

## NOTICE!

ALL PERSONS found RABBITING with Dogs or Guns on our Run will be PROSECUTED.

BOYES BROS

Frankton, January 3rd, 1883.

Patronised by their Excellencies  
Sir GEORGE GREY, Sir GEORGE BOWEN,  
Sir JAMES FERGUSON, Sir HERCULES  
G. ROBINSON, and Sir ARTHUR GORDON,  
late Governors of New Zealand.

V.  R.

*Eichardt's Hotel,*  
QUEENSTOWN,

LAKE WAKATIP, NEW ZEALAND

This Hotel is situated on the margin of Queenstown Bay, and commands VIEWS OF THE MAGNIFICENT AND GRAND LAKE SCENERY!

PRIVATE APARTMENTS for Tourists and Families,

*Important to the Travelling Public*

THE undersigned begs to inform the Travelling Public (and especially Visitors to the Lakes from Dunedin and Invercargill) that he is now running a

**DAILY COACH**

Between

ARROWTOWN AND QUEENSTOWN;  
Leaving Queenstown on the Return Journey as follows:

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—Upon the arrival of Steamer with Invercargill Passengers;

Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday—Upon the arrival of Steamer with Dunedin Passengers (via Waimea Plains).

Fares: Single Journey, 5s; Return, 7s 6d.

W. M'PHAIL,  
Proprietor.

HARP OF ERIN LIVERY AND  
BAIT STABLES,  
BEACH STREET, QUEENSTOWN.

The above commodious Stables have been leased by and are under the personal management of GEORGE MULLIS, whose experience may be accepted as guarantee that every care and attention will be given.

Vehicles of every kind available for Tourists and others, with thoroughly quiet and staunch horses. Saddle horses can be had at all hours. Terms in this department very liberal.

GEORGE MULLIS,  
Lessee.



HENRY FIELDING,  
Ladies' and Gentlemen's  
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,  
BUCKINGHAM STREET,  
ARROWTOWN.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order at Six Hours' Notice!  
Repairs Neatly and Promptly Executed.  
Charges Moderate.

**Wakatip Brewery**

THE undersigned begs to thank the inhabitants of the Wakatip District for the liberal support extended to him since commencing business as a Brewer and hopes to receive a continuance of the same.

J. R.'s Celebrated

- THE QUEENSTOWN COURIER -

The Official Publication of the  
QUEENSTOWN AND DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

TWELFTH ISSUE - MARCH - APRIL 1974

SPECIAL NUMBER TO COMMEMORATE THE THIRD ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE NEW ZEALAND FEDERATION OF HISTORICAL SOCIETIES, APRIL 19 - 21st TRANS HOTEL, QUEENSTOWN.

Officers of the Society for 1973-74:

PRESIDENT - Mr Ian Daniel 9 Weaver St., Queenstown.

SECRETARY - Mrs R. McCurdy, 66 Lake Esplanade, "

TREASURER - Mrs M. Templeton, 18 Hallenstein St., "

Assistant Secretary co-opted for Conference -

Miss Helen Hinsen 4 Isle St., "

COMMITTEE - Dr Burns Watson, Mr J. Newman, Mrs W.P. McDonald,  
Mrs A.M. Miller, Mr. J.D. Grant (Museum Trust Rep.)  
Mrs Robt. Hood, Mrs J.E. Reid

Annual Subscription to the Society - \$2.00

"COURIER" - included in Subscription.

Price to non-members - 30 cents

STORIES or MATERIAL FOR ARTICLES for "The Courier" will be welcome

Send to any of the above officers of the Society.

### MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

On behalf of the members of the Queenstown and District Historical Society I wish to welcome all delegates to the Third Annual Conference of the New Zealand Federation of Historical Societies in Queenstown. We hope your stay will be full of pleasure in the historical flavour of the Wakatipu, bound up as it is with the progression from the colourful era of gold mining of the 1860's to the present time of a growing interest in history as a saleable item to tourists both from New Zealand and abroad. We have fought hard over the last ten years to retain something of worth from our past, and your presence at this Conference signifies to us a growing public awareness in the value of thoughtful preservation.

But now we must look to a constructive future with a continued effort to educate the public conscience to living History; that which is perhaps not so old but is just as valuable in the development of a viable society. I hope this conference will show that the Federation can present a unified voice on the historical values which coming generations must be imbued with if society is to retain a quality of living which seems to be gradually slipping from us. I trust we can bring more Societies into our Federation and so speak with authority to Government, both local and national, on matters of immediate historical importance. I believe we must work towards a future strongly based on the best of the past.

IAN L. DANIEL

PRESIDENT

WHO NAMED THEM?

Early names

The Greenstone was named after some Maori hatchets had been found in the vicinity of the River.

The Remarkables were originally called the "Crosscuts" by the early miners, because of their serrated appearance. They were named the "Remarkables" by Alexandra Garvie in 1857.

The "Crown Range", "Mt. Cecil", and "Walter Peak", were named by Mr. J. McKerron in 1863.

QUEENSTOWN CHURCH SERVICES, SUNDAY 21st APRIL ....

ANGLICAN: Church of St Peter, Queenstown. Holy Eucharist 9.15 a.m.  
Evensong 7.15 p.m. Vicar: The Rev. R.G. Neilson,  
Phone 253

ASSEMBLY: R.S.A. Rooms Memorial Hall, 11 a.m.

PRESBYTERIAN: 11.00 a.m. and 7.15 p.m.  
Minister Rev. Frank Grimshaw, Phone 324

ROMAN CATHOLIC: Mass St. Joseph's Queenstown 7 a.m. 9 a.m.  
Father A. Ives, Phone 353

SALVATION ARMY: 11 a.m. and 7.15 p.m. Salvation Army  
Officer, Phone 310

3rd ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE NEW ZEALAND FEDERATION OF  
HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

VENUE: TRANS HOTEL, Lake Esplanade, Queenstown, APRIL 19, 20, 21 - 1974

(All Sessions are open to the Public and will be held at the Trans Hotel Conference Room.)

P R O G R A M M E

Friday, April 19th

3 p.m. onwards REGISTRATION, at Trans or at the Airport  
6 - 8 p.m. Dinner (timed to meet individual requirements)  
8 p.m. FORMAL OPENING OF CONFERENCE by His Worship  
the Mayor of Queenstown, Mr. W.E. Cooper.  
8.30 p.m. GUEST SPEAKER - Professor R.G. Lister of Dunedin  
9.15 p.m. Supper and get-together at Trans.

Saturday, April 20th

9.00 a.m. Talk by Mr. Neil Clayton "Highlights of Local  
9.20 a.m. Discussion and questions. History"  
9.30 a.m. Open Forum  
10.10 - 10.30 a.m. Morning Tea  
10.30 a.m. Bus Tour, round trip Skippers turn-off, Arrowtown  
Lunch At Old Stone Cottage, return via Lake Hayes,  
(Courier Mr Ian Daniel).  
2.50 p.m. Brief talk by Mr. K. Grant  
3.15 p.m. Afternoon Tea at Trans  
4.15 p.m. Paper by Dr. Ng "Chinese History of New Zealand"  
4.45 p.m. Paper by Mr J. Newman "Maori Place Names"  
6.15 - 7.15 p.m. Questions  
7.15 p.m. Semi-formal Dinner  
Annual Meeting, presided over by Chairman and  
President, Executive to supply Agenda.  
Alternative entertainment - Slides by Mr R.  
Gordon "Centenary of the Wakatipu District".  
9.30 p.m. Supper

Sunday, April 21st

9.15 a.m. 10-Minute Addresses - "The Mechanics of  
Running Historical Societies".  
Small Museums & How to run them - Mr B. Young  
Production of Small Magazines - Mrs. A.M. Miller  
Establishment of Plaques - Mr. H.H.J. Miller  
10.00 a.m. Morning Tea  
10.10 a.m. Choice of three Tours (all three if desired) -  
Tour of T.S.S. Earnslaw, with Historical  
description by Mr. R. Hood  
Tour of Motor Museum, with commentary by  
Mr. J. Grant  
Tour of Queenstown Cemetery, with  
Historical explanation by  
12.00 noon Farewell Lunch P. Chandler.

POST CONFERENCE TRIPS (Afternoon)

Public Tours available to Macetown, Skippers, Branches  
Private Tours by arrangement

MESSAGE TO ALL DELEGATES, OBSERVERS AND INTERESTED PEOPLE  
ATTENDING THE CONFERENCE FROM THE CONFERENCE CO-ORDINATOR,  
A.M. MILLER.

New Zealand's national heritage is rich - no less in the field of history than in any other. All too often people say that we are just a young country, using this phrase as an excuse for condoning needless destruction and thoughtless damage. The dynastys and cultures of the old world are quoted as being real history, while the evidence of our own is allowed to be obliterated.

From the early cultures of the Maori people with its deep undercurrents in tune with nature, its impressive achievements and unique arts, through the many and varied facets of European settlement, (with various other cultures imposing their own backgrounds), on to the present day where modern New Zealand emerges, the historical scene is like an intricately woven pattern, blending many Races into one. New Zealand's record of conservation of history and its assets is unfortunately not a proud one. The very nature of the pioneers seemed to instil a desire to obliterate the past. The future was the thing. A battle was waged against nature for survival - what went before must be blotted out. Fortunately, in spite of this general feeling, there have emerged individuals who have fought lone battles for the preservation of things of historical nature, voices crying in the wilderness, they have been jeered and laughed at. So strongly do they feel for the task they have set themselves that they withstand all onslaughts, ignore all barriers, and in many cases end up victorious. Others have emerged also who, with meticulous care have painstakingly researched until the true facts of the past have been correctly recorded.

Writers have published books, painters painted pictures, collectors hoarded heirlooms and relics; gradually it has become more fashionable to appreciate the past. But at the same time the means of destruction have become more deadly. Town planning has become more determined in its sweeping demands. Development and so-called progress have accelerated to an alarming degree; bulldozers have become bigger, roads wider, architecture less graceful, people in Government more determined. Values are mostly measured on a material and financial gain basis. Dollars and cents are the yardstick.

The human beings' needs are not only physical. Whether he admits it or not, man needs to feel links with the past as well as knowing he has a future. Knowledge and respect of ancestors, childrens understanding with grandparents, a generations knowledge of what happened before it was born, the inheritance of ideas and skills, visual evidence of past events and way of life, all come together in the individual to give confidence, pleasure, understanding, development of the intellect and sometimes the spirit.

Anyone who has ever been involved with an Historical Society knows that it is a long hard road to achievement. Inevitably known as The Local Hysterical Society, they battle

## Conference

for what they believe to be right, while the people on whose behalf they fight stand on the sideline with amused patronising glances, melting away when help is sought. They are always accused by the opposition as being emotional, unreasonable and sometimes "quite mad". They are portrayed as "dowdy, dim and dotty". But it takes more than that to even dent the armour, so dedicated are they to their task.

The work of an Historical Society in every District should be wide. There is so much of the past if we look for it which can be welded into our present day life. From trees to buildings to old stories and legends - (yes, these have a place in history too), old vehicles, cave paintings and places where things took place. The list is endless, the task enormous.

The Historic Places Trust has a big part to play, and up to now although it has many outstanding achievements, to my mind progress has been too slow. A past Secretary once admitted to me when I was calling for help "we are a battleship without guns". To mix metaphors, they just did a lot of sabre rattling at the time and finally came up with some money which helped turn the tide. So here's hoping the Trust will develop much further and have more finance to play its part in the work of holding on to some of our heritage.

There are many individuals who could be mentioned as playing a valiant part in this work, but they would be too numerous to mention. Perhaps though, in view of 1974 being the first year of New Zealand Day with our national heritage in the form of the Waitangi Treaty House, and an Historical pageant very much to the fore, we should remember that the Treaty House had deteriorated into a dilapidated storage building for hay, and if it were not for Lord and Lady Bledisloe we would not have an historical focal point for all New Zealanders to turn towards.

The New Zealand Federation of Historical Societies should have a great future. Unity is strength and by combining together the work of Societies all over New Zealand, their efforts should become much more effective. The main need at present seems to be to encourage the South Island to become more involved as well as gaining the confidence of the Maori people.

The Queenstown and District Historical Society is very proud that we are hosts to this Conference and welcome all delegates and friends to Queenstown. Our town and district has played a vital role in the history of this country and we look forward to sharing with our visitors the many interesting facets of this area. We have tried to make the programme as varied and interesting as possible so that visitors will leave with a real knowledge of our District. The time is short, so may I recommend that everyone takes full advantage of their opportunity to become conversant with the local history. Local members will be on hand to help with any queries. A book stall of

local Historical books will be in the Hotel and we are doing our utmost to have all possible interesting historical notes available for you.

May I add my own personal welcome to everyone. My warmest wishes for an enjoyable weekend for you all

A.M. MILLER  
CONFERENCE CO-ORDINATOR

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WE PUBLISH IN THIS ISSUE A PROGRAMME OF THE WEEK-END'S ACTIVITIES AND INCLUDE A COMPLIMENTARY COPY OF THE HISTORICAL MAP OF QUEENSTOWN RECENTLY COMPILED BY OUR SOCIETY

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Alfred Duncan

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FIRST PART OF THE REMINISCENCES OF ALFRED DUNCAN, SHEPHERD TO THE FIRST RUNHOLDER IN THE DISTRICT, WILLIAM REESE, AUTHOR OF THE PUBLICATION "THE WAKATIPIANS".

It was early in the year 1861 that the first hut was erected at the northend of the Wakatipu Lake, in the Middle Island of New Zealand, and it fell to my lot to be one of the first occupants of that dwelling. The country had just been stocked with sheep, and it had been arranged that I and another should be left in charge of these. So, no sooner was the building of our hut completed, than the boat which had accompanied us laden with stores etc., was once more launched, and the old boatman and those who had assisted us in driving the sheep on to the ground bade us farewell, and set sail for the head station some thirty miles down the lake.

My comrade and I were mere boys at this time, being only nineteen years of age, and here, in this wild solitude, we were left to live a life at once monotonous and uninteresting.

We took it by turns to look after the sheep and to do the cooking and household duties; so that every alternate day one of us spent on the ridges attending to the flock, whilst the other remained at the hut, trying to find something to do to fill in the time.

Fortunately the climate was good; otherwise we should have felt more keenly how disagreeable our experience was. The only break in the dull routine was the arrival of the boat, at the end of every six weeks, bringing us a fresh supply of provisions, and any letters and papers addressed to us. As time rolls on the weariness of our existence began to affect each of us in a very different manner. My colleague took to smoking heavily and was never to be seen

without a pipe in his mouth. Morning, noon, and night he bowed himself before the altar of my Lady Nicotine, till, gradually, his whole mind became dulled to the monotony of his miserable life, and the only anxiety which seemed ever to trouble him, was whether or not the boat would arrive with a fresh supply of tobacco before his present stock was exhausted. With me it was different; the grandeur of the scenery, and the solitary days spent by myself on the ranges, drove me to daydreaming and the building of castles in the air of the most improbable kind. I even broke forth into poetry of a despairing and highly sentimental order, none of which, however, now exists, to my utter confusion, but which, no doubt, served a useful purpose, for at that time the composition of it helped to soothe my excitable nature.

Some months after we had taken up our residence there, it so happened that, one day, after I had been through amongst the sheep, and had satisfied myself that they were alright, I seated myself on the top of a hill at the source of the Buckler Burn, and gazed with pleasure on the lovely scene spread out at my feet, where lay Diamond Lake in the centre of a plain of the brightest green, a veritable diamond in a setting of emeralds.

Suddenly it struck me that I would like to take a nearer view of the scene before me, and, as with me to think is to act, I sprang to my feet and started down the hill at my best pace. On reaching the plain below I crossed Temple Burn and struck over to the Rees river, into which I plunged and waded over to the other side, after which a walk of about half a mile brought me to the edge of Diamond Lake. Here I seated myself on the grassy bank, in the shade of a large Tomatagors bush, and gave myself up to the contemplation of a scene that I have never seen equalled in any part of the world that I have since visited.

In the water of the lake, which was as smooth as glass, was reflected the glacier peaks of the mighty Earnslaw, the dark, black birch-clothed side of Mount Alfred, and various clusters of cabbage palms. Overhead the sun shone in the midst of a clear blue sky, whilst the deadly silence of the place was only broken by the distant cry of a quail.

I must have been sitting there for some considerable time, dreamily gazing on the scene before me, when I was awakened from my reverie by the sound of a softly modulated girlish voice behind me, saying "Tenakoe, Pakeha".

I turned sharply around, and beheld what was certainly the most lovely Maori girl that I had ever seen. Smaller in stature than most Maoris, yet she carried her head with such haughty grace that dignity was imparted where height was wanting. Her complexion was a light olive colour, no darker certainly than that of many Italians whom I have known, and her wealth of glossy hair, hanging over her shoulders, reached far below her waist.

She addressed me in the softest purest English, asking

me whence I had come, what purpose had brought me there, and whether I intended making a long stay amidst the mountains of Wakatipu.

(To be continued)

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE HAS BEEN CONTRIBUTED BY  
MR. PETER CHANDLER OF INVERCARGILL.

NOTE: The Kawarau Falls Homestead is now used as a Motor Camp and stands close to the Kawarau Bridge on the Main South Highway out of Frankton. Its fine old trees still bear witness to the early days of settlement. Notably a Magnolia Campbellii, a Baltic Pine and a large Walnut tree.

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BOYES BROS.

( "Kawarau Falls" )

## Kawarau Falls Boyes Bros

"NOTICE !

All persons found RABBITING with Dogs or  
Guns on our Run will be PROSECUTED.

Boyes Bros.

Frankton, January 3rd, 1883."

While a copy of this notice must, by now, be familiar to your readers, the authors of it are probably little more than a dimly-remembered name to the oldest residents of Queenstown. Following inquiries in Tasmania and the fortuitous discovery of a collection of legal documents in Invercargill, the following account of this family, its fortunes and misfortunes, is offered for the information of your members.

The origins of the family have been traced back to "John Meredith of Temple-street, Birmingham, C<sup>o</sup> Warwick, and later of Castle Bromwich Hall, near Birmingham, barrister and Solicitor", who died in 1788. Meredith claimed descent, through the Amerydeth family, from Owen Glendower, Prince of South Wales in the time of Henry IV !

John Meredith married c. 1768, Sally Turner, who died 1819. Their fourth son, George, (b.1777, d.1856) served in the Royal Marines during the Napoleonic Wars and m. 1805, Sarah Westall Hicks, who died 1820. Their family consisted of two sons and three daughters, but our interest lies mainly in the sons of these three daughters. Following the death of his first wife, George Meredith married Mary Evans (d.1842), by whom he had a further three sons and four

daughters - a total of 12 children.

Because of the depressed state of British agriculture, to which he had turned after his discharge from the Marines, Meredith emigrated to Tasmania in 1820, and acquired a large estate at Cambria, Great Swanport, in the north-east of the island. The Meredith River is still to be found on maps of this district.

Of his first family, the eldest daughter, Sarah Westall, married James Peck Poynter, a Hobart merchant. A son of this marriage, George Farbrace Boyes Poynter, became a runholder in New Zealand. His first property was "The Plains", Mossburn, followed by "Dalvey", Tapanui, which was purchased from the creditors of George Gammie Maitland in 1874. In the eighties, his fortunes declined and he lived for a number of years on a farm at Waipahi and finally at Forest Hill, Southland, where he died 19 August, 1920.

The second daughter, Louisa, married Captain John Bell, a shipowner and merchant in Hobart. Their son, George Meredith Bell, became the owner of large properties on the Waimea Plain, Southland, his last holding being "Wantwood", at Mandeville. George Bell died 9 June, 1898.

As a cousin of the Boyes Bros, he became involved in the ownership of "Kawarau Falls" when the partnership's finances were at a low ebb.

The third Meredith daughter married John Boyes, who was in partnership with J.P. Poynter in Hobart. Three of their five sons became the owners of "Kawarau Falls". They were:

George Thomas Henry Boyes, Captain R.N.  
(oldest son and a "sleeping partner", who  
never lived in New Zealand)

Charles Crofton Boyes  
(second son and resident partner)

and Frank Campbell Boyes  
(third son, who seemed to spend much  
of his time travelling abroad.)

A fourth son, Duncan Gordon Boyes, R.N., was awarded the V.C. for gallantry in an action off Nagasaki, Japan. He appears to have suffered from shell-shock and while on a visit to New Zealand to try and recruit his health, he took his own life in Dunedin. His grave in the Southern Cemetery is now maintained by the Dunedin R.S.A.

"Kawarau Falls" consisted of two runs, No. 331 ("Staircase") and No. 345 ("Peninsula"). It extended from Kingston, in the south, along the lake face of the Hector Mountains and Remarkables to the Kawarau River (including the Peninsula), then eastward to the Nevis Bluff. Though not the first applicants, the first effective owners were George Gammie (or George Gammie Maitland, as he called himself after 1865) of Shotover House, near Oxford; Colonel William Lewis Grant

(formerly of Royal Fusiliers, but Army service after 1851 not traceable) and William Gilbert Rees, whose career is fully expanded in "King Wakatipu", by G.J. Griffiths. Rees retired from the partnership in 1865, "by effluxion of time". Present information suggests that the remaining partners were forced to sell "Kawarau Falls" and "North Station" (Glenorchy) by a combination of circumstances, among which we may consider the following:

1. The "Kawarau Falls" flock was scabby
2. Money would have to be found to buy out W.G. Rees's interest, which had been settled by arbitration.
3. The price of wool on the London market had become severely depressed, leading to the bankruptcy of several Otago runholders.

At the time of sale, a dispute was in progress with the owners of "Big Kawarau" station to the east, as to the true east boundary of "Kawarau Falls". It was successfully maintained that the boundary should follow a leading spur from the Double Cone down to Nevis Bluff, and not down a spur to the Arrow-Kawarau junction, as had been claimed by the owners of "Big Kawarau". Settlement was not reached until 1870.

The two runs (331 and 345) totalling 75,000 acres, with 8,900 sheep, were sold at auction in Dunedin on 18 September, 1866, when the Boyes Bros (noted above) became the owners. "North Station", of 80,000 acres, with only 500 sheep, was sold on the same day to Butement Bros for £4,450.

Apart from the Boyes Bros, Geo. Poynter and George Meredith Bell, other Tasmanians among the early Southern runholders included the Bastian Bros. of "Dunrobin", and Clayton Bros, of "Mararoa". There is, in fact, a wide field open to a student of law or finance, to unravel the extremely complicated joint ventures and partnerships by which these early runholding operations were financed and managed.

The following table, compiled from annual sheep returns, shows the "Kawarau Falls" flock during the period that Boyes Bros and G.M. Bell were owners. The figure is of "adult shorn sheep", so that a further 5 - 6,000 for lambs must be added to arrive at the total flock in any one year.

1867	13,000	1877	29,000	} Effect of snow?
1868	15,116	1878	21,000	
1869	20,029	1879	22,386	} In name of G.M. Bell
1870	22,825	1880	21,600	
1871	23,100	1881	22,400	} Reflects loss of "Clippings" block to N.Z. Loan Co.
1872	23,522	1882	22,445	
1873	25,514	1883	21,750	
1874	26,020	1884	6,250	
1875	26,000	1885	5,450	
1876	24,342	1886	Nil	

The sheep brand for the run was , while the wool bales were branded  B B

The original partnership continued until June, 1875, when F.C. Boyes withdrew. His share was valued at £13,000, of which £4,000 was to be paid in cash on 1 June, 1876, and three further payments, each of £3,000, were to be made on 1 June, 1877, 1878 and 1879, with interest at 8%. Much of the financing of the run had been done with money raised on mortgage from the N.Z. Loan Co., bearing interest at the rate of 10%. (A neighbour, W.W. Masters, of Nevis, was paying not only 10% interest, but 2½% commission as well, for his finance !)

From the documents available, it seems unlikely that F.C. Boyes was ever paid off completely, as the stock losses in 1878 winter, followed by the rabbit invasion, caused a financial crisis. C.C. Boyes, who was a member of the first Wakatipu Rabbit Board, in 1880, claimed that rabbiting cost £1,000 a year, that there was an indirect loss of £2,000, that the capacity of the runs was down by 10,000 sheep and that they had lost 1,400 hoggets due to poorness of feed.

The hope expressed by the "Wakatipu Mail" in October, 1879, that the rabbit pest "would shortly be a thing of the past", was not achieved in Boyes Bros' time nor, in fact, until many years after.

On 14 March, 1879, the remaining partners transferred "Kawarau Falls" to their cousin, G.M. Bell, for £16,000. The flock then totalled 31,062 sheep. This move seems to have been made to provide some security for F.C. Boyes's unpaid share, plus interest. Bell was having his own troubles on the Waimea, through his involvement in the N.Z. Agricultural Co.Ltd., and the effect of rabbits on his own holdings, but must still have retained enough free capital to permit him to negotiate this sale.

However, on 28 January, 1880, he sold the run and 30,000 sheep to C.C. Boyes, for £15,500, subject to a mortgage to F.C. Boyes. C.C. Boyes was to pay £3,000 in cash, £3,500 on 12 February, 1881, and a further 3 annual instalments each of £3,000, plus interest at 8%. Bell was to hold £3,000 in trust and to pay C.C. Boyes £20 per month, should the sale be determined -- presumably by any act of foreclosure by F.C. Boyes.

A further agreement in October, 1880, acknowledged that C.C. Boyes had paid his brother (F.C. Boyes) £3,000 as part of G.M. Bell's liability, that he was to pay a further £12,000 by instalments, and that Bell would pay £500, but no further action should lie against him until the runs were offered at auction.

Here, unfortunately, our deeds end, but in 1885 the property (less the "Clippings" run at Kingston, which had

already been lost to Coverdale Paterson) was abandoned to the mortgagee, the N.Z. Loan and Mercantile Agency Co.Ltd., in whose hands it remained until the sale to Dan McBride in 1898.

C.C. Boyes became Town Clerk in Queenstown, where he died in 1892. He left a daughter, Sabina Helen Meredith Boyes, and a son Rupert Charles Meredith Boyes, who farmed for a number of years in the Clinton district. Both retired eventually to England, though there is some speculation that Rupert may have settled in South Africa.

The fate of Boyes Bros' runholding venture is not untypical of the reversal of fortune suffered by many run-holders in the 1880's. At one period, the N.Z. Loan Co. (then the principal mercantile firm operating in the district) was in possession of every run in the Wakatipu basin, except "Greenvale", "Sunnyside" (now "Cecil Peak"), "Mt. Creighton" and "Routeburn". An accumulation of bad debts, for which no adequate provision had been made, finally forced this company into bankruptcy in 1894.

## Lakes county Council Building

### BUILDINGS OLD AND NEW

Queenstown is seeing many changes in architecture and it is pleasing to note that some old buildings are being retained and renovated to take place in modern Queenstown.

The most notable is THE LAKES COUNTY COUNCIL building which has had extensive interior renovations and a large addition attached. The Architect for the new building is Owen Lawrence, who also did the new additions to the Lakes District Museum. The old Lakes County building has been a worthy part of the corner which is now becoming World famous, with the old Library, the Courthouse, the Trees of Justice, and the old Stone Bridge all complementing each other as relics of Queenstown's History and yet being part of our present day tourist town. The Lake County building was completed in 1881 at a cost of £1618.14.9. The arches and windows were constructed from Oamaru Stone from the Kakanui stone quarry; the Contractor for the building was Mr. E. Foord. The builder was Mr. J. McDonald, popularly known as "Long Jack"; joinery and carpentry was done by Mr. A. Finch. The Plan was prepared by Mr. William Mason of the firm Mason & Wales of Dunedin. (Mr. Nat Wales and his son Neil, who are still carrying on in the Firm both have property locally).

### Continental Cafe

THE CONTINENTAL CAFE at the end of the Mall has had a long and interesting history; on this site the first building was the Bank of New Zealand. It was of the usual material for the 1860's - quartering and calico - with a copious annexe for officers quarters of the same airy texture.

It was later replaced by a substantial wooden building on the same site. The Bank moved to Rees Street, which was known as the Banking Street as it had in its short length the Union Bank of Australasia, the Bank of New South Wales and the Bank of New Zealand. The original building then became the property of Mr. Alex. Boyne. Malaghan the Photographer also occupied it at one stage. In later years it was well known as a Store where you could buy anything from Mrs. Barbara Lewis a well-known local identity now retired and greatly missed by the Locals. **Buckingham Brewery**

In an earlier issue we commented on the regrettable fact that the old BUCKHAM'S BREWERY buildings were to be demolished, but with the controversy raging over the future of the locality they have remained until now. Neglect has inevitably taken its toll and now that the Tourist Hotel Corporation has once more come into the picture and intend to build Hotel accommodation, it seems that it is only a matter of time before these buildings will tumble. It is the intention of the Corporation to save the stone and put it to a fitting use. A history of this building has been printed in a previous issue of the Courier. **lake Hayes**

LAKE HAY'S SHOW-GROUNDS building. This building has recently been replaced; the new building being simple in design and with some effort to blend with the surroundings.

Our Society has attempted to clarify the situation with regard to the name of the Lake which has over the years been spelt wrongly, changing from the original of Hay's Lake to Lake Hayes. We were unsuccessful in persuading the powers that be to correct the error so the ruffian, Bully Hayes, has his name perpetuated while the explorer 'Donald Hay' is being forgotten. It might be of interest for readers to know there is some doubt about his correct name. He has always been known as Donald Hay in local History accounts, but in letters to his companion of earlier years, Donald Cameron of Nokamai, who at that time owned Glentulloch Station, he signs himself Daniel Hay.

Somewhere off Refuge Point (Hidden Island) he cut his initials, (not his name unfortunately) in a rock. Can any reader shed any further light on his correct name or has anyone ever found these initials? **Wakatipu Trading Post**

The recent opening of THE WAKATIPU TRADING POST in the Mall brings to mind the early days of entertainment in Queenstown. The building was erected in 1872 as the Atheneum Hall, later the Town Hall, and in more recent times the Embassy Theatre. In the early days it was used for a variety of occasions including concerts and dances. The shareholders were Mr. W. Warren, Mr. Geisow and Mr. Anderson and their combined initials were engraved into the windows, the design being ten inches in height. Silent pictures were first shown in Queenstown in about 1911 or 1912. They were projected three times a week, the

appropriate music being played throughout by Mrs. Fowler. Mr. Fowler installed his own generating plant, housed in a small room at the back of the stage of the Town Hall and an attendant was required to keep an eye on it. The projector was housed in a small flat iron cabinet on the ground floor under the gallery. Mr. Tomkies took over in 1913. The charge for the entertainment was 1/6 for a seat upstairs and 1/- down. The exciting era of 'the talkies' started in 1928.

Now the building is right up with the modern trend and is taking its place in the new Queenstown.

(NOTE: Some of these notes are reprinted from an earlier issue.)

## Entertainment

### - ENTERTAINMENT IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS -

#### REMINISCENCES OF J.B. THOMSON SENR. OF THE GOLDEN ERA OF SONG IN ARROWTOWN.

The Wakatipu District being the present-day holiday mecca that it is, it has a great deal of musical entertainment to offer. Three or four resident bands play for dancing in the hotels, locals and holidaymakers alike have a night out dining and dancing by way of celebration.

Early in the century the picture was very different. Musical evenings were held in private homes. Country folk made their own amusements and enjoyed them to the full. There were community socials, stage concerts, old-time dances and more formal balls. Outside, athletic sports, Cumberland style wrestling were annual events.

In Frankton and Arrowtown big meetings were held on New Year's Day. Two days of horse racing amused the locals at Frankton; there were active clubs of cricket, hockey, lawn tennis and rugby. Touring Circuses and Buckjumping shows would arrive from Australia adding to the variety. A one-time resident reminisces of a Merry-go-Round which kept going to capacity for a matter of weeks, playing one tune 'Two Little Girls in Blue'.

When silent films and Edison gramophones became established things were considered to have gone as far as they could go. Describing what seems to be The Golden Age, J.B. Thomson Senr. a one-time resident states that Arrowtown reached an exceptionally high musical standard in this era, that is 1907 to 1912. He calls it the Golden Era of Song. It was during the years that the Rev. Horace Packe was Vicar of the Wakatipu Anglican Parish, who had his home in Queenstown. Mr. Thomson states "Mr. Packe was one of the most talented and versatile Clergymen I have ever known. A truly big Englishman in every sense of the word, he graduated from Oxford University with a M.A. Degree and had

a reputation as a gifted Pianist. He was also a fine Baritone singer whose inborn geniality and sense of humour found an appropriate expression in Musical Comedy and the Gilbert & Sullivan Comic Operas. After serving his Church in British Guiana and the Gold Coast of West Africa he came to the Wakatipu Parish and soon made a great impact on the Community, though not only in his ecclesiastical duties, but also in vigorous pursuit of his favourite hobby, music.

During his first year he founded the Arrowtown Glee Club. On his trips from Queenstown he discovered what he was heard to describe as an "extra-ordinary wealth of vocal talent for a country district". Spurred by natural energy he started developing ability he was so obviously delighted to have at his command. At one stage the help of a sympathetic Curate, the Rev. Hubert Blathwayt, enabled the Vicar to visit Arrowtown more often than was perhaps necessary for keeping in touch with his own flock. This once led to a good-natured chiding from a Queenstown Parishioner that he was spending more time at Arrowtown than at headquarters.

The Glee Club was entirely undenominational. Mr. Packe was a frequent visitor to our Presbyterian home at the Arrow District Hospital. My father, the Doctor, had no notable claim to a singing voice but the Vicar was evidently impressed with his clear enunciation of Gilbert & Sullivan patter songs and he certainly seemed to have an appreciation of my Mother's treatment of contralto parts. But many others, including members of Roman Catholic families rallied around the volatile Vicar in his efforts to provide community entertainments. I have mentioned my Parents mainly because it was through them that I came to know Mr. Packe so well and accord him my youthful admiration. Children were completely captivated when, for their benefit, he sat down at the piano to play his own accompaniment for a frolicsome rendering of "You should see me dance the Polka".

The Glee Club went from strength to strength. At first the Vicar was content to produce Variety Concerts. In addition to vocal numbers ranging from solos to choruses these often featured a "Sambo and Bones" Minstrel Show in which topical hits with a local twist were a never failing source of amusement.

It was only a matter of time however when Mr. Packe's enthusiasm for Gilbert and Sullivan masterpieces made its influence felt. Programmes became increasingly colourful for the inclusion in costume of solos, duets, trios and quartets from the old stage favourites. Had it been possible for choruses and orchestrations to be strong numerically I am sure he would have launched full scale productions. In Mr. Packe himself, Mrs. R.M. Paterson, Mrs. J. Mayne and my mother, the club had more good pianists than were needed, while the Stevenson Brothers, William and Stuart were skilled in string music. Beyond that it was hardly possible to progress. There could have been difficulty in arranging for regular rehearsals in the major field.

In the case of selected individual items there was never any trouble about rehearsing in private homes, thus avoiding the need for driving too often to the town's Atheneum Hall.

Mr. Packe had the ideal voice for such characters as POOH BAH in the "Mikado" and the Grand Inquisitor in "The Gondoliers" and the Goaler in "The Yeomen of the Guard". For the Male parts he had the support of Mr. Gordon Campbell (Senior Clerk in the Post Office). Mr. Alex Goodley (proprietor of the General Store) and Mr. William Stevenson and my father.

Towards the end of his term in Lakes County he had a warm welcome for Mr. Douglas Barron, who had sung on the Dunedin concert stage before taking up farming three or four miles out of Arrowtown on the road to Gibbston.

Among those assigned by the Vicar to prominent female roles were the Youngman sisters, Violet and Lucy, who became two of the "Three Little Maids from School are We" in the "Mikado". They were daughters of the Postmaster, who, incidentally, had succeeded Mr. Algie, father of the former Speaker of The House of Representatives, Sir Ronald. The third maid was Miss Mona Toll, a natural Soprano who pleased Mr. Packe and everybody else with her clear diction.

Outstanding vocalist, however, was undoubtedly Miss Margaret Jopp, destined for concert appearances throughout New Zealand after a Dunedin teacher, Mr. Spencer Lorraine, had considered her worthy of his attention. Her most intriguing Arrowtown tribute came from a stable-hand at Jopps Hotel. Somewhat influenced by the atmosphere of saddlery, he once exclaimed "By jingo, Maggie can sing like a martingale".

Another Margaret who could sing well was Miss Powley. I remember a concert night when she and Gordon Campbell had to respond to two encores for their duet "I have a Song to Singo" from "The Yeomen of The Guard". At that time Margaret had not long left Primary School.

When Nurse Corrie retired from the District Hospital and went away from Arrowtown nobody was more sorry than Mr. Packe; but he need not have worried too much. His luck held; Miss Corrie was replaced at the Hospital by a young and attractive Nurse Miss Isabella Robertson. The fact that in later years she became the Mother of that noted singer Malvena Major offers an indication of her talent.

If the Golden Age of Song ended when the versatile Vicar left the Wakatipu Parish in 1912, I do not know. It sounds as if such an enthusiast would be hard to replace. Perhaps a reader of this article could supply the sequel.

## Tourism 1883

### A VISITOR LOOKS AT QUEENSTOWN

August 3rd 1883

Queenstown reminds one of nowhere in particular. Throw in a high Church tower, white monastery walls, an olive grove, bare-legged children, and strong colours in the costumes of the inhabitants, and it might pass for a little Italian port. Give it a ruined castle, putrid fish heaps on the beach, matter everywhere in the wrong place, and a few quarrelling women in the foreground, and it would resemble some Scotch or Welsh sea-coast village.

At the end of its little Bay there are a few acres of level ground, and on this the township is built. The streets are narrow and the town lots small. Space was economised in view of the large population which the early Fathers anticipated in the future. That future has yet to come. The mountains are all around; three minutes walk and you commence to ascend. The inhabitants abhor and loathe these hills - they would like to possess broad meadows and fertile plains instead of the perpetual heritage of Ben Lomond in their back yard. But they disguise their feelings before strangers, and plume themselves on living at the foot of this particular height - one of many which surround Wakatipu.

All tourists are impressed with the idea that they must ascend Ben Lomond to witness the glorious panorama of hill and valley, lake, and winding river, from its summit. The tourists are impressed accordingly, and hire horses to take them to the "saddle" of the hill, which is considerably more than half way. The summit is 5000 feet above the sea. Bowen's Peak is 500 feet above that.

Having with more or less toil got to the top, the tourists scamper down as quickly as possible and narrate their experiences in the Visitors' Book at Eichardt's. This is an extraordinary record of the opinions of all sorts and conditions of men and women from various parts of the globe. It is very amusing to see the extremes to which the cacotches scribendi leads one's friends. From Sir George Grey, whose name begins the book, to the signatures of the last newly-married couple, there is a collection of nonsense equal to anything found outside a religious newspaper.

The time test is applied to Ben Lomond in a ludicrous manner. Some early tourists started the idea that it was the correct thing to make the ascent in two hours. Since then "the fastest time on record" is being continually noted - 1.58, 1.53, and 1.50. Some of the comic turn of mind write that they made "the longest time on record", and the abstruse calculation is made by one Sydney gentleman that instead of 5,000 ft. Ben Lomond is 15,000 ft. high.

1862 - Cobb and Co. began to use coaches instead of pack-horses to transport mail to the Central Otago Gold Fields.

BOOK REVIEW . . .

OLD BUILDINGS OF THE LAKES DISTRICT by Marion Borrell and Audrey Bascand.

The drawings by David Johnson in this recent production have great charm as well as accuracy. Regretably, some of the structures have already gone, but this makes this book all the more valuable as a record. The illustrations show houses, gateways, churches, shops, streets, farm buildings, each having their particular historic significance. The detailed script describing each illustration is an excellent contribution to the history of Queenstown and Arrowtown and their immediate surroundings and has been well researched by Marion Borrell. It is to be hoped that architect developers and builders will use it as a basis for ideas for future local development. It is certain that those interested in the past will enjoy stepping back to the more gracious days of architecture.

A production of high quality.

STOP PRESS FINAL REMINDER -

YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS will be welcome at the Conference. We hope to see many new faces as well as the old familiar ones! A record number of people are booked and the success of the weekend will largely depend on the support of "the locals". Many people in Queenstown and Arrowtown are putting across our history to our visitors. We would welcome more people in the Tourist Industry both to the Conference and as Members.

SO MAKE THIS CONFERENCE KNOWN and encourage more people to join the Queenstown and District Historical Society. They will find it enjoyable and informative, as well as being able to make a contribution to the saving of our national heritage.

CONFERENCE NOTES:

**AUTUMN, 1883.**

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