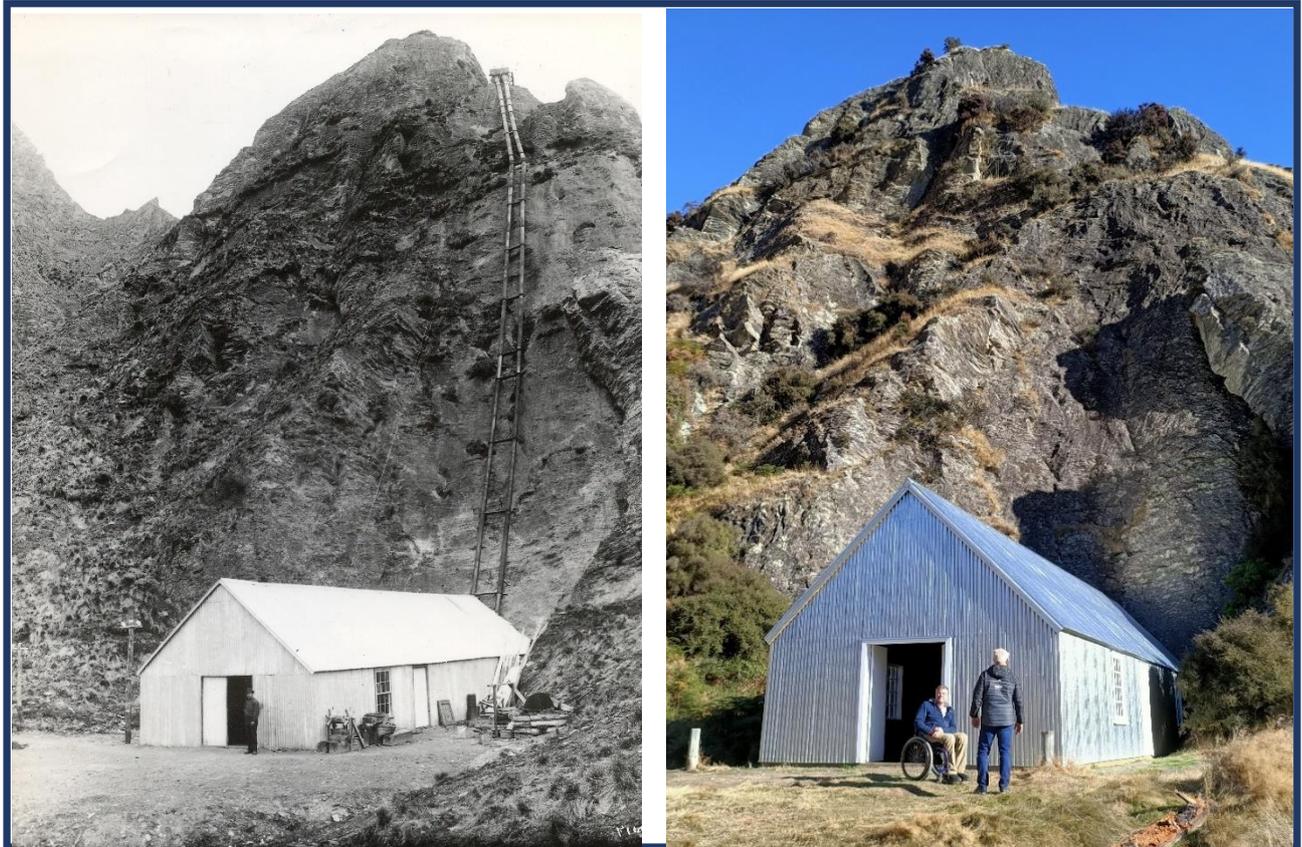


# THE QUEENSTOWN COURIER

SUMMER 2022

Issue No.108



**The Hydro-electricity Powerhouse at Dynamo Flat  
Left Branch of Skippers Creek  
Constructed in 1886                      Replica in 2022**

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## CONTENTS

- Page 4 Captain George Budd – a monologue by Jim Sullivan
- Page 8 A Narrative of My Captivity and Escape by Captain George Budd
- Page 12 Mother and Daughter Pioneers: ‘They Led the Way’ by Sue Burnet  
Elizabeth Fowler – Burrows - Goodwin  
Annie Burrows - Elliott
- Page 22 Maori Point at the time of the Goodwins by Marion Borrell
- Page 23 The Bullendale Dynamo – Pioneering Electricity  
and the Whakatipu Heritage Trust’s Restoration Project by Marion Borrell
- Page 31 An Angry Cow at the Dynamo Powerhouse from *Lake Wakatipu Mail* 1886
- Page 32 Queenstown & District Historical Society Annual Report by Marion Borrell
- Page 35 Four Interesting Old Objects contributed by Patricia Tonkin, Graeme Clark,  
Liz Winstone and Jo Boyd
- Page 38 The Lakes District Museum shop
- Page 39 Queenstown & District Historical Society Information

**Cover photos:** Left: F. Finch (Lakes District Museum EL2352) Right: Marion Borrell

### **Editor’s Musings on the Varieties of Historical Writing**

Quite by chance, this issue contains a medley of historical writing. Can you match the articles to the suggestions below?

The fact-fiction continuum. No articles are complete and objective records of facts, as all written history has been selected by fallible and biased humans, and later writers like us are limited to what has been recorded or remembered.

Which article was written nearest the time of the events?

Which articles are the most factual? Which the most obviously incomplete, selected or biased? In the middle range of the continuum we have interpretation of facts, and speculation. The most fictional item comically embellishes an incident.

Writers have different purposes: humour, the preservation and promotion of history, the creation of empathy, entertainment, and self-promotion perhaps for personal gain. And does one article verge on deception by omission?

The contexts of the writing range from a newspaper, to a family history (‘herstory’), to a lecture written to be read to a paying public audience, to reporting on a heritage project, to a monologue written to be presented at our ‘People from Our Past’ event.

I hope you enjoy them in all their variety.

Perhaps you’ll realise that you could contribute some writing (your own or from historical sources) about our Whakatipu history for a future issue.

If so, please be in touch – marionborrell@hotmail.com.

# Captain George Budd

by Jim Sullivan

Monologue presented at 'People From Our Past' in April 2022

I'm Captain George Budd.

I was born in England about 1815, wasn't aware of the exact year at the time. I ended up in Van Diemen's Land, and in 1832 when I was 17, I sailed to New Zealand and I was held hostage by Māori. That's why I'm the 'famous' Captain Budd, and I'll tell you more about that later.

[See the next article – Ed]

I came to Southland in 1860 and I was quick to complain about the state of the bridges south of the Clutha after my horse went through the timber and my collarbone was broken. Still gives me twinges.

Then I came to Queenstown in 1863 when William Rees was looking for a good man to run his business empire after the gold was discovered. And he got one!

He was a great man, William Rees, into everything, and I was a busy man. The town needed timber and he brought it down the lake. In 1863 they wanted me on the Town Board but I refused and told them I was much too busy for that. Well, they laughed and some fool called out, 'You don't measure timber by night, do you, captain?' Cheeky devil.

Apart from Rees, I was pretty well the king of Queenstown in those days, on the juries, and I raised funds for the hospital out at Frankton. Put up a big ornamental cake as a raffle prize and won it! Raised funds for the Masonic Lodge which still stands.

I raised money for the building of an Anglican church. You won't believe this, but a rough and tumble hard-drinking sailor like me was a lay preacher there until we got a vicar in 1869. Richard Coffey M.A., he was, (born in Ireland but not one of the R C Coffeys, of course) but didn't stay long. A very punctual man, he went to Milton and got them to install a clock on the Post Office. He ended up 30 years in the pulpit in Wellington.

We had all the meetings at Rees's place, the Queen's Arms Hotel – that's where I spent most of my time.

When they wanted a harbour master, I told them their legislation was more suited to the open sea than an inland lake. And I set up the yacht club. But it was the Shotover I was on about most of the time. I put up £5 to encourage prospecting there. That's over



Regular Trader to the Head of the  
Lake.

—

THE NEW AND FAST YACHT  
"THE PEARL,"

 WILL leave REES' WHARF  
on Monday, the 10th Aug.,  
at 9 a.m., for the Head of the  
Lake, calling at the Twelve-Mile,  
Twenty-five Mile, and the Islands.

—

The PEARL will be kept on as a REGULAR  
TRADER.

For freight and passage, apply to Capt. BUDD,  
opposite Rees' Wharf.

335 W. G. REES.

\$600 dollars in today's money. I told a public meeting, 'The prosperity of Queenstown depends upon working this Gorge properly.' The Shotover – richest river in the world.

Of course, I was a big man on the Queenstown Improvement Committee. I told them they should pay for a good secretary from their own pockets, 'I consider the cheapest man is not always the best. It would be better to have a man of ability, who knew what he was about.' They needed a kick in the bum to get sections available for sale, 'If t'were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly. There's no mistake—the lands ought to be sold.' I always quoted stuff from *Macbeth*. And those men who turned up late for committee meetings got a blast from me: I said they should be fined half a crown, 'It is too bad that half a dozen men should do the work of thirteen, besides the loss of time. Tonight we have been waiting for three-quarters of an hour for a quorum.'



Queenstown in 1869 with the Queen's Arms in the centre (*Lakes District Museum EL4578*)

I had a few run-ins with that Irishman Hugh Bracken, a pretty tough policeman who took over the Queen's Arms Hotel and called it Brackens.

In 1864 I went a meeting of the Queenstown Improvement Committee and told the chairman, 'None of your hanky-panky tricks with me.'

Well, that set them going – here's what the *Lake Wakatip Mail* reported:

*'The yells, hooting, hisses, and catcalls increased every moment in intensity, and an advance was made up the hall, Captain Budd haranguing the mob with an eloquence and vigour that might have been appreciated had his speech been audible. He was voted to the chair with acclamations but had no sooner seated himself than Mr Bracken made a descent, and bundling him into the arms of the crowd, threw the chair away. The skipper 'shaped' at his assailant with his left arm (the only one available) and was immediately pounced upon, and expelled from the house. A rush took place after the ejector and ejectee, and the door was speedily blocked up; men were rushing along the table, trampling pens, ink, and paper beneath their feet. Suddenly a loud cheer from the front of the hall rung out, the crowd divided, and up rolled the skipper in a high state of indignation and dust, in a frantic search for his hat, which was 'somehow' missing. The cheering was intense, while 'three groans for Bracken' resounded with vigour through the hall; in the midst of which the poor little skipper, his bald pate shining like a full moon through a plate-glass window, was gesticulating, stamping, and haranguing. While the din was at its highest, in stalked a constable, to whom Captain Budd was given in charge by Mr Bracken, and immediately hustled out, followed by the whole human contents of the room. Outside the house the noise and*

*excitement continued, and Captain Budd being released, drew a crowd about him, whom he again favoured with an incoherent speech. Groans for Mr Bracken, and cheers for the captain resounded again and again, and it was with difficulty the crowd could be prevailed on to refrain from 'chairing' the Captain round the town.'*

I charged Bracken with assault, and Bracken told the court of my being charged with inciting a mob against the police when I was in Invercargill, which was true.

Henry Manders had a go at me. He was a gold broker and later the MP for Wakatipu who drank himself to death in 1899, God rest his soul. He told the court, 'Captain Budd was in a state of excitement, and out of order at the meeting. He did appear like an insane man.' Constable Charles Evans said I was drunk which I challenged, but Evans replied, 'You could not be so excited without being well primed with drink.'

Resident Magistrate Richmond Beetham summed up: 'I am inclined to believe that an unnecessary degree of violence has been used, though I can scarcely, however, look upon the matter in the light of an assault. Captain Budd was evidently in a state of intoxication, and very much excited. Still, this would not justify the use of a greater degree of violence than was absolutely necessary to put him out: it should rather be an incentive to gentleness. I shall therefore inflict a nominal fine of one shilling with the costs of court.'

Good man Beetham. When he was 74, he married the daughter of David Hampton who had been the vicar here – he was the first vicar to preach under the electric light when he took a service up at the Phoenix mine in the 1880s, after my time, of course.

At a dinner in honour of Vincent Pyke, I gave the toast to the navy and stated, 'I can hardly realise the fact that I, a poor boy sold some years back in this country for twenty-five pounds weight of gunpowder, should then be standing there as a man and returning thanks to them all for one of the most glorious, most feared, and most independent institutions of our country —the navy!'

You'll want to know about my being sold for 25 pounds of gunpowder. So did everyone in Queenstown, so I gave a lecture. Now, that lecture went well. 'Perhaps the best evening's entertainment that has yet been offered in Queenstown,' said the paper. I left Queenstown in 1864 and put my house on the market, but for years it was always called 'Captain Budd's House.'

I headed to Auckland to get some compensation from the Provincial Council who mocked me, saying, 'He married a native woman, by whom he had one (fair) daughter—(laughter)—that Governor Hobson had passed a law that gave 2,560 acres to the class of persons willed pioneer —(roars of laughter)—that his daughter was still living, and he prayed compensation at the hands of the Council.' There was then great merriment on both sides of the house with Councillor James George calling it an 'absurd' claim

TUESDAY, 10TH MAY, 1864.

ON THE PREMISES, CHURCH-STREET.

REUBEN HARRIS will sell by public auction, on the premises, Tuesday, May 10th, at three o'clock—

That substantially-built FOUR-ROOM COTTAGE, known as Captain Budd's, and lately in the occupation of the Southland Agent, standing on a

FREEHOLD ALLOTMENT of 42ft. by a depth of 104 feet, fenced.

The cottage has spouting all round, is lined, papered, and fit for immediate occupation. For further particulars apply to the auctioneer.

Terms at Sale.

304

and Councillor Robert Skeen wrapping up with, 'Whatever the value of the petitioner, 25 pounds of powder or not, the time of the Council was a little more valuable than to be wasted on a subject which, however it might amuse, was very unprofitable.'

That's Aucklanders for you, they haven't changed.

Well, I knocked about on the West Coast and then went on the road with my lecture to raise a few bob, ending up in Dunedin in December 1869. Very few turned up – there were too many other attractions - how could I compete with a farce like 'Thumping Legacy' with a cast of 20-odd at the Royal Princess Theatre and Woodroffe's American Glass Blowers at the Masonic Hall?

I fell ill and went to hospital. The illness wasn't considered dangerous but I passed away there at the age of 53. The nurses reported, 'A few minutes before his death he was chatting gaily with a fellow-patient.'

The *Southland News* was probably the only paper to give me an obituary: 'His was a chequered career— that of a genial Mark Tapley, and, truth to tell, somewhat drouthy soul. One of his characteristics was a fondness for Latin and Shakespearian quotations, of which his fund seemed inexhaustible. We are not aware of his having left any relations in the colony.'

Mark Tapley, you will recall, is the character in Dickens' *Martin Chuzzlewit* whose mission in life is to remain jolly in the most trying circumstances, and 'drouthy' is a Scots word meaning 'dry' and in this case suggesting I was partial to a drink.

What about 'we are not aware of his having left any relations in the colony'?

You will be the first to know about this – it isn't in any of the books.

When I was in Auckland in '64, I visited Henry Balneavis, sheriff for Sir Donald McLean who had been involved in negotiations with the Māori, and Balneavis wrote to McLean.

The letter reveals that much later I married and had two children who died, but also that around 1832 I had a daughter Maggie by the young Māori woman who saved me. Maggie later married a man called Thomson and my daughter took his name. She had a son who did well, so maybe there are Thomsons alive today who are the descendants of the famous Captain George Budd of Queenstown.

Bless them all!

24/5. 11. H. B. Balneavis  
Auckland 11 July 64

My dear Mr. Leam

I am going to tell you a very extraordinary  
circumstance that occurred to me - a Mr. Budd called  
upon me, and stated that 32 years ago he was at  
Opotiki as a mate of a trading vessel and that he  
had been left there as a hostage for four natives  
who embarked in his vessel - that he remained  
at Opotiki for upwards of a year, formed a  
connection with a native woman & that if the  
native woman had a half-caste child, he must  
be his, as no European was there during the time  
He mentioned the woman's name, and it appears  
the child, is the mother of Thomson's children.  
There can be no doubt of the fact - I told him  
her history, & I brought the children from  
school & I never saw a man so delighted

**New Zealand in the Olden Time**  
**A Narrative of My Captivity and Escape**  
**by Captain George C. Budd**

**Excerpts and Additional Information**

From a lecture delivered at the Masonic Hall, Queenstown, and published in full in the *Lake Wakatip Mail*, 11 November 1863.

Note: Māori words and names have been written with their modern spelling, ellipsis points have been omitted to aid the flow of reading, and subheadings have been added.

George Creed Budd was a young English sailor who learnt some Te Reo Māori in 1831 when his ship spent time in the Coromandel, the Bay of Islands and Hokianga, collecting timber including kauri. He described the language as ‘the most musical language I had ever heard, and indeed has often been styled the Italian of the South Seas.’ Due to his familiarity with New Zealand, in 1834 he was engaged as an interpreter on the schooner *John Dunscombe* which was buying flax in exchange for tomahawks, guns and gunpowder.

Budd recounts that at the Bay of Islands, *we conferred with the few Europeans living in the country, and who, with the exception of a few scattered missionaries, chiefly consisted of runaway sailors and escaped convicts from the neighbouring penal settlements, which you may imagine did not prepossess the minds of the natives in favour of the white men.*

While there, the captain was asked by chief Te Rangimātānuku, who was staying at the mission-house, to take him to Ōpōtiki in the Bay of Plenty as war had broken out between his tribe, Te Whakatōhea, and the Ngāti Awa at Thames. Payment would be a large cargo of flax.

*My suspicions had been excited, and I mentioned them to Captain McLean, who on the request of the chief, but against my advice, determined to go on to Opotiki. I made a last appeal to him as we weighed anchor but without avail. When we arrived at our destination, a number of war canoes came paddling up alongside, some of them manned by seventy men. There were gratings in all the canoes, and arms I felt sure were concealed under them. They wanted us to bear up for the shore, which I refused to do, and then came the first note of alarm. I was struck a smart blow on the back with the flat of a tomahawk. Their war-whoop rang out, and in a moment the ship was in the hands of the Maori. They endeavoured to run the ship in to shore by shifting the helm first one way then the other, the consequence of which was that the ship yawed about, struck on the bar, breached to, and the sea made a clean breach over her. At low water the natives hove the ballast out, and the vessel being thus lightened, the next day we took the ship upriver to the pa. The natives began to plunder the ship, and so admirably did they do their work that absolutely nothing was left but what we stood upright in; one only was able to keep a blanket. We were not ill-treated, however, and had plenty to eat.*

### First captivity – about 15 months

*We had lived with them for about three weeks when they took it into their heads that I was the son of King George, and they resolved to let the ship return to Hobart Town to fetch an adequate ransom, keeping me as a hostage for the safe return of the ship with the natives who went in her. It must have been a stratagem on the part of the native chief Te Rangimatunuku, our passenger, from the first, to obtain us as prisoners, in the hope of securing thereby a large ransom, besides our cargo of arms, which was of considerable value.*

Thus, Budd remained a hostage while the rest of the crew sailed the ship away for repairs.

*At that time, I was only 18, and the prospect of being kept a slave to savages was more than I could bear. I had had nothing to eat the whole day, and seeing an old woman, asked for food. Some natives came down to where I was on the banks of the river, with a basket containing some potatoes and a piece of flesh. It had been kept some time. I asked what food it was? Pork? No, was the response. Dog? No. Seal? No. My suspicions were aroused and I refused to eat it. At last, one of them impatiently said, 'It is a piece of a New Zealander [=Māori]. Eat it – it is good!' I threw it into the river, knife and all, which they were diving for ever after while I was with them – perhaps they are diving for it still. I afterwards was allowed the ship's mate's gun and some powder from the chief, which enabled me to procure food to my taste.*

*I kept a calendar like Robinson Crusoe, by notching a stick, with a big notch for Sundays, and the seventh day I always observed as a day of rest. The natives always treated me with great deference, in consequence of my supposed illustrious birth.*

*It is not worthwhile to detail at length my daily life, nor the constant wars in which my captors were engaged, the plunder of the ship exciting the envy and cupidity of the surrounding tribes. I hoped to escape to get to Whakatāne, where there was a European named Taylor, who collected flax. I told my plan to a Māori who I considered more benevolent than the others, telling him what he would gain by giving me his assistance; but he informed the chief, and my hopes were frustrated.*

*One Sunday evening, I sat in my canoe, thinking over my wretched fate; I was thoroughly tired of my life. My clothes were all torn to shreds, and I was wrapped in a mat. The chief ordered me to go up into the pa, but I, mad with despair, taunted him with his treachery, and evoked the heaviest curse possible to the Māori mind, which is levelled at the head, the sacred part of the body. He drew back about twenty paces, seized his tomahawk, and was about to throw, when a young girl standing by threw her mat over me and protected me. This is a well-known fact, that a chief girl [wāhine rangitira] can, by thus throwing her mat around you, save your life. After this I was constantly guarded – two men always accompanied me whithersoever I went, and slept outside my hut.*

*At last news arrived that war had been declared against the tribe, and great preparation was instantly visible. One evening at a meeting, a girl in fact the same young woman] asked me for a piece of tobacco. I told her I had none. She asked me again, and my eye meeting hers, I encountered such an expressive look as made my*

*heart leap. She gave me a piece of paper; and as soon as I could get away safely, I ran to my hut and found that it was the fly-leaf of a book with some pencil marks thereon. At the bottom I deciphered the words, 'Now is your time, or never!' I was thoroughly mystified. I could only gather that I was to betake myself to the enemy party, which was commanded by a chief Te Kepa Toihau, a perfect demon of blood, who led the massacre of the 'Haweis' brig at Moutohurā.*

*Desperate as the chance seemed, I determined to attempt it, and get to the four or five enemy war canoes lying in the creek on the right or west bank of the river. I waited until about 10 o'clock at night, and to my great surprise found my keepers off guard, doubtless preparing for tomorrow's attack. I then succeeded in stealthily getting round the palisades. After going some distance my foot slipped and I fell into the water. What was I to do? To go forwards would be a chance; to go back, I knew, would sooner or later be death. The prolonged absence of the ship 'John Dunscombe' had wearied my captors – there were mutterings among them – and if I returned, I should inevitably be sacrificed for the supposed deaths of those Māori who went away in the ship. I must go on.*

With difficulty in the dark night and in spite of a receding tide, he swam both the Waioeka and Waiotahi Rivers where they meet near the sea, and reached members of the Ngāti Awa war-party.

#### Second Brief Captivity

*Some time elapsed before they took into consideration what should be done with the white man. Toihau, the greatest cannibal among them all – he who had conducted the massacre of the 'Haweis' brig – said, 'He is good food!' Well did I remember the horrid butcheries perpetrated by that wretch, and closing my eyes, I uttered an involuntary prayer. One of the girls said, 'Look at the white man – he prays!' Te Kapa, his son, said that ever since the taking of the brig, no other ships had come; and besides, the flesh of the white man was salt. His words prevailed, and the next morning they paddled the war canoe round to Whakatāne. [A distance of about thirty kilometres.]*

#### Ransomed by Thomas Taylor

*When we reached Whakatāne, I saw a white man who hailed me in English with 'Hallo, mate, you've had a narrow chance.' I would have rushed to him, but I was restrained. My captors wanted payment for me, and threatened to take me back if their demand was not complied with; and eventually I was sold to Taylor, a flax trader, for twenty-five pounds of gunpowder, with the proviso, that I was not to leave Whakatāne without their permission.*

*On the third day, [after a truce had been made between the war-parties] three of my late enemies came and asked me if and when I wanted to return to them. Taylor handed me a pair of pistols, saying, 'You have a chance now of having your revenge.' I had no desire to take life, but I taunted them with their cruelty and teachery. I recalled to them the kindness they had experienced on board the ship, and their promises; and told them to go back and tell their women that they had been defeated and outwitted by a boy. Two or three days after, a bullet came through the roof, and was near striking Taylor's wife, and a subsequent attempt was made to set fire to the pa.*

*I soon learned that I was to have been sold for two casks of gunpowder and six muskets, back to my original captors, who had resolved to be revenged on me. I determined to be killed rather than again fall into their hands, and determined to start for a place called Tauranga, where it was rumoured a vessel was lying. Taylor advised me to travel at night, and bound me on a piece of Bible not to divulge, if I were again taken, that he was aware that I had escaped.*

The distance from Whakatāne to Tauranga in about 100 kilometres.

*Living at one time on rock oysters, at another on fern root, travelling painfully by night, and hiding by day, avoiding native pa, I dragged myself along, till seeing at last a schooner at anchor, my feelings overcame me, and having hailed the ship, I lost consciousness. I was taken on board the 'Columbine', the sailors not knowing what to make of me. I talked nothing but Māori. My hair hung long over my shoulders.*

*I was lying sleeping by the side of a gun on the deck when Captain Milne came on board, and his attention being directed to me, he came near, and heard the name of my ship the 'John Dunscombe', escape my lips during my troubled sleep. He immediately concluded that I was the lad left ashore from that ship, and for whose recovery a reward had been offered.*

*The vessel was ready for sea. We lost no time in starting, and shortly after arrived in Sydney.*

#### Aftermath and Additional Information

Budd continued his seafaring life, eventually attaining the rank of captain. He skippered sailing ships and later steam-driven vessels along the New Zealand coast during the 1840s and 1850s, and eventually settled in Otago.

Aware of the marketability of such a harrowing tale, George Budd later thrilled and horrified audiences in Otago and West Coast halls while eliciting their sympathy and coinage. Budd's narrative appeared in New Zealand newspapers on three occasions, with five condensed, third-person accounts between 1860 and 1872. At this time of conflict and war, settler audiences were receptive to anti-Māori narratives. European captives who had formerly lived Pākehā-Māori lifestyles before being rescued, ransomed or managing to escape, found it convenient to suppress the details of the adaptations they had made. Captain Budd told his live audience that it 'was not worthwhile to detail at length my daily life.'

He states that he was treated with deference. In the previous article by Jim Sullivan we learn that he fathered a daughter with the wāhine rangitira who had saved his life on two occasions – from the chief's tomahawk and by giving him the message from Taylor. Budd withheld her identity and the true nature of their relationship.

#### Sources:

*Lake Wakatip Mail*, 11 November 1863 from [www.paperspast.natlib.govt.nz](http://www.paperspast.natlib.govt.nz).

*Transgressing Tikanga: Captured by Maori, First-hand Accounts 1816-1884* by Trevor Bentley, published by Potton and Burton, 2021

This book is highly recommended for more discussion and different perspectives on the events and people Budd mentions. Available in bookshops and at local libraries.

## **Mother and Daughter Pioneers – ‘They Led the Way’**

**By Sue Burnet**

Great-great-great-granddaughter of Elizabeth and great-great-granddaughter of Annie.  
Adapted from her family history.

### **Elizabeth Fowler – Burrows - Goodwin, c1823 -1893: An ‘Iron Butterfly’**



‘Iron’ - such an industrial and unflattering description for a lady. A lady who lived a life that required the will, perseverance, resilience and strength of a diamond, yet was lauded for her kindness, benevolence and hospitality to all in her circle. ‘Diamond Butterfly’ would be so much more glamorous. But Elizabeth’s life was anything but glamorous or pretty or sparkling. Iron was the material of her era and echoes her fortitude and endurance.

She looks so world-weary in this photo, her gaze so remote and desolate but also resolute and determined, challenging and asking, what more do you want of me?

Who could blame her? In her lifetime she buried two husbands, five children and six grandchildren, and endured great hardship and poverty. She sailed across the globe alone and created homes in three different countries in support of her family.

Born in Ireland in about 1823, as a young child she lost her mother. By the time she was five or six, she had spread her wings and moved with her father, Edward, a mariner, to Greenock, Scotland, where he remarried. The indications are that her step-mother didn’t have much time for or interest in Elizabeth, so her childhood probably wasn’t particularly happy. Her step-mother ran a lodging house and Elizabeth would have been

required to help her with this, as well as assist in caring for a growing number of young half-siblings. Unbeknownst to her at the time, these activities were to stand her in good stead in the future.

By February 1845 she had escaped the censures of her step-mother and was in Liverpool, England and about to marry George Burrows. He was a cabinet maker with his own business in this bustling, growing city and their future looked bright. Their only child, Annie, was born late in 1845, but George died of tuberculosis less than a year later. At just 23 Elizabeth was a widow with a baby.

When Thomas Goodwin came into her life he would have seemed like a saviour. Like George he was a young educated businessman from a steady and established family. And, an added plus, he was Irish, like herself. In the years to come did Elizabeth wish she'd had a crystal ball to see what her future would be like with Thomas?

They were married in September 1848 and things looked very positive for the next four years or so. A son, John Edward, was born in 1849. At the time of the 1851 census, Thomas was a provisions dealer and the family was living above his shop. He was doing well enough to employ a live-in domestic servant. Elizabeth would have been assisting in the shop as well as caring for two young children and another was on the way. October 1851 saw the arrival of Thomas junior. And another child was due in 1853.

But then they didn't seem to be able to establish a permanent home. Over the next five or so years, they were constantly on the move. An indication of deteriorating financial circumstances? By mid-1853 they were living in a squalid, over-crowded area rife with poverty and sickness. It could only be called a slum - probably a significant factor in the deaths of their children.

Tragedy soon struck. Baby Thomas, not yet 18 months old, died in August 1853 from 'teething'. Elizabeth was pregnant with their third child, Hannah, who was born just two weeks after they had buried Thomas, but she lived for only a few hours. You can't help but wonder whether the stress of nursing an ailing child only to watch him die caused Elizabeth to go into a premature labour. To bury two children within two weeks would have devastated both parents, but especially Elizabeth who would have been physically exhausted as well. But that was life then – you just buried your pain and sorrow along with your child and got on with it.

By September 1854 they were back in a more affluent area and welcomed daughter, Jane, into their family. And Thomas was advertising for a junior assistant to help in his business. Were things looking up for them?

Unfortunately, the answer was a clear No. A year later they were back in the slums and Thomas was facing charges of 'using improper scales, weights & measures.' He was convicted and fined 2s 6d plus costs. It was noted that he had been fined for the same offence on five previous occasions. This was the beginning of a lifetime of Thomas running foul of the law. And things only got worse. Five months later, Jane, not yet 18 months old, died of 'decline'.

As if burying three of their children hadn't been heart-breaking enough, Elizabeth was faced with another disaster: by October 1856 their financial situation had completely collapsed. Thomas was insolvent and had been sentenced to nine months imprisonment.

Elizabeth was destitute and had two children to provide for. She was in dire straits. There are no clues but, somehow, she managed to keep them together. Thomas would have still been in prison when their fifth child was born. There is no record of them in the workhouse, so she was able to avoid that horror.

Baby Elizabeth was baptised on 5 July 1857, probably soon after Thomas got out of prison. However, he spent little time re-connecting with his family. Less than two months after the baptism, Thomas left Liverpool on the '*John Barbour*' bound for Australia and the Victorian goldfields, leaving Elizabeth and three children behind. Again, somehow, she found a way to survive another nine months on her own. Then in May 1858, she once again spread her wings when she and the children sailed from Liverpool, on the *Donald McKay*, bound for Melbourne.

Annie aged twelve, John nine and Elizabeth not yet one, were confined on a sailing ship for a voyage of 82 days and with little idea of what to expect on arrival. If the fear and apprehension of what awaited them wasn't enough, there must have been times when Elizabeth wondered if they would ever survive the journey at all. Only days out, in the Bay of Biscay, they encountered a severe gale that lasted for ten days. They would have been tossed around like a cork. Most on board were prostrate with sea-sickness, unable to leave their bunks. However ill Elizabeth was, she still had three children to protect, soothe, comfort and care for. Fortunately for all, once the gale blew itself out, the rest of the voyage was completed in light weather.

When the family arrived in Melbourne on 3 August, the baby was desperately sick. Elizabeth had spent the entire voyage nursing her. The family must have stayed in Melbourne for three or four days during which care for little Elizabeth would surely have been the priority.

Eventually they left for Bendigo, but barely a day into the trip, little Elizabeth succumbed. At just 15 months old, she died of marasmus (malnutrition), along with, more recently, dysentery. So poor was the quality of food available to them in Liverpool and on the voyage that Elizabeth had not been able to provide her baby with the nourishment she needed. The sad little party had to carry Elizabeth's body for the next couple of days until they reached Bendigo where their first task was to bury her. This start to their new life could hardly have been more devastating. They'd just endured a long voyage watching her slowly waste away and now in a strange land they had nothing familiar to turn to for comfort or reassurance.

Not a lot known about their lives in Australia. Thomas's principal occupation seems to have been as a storekeeper, but there are indications that he was also involved in mining. When the family arrived, he was based in the gold-mining area of Bendigo Flat.

By January 1860 they were in Eaglehawk, a gold mining area about six kilometres north-west of Bendigo, where Thomas is recorded in advertisements as being a storekeeper. He had gone into partnership with a Conway Murphy in owning the 'Liverpool Store'.

In February 1861 Thomas and Conway ended their partnership, and by 1863 Thomas and the family had relocated to Inglewood, a quartz mining area some 40 kilometres to the north-west. It was from here sometime in 1863 that Thomas once again left his

family and headed overseas, this time to the Otago goldfields. A newspaper report dated 13 August records that he had established a store at Maori Point on the Shotover River.

Again Elizabeth spread her wings and with John, who was aged about 14, followed Thomas into the unknown. She moved to Maori Point at some time between 8 August 1863 when daughter Annie was married in Inglewood, and 28 July 1865 when she is reported as being the hostess at a dinner in Maori Point. She had probably been there for some time.

By the time she left Inglewood the towns in the Victorian goldfields had matured from disorganised, unruly, tent settlements to established towns with a certain degree of refinement and permanence about them.

The conditions she encountered when she arrived in New Zealand must have been a shock. The further inland she and John went the more remote and wild it became. Settlements and signs of civilisation became fewer and fewer. The roads were little more than tracks which petered out into bridle paths on which one could only walk or ride. Had Elizabeth ever ridden a horse? Then onto the treacherous trail through the Shotover Gorge to Maori Point. How deep did she have to dig into her resilience and will-power as she travelled deeper and higher into the rugged, remote mountains. Mountains, the like of which she had never seen in her life, loomed over her, intimidating but also awe-inspiring. The track was very narrow along the side of the mountain with sheer terrifying drops down to the river.

To reach Maori Point in one piece must have been such a relief, but what did she make of this rag-tag miners camp? It would have been even less civilised than Bendigo was when she arrived there in 1858. Most of the miner's 'houses' were just tents or shanties, scattered higgledy-piggledy on the river terraces. Commercial buildings, such as Thomas's store, were slightly more substantial in that they had timber frames covered in calico, perhaps partly clad in timber and possibly with timber floors. The Bank of New Zealand, however, was wooden. See photo on page 22.

Elizabeth's arrival with a teenage son would have attracted a great deal of interest as women and families were rare in the early days of the goldfields. The conditions were primitive and life was hard, yet she and Thomas made their home there for almost 18 years. She saw the town decline from its heyday as a centre of activity with a bank, police station and Resident Magistrate's Court to little more than a ghost town once the easy gold was won.

Thomas's store, like many on the goldfields was a store cum hotel cum post office. He was appointed Maori Point postmaster in September 1864 and held that position for 17 years. During that time Elizabeth would have been as active in the role as Thomas. In July 1881, following his death, she was appointed postmaster in her own right.

Their Chinese customers could not pronounce Elizabeth's name so they would address her politely by the delightful 'Missy Lily White'. This suggests she had a pale complexion in which case she would have been prone to sunburn in the fierce summer sun.

Over the years that they lived in Charleston (Maori Point) Thomas was licensee for two different hotels. Initially he had the Post Office Hotel but in 1872 he took over the

Digger's Rest Hotel. This change was likely brought on by the fact that in November 1871 he was again bankrupt. His premises, furniture, stock-in-trade, horses, cattle and land leases were sold to repay his creditors. Along with his premises went his publican's licence. On the positive side, at least he didn't end up in a debtor's prison this time. Thomas quickly came to some sort of Deed of Arrangement with his creditors that enabled him to re-acquire his land leases and in March 1872 to take over the Digger's Rest. At least they had a roof over their head and a means of earning a living, but he was still a bankrupt and still in debt. Nothing but their own hard work was going to keep them afloat. Thomas was in debt for the rest of his life.

You could describe Thomas as a dreamer, always chasing the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow or the next get-rich-quick scheme. As someone who nudged the boundaries of legitimacy. But he was also recorded as an affable, genial man and a generous host. Oh how he must have tested Elizabeth! He had butter fingers when it came to money - his own or borrowed. And he is reported as having a penchant for the liquor he sold, so probably consumed at least part of their takings.

There was so much involved in running their business, that idle moments would have been few and far between. Not only were there the endless domestic tasks associated with servicing the hotel's bedrooms and dining room, there were customers to be attended to in the store, the bar and the post office. And then there were numerous outdoor chores that needed attention. With horses (their own and visitors') and cattle to be cared for. Most likely a cow to be milked and butter churned. Chickens to be fed and eggs collected. Firewood and water to be fetched. And they had a large garden to tend. Some of the milk, butter, eggs and garden produce would have been used for themselves and the dining room, but most would have been sold in the store.

They may have had some casual help from time to time, but labour was usually in short supply and expensive, especially in the summer months when everyone was working their claims. Elizabeth and Thomas would have done much of the work themselves and when Thomas was away on business or out mining, most of the burden would have fallen on Elizabeth's shoulders.

It was Elizabeth's steadfastness and good character that kept a roof over their heads and a means of providing a living. Because once again in April 1880 Thomas was in trouble with the law. He had no liquor licence but that didn't stop him from selling alcohol including to - of all people - a constable in uniform! A conviction for sly-grog selling soon followed. He was fined £13 all up or two months in Invercargill gaol. Consequently, when he applied for a licence in September, it was Elizabeth's good character that swayed the Court to grant it, as per the following report in the *Lake Wakatip Mail*:

*Licensing Court. Thursday, 7<sup>th</sup> September, 1880.*

*(Before H.A. Stratford (Chairman), C.C. Boyes, and G.M. Ross, Esqs., Commissioners.)*

*The only business before the Court was an application by Thomas Goodwin, for a license for his old hotel at Maori Point, which has been for some years been closed. Mr Turton appeared for the applicant, and pointed out that applicant and his wife were dependent for a living upon the business carried on upon the premises. Since the hotel*

*license had been dropped the premises had been used as a store. Goodwin did not wish to break the law, but people obtaining meals and accommodation at the store were continually asking for beer and refreshments. Goodwin had recently been fined, but had no desire to again break the law, and hence the present application. Both Mr and Mrs Goodwin were old residents at Charleston [Maori Point] and well liked.*

*The police report stated that the house was in good order, clean, and fairly furnished. It referred, however, to convictions against Goodwin for sly-grog selling, and stated that another licensed house was not required in that direction. Sergeant Morton in, supporting these statements said that the applicant was not a man noted for sobriety, but he had no objection to urge against Mrs Goodwin, who was generally esteemed. The applicant, who has a very hard rubicund countenance, assured his counsel that he did not imbibe.*

*After a lengthened consultation on the Bench the Court decided upon retiring, and after an absence of ten minutes, they returned. The Chairman said that the license would be granted. They warned Goodwin that if he committed any breach of the Licensing Act, or failed to conduct his house properly his license would be immediately cancelled. One thing that influenced the Court was, that applicant and his wife were old residents at Maori Point and depended for a living upon this house; another was, that Mrs Goodwin was fully qualified to manage a hotel properly.*

Mr G.M Ross, who was one of the commissioners, had been their neighbour at the Bank of NZ and knew their record of service to the community. Public meetings and elections took place at the hotel, receptions for visiting dignitaries such as the Provincial Superintendent to whom Thomas read an address on behalf of the community. Thomas was elected a warden of the Wakatip Board of Wardens (about land rights) and as the Maori Point representative on the Wakatipu District Hospital Board. No doubt Elizabeth was keen to support him in his civic endeavours. An example of the fundraising which took place at the hotel was the ball held in November 1867 in aid of the hospital. Elizabeth, daughter Annie and other women in the area decorated the ballroom and helped prepare the supper. Despite a cold wet evening, the event was well attended and judged a success.

The annual Maori Point Races were a highlight. These ran over an entire weekend. The hotel would have been full of guests, and there was also the Race Ball which was sometimes held at their hotel. An exciting but exhausting weekend for all.

During these years at Maori Point there were also happy family events. In January 1866, Elizabeth's daughter, Annie, her husband John and their daughter, Elizabeth, arrived from Australia. And in March 1872 Thomas and Elizabeth's son, John Edward, married Isabella Pearson in Queenstown. And there was a growing number of grandchildren to celebrate. Annie and John had a further six children after they arrived in New Zealand, and John Edward and Isabella had ten children, so in all Elizabeth had 17 grandchildren.

But there was also sadness. She saw four of her grandchildren die in their infancy and two in their teens. But probably the hardest loss of all for Elizabeth was the death of her first born when her daughter Annie died in 1874 aged 28. (Her story is told below.)

She was dealt a further blow on July 4th 1881 when Thomas drowned in the Shotover. Apparently, he had been collecting firewood when he had an epileptic seizure and fell in. It's hard to imagine how Elizabeth felt to lose her partner of 32 years. Yes, he had led her on a merry dance and tested her repeatedly, but she had stuck with him through it all. She had followed him and his dreams to the other side of the world and ultimately to this remote, wild part of NZ. Yet for all the trials and hardships he put her through, she seems to have retained her affection for him. Thomas is buried in Skippers cemetery. and despite her impecunious situation, Elizabeth found the money to erect a headstone in his memory – a testament to what she felt for him.

Although Elizabeth took over the hotel and post office after Thomas died, she didn't remain in Maori Point for much longer. She was now close on 60 years old. The isolation and the effort of running the place on her own were probably starting to tell. And doubtless her family were pressing her to move closer to them for her own safety and wellbeing.

In August 1882 she was living in Arrowtown and was a witness to the marriage of her granddaughter Elizabeth. She was living with her son-in-law and his children, and no doubt was helping to care for the family as the children were still in their teens. For possibly the first time in decades she had a secure roof over head and was free of the constant worry of being thrown out of her home because of debt.

When she quietly passed away on 13 June 1893, only one of her six children (John) was still alive to mourn her, but there were eleven surviving grand-children, the oldest two of whom she'd seen marry, and she was the great-grandmother of six.

Obituary in the *Otago Witness*:

*On Tuesday last the widow of the late Mr Thomas Goodwin breathed her last at the residence, at Arrowtown, of her son-in-law, Mr John Elliott (manager of the Premier mine, Macetown). Mrs Goodwin came to the district with her late husband in its early days, entering into business at Maori Point, Shotover, where Goodwin's store and hotel soon acquired and long enjoyed an enviable popularity. Of late years, and since the death of her husband, the deceased lady led a quiet and retired life, devoting herself to deeds of benevolence and kindness, dispensing the most unbounded hospitality to all callers, and often assisting in a more material way to alleviate sorrowing and suffering Humanity. She devoted herself with special solicitude to the young, many of whom are indebted to her for kindly advice and counsel. All this was done in the most unobtrusive manner, so that outside the circle of her family she will be sincerely mourned by a large number of sorrowing friends, in whose memory 'Granny Goodwin' will ever be remembered with gratitude and respect. Her end was very peaceful.... caused by failure of the heart's action. Deceased at the time of her death was in her 74th year, and had lived long enough to see a small number of her great-grandchildren grown up to school age. The funeral took place on Thursday last, when a very large cortege of people coming from all parts of the district showed the high respect in which deceased was held generally and the extent of the sympathy that was felt for the bereaved family.*

Elizabeth had led an extraordinary life.

## **Annie Burrows - Elliott, 1845-1874: A 'Child Bride'**

Annie was born November 1845 in Liverpool, England. She never knew her father, George Burrows, who died before she was a year old. Her step-father, Thomas Goodwin, was the male figure in her childhood.

Most of her childhood was anything but easy, carefree or comfortable. She and her half-brother, John, grew up in one of the most squalid, crowded and unsanitary areas of Liverpool, at times in abject poverty. They saw three of their younger brothers and sisters succumb to these conditions before they left Liverpool in May 1858 to join Annie's step-father in Victoria, Australia.

Annie, now in her early teens, was old enough to absorb and remember much about the voyage and to be both excited and frightened about what they would

find in Australia. One of Annie's first memories of her new country would be a sad one with the death and burial of her little sister just days after they arrived.

It's not clear how much schooling Annie received, if any. Schooling was neither free nor compulsory at that time, and given their circumstances it might not have been a priority, especially for a girl. However, her mother and step-father were both educated so they probably taught her at least the basic skills of reading and writing. We know from her marriage certificate that Annie had a fair hand when she signed her name.

Eligible females were few and far between in the goldfields so Annie likely had many a suitor but it was John Elliott who won her heart. Annie married in Inglewood, Victoria on 8 August 1863. She was just a slip of a girl with long wavy tresses. Aged just 17, she needed her mother's permission to marry. Was the fact that her family was about to move to New Zealand the deciding factor in Elizabeth agreeing to Annie marrying so young?

Her husband, John Martin Jennings Elliott was almost 10 years her senior. A miner who hailed from Cornwall, England, John was the antithesis of Annie's step-father. He was steadfast, with strong moral and ethical values, a deep commitment to his family and their wellbeing, and he was a teetotaler.

Their first child, Elizabeth Loveday, was born in Inglewood in 1864. Annie was only 18 and had no family nearby to help and guide her. Even with John to support her, there would have been times when she felt overwhelmed, by the demands and responsibilities of a baby.



Was it a need to be nearer her mother for some support especially as she was expecting again, or did the mining prospects look better in New Zealand? Or was it a bit of both, that led to Annie, John and their daughter leaving Australia for Skippers in January 1866? While this voyage was much shorter than the one from England, it must have been difficult, especially for Annie, who was five months pregnant. It took two days longer than average. They encountered very heavy seas and such thick fog that the ship was forced to hove-to for a couple of days, until it cleared.

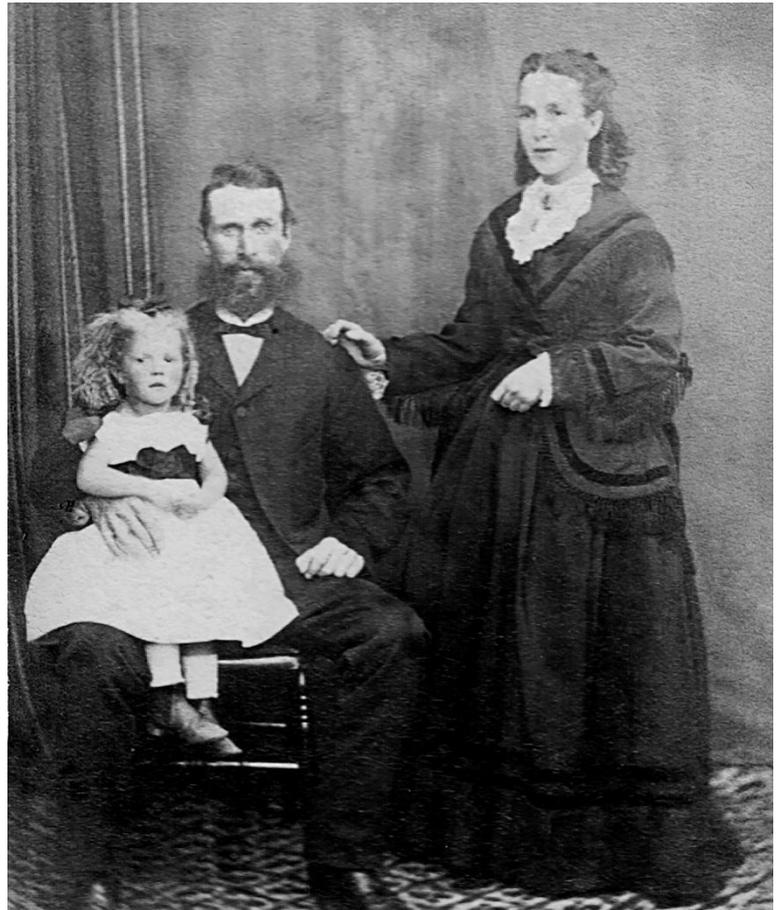
After such a rough voyage and the arduous trek in to Maori Point, the sanctuary of the hotel must have seemed like a haven, and the reunion between mother and daughter one of relief and joy.

Four months after they arrived in New Zealand, Annie gave birth to their second child, Thomas Shotover Elliott at Maori Point. He was the first white boy to be born on the Shotover. His middle name was a tribute to the river that had such an impact on their lives. A river often benevolent and bountiful in its riches but also wilful, destructive and deadly.

There were many drownings and near drownings in the rivers of the goldfields. One particular near drowning in the Arrow speaks of the courage and tenacity of the women in the goldfields. When young Tom Cotter, the first white boy born in the Arrow district, fell into a deep hole in the Arrow, the men nearby were reluctant to go to his rescue because of their heavy thigh boots. His mother Frances didn't hesitate to jump in after him. Her crinoline billowed out and kept her afloat long enough for her to grab Tom's collar and struggle back to the bank with him.

Tom Elliott and Tom Cotter grew up together and became lifetime friends. But for Frances's courageous act, Tom would have had to find another best friend, and another best man when he married. The friendship between the families was intergenerational. Both men had daughters who were lifetime friends.

Two years after Thomas Elliott's birth, while still at Maori Point, Annie and John welcomed a second son, William Edward. Sometime after his birth the family moved about five kilometres up the river to Skippers Point. It was here in March 1870 that their second daughter and Annie's namesake, Annie Jane, was born. But little Annie died



when just six months old. John and Annie endured the heartache of burying their little girl. She lies in an unmarked grave, a couple of plots away from Thomas Goodwin's in the Skippers cemetery.

In the 1871-1872 electoral roll, John Elliott is recorded as having a dwelling-house at Londonderry Terrace. The house would have been made of timber and although rather basic with maybe two, possibly three rooms, it would have been weather-proof and had a fire for heating and cooking. It was here in December 1871 that they welcomed another daughter whom they again named Annie.

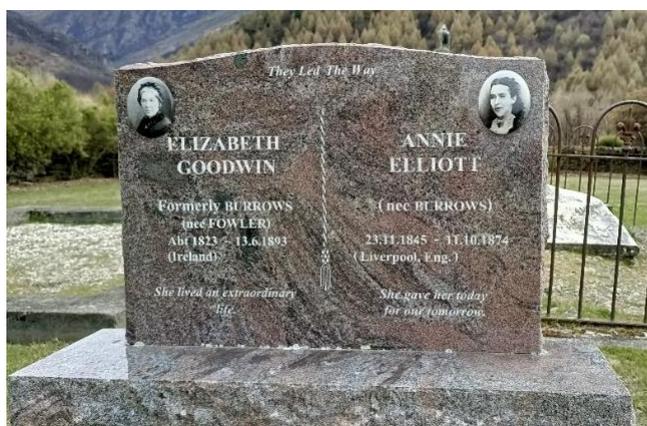
By mid-1873 the family had moved to Arrowtown. They now had four children and the eldest were of school age. John and Annie needed to move to a place with facilities to support them and a school for the children.

Their next child, a son named George after Annie's father, was born in Queenstown in 1873. That he was born there suggests that there were some problems with this pregnancy and Annie had gone to Queenstown to get medical help. George lived for just four months – another heartbreak for Annie and John. Little George was laid to rest in Arrowtown cemetery. His grave is unmarked and unknown.

Life did move on. Ten months after George was born, Annie gave birth to her seventh child in September 1874, a daughter named Jane. But Annie was not well. She had given birth to seven children in ten years in some testing conditions. Her small body was exhausted. She did not recover from this birth, but died two weeks later, aged 28 years. *Lake County Press*, 16 October 1874.

*The death of Mrs. John Elliott, occurred on Sunday morning. The deceased lady had been confined to her room since accouchement, and gradually sank until death ended her sufferings. It is needless to say that sincere sympathy was felt by everyone for the bereaved husband and young children, five in number, who have thus early sustained so severe and trying a loss. The funeral, on Tuesday, was the most numerously attended we have seen in the district. Most of the business premises were closed as a mark of respect, and showed the high esteem in which the bereaved family are held.*

Annie was buried in Arrowtown cemetery, probably alongside her son George, and later her last baby, Jane, who died ten months after her mother.



In 2016 Sue Burnet erected this headstone as a memorial to the brave ancestors who 'led the way.'

## Maori Point at the Time of the Goodwins

Gleanings by Marion Borrell from the *Lake Wakatip Mail* and *Queenstown Courier*

From early in the gold rush in 1863, Maori Point was the administrative centre of the Upper Shotover with a police station, a post office agency and magistrate's court.

Thomas Goodwin established his store right next to the Bank of New Zealand, and soon acquired a liquor licence. How handy for miners who had just sold their gold! He also became the postmaster.

In January 1865 an 'alarming hurricane and tempest' swept through the gorge, demolishing tents and stripping the canvas from the framed buildings. The women and children took shelter in the wooden bank. Goodwin's hotel was described as being 'a perfect wreck'. Six months later the bank was burnt down. The gable end of the hotel next to the bank, being made of calico, caught fire too, but was saved by the prompt action of the townspeople who saturated it with water.

### Is John Edward Goodwin in this photo circa 1864?



(Photo by Thomas Edward Price, Lakes District Museum EL0120)

In *Courier 60*, 1998 Alan De La Mare noted the short person, apparently a teenager, to the left of the door and wondered whether he could be Thomas and Elizabeth's son John. He would have been aged about 14 and living next door to the bank. Perhaps he was a 'runner' or messenger for the bank manager. His identity is now all but certain.

Police Sergeant Neill is on the left; George M. Ross (the bank manager) is in the doorway; on the right of the door is Mr Greenshields (a miner holding a bag of gold); and second from the right of the photo is Mr Anderson (the clerk of the court).

## The Bullendale Dynamo Powerhouse – Pioneering Electricity

By Marion Borrell, Trustee on the Whakatipu Heritage Trust

Who would have imagined that just eight years after the world's first hydroelectric power scheme was built in Northumberland and five years after the first one in the United States near Niagara Falls, a hydro-electricity plant would be constructed up Skippers Creek to power a quartz-crushing battery in 1886. George Bullen and Frank Evans not only imagined this but created it, New Zealand's first industrial use of hydro-electricity and first transmission line, at one of the most remote goldfields in the country. It was a remarkable feat of engineering.



George Bullen 1832-1912

(Courtesy of Kaikoura County Council.  
Lakes District Museum EP4320)



(Map courtesy of Otago Daily Times)

George Bullen owned the Phoenix quartz mine at what became known as Bullendale, up the Right Branch of Skippers Creek, six kilometres from Skippers Point. Fred Evans was his mine manager from 1868. They had a installed a 30-stamp quartz-crushing battery and continually prospected for new quartz lodes. When these didn't always prove profitable, Bullen was determined to persevere, and in about 1884 a rich new source of rock was found at greater depth, providing a windfall. Evans knew that the water supply for their waterwheel was not adequate to run all 30 stampers on their crushing machine, and coal for steam power was very expensive. He proposed the use of hydro-electricity and Bullen agreed.

These two bold innovators were impressively up-to-date about technological developments in North America and Europe. They were confident from their experience transporting heavy machinery to Bullendale that they could bring the machinery for a hydro-electric plant up the narrow Left Branch of Skippers Creek.

Mr Bullen and Mr Evans clearly believed that the Bullendale Gold Reefs would reward them and their financial backers.

In 1885 Robert Fletcher and Walter Prince, electrical engineers from R.E. Fletcher & Co of Dunedin, were commissioned to design and install the generating plant at a cost of £2200.

Assembling the equipment and transporting it to the site was a major undertaking. The two 3-ton dynamos and other large items had to be dragged by bullocks and horses up the pack track from Skippers – a strenuous route that takes a walker about three hours. When Mr Prince was thrown from his horse while descending Long Gully on the Skippers Road sustaining a severe head injury, Robert Fletcher completed the installation. Electricity generation commenced in March 1886.

### **The Hydro-Electric Scheme**

The heart of the scheme was the generating plant, located in a powerhouse at the base a 60-metre bluff. Water, brought by a one-and-a-half-kilometre long water-race from higher up the Left Branch of Skippers Creek, fell down the cliff through two penstocks onto two double-bucket Pelton wheels which drove the two Anglo-American Brush Corporation arc dynamos. When running correctly, the combined output of the two dynamos was about 80 horsepower capable of generating 2000 volts. Photos later in this article show the inside of the powerhouse containing the equipment.

From the powerhouse, a double transmission line of Number 8 copper wire ran 3 kilometres up 240 vertical metres over Southberg Spur and down to the Phoenix Mine at Bullendale, where it powered the quartz-crushing stamping battery. Some of the power poles can still be seen.

Before the installation of hydro-electricity, the battery had 20 stampers in operation. With electricity, the number of stampers was up to 30. Electricity also powered the winch in the new main shaft and the rock breaker, and ran lights underground and in the company's offices. In addition, it lit the community hall and library, the school, some streetlights and some houses. By comparison, Queenstown didn't have reticulated electricity until 38 years later when the One Mile Powerhouse opened.

There was wide interest in this innovative use of hydro-electricity, which was reported in many newspapers and described in detail by a Mines Inspector in 1887. The *Cromwell Argus* (13 April 1886) commented: 'This notable application of science as an aid to industrial pursuits is unique in New Zealand, and its successful accomplishment under circumstances of exceptional difficulty must be very gratifying to Mr Bullen and also his enterprising manager, Mr F. Evans.'

From this pioneering beginning, the use of electrical transmission quickly spread to other mining areas, including to dredging.



Workers at the Phoenix Mine at Bullendale 1892. (35 men. How many dogs?)  
(Lakes District Museum EL0963)

However, in the long term the success of a quartz mine is determined by the quality of the rock and the cost of extracting it. The quartz reefs at Bullendale were discontinuous and the rock was often of poor quality. Expenses were very high in such a remote place. As a result, returns fluctuated and declined over time. In 1893 the company was sold and the mine became the Achilles Mine.

By the end of the century the number of employees had dropped from as many as 200 in its heyday to 55 – motor operators, tunnellers, blacksmiths, carpenters and foremen. The mine was running at a loss. Although the workers made a last-ditch offer to buy the operation, their offer was declined. It is not known exactly when the dynamo was last used. The mine closed finally in 1907.

As Danny Knudson writes, this brought to an end ‘a saga that featured hard work, innovative engineering, dedicated management, unpredictable returns and a tough community in a harsh environment.’ (*Skippers – Triumph and Tragedy* p.156)

Bullendale village and the dynamo powerhouse were abandoned. Some portable machinery and valuable materials such as copper wire were salvaged or pilfered – though fortunately less than if they had been more accessible. The two original 1885 dynamos survived along with various other items. In 1919 the dynamo building was dismantled and materials were used to build the Dynamo Hut which is nearby. Later, a

fire destroyed the framework of the building, leaving the remaining machinery exposed to the weather.

In time for the centenary in 1986 an archaeological survey was completed by Neville Ritchie. A ceremony was held in Arrowtown which was addressed by the Hon. R.J. Tizard, the Minister of Energy. At the dynamo site, the surviving items of machinery were placed in their correct positions on a reconstructed timber framework. But being out in the open, they continued to deteriorate.



The machinery as placed in 1986. Directly below the cliff were the two Pelton wheels onto which the water fell. The wheels drove the main pulleys (centre) from which leather and iron belts drove the two dynamos further to the left. Across on the shingle are pieces of the armatures of the dynamos not in position. See photos below for the final layout. This 2019 photo was taken by John Halse with Keith Milne providing a sense of scale.

In 1996 a further archaeological survey was carried out by Dr Peter Petchey of Southern Archaeology Ltd recording the whole Bullendale mining system in detail.

The Bullendale Hydro-Electric Dynamo and Mining Site is a Category 1 Historic Place with Heritage NZ (#5601), and is considered a nationally and internationally significant site. Both the dynamo site and Bullendale are located in the Mount Aukum Recreation Reserve, and a permit is required from DOC for helicopters to land there.

## **Whakatipu Heritage Trust's Restoration Project: To construct a replica powerhouse and reinstate the machinery**

The Whakatipu Heritage Trust was established by DOC and QLDC in 2012, primarily to undertake the preservation of publicly-owned heritage sites. (For a report on the establishment of the Trust, see *Courier #86* 2011 by searching Trusts in the index on our website.) Founding trustees included Bill Dolan, the Historical Society chairperson, David Clarke, the Director of the Museum, and Grant Hensman who has a keen interest in the Skippers area. The Trust decided that its priorities were the Arrowtown Gaol (restored in 2017) and the Bullendale Dynamo.

Investigations took place involving the Trust, DOC, Heritage NZ and Dr Peter Petchey about options for erecting a shelter over the machinery. In 2014 Peter Petchey prepared a Conservation Plan. In 2016 Lawrence Le Ber wrote a Metals Conservation report. As a result, the Trust decided to rebuild the dynamo shed in order to protect the remaining machinery consisting of the two dynamos, the intermediate shaft with three pulleys and two Pelton wheels. This required a replica building (with minor adaptations) in which the machinery could be mounted on new timber supports in the exact positions. Grant Hensman led the project for the Trust. The archaeologist was Peter Petchey. Information panels were prepared by David Clarke.



The Original Powerhouse showing the two penstocks coming down the cliff.  
(Photo by Finch, LDM EL2352)



Replica finished, May 2022  
Grant Hensman & Cr Craig (Ferg) Ferguson.  
(Photo: Marion Borrell)

Heritage NZ was involved throughout with advice and oversight. The contractor, John Henderson Construction Ltd from Glenorchy, contended with the disruptions of COVID-19, winter weather and other delays to carry out the work between early 2021 and May 2022. Even with the assistance of helicopters for the heavy lifting, it was quite an achievement in a location without vehicle access.



*(Photos from John Henderson)*

The machinery was helicoptered to its new framework in the right-hand end of the building (left photo) before the remaining roof trusses could be installed (right photo). The cost of the project was \$330,000.

Plaques at the building acknowledge support received from:

NZ Lotteries Environment and Heritage, Central Lakes Trust, Community Trust South, Delta Utility Services, Heritage NZ Pouhere Taonga, Peter Petchey-Southern Archaeology, Skyline Enterprises, John Henderson Construction, Findlater Sawmilling, Opus/WSP, Pioneer Energy, Grant Hensman-Beaver Contractors, Department of Conservation, and Queenstown Lakes District Council.

Thus, a preservation project has been completed after years of archaeological investigations, planning and organising. These projects take time and perseverance.



Looking past the pulleys to a Pelton wheel with buckets on it under the cliff.  
*(Photo from John Henderson)*



Trustees David Clarke, Grant Hensman and Gillian Macleod in the completed building.  
In foreground are the two dynamos. Absent: David Mayhew.  
*(Photo: Marion Borrell)*

## Sources

Chandler, Peter M. and Ron C. Hall, *Let There Be Light: a history of Bullendale and the generation of electric power in Central Otago*, Otago Central Electric Power Board, 1986. This comprehensive book provides many technical details.

De La Mare, A. J. *The Shotover River – The Richest River in the World*, Lakes District Museum, 1993

Heritage New Zealand Pouhere Taonga, listing #5601 – [www.heritagenz.org](http://www.heritagenz.org)

Knudson, Danny, *Skippers: Triumph and Tragedy*, published jointly by Danny Knudson, Lakes District Museum and the Queenstown and District Historical Society, 2016. This is the best social history.

Petchey Peter, Southern Archaeology Ltd, Conservation Report and plan 2014 and final Bullendale Powerhouse Reconstruction and Archaeological Report 2022 for Heritage NZ

Whakatipu Heritage Trust trustees Grant Hensman, David Clarke and David Mayhew.

Williams, Guy, article in Otago Daily Times 11 May 2019

For articles about Bullendale in past issues of the *Queenstown Courier*, search the index of the magazine archive on our website, [www.queenstownhistoricalsociety.org.nz](http://www.queenstownhistoricalsociety.org.nz) and click on to find the articles in full.

## Videos – highly recommended

Batstone, Stephen and Reeve, David, *Powering NZ Episode 1: The Powerboard of Fame* (24 minutes). It has details about the men involved. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QOyz22Let2I>

Batstone and Reeve, <http://whiteboardenergy.co.nz/the-bullendale-video-launch-128-years-in-the-making/> (16 minutes). Covers the whole scheme with excellent filming of the location.



## **An Angry Cow at the Dynamo Powerhouse**

**By 'An Eccentric Correspondent' in the *Lake Wakatip Mail*, 16 July 1886**

Entitled 'A Short Story Made Long' (abridged)

Intense excitement was caused by an occurrence which happened at the dynamo house last week, and which, but for interpositions of Providence, might have led to very serious results.

A small mob of cattle, consigned to Mr H. Evans, was driven up from the Arrow, and arrived at the electric works a little before dusk. In this mob was a cow of a remarkably irritable turn of mind.

Mr Brown, electrician, who stood near the dynamo house, noticed that this cow approached him in a significantly truculent manner, and as he came to the conclusion that a closer acquaintance was unnecessary - and far from desirable - he did not stay to be introduced, but went into the building, whither the cow followed, when Mr B. unceremoniously shut the door in her face.

This slight must have added fuel to the fire of indignation (kindled by being overdriven on bad roads) that had long smouldered in the breast of that cow, for as she rounded the corner she came upon Mr Rennie, who was sharpening tools and had a blazing fire on the forge. He was luckily on the other side of the anvil, bending over it, when he saw an avalanche of beef rushing on him. He had just time to spring back when the cow struck the anvil, sending it onto his leg, which it skinned from knee to foot. The animal made another vicious plunge at Rennie, driving one of her horns through his clothes. In spite of his bruised leg, he steered for the dynamo house at the rate of ever so many knots - the cow directing her energies to a hot stern chase. He managed to gain admittance before the cow, and she assisted him to close the door (which opened outwards) with a terrific bang.

At this moment Mr J. Goodwin strolled out of his tent. [Presumably James Goodwin, brother of Thomas - Ed.] The cow went for him, full tilt, in the most unmistakable manner. Mr G. proceeded to effect as honourable a retreat as possible, under the peculiar circumstances. In doing so he had to describe a graceful curve round a grindstone, but the cow while running, picked up the grindstone and fired it at Mr G., who, however, cleverly dodged it, and with a flying leap landed on his head in the middle of his tent.

Luckily for him, the animal's attention was attracted to the person of Mr Hyams. ....

And so the story goes on with more people involved, and references to such equipment as the telephone line from the powerhouse over the hill to the battery house at Bullendale, and a roller which had been used for winding the coils on the magnets which the cow is said to have used as 'ordnance'. The cow's ill-temper is put down to being forced to walk from the Arrow in one day. We can sympathise.

To read the rest of this mock-heroic attack, go to:

[https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/newspapers/LWM18860716.2.37?end\\_date=31-12-1887&items\\_per\\_page=100&query=Dynamo&snippet=true&start\\_date=01-01-1886&title=LWM&type=ARTICLE](https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/newspapers/LWM18860716.2.37?end_date=31-12-1887&items_per_page=100&query=Dynamo&snippet=true&start_date=01-01-1886&title=LWM&type=ARTICLE)

# Queenstown and District Historical Society (2008) Inc. Chairperson's Report for the Annual General Meeting, November 2022

For the year from 1 October 2021 to 30 September 2022

By Marion Borrell

This has been a year of quiet continuity as we seek to protect and promote our local history. We have collaborated with other organisations and entities, and have responded to frequent requests from individuals and organisations for information or advice.

Our membership numbers are stable at about 200 memberships and 280 individuals. Our financial position remains sound with about \$36,000 in the bank. Our largest source of income is subscriptions, and we thank members for their support.

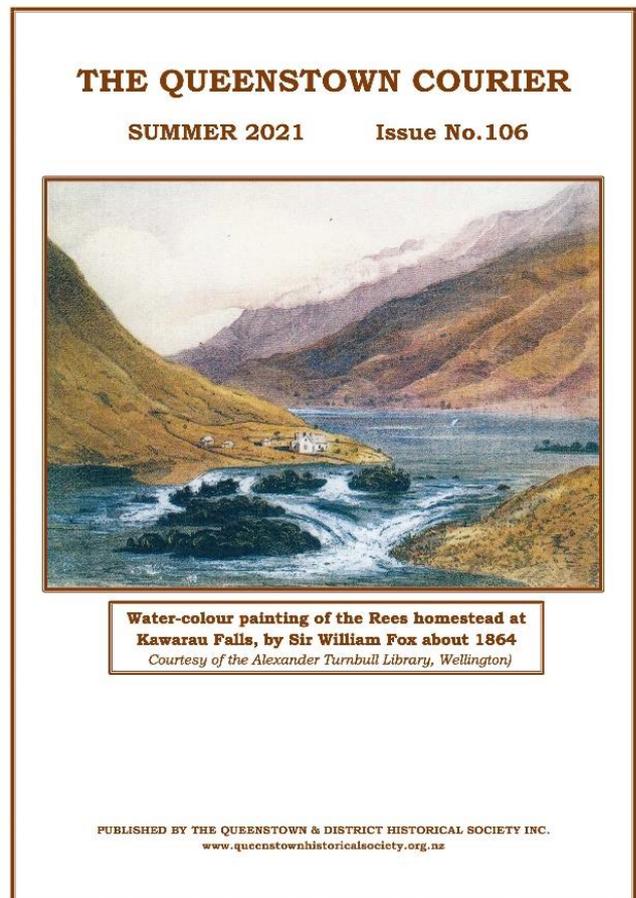
## Promotion of Local History

### Publications

- *Queenstown Courier Issue 106* contained articles by Rosemary Marryatt, John Heenan and Marion Borrell.
- *Queenstown Courier Issue 107* contained articles by Pauline Lawrence, Graeme Clark, Marion Patton, Marion Borrell and Jo Boyd.
- Our website was visited by 4,365 individuals this year, up from 3,300.
- *Historic Places in Queenstown* brochure: Since early 2020 we have given away 5,000 brochures through the Museum, the libraries, the QLDC office, St Peter's Church and some tourist businesses. A reprint of 5,000 copies has been paid for by QLDC.
- *Edith Cavell – a bridge and bravery* and *Stories of Wakatipu, Courier 100* by Danny Knudson continue to sell at the Museum.

### Historical Panels Project

Since 2018 we have created ten information panels in widespread public locations. This year QLDC asked us to provide the contents for five panels in Arrowtown which will be completed soon, and several board members are engaged in researching and preparing further panels. We also persuaded QLDC to renovate the set of historical panels beside the Queenstown Village Green.



## **Activities and Events from September 2021 to May 2022**

Two planned activities were affected by COVID. A trip to Nokomai Station was cancelled, and 'Interesting Old Objects' in September became an on-line event with members from everywhere contributing. Many 'old objects' were later on display at the AGM meeting in November. Some of the objects can be seen on pages 35 to 37.

In October we visited the Arrowtown Presbyterian and Anglican churches which had been built in the 1870s, with Ed Elliott as our architectural guide.

In April we held 'People from Our Past', encountering Captain George Budd (Jim Sullivan), Bendix Hallenstein (Simon Stammers-Smith), John and Peter Butel (Guillaume Charton), Cherry Ryan (Amanda Viana) and Mary Boyd (Jo Boyd).

In May, David Clarke, Director of the Museum, talked to us about the museum's history and the restoration project. We conferred on him his Honorary Membership. He has since been awarded the Queen's Service Medal.

All events were well-attended. Our thanks to the many members and friends who contributed and assisted.

## **Heritage Protection**

We continue to monitor Resource Consent Applications and respond to any heritage matters that come to our notice. This year we have made constructive submissions regarding Ayrburn homestead, Thurlby Domain, and the relocation of the former classroom block in Queenstown.

The appeal against the Council's declining of the Olive Leaf building proposed at St Patrick's Church in Arrowtown will be heard in the Environment Court next May. We will be speaking in support of the Council's decision.

## **Community Involvement**

- Lakes District Museum: The very close relationship continues. Pauline Lawrence is our representative on the Museum Board. The archivist, Jo Boyd, is a member of our Board, and Denise Heckler takes part in the educational programme.
- Whakatipu Heritage Trust – Marion Borrell is a trustee.
- For QLDC during Cemeteries and Crematoria week, Pauline and Marion talked at a public event in Arrowtown Cemetery about some of the people buried there.
- Otago Goldfields Heritage Trust asked us to present some 'people from our past' when their members were meeting in Queenstown.
- Cromwell U3A asked for the presentation to be repeated at Cromwell.

## **The Board**

The Board members are Marion Borrell (chairperson), Denise Heckler (vice-chairperson and secretary), Ray O'Callaghan (treasurer), Patrick Beehan, Jo Boyd, Ed Elliott, Barbara Kerr, Pauline Lawrence, Colin Macnicol and Fran O'Connor – an enthusiastic team.

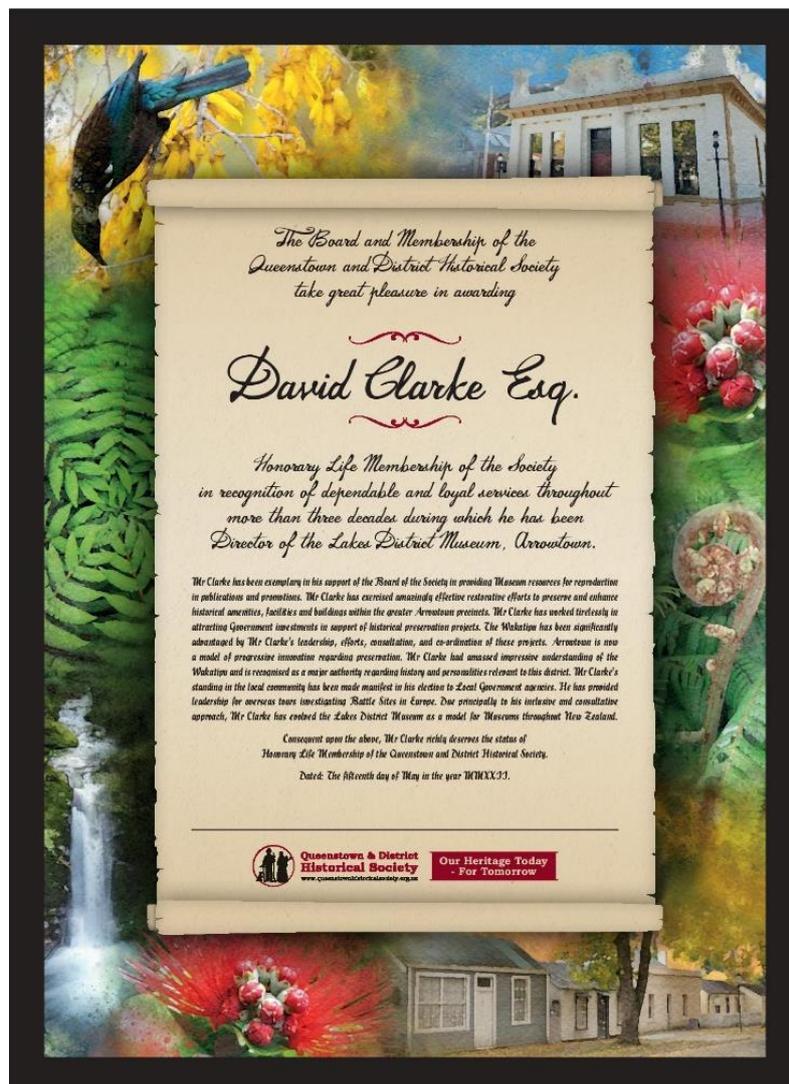


**We Remember with Gratitude  
Dr Danny Knudson, MNZM**

Danny wrote books and articles about the history of the Whakatipu for over fifty years. He was a Board member for 12 years and was made an Honorary Member in 2018. His citation is in *Courier 101*. Sadly, he died in June.

We acknowledge his many years of dedication to our local history, his impressive research and writing - especially his major work, *Skippers: Triumph and Tragedy* - and his service to the Society.

With typical thoughtfulness, Danny conceived, wrote and organised this handsome old-fashioned Testimonial for David Clarke, and had it designed by Thomas Potmeer of Print Central.



## Three 'Interesting Old Objects'

### Jane Aitken's Brooch from Patricia Tonkin



This brooch belonged to Jane Aitken, my great-grandmother, who with her husband David owned Paradise House in the Dart Valley from 1893 to the 1930s. It was passed down to my Aunt Lois who gave it to me before she died.

The Aitkens started their married life up at Skippers so that may be significant in their purchase of the brooch.

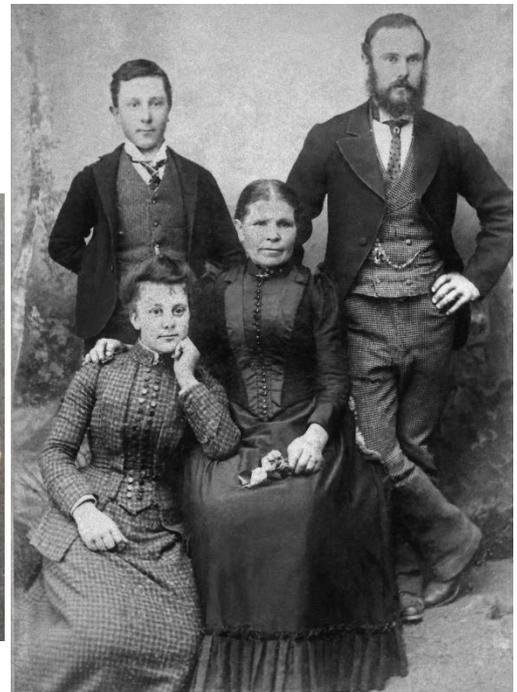
When they ran the guesthouse at Paradise, my mother, who worked there for several summers, witnessed Granny Aitken wearing it daily and even using it as a safety-pin when her apron string broke.

It is not a one-off. I have seen another in an old Dunbar Sloane auction catalogue. It has no hallmarks. I have been told it is made from local pounamu with a surround of Skippers gold. I would love to discover more about its manufacture, where and when it was made and how many were made.

### Alfred Lafranchi's Gold Nugget Watch Fob

By Graeme Clark

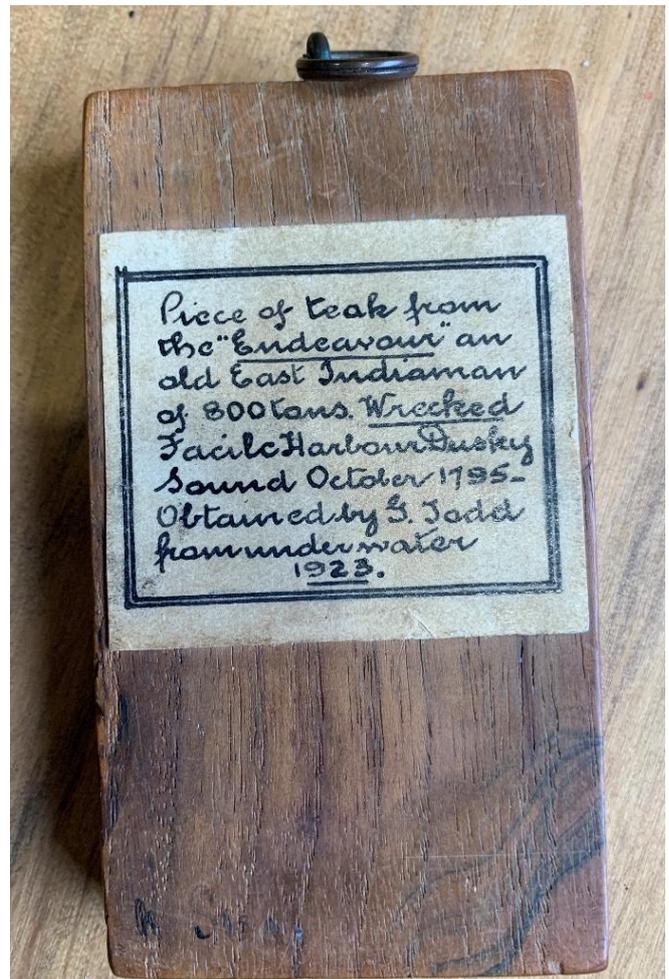
My great-grandfather Alfred Lafranchi (1865 – 1944) was a gold miner in Cardrona and Macetown from the 1880s. (See the article in *Courier 107*.)



The fob has Macetown and Cardrona gold nuggets. It may have belonged to Alfred's father Gioachimo Lafranchi who was a miner and owned the All Nations Hotel. Alfred is wearing his fob in this 1890s photo. He is standing to the right of his mother (Anna Maria), with his siblings (Enrica (Ettie) and Albert).

## Carving on Teak from the Wreck of the *Endeavour* in Dusky Sound

Contributed by Liz Winstone



This little wooden carving, measuring 50mm x 100mm hangs in our living-room in Arrowtown.

It was given to my mother Ruth Russell, by our friend and neighbour in Invercargill, Geoff Todd in the 1950s. His grandfather established the well-known Invercargill auction house William Todd and Co Ltd in 1865 and four generations of Todds worked there.

As explained on the rear of the carving, Geoff found the piece of teak under water in Dusky Sound in 1923. It is from the wrecked ship the *Endeavour* which sank in Facile Harbour in 1795. I don't know who carved it.

Here is the address of an article that was in the ODT in 2009. It describes the history and confusion surrounding the *Endeavour*, and also tells of mysteries and stories of other sail ships and their crews who were in Dusky Sound in the late eighteenth century. <https://www.odt.co.nz/lifestyle/magazine/dusky-sound-looms-large>.

## SMOKE AND BE AT PEACE 1919

Contributed by Jo Boyd



This board depicts two men relaxing on their wooden chairs at the table with tankards and their tobacco pipes while a cat and dog look on. It has been carved into a piece of hardwood of unknown origin. It was purportedly carved by my great-grandfather, John Boyd.

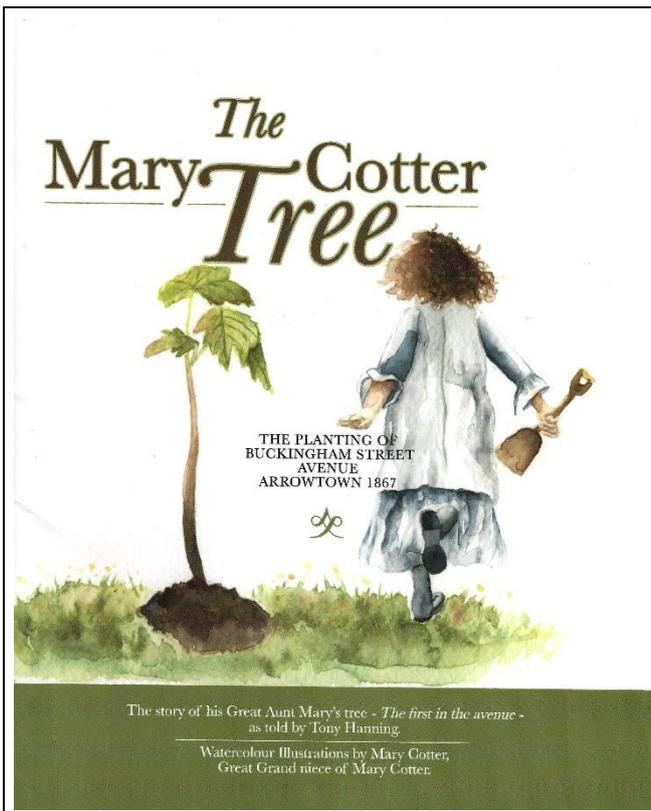
There is quite a lot of detail revealing the clothes, turned table legs and two different designs of wooden chairs.

Smoking in those times was not seen as a health hazard, and was sometimes promoted as somewhat of a relaxant, almost medicinal, to calm nerves. It was a socially acceptable pastime mainly for men.

I remember my mother using the back side of this board as a chopping board in the kitchen for years while I was growing up. Luckily it was very robust!



**VISIT OUR VIBRANT SHOP for BOOKS, ART & CRAFTS**



**Mary Cotter planted the first tree in the Buckingham Street Avenue in Arrowtown in 1867**

**By Tony Hanning, Mary Cotter's grand-nephew**

**Illustrated by Mary Cotter, her great-grand-niece**

This beautiful book will transport children and adults to a child's experience in the early days of the town. With historical appendix.

Highly recommended.  
Self-published. 28 pages. \$20

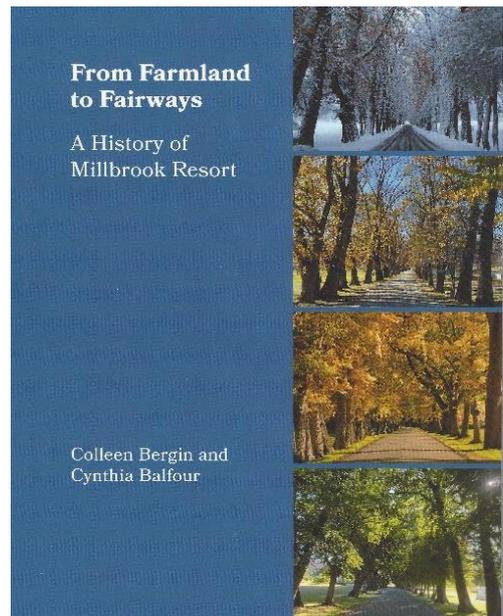
**To fill in your knowledge of Millbrook:**

***From Farming to Fairways***

**By Colleen Bergin and Cynthia Balfour**

Issues 106 and 107 of the *Courier* contained articles about parts of Mill Farm/Millbrook's history. This book covers a longer period including more recent times.

Self-published. 80 pages. \$39.



# **Queenstown & District Historical Society 2008 Incorporated**

## ***Our Heritage Today – For Tomorrow***

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### MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

Individual and Family Membership      \$25 per year

Corporate Membership      \$50 per year

Life Membership      \$250

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[www.queenstownhistoricalsociety.org.nz](http://www.queenstownhistoricalsociety.org.nz)

