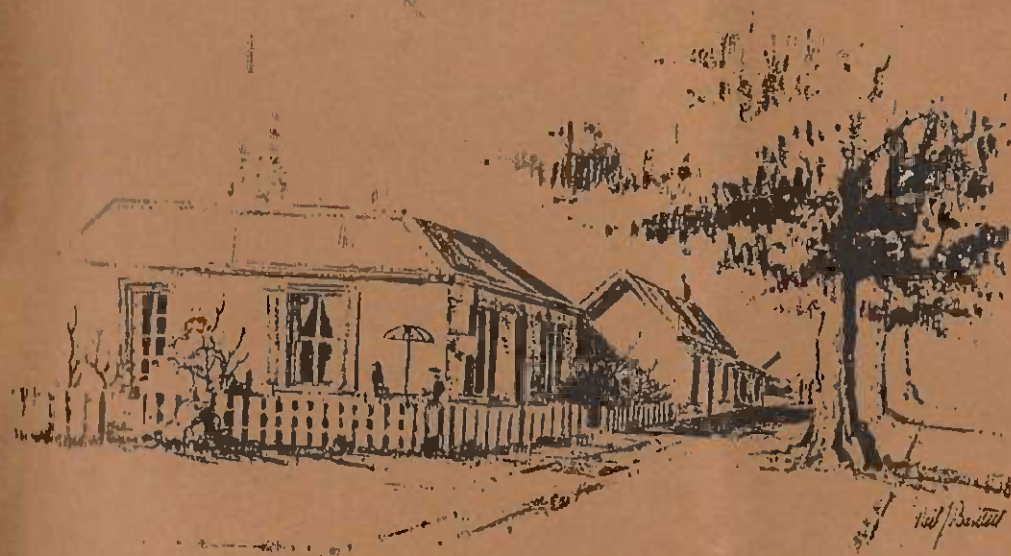
Subscriptions.....

SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE SHOWN ON PAGE 1. PROMPT PAYMENT WOULD BE APPRECIATED, BUT OVERDUE SUBS WILL BE INDICATED BY A RED STICKER ON THE FRONT COVER OF THIS PUBLICATION.

Address.....

ALL CORRESPONDENCE, ACCOUNTS, AND SUBSCRIPTION PAYMENTS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO:
P.O. BOX 132, QUEENSTOWN

The Queenstown Courier



Cover : Main Street, Arrowtown

by Neil Bartlett

The Official Publication of the
Queenstown & District Historical Society

The Queenstown Courier

The Official Publication of the
Queenstown & District Historical Society

Fifty-Ninth Issue - November 1997

Officers of the Society

President:	Mr W Rex Austin 171 Fernhill Road	442 8345
Vice President:	Mr Rupert Iles Cnr Berkshire & Stafford Arrowtown	442 1976
Past President:	Mr R J Clarkson 36 Lake Avenue, Frankton	442 3681
Secretary:	Miss Marie Dawson 13 Panorama Tce, Queenstown	442 9444
Treasurer:	Mr E C (Peter) Mills 6 Panners Way, Queenstown	442 7930

Committee:

Miss Joan Carswell	442 2938	Mr Malcolm Boote	442 0004
Mrs Cicely Morrison	442 1744	Mr Bruce Hamilton	442 1210
Mr Neil Fuge	442 8391	Mr Ray Timmins	442 8403
Mrs Margaret Templeton			442 8312
Mr D Clarke (ex officio)		Mr Dungan Wilson (Courier)	442 7385

Annual subscription	\$ 10.00 per person or family.
Corporate Membership	\$ 40.00 per annum.
Life Membership	\$100.00 per person.

The Courier is included in subscription.

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

Annual Report For Queenstown & Districts Historical Society 1997

1997 has I believe been an outstanding year of achievement for our society. We seem to have generated a momentum which ensures the scope and content of our undertakings expand. This reflects the vitality of our membership and the experience of our Executive.

Not only do we attend to the everyday bread and butter lines of interest but we have become increasingly involved in projects which require specialist skills.

The formation this year of a local branch of the NZ Historic Places Trust with a strong contingent of Historical Society membership including the chairmanship has given matters related to History a much sharper focus. There has never been a closer, more sympathetic relationship between organisations with a Heritage perspective. The mix of personalities and varied backgrounds ensure greater depth of understanding with the possibility of regular agreed target attainment.

With the opening on October 10th of the Williams Cottage, Queenstown's second oldest building and longest surviving home will now act as a living example of domestic life from the 1860/70's. Unaltered and unmodified it's original features intact, it is our premier example for educational purposes and I believe will develop as a point of strong visitor interest.

Our Society donated \$5,000 towards this project and more recently we have added another \$1,000 as a tribute to the late Roma McAndrew, one of our esteemed members who lost her life in an overseas accident. Roma was an Executive member for 20 years and served as President from 1980 -1984.

This year is also remarkable for the publication of this Society's first major Historical book. "Land Of The Mountain And The Flood" researched by the late Peter Chandler, and co-edited by Dr Raymond and Mrs Cleone Hargraves, it has been a resounding success. So successful was our pre-sales publicity that on the night of the launching the book was already free from debt. Since then it has continued from strength to strength. It is literally sold out and has generated a healthy surplus of funds.

As there will be no second edition members are advised to

retain their purchases as the book will continue to appreciate and become increasingly rare and valuable.

The financial success of "Land Of The Mountain And The Flood" has enabled us to expand and give practical support to the next generation of literature. Our society has given \$2,500 towards the publication of a book entitled: "Scheelite, Is Where You Find It" - written by Julia Bradshaw a local historian who is now employed full-time at the Arrowtown Museum, this book is due for release before this coming Christmas. We wish Julia and the museum who are the chief backers every success.

Recently, we feel we have made another breakthrough. The Queenstown-Lakes District Council has sought our advice on a range of Heritage issues. We welcome this approach and feel we have much valuable research information which will be taken into account with future planning and development. This is certainly a great advance from the occasion earlier this year when our Society was forced to publicly criticise the nocturnal activity of our Mayor who was observed attacking the roots of one of our outstanding Heritage Trees next to the Court House. We look forward to a vastly improved joint effort.

Appreciation of our Historical past has been slow to win acknowledgment in New Zealand. Especially from the so-called progressive elements. Yet it is a fact that the greatest drawcard for millions of the worldwide travelling public are the Historical features. They are still the wonder of today's society and the most dynamic generator of tourist wealth.

Trips arranged to local points and places of interest remains a very strong feature of our annual program. This years selection has been especially strong. Beginning with a visit to the old Hospital at Waipiata we continued with visits to Bannockburn, Glenorchy - Sylvan Lake, and then the spectacular Thomson's Gorge with the well preserved Makakunui Mud block buildings being of special interest. The surprise visit was probably to Five Rivers. We pass the way a hundred times and seldom even suspect the richness of its Historical environment and then of course the Trans-alpine Journey to Christchurch and across the Southern Alps and the down to Okarito the nesting place of the legendary Kotuku the messenger and guide for the departing Maori spirit to his Polynesian heaven. Looking back it has been a remarkable year for travel.

Once again we deal with a host of less spectacular but nevertheless historically important items. The placement of identification plaques, the re-siting for instance of the Horse-Trough on Ladies Mile. Lectures to Guides on the Routeburn Track, prizes for students engaged in historical writing.

Little is possible without goodwill and co-operation. In this I have been extremely fortunate with the members of our Executive. This friendship I value highly.

W R Austin
President

Into the High Country

Sally Macmillan

*[Wakatipu High School - Queenstown Historical Society
William Rees Memorial Prize 1992]*

The reasons why the early explorers came to the Wakatipu area come as far back as the lives they led before they emigrated.

The need to explore became rampant as nineteenth century colonisation broadened into the Pacific. The need for exploration in order to understand the colonies' configurations and estimate their resources brought 'out of the woodwork' men of all intent; be they the missionary, the scientist, surveyor, farmer, prospector, professional explorer, mountaineer, or otherwise, they were all impelled by the desire to solve mysteries, to push out the boundaries of human knowledge, and attracted by a simple quest for adventure.

This is what brought the explorers to Lake Wakatipu, but there are also reasons that attracted the men to this Lake in particular.

No matter what the intent was of each individual explorer, they were all moved by the pulse of their time - which through my research and put simply seems to be: if you can't find what you want here, look for it elsewhere.

This is the case for many colonial emigrants as they left their troubled and overpopulated homelands to seek a better life in a new land. Would-be emigrants didn't need much persuading as the appeal of possible life in the colonies was a much brighter contrast to that which could be foreseen in competition with the governing Establishment at home. This is emphasised in the strength of word of mouth as word spread of the opportunities the colonies had to offer. For the middle working class, unemployment or the rigours of competition were potent reasons for migration.

Emigration also appealed highly to the middle and lower gentry. These people, being wealthy and yet still a rank below the nobility, saw chances of a higher status in the beginning of a new country and a new society. Because of their wealth they were able to get a strong base in the opportunity field of their choice.

Indeed these classes made up a high percentage of those who went out to administer and populate the colonies. This was the kind of emigrant that many Wakatipu pioneers, including William Gilbert Rees and the White brothers of Mt Nicholas station, represented.

These men also highlight the powerful part played by the family in persuading their off-spring to emigrate. Rees was imbued with a deep desire to make a life for himself which would fulfil his parents' early hopes as well as his own ambitions. It was a fulfilling step in the parental role of the White brothers' father to have secured land in one of the colonies to where at least two of his sons would start new lives.

Another similarity in the motives of the Wakatipu explorers, is their quest for pastoral lands. Although not all of them had a history of farming from their lives in Europe, (most prominent of these was Rees, whose family background was that of cricketers), it was the search for suitable land that brought them to New Zealand, in particular Central Otago, which consists largely of tussocky plains, watered by immense rivers and surrounded by lofty mountains; ideal country for the sheep farmer.

Many of the explorers had spent time on the land in Australia but were attracted to New Zealand after a long drought, falling wool prices and stringent credit due to the withdrawal of British capital. These factors were causing a serious crisis in the Australian pastoral industry. People began to turn to New Zealand in search of land where they could prosper, temporarily free from licence fees and variable taxes on their flocks.

After spending some time in New Zealand, these determined young men were now looking for the chance to have first claim to some good sheep country. To have first claim you would only have to pay the moderate leases charged by the provisional government for depasturing licences, whereas, to simply take over the lease of a semi-established run proved a more expensive way of buying into land. Original leaseholders were able to demand a substantial profit margin from would-be buyers.

It was this search for country to lay a first claim on, that lured men like Nathaniel Chalmers, John Chubbin, David McKellar, Donald Hay, Donald Cameron, N Bates, W Saunders, William Gilbert Rees and Nicholas von Tunzelmann, to the unknown country.

that lay behind the western mountain ranges, since virtually all the easier pastoral plains country of the South Island had been taken up under licence.

To these remaining mountain lands the determined explorers turned, seeking fulfilment of their dreams of high and dry hills for their sheep.

Exploring men were particularly drawn to the Wakatipu area after seeing maps drawn of the interior by Huruhuru (a Maori who knew the area well), indicating possible grazing land.

A 'chain reaction' happened as each explorer reached the Lake and told of its beauty and possible farm land, and inspired others to make the treacherous journey into the interior. This was the case for David McKellar's journey inwards after he was intrigued by stories of the Lake from Chubbin's party.

Many of the explorers came to Central Otago after failing to find suitable land elsewhere. Nicholas von Tunzelmann joined the expedition that was making for the Wakatipu area after he toured the North Island and found no land to his liking.

What I believe to be the main reason for these early explorers coming to Lake Wakatipu and her surroundings, is not only the attraction of the lake itself, surrounded by lofty mountains ideal country for the sheep farmer - these may be reasons why many of them stayed here: but the men themselves, impelled by their love of adventure and sheer determination to achieve what they set out to do.

The mountainous interior and difficulties of the unknown would not have been as inviting to any other men than these.

The backgrounds of the early explorers of the Wakatipu district didn't vary much as they were mostly of the moneyed and respected classes. All had a standard of good if not advanced education, and most had a military or naval tradition in their family.

The determination of these men is illustrated by the difficult conditions through which they journeyed.

The determination of Rees and von Tunzelmann in particular is notable when they became the only two out of a well-equipped party of six to continue on the search for a way over the Cardrona and to find possible pastoral land, after the group had travelled for six weeks, meeting a near tragedy in the Molyneux river then viewing a disheartening sight of nothing but snow-capped mountains in the direction they were heading. This same determination and

courage was displayed by Donald Hay when he paddled alone a mokihi (flax raft) up Lake Wakatipu from the Kingston end and became the first white man to discover the central and northern areas of the lake while facing wild storms and near death.

Most of the explorers were of athletic build and had the capacity to walk long distances, not always with the company of a horse, and face treacherous conditions. Most of them through nothing of walking the many miles back and forth to Dunedin or Invercargill for supplies or applying for a lease.

When von Tunzelmann reached New Zealand, he travelled all over the North Island. As Florence Mackenzie described in "The Sparkling Waters of Wakatipua" von Tunzelmann had the 'wanderlust'. John Chubbin was described as 'an excellent walker and loved travelling'.

Rees, as described by GJ Griffiths, was 'strapping in build, and a shade short or six feet tall, ... and had also the deep chest of a swimmer and the muscles of an athlete'.

The Wakatipu explorers had youth on their side. Most were around the age of nineteen when they made their Wakatipu journey, Rees was the oldest at the age of 32.

And so, most of them would have been ambitious and adventurous, with no obligations such as a family depending on them, to make them think twice about the journeys they made.

The Wakatipu explorers were determined where others were discouraged, they had the ability to handle the arduous journeys, they showed foresight and wisdom towards difficulties and all the time were backed by the driving force that there might be pastoral land between those snow-capped ranges.....

The difficulties the explorers faced as they made their way around the Wakatipu area, were difficulties that would remain the high country farming days for years to come.

The discouraging sight of the precipitous mountains that in places plunged almost straight down into the deep waters, was the deterrent that for many parties stopped them from further advance.

Those, like Donald Hay, Rees and von Tunzelmann, who did continue, were met by harsh weather, wild dogs, rats, fast flowing rivers, fire, injuries and shortage of supplies.

The persistent north-west weather which is such a feature of all the southern lakes, created great discouragement for Rees and von

Tunzelmann when it held them up for two-three days, when they were trying to sail on a mokihi up the lake.

Because it was impossible or not advisable to travel on foot in many areas around the lake, travelling by raft became imperative. Though, with this form of travelling also came the difficulties of the strong winds, bitter lake temperatures and danger of being washed against rocks. (As Hay found out when he escaped near tragedy when the strong winds blew him towards the rocks at the base of Cecil Peak).

On two occasions, fire nearly cost the lives of explorers, as it spreads so quickly devouring the dry vegetation. Chubbins party found that immersing themselves and their horses in the cold lake for three hours was the only escape from the flames, while Rees and von Tunzelmann had to out-run the fire until the Shotover was between them and the advancing flames.

Vegetation was also a problem for the explorers. When Rees and von Tunzelmann arrived in the area, only about 3 years after Chubbin, the vegetation had already grown back to the same thick, impenetrable state in which it was for Chubbin. Chubbin had described the land in the Kingston area as covered with speargrass and matagouri which made the going difficult. As Rees and von Tunzelmann made their way between Cardrona and Lake Wakatipu they found the going tougher towards Lake Hayes. 'Our trousers from the thigh downward were filled with blood', Rees reported.

The men had to urge their unwilling horses through speargrass and matagouri. Although this vegetation didn't deter the men from their exploration, it definitely would have slowed them down, wasting time and provisions.

Most of the exploring in the Wakatipu area was done either en route or on primitive rafts built from natural materials found on the lakeside.

Although most of the men made their way to the district on horseback, at times in their explorations it proved efficient to either guide the horses while they trekked on foot, or leave the horses in a grassed area and continue without them. Hay left his horse at Kingston Bay while he set sail on his mokihi; on his return he found the mare had foaled. Rees and von Tunzelmann had to leave their horses hobbled in Queenstown Bay when the hills became too steep and cliffs plunged sheer into the lake. Like Hay, they too decided

they would have to take to the lake, if they were to make any further progress.

Mokihis proved very useful in transporting men around the lake. For Hay, floating around the lake on a mokihi meant that he was able to cover much more ground than otherwise possible and therefore enabled his discovery of the central and northern arms.

For Rees and von Tunzelmann the mokihi enabled them to make slow and laborious progress in the face of the north-west weather that would otherwise have been impossible to make on foot along the precipitous mountain drops.

Not all of the early Wakatipu explorers ended up staying and farming the land they discovered. McKellar, who applied for the Mt Nicholas run, decided the climate was too severe for the safety of his stock and gave the offer to the Hamilton brothers.

Many of the explorers, who had only seen the southern end of the lake, were discouraged from applying for land due to the roughness of the country, but of these parties D R Cameron and A A MacDonald probably penetrated the farthest and secured licences for the gentler southern portion. It was in the land surrounding the northern arms of the lake that the most desirable land was discovered.

Applying for the land in the Wakatipu came with many complications. It was the race to the licence application offices that was the downfall of many hopeful land claimants, as Donald Hay discovered when he applied for the land he had explored in the Wakatipu basin and was told this area had already been spoken for and so returned to Australia in disgust. This is an example of the land speculation that was common during this period.

Many of the applicants for pastoral licences had never even seen the land applied for. The land authorities, busy with the orderly settlement of the easier areas, simply did not have the time or the resources to adequately oversee the issue of licences, and often granted them in accord with the information supplied by the applicants generally with indefinite boundaries.

In my opinion, the common land speculation was a direct result of the strong demand for land that had made the Otago provincial authorities decide to throw open the unknown lands to public lease. This was done before there was any opportunity to have the ground surveyed, and dozens of prosperous settlers queued up at

the land office to pay their deposits on any land available.

Early stocking of the runs, once the applications were accepted, was mandatory, to ensure that land went to genuine pastoralists and not simply to speculators. This, as Dickson Jardine says in his book, 'Shadows on the Hill', meant that the 'men were sorted from the boys' by the requirement, failure involving cancellation of the application and the loss of an often substantial deposit.

The true locations and boundaries of the runs applied for, created much confusion as, because the land had not been surveyed, they were not factual and boundary disputes became common. Such as that which was litigated in *McKellar v White*; a suit which after several hearings in the Supreme and Appeal Courts came to an end without either side being successful, although in Florence Mackenzie's 'Wakatipu Pioneers' it is stated that the Whites went back to Europe wealthy, subject to the outcome of the case.

Even when a triangulation survey was finally carried out in the area in 1865, the Kawarau Stations boundaries were not defined and established until 1909.

Getting sheep to the runholds came with many problems so the Waste Land Board became increasingly willing to grant extensions to the time by which runholders had to have their runs stocked.

The routes for getting sheep to the lake follow similar if not the same routes as the explorers. crossing the rivers with stock proved to be a great obstacle and in many cases loss of stock was common, as the usual custom was to swim the sheep and horses across.

The wild dogs that roamed the Wakatipu area became a curse to the vulnerable stock. Another pest was the rats that ate the men's provisions and scuttled about them during the night. Even apart from these difficulties, driving the stock in Otago in those days was a very arduous and difficult job. weeks would sometimes be consumed in traversing a few miles.

It took three months to drive Rees' first mob of 300 sheep to his Wakaitipu runs. It was a long and dangerous journey over 200 miles of trackless ranges and valleys, crossing immense and dangerous rivers on three occasions and making use of mountain passes over 4000 ft high. Crossing the Arrow and Frankton flats

would have been impossible with sheep had not Rees on his first visit burn off the scrub which covered these plains.

Life before the gold rush for the high country farmer consisted of hard work from daylight to dark, dangers and hardships, lack of accommodation, sometimes short age or food. This was the period when the runs were just becoming established. Men were just learning about the land they had acquired. The runs were being stocked, make-shift accommodation being built, routes being sought for the movement of Stock and supplies. It was a time when the determined men stayed and others gave up.

For some the isolation was too much for them. Bad weather would mean it would be impossible for their produce to be transported out (which was usually done by boat) and supplies wouldn't be able to be transported in.

Rees had put a boat on the lake soon after the arrival of his sheep to the Queenstown run, which proved a very valuable possession as it assisted as a means of travelling and transporting. The boat also provided a connection between stations. The only other connection between stations in the early days were the pack tracks that led from one block of high country to another.

Chains of horses walked, carrying supplies and sheep, were driven over these windy tracks.

Although sheep were the main stock brought to the back country, cows were also introduced but not favoured for the terrain.

The high country farmer faces much the same problems as farmers lower down, but within his towering acres. battling with the storms that sweep them and the pests that plague them, a style of shepherding was formed that is only similar to that in parts of the British Isles.

In this period before gold was discovered, the runholders were just beginning to experience the problems that they would face in the years to come with the plagues of rats and rabbits, the heavy snowfalls, and cheeky keas that would terrorise the flocks.

When gold was discovered and the miners arrived, farmers had another 'pest' to deal with as sheep stealing became common if stock was not watched intensely.

It was when gold was discovered in the district that station life was disrupted a great deal.

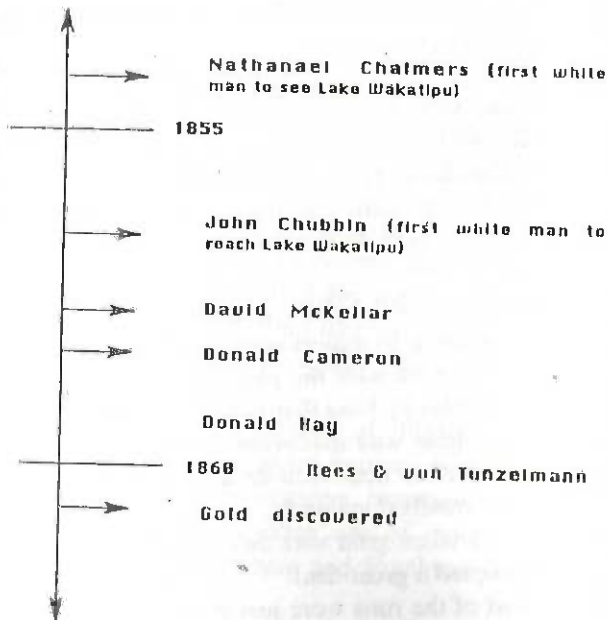
Most of the runs were just beginning to reach stability, when

gold was discovered on their runs and upset all their plans. Rees had runs no 356 (Queenstown) and no 346 (Glenorchy,) stocked and permanent quarters nearing completion when gold was discovered. His run was declared a goldfield and he was awarded \$20,000 compensation. He was forced to move to his Kawarau Falls run, not allowed to claim any right to the Queenstown area.

Bibliography

- 1 The Wakatipians - by Alfred Duncan
- 2 Golden Days of the Lake County - by Fred Millar
- 3 Wakatipu Pioneers - by Florence MacKenzie
- 4 The Sparkling Waters of Wakatipua - by Florence MacKenzie
- 5 Shadows on the Hill - by D G Jardine
- 6 King Wakatip - by G J Griffiths
- 7 The Story of Lake Wakatipu -
- 8 New Zealand Explorers - by Phillip Temple
- 9 A History of New Zealand - by Keith Sinclair
- 10 Couriers 30 & 26
- 11 Early Days in Central Otago - by Robert Gilkison

TIMELINE



Fairlight Station - irene Adamson

Fairlight Station

Irene Adamson

Feb 1993

Fairlight Station, at the southern end of Lake Wakatipu, has greatly reduced in size during its 133-year history, but time has in no way diminished its historic or agricultural significance. But next week that history, and the legacy of a succession of far-sighted and determined owners, will be up for sale.

The auction of the property next Friday could also mark the end of an era for the McPherson family which has owned Fairlight for the past 70 years. Owner Jack McPherson - who has spent his life at the property - says the decision to sell up was not an easy one. "I have to face facts now, to sell while I am still capable of coping with things". His parents, John and Margaret McPherson, went to Fairlight in 1922 to manage the place for the McGregor family of Mount Linton. Jack McPherson later became a third shareholder until 1956 when he bought out the other shareholders.

In the early days the property was immense - stretching right to Nokomai. The run comprised 18,000 ha, including 240 ha of freehold around the homestead. John McPherson took over the lease of a neighbouring high country property called Windley in the Eyre Mountains. "We actually only grazed about 15,000 acres as the remaining country was high and rather inaccessible for the type of sheep we were running at that time," Jack said. Windley had not been grazed for some years so was badly overgrown and of an erosive nature which made it impossible to burn and open up for sheep grazing. After running this property in conjunction with Fairlight for 10 years, we dropped the lease of Windley and also about 15,000 acres of Fairlight's back country which was dark facing to the south and in the Eyre Creek watershed."

That left Fairlight with 11,005 ha of clear, sunny tussock country facing north, good for safe wintering. In 1982, a further 7000 ha was subdivided as a separate block to become Mataura Valley Station. A further 1500 ha block of pastoral occupation licence in the head waters of the Mataura reverted back to the Crown at the same time. Today, Jack owns 2638 ha - all freehold.

When his father - an experienced musterer on several Southland runs - arrived at Fairlight, he was faced with dealing with a

long-term rabbit problem which had caused considerable pasture and soil damage. Keas also took their toll on the half-bred wether flocks at higher altitudes which resulted in a change to Romneys and the introduction of some cattle. A topdressing program was started in the late 1950's but was stopped when Mr McPherson noticed that excessive use of artificial fertilisers on other high country runs led to an increase in both sweet briar and matagouri. His theory worked out in practice resulting in a reputation for being one of the cleanest runs in the district.

In recent years, mustering on horseback has been superseded by vehicles using the 30km of four-wheel-drive tracks which provide access to all parts of the run. Jack says the past two winters had been extra cold, causing difficult spring feed conditions, but nothing compared with the 1939 winter. "Snow lay on the Fairlight flats then for 10 weeks, a metre deep around the homestead," he said. "We lost 3000 sheep, and even the train to Kingston was almost buried in the snow."

The early history of the property, when owned by Captain John Howell, the founder of Riverton, has been well documented by his great granddaughter, Eva Wilson. The run was taken up by Captain Howell's son-in-law William Cameron, whose wife was Howell's eldest daughter, Sarah Ann. The Upper Glenquoich run, named Bucurochi, was transferred to Captain Howell in 1860, who renamed it Fairlight.

Conditions then have been handed down mostly from T W McKenzie, who worked on the property as a boy in the mid-1860's and from George Howell, a son of the captain. Rabbits were non-existent then so there was plenty of feed, fattening cattle to prime condition to feed the hordes of goldminers and associates in the Queenstown area. Native birds and berries were prolific, and wild pigs and eels varied the menu at times. The eels were speared in the Mataura River by Maori women who found them with their feet.

At the time Captain Howell and his family lived in their Eastbourne run at Flint Bush, commuting between the south and Fairlight until 1869, when they built the large, imposing homestead which still graces the property.

Large wagons regularly ran between Riverton and Lake Wakatipu with stores, but progress was slow over the rough tracks, often taking three weeks.

After Captain Howell took up property his son, George, was sent with 80 head of cattle from one of the southern runs to stock Fairlight. George stayed, eventually marrying Isabella McNaughton in 1861, taking his bride by horseback to live in barely more than a hut. Captain Howell built them a better home, which embodied several reminders of his seafaring days, such as each room resembling the inside of a ship. Isabella was a good pioneer wife and was never at a loss to make her home as comfortable as possible. When George tired of the life and wanted to be closer to amenities like schools, Fred Daniels of Riverton became the manager, living in the "ship house", which later burned down.

In 1873, Captain Howell's family retired to Riverton, because of the captain's failing health. After his death the following year, the run was taken up by Joseph Rogers for 36,000 pounds. About 30,000 sheep were lost in the disastrous snow storms and floods of 1878. The rabbit infestation and the 1880's depression was the final straw for him.

During World War I, Fairlight was owned by Dickson and Mary Jardine, from July 18, 1914, to June 26, 1919, when it was sold to Miss Boyd and D. Livingston. Its size then was 16,000 ha, including 240 ha of freehold. There were 12,225 sheep and 60 cattle, 10 horses and two mules. It was renowned then for its good oat crops - a necessary commodity for maintaining the many horses involved in the station work.

In 1918, an influenza epidemic which swept the country hit Fairlight. Jardine was kept busy keeping his own work going while trying to help neighbouring farmers who had contracted the ailment, helped by his sister-in-law Janetta Grieve who had just returned from nursing at the Cook Islands.

The Fairlight Homestead, which has a B classification from the Historic Places Trust, has changed in appearance in 124 years, with the balcony across the front of the house at the second floor level removed many years ago following an accident, and all the large hawthorn hedges and close in trees cut down. The interior of the 14-room house, with its two-room attic remains the same, with its splendid native beech wood panelling, but with an additional elegant touch in the chandeliers which Jack has installed.

The Howells were a sociable family, so the large front bedroom, hall and dining room were designed to be opened up to form

a ballroom by sliding back two sets of kauri sliding doors.

The timber for the whole house was pit sawn and hand-dressed on the property from home-grown materials. A feature of the walls is the filling of stone and clay placed between the weatherboards and panelling, which acts as both a fire barrier and good insulation against heat in summer and cold in winter. The upstairs rooms had large ropes anchored to the wall below the window as fire escapes. One Sunday when the parents were at church, Jack, then aged 10, and his brothers Donald and Ray, decided to try out the ropes. "Donald and Ray lowered the rope out the bathroom window to allow me to take a firm grip of the end from the flower bed below," Jack said. "They hauled me up through the window, all going well until I reached the window sill when they started to laugh and could get me no further, try as they may. I was left dangling on the side of the house about six metres from the ground with a large rose bush underneath. They managed eventually to regain their composure after my very vocal protestation, and lowered me to the garden again"

Whoever buys the property will acquire not only material factors, but a tradition of which they can be justly proud.

[Fairlight was subsequently sold to the Butson Family of Mt Nicholas in Feb 1993 - Ed]

QUEENSTOWN AND DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

BOOK ACCOUNT 1996/97

Receipts

Sales	18184.05	
Grants & Donations	4500.00	
Interest	351.52	
		23035.57

Less Payments

Printing	11187.00	
Publication Expenses	2632.21	
Launch	502.09	
Stationery, Postage	198.45	
Promotion (Museum)	2500.00	
Refunds	50.00	
Bank Charges	2.00	
		17071.75
SURPLUS		5963.82

QUEENSTOWN AND DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Statement of Receipts and Payments for the Year Ended 30 September 1997

1996	Receipts	1997
----	-----	----
7781	Bank Balances Fwd	7108.39
2445	Subscriptions	2940.55
108	Donations	3200.00
500	Grant from Trustbank	1000.00
2000	Grant from QLDC (Book)	0.00
100	Chadwick	0.00
10	Sales of Couriers	0.00
5108	Trips	6533.50
1390	Luncheon	1254.00
0	Book Income	5963.82
150	Sundry	188.45
487	Interest	406.55
-----		-----
20077		28595.26

Bank Balances @ 30 Sep 1997

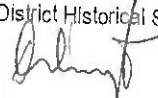
Current Account	766.74
Term Deposit TBS	6195.69
Term Deposit TBS	6500.00
TBS Serious Saver	1373.95
Term Deposit Bldg Socy	1050.10

	15886.48

1996	Payments	1997
----	-----	----
58	Subscriptions	40.00
5000	Grants and Donations	4000.00
37	Advertising	0.00
680	Printing & Stationery	371.30
24	Room Hire	16.00
53	Post Office Box	105.00
1316	Couriers & Postage	1821.36
4071	Trips	5066.42
1430	Luncheon	1268.00
100	Rees Memorial Prize	0.00
90	Book Expenses	0.00
40	Advocate	0.00
70	Gifts and Vouchers	0.00
0	Sundry	20.70
7108	Bank Balances Closing	15886.48
-----		-----
20077		28595.26

Auditor's Statement

I have examined the financial records of the Society which in my opinion have been properly kept. I have obtained the information and explanations I required. In common with other similar organisations, control over Income and sundry donations prior to its being recorded is limited, and there are no practicable audit procedures to determine the effect of this limited control. In my opinion the financial statements presented above give a true and fair view of the financial activities of the Queenstown and District Historical Society for the year ended 30 September 1997.


D. Warrington BCom CA

Lawrence Gerard Lynch

by Michael Lynch

Queenstown lost one of its characters on 15 September 1997. Gerry Lynch, remembered by generations of Otago and Southland holidaymakers as the whistling grocer in Beach Street, with a quip for the parents and a saveloy for the kids, died at the age of 86.

But Gerry was a bit more than just a grocer -- town councillor for a couple of terms, keen sportsman in his day (few can match his nine wickets for 13 runs bowling cunning googlies for the Queenstown cricket club in the Thirties), bowling club life member, one of those who set up the Queenstown Progress League (Fifties forerunner of the QPB) and Christmas Carnivals back in the Fifties and Sixties. In his unassuming way he put a lot into the place. His family's links with the Wakatipu go back a long way: His mother was a McEntyre, from McEntyre's Hill, just outside Arrowtown. (In fact, three Lynch brothers and a cousin married McEntyre girls.) His father made a bit goldmining at the Sugarloaf, round the back of Queenstown Hill from Arthur's Point --- enough to buy the Beach Street grocer's shop round the turn of the century --- then lost a bit on the misconceived Kawarau Bridge mining scheme in the Thirties. But he too was a pivotal figure in the very small town Queenstown then was: pioneer in fish and game acclimatisation, head of the fire brigade, organiser of the Easter rowing regattas (as Gerry did after him), behind the building of the local Catholic church. (Gerry's mother rode side-saddle into Bullendale, behind Skippers, to collect money for it.)

The family have been on the same site in between Shotover and Beach Street almost a hundred years, now the about the only house down town. In the heady Seventies and Eighties, Gerry made the news from time to time turning down million dollar offers. "Where else can I live where I can walk to the shops, and just across the street to the pub," he used to say.

He was no stranger to a glass of Speights, or a nip of Wilsons, hobbling across the street to Wicked's (formerly McBrides and Hotel Queenstown) at lunch time, snow or shine, until over 80. He spent many years single-handed and stubborn looking after a sick wife. It took its toll on his health, but he always stayed his cheery self; he had few enemies. Back in the Fifties and Sixties people pressured him to become a Justice of the Peace. He always turned them down. "I'd hate to be sitting on the Bench judging one of my mates who'd had a bit too much to drink," he'd say.

He did his bit in other ways; A wave and a quip for the Asian tourists. "Got your stockings up yet?" he'd say to them round Christmas. "Ah,

stockings" they'd reply, looking anxiously down. But then it would be: "You know, for Santa Claus ---- "Ah, Santa Claus." And eventually smiles all round.

His is a commercial generation that hardly exists now; making money came well behind honesty. He grub-staked families in trouble; he simply tried to be fair. When back in the Fifties and Sixties he rebuilt the family grocer's shop, he voluntarily took the frontage back more than two metres to widen a narrow Beach Street. The council never recompensed him; he didn't ask for it. And though some developers have since reverted to the original legal boundaries, most of the other shops built in the street followed Gerry's lead.

An irony is that the man who lived most of his life in the sight of mountains he loved had to spend his last few years at Ripponburn Hospital in Cromwell; health politics meant there was nowhere in the Wakatipu for him, and no visual touchstone in his life. He might have ended his life confused, but right to the end he was cheerful and whimsical. The staff at Ripponburn cried when he died.

Gerry Lynch is survived by his two elder sisters, a son Michael, and three grandchildren.

For Gerry

Now it's a good story that grows in the telling;
a tale well told will always find an ear.
You follow the road, live your life as you d like to
and when the sun sets you can dump your load here.

From the mountains and lake, to the sands and the desert,
to the green grass of home and a cold glass of beer,
here you measure a man by the strength of his handshake
the chance of his arm and the length of his stare..

Happiness comes when you live life the right way,
laugh at misfortune and whistle at pain;
Joking is hard when you hold the last card;
Yet tragedy passes and you still remain.

The sun has gone down, 'Last Orders' been called,
you'd better drink up; wouldn't want to be late!
Memory fades but we'll not forget you:
'Grandad' to 'Gerard' to 'Gerry' to 'Mate'.

Gerry, like many of his generation, liked Banjo Paterson poems. His grandson Sebastian, working for a law office in London, knocked this one out for him this week and faxed it over. Granddaughter Brigid read it at the funeral. Other grandson Daniel played a pibroch (Scots lament) on the viola.



Ferry Hotel Guest house 1872

*Ferry Hotel
Guest House (Circa 1872)*

Spence Road, Lower Shotover
Proprietors: Kevin & Glenys Reynolds

2 September 1997

Hi there!

It's the "OLD FERRY HOTEL" here talking to you from Downtown Lower Shotover. I know most of you guys know me, some of you may remember me better as the 'Old Shotover Pub'. I certainly remember a lot of you, and your guilty secrets, but I won't tell anyone, ...weee!!! I won't mention any names anyway. Some of you were a bit the worse for wear at times, some of you were too young to drink, and some of you, would you believe, drank after hours. Its hard to believe now I'm sure.

I thought you might like to know a little about what's been happening to me over the past 9 months. I have new owners yet again, they consist of Kevin, Glenys, Daughter Clare and everyone's favourite: Chester the English Springer Spaniel. They're pretty good on the whole. My insides have all been refurbished with fancy new curtains, velvet would you believe, lots of pictures telling you all about my chequered past, even some of me when I was a baby. In fact, Kevin has started a Rogue's Gallery of past Publicans and owners. This is where you guys come in: if you can help the new fellow out with any photo's either of the pub in the old days or of Publicans and owners or in fact patrons in or around the premises, he would really like to take some copies of them. A Gentleman of particular interest is Mr Gerkin who was here during the 2nd World War and was a well liked and respected fellow with a keen sense of humour. I will take it upon myself to guarantee that Kevin takes care of any photo's provided by you and assure you that they would be returned to you in good order.

I guess I should mention at this stage that Kevin is going to join your Society on my behalf - "about time too don't you reckon?" I think I deserve a little respect at my age. Mind you, he is trying I suppose, he's forever off to the Museum in Arrowtown to see what he can turn up and even went to the Hoeken Library in Dunedin. It would appear that I was first opened as a public House on the 23rd November 1363 by the then Ferry Operator Mr Frederick J Foster and known by the name of "Hallway House". There's been a lot of water under the bridge since then mind - Pardon the pun.

Should you have any information or photo's of me please phone Kevin on (03)4422194 or better still come and see me. You may hear from me again in the future, I've got some fascinating stories to tell.

Roma Mary McAndrew

Roma Mary McAndrew

Roma was never one for sifting around drinking cups of tea. Having spent the past few months sorting through the piles of careful files she accumulated, can see why. She simply wouldn't have had time.

She was a member of at least ten local groups, ranging from the Historical Society to Queenstown Community Network, the Musical Society and the Arts Society.

Her dedication to the Historical Society is demonstrated by the scrapbooks of clippings about the Wakatipu and the historic south she updated for the past twenty years. These were started in 1958 by Mrs Alf Atley and are an enduring gift to the Society, and to the future. She also took photos of old houses and buildings about to be demolished, along with those that just needed to be recorded for posterity. And there are some wonderful shots of the society's outings through the years.

Coupled with this interest in the community was her talent as an artist of many disciplines - from pottery, to painting in many media - and her love of nature, the environment and the outdoors. Some of my earliest childhood memories are of setting out on one of our 'walks'. My brothers and I would each have a small backpack containing a drink bottle and food. The destination was often old goldmining diggings, and by today's standards quite a tramp. The piles of round rocks coated with lichen and moss, the rusting pieces of dredges, the gnarled apple trees near the forlorn chimneys that were often all that was left of some distant miner's home. These were the things Roma's children grew up with.

Her uniqueness was evident to me even at a young age. Nobody else had a mother who was an artist and a potter; health-food conscious before it became fashionable. None of my friends were packed off in the Holden station wagon with the tent for the Christmas holidays. Nobody else's mother joined the aero club, and eventually flew solo. She also found time to be a beekeeper.

While Roma's death was unexpected, we take comfort in the fact she was not afraid to get out and enjoy life as she saw fit. She was never one for sifting around drinking cups of tea. But a billy by the campfire, that was Roma.

[Roma McAndrew of 12 Malaghan Street, Queenstown, was tragically drowned in Malaysia on 21 August 1997. The Queenstown and District Historical Society extend to her husband Les and family Greg, Karen, Russell and Shane, our deepest sympathy, and thank Karen for the preceding obituary.

Roma was Committee Member for twenty years from 1977, President for four years between 1980 and 1984, and her sketch of the T.S.S. Earnslaw was printed on the front cover of "The Courier" for 29 issues between 1981 and 1994.

Her latest art work was the design and painting of the cover and sketches for Peter Chandler's "Land of The Mountain and the Flood"

This Society is truly indebted to Roma for her contribution.

Ed]

Miners in the Clouds- Mulia Bradshaw

Letter To The Editor

17th November 1997

BOOK LAUNCH

"MINERS IN THE CLOUDS"

Along with the Lakes District Museum I would like to cordially invite you and any interested family and friends to the launch of *Miners In The Clouds* my long awaited book on the history of scheelite mining at Glenorchy.

It has been decided to tie the launch in with the Glenorchy Road Celebrations on December 13th. This public event is to be held at Stony Creek, three kilometres from Glenorchy and will start at 2pm. The activities are expected to take about two hours and the book launch is scheduled to begin at 5.00 pm at the Glen Roydon Lodge.

As a way of saying thank you to all who helped with the book it will be on sale at a discounted price of \$20 on this day only (the normal retail price will be \$24.95).

It would be lovely to see you there.

Kind regards

Julia Bradshaw

Miners In The Clouds *The History Of A Book*

by Julia Bradshaw.

After moving to the Wakatipu district I began hearing vague mentions of scheelite mining at Glenorchy. I was intrigued. Like many historians I found the idea of a remote mining venture wildly interesting and the fact that little seemed to have been written about it made me even more curious. As I was working part time at the Lakes District Museum I discussed my ideas with David Clarke. I was given the go-ahead to undertake an oral history project and began

researching with enthusiasm.

I ordered old Mines Department reports, searched through newspapers, read anything on Glenorchy that I could find and managed to get a grasp of the basics. So armed I was ready to start interviewing. First up was John Macintyre who I had already interviewed about his deer shooting days. Out came the stories and the descriptions of mines with fascinating names such as The Boozer and Pinhead. The characters that worked them were just as interesting. I was hooked.

Other interviews followed, each person filling in different parts of the puzzle, keen to share their knowledge, pulling out photographs, suggesting others to contact. Herb Sheehy, Joe Mullan and George Vernon told me about the heady days of the 1950s when the price for scheelite was high, Eira Sharpe talked about both her husband's and brother's mining days, Mark Shaw entertained with colourful descriptions, Norrie Groves, Gordon McLaren, John and Eoin Wylie and Andy and Pat Paulin filled in details about their father's and their own mining days while Jim Robinson and Tommy Thomson gave valuable information about Government involvement during World War Two.

David and I were impressed by the wonderful material that was being collected and the idea of a book was born early in the researching period. After each interview I typed an abstract of the tapes and this provided a kind of index system to quotes that I might want to use in the future.

Finally of course, the day came when the fun part was over and I judged that I had enough material to start writing the book. First I had to decide how to organise the wealth of material I now had. I wanted to make it easy to read so that the book wasn't just for mining enthusiasts. Once I had some sort of framework in mind the grind set in, working away on my computer until my brain felt like some sort of raspberry blancmange. I spent my days thinking about scheelite mining and some nights I even dreamt about it!

The museum was applying for funding to help with publishing costs and so the pressure was on to get the manuscript finished. It was something of an anti climax when funding wasn't forthcoming and for some months the manuscript "sat on the shelf." Thankfully though the Queenstown and District Historical Society, the Community Trust of Southland and the Q.L.D.C. came to the

forthcoming and for some months the manuscript "sat on the shelf." Thankfully though the Queenstown and District Historical Society, the Community Trust of Southland and the Q.L.D.C. came to the party and we were able to send the manuscript to the printers.

By the time you read this *Miners in the Clouds* will have gone to print. The book launch has been scheduled to coincide with the Glenorchy Road celebrations on December 13th so that those interested in Glenorchy will be able to attend both. Hope to see you there!

Book Review

Reviewed by Elizabeth Clarkson

MINERS IN THE CLOUDS

By Julia Bradshaw.

From its imaginative title to its tales of human endeavour and endurance this is a highly readable book and a welcome addition to the many local histories which have been written in this district.

"*Miners In the Clouds*" tells the story of one hundred years of scheelite mining at Glenorchy. The story is of necessity episodic as demand for scheelite rose and fell along with its price. There are not many industries whose fortunes are greatest during wartime, but since scheelite is important in the making of armaments the demand rose dramatically during World Wars I and II and the Korean War.

The author has been thorough in her research and her narrative is authenticated by many references and by tales of life in the mines told by the miners themselves or their sons. There was a bond amongst the men, and sons clearly loved to follow in their fathers' footsteps. Pat Paulin has written of his father's long involvement giving a graphic account of the dangers and rewards encountered by both his father and his older brothers. We hear too from Tommy Thomson who surveyed for the miners and from Herb Sheehy who was involved in the 1950's in building a long and difficult water race.

Glenorchy was an important community to the miners as several wives and families lived there. Some men worked long weekday hours in order to enjoy the social life of Glenorchy on a Saturday night. The reader does not have to wonder for long where

the names Shickers Mine and Boozers Mine came from. The name Paradise Mine, I presume, came from its location rather than its condition.

The description of equipment used in mining, from hand tools to bulldozers, horse drawn sledges bringing the ore down precipitous slopes, to the inventiveness of Mark Shaw who had a compressor towed up Mt. McIntosh enrich the account.

In 1967 as the mining was winding down Owen Hopgood, who was working on an impossible road building task, commented, "You work three times as hard as in a normal job to get half as much."

The Lakes District Museum is to be congratulated on encouraging Julia Bradshaw to write this history and for publishing it. Readers will find the presentation with its maps, many photographs, footnotes and appendix a rewarding experience.

The appeal of this book should spread well beyond the Glenorchy area as the story told of scheelite mining is a special feature of our N.Z. history.

Lakes District Museum education programme

Lakes District Museum Education Programme

It is nearly two years now that the museum has been able to fully fund an education programme, thanks to the Ministry of Education. The programme had been running for several years prior to gaining funding but relied on the voluntary time and patience of Ray Clarkson and an already too busy museum Director, David Clarke. The Ministry of Education called for proposals to enter into a contract with them to provide "Learning Experiences Outside The Classroom" for which the Lakes District Museum was an obvious contender.

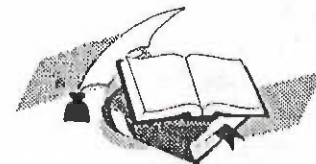
The success of the proposal was due to the foresight of David and Ray being able to prove how valuable a programme could be in this area. The funding had been contestable and only one other institution in the South Island (Nelson Provincial Museum) had been successful, much to the chagrin of the trusty museums in Christchurch, Dunedin and Invercargill who would have to suffice with rate payer funding (something, by-the-way, that the Lakes District Museum has to do without all together). The first year's funding provided a part-time Education Officer but it was quickly realised that a full time position was desirable and the second year's proposal aimed for just that. Although the funding is guaranteed through 1998 the future thereafter is uncertain. It seems cruel to build up a programme which many schools have come to rely on as a necessary learning tool for specific studies, only to take it away through lack of funding.

The programme is not confined to the museum or to Arrowtown as it uses the whole of the Wakatipu Basin as an outdoor classroom. It presently caters to all school ages and fits in to the curriculum through several learning areas, encompassing History, Social Studies, Geography, Economics, Home Economics, Technology and Tourism. Participating school groups have the option of doing standard activities which are pre-set or they can have a programme tailor-made to suit their specific focus or objectives.

Examples of activities included in the programme:

- Museum tour and talk with work sheets
- Historic walk around Arrowtown (including the gaol and Mary McKillop's cottage)
- Tour of the Chinese settlement
- Cemetery visit
- Gold panning
- Butter making
- Williams cottage tour and talk
- Queenstown historic walk
- Visit to historic sites (such as Arthurs Point, Thurlby Domain, Gibbston sites etc)

Lakes District Museum Bookshop



We have an extensive range of Books

- History Books • Guide Books • Maps
- Natural History • Childrens Books
- Calendars • Cards and Prints

New Christmas stocks arriving.
Copy service also available.

Open 7 Days 9am-5pm
49 Buckingham Street, Arrowtown. Tel 442 1824

Future Field Trip

JOURNEY OF A LIFETIME.

September 5-11, 1998.

Our most spectacular project: Seven Day Discovery Cruise.

Includes Preservation Inlet, Dusky Sound, Chalky Inlets, Acheron Passage, Breaksea Sound and Deep Cove, on the 'MILFORD WANDERER'.

Includes

- * Helicopter Flight to Preservation.
- * Old Whaling Station at Cuttle Cove.
- * Cromarty. A thousand people lived here in 1890.
- * Gold Mines Silver Mines - Saw mills.

All meals served in warm inviting Dining Saloon.

Comfortable 2 person bunkrooms. Bedding supplied. Eight hot showers, Modern Toilet Facilities, Entertainment arranged. Commentators supplied.

We have safe ship-to-shore transport. 26 Kayaks. Fishing from the *Wanderer* all equipment supplied.

This journey of Discovery retraces Captain Cook's visits: Pickersgill Harbour, Astronomers Point, N.Z. 's first shipwreck, first European house, see Pigeon Island where Richard Henry spent many lonely years rescuing rare birds. Formed during the ice ages, unchanged for thousands of years, the rugged and spectacular coastline of the Southern Fiords will reveal a work of mystery and unparalleled beauty. An isolated Paradise. The ship holds 36 passengers. We already have 22 bookings. Each booking numbered on arrival. We require \$100 booking tee by 20th December, 1997, full payment by June 30th 1998.

The full fare is \$1095 which is \$100 below the listed price.

All cheques payable to FIORDLAND TRAVEL Post to our Tour Secretary.

Bruce Hamilton,
231 Lake Hayes Rd.,
1 R.D., Queenstown.

Notice of Field Trips 1997-1998

13 December 1997 (Sat)	Glenorchy, Opening of sealed Glenorchy Road Book launching, Xmas BBQ
19 January 1998 (Mon)	Lower Shotover and environs (half-day)
15 February (Sun)	Dunston Range
16 March (Mon)	Fairlight Station and environs
19 April (Sun)	Waikaia District

Note: All trip bookings should be made at the Lakes District Museum in Arrowtown, or at Mall Mania, The Mall, Queenstown. Only firm bookings can be accepted and payment made at the time. Any enquiries should be directed to:

Cicely Morrison 442 1744
or *Rupert Iles 442 1976*

The Courier *Acknowledgment*

This issue has been typed and printed by Dave Warrington
His work his hereby acknowledged.